

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

Kikei Translations

- 6 -

A Friend Fraud? It Can't Be True!

「Slow Denning」

Well, I still haven't found a partner.

Trudging back to the center of the exercise ground, I let out a depressing sigh. I wobble around, searching for anyone who might be free.

All because I had to walk off looking cool.

I shake my head. I made my decision, so I would have to live with the consequences.

For starters, I should probably try asking someone I know...

The first person to come to mind was Vision, the son of the Greytroad family. Sure, he might be a bit annoying, but he was the only person in school who was nice to me.

I didn't really want to, but...

It looked as if he would be my only choice. And anyway, he seemed like a nice person.

Right! I'll ask Vision!

With a chipper step, I head to the corner of the field, where I began hearing the sounds of frenzied debate.

"Try saying that again!"

—Hm?

"Oh, I will! I'll say it again and again!"

"It must be hard on you, right? Boo hoo, you poor noble!"

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Sucking up to that pig every morning?"

—...*Hm?*

One of the boys in the front, a blonde delinquent with oiled-up curls, grabs Vision by his mantle and thrusts him forward.

"That's such a stupid habit!"

Vision's face immediately contorts into a look of disgust as he grabs the delinquent by the hand and digs his nails into his skin. Pressing his forehead against his face, he truly looked scary.

V-Vision? Is that really you?

"Shut up, mongrel! That has nothing to do with you!"

I-It is!

The scales fell from my eyes.

That scoundrel!

When he offered his breakfast and helped me when my chair broke...was it all just an act?!

It took just a single damn day for me to trust him!

I fell to my knees in defeat.

"Damn you, deceptive good-looking guy!"

As I lamented the choices which had brought me here, the argument trailed upward in its ferocity.

"Hey Vision, you're wasting your flattery on the wrong person! You must love bringing shame to the name of Greytroad, don't you?!"

"Ha! I can see it! It must be his fetish!"

"How laughable! A noble who can't even afford to buy a custom-made wand! What, are you a commoner in disguise?"

"Wouldn't it be nice if you were to ask that pig for—..."

Vision looked like he was about to snap. Suddenly, I jolt my

head up.

No! Don't say anything else! He'll—...

"—...Some spare change?!"

Snap!

Something within Vision surely just broke. His face lost its tension, and dark shadows creased over his brow as a threatening storm began to whirl its way around his body.

Noticing the change, the delinquents jump back in a flash. While their instincts were good, their footwork wasn't laudable, causing the younger one to trip as a gust of wind slid his feet from out under him.

"H-Hey, Vision?"

"Don't joke around man!" The delinquent on the ground shouted, *"Do you know what you're doing?"*

"This is a crime!"

With a sinister laugh, Vision glanced up.

His eyes were filled with malevolent intent.

"I'll prove that I can use magic better than both of your custom-made fancy wands, you plebeians!"

With an accompanying evil villain laugh, the winds around Vision got hotter and hotter, eventually causing sweat to run down my face.

"Quick! Someone call Rokomoko-sensei!"

"These winds are dangerous! This is lethal magic!"

"It's so hot! My skin is on fire!"

A-Ah?

Huh? Huh! What was going on?!

Vision, have you gone insane?

The spirits have gathered...has he gone mad?

Fire spirits. He was drawing fire spirits to him, which

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meant...

"Sensei! Sensei! Vision is freaking out!"

A nearby student was dragging Rokomoko-sensei by the wrist. After taking a brief look at the sky, Rokomoko-sensei shook his grip off.

"I can see that. What's wrong with him?"

Nobody could supply an answer. And conveniently, the delinquents were remaining completely silent.

What idiots...

I creased my brow as I got to my feet. I was the closest person to the fiery storm Vision was releasing from his body. I should get away in case I got caught in the crossfire.

Except— ...

"That's enough! Calm down a little!"

Rokomoko-sensei's voice pierced my thoughts as he approached the out-of-control Vision with a hand on his hip.

"I refuse! I have to make them understand the honor of the Greytroad household! Ah ha, ah ha ha!"

Strands of flame danced around him like a great abyssal octopus rising from the depths of hell. Each tentacle of fire ravaged the land around his body as it scorched the earthen floor of the exercise ground. From my vantage point, the usually calm and smiling Vision really looked like the spitting image of a demon.

"So you won't listen, huh—..?"

Rokomoko-sensei took a step forward, flicking his wrist out in front of him. As if summoned by his pure determination, a custom-made wand slipped into his hand as he gripped it by the hilt.

A master magician was about to intervene.

“Everyone, stay behind me!”

“You’re already too late!”

Vision clasped his hands around his wand and slowly began moving in down, drawing a straight line in the air. The direction of the flames changed from spiraling into the sky to lashing out at Rokomoko-sensei.

“O flow of material energy that is abundant from the sky...roll up and blast a burning wind! Together, with a flame and spark, 「Blazing Typhoon」 !”

As the spirals came together in a massive infernal wave, I pressed my wind against my chin. Several students who were also caught within the blast radius shielded their bodies behind me.

Hm, should I make him come to his senses — ..?



「Tina」

So this is the power of a noble...

I wanted the scene of mass destruction unfold in front of me. The flames whisked frighteningly close to the body of students that were cowering behind Rokomoko-sensei, but I stood silently, my small frame not even wavering in the slightest.

If anything, I was more upset than scared.

How unfair...

I could never control that amount of spirit potential even if I trained for the next one hundred years. I didn’t know much

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about the blonde-haired boy who was throwing a tantrum, but that was mostly because he was a background character. I had written him off in my notes as not being worth consideration.

And yet, here he was, showing off magic that I could never grasp even if I dedicated my life to the art of the fire spirits.

Why? Just because he was a Greytroad?

How unfair...

The flames protruding from his body were burning hot, but as I watched, my face was as cold as ice.



「Slow Denning」

“I don't know what caused you to snap like this, but I can't very well turn a blind eye to a student who's using his wand with confusion in his heart!”

Rokomoko-sensei flips his wand in the air with his index finger. It levitates a few centimeters from his hand before he snatches it mid-spin and throws his arm back behind his head.

Pressing one foot at an angle into his calves with his waist coat flapping in the intense fiery winds, he lets out a slow, calculated breath.

“You'd do your best to remember this lesson, kid! Witness the magic under my control! 「Sand Wall」 !”

A gust of wind a million times greater than the one exuded from Vision launches itself through the exercise ground, causing hair, clothes, and even flying students to whip

themselves through the sky as numerous massive walls of sand slam themselves to the heavens from the ground below. Each individual wall is large enough to be in the same class as an office building or skyscraper, and they're impossibly thick—about ten feet in diameter. They towered over the student like visionaries summoned by god, causing a serene silence to spread over the exercise ground.

In addition, the fiery winds stopped almost instantly, which also resulted in a round of confusion passing over the students.

“—Huh?”

Rokomoko-sensei seemed confused, glancing dead-on at Vision collapsed and exhausted body. Vision groaned in pain as he wrapped his arms around his head.

“Did he...run out of magical power?” A student asks from behind Rokomoko-sensei.

Sensei nods, “Yes he did. It appears he didn't have enough magical power to maintain, much less finish, that tier of spell.”

Having knelt down to Vision's crumpled form, he now lurched to his feet, snapping his fingers at the students murmuring behind him.

“Yo! Someone bring him to the infirmary!”

“—Guwah!”

“...Eh?”

Shock echoed through the minds and thoughts of the students. Not a single person made a move to help Vision. Noticing sudden lack of ambition had followed immediately after the sudden grunt of pain, Rokomoko-sensei turned back around.

Of course, I had already known why everyone was

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surprised.

After all, I had just suplexed Vision's crumbled form beneath my buttocks.

"—Denning!"

Realizing what had occurred, Rokomoko-sensei admonishes me while scratching the back of his head in confusion.

"Ah, sorry!" I say holding up a single hand, "I was worried about my friend here, but it seems my feet slipped. Ain't that right Vision-kun?"

"Uu—uuhhhghhhh..."

Silence, and then...

"Haa...we should probably leave Vision alone for now..."

"Yeah, that guy's too dangerous¹..."

Ignoring the gossip that was already beginning to spring up around me, I watched as Tina's distant form began sprinting away from the group at full speed.

—*Huh..?*

Why would she...

"Tina—..?"



「Tina」

"Don't use magic when your heart is confused...is that right?"

¹ For clarification's sake, they are referring to Slow being dangerous here, not Vision.

Kikei Translations

I pressed my hands against the back of the school. The concrete felt cold against my palms.

“That incident just now, isn’t that the same as—..?”

“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.”

Bullshit.

That noble had nothing but impure emotions in his heart!
And yet—...

I’ve been saying for my tuition since I was a child. I worked by helping my family business—I even studied while working! I should at least be able to do something!

“If a person can’t use magic just because they come from a commoner’s bloodline—*then what the fuck should I do?!“*

I start violently stamping my foot against the grass near the side of the school, kicking up debris and twigs as I flapped my arms incoherently.

“That noble used magic like it was *nothing!* Damn it, I’m so jealous!”

Digging my foot into the dirt below, I begin to lash out at the wall, slamming my hands against the concrete until they start to burn.

“I swung my wand ten thousand times every single morning! Can you do that much?! I enrolled here because I *want* to learn to use magic, while gaining social status and a palanquin set of jewels!”

I threw my wand at the earth with a savage harshness.

“Hey spirits!” I screamed, “I can’t choose where I came from! And I don’t like it! I know you’re watching! This is the real me! *Lend me your power!*”

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I bent down to grab my wand, wrapping my knuckles around the hilt until they grew white.

"Magic! Hurry up! Magic!"

Then, throwing my head back, I screeched as loudly as I could while holding back tears.

"MAGIC!"

Poof!

— ...

"— Ah!"

Something moved beneath me.

"Is this— ..."

Clay began to seep from the ground in a whirlpool-like fashion. It clumped up into several balls, and to be honest, the sight was rather creepy looking.

But...

"M-Magic— ..? I-It's working!"

This spell...is it really 「Create Golem」 ?

"Ah...ah ha...ah ha ha! I think I'm a genius! No, I am a genius!"

Getting onto my knees and throwing my arms back, I laugh at the top of my lungs.

"I...I finally managed to cast a spell! Thank you, Earth Spirit-san!"

Then, despite my best efforts, the tears start flowing.

"S-Sniff...amazing...it's a bit terrible, but..."

Right. If I strive for it, anything is possible!

The genius Tina has just been born!"

"O-Oink!"

Someone was snickering behind me. The sound was rather visceral, and honestly not attractive at all.

I turn around slowly, spotting a protruding body from just around the corner of the school building.

He was obviously doing his best to hide, but his stomach was so round it peeked out at a wide margin.

“I-I...”

I began to stammer as I jolted to my feet.

“H-How long have you been watching?!”



「Slow Denning」

In my head, I let out a sigh of relief.

It seemed I had come to the same conclusion as Tina, judging by her earlier monologue. It was honestly my fault, giving her such thoughtless advice. Of course she would compare herself to Vision.

But still, she managed to work things out herself.

She's a lot stronger than she seems.

If I put that much effort into my career only to have it stagnate, I don't think I would've been able to hold it out that long.

“Huh? I didn't see anything.”

Responding to her question with a coy tone, I began to whistle in particularly non-convincing fashion.

“I didn't see anything—...I especially didn't see a girl flip out amidst a sea of profanity which would cause a sailor to blush, while only managing to summon a pitiful clay golem. Certainly not...”

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“—You saw it! You saw it from the beginning!”

Her tears drying up, she turned away from me and buried her face in her hands. A rather depressing aura was emitting from her body which threatened to rival my own.

“And it had to be that stupid noble that heard me...” She murmured, “Even my reason for enrolling here...”

I can still hear you, you know?

I cleared my throat, “Well, I’ll be...”

Something clicks in my mind. I turn to face her back.

“...Congratulations.”

“—...Huh?”



「Tina」

“...Congratulations.”

“—...Huh?”

My mind short circuits for a moment.

After all, Denning-sama had just said something extremely out of character.

“I—..!”

I rotated my body around to look back at him, still sitting on my knees.

Huff, huff, huff!

But he was already jogging away...

It was such a ridiculous sight, it took me a while to process.

“—Ah?”

Did he really...

As my mind caught up to what I had registered, I let out a cry of surprise.

“W-Woooooaaaaah!”



「Slow Denning」

The next day...

“May I take this seat?”

I look up from my meal to the newly arrived voice. Shoveling a spoonful of curry into my mouth, I chew as I make an observation.

“You look terrible. Didn’t get any sleep?”

Vision pulls up a chair and places his food across from mine. A couple of bandages were hastily applied to his face, and severe bags were drooping from his eye sockets.

“Yes, mostly due to the fact that I have been moved to the first floor of the dormitory.”

“That sounds rough.”

I continue chewing.

Vision crosses his arms atop the table and cracks his neck, his blonde hair tousling about his shoulders.

“After being lectured by the principal, he gave me some advice,” Vision lightly taps at his bowl of bread, “he said if I lived on the first floor alongside the commoners, I can save a lot on living expenses.”

“Well, I think it suits you. Still, that’s pretty rough.”

“I hear my name has been tarnished now.”

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"A poor noble who got caught up in his own pride and immediately had his ass handed to him. It's truly amazing, right?"

"Ha ha, are you asking me to return the favor?"

Then, Vision lets out a long sigh, lacing his fingers together.

"By the way, it's true that I was trying to suck up to you..."

I nodded, shoveling another spoonful of curry into my mouth.

"—But it was truly from the bottom of my heart when I helped you that day."

"Hm?"

I paused, reaching for my own bread.

"It's true. You see, I wanted to confirm if you'd really changed...and I was convinced by the fact that you helped me yesterday."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, feigning innocence.

Vision let out a small chuckle.

"I can already tell—it was you who brought me back when I snapped, wasn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean, that was clearly Rokomoko-sensei."

"His magic didn't even touch me, you know."

Tearing off a piece of bread, Vision begins to idly munch at his loaf.

"I finally feel like I've met the real you, the one they used to call 'the Wind Priest'."

"Aren't you misunderstanding something here?" I ask, pointing my spoon in his direction, "I'm just another student here. A particularly disliked one.:"

"So humble. You really have changed, haven't you?"

With a wink, Vision points to me with his loaf.

“Such a wonderful day it is to see Slow-sama changed, and have me as his first friend, rather than as an attendant.”

I paused.

“What do you think about that, Slow-sama? Can we be friends?”

I shrugged.

“Suit yourself.”



「Charlotte Lili Hughjack」

As I was finishing up with laundry, I suddenly felt a disturbance.

Is it Slow-sama?

Grabbing hold of a bedsheet, I tossed it over my arms as I began to fold it by the middle ends.

“Charlotte!”

“— Eek!”

The door slams open with dramatic force, causing a loud boisterous noise accompanied by an equally abrupt rush of wind.

The sound of Slow-sama’s voice echoed throughout the room as he took heavy steps toward me.

“W-Why so sudden, Slow-sama?”

“L-Listen to me Charlotte! This is important!”

Grasping my hands in between his, he stares into my eyes with a mixture of surprise and conviction.

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"I made a friend!"

— ...

I reached out and pressed my hand against his forehead.

"—Huh?"

"Slow-sama, did you catch a cold?"

"W-Wha?"

Backing off at an awkward angle, Slow-sama began to stammer.

"T-That's so mean!" He said as he stumbled, pressing his hands against the windowsill. Seeing his hurt expression, I immediately began to justify myself.

"That's only because something this surprising is surely impossible!" I let out, pressing two hands against my chest, "He's surely aiming for your money!"

"I-Isn't it too cruel to say something like that?!"

"It's because I'm Slow-sama's attendant!" I cry, "I'm the only person who understands you! Now let's go to the infirmary quickly!"

I grab his hand and start to pull him out of the room.

"P-Please believe me! Charlottee!"