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Author: SkyFarm

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# 8<sup>TH</sup> LOOP FOR THE WIN!

With *7 Lives' Worth of XP* and the Third Princess's *Appraisal Skill*,

My Behemoth and I Are *Unstoppable!*



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## Prologue: An Unexpected Reward

Some time had passed since the conclusion of the civil war waged between House Argus and House Gitelle. For some reason, I was currently in the royal castle while Lord Gitelle made various preparations in the name of rewarding me for my accomplishments on the battlefield. Well, actually, I guess I knew the exact reason. I'd come with Ciel to her house, the castle.

I was currently conversing with the ruler of this country, His Majesty Alchris V. Elton. I wasn't sure how it had happened, but somehow I was sitting at the same table as him, sharing a meal as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"By the way, Remille, do you truly have no plans to succeed your house?" His Majesty asked.

"No, I don't. There's nothing to succeed, since I come from a family of the rank of knights."

"Oh, how convenient."

"How...so?"

"The lands that House Argus once presided over just so happen to be without a ruler," Ciel whispered—no, smoothly interjected, from her spot at the dining table not too far from me.

"No, wait. I'm getting a *really* bad feeling about this."

"I'm afraid 'no' isn't an option anymore," Ciel said, flicking her gaze to His Majesty, who was already excitedly whispering into a servant's ear.

"Lord Gitelle has been contemplating how to reward you for your contribution to the civil war, so this is very convenient," he said.

*I'm failing to see the convenience in this.* My impression after a few days of similar conversations was that Ciel's intense curiosity and free-spirited personality had a considerable influence over the king.

“Just give up,” she said.

“There’s no way this can be decided so easily,” I countered.

*Or so I thought...*



“With that, I bequeath upon you, Remille, these lands, previously ruled by House Argus.”

“I...am overjoyed by this honor.”

*Oh, come on! Why?!*

The preparations for all this had happened so quickly that I never had an opportunity to refuse, and before I knew it, I’d been called to the throne room. I felt as if I was being pierced by the stares of the ministers around me. Honestly, I’d heard that the ministers had arrived at this solution after having properly talked it out, but that didn’t stop me from feeling horribly intimidated at this unfamiliar situation.

At the very least, I had obviously turned down receiving a title, but I’d effectively received one anyway by getting an entire territory. The cherry on top—the fact that the Argus lands were sizable—meant that presiding over them gave me influence roughly equivalent to an earl.

*This is such a heavy burden...*

“Just give up. This isn’t a bad thing. We’ve talked about how you need to find a place to keep your huge number of familiars.”

“I know, but...”

I already had a frankly absurd number of familiars. At the center were the Big Four that Catra, the behemoth who stood at the top of them all, had gathered for me. She was lazing around in her kitten form at the moment, but she was a partner in a completely different class from any of my familiars who could take a human form.

That said, the Big Four were nothing to sneeze at themselves. First, there was Kuku, a baby kukulkan—a divine beast that was extremely powerful and rare even among dragons. For the most part, he never really left my side—as

evidenced by the fact that he was sleeping next to me even now.

Then there were the other three, starting with Tron, a king troll who'd evolved into the divine beast-class monster Oberon. I had him in charge of my goblin, orc, and fae-type familiars. He currently had the appearance of a beautiful young man as stunning as an elf.

After that was Emmy, an emperor slime. She took advantage of her amorphous body and worked as a master of disguise alongside her subordinates.

Finally, there was Ly, the lycanthrope. Since he had been a grand wolf, the highest class of wolf-type beasts, his strength was a cut above most lycanthropes.

Each and every last member of the Big Four were divine beast-class, and they had close to ten thousand subordinates between them. For the time being, we had each of them doing their own thing in different parts of the country, but yeah, maybe it would be nice to have them all in one place. But also...

"Is there really any point for *me* to be the ruler of this land?" *Ciel is a princess after all. I'm sure there are other ways to go about this.*

"Just give up," she said with a bemused grin.

It seemed that even the king himself couldn't get a word in anymore.



## As the Territory's Lord

"Well then, let's get down to deciding how to proceed," Ciel said, as we entered what used to be the Argus mansion.

"I can't get used to being here..."

"You'd better get used to it. This mansion is your spoils of war."

"I didn't fight the war to get this, though..."

Most of the Argus fortune had been left in the mansion after their territory had been seized. Of course, the country was going to seize his assets and then distribute them to Lord Gitelle to make up for his losses in the war, but until they finished doing that, I was allowed to use anything here so long as it wasn't consumable.

The mansion was filled with furniture, tableware, and extravagant decor—everything screamed expensive. I'd never seen anything so lavish. It all made me feel really out of place.

"More importantly," Ciel started with a sigh, "knowing father, he's probably planning on giving you *everything* here."

"Huh?"

Ciel casually tapped her hand on a desk that looked incredibly expensive. I could've added up everything I'd ever earned in all my loops and still been nowhere close to affording it.

"Taking into account your current strength, this is a cheap price for the royal family to pay."

"Well..."

"You need to be more self-aware. Hypothetically, if you left and went to a different country, we'd have to always be ready to deal with your huge army of ten thousand monsters. Moreover, if you decided to keep moving from place to place, we'd have to keep moving our defensive forces to match you."



*Oh... That's a good point. There's nothing more annoying than having a hostile army of ten thousand monsters freely roaming around.*

"Anyway, I know you're not interested in harming us, so that's why I'm here by your side and trying to make you stronger. But...father likes to take the approach of using money to rein people in. Honestly, though, considering how you've freely taken arms from our treasure house, this mansion has essentially no value in comparison."

*Oh, I see.* I finally understood the position I was in. Or at least I felt like I did, but it still didn't feel real to me.

Seeing me all pensive like this, Ciel switched topics. "Anyway, what did you do after this?"

"After 'this'... Oh, you're talking about the past loops. Hm..." *What did I do?* I began dredging up memories.

On the seventh loop, I was still a member of their party at this point. We'd fought together in the civil war on the Earl of Gitelle's side, and after our accomplishments, we went on to get even stronger in a year's time and became an S rank party. But would she believe me if I told her?

"Well, we became an S rank party in a year..."

Taking into account how easily I'd defeated my former party in the colosseum, I didn't get the feeling that Ciel would accept that.

"Oh, yeah. That makes sense."

"You could tell, huh?"

"You *do* remember who I am, don't you? There's no way that someone like me would overlook something so obvious. I *am* touted as the jewel of our kingdom, after all." Ciel's left eye sparkled a dazzling aquamarine.

"That's true, but still..."

Being evaluated as S rank meant being just as valuable as her eye. If she knew that we would've become an S rank party, that'd mean that she'd knowingly broken our party apart.

Ciel noticed the look I was giving her and exhaled in exasperation. "Listen, I've

said that my eye can see people's true nature, haven't I?"

"Yeah, you have." That was the reason that Margus and the others hadn't been chosen.

"Say you found some violent dragon in the mountains and it was really strong. You still wouldn't just treat it like some valiant warrior and invite it to your party, would you?"

"What? A dragon?"

"If that image isn't clicking for you, imagine a goblin, a goblin king, or even a ghoul instead."

"I'm not sure I follow." But as soon as I'd said that, I caught on. "Oh..."

"You get what I'm saying now?"

Just like with monsters, there was no point in having people around that couldn't be kept under control. *Okay, well, she has a point. But also...*

"So Margus and the others are monsters in your eyes?"

"They're not too dissimilar. Just like with monsters, we got their territory after we beat them."

"Harsh..."

She really wasn't mincing her words, but I couldn't really fault her for that. After all, House Argus had done some fairly horrible things this time around. But, ultimately, the fact that they'd picked a fight with even the Minister of the Judiciary—which led to the worst possible outcome of them losing their territory—clearly showed how thoughtless the previous Earl of Argus had been when he'd put his plan in motion.

One might've been able to make the argument that Margus had been simply swept along by all this, but thinking about the time when he'd challenged me at the colosseum made it feel like he'd gotten his just deserts.

"Forget about that guy," Ciel said. "He's done for. Let's talk about the future instead."

I wryly smiled at her directness, but I couldn't exactly "forget about that guy."

"I kinda can't avoid talking about Margus, since he's been a part of every future I've gone through."

"Fine. I guess there's no helping that."

"He played a huge part in the war when he fought for Lord Gitelle in the past loops. The royal family took over the Argus territory when it was over, but in reality, they decided that Margus would succeed it as its lord."

"Hm. What an interesting future."

After the war ended, our party, led by Margus, got a boost in popularity and was requested for a good number of pretty great jobs across the land. As a result, we shot up to S rank in an unprecedented amount of time. After a year, their strength caught up to the title of S rank too.

Aman became so powerful that she was known as the strongest female knight in the country. Rui made a name for herself as a great sorceress, known to all as a sage. Margus was also universally known as a hero around that time. Before I was killed, all I did was nonchalantly watch over their feats.

"Essentially, you're saying that you're of no help in regards to the future."

"Urk."

*Ciel really doesn't mince her words.* I had nothing to say in response because she wasn't wrong. She was smiling too, so I tried not to let it bother me.

"The war changed the future way too much. The only thing that probably hasn't changed is the fact that a monster will show up two and a half years from now," I said.

"Is this monster stronger than the goddess we met?"

"Well..."

I tried thinking back to the pressure exerted by the little girl who'd called herself a goddess. In my head, I felt as if both the monster and the mysterious individual who'd appeared at the end of the civil war had exerted a much stronger aura than the goddess, but...

"No, she's stronger than the monster by a lot."

“Not surprising.”

Although the monster might’ve been too much for me to handle, it would’ve been child’s play for a goddess to deal with it. It still wasn’t clear whether the goddess we’d met was an ally or an enemy, but it was definitely clear that the mysterious person who’d showed up at the tail end of the war was a foe. *But maybe “definitely” is a little too strong, considering they didn’t kill us. We can’t really say for sure.* Either way, comparing the monster to those two made it seem insignificant.

“Our goal for now is the goddess that appeared in the church. I think we can ignore the monster for now.”

“We can?” I was confused, because I’d been under the impression that I needed to defeat it in order to break free from these loops.

“In the first place, that monster looks different every time you fight it, right?”

“Yeah.” It had pretty obviously been a dragon or something the first time, but the last time it had been a total mishmash of different creatures—a chimera.

“I think it’s natural to think that a goddess has her hand in that, since she’s so closely involved with your loops.”

“True...”

“If that’s the case, then that monster’s gonna be even stronger this time. With that in mind, I think this is a good opportunity. You should take the next half a year or so and try being this territory’s lord.”

“Huh?” *You lost me.*

“You’re really not the brightest... If you can change the appearances of your familiars and give them proper clothes, then they should be able to interact with the people here without any issues, right?”

“Yeah, I guess...” *But I still don’t get what you’re getting at.*

“Your monsters aren’t used to living with humans. The more unfamiliar things they do, the more experience points they can get. It’s a great opportunity.”

“Oh, I see.”



“It’s the same as how you get a lot of experience points from dying.”

“Uh, how exactly?” *But that being said...* “Oh, are you saying that by giving them work to do, I’ll get stronger with Ability Absorption?”

“Exactly.” She grinned and stood up. “I’ve almost entirely figured out our enemy’s plans. Both Crow and the royal family are investigating Marquess Keyes.”

“That much has happened already?”

“Of course.”

Though it’d just been a glance, I couldn’t help but remember the man during the war in my seventh loop who’d made that chimera monster. I knew that the ones behind that had been funded by House Keyes, but...

“Marquess Keyes of the west has the strongest military force in the kingdom. They’re surrounded by a forest that’s home to many powerful monsters. It’s easy to train skilled soldiers there.”

“The strongest in the kingdom?”

“The problem is that group of white coats—that research facility they’ve got.”

From what I’d heard, that group wasn’t directly managed by House Keyes, but they were, for all intents and purposes, *their* research facility. The group’s strength had apparently grown dramatically over the past year, and they’d become a big and indispensable organization.

“So...” After thinking about it a little bit, I got a bad feeling.

“It’s exactly what you’re thinking. That research facility was most likely created by...our very same goddess.”

I had no idea why she’d want to make that facility, but it was possible that the monster that killed me in all the past loops had been created there.

“In short, what you need to prepare for isn’t slaying monsters, but slaying gods.”

“You make it sound so easy...”

“Well, of course it’s not, but compared to that, being a lord is a cakewalk!”

“When you put it that way...”

“Besides, you said it yourself.” Ciel turned back toward me and smiled.  
“You’re going to tame a goddess.”

I clutched my head. I couldn’t believe I’d said that, but I couldn’t deny the truth. I’d honestly felt like taming her would have solved everything at the time.

“But...I guess I feel like being the lord here might not be such a big deal anymore.”

I couldn’t shake the feeling that I’d been talked into this, but I felt as if I understood what Ciel was trying to tell me. *If this is a way to make me stronger, then I can’t pass up the opportunity.*

“Even though you’ll be acting as a lord, all you’ll really be doing is deciding big picture things. You’ll have your familiars learn jobs, and you can just sit back and decide what needs to be done to develop the territory.”

“You make it sound so easy...”

It certainly didn’t *seem* easy. I hadn’t thought about territory development even once in my past seven loops.

“It is.” Ciel smiled. “The state of the territory is as such: it’s a very bountiful land, but the people have been starved of wealth at the hand of the idiot former earl. Obviously, as a result of the civil war, rumors about his wrongdoings have spread.”

“Oh, right. I heard that they used their mineral resources for bribes.” The evil deeds of Margus’s father had reached even my ears.

“If you were a citizen of this territory, what would you think? What would you do?”

“Hm, if I were in their shoes...” *Regular citizens are different from merchants and adventurers who travel a lot. In general, they don’t even take a step out of their respective towns. Anything outside of their towns might as well be a completely different world.* But if they’d heard these rumors, then... “They might think that it’s better to live in the Earl of Gitelle’s territory.”

“Precisely. What happens to a territory when it doesn’t have any citizens?”

“It’ll...eventually fall to ruin.” *I think I’m starting to see what needs to be done.*  
“Would lowering taxes help keep them here?”

“Not a bad idea. The revenue gained from the mineral deposits is enough to live very comfortably, so lowering taxes shouldn’t affect you at all.”

“Maybe it’d also be good to focus our attention more on the merchants and adventurers who travel from place to place than the citizens who usually stay put.”

“Good.” Ciel smiled, as if she’d been testing me.

Adventurers went wherever there were good jobs to be had. The only people who could work in the mineral industry were those whom the former Earl of Argus had approved of. But that system had been dismantled when he lost his rank.

“Maybe we should put mineral-related job postings in the adventurer’s guild.”

“Good idea.”

If we did that, the merchants would stick around for all the people who flocked over for the jobs. If we could use that in the beginning to revitalize the territory a bit, then...

“We can temporarily lift tariffs off of the merchants too, maybe. It’d be nice if we could restrict their merchandise also.”

“Oh? That’s a bold move, but I like it. How will you accomplish that?”

Selling items that would be useful to adventurers who came for mining-related jobs would be advantageous for the merchants. So, if we removed the taxes from those items, then...

“Maybe we can lift the taxes only on tools related to farming, daily necessities, and specialties from other regions.”

“I see.” Judging by her expression, I’d gotten close to the right answer. “Not bad. Let’s get things started, then. Crow!”

“At your service.”

I wasn’t sure when he’d popped up, but her butler had appeared as soon as

she called for him.

“Also, it’s work time, Catra. Get up,” she said, calling out to Catra, who’d been relaxing in my lap this entire time.

She reluctantly got off my lap and turned into her human form. “What?”

“Isn’t it your job to call the familiars? We’re going to find the right familiars for the jobs we have.”

Though the Big Four were under my command, it was impossible for me to manage all of them and their subordinates, so I left all that to Catra. The only exception was the dragon whelp, Kuku, who was currently happily flying around the room. Though he was one of the Big Four, he was honestly pretty much my pet. *But even as a baby, he’s strong enough to take out an average party of adventurers on his own.*

“I think Emmy and the others should be maids!” Catra suggested.

“Well, I guess the mansion does need some repairs, so it’d be a big help if they were around.”

Though they would be working as servants, I needed them to help with administrative work too, but... *I guess they could do that while being maids.*

Then Crow interjected. “It may be forward of me, however, would I be correct in my understanding that there are a large number of goblins under your command?”

“There are.”

“Goblins are actually quite gifted at learning. If you could leave them to me, I’m confident I can raise them to be commanders or even proxy lords.”

“Oh, wow...”

*That’s amazing.* I’d had no clue that goblins were capable of that. This really showed how impressive Crow was.

“It’s best if we leave the army building to Ly and the others,” Ciel said.

“I see... Well, either way, Catra, call everyone to gather.”

“You got it!”



Emmy, Tron, Ly, and all my other familiars were going to gather in one place. I was aware that there were even more of them now, but I was excited to see what they looked like all together.

## A Large Army

The following day, a large number of monsters gathered in the massive field in the Argus territory that had been made for training. Of course, in the interest of avoiding any huge commotion, we made sure that they didn't all come at the same time.

"I've been thinking, what do they do when they're not here?" I asked.

"They all live to get stronger!" Catra purred.

*So they're pretty much wild animals. I feel kinda bad.* "This is a good chance. We should set up a base for them to live in. Maybe the area behind the mansion?" I suggested.

"Good idea. Let's get it developed," Ciel agreed.

The former Argus territory had the Earl of Gitelle's land to the west of it, and the royal capital to the east, but there was at least a mountain or two between this territory and the next closest town in either direction. To the north, there was a vast forest which eventually ended at the country's border at the mountain range. That should've provided more than enough space to develop a base, so Ciel's suggestion made sense to me.

"It might be good to have the north be developed entirely for demons," I added.

"Finally becoming the demon king, huh?" Ciel quipped.

"Don't even joke like that..." But also, having demons in my backyard with the mountains behind them definitely gave off the impression of a demon king.

As we chatted, the monsters kept pouring in until...

"Master!"

"Whoa!" Something pleasantly cool pressed against my neck. This could only be... "Emmy?"

"At your service...!"

The smooth slime behind me slowly changed her shape into the form of a beautiful—though blue—human woman. She began adding more and more colors to her body until...

“What do you think?” She spoke in a lethargic voice, but her bright smile made her an unparalleled beauty. As usual, she wasn’t wearing any clothes.

“Put this on first,” I said, giving her my jacket, but...

“Here. It’s from Crow. Put it on,” Ciel interjected.

“Oh?”

Emmy absorbed the clothes into her body, and in the next moment, she reformed wearing a maid outfit.

“Wait, Emmy. You can talk now?” I’d gotten so caught up in everything that I hadn’t noticed at all.

“Heh heh. I’ve...been practicing.”

“Wow.” *She’s growing so much.*

Then, other formless beings like slimes and tentacle monsters gathered around Emmy, followed by spirit-type creatures such as dryads.

“Wait, so...”

“I made more familiars!” Catra said, puffing her chest out proudly.

“Wow, you even got spirits...”

Emmy was as beautiful as an elf next to them. It seemed like the slimes in the back had gotten stronger since the last time I’d seen them too.

“Wait. Don’t transform until I give you clothes. Come forward after that.” Noticing that the other slimes were about to follow Emmy’s lead, Ciel deployed her magic box. After receiving their outfits, the slimes transformed into humans one after another.

“Wow...”

“They’re not all quite on the same level when it comes to transforming,” Ciel commented.

“They’ll get better from here... Probably,” Catra said unconfidently.

There were probably about fifty slimes who could transform. With this, we had our maids, but as Ciel had pointed out, some of them weren’t quite as proficient at transforming.

“One of their faces is melting...”

“And that one’s legs didn’t transform at all.”

They really had their own individuality to them.

“But in any case, we have fifty maids now, which leaves...the several thousand slimes that can’t transform yet, huh?”

“Heh heh,” Emmy giggled.

Thinking about how all the slimes would eventually be able to transform into humans, we probably needed to prioritize rapidly developing the territory. But maybe that kind of work would’ve been right up the slimes’ alley.

“Emmy, we’re gonna get someone to teach the slimes who can transform how to be maids, but I’m also thinking about having the ones who can’t help with that develop the forest to the north.”

“The forest to the north?” she asked slowly.

“Yeah. The one right behind this mansion. So what I want is for the slimes to —”

“Clear it, right? Heh heh.”

“Exactly.”

The slimes had the ability to absorb things. There were slimes who ate things from weeds to medicinal herbs, while there were others who liked to eat anything at all—even garbage. With the powerful slimes under Emmy’s command, it’d be easy to clear the trees.

“Leave it to me!” Emmy said.

“Thanks.”

Emmy undid her transformation and oozed over to the rest of the slimes.



“I know we left Tron and the others to Crow, but should we go check on them?” I asked.

“He’s already assumed leadership.”

“I’m...not even surprised.”

Tron had goblins, orcs, and trolls under his command. When we arrived, they were all lined up in butler outfits, for some reason. They all lowered their heads, perfectly coordinated.

“Amazing...” I gasped.

“I believe it’s due to your Tame ability. They have soaked everything up like sponges.”

“No, this is definitely a testament to your skill, Crow.”

This meant that we could have goblins working across the territory in actual job positions.

“But still, there are so many... How many do we have here?”

“15,246,” Tron said.

“That’s precise. Good job keeping track of them, Tron.”

“There are many who won’t be useful in combat since I added entire settlements to my ranks.”

“That’s not a problem at all. But with this many members, it must’ve been hard finding a place to stay, right?”

“I greatly appreciate your insight and your concern. I’ve had them remain at their respective settlements, and when it’s time to gather like this I will take their previous leaders with me.”

“So these are the previous leaders, huh? So there must be a pretty decent amount of them left behind.”

“38,652, to be exact. Fae-type monsters are very active, reproductively speaking, so our numbers have grown by quite a lot.”

“I’m impressed you can keep track of all of that.” He’d just spat out those huge numbers like they were nothing. “I already mentioned this to Emmy, but

we're going to use the northern forest as our base of operations. I'll leave the development of it to you two."

"Yes, sir. You can count on me." Though his gestures felt almost theatrical, it worked out because he was so handsome.

So with this, the elite fae-types would be trained by Crow while the others would help with development.

"All that leaves is Ly, but..."

Despite Crow not being over there, it seemed that Ly was leading the magical beasts and beast-people.

"It's been a while. Pleasure to see you again." Ly said.

"Yeah, same here... It looks like you've got more followers too."

"Yes, sir."

Every monster in his camp looked really strong. No, they didn't just *look* strong, they *were* strong. Though they weren't as powerful as Ly's previous form as a grand wolf, all the monsters here were incredibly notorious. If they hadn't been under his command, there were enough of them to easily wipe out a town or two.

"Ly's a given, but I think some of the other beast-people could be leaders too."

"Agreed," Ciel said. "A quick scan tells me that there are certainly many who have the capacity to do so."

"Oh, right. With your eye, we can tell their potential."

"For your reference, I can't do *all* of them, okay? I'd run out of mana."

"Yeah, not all of them, but maybe..."

I looked around at everyone's followers. We were having those under Emmy's command transform into maids if they could, but I got the feeling we could use some of them to become informants. This also applied to the ones under Ly's command who could move quickly.

For Tron, we could maybe, for example, have the magic goblins form a squad

and work under Ly. But in times of peace, it might be better to have his army work as a development force.

At this point in time, the Big Four were spread across the land, but if we made our base of operations here and continued adding to our army, we could tighten up the unity of our organization.

“It might be hard if Crow’s the only instructor we have...”

“So how about doing some hiring?” Ciel suggested.

“Hm. Yeah, but...”

Who would take a recruitment notice for this kind of thing seriously? Sure, like they’d believe we were hiring for someone to help train monsters for stealth missions... But that being said, we’d already filled all the other positions we wanted, so we might as well give this a shot.

“Master, I’ll lend you a paw!”

“Catra? True, you *are* a leader too...”

“I can think of a few candidates! If you strengthen them by taming them directly, then...”

“That’d be great!”

“True,” said Ciel. “I can evaluate them with my eye if we pick out a manageable number of candidates.”

*So we’ll have Catra pick them out, Ciel evaluate them, and then I’ll strengthen them. Not a bad process.*

“Let’s figure out who has the potential to be a leader and settle on our organizational structure sooner rather than later.”

“Agreed,” Ciel said.

I figured that should take care of finding leaders from among my familiars. Next, I needed to get started on preparations for an external hire.

## Quest

“What did she say again? ‘Stand out at a guild and it’ll be easy to get people.’” As I stood outside of the Adventurer’s Guild, I repeated what Ciel had said to me before I’d left.

Standing out to attract people made sense. But before sending me on my way, she’d also impressed on me how I needed to flaunt my status as the new territory lord.

Since Catra was busy picking out potential candidates, it was just me and Kuku. He was still really small for a dragon, so the sorry sight of the two of us might’ve emboldened the gathered adventurers to shoot us their cold, piercing glares.

*“That’s the new territory lord?”*

*“I heard he played a big part in the war, but he don’t look too strong.”*

*“He’s just gained status because of Princess Ciel.”*

I wryly smiled while petting Kuku, knowing that I couldn’t really argue. “Okay then, let’s do our best here so Catra and the others training at the mansion don’t laugh at us.”

*“Kookyoo!”*

I petted Kuku as he let out a cute chirp while perching himself on my shoulder. I took a job request from the board and then walked over to the guild reception.

“Welcome! I see you’ve picked out a request. Oh, that’s...” The guild clerk’s eyes widened as she accepted the request paper from her seat. “I-I apologize, but this quest is restricted to high-ranking adventurers...”

*“The name’s Remille. I’m a B rank adventurer, so I think I’ll be okay.”*

*“I-I’m so sorry! B-But...”*

I understood why the lady at the counter was so hesitant about giving me this



job. It'd most likely been hanging there for many years and had essentially become a decoration.

Details: Kill the Monkey King, Eteresha

Location: Southern mountain range

Recommended rank: S

The Monkey King, Eteresha, was one of the magical beasts out there that'd been specifically named. It was so powerful that it couldn't be confined to a particular category of monster. It was the same way that fishermen would call a huge, legendary fish "the lord of the river."

The reason this particular magical beast had gotten the title of "king" was because of how it had already completely decimated three parties so far—a middle-level B rank party, an upper-level B rank party, and an A rank party.

"Hey, that guy took the Monkey King quest!"

"Is he an idiot? Or..."

"Nah, he's an idiot. Looks like we're gonna get a new territory lord soon."

*Well, it looks like I was successful at grabbing attention, at the very least.*

"So, about your party..." the clerk asked cautiously.

"Oh, right. Ciel's off doing something else, so it'll just be me and this guy right here."

"Kyooh!" Kuku chirped proudly.

It seemed like the clerk was at a complete loss for what to say. "Uh...o-okay. If you're going to take the quest, I'll give you all the information you need to know."

She then began looking around for the documents, which turned out to not just be a few papers, but an extremely thick album. "Eteresha has occupied this territory, south of the castle city in the mountain range. He thinks of everything in that area as his food and will consequently perceive anyone who hunts there as a thief, so he'll immediately come running."

She pointed out his territory on the map with her finger. The area he was in had become a forbidden zone. After all, if you hunted or killed a monster in this area, an S rank monster would come charging at you. Eteresha periodically moved around his territory, which made hunting there impossible, cost a lot of money to survey the area, and caused all sorts of accidents. This was why the guild hadn't taken down the request to get rid of him. But since I knew I could defeat him, I found the fact that he would come to me very nice.

"Our recommendation is to fight him at the very edge of his territory, so that if you find yourself at a disadvantage, you can immediately retreat outside of that area. Fortunately, though he may have a strong fixation on his prey, he won't pursue enemies out of his territory."

"I see. So I should fight in a position where I can run away, huh?"

That was definitely a safe and appropriate plan. Even I was scared of fighting an S rank monster. But the reason I'd come here, brimming with the confidence to take on this quest, was because Ciel had ordered me to. If I hadn't acted like I was confident, the guild employees would've definitely stopped me, and I wouldn't have been able to stand out like I wanted to.

"Thank you. For proof of completion...you know what? I'll bring his whole body back," I said.

"U-Understood!"

He wasn't particularly huge or anything—maybe about the size of a large human. Objectively speaking, he was smaller than most demons. But despite his size, he was an S rank mark. In short, it wasn't his size that made him formidable, but his high combat ability. I needed to keep my guard up.



"Kyoo kyoo!"

"You're in a good mood, Kuku."

"Kookyoo!" He was happily flying around me as we walked into the forest.

"If you were just a little bit bigger, moving around would be a cinch."

There was a dragon's saddle in the magic box, but Kuku wasn't big enough to

be fitted with one yet. Right now, I was just thinking that it'd be a nice option to ride on his back in the future. For now, I was going to enjoy walking with him.

“Now then...”

“Kyoooh?”

“Well, about our opponent, the Monkey King—he’s killed over ten adventurers so far, so I can’t just tame him.”

But at the same time, I would be lying if I didn’t feel a pang of guilt for deciding to kill him. After all, it’s not like I had any specific beef with him. I’d killed the goblins in the ruins right after meeting Catra without even flinching, but now I had a lot of monsters training to become butlers, servants, or anything from leaders to substitute territory lords. Now that they’d been humanized in my mind, it became hard to simply label monsters as my enemies.

“But also, I guess I don’t really have a choice.”

“Kyoooh!”

Just as Kuku came close to console me, I saw a black shadow.

“Kyoooh?!”

“Kuku!”

It’d been so fast that it took a while for my brain to process what had happened. When the shadow stopped, I finally saw it with Kuku firmly gripped in its hand, licking my companion with its tongue.

“This bastard...” It was the Monkey King, Eteresha.

The eerie black monkey sneered at me as he licked Kuku again.

“Kyoooh!”

“Let go of Kuku!”

I brought out a guandao from the magic box and sliced at the Monkey King. But he nimbly dodged it and cackled as he climbed a tree.

“Ook kee!”

“Bastard...” It seemed like he was a good opponent to not hold back on.

“Kuku, come back to me!”

“Kyooh!”

I used Disarmament to free Kuku and hide him behind me. Of course, the Monkey King was enraged after I stole Kuku back. It seemed like his strong fixation on his prey was no exaggeration.

Eteresha let out an angry roar. His fur stood on end, and he emitted an aura so strong it made the area feel like it was shaking.

“Bring it!”

In the next moment, he flew at me so quickly that I thought the air itself shook. But I knew where he was coming from, so it was easy to ready my guandao to intercept him. *As long as I can stop his movements...*

“*Slow!*”

“Geeah?!”

He seemed surprised for a moment, but then grinned as he realized that my spell hadn’t been that big of a deal. As he taunted me, I...

“*Slow.*”

“Geeah?!”

“*Slow!*”

“Gh?!”

“*Slow! Slow! Slow! Slow!!!*”

“Gh?!”

Layer Chants was a skill that allowed me to stack identical spells. After practicing it as Ciel had instructed me to, I’d become able to stack ten lower-level spells at once. This meant that a simple spell like *Fire* could become as strong as an upper-level spell like *Giga Flare*. So even if *Slow* was a weak spell on its own, casting it seven times had the same effect as an upper-level spell, and I could stop him in his tracks—to his great surprise.

“Now then...”

Seeing the confidence in my eyes, all the bravado faded from the Monkey King's face. But it was too late. "*Giga Flare! Giga Flare! Giga Flare!*"

"Kee!"

I'd used Layer Chant to cast three upper-level spells. The flames in my hand compressed and released a bright light with legendary force. An upper-level spell being stacked three times would result in an incredible amount of power.

"Try this on for size."

Eteresha screamed out as he died, reduced to nothing but bones in an instant. The fact that there was anything left at all was really a testament to his status as an S rank monster.

"Is this...gonna be okay?"

"Kookyoo!"

Kuku, who'd been treated as the Monkey King's food, cuddled up to me. But he wasn't trying to be pampered. He was most likely frustrated that he couldn't have done more. He rubbed his head against mine over and over and began chirping. And then...

"Huh?"

"Kyooh?" Kuku's body started to glow.

"Oh!"

"Kyooh!"

In the next moment, he grew all at once to about the size of a horse. Suddenly, I remembered what Ciel had said to me earlier. *They get experience points from doing things that they don't usually experience, huh?* Being caught as food and licked all over by the Monkey King was definitely not something a predator like a dragon would normally experience.

"When you glowed, I thought you were gonna do the same thing as Catra."

"Kyooh!" he chirped, as if he would have liked that to happen too.

He tried getting me to dote on him as though trying to say that he wished it'd turned out the same as with Catra, but he was too big now, so his nuzzling

pushed me over.





*But from now on...* I brought out the saddle, and Kuku's face brightened. He then proceeded to deftly fasten the harness to himself.

"You're gonna let me fly on you?"

"Kookyoooh!"

It was as if he'd chirped out saying, "Of course!" I hopped onto his back and then we were off into the air, allowing me to experience my first flight in the sky.



"You...defeated him?" the guild clerk said, after I returned and reported the completion of the job.

"Yep. But all I have are his bones..."

"P-Please wait here!" She ran off to the back of the guild in a panic. This caused the adventurers present to murmur in buzzing excitement.

"Did you hear that?! He defeated *the* Monkey King!"

"He came back flyin' on a dragon, right? Maybe he *is* strong enough to take down the Monkey King..."

It seemed like they weren't completely convinced that I'd actually done it, but soon enough the clerk returned.

"S-Sorry! I had to call over an assessor to confirm the completion of the quest. If you could please wait just a little..."

*I see.* But at that exact moment, the doors to the guild flew open.

"No need for that."

"Wha— Princess Ciel?! Your Highness!"

"What's she doing in a place like this?!"

"Don't you know?! With her help, the new territory lord..."

"I get why you're so surprised if your only knowledge of her is from rumors, and you've never seen her in the flesh before."

The adventurers continued chattering, but Ciel paid them no attention and

made a beeline for the counter.

“Is there something wrong with me doing the appraisal?” she asked.

“Wh-What?! N-No, of course not, Your Highness!”

“Don’t worry, I’m not soft on this guy. If he brought some random monkey’s bones back here, I’ll send him right back to the forest.”

“Oh, come on...” I muttered.

Everyone had been caught up in Ciel’s pace, and she began to stare at the bones I’d left on the counter. She spoke soon after, though. “There’s no mistake. These are the bones of the Monkey King.”

The adventurers’ buzzing erupted into full-blown noise.

“Whoa! Did you hear that?!”

“The new lord’s no pushover!”

The entire atmosphere changed, except for a few hold-outs.

“Didn’t he just set this all up so he could take the credit?”

“Yeah, he doesn’t seem strong at all.”

There were some adventurers who still didn’t accept what’d happened. But thanks to that, my name was spreading across the guild in a good way—exactly as we wanted.

Ciel met my gaze, and we nodded.

“So anyway, I think you all know that Remille here has been entrusted with the management of this territory,” Ciel said to the clerk, loudly enough so that everyone around could hear. “We’re looking for people to help us build a new territory.”

“You’re looking for...people?”

I picked up from where Ciel had left off. “We have work at the mines, development of new territory, and positions for leaders and instructors to assist with the territory’s management.”

“Would you like to make a request for a job posting at the guild?” the clerk

asked.

“Yeah. We’ll do some recruitment outside of here as well, but my main ability is Tame, so we’d like people who are okay with monsters.”

“I see... In that case, I’d be happy to assist!”

She immediately began the application process. As I told the clerk the details of the request, Ciel surveyed the adventurers.

“How’s it looking?” I asked her.

“Mm... After inspecting all your familiars, everyone here seems so weak.”

“Well...not much we can do about that.”

*But also, if there were someone here who could go toe-to-toe with a divine beast, that’d be incredibly scary.*

“Well, for better or worse, rumors will spread from this. We’ll just have to pick from whoever comes along.”

“True enough.”

We exited the guild, still bathed in the adventurers’ attention. After that, word about us recruiting personnel started to spread, along with rumors about me defeating the Monkey King. Ultimately, we got enough people applying that it made Ciel’s eyes spin. At the very least, we’d accomplished what we’d set out to do at the guild.

## Running a Territory

Ciel had decided to stay back at the guild in the castle city. After all, she was going to be the one mainly dealing with the people applying to be leaders in our organization. I'd already sent some of the slimes that could transform and had learned how to do clerical work with Ciel for processing candidates, but ultimately Ciel had the final say about who was hired. It seemed like it was going to take several days before she finished, so I decided to head back to the mansion with just Kuku. Thanks to his evolution, we got back in no time at all.

"Whoa! This is amazing!" We found that the forest behind it had already been turned into a settlement for the monsters.

"Your kind words are wasted on me."

"You were in charge of all this, right, Tron?"

"Yes... However, I'm certain that development would have proceeded without any difficulties even if I had not been at the helm. After all, everyone played an important role in getting this land developed."

As Tron had said, there were others helping lead the development efforts, like goblins, orcs, and even Ly's beast-men. The strength-oriented magical beasts knocked down the trees while the slimes used Absorption on the trees we didn't need. Then the goblins and fae-types who were more skilled with their hands were left to do the construction work, like building wooden huts, waterways, and fields.

"Where's Ly?" I asked.

"Over there," Tron said with a point.

"Thanks." I followed his directions and quickly found Ly. "Huh?"

"Master..."

"You look beaten up... Are you okay?" He was covered in wounds, so I couldn't help being concerned.

“It’s nothing to worry about whatsoever. I was just doing some training...” Ly shot a glance at a certain group.

“With the goblins?” I asked.

“Indeed. They’ve become very skilled after being trained by Sir Crow. They were meant to be trained as military leaders, however they themselves are all very strong as well...”

*Uh...hold on. Ly, you know that you’re a lycanthrope—a strengthened version of a grand wolf, right?* Grand wolves were the strongest wolf-type magical beast. They were pretty much A rank in terms of strength. But he was a lycanthrope—a type of divine beast. That alone easily made him S rank. He might not have stood among the strongest S ranks, but he certainly wasn’t a slouch even compared to them. So how...

“Though it may have been three of them against me, they got me good...”

As soon as I looked at them, the goblins straightened up and paid me respect. They *looked* like plain old goblins, but I could tell from their auras that they were no pushovers. I’d become astute enough to be able to discern that.

“Did you all become goblin kings?” I asked.

Goblin kings carried an A rank and were very worthy opponents as monsters. I’d figured that maybe three A rank creatures could take down an S rank, but...

“No, we’re—”

But just as one of them was about to answer, Catra yelled out at me and drowned it out. “Oh! Master!”

No sooner had I heard her than she appeared right next to me and began rubbing her head against me.

“Welcome back!” she purred.

“Thanks.”

“Purrfect timing! I want you to tame these goblins directly!”

“Do you have some kind of idea?”

The only monsters I’d directly tamed were Catra, the Big Four, and some of

the tentacle monsters. I usually left the rest of them to Catra or the Big Four. It was partially a way to be conscious of my tame capacity, but since they were also indirectly tamed due to being subordinates of Catra and the others, they got most of the perks of being tamed anyway, like enhancement.

“Yep! If you tame them directly, they’ll evolve! I’m sure you have the capacity to spare.”

Catra was right. My capacity had probably expanded quite a bit. The simple reason being that by bringing all my followers here and having them do “unfamiliar” work—as Ciel had called it—I’d gotten a portion of the experience points that they’d earned. With the huge amount that I’d accumulated, I could feel a great power welling inside of me. It was so much that I was starting to look forward to the next time Ciel was going to appraise me. The biggest difference between a direct tame and an indirect tame was what Catra had mentioned—evolution.

“If they’re going to be commanders, they might evolve into goblin generals or maybe even goblin kings.”

There was a chance that they could evolve to a higher form by themselves, though it was a rare phenomenon. But by directly taming them, I’d be able to give them a better chance at evolution.

“They might just stop at high goblins, though!” The goblins looked visibly disappointed at Catra’s words. “But with a connection to you and some training, there’s a strong possibility that they’ll be able to evolve into the highest form of their species.”

*Wow. I never thought I’d see the day where Catra would learn how to work a crowd in both directions. But that aside...*

“Okay, then let’s get to taming,” I said.

“Really?!” the three goblins exclaimed excitedly.

“Yeah, as long as the three of you are okay with it.”

“Of course!”

“Yes, please!”

“We’ve trained to be tamed by you, master.”

*Really?* Maybe sensing my confusion, one of the goblins elaborated.

“We are the surviv—I mean, victors of our instructor’s training.”

*Was he trying to say “survivors”?* That sounded frightening, so I decided not to press any further.

“We were constantly told throughout our training that we were not at a sufficient level to have you tame us,” he continued.

“Being tamed by you grants a great amount of power. However, when receiving that power, one must have the appropriate amount of skill, or it’s meaningless,” another goblin explained.

*Oh, I see. Well, I guess it’s true that the last time I tamed tentacle monsters, they didn’t get any stronger because they were already much stronger than I was in the first place.*

“Having you tame us is the ultimate reward. You’ve no idea how much we’ve waited for this moment.”

*Would it be uncouth to quip that it’s only been a few days?* But maybe their training with Crow had just been so grueling that it felt like it’d lasted forever.

“Well, if you guys insist... But just remember that being tamed shouldn’t be your end goal. We’re going for an evolution!” I said.

“Yes, sir!”

But also, now that I thought about it, just being able to speak should’ve already made them a class above high goblins. They’d probably gotten much stronger than they’d realized.

“Tame.”

“Oh!”

“This sensation...”

“I can feel the power overflowing!”

As soon as I used Tame on all of them, their bodies were enshrouded by light as they each grew two sizes. *Wow...*



“You guys aren’t *just* goblin kings.” From the looks of things, they’d become a goblin lord, a goblin king, and a goblin general—all of the high-form evolutions.

“Pawesome! This is gonna make work go so much faster!” Catra cheered.  
“Let’s get going!”

“Wait, allow me to thank our master!”

“Ms. Catra... Your power is amazing.”

“Even though we evolved, you’re still so much more powerful.”

Catra dragged the three of them off to the work zone. *She’s really gotten strong. Well, stronger.* She had mentioned that she had a similar skill to Ability Absorption, so with all those under her command, she must’ve increased her strength by quite a bit. If she fought for real, she’d have been at least a mid-level S rank.

“She’s gotten so strong just off of the experience she gets from those under her. I need to work harder too.”

“From my perspective, both you and Catra are unbelievably strong,” Ly said.

“Up until a loop ago, from my perspective, a lycanthrope was unbelievably strong too.”

Hearing me mention “a loop ago” made Ly a little confused, but it didn’t seem like he wanted to make any quips about it.

“Master Remille, you have guests,” a new voice suddenly said.

“Whoa! Crow?!”

“My apologies for startling you.”

“Don’t be. Who’s here?”

Without Ciel around, it meant that I’d have to deal with whoever they were by myself. *Ugh, my body feels heavy.* And with a similarly heavy heart, I reluctantly returned to the mansion with a determination to fulfill whatever expectations the person who’d come had of me as a territory lord—a job that I was completely unfamiliar with.

# Visitors

“Huh? This isn’t quite what I’d expected.”

“I thought this might suit you better, Master Remille.”

“Well, yeah, but...”

When he’d mentioned that I had visitors, I’d imagined I was to be meeting with some kind of well-dressed group in the mansion’s parlor, but for some reason, Crow had brought me to the reception area in the garden.

Gathered here were the mayor, the minister of trade and commerce, adventurers, a girl from the town—basically, there were all kinds of people from the castle town here.

“Uh...is it okay if we stand and talk?” I asked.

“So long as that allows us to speak with you, we’re comfortable with anything you prefer. If anything, we greatly appreciate your generosity in receiving us.” An old man stepped forward, speaking for the group. “I apologize for the late introduction. My name is Fhatm, and I’m the mayor of the castle town.”

“Oh. Cool. I’m Remille. Nice to meet you.”

I’d been instructed by Crow many times to always use a level of formality proportional to my conversation partner’s standing, so I tried speaking more casually. I got the sense that Crow was mentally sending me signals to do just that as well.

“Well, I don’t want to take any more of your time, so I’ll cut right to the chase. We were taxed very heavily by the previous earl, Lord Argus, and were required to give up many things during the civil war—labor, troops, and more. Now the town and the surrounding villages can barely stand on their own two feet.”

“We’ll explain how the villages are faring,” a middle-aged man said. His plate armor made it very obvious he was an adventurer. He was clearly different from the adventurers in the guild who’d given me dirty looks; even his party

members seemed very subdued. “The young people in the villages were heavily involved with the harvest, so the villages took a hit when they were conscripted for war. Though some of them are back now, others haven’t been so lucky. Right now, we’re supplying them with materials, but at this rate, some villagers may starve to death.”

“It’s that bad?” I asked. As its lord, I didn’t have a good enough sense of how perilous a state the territory was in.

The leader of the adventurers smiled weakly. “We’re not blaming you. We know you only just started. However, I wanted to ask if you have any kind of counter-strategies cooking.”

“Counter-strategies?”

I shot Crow a look. We should’ve been implementing our tax plan, among other things, but...

“As embarrassing as it is, I was lacking information,” Crow said. “In this situation, it’s too late for a tax cut to salvage anything. I believe a full restructuring is necessary.”

“I see...”

*This might be a good chance. I’ve been so focused on developing the north at any cost because I didn’t think that the monsters would get along with the humans.* Perhaps it was the right time to make this proposal, given how dire the situation was.

“Crow, I’d like you to call Tron and a few elites over here.”

“As you wish,” Crow said with a smile before disappearing.

It was really strange how he was just a servant. The other people present froze up out of surprise.

“Sorry, but could you all wait a little? I’ll fill you in on my plan.” *It might be good to let them relax while I do that—especially the mayor, since he’s up there in age.* “I’m not used to using this magic, but... *Stone Make!*”

“What?!”

“Is this...?”

I'd used a spell that allowed me to change the shape of stone. "Feel free to use the chairs while we wait. Sorry about the quality, though," I said.

"You used magic in an instant...and on this scale..." murmured the mage from the adventurer's party in surprise.

"You're exaggerating. Adventurers can probably do this without any difficulty," I said.

"No... I couldn't do that. Maybe if I did it one leg at a time, but still..."

"Well, you'd run out of mana before you could even finish a single chair. That's the limit of a C rank adventurer, boss," the thief in their party, who was standing next to her, said with a laugh.

"I heard rumors that you're in consideration for being promoted to an S rank adventurer after movin' up to A rank," the mage said to me. "Don't tell me..."

But just as this topic began, Crow came back. It seemed like he'd understood exactly what I'd meant, because he'd returned with just Tron. He possessed so much beauty that he enthralled man and woman alike. The other members he'd brought with him were hidden.

"I've answered your call. Is there something I may assist with?" Tron asked.

"Oh, no. I don't need you to do anything. If you could just stand there, that'd be great."

"Understood." Tron didn't put up any fuss at all. He just stood there vibrantly.

Watching this, I decided to tell the people gathered the following: "So, let me ask you all. What does Tron look like to you?"

"An elf, right? It's the first time I've laid eyes on such a beautiful person," the village girl answered.



*Perfect.*

“Do you have connections to the elves?!” the mayor asked.

*I'll ignore the fact that the mayor is jumping to conclusions for now.* “Actually, Oberon is a former King Troll,” I explained. Then I began to give him a command. “Tron—”

“Yes, sir.”

Tron was able to guess what I wanted without me even having to say it and transformed his body into a troll so large that you had to crane your neck to look at his face.

“Was that acceptable?” Tron asked, returning to his original form.

My guests were frozen, with their jaws on the floor. In their silence, I continued talking.

“I’m a tamer, so I tame monsters and then strengthen them. That’s how I’ve been managing the territory. Even right now, I’m having monsters develop an area behind the mansion.”

It seemed like the adventurers’ leader had finally begun to understand what I was saying. “Wha—?! So you’re saying that we have a den of monsters in our backyard?!”

“Yeah, but they’re on our side. As you can see, Tame is absolute. As long as they’re under my command, they’ll be stronger than humans—and with some training, they’ll be smart too. Most importantly, we’ll be able to solve our labor shortage.”

“Don’t tell me that your plan is to—”

“Here’s my proposal: Why don’t you use my followers for the restoration effort? In exchange, I want everyone in the castle town and the surrounding areas to work together to live with the monsters.”

They all froze again after hearing my proposal before falling into thought. After a little bit, the mayor raised his head.

“I believe working toward coexistence is a very rocky road. Do you have any

ideas on how to accomplish this?”

“Don’t hurt each other. For starters, I think that’s all that you’ll need to do. There’s no need for people and monsters to work on something together. They’ll be following my orders to restore the villages, so people can deal with me rather than with them. Regardless of how things are right now, taxes will eventually help support this territory.”

“I see...”

“I can promise you that fights won’t be started because of something as trivial as a kid throwing a rock at them. But if *adults* do anything like that, I can assure you that their village would be wiped out entirely.”

“Wh-What...?”

“Well, warnings like that should keep people in line, at least. I think in the meantime, they’ll become friends.”

“Oh... I see...”

“Also, you might’ve already heard, but I have a tax reduction strategy as well. We’re going to use it to attract merchants. Setting the villages aside, the towns seem to have a lot of adventurers who need work. With that in mind, we have open positions for jobs in the mines or being leaders for the monsters. I think a lot’s gonna change.”

“Whoa...”

“Did you hear that about the tax cut?”

“I’d like to hear more details...”

The merchants in the back were getting excited.

“Are you going to provide safe jobs even for old men who are having a tough time making a living as an adventurer?” asked the leader of the adventurers.

“Yeah, we have some perfect jobs lined up.”

“Interesting. The name’s Radol, by the way. Keep talking.”

“Sure. So...”

I’d been looking for an adventurer like Radol. He’d be the bridge we’d use to



connect the humans and the monsters, starting with the goblins. I wanted to hire him to do that. He seemed like a pretty stand-up guy, so I felt pretty confident about it. Then again, I might not have been the best judge of character, given how I'd wasted my past seven loops staying with people who hated me. I'd need a second opinion from Ciel later.



Things moved pretty quickly after that. We had the mayor make an announcement, and then a few days later, I ordered the goblins to move into the town. Simultaneously, rumors were spread using the adventurers' guild to make sure that all surrounding villages knew that harming the monsters would incur the wrath of the territory lord. There were still plenty of folks who had an aversion to them, though.

"Boss, how's this? I think we're sitting pretty!" said the thief from Radol's party.

"I get the feeling that things have gotten kinda crazy over the past few days. But I guess everything's okay," I said.

Starting with Radol and the others, we were having many parties of adventurers and town leaders try out living in the northern settlement that we'd developed. It was a very sudden request, but we'd made inns and houses where guests could live in the goblin settlement.

At first, Radol and the others had their reservations, but there wasn't a shadow of that anymore. They were so relaxed that I was starting to worry that they might not be doing their jobs.

"I'm pretty sure we talked about getting clothes for the goblins so that the people in town would be okay with them. But this kinda looks more like a cosplay festival."

"Whaddya mean? Who's gonna have an issue with these guys? They've got hearts of gold!"

"Keeh!"

The thief, whose name was Wib, was getting along very well with the monsters. They were joining shoulders and laughing boisterously. *They're*

*drunk, aren't they?*

"Sorry. I'll let them do their jobs..."

*"Thanks." I'll have to tell Radol about this.*

Ultimately, Ciel had checked all of them, and they'd all passed. All of them were genuinely good-hearted people. Apparently they'd been helping the penniless villagers this entire time. As a bonus, Ciel threw in a special training program, overseen by the goblin general. I wasn't sure how great that present of hers really was, but the adventurers had already grown to B rank.

At that level of strength, so long as the various towns and villages were on good terms with both the adventurers and the monsters, there was probably no way anything bad could happen. I was mostly certain that I didn't have to worry about whether or not this strategy would work out. After all, each of the monsters in the first group was the higher form of its respective species.

Out of the adventurers in the guild, we'd negotiated and invited those who wouldn't have any problem interacting with high-level monsters and brought them to the developed land ahead of time. Ciel's inspections made sure we weeded out all the potential problems. Fortunately, nobody had any ill will toward the adventurers here.

"All that leaves is..."

*Just gotta wait for Ciel to bring back candidates for people who can help to serve in governing the territory.* Everyone's ages and social standings were all over the place, but with Ciel's Appraisal, we could place them all appropriately.

We only sent those we could absolutely trust—a very limited few—to work with Emmy and the others as maids while also training as spies. Those whom we thought had aptitude for military-related affairs or leadership were placed under Ly's command as candidates for key executives to assist with the army. Lastly, Tron, or more accurately Crow, trained others to help with everything from servant to government work. They helped a lot of different talents blossom.

We used Ciel's eye to discern normal people's abilities and bring them into the fold instead of getting people who'd already made a name for themselves.

Our strategy of using hidden gems meant we never had to worry about other places running out of talented individuals.

“I think this territory’s really functioning,” I said.

“It’s really an entire monster reformation. I never expected for the towns to be filled with monsters while I was gone,” Ciel commented. All I could do was nervously laugh. “But I guess with this, you can begin preparations to leave the territory.”

“Yeah...”

I’d been tasked with overseeing the territory, but I had no intention of staying here forever—or rather, I couldn’t. There was a horror two years or so into the future that I needed to defeat, and I needed to meet with the goddess that had created it. In order to do that...

“I need to get even stronger. I want to research the Keyes house myself.”

“Well, whether you’re trying to get stronger or just researching them, you’ll need your own strength—Tame.”

Though Ciel said this, it still didn’t feel real to me. But as soon as that thought had crossed my mind, Ciel seemed to read my mind once again. “Let’s move on to the next phase. I’m gonna have you learn an entire mountain of spells.”

“All right!”

If Ciel’s Appraisal was working in full, and I kept stacking experience points and gathering additional XP from my demons, I’d soon be...

“I’m looking forward to it,” I said.

“Well, look who’s being optimistic.”

“It’s all thanks to you, Ciel.”

“Wha—” After being complimented so directly, her cheeks turned red. “Don’t get cheeky with me,” she said, slapping me on the back.

# Training

“Okay, why don’t you tell me what it is that you think you lack?” Ciel said.

“That’s tough...”

After leaving the management of the territory to my subordinates, Ciel and I had headed out to a nearby dungeon. Because this was for my training, I’d left Catra behind. But also, Catra was being fairly proactive in helping with the management of the territory. In exchange, I’d brought Kuku with me since he wasn’t busy doing anything.

“What I’m lacking...huh?” Nothing was really coming to mind.

“I guess we should add ‘thinking power’ to the list.”

“I *am* thinking!” If I let down my guard, she would verbally abuse me. But thinking about her question more... “I have too many things I’m lacking.”

“The fact you came up with *that* as an answer is the problem.”

“Huh?”

“What you’re lacking is self-awareness.”

“I...am?”

“At the very least, you should start by realizing that you have a lot more at your disposal than the average person.”

“Okay...” I wasn’t entirely surprised by her answer. I felt like that’d been something I’d been criticized about a lot.

“But depending on your opponent... Lacking a little confidence might not be the wrong answer.”

“Then why did you snap at me?”

“Oh, put a sock in it! Anyway, there’s no way you can hold a candle to that goddess with how you are right now.” I wasn’t satisfied with her answer, but she was already changing topics, so I decided to let sleeping dogs lie for now.

“And in any case, you need to have some self-awareness. Just ‘getting stronger’ isn’t going to cut it—you’re at the point where you can learn skills just by thinking about them, given all your XP. You have to take your level relative to your opponent’s into account, and then prepare what you objectively think you’ll need to win.”

“So what, like I need some intel on the goddess? True. We have no idea what she’s really about.” Even Ciel’s Appraisal didn’t work on her. We had so little information that I couldn’t even tell how prepared I was going to need to be.

“Exactly. So in order to make sure that you’re always in the best possible position, we’re gonna do some training that’s a little odd. Otherwise, at this rate...”

“At this rate, what?” I couldn’t help but be concerned by her words even though I got what she was trying to say.

“Well, we know that House Keyes is involved. Getting information on them should be the right plan of attack for now.”

“So...are we also here for that?”

“Exactly. This dungeon is perfect for our purposes.”

“How...? Is there something nearby that has to do with House Keyes?”

“No. I mean that it’s perfect for you to gain a necessary skill for getting information on them.” An intrepid smile crept across Ciel’s face.

“In...*this* dungeon?”

“More specifically, the numerous dungeons in this area that haven’t been cleared yet.”

After speaking with the mayor and Radol, I’d learned that there was an area in the territory that people didn’t really approach. It consisted of dungeons that had yet to be cleared, like the one we were at right now.

Usually, dungeons were at least partially cleared—and thus had maps of them that could be purchased—so people could come and make money in the safer areas. But unexplored dungeons were different; you needed to make the map yourself. Take a wrong step, and suddenly the enemies you’d run into would be

ten times stronger than the enemy you had just faced. Sometimes there'd be a floor with nothing but slimes, and you'd think you were safe, but then you'd get done in by an insta-kill trap. Essentially, you had to be prepared to deal with a lot of irregularities.

Because there were adventurers who just wanted to get rich quick—or in horrible cases, people who sent in slaves just for making some no-risk profits—managing dungeons had been left to the guilds.

The guilds solved the problem of the unexplored dungeons by only allowing adventurers A rank and above to explore them. There weren't many A rank adventurers to begin with, so the dungeons here had remained unexplored for a while. Most likely, this was because this territory hadn't been able to attract many A rank adventurers in general.

But if the dungeons stayed unexplored, in rare cases, the demons would overflow from the dungeon into the surrounding areas and begin expelling their miasma. Because of that, clearing these dungeons was important for both the territory lord as well as the adventurers.

"I'm sure you can already sense it, but because of the horde of monsters you have under you, you're always overflowing with experience points," Ciel said. "You're in a state where you're constantly leveling up automatically."

"I can't really sense it. How many experience points have I gotten so far?"

"You've gotten about as many experience points in this loop as you did in the past seven loops combined."

"Huh?" *Seriously? As much as my past seven loops? But also, without that experience, I wouldn't have been able to tame all the monsters I have now.*

"Think about it. You have an awakened behemoth, a Big Four consisting of divine beast-level monsters, and a force of elites. On top of that, you have thousands upon thousands in your huge army, and every last one of them is feeding you experience points. Of course you're like this."

*Is it really that matter-of-fact? But whether I thought it was didn't matter, since reality told me that it was. As usual, though this was about me, it was all happening at a huge scale that I couldn't wrap my head around. Let's shift gears*

*and think about what I need to do right now.*

“So what am I gonna do here?” I asked Ciel.

“Hm...how about you tame every last monster in there?”

“Huh?”

“Hm?”

We both froze.

“Y-You’re kidding, right?!”

“You can do it. Though this dungeon hasn’t been cleared yet, we have information about the first three floors. You can get a general idea about the rest of the dungeon from that,” Ciel said, spreading out some papers to explain to me. “Most likely this is a short dungeon, with only ten floors. The boss is a wolf-type monster. But because it’s a short dungeon, the boss will be strong. Taking into account how the people who’ve explored here could only get to the third floor, it wouldn’t be strange if the final level’s boss is a fenrir or something.”

*That’s right. The more difficult dungeons are usually shorter, strangely enough.* On the flip side, dungeons geared toward novices were over one hundred floors long, leaving the first ten as safe areas. But even so...

“It doesn’t matter if it’s only ten floors, I can’t tame *everything* in there! If I had that kind of capacity, wouldn’t it be better to just tame everything under my command now?”

“Kyooh!” Kuku chirped. It was hard to tell if he really understood what was going on, but either way, he rested on my head in his smaller form.

“Well...it’s all about how you think about it. You could increase your overall military strength by taming the monsters you already have, but it’s a more effective use of your capacity to start from scratch.”

“I guess that’s true, but...”

*There’s something else besides efficiency that I’d like to take into consideration, but the plan Ciel’s proposing blows my small thinking out of the water.*

“You’ve gotten pretty busy recently, right?”

“Well, yeah... Why?” Ciel really jumped between topics so suddenly.

“And how many unexplored dungeons are in this territory?” she asked.

It was as if she wasn’t really listening to me, or wanted to move things forward without any regard to me. *Oh well. I’m not going to fight her on this.*

“There are about twenty total, if I remember right.”

“We don’t have the time to clear each one by ourselves.”

*Of course we don’t. You can really only get through five floors a day. We’d probably have to camp inside this dungeon for a night to finish all ten floors.* Just as I began pondering why she was asking me that question, Ciel returned to the topic at hand with a conclusion that I hadn’t even considered.

“That’s why if you tame all of the monsters starting from the entrance down, I think you can clear every dungeon.”

“Huh?”

“My eye’s saying you can do it. That’s why we came to the dungeon with the fewest number of floors first.”

“Are you...serious?”

Ciel’s eye was already glowing aquamarine as Appraisal activated. It didn’t look like she was joking. But this was all so sudden that my mind still hadn’t caught up.

“If you’re able to clear a dungeon in an instant, you’ll get stronger at an incredibly fast rate.”

*Yeah, I would. If I tame every last monster in there, I have no clue how much experience I’d get from them due to Ability Absorption.* I could already tell that I’d get so many skills that I wouldn’t be able to count them anymore. The problem was Tame—and the level of the sub-skill that accompanied it.

Ciel had said that I could tame everything in this dungeon. If I was able to use Tame to clear this dungeon, then naturally, the skill’s rank would rise and so would my capacity. If I kept repeating that, then the amount of dungeons that I



could clear with Tame would also increase, and then the amount of tamed monsters in the territory would increase too...

“If I can pull this off, it’ll be really fun.”

“I know, right?” Ciel grinned. It was the same kind of playful smile that a child would wear, even though what we were trying to do was crazy.

*But I guess after seeing her face, I kinda wanna give this a try.* “Let’s give this a shot...”

If I could pull off this secret skill of clearing a dungeon without even going inside, it might not be a fool’s errand to try and match the strength of that goddess.

# Keyes

“Oh? It seems they’ve begun something interesting once again.”

“Is there something the matter, Lady Melphes?”

“Oh. My apologies. Please continue.”

At present, there was a woman sitting inside the reception room of the Keyes mansion, despite it being a special room that only a very select few were allowed to enter. Melphes was the very same goddess that Remille and Ciel had set their sights on.

There were only four marquesses in the country, and Keyes was one of them. He was currently meeting with the goddess, Melphes. She didn’t call herself a goddess in front of him, but considering the achievements her research had brought to the Keyes house, the power imbalance was distinct—so she could be practically called a goddess just the same.

“The main topic of discussion today is the next policy for the prosperity of our territory.”

“Uh-huh...” Melphes smiled with a gentle expression. Then from that very same expression came a very bizarre suggestion. “We should have the third daughter of House Rutus marry into yours.”

“House Rutus... You wish to pursue the members of that foolish party again?”

She giggled. “Think about it. If not for the way they made fools of themselves, that mage Rui might have ended up not being an option as a tool for a political marriage. This card is the one that’ll make our hand the strongest.”

A cold sweat began running down the back of Marquess Keyes’s neck. He was the highest level of nobility. Of course, he often had to prioritize practicality over emotion to motivate his people. But still, he’d look at the balance between practicality and emotion and make his decisions in anguish.

The goddess in front of him, however, was making decisions without emotion

and purely by practicality. She was treating people as if they were cards in a game. Even in the civil war, House Keyes had been in a position—and with the necessary forces—to save the Earl of Argus, but the goddess had been cold in her response.

“I don’t mind you lending aid, but...don’t help him win,” she’d said.

“Why...is that?”

“Oh, just something for the sake of the future.”

“For the future?”

“Now that this war has begun, it won’t end until one side is completely destroyed. So it’ll be best if he loses as quickly, simply, and thoroughly as possible.”



And just like that, the tiny ranks of the higher-level nobility had grown even smaller. In Keyes’s eyes, it seemed as if everything had been playing out just as Melphes had imagined it to. They were dancing in the palm of her hand.

“In the first place, the most important thing in strategic marriages for marquesses isn’t the social status of their partner’s family, right? The most important thing is what abilities they bring to the table. At her young age, Rui is able to control four elements, and she’s a future candidate for a sage. She’s also the daughter of a viscount, so she passes the lineage requirement. You’ve no reason to reject her now.”

“But...think about the damage done to her family name.”

“That’s nothing. We’ll have an opportunity to prove their worth.”

“An...opportunity?”

“Well, fortunately, another disaster will be striking this country quite soon.”

“A disaster?”

An intrepid smile crept across Melphes’s face. “I’ve confirmed a large spawning of monsters near the royal capital—more than have ever been seen before. It also seems like they’re being led by a territory lord.”

“Is that...true?”

“Do you doubt me?”

“No! Of course not!” Even in the back of his mind, Keyes was no longer concerned about how Melphes received her information before he could. He’d just accepted it as a matter of fact and had become used to it through their conversations. “Then, by defeating those monsters and protecting the royal family, we can—”

“Indeed. You’ll be able to protect your honor and dignity. You’ll be able to clear the names of those two houses who’ve had their reputations sullied if you take both of them with you as well.”

“I see...”

The events of the colosseum had already become a normal joke among nobility. With Argus losing his title, there were only two families left of the three from the colosseum incident that retained some amount of respect: the family that Rui belonged to, Rutus, and the family that Aman belonged to, Kain.

The house of Keyes was on friendly terms with both of those houses. Wiping that incident from the record wasn’t just necessary for him, but for them as well.

“That being said, there’s no point in attacking until the monsters have done something wrong,” Melphes continued.

“Even with how many there are?”

“Indeed. That’s why it’s important to wait, but...the opportunity will come soon. Before that, I think it’d be best if you focused on moving the marriage preparations along.”

“Understood.”

In the next moment, Melphes disappeared, leaving behind just the memory of her smile. Keyes could finally breathe a sigh of relief. Though he used to be surprised by this, nothing surprised him about Melphes anymore. That’s how used to her he’d gotten.

That’s why even if she immediately disappeared, as if she’d been a part of a

magician's trick, he was able to not dwell on it and focus his mind on what needed to be done.

“House Rutus, eh?”

When word had reached Keyes about what had happened at the colosseum, he'd gone pale. He had a partnership with House Argus, a friendship with House Kain, and a strategic closeness to House Rutus for their talent with magic.

The damage that the colosseum incident had done to the three of them had been a big blow to House Keyes. Of course, that wasn't enough to destroy a noble at his level, but it'd taken a great deal of effort and money to settle things down.

“It feels like I'm just her pawn.”

He let out a long, deep sigh and lay back into his chair—but there was a certain individual watching him. This room was off-limits to the point that only a select few servants were allowed to even get close to it. In the first place, most didn't even know it existed. The person here was someone who'd known about this room, entered, and then listened half-assed to the conversation.

“This... This is my chance! I have one more chance to make Rui...”

The person in question was none other than the marquess's headache of an only son, Dalton.

## Secret Skill

“Tame!”

I stuck my hand out toward the entrance of the dungeon, but on top of that, Ciel was hugging me from behind and sharing her mana using her spell, *Magic Eye Share*.

Tame usually didn't succeed in making a pact with monsters unless they were right in front of you. As an application of what I'd learned, I used Area Tame and Multi Tame. But that wasn't enough to tame all of the monsters in the dungeon at once—that's where Ciel came in.

She helped me get a read on the dungeon's basic structure and then get a faint feel for where the monsters were by their auras. I then used that to connect to them. Usually demons were happy to be tamed because they got the blessing of increased strength.

“Looks like three of them,” I said.

“What do they want?” Ciel asked. There were different conditions for strengthening boss-class monsters.

“The dungeon boss, the dragon, wants a portion of the dungeon's treasure.”

“That shouldn't be a problem.”

“The general orc on the fifteenth floor wants a plan to boost his combat skills.”

“Fine, if he joins our army.”

“The skeleton knight on the fifth floor... Huh?”

“What is it?”

“He wants a wife.”

“A skeleton one?”

“No clue...”

All this meant that we didn't even need to go into the dungeon to clear it. I'd finished the first dungeon with this secret technique, and I was slowly expanding the number of floors I could tame too. Now I could get to the end of a twenty-floor dungeon. At this rate, we were going to clear this entire dungeon in one fell swoop. Normally this came with the condition of defeating the bosses on the various floors, but taming them counted too.

"Wow, I never thought this'd really work," I remarked.

"You should learn how to do it without me already."

"Yeah..."

Even I was getting a little embarrassed by her holding on to me from behind. Though, maybe it was because Ciel would get strangely extra embarrassed if I reacted, but it wasn't actually bothering me that much. Either way, it would be better if I could learn to do this by myself.

"It looks like you've cleared about half of the dungeons in this area," Ciel said.

If a dungeon wasn't cleared, monsters would resist the dungeon's control and, on rare occasions, would appear outside of it. Clearing a dungeon would stabilize the number of monsters, treasure chests, and so on that spawned inside.

It was said that the source of power for dungeons was the mana in the area, so it was kind of like an ore vein or water in a river. As long as nothing unexpected happened, it was apparently a pretty stable cycle.

Plus, stabilizing a dungeon meant that it got easier for people to intervene and stop things from getting out of control. After beating the boss, we could put in a training ground for our soldiers or spies. We had the resident monsters map the dungeon and disable the dangerous traps while they left, as well as collecting any leftover spoils. We decided to play it by ear on that aspect at least—there were a lot of monsters in shapes that couldn't pick up items.

"Well, we're on the fourth dungeon now, but I'm kinda wondering what the monsters we've recruited are doing," I said.

We hadn't just let them go and do their own thing, but instead had them return to the settlement behind the mansion. Now we had even more types of

demons...especially undead like skeletons. I wasn't sure how easily they'd fit in, so I couldn't help but wonder as we walked through the dungeon.

"Hm, we could go back to the mansion and check on them as a little break," Ciel suggested.

"Kyooh!"

Kuku had really grown into being our transport. And then there were the other bosses—like the fenrir from the first dungeon—and other flying dragons and steeds who were being trained for transportation at the same time. Though I was riding Kuku, Ciel was riding a different dragon.

"I can't control it, so I'll follow you," Ciel said.

"Got it. Kuku, make sure you don't leave them behind."

"Kyooh!"

Kuku let out a sound, making it hard to tell if he'd really understood or not, before flapping his wings. And with that we were in the air, and before I knew it, we'd left Ciel and her dragon in the dust.



"Y-You little..." Ciel panted, out of breath.

"Uh, I'm really sorry about that."

Kuku got very excited when I rode him, so he kept going crazy, leaving Ciel and the dragon she was riding in the dust no fewer than three times. This also meant having to go back to get them an equal number of times. All of that had made both Ciel and the dragon needlessly exhausted.

"If anything, how are *you* so unaffected after having to fly back to get us all these times?" Ciel asked.

"It looks like I somehow learned Riding. Apparently it makes it harder for me to get tired from it all."

"Seriously? You've gotten so many skills, to the point that it's getting annoying for even me to write them all down."

"Really?"



“You probably have more skills than you think. You just won’t notice you have them until the right situation calls for them.”

*That’s true.* While using Multi Tame, I’d gotten a *lot* of new skills that I didn’t understand. For example, I’d gotten a skill to turn bat poop into food, a skill to purify fur by licking it, and many others that I wasn’t even sure how I’d learned.

“Let’s see how things are going out back,” Ciel said as we descended into the plaza in front of the mansion.

“It sure would be nice if things have been nice and quiet.”

“Yeah,” Ciel agreed.

As we made our way around the mansion, I was met with a very energetic greeting.

“Oh! Master!”

“Catra.” I caught her as she jumped onto me and then petted her. It looked like most of the people gathered around here were humans.

“Oh hey, boss! Perfect timing!”

“Something happen, Wib?” I asked the thief from Radol’s adventurer party.

Gathered here were his other party members, the mayor, Tron of the Big Four, and some of the goblin-type monsters.

“Just come here for a sec,” he said, bringing me over to a certain scene.

“What is this...?” Radol had his sword drawn and was facing Ly with a stern expression. “Are they having an argument?” I asked.

Ly was much stronger than Radol, who’d been C rank for many years now. Though he’d finally reached B rank thanks to Ciel’s instructions after she’d appraised him, there was no way he could stand up to an S rank monster like Ly and win. Ly must’ve known that too, because he didn’t seem too fazed as he gazed at Radol.

“Just watch,” Wib said.

Judging by how he wasn’t asking me to stop them, it most likely meant that Ly and Radol were in the middle of training, so I listened to Wib’s suggestion and

sat down to watch how things would unfold.

Radol then unleashed a loud roar, which was answered by a terse snort from Ly—then there was a clang as Radol’s sword and Ly’s sharp claws crossed one another, sending sparks dancing into the air. Radol roared again, releasing a flurry of fierce strikes. Ly only moved the minimum amount required to dodge Radol’s sword. The difference in their strength was clear, but...

“When did Radol get this strong?” I asked.

“I know, right?! He’s gotten super strong all of a sudden! He can totally make A rank someday!” Wib said excitedly.

“I’m not sure about that...” I said.

“But still!” Wib protested.

As Radol’s party members chatted excitedly, he moved his sword in quick, sharp motions.

“Hmm.” Beside me, Ciel smiled, amused.

“So why did you want to show this to me?” I asked Wib.

I could come up with a lot of different reasons off the top of my head, but I felt that I might as well ask. As likely as it was that he just wanted to show off Radol’s growth, he also might have wanted to show how well the monsters and humans were getting along. He also might’ve been showing me how if training like this was effective, we might’ve been able to apply this idea to other areas as well. But it seemed that he had something different in mind entirely.

“Well, boss, you got a lotta frickin’ strong people under you besides Ly, right?”

“Yeah...and?”

“So I was thinkin’ that you could make money off of that!”

“Huh?” It seemed that I’d been completely off base with my assumptions of where he was going with this.

“A colosseum! We can sell tickets to challengers and then have people bet on the fights. You’ll make lots of dough by being a bookie!”

“Gambling...huh?” *That’s definitely unexpected, but...*

“Not bad,” Ciel said.

“Yeah,” I agreed.

The merit to this plan wasn’t in the money we’d make, but in the entertainment value we could spread among the people. It’d really go a long way to bringing humans and monsters closer together.

“Could you run it, Wib?”

“Huh?! *Me?!* ”

“I thought you’d want to since you were the one to bring it up,” I said to a confused Wib. Next I called out to their sorceress, Lisa. “I’d really appreciate it if you could support him.”

“You want me to help too? I guess we *are* officials of the territory, so if the territory lord is going to order me to, then I don’t have a choice...” Lisa said in a little bit of a hesitant tone.

“This isn’t an order. I’m just saying, if it’s possible, I’d love it if you could help. I’m sure there’ll be adventurers who come to test out their strength, so it’ll be helpful having someone to bring them all together. Plus, I can’t really have my followers be the ones to do that.”

There was still a divide between humans and demons, so having humans help run things was vital. Moreover, even if Radol’s party had all been stuck at C rank for a while, they were familiar faces to a lot of pro adventurers and carried a certain amount of trust. In my mind, this was the perfect role for them.

“You...sure, boss? We don’t know any life besides adventurin’, and this seems like a pretty big responsibility.”

“Well, look at me,” I said. “I don’t have any experience, but I’m a lord for some reason. I’d be happy if you could work with Ly and get this all set up.”

“B-Boss!” Wib said, touched.

While we had that discussion, it seemed that the mock battle between Ly and Radol had ended.

“You catch that, Ly?” I called out to him.

“More or less... This will be a great area to train my beloved disciples.”

“Yeah. If you want, you can even use my other followers to have mock battles.”

“Understood,” Ly said with a gentle nod.

And with that, we’d decided to build a colosseum.



“Things are going smoother than I expected,” Ciel commented.

“Yeah.”

After we’d returned to the mansion, Ciel and I were chatting over a meal. Catra seemed to want to be doted on for the first time in what felt like a while, so she’d turned back into her cat form and was comfortably perched on my lap, not willing to budge. *Well, she’s cute, so I don’t mind.*

On the other hand, Kuku was off doing his own thing playing in the forest, also for the first time in a while. I wasn’t sure how this worked, but he was in his small form whenever he wanted to fly around and play, but was in his large form whenever I rode him. But today, he’d gone into the forest in his big form, so there probably wasn’t any worry about things attacking him. After all, there weren’t many things out there that were stronger than him at this point.

“Let’s hear about what’s happened while we’ve been away,” Ciel said. Meanwhile, Crow had appeared out of nowhere before I’d realized it. *Where did he come from? I’m used to his sudden appearances, but still...* “Starting with the goblins.”

“They’ve finally risen to a level where they can be in the presence of humans.” Though Crow smiled, the goblins remained nervous.

Though they were goblins, not many people would have pegged them as such—myself included. Most likely, these guys were a class above hobgoblins or high goblins. They still had green skin, but their physiques were even more slender and fit than the typical human’s. They were wearing tailcoats and had fixed their hair to be neat. Thanks to them covering part of their faces with

masks, the first thing that jumped into your eye wasn't their green skin, but their captivating beauty.



Though Crow's remarkable work wasn't anything new, I had to give props to the goblins for how much they'd evolved.

"Impressive..." I said in awe.

"Your kind words are wasted on me. Today will be focused on training them, but they'll be working around the mansion in the future, so I wanted to introduce them."

"Thanks. Looking forward to it," I said, smiling at the nervous goblins.

"Let's move on to the main topic...the territory itself," Crow continued. "There don't seem to be any glaring problems at the moment. As you witnessed, the human-monster relations are developing steadily overall. We've also simultaneously been preparing the villages to be welcoming and accept the monsters."

"Wow, you've already gotten that far?" *Crow really lives up to his reputation.*

"However, there are two developments I'd like to report. One is good, and the other bad. Which would you prefer to hear first?"

*I feel like I've heard that a lot.* "Let's get the bad news out of the way first," I said.

"Understood. It involves House Keyes."

Keyes—a house led by a marquess, and the one that had lent aid to the Earl of Argus during the civil war. They also had a research facility. If I had to say, they were our enemy. We believed that they had information regarding the goddess we were after and were thus conducting a covert investigation on them.

"First, the investigation has run into a problem. Though we have acquired the assistance of many by evoking the names of Lord Gitelle, Lord Rostel, and Lady Ciel to infiltrate their house, none of them have been able to turn up any information."

"Is that his power as a marquess? Or...?"

"It's probably the goddess's doing," Ciel corrected me.

"Yeah..."

There weren't many people who were as exceptional as Crow, but both Lord Gitelle and Lord Rostel were nobles who boasted great political power. The only reason that an investigation led by those powerhouses could end unsuccessfully would be due to a presence that exceeded human comprehension.

"So no information at all, huh...?" I lamented.

"No, Emmy's team has managed to glean some," Crow said.

"Oh." *Not bad, Big Four.*

"Allow me to begin with something I assume you're already aware of. Keyes has a son."

"That lazy one?" Ciel interjected.

"Lazy?" I asked.

I knew that Ciel was no stranger to harsh words, but it seemed that Crow agreed. "Indeed. Lazy enough that it's rumored that he'll be the end of House Keyes," he explained.

"He's that bad?"

From what they told me, Marquess Keyes only had his one, legal wife and no mistresses. He was only given one son, and he'd poured all his love into him. There was no problem with succession since he only had the one son. Though it was said that he didn't want any more children because of this perfect situation, some speculated that it had more to do with the age of his wife.

Since he only had one son, there wasn't a question of who would inherit his title, but the boy unfortunately grew up arrogant, thanks to his father's doting love coupled with a noble's wealth and education.

Eventually, he became such a brat that even Marquess Keyes himself couldn't handle him and put the matter of his succession on hold. He tried giving his son various jobs, but none of them went well, and eventually he stopped asking him entirely. Keyes had thought that there'd be fewer victims if he didn't have his son do anything, but this turned out to be another bad decision.

He left his son to his own devices, and by doing so, created more victims. Keyes's son befriended a shady guy after partying around town and then had a



huge building constructed in the town at the man's suggestion. Said building would be used to teach nobles magical techniques. But the only teacher was Keyes's idiot son, the building was needlessly large, and it was hard to attract customers. Before he'd even realized it, the son was discarded by the very same guy who'd given him the idea, and the only thing that was reported to House Keyes was the huge expenditure.

Even after that, the son insisted on ownership of the building and set an exorbitant rental fee so that nobody could use it. And that's how an important part of the castle town ended up with a huge, useless building that was nothing but an obstacle to everyone.

"His son's name is Dalton," Crow explained. "I'm not certain how he got wind of this, but he's bringing a private army here in the name of stopping the forced cohabitation between demons and humans."

"That sounds like trouble," I said.

"Yeah...you can say that again," Ciel agreed.

Recapping everything, Dalton himself didn't have any strength. There shouldn't have been any chance of him causing any big problems. But just like the story about the huge empty building, he could inconvenience the people of the land in his wake. Him coming here at all was more troublesome than anything.

"For now, we are keeping him at bay and delaying his invasion by distracting him with bait, but..."

"Bait?"

"Yes. His fiancée."

*Yikes... I feel bad for whoever she is.* But that sympathy disappeared as soon as I discovered that fiancée's identity.

"Rui, the third daughter of House Rutus," Crow explained. "They've been betrothed for a while, but she left her house to make it on her own. After the events at the colosseum, though, she's no longer able to go against the will of her family."

“This must be like a dream come true for her father—having his daughter marry into a marquess’s family.”

I finally understood why Rui had run away from home. Though I felt some pity for her, that was quickly washed away by the fact that she’d killed me countless times.

“Rui might be against it, but Dalton is smitten with her, huh?” I said in summary.

“Indeed. So that’s why we’ve been feeding him her location and distracting him with that.”

“Good thinking as always, Crow...”

That being said, it was only a matter of time before he actually turned his sights on us. If we had to fight, I’d prefer it if we did it outside of this territory.

“So what’s the good news?” Ciel asked, changing topics.

*Oh, right. I forgot there was more.*

“Sir Remille, Lady Ciel, you’ve both received recommendation letters establishing examinations at a later date; at which point, you would be bestowed with an S rank.”

“Hmm.”

“S rank...” I trailed off.

Though I had extensive experience being in an S rank party, I’d never have thought that my own skills had reached that level. Plus, S rank was split into two groups. The one I’d been in past loops had been the party rank. If our party had disbanded in any of those loops, I would’ve needed to climb up the ranks again by myself, but this time...

“Of course, this time you will both individually be granted the rank,” Crow said.

“Wow...” I said in awe.

“But it’s more of a test than an appraisal, right?” Ciel clarified.

“Indeed. While your exam conditions will be slightly special, Lady Ciel, Sir

Remille's will be very straightforward."

"Huh?"

Crow smiled. "You must merely defeat an S rank adventurer."

"Uh..." *I need to defeat an S rank adventurer on my own?*

I needed to take a step back and organize my thoughts. The reason that the guild created an S rank in the first place was incredibly simple. People who earned that rank had so much strength that the guild couldn't judge how powerful they were.

Achieving A rank was plenty impressive in and of itself, but if you were S rank, then you must've had special or abnormal strength to the point that you weren't considered human. There must have been only five people in the entire kingdom who'd achieved that rank as individuals.

"Shouldn't be a problem for you as you are now," Ciel said.

"Uh..."

"You may choose whomever you wish to be your opponent, so I would suggest making it easier for yourself and selecting someone whom your talents would fare well against," Crow said.

I didn't really think that picking a favorable matchup would help that much. My opponent would be someone who had managed to achieve S rank as an individual—their strength would be absurd. For example, if they were good with fire magic and I used water to get an advantage, they'd still be able to evaporate all the water and hit me with their flames anyway. *I have to win against someone like that?*

"You're such a worrywart. From my perspective, you're a bona fide monster yourself," Ciel said.

"You should also take into account your current position in relation to them," Crow added.

"Good point," Ciel said. "This is a perfect opportunity."

They'd both eliminated any chance I had at turning them down. But also, there was no option for me to refuse taking the S rank exam anyway.

“I’m kinda worried now, so I think I’m gonna go clear some dungeons for a few days,” I said.

“You might not have realized it, but the fact that you can say that so casually is remarkable already. I can count the number of people who could say that in this country on one hand.”

*Now that you mention it...* That was the moment that I realized that my perception of reality had been a bit warped.



Over the next few days, I went out and cleared the dungeons in the area with Kuku, just as I’d declared. Ciel had her own things to do, so I practiced using taming—without going past fifteen floors—absent Ciel’s Magic Eye Share. I rode Kuku, and with Catra joining us, clearing the dungeons was surprisingly fun.

More of my followers were in the territory now, including slimes, goblins, and some creatures that weren’t exactly magic beasts, like dragons. But also, Radol’s party of human adventurers had completely assimilated with the monsters, so I didn’t really feel worried at all.

Right now, there seemed to be more than enough space to make areas for each race to live comfortably. More than a few of the demons actually preferred living in the forest as it was, so space in the area wouldn’t be a concern for quite a while.

And so life progressed until the day of my examination arrived.

## S Rank Examination

As soon as I arrived at the guild in the castle town, the clerk ran up to me.  
“Oh, Remille. We’ve been expecting you.”

“Right...” I replied awkwardly.

“Just to confirm,” she said a little nervously, “Lady Ciel has informed me that this is the perfect opportunity for the colosseum to be used. As such, today’s placement exam will be taking place there, but...is that okay?”

“Uh...?”

Ciel’s face popped up in my head. *Okay, sure. The conditions for me earning S rank depend on me defeating someone of that rank in combat, which will be a great show for people since it’s not something they get to see every day. In that regard, using the newly built colosseum as both a stage for my duel as well as advertising will be killing two birds with one stone, but still...*

“Now I *really* can’t afford to lose...” I muttered.

I hadn’t been a territory lord for too long, but I really understood how important it was for people to see me in a good light. Though I was a novice at ruling, I’d implemented a well-received strategy to lessen taxes, and had left achievements as an adventurer. Both had helped me be accepted by the people, but if I suffered a humiliating defeat here, then...

“I guess if Ciel says it’s okay, then it’s okay,” I relented.

“Great! Then let’s head over right away!” the clerk said happily.

*There’s nothing I can do at this point. All I can do is try my best not to look pitiful.* And with that, the clerk took me to the colosseum.



“There’re...a lot of people here,” I observed.

“Oh, boss!” As soon as Wib saw me, he ran over. “I was really surprised when Lady Ciel told me out of the blue about all this! By the way, the betting odds are

kinda not in your favor.”

Though he should’ve been running the colosseum, he wasn’t wearing a staff uniform and was instead working as an informant. It was kinda hard to tell if he was working for the colosseum or engaging in a more “personal” endeavor.

“Is it because my opponent’s made a name for themselves?” I asked.

“Yeah, Totto’s a household name in the royal capital,” Wib said with a nod.

“Totto... ‘Smiling’ Totto, huh?”

Since there were only a handful of S rank adventurers, most of them were famous, but Totto was the least absurd of the bunch. It would’ve been difficult if I’d had to face either the Lightning Emperor or the Violent Gale, but I felt much more confident about Totto. That being said, he was still S rank, so I couldn’t let my guard down. He might not have been as fearsome as the other S rank adventurers in terms of his strength or achievements, but he was the most popular by far.

“Whaddya think? Feelin’ good?” Wib asked.

“Doesn’t matter. I can’t afford to lose here.”

“Nice! I’m countin’ on you!” Wib said before going off to get more customers.

*Judging by how he’s getting people in here without any problems, I’d like to believe that he’s properly doing his job and managing this place.*

After speaking with Wib, I made my way into the colosseum and to the waiting room for combatants.

“Oh? So you’re the newcomer, eh? Take it easy on me, ’kay?” Totto said, sticking his hand out with a friendly smile.

He was versatile, able to use both magic and a blade, but he wasn’t especially exceptional...or at least, that’s what was said about him. But facing him like this, I could tell what the root of his power was.

“Likewise,” I said as he left the room.

His smile itself was a skill. It most likely activated when he made physical contact with someone. Putting it simply, it was Charm. By shaking hands with

him, I'd completed the contract, and I wouldn't be able to seriously attack him for a short while—or at least, that's how it should've worked.

"It was a good idea to borrow you from Emmy," I muttered.

After all, he hadn't actually made physical contact with me during the handshake. I'd been wearing a slime on my arm, making sure that it was unnoticeable. This had helped me avoid his Charm. Thanks to Tame taking precedence over Charm, the slime wasn't affected either.

But also... "Charm wouldn't do much if I just fought with my familiars..." Most likely, though, he hadn't looked into me too deeply—he seemed confident that his Charm would make winning against me a piece of cake. "I can't exactly let my guard down, but I think I might at least have created an advantage outside of the ring."

I petted the single slime that I'd brought with me while psyching myself up for the upcoming battle.



"Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for today's main event! The adventurer Remille is challenging Smiling Totto for the right to be promoted to S rank!"

It seemed that the colosseum was equipped with voice amplification magic, allowing the commentator to fire up all the spectators as if this was some kind of sports match. The commentator was most likely one of my goblins who could actually talk. People couldn't see into the commentator's booth, so they'd probably just picked someone who was good at speaking.

"Take it easy on me, okay? Please and thank you!" Totto appeared and tried to implant that idea into me.

*I see... That's a pretty dirty trick, but I guess this is one way to fight. Not that it's working at all.* That being said, Charm wasn't the only trick he had up his sleeve. After all, he was a monster of a man who'd achieved S rank as an individual. I could easily imagine that he was strong.

"Likewise," I said, taking out my weapon—a unique item that Limdt had made for me personally. Instead of using my guandao, I was using a pair of blades. My guandao wasn't going to be very helpful in a one-on-one duel where

maneuverability was so vital, so this had led Limdt to make these dual blades for me using special ore found in dungeons around the former Argus territory.

These blades were a great conductor of all elemental magic and came with very finely inscribed magic circles, which increased the potency of my casting. Even a simple spell would be enhanced to mid-level magic—or stronger.

“What’s this?” the commentator gasped. “I’ve heard that Remille uses a huge spear-like weapon, but it seems that he’s gone a much more compact route! Hasn’t he, Lady Ciel?”

*Ciel?!*

“Indeed. By the way, I’ll spill the beans here, but Remille is a great mage who can use all elemental magic. A sage, if you will. He also has the surprise factor of his speed.”

*That’s definitely Ciel... So this is the thing she said she’d be busy with today? Also, why’s she so carefreely announcing information that’ll put me at a disadvantage?*

“Oh, those are some amazing abilities you’ve got there,” Totto said with a grin. “I’m pretty confident about my magic, but maybe I’m at a disadvantage, huh?”

“Look at his opponent, Totto! He hasn’t even raised his blade! Is he saying this will be too easy?!”

“No clue,” Ciel said. “But he’s going to be in a world of hurt if he takes Remille too lightly.”

“True enough. Remille is strong enough to be in a position to take an S rank exam. Now then, let’s get the odds out there before the match starts. It seems that so far, Totto is heavily favored to win. Can the challenger, Sir Remille, turn the odds in his favor?! His opponent Totto intrepidly smiles! Well then, combatants, are you ready?!”

I nodded in no particular direction, not knowing where the commentator’s seat was. As soon as Totto nodded as well, we were given the signal.

“Begin!”



I moved first, but he didn't move at all. I launched a quick attack on him fueled by my magic and the speed of my dual swords, but...

"He's still not moving?" I wondered.

Totto didn't stop smiling or even show any signs of moving his blade. He just stood there as if he had absolutely nothing to worry about. I felt there was something extremely off about this, so I immediately jumped back and created space between us.

"What's this? Though Remille flew forward at an incredible speed, he's now pulled back and seems to have entered a staring contest with his opponent."

"He chickened out," Ciel scoffed.

"Oh, come on..." I grumbled, knowing that Ciel couldn't hear me. *She really has no filter.*

"Good job noticing," Totto commended me. "I would've preferred if you'd recklessly charged in and fallen right into my trap, though." In the next moment, a number of magic circles appeared around Totto. All of them let out bright lights, eliciting a loud roar from the crowd. "I expected as much from a rising star like you. It seems like I'll need to get serious." He finally gripped his blade.

But as soon as I saw his magic circles, I was convinced that even if he got serious, at the very least, he wasn't nearly as strong as me.

"There's nothing I can do about the magic circles he's made as a bluff, but...I think it's time for me to make a move."

I felt bad for Totto because Ciel's snide comment had been a huge hint for me. From her perspective, I could charge straight into him without worry.

"Let's end this!" I said.

"I'd like to see you try!"

I tried another dash attack toward Totto. I wasn't sure what would've happened if I'd fallen under his Charm, but there was no chance that I'd lose to him if I used my full power. After all, regardless of how flashy the magic circles looked, they weren't good in one-on-one combat. Even if all of them had

activated simultaneously, they wouldn't have been able to stop me. As soon as he pulled out his sword, he quickly realized that he wouldn't be able to react in time. Also...

"I need to have a bit of a flashy victory," I said. It'd serve as an advertisement for the colosseum, and as a way for me to gain popularity as territory lord.

*"Flame!"*

"Oh? Fire magic? Then I'll respond with *Water Wall!*"

I'd used the magic circles from my dual swords to amplify the fire magic's force. Seeing this, Totto had erected a shield of water, but its size was just for show. There was no way he was stopping my flames like that.

*"Flame! Flame!"* I used Layer Chants and tripled the strength of my spell.

Totto looked panicked as he tried to process what had happened in this small amount of time that caused my flames to get even more intense. "Didn't I ask you to go easy on me?"

Though from his perspective these words might've been a curse to get him the upper hand, they meant absolutely nothing to me.

*"Flame! Flame!"*

"Wha—?!"

I layered a total of five spells onto my fireball, which made it roughly equivalent to a high-level spell.



“I-Impossible! My spell isn’t working?!” Tutto stammered.

*“Flame! Flame! Flame!”*

“H-Hey! Wait! The win is yours! Just take it easy with the spell!”

“You have an S rank as an individual, right? This shouldn’t be anything you can’t handle.”

After exchanging this many words with him, I could tell what Ciel’s objective had been. Most likely, he hadn’t disclosed his Charm ability to the guild. In fact, he’d definitely used his Charm to get S rank. One might’ve been able to say that being successful in doing so was a display of his strength in and of itself, but it didn’t change the fact that he’d cheated. No matter how much he might’ve excelled in one regard, there was no way the guild would grant someone who couldn’t withstand this level of attack an S rank.

“Sorry, but I’m gonna use you to test this out,” I said.

“‘Test’? But I’m gonna di—”

I didn’t let him finish that thought. He took a direct hit from my magic and was reduced to ash...or at least, he should’ve been.

“Huh? I’m alive?”

“And that’s the match!” the commentator declared. “Remille has won with his magic, which activated the colosseum’s fail-safes! The system detected a lethal amount of damage, so the match was ended automatically! The winner is Remille! With this accomplishment, he has earned an S rank!”

The crowd cheered. The colosseum had a certain gimmick to it—it was very rare for people to want their entertainment to end with someone dying. So that’s why we’d rigged the colosseum with a magic circle that would activate if it detected that someone would take enough damage to kill them. It was a way to protect the combatants.

This system would take into account the numerical value of the incoming damage, and then, if it exceeded a certain threshold, the match would end. You could call it a “safe” colosseum, and it had been designed primarily by a young girl with the Build skill that Ciel had found with her Appraisal. This would

probably make her known all throughout the kingdom.

“The guild’s pretty hard on people who fake their applications, so you should come clean,” I said to Totto.

“Eek!”

And with that, I left the colosseum.



“Congratulations! This is your first time achieving an S rank as an individual, right?”

“Yeah.”

I was celebrating my victory today with Ciel, but...

“Seriously, what a fortuitous day! When Ciel boasted about how she would hone you into a crown jewel, I had no idea she’d turn you into a hero in both name and function!” For some reason, we were not only having the celebration in the palace, but His Majesty himself was in attendance. “Now nobody will be able to cast doubt on your skills. Perhaps I should officially bestow upon you the title of earl.”

“No, that’s okay,” I declined.

“Are you saying that title isn’t sufficient for you? I suppose if you were to wed Ciel, I could make you a duke...”

*No, Remille. Don’t say anything. If you do, you lose.* But I knew that I had to take the earldom, at the very least. There was nothing I could do about that.

“Just give up,” Ciel said. “Or would you prefer getting married?”

“I’ll...pass.”

“You’re a really rude guy, you know that?” I already had my hands full with her quips at me. I couldn’t handle her in any larger a capacity than that.



At a later date, I was summoned before the throne and formally given the title of earl. At the same time, I was given authority over the territory that my home, House Wildt, resided in. And that’s how I was able to succeed my family

and join the upper echelon of nobles.

# Triumphant Return

“I’m kinda nervous being back after all this time.”

“Shouldn’t *I* be the nervous one? *You* should calm down,” Ciel said.

The Wildt territory was close to the Keyes territory that we were investigating, and was essentially a remote village which wasn’t really managed, but had been overseen by my father only for as long as he’d held the position. It was also my hometown.

“I always wondered—what was gonna happen to this territory after my dad retired?” I asked Ciel.

“It’s the same plan as always—we send people who serve as officials in the royal capital and have them become the territory lord until we need to send in a new one. That’s pretty much what always happens with these kinds of remote villages.”

“So the management style changes a lot?”

“There are some awkward areas...but they more or less preserve the villagers’ way of life. Still, though, there’s always a change to their living standards.”

*I see. I wasn’t sure if I should inherit this land or not, but I guess I have to make sure that I do my best so that they don’t think I’m doing a bad job as lord.*

“But seriously...this village sure is small,” I said.

My loops always began after I’d left the village. After my twenty some years of looping, I could barely remember my hometown anymore.

“I’m nervous...”

“Whatever,” Ciel snapped. “Hurry up and tell *him* to land.”

“Okay. Kuku, let’s go down.”

“Kyoooh!”

Thanks to all the dungeons we’d cleared, Kuku had gained a lot of experience

and had gotten even bigger. Thanks to that, both Ciel and I could ride him now, meaning that we could avoid similar situations where the dragon she was riding got left in Kuku's dust. Catra had also insisted on coming with us, so she was fast asleep in her kitten form, curled up on my lap.

"We'll be there soon," I called out to her.

She meowed in response, waking up as we descended into my hometown.



"Remille! It's you!"

"Oh! Oh my, you've gotten so big!"

"I'm home..."

As soon as we'd landed, I was surrounded by my parents and the villagers. *Right. Arriving in a remote village like this with a dragon would definitely cause a disturbance. I'm so sorry...*

"This is Kuku, my familiar. Sorry to make you all worry..."

"Oh, no, don't worry about that. But seriously, you've gotten so big..." said my mother.

"Remille! Let's play!" chimed in one of the village kids.

"Calm down," someone else said. "Sir Remille is here on official business..."

It was a seriously tiny village. Everyone interacted with each other as if they were family. I turned to my parents while being surrounded by familiar faces.

"I'm sure you've heard, but House Wildt has been recognized by His Majesty as this territory's permanent rulers, so I was thinking of taking over, but..." I trailed off.

"Huh?"

"Hm?"

*What's with their reactions?* "Have you...not heard?" I asked.

"Well, considering the speed of messengers from the royal family..." Ciel said. "But also, have you not sent them a letter or anything? If so, then maybe you



should start by explaining how you're a territory lord now."

"Oh..."

I'd never even thought about sending them a letter. It seemed that a lot of topics to discuss had piled up. So we went into the mansion—the house I'd grown up in—which wasn't exactly as grand as the name implied.



"Uh, should I start by introducing you?" I asked Ciel.

"Yeah, of course."

"I'm so happy! It's your first time visiting us after all this time and you bring home a girl with you." Judging by my mom's reaction, it really was necessary to explain things.

It was also important to note that as a simple knight household, there weren't many servants, so my mother had set the table herself. I had no clue how she'd react when she realized that she was treating the princess with the same level of hospitality as she would a normal commoner. But...I had to tell her.

"You might recognize her since you served in the royal palace, dad, but this is the first princess, Ciel—also known as the jewel of the kingdom."

"What?!" both my mom and dad exclaimed.

"Pleasure to make your acquaintances. My name is indeed Ciel. Your son has contributed greatly to this country, and I thank you both for that."

"Huh?! She's not your girlfriend?!"

*Mom, please...*

"You've got yourself a nice family," Ciel said with a smile.

*I guess if Ciel's reacting like this, then there's no problem.* After we got her introduction out of the way, I talked about everything that had happened since I went to the training school. I couldn't really remember most of it, so I pulled most of the stories from what had happened in the past year. I talked about how I'd formed a party after graduation but had immediately run into Ciel. In turn, she'd helped me see the true natures of my other party members, so I'd

left. Then I talked about what happened in the colosseum, and about all the followers I had, beginning with Catra—then I talked about the civil war and how I'd gained both a territory and the title of earl. Finally, I explained how, as a result, I'd gained the right to succeed the Wildt territory, but...

"So you're saying that if I retire right now, you'll take over?" asked my dad.

"Well, it's not quite that simple..."

"Oh, then in that case, maybe I should go on a little trip and look for a bride for him," suggested my mom.

*This is pointless. It's like talking to a brick wall.* But at that moment, Catra jumped in, changing into her human form.

"Master, I'll choose your bride!"

"Oh! What an adorable one you are!" my mom exclaimed.

"She's the behemoth I talked about earlier."

"That's the legendary beast...?" asked my dad.

He used to be an adventurer and had gained enough accomplishments to be knighted. That's why he understood what a behemoth was far more than my mom did.

"By the way, the dragon we flew in on is a kukulkan. The rest are in my territory," I added.

"Oh! Our son is a prodigy!" my mom chirped.

"Yeah..." Compared to mom, who seemed completely relaxed, dad couldn't hide his surprise—but he was sucked into mom's laid-back energy and couldn't say anything.

"So inheriting the territory's going to be down the road, but I was hoping we could cooperate."

"Uh-huh..." Dad's expression suddenly changed, and he looked more like the leader of a territory. Mom picked up the hint and calmly sat and listened.

"We're experimenting with cohabitation of monsters and humans in order to enrich the lives of our residents. The monsters around here are strong, so I'm

thinking about sending a security patrol of monsters first to guard the village. After that, I'm hoping we can try having the villagers interact with the monsters. What do you think?"

"Hm... That sounds perfect from where I'm sitting. We have more monster victims right before harvest."

"Won't people be against having monsters defend them?" I asked.

"Heh, we're all used to 'em. Also, *you'll* be the one bringing them. Everyone here trusts you."

Hearing him say this to my face brought up feelings I couldn't exactly describe, but at the very least, I was happy he hadn't turned my suggestion down.

"You really were raised in a great environment," Ciel said with a chuckle.

"Yeah. I sure was."

Afterward, we dragged a hesitant Ciel along to have dinner before heading back to the territory the next day. But as promised, we immediately got Ly's help to pick out some magic beasts and then had a number of high goblins—serving as commanders—sent to my hometown. It was a long journey, but we sent magical beasts like the fenrir which hopefully made it easier.

At the same time, I'd also promised to go around and take care of the uncleared dungeons, so I was in and out of my hometown multiple times. Ciel had gotten really friendly with my mom at some point, so I decided it'd be nice to visit every now and then.



"Hm..."

A certain man was groaning in a strangely lavish building next to Marquess Keyes's mansion. It was Dalton, Keyes's only son, and also one of Keyes's major headaches.

"Hm...it looks like that fly's been getting really active recently."

Remille's hometown, a territory lorded over by Knight Wildt, was relatively close to the Keyes territory. House Rutus—his betrothed's house—was

extremely close to that territory as well, which had led Dalton to a rather large misunderstanding.

“They’re after *my* cute little Rui...”

Dalton’s misunderstanding was very broad. First, the fly in question went by the name of Remille, an S rank adventurer, and Dalton thought that he was trying to move closer to House Rutus. Second, he believed Remille was after Rui. Third, he thought that Rui was already his. Fourth, he believed that he himself had incredible skills.

“I-I’m going to protect you, Rui!”

Though he had no idea who his father was secretly having meetings with, he was able to catch the contents of their conversations. Remille was evil in his eyes—and thus Dalton needed to be the prince to protect his betrothed.

Dalton had not noticed whatsoever that Rui had absolutely no intention of marrying him, and had in fact run away from her home partially because she hated him. Despite his foolishness, he still had the authority of a powerful house behind him. This unfortunately meant that his web of misunderstandings would cause problems for a great number of people.

# Clearing Dungeons and a Strange Bonus

On a certain night that I'd come back home after clearing a dungeon, Ciel called out to me as she lounged around after finishing dinner, as if she'd always lived here.

"That guy... Margus, was it? He's completely done for, but what do you think the other two will do?"

"Uh..." I hadn't even thought about them. In fact, they'd completely disappeared from my mind. "Wouldn't *you* know better about what Rui and Aman are up to?"

"Oh, right. You're useless now that the present's different from your past loops."

"Come on..."

Ciel took any opportunity she saw to bust out her sharp jabs. *But I guess I'm already kind of used to that.*

"Let's start with the sorceress, Rui. She's returned to House Rutus and is 'happily' preparing for marriage."

"She became an adventurer to avoid that, but I guess she couldn't in the end." Rui was very strong-willed, but she was surprisingly also a crybaby. *I bet she's crying every day...but I don't really feel any pity for her right now.*

"The one in the knight's armor has returned to House Kain, but there's no work, so she's joined her family's security force—well, they call it a knight order. Rank-and-file too, not even as someone important."

"Wow..."

From what I remembered, Aman had become an adventurer because there hadn't been any work for her at home, so she'd left in order to make a name for herself. But at least for now she had a job, though it wasn't exactly one that a noble would usually work.

“There’s no doubt that both of them loathe you,” Ciel said.

“Now that’s just misplaced anger.”

“Even so, it doesn’t change the fact that they hate your guts.”

I hung my head. *But still...* “Even if they think about lashing out, they don’t have the power to do so, right?”

“Not normally, no...”

“But there’s something that they can use this time?”

“Rui’s fiancé is that headache of a son from House Keyes.”

“Oh...” Suddenly, a lot of different things began connecting in my head. “Now that I think about it, Aman’s house has ties with Keyes too.” *They’re not only related, but their territories are close too. Wait...* “The Rutus territory’s pretty close to here, right?”

“Yeah...so?”

“It might be my Danger Detection skill, but...I think something’s coming.”

“Oh?”

It turned out that my prediction had been correct. The next morning, one of my followers patrolling the perimeter ran back to the mansion we were staying in to report something.



“Release me! Do you know who I am?! Hey, do you have ears?! I’ll feed you to the hounds! Hey!”

My follower had guided me to an area where dozens of armored people and a plump—and obviously important—man were all tied up and rolling around on the ground.

“Nice work,” I said, complimenting the goblin in charge while walking toward the plump guy, who I presumed was probably Dalton. As I did, he began screaming at me.

“Y-You! I know you! You’re done for! My papa won’t forgive you! Get ready for war! We’re gonna have a war!”

“A war, huh?”

“Yeah! You and all these mutts are gonna be kill— Eeek!” I didn’t care about him threatening me, but my followers? That struck a nerve, so I thrust my sword toward his neck. “H-Hey. There’s still time... I’ll forgive you...”

“What happened to the war? I should ask how much your ‘papa’ will pay for your head.”

“S-Stop!” he shrieked.

In the next moment, I noticed some sort of gross puddle beginning to form beneath him. *Seriously...?*

“Okay, tell me why you came here.”

“B-Because you’re trying to steal my Rui!” Dalton screamed.

“Huh...?”

“Hmph! You can’t fool me! Rui may be cute, but she’s mine! She won’t give you the time of day! Just give up! My Rui is...well... She’s my fiancée!”

All of this was information I’d had, but...he really came all this way just because of some delusion he had? *Seriously?* He was too much for me to handle by myself, so I glanced at Ciel, who was hooded and standing behind me. She sighed, took off her hood, and pointed her now sparkling aquamarine eye at Dalton.

“Wh-What?! The insolence! Do you know who you’re looking at with that eye?! Stop this instant! Stop and...I’ll forgive... Oh, I know! I’ll allow you to be my concubine!”

*Seriously...?* “You’re a noble, aren’t you? Shouldn’t you at least know Ciel’s face?”

“It’s simple. He’s never seen me before.”

Had he never been brought out in public for some reason? Then again, thinking about Marquess Keyes’s position and this fool in front of us, I could tell that the marquess had made the right decision to keep this guy out of the public eye. Even so, he should’ve at least learned the faces of the royal family he was supposed to serve...

“I wouldn’t mind taking our time thoroughly discussing whether or not I’d be suitable as a concubine for the likes of you...at the royal palace.”

“Huh...?”

“You’re hopeless... You don’t even recognize her eye? You’ve at least *heard* of it, right? You’ve heard rumors about the ‘uncut gem,’ haven’t you?”

“Hmph. There’s no way such an amazing person could possibly exist! After all...I can’t do anything like that...”

*This guy is hopeless... He looks like an adult, but he’s a complete child inside. What a joke.*

“What do we do?” I asked Ciel in resignation.

“Well, as I mentioned before, I think bringing him to the royal palace should be okay.”

But in the next moment, I felt a familiar and extreme pressure shake the area.  
“Huh?”

“Wh-What?! Papa won’t stand for anything happening to me!” But as Dalton distracted us with his inane rambling...

“They disappeared?” I exclaimed.

“Yeah. Without a trace,” Ciel said.

Even though Dalton and the others had been tied up, they’d all vanished.

“Again...?”

I had no clue what that goddess was thinking, but it seemed that she didn’t want Dalton to get captured. But even putting her indecipherable thought process aside...

“From our perspective, he’d invaded our territory. From theirs, we’d captured their precious heir,” Ciel slowly spoke. “A marquess and an earl. One with the strongest army in the country, and one who’s a novice territory lord just getting started. Regardless of experience, the royal family wouldn’t normally intervene even if this got violent.”

“Are earls kinda...not that important?”



“Not at all. They may be a group of nobles that support the country, but marquesses are special.”

I wasn't sure how much of this had been part of Keyes's or the goddess's plan, but this was how the embers of another civil war began to burn.

# The Foolish Son

“Y-You saved me? Hm. Very good. Oh, your face is also very fair. As a reward, I’ll allow you to be one of my wives...”

In a separate mansion in the Keyes territory, Dalton proved he’d learned nothing from this incident and had immediately begun running his mouth again.

“There will be no next time.”

“Huh?”

Any words Dalton had tried to say were stuffed down by the pressure exerted by the goddess, Melphes, and he fell to the ground.

“I ask that you don’t act on your own. You don’t even amount to a simple pawn without me.”

“Wh— Huh?”

Dalton couldn’t comprehend why he’d fallen on his butt, or why he couldn’t move. All he could do was stare at her stupidly. He constantly turned his eyes away from his own faults: he didn’t hide any of his discontent toward Remille or his perverted expression toward Melphes, and had even been vulgar directly to her face. Yet, in the face of the overwhelming presence in front of him, he couldn’t even lift a finger.

“Be sure to stay put for the time being... There will be no next time. Understand?”

“E-Eeek!”

At this point, Dalton finally understood instinctually that the presence in front of him was well and truly beyond his capabilities. It was a stroke of good luck that he’d realized that. If he hadn’t, his life would’ve been snuffed out on the spot.



“My deepest apologies...”

“It’s no trouble. However, I *am* surprised that you’ve allowed such a worthless waste of space to continue living.”

“Even with all his faults, he’s still my blood.” A deep crease between Keyes’s eyebrows betrayed his words, showing just how frustrated he was.

Melphees couldn’t understand why Keyes went to such great lengths to keep Dalton alive, but she realized that it would be pointless to continue questioning him about this topic, so she moved on. “In any case, though he acted prematurely, what I want you to do is essentially the same.”

“True, you did say that. However, I’ll need to determine the right time to do so.”

“Indeed. I’ve been studying more about this country, and I’ve found that war is much more tolerated than I expected.”

“Well...”

“Even more, you are a marquess, and he is a new territory lord. If we win, he’ll have nothing left. We could probably use your son’s premature advance as a reason to wage war.”

It was true that a marquess could get away with quite a bit in a civil war with a new territory lord—provided that he won, of course, and settled certain matters properly. But...

“They have a member of the royal family on their side...” Keyes said.

“Dalton was attacked by monsters. There are two options afforded to the royal family: either take the side of the marquess, you, or protect their cute daughter and those she’s with. I believe the royal family isn’t capable of making that decision.”

She’d specifically said they “weren’t capable,” not that they wouldn’t do it at all. In short, Melphees was saying that they weren’t looking to pass judgment and were going to let things simply play out. If Keyes won the civil war, he wouldn’t be punished at all.

“I’ll get the troops ready...” Keyes said.

“Be sure to not let your guard down.”

“Of course.”

Marquess Keyes, possessor of the strongest army in the country, had soldiers who were of higher quality than adventurers and had the strong troops of nobles from surrounding areas. This was how his army of fifty thousand began their march.

# Territory Prosperity

“Everything’s pretty peaceful, or should I say folks are relaxed?” I mused.  
“Looks like everyone’s fitting in.”

It had been a little while since the encounter with Dalton. According to Ciel and Crow, it would’ve been hard to press Keyes about this matter, so we’d decided to forget about them for a bit and take some time to inspect the territory. As such, we’d started with the castle town.

“Looks like everything’s going well,” I said.

“Yes! Thank you for your kind words!”

It seemed that Tron had come to the castle town today, and he’d immediately run over when he saw me. He was so beautiful that people couldn’t help but turn their heads in his direction. Despite how much attention he drew with his looks, he prostrated himself in front of me, making it hard to stay here with everyone’s eyes on us.

“At ease. Anyway, it looks like the goblins are living in the area. Are they doing okay?”

“Yes, they are. We’ve had them interact with other goblins nearby and have helped to protect the villages in the area from beasts.”

“Thanks.”

Tron obviously had no problems being accepted with how he looked, but it was nice to see how surprisingly easy it was for people to accept goblins and orcs after getting used to them. I was so happy. Walking around, I saw goblins talking to the owners of the outdoor stores without any issues. Even the goblins who couldn’t talk yet were communicating with gestures.

“The high goblins and above are posted around the various villages, right? The ones who can act as commanders?”

“If you’re so worried, why don’t you go and check?” Ciel said.

“That’s true.” Kuku would make it a quick trip, given how big he’d gotten. “Do you mind, Kuku?”

“Kyooh!” he chirped.

Kuku had been in his small form, riding on my shoulder, but in the next moment, he turned into an impressive dragon, big enough for two people to ride on. I put a saddle on him and then flew off with Ciel, leaving Tron to take care of the rest.



“Wow... They really are coexisting,” I said.

We’d flown over the forest and finally arrived near a clearing. The village was filled with huts and fields, and was much smaller compared to the castle town, but there was a goblin settlement in the corner.

“It’s a really strange sight...”

“Yeah, it is,” Ciel agreed.

Usually, goblins and humans were enemies. Especially for small villages like this, seeing this many goblins gather usually meant the destruction of their village in the worst-case scenario. But actually, they’d built a settlement facing the forest to protect the villagers and were taking care of security. They’d really thought things through.

Seeing my reaction, Ciel smiled. “So this territory lord thing has been worth it, hasn’t it?”

“Yeah...” I ambiguously nodded and looked down at the surface from Kuku’s back.

“Master!” The high goblin in charge of the village ran over to us.

“Good work here. I came to check up on things. Everything going okay?”

“Yes! Everyone in the village has been very kind to us! They share their vegetables with us even if we insist that they don’t need to. Thanks to that, there are even more goblins, and a decent amount who could probably even evolve into hobgoblins!”

*“Wow!” Well, it seems the goblins aren’t having any problems at all.*

Suddenly, children from the village ran out to us as well.

“Hey!”

“We’re gonna win today!”

A group of three boys jumped into the goblin settlement, wielding wooden sticks. And then they swung them at one of the brand-new goblins.

“Huh?”

“Don’t worry,” the commander said in a relaxed tone. Even though I could tell how friendly the atmosphere was, I couldn’t help but worry if the goblin would be okay after being suddenly attacked like this. “He may be young, but I’ve trained him.”

The goblin easily dodged their sticks, caught them under his arms, and then stole them from his opponents. Apparently, I wasn’t the only one who was impressed by his movements.

“Wow!”

“You’re so strong!”

“How’d you do that?!”

The children’s eyes lit up and they surrounded the goblin. Even though the goblin couldn’t talk, it seemed that he was trying to communicate. How commendable.

“From how things look, you’ve really become a part of the village,” I said.

“Yes. Their parents even bring dinner over. They really treat us well.”

It seemed that the monsters were all getting along well with the humans in the villages too, not just the ones in the castle town. If things kept going this way, then I could leave more of the territory management to them. Then again, thanks to my Ability Absorption continuously activating, I might not have had to come and check up on them in person to know that they were doing well. It was proof that everyone was gaining experience.

“Let me know if anything comes up,” I said.

“Yes, sir!”

We then went through the rest of the villages like that, and it was a similar story across the board. The monsters helped the villagers, and the villagers accepted the monsters, gave them food and knowledge about the village, and provided them with tools. That was the kind of partnership they had going on. The Big Four also periodically checked on the castle town and the various villages. I was looking forward to the roads around the territory being fixed up in the near future.



# Rui and Aman

Going back in time a bit...

“This is the worst...” Rui wasn’t sure how many times she’d said that after the big loss she’d suffered at the colosseum. But this, right now, was *truly* the worst situation she could’ve found herself in.

“There’s nothing more honorable for the daughter of a viscount than marrying into a marquess’s family!”

“Couldn’t any of my older sisters do it?”

“You do know that they’re already married, don’t you?”

Viscount Rutus was Rui’s father and was over fifty. The white in his hair had become more noticeable, but his slender body made him seem very refined, and he was highly regarded by those around him. But to Rui, he was the absolute worst father.

“Why do I have to marry *that*...?”

“I allowed you your whims once, and you failed. You have no choice but to accept. Besides, objectively speaking, this arrangement is beneficial to you.”

It was true. In the world of nobles, strategic marriages were normal. If you were born as a woman to a noble household, it was supposed to be the ultimate happiness to be married into a house of the highest pedigree. From the perspectives of her two older sisters, Rui was truly blessed.

Marrying a marquess’s first-born as the mere third daughter of a viscount was usually unthinkable. It just so happened that Rui had caught Dalton’s eye, and he had fallen head over heels for her plebeian visage. It was a very strange relationship; Dalton had fallen for Rui because of how free-spirited she was, yet despite her best efforts, the free-spirited Rui was back to getting married off.

In the other seven loops Remille had gone through, Rui had avoided becoming Dalton’s wife, so one might say that her failure to avoid that this time had been

brought about by her own bad decisions.

“One more chance...” Rui muttered.

“Hm?”

“If I have another chance to prove myself as a great sorceress, then...”

“You’re still clinging to that dream? Forget it. I won’t deny that you had talent as a mage, but that talent won’t exceed the happiness you’ll get from this marriage.”

Her father held very traditional values. If he were to put “marrying a marquess’s heir” and “becoming a great sorceress” onto a scale, she would truly have to be a *great* sorceress to tip the balance—such as becoming an S rank sage and having incredible accomplishments to her name, perhaps. But that kind of bright future had already been lost to her after the very public failure she’d displayed in the colosseum. Even so, Rui was thinking that if Remille appeared before her again, then...she might have a chance to clear her name. These thoughts had become more and more insistent each day, along with her absolute disdain for Dalton on a biological level.



The fifth daughter of Baron Kain, Aman, was no longer an adventurer or a noble. She was just a soldier in House Kain’s order of knights. She didn’t have a leadership position or anything, though—she was essentially a pawn that could only take orders.

She groaned with frustration. She thought of this as her punishment for the mistake she had made—the humiliation she’d endured at the colosseum. Ever since that day, Aman had blamed herself and passed the days by without a wink of sleep. One day, she was contacted by her home.

“I can’t get you a high-ranking position or anything, but I have a job for you if you want it.”

She was the fifth daughter of a baron. Though she should have been able to marry, her options were limited, and she wasn’t the type that guys were very interested in. She had a nice face, but not many men wanted someone who was stronger than them by their sides.

Ultimately, she had no family to marry into, and she had no high-ranking position lined up, so she accepted a low-ranking job, thinking she'd work her way to the top. In her mind, it was her punishment, and she'd felt fulfilled while accepting it. In a certain sense, it was her way of having a happy life. But...

"Father... This war..."

"Yeah. There seems to be an official call-to-arms by Lord Keyes. He's mobilizing an army to remove a malicious force that has secretly nestled itself into our country. Of course, our knights will be joining him."

House Kain's lands neighbored Marquess Keyes's, and they were effectively his vassals. By submitting themselves to the larger nobles, smaller nobles could receive protection. They could also receive emergency aid in times of disaster, since waiting for national assistance could result in mass casualties. For that reason, it was important to have good relations with the neighboring big nobles, so when they asked for aid, the smaller nobles would give them soldiers, people, or whatever else they needed.

"So...the man they're fighting against, it's—?" Aman cautiously asked.

"Yes, the very same one that got you good. *That* man."

Aman's heart darkened as memories of that day were brought back to her mind. Even so, Aman continued looking down on Remille, all because her family had a higher rank than him. Remille came from a house of knights. She believed that her family was much superior. But still...

"That's the earl's territory, right?"

"The territory is continuing to be developed. At this point, he's become a big noble."

Aman clenched her fists tightly, her pride wounded by those words.

"That guy is...an earl?"

"Indeed. However, the marquess is directly making his move. There's no future left for him."

"That's true, but..."

Aman swore at that moment that she would get revenge on Remille, no

matter what. That was the only way she could get her pride back.



“What a wonderful view,” a veteran general of House Keyes remarked as he looked at the forces that had gathered.

Next to him was the commander of the entire army, Keyes, and his son, Dalton.

“Father! I heard that my betrothed will be on this battlefield. I object to that! I can’t permit my cute little Rui to get hurt!”

Though Dalton had been allowed to participate in this war, he was not allowed to do anything on his own. After being warned many times by Melphe, Keyes had decided that the best way to keep Dalton under control would be to keep him by his side. That being said, it meant that he had to divert some of his energy to dealing with his stupid son. He wasn’t even sure where to begin explaining.

“Urgent report!”

“Well met, soldier,” Keyes responded.

It was as if this soldier running in at this very instant had sensed Keyes’s distress and appeared on purpose. Dalton didn’t seem satisfied with the situation, but fortunately for Keyes, this allowed him to change the subject.

“Speak. What’s happened?”

“The five thousand men we sent first have invaded the territory and engaged in battle. The enemy didn’t seem to have been prepared whatsoever, and our forces have captured an entire village.”

“I see...”

In civil wars, the basic rule was to not kill your enemy—the system didn’t appreciate killing fellow countrymen. No matter if they were regular citizens or soldiers, they were supposed to be taken as prisoners of war and gradually ransomed off. That being said, it was a little rude to take prisoners of war when the other side wasn’t prepared for the civil war, but from the marquess’s perspective, regardless of the reason, the result was the most important thing.

If they got to the enemy commander as quickly as possible and took him down, then the reckless means they'd employed would be justified, and they could finish things before the royal family had a chance to intervene. That's why he'd prepared a force of fifty thousand in order to speed his way to a victory. The soldier's report didn't end there, though.

"I have one more thing—something strange. For some reason, there were reports of our forces fighting against goblins protecting the villages."

"Hm?"

He replayed the words Melphes had said before in his mind. An outburst of monsters, and a territory lord that controlled them. The word "tamer" didn't even come up in Keyes's mind; one could say that he was still operating in the realm of common sense. After all, tamers should have only been able to control several monsters at once. There had been no record of a tamer ever controlling tens of thousands. At that point, they wouldn't even be considered tamers. In Keyes's mind, Remille had the same appearance as Melphes—a researcher.

"And our forces had no trouble with the goblins, I trust?" Keyes asked.

"Yes. That force was elite, so they blew past the goblins with ease."

As the soldier said, there were five ace-class warriors that Keyes was proud of, moving with the vanguard unit. Adding in some additional support from his vassal states, ten of his fifty thousand were aces.

Their quality was all over the place, but the ones who stood out the most were a sage candidate who could use all four elements, Rui, and three others who held enough potential to attain S rank. Also, though they weren't recognized as ace-class, there were those like Aman who held strength that rivaled them. All of these talented individuals helped to form the country's strongest army.

"I see. That's great."

It was understandable that Keyes had thought that the report wasn't that big of a deal. He'd sent a vanguard force of five thousand into the territory, they'd incidentally fought goblins, and his forces had easily been able to capture the villagers. Strictly thinking about it from that standpoint, it was a very simple,

straightforward report.

But that carelessness was a spark itself—of the beginning of Keyes's end.

# Emergency

“We have trouble! I’m so sorry...”

Just as I was lying down, getting ready to relax and sleep in my room in my territory’s mansion, Catra burst in through the window, covered in mud.

“Catra... What’s wrong?” I asked, catching her in a panic.

She was off doing her own thing more often than not recently, but she’d usually find her way back home around this time. It seemed that there was something up with her today, though. She’d never come home this dirty—but more importantly...

“I’m so sorry... The goblins...” Catra was having a hard time finding the words and had begun to cry, so I embraced her to calm her down. She buried her face into my chest for a little while before she moved away from me and started over. “The goblins were attacked... We might have lost over half of them...”

“They were attacked?!”

“A huge force of soldiers came out of nowhere. I just received a report that the goblins died before they even knew what was happening. I’m so sorry!”  
*They...died? The ones that I just met the other day?*

“It’s not your fault, Catra.” *If anything, this is my fault...but before we play the blame game, there’s something I need to do.* “Crow.”

“At your service,” he said, immediately appearing outside my room.

*It’s times like these that I really appreciate how quickly he pops up.* “Could you call Ciel here for me? After that, I want you to send a message to Ly and Tron. Tell them what’s going on and to head over to the villages that were attacked.”

“Understood.” He then disappeared without even making a sound.

I continued to calm Catra down while gradually getting more information out of her. Apparently, the western villages along the border were the victims of this assault. The army that had attacked them had been human. Going off

who'd have the forces to do this—and the motive—it could only be...

"Keyes..." I muttered.

"Remille!" In the midst of my thoughts, the door flew open as Ciel arrived.

"I'm pretty sure Keyes is behind this, Ciel."

"Yeah, agreed..." she trailed off. "There's something different about you. Did you know that?"

It seemed that I was acting so differently that Ciel actually had to stop midsentence to check on me. It's not like I could help it, though. Hearing that my citizens—all of whom were not only my friends, but practically family—might be dead had left me more than a little agitated.

"There's just one thing I want to confirm."

"What?" Ciel asked.

"What'll happen if I take out the marquess?"

"Are you...serious?"

As far as the army itself was concerned, they might've simply been taking out some monsters while waging their civil war. But from my perspective, they'd spilled the blood of my citizens.

"You're not gonna talk me out of this, so that's why I just wanted to hear the end result."

Ciel silently stared at me with her glowing, aquamarine eye, but I stared right back into it. I was more than ready to have the entire country after me. And then...

"I'll take care of it. Just do what you want," she said.

It seemed that she had figured out what I was thinking. I couldn't forgive the people who'd killed my comrades, nor the man behind it all. That being said, I wasn't planning to haphazardly increase the body count. Ciel understood that, which is why she'd given me her blessing.

"Thanks."

"So what are you planning to do, specifically?"



“I’m sure Emmy’s got some people on the inside, so I’ll decide on the specifics after getting information from her. But for now, I have Ly and Tron heading to the villages that were attacked.”

Since we had many infiltrators in his forces, I’d thought we’d be able to know when they were going to make their move, but most likely the goddess had done something to prevent that. Consequently, it was completely possible that we’d also lost a lot of those spies. I couldn’t help but feel frustrated, but for the time being, there was only one thing to do—take action.

“I’m sure I’ll get information from Emmy in the morning, so I’ll wait for that and move out, straight for their stronghold.”

“You do know that you’re going up against the strongest army in the country, right?”

“Even so, this is the only way to ensure the fewest casualties, isn’t it?”

“Yeah... You’re surprisingly thorough, considering how little confidence you have,” Ciel said with a laugh.

Of course, my opponent was powerful. But I had to make it to Keyes despite that. Which is why, even though some might have seen this as a little pathetic, I needed to take the best action I could in this situation— “Could you make me stronger, Ciel?”

“Of course.”

I wasn’t going to let any of them beat me, no matter how unlikely such a feat was. I would meet them with my full strength. It was obvious to anyone that Ciel’s Appraisal was necessary for that.

“You’ve gotten a lot of experience points all at once recently,” she said, “but you didn’t use any of them on the skills you’ve been learning, and you still have some experience left from your past loops. That being said, making you strong all at once is gonna be hard.”

“I’m prepared.”

“Okay...then let’s do it.”

There wasn’t much time until morning. The two of us spent the night focusing

on teaching me new skills. Usually, I would repeatedly use them while Ciel guided me, making sure that my body learned how to use the skill. For example, she'd have me swing a sword around a couple of times for a mid-level sword technique, or have me try a disarmament skill on a real person. But this time, it wasn't going to be that easy.

"I'm going to create three skills for you."

"Create...?"

"Yeah. It might be okay to teach you what people consider to be the strongest spells or skills, but I'll be honest, it wouldn't make much of a difference with how tough you are now."

"Why not?"

"That's just how monstrous your stats are at this point. So that's why it's better for you to learn original skills."

"Original skills?!"

There were individuals who'd left their marks on history and had skills named after them. They were heroes who had proved themselves with powerful and unique techniques. I felt pressure comparing myself to them, but more than that, I knew that this wasn't a question of whether I could learn these skills. I *had* to.

"This is perfect timing. I knew I wanted to have you learn these skills, but I didn't think you had enough drive to learn them until now."

"What, it matters that I'm motivated?"

"It does, but whatever. There's not much you can do about it anyway. The important thing for you to know is that learning original skills puts you in a situation where your very life is at stake."

"It's that hard to learn them?"

"It is, but also your soul will actually try to reject them. They're powers beyond human ken."

"It's that bad...?"

“You’re going to be challenging that goddess, so you should be grateful that I thought of these for you,” Ciel said with a smile.

Then, after undergoing a very hellish training regimen, I did manage to learn the skills in question. There were three in total: Dragon King’s Haki, Beast King’s Roar, and Commander’s Wrath. The strongest effects from the normal skills I had were essentially remixed into what I could currently handle.

Haki temporarily lowered the opponent’s morale, which would have a great effect during war. By drawing on the authority of a kukulkan, a divine beast, it could exert even more pressure than the highest levels of regular Haki skills.

Roar was a breath weapon. It wasn’t something that humans could normally use, but if I worked with a behemoth like Catra, then I could release it as magic out of my own breath or hands, as long as it was a magic element I could control. Luckily, I could control every element, so that wasn’t an issue. Roar was already as strong as the strongest spells, but with the authority of a divine beast like a behemoth behind me, I could go even further beyond.

Wrath converted the user’s rage into power, which was perfect in this situation. The “commander” part of it let me draw on the emotions of my allies to strengthen myself.

Ultimately, by dawn, I’d somehow finished the preparations necessary to raid the enemy’s stronghold. Now all I needed to do was wait for Emmy, find out where their stronghold was, and then fly straight there on Kuku. *I’m going to end this with a quick attack. This is the best strategy to ensure that as few people as possible get hurt.*

# A Quarrel

The soldiers of the proud allied army of Marquess Keyes were drunk on their continuous victories on the front line, making them incredibly lax. But back in the base camp, there was a rather frantic disturbance occurring.

“Father! I can defeat some measly goblins! Let me at them! I want to show off my good side!” Dalton blabbered loudly.

As always, Keyes’s head ached at his son’s ridiculous whims. “But...”

“I can fight too! If I borrow some strong guys and they actually pull their weight, then I’m sure even Rui will...”

Dalton couldn’t even conceive of himself fighting in a battle. It wasn’t even really his fault, seeing as he was a noble, but he too often boldly showed off how pathetic he was. Keyes clutched his head.

He was still trying to figure out how to deal with his son—that occupied his mind so thoroughly that he wasn’t paying attention to Dalton’s thought process. That’s why he was too late to stop him.

“Oh, yeah! I just need to go to Rui!”

“Huh?”

“Father! I will protect Rui! And since she’s strong, I’m sure we’ll be very helpful on the battlefield. She’s in the camp over there, right?! I’ll be right back!”

“W-Wait!”

But Keyes’s words fell on deaf ears, as Dalton ran off in high spirits with his belly jiggling.



“No way in hell...” Rui mumbled to herself in the temporary camp that House Rutus had made. “There is absolutely no way that I will let myself be married to that guy.” She muttered this to herself over and over again.

The reason she was trembling wasn't out of disgust for Dalton. "It's either I make a name for myself in this civil war, and become an adventurer again, or..." Rui wasn't stupid. Being able to control four elements at her age made her an unparalleled prodigy, and that's exactly why she knew her situation better than anyone. "If I fail, then...I'm gonna die here."

She brought out her favorite knife from her training school days. During their advance, the front lines had already overwhelmed groups of goblins. In the first place, invading with an army of fifty thousand would make any territory collapse immediately. There wasn't really any place for her to show off. That's why...

"I have no choice but to die..." she concluded, solemnly making up her mind.

But right at the worst possible moment, the worst possible guest arrived.

"Lady Rui, you have a visitor."

"A visitor...? Who would come all the way here?" *Aman?*

Rui hadn't contacted her since the incident in the colosseum, but she was aware that Aman was participating in this civil war as well. Thinking that it might be nice to see her before she died, Rui allowed the visitor in, but she wasn't so lucky.

"My dear Rui! I'm here now! No need to worry anymore! I won't let even a single scratch mar your cute face! I picked out some incredibly strong soldiers, so we can expect to be perfectly safe. Oh, but I don't want to stop you from showing off in the civil war! I'll be right behind you, so don't worry!"

Dalton had absolutely no clue what thoughts had been crossing Rui's mind as she'd been sitting there. There was no way that he could have. Even so, he should have taken a little more time to really consider what his presence would mean to Rui. She'd already fallen into a state of mind where she was ready to take a life without hesitation, whether that was her own, or...

"Huh?" he said.

"Ah..." In her hand was a knife. In front of her was the guy she hated most in the world. All sorts of emotions were jumbled up inside her, and for a split second, her head went blank. By the time she returned to her senses, her

beloved knife had found itself lodged in Dalton's stomach.

"Gyaaaaaaah!!!"

"What happened? Lord Dalton?!" An imperial guard that Dalton had brought with him came running in, and Rui's memories grew hazy after that.



"Wh-What?! Dalton is seriously injured? How?!"

Keyes had received this information late at night. Everyone should have been relishing their overwhelming victory. Regardless of how weak Dalton was, the soldiers that'd been with him were no pushovers, and it was hard to imagine a situation that could leave him so gravely injured. But it all made sense after hearing the next report.

"It seems that his fiancée from House Rutus..."

"I see..."

It was rare during civil wars, but in the general course of battle it was quite common that more officers died from friendly fire than the enemy's assaults. Even if it hadn't been Rui, Keyes understood that it would've been possible for his son to have fallen into the same situation at another point.

"How is he?" Keyes asked.

"He's conscious, but with his wounds, it's unlikely he can return to the battlefield."

"Oh..."

Keyes wasn't sure how he felt about this. He did have the grim thought that if his son died here, a lot of problems would be solved. On the other hand, his son might live—but be physically unable to move for the remainder of the war, which was the best possible outcome for Keyes. That's why his attitude toward Rui was extremely lax.

"Call Rui and Viscount Rutus here. We'll have a chat about what happens next."

Usually, stabbing the heir of a marquess was enough cause to kill an entire

family, but Keyes had decided to forgive her.



It was late at night, and Rui's father brought her to the stronghold with her hands tied behind her back.

"Well met," Keyes said.

The viscount of Rutus was trembling, his head hanging. But his fear was all too understandable. It wouldn't have been strange for his head to be parted from his body here in this place. Though, perhaps that was what he was hoping for—after all, there were worse punishments than death. But Keyes's next words were not something that Rutus had been expecting in the slightest.

"Thank you for coming. You may untie her."

"A-Are you...sure?" Rutus asked nervously, raising his head.

But before he could say anything else, a nearby soldier untied Rui's hands. The rope was a special enchanted tool that suppressed her magic. Releasing her from the rope was the same as giving a criminal a sword. Rutus couldn't grasp what was going on. Rui, for her part, seemed like her mind still had not recovered.

"Hm...things have really gotten out of hand, but it was an accident. Isn't that right, Rui?" Keyes said.

"Huh?" Rui's eyes came into focus. She was stunned at this turn of events, but seeing her father's desperate expression helped her find her words. "Yes... I'm very sorry..."

"It's all right. It was an accident. If anything, I believe my son is at fault for forcing himself into your presence. Betrothed as you two may be, we haven't even had your marriage ceremony yet. His life is in no danger, so please don't worry yourself."

Though his words confused the gathered troops, those close to Keyes found what he said completely acceptable. Taking into account Dalton's behavior until now, as well as Rui's value as an ace-class soldier, they found themselves thankful for what she'd done.

“That being said, I have lost a commander of my army, so...” Though it was obvious that Dalton hadn’t been of any use as a commander, nobody wanted to say that out loud. “Rui, I believe you need an opportunity to redeem yourself for your failure. That’s why I’d like to entrust a unit of a thousand men to you. I expect you to work hard.”

“Wha—?!”

Not only had he forgiven Rui in a situation where it wouldn’t have been strange for him to kill her entire family, but he had promoted her to a commander. Rutus, who’d braced himself for his own death, couldn’t help but make a squeak of surprise.

“Are you unsatisfied with my decision?” Keyes asked.

“N-No. Not at all!” Rutus’s heart soared from Keyes’s magnanimous treatment.

It seemed that Rui had finally begun to understand the situation. Though she couldn’t make much of a mark by herself, with a force of one thousand men under her command, the story was different. If she could take down the enemy leader—Remille—in this battle, then she wouldn’t be a pawn used in a strategic marriage. She’d be recognized for her strength instead.

Of course, she couldn’t just win. She had to make it a flashy, conspicuous, decisive victory over Remille and his ace-class soldiers. Though she’d already lost to him once, with these conditions for the battle in place, she was surprisingly confident. She’d been prepared to take her own life, but in a very surprising turn of events, luck seemed to smile on her, and she was able to regain her confident personality. Even now, she thought of Remille as beneath her.



## A Different Level Entirely

“Kyooh!”

“Have you gotten bigger again, Kuku?”

“It’s ‘cause of last night’s training,” Catra purred proudly.

Ciel, Catra in her human form, and I could all fit on him now. He’d grown big enough that nobody could deny that he was a full-fledged dragon. But he was still young in terms of a kukulkan life span.

“When you learned those skills, the respective followers got stronger,” Ciel explained.

“Makes sense.”

The two skills in question, Dragon King’s Haki and Beast King’s Roar, were earned by borrowing strength from Kuku and Catra respectively. That had probably powered the both of them up.

“You’re a bona fide monster yourself now that you have all three of those original skills. Nobody’s going to be able to deny that. That strength’s probably been reflected in your followers too.”

“Familiar Enhancement, right? I’ve been wondering, but isn’t this kinda like an endless cycle?”

If my followers got stronger, then with Ability Absorption, I got stronger. If I got stronger, then my followers got stronger with Familiar Enhancement. I felt like I could get infinitely strong with this, but fortunately, Ciel was here to straighten me out.

“After the second cycle, it takes longer for the effects to be reflected. The potency scales down to zero pretty quickly too.”

“Oh...”

“That being said, you still possess enough strength that it almost seems unfair.”

*Hm. I'm not sure about that.* I'd been thinking that it was kind of weird that tamer was such an under-appreciated class, but then again, my instincts had been kind of messed up recently. Normal tamers weren't able to tame monsters stronger than themselves, so there was usually no benefit in being one. After all, there weren't any tamers on the same level as me. Most of them were much weaker and worked odd jobs with their familiars.

"You've already become something completely different from a tamer," Ciel said as if she'd read my mind. She smiled. "You've even said that you're gonna tame that goddess, so maybe it'd be better to call yourself the demon king or something."

"It'd be a pretty bad joke for the princess to have spent her time raising someone to be the demon king."

"I'll laugh it off if it happens. What's wrong with being a demon king earl?"

I was wondering what kind of situation that would even make sense in, but I also knew that if I continued down this path, that was most likely how others would see me. But jokes aside...

"There it is!" One of the villages that'd been attacked came into view.

"Looks like things have been settled," Ciel remarked.

"Yeah, thanks to Tron and Ly being there."

From what I'd heard, after attacking the goblins, the troops had surrounded the village and taken the villagers hostage, though they hadn't harmed any of the humans. But it seemed that the enemy's formation was already partially broken. Ly was waiting for us, and the captors had become the captives.

"Good work as always," I said.

"I kept most of them alive as you ordered, but some of them..." Ly trailed off.

"It's fine. Don't worry about it."

It wasn't great to have killed the other side's soldiers in a civil war, but they'd already drawn first blood. This conflict wasn't following the usual civil war system and rules. We were in a real war.

"Tron and I have worked together to regain control of the other villages as

well.”

“Good work.” Now all that was left was for Emmy to tell me where their stronghold was.

“At the moment, Tron is gathering all the prisoners into one location. We’ll join you on your siege once we’ve finished.”

“Good. Thanks.”

“Please be safe.”

I’d asked Tron and Ly to do two things. The first was to retake the captured villages, take stock of the casualties, and rebuild. The second was to gather our forces and join me on the battlefield. My goal of breaking through their lines to their stronghold through a single point was pretty risky from a tactical standpoint.

It’d be bad if they got desperate and attacked our villages again, and it wasn’t a great idea to be surrounded by an army of fifty thousand and have to continuously fight them off. We could probably get about fifteen thousand soldiers, but if the enemy saw our full numbers, they probably wouldn’t panic and would stay levelheaded.

My plan was to have Tron and Ly act as a defensive line, and then have Emmy sync up her subordinates’ movements while also keeping an eye on what the goddess was doing. I knew that the goddess was still at the research facility, so it didn’t seem like she’d be joining the battle this time. Still, it wouldn’t be surprising to see her pop up suddenly. Emmy had been instructed to contact me as soon as she saw the goddess making a move.

“Time to head out,” I said.

“It looks like the enemy’s bunched up just beyond this forest.”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

The vanguard—five platoons of one thousand men each—had attacked the villages. That meant that there were about forty-five thousand soldiers at the stronghold. Just as I was about to leave, one of the enemy soldiers who’d been caught, a large man, spat at me. With how I was now, I could dodge that level of

attack in my sleep, but Ly just simply used a wave of mana to neutralize it.

“You rat...” Ly growled.

“I was wonderin’ what the commander of all these monsters looked like, but judgin’ from your face, I guess the answer’s ‘not much.’ Lucky for us.”

I could understand his sentiment after they’d had to fight Ly and the others, but... “Hey Ly, was this guy strong?”

“No. However, he was slightly better than the others.”

“I see.”

Judging from his build, he was probably a commander—an ace-class soldier.

The guy continued. “Everyone back at the main army’s undergone modifications. None of you will be able to put a scratch on ‘em.”

“Modifications?”

I’d gotten some intel from Emmy, and the thought had occurred to me when I’d fought Margus too, but...

“Did you say ‘everyone’?”

“No clue how many were actually able to withstand it, though.”

In the last civil war, there had been berserk soldiers who’d seemed like they’d been drugged. If they were in this war too, then usually it’d make it a harder battle, but...

“They won’t really make a difference,” I said.

“Yeah,” Ciel agreed.

“Huh? What’cha actin’ so smug for? There’s no way that a twig like you stands a chance, ‘specially without an army behind ya!”

“Then let’s give this a try,” I said.

“Huh?”

Fortifying their soldiers a little wouldn’t do anything, no matter how many elites came. Breaking through their ranks with just me, Catra, and Kuku was gonna be a breeze, but...this was the perfect place to practice something. *It is*

*okay for me to test this out, right?*

“Dragon King’s Haki,” I said.

“U-Urk...”

“He’s gonna die,” Ciel pointed out.

“Oh...” I stopped the skill as soon as she said that, and the soldier gasped for air.

“This is usually a skill used on tens of thousands of people,” Ciel explained. “Even though you held back, it has more than enough strength to kill if you restrict the area of effect.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Though he’d caught his breath, the soldier didn’t seem to have anything else to say.



“Urgent report! Urgent report!” A messenger came flying into Keyes’s encampment early in the morning.

“What is it...?”

“Our vanguard has been bested!”

“Huh?” Keyes dropped the cup he’d brought to his mouth.

His panic made sense. Just yesterday, he’d received a report that the vanguard had captured villagers and was standing by. “What did the enemy do?”

“Well... I couldn’t exactly make sense of what the soldiers who made it back were telling me. But they said that they were attacked by a monster as big as a mountain...”

The truth behind the incident was that Tron had flown into a rage after seeing his fallen comrades, so he’d reverted to his full size as a king troll. The report wasn’t wrong, but anyone who hadn’t been there would think that the people reporting it were crazy.

The worst part of it was that barely any of the soldiers had made it back. All of

them were way too shaken up to even report back to Keyes themselves.

“A monster as big as a mountain... That territory lord controls monsters, doesn't he? Is that his new weapon?”

“Even so, that's too absurd. They must've used illusion magic...”

The people around began spouting their theories while Keyes listened.

“Inform all my forces that we will move forth to free our prisoners,” he said.

“Yes!”

“So we're finally...”

For the people gathered, what was about to happen was nothing more than a spectacle for them to enjoy. Beating down a new territory lord with barely any experience under his belt through an overwhelming display of force was essentially a show to these people.

They simply assumed that it had been some kind of accident that had led to the vanguard's defeat, and found comfort in the fact that they still had the numbers advantage. But Keyes felt a sense of unease, the origins of which he couldn't pinpoint. Yet he still prepared for battle. He himself recognized that the enemy was powerful, but was ready to charge ahead. Just as he'd steeled his will, though...

“What?!”

“This...”

“Wh-What?!”

The stronghold suddenly fell into a panic. But the panic didn't stop there—it spread to the forty-five thousand soldiers, who all seemed to be afflicted by the same phenomenon. The air was suddenly heavy, and not a soul was able to move. Even breathing had become difficult in the face of the pressure.

Then the person releasing that pressure leisurely strolled past the soldiers, atop the back of a magnificent, lion-shaped monster. Many recognized its form from the legendary tales they'd read in picture books, not to mention the dragon that flew above them as well.

“A behemoth?!”

“And that’s a kukulkan up there!”

“What’s going on?!”

“Why can’t we move?!”

The behemoth slowly took one relaxed step after another, with her king, Remille, seated on top of her. None of the soldiers could move a single muscle. Keyes instinctually recognized the huge difference in their power—between him, a territory lord and king in his own right, and the new territory lord who was leisurely strolling toward him.

## Strongest in the Country

“According to Ciel’s information, there aren’t any especially strong soldiers here—they’re ace-class, but on the lower end of the spectrum.”

“Kyooh!”

We were in the middle of the enemy’s forces, slowly advancing into their formation while I rode Catra in her behemoth form. It seemed that Dragon King’s Haki was incredibly powerful, judging by how most of the people here couldn’t even move. Thanks to that, despite the fact that everyone in Keyes’s proud army was strong individually, they’d lost the ability to prove it.

“But there are still some people who can move, so I need to keep my guard up,” I said, petting Catra while keeping an eye on my surroundings.

Detection had evolved into a high-level skill and allowed me to tell more or less who I needed to be careful of on this vast battlefield. Right now, the really powerful ones, the commanders of the army, weren’t able to leave their posts. But that was the right decision on their part; after all, their forces would fall apart at the seams if Tron and Ly’s army were to hit them while they were lacking a commander.

“Well, I guess it was about time.” As we continued our advance, a certain pair appeared. *Seems we won’t be able to simply go straight for Keyes.*

“So this is where you pop up?” grunted a figure clad in full armor. From her voice, I could tell it was Aman.

“Don’t get full of yourself! I’m pretty lucky for you to make a huge appearance like this,” said Rui from horseback.

“Lucky?” I asked.

“I won’t let my guard down like last time. I’m going to restore everyone’s faith in me!” Aman continued.

Their soldiers must have been really tough if they were able to move in this



situation... No, my former friends' auras had weakened the effect of my Dragon King's Haki. Thanks to that, the people around them could move, which meant I was now surrounded.

"Heh heh. What's your move? I don't think you're winning this one," Rui said confidently.

From a bystander's perspective, that might've been the case. Aman and the soldiers around me were all certainly strong. If they were adventurers, they would've been on the higher side of C rank. Plus, Aman herself had the potential of being S rank, though she was currently only on the higher side of a B rank adventurer.

C rank adventurers were pros, capable of making a living off their work. There weren't that many of them to begin with, and there were even fewer B rank adventurers, who were essentially viewed as hero-level.

Rui's skill with magic was top-class. Even right now, she was as strong as an A rank adventurer, and with her position behind the soldiers, one could say she was in the perfect spot to utilize her strength. *But...*

"Commander's Wrath," I said.

"Wha—?!"

"So, going back to how you guys think you're lucky... I think *I'm* actually the lucky one here, running into the two of you right now."

Commander's Wrath was a skill that greatly changed in power depending on the user's anger, and I had seven loops' worth of anger toward the two of them.

"Stop spouting nonsense! I'll defeat you, whatever it takes!" Aman yelled, jumping toward me.

Nobody else moved, though—just Aman. She certainly had the inhuman mobility of a B rank adventurer. She leapt all the way to my position on top of Catra and immediately began swinging her sword at me. I positioned my pair of blades in an X-shape to block her attack, but the force of it pushed me off of Catra.

"Take this! *Meteo Flare!*" It was the strongest fire magic—no, it was a sage-

level spell with earth magic mixed into it as well.

Countless flaming rocks flew down toward me. “Catra!”

“Grooooooar!”

“Huh?!” Rui gasped as her powerful magic was simply blown away by Catra’s roar. “How...?” She was frozen with shock.

In the meantime, Aman continued her attack. “Raaaah!”

“Kyooh!”

“Wha— Aghhhh!”

After a cute chirp, Kuku repelled Aman with his Breath from the sky. It looked like he was trying to show off to Rui, because he’d used a Double Breath—which combined the same kind of fire and earth magic that she’d used.

“Eek! Monster!” cried one of the men surrounding us.

“H-Hey, don’t run! Stay and fight!” Rui commanded her fleeing soldiers.

Seeing the combination of two divine beasts was too much for the soldiers under Rui’s command. They’d completely lost their will to fight and had begun to flee. From what I could tell, Rui had been made their impromptu commander not too long ago. She didn’t have their respect yet, and she’d also picked the wrong opponent. The two beasts behind me must’ve seemed like quite the threat to Rui and Aman.

“Are you gonna cheat again?!” Rui shrieked.

“Cheat...?” I asked, puzzled.

“I didn’t lose! I can’t lose to the likes of you!” Rui then took her knife and charged at me.

Just as I was thinking that she’d lost it, I realized that there was already dried blood on the knife. *Is that...?*

“Did you...kill someone?” I asked.

“Shut up! Shut up! Just shut up! I have to make a name for myself here! If I don’t, dying’s my only other option!”

It went without saying that even if Rui was a very powerful A rank mage, she was not proficient at close-quarters combat. I didn't feel any threat from her attack at all with how powerful I'd become, but I could feel the pain in her voice, so I decided to not dodge and take her knife with my two blades, stopping it in its tracks.

Even so, Rui futilely continued to try and ram the knife into me, crying as she usually did. She desperately tried to drive herself forward, but all she could do was lamely dig her heels into the ground. Eventually she dropped the knife and fell to her knees.

"Wh-What *are* you...?" Rui asked, breaking down into sobs.

I had no answer.



I used my tentacle monsters to capture Aman, Rui, and the other soldiers.

“Even I wonder what I am...” I muttered as I continued my march through the stronghold, to where Keyes was waiting.

Ultimately, it seemed that he’d run out of cards to play, because we didn’t encounter any other enemies like Rui along the way.

## Reunion with the Goddess

The war ended rather anticlimactically. As soon as we'd reached Keyes, he'd raised the white flag and had even prepared rope with which to tie himself up. With that, everything was over. I met up with Ciel and called an official from the royal capital to take care of the postwar problems.

It'd been a one-sided attack and a one-sided slaughter of citizens. The latter was a serious crime to the royal family, so they decided to keep Keyes imprisoned in the royal capital while they decided his punishment. He showed no signs of resistance at all. More curious was the fact that the goddess had not shown her face whatsoever. But on another note, it seemed that due to Ciel and Crow's hard work, the monsters in my territory were now actually considered citizens.

"So, it's finally time, huh?" I asked.

"Yeah."

Ciel and I were currently in Keyes's territory. The reason we were here despite him not being around was, of course...

"Is this research facility...bigger than his own mansion?" I asked.

"Sure is. Hmm, I expected as much, but it looks like it's been abandoned."

There wasn't anyone inside, but since they'd had to leave in a hurry, they'd left some things behind. I was pretty confident that among those would be that berserk drug. It would probably affect Keyes's punishment. Ciel and I may have come here before the royal capital's investigators could, but we were going to leave the actual analyzing to them.

"Are there even any traces of the goddess here?" I muttered. In the next moment, though, I heard a voice.

"Do you need something from me?" Ciel and I gasped as said goddess appeared out of thin air. "No need to put your guards up. You two win this round. By the way, it seems that my name in this realm is Melphes. Please feel

free to call me as such.” She sat down elegantly.

*As if we could not be on guard.*

In the midst of my confusion, Ciel began asking questions. “Why didn’t you save Keyes?”

“Hmm... I suppose he doesn’t have any value left that warrants me rescuing him,” she said simply. It really reaffirmed that she had a different sense of ethics than us. “At any rate, it appears you’ve been looking for me—however, I have business with you two as well. Do you mind if we address that first?”

Before we even had the chance to refuse, Melphes stood up and slowly walked toward us. “Explain something to me, princess. Despite being entrusted with the pawn that I so carefully raised, you’re taking your dear sweet time with his growth.”

“What is that supposed to mean...?” I asked.

“*You* might not know what I mean, but I’m sure the princess has an idea,” she giggled, glancing at Ciel—who, for her part, looked clearly guilty about something. “You should be more generous about how you utilize all that stored XP,” Melphes continued. “You’re only using up about a fifth of it. Even from my most conservative estimates, you should be able to make him five times stronger than he currently is. That would further enhance his monsters and grant him even more powerful blessings.”

I understood that we’d only used about a fifth of the XP I’d stored up, but I was sure that Ciel had her reasons. Even so, Melphes didn’t stop.

“I need Remille to become even stronger,” Melphes said, putting her hand on my shoulder. Catra hissed menacingly in her cat form from my feet, but couldn’t do anything further than that. This was a rare opportunity, so I decided to ask Melphes some questions I had too, directly.

“Your plan’s been to make me go through these loops to make me stronger? Why?”

“This is a good opportunity to discuss my objective. I can tell that you’re very wary of me, but I’m sure that our goals are not too different.”

As soon as Melphe said that, a circular table appeared out of nowhere, and she invited us to sit down. There were even snacks and tea on it.

“If we’re going to chat, we might as well do it sitting down. Go ahead. Oh, don’t worry, I haven’t done anything to the food—though perhaps I don’t have to go out of my way to say that with you here, princess.”

Ciel’s Eye of Appraisal was already scanning the food. “True. You can eat if you feel like it,” she said in her usual tone.

Ciel was a little stiff, probably because of what Melphe had said, but sat down anyway. I followed her lead and sat down as well.

“Now... Where to begin?” Melphe rested her chin on her hand. “Oh, I know. Let’s begin with having you see what lies in store.” Images began flashing through my head.



The world was on fire. That might’ve sounded like an exaggeration, but all I could see was a deserted landscape. The flames danced in the air. There was nobody around. No, there were a few left—some survivors were charging straight into the fire. Past that were countless powerful monsters, who had made the world fall to ruin. The only option left to the humans was to kill the demon lord who’d been behind it all.

Despite not having any weapons or armor left, the humans boldly charged and were torn to shreds by the powerful ogres and werewolves. And then there was only one left. He worked up the courage and began his charge, but...

“Huh?”

That last brave soul looked just like me. And then I watched as this look-alike was cut down and reduced to nothing but a pile of flesh.



“What do you think?” Melphe asked.

“What do I think about seeing myself die on some hellish landscape?”

I shot Ciel a confused expression, but it seemed as if she’d been shown the same vision.



Then Melphes said something that none of us had expected. “Precisely. What I showed you was memories from your first loop.”

“Wait, what?”

“No way...!” Ciel shot to her feet, seemingly realizing something.

“Yes. There are certain memories that Remille is unable to recollect,” Melphes said.

“Huh...?”

“More accurately, the thought of having him keep his memories didn’t even come to my mind at first. I believed that by having the final survivor try this over and over again, the future I desired would eventually come to fruition, which is why I had him go through the loops. Alas, I saw no improvement at all.”

She’d said those words so casually, but it felt like I’d been hit over the head. The reality of my countless loops was finally starting to sink in, probably thanks to that.

“The last seven loops went spectacularly! You accumulated plenty of XP, and I was trying to think of how to make the best use of it in this eighth loop, but...” Melphes’s gaze fell onto Ciel. “I’m not sure exactly why, but it seems that the princess over there has not been willing to remove your limiter, so I’ve come to do it in her stead.”

“My...limiter?”

“Indeed. Oh, don’t worry, I won’t have you dying to the horror like before. That level of beast is no longer a match for you anyway. However, we need to pick up the pace. Regardless of the world line, the demon king is always born in less than a decade.”

*The demon king... Ciel’s called me that as a joke, but seeing that image of the real deal, I can tell he’s on a different level entirely. He stood above all other monsters. If he’s seeking the destruction of humanity, then...*

“Ciel...” I said hesitantly.

I had a feeling I knew why Ciel hadn’t removed my limiter. There were certain adjustments that were necessary if we were thinking of outmaneuvering the

goddess in front of us. But after seeing the image of what was to come, I wanted to get strong as quickly as possible. I shot a look at Ciel with these feelings welling up inside me.

“Fine...” she sighed. “I’ll do it.” Ciel stood up and walked behind me. “*Really* focus, okay? Keep thinking about what you need to do. You might have XP, but it’s all essentially borrowed—I’m not sure how it’ll affect your stats.” She put her hands on my shoulders. “First, relax... All you have to do is imagine yourself getting stronger. Then it’ll all be over.”

“That’s...it? Just imagine it?” Though it didn’t seem like a lot, it was harder than I’d thought.

Ciel smiled, seeing me thinking about how I could possibly get stronger than I was right now. “Having problems? Don’t you remember how you were just so kindly shown a supremely powerful being?”

“Do you mean—?” Suddenly, I remembered the demon king, and I groaned as I felt something begin raging inside me. I desperately fought back to restrain it, stopping it from bursting out. *Th-This is...*

“What?! This can’t be...” Melphe gasped.

“Remille! Watch out!”

“Huh?!”

All I’d done was imagine the demon king, yet the situation spiraled out of control faster than I could blink. First, it seemed like I’d gotten stronger. My skills had gotten so strong that it was as if everything around me was moving in slow motion. In the next moment, Melphe ran over in a panic and reached her hand out to me. I sensed that she wanted to kill me, so I jumped away.

“That’s not possible... Remille... *You’re* the demon king?” Melphe whispered, blankly staring at me.

It was only then that I finally realized what’d happened. I’d used the image of the demon king to spend my XP. But it wasn’t that I’d gained a power equal to the demon king’s. As Melphe said...I had been the demon king to begin with.

“It looks like the truth got warped after all the loops.”

After being shown what should have been the memories of my first loop, I realized that in a sense, the “me” I’d seen back then had been an imposter. The real me had deceived Melphes and continued fighting through who knew how many loops. It seemed that each time she’d made me go through a loop and sent me off somewhere, I’d destroyed the world and tried to pursue her. This had all been so I could break free of the loops—it would only end when I could defeat her.

“Urgh! I should be able to handle a mere newborn demon king!” Melphes proceeded to put her hands together, and our surroundings were suddenly rocked by incredible waves of mana.

Prior to the last few minutes, I would’ve been completely immobilized by this attack—that’s how powerful it was. But with how I was now, I could easily deal with it.

“Beast King’s Roar.”

“Agh!”

The breath burst out of my hand and stopped Melphes’s magic cold. Even I was surprised by how strong it was, but I decided to save my impressions for later. Since I was the demon king, Melphes was my enemy. In order to break free of these loops, I only had two options: destroy the world, or defeat her. If she escaped, then I’d be left to destroy the world again. That’s why...

“I’m gonna stop you here!” I yelled.

“That’s my line!”

We both focused our mana into our arms, compressing it, and then...

“Beast King’s Roar!” Our magic should’ve clashed against one another, but...  
“She disappeared?”

“She ran away,” Ciel corrected.

“Oh...”

“From what I could see, you clearly had more mana.”

“Yeah...that sounds about right.”

*I'm the demon king.* Thinking about it, it felt right to me. What I'd thought had been my eighth loop had turned out to be just one of many. "I let her get away..." It always ended like this. She'd slip through my fingers and send me off on the next loop.

"I..." I looked at Ciel and knew that if I wanted to accomplish my goal of destroying the world, I'd have to kill her along with everyone else. But...

"She's not out of reach just yet," Ciel said.

"She...isn't?"

"Who do you think I am?"

Seeing her aquamarine eye calmed me down. *If she's not too far away, then—*

"Wait. There's no need for you to rush off already."

"But..."

"It's okay. I know what you're freaking out about. You don't have to worry."

"I...don't?"

"Though she calls herself a goddess, she used to just be human."

"Huh...?" That didn't make sense. *How could a human gain all that power?*

"How do you think a normal human feels about *you*?" she asked, seemingly reading my mind.

"Oh..."

"Melphe's power is Light Magic, but hers is on a different level entirely. She used to be a saint, but that was a very...very long time ago. It was back in the age of myth," Ciel explained.

"Myth..."

*If I remember right, saints are basically mythical themselves.* Hero, blade master, saint, and sage—all of these titles had been given to legendary heroes. So in other words, Melphe was...

"She's the first saint?" I asked.

"Probably."

“Doesn’t that mean that there are others like her?” *There might be a blade master, hero, or sage around too...*

“No clue. I don’t know that much. But at the very least, she’s not a goddess—she’s just a regular person. But we also have a lot of mythical presences on *our* side,” Ciel said. Seeing her smile made my heart feel a little lighter. “Now, onto the main topic... This Light Magic that the saint is using is magic of a different dimension that can even alter time itself. That’s how she’s been making you go through countless loops.”

“I see...”

“But, of course, the most powerful spells have pretty major limitations. Most likely there’s a condition on the spell that not only requires you to die, but also to do so within a specific time limit.”

“And that’s why I’m always killed after three years?”

“Yeah. Oh, and in case you were wondering, I’m able to appraise her like this because you weakened her so much.”

“I did?” I had no recollection of fighting her too hard.

But as I was thinking this, Ciel answered me as if she’d been reading my thoughts. “The loops.”

“What...? Oh!”

Even if she was a saint, her mana wasn’t infinite. If she’d kept using it on all these loops, then...

“Don’t worry. She won’t have the power to make you go through another loop or to run away to a different world for a while.”

“So...”

“Yeah, you’re free,” Ciel said with a smile.

It might’ve been short-lived, but for the first time, I’d broken free of the loops and could finally walk toward the future.

“Now that I think about it, though, what were you even doing before these past seven loops?” Ciel asked.

“Uh... My memory’s hazy.”

I had no recollection of continuing to live in a human form three years past this point. By the time I was trying to catch that saint, I’d usually already discarded my human self most of the time. I’d essentially become more of an evil god than a demon king. But I could tell there was no need to do that this time around. With Ciel here, I knew that there’d always be a way to get stronger without having to destroy the world.

“Either way, this’ll be the first time you’re breaking free of the loops,” Ciel said.

“Breaking free...” It wasn’t as if my objective had completely disappeared, but it looked like I’d achieved something I’d been chasing all this time.

“In other words, you’re useless again since you don’t know the future.” Ciel laughed.

I couldn’t help but laugh too. “Isn’t it more fun that way?”

“Yeah, it really is.”

Our laughter echoed through the empty research facility for quite a long while.



## Epilogue 1: Freedom

“Wow, so...that thing three years in the future isn’t going to happen anymore...” I said.

“Finally sinking in? Took you long enough,” Ciel quipped.

I was now back at the royal palace, living with Ciel, and His Majesty had summoned me for an audience. I had a bad feeling about the talks regarding how to deal with everything now that the war had concluded.

“By the way, Remille, I hear that your territory management is going splendidly,” His Majesty said.

“Thanks...”

After the civil war, I’d sent a security force to the border and also worked on highways between the villages and the castle town. Doing this meant that we could dispatch defensive forces immediately without me having to personally go. I’d thought of sending everyone from the villages to the castle town, but instead I did the opposite and increased the number of villages.

The goblins were reproducing very quickly and increasing their numbers. In addition to that, we had also made new roads between the villages and the castle town. We’d also reached out to the adventurers’ guild and opened multiple branches in the territory, incentivized adventurers to move in, and prepared commerce geared toward adventurers in the villages.

I also had a messenger stationed at each village, and if anything ever happened, they would notify Catra, one of the Big Four, or me immediately.

“You have quite the interesting system. There aren’t too many territories out there that have enough manpower to replicate it,” His Majesty said.

“You’re probably the only one who has the luxury of relegating monsters as strong as B rank adventurers to being simple messengers,” Ciel said.

It was true that I’d used swift magical beasts as messengers, but it only just so



happened that they were strong too...

“Well, it’s okay. I like how interesting it is. Maybe we’ll do it in the royal capital too someday,” Ciel said.

“No way...” Even though I was thinking that it might’ve been a little much to have this system here, judging from the king’s expression, he might’ve been considering the possibility.

“Well, the royal capital may implement it eventually, but for now, I actually have a favor to ask of you. Would you mind listening?” The fact that His Majesty himself was going out of his way to say this meant that there was no option for me to say no. Knowing that, he cheerfully continued. “The Keyes territory is without a leader...”

“Uh...”

My bad feeling had been spot on. It seemed that I was about to be forced into becoming one of the big nobles of this country.



“Remille, I look forward to your contributions to the country as a duke.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty...”

As I stood before the throne, I’d been given the title of duke before I knew what was happening. A duke—that was practically a type of king.

Usually, this was a title that would go to a member of the royal family or the ruler of an acquired foreign territory, but...

“Well, that’s fine, right? You *are* the demon king, after all,” Ciel said.

“Okay, listen...” I started, but seeing Ciel laughing and enjoying herself, I gave up. In a lot of different ways.

## Epilogue 2: The Events Afterward

“Uh...why?” I asked.

“That’s what I want to know...” Rui muttered.

“That’s no way to speak to your master,” said Crow. “Do you remember nothing I taught you?”

“Eek! I’m so sorry! Please forgive me!”

After returning to the mansion, I was—for some reason—greeted by Rui in a maid outfit. Crow had trained her as a servant after the battle.

“This is a better punishment than some of the other options, isn’t it?” I said.

“Urgh...” Rui’s face twisted in frustration.

For the record, Aman was here too, but it was as if her mind wasn’t. She couldn’t even make a sound.



*I guess for people who lost in a magnificent fashion to the guy they were planning to keep around for odd jobs, then lost to him in a magnificent fashion in a civil war, ending up as his maids in the end is probably the ultimate humiliation.*

“Crow’s a given, but you should make sure to be nice to your senior servants too,” I said.

“Huh?! You don’t have to tell me that, you—” An intense glare from Crow cut Rui off. “Ahem. Thank you for the warning.”

I had no doubt that these kinds of exchanges wouldn’t end anytime soon. Later, they’d find themselves in an even more surprising situation, since the senior servants I’d referred to were actually goblins. They obviously hadn’t even dreamed of that being a possibility, but that was where they would live their hectic lives.



“As for Keyes, his land’s been taken away, and apparently he’ll be working at the royal palace,” Ciel explained to me.

“Oh, really?”

“Disappointed?”

“No...”

After coming face-to-face with him, I could tell he wasn’t a bad person. Most likely he’d been used by Melphes and led around by his son, Dalton. All of that had created this incident. Also, apparently, the decision to kill my goblins hadn’t come from him. Allegedly, the vanguard had decided to do it on their own. Anyway, Ly, Tron, and Emmy had already taken care of all that, so there was no point bringing it up again.

“I’m not sure if I agree with Dalton’s punishment, though,” I said.

“I know what you mean, but...with how Keyes was dealt with, it’s pretty much just ceremonial that he alone receives a heavy punishment. But either way, Dalton’s not going anywhere anytime soon, since he’s still recovering from his stab wound.”

“Right...”

Though the wound that Rui had inflicted on him hadn't been fatal, he'd still been stabbed. It was probably a big deal.

“Well, in any case, small fry like that won't be able to get near your territory at all.”

Ciel was right. At this point, the western area of the country—an extremely large part of it—had essentially become my territory. This included the previous territories of Argus, Keyes, and though it was small, my hometown of Wildt too. I'd also gained parts of Rui and Aman's lands, which had been taken away due to the war.

For what it's worth, I was essentially going to govern these territories just like I'd done with Wildt. Most likely, I'd been given all this land—at least in part—because Ciel was with me.

Ciel had the most special power in the entire kingdom, and she was paired up with the guy that no one in the land could even hold a candle to anymore. By giving me a huge area of land, they were most likely keeping my hands tied with its management.

If that'd been the goal, then they were right. I was very busy with managing everything. First on the docket was making a central location for both Ciel and me to live in this vast amount of land. Apparently, we were going to build a castle.

As for the previous mansions of Argus and Keyes, we had Ly, Tron, and Emmy rotate as executives. We also had talented followers filling various government positions. Since we didn't limit those positions to just monsters, we had Ciel use her Appraisal to see if they would be a good fit for the job or not. That's how we staffed the various territorial management offices.

“But the biggest problem we need to deal with is...” I trailed off.

“Figuring out what to do about these ruffians, right?” Ciel finished my sentence.

Looking down from Kuku's back as we flew in the sky, I saw both Keyes's former mansion and the bloodthirsty group of adventurers that had gathered

there. They'd been called the strongest warriors in the country, and had grown pretty proud of that fact after a while. They were no doubt here showing that they had no intention of following the orders of some new territory lord.

"This'll be a good workout for you. It's been a while, hasn't it?"

"Don't make it sound so easy..."

Ciel smiled as she looked down at the fierce mob, which even had some A rank adventurers among its number. *But I guess I don't really have a choice.*



Ultimately, having the territory's adventurers and strong individuals recognize me by accepting their harsh welcome was my next job.

"Being free means being busy," Ciel said.

"Yeah...it sure does."

I wasn't in the clear yet. There was still danger lurking out there. But even so, I wanted to enjoy this freedom with my friends.

"Master! I wanna spar with you too!" Catra said.

"Uh..."

"Kyooh!"

"You too, Kuku?!"

I started dreading the future, now that even my followers were trying to get at me. *When was the last time I started thinking about five...no, ten years into the future? I get the feeling things are gonna keep being busy for a while, but I can tell...it's gonna be fun!*

## Afterword

Hey there, it's SkyFarm. How'd you like volume 2? Every time I get illustrations from teffish, I get so hyped!

With the conclusion of the story between Remille and his party members, this volume's jam-packed with plenty of key points, such as the revelation of the truth behind his loops and the mastermind causing them.

For the record, when I started this series, I hadn't considered the entire background behind the loops at all. When a friend of mine showed me the first volume, they asked if the 8 was supposed to be read like an infinity symbol. After hearing that, I came up with the idea. Thanks so much, Friend N! (LOL) Remille learned to tame a bunch of different monsters during the series, starting with a behemoth, but there are a bunch of pets in my household too. I guess I wouldn't go so far as to say that I've "tamed" them, though. Among them, I have about thirty ball pythons. But recently their eggs hatched and now I have six small, healthy baby snakes too. Babies are always so cute, aren't they?

I've also seen some other animals give birth who weren't my pets. There's a tortoise I've let live out in the yard, but when I went to check on it, I found a bird's nest in a tree! I looked it up, and apparently they're brown-eared bulbuls. I look forward to when the eggs hatch and they're able to safely leave the nest!

They're really cute, and apparently a sign of good luck. From what I read, after they make a nest, they spend a few days laying eggs—one a day. After they're all laid, they warm them all up at once. The birds out there are right in the middle of warming the eggs up! It'll take about two weeks for them to leave the nest after hatching, but honestly that time will go by in a flash, so I'm going to try and watch their growth as carefully as I can.

The tamed monsters in the story kept growing, but maybe it'd be more fun to discuss little ones instead, or talk more about reproduction? These thoughts were inspired by the birds. (LOL) Well then, we're nearing the end, so let me

thank everyone. First, thank you teffish for all the wonderful art! You gave me exactly the kinds of pictures I wanted, and they always really hyped me up. Also, a big thank you to my editor, Yamaguchi! You've helped me so much, especially with your precise feedback. Thank you!

A big thank you to all the bookstores that stock this series. Thank you!

Last, but certainly not least, a big thank you to all the readers! You have my deepest gratitude! By the way, this series is being simultaneously released as a manga. I'd be so happy if you checked that out too!

SkyFarm, Oct 2021











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8th Loop for the Win! With Seven Lives' Worth of XP and the Third Princess's Appraisal Skill, My Behemoth and I Are Unstoppable! Volume 2

by SkyFarm

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“LOOP 8SHUME HA SHIAWASE NA JINSEI WO~7SHUBUN NO KEIKENCHI TO DAISAN OUJO NO KANTEI DE KAKUSEI SHITA ORE HA AIBOU NO BEHEMOTH TO TOMONI MUSO SURU ” 2

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