

5

**Kisetsu Morita**

Illustration by **Benio**

Average of 25

× 365 days

× 300 years

× (2+2 EXP)

Level 99

★ ★ ★ I've Been Killing  
**SLIMES** for **300** Years  
and Maxed Out My Level. ★ ★ ★





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Average of 25  
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I've Been Killing  
**SLIMES** for 300 Years  
and Maxed Out My Level

















I Was a Bottom-Tier Bureaucrat for 1500 Years,  
and the Demon King Made Me a Minister

MY NAME IS BEELZEBUB,  
AGRICULTURAL MINISTER OF  
THE DEMON REALM!





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We Went to the **Third Biggest Underground Dungeon** in the World

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Story by Kisetsu Morita Illustration by Benio

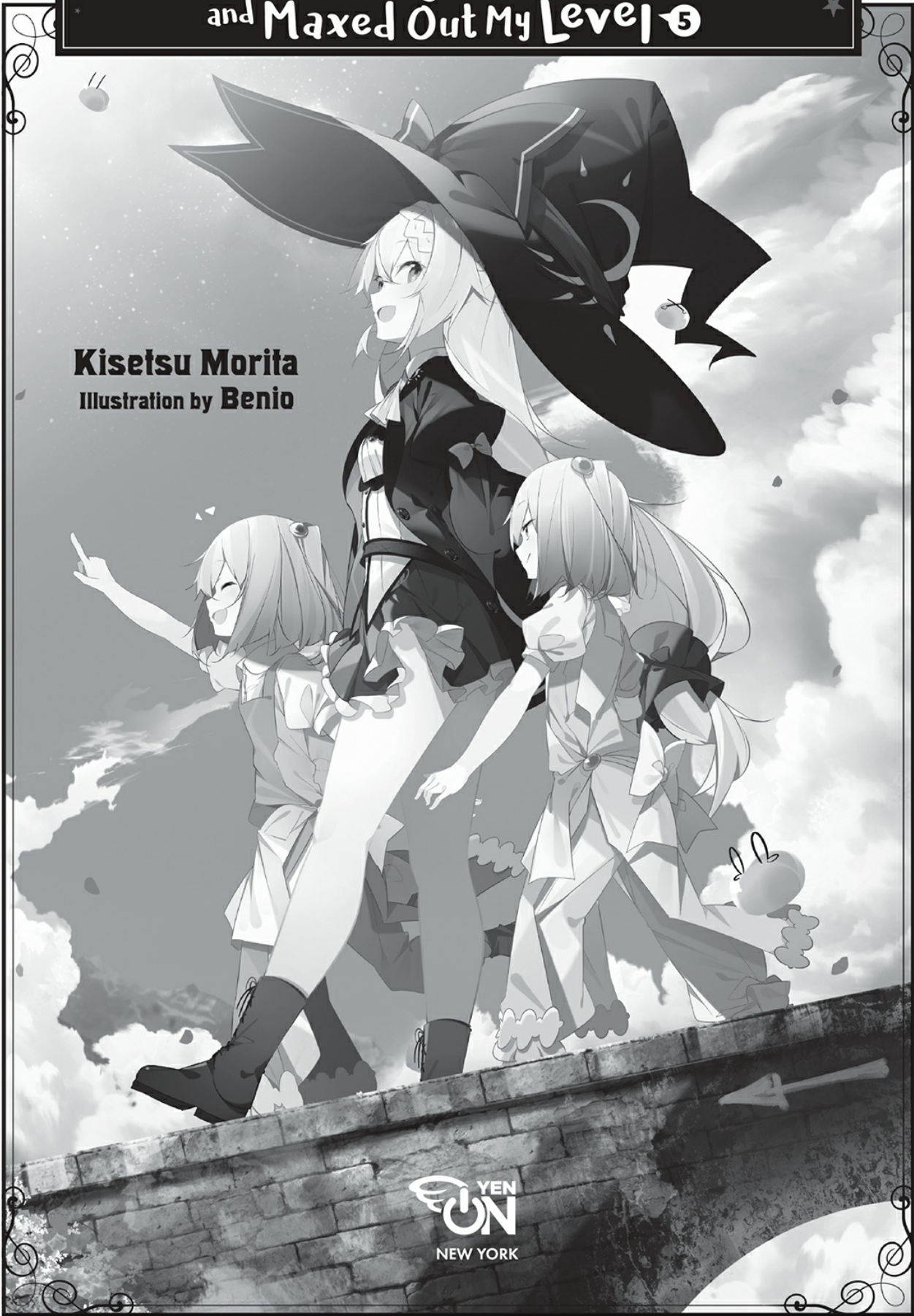
She slaughtered slimes for 300 years...





I've Been Killing **SLIMES** for 300 Years  
and Maxed Out My Level 6

**Kisetsu Morita**  
Illustration by **Benio**



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**ON**  
NEW YORK

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I've Been Killing Slimes for 300 Years and Maxed Out My Level, Vol. 5

KISETSU MORITA

Translation by Jasmine Bernhardt

Cover art by Benio

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SLIME TAOSHITE SANBYAKUNEN, SHIRANAIUCHINI LEVEL MAX NI  
NATTEMASHITA vol. 5

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PERSE-  
VERANCE  
EQUALS  
POWER. I  
ONLY DO  
THINGS I  
CAN STICK  
WITH!

## AZUSA AIZAWA

The protagonist. Commonly known as “the Witch of the Highlands.” A girl (?) who was reincarnated as an immortal witch with the appearance of a seventeen year old. Before she knew what was happening, she’d become the strongest being in the world. Although she’s had some rough times, it has ultimately given her a family, and she’s delighted about it.

## BEELZEBUB

A high-ranking demon known as the Lord of the Flies and the demons’ minister of agriculture. She frequently shuttles between the demon realm and the house in the highlands. She’s Azusa’s reliable “big sister” surrogate and the protagonist of the spin-off in this book, “I Was a Bottom-Tier Bureaucrat for 1,500 Years, and the Demon King Made Me a Minister.”



MY  
NAME IS  
BEELZE-  
BUB,  
AGRICUL-  
TURAL  
MINISTER  
OF THE  
DEMON  
REALM!







## FALFA AND SHALSHA

Spirit sisters born from a conglomeration of slime souls. Falfa, the older sister, is a carefree girl who's honest about her own feelings. Shalsha, the younger sister, is considerate and attentive to others. They both love their mother, Azusa.

## LAIKA AND FLATORTE

Red and blue dragon-girls who live in the house in the highlands. Laika is Azusa's apprentice and a good, hardworking girl. Flatorte is a cheerful, energetic girl who obeys what Azusa says. They tend to compete with each other as fellow dragons.



## HALKARA

A young elf woman and Azusa's second apprentice. Everyone in the family (particularly Azusa) admires her periodic bouts of maturity and her enviably perfect looks... That doesn't change her role as the family member with a knack for screwing up.







## PECORA

(PROVATO  
PECORA ARIÉS)

The Demon King.  
A girl with a devilish temperament who loves to use her power and influence to bewilder her subordinates and Azusa. She actually has a masochistic desire to be subordinate to someone stronger than she is, and she adores Azusa.

## FATLA AND VANIA

Leviathan sisters who work as Beelzebub's secretaries. They can transform into giant dragons, and they transport Azusa and company to the demon lands as well as look after them. The elder sister, Fatla, is a stable and capable girl. The younger sister, Vania, is ditzy but a good cook.



## FIGHSLY

A Fighter Slime who took the form of a human to master the martial arts. She wants to become the strongest martial artist ever with her Fighsly-style slime fist, but she has a less-noble love of money. Currently training as Beelzebub's apprentice.























































































































































































































































































































































































































































































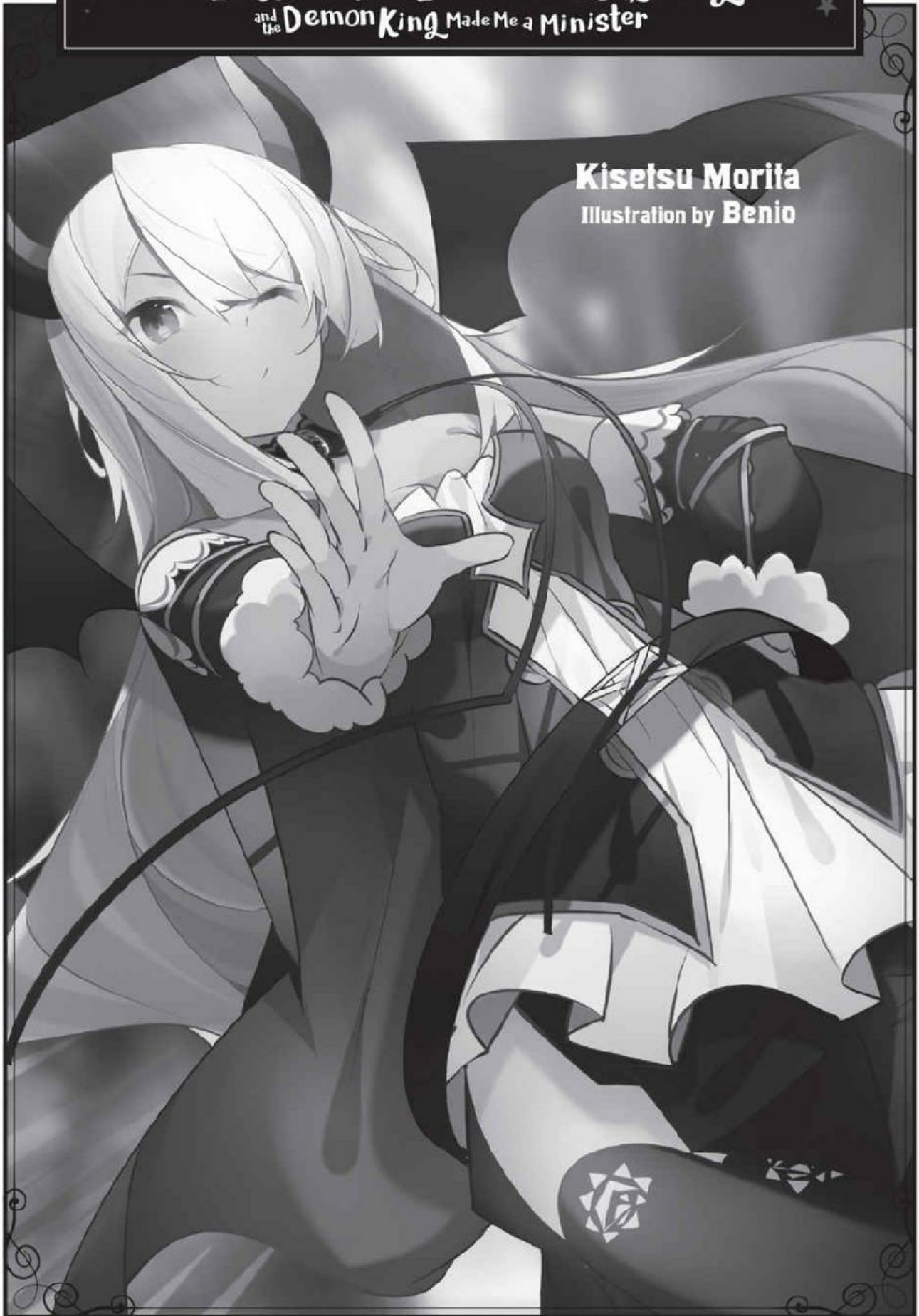




★ ★ ★  
I Was a Bottom-Tier Bureaucrat for 1500 Years,  
and the Demon King Made Me a Minister ★ ★ ★

**Kisetsu Morita**

Illustration by **Benio**





# I WAS PROMOTED FROM **BOTTOM-TIER** TO **MINISTER**

My name is Beelzebub.

My name makes me sound important, but really, it's too important a name for me. It once belonged to a great demon of the past, and I was given that name, common as I am, so I may one day reach those same heights.

For the past 1,500 years, I've been quietly, plainly, and simply working as a public servant for the demon government.

The post I took was in the Agricultural Policy Organization, the lower branch of the Department of Agriculture.

To put it simply, it was the place that created projects and produced data for the country's agricultural administration. For 1,500 years, I was a clerk there—basically the lowest of the lowliest bureaucrats. You might believe my record was awful or that my attitude at work was terrible, but that wasn't true. I had stopped there intentionally.

Personnel prodded me, occasionally suggesting I become a manager at least, but I turned down every offer. I told them I didn't have those skills.

According to the rules governing public servants, if the person in question refuses a promotion, they are able to stay in their position. I could never be fired, because I was a government official!

I was going to live on lazily as a rank-and-file employee with no responsibilities!

Some people are suited for life in the fast lane, and some aren't. I was the latter. I didn't feel like summoning the drive to climb the bureaucratic ladder all the way to the top, nor did I feel like having a passionate affair.

It was far too much trouble, so I didn't have the confidence to establish a

household, either.

And so I concentrated on working as the least important clerk—or, as they say, “the bottom tier.”

I didn’t even have the caliber to stand before people, much less to stand above them. I knew that best of all.

I wore clothes that were a little uglier than average, and my hair was pulled back only because it’d grown out and was bothering me. And although my eyesight was perfectly fine, I wore glasses to make me stand out even less.

I was just someone in the office. I was never a topic of workplace gossip, and if I disappeared, very little would change. Of course, the men I worked with would never even consider me as an object of romantic interest.

I’d managed to preserve my lifestyle of living in the shadows, undetected, for 1,500 years. It was my way of protecting myself.

My only miscalculation was that my coworkers always casually came to ask me for help because I was so plain, but I just endured it as an inevitable hardship.

You see, the frightening and domineering ladies stuck in middle management would never ask for help from the female employees beneath them. And a man always hesitated when it came to asking things from a beautiful, unmarried coworker. Someone else might be suspicious that he was interested in her. In that respect, I had no relation to office politics, and I was outside the fight for success.

Not only that, but with my nonexistent fashion sense, I appeared to have thrown away my femininity entirely.

Both men and women alike saw me as androgynous and approached me without hesitation.

And as a result, I turned into the one people came to when they were in trouble.

On my right, I would have an employee who didn’t know where the file room was, so I’d go with them to show them where it was; on my left, I would have

someone frazzled by their boss's very peculiar style requirements for any documents submitted, so I'd use my 1,500 years of career experience to help them.

I usually just got a piece of candy as thanks. For bigger jobs, I'd often get a drink at the bar.

I mean, that was fine. I was totally okay with that, if the alternative was moving up in the ranks and being saddled with more responsibility.

And for that, I think I was pretty well-liked within the office.

My unrefined lifestyle would get even worse when I returned to my single apartment.

When I got home, I would immediately change into my roomy pajamas!

Then I'd lie on the floor!

And my shoes were dirty, so I took them off. "No shoes" was the rule in my house.

On the table would be empty bottles and cups of alcohol and nuts to snack on. The pile of books in the corner of my room was collapsing, but I hadn't put them back.

If a lady friend came, she'd retreat immediately, but honestly, I didn't have the courage to invite anyone here in the first place. I didn't even want to invite my family over.

But this tepid lifestyle suited me. My personality was perfect for these lazy, unchanging days.

I wasn't wrong. If I could live my long life with ease like this, I would consider it a victory. Perhaps one could call it my "win condition."







And wasn't it nice to just get drunk at home without anyone scolding you?

On the morning of my day off, the light streaming in through my run-down apartment woke me up. But—

"I stayed too long yesterday helping people. Maybe I should sleep a little more..."

That morning I fell back asleep, then finally woke up for real with bed head.

"What shall I do today? First I'll go to the restaurant with spicy hell pasta for brunch."

That place offered large portions and allowed us to add extra spice for free during lunchtime.

"Then I'll pick something out from the bookstore—it looks like it's going to rain tonight, so I'll come back early, and I can just have the hell-pot and bread I made yesterday... I suppose I'm fine as long as I'm eating spicy food."

Savoring the little things was a good way to live, in my opinion.

Sometimes I felt like the little things were too little, but big dreams would only leave me exhausted.

I was born as a daughter to greengrocers and spent some time helping with the store, and after I reached a suitable age for a long-lived demon, I took a test and became a civil servant. I was indifferent to the promotion ladder at that point. To be honest, I lacked any interest in moving up in the world, or in becoming important.

I yawned as I milled about Vanzeld Castle town.

As I walked along a market road, I saw a flyer:

CORONATION OF THE NEW DEMON KING ON THE XTH DAY OF THE XTH MONTH

Ah, indeed. It was finally time for the succession.

Now that the war with the humans had reached a cease-fire and the aftermath was mostly over, the demon king was apparently putting his daughter on the throne.

*Her name is Provato Pecora Ariés, I believe.*

I'd heard she was young and reform-oriented. Because of that, the people at the top of the organization were apprehensive that she might interfere with the status quo for the civil servants based on her whims.

When a new demon king was crowned, they often put the scalpel to the bureaucracy in order to freshen it up. The agricultural minister at the top of the department would probably change, but, well, that had nothing to do with me. I'd just go about my business quietly. There was no fight for power at the bottom. I didn't have any power to begin with.

I wolfed down my extra-large and extra-spicy pasta at my usual place.

A demon couple walked hand in hand in front of the bookstore. They were too lovey-dovey; they'd probably break up in six months. They should take more care so as not to deepen the inevitable wounds.

I sighed as I stored my warning away in my heart.

Some people out there just had brilliant lives.

And so coronation day for the new demon king came.

Us civil servants all attended to give praise to our new ruler up on the stage.

She *was* young. Far younger than I imagined.

The new demon king had a pair of sheeplike horns growing from the sides of her head and wore a black dress for the ceremony. She struck me as a well-raised girl, but she looked so much like a child that I heard voices of concern around me.

I understood their opinion; things could prove difficult if the demon king wasn't an already battle-hardened individual, even if we weren't currently at war with the humans.

"I am the new demon king, Provato Pecora Ariés. I hope to work together with everyone to create an even better nation."

Her plain, generic general policy speech came to an end.

Still, if she could follow a template like that, she could at least keep the status quo. From the perspective of all the civil servants, that would be the most ideal

—

And then.

The new demon king suddenly locked eyes with me.

I was standing way, way, way behind the agriculture minister, and yet it felt like she was looking directly at me. No, I had to be imagining things. The new demon king would never look at a low-level grunt like me. Our eyes had just happened to meet when she was scanning the audience.

“And now, I would like to announce each new cabinet minister~ I believe our new personnel will be more youthful than ever.”

What she said was also something all too common.

The words meant she was breaking up the old ways, but it was normal to promote the powerful members of some faction somewhere.

If they had any interest, the minister would be selected from the same faction that supported the previous demon king, or possibly a different faction.

According to the rules, even someone of low standing could climb up to a higher position, but that was nothing but lip service to the idea. Every position at the top was and always had belonged to the privileged class. A noble title was necessary to be a minister, especially.

“First, our foreign minister shall be Nastas. Next, the home minister shall be Velts; the economic minister shall be Vector...”

She read names one after the other. It seemed the designated demons had no idea of this announcement beforehand, so a few of them made victorious poses upon hearing their name.

Everyone seemed strong. If the war with the humans were still in progress, then they’d probably be dispatched to towers here and there as bosses.

The new demon king offered simple explanations for why she selected these first few people as ministers.

I paid no attention to it as I thought about who came from what faction.

She was appointing ministers from all different factions. Maybe that meant

the new demon king's authority was weak.

"Now, I shall return to the personnel. The labor minister shall be Chanoir; the health minister shall be Mix..."

The rank-and-file workers weren't interested at all. Many people around me started yawning. None of it affected us personally, after all.

"...The agriculture minister shall be Beelzebub..."

At first, I didn't really understand what she said.

Actually, it might be more apt to say that I ignored it. This couldn't have to do with me.

Beelzebub was the name of a great demon from the past, so it wouldn't have been strange to hear of other civil servants with the same name. It was probably someone else, someone important in the agricultural department.

But all my coworkers standing in front of me turned around to look at me with blatant disbelief.

"Wait, can she do that?"

"How many ranks are you going up?"

Everyone was thinking I was going to be the agricultural minister...

"Wait, wait! This has to be a mistake! I've always been at the bottom; I can't be the minister!" I cried with conviction.

Such a personnel shift was unthinkable!

But the new demon king continued with her explanation.

"Beelzebub has worked dependably for one thousand, five hundred years in agricultural policy. She has also helped many of her coworkers and is extraordinarily popular. In the past, we received many comments in the suggestion box requesting she be placed in an important post. And yet, she herself never boasted about it, working for years as an unsung hero. I believe the time has finally come to raise her into a position of authority."

The new demon king replied with a lengthy and unbelievable explanation. Perhaps she was just trying to catch everyone by surprise with a sensational

cabinet selection because she was young, but I wouldn't be part of this!

Once I took on the position of minister, a colossal amount of work would be waiting for me. I certainly wouldn't be able to continue the easy life I had now. My humble delights would crumble to dust...

I would not stand for this.

I leaped out of my row.

"I am Beelzebub! Your Majesty, I don't think this assignment will be possible!"

It was a rude thing to do to the demon king, but desperate times called for desperate measures, and no one was coming to stop me.

The new demon king looked down at me playfully from the stage. I could see on her face that she had predicted this very reaction.

Which meant I hadn't been imagining it when I thought our eyes met...

"It seems you are not satisfied with the situation," the new demon king said to me, blatantly ignoring our difference in status.

I wanted to applaud her for her frank tone, but my promotion was what was at stake here.

"Of course I'm not! The minister's post is for a person who is already important! Someone fourth or fifth in the pecking order may end up becoming a minister, but there's still no precedent for bottom-tier trash like me to take the position!"

I hadn't been working for 1,500 years for show. I *knew* this was unprecedented.

"I see. What you say is correct. Then I will answer your question." It wasn't like the new demon king was using any kind of voice-enhancing magic, but it still carried really well. "You've been serving for one thousand, five hundred years; is that correct?"

"Yes. I was originally helping out with my parents' greengrocery, so I only took and passed the civil service exam after I turned one thousand. And for the fifteen hundred years since then, I've been working where I am now."

I wondered why I had to give my life story in front of everyone, but if this was going to create a scandal and make it clear that I shouldn't be promoted that far up, then that was reasonable to me.

"So you've been working for the current public Agricultural Policy Organization for fifteen hundred years, Beelzebub. In that case, it should've been impossible for you to remain at an entry-level position this whole time. Yet there's no record of you having been demoted."

"I've turned down every offer of promotion because it would be beyond my abilities."

My job was to just complete the tasks that came down to me from the top, no thought required. I'd always be in a position for others to use me, but I wouldn't have to take on any heavy responsibility.

I could hear the other bureaus: "Someone's been at the bottom for fifteen hundred years?" and "I guess that's not a post that comes with a fixed term."

It was true; the way I worked was not a common trick.

This might've been difficult to pull off if I were human, but demons were long-lived, and with my youthful looks, my low position wouldn't seem strange.

"Indeed, and so I've calculated to see what would've happened if you had been continually promoted with your grades. Please look at this."

A plan written on a large poster unfurled next to the new demon king—she must've had this ready beforehand.

"Taking into account your service record, service history, and reputation among your bosses and colleagues, you have accumulated results that prove there would be no problem if you became minister. Congratulations!"

"Wh-wh-wha...?"

I wanted to believe it was a dream and softly pinched my left arm.

*Ow.*

Around me, I could hear comments:

"I see. Making a big jump after raising your reputation by working hard for a

very long time on the bottom is one way to do it.”

“Maybe it’s like trying to become the strongest by only killing slimes.”

*Wait, wait, wait—why are they okay with this...?*

The new demon king placed her right hand against her right cheek and sighed theatrically.

“Sigh~ I also thought of a more orthodox personnel selection, but we discovered corruption as well as embezzlement from both the vice minister and employees in similar posts, so we asked them to resign~ I was truly lost as to who I should make the minister of agriculture~”





The new demon king eyed me again, chuckling softly.

*Oh, so she's a prankster...*

This was just a big experiment using me, a low-ranking employee...

*Give me a break! I don't want to be your guinea pig!*

"Then I thought that perhaps this was our chance to use someone who'd spent their career at the bottom and yet maintained an excellent reputation."

After she said that, the other bureaucrats around me offered more comments.

"Ohhh, I get it now."

"That's one way of going about it."

*Why are you okay with this?!*

*Calm down; calm down. I'll be doing just what the new demon king wants if I get worked up here.*

I was still a civil servant, so I should calmly refuse the offer as was afforded in the rules.

"Your Majesty, in this instance, I would respectfully recommend that I remain a low-level employee."

I bowed my head politely and folded my wings. They had spread in my excitement, and it'd be rude to keep them out.

"Oh, no. It's normal to appoint people who've shown great achievements."

"However, I'm the daughter of a humble greengrocer in the countryside. What I want to say is, I don't have any noble status or any similar rank. It has been the long-standing practice that those of noble standing take the position of minister. I am completely undeserving of this post, and I am terribly sorry to say that I can't accept it."

Despite how quickly the bureaucratic organization had developed in the past two thousand years, there were still slight traces of the class system among the demons.

Depending on the era, minister-level demons would sometimes command

their subordinates to carry out massive wars against the humans, so it required someone with a rank worthy of such responsibility.

“I see now. What a pickle~”

“Yes, so if you would kindly choose someone else to—”

“Then I will give you an empty manor belonging to a former noble family. And I will also give you a title. You may introduce yourself as Lady Beelzebub. Problem solved.”

“.....What?”

She decided on that far too easily...

Then the new demon king stepped down from the stage and for some reason started walking toward me.

The civil servants on either side of her naturally parted the way for her. I also courteously kneeled before her.

“Beelzebub, this may seem unreasonable to you, but had you climbed up through the ranks normally, you would truly be a talent on par with the minister after working so hard for fifteen hundred years. The score that the personnel department gave you was unnaturally high. In reality, plenty of other posts requested you, but agricultural policy stopped them all.”

“Th-that’s because a clerk’s work is easy, so it probably just looked like I was working hard...”

“Raise your head, Beelzebub.”

I had to obey when she commanded me. There stood the new demon king, smiling with royal dignity.

She then plopped her hand on my shoulder.

“It was the previous demon king who settled the war with the humans. But there are a heap of problems yet, and the agricultural department is full of them. Right now, we require new forces without prior obligations tying them down. This is a request from me, Demon King Provato Pecora Ariés.”

The new demon king graciously bowed her head to me.

All my options for excuses were gone. I'd shame her if I turned her down now.

Not only would I not be able to keep my easy low-level job, I wouldn't even be able to live in Vanzeld Castle town.

"I—I humbly accept the appointment..."

And so I, Beelzebub, suddenly went from entry-level clerk to the minister of agriculture.

I had to bid farewell to my run-down apartment and its proximity to the market, which was really the only good thing about it. It was a sudden good-bye.

I was moving to a stout three-story building outside of the Vanzeld Castle moat. It reminded me of the main branch of a bank. The yard in front of the manor was even big enough to play sports on. There was a garden with a large pond in the back, and I'd heard that rocs sometime came to drink the water. Behind it was a whole forest, like a sea of trees.

When I stood before the building, I stared at it in blank amazement.

"If there was a coup tomorrow, I'd probably be one of the first to die..."

I checked every single one of the large, abundant rooms. One room was already bigger than my old apartment. There was even a ballroom.

I'd have to employ some kind of help in the future. Otherwise I'd have to take off every day to clean if I wanted to keep up. Or I could just use the minimum amount of rooms needed for my day-to-day life...

Then I saw something in the enormous mirror in the changing room before the chalky-white bathroom.

I was terrified.

Standing there was a woman with no hope of getting ahead, with no prospects for entering society, with no money—with nothing, because she'd thrown it all away.

It wasn't a ghost, of course. Demons weren't scared of ghosts.

The only thing in the mirror was my own face.

Indeed—standing out wouldn't do anything for a low-level employee, so I'd had no qualms about it. I'd treated my appearance as a good way to keep as many people on my side as possible.

But now I was a noble and a minister.

Someone in those positions couldn't look this plain. I wouldn't be mistaken for a minister's secretary, much less a full-blown minister.

Even if the new demon king acknowledged me, that didn't mean the other ministers from real houses wouldn't snicker behind my back. And my staff would undeniably laugh at me, too...

I made up my mind.

It was time to change my character.

I placed as many gold and silver coins into a bag as I could fit and went out onto the main avenue.

I bought everything that caught my eye at a women's clothing shop and returned to the manor. Then I carefully tried on each item before the mirror.

It would have been nice if I had had friends for a time like this, but I didn't have any. Seriously, zero.

In reality, after working at a low level position for 1,500 years, I had watched all the people I'd joined with go to higher ranks, and there was no one in the workplace I got along well with. It was all my own doing.

Glasses didn't fit my character, so I took them off. I didn't have bad eyesight in the first place, so it was no problem.

I chose my outfit. It was a little revealing, but ministers were like dungeon bosses, so I figured this was fine.

Next up was my style of speech. I couldn't stay as a bottom-ranking employee—I had to master an appropriate style of speech. Your word choice clearly changed depending on your status, so I had to learn how to speak like a minister.

I underwent a strange, intensive training.

I practiced all through the night until the sun rose, and I established my form.

“Ha-ha-ha! My name is Beelzebub! I am the great lord of the flies! Prepare yourself, for I will make you painfully aware of what agriculture should be!” I recited, making a pose in front of the mirror.

No—I *introduced* myself, taking my stance before the mirror.

“I am Beelzebub, demon noble and minister of agriculture. Adequate results will not be enough for those of you beneath me. Oh, talking like this might end up putting pressure on my subordinates, so I’ll have to be careful... Oh, shoot, now I’m talking like I used to...”

I’d been practicing my transformation this entire time.

Ten out of ten people might think I was joking around, but—

I wasn’t joking around at all! I was super-serious!

Without these drastic changes, I didn’t have confidence that I could carry out my work from now on...

And I wasn’t *the* great Beelzebub, lord of the flies, of course. I could use magic that could turn me into a fly, and I did sometimes eat the bruised fruit at my parents’ greengrocery back when I was working there. Actually, they were tastiest just before or just as they were beginning to rot.

*Oh, no, no... I mean... Oh dear. Sheesh. I have to keep my inner voice consistent with my character.*

I stared at myself in the mirror.

My clothes left my shoulders bare, and my hair was straightened to give me a more powerful image.

All I needed to do was show confidence on my face and hold myself high.

“I am Beelzebub, minister of agriculture. I am Beelzebub, minister of agriculture. I am Beelzebub, minister of agriculture, and so I shall act as of today. My inconspicuous self is a thing of the past.”

And so I went to work at the Agricultural Policy Organization for the first time as the new Beelzebub.

'Twas my debut as the minister of agriculture!

“Good morning. How fare my underlings?!”

My coworkers stared at me blankly.

Surely they were surprised by my noble carriage! Perhaps they thought I was a pure-blooded noble!

A lowly woman who was once my coworker slowly raised her hand and said—

“Beelzebub, you’re the minister of agriculture; I don’t think this is where you’re supposed to work...”

“.....Indeed. Old habits die hard.”

I left the room, my face bright red...

“I should not have left my comfort zone...”



## COMMUNICATING WITH MY UNDERLINGS IS A PAIN

There was a huge sign that said MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE, and I stood before the building where it hung.

“So this is my workplace...” I looked up at it and recoiled. “I am suddenly working at the main office, and as the minister herself, no less...”

I’d been told that working in the ministry building was much harder than working at the related organizations, and I had been planning on consistently working not here but at the Agricultural Policy Organization.

It was once my path to victory...

“I can no longer go back... I cannot quit after two or three days; I have no choice but to work as the minister of agriculture...”

Bureaucratic officials busily came and went around me like ants hard at work.

It was now a new era with a new demon king, and that probably brought with it plenty of paperwork.

I watched it all for a while.

I had changed my image from a plain-glasses character to a high-ranking demon, and not only that, but no one recognized me as the minister because I barely knew anyone. That made it easy.

But on the other hand, when I entered the building, people stared at me, wondering who I was.

“...I should have come through the back door...”

I went up the floors by a staircase that wasn’t being used.

The minister’s office was a big room on the top floor. *Whew, I managed to get this far in secret.*

Then, when I slipped into the office—

I found a whole line of officials.

Everyone was gathered already!

I saw all sorts of different horns, as demons had. I even saw a Minotaur and a Cyclops among them.

They all turned to face me at once, noticing my arrival.

This was bad for my heart. They were wondering why such a low-ranking worker was promoted to minister and thinking of how incompetent I was, I was sure...

Then a woman with unique horns took a step forward.

“Pardon me. I don’t recognize you, so you must be Minister Beelzebub, yes?”

“I-indeed... It is I, Beelzebub...”

“Then I ask that you make a few comments as you assume your post now. Oh, pardon me—I am Fatla the leviathan, secretary here at the Department of Agriculture,” she said, unsmiling.

Leviathans were high-ranking demons in their own right.

At the moment, she resembled a human, but I’d heard that a leviathan’s original form was like an airborne battleship that could carry hundreds of people.

*So she must be a career civil servant...*

I knew what she was thinking: *What a terrible joke, making a small fry like this into a minister.*

My stomach started hurting. My body wouldn’t be absorbing anything I ate now.

“Some initial comments, you say. Very well. I don’t want to cause you any trouble, so I’ll finish it quick...er, I shall finish this promptly, so stay there.”

It was hard to play my supercilious character before officials who were *actually* important. But it would be awful if I made a fool of myself at first contact.



I stood before the officials. Walking just those few steps to reach my spot was spiritually exhausting, like walking through a deadly poisonous bog.

“Erm... I am Beelzebub, and I am the minister of agriculture as of today... In all honesty, I am powerless and unable to do much of importance, but I believe that together, we may overcome this...so...”

*Was that okay?*

But I was calling myself powerless; was I just making a fool of myself? Wouldn't that just tempt them to underestimate me?

I thought I heard someone snickering.

It was probably just paranoia, but I definitely thought I heard someone!

*I have no choice but to toot my own horn now!*

I spread out my wings in a snap.

“’Twas but a joke! I have been chosen to take this place by the omniscient and omnipotent demon king! As such, I possess a great power that will guide you! So, so...er... Should there be anything you do not know or any problem you may have, you come to me!! I shall brilliantly solve all your problems as your superior!”

“““Yeah!!!”””

The officers raised their voices in admiration.

That was the right answer. I got through it without acting servile.

I heard whispers:

“She looks like she has it together.”

“Maybe she really is from a high-ranking family.”

My first impression wasn't bad.

“Perhaps she really is a policy expert.”

“Maybe she was, like, a right-hand man for the previous demon king.”

“You can keep an eye on a lot if you stay down at the lower levels.”

“She must be the reason all the high-ranking officials' scandals were exposed

at the same time!”

*Mm... Now I suspect they are overestimating me!*

“I was wondering what we’d do with a shabby entry-level worker, but that isn’t the case at all.”

“She’s a secret bigwig.”

“With her, we could even win our disputes with the finance ministry.”

“She must have the next hundred, two hundred years planned out for the demon race.”

“Long live the new minister!”

Their hopeful looks hurt more this time...

*I’m not a policy expert, not even in a worst-case scenario...*

I was just someone from a tiny, distant corner of the agricultural ministry. I was only ever confident in my abilities to do miscellaneous chores... I wasn’t even thinking about what was going to happen in a month. The most I ever thought about was whether I was going to drink at home or at a bar on the weekends.

I thought I had to start showing results fit for a minister right away, otherwise things would be bad...

“Then you are dismissed... Get to it now...”

The officials poured out of the minister’s office.

*Phew, that was stressful.* I was finally free...

But there were still two left in the room.

One was the earlier leviathan, Fatla. The other was another leviathan who looked a lot like her.

“Well done, Lady Beelzebub. Allow me to introduce myself again. I am Fatla, the secretary. It is my job to assist the minister of agriculture. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Right, she did say she was a secretary earlier, too.

Oh man, I already had someone so square and straitlaced attached to me. I wouldn't be able to relax like this...

"Yes. A pleasure. And who's that beside you?"

The second girl flung her hand into the air. "Hello! I'm Vania the leviathan. I'm the assistant secretary and Fatla's little sister! It's nice to meet you!"

I see. It was the sisters who were assisting me. Their personalities were exact opposites.

"Right, right. Well, it's—'tis lovely to meet both of you."

I stuck my hand out toward Fatla. A handshake was a general way to show respect.

Fatla grasped my hand, still not smiling. Maybe that was her default.

Asking her to smile didn't seem like the right way to go about this, though.

"By the way, Lady Beelzebub?"

"What?"

"You've made quite the transformation. Is this your attempt at a debut as a minister?"

She hit me right where it hurt. The attack was surprisingly close to home.

"I don't...do not understand what you mean."

"That manner of speech of yours is a mere facade, and I can see your faults surfacing. You clearly rushed to create this whole charade after being forced into the position of minister, correct? You were planning on living your whole life as a lazy low-level clerk, weren't you?"

This conversation was draining my magic dry...

"Q-quite the opposite... Now that I am a minister, I'm able to be myself, and, you know, it's like the persona I've hidden all this time is rising to the surface..."

"Is that so? I see. I see now."

This leviathan woman didn't smile at all, so it was hard to see what she was thinking. But from the circumstantial evidence, I was undoubtedly being

cornered...

“My only duty is to make sure that the new minister is comfortable doing her work. Let me know if there’s anything I may help you with.”

“Yeah... All right.”

Our hands were still clasped together, but Fatla wasn’t letting me go.

I was above her in status, but I was from a family of scruffy demons, so I was nervous in front of a leviathan.

“However—”

Oh no. That “however” told me straightaway that what she just said wasn’t how she really felt!

“I’m not working because you’re paying my salary, Lady Beelzebub. I am at most a bureaucrat working to support our country. If you are not fit for the office of minister and I judge that agricultural policy has regressed, then I will be taking the appropriate measures.”

“So you’re kicking me out if I don’t do a good job...”

It wasn’t hot at all, but I was starting to sweat.

*This is scary! The bureaucratic world is terrifying! I wanna go back to the bottom!*

“I don’t appreciate the term *kick out*. I will simply take the proper steps to deal with the situation as a public servant,” Fatla continued in a monotonous voice. “In the event of any major mistakes, I will suggest that you make it public instead of attempting a cover-up; I will question you if I see any dishonest accounting; I will suggest you quit if you find yourself unable to bear the weight of your duties as minister because you are unwell—and any other such measures I deem necessary.”

*Ahhh! She’s totally gonna kick me out!*

“And so I would be perfectly fine if you considered me as a regular secretary.”

*This is intimidation! What am I supposed to do if my own secretary is my enemy?! This is like putting the demon king in the hero’s party! I wanna quit!*

But if I quit, then the demon king would be responsible for appointing someone new, and I suspected I'd be erased from existence for the crime of besmirching the demon king's name. There was no real assurance that I would be safe if I quit.

There was no way out...

"I got it. I've spent fifteen hundred years at the bottom of the ministry, after all. I am not a complete amateur. I will do everything in my power!" I told her sharply.

But she was still speaking sharply to me.

"Very well. I sincerely hope you are right." Fatla finally let me go.

These leviathan sisters weren't my assistants. They were monitoring me.

Once my handshake with the elder sister was finished, the younger sister, Vania, immediately skipped over to me and shook my hand.

"Can't wait to get started, boss!"

"Yes, of course."

I had to keep my guard up—she could be acting like a sunny, cheerful girl when she was actually the mastermind behind it all.

In the action novels I read in the past, the more a character smiled, the stronger they were, and they wouldn't bat an eye when it came to killing others.

"All right, then, boss. There's something I need for you to pick."

"And what might that be...?"

I didn't know if I was being tested or anything, so I was extremely uneasy.

Vania produced a piece of paper.

## **LUNCH** plats du jour

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- ◆ **Breaded chicken with vegetable croquettes**
  - ◆ **Loaded steak - and - vegetable stir-fry**
  - ◆ **Large hamburger  
(onion rings and small salad included)**
- 

“We need to contact the traders who deliver lunch soon. Which one do you want, boss?”

These choices had nothing to do with work!

“Vania, you can leave this for later...”

Fatla, the elder sister, looked at her with annoyance, silently asking her not to ruin the mood.

“Whaaat? Picking what to have for lunch is so important, though! It helps give you another push in the morning.”

The younger sister had the energy of an entry-level worker. There sure were all sorts of people on the career ladder...

“Then...I suppose I shall have the loaded steak-and-vegetable stir-fry...”

“Okay! I will put in that order right away! Oh, and by the way, I’m very good at cooking, so as long as you let me know beforehand, I can make lunch for you

about once a week.”

“That’s not secretary work!”

The big sister, Fatla, was angry again.

Maybe they had been appointed together as secretaries because they canceled each other out and worked well together as a pair?

My work as the minister of agriculture started that day.

My main job was signing things.

The signing itself took only a fraction of a second to do, but when it came to matters that needed the approval of the minister, the matters themselves had to have some weight, and occasionally they involved the movement of astronomical sums of money. I couldn’t just scribble on these and call it a day.

Having said that, if I vetoed all the things that had been considered okay up until this point just because I was at the top, I’d be a tyrant.

And so I had to sign things while also carefully checking the contents.

Luckily, I had a very knowledgeable secretary with me, so that made it easy.

Fatla was the perfect bureaucrat.

The new demon king must have had a say in these personnel appointments beforehand, so maybe she put them here as my personal support, regardless of what Fatla herself thought.

“This farm should not pose any problems, yes? I believe they could produce this more cheaply, though.”

“You may check anything concerning the budget in the attached document.”

“Can I ask you some things about this application for authorization?”

“Certainly. There isn’t much time to ruminate on it, however, so do make up your mind quickly.”

In a word, I’d say I was doing pretty well. But I wasn’t exactly enthusiastic about it all; I was just desperate. There was no room for me to slack and do

sloppy work.

For the first three months, I dedicated a lot of time to getting a grasp on the current state of the agricultural administration.

I had lunch with people beneath me who were responsible for relevant matters as much as I could, and then I examined each department's own problems and what they perceived to be problems.

I could do only what I could, so that was what I did.

I put everything I learned down into my notes.

It was a lot of trouble, but I ended up creating volume after volume of notes. This was my strategy for dealing with things, one that I had cultivated when I was a low-level employee.

Write and remember. Write and arrange.

When things felt difficult and confusing, they could be conquered in this manner. Learn a strategy to deal with it and understand the precedents!

Six months went by in a flash.

"You are quite the stickler for notes, Lady Beelzebub," Fatla said to me as she was checking documents on the desk beside mine.

She was making her little sister, Vania, do mostly menial tasks, like disposing of or retrieving documents.

It wasn't too odd for her position, since she was a lower-ranked secretary, and she personally enjoyed moving around.

"Tis much harder for me to forget things when I write them down with my own hand like this. No matter how many documents I collect, I have such trouble remembering the government's style. If I make a little list of all the things in the library, I can find them immediately; I wouldn't be able to find them without one, no? It's the same idea."

I'd even gotten quite used to my grandiloquent minister speech after six months.



At the moment, I hadn't made any big mistakes. I hadn't been impeached yet, at least, so I supposed that meant it was going quite well.

I didn't have any opportunities to do anything untoward, so I wasn't involved in corruption at all. Well, I didn't even belong to any faction, so I suppose there was little to be gained by abusing my power...

"I see. You are a different breed from all the past ministers, Lady Beelzebub." Fatla finished her checks and placed the documents on my desk. "They all have been eager to be political—or should I say, eager to wield the power they'd accumulated. Perhaps it's a given, considering this is the highest position they may reach without the blood of a demon king, but in exchange, they tended to neglect the fundamental work."

"That's because I started from the bottom—well, more like I leaped from the bottom straight to the top. Of course my perspective is different."

Recently, I started to be able to pinpoint where the main point of a document was amid the complicated language. Practice was everything. I determined that there were no problems and gave my signature.

"To be honest, I said some brash things to you when we first met, but now I realize that my comments were unwarranted," Fatla said suddenly. She stood to face me, then bowed her head. "Please forgive me for testing you."

I turned my gaze right back to the documents. It was nothing to apologize for.

"Tis only natural to worry that an unknown was suddenly the minister of agriculture. While they were not as open about it as you were, others were certainly thinking the same way. If a newbie is angry at being called a newbie, then a cow might as well be angry at being called a cow."

"Thank you." Fatla bowed.

I thought I saw a little smile on her face, but I couldn't really tell because I was focused on paperwork.

"There's no reason to give your thanks. Now get back to work. After you do a bit more, you should take some time off and spend it with your little sister. I can keep things moving without a secretary for a day, at least. I have most things memorized now."

“Very well. I will strive to match your clerical prowess, Lady Beelzebub.”

“I doubt there is much difference between our skills.”

“No, you are truly the most capable of all the recent ministers of agriculture, Lady Beelzebub.”

That was probably because I didn’t conspire with other high-up officers.

The role of a worker at the bottom was just doing clerical tasks as the situation called for it. When someone climbed up from such a position, people would start one-upping each other with what sort of projects they did in their time.

I was still merely a clerk at heart. I acted all high-and-mighty for show, but I hadn’t changed the way I lived.

“That being said, it’s always around the six-month mark after beginning a new post that people tend to let their guard down and make bigger mistakes, so do be careful.”

“Yes, of course. I understand. I am still not relaxed enough to let my guard down yet.”

Now, next was some work relating to the construction of a seed nursery center. Many people were going to be removed from the land as part of that process, so I had a large number of valuable documents asking for consent to remove the residents there.

“Mmm? All the documents that should have been here are gone.”

The things I had placed next to Vania’s spot on my left were missing.

Vania was up from her seat, burning documents we didn’t need anymore in the furnace.

“Vania, the set of seed nursery center documents is gone. Where is it?”

“Huh? I thought you didn’t need those anymore? You always put the documents you don’t need anymore to your left, right?”

“No, I placed them to the open spot on my left because it would take time to check them.”

Vania's face went white. "I—I—I—I—I—I burned them..."

"You did *whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat*?????????"

The one who let her guard down six months after taking the post wasn't me but my secretary!!!!

Vania fell to her knees, and Fatla pulled her up with a blank expression. There was no emotion on her face, but I could tell she was furious.

"You were supposed to double-check every single document you take from this room before destroying it. Did you do that?"

"I-I'm sorry... I thought they were in a discard pile..."

"This is a huge question of liability. You will most certainly be demoted, and according to precedent, we might have you resign at your own convenience."

"Wait, I'm fired? Am I going to be fired...?"

"Those papers included documents asking for the consent to remove over fifty civilian households, as well as those of various other related parties. It would take an immense amount of time to go around and ask each and every one of these people to write them all over again, please and thanks. In the worst-case scenario, this would delay construction by one or two months..." Fatla's voice was growing louder and louder. "Quitting is the least you could do!"

Fatla's hand slowly wrapped around Vania's neck.

That was a leviathan hand, so her grip was probably insanely strong.

"E-erm... Isn't there any way we can find an amicable compromise, Big Sis...?"

"You will have to bear the blame. Otherwise, the responsibility rests on Lady Beelzebub's shoulders! Secretaries have disappeared after taking the fall for such incidents! Although I suppose the secretary really was at fault this time..."

Fatla's hands were shaking.

It was definitely hard for her to say such things to her sister.

But it was also true that we needed a scapegoat in this incident. It wouldn't resolve itself.

*Oh well.*

I slowly stood.

*We'll just have a scapegoat, then.*

"Fatla, rearrange the schedule. Once we've estimated how long this will delay the project, we will go apologize to each party. Most people will have no choice but to forgive us if I apologize. If the minister herself goes, I doubt anyone will lose face."

"B-but you have absolutely no fault in this matter, Lady Beelzebub...", Fatla said hesitantly.

It was her own relative who made the mistake, so it was probably especially difficult to stick up for her.

"Don't be a fool. 'Tis the boss's job to take responsibility for her subordinates. I had many bosses bow in my stead when I was a low-level clerk. Now I must be the one to apologize. If all I do is offer my apology, then there is nothing more you need to do!"

We just needed to get this nonsense done and out of the way.

"Now, Fatla, create the necessary documents. The quicker we apologize, the lesser the damages. And while we are at it, we shall also create preventative measures to ensure this does not happen again. There should be no more problems if we only place documents for destruction on a separate desk."

"Y-yes!" Fatla tensed her shoulders and responded with a high, strained voice.

"But first, take a deep breath. That is all."

Fatla inhaled deeply as she was commanded, then gave a very long exhale.

"Understood. I will devise remedial measures right away."

Afterward, Vania and I paid each party concerned a visit, apologized for the loss of the documents, and spent almost the whole time with our heads bowed to the floor.

The minister herself appearing for the incident had a tremendous effect, and it was understood that we would be recreating the documents internally at the

ministry.

Thus, we went on our apology pilgrimage, and thanks to Fatla's efficient schedule, there wasn't much damage done in terms of time.

It was times like these that I was thankful we could fly on the leviathans' enormous forms.

But I couldn't go too fast, so I clung to Vania when we went to certain places.

We were finally done apologizing and recreating documents after about two weeks, and we somehow managed to settle the matter without any delays to construction.

"Phew, that's finally over!"

After I had carefully gone over every recreated form, I stretched my body and wings.

Fatla was stretching at her own seat as well.

"There is no need for you to bow your head anymore, Vania! How many times do you think you've bowed in total this time?" I said, intending to make a joke—But it fell completely flat.

"I...I am truly sorry, so very sorry..."

When Vania had gone out with me to apologize, she had been frightened and jumpy the whole time, like a frog before a snake.

I wouldn't approve if she'd been laughing the whole time we were out apologizing, but the constant doom and gloom made things difficult, too.

This was one of those times I had to act like a boss. I patted Vania on the shoulder and said, "Are you free today? I would like to have a drink with you—how about it?"

"A-all right..." Vania's face went even paler.

*Wait, don't tell me—maybe bosses aren't supposed to invite their subordinates to drink in this day and age...?*

I didn't take Vania to a loud tavern but instead to a fancy bar.

I'd heard from my officers that this place had a good reputation.

"Order what you like. The food here is quite good."

But even after I'd brought her all the way here, Vania was stiffer than before. I almost mistook her for a gargoyle instead of a leviathan.

"Relax. You're quite important yourself—take up as much space as you need."

"I—I can't..."

Hmm? This was strange. I read in a how-to book that the boss jovially treated everyone at times like these, but this was feeling more like a funeral...

Was she afraid I would boast on and on about the past or force her to split the bill at such an expensive restaurant?

I was paying for everything. And since I had been a bottom-tier worker, there was nothing for me to brag about. From the way she was acting, I had a feeling she was afraid of something else.

What else could there be?

Maybe she'd made an even bigger mistake...? If she did, then I wasn't sure how much more I could cover for her...

"If there is something that troubles you, speak up. That is why we've come here. My lips are sealed. I am your boss, after all."

I had subordinates now. I would act like the boss I was supposed to be!

"A-a-all right... Then let me ask you bluntly..."

"O-okay..."

"Um... You're demoting me, aren't you...?"

I almost fell from my barstool. "What do you mean, 'aren't you'? When did I ever mention demoting you?"

"I mean, I've smeared your name with this whole incident... I thought some form of retaliation was inevitable..."

"Wait, wait, wait! That makes no sense! Why do you think I went to apologize with you?!"

What a shock! I wasn't telling her to be thankful for everything I did for her; I just wanted her to be glad that she wasn't being punished!

"That's what I thought at first, but...then you invited me alone to such an expensive restaurant, so I thought, 'Oh, she must be announcing the end of my clerical life...'"

*That's how she interpreted this?!*

"And then I started imagining all sorts of things, like how I'd be put in a windowless room to count the number of rejected papers..."

"There is no such job."

"I spent this whole time thinking, 'Maybe it's fine because I'll still get paid; maybe it's better than quitting; no wait, maybe I should just quit anyway...'"

Didn't that go against her obligation to give her undivided attention to her duty?

I patted her on the shoulder.

"Ahhh...the fabled shoulder tap... I knew I was being demoted! I'm going to be flown out to the far, uninhabited reaches of the north and placed at a counter where no one will ever come!"

"You need to let this go already." I gulped down some of the expensive alcohol. "Look, I invited you out to drink today because you have been looking down. Drink as much as you want to forget your troubles. That is all I wanted to say."

"Th-then...you're not demoting me...?"

"Of course not. Drink and forget the pain of the past. Order freely: I shall pay for it all!"

"...Boss...are you a god?!"

"Not at all. I am a demon." I grinned like a high-ranking demon.

That was the first time in my life I treated someone as a proper boss would.

I was maturing, too.

I didn't mind the bottom-tier life, but perhaps the minister life wouldn't be so

bad after all.

—Two hours later.

I walked through the city with a drunk Vania on my back. “I never expected she’d be causing me problems in this way...”

“Eh-he-he-he... Booze, booze...”

Vania was completely gone, so I had to take her home myself. I did such things when I was a lowly clerk and my bosses drank themselves into a stupor, but to think I’d do this as the minister of agriculture...

I wanted to fly her home, but I was drunk, too. Causing an accident while flying under the influence was a grave offense...

I somehow managed to reach the residential district, and there was Fatla, standing at the corner.

“I am so sorry, Lady Beelzebub. My sister is so irresponsible...” She bowed to me with a tired look.

“You’ve been putting in quite a lot of work as well, haven’t you? But I clearly see why you were chosen to be my secretary.”

“What do you mean?” She looked at me quizzically.

“Your hands are quite full taking care of your little sister. That is why they deemed you capable of handling a minister who did not know her right from her left.”

Fatla’s mouth opened in surprise.

She had treated me rather gruffly at first but was still a solid assistant for me after all that. She worked hard, exactly as she needed to as a good secretary.

Otherwise, my efforts on my own were insignificant; my work as minister wouldn’t be very effective.

Had Fatla not created countermeasures for Vania’s mistake this time, things would have been more complicated for much longer. And if that happened, I would probably have had to drop the problematic secretary after all.

“Fatla, do you think I can become a minister good enough for you to serve?”



“As of now, you’re about seventy-five percent there.”

I wanted eighty, but that was still a passing grade.

“Now do something about your sister.” I handed over Vania.

“Lady Beelzebub, I am truly glad you are our minister.” Fatla gave me a gentle, natural smile.

“And I’ll take you to a good spot next time, too.”

The night breeze on my way home felt perfect.

*I think I’m starting to enjoy my work as the minister of agriculture.*

*The End*





## AFTERWORD

Long time no see. This is Kisetu Morita!

We are already at Volume 5 of *I've Been Killing Slimes for 300 Years...*!

There are always plenty of new characters appearing in the main series, and this time, a girl named Sandra joins the fray.

She's a mandragora child (at least, she looks like one) with a bit of cheek. Basically, she's a plant.

I've had mostly members of the animal kingdom until this point, so I tried my hand at something new.

Sandra will live at the house in the highlands, too. For the longest time, Falfa and Shalsha were the (apparently) youngest residents there, but they now have a little sister.

Age-wise, Sandra is much older than them, but I'm excited to see how all the kids(?) will run around together now. It might be weird for the author to be excited to see what happens, but I really am.

That's because the goal of this story isn't something so grandiose as defeating the most powerful enemy or becoming the best at sports but a haphazard and unplanned tale.

I could be traveling and happen to see something odd, which sparks a story in me—that happens rather frequently, in fact. So it's a mystery what sort of chemical reaction will happen after I add new members to the family. Even to me.

The family at the house in the highlands, especially, has grown without much planning ahead of time, but I believe I've created a fun community. I want them to keep living interesting lives through trial and error in an environment full of different races as well as a ghost and a plant.

Also, the latter half of Volume 5 includes two chapters of the Beelzebub short story spin-off, which was posted on GanGan GA. They take place when Beelzebub was still pretty low on the ladder.

Thanks to all of you, we reached the greatest number of page views of all short stories on GanGan GA when it was posted. Please take a look!

<http://www.ganganonline.com/contents/slime>

Now, the first volume of the comic version went on sale at the same time as this Volume 5!

Yusuke Shiba's illustrations of Azusa, Laika, Falfa, and Shalsha have a different type of cuteness from what Benio gives them.

If Benio illustrates a cuteness with hints of cool, then we could call Yusuke Shiba's a soft cuteness.

Anyway, both of them are fantastic, so I would love it if you picked up a copy of the comic! There are original sketches in there that weren't in the GanGan GA serialization!

Depending on the bookstore, it's very likely that the comic will be in a different section from the novel, so be careful when you go looking for it!

I have collaborated with many more people than usual this time around!

First, a special edition of Volume 5 that was bundled with a drama CD came out at the same time as the regular edition! To all of the voice actresses—Aoi Yuki as Azusa, Kaede Hondo as Laika, Sayaka Senbongi as Falfa, Minami Tanaka as Shalsha, Sayaka Harada as Halkara, and Manami Numakura as Beelzebub—thank you so much!

When I went to the recording studio, I hadn't been that nervous since my university entrance exams. I was most honored to be there.

I was overwhelmed by the amount of information a human voice can contain. I think it felt close to going to a live music club and hearing live music for the first time. I hope I can utilize this experience in future works.

Of course, many people besides the voice actresses helped with the production. It's really a miracle that something I thought up on a whim and

posted as a story online became this big.

Also, this series was rated twelfth in the books and novels category of *Kono Light Novel ga Sugoi! 2018* at the end of this year. Thank you so much to all who voted.

Also, Fuse-sensei of *That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime* fame has left a comment on the dust jacket wrap of the comic version!

It is truly encouraging to have Fuse-sensei, the pioneer of slimes in the online short story world and an author solidly at the top of his game, say something about my work. Thank you!

Also, a huge thank-you to Yusuke Shiba, who is in charge of the comic serialization in GanGan GA! I believe Halkara and Beelzebub will make their appearances soon, so I'm looking forward to that!

Benio-sensei created such wonderful pictures for the book this time!

Since this volume includes the Beelzebub spin-off, he drew a very imposing-yet-cute color illustration of her! Thank you so much!

And finally, I thank all of you who have supported the *Killing Slimes* series in all different mediums, be it as an online short story, GA novel, or comic, from the very bottom of my heart.

Like I said before, it has to be a miracle that a work I just thought up on a whim would be seen by so many people. I want to keep doing the best I can so that this miracle will continue to grow. I would be very happy to see you stick around!

*Kisetsu Morita*

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