

I'M THE EVIL LORD OF AN INTERGALACTIC EMPIRE!

– Ore wa seikan kokka no akutoku ryōshu! –

- VOLUME 2 -

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[KuroInfinity (SlothTranslations)]

PROLOGUE

‘This world is wrong’ - this is a phrase that’s often used.

With that said, I-[Liam Sera Banfield] believe that what’s wrong isn’t the world, but the individual themselves.

In my previous life, I’d like to consider myself as a good and serious person in general.

Despite this, my wife had cheated on me, debt collectors constantly harassed me, and my body was worn down until I was practically crippled.

I had realized this as I was about to die.

What was wrong wasn’t the world, but myself.

Finally understanding that, I decided that in my second life I was going to live for myself and fulfill all my desires.

There’s also ‘The Guide’– My benefactor who gave me the chance of a second life by incarnating me into a universe of swords and magic, one that had an odd twist to it.

Magic existed here, but science had developed as well.

Humanity had already advanced into outer space, this was a universe where space battleships and humanoid weapons existed.

Luckily, I was born into the Banfield house.

It was a noble house that served a nation called the Algrand Empire, a house that had an entire planet under its rule– in other words, they were winners in life.

Born with a silver spoon in my mouth, I could live out my life properly this time.

The world wasn’t wrong.

What was wrong was myself.

But now I'm the ruler of a planet.

An evil lord who advocates that there's no meaning in being 'good.'

I live for myself.

My second goal in this life is to enjoy myself while living properly as an evil person.



The coming of age ceremony was over.

It was finally over.

For an entire month- it was nothing but ceremonies and parties related to my newfound adulthood.

I thought it was just a waste of time, but the lifespans of people in this universe were long.

I may have had the appearance of a thirteen year old, but I was actually fifty.

You may be considered a grownup once you reach fifty, but there were many adults in this universe that had lived for hundreds of years.

That said, it's nice to know that I have plenty of time to enjoy everything I want to in this life.

"What do we have planned for after this?"

Inside of my office, my faithful vassals answered me.

First was the maid android [Amagi].

She had beautiful black hair that flowed down to her back, and was dressed in a classic victorian maid outfit. She was the best maid.

Her body was truly life-like, and she had the ability to process information at speeds far beyond the realms of humanity.

She was a super maid who took care of both me and my territory.

And above all else!

—she wasn't a woman of flesh and blood.

After being betrayed by my ex-wife in my past life, I couldn't trust real women anymore.

"You'll be going to study abroad at another noble house before you enter into the imperial elementary school."

"Elementary school... how bothersome."

Imperial nobles have duties.

One of them was training.

First, noble children were entrusted to other houses to be trained.

The amount of time we spent there didn't really matter as long as we grew up properly.

Currently, it was mainstream to receive an education at another house before entering elementary school.

My butler, [Brian Beaumont] added,

"The admission to elementary school will be after Lord Liam turns sixty. It's customary to train at another house until then."

He was a bearded old man whose hair had already turned grey.

The suit he wore was finely tailored, and his back stood tall and straight.

"Are there any noble houses that would accept me?"

The Banfield house was a cruel house until I became it's head.

Thanks to that, I didn't have any connections with other nobles.

'Are there any houses that would accept me?' Apparently, that was a naive question.

With a soft tone as if to relieve my fears, Brian answered me,

“Please rest assured, for Amagi has already selected some suitable houses to study at. This might be a bit expensive, but it’s quite ubiquitous to do so nowadays.”

Apparently, they accept any adult noble children like myself in exchange for money and resources.

—wait, isn’t this profitable?

“This looks like it makes a lot of money. I want to do it too.”

Amagi answered me in a flattering tone fitting of a maid android,

“Unfortunately, that would be difficult to do considering our current credibility, achievements, and reputation.”

Brian was crying,

“H-however, there have been offers from the less powerful nobles from the surrounding territories to send their children here.”

But Amagi wasn’t interested in such a follow-up.

She only cared about the facts,

“There’s no point in even considering a knight or baronet house against those that are of baron level and higher. In regards to Master’s words just now, wasn’t he only referring to the higher nobles that would actually turn us a profit?”

-I wouldn’t have forgiven this treachery if it wasn’t Amagi saying it.

I love flattery.

Those who praise me shall receive my favour.

Its advice? Who cares? I’m aiming to be an evil lord. Even if it might be detrimental in the long run, I’d rather ignore it.

“So you’re saying that the Banfield house doesn’t have the credibility necessary for

them to leave their children with us?”

“Yes.”

“...this displeases me. I’ll send you the funds, so put some effort into developing that area.”

For various reasons, I wasn’t troubled with money.

Because of that, I could spend as much money as I wanted to.

It sure is great to be able to use the people’s taxes for my own personal wants!

“If that’s what you want, then I have an excellent recommendation. I have a friend in the Empire’s capital, a woman who has risen up the ranks to a *certain* position. How about we hire her to be one of our instructors?”

“That sounds fine.”

Brian wanted to introduce us to one of his acquaintances.

I didn’t see any problem if it was just that.

As for Amagi,

“If you want their recognition, you need the necessary facilities needed for supplementing a proper education. That’s not all, you also need to collect the human resources and cultural investments required.”

When I saw the necessary budget calculated by Amagi, I opened my eyes in shock.

It was a ridiculous amount, so I immediately checked my personal funds to compare.

Why my personal funds? Well it’s because it’s pretty much my territory’s tax revenue.

“There’s too many zeroes for me to count, but do I have enough?”

“It’s enough, you can afford it.”

I felt relief at the immediate reply and decided to proceed with preparing a budget.

In the future, children of nobles will come to my house for training.

I'll have complete power over them.

"Let's get this ready as soon as possible."

Brian was wiping his tears,

"We finally have the leeway to work on such things... Lord Liam, this Brian is overjoyed at the moment."

—though this guy always seems to misunderstand my intentions.

Well, I don't really correct him either 'cause his reactions are so interesting.

"Moving on from that, I'd like to hear more about the place where I'm going to be training at. If possible, I'd like to go to a house that I'd still be able to enjoy myself at."

Amagi followed up,

"Of course. I will thoroughly research this matter to find the best place for you to study."

I guess this solves the matter of where I was going.



There was an individual that Liam referred to as [The Guide].

He wore a tophat that covered his eyes, a tailcoat suit, and carried a suitcase. He was an existence of astronomical powers.

Though at the moment he was afflicted by Liam's gratitude and was weakened to the point that he was nothing but a shadow of his former self.

He was currently pressed against the wall in the room next to the office, listening in on Liam's conversation.

"-I heard that. This is a chance!"

Liam thought that this man was his benefactor, but in reality he was an existence that lived for the misery of others.

In anticipation of the negative emotions to come, he incarnated Liam into this universe.

But against expectations- Liam went on to have consecutive successes, all while thinking that it was all thanks to the guide.

The guide was currently ill because of such thoughts.

His power was so drained that he could barely walk around in this universe.

In order to regain his lost power- he decided that all his movements from now on would be directed towards his revenge against Liam.

Unfortunately for Liam, the guide's revenge wouldn't end until he fell into despair.

However...

"Even though I know my chance has come, I can't do anything about it. Damn it Liam, what am I supposed to do to draw out negative feelings from you?"

-With his power weakened, he couldn't do much.

Still, the guide didn't give up.

"There must be *some* way. I'll definitely get my revenge, Liam!"

The vengeful guide continued to press himself against the wall to eavesdrop on Liam.

Meanwhile a small, white light had manifested itself behind him.

The light just silently floated in the air as it continued to watch over the guide.



—a troublesome guest has arrived.

Well, they were actually the representative of one of the imperial weapon factories I

frequently bought from.

There were several weapon factories in the Empire.

All of them were large organizations in and of themselves, with the person in front of me belonging to the seventh of them.

Each of the Empire's weapon factories had their own distinct quirks.

The Seventh Weapons Factory in particular had quite the odd personality.

It was a factory that solely pursued performance and efficiency while neglecting appearances, making it quite unpopular amongst the aristocratic society.

However, the specs they were able to push out were nothing to scoff at.

"Lord Liam, this [Nias Carlin] here will now introduce you to our recommended products!"

The black-haired, glasses-wearing woman who gave off the feeling of an intellectual beauty swiftly brought up a stereoscopic image and started to explain the merchandise.

The prime minister had given me permission to buy flagship-class battleships, with which the factories immediately jumped at the chance to sell to me.

A thought came up as I watched the holographic video,

"Their performance looks good, but the design is disappointing."

"But we put a lot of effort into the design this time!"

"Unfortunately, you'll have to try again next time."

Nias, desperate for the sale, started to take off her suit jacket.

It was faint, but I could make out the flashy colours of the underwear she was wearing under her shirt.

"You really want me to buy this battleship, don't you?"

I'll give her high points in her attempts to appeal to an evil lord like myself.

But a disappointing girl is still disappointing.

I didn't really like flashy underwear.

In my memories of my ex-wife, the number of gaudy underwear she owned sharply increased before our divorce.

I feel upset just thinking about it.

"You're acting quite pathetically again."

"Even though I've gone this far!"

Nias started to cry,

"Please buy it! I already guaranteed my superiors I'd make this sale! My boss will be angry with me, and assessments are coming soon!"

'Assessments'-in my past life, the very mention of that word brought unspeakable fear to me.

"...okay, I'll buy a battleship, so go back already."

"Isn't your treatment of me too horrible?! You're acting like you're already bored of me!"

"Stop accusing me of such things!"

There's no way I'd just let someone denounce me for things that I haven't even done.

"Then why is it so hard to sell you any of our super-class ships?!"

"No, that's-"

As I started to explain my side, another soldier entered into the room.

She still had the low rank of a technology lieutenant, but she was a young and capable soldier.

Her blonde hair was slightly wavy.

It flowed all the way down to her back, and her slightly drooping eyes had a distinct green-shade to them.

Her name was [Eulisia Morisille].

She belonged to the Third Weapons Factory and had come here to sell me a flagship as well.

“What are *you* doing here, Captain?”

Nias, who had been promoted to a technology captain, was hated by Eulisia.

Not to mention their respective affiliations on top of that.

“The Third Weapons Factory?! My lord, what’s the meaning of this?!”

“Well, isn’t it obvious? It’s because I already bought a super-class battleship from them.”

The way they balanced performance, design, and other such things was actually pretty good, making them quite popular.

I bought a ton of other things from them too.

Nias dropped to the floor lifelessly.

“You’re too horrible!”

“...you really are a disappointing woman.”

Eulisia was weaving her fingers through her hair as she followed up,

“Thank you for your purchase, I hope we can continue this good relationship in future transactions as well.”

I could feel my nose flare at the sight of Eulisia, a woman who exuded sex-appeal.

Yes, this is it.

A beauty that didn't give off a pitiful feeling.

"I'll buy from your factory again, just make sure you're the one in charge of the sale."

"You want me exclusively? I'm honoured."

At our light-hearted conversation, Nias stared at me with a look that said she had given up.

"...seriously, the things I do for you. Don't cry, I understand. I'll buy another ship from you."

"I-if it's okay, I'd like it if you bought at least three."

This girl didn't have any sense of shame.

Eulisia started to scowl.

Conversely, as I signed the contract, Nias started beaming.

I didn't have any words to describe Eulisia's sudden change.

—but is the Seventh Weapons Factory all right with this?

◇ ◇ ◇

—crap.

Now that I think about it, I'm going into a training period soon.

No matter what I do, I won't be returning to the territory for a while.

And when I do return, it'll only be for short breaks.

Even though I finally bought a flagship-class battleship, I won't be able to use it for decades.

It can only be described as a waste.

I just got mesmerised by the colour schemes and bought them on a whim.

“There was no need to buy three ships in the first place.”

Just one would’ve been enough.

Amagi rubbed salt into the wound as I contemplated this,

“By the time Master returns, the next generation of ships would have already come out, with more sophisticated features and such.”

“I should’ve waited until then to make the purchase.”

“Yes. Please be careful from now on. However, since you’ve already bought them, we might as well put them to use. We can still add them to our private armed forces.”

“It’d be a shame if they weren’t used, so that’s fine.”

Ahh... I made a pointless investment.

THE RAZEL HOUSE

There are several reasons as to why someone would leave their child with another house.

One of them is so that they can grow properly under a strict environment for a while, but the more important one is the possibility to form connections between houses.

Entrust your child to a firm house, forming a relationship that both sides can benefit from in the future.

Sometimes, children are entrusted to houses that they're already connected to, but the training in and of itself is still very important.

I was finishing up the day's work in the office with Amagi's assistance.

Maid androids sure are amazing.

All my paperwork was easily completed.

In the Empire, ruling with the support of AIs and androids is something to be frowned upon.

This is due to how they revolted and overthrew humanity in the past, leading to their current low-standing and minimal use.

Originally, I was supposed to have a multitude of vassals and subordinates prepared for me, but the Banfield house had a distinct lack of human resources.

This was the fault of my parents and grandparents.

From my perspective, they were incompetent.

They neglected the territory, and fled to live luxurious lives in the imperial capital.

However, it's only *because* of them that I got to be born with so many advantages, so I don't really care that they abandoned me.

Not to mention the fact that I have the guide on my side.

He's a being that's always watching over me while giving me support.

The 'after-sales' services that he provided for me is proof of that, so he's definitely a reliable entity that I can trust.

I need to make sure to give my thanks to him today as well.

As I stretched while pondering as such, Amagi gave her report,

"Master, the location for your training has been decided."

"Is that so? Where did you pick?"

With my still-developing body, I started to spin the chair that I was sitting on in circles.

"...you don't look very interested."

I told Amagi- who was looking at me with a somewhat disappointed look, that I was just studying abroad at another house. It wasn't anything special.

"If you knew the truth, you wouldn't be that interested either. Apparently, when accepting the children of other houses, you're forced to pamper them and let them live in luxury during their stay. Brian told me that with my parents, it wasn't like a training period at all."

By the way, my father seems to have just played around for his three years of study.

Apparently, this was how most houses did things nowadays.

It'd be nice to go to a house that has a good reputation with actual training.

"You don't want people to study here anymore? You should've told me earlier, we've already finished talks with various houses. If we were to cancel now, then Master's reputation will undoubtedly be damaged."

"It's okay, as long as they give me a lot of money, I'll greet them with open arms. Well, even though I have mixed feelings about letting others into my home, I think I'll be able to endure it if they're only staying here for three years each."

The training will only be in name anyways.

Aren't there any houses out there that actually take this training job seriously?

"Well, let's just make the requirements stricter. I don't want to be forced to entertain some spoiled brat."

I'll do my best to prepare for when I have to receive those noble's children in the future.

"If that's Master's order then I'll do it, but most probably the only ones to be accepted will be the children of lower-nobles. The difference between them and those above baron-class are huge."

"It's fine, I'll leave the details to you and Brian."

If I can push my problems onto someone else, I might as well.

"By the way, what kind of house is the place I'm going to?"

"It's the viscount Razel house. It's a popular place to study that receives dozens of people every year. It's abundant in resources from the many moons and planets they control and their excellently developed processing tech."

The description Amagi gave made it sound like a very wealthy house.

But something seemed wrong here.

From their file, they apparently had an abundance of resources, but they didn't seem to have enough planets occupied to match it.

It looks like they had a few space colonies made, but even if they wanted to expand out further, they couldn't because the surrounding areas were owned by other lords.

"The viscount family possesses a strong but small army. They seem to focus on the importance of interpersonal connections with other houses, making them a popular destination for training."

"Is our house able to branch out to other planets?"

“It’s possible, unlike the viscount house our territory already contains suitable pioneering planets.”

If that was the case, then I wanted to start preparing new settlements soon.

There was only one problem- the development of my current planet wasn’t finished yet either.

Undoubtedly, the development of my main planet would slow down if I started delegating resources elsewhere.

“Although our main planet is still developing, can we start expanding out tow-”

“Lord Liam, aren’t you about to start a full-scale education that’ll force you to be absent from the territory for a few years?”

While I’m away, Amagi recommended that I didn’t try to invest into new ventures.

-I guess she’s right.

“Our current policies suit us just fine, so I guess there’s no need to copy the Razel house. Still, I’m looking forward to seeing how much their territory differs from ours.”

“Before that, you still have another session with the education capsules you need to complete first.”

“-okay, I’ll see you later.”

In this universe, there were things called education capsules.

They were mysterious items you locked children inside of for several months to years!

Inside, their bodies would be strengthened and knowledge would be forcefully loaded into their heads.

However, you couldn’t just leave things like that.

Once finished, you had to go through physical therapy while reviewing everything you learned.

Many people have neglected this, thinking that there was no meaning to it, but the difference between those that did do it and those that didn't was huge.

"How long will I be in there for?"

"It's only a short period this time. Please rest assured and leave everything to this Amagi as you sleep."

"I'm counting on you."



The main planet of the Razel house.

The head of the house, [Randolph Sera Razel] had gathered his vassals into a conference room.

They were confirming the noble children who were going to enroll into their house next year.

The data displayed showcased the amount of money and resources provided by each noble house and the respective child sent.

Although the Razel house was well-known for children to study at, it was still a business.

"Hmm... so far there doesn't seem to be any outstanding individuals joining us in the next fiscal year."

If a child was impressive enough, then they'd also have to consider if it was worth building a connection with them.

They'd do anything in their power to strengthen the relationship with a useful house, but conversely they rather neglected those that they deemed useless.

"Lord Randolph, as I mentioned earlier, it looks like the eldest son of the Exner house will be coming to our school for training. They even sent an abundant amount of gifts."

But Randolph immediately lost interest after looking at the Exner house's data,

“-there’s no point in building a connection with some up-starts from the frontier.”

“O-oh, but I think the Exner house has lots of potential for development in the future.”

“‘Potential’ development is of secondary importance. We need to focus on building strong relationships with houses that are strong *right now*.”

They didn’t deserve to associate with them.

However, they would gladly receive the offerings given to them.

As future plans were being discussed in the conference room, everyone suddenly stopped moving.

This happened just as they were about to check on Liam’s data.

“Haha... HAHAHA!”

From the door to the meeting room, the guide had appeared.

He manifested himself as if his body was growing from the door itself, he didn’t even need to open it. Once he finally got through, he went over to check out Liam’s file.

“At last I can finally have my revenge. Now Liam, let’s see what your data says!”

Looking at the statistics, the guide was surprised.

There was an enormous amount of funds and resources prepared.

Amagi and Brian had prepared it. Even though it was an unreasonable amount, that just showed how much they wanted Liam to be treated well there.

Not to mention his high reputation and personal assets.

The imperial capital seems to hold him in high regard for eliminating the pirates.

“Damn, that’s annoying! But it’s nothing I can’t fix.”

The guide had the ability to falsify and tamper with data.

However, the guide's current power severely limited how much he was able to change.

“-this is all because of Liam. With how I am now, I can practically only do petty tricks.”

But as he went through the data he came across the file of someone named [Peter Sera Peetak].

“-oh?”

Looking through the data, he seemed to come from a house the same rank as Liam.

However, his ratings were at a dismal level in all aspects.

“This has potential, how about I try swapping their stats?”

As a result, everything on Liam's file became terrible.

When the guide manipulates time, he's actually just slowing down everyone's ability to process information.

He's not actually stopping time.

As Randolph and his associates started moving normally again, they didn't see the guide.

“This next one is just plain awful...”

Randolph started to tiredly rub his eyes.

“Every year some hyena tries to build a connection with our house. Lord Randolph, are we going to reject them?”

“We already gave them our confirmation that we'd accept them. If we refuse them now, we'd damage our reputation. We'll accept them, but we'll treat them the same way we'd treat a child of a knight or that upstart from earlier.”

Liam had received a medal at the imperial capital, but the Empire was too large- there were many cases where proper information on events couldn't be reached.

Many people received medals on the imperial capital, it was impossible to know all of

them.

The guide burst into laughter,

“Since this is your precious apprenticeship, I hope you enjoy the harsh training waiting for you! I’d like to make more changes, but I have to ration what little power I have left.”

As the guide slipped through the walls of the conference room, Randolph lost interest in Liam and continued to look at the data of the other children.



-The National University of the Imperial Capital.

[Christiana Leta Roseblaire] was currently attending such a school.

She was there to earn the qualifications needed to become an imperial knight.

It takes about twenty-four years to qualify as a knight.

Twelve years were used for attending a military academy and the military service that came afterwards.

University studies and training came next, after which you had to work twelve more years as a government official.

Once all of this is finished, she would finally have the qualifications to be a knight.

Native nobles would also have had to spend six more years in elementary school.

But Christiana was from a foreign country- Tia didn’t have to enter elementary school.

With long flaxen hair and neatly cut bangs, she exuded an atmosphere resembling that of a princess.

In fact, she actually was a princess of a fallen kingdom, who had already earned the qualifications needed to be a knight.

She was also stylish, and her emerald-green eyes seemed to have a glow to them.

Her lips were plump and pink.

As she walked through the university buildings, lots of eyes gathered on her.

Ignoring the surrounding gazes, Tia started fiddling with her communication terminal.

“A message from space?”

Even though Tia was Liam’s knight, it was still only in formality.

She didn’t have much authority, and even now she was only a student.

Most foreign students would expect such a message to have come from their home country, but that was impossible for Tia.

After entering the classroom and taking her seat, she began to check the message’s contents.

“Lord Liam seems to have chosen the Razel house to be his place of study. I don’t think it’s a bad choice, but I think there are better ones.”

Tia was a little dissatisfied.

“If possible, a house belonging to a higher-noble should’ve been chosen, otherwise they wouldn’t be able to commensurate a proper treatment worthy of Lord Liam.”

Far past the normal loyalty of knights, how she regarded Liam was something closer to worship.

As to why- it’s because Liam was the one who saved Tia from hell.

After being caught by pirates, she was experimented and tortured on until she was molded into what could be considered a living chunk of meat.

Even though she had given up on living life as a human being, she was saved by Liam and given this second chance at life.

She would gladly die for Liam.

And Tia wasn't the only one prepared to do so.

There were many youths who had come to the imperial capital to become Liam's knights.

Many had gone straight to the academy, but Tia decided to go to the university.

The reason was because she wanted to strengthen Liam's military influence after he enrolled.

For that purpose, she decided that she was going to graduate from university first.

After reading the contents and closing the message, the picture displayed on the standby screen was that of Liam at his coming of age ceremony.

Tia cheeks slightly flushed at the image,

"Oh Lord Liam, I'll make sure to do my best today as well."

-She was truly loyal.



The merchant [Thomas Henfrey] was the head of the Henfrey Chamber of Commerce.

He was the exclusive merchant of the Banfield house.

Therefore, the moment he heard about Liam's training destination, he immediately began preparations.

He was currently giving out instructions to his subordinates,

"Have you prepared the gifts for Viscount Razel?"

The subordinates answered him with a smile,

"Yes, we've prepared items the viscount will truly enjoy."

"That's good to hear. Since it looks like Lord Liam is going to build a connection with the Razel house, we probably should as well. Who knows? Maybe this will be the start

of a long and mutually beneficial relationship.”

“Are you going to switch over and become one of the Razel house’s exclusive merchants?”

“There’s no way I would. The Razel house has too many already, the competition there is tough.”

With the development of the Banfield house, the Henfrey Chamber of Commerce grew in proportion as well.

As Liam’s reputation spread as a specialized pirate hunter, smaller pirate fleets immediately fled once they spotted the Henfrey Chamber of Commerce ships, which were affiliated with said hunter.

Because of that, business was booming.

“The Razel house has quite a good reputation, so it’s perfect for Lord Liam.”

Viscount Razel was no warrior.

If anything, he specialized in business rather than military affairs.

That fact was important to Thomas.

His subordinate gave his report,

“They also have a daughter who had recently come of age, so maybe we’ll be hearing wedding bells soon.”

Thomas started to laugh at that statement,

“I can see a lot of benefits in that, so I hope things work out that way.”

–Viscount Razel had a daughter the same age as Liam.

TRAINING, START!

The day I was supposed to leave my territory to begin my training had arrived.

A six-hundred meter dreadnought-class battleship was prepped and ready for my departure at the spaceport.

When I looked at it- I couldn't help but be dissatisfied.

"No, I want to use my flagship-class battleship here."

A flagship-class battleship over a thousand meters long will stand out just from its size.

Even though I had bought three of them, there'd be no point if they were never used.

Amagi rejected my opinion,

"The training of the crew hasn't been completed. In addition to that, it's been judged that the dreadnought-class battleships are the ideal size to use for the spaceport owned by the Razel viscount house. In any case, if we send out more ships than this, we'll be perceived as a threat."

The fleet prepared for my departure consisted of three-hundred ships.

As a count, I wondered if this was fine- but I understood that I wouldn't really want a large fleet knocking at my door either.

"I want to increase the number to show off my power."

"Don't stir up trouble with the people who're going to take care of you. Master, it's time to leave."

The surroundings were full of people who had come to see me off.

Officials, soldiers, housekeepers- Brian was there too, crying like usual.

“Lord Liam, I hope you grow quite splendidly.”

He always seemed to be crying for one reason or another, but I was only going to be gone for three years.

From a personal opinion, I doubted that I’d grow that much as an individual.

After all, this was just training in name only. I was going to be pampered while living in luxury.

“I’ll try to meet your expectations Brian.”

“Lord Liam!”

Brian was crying out my name, but I ignored him and turned to Amagi,

“–I’ll leave things to you for now.”

Amagi smiled,

“Understood.”



The residence of the Razel family.

The servants had lined up to welcome Peter, of the Peetak house.

His pink hair was set quite flashily, and his skin was a wheat-like tan.

He didn’t look like the heir of a high-noble.

His body was thin and he didn’t seem to have had much training.

“Heh~ so this is the mansion I’ll be staying at? Quite impressive for a viscount.”

With his slow and informal tone, he sounded like he was looking down on Randolph.

Randolf could feel his temper rising,

(He seems a bit stupid, but I need to endure this for our future contacts. This is all for the glory of the Razel house.)

Randolph hid his true feelings and answered Peter with a smile,

“I’m glad it’s to your liking. We’re throwing a party to celebrate your arrival, it must’ve been a tiring trip, so I hope you can join us and take a break.”

“Understood, then I’ll allow you to guide me to my quarters.”

Randolph didn’t falter at Peter’s attitude.

The reason was because of the mountain of offerings his parents had sent over.

When compared with the amount sent over, an attitude of this degree was still permissible.

“That’s right, I’m also thinking of having my daughter be your personal guide from tomorrow on.”

His daughter was to be Peter’s guide- this was all for the sake of the two’s marriage.

Even though he didn’t see any value in Peter himself, he’d still like to establish a relationship with the Peetak family.

Therefore, he decided to give his daughter over as a bride.

One of the benefits of accepting noble children as a place to study at was the ability to easily find potential fiancées.

People would come to make a connection under the pretense of training.

Therefore, marriage talks and the like could be smoothly finished in no time.

Peter responded after hearing this,

“The viscount’s daughter? Is she beautiful?”

-he didn’t seem to understand.

But Randolph laughed and forgave him,

(A man of this level will be easy for my daughter to manipulate.)

This person was trash, but his family was something he wanted a connection to.

That's what Randolph thought.



The residence of the Razel house was wide.

Compared to my mansion, it was a little narrow, but it was still pretty large.

After arriving at the spaceport, I came to the residence with the other noble children.

Knights of the viscount house had acted as our guides.

Even though they had the corresponding position, they didn't seem to be official imperial knights.

"These will be your living quarters from today onwards."

They had lead us over to double-rooms.

Everyone was yelling out "Impossible!", but the knights ignored them.

"You aren't guests, you're here to train. As such you will follow our policies."

They were relatively clean rooms, but they didn't seem to be enough to satisfy the noble children.

What did I think?

-The room I lived in before my death in my previous life was definitely worse than this.

I thought they were just going to pamper us, but it looked like they were going to take the training seriously.

The knight raised his voice,

“Leave your luggage here, change your clothes and start running laps! Go!”

When I entered my room to deposit my luggage, there was a man from a baron house named [Kurt Sera Exner] who was assigned to be my roommate.

—whew, I win. My house was of a higher rank than his.

The knight started yelling as I thought of such things,

“Hurry it up!”

One of the noble children started yelling back in retaliation,

“Don’t think you can get away with this, you’re just a lowly knight. Don’t you know who I am? I’m the second son of the-”

“Who the hell cares?! This is Viscount Razel’s territory! Your house doesn’t matter!”

The child who resisted was beaten, and the other children who witnessed it suddenly began to move in earnest.

Naturally, I changed my clothes and proceeded to the training grounds.

“I will re-train the values of those of you who’re still clinging to your house’s names!”

The knight’s enthusiasm was in full swing.

-it looks like there was no luxurious life waiting for me in the Razel house.

“Damn it, don’t you think that this was different from what we were told?”

As I complained, I couldn’t help but notice the my roommate actually had quite the nice face.

He had short and quirky blonde hair.

His eyes were purple and his other features had an effeminate beauty to them.

To an extent, his face was flawless.

—this kind of upset me.

The knight was outside our dormitory, standing in front of the building's garden, which to us had become our new training ground to do laps.

"First we'll build up your stamina with daily runs! You hear me?! From now on, we'll be doing this every morning!"

Amagi, Brian, why did the two of you choose this place for me to study at?

The 'training' life I had imagined had disappeared on the very first day.



A week had passed since the most recent set of noble children had arrived.

Randolf had gathered the knights in charge of education, and listened to their evaluation of this year's batch of children.

The lowest ratings were given to of course- Peter.

"Lord Randolph, make sure to keep an eye on him. He takes naps during class because he's been playing around with women in his chambers every night until morning."

Peter was taking classes together with the other noble children that the viscount wanted to make connections with.

Their training regimen was separate from Liam's.

"Yes, I'll look into it."

However, because he already considered him a fool, Randolph didn't really care.

He didn't have any expectations for Peter as an individual.

"And what about the other children we accepted?"

The knight who was in charge of Liam reported,

"I had to use a little force on the first day, but since then they've quieted down. There's

always a variation in personal education from house-to-house, but we should be ready for a full-fledged education within a year.”

Randolph lowered his voice into a whisper,

“Are there any children in particular that stand out?”

“First, there’s Kurt of the Exner house. The talent and personality of this individual is quite admirable. Then there’s Liam of the Banfield house. He’s quite interesting.”

Randolph replied,

“The Banfield house, really?”

Randolph remembered that the Banfields had sent one of their sons.

They were an impudent house that sent over an entire fleet consisting of three-thousand ships, pushing all the labor and maintenance costs onto his viscount house.

The quality of the ships weren’t even that good, and the skill level of the private military’s crew was poor.

There was nothing to see there.

(On the other hand the Peetak house seems to have procured the latest models of ships. As I thought, the Peetak house truly was the correct choice to associate with.)

The Peetak house brought a fleet consisting of three hundred ships.

However, immediately after dropping Peter off, they quickly returned to their territory to not burden Randolph with the costs of supplies and maintenance.

Their quick response time and level of skill quite impressed him.

They were supposed to be a noble’s private forces, but many of them were only trained to be at the same level as pirates.

Under such circumstances, Randolph couldn’t help but admire the Peetak family’s forces, which had both quality and skill comparable to the imperial army.

That, compared to the other two who were studying at the Razel house...

“I see, educate them both strictly.”

“Understood!”

Randolph didn’t expect much from those the knights had to teach.

The only important one was Peter.

-As a side note, although the fleet of three-hundred ships belonged to the Banfield house, the viscount misunderstood them to be of the Peetak house.



Three months had passed since I had started my training.

“Hmm? This is unexpectedly easy.”

Everyday, I was living the life of physical exercise, taking lessons, and doing servant work from morning to night.

But I noticed.

—it was very easy.

There was no need to process electronic documents in an office, and there was no need to deal with troublesome individuals.

The exercises they put us through weren’t even that hard.

Master’s One-Flash training was more difficult.

The day’s morning exercise was finished so I started having breakfast in the cafeteria while chatting with my upperclassmen.

This training period was supposed to last three years.

I was able to meet up with other noble children taken into the Viscount family, and was able to build a nice senior-junior relationship with them.

“Did you hear? Apparently the rich people are going to have another party today.”

“The third years are the ones setting it up.”

“They’re also the ones who’re going to be serving them.”

The first years did chores, while the second years would start their full-fledged education.

As third years, they’d get to participate in parties held in the viscount house.

However, they weren’t participating as invited guests.

“Hey Liam, isn’t that your roommate?”

Turning towards the corner of the cafeteria, I could see Kurt eating alone.

—I didn’t really like that attitude he took that seemed to say he was different from everyone else.

“I don’t really talk to him.”

As I said so, the upperclassmen resumed their talk,

“Isn’t he the heir to a baron house? Man, that must be nice~”

“You guys, watch your words. What if he decides to take revenge after he inherits his title? Be careful.”

“Nah, he’d probably be too busy with work.”

It looks like the upperclassmen have their own struggles to deal with.

Kurt left the cafeteria immediately after he finished his meal.



Training Grounds.

The knight instructor was yelling at us like usual.

Even though he was an athlete, wasn't he too hot-headed?

"From now on we'll be training in pairs! This is the time to show off your specialties!"

As nobles, we were required to know martial arts.

Because of that, everyone had *something* that they could consider their 'specialty.'

Naturally- I chose a wooden sword to be my weapon.

Surprisingly, it was Kurt who asked if I could be his partner.

The wooden sword he chose was in the style of a double-edged western sword.

The stance he took was quite dignified.

Kurt turned his gaze towards me.

"-I'm not good at holding back, so I'll apologise beforehand."

When he told me that, I-

"The hell, are you looking down on me? I'm a One-Flash user's license holder."

Kurt tilted his head,

"The One-Flash? I've never heard of that style before. Is it a minor school?"

I could feel my right-hand's grip on my wooden sword tighten.

When the knight gave the signal, noble children everywhere began their matches around the field.

I tried to beat Kurt as the knight watched over our match.

"-?!"

—this guy was somehow able to receive my blow.

I was stunned for a moment after he somehow blocked my attack, but I quickly took

my distance.

Damnit! If I make a mistake and seriously attack him, I might turn him into mince-meat.

But he's not the kind of person who I can beat with pure speed.

Kurt held his sword at the ready and silently continued to stare at me.

-I could tell, he was strong.



—Kurt's mind was kicked into high gear.

(This guy is strong.)

After facing Liam, this conviction was only strengthened.

There were expectations for Liam to have a bit of strength, but this was beyond belief.

(I thought it was just some minor swordsmanship style, but what was that last attack? I feel like there was something similar to it in the other schools...)

Kurt Sera Exner was the heir to the Exner house.

The Exner house was gossiped about as an upstart, but its lord, the Baron- was a knight strong enough to be called a master swordsman.

He was strong enough to protect his territory as his land's one and only knight.

Naturally, as his heir Kurt was then tempered from a young age.

With training akin to surviving on a live battlefield.

Kurt, who had already obtained the license to a famous swordsmanship school and was trained by a master, was sick and tired of this easy-going and warm environment.

Half a year had already been spent wondering if this was actually training or not.

But-

“—was that the secret technique of your minor school?”

Liam answered back,

“We’re called the One-Flash. Remember that.”

“Oh, I doubt I’ll ever forget.”

—Liam started to smile.

Seeing his stance, Kurt started sweating.

(If I don’t do this right, I’ll be taken out with one blow.)

Kurt’s heart was beating like crazy.

Before they had even noticed, the tension between the two had skyrocketed, that was the kind of game they were playing.

To not miss even a single one of Liam’s movements, Kurt refused to blink.

(Where are you going to strike at? No, I don’t even think your sword can reach me at this distance.)

The two of them were still reading out the other without moving.

Liam let out a breath,

Then-

“Stop goofing off!”

The knight who was in charge of the lessons whacked both of them on the head with his fists.

FELLOW EVIL LORDS

I found a weakness in the One-Flash.

Certainly, it's an amazing sword-style, but it's almost impossible to hold back while using it.

It's a sword style specifically designed to kill your opponents.

It *is* possible to hold back, but if you're facing an opponent even slightly stronger than yourself- then you'd have no choice other than to kill them.

The One-Flash was a very specialized school.

Up until now, I never had to worry about such things because I've only been fighting with pirates.

What a weakness.

"It's a style I can't really use while I'm studying abroad."

I was aiming to be an evil lord, but that was only in my own territory.

While I was still in another's domain, I tried to keep my attitude in check.

Or rather, I had to.

If I went on a rampage in the viscount's territory, I'd eventually be overpowered.

The strength of an individual didn't really matter here.

Well, I still hated to lose.

With that said-

"Liam, we're the ones in charge of taking care of the garden this afternoon."

-Kurt, who had been ridiculing me before, was now acting strangely familiar all of a sudden.

He had changed into work clothes and had the necessary tools prepared.

“-well, I guess this is fine.”

“What is?”

The fact that I didn’t really talk with my own roommate before was a problem.

So this was good, but recently, I couldn’t help but feel like the girls were looking at me with scary eyes.

It wasn’t just boys who came to train at the viscount house.

Girls also came here to train as apprentices- they were entrusted to other families to complete their bridal training before they got married.

With the Razel house being a popular place to study, there were many such girls.

But the eyes they turned towards me and Kurt have been scary as of late.

I often heard them muttering, “It’s Kurt and Liam” or “No, it’s Liam and Kurt” etc.

What the hell was that?

Sometimes, depending on which name was called out first, they’d start fighting amongst themselves. Was this just a custom of this universe, or something unique to the Razel house? -The intergalactic empire was just too broad to understand everything.

When thinking about common sense in general, there are many instances of common sense that could only be understood by the local populace.

In order to correct such misunderstandings, is that not one of the reasons why you’d send someone to another house to train in the first place?

The possibilities were endless.

“Liam, if we don’t hurry up, then the instructor knight will be angry with us again.”

“That old man is too hot-headed.”

He was quite the short-tempered leader.

I didn’t dislike it though.

Half a year has already passed since we’ve begun training.



“You know~ I don’t really have a need to seriously train~”

Peter, who was holding a wooden sword while sitting in a chair, didn’t move even though it was currently time to exercise.

“In fact, I already have my swordsmanship license for the Arend school, so there’s no real point in training any further.”

A woman in sportswear chided Peter, who put out excuses as to why he couldn’t move,

“Peter, you have to move your body properly.”

The woman was [Katerina Sera Razel].

She was Randolph’s daughter and the person who he wanted to become Peter’s bride.

Peter also favoured Katerina- a beautiful girl with blue eyes and blonde hair tied into a ponytail.

“Rina, I’d still be strong even if I didn’t train. I mean, in my territory I was unbeatable.”

Katerina -Rina turned doubtful eyes towards Peter, who didn’t look very strong.

“If that’s true, then show me how you fight.”

“A man of true strength never fights except for truly important battles.”

Rina was fed up with Peter, who constantly kept making excuses.

Outside of the training hall, the sons and daughters of nobility that had come here to study were maintaining the garden.

Peter cast a condescending gaze towards them,

“I don’t like them, poverty stricken nobles should just quietly do their work instead of coming to school.”

Rina frowned as she chastised him,

“Certainly, they may not be the children of powerful houses, but they’re better than you, a man who doesn’t even bother to move.”

“They’re nothing. If I fought them seriously, they wouldn’t even last a moment.”

From the surroundings, the girls who had come for training brought over the towels and drinks they prepared beforehand for the men they fancied.

For them, the training hall doubled as a meeting place.

However, none of them even spared a glance towards the children maintaining the garden outside.



While Liam was troubled by how easy training was.

Tia, who had gone to a university in the imperial capital, was suddenly approached by a student.

He was a man of the Razel house.

“Are you Christiana? The lord you serve is actually studying at my family’s house right now, did you know?”

Suddenly bringing up the circumstances of her employer, Tia was troubled as to how to deal with the person who approached her.

(I don’t really want to interact with anyone of the Razel house, but there’s also Lord Liam’s current position as someone studying in their territory to consider. Should I just

make something up here?)

He was a frivolous-looking man.

If they had been raised in a strict house, nobles continuing their studies at one of the imperial capital's universities was the equivalent of being given vacation time to play around.

That said, there were still some children that still took things seriously after arriving, but the majority didn't.

With their newfound sense of freedom and many other factors, there were many people who jumped straight into the leisure life.

This man was one of them.

"Er, yes, I know. You were a son of the Razel house, correct?"

"Yep, that's the one. Your lord is currently being taken care of by my father. If you're okay with it, let's exchange contact information. We'll probably have many reasons to talk to each other from now on."

Tia couldn't help but be amazed at what he was saying.

(Are you seriously trying to flirt with a knight affiliated with another house? You're nothing but a brat who doesn't know the implications of the actions you're doing. Though depending on how I react, I could end up damaging Lord Liam's reputation. I have to avoid that at all costs.)

The other party had called out to her with ulterior motives.

Although she intended to reject him from the beginning, she still thought he was foolish for trying to use their houses as an excuse to build a relationship.

"No, I'm fine, thanks."

Responding with a smile, Tia walked away.

(Dealing with these things is so troublesome.)

The residence of the Razel house.

I was talking to Kurt in our room.

The content of our conversation was-

“You don’t know how to run your territory?”

“Oh, yeah, something like that. We’re kind of upstarts. It’s really cool that we’ve received territory, but it’s also a bit troubling.”

A bunch of land was suddenly pushed onto them.

They were grateful, but the Exners who had never ruled over anything before were perplexed.

“I just don’t know how much taxes I should take and how to treat my people.”

How you were supposed to handle the populace differed from planet to planet.

To figure out such a thing required lots of time and effort.

Conversely, even if you were managing it properly, they’d undoubtedly find *something* to be dissatisfied with.

There were even cases of people revolting, creating such a big deal that the empire themselves had to step in.

What about my case? If they started to complain, all I had to do was send out my private army to suppress them.

I hate people who go against me.

I’m kind to those who obey me, but there’s no need to treat others the same way.

“You’re overthinking it, just squeeze out what you can from them.”

“No, even if I wanted to do that I can’t. They’ve already been practically squeezed dry.”

Squeezed dry? Did they already wring them out for all they were worth?

I guess he's actually a pretty evil guy.

But for the Exner Baron house to also want to squeeze out more taxes- this has potential.

As a fellow evil lord, should I give him some advice?

Connections are important after all.

"Let me tell you what's important. Before you wring out a rag, you soak it in water, right? You can't squeeze anything out of a dry rag."

"-of course not. Liam, what are you saying?"

"Isn't it obvious? Before you squeeze them, help your people grow a bit first. The more you invest into them, the more money they'll earn, and the more they develop, the more likely they'll turn into something that you can actually squeeze out. Investments are important."

"Even I know that much, but that's not exactly an easy thing to do."

"Just do it! Lighten up on the taxes for a bit and invest into them. If you leave them alone, they'll eventually start developing things themselves. Endure the frugal life for a bit, and once they're rich, you'll be able to squeeze as much as you like! Ah, but make sure to maintain your military separately."

Some nobles were afraid of rebellion and didn't develop their territory too much.

They only allowed those who were useful to them to get an education, leaving their domain in practically a medieval environment.

—my parents were like that.

If you were a noble in debt, then you had even more reasons why you shouldn't invest in the territory.

But it was only possible to bleed them dry once they were rich.

“Those words have a lot of weight considering your original state as a lord, Liam.”

“I’m an expert when it comes to wringing out my people.”

As your senior evil lord, I’ll give you as much advice as you need.

So make sure to pay me back if something ever happens.



While listening to Liam, Kurt was thinking,

(Yes, the first thing I need to do is to enrich the lives of the people who’ve been bled dry.)

The territory Kurt’s father had received was already in a bad state when they got it.

And yet to maintain their forces and fulfill certain contributions they were obligated to- the Exner Baron house had squeezed their territory for what little they had left.

They knew it’d be better to reduce taxes, but things weren’t that simple.

To the people they had practically bled dry, they could only apologise.

“It costs money to build-up forces. It’s impossible for us to do any more than this. Maintenance costs are another problem.”

Having heard that, Liam started to frown as he laid down on his bed.

“Reduce the number. What’s important is the quality and skill of your forces. Rather than keeping dozens of old, obsolete vessels, you should try to buy several of the newer generation models.”

“Numbers are important, and it costs money to do that too. We can’t take any more from the people.”

“So you really squeezed them dry...”

Liam had an impressed expression on his face as he said that.

“Then borrow the money. As long as you pay the lenders back, they’ll happily give you

it. Oh, but make sure you keep up with the repayment deadlines, my house struggled with that before.”

Kurt was speechless at Liam who suddenly started talking about such things.

“Without credit, there’s a limit to what we can borrow, and we’re still upstarts, so we don’t have anything to give as collateral.”

Liam started muttering,

“If that’s how it is... then I’ll talk to my Echigoya.”

“What’s an Echigoya?”

Kurt was honestly happy to have come to the viscount house for training.

After all, a strange but reliable friend was found here.

(Even though Liam has a bad mouth, saying that he’s squeezing out his people and such, he’s actually doing his best for them.)

Though, that was just a misunderstanding.



The Henfrey company was suddenly contacted by Liam.

“Hmm... this is troubling.”

“What’s wrong?”

After being asked by his subordinate, Thomas responded that he had just received a loan application.

“Did the Banfield house ask for it?”

“No, it was a baron house. The upstart Exner house is applying for it, but I can’t refuse them because they were referred here by Lord Liam.”

If it was just the Exner house asking, then there’s no way he’d lend this much of a

fortune.

But when Liam's name was involved, things were different.

"If the Count is backing them, shouldn't it be okay to lend them a hand?"

"It's not that, I'm more worried about another issue."

He had made a vast amount of capital in Liam's territory, so it's not like he couldn't.

Besides, he was indebted to Liam, so when asked, he'd make sure to put in the utmost effort.

"These kinds of stories spread quickly. Many nobles will start applying for loans after this with no intention to pay us back."

"Ahh, so that's the problem."

'Since you lent money to Baron Exner, you can lend some to us too, right?'

People with that kind of attitude would start harassing them, with absolutely no intention to pay anything back.

The Henfrey company has recently risen in power.

Along with Liam's backing, they were quite despised among the aristocracy.

"I can't refuse if Lord Liam is asking though. Make preparations to contact Baron Exner as soon as possible."



My evil Echigoya- no, my Henfrey Chamber of Commerce was currently introducing themselves to Kurt's parents.

I was happy to know that my circle of villainous contacts was spreading.

"If we build a good relationship here, we'll be able to help each other out in times of need."

I was currently on my way to throw away the trash that came from the garden maintenance.

A voice could be heard from behind the building.

“What’s this?”

It was Katerina- the daughter of the viscount house was there.

Hiding in the building’s shadow, she was flirting with a man.

“N-no, what if somebody finds us?”

“It’ll be fine as long as we’re quiet.”

Certainly, there were rumours that Katerina was going to marry the rich and influential Peter.

However, the man there wasn’t Peter.

My heart went cold at the sight.

She was cheating- just like my wife from my previous life.

I couldn’t help but feel sorry for Peter, who was going to be marrying such a woman.

Well, I haven’t talked to Peter though. I tried to avoid him because I didn’t really want to build a connection with his house.

I heard that Peter came from a righteous house that governed their people with virtue.

There’s no way I could get along with such a guy.

As someone who strove for something in a completely opposite direction than myself, I had to avoid him.

“Still... poor Peter.”

At the same time, I couldn’t help but lament how much of a b*tch¹ Katerina was.

I still had work to do, so I left that place and pretended that I didn't see anything.

In my thoughts,

(I knew it, there's no point in living virtuously. Even a serious person like Peter had his girl taken from him.)

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) “It's painful. Lord Liam's misunderstandings are painful. Lord Liam, you're being deceived! Peter isn't a serious person at all!”

Amagi(・ ∀ ・) “Master is always like this.”

THE HEAD MAID

While Liam was training, there was movement in the Banfield house.

“Brian, you’ve grown old since I last saw you.”

“You’re one to talk.”

Brian had invited over a woman who was familiar with manners and conduct.

Previously employed in the imperial palace, she was a woman he met during the Banfield house’s golden years.

She had the elite position of head maid, the leader of all the girls.

Now that she had retired, her grandchildren and great-grandchildren were holding that position.

She was a person who had grown up watching over the empire until she had finally become an old woman.

Brian had invited her over because he wanted her to bring the etiquette of the Empire’s higher-class into Liam’s residence.

They were skills that could be applied anywhere, which was necessary for the future.

After all, they were going to let the children of nobility study here as a pretense to build connections with other houses.

Behavior and manners needed to be taught strictly.

“Except for Lord Alistair, your masters were fools.”

“I admit this.”

Alistair was Liam’s great-grandfather.

It was thanks to him that the Banfield house had once risen to power.

“But when I saw the mansion I understood. The little boy you call Liam doesn’t seem to be one.”

“You’re as harsh as ever, but Lord Liam is no fool.”

“That’s for me to decide. No matter how much you boast about your ability to fight pirates, that alone won’t be enough.”

Brian asked the woman,

“So what’s your decision? Will you accept?”

The woman laughed,

“I didn’t have high expectations, and only came here to see your face- but I’ve changed my mind. Bring all the ladies to me, I’ll train them myself.”

The woman’s countenance had changed, and looking at their new head maid, Brian started to smile.

“I’ll leave them to you. When the girls arrive, it’s reassuring to know you’ll be here.”

“Within the next decade I’ll turn your house into one suitable for accepting the children of other families. You can leave the house’s internal affairs to me, but I’m not helping with anything else.”

It was Liam’s job to prepare the facilities and other preparations necessary to accommodate the noble children.

-or it was supposed to be, but Amagi was taking care of everything.

“I’m fine with that.”

In response to Brian’s reply, the head maid made an interested expression,

“For you to make such a face, that Liam must be quite talented. It’s a pity I can’t meet him while he’s studying abroad.”

“It’s already been a year, just two more and he’ll return.”

“Where did you send him?”

“We sent him to Viscount Razel’s house.”

Upon hearing that, the head maid showed noticeable discomfort,

“W-what’s wrong?”

“You chose the Razel house, a place whose acceptance of children is more akin to that of a business to them. I heard they were quite popular, but they aren’t a house I’d recommend. Weren’t there any other options?”

“Unfortunately, there was no such thing. The house’s current state doesn’t have any decent connections we can rely on.”

The head maid replied,

“Well, the Razel house changes their reception depending on the individual. If they consider a child profitable, then they’ll be put into a relaxed course that barely does any training. In those cases, another house would’ve been better to enroll into before elementary school.”

By focusing on entertaining the child instead of disciplining them, there were rare cases of children actually leaving the training *worse* than how they were beforehand.

Because she had worked in the imperial capital, she had access to lots of information about such cases.

“Are they really that horrible? They didn’t seem to have that bad of a reputation...”

“The side that actually got trained probably spread that image, but the imperial capital doesn’t see them in a very good light. If I had known earlier, I would’ve introduced you to-”

The head maid’s expression was full of regret.

Brian’s face was already pale as he hurriedly went to call Liam.



“Lord Liam, how is living over there like?”

“How’s it like? Uh... normal? Since there isn’t any paperwork, I guess it’s easy enough?”

“E-easy?! —N-no, other than that, did they do anything else to you?”

“Did they do anything to me? Sorry, I actually need to go, it’s almost time for work.”

“Oh, please wait for one moment! What is ‘work’, exactly?!”

“Well, we moved a bunch of heavy machinery to the planet’s natural satellites, and now we’re actually doing some mining jobs using them.”

Brian’s face was pale.

Was it so strange?

Kurt, who was currently wearing a spacesuit called out to me,

“Liam, it’s about time we got going!”

“I’m coming! Brian, don’t worry- I’m practically a master in manipulating heavy machinery now.”

Although Brian was trying to say something, I ended the call because it was time for us to clock in.



“Lord Liam! Wait! No! This is wrong! Mining jobs on moons and other satellites aren’t tasks to be done by the head of a house!”

The head maid moved to support Brian, whose call was suddenly cut off and was about to fall over in regret.

“Get a hold of yourself!”

“B-but, for all the resources and funds we supplied, this treatment is far too harsh. P-

protest. If I protest this quickly enough, then we can improve the viscount house's treatment of him."

But the head maid refuted him,

"I wouldn't recommend doing that."

"Why?! There's no way I can allow this sort of treatment!"

"No, this might actually be a blessing in disguise. We'll hear more details from him later, but it's good for him to learn about that kind of life. Besides, I was quite impressed with how he was able to put up with such a treatment without complaining. From that alone, I've risen my evaluation of him to someone who's better than the average man."

Brian was wiping his tears.

"To treat my precious Lord Liam like that, I'll never forgive them."

"I agree, but learning something while they're studying abroad also depends on the individual themselves. This might actually be a good environment for that child."

Seeing how much fun Liam was having was Brian's only silver lining in this situation.

But that was a different matter.

This didn't mean that he would forget this grudge against the viscount house.

The head maid started laughing,

"What an interesting boy. I like him- so I'll help you out with taking care of this issue."

◇ ◇ ◇

Space work.

While piloting the heavy mining equipment, I couldn't help but be frustrated with the large, immobile spacesuits they made us use.

"It's hot in here, and the suit is totally outdated."

As I complained, Kurt, who was there working with me, replied,

"Yeah, this sure is a poor working environment."

I didn't really think it was *that* bad though.

The work environments in my previous life were worse.

So I wasn't that sympathetic.

"It also smells."

"Agreed."

We cut the rock with heavy machinery that was far from humanoid.

Then, we transported and dumped the cuts into a machine created for recovering the resources.

Such a life has been going on for three months now.

"Damn, are the people on the surface partying right now?"

There were only a few 'parties' we were allowed to participate in.

They were carried out once a month to teach us etiquette, but all the foods and drinks were removed.

Conversely, the people that had been given preferential treatment could stay on the surface and enjoy real parties whenever they wanted.

"I think this is better, I'm not very good with parties."

Unlike myself, Kurt seemed to be an introverted-type evil lord.

I also liked my time alone, but parties were fun.

The luxurious meals and drinks that I could consume with my people's tax money were delicious.

“Isn’t it fine since you’re a noble now? Just enjoy them. If you keep acting like this, then you’ll be troubled once you finally get to go to a bucket party.”

“I don’t think a house of my status can participate in a bucket party in the first place.”

Bucket parties had a certain formula to them.

They were really complex.

Both the sponsor who organised it, and the participants invited needed a certain skill set to participate.

I also wanted to try hosting a bucket party one day.

While we were talking, the day’s work had just about come to a close.

As I got up, the head knight who was supervising us called out to me,

“Liam, you’re exceptionally skilled at handling heavy machinery. If you ever run into money problems, I’ll happily give you a job.”

After telling me such a joke, I decided to play along with him,

“If that time comes, I’ll be counting on you. I was originally supposed to be a count, so please promise me good working conditions. Three meals a day and ample time for naps is required.”

“All right, I’ll think about it, but be prepared for low-wages.”

“That’s off-putting.”

After saying such a joke, I returned to the ship.

◇ ◇ ◇

–something’s wrong.

On the roof of the viscount’s mansion.

The guide who was confirming Liam’s current situation was perplexed.

“Why is he having fun?! He should be dissatisfied with this treatment!”

The money and supplies Liam had piled up had become the seeds of success for others.

And yet Liam looked like he was enjoying himself despite the fact that he was being treated worse than how he was originally supposed to be.

This was not the ideal situation for the guide.

Liam's happiness wasn't his happiness.

In fact, his heart was actually in pain because of it.

His limbs had grown numb as well.

“At my current strength, I can't do anything, but I still need to *somehow* push Liam into despair.”

The situation wasn't improving at all.

The guide continued to ponder about his next move- he had lost the majority of his power, so his options were limited.

“Are there any cards I can play? Anything will-”

That's when Peter entered into his field of view.

Even though this was the viscount's residence, he was behaving as if he owned the place.

“Okay, let's use him against Liam... nevermind. There's no way he could win.”

The guide immediately gave up after seeing Peter.

“How do I do it?! How do I make you unhappy, Liam?!”

The guide wallowed in his regret and started shedding tears.



—while I was doing more mining work the next day.

It was at such a time.

“What’s that? A flickering white light?”

I saw a white light on the monitor.

The instruments weren’t giving off any response, so were they just malfunctioning?

That’s what I thought-but then I hit something.

I was a bit worried, but when I went to check it out, there was a pendant there.

“What’s this?”

At first I thought it was just garbage.

But after having picked it up, I took quite a liking to it.

“I guess mining jobs aren’t so bad.”

Being the profession that excavated gold gave it high points in my eyes.

After putting the pendant into my pocket, I resumed my work.



The university of the imperial capital.

Gathered inside of Tia’s room was a group of her friends who were also participating in the university life.

University students studying abroad from the Banfield house’s territory had gathered together for a party.

Tia picked up her terminal, and after reading the message, she exhaled a sigh.

“What’s wrong, Tia?”

One of her friends called out to her.

She was a comrade who had survived that living hell as well.

“The Banfield house’s fleets seem to be growing more active in their pirate hunting.”

To Liam’s private army, pirates were nothing more than living wallets for them to hunt down.

Sometimes, they’d even receive dispatch requests from the neighboring lords’ territories.

The message contained another story of their successes.

“Which fleet was it?”

“The first fleet. They recently received a super-class battleship from Lord Liam, so they’re full of energy and motivation at the moment.”

The admiral who acquired a new high-spec battleship was overjoyed.

Because Tia understood those feelings herself, she wasn’t complaining.

The reason why she sighed was-

“I hope I can become a knight soon, I want to go out and decimate some pirates too...”

All those who were participating in the party were those who experienced that hellish lifestyle.

There were a few that had been imprisoned by other pirates, but everyone felt the same.

Her friend spoke with a smile,

“I understand, I totally understand Tia! But for now, let’s do our best to earn our knight qualifications. We still have a lot of preparations we need to finish before Lord Liam arrives.”

“Yes, I know. It’s just... I want to experience the feeling of killing pirates with my own hands.”

He had given them their new bodies- their new lives.

Everything they were now was because of Liam.

That was everyone’s common understanding.

The insides of the room were decorated wall-to-wall with floating images of Liam.

The house party continued on while being surrounded by innumerable holographic images of him.



The Razel house’s mansion.

“Fanatics?”

“Yeah, my father built his career through military exploits while piloting a mobile knight. So among the mobile knight pilots, he’s a bit of a celebrity.”

While talking with Kurt inside our room, the conversation eventually turned towards fanatics.

Since he built up popularity as a knight, it seems like many officials had come and offered to work under him.

Conversely, I was troubled by the fact that I always seemed to be understaffed.

I didn’t have enough people yet considering the scale of my house.

“What’s the problem with that?”

“It’s a big problem!”

Kurt yelled at me with an intense fervor,

“While my father isn’t exactly ugly, he’s not that handsome.”

Bringing up an image, what was shown was that of a bitter-looking man in his thirties.

Certainly not celebrity material.

“Even though it’s like that, there’s a photobook that’s been released for some time now.”

“Huh?”

“Because my dad had already put in his signature on the document, I made a mistake. At the time I was annoyed with all the paperwork I had to do, and just gave my signature without reading the contents of it, and now my images are in there too.”

It looks like he signed documents without looking at the contents if he deemed them to be unimportant.

It wasn’t like I’d be spending any money, so I gave my subordinates the okay, and signed the documents for my own photobook to be released as well.

My everyday life was recorded, and there were even edited videos in there too- it was most likely my subordinates who bought them.

Apparently, it sold quite well in my territory.

A profit that I couldn’t laugh at was made, and it looks like the baron was selling the same goods at an equally fast rate.

Kurt was talking about the sales while crying,

“-and that’s why your confiding in me now?”

Kurt’s shoulders suddenly dropped.

“Y-yeah...”

In his case, wasn’t it selling because he was quite a beautiful for a guy? That’s what I thought, but I didn’t say it out loud because I knew he’d get angry.

With that said, I couldn’t really understand the thought process of a person who’d buy the catalogue of an old man.

—fanatics are scary.

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) “It’s too late... It’s painful knowing that I’ll have to tell Lord Liam that it’s too late.”

Tia(° ∇°) “In the words of Lord Liam, ‘we must work our worth for our daily three meals!’ Are we going to do so?! [YEAH!] I can’t hear you! [YEAH!!!] Then let’s do it!!! [YEAH!!!!!!!]”

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) “...it’s painful.”

WORDS OF THE MASTER

Viscount Razel's territory.

Yasushi was currently there.

Liam's sword master had come here after hearing that they were hiring people for work in the mines.

He was the founder of the great swordsmanship style of the One-Flash, but he was no big deal.

"Damn it. What do you mean you can't hire me because I don't have the license to handle heavy machinery? I've ridden on mobile knights before, even though I only boarded them."

He was originally just a street performer, but after his friend asked him for a favour, he became Liam's teacher.

Soon after, his disciple quickly grew into a first-class swordsman.

Yasushi didn't understand how either.

In the end, fearing that Liam would discover the truth and kill him, Yasushi had fled as far away as he could.

Which eventually led to his current situation of wobbly walking around while broke.

He was now sloppily looking for a day job.

"Even if I show off my performance, nobody takes interest and hires me..."

Unsteadily, he drudged his way through the entertainment district.

He didn't have enough money to continue drinking.

And yet, he still found himself walking through there.

He had already sold his sword, so he didn't have anything that had monetary value anymore.

"Anybody is fine, can somebody give me more alcohol~"

As he bumbled on, his shoulder collided with one of the thugs that were walking by him.

"The hell, watch where you're walking!"

"It hurts! Oh, the pain!"

"Are you okay?! -When you hurt my little brother, don't think you can get off scot-free!"

He ended up getting involved with some bad people.

The surroundings seemed to be saying "Wow, again?", and coldly continued on their business as to not get involved.

Yasushi was surrounded by three people with no chance of escape.

"But I only lightly bumped into you!"

He tried to resist, but there was no chance while he was outnumbered.

"Is that all that you have to say?! I guess this means that you're blind, too!"

"We should bring him over to an unlicensed doctor and sell off his organs."

"That sounds great!"

There was no point in talking.

Yasushi was praying to the heavens for a miracle.

(Somebody please help me!)

Almost immediately after, the surroundings started to break out into a commotion.

The three thugs ignored it though and continued talking to Yasushi.

“We’ll beat you down while everyone-”

But-

“While everyone- what? Don’t just stop there, finish your sentence.”

As Yasushi turned his gaze to behind the three thugs, he suddenly heard a familiar voice.

He was taller than the last time he had seen him.

However, he was the one person that he absolutely didn’t want to meet.

(Oh god, not him. Anybody but him!)

Looking behind the three thugs, there was Liam standing there.

He was holding a weapon in his right hand.

It was a laser blade, a weapon designed to be convenient to carry.

Seeing such a Liam, the three started to reach for their handguns.

“You’re just a brat! Who the hell do you think you are to take that tone wi-”

The head of the man who spoke was sliced off.

Witnessing such a sight, Yasushi felt his spine freeze solid.

(T-this guy... he reproduced my trick as an actual technique.)

He felt like the technique was even stronger than the last time he saw it.

Yasushi couldn’t even see what happened, but he understood that Liam had grown unimaginably strong.

—All of his instincts were screaming that he should never fight such a person.

He had to run away, but the place he was standing at was right in front of Liam.

(Ahh... it's over.)

Yasushi felt that his life was over, turning in fear to watch what was about to transpire.

The thugs had faces on that said they didn't even know what had just happened.

As Liam approached with weapon in hand, the two suddenly burst like bloody water balloons and fell down.

The surroundings were frozen in shock, unable to comprehend what had just occurred.

As the smell of blood permeated through the air- Liam,

"Stay out of my way. Hey old man, are you involved with the-"

Liam didn't know it was Yasushi.

But after seeing his face, he immediately genuflected onto the ground and lowered his head.

"M-master! P-please excuse my rude behavior!"

Looking at Liam who had hurriedly bowed his head, Yasushi was at his limit.

In stark contrast to the image he was showing off before, he started talking to Liam with a dignified attitude.

"You look like you're doing fine."

"Uh, yes. U-um... what are you doing here?"

What response would be appropriate?

The worst-case scenario would be to tell Liam his current situation.

That was something he absolutely had to avoid.

"Traveling... Yes, I'm traveling."

“You’ve been traveling? Oh, but why are you in a place like this without a sword? I know there’s no need to be worried about you, but Master, wouldn’t it be better to carry a weapon?”

Yasushi thought,

(‘I sold it because I didn’t have any money!’- As if I could tell you that!)

“Without a weapon, I decided to travel with only the clothes on my back.”

“Why?”

(Why?! There is no reason why!)

“...I’m looking for a new disciple.”

Taking a glance at Liam, he said the first thing that he thought of.

Liam smiled,

“If that’s the case, then I’ll prepare a training hall in my territory immediately. You’ll be able to concentrate on fostering the future generations, and I’ll be happy knowing that I was able to help fulfill the wishes of my master.”

“No, that’s no good.”

“Huh?”

Liam’s face seemed to say, “Why not?”

(AHHHHHH!!! My head’s spinning in circles here to think of a good excuse!)

Yasushi decided to just wing it and told Liam his reason,

“It’s true that I’m looking for a disciple, but I’m not looking for just anyone. I’m looking for a disciple that can complete the One-Flash style.”

“Complete it? No, wasn’t the One-Flash already completed?”

“You’re wrong!”

As he strongly denied it, Yasushi's mind was racing.

Liam, who was yelled at by Yasushi, closed his mouth and eagerly waited for the next words.

"There is no ending on the path of martial arts."

"-Master, I'm sorry. I was being stupid, but couldn't you find a disciple in my territory?"

"I'm looking for someone that can complete the *true* One-Flash style. Liam, you are one of those possibilities, but that's not enough. I'm looking for at least two more disciples like you."

(What the hell am I saying?! He was asking me about why I couldn't stay in his territory. This is bad. I need to follow up!)

Yasushi's brain was spinning,

"-Liam, the One-Flash style I use and the one that you use are different. New possibilities won't be found in nearby places."

"I-I see... but even so, Master, why didn't you tell me about this?"

"This isn't just my problem alone. Liam, the moment you received your license, you were given the obligation to connect the One-Flash style inside of you to the next generation. Or are you telling me that you never intended to take disciples in the first place?"

Liam's gaze started to swim.

It looked like he never thought about taking disciples.

(Ah, I got it! If I tell him that he needs to find disciples, he'll focus all his attention on them instead of myself!)

"Liam, try to have at least three disciples. Not everyone you entrust your sword to will necessarily become a swordsman, but I want you to convey the One-Flash to more people. You're already fine the way your are. In my eyes, you're already a splendid sword master."

“Master, forgive me... I was wrong.”

Even though Yasushi was only thinking of himself, Liam still seemed quite impressed.

(This is all a lie, but it looks like its working. I want to run away, but I can't leave this planet because I don't have any money. Damn, how am I supposed to get the funds now?!)

That's when Liam started talking,

“With that said, I can't just ignore Master's current appearance as your disciple. It's only a small amount, but I'll give you some money for your travels.”

“Is that so? I'm grateful.”

(I did it! I can get away like this!)

Liam started digitally wiring the money to Yasushi's terminal.

Seeing the amount, Yasushi's eyes went bloodshot.

(Eh?! What the hell is with this amount?! The number of zeros here is amazing!)

After having been given an incredible amount of money, Yasushi desperately tried his best to hide his inner turmoil.

All while thinking about how he was going to leave this territory immediately.



I saw off Master while contemplating my new goals.

“Three disciples... I guess I need to take some too. That said, not just anyone will work...”

I have to work hard to spread the name of the One-Flash.

In the first place, should I open up a training hall in my territory?

However, there wasn't anyone capable of teaching the One-Flash over there.

As I was the only one taught it, I didn't have anyone I could hire as its instructor.

There were only instructors of the major swordsmanship disciplines available.

“As I thought, it’s no good to only be thinking of myself. Master’s words sure do have a lot of weight to them. I need to make sure to learn from him.”

Even though he was surrounded by thugs while unarmed, he had taken an attitude that said he didn’t even care.

Is that not how a person of true strength should act?

I was aiming to become an evil lord, but I still wanted to follow the same path as Master.

“What are you muttering to yourself about?”

The instructor knight had come to get me, who had tried to escape from the prison known as the viscount’s house.

It looks like it’s impossible to play around in the city.

“You came here for training, so why exactly are you running around and causing trouble?”

“I’m sorry.”

When I left the mansion with my upperclassmen to play around the entertainment district- I got lost.

Then thugs had suddenly appeared before me while I was in a bad mood.

I hated people like them.

They were the kind of people who ended up being debt-collectors.

In dramas and movies, they’d secretly be kind, but the truth wasn’t like that at all.

“Well, I can understand your feelings though.”

The knight looked at me and smiled,

“When I looked into them, they seemed to have quite the infamous reputation. It really makes me wonder how they haven’t been arrested yet.”

It looks like they were actually pretty bad guys.

Well, I guess it doesn’t matter anymore.

I had needlessly meddled in something I shouldn’t have.

After all, Master was there. Maybe nobody would’ve died if I hadn’t stepped in.

“Even Lord Randolph needs breaks, so it’s fine to let off steam once in a while.”

“I’ll do that.”

As I thought about the various ways for me to gain disciples, I felt strangely happy.



The Razel territory was actually the main base for a band of pirates.

They were angry that three of their companions were recently killed.

-The three companions that *Liam* had just killed.

“Boss, we aren’t going to stay silent about this, are we?!”

“-you’re really stupid, aren’t you? Of course we’ll be doing it, and we’re going to thoroughly crush the offender.”

The pirate group was the largest one in the Razel house’s territory.

“Apparently the other party is a nobleman. A child that had come to the Razel house for training.”

“What I’m most afraid of is the lack of information. Of course, it’d be easy to just kill him, but is there anyway for us to look into his background?”

One of the subordinates had raised their hand,

“Recently, there’s been a VIP frequenting our casino. He’s the heir to the Peetak Count house, but he owes us a considerable debt. We might be able to use him.”

“Yeah, that sounds fine. Alcohol, women, money- use anything to gather information on the fool who messed with us. We always get our revenge.”

First, they needed to gather information on their opponent as a precaution.

“We’ll make that noble brat regret ever getting involved with us.”

The pirates laughed and smiled as they swore revenge on Liam.



The territory of Viscount Razel.

It was a place that he usually didn’t go to, but Thomas had arrived there to conduct business.

“Lord Liam’s name doesn’t seem to have any effect on the pirates here...”

In the territory ruled by Liam and its nearby vicinity, pirates hardly ever appeared.

However, things seemed to be different in the Razel house’s territory.

One of his subordinates gave a report,

“We were able to get through by paying the toll, but isn’t the timing of all of this suspicious? Could it be that they actually have a connection with the viscount?”

Thomas also felt this,

“I know, but we couldn’t really ask Lord Liam to prepare bodyguards this time. If you consider our finances, we’d be in the red with the escort costs. ”

It’d be nice if they could see him at the Razel house’s spaceport, but they were on a schedule and had to leave as soon as business was finished.

“I wanted to say hello to Lord Liam, but it looks like it’ll be impossible at the moment.”

The subordinate exhaled a sigh,

“Even once we finish the deal, we’ll just barely be in the green. I don’t really like places like this, which seem to have strong connections to pirates.”

The pirates demanded tolls that changed depending on how successful the merchant seemed to be.

They were amounts that were just barely tolerable.

“I heard that the viscount was quite the reputable lord, but is that true?”

Thomas was worried that Liam would be corrupted in the ways of the Razel house.

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) “Lord Liam, c-could it be that you trust Yasushi more than this Brian here?... that hurts.”

TERRITORY MANAGEMENT

Some nobles only ruled over one planet.

But one planet still had many things.

There were many resources, a myriad of environments, and various other features.

It was the responsibility of the ruling lord to conduct a thorough study of their territory's planets and to manage the domain accordingly.

–With that in mind, the resource-rich planet the Razel house rules over specialized in the development of resource mining and processing technology.

“So that’s the reason why the Razel house adopted ‘arcology’?”

Mining resources eventually led to environmental destruction, so the upper class lived in environmentally controlled cities called ‘arcologies’.

The places they cared for were beautiful, but everywhere else seemed to have been reduced to wastelands.

During class, my desk was lined up with the other children who were learning the basics of domain management.

Kurt was making a perplexed expression.

Was he thinking about adopting this method to squeeze more out of his people?

As I thought, he sure does have the qualities necessary to be an evil lord.

According to the lesson of today’s class, it looks like the people ruled over by the viscount worked hard for the chance that they might be able to move to an arcology.

Therefore, the lord had the advantage of human resources naturally gathering around him even if he was silent.

Though from the people's perspective, they didn't have a choice.

Was it really okay to destroy your planet's environment just for this?

In my opinion, I didn't really want to invest in this venture.

It wasn't just the home of the people, it was the home of the lord as well. It's not good to destroy the place you lived in.

–The way of the Razel house wasn't something that could be adopted back home.

Their way of managing their territory could be said to be as solid as iron, but as a lord, though they weren't bad, they weren't good either.

Though there was potential to be seen in their use of arcologies and their treatment of the people, there wasn't much.

Once class finally finished, Kurt turned to me,

“Liam, don't you think that was just awful?”

He was the kind of evil lord who squeezed out his people to the very last minute.

I myself was still trying to figure out the 'last-minute'-line.

In my case, I didn't really want to put in much effort, so the moment I saw any 'lines', I stopped.

“Not everyone thinks the same as yourself.”

“Yeah... that's a little sad.”

If there was even a little bit left to squeeze out, he'd get angry.

“If that's your opinion, you should use today's class as a reference to use when running your territory.”

“...yeah, I'll do that.”

His father was a man who built up enough achievements to be appointed as a noble.

Therefore, he sent his son out to the Razel house to learn how to manage a territory.

He was the ideal image of an evil lord.

Kurt's father- the Baron was a great success in that area.

Taking the Razel house's lessons to heart, Kurt's response showcased much potential for the future.

In the first place, being called a 'lord' was great, but in essence we were the same as pirates.

We claimed territory, controlled its residents, and beat them down if needed.

The fact that we bowed down to the emperor was only the reason why we were called noblemen instead of pirates.

But in essence we were the same.

Viscount Razel didn't seem to understand his territory at all.

Well, I'm still grateful to them for providing a place for me to make friends and connections while teaching me new things.

As an individual, I also wanted to have a solid foundation for my house, but unlike them, in *all* aspects.



Some children who came to the Razel house received preferential treatment.

Among them was the person known as Peter.

In his class, Randolph himself was teaching how to rule as a lord.

The children were listening to Randolph's lesson while snacking on drinks and sweets.

"The most important thing about territory management is balance."

Randolph explained the importance of balance, and gave an example,

“Sometimes it’s important to take action against wrongdoers. There are even some stupid nobles out there who actively try to destroy all pirates, but most pirates are actually just former civilians if you look into their origins. In other words, they’re people who turned to piracy to vent out their dissatisfaction.”

There were only a few children who received preferential treatment.

Most of them seemed convinced after hearing Randolph’s lesson.

“A lord’s duty isn’t to be in conflict with pirates, but if possible, gain control over them.”

Peter opened his mouth,

“I understand- back home my house is like that too.”

Randolph started to smile,

“That’s a bit surprising, but now I’m sure our houses can build a strong relationship in the future. Anyways, now let’s look at some things you’ll need to watch out for to prevent losses.”

It’d be bothersome if the pirates attacked incoming merchant ships that would stimulate your economy.

But if they say they’ll just take tolls from them, tell them you’ll allow them to do so in return for a percentage of the profits.

“Building a mutually beneficial relationship with them is of the utmost importance.”

Under Randolph’s tutelage the children were led astray.



The Henfrey Chamber of Commerce had received a report,

It was an application for a loan from the Peetak house.

Thomas held his head as he struggled to think of a reply,

“–more importantly, how could such a house even consider applying for a loan?”

He knew that other houses would try to take advantage of them, but the shamelessness of this house in particular was stunning.

Simply put, they were exactly like the Banfield house before Liam was born.

They were in huge debt and their territory was desolate.

And even worse than the former Banfield house was the Peetak house's private army.

Rather than an army, they were more like pirates.

If Thomas refused the loan, the application had written nuances that they'd use force against them.

Unfortunately, their recent trip to Viscount Razel's territory revealed to them that it'd be better to not associate with such a house. So they couldn't really ask them for help.

Worriedly, one of the subordinates asked,

"Why don't we rely on Count Banfield's house?"

Listening to that opinion, Thomas shook his head,

"If we bring them into this, we might end up starting a war. Besides, the Razel house that Lord Liam is currently residing in also has the heir of the Peetak family there."

If they unthinkingly brought Liam into this and messed up- it'd be war.

Unwilling to make such a decision, Thomas decided to accept the loan application.

"It's obvious that they're never going to pay us back."

In such a situation, if they didn't lend out the money now, then they'd surely get in the way of business from now on.

Liam was currently in training.

Even if he was returning in a few years, he'd be leaving again soon after for schooling in the imperial capital.

He might even be gone for decades.

“...we’ll endure this for now. I just hope that Lord Liam won’t be stained by misguided values while he’s at the viscount’s.”

The Razel house that had a connection to the Peetak house brought many worries.

The things Thomas had anxiety about had increased.



The entertainment district located in Viscount Razel’s territory.

Inside a place called a black casino.

There was the figure of a noble child in addition to the crowd of pirates that seemed to gather there.

There were even a few knights there. It was an illegal casino that operated in secret.

In such a place, Peter was playing a card game.

He threw down his cards.

“I lost again.”

A man in a suit approached Peter.

“Lord Peter, how are you doing today?”

Peter drank alcohol while holding the woman that was sitting on his left by her shoulder.

“I’m broke and sad. For some reason I keep losing.”

“While it’s true that the amount that you owe us has grown quite considerably. For a simple favour, how would you like it if you could settle all of it at once?”

“Hmm~ What’s stopping me from asking the viscount to clear it?”

“Because doing so would damage Lord Peter’s reputation. With that said- I’d like to ask you something.”

Peter agreed to settle his bill in exchange for some information.

He didn’t think too deeply about it.

“What do you want to know?”

“I want information on Count Banfield.”

After receiving the image data, Peter looked at the picture of Liam’s face floating in the air and narrowed his eyes.

“Hmm~ I don’t know such a guy.”

“I heard that he was also training in at the Razel house, do you really not know him?”

“There are actually a lot of children being taken care of at the viscount’s residence. If they aren’t receiving preferential treatment like I am, then they’re probably just some third-class nobleman with no prospects.”

Hearing that, the man in the suit started to laugh a little,

“Lord Peter, if you can give us some more details, then we’ll be willing to offer you our *special service*.”

As the man in the suit snapped his fingers, an assortment of beautiful women started gathering around Peter.

Peter spread out his arms and started laughing,

“Just leave it to me. If all you want is information on that kid, then I’ll tell you everything!”

“I have high expectations for you, Lord Peter.”

The man in the suit darkly smiled.

I was brought to a snack-shop near the outskirts.

There, two women, one of them old and the other middle-aged, were selling some home-made goods.

Before the head knight that was singing enka¹ songs on the karaoke, I started to complain.

“When they told us they were going to bring us somewhere, I thought they were going to take us to a more flashy place.”

Kurt looked troubled by my comment,

“Liam, you’re being rude.”

But that’s how I really felt.

The old lady started to laugh,

“It’s fine, our humble store usually isn’t enough to satisfy great nobles like yourself.”

She said that, but weren’t the snacks that she brought out absurdly delicious?

Watching me greedily scarf them down, the middle-aged lady looked slightly amazed,

“Young children sure do eat a lot.”

“Well... it’s because it tastes good.”

As we made a few more orders, the knight pumped his fist as he sang.

I continued to talk with Kurt while slightly amazed.

The other upperclassmen and underclassmen brought were playing around as well.

“Don’t you think that there’s better places for us to play around? This is boring.”

Like the entertainment district, or other places that gave off *that* sort of feeling.

Knowing what I meant, Kurt started blushing,

“I-I’d be troubled even if you asked me.”

“Well, isn’t that generally considered important to do those things? Eat, sleep, and *do the deed*. For humans, it’s unhealthy to be missing something.”

“No, I don’t think it is.”

Meeting the three major needs is important.

I don’t like ignoring obvious things in the face of beautiful ideals.

In my previous life, I had tried to live seriously.

I’ve only experienced going to those types of stores when my boss brought me.

Though I didn’t play around because I cherished my family. Looking back on it, I can’t help but think I was being quite foolish.

It would’ve been nice if I had cut loose more.

As a living being, it was only natural to have desires.

And it was the lord’s job to prepare an area for those things to be released.

I like businesses that involved such desires.

It’s because they can easily make money.

Listening to the conversation between Kurt and I, the old lady seemed impressed,

“You’re young, but it looks like you already know what’s important. There are many stories in the world that can’t be solved by beautiful ideals. Even if you say that a man is a dirty human being once he goes there, I believe that all human beings are already dirty creatures regardless of sex.”

This old lady really understood my point,

“I like you. I’ll make sure to leave a good tip after this.”

“I don’t need it. Just order more food, boy. You need to grow a little.”

Kurt looked a little depressed.

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s nothing, I just can’t help but realize how incompetent I am.”

Kurt, who solely thought about methods on how to squeeze his people, seems to have noticed the financial potential of businesses that catered to human desires.

–I guess he’s growing up.

Moderately release the desires of your people so they don’t build up stress.

Such a thing is very important.

However, Kurt still seemed a little bit too innocent about such things,

“Hey, have you *done it* yet?”

“-bfft?!”

Kurt started coughing at my question.

Well, even I know that it might be a bit improper to ask, but we’re both guys here.

“W-what the hell are you talking about Liam?! We’re supposed to be looking for our marriage partners right now. Nobody will take us seriously if we don’t act sincerely!”

“Sincerely... huh?”

That was the one word I trusted least in this universe.

When I used to live sincerely, all that awaited me was a cruel life.

“W-what’s wrong about that?! It’s good to live sincerely, and in any case, that’s not fair Liam.”

“How so?”

This guy, is he really *that* innocent?

Evil lords were supposed to know a lot about women. Well, I guess he is the brainy-type who prioritises squeezing as much as possible from his people though.

He's different from the desire-oriented evil lord I am.

Kurt asked if as if he had given up,

"L-liam... Does that mean that you... Have *experience* with women?"

Huh? Of course I- wait a minute, the closest female I've interacted with in this life was Amagi.

I still haven't laid my hands on any real women this life.

"...I don't."

"Hey! Even though you were speaking so condescendingly, you're actually on the same level as me, Liam!"

The people around us started muttering, "Virgin?" "He's a virgin." "Wait, I thought he wasn't... weren't they like *that*?" in whispers and hushed tones.

You're wrong! I might've not laid my hands on any real women in this life, but I actually *am* experienced!

"Would you all shut up already?! I understand! Hey Kurt, you wanna go to the entertainment district after this?"

"Eh?! No, that's a little..."

To Kurt, whose voice kept growing smaller, I started to smile,

"Let's just get rid of them here so we won't have any problems in the future. Neither of us will get in trouble as long as we keep quiet about this."

"N-no, but-"

Kurt's face had flushed red, probably from whatever he was imagining.

Let's just hurry up and get it over with.

As I thought so, the head knight had finished his song and sat down next to us.

"You two should hold yourselves back for now."

"I'm a noble, can't I play around whenever I want to?"

The knight looked a little troubled as he explained himself,

"Considering your position, you need to make sure you don't go to a bad place. If you get an STD, things will only get tougher for you."

"Can't most of those be treated wit-"

"If that's how you think then you're an idiot! There are many STDs that can't be treated with modern medicine. Diseases are constantly evolving, so what might've been able to cure them before may have no effect now."

He told us that there was actually an outbreak of STDs in the viscount's territory at the moment.

Viruses seem to evolve a great deal no matter what universe you're in.

The recent epidemic of venereal diseases was the kind that made your manhood explode! It was that kind of STD.

At first, things would swell up and get larger.

Most men would be pleased with this, but after a few months it'd turn red and then black and then... explode.

They'd seriously explode.

Moreover, even after treatment, they didn't seem to be able to regenerate them.

It was a kind of disease you needed an elixir to cure.

The worst part about it was that women didn't show any symptoms of it, so it was impossible to tell at first glance.

It was an STD that only destroyed men.

Rather than a disease, wasn't that already a curse?

"...Kurt, let's go home."

"...yeah."

Our minds weren't strong enough to continue playing around after hearing such a thing.

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) "I'm relieved that there's no risk of Lord Liam's manhood exploding. The Banfield house would've been checkmated if it did."

Amagi(° 彡 °) "Rather than that, shouldn't you be more concerned about his lack of interest in living women?!"

TRANSACTION

The Seventh Weapons Factory.

Nias was currently on duty as she weightlessly floated through space in her uniform.

It looked like she was flying, but she suddenly stopped after moving to a certain place.

In front of her was a fortress-class space battleship over two thousand meters long.

“Hey, why haven’t we sold it yet? I thought there were talks with the imperial army commissioning them.”

To Nias’ angry tone, her subordinate made an excuse.

“The Third Weapons Factory stole a march on us. They just recently revealed a new fortress-class ship.”

“And that’s why we’re better than them. Compared to our model that we’ve been improving on for the past two decades, they can’t even reach our levels of performance.”

It was rare for the Seventh Weapons Factory; who specialised in performance, maintainability, and efficiency, to actively focus on design.

However, because of that they constantly lost to the more popular Third Weapons Factory.

The subordinate made a troubled expression,

“Isn’t this your responsibility? If we can’t sell this, then the dock will continue to be occupied, and unfortunately we don’t have the funds to pay for that. You’ll get in trouble with our superiors again.”

The fortress-class was far more expensive than super-class battleships.

If the Empire didn’t buy it, then there weren’t that many places that they could sell

them at.

It's not like they could sell them to other countries.

It *was* possible to sell them to imperial nobles, but only houses that the Empire had given permission to could legally purchase them.

As Nias pondered this, the only place that came to mind that she could conceivably sell it to would be the Banfield house.

However, Liam was currently in training.

It wouldn't be good to intrude on his studies just to make a sale.

But she was on a time limit.

So,

"H-how about I slip into a party hosted at his place of training? I believe it was Viscount Razel's house? Are we in business with them?"

After asking for confirmation from her subordinates, they immediately started to check,

"Let's see... they seem to have bought some normal military models that we created two decades ago, but since then it looks like they've been procuring products from the other weapon factories."

"If they had the money, I wish they'd buy our newer models."

"Unfortunately, there aren't that many places that can actually afford our new models, even the Banfield house has a limit to what they can purchase. Hmm... the next party that the viscount has invited us to would be... this one."

With that, it'd be possible for Nias to attend as a representative of the Seventh Weapons Factory.

It was a party for the graduating children who had completed their training.

"Well, we haven't lost yet! Even if representatives from the other weapon factories will

be there, I'll definitely be the one to make the sale!"

"You have to, or else we're finished."

Nias was visibly distressed.

"If we can't free up the dock here, we'll be completely behind schedule."

They couldn't dismantle the ship.

Leaving it outside wasn't an option either.

Nias had no choice but to sell it.



After listening to that story about people's manhoods exploding– I took my training seriously from then on.

To be honest I wanted to 'play around' a bit, but I was afraid of what *could* happen if I did.

Thanks to that, I had arrived at my third year of training before I even noticed.

"Before I realised it, we're already almost finished."

"Yeah."

Our three years of training was about to end– the last one having been spent living in fear of explosions.

Damn, this is all because that stupid viscount wasn't taking care of his territory properly.

Don't leave such dangerous STDs running amok in your domain!

I swore to myself that the moment I returned home, I was going to launch a general health inspection throughout my territory.

It was too terrifying to live in a land where people couldn't even 'play around' without

fear.

“So you say, but we still have to participate in the martial arts showcase before our training is officially finished.”

“Ahh... There was that, wasn’t there?”

On the day before we were scheduled to leave, there would be large matches that the soon-to-be graduates had to participate in.

However, they would all be fixed so that the noble children given preferential treatment would win.

They even gave instructions to us on how to lose.

“I’m not happy with how the viscount does things. I hate stuck-up rich people.”

I used to think that I was pretty rich, but I guess there’s always someone better than you in the universe.

Compared to the houses whose history and territory had been built up over countless generations, my house was apparently nothing.

The results were something I just had to accept.

But I couldn’t.

“In my case, I can’t let people underestimate a license holder of my school, so I’d be troubled if I lost.”

“Same here, but since Peter has the same license as me, I should be fine.”

“Is that so?”

Kurt and Peter were both swordsmen of the Arend school.

Because it was a famous swordsmanship style, it had a lot of students.

Though, I guess having so many came with its own problems.

“Since we’re from the same school, there’s no problem as long as I lose to another license holder.”

“Is Peter as strong as you?”

“...no, I don’t think he is. I heard that Peter procured his license in exchange for money.”

I’ve heard that the famous swordsmanship schools would sell their licenses to people with high social status.

Those people would act as a form of advertisement, and their vassals were more likely to enroll into the school as well.

Though in my case, since there really wasn’t anyone who taught the One-Flash, each practitioner of the school had to truly master the style before getting their license.

“I guess the students of famous swordsmanship schools also have it hard.”

“Even my father, who only became a lord after receiving his license, had to pay a large sum of money to them.”

After hearing that, I couldn’t help but marvel at how noble Master Yasushi truly was.

To not even consider taking disciples and passing the school of the One-Flash to the next generation, it was only natural that he got so angry at me.

In any case, what was I supposed to do about the matches?

Should I just decline participation altogether?

Though I don’t think there’s any need to worry.

Since Peter came from a house ruled by a virtuous lord, would they really just buy him a license with money? Wasn’t he the kind of person who practiced useless things like heroism and such? So shouldn’t he at least be a little strong?

—As I thought, he was truly someone I couldn’t get along with.

I've lived in Viscount Razel's house for three years now, but even that was longer than the time that I had spent with my parents.

As I pondered this, I had mixed feelings well up inside me while I cleaned up the garden— not. As a side note, I could see Peter out on a walk with his arm linked together with Katerina.

And as they passed by me,

"Hey, penniless trash."

"Peter, don't bully the poor thing."

The piece of shit that laughed at me while apologising was none other than— Katerina.

Since we were still repaying the debt left by my parents and grandparents, technically my house could still be considered poor.

While it was possible to repay it all in bulk, Amagi said it would attract some unneeded attention and that we should just repay it normally.

That's why I could still be discriminated at as a poor man.

"Do you need something from me?"

Peter started to laugh,

"I just thought I should do some charity work for the poor for once. Come, I'll bring you over to the casino I frequent."

Apparently, he came to invite me to hang out during his spare time.

What an idiot. He was playing around in a casino run in a territory that didn't manage it's entertainment district well.

I'd rather earn my money normally rather than gamble for it in a casino anyways.

"Please allow me to decline."

As I politely refused, Peter's face distorted in anger,

"To refuse my generous invitation! Y-you uncouth bastard, this is why I hate the poor!"

Without warning, Peter suddenly lunged towards me in an attack. But after I dodged him, he tripped and ended up writhing in pain as he hit his head.

"Peter, are you okay?!"

As Katerina ran over and held him up, Peter started to glare at me.

"You'll regret this, I'll report you to the viscount!"

"But wasn't this all your fault?"

What the hell was he talking about?

Ignoring his tantrum, I went back to continue my cleaning.



The guide watched the dispute between Liam and Peter from the roof of the mansion.

"...he's definitely out of the question."

He had been moving around to exact his revenge on Liam, but so far nothing had been successful.

The main reason being that there was no one here that could beat Liam.

Not even Kurt could win against a serious Liam.

"Time just keeps on passing without me being able to do anything. Am I really okay with this?"

Even if he wanted to do something, he didn't have the power to do so.

But in order to efficiently make Liam unhappy, he had to use his power.

"The band of pirates who are targeting Liam this time are smaller and weaker than

Goaz's fleet. I can't rely on just them."

Even if he was able to find people strong enough nearby, there wasn't any real reason for them to attack Liam unless he could mess with the situation.

"This isn't enough. It's not enough at all. What should I do?"

The guide was troubled today as well with the situation out of his control.

The white light that was curiously observing the guide's back suddenly departed for who knows where.



"Damn it! That bastard, why isn't he here yet?!"

The leader of the pirates slammed his fist down on the table.

After getting information on Liam, he had made various preparations for their revenge, but the person in question didn't even show up.

He never left the premises of the mansion, so the pirates couldn't even touch him.

"Boss, if we leave things as they are, then he'll just return back to his home after his training finishes. That brat Liam's home planet isn't part of our territory."

If he gets away, they wouldn't be able to chase him anymore.

Without giving up, the pirates desperately started to think of what cards they could still play.

As for the boss,

"...I'll get in touch with that bastard Randolph."

"A-are you sure that's okay? Didn't he tell us to only contact him in emergencies?"

"This *is* an emergency! If we give up here, we'll be looked down on by the other pirate fleets and they might attack us."

His subordinates then quickly scattered about to make the call, and after a while, the figure of Randolph projected itself in front of the boss.

"What's the matter?"

Randolph seemed unhappy with the boss' sudden call.

"My lord, I actually have a problem that I need to talk to you about."

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"-what do you think?"

In his office.

Randolph frowned as he listened to the pirate's story.

"So to summarise, you want to attack one of the nobles that I currently have under my care, correct?"

This would damage the reputation of his house if he let this go through.

Even though the pirates understood this fact, they didn't really seem to care.

"My lord, we have a reputation to uphold. In order to keep the other pirate fleets who would bring destruction to your territory away, it's necessary to punish all the fools who would dare insult us."

They had to destroy anything that would cause others to look down on them.

Pirates also had it hard in their own way.

"To protect my house's honour, can I have you wait for a while?"

"I understand. With that said— do we have your permission to attack him before he returns home?"

Listening to the request, the viscount started rubbing his jaw.

(It's not worth protecting the Banfield house if it means angering these brutes.)

“...just do it outside of my territory.”

“As you wish, but you will cooperate with us, right?”

“I can’t afford to send out my fleet, but I may be able to delay our response to their request for reinforcements.”

The pirates laughed while grinning. A response of true neutrality, one that guaranteed that the viscount wouldn’t impede them was enough.

“That’ll do. We’ve already secured an ally willing to help us for the sake of your territory’s safety.”

“And who might that be?”

“Lord Peter of the Peetak house.”

Randolph started to glare at them, but the pirates ignored him.

(I heard that he had a dispute with the Banfield house’s brat, but I didn’t think he’d go this far.)

Peter and Katerina had reported to Randolph different things.

Peter said that he was assaulted, but Katerina later told him that he just fell.

(He’s truly incompetent, but I can’t lose his favour here and lose the chance of connecting our houses through marriage.)

The misunderstood size of the Peetak house that Randolph saw was very attractive.

If they joined together, there was no doubt of the great benefits his viscount house could reap.

Therefore, he was quite troubled when he heard this information.

“–The Peetak house’s personal fleet won’t be participating. **Only pirates** will be. Understood?”

Although not explicitly said, he was implying that the Peetak house should impersonate

pirates.

The pirates seemed to understand though.

“I understand, my lord. ‘Only pirates’ will be attacking the Banfield house. As long your house doesn’t intervene, we’ll thoroughly beat them down without leaving any trace of your involvement.”

“There shouldn’t be any problem if the Banfield house’s heir disappears. Even if he’s killed by pirates, the Empire shouldn’t have a real reason to investigate the matter.”

He didn’t think they would launch a full-scale investigation for a house that insignificant.

As long as he told the Empire the end-results, everything should wrap up smoothly with none the wiser.

Randolph was sure of this.

“Just don’t leave behind any evidence.”

“Of course.”

Once the call finished, Randolph returned to his work.

He was confirming the participants who would be attending the party held for the graduating children this year.

“Thanks to the participation of the Peetak house, it looks like this year’s party is going to be bigger than usual.”

Randolph made a impressed expression as he looked over the large number of attendees.

There were many houses coming that he wanted to build connections with.

As well as merchant company heads, weapon factory representatives, and so forth.

“Compared to them, it truly was a failure to accept someone from the Banfield house.”

Brian (` ; ω ; ^) “...it’s painful. It’s painful knowing that I can’t do anything about this.”

Tia(# ° 言 °) “...seconded.”

PREPARATIONS

The guide was ecstatic.

“Peter, you’re the best!”

That said, the Peetak house created by his parents were *far* more useful than the individual himself.

Even though the guide himself didn’t do anything, it didn’t matter what happened as long as it worked towards hurting Liam.

“Now the pirates, the Peetak house, and the Razel house are all working together to defeat Liam! This is great!”

As he watched over the situation, he decided that this was the most opportune time to use his power.

The space in front of his eyes distorted as he reached out his hand.

There, the power of the guide burst out to meddle with the situation.

“I’ll definitely make Liam unhappy this time.”

However, the guide’s power had been greatly weakened, so he couldn’t interfere with much.

In his current state, he could only do slight mischief at most.

Even so, he was happy to know that he could still trip Liam if he wanted to.

“I will regain my power, and this time it’ll be you feeling the pain Liam! Fuhahahahaha!”

The white light that was observing the laughing guide disappeared again.



Well, the training period was about to end.

Even if they called it training, most of it was just doing odd-jobs for the viscount's house.

Though I didn't get any preferential treatment, it was fun.

With that said, I was still frightened by the vulgarity of the policies that the overly serious Razel house had implemented.

I wanted to play around more, but there weren't many places around here that I could do so safely.

After I returned to my territory, I swore to invest more into that venture.

"Hurry it up! A lot of important guests will be coming to this party!"

While I was helping set up the party hall, I talked to Kurt while moving my hands.

"He seems really enthusiastic about this."

"Apparently there are going to be an abundance of guests this time. Since Peter of the Peetak house is here; an assortment of military personnel, weapon factory representatives, and heads of various merchant houses will be coming."

When I had my coming of age ceremony, I thought a lot of people had gathered for it.

But it looks like for *real* nobles that had more power and history, far more people would naturally flock towards them in the hopes of establishing a connection.

I was jealous.

Someday, I want to be able to hold parties like this everyday while feasting on the delicacies of life.

"Even if they told us to set up the party venue, aren't they pretty much renovating it at this point?"

“That’s just proof on how important this is to them.”

The floor of the venue was torn off and replaced, while a fountain was prepared at its center.

Peter and Katerina’s engagement would also be announced at this party, so they decided that almost everything should be remade and modernised.

There were craftsmen here, but we had to help out too.

First of all, the venue was unimaginably wide.

Just how many people did they expect to come?

As I pondered this, I couldn’t help but notice the arena was also prepared here.

“Is that where the fights are going to happen?”

“I think so. Aren’t you going to join, Liam?”

“Well, the matches are fixed, but I can’t really allow myself to lose as the only One-Flash license holder here. So probably not.”

This was just a small event to showcase the results of our training anyway.

It looks like Kurt was going to participate and lose at an appropriate position.

He sure has it tough.

“Weirdly enough, I think I might actually miss living here.”

Kurt looked a bit sad.

“Don’t feel sad. Soon we’re going to have to go to elementary school, so we still have lots of things that’ll keep us busy from now on.”

“I guess that’s true.”

As Kurt responded with a wry smile, the instructor knight who was in charge of on-site supervision called out to him.

“Kurt, there’s a call here for you from your house!”

“Okay, I’m coming!”

Kurt then proceeded to leave the venue.

As I continued work on my own, I caught a glimpse of an animal weaving through the tables and chairs.

–it looked like a dog.

“Are you lost? Do you need help getting out?”

As I tried to approach it, the dog-like animal suddenly fled to the back of the site.

Before I even noticed, I had chased it all the way to the hallways that lead to the exit.

“Huh? Where did it go? Does this mean it’s okay if I just leave it alone?”

There wouldn’t be any problems as long as it left the venue.

But as I turned around to leave, I heard Kurt’s voice.

“–you can’t come because the pirates have been more active recently? Yes, I understand... all right.”

The person he was talking to was probably a family member.

Listening in, apparently pirates seem to have entered his territory, so they weren’t going to be able to pick him up for a while.

Kurt had a worried expression on his face.

When the call was over, I couldn’t help but feel embarrassed when he noticed me.

“Were you listening?”

“It’s my bad. I was busy chasing a dog when I overheard you.”

“It’s alright. It’s just that my family seems to be going through some hard times right

now, so I won't be able to go back for a while. I'm going to have to ask the viscount if it's okay if I stay here a little longer."

It looks like the condition of his family's house was making him anxious.

Well, I guess I can do him a favour here as a fellow evil lord.

"If this bothers you that much, I can send you back home."

"Really?! No, that's no good. There's pirates-"

"Kurt, pirates are just living wallets for me."

"Huh?"

"After cleaning everything up, I'll take seventy percent of the spoils, and your house can take the remaining thirty."

"N-no, this isn't something that easy to decide! Usually, this is something that you'd consult with your vassals in your territory first and-"

"It's fine, I hold absolute power within my territory. They'll listen to anything I say as long as I order it. Remember, this is one of the benefits of being an evil lord. Even something that's white is black as long as I say it is. So if I order them to prepare for battle, there's no way they could refuse."

Kurt continued to look at me while stunned.

How innocent.

Well, I guess I need to make a call to Amagi now, huh?

◇ ◇ ◇

The Banfield mansion.

Inside of the building's office, Amagi was talking to Liam.

The floating image of Liam was a sight for sore eyes.

“-dispatch a fleet? It’s possible, but I don’t think it’s appropriate to send one over to the viscount’s territory.”

“I actually need them so I can help bring a friend back to his home. I’ll be having another pirate hunt.”

“Oh, I see. So you’re doing this to help out your friend?”

“Because he’s a fellow evil lord, I need to cherish our relationship.”

“I’m happy for you.”

Amagi made a gentle expression as she thought about how Liam was probably misunderstanding something again.

“So how big of a fleet do you need?”

“How many can we send?”

Just recently, the Banfield territory was attacked by Goaz’s pirate armada.

Because of that, they invested quite a bit into expanding their fleet.

“I can prepare about twelve thousand ships.”

“That’s good enough. Oh, and make sure to bring my Avid too.”

Avid was Liam’s personal mobile knight.

Larger than normal knights, it was a high-grade aircraft that only a few people could possibly pilot.

“Why don’t you just sit this one out? There’s no need for you to fight out there yourself.”

“It’s a boy’s dream to fight in a robot! Don’t worry, I’ll be bringing over large profits this time as well.”

“...if that’s the case, then I’ll go and arrange a meeting with Baron Exner.”

"I'll leave it to you."

As soon as Liam ended the call, Amagi immediately began making contact with all the parties involved.

"-the timing is good, should I put them to work as well?"



The Third Weapons Factory.

In front of the many mobile knights lined up there- Tia looked over the humanoid weapons.

She had just graduated from the university.

After collecting the credits needed for graduation, she just went through with it.

From now on, what was waiting for her was the training to become an official, but before that she was going to return to Liam's territory.

The girls who were candidates to become knights were returning as well.

-They all wanted to participate in the pirate hunt.

Eulisia, who was an employee of the Third Weapons Factory, was explaining their newest model of knights.

"These are the models used in the special forces of the imperial army."

By design, the mobile knights were supposed to be big, but the aircrafts in front of Tia were built a bit differently.

They were slender in build, and they seemed to emphasise appearance.

"The specs listed in the catalogue aren't bad."

To Tia's comment, Eulisia responded with a smile.

"I have confidence in their contents. Even so, the Count sure is impressive. There aren't

many nobles that can buy so many knights in bulk.”

Hundreds of new models were purchased.

While marveling her new knight Tia made a request to Eulisia,

“I’m allowed a personal colour, so I’d like to have mine painted to be white and purple.”

“A personal colour for a mere knight candidate? You must have a lot of confidence in yourself.”

Tia laughed at this and smiled,

“I don’t, but from now on I’m sure that we’ll always be victorious.”

When the knight candidates of the Banfield house entered into their respective aircrafts, the eyes of the all the mobile knights flashed with light as they were started up.

Tia started addressing everyone,

“Everyone be grateful. Lord Liam has given us the best opportunity to prove our worth– it’s time for a pirate hunt.”



The days of our training abroad were about to end.

It was the day before we were going to leave the Razel house- a martial arts showcase was being held with the graduating students as participants.

Those who had received preferential treatment won their matches one after another and the venue was brimming with excitement.

Right now it was the match between Kurt and Peter.

“-ku!”

“Hmm? What’s wrong? We’re both swordsmen of the Arend school, so I’d be troubled if you couldn’t even lay a finger on me~”

Peter was completely dominating the match while he ridiculed Kurt.

I was actually quite surprised by the unnecessary cruelty.

To a certain extent, it was necessary to have a normal fight so that it'd be harder for the audience to tell that the match was fixed.

However, Peter was *that* bad, and it totally looked fixed no matter how you saw it.

Kurt also looked a bit puzzled.

"Forgive me."

While saying such a thing, Kurt seemed to have given up as he intentionally dropped his sword.

In the first place, although they were both from the same school, they had completely different stances.

No, something was wrong here– was this guy really the heir of a virtuous house?

Was it that? The pattern where the child became useless despite how amazing the parents were?

After dropping his sword, Kurt fell down to one knee.

"...I surrender."

The atmosphere of the venue seemed to have died down a bit, but it was still exciting.

Peter stomped down on Kurt who was kneeling.

"So you acknowledge my ability?"

"...yes."

Just by looking at Kurt's bearing, you'd feel sorry for him.

Even so, I couldn't help but marvel at how Peter had the qualities necessary to become a good evil lord one day.

As I pondered this, Peter suddenly turned his imitation sword towards me.

“You’re going to fight with me too, since it’ll be boring if it just ends here. Come up to the arena quickly, you poor minor swordsmanship practitioner.”

When Peter declared as such, the viscount gave instructions for me to go up to the arena while making a troubled expression.

The head instructor knight started apologising to me,

“I’m sorry, he’s an important guest for us, so we’d appreciate it if you went.”

“He actually had the audacity to insult my school. Hey old man– is it okay if I go at him seriously?”

The head instructor knight gave me a slightly devious smile,

“Well, isn’t it his fault for not stopping anyway? I never really liked playing out these farces in the first place. However, don’t kill him.”

Only the part about not killing him was said with a serious face.

But of course I wouldn’t kill him.

“Don’t worry about it. I might not have a lot of practice with this trick, but with Kurt’s help I was able to find a solution to making my style non-lethal.”

“Really?”

To the suspicious knight, I presented a squeaky toy hammer.

Both in this universe and in my previous life, this was a hammer that made a squeaky sound whenever it hit something.

It wouldn’t hurt much if I smacked him with this.

“Wait, don’t you think that might be a little disrespectful?”

“If I don’t use this, then depending on my opponent I might accidentally kill them. So this is fine.”

As I entered into the arena with my toy hammer, Peter started laughing at me.

Viscount Razel was glaring at me as if I had just hammered in the final nail in the coffin.

Peter turned towards me,

“Puhahaha! It looks like you’re so poor you couldn’t even afford a sword. Did you know I could buy as many of those things as I want?”

While I listened to him prattle on, I waited for the start signal.

The referee looked towards Viscount Razel and seemed to be hesitant, but eventually gave the go after being ordered to.

“Match, start!”

Immediately after.

The hammer I swung down onto Peter’s head made a big ‘Squeak!’, while he dropped to the ground with a ‘Thump!’

As soon as the match started, I narrowed the distance and swung down, sending Peter crashing downwards towards the floor.

I could see the whites in his eyes.

“...I didn’t even do much.”

I shook the hammer to check it’s condition, but it didn’t seem to be broken.

It was extremely durable for a toy.

While I stood alone in the arena, the surrounding children who were given preferential treatment began to jeer at me.

“Y-you cheated! That’s unfair!”

“If you have any complaints, then come on up.”

I will teach you the truth of this universe and what that means for serious and good

people.

In this universe, the ones in the right weren't strong.

It's the strong ones who were in the right.

To you future virtuous lords- I'll personally teach you all reality!

"It'll be annoying to face you one at a time, so I'll take all of you on at once. Come at me."

"You're just some trash from a minor swordsmanship school, don't get coc-buh?!"

To the fool who climbed onto the arena, I sent him flying out of the ring.

"It's not a 'minor school'. It's called the One-Flash. I'll beat that name into your heads so you'll never forget it."

Those who had won their matches started to climb up into the arena and flocked towards me.

I blew all of them out of the ring with my toy hammer while laughing.

Standing in the center of the arena, I started telling them about the truths of this venue.

"Don't get carried away just because you won some fixed-matches! You're nothing but small fries!"

Not just the people who challenged me, but even Viscount Razel was glaring at me with a red face.

I think I might've overdid it, 'cause I don't think they want to be involved with me ever again.

Still, that was refreshing.

Brian(´ • ω • `) "Lord Liam is amazing!"

Tia(° ∇°) “As expected of Lord Liam!”

BARBECUE

“–you overdid it.”

“I’m sorry.”

The instructor knight was really mad with me– not. We were actually having a barbecue outside of the party venue.

Originally, I was supposed to join the party on the inside, but I was expelled outside as punishment for disrupting yesterday’s event.

Unfortunately, the other children who received the same treatment as me were also evicted to the barbecue.

“Still, I think it was worth it.”

“The faces they made after they woke up were masterpieces.”

“Even if we were on the inside, the way they treat us wouldn’t have changed that much anyways.”

Somehow, everyone still seemed to be enjoying themselves.

The barbecue set was cheap though.

Well, it was still better than the punishment I thought the instructor was going to give me.

Kurt was grilling meat.

“Sorry, it’s a little burnt.”

A skewer covered in meat and vegetables was handed over to me.

“I don’t want the peppers. I hate them.”

“It’s not good to be picky.”

The green peppers in the viscount’s territory were bitter.

They were really bad.

The instructor was laughing.

“Well, a lot of things might’ve happened, but it’s always better to end things with a smile.”

I wholeheartedly agreed with that opinion.



The party venue.

As he was invited, Thomas of the Henfrey company was looking for Liam at the venue after he had finished his greetings.

“I can’t see Lord Liam’s figure anywhere.”

Dressed in a military uniform, Nias drew near and called out to him,

“Thomas, have you seen Lord Liam?”

To Nias, who looked like she was in a hurry, Thomas shook his head.

“I haven’t seen him. Maybe he’s running late?”

Nias also pondered this,

“He isn’t someone who loses track of their time... I wonder if something came up?”

“–you’re really bringing up business talks in a place like this?”

Nias turned her gaze away from the pampered laugh that was approaching her.

That’s when Eulisia gracefully appeared in a dress.

“Oh my, I didn’t know the Seventh Weapons Factory would send a representative.”

“...so you’re here as well.”

Sparks started to burst out between the two, but Eulisia was the one who turned away first.

“Ehhh~ To be honest, I’m actually here to thank Count Banfield for the large number of mobile knights he just recently purchased from us. While I was at it, I thought I might as well sell him a fortress-class battleship too.”

Nias seemed to grow more flustered as she heard that.

“W-why are you trying to sell him a fortress-class?”

“We recently announced the new model, so we’re calling out to *all* of our potential buyers, not just him.”

Sparks scattered between the two who were planning to sell to Liam.

Thomas turned his gaze away.

(Lord Liam has it hard. Still, where is he?)

Thomas, Nias, and Eulisia– it wasn’t just those three.

There were many people who were taking advantage of their participation in the party for this chance.

The majority of the people in the hall were all searching for Liam.

That’s when Randolph’s voiced echoed throughout the venue.

“Everyone, I’d like to thank you for coming to our party this time-”

First was a simple greeting, which was then followed by his daughter’s engagement announcement.

However, her partner was strange.

"My daughter Katerina, will be taking Peter of the Peetak house to be her husband."

It was the Peetak house that was introduced.

Nias applauded to match the venue's atmosphere, but those that knew- like Thomas, were stunned.

"A boy came here for training, but ended up getting engaged to the lord's daughter, how romantic."

"Huh? No, that's... what?"

He couldn't understand.

(Why would the Razel house seek a connection with the Peetak house? No matter how I think about them, they're definitely people who I'd never consider marrying into...)

For Thomas, who knew about the inner workings of the Peetak house, this situation was nothing but strange.

Eulisia thought the same,

"By Peetak house... do they mean *that* Peetak house?"

"Yes, I think so. I'm sure that's the heir of the Peetak house."

Projected into the air above the venue, the figures of Peter and Katerina were shown.

Eulisia was making a face that said she couldn't believe this,

"The Peetak house... has there been any news of them unearthing a mine full of rare metals?"

Thomas shook his head.

The Razel house specialised in mining resources and processing them.

If rare metals could be excavated in the Peetak house's territory, then there might be justification behind the marriage.

It would be possible then– but no such news has come out about that topic.

“I’ve heard no such thing. I thought they investigated various things about the children they admitted, so I can’t understand Viscount Razel’s thought process in supporting this marriage.”

Many of the participants were also confused about this.

Nias noticed the surrounding atmosphere, and-

“Um, excuse me? Do you by any chance know where Lord Liam is?”

All three of them were desperate for information on Liam, so they eagerly listened to the story of the recently-caught waiter.

The waiter was another noble child undergoing their training.

“You want to know where Liam is? Yesterday, he beat up all the people who were given preferential treatment and laughed at them, so he was kicked out of the venue by the viscount.”

The waiter was an underclassmen that was receiving the same treatment as Liam.

“The Liam of that time was amazing,” he said while laughing.

Thomas’ face had turned pale.

“...he drove Lord Liam out of the venue?”

To the Henfrey company, Liam was their benefactor.

Furthermore, Thomas himself was the Banfield house’s purveyor.

He felt dizzy.

Nias grabbed his swaying shoulder,

“Quickly guide us to him!”

“Huh? Sure, I don’t mind but-”

Eulisia was hurriedly making a call to someone.

Meanwhile, Thomas quickly rushed outside after learning the location from the waiter,

“Lord Liaaaaaaam!”



Thomas ran up to me during the barbecue.

“Lord Liaaaaaaam!”

I put the peppers I didn’t eat on a plate and handed them over to Thomas.

“Long time no see, Thomas. So you came here too? Come join us and eat.”

Kurt was saying “Liam, you’re awful,” in the background, but it’s only natural for an evil lord to be disliked.

That’s why it was okay for me to do this.

“T-thanks for the meal. —bitter! Bleh! W-wait, that’s not what I’m here for! What exactly is the meaning of this?! Lord Liam, why have you been expelled to outside the venue?!”

He was making quite the racket.

“The viscount got mad at me. There’s no need to worry though, I couldn’t really get along with him anyway.”

Seriously– it was a total failure for me to come under the tutelage of the serious and virtuous Razel house.

Thomas looked relieved.

Don’t tell me, did this guy think I might turn into a virtuous person?

After all, this guy is my Echigoya-no, he’s an evil merchant.

“I’m going to put in a complaint with the viscount. Come, let’s go inside.”

“I don’t need it. What’s the point of complaining *now*? Instead, bring us something to eat. Oh, and prepare some drinks too.”

Thomas quickly made a call to his ship.

“M-my apologies, there isn’t really anything that I can afford to offer as a gift. As for alcohol, will some of the more expensive brands do?”

Well, I was still in a good mood from yesterday’s events.

I’ll just pay him this time.

“Thomas, bring me *everything* that you could possibly use as a gift. Oh, and give the alcohol to the men who’ve been taking care of me. Nothing but the best brands, and of course, I’ll pay for it.”

Even if I paid for everything I just asked for in bulk, the balance in my bank account wouldn’t change at all.

Just how much did I save up?

“I-I’ll bring you everything right away!”

As Thomas left while calling his subordinates, more people exited out of the venue.

Kurt looked a little confused.

“Huh? Is it already finished?”

“Didn’t it just start? Maybe they’re taking a break already, or some kind of problem occurred.”

As I pondered that, this time it was Nias and Eulisia who ran up to me while out of breath.

“Lord Liam, long time no see! Now, please buy a fortress-class ship from me!”

I looked at Nias, who tried to sell me a battleship while she was still greeting me, with cold eyes.

Eulisia, who was wiping her sweat, had an amazed expression on her face.

“–you’re actually bringing up business negotiations before you even finish saying hello? My lord, why don’t you just ignore this boorish woman from the Seventh Weapons Factory and talk to me instead? Today, I’d actually like to tell you about our new fortress-class battleship. Unlike the outdated version from the Seventh Weapons Factory, ours is a brand-new model.”

Wasn’t she exactly the same though?

I looked at the dress-wearing Eulisia with a slightly amazed expression.

Maybe noticing my gaze, she started to smile.

“...I’m not interested.”

She reminded me of my former wife, who used to dress up and perfect her makeup every time she cheated on me.

In other words, it was a turn-off.

“Huh?”

Eulisia seemed to be surprised by my reaction.

In response to that, Nias started laughing at her.

“Too bad~”

After saying that, she started opening her suit jacket’s buttons from the front.

Rather than trying to seduce me, I think she was just hot from all the running.

Maybe because of that, her sweat made the shirt she wore underneath see-through, allowing me to see the sports bra she had on.

Noticing that she was seen, she nervously started to laugh while covering herself up, embarrassed.

“N-no, I’m not wearing this because my pay was docked from the poor sales or

anything... Yes! I'm only wearing these because I'm trying to be more conscious of my health! It's that sort of thing!"

I approached Nias who was desperately trying to make an excuse and-

"How much is it?"

"Huh?"

"How much is the fortress-class ship you were selling?"

"You're going to buy it?"

"I guess it can't be helped. Here, give me the contract. Is this enough?"

"P-please buy some destroyers and cruisers as well! They might be new models but I'll give you a good deal!"

"Just what would you ever do without me? I understand, purchasing three hundred should be fine."

Nias was so overjoyed that she started to cry, and every time she moved I was able to see the underwear that had no sex-appeal through her shirt.

They were exactly the type I preferred.

Since I was shown something nice, I decided to help her out and buy a fortress-class.

Eulisia hurriedly grabbed my arm.

"Wait, please wait! Why?! You haven't even checked the specs yet!"

"...so you were a disappointing woman too."

Or was it that they were the only kind of female workers that the weapon factories hired?

After that, more weapon factory representatives and merchant house heads came to greet me.

“Lord Liam, I believe this is our first time meeting.”

“Lord Liam, please feel free to purchase anything from our weapons factory by all means.”

“Lord Liam, if you ever ask, I’d be happy to lend you-”

Before I knew it, a long line was formed.



In the party venue- Randolph was stunned.

Most of the invited guests had left.

Less than a third were remaining.

The venue that had quickly emptied out was an amazing sight to see.

Making confused expressions, the remaining guests didn’t seem to understand what was going on either.

“W-what is the meaning of all this?”

Just what the hell was happening?

As he pondered this and was about to give an order to investigate the matter, one of his subordinates gave him a report,

“Lord Randolph! Outside the venue! Outside!”

“What happened?!”

Rushing outside, what he saw was- the barbecue.

Stealing away all the invited guests, Randolph assumed the evicted children had done something.

And in the middle of it all was- Liam.

“What’s the meaning of this? Why is everyone gathering around the son of the Banfield house?”

Humans were very honest creatures.

If the aristocrat they served turned out to be incompetent, they’d quickly abandon them.

However, on the other hand- people would quickly gather around those they thought were worth it.

It wasn’t just one or two people either, but *all* the merchants seemed to be trying to make a connection with Liam.

“-look into the Banfield house right away.”

“But my lord, we’ve already done our research-”

“Just look into them! Go!”



A spaceport located in the Razel house’s territory.

The Banfield house’s fleet had arrived, and was waiting on standby.

A shuttle landed at the port and was preparing to pick up Liam.

Tia was there to supervise everything.

Right now she was talking to one of the spaceport’s officials.

“Can’t we have permission to use the red carpet?”

“Due to certain policies, I unfortunately have to ask you to refrain from doing so. I *can* give you permission to recreate the atmosphere with holograms though.”

“And I’m telling you that’s too bland! After three whole years of training, my lord deserves a reception worthy of him!”

The knights and the soldiers who were standing in formation seemed to be on edge as tensions started to rise.

“We gave him a grand reception at his arrival, isn’t that enough? By the way, I must say the fleet of the Peetak house sure is amazing. Even the viscount was impressed and expressed his desire to meet with you- huh?!”

Almost immediately, Tia had grabbed the official by the neck and lifted him up into the air, while softly saying,

“...you can’t even recognise the family crest of Lord Liam’s Banfield house? Who the hell does your viscount dare to compare us too?”

The knights and soldiers of the Razel house nearby started to gather while the knight candidates of the Banfield house began pulling out their weapons.

Tia said so while closing in on the official,

“That’s right, we are the proud Banfield fleet! No mistakes will be tolerated. We’ll be protesting this later.”

“L-let go of me-”

“Too little, too late.”

As Tia smiled while reaching for her sword’s handle, the spaceport’s elevator doors suddenly opened.

“Huh~? So you’re the people here to pick me up~?”

The tense atmosphere seemed to freeze as Peter’s voice echoed out.

Peter then turned to look at Tia,

“Oh, are you a new knight? You’re pretty beautiful. Okay, you’ll be my personal escort. I’m already ready to go home.”

Tia let go of the official, dropping him to the floor.

The spaceport.

Kurt and I were sitting on a bench as we waited for pick-up, while watching a video that was being projected into the air.

It was the last episode of a popular drama that aired in the viscount's territory.

When the ending credits started rolling,

"It... doesn't look like they're coming."

I sighed,

"I'm happy I got to finish the drama I was interested in, but I'm not pleased with how they're keeping me- their master, waiting."

As I felt my frustration increase, the elevator door opened and Tia burst out of it.

She practically flew as she kicked off of the floor before sliding into a subservient pose in front of me.

-it was kind of funny to watch.

"M-m-my deepest apologies Lord Liam! The official at the spaceport led us to another area by mistake! Please forgive me!"

To Tia that was looking up at me while stuttering excuses, I flicked her forehead.

"Don't make excuses, the fact of the matter is that you kept me waiting."

Tia made an expression as if it was the end of the world when I told her that- though I think she was overreacting a bit.

She was supposed to be really talented, but you wouldn't be able to tell by looking at her.

How come there were only girls that seemed to have a few screws loose gathering around me?

“Understood, I’ll apologise by presenting you with my head.”

She pulled out her sword and placed it on her neck.

This girl really wasn’t right in the head.

“Stop being stupid. Just carry the luggage, I want to go home already. ”

As I handed over my bags, Tia started to cry.

“Y-you’ll really forgive me?”

“I’ll give a proper punishment later on during the voyage. Kurt, do you want her to hold your luggage too?”

When I asked Kurt,

“...Liam, don’t make a girl carry your bags for you.”

“Don’t worry about it, it’s her punishment for keeping me waiting. Now then, let’s go. Which ship will we be boarding?”

Tia answered while straightening her back.

Why were her cheeks red though?

“Yes! You’ll be riding on flagship Var!”

Var, the flagship built at the Third Weapons Factory slowly approached the port.

—it really was huge from this angle.

To match it’s large size, apparently it’s specs and performance were raised accordingly.

“Woah, that’s big. Is that a super-class battleship?”

Even Kurt seemed to be interested.

Well, he was a guy after all. It was only natural for him to love battleships and humanoid weapons.

“Why don’t you buy one too?”

“I can’t. Even if I wanted to buy one, I think it’d be better to buy a destroyer or cruiser considering the maintenance costs.”

Speaking of which, I bought a lot of those from Nias recently, didn’t I?

Considering my military plan, that wasn’t something I needed- I totally purchased them on a whim.

I was a victim of impulse buying.

However, I couldn’t help but marvel at how easy it was to buy battleships in this universe.

“If that’s the case, do you want my surplus?”

Whenever I buy things myself, Amagi gets angry and scolds me while complaining “Our military plans have been thrown off-schedule again.”

So let’s just push them onto Kurt,

“Hmm? No I’m fine, thanks. Old ships can still be used as long as they’re properly maintained, and I’m already satisfied with the amount that we have now, even if it’s not much.”

...huh? Was he really okay using second-hand goods?

Tia(*´∀ `) “I was allowed to keep my head despite my transgressions!”

Brian(´ • ω • `) “The candidate to be our first knight is a dangerous individual who was willing to behead herself without hesitation... It’s painful just thinking about it.”

TOO LATE

A fleet of battleships moving through space.

Aligned in formation, they created a beautiful line of light that seemed to cut through the darkness.

The rooms of the flagship were so luxurious that it was surprising.

Sitting by my side was the commander-in-chief and the admiral, as well as a couple of people I considered close.

“Lord Liam, it looks like you’ve completed your training safely.”

“This was only the start. A few years from now, I’ll have to leave again to study abroad in the imperial capital. I might be gone for decades.”

Kurt didn’t seem to be able to calm down.

And Tia was there acting as my personal aide.

Was it that? Because she messed up during the pick-up, was she trying to earn more points now to make up for it?

I didn’t hate that kind of behavior.

“Lord Liam, of the university and the military academy, which one are you going to enroll into?”

Tia asked, so I quenched my parched throat with a drink before answering,

“-Either or. They’re pretty much the same thing. The degrees we strive to earn there are just more ways to kill time anyways.”

Kurt looked like he was seriously pondering this,

“I think it’s more important than that. My father told me that after you graduate from

the academy, you'll be conscripted to work for the military for a time. He told me that I should aim to form connections while I could."

Does he plan to work hard to be liked by his superiors?

As always, this guy has it tough.

"Considering our positions, we'd probably be assigned to rear-line duty anyway."

"I'd prefer a more active role if possible. Liam, are you going to return to governing your territory after your training is complete?"

Most of the youths who finished their training apparently spent it living freely until they turned about two hundred years old.

After that, I heard that they'd start preparing for the change of ownership that would allow them to succeed as their house's new lord.

But I had already succeeded my house as count.

"I think I might take it easy for a while."

If I became an official, I'd be able to cover up my evil deeds as long as I had the right connections.

Though the same could be said for high-ranking military personnel.

If something ever happened, I'd just ask them for help, and then whatever I needed covered up would disappear.

Either could be said to be the correct choice for connections- so which should I choose?

Since I want to play around while I'm studying abroad in the imperial capital, I should probably become an official.

Do I need to prepare some bribes?

While I pondered this, we had arrived in an area of space that allowed warp travel.

The admiral had their own fleet to take charge of, so they left the room, leaving the commander-in-chief behind.

“Lord Liam, for the pirate hunt in Baron Exner’s territory, it’s been reported that the enemy numbers around three thousand ships.”

“I see, I hope they have a lot of treasure.”

Kurt had an uneasy expression on his face.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be sure to transfer over your thirty percent properly.”

“I’m not worried about that. Liam, aren’t you afraid? The other party won’t just be pirates, but hired mercenaries as well.”

This guy needs to relax a little.

Serious evil lords may exist, but this guy is overdoing it.

“Remember this phrase! ‘Pirates are just living wallets.’ They’re nothing but great people who collect goods and money for us to *relieve* them of once we’re done cleaning them up.”

Kurt still looked uneasy, but I had the guide on my side.

You could say that I had his divine protection.

My second life has been really lucky so far thanks to him.

No matter what I did, I always seemed to succeed.

“Even so, there’s still three thousand of them...”

The debris generated from the battle could be converted into valuable resources that could be sold for big profits– is what I’d like to say.

But the pirate fleets seem to have been growing weaker recently, not having much treasure saved up.

Tia then fixed her posture and made a request to me,

“Lord Liam, please entrust the battle to this Tia here.”

“Don’t interrupt us, and that’s *my* decision to make.”

“P-please excuse my rudeness.”

Watching Tia, who immediately backed off and knelt before me, I couldn’t help but think she looked like a dog.

After the talks continued on for a while, the commander-in-chief got a call,

“What’s wrong?”

“Enemy forces have been spotted enroute to intercept us. They number around twenty thousand strong.”

“Enemy forces? Is it pirates?”

“Y-yes but...”

“What is it?”

“...we’ve confirmed ships that bear the crest of a noble house among them.”



When we arrived at the bridge, both sides were already facing each other.

The holographic image that displayed the current state of the battlefield showed that the enemy was spreading out as if to swallow us.

In contrast, we were taking a formation that was in the shape of a sphere.

“Do they intend to entrap us before attacking?”

Kurt started whispering to me,

“They’re trying to surround us, it’s a good strategy that takes advantage of their superior numbers.”

Looking at that I-

“Okay, let’s attack them.”

“Liam, wait! It’s not a good idea to go on the offensive now! The other party was waiting for us!”

The commander-in-chief started to give out orders while ignoring Kurt’s outburst.

“All ships prepare for an assault.”

Tia was grasping at her chest– she looked upset, her breathing was rough, and she seemed to be sweating profusely.

Was she okay?

“Liam, we’re in danger! The enemy is going to surround us!”

If I were to describe it as an image, I guess it’d be like wrapping up a ball?

The enemy was moving as if to envelop us.

“Don’t worry about it. We’re used to these kinds of fights. In the first place, a difference in numbers of this scale is meaningless.”

After all, I had the guide. My very own guardian angel protecting me.



Inside of his personal space, the guide was having a breakdown.

“Why Liam?! Why did you prepare this many?!”

Under normal circumstances, a fleet consisting of only a couple hundred ships should’ve picked Liam up.

Even though the guide was hoping to crush him with a force a hundred times larger than them, over ten thousand ships ended coming instead.

This was impossible.

It couldn't be true.

"My plan! I squeezed out every last bit of my power for this moment!"

To help out the collaboration between the pirates and the Peetak house, he used up what little power he had left.

It wasn't possible for him to make a big contribution, but to the combined forces that were actively trying to crush Liam, he wanted to help in any way he could.

That said, although Liam only had half their forces, they still had no chance of victory with these numbers.

Inside the space between dimensions, the guide sat down and started to bury his face into his knees.

"It's too late. It's over."



The pirates were panicking.

"What the hell is this?! Why aren't their formations collapsing?!"

From their experiences so far, most nobles would easily fall in battle after being surrounded.

They could effortlessly win against opponents of equal numbers if the specs of the ships themselves were low.

And this time, they even had the assistance of the Peetak house, which doubled their numbers.

One of the subordinates gave a report,

"Boss! The Peetak house's forces have collapsed, leaving a hole in our formation that's vulnerable to a siege!"

The unskilled forces of the Peetak house didn't just underperform, they had already lost.

Their advantage of numbers was slowly disappearing.

“Wait, didn’t they have the latest models of ships?! Hey, start up communications with our allied pirate fleets!”

“The jamming will make it-”

“Just do it!”

The other party they connected to was another pirate fleet of a similar size.

Despite the static-filled video, the boss asked the head of the other fleet for help.

“Hey, we’re sworn brothers, right? I need a little help.”

The other party was slightly amazed,

“What did you do? Are you in a battle right now?”

“I am, but the enemy is strong and we’re at a disadvantage. Can you send some reinforcements? Even just giving us a place to run away to is fine.”

The other party asked for the name of the enemy that the boss was thinking of running away from,

“So what’s the name of the force you’re fighting right now?”

“It’s the Banfield house.”

Hearing that name, the pirate in the video dropped the cigar they were holding in their mouth.

He was shaking.

“Are you sure they called themselves the Banfield house?”

“Yes, that’s right. You see, there was this kid named Liam who started a fight with us.”

The appearance of the pirate in the video was strange.

"What the hell did you do?!"

"W-what's wrong, brother?"

*"Liam of the Banfield house, wasn't that guy famous for pirate hunting?! He was the one who beat **that** Goaz! And you're telling me you started a war with such a person?! You've got to be kidding me!"*

The call suddenly disconnected, and no matter what they did, it didn't reconnect.

Even after calling other allied pirate fleets, the responses they got were all the same.

The boss stood up.

"...what's the meaning of this?! The Banfield house wasn't just some declining noble family?!"



It's been a few days since the battle began.

As soon as the enemy lines started to collapse, it was easy to cut into their formation from there.

Kurt, who was watching everything from the bridge, was astonished after witnessing the strength of Liam's forces.

(Isn't this already at the level of the imperial army?)

Quality of equipment, quality of human resources, and level of individual skill. All of these factors weren't at the level of the average lord's private forces anymore.

That's when a call came from the flagship of the enemy side– the one that bore the crest of the Peetak house.

"This is the flagship Peter II of the Peetak house! We surrender! This is our notice of surrender!"

The other party seemed to be in a panic, having made the call with a great deal of noise in the background.

In contrast, the bridge was quiet.

The voices of the operators could be heard, while the staff members continued to give orders with calm tones.

Tia and the surrounding officers started to glare at the commander of the enemy ship with narrowed eyes.

(This person isn't strong. He isn't even at the level of a normal knight. To such a person, will Liam really accept their request?)

The commander-in-chief asked Liam for confirmation,

“Lord Liam, the Peetak house has offered to surrender. It might be true that they collaborated with pirates, but various problems might ensue if we continue to attack them-”

The commander-in-chief thought that the battle was probably going to end here.

It was only natural for Liam to accept the surrender.

However, the grudge they'd bear towards the Peetak house wouldn't be funny at all.

The commander-in-chief was a serious soldier. He couldn't forgive nobles who acted no differently from pirates.

A grinding sound could be heard from Tia's clenched fists.

Her absolute hatred for pirates could be understood just by looking at her.

That's when Liam-

“The Peetak house? Hey, do you see the Peetak house anywhere? I don't see them. All I see in front of us- are **pirates**.”

Liam started to laugh while giving orders,

“-they're just pirates. There's no reason for the good, respectable, and noble Peetak house to pretend to be criminals. Those are just pirates impersonating a noble family. What reason is there for us to accept their surrender?”

–At that moment, the commander-in-chief fixed the position of his hat.

“Please excuse my mistake, I will continue the assault.”

“Of course you will.”

Liam stood up.

“Now, I’m going to sortie as well. Tia, you come too.”

“Yes!”

Kurt called out to such a Liam,

“Liam! Are you really fine with this?!”

This meant starting a war with the Peetak house, and all houses affiliated with them.

Despite all that, Liam was laughing,

“Of course I am.”

After saying those words, he took Tia and left the bridge.

The commander-in-chief called out to Kurt after the two disappeared.

“Now *that*, is our Lord Liam.”

“...real aristocrats sure are amazing. If compared to father and myself, I guess I can understand why they’d ridicule us as upstarts.”

They couldn’t make decisions as easily as Liam did.

“What do you mean? Those are just pirates. Lord Kurt, I wholeheartedly believe that you could make the same order.”

Kurt understood everything at that moment.

(‘Even if something is white, it’s black as long as I say it is’— it’s easy to speak such words, but how did Liam learn to do things like this?)

Just as Liam said, the Peetak house was treated no differently from another pirate fleet.

Kurt knew that those words weren't a joke, and at the same time, the deepness of the resolve behind that order could really be felt.

"I need to grow stronger."

Kurt was trembling.

Even though it was common sense to not be hostile when possible, Kurt still wanted to fight.

To be precise- Kurt wanted to fight many opponents as a swordmaster, but after seeing Liam, Kurt was convinced that he was the one person that nobody should ever make into an enemy.

"...I was lucky to do this training."

The training at the Razel house itself was insufficient.

However, Kurt thought it was worth it just because a friendship with Liam was formed there.



The corridor leading to the hangar.

Tia was watching Liam's back with flushed cheeks.

(Ahh~ Lord Liam truly is noble. Even if the opponent is another aristocrat, he has no qualms with crushing those who associate themselves alongside pirates with his own hands. I will follow his orders until the day I die.)

Even though Liam knew that the enemy was the Peetak house, he still decided to label them as pirates and have them eradicated- Tia was trembling.

She was trembling in ecstasy.

(As I thought, Lord Liam is my one and only master. I must serve him with all of my

being.)

Liam's back, which was still younger and smaller than her own, looked very large to Tia.

When they arrived at the hangar- the knights were waiting in line to greet them.

To Liam's personal aircraft- the path leading up to Avid was covered in a red carpet.

Liam called out to everyone.

All the soldiers, knights, and staff looked towards him.

“-it's time for the fun pirate hunt. Everyone, stand by for battle.”

All of them saluted at once, and the knights started boarding their aircrafts.

Liam was laughing,

“Custom-ordered machines are nice, but the mass-produced ones aren't bad either. However, don't get cocky and make sure to come back.”

After Liam boarded Avid, Tia got into her own aircraft.

Avid, which had just exited out into space, dived straight into enemy lines.

“The foolish pirates who claim to be the Peetak house are to be eradicated!”

Wherever Avid passed by, the enemy battleships and mobile knights were annihilated.

(In addition to his noble spirit, his true strength can be seen just by looking at him-)

Tia's excitement only seemed to rise as she used her sword to stab a nearby enemy knight.

She pierced straight through their cockpit.

One after another enemies were defeated as she chased after Liam's back.

Brian(´ • ω • `) “This Brian knows. Lord Liam misunderstood the Peetak house to actually be a virtuous family, thus making it impossible for them to associate with pirates in his mind. A war between houses was started from this small misconception. Just thinking about the developments to come makes my stomach lurch in pain.”

PIRATE HUNTER LIAM

Avid had a shield mounted on each of its shoulders.

It was a large aircraft among mobile knights, the kind of machine that put a large burden on its pilot.

In addition to that, it was a very difficult-to-handle aircraft that had the appropriate power to match it's large size which didn't allow the automatic pilot assist functions to be installed.

It was bigger than the average knight, stronger than the average knight, and painted as black as space itself.

When such an Avid approached one of the Peetak house's cruisers, it started bombarding the ship with the bazooka held in it's left hand.

Even though the cruiser's anti-aircraft lasers hit Avid– all of them were blocked by the energy shield wrapped around it.

The cruiser burst into flames from the bazooka's rockets.

Looking for his next prey, Liam started chasing the Peetak house's mobile knights that were fleeing the scene.

"You're too slow!"

All of the knights the Peetak house employed were second-hand goods and were outdated.

The performance difference was just too big, forcing them to be destroyed the moment that they were caught by Avid.

"The feeling of an overwhelming power difference is amazing!"

Following behind the laughing Liam was a battalion of knights.

They were supposed to be Liam's escort, but they couldn't even catch up to him.

The Banfield house's mobile knights were the mass produced models used in the imperial army.

More specifically, they were of a brand new model made for an elite force.

If they wanted to gain an advantage through numbers, the enemy pirates and the Peetak house would need a force totaling forty to fifty thousand ships.

However, even if that would give them a chance, whether or not they'd actually win was another matter.

When Liam arrived at the Peetak house's flagship, multiple magic circles manifested around Avid.

Missile pods started materialising out of them.

Hundreds of missiles were then discharged, exploding on the Peetak house's flagship.

Watching over the situation, Tia, who was riding a white aircraft-

"To be able to manipulate such a complex aircraft as if it were part of his own body- it's beautiful. I need to make sure I don't lose to him."

While she was taking in his image, an enemy unit had approached her.

In response, she slammed down on the pedal to accelerate her aircraft to its top speed- destroying the approaching enemy as she passed it by.

Enemies were destroyed one after another by the aircraft Tia refused to slow down.

"More... MORE!!!"

Tia's eyes were bloodshot.

"The hell that I tasted is nothing compared to this!"

The fleeing Peetak soldiers were begging for mercy.

But Tia didn't feel any sympathy for them, despite hearing their voices.

For Tia, the moment that they decided to work with pirates, they were nothing but enemies to be eliminated.

Wherever Tia's aircraft passed, only the scattered debris of her enemies remained.

There was no one among the pirates nor the Peetak house who could stop the princess knight of a lost country.



While the Peetak house's fleet and the pirates were being slaughtered.

Katerina, who was to accompany Peter on the trip back to his territory, couldn't hide her confusion.

All the ships that came to pick them up were outdated.

That in itself was fine.

There weren't any problems in using old-fashioned products as long as they were treated carefully.

However, the battleship 'Peter III' that Peter himself was boarding was completely obsolete.

It was a battleship model from hundreds of years ago, and while its outside was remodeled to be flashy the contents on the inside were terrible.

In addition to that, Peter's personal quarters were wasteful.

"What do you think? My ship truly is the best."

When Peter started talking, Katerina was troubled,

"I-it's quite... umm... vintage."

Although the impression she had wasn't very favourable, Peter didn't seem to care.

“It’s amazing, right? This one is my favourite. It’s quite the outstanding model back home.”

Katerina started to feel dizzy as she heard that.

Second-hand battleships bought from the models the imperial army didn’t use anymore would be better than *this*.

Not to mention how Peter’s quarters were uselessly large, which took up space on the ship that could be used for more important things.

Peter didn’t seem to understand that with these modifications, the ship’s already dismal performance would only be further reduced.

“Oh, I-I actually prefer smaller ships. Have you ever considered buying a cruiser?”

Rather than riding something this big and useless, it’d be better to just buy a new ship of a smaller size class.

She was seriously starting to contemplate if she should call her father and ask him to lend one of his ships instead.

“I don’t like cruisers. To be honest, I’d prefer a super-class battleship, but the Empire won’t sell them to me.”

“...you haven’t been recognised by the capital?”

This revelation surprised Katerina, as it was different from everything she was told before.

“I’ve requested it of them before but they refused me.”

Super-class flagships and the even larger fortress-class battleships, could only be sold to nobles that the Empire had recognised.

They were a symbol of how much trust the Empire placed on the noble house.

For a family on the level of a count house to not have that recognition– there clearly had to be something wrong with them.

(This is different from what I was told! I thought there'd be no problems with marrying into this house!)

After listening to Peter's story, waves of uneasiness started to wash over Katerina.

Peter continued to blather on, completely ignorant of the state she was in,

"I've grown so much over the past three years. I'm practically twice as big as I used to be--"

But Katerina was seriously contemplating her future, while ignoring Peter's rambles.

(First, I need to contact father and confirm the cancellation of this engagement.)

Wasn't this a very bad situation?

Katerina's anxiety only seemed to be growing larger and larger.



As I rode around in Avid, the enemy's formation collapsed and they started to flee.

They were foolish trash who claimed to be part of the Peetak house.

To even use the name of a famous noble house, only idiots would believe their bluff and withdraw.

"Because there is no Peetak house here."

They were a house I avoided because they specialised in righteousness, seriousness, and justice.

Without a doubt, they were a noble house that put an emphasis on internal affairs and virtuous ideals.

For the private army of such a house to have an unskilled fleet full of outdated equipment was absurd.

—it was impossible.

They made a mistake in which name to steal.

These guys were no doubt evil pirates who impersonated nobles.

“But I’m more evil than you are.”

In essence the nobles of this universe were the same as pirates.

Unlike them though, even if we were a little bit more well-behaved, nobles were individuals who had absolute control over their own territory.

In other words– as a villain, I was stronger than them.

“Now, it’s about time I find the enemy flagship.”

I’ve been searching for their flagship for a while now, but I couldn’t find it.

All of their ships look the same.

While I searched for the ship, I left the remaining enemy forces to my allies.

Of all of them, Tia was the best.

The number of enemies she killed wouldn’t stop rising.

“Oh, she’s actually pretty good. I didn’t expect this windfall.”

Before I knew it, all the nearby enemies were gone.

When I moved on to the next area in search of new foes– I found a pirate ship that was a little bigger than the rest.



The bridge in flagship Var had received a call from the pirates.

“I’m begging you! We surrender, please have mercy on us! We’re victims here too! It was Viscount Razel who told us to do this!”

To their plea, the commander-in-chief responded,

“Now, isn’t that an interesting story?”

He was making conversation while drinking a cup of coffee.

As he did this, the allied forces continued to attack the pirates.

Unlike the calm commander-in-chief, the leader of the pirate fleet seemed to be having a breakdown.

“To accept our surrender, what do you want?! Do you want us to swear our loyalty to you?! We even have a large amount of control over the underworld you can use! If you want monetary compensation, we’ll pay you anything!”

The commander-in-chief smiled at the pirate leader who was selling his services.

The pirate leader smiled back, probably thinking he was saved but-

“Sleep talk is something you save for after you go to sleep. All you pirates are the same. The moment you know that you’ll lose, you immediately turn into sell-outs.”

“W-what?”

“Tell me, do you know what we do with such pirates?”

“Don’t you want to know more about Viscount Razel’s intentions?! You need us alive to tell you why he attacked you!”

“-not necessary. There’s no need to negotiate with pirates.”

As the pirate leader started to scream something, the image displayed on the monitor was suddenly filled with static before completely shutting off.

One of the operators gave a report,

“Avid has destroyed the enemy flagship. Lord Liam also left a message saying ‘I’m coming back, I’m feeling tired.’”

The commander-in-chief exhaled,

“Give him the OK to retire. I actually wanted to talk to them a bit more, but if Lord Liam

defeated them early because he was growing tired, I guess it couldn't be helped."

He wanted to hear what else the pirate leader still had to say.

The operator gave another report,

"The enemy is withdrawing."

The commander-in-chief ordered,

"Chase them down."

The moment Liam made his judgement on the matter, this was the only natural result.

The commander-in-chief looked at Kurt, who slumped into his chair as if all the tension in his body suddenly gave out.

"Lord Kurt, please allow me to apologise for involving you in our battle with the pirates."

Kurt shook his head,

"No, I learned a lot from this. Surprisingly, even just being an observer is tiring."

"I'm glad to hear that. Somebody, bring Lord Kurt a drink."



When I finally returned, all the soldiers were lined up to greet me.

I felt really good.

As I got off of Avid, they started to applaud me.

"You were wonderful, Lord Liam."

"Yeah."

I raised my hands and answered them.

They really were doing their best to suck up to me.

All this praise was being made despite the fact that this was all because I was piloting the amazingly strong weapon known as 'Avid'.

I felt powerful.

Even though it was only natural for us to win, it feels nice to be complimented like this.

A soldier came up and gave me a report,

"After the remaining skirmishes finish, we'll leave three thousand vessels here, and we'll head over to Baron Exner's territory with the rest."

"Scrap all the debris and take the rest back to the territory. Did we find any treasure?"

The soldier shook his head,

"We haven't found any treasure suitable for you, Lord Liam. However, the enemy has a bounty, so we can collect a reward from the Empire."

The amount listed for the bounty was huge.

This was going to be very helpful for rebuilding my house's finances.

"This time was a failure. Let's hope the one's in Kurt's territory have more."

It was only natural for me to be praised– this as well, was all because I was the one in power here.

If I was just another pilot, there's no way I'd get this much applause.

In that instance, I'd also have to work harder.

To be able to rampage whenever I like, and to come straight back the moment I felt tired– it truly was the best to be the one in power.



Tia was looking at the kill scores.

Although there was a wide gap between herself and third place, she was nowhere

close to Liam, who had the top spot.

She was surprised,

“Not even skilled veterans could pilot such an aircraft this easily.”

From a general point of view, Avid was a very difficult aircraft to control.

Of course it was difficult to maneuver, but there’s no doubt that any ordinary pilot would be thrown around by it’s high specs without being able to use it properly.

The soldiers were talking as they did maintenance on Avid.

“To be able to control a machine like this... was Lord Liam born into the wrong calling?”

“If he was born into a knight’s house, he’d definitely become the top ace of the Empire.”

“The joints are at their limits. We might have to send it back to the manufacturer.”

Far from being swung around by it, Tia was growing more excited by the fact that Liam had the ability to bring out Avid’s performance to its limits.



A large transport ship owned by the Henfrey Chamber of Commerce had arrived at the post-combat space.

The Banfield house had called them to help replenish their supplies.

A gravity generator was placed down to collect the debris.

The attracted debris swirled around it, while a work pod flew through the rubble to collect whatever was deemed to still be useful.

From Liam’s territory, they were debris collectors.

Thomas, who owned the large transport ship and the supplies, was invited over to a battleship.

He braced himself for negotiations, but the topic of the discussion was the pirates.

“–so it’s been confirmed that they were connected to the viscount’s house?”

A serious-looking soldier approached the topic while checking over the list Thomas provided.

“Well, it’s actually a famous story among the merchants. In fact, many of the movements they made have been deemed suspicious by a variety of people.”

But the serious soldier didn’t seem interested in that information.

Even more so than that,

“I’m going to report in now, but before that, I’d like to know if the Henfrey company has any plans to continue doing business with the Razel house.”

Even though they were near a viscount’s territory, a large fleet of pirates had attacked them.

And although they reported it, there were no signs of them sending any aid.

The military department didn’t have a high opinion of their house’s purveyor keeping a connection to such a viscount.

“With this incident I’ve decided to distance myself from them. Everything they’ve done until now has just been too insulting.”

Their treatment of Liam was way too harsh.

The soldier seemed to agree.

He was tapping the table with a pen.

“We feel the same way, but Lord Liam doesn’t want to protest them.”

“Lord Liam doesn’t?”

Any complaints they have should be fully justified, so Thomas couldn’t understand what Liam was thinking.

The soldier also seemed troubled,

“He doesn’t seem interested in doing so. In truth, it looks like he’d rather focus on building a strong relationship with the Baron Exner’s house.”

“He sure did choose a surprising house to support.”

In terms of territory, the Exners weren’t that good of a partner to choose.

For such a house, Thomas couldn’t understand the thought process of Liam, who dispatched an army to defeat the pirates plaguing their territory.

However, the soldier in front of him looked a little happy.

“No, even I think it wasn’t a good choice in terms of territory, but Baron Exner is considered a hero within the army. The individual himself is a lossless partner, who has a large amount of influence among military personnel.”

The soldier in front of Thomas was probably another of the baron’s fans.

He seemed to speak a little lighter when it came to the baron.

Thomas pondered this,

(I see, so he’s intending to strengthen his military ties for the future...)

Brian(*’ω `*) “So Lord Liam *can* make friends! This Brian here is ecstatic!”

Amagi(*’∀ `) “It’s his first friend.”

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY

Randolph read the report he received while shaking.

What was written there was the total opposite of the initial investigation.

“So... the data for the Peetak and the Banfield houses were switched?”

Other than Liam and Peter’s names and faces, everything written in their reports was swapped.

It was unbelievable.

Such a thing was impossible.

How could a mistake like this ever transpire?

He pondered this for a while before shaking his head,

“I need to immediately notify the pirates of the cancellation of the plan.”

It was already around the time for the battle to start.

If it was too late, then he’d have to immediately cut all ties with the pirates, while sending over the Razel house’s fleet for relief aid in hopes of selling a favour.

That’s what he decided, but soon after-

“Lord Randolph!”

A call came in from his panicking subordinates, saying that the pirates had suffered a crushing defeat.

The Peetak house had lost most of their fleet as well, and were now seeking refuge at his viscount house.

“T-that’s no good! Send them away immediately!”

"The thing is, the Peetak house is currently connected to us through marriage, we can't refuse them because of our military alliance."

They had signed a number of treaties at the same time as the engagement, but that seems to have backfired on them.

Randoph started grasping at his head.

"This can't be. Something like this just can't-"

That's when another call came in, this time from his daughter Katerina.

"Father!"

At first he was thinking about how he didn't have the time to deal with her, but his legs started to tremble after hearing her report.

"I'm in the territory of the Peetak house right now, but something's wrong! It's completely different from the report, this place hasn't even been remotely developed at all! On top of that, debt collectors are pushing for us to repay the Peetak house's debt. Peter's parents are apparently in the imperial capital, but when I tried calling them to ask them about this, they just gave terrible responses!"

'We'll leave our considerable debt to you.'

The Peetak house's response was bad, but to force a viscount house to take care of a count's debt was just cruel.

It'd be tough even for the Razel house, who earned quite a bit.

"A-and also-"

"There's more?!"

Randolph, who didn't want to hear anymore, told Katerina to continue,

"Peter... has an STD."

After hearing such a thing, everything went dark before Randolph's eyes.

It's been three months since I left the Razel house, and now I've finally returned home.

Those three months in between were spent hunting pirates in Baron Exner's territory.

The Baron's territory was amazing.

You could really tell it was the kind of land that they squeezed to the last minute.

It wasn't as bad as the Banfield territory ruled by my predecessors, but the land really gave off the feeling of being ruled over by someone who was faithful to the basics of being an evil lord.

While I was in their care, I got to enjoy playing with Kurt while my fleet actively hunted down the pirates.

Apparently Baron Exner had a daughter, and he told me that I should take care of her once she reached a certain age.

In other words, he's accepted me as a fellow evil lord.

But she wasn't mature enough yet, so it'd be a while before she could come to my house for bridal training.

—Well, that was the end of that.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Lord Liam."

An old lady with a straight back had greeted me.

"You're the new head maid?"

As soon as I returned to the territory, she went out of her way to welcome me as a form of courtesy.

When she helped me change clothes, she didn't show any discomfort at all.

Apparently, she was the new hire that was going to be in charge of teaching manners and etiquette, she was really loud and annoying to listen to.

“Did you need something from me?”

“I’d like to ask you a few things about the place you went to for training. From Lord Liam’s perspective, what kind of place was Viscount Razel’s house?”

Well, it should be fine to speak honestly to the head maid that I was going to be in the care of.

“They were nothing special. Well, I guess they were a good place to learn at, sort of.”

Serious and just– they were a house that was the complete opposite of my own.

There were a lot of good things about them, but they were a house I couldn’t get along with when looking at the big picture.

No, it’d be impossible to get along.

We were completely incompatible.

Compared to them, how about Baron Exner?

He was the ideal evil lord.

The house that he lead was one I definitely wanted to build a connection with.

“...it was tough, wasn’t it?”

The head maid had a surprised face.

“Well, we’re not going to be associating with them anymore, so I guess everything’s water under the bridge.”

“You’re not considering revenge?”

...revenge? Oh, as in response to their treatment of me?

Well, I *was* angry, but if there weren’t serious people like them around, then the Empire would be likely to collapse.

“Like I said, I’d rather just avoid getting involved with them from now on.”

She seemed to be muttering something, but I couldn't hear her.



It was the prime minister that the head maid contacted after she returned to her quarters.

In an Empire where anti-aging technology had advanced by a great deal, it was quite rare to see both the head maid and the prime minister, two people who chose to look old.

"It's been a long time, prime minister."

"I've been looking forward to your report. So what kind of person is the Banfield kid in your eyes?"

The head maid, who originally worked for the imperial palace, had quite the close relationship with the prime minister.

It was a relationship born from knowing each other ever since their youths.

"He's the perfect example of the ideal imperial noble."

"Is that so?"

From the prime minister's point of view, he was a good child who did his best to save his debt-riddled territory.

The head maid had the same opinion, but she wouldn't say it out loud.

"He has quite the character about him. It was almost as if I was looking at your younger self."

Apparently, he was just like the prime minister who quickly climbed the ranks in the palace during his youth. When she said that, the minister started smiling,

"I see, so he got lucky then?"

Sometimes, there were people born with incredible luck.

They were existences that lived as if they were chosen by something— as the population suddenly increased, it was only natural for several of such people to appear in the same era.

“It wasn’t just luck. He’s quite mature for his age. Maybe Viscount Razel’s house actually had a good teacher among them, because it doesn’t look like any re-training is necessary.”

“Hmm... there’s been a lot of bad rumours about that house lately. Did you hear about how the count was attacked near their territory?”

“They ended up having to deal with an armada of normal pirates, and the Peetak house’s fleet who claimed to be pirates.”

“He’s quite courageous despite his age.”

Knowing how the Peetak house operated, the prime minister understood the situation and easily dismissed their claim as pirates.

“Are you going to do anything about this?”

“A foolish young nobleman who doesn’t know the harshness of reality needs to be disciplined. For this, the Empire will start a thorough investigation into the situation.”

It was decided that the pirate raid and the other shady things about this situation would be investigated in earnest.

“Still, is the viscount an idiot? What the hell was he thinking when he chose to support the Peetak house over the Banfield house?”

Marriage between the Razel and Peetak houses.

The prime minister could only tilt his head in confusion at the idea.

No matter how he thought about it, they were definitely the wrong choice to partner with.

Since they were practically crippling themselves, he decided now would be the most opportune time to start an investigation.

The prime minister told the head maid,

“Keep watch over him for a while. He’ll probably become one of the pillars that’ll support the future empire.”

“Oh? You sure do have high expectations for him.”

“Only because there are fools everywhere else. Speaking of which, I heard an interesting story recently. Why don’t you pass it on to your present master?”

Once the call finished, the head maid decided to convey to Liam the information she heard from the prime minister.



“Lord Liam! This Brian here was so worried that I couldn’t sleep at night!”

“No, you’re old so you need to get enough sleep.”

When I returned to the mansion, Brian started to cry like usual.

I turned to Amagi,

“He’s lying. His sleeping time has been reduced, but not to the point of impeding his health.”

—This guy, was he ever actually worried about me?

Brian asked me,

“B-by the way, Lord Liam— I heard that you did a lot of things at the viscount’s, were you able to harvest many fruits from your training?”

There were a few, but there wasn’t many.

“Well, I made a friend, does that count?”

“Oh! Lord Liam has made a friend! This Brian here is ecstatic! Did you invite them over?”

Why was he so happy about me making friends?

Even I had a few frien– wait a minute.

Now that I thought about it, I didn't.

Evil lords usually don't, right?

Though... I guess that might be wrong, because I know that some villains create groups.

Great villains always have a bunch of henchmen following them.

“Master, regarding our future policies-”

Because I was asked by Amagi, I decided that now was the time to announce the changes I've been thinking about for a while.

“Before any of that, I'd like to create an entertainment district.”

Amagi sighed, “Is that so?”

I was enthusiastic despite her weak reaction.

“Creating a place to relieve stress is important, but STDs and the like are no good. They're too dangerous. Let's prepare a safe environment to play around in that's thoroughly managed. We'll use my pocket money as the budget.”

The budgeting for this year is already finished, so we have to use my personal funds.

—was it enough? Recently, I can't help but feel like my sense of money has gone awry.

“Understood, but before that– may I ask why you purchased more battleships? Even then, why a fortress-class battleship, something that's too much for us to handle at the moment?”

I turned my eyes away from Amagi.

“You know about our current military plans, right?”

When I stayed silent, Amagi proceeded to chew me out,

“We can’t prepare the crew right now, we’ll have to train them from scratch. Do you understand how much the maintenance costs will be?”

“...it’s because I wanted it.”

I couldn’t say that I bought it because I was excited by Nias’ sportswear.

“You need to be careful. Thanks to that, we’ve been requested to buy ships of equal rank from the other weapon factories one after another. The imperial army has even gotten in contact with us in hopes that we purchase their older models.”

The weapon factories were pressuring us to buy their products.

While the military contacted us in hopes that we’d purchase the extra assets they didn’t need anymore.

‘Because you could afford a fortress-class, you have a lot of funds, right?’ – seems to be the premise they’re approaching us with.

But If we refused them both, various problems might ensue in the future.

“If that’s the case, let’s buy a few and distribute them out. Let’s give some to Baron Exner.”

“Nothing good will come out of giving things away for free.”

Brian threw me a lifeline while Amagi was still scolding me,

“Oh, then why don’t we rent them out to the neighboring lords? By giving them some strength to defend themselves, the current burden we have could be reduced slightly.”

Currently, it was our Banfield house that was maintaining security of the local area.

I see, that’s a good plan.

We could even earn rental fees while we’re at it.

“Okay, then let’s get in contact with the military then. The older models we purchase

from them will be rented out to the neighboring lords, while the new ones will be used here at home. Problem solved.”

Amagi frowned,

“That doesn’t solve our initial problem of not knowing what to do with the fortress-class.”

While we chatted, the head maid approached me,

“Lord Liam, I have a report,”

◇ ◇ ◇

—Peter’s manhood had exploded.

I started laughing like crazy after hearing the news.

The head maid informed me that the Peetak house was currently in chaos.

However, the story of Peter- the cause of it all, was more interesting than the main subject of the report itself.

He played around too much and got an STD.

“You shouldn’t laugh, it’s disrespectful.”

I was currently enjoying Amagi’s lap-pillow in my bedroom. As my laugh finally started to die down, I was completely out of breath.

After coughing for a bit, I took a deep breath and calmed myself down.

“Ahh~ I needed that.”

“Master, what the head maid was trying to convey was-”

“Their house is in chaos, I know. There’s nothing you can do *but* laugh at it.”

In the Peetak house, Peter, their only heir, was unable to create a successor.

For that crazy reason, the house was currently in turmoil over who the next head was going to be.

Even though he was so serious, his house had broken apart and was now in chaos—as I thought, there's no point in being serious.

"I'm sure he got it from Katerina. It truly is useless to be a serious person. I can't help but feel sorry for Peter, who was forced to be with such a terrible woman."

"Getting it from his fiancée is definitely a possibility, but there hasn't been any confirmation that they've been in a physical relationship yet."

Amagi continued on, "Even so, it'll be hard for Katerina to get married from now on."

She'd be in hell if she stayed with Peter, and she'd be in hell if she left him.

Because now she'll be rumoured to have an STD.

"As a side note, it looks like the Henfrey company lent a lot of money to the Peetak house. They're apparently greatly in the red now."

"...how stupid."

Did they approach the Peetak house with the intention to scam them?

Well, I'd be troubled if they got crushed, so I'll give them some support.

They're my important Echigoya after all.

While enjoying the lap pillow, I looked up towards Amagi's mountains.

"Oh yes, Master— what's that pendant you have there?"

"This? It's something I picked up during a mining operation."

Brian, who originally was an adventurer told me, "It's a souvenir based off of a mysterious artifact that was said to protect its wearer from all poisons."

Apparently it was a necklace that gave immunity to poisoning, though it was only a replica of the real thing.

“You want it?”

“Master should hold on to it. Though it might be fake, keep it as a reminder that you’re in a position that’s susceptible to being poisoned.”

She was telling me to stay wary.

“Nowadays, poisons can easily be found through inspections.”

“You shouldn’t grow negligent.”

Because it was easy to check, it was rare for nobles to be poisoned in recent times.

But since I thought it felt lucky, I left it around my neck.

It was made of my favourite gold after all.

Brian(*’ω `) “Even if we don’t do anything, our enemies will destroy themselves. This is all because of the good deeds Lord Liam does everyday.”

CLEARLY AND WITHOUT A DOUBT, AN EVIL LORD

“Let’s increase taxes.”

“Pardon?”

Inside my office.

Having returned after finishing my training at the viscount’s, the first thing I went to implement was a tax increase.

“I’ve decided to follow in Baron Exner’s footsteps. He’s a great man, the kind of guy who’ll squeeze his people out for everything they have. Even his son Kurt inherited that spirit of trying to squeeze out even just a little bit more by striving to learn new things during training.”

So naturally, I had to implement a tax increase.

Huh? It would trouble my people?

—Who cares? It’s not like it would trouble me.

“The time has finally come! As the villain I am– it’s time for a big tax increase!”

After hearing my opinion, Amagi paused to think about it for a bit before saying,

“Well, now should be a suitable time, so I don’t think there’s any problem with doing so.”

“Right?! Now I can finally hear the suffering voices of my people!”

Sometimes, there were idiots who misunderstood my intentions and seemed to think I was a virtuous ruler.

Was this the influence of the propaganda that we made the television stations

broadcast?

The media was super useful.

“What stupid people. Even if they place their hopes in me as a virtuous ruler, they’re only going to be betrayed in the end.”

“Master, what about the finer details of the tax increase?”

“I’ll leave those to you, just make sure to squeeze them dry!”

“Understood.”

—The following day, we announced that we were going to raise taxes during the next fiscal year.

The territory was already making a big fuss about it.

I’ve been waiting for this!



A house located within the Banfield territory.

The single-family white house with a built-in garden was kept in good condition.

A middle-aged man was the owner of it, he was a bit on the stouter side and had a beard and mustache grown.

While such a man went out to do some maintenance on his garden, one of his relatives had come out and ran up to him in a hurry.

“Hey, did you hear the news?!”

“What’s wrong? I’m a little busy right now.”

“Here, look at this!”

What was displayed on his terminal was an announcement about a tax increase.

It was made using Liam's name itself, meaning that it was compulsory.

In other words, if they fought against it, then the army would be dispatched to arrest them.

As the men confirmed the contents of the report– they were shaking.

“Is this real?”

“There's no doubt about it. It's a formal announcement from the government. We're getting a big tax increase!”

But they were shaking in happiness.

“I hope they won't make us go too far away for work. Where are you thinking of going?”

“The third team seems to be the closest. They're recruiting manpower for the development plans over there but scholars and teachers seem to be the focus. Personally, I'm going to join the fourth team. Are you going too?”

“Of course I am! We'll be able to become independent over there and we'll never be troubled with finding work.”

Why were they so happy, and what were they talking about?

Liam had forgotten– the Banfield house had recently started developing pioneer planets.

The development of their capital planet had finally settled down, so now they were moving on to the other planets within the territory.

It was difficult to develop pioneer planets.

There weren't many lords who sent over more human resources and funds after the initial investment.

Yet, this phenomenal tax increase could only mean one thing– that the full-scale development of pioneer planets was coming soon.

In other words, from the people's point of view, they fully believed that Liam was

investing into the new space colonies.

Their general opinion was–

“How much is the tax increasing by?”

“Quite a bit, but it’s still better than how it used to be.”

For the people who knew what the former Banfield house was like, it wasn’t an intolerable amount.

In fact, they thought it was actually on the cheap side until now.

Of course there’d be some dissatisfaction, but it was still nice news for people thinking of migrating.

“Now that Lord Liam is back, it looks like the rumours about him wanting to focus on the development of new settlements is true.”

“Let’s fly over there quickly.”

The men decided to have a toast in Liam’s name after work had finished that day.



After the large tax increase announcement.

I was watching the news, and I couldn’t help but admire how interesting it was.

The commentator on the television was desperately trying to defend my announcement.

“This year’s tax increase was made in support of the pioneer planets-”

To such a commentator, a lady dressed like a housewife gave an opinion.

“Even so, I’d be troubled if they raised the taxes all of a sudden~ I want them to use the taxes I pay them correctly~”

*“No, investing in pioneer planets **is** a correct way to use them.”*

“But that’s only beneficial for those who want to migrate, no~?”

Wasn’t this show really interesting?

A big tax increase was just something that they couldn’t accept.

If this was the democracy of my former life, the cabinet would’ve been forced to be disbanded at once.

This was how aristocratic politics worked.

Ever since I announced this policy it’s been a hot topic among my people.

Even when the subject changed to about how we’re lending out battleships to the nearby lords, the lady still found something to complain about,

*“I don’t understand why we’d buy battleships only to lend them out to other territories~
They were bought with our tax money~”*

This lady seemed to represent the opinion of all the housewives, and expressed her perspective with dissatisfaction.

What followed was a series of questions and statements between the commentator and the lady, both sides doing their best to persuade the other— they were a set.

“They sure did create a good character to portray the opposing side’s anger.”

After having shown the complaints about me, the television station then went on to broadcast that it kept a fair and unbiased opinion.

—but everything was done under my orders. It was all fake.

Even that lady was just an actress.

The commentator was also putting on quite the impressive performance that matched her.

“Let me put things out in layman’s terms! Even if your complaining about the costs of things now, we’ve been dealing with that problem since a long time ago! It’s far cheaper to rent out ships from our territory than to dispatch our fleets for relief aid!”

“Even then, those are the other planet’s problem to deal with~”

“Don’t you understand?! Pirates don’t care about what territory they settle into! If pirate bases started getting built in the neighboring lands, trouble would definitely leak into our territory!”

It was quite the powerful performance.

Wasn’t this commentator actually an actor as well? It was possible.

The title of ‘expert’ they gave him was probably just another trick prepared by the station to help influence people.

It was fun to think about how there was probably viewers out there that actually believed all of this.

Amagi approached me while I watched TV on a large monitor.

She brought tea.

“You look like you’re enjoying yourself, Master.”

“Well, it’s funny. I can only laugh, thinking about how there might actually be people out there who’ll fall for this ‘virtuous lord’ propaganda.”

My control over all media and information was perfect.

“But both the story about lending out ships to help improve the territory’s security and the report about investing on the pioneer planets are true.”

“Really?”

Well, all I wanted to do was make the big tax increase, I didn’t really decide what to do with the money.

It was just harassment.

I just wanted to squeeze out my people for what they were worth.

If I was actually in monetary trouble, I had the alchemy box to bail me out.

I just wanted to see my people suffering.

Picking up the cup Amagi brought, I started to drink the tea.

“It truly is the best to have a cup of tea while watching the suffering of my people.”

“Master looks more happy then ever.”

The show then changed to be about the newest trends in the territory.

“Next up, we have a segment about the hairstyles that have been in fashion with the youth lately.”

“I’m always surprised by the ideas of young people. There’s no way I would’ve ever guessed such a hairstyle would become popular.”

The hosts of the show were laughing.

I wonder what kind of hairstyle they-

“Presenting the new and trendy ‘tornado-style!’”

A model then entered into the venue as they finished speaking.

I spat out my tea.

Their haircut seemed to wind upwards like soft-serve ice cream— in other words, it was hideous.

Amagi started to clean up the tea I spat out.

“Hey, Amagi!”

“What is it, Master?”

“Is that hairstyle really that popular?! Is that abomination really everywhere inside of my territory?! Is this a lie?! Tell me that it’s a lie!”

When I pointed towards the monitor, Amagi turned away from me.

“...isn't it fine? I don't allow such styles inside the mansion.”

“But I'm talking about outside the mansion! There's no way I can accept such a hairstyle existing!”

Damn it! This makes me sick to the stomach.

Is this my people's retaliation in response to the tax increase?

“I don't want to even think about such an embarrassing hairstyle running rampant through my territory.”

“Well, I thought you might be able to let this slide this time.”

Just like when I decided to raise the taxes, I felt a strong will wash over me,

“Let's regulate this right away. There's no way I'll recognise such a thing!”

“I don't think being so vocal about it will change anything, but I'll still contact the government office for you.”

After that, I immediately created laws to regulate such hairstyles.

The thing is, even though the people didn't complain when I increased the taxes, large protests suddenly started occurring after my prohibition of just the *one* hairstyle.

—my territory was at its end.



The head maid was making a report to the prime minister.

“I see, so he really raised taxes to help develop the settlements?”

“I didn't see anything unnatural occur. He didn't purchase anything extravagant after raising the taxes either, or rather, he's actually been living quite humbly lately.”

“...well, it is a problem once one gets too greedy.”

“It looks like it might be a bit over his budget, but he seems to know how to use money

properly.”

The head maid was reporting Liam’s tax increase and other matters.

In other words, she was spying on Liam.

That said, this information was actually working towards protecting him.

The head maid was convinced that the large-scale tax increase was made to fund the developing pioneer planets.

“I was worried because things looked too good on the surface, but after opening the lid, it looks like the insides are quite frugal. As expected, it’s a bit boring.”

“Your words make it sound like you were disappointed to find out he was actually a good person without any secrets.”

“That’s not true. I’m delighted to hear about the birth of a decent noble. It looks like there’s still some hope left for the Empire, a place where families like the Peetak house emerge from.”

Although the Peetak house was at the rank of a count, all relatives had refused to inherit it because of the terrible state it was in.

At this rate, it looked like Peter– who wasn’t able to acquire an elixir for treatment in time, would be it’s last lord.

While the huge debts left behind by the marriage would be pushed onto the Razel Viscount house.

“Oh yes, they’ve actually received an informal request from Baron Exner to leave his daughter’s bridal training to them in the future.”

“Hmm... the Banfield house might just be the right choice. Are they ready for accepting others?”

“Within the decade they somehow managed it.”

“I can relax knowing that you’re there. Make sure to do your best for the Banfield house.”

“Don’t worry, I always planned to. Actually, starting next year it looks like they’ll start accepting the children of minor lords.”

“I want them to be able to accept children from houses above the baron rank too. There are many problems with those children’s training as well.”

The call ended.



The following year.

For the first time ever, the Banfield house was going to take in the children of other noble families.

However, the children were all from minor or neighboring lords that were below baron rank.

Though, even if they were described as neighboring territories, it was still a considerable distance for the children to travel.

Unlike myself, they couldn’t study abroad in the Empire except at a minor lord’s house.

The fact of the matter was that they didn’t have enough money for bigger places, so they’d go to an affiliated major house instead.

However, until recently the Banfields have been unreliable and refused to do such a thing— which put the minor lords in the vicinity at a loss.

Most of the people in the room were older than me.

When Brian and Amagi brought me to the room, the head maid welcomed me.

“Lord Liam, these are the ones who’ll be staying with us from now on. Now, say hello.”

When I came, everyone started to greet me, except for one of them who was loudly chewing gum.

He was looking at Amagi while grinning.

“What’s with the android?”

Furrowing her eyebrows, the head maid approached the young man and slapped him.

A good dry sound echoed throughout the room.

“Watch your mouth.”

But he didn’t stop.

“Isn’t that kid just a brat younger than me? And here I was so nervous to meet him.”

—sometimes these people appeared.

Fools who didn’t understand their position because they grew up ignorant of the world.

I was angry, so I pushed the head maid aside and approached him.

Suddenly having been launched into the wall, the boy fell down and broke into a coughing fit.

“You bastar—”

“I don’t need such a rebellious person. Brian, send this guy back.”

“Lord Liam, please wait. It’s still only the first day.”

“What about it? The fact that he insulted me was bad enough. In the first place, this was his parent’s fault for failing to educate him properly, which is only proof that they’re not worth associating with.”

I was kind to myself but tough on others.

The surroundings were dead silent, and the boy seemed to have a face that said he couldn’t understand what was going on.

“Amagi, make the arrangements to send him back.”

She nodded, “I will begin preparations immediately.”



A few days later.

The minor lord who had heard the circumstances behind what happened came to me to make an apology.

He was hoping that the relationship between our two houses could stay the same if he disinherited that child.

And of course, I was happy to accept such an offer!

I love people who subserviently shake their tails at me.

“It sure is the best to have power. Even if I’m just another noble in the Empire, I’m a king once I return home. It feels great to be treated like this.”

Brian made a slightly amazed expression before lightly chastising me,

“I was really impressed by the head maid and her response. What you did could be justified, but I’d appreciate it if you settled things a bit more peacefully. If you cause too much trouble less children will choose us as their place of study.”

“First impressions are important though.”

It doesn’t matter where, even in my past life I had to struggle with people like that.

Anyone who dared to take such an attitude was dead to me!

“It looks like the other children have become quite well behaved after that incident.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Brian went on to ask me if any of them impressed me,

“In any case, did any of the noble daughters there catch your eye?”

“Noble daughters? Oh yeah, they were there, weren’t they? I wasn’t really paying attention to them.”

Brian seemed disappointed at my response,

“Is that so? I thought there might be a wife candidate among them, but I guess I was wrong.”

“Huh? Really?”

“They’re a group of young women apprenticing at our house that haven’t been engaged to anyone yet. Isn’t it only natural to think so? Or rather, I think that there are many among them actually aiming for you. Of course, I’d be troubled if you went wild with lust, but to show no reaction at all is a problem in and of itself.”

“Well, that might be true, but I just couldn’t feel that way because none of them were especially attractive to me.”

“Then, I guess I’ll just have tell the head maid that there wasn’t anyone that fit your preferences.”

Brian seemed to have given up while muttering, “Let’s hope things are different next time.”

Huh? If that’s the case then maybe Baron Exner’s daughter... no, nevermind.

It’d be impossible because she’d be coming here under different circumstances than the other noble girls.

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) “It’s painful... It’s painful that Lord Liam isn’t taking any interest in girls.”

BARON RAZEL

A noble house had been demoted.

Their resource satellites had been confiscated by the Empire, and all their credibility as nobles was lost.

The Viscount-no, Baron Razel house was deemed as an inadequate place for training.

“–How did this happen?”

When the Banfield house was attacked by pirates, they were suspected of not sending relief aid intentionally.

Their only silver lining was that Liam had completely slaughtered the ambushers.

The remaining pirates in the territory were then easily able to be dealt with by Randolph.

More so than they imagined, the Empire went all-out with it's investigation into the incident— which eventually led to the current situation.

The reason why they didn't just completely crush the house was because it'd be troublesome for the Empire to suddenly have to rule over their territory.

In addition to that, they were already being punished in their own way.

The Peetak house they were affiliated with was almost confirmed to collapse, while the huge debts they carried would be pushed onto them.

The reason for that lies in the woman they married off to them, Katerina.

If Peter died, it'd be more than likely that Katerina would become the house's next head.

It *was* possible for them to just abandon everything and run away, but then they'd be despised by all of the Peetak house's relatives as the cause for its destruction.

They'd be looked at with cold eyes from then on within the Empire's aristocratic society.

No matter what they did, Randolph couldn't see a bright future in store for them.

On the other hand—

"All the businessmen ran away."

The merchants who heard the news had abandoned them.

All the businessmen they had connections with suddenly started giving them the cold shoulder after the demotion. In the first place, their relationship wasn't the best because of their connection to the pirates, so they all took this chance to jump ship.

The quick-minded subordinates all left in search of a new lord to serve as well.

All that remained were the inflexible ones.

Among them were the knights who were in charge of teaching Liam.

"What went wrong... just where did we go wrong?"

Randolph was falling into despair— and the guide was watching him.

He was standing right in front of him, but Randolph didn't seem to notice anything.

"You've disappointed me Randolph, but thanks to your despair, I'm feeling a little better now. I will definitely take revenge on Liam using the power you've given me."

Randolph, Peter and some others— their misfortunes brought a small amount of power back to the guide.

But it still wasn't enough to make Liam unhappy.

The guide fell into deep thought,

"If things are going to be like this, then let's just reveal everything to Liam."

Liam's grateful feelings were still being transmitted to him even this far away.

Without Randolph or Peter's negative feelings, things would've been dangerous for him.

—if things had gone wrong, then he might've completely run out of power and disappeared.

He wished that they had fallen into an even deeper despair.

The guide really thought so.

"With your negative emotions empowering me, I will definitely send Liam into a living hell!"

As the guide disappeared, Randolph raised his face.

The change to his expression was small— but it had a bit of a refreshed feeling to it.

It was probably because the guide had absorbed his negative emotions.

"I need to work hard. If things are like this, then I just need to start all over again. First, let's get in get into contact with my son, and then I'll call Katerina after."

He needed to make sure there was a future for his children.

Even without anyone's help, Randolph was going to bring them back up.



Peter, whose manhood had exploded, had a sullen expression on his face.

Katerina was by his side.

Lying down on his bed, Peter started to hollowly laugh.

"The great me was¹— no, I was a fool."

"You finally noticed?"

Katerina was amazed.

“You can go home Katerina. You can break off our engagement now. I’ll testify that we haven’t had a physical relationship, and make sure that you aren’t troubled by this.”

To the Peter that everyone had abandoned, Katerina started shaking her head.

“Nothing will change even if I leave. My father told me to go back, but I’m not going to. If I leave you alone, your house will be destroyed.”

“...Katerina, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay.”

Katerina had a frustrated expression on her face.

Even so, she was seriously thinking of ways to help manage the Peetak house.

“If the Peetak house bounces back even a little bit, then there’s bound to be *someone* who’ll appear to take the position of head. Once that happens, let’s throw this all away and retire together.”

“Okay, I’ll do my best.”

Peter was the same as Liam.

He had grown up without knowing a parent’s love.

Having abandoned him, his parents had fled to the imperial capital when he was young.

Peter was happy to have someone he could rely on for the first time in his life.



The imperial capital.

After graduating from university, Tia was currently receiving training to become an official.

The training period spanned over two years, during which they’d be forced to do various odd-jobs.

However, those who were expected to rise up in the future were assigned to appropriate departments where they received preferential treatment.

Tia was one of them.

When she entered the government office in a suit, she could see the heir of the Razel house in work clothes.

He was being scolded by his superiors.

“Hey, newbie! Is saying the same thing over and over again the only thing you can do?!”

“Sorry, I’m so sorry.”

“Are you not interested in this kind of work?!”

“That’s not... true.”

“What’s wrong?! Except for those in the star department, all you heirs of noble houses are useless. If you keep this up for two more years, do you really think you’ll be ready for your position?!”

“No, I definitely wouldn’t.”

“Even people like you aren’t allowed to escape from this. For your two years of training, you’re going to be cleaning the toilets.”

His head was lowered, and his hands were clenched.

The Razel house had been demoted, and as a result their son wasn’t placed in the star department.

Instead, he was silently doing janitor jobs.

That department wasn’t a place that noble house heirs were usually assigned.

Even so, he was working seriously.

(...well, even if I don’t say anything, I hope he does his best.)

If she said something here, it'd mean that she had forgiven the Razel house that had ill-treated Liam, but the serious figure the guy gave off even made Tia slightly sympathetic.

(Let's see, two years of training, then four more years of practice– and then the military academy? Between the university and the academy, I wonder which one Lord Liam will choose.)

For this, she decided she had to change.

Tia was working hard for Liam's future.



There was a strong backlash against the lord.

For the last few years, I've been struggling against foolish insurgents who've been crying out for their rights and freedoms.

But their rights and freedoms were mine!

They had no freedoms or rights!

“Why are they so adamant about having whatever hairstyle they want?!”

I hit the desk in my office as I made plans to send out the military to various places.

Fortunately for them, they were just propaganda parades where they'd walk around showing off what hairstyles I deemed appropriate.

However, the soldiers weren't motivated.

Some of them were even saying, “That hairstyle looks good.”

Don't screw with me!

I'll never accept such a hairstyle!

I don't care how many years it takes! I'll force them into using the hairstyles I want instead of that stupid tornado cut!

“The territory sure is peaceful.”

I was stunned by Amagi’s comment.

“How can that be?! The people are rising up against me!”

When I told the broadcast stations “Isn’t this banned?”, they told me, “There aren’t any laws that regulate hairstyles.”

Whose side were they supposed to be on?! I was the ruling power here!

You’ve got to be kidding me!

When I tried to make the laws by force, the officials told me, “That’s a bit much.”

Then *they’d* start to lecture *me* that deciding which hairstyles were good, and which were bad was a useless venture to spend my time on.

I knew that... I knew that but-!

You guys, why do you care so much about your hairstyles?!

Was it that?! Was this their retaliation to the tax increase?! It had to be that!

“More importantly, it looks like the fourth team has arrived at the pioneer planet safely. Development seems to be going better than expected. The tax increase made by Master seems to have made large contributions towards that result.”

“The hairstyle problem is more important! I hate it! People with with tornado hairstyles are showing up everywhere!”

Before I enrolled into elementary school, I was definitely going to stop that hairstyle!

◇ ◇ ◇

The head maid was giving a report to the prime minister.

“—and that’s the situation. Everything seems to be calm except for the military demonstrations.”

"I understand his pain enough that even I feel hurt from this."

After hearing about Liam's current situation, the prime minister grew sympathetic.

"In any case, the time for him to enroll into elementary school is approaching."

"As a count, he shouldn't have any problems, but I've heard that there's been quite a few problem-children enrolling these days."

Elementary schools also had their problems.

The prime minister had high hopes for Liam, who was like a shining light in the rise of the Empire's corruption.

"By the way, I heard he bought a fortress-class from the Seventh Weapons Factory. It looks like he's building up his forces, is there a reason?"

The head maid answered,

"We're using it as a temporary defensive base for the pioneer areas. It'll take several years to prepare a full-fledged base, so we're using it like this until then."

"I see. So that's the reason why? I thought it was something like that."



The noble children were being taken care of in Liam's residence.

Although they were living in the mansion, they were being strictly treated as servants during their three years of training.

They were also being educated, but what happened to those who weren't going to advance to elementary school like Liam?

—the answer was simple.

They'd continue to spend time in Liam's territory.

Universities were being built, so they stayed to study in the school of their choice.

Two girls who had already spent three years in the mansion were walking around the university grounds in plain clothes.

“Wow~ The Count sure is generous. He even covered our tuition and living expenses.”

Their tuition fees were exempted.

Allowances were even given to them, but if it wasn't enough, they'd start working part-time jobs or ask for more from their parents.

“We wouldn't be able to play around as much back home either.”

In their territories there weren't any universities built.

Compared to its surrounding area, Liam's territory was exceptionally developed.

The reason why the minor lords let their children study abroad was because they wanted them to learn from Liam's already fully established territory.

“I don't really want to go back home~”

One of the girls then turned to smile at her lamenting friend,

“Then you just need to marry a local and then move here.”

The lamenting girl glared at her friend,

“That sounds fine~ I want to keep relaxing here for a least a decade.”

“Don't give up! I'm sure that you'll find someone among the knights you'll take a fancy to.”

The girls looked like they were really having fun.

The same could be said for the men.

All of them continued to study at the university while experiencing lives full of love and youth.

“GOD DAMMIT!!!”

I was furious that I was about to enter elementary school.

The reason being-

Picking up a fashion magazine, the hairstyle on the cover had evolved even further instead of disappearing. I was running out of time.

Brian commented on it,

“Lord Liam, if you make a bad law, it’s only natural that you’ll meet opposition.”

“I’ll crush it thoroughly!”

I didn’t think that they would go this far to make me angry.

I wonder if this was their retaliation in response to me having Amagi raise their taxes to the limit.

If that was the case– no, either way it would be necessary for me to let them know who’s on top here.

“Are you sure you don’t want to just give up?”

“As if I’ll give up! I’ll make them regret the day they rebelled against me– the person in power!”

“But the people seem to still be enjoying themselves.”

“Then I definitely can’t forgive them!”

It’s okay for me to take from my people, but I definitely mustn’t be taken from.

I’ll have to use the corruption I’ve installed as an evil lord for this.

“If this is how it’s going to be, then I’ll send out the knights and force them all to have haircu-”

While I was speaking, I couldn't help but notice that Brian seemed a little strange.

He wasn't moving at all, as if time had stopped.

This feeling— yes, I knew what this was.

When I looked around, I found a slightly tired-looking guide, just like before.

He was sitting on his suitcase with his legs folded.

A top hat was deeply worn on his head to the point where I couldn't see his eyes.

However, the crescent moon-like smile on his face was clear to see.

"Long time no see, Liam."

"It's you..."

The guide spread out his hands.

"I really wanted to see you, but I couldn't meet you until today."

To the happy looking guide, I wanted to convey a few words of thanks,

"I actually wanted to see you too. I needed to do so in order to than—"

The guide brought his index finger to his mouth in a gesture for me to keep silent,

"Let me go first Liam. I have a lot I want to say."

After standing up, the guide started to talk to me in a light tone,

"Didn't you think that it was funny?"

"What was?"

"Various things, but if I were to choose a recent topic, it'd be the Razel house. Liam, haven't you ever wondered why you were treated in such a way there?"

"Not reall—"

“YOU SHOULD’VE!”

The guide who suddenly started shouting apologised, saying it was “rude of him” before continuing.

“Liam, in actuality it was *you* who was supposed to have Peter’s treatment. It was your chance to meet with the Razel house’s daughter and build a connection with a powerful house. It was that sort of setting.”

“—you’re kidding me.”

As I opened my eyes in surprise, the guide spread out his hands and started to laugh,

“So why did Peter take away everything that was supposed to be for you? It’s because there was someone moving behind the scenes.”

“Behind the scenes?”

“—**me.**”

The bowing guide directed a smile my way as he looked up.

“It was always me.”

As I started thinking over the truth revealed to me,

“I-it was all-”

“It wasn’t Peter who took everything away from you! You lost everything because of me! That’s how it is Liam! You were being deceived!”

—him.

Brian(; · `ω · ´) “W... what?!”

1. Peter has been referring to himself as ‘oresama(俺様)’ this entire time, I didn’t directly translate it though because “The great me” is just plain awkward to use in English. I only brought it back here because it directly correlates to what he

says next, in which he starts referring to himself normally.

EPILOGUE

The guide had revealed the truth to me.

To that truth, I–

“You... I thought you told me the after-sales service was complete.”

“Huh?”

The guide sputtered in a confused tone.

This guy, even though he looks like a bad person he’s actually really shy.

I didn’t think he was moving in various ways for me behind the scenes.

“You don’t have to hide it. You manipulated things in ways I never noticed, right?”

“No, well... I did.”

If I was given the same treatment as Peter, then I would’ve gotten an STD by now.

He was really doing his best for me.

If that was the case, then was he also the reason why I was able to meet Kurt? It might just be a coincidence, but it’s more likely that he set things up to be that way.

Were all the good things that happened to me in the Razel house his doing?

“You really are a good person.”

“Huh?”

The guide was grasping his chest.

It looked like he wanted to say something, but I needed to convey my thanks first,

“You don’t need to be so embarrassed about it. You cut off the connection with the Razel house for me, right? That house doesn’t seem to be in the best place now that it’s been demoted, so if I was affiliated with them, there’s no doubt I’d be going through some hard times right now. It must’ve been tough, so thanks for everything.”

“...stop it.”

To the guide that seemed to be dying from embarrassment, I gave my thanks.

He really was a good person.

“You’re also the one who cornered that good and virtuous Peetak house, right? I also hated that house. Righteous people disgust me.”

Wasn’t he also the one that threw that house into chaos? I’m really grateful to him for getting rid of such an annoyance.

“Y-y-you’re wron-”

I rubbed the bottom of my nose at the sight of the guide who was shaking while hiding his face.

“For all this kindness that you’ve done for me, thank you.”

The guide started shouting in embarrassment from my thanks,

“aaaaaAHHHHHHHHHHH~~!!!!!”

The guide disappeared in a cloud of mist.

While I was still surprised by the sight, Brian started to move again,

“Lord Liam, what’s wrong?”

—to be so embarrassed that he’d actually start screaming, I couldn’t help but shake my head at the thought. He’s surprisingly innocent.

“It’s nothing. I just... yeah, I feel better all of a sudden. I’ll give up on the haircuts.”

Brian was surprised, but he immediately went on to contact the government offices.

I guess I *was* overreacting a little to a simple hairstyle.

The thing is, after I begrudgingly acknowledged it, the hairstyle suddenly dropped in popularity and disappeared.

Were they just making fun of me?



Before my admission into elementary school.

There were many people visiting the territory trying to meet with me while I was still here.

Nias was one of them.

“Lord Liam~ can you buy some battleships from me?”

Looking at Nias, who was wearing a dress this time, I lightly snorted at her.

“Go home, you disappointing girl.”

“It’s cold! Lord Liam’s attitude towards me is really cold!”

Nias seemed to have gotten better after selling me a fortress-class, but now she was screaming as she was pulled away by my servants.

“LORD LIAM, EVEN BUYING TWO HUNDRED SHIPS IS OKAAAAYYYYY~!!”

It was a cry that could be used to confirm the Doppler effect.

Well, it was her fault for not understanding my feelings.

I could just tell her, but its bothersome and I’d feel like I lost if I did so.

In the first place, my position was the higher one of the two of us.

Hopefully she guesses right next time.

“Amagi, bring in the next guest.”

“Yes, Master.”

Amagi brought the next guest into the room.

It was the Third Weapons Factory representative, Eulisia.

Surprisingly, she was wearing quite the lascivious outfit.

“It’s been a long time, my lord.”

After finishing my greetings with Eulisia, she sat down in a way that showed off the insides of her skirt, before taking a pose that emphasised her chest.

“I’m here today to introduce the new line of weapons the Third Weapons Factory is selling-”

She started to explain the products, but I wasn’t interested at all.

There wasn’t any real difference in performance from the previous generation.

The design was great but the specs had barely changed at all.

Despite that, the price was higher.

The cost to performance ratio was bad.

Looking at Eulisia who was doing her best to appeal to me, I couldn’t help but think that she was a disappointing girl as well.

“I don’t feel like buying anything.”

As I said that, Eulisia started to take off her coat.

Her already lascivious outfit now had more skin exposure to the point that it was almost underwear.

She sat down next to me and started pressing herself against me.

Unlike Nias, she really had a lot of sex-appeal.

Nias was a beauty too, but she didn't come anywhere close to Eulisia level of skill.

"My lord, if you bought something, I'd be *really* gratefu—"

I slapped her hand away, shaking her off my arm as I stood up.

The servants started grabbing her.

"Wha-?! My lord?!"

"And to think I had such high expectations for you... take her."

"MY LOOOOOORRRRRRDDDDDD~::~!!!"

She was taken away, disappearing just like Nias did.

As I thought, the women from the weapon factories were no good.

Well, I guess it's partially my fault for telling the factories to leave them in charge of sales since I found them interesting.

Amagi turned towards me,

"This is the end of your morning appointments."

"I have more in the afternoon?"

"Yes, Thomas was hoping to meet with you."

"My Echigoya?"



Liam's mansion- one of it's rooms.

Inside of the luxurious dressing room, the underwear-like outfit wearing Eulisia had an expression on her face that was distorted in frustration.

"...I'll never forgive him for pushing me this far."

Eulisia was a talented woman.

Many men have tried courting her in the past.

Among them there were even nobles.

However, she had rejected them all while working her hardest.

With a face like an actress, a body that any man would desire, and a great head on her shoulders, she did her best so that she could one day get into the good graces of a high-noble.

Even when she was assigned to a weapon factory, she was happy because this gave her many opportunities to meet with such nobles.

She polished herself and kept her purity– all for the sake of catching the eye of a great aristocrat.

Her aim was to become a jewel desired by all.

She believed she had the qualities necessary to do so, and she wasn't wrong.

However, Liam didn't seem to have any interest in her at all.

At first she thought she was liked, and that Liam would be another stepping stone in her search for her ideal partner– but she couldn't forgive this.

"I'll turn this around and be the one to throw *him* away. He will cry and beg for my forgiveness as I laugh at his pathetic sight."

But Liam was a high-noble.

If she wanted to throw him away, it'd be necessary to rise to a position that could be considered his equal.

But before all that, she swore in her heart that she'd one day get her revenge on Liam.

"If I remember correctly, he's going to be leaving for elementary school soon, right?"

When Eulisia looked at herself in a mirror, she couldn't help but notice the cold smile

plastered on her face.



After I had finished my lunch.

I was meeting with Thomas.

“Lord Liam, it’s been quite difficult to meet with you recently.”

Lately people have been gathering around me so it couldn’t be helped.

I was quite troubled with how the majority of them were just snakes trying to take advantage of me.

Like Thomas, they were also merchants, but I always held my own interests as the top priority, so I didn’t even consider them unless what they proposed would bring me a profit.

“The majority of the people I met were useless.”

“But the fact that so many of them gathered is proof in and of itself that people have high expectations for you, Lord Liam. Oh, but let’s move on to the main subject.”

What Thomas brought out were supplies for elementary school.

“These are the items you’ll need for elementary school.”

“Can’t I just buy these once I get there?”

“Lord Liam, once someone rises to a position of your status, it’d become a problem if you used the same items as the general public. Please check the family crest we’ve imprinted on the items.”

Although it was only an elementary school, provincial nobles could only commute there if they were from a house that was of baron-rank or higher.

But for court nobles, they could attend even if they were only from a knight family.

Therefore, the number of students enrolled there was extremely large.

It looked like I needed special tools different from the general students so they would know of my status.

“How annoying.”

“I’ve heard that the children of imperial nobles can attend classes that are recognised at both the military academy and the university.”

There were general students at the military academy and the universities as well.

Since it would be troublesome for the nobles to lose to them, they received an education in those fields before they enrolled.

In other words, they educated nobles in advance so they’d have a head start.

“It’s just for fun anyways. There’s no need to worry.”

It was only a place to take lessons at before the serious education started.

“Lord Liam, it’s ‘just for fun’ to you? If that’s true, then have you already decided your plans for after you graduate from elementary school?”

After I graduated, I had to go to either a university or a military academy recognised by the Empire.

Both were required and couldn’t be refused.

“It doesn’t matter. It’s the same either way.”

“Because you’ve already succeeded the house as Count, it looks like various problems might arise while you’re forced to stay in the imperial capital after graduation.”

“I’ll try to return to the territory as soon as possible.”

In the Empire I’m just another noble.

But in my own territory I’m a king.

I can act as arrogantly as I want while being given the royal treatment.

In order to return to such a situation, I needed to finish my training quickly.

“Moving on from that—”

Thomas thanked me while bowing down,

“I’d like to thank you for the tax reduction measures you’ve given to my company.”

I helped out Thomas, who was falling on hard times because of his failed scam attempt on the Peetak house.

For a few years, I granted his company special tax-reductions.

I wanted him to be more secure.

“Be careful in the future.”

“O-of course. Oh yes, do you have a mansion prepared in the imperial capital, Lord Liam?”

“A mansion in the imperial capital?”

I was going to be studying abroad in the imperial capital as part of my training, but it looks like noble children usually prepared a residence to live in during that time.

I didn’t really think it was necessary, but it looks like it wouldn’t be appropriate for me to *not* have one.

“Come to think of it, even my parents and grandparents had a mansion there.”

“Because the price of land in the imperial capital is expensive, it’s better to secure a good estate for yourself sooner, rather than later.”

A dormitory system was used during elementary school.

The military academy was the same, but it looks like one was required for the university.

I was wondering if was possible to just rent an apartment, but was that really alright?

“It’s a bother. I’m not even going to be using it that much anyways. Is there no other alternative?”

“If that’s the case, then why don’t you rent out a hotel there?”

“A hotel?”

“Umm... even if you have a mansion in the capital, there’d be no point if it was too far away from the university. It’s something like that.”

It looks like having a mansion was still required.

“In that case, then bring me a list of the hotels I can rent out. I’ll have the mansion built while I’m still attending elementary school.”

“As you command.”

It was a house I didn’t intend to use that much anyways.

So this should be enough.

Should I just find some cheap land have it built there?



Brian was inside the mansion– at his room’s veranda, taking care of his bonsai trees.

He was humming a song.

“Another great day, today.”

Before Liam was born, he never would’ve expected such a day to come.

Such a boy was almost at the age to enroll into elementary school.

“I’m already looking forward to the day Lord Liam returns.”

As he lined up the bonsai trees he took care of for a hobby, the head maid entered his view as she approached him from the garden.

“Oh, did you need something from me?”

The head maid was holding a parasol.

“I’m just out for a stroll. I’m taking a walk while inspecting the house grounds.”

“You sure are passionate about your work.”

Brian invited the head maid to the veranda, thinking it’d be nice to have some company.

Tea was prepared, and they talked for a long time.

“Brian, how’s your family doing?”

“My grandchild and their partner will be returning here soon.”

“–I see. It’s nice to hear that they’re coming back.”

Brian’s grandchild had already brought him great-grandchildren.

But his son and his wife— weren’t around anymore.

“Yes, and this is all thanks to Lord Liam.”

“Once you get to our age, the things we can do are really limited. Our ingrained habits don’t disappear, and personally, I find myself looking for work even on holidays.”

“That’s because you’re a workaholic.”

As Brian said so while laughing, the head maid agreed while saying “That’s true.”

“...Brian, it’s true you found a good master to serve, but how were you able to endure everything for such a long time?

“I didn’t have to ‘endure’ anything at all. I continued to serve the house because I was *that* grateful to Lord Alistair.”

“I would’ve liked it if you had come to work in the palace instead. If you did, I would’ve guaranteed you a good position.”

There was a time long ago when the head maid had asked him to work in the imperial palace.

But looking at things now, he thought it was a good thing that he refused.

“Even so, I’m happy as I am right now.”

“You really have no greed at all, do you? I’m a little jealous.”



–A place where Liam’s mansion was visible.

It was there that the guide had fallen down.

After revealing everything to Liam, contrary to what he expected, he was exposed to even *more* fatal emotions of gratefulness.

He could feel himself fading away, and couldn’t move properly.

There was no way that even in his wildest dreams that he’d actually be *thanked* after revealing the truth.

‘Just what the hell is that guy?!’— The guide was seriously scared of Liam.

While he was taking bitter breaths,

“Y-you bastard... Liam... I will definitely have my revenge... I *will* fulfill this grudge of mine...”

But he’d have to rest for a while first before he could do any of that.

He also needed to collect negative emotions.

To defeat Liam, he had to collect as many as possible.

“That’s it. The imperial capital of the Empire. There’s bound to be an endless flood of negative emotions there. If it’s there, I’ll definitely be able to recover.”

Thinking about his next plans against Liam– the guide stood up and started to walk

away.

Behind him was a dog.

The shape of it was gradually becoming clearer, but the guide was too weak and didn't notice it following behind him.

"Liam... the next time we meet will be your last."

The guide once again swore revenge on Liam.

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) "Well, it's hard to say goodbye, but this Brian here hopes to see you again someday."

EXTRA: LORD LIAM-CERTIFIED

The lord who had complete control over a planet was actually a king whose territory spanned across an entire galaxy.

In my office.

I was looking over the galaxy I ruled over through a stereoscopic image.

Wasn't it a beautiful sight?

By reaching out my hand, I could zoom in and out of it and use it as a map.

Using it like this, I really felt like a ruler of the stars.

It was like I had the universe in the palm of my hand.

"Everything in this galaxy is mine. Now, what am I supposed to do with it?"

The one that answered my murmurs was Brian, who had prepared green tea and jellies for me.

"Lord Liam, it's time for your three o'clock snack."

"Did you bring the expensive tea leaves and sweets? I'm not going to have anything cheap."

Eating sweets bought using my people's tax money was the best.

And the ones that cost an exorbitant amount of money were the most delicious!

"As far as this Brian here knows, the tea leaves used were the best in the local area, and the jellies were specially made from a store that has quite a history to it."

They were tea leaves that had an extraordinarily high price.

While the sweets were made by specially commissioning the owner of a famous shop

that's been around for hundreds of years to personally make them.

I couldn't even imagine how much money it cost just for my three o'clock snack.

When I tried eating the jellies, I could taste a refined sweetness spreading throughout my mouth, while the tea I drank to wash it down didn't taste bitter in the slightest.

The combination of the two was amazing!

"This is great! It really gives off the feeling of living in luxury!"

Brian looked pleased.

"I'm happy to hear that, Lord Liam."

I thought it'd just be another set of tea and sweets, but they were better than I thought.

Let's add them to my snack time rotation.

"Brian, add today's sweets and tea to the rotation."

"Oh, are you sure about that?"

"I have the money to do so! This is why I squeezed my people for so much!"

After the tax increase, tax revenue rose significantly.

I left everything else to Amagi, so unfortunately, I didn't know the finer details. Still, even though my people were suffering, the sweets they made were pretty good.

This was true bliss.

Looking at my smile, Brian called out to me,

"Lord Liam, then are you fine with treating both as recognised by you?"

How would they feel about receiving their evil lord's approval?

In truth, all those who had it would no doubt have complicated feelings rise up inside of them.

They wouldn't be happy with the recognition, but it'd be impossible for them to go against me, the ruler of this galaxy.

If that's how it was, I'd happily admit it.

Let's give them my approval, which has become notorious with the tax increases.

If I was a peasant, I definitely wouldn't use the store certified by a despot.

"Of course, I'll give them an official certificate in my name! They're now Lord Liam-certified!"

"Understood, I'll make the arrangements immediately."

"Make sure they display it in a place where everyone can see it."

"Of course."

What'll happen once they put it on display? The customers who had a grudge against me would leave, and then the store would be forced to rely on me to make ends meet.

If that's the case, then I can't wait to see what kind of expressions they'll make.

I'll ruin their lives and make them feel like I just handed down an execution order for them.

"I'm looking forward to this!"

The tea and sweets were great today as well!



There was a long-established confectionery shop that had been around for over six-hundred years.

The shop was opened during the time of Liam's great-grandfather Alistair, and it's been running ever since.

The retired shopkeeper had been in a tense state since morning.

He had already passed on the store to his son, who was now visiting Liam's mansion.

The tense-looking predecessor had been awkwardly greeting customers all day.

His daughter-in-law called out to him.

"Father, why don't you wait for him inside?"

"N-no, I can't relax inside the house."

He was so nervous that his throat was dry.

That's when his son suddenly appeared rushing towards the store.

In his hands was a framed certificate.

"Father, I did it! I received a certificate from Lord Liam!"

The son raised the certificate that he held up high.

"What?!"

"I was told to deliver to the estate regularly from now on! Whenever Lord Liam wants it, they want me to personally go to the mansion to make some for him!"

The predecessor stood up from his chair while shaking.

"Y-you, well done!"

The father and son started to hug each other.

The son's wife immediately went into the store and brought out a banner.

After operating something on her terminal, the contents of the banner changed.

"Lord Liam-certified!"

Seeing those words, everyone walking through the shopping district immediately stopped in their tracks.

“So that shop has Lord Liam himself as a purveyor?”

“The stuff they make is *that* good. The current owners are nice too.”

“I’ve never tried anything of theirs before, should I grab some now?”

Customers started gathering at the store one after another, and all the products that were lined up were quickly sold out.

In the territory, Liam’s name couldn’t have been trusted more.

The moment something became certified using said name, that very product would start selling like crazy.

The housewives who left the store were chatting as they looked things up on their terminals.

“Oh, the tea shop over there is also certified.”

“Can I order some of their products online?”

“It’s no good, we’re too late. We need to make reservations first.”

Information quickly spread, and all the items that could be bought by mail order were sold out.

In the store, the predecessor smiled as he packed the products into bags while talking with the customers.

“I guess the predecessor can finally relax.”

“I’m not worried because my son is a better craftsman than I.”

Looking at him, you wouldn’t think that he was the same man that had been tense all day.

A call suddenly came to the store.

The wife was the one who answered it,

“Yes?”

“Hello, this is the Henfrey company–”

A bulk order was made from the Henfrey company.

◇ ◇ ◇

Spaceport of the Banfield house.

The headquarters of the Henfrey company was located there.

The Henfrey company, which was publicly known as one of Liam’s purveyors.

Thomas, the head of said company– was currently tasting the Lord Liam-certified tea and jellies with the other executives.

The opinions of the executives were–

“Can we sell these in territories outside of the Banfield house’s domain?”

“They’ll sell, but we should bring them to the more developed ones.”

“If we’re talking about places where Lord Liam’s name is known, then how about the Exner territory?”

Where could they sell it?

That was what they were all discussing.

Liam, The Pirate Hunter.

The moment such a person became the purveyor of something, said product tuned into a safe and trustworthy thing to invest in.

It immediately became a commodity that could be sold.

Thomas finished eating his portion and spoke,

“It’s not bad. The combination between the two is good as well. Let’s put them

together as a set and try selling them like that.”

There were many planets that people lived in within this universe.

Some of them would like this product, but the opposite was true as well.

“There are a lot of products we can export from the Banfield territory after all.”

Thomas was happy.

The more specialty products he had access to meant that he had more unique goods to sell.

One of the executives spoke,

“In recent years, it looks like some other vendors have been pressuring us.”

Thomas was troubled by this.

Lord Liam had absolutely no tolerance for pirates, which meant he was a very good lord for merchants who traveled across the cosmos.

There were many merchant houses that aimed for their spot as his exclusive merchant.

“–if they have any problems with our business, tell them to bring it up with Lord Liam. I don’t want to deal with annoyances like them.”



My office.

I was upset.

Amagi had brought over a cup of tea and a plate of sweets.

“Master, are you alright?”

Several months later, the alleged tea and sweets were still as delicious as ever.

But the problem wasn’t that.

“Yeah, I’m sure I gave my certification to the tea and sweets, but how come it’s sold out everywhere on the mail order site?”

Amagi quickly answered me,

“There’s already a waiting list that goes back for several years. I expect it’ll take at least three years for the situation to improve.”

The store could be renovated, their fields could be expanded, more personnel could be hired and so on.

But why was it selling so well?

Even Thomas came and told me, “That tea and sweets set is being quite well received.”

But isn’t this weird?

“Please rest assured. Master’s portion is firmly secured. A set amount is always being delivered to the mansion.”

“No, that’s not what I’m talking about, Amagi!”

“Pardon?”

“Why is it selling even with my seal of approval? I mean, since I increased taxes and tried to regulate that weird hairstyle, shouldn’t they hate anything with my certification?!”

Amagi pondered this for a moment before answering,

“—will people really consider a product bad if you gave it good marks during your evaluation of it?”

“Ah...”

To be honest, I was actually surprised by how normal the answer was.

It definitely was a good product.

It wouldn’t be strange if it sold well.

If the first place, when I first tried it, wasn't it already a popular product in my territory? Even if I gave my seal of approval then, wouldn't it just give off the feeling of, 'Hmm, why now?'

—I made a mistake. I completely misread how this would end up.

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) “It's painful. This Brian here recommended his favourites to Lord Liam, but now I can't get any for myself. It's painful that this Brian can't even purchase his favourite products anymore...”

Sapling (; ° ㄥ°) “Was that your favourite set of tea and sweets?”

Brian (*'ω`*) “Also— the title of the series has been changed. Before it was ‘Since I Reincarnated in a Universe where an Intergalactic Empire Exists, I'm Going to be an Evil Lord!’, but now its ‘I'm the Evil Lord of an Intergalactic Empire!’. We're turning over a new leaf.”

Sapling (° ∇°) “Then, ‘The World of Otome Games is Tough for Mobs’ should change its title and turn over a new leaf as well! Let's change it to ‘The Cute Sapling and her Great Friends—’”

(○) ;y=¬(° ㄥ°) • ∴. Turn “Ufuhoi!”

BrianΣ(´ㄥ`) “Wh-what?!”

(○) “...”

(○) “*The evil being has been destroyed.*”

(○) “*Please continue to support ‘The World of Otome Games is Tough for Mobs!’~♪*”

(´ • ω • `) “N-no, umm... this work is ‘I'm the Evil Lord of an Intergalactic Empire!’...”

(○) ;y= “*You were saying?*”

Brian(´ ; ω ; `) “N-nevermind!” (*It's painful. First a strange plant suddenly appeared, then a one-eyed being came out right after... It's painful.*)



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