



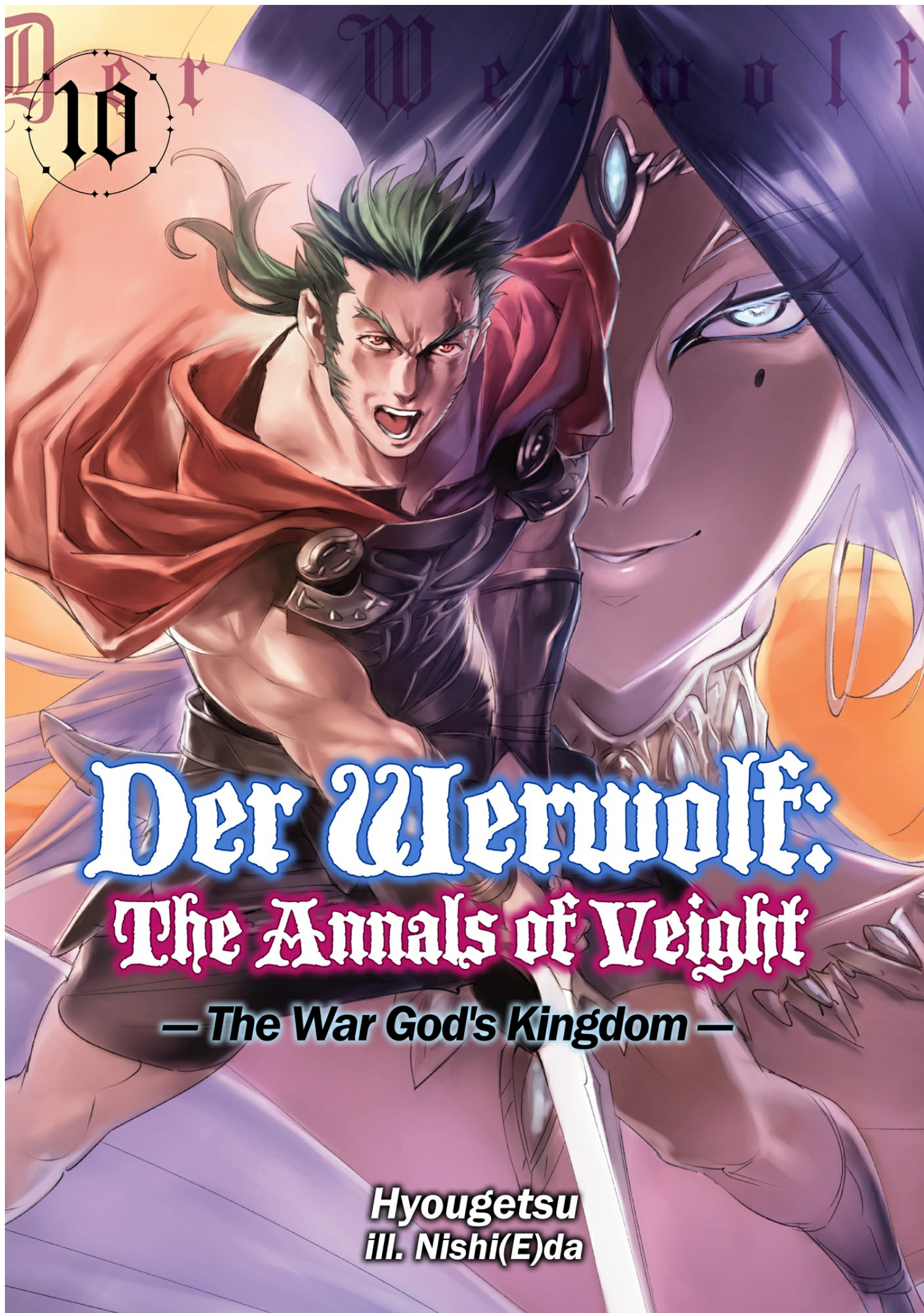
10

W e r w o l f

Der Werwolf: The Annals of Veight

— The War God's Kingdom —

Hyougetsu
ill. Nishi(E)da



Der Werwolf:

The Annals of Veight

— The War God's Kingdom —

Hyougetsu
ill. Nishi(E)da







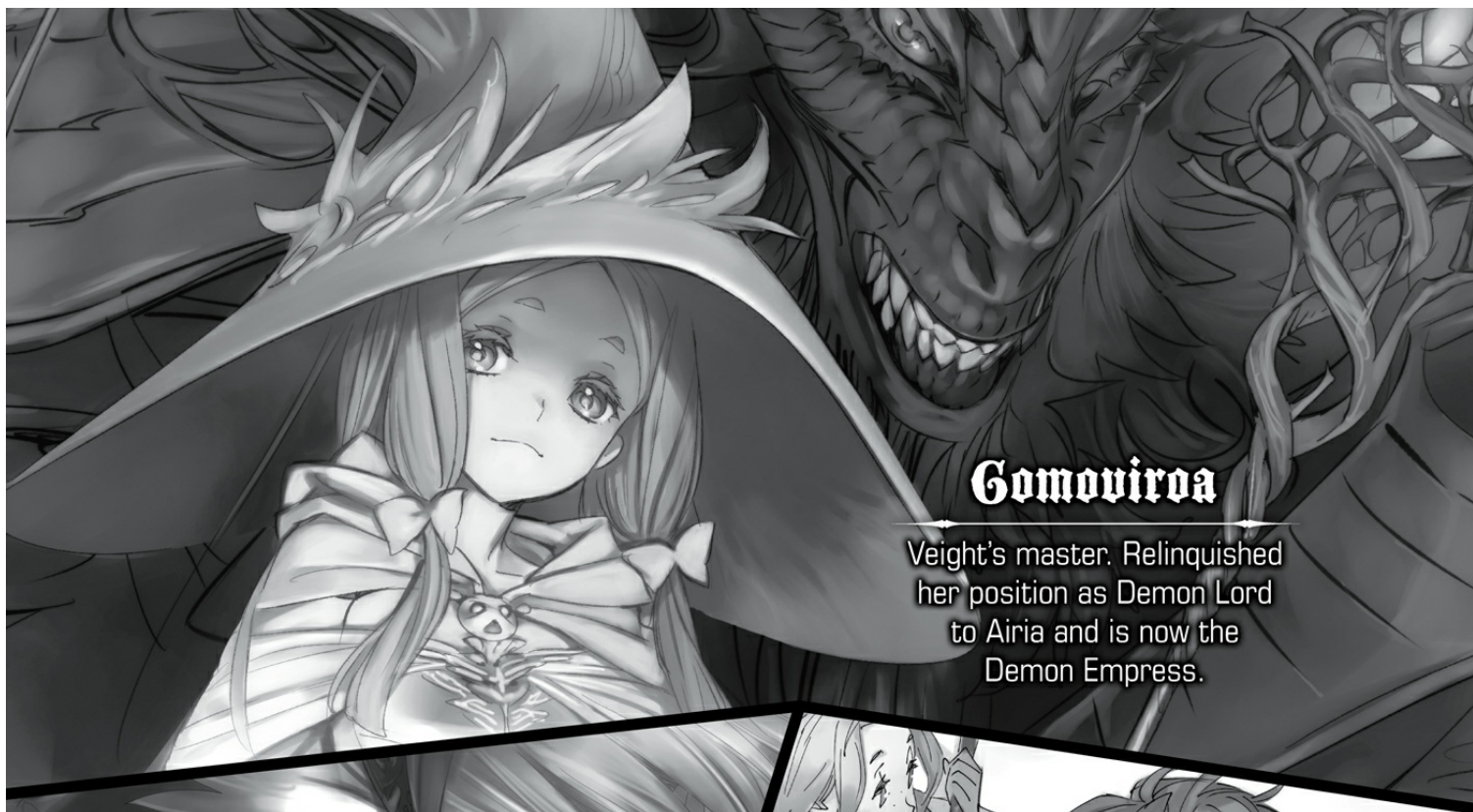
Character

Veight

A former human who's been reborn as a werewolf. Now serves as the Demon Lord's Vice-Commander, and is also a member of the Southern Commonwealth.

Airia Lutte Aindorf

The beautiful Viceroy of Rynheit, and now Meraldia's Demon Lord.



Gomoviroa

Veight's master. Relinquished her position as Demon Lord to Airia and is now the Demon Empress.



Parker

An undead skeleton who studies under Gomoviroa with Veight. He used to be human.



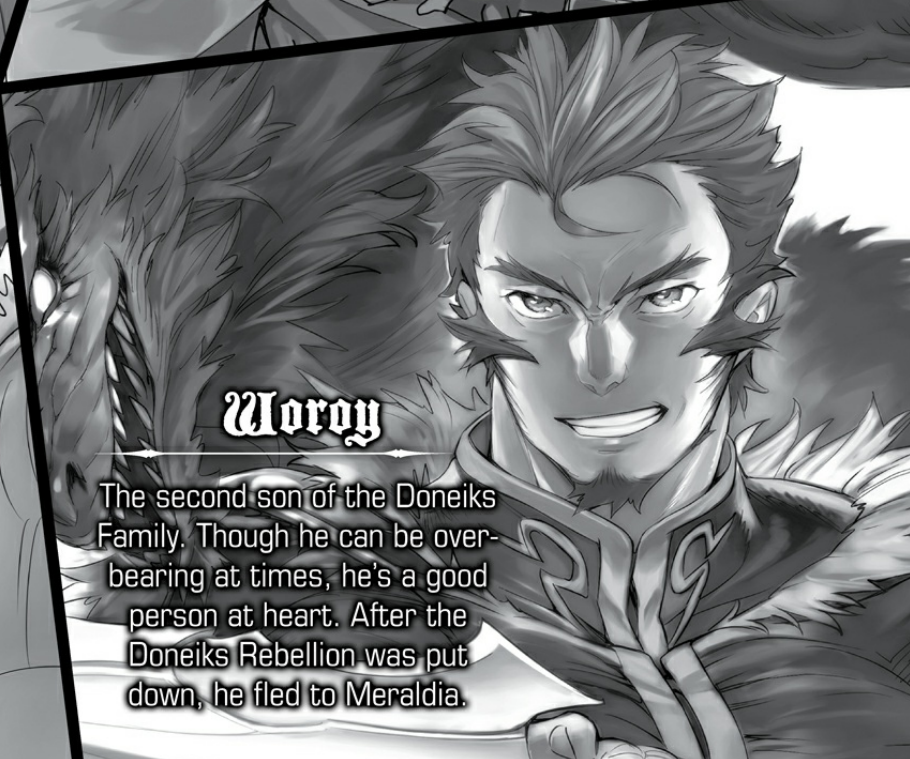
Kite

Originally worked for the Senate, but after meeting with Veight became his Vice-Commander. A master of epoch magic.



Ryunnie

Woroy's nephew. He is currently touring the various cities in Meraldia and learning from their best tutors.



Woroy

The second son of the Doneiks Family. Though he can be overbearing at times, he's a good person at heart. After the Doneiks Rebellion was put down, he fled to Meraldia.



The story so far

While Veight was out investigating the forest with Gomoviroa, Airia dispatched a team to a northern mine where strange sightings have occurred. With a search party in tow, Kite headed off to investigate the situation. There, he found the culprit: an animated skeleton holding a powerful magical goblet and commanding an army of undead.

The mass of undead began advancing on Ryunheit's cities, but Veight returned just in time to save the day. The demon army started looking further into the goblet that started this whole mess, but it ended up taking over Airia's body next!

By reading her memories, it managed to copy her mannerisms to an unnerving degree, fooling almost everyone. But Veight, able to notice the subtle differences, started interrogating the goblet to discern its true intentions. It appeared that the seemingly normal-looking chalice was attempting to fulfill the mission it was created for—creating new Heroes—and it spirited Airia away.

Determined to save her, Veight decided to appease the goblet by supplying the mana it was trying to procure. Taking Ason's Legendary Treasure from the Wa delegation sent to guard it, he transferred all of its mana into Airia. Though she now had enough power to be a Hero, she chose to become a Demon Lord instead.

Once everything was settled, the two of them confessed their feelings for each other and officially became a couple. Shortly thereafter, Gomoviroa officially bequeathed the title of Demon Lord to Airia, and Veight became her new Vice-Commander. The two were wed, and Meraldia entered a new era of peace and prosperity.

Extra Story



Chapter 10

I was reincarnated as a werewolf, became the Demon Lord's Vice-Commander, and transformed Meraldia into a nation where humans and demons could live together in harmony. I thought things would calm down after that, but then one of the dead Senators came back as a lich using the power of Draulight's Legacy, a magical artifact designed to create Heroes. Once we stopped him, the artifact hijacked Airia's body, and after a long series of events she ended up becoming the demon army's third Demon Lord.

Incidentally, our new Demon Lord is sleeping next to me right now. I got married to her the other day, and now my boss is also my wife.

"What time is it?" I muttered sleepily.

There was something deeply comforting about waking up next to someone. The autumn chill had set in, but because Airia and I slept in the same bed, the nights were never cold. Honestly, I thought I'd be too nervous to get any rest when we first started sleeping together, but I got used to it surprisingly quickly. Now there was nothing more relaxing than falling asleep nestled in her warm embrace. Airia likely felt the same way, since she also nuzzled against me when we slept. The past few days, we always woke up in each other's arms.

Last night I'd gone to bed with my head resting in Airia's chest, but our positions had reversed some time during the night and now it was Airia who was using me as a pillow. She was sleeping so peacefully that I felt like it would be wrong to wake her up. But the sun was out, and if I didn't do it soon, one of the maids would wake her up instead.

Once Airia was up, we went down to eat breakfast. As we ate, we discussed our plans for the day. I was her assistant, so she needed to be aware of my schedule.

"Beluza's warriors got into a fight with some of Lotz's soldiers at a bar last

night,” I muttered as I read over the daily report Wengen had sent me. A fight between groups like this wasn’t something we could afford to brush off. If we didn’t address the issue quickly, it could escalate into a dispute between the two cities. It was best if we nipped this problem in the bud.

“I’ll go mediate. This isn’t something the Demon Lord needs to trouble herself with.”

“Try not to scare them, okay?” Airia replied with a worried look, and I smiled ruefully.

“Do I really terrify people that badly?”

“You’re Meraldia’s most famous general. People are more scared of you than you think.”

Maybe I should go for a less direct approach, then.

“I see... In that case, how about I discuss things with the captains of both squadrons instead of disciplining the soldiers myself?”

“That’s a much better idea. If you handled the issue personally, it would become a bigger deal than it needs to be.”

Really? Do my actions have that much of an impact? If every little thing I did had such dire repercussions, I needed to pass off yet more of my responsibilities onto other people. *I wish I still had Kite.* Sadly, he’d be mad with me if I brought on another vice-commander, so I had no choice but to divvy up tasks between a large group.

“We really need to hurry and train a new generation of skilled bureaucrats.”

“Indeed. It’s impossible for us to keep track of developments in all seventeen cities by ourselves. Taking care of our duties is hard enough as it is.”

Life was a lot easier when all I had to worry about was the demon army. Meraldia was simply too large for us to manage on our own; we needed to find people we could trust to pick up some of the slack.

“There’s so much to do that we can’t even take any time off,” I grumbled.

Airia chuckled and replied, “But you like being busy, don’t you?”

I won't deny that. Maybe I would be able to take it easier in the future, but right now, I had plenty of work on my plate. My hardest job was making sure everyone got along. There were so many disputes between humans and demons, northerners and southerners, and Sonnenlicht believers and Mondstrahl adherents. Everyone had their own circumstances which led to conflict, and resolving those conflicts was never easy. Fortunately, I was friends with the leaders of every influential organization, but they had responsibilities to their people as well, and just because we were friends didn't mean they'd always listen to my requests. Of course, these disputes were hardly anything new, but I wished people weren't so eager to leap at each other's throats.

Making a human viceroy the new Demon Lord had gone a long way towards easing tensions, at least. Both humans and demons were willing to respect her as the ultimate authority in Meraldia.

"Airia, do you want another egg?"

"Where did that come from?"

"You need to eat more if you want to keep your strength up."

I was basically a cross between Airia's personal manager and her representative. If two incidents that required the Demon Lord's attention popped up at the same time, it was my job to take care of one of them. My most important duty, though, was filtering out the requests that came her way. Halfway through my morning paperwork, a situation came up where I had to do just that.

"...A petition for the Demon Lord, huh?"

I looked down at the document that had come from across the sea. Garsh had delivered it personally.

"The guy knew Petore'd just shut him down so he came crying to me and asked if I could deliver it."

Petore was too hardened a merchant to be moved by tears. Meanwhile, Garsh put up a tough guy act, but he was a big softie inside. Naturally, this meant all merchants brought their issues to the council through him, rather than through Petore. This particular petition had come from one of the nations

in the continent south of the Sea of Solitude, Kuwol. Geographically, Meraldia lay around where Italy or Spain did back on earth, so the southern continent had a climate similar to Africa's northern coast. Much like the ancient empires that had ruled northern Africa, the kingdom of Kuwol was a maritime nation. It was a longtime trading partner of Beluza and Lotz, and it was more of a confederation of powerful tribes than a true kingdom. Most of the citizens were Mondstrahlists, which was partly why there was no real central authority. The Mondstrahl religion valued freedom over cohesion, after all.

"If it's a letter from the king himself, we probably can't hand this off to anyone else."

Petore had balls for turning down a royal envoy, but he probably knew Meraldia was safe from retribution since it was so far from the southern continent. No nation would profit from a potential invasion of Meraldia, no matter how powerful they were. Of course, Petore must have known the envoy would head to Beluza when he turned the man away. Chances were, he didn't actually want to keep the royal envoy out, he just didn't want to deal with the hassle of escorting him. *What a crafty old man he is.*

Reading over the petition, it appeared that Kuwol wanted Meraldia's help in patrolling its lands. The king was feuding with the nobles who held land along the coast, and the nation was on the brink of civil war. Apparently, the king had raised taxes on port towns in an attempt to fill his empty coffers, which had angered the coastal nobles and the merchant guilds. Incidentally, the reason the king's coffers were empty was because he'd spent too much money on a new palace.

After I finished reading the letter, I sighed. "This nation's king is a moron. Even a child knows not to spend more money than you have."

"Yeah. The old geezer said the same thing." Garsh folded his arms and nodded thoughtfully. "'No way an imbecile who can't keep his country's merchants happy will have a deal worth a damn. I ain't dealing with him.'"

You're really good at imitating Petore's voice, you know that? Putting Kuwol in our debt would definitely be a boon for Meraldia, but there was no point in doing any favors for a foolish king like that. There were plenty of neighboring

tribes that were allied with Kuwol, but from the looks of things, they weren't lifting a finger to help this guy either. He'd already been abandoned by his closest allies, so it made little sense for us to aid him.

"Besides, he didn't even send anyone over to forge diplomatic ties when we went from a Federation to a Commonwealth but now he's coming to us crying for help?"

Scowling, Garsh nodded in agreement. "You said it. He kept turning our messengers away before, but now that he's in trouble, he's suddenly acting all friendly."

"He probably changed his tune because the new Demon Lord is a human. Plus, she's kind, wise, beautiful, and..."

Wait, what was I getting at here?

"Err, sorry for rambling. The point is, he probably thinks he'll have an easier time dealing with Airia than with Master. What an opportunist."

"Y-Yeah," Garsh replied absentmindedly.

"What I don't get is why ask Meraldia of all places for help?"

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "My guess is he heard that a certain *someone* went to Rolmund and replaced the emperor with a new empress that was pro-Meraldia."

"That story has spread to other continents?"

"Well, yeah. Every Meraldian sailor has probably boasted about it in every port they've visited. You're a legend, Veight."

Oh god, please no. Anyway, all the merchant and sailor's guilds in Kuwol are probably against the king, and they've got the backing of the local nobles. Those noble families possessed centuries-old ties to Beluza and Lotz. They were valuable trading partners as well, so it was hardly surprising that Petore had dismissed the king's messenger. Honestly, if I had to choose, I'd say I was on the nobles' and merchants' side too. Who would help a king who wasted all his money on a new palace?

"That being said, we can't just ignore a letter from a king. I'll show it to Airia

and we can decide what to do at the next council meeting. If you want, I can deal directly with the envoy from now on, too.”

“I’d love that, but are you sure?”

“Yeah. Chances are, if we drag our feet long enough, Kuwol will break out into civil war. On the off-chance it doesn’t, it would mean the king doesn’t need our help, so we win out either way.”

I realized this was a callous decision, but I didn’t want to commit any of Meraldia’s troops to Kuwol. There was no need for Meraldian blood to be spilled over another nation’s internal dispute. Also, I was scared of public opinion turning against the council if we sent soldiers abroad.

—The Boss’ Worries—

“Man, why does everyone always come to me with their shitty problems?” Garsh muttered with a sigh and scratched his beard.

He hadn’t told Veight, but he was actually good friends with a number of Kuwol’s viceroys. The viceroy of Bahza, one of Kuwol’s largest cities, had saved Garsh’s father’s life. Petore owed him a great debt as well. Not only that, but he’d offered favorable trading terms to Petore and Garsh, so they really couldn’t afford to alienate him. At the same time, Garsh hadn’t had the heart to turn away the king’s messengers. They’d just looked so desperate.

Thank god Veight’s a good guy. He’s the only one who understands how goddamn hard it is to try and please everyone. Had the demon army been as evil as humans initially believed them to be, Garsh probably would have died of stress by now. Fortunately, Veight was more reasonable than most humans, and while he wasn’t technically the Demon Lord, he was in all practical terms the leader of the demon army. The only reason humans and demons weren’t trying to kill each other was because of him. *Still, I can’t be relying on Veight for everything. The guy’s got enough on his plate as it is. Plus, he just got married. He should be able to enjoy life for a little bit, at least.*

Garsh recalled Veight’s delighted expression when he’d been gushing about Airia. It was hard to believe the man who used to think about nothing but work could look so happy. *Sorry for passing my burdens onto you, Veight.* Garsh

sighed and scratched his head. At the very least, he fulfilled his obligation to Kuwol's royal family. All he'd done was deliver a letter, so the nobles he had ties with probably wouldn't see this as a betrayal.

He turned back to the door to Veight's office and smiled wanly. "I just hope old man Petore doesn't blow his top over this—for both our sakes."

Kuwol's king sent multiple follow-up letters, but each time I deflected by saying things like "We don't have enough transport ships," or "We're in the middle of restructuring our army and don't have troops to spare." Technically neither of those were lies, though they were embellishments of the truth. We had so few transport ships that we could only send 100 to 200 soldiers over at best. Most of Meraldia's fleet consisted of thick-hulled, speedy galleys designed to patrol the coast. They were hard to sink and suited for close-quarters combat, but they couldn't hold much cargo. We *could* requisition cargo ships from wealthy merchants, but it would cost an arm and a leg. It simply wasn't worth sticking our neck out for Kuwol's king.

However, I did order Lotz and Beluza to proactively gather information so we'd be ready in case of a regime change. Since Wa was our ally, I also told Fumino everything we'd learned about Kuwol's current situation. I decided to start studying Kuwolese though, just in case.

It was possible the fallout from Kuwol's civil war would reach Meraldia, so I made reorganizing the army a top priority. Under the Senate, the structure of Meraldia's army had been an absolute mess. Noble knights, commissioned officers, rank-and-file soldiers, and private mercenaries all had different command structures that overlapped with each other in confusing ways. Untangling that mess was impossible, so I decided to consolidate all the branches under the direct control of the council.

Knights would make up the backbone of Meraldia's new army. Since knights were all nobles, they didn't know any trades or how to farm, which meant that if we didn't keep them on as soldiers, they'd become unemployed. On the flip side, they were educated and knew a ton about warfare, so they made for perfect commanders; especially since they adhered strictly to their chivalric code, whereas most mercenaries were hardly better than bandits.

I gathered all of Meraldia's knights and began my speech.

"Noble sirs, both the council and the demon army have heard many tales of your loyalty and valor. When we were still enemies on the battlefield, you were our fiercest opponents."

I was telling the truth, so I didn't feel bad about laying the praise on a little thick. Their morale hadn't flagged even when it was clear the Senate was done for, their equipment and training were top-class, and they were all in good shape. Had the Senate not utilized the knights so poorly, the demon army would have struggled to overcome them.

"At present, you answer only to the council. However, the ruler of Meraldia is the Demon Lord, and she needs a personal army."

In the past, Woroy had impressed upon me the importance of forming a unit that answered only to the nation's highest authority. At present, all of Meraldia's soldiers were under the council's jurisdiction. That meant they couldn't be mobilized without a majority vote. On the other hand, the demon army answered only to the Demon Lord, but it contained only demons, and wasn't suited for peacekeeping expeditions to other countries. I was worried about what was going on in Kuwol, and I needed a force that I could send to keep an eye on things. That force needed to be adaptable, independent, and composed of elites.

"I was thinking the best way to remedy this would be to incorporate human soldiers into the demon army. The demon army's primary goal is to protect everyone living in Meraldia—both human and demon. That means, even if you transfer to the demon army, your primary job won't change."

I tried to make the proposition sound as appealing as possible, but I could tell from their scent that they were still nervous. *I'm going to have to choose my words carefully here.*

"Our current Demon Lord is the Demon Ambassador Airia. Those of you who have spent time in Ryunheit know that she is a leader you can trust." The knights' expressions relaxed a little. The nervousness vanished from their scent as well. I cleared my throat and added, "Those of you who choose to join us shall be called 'Demon Knights,' to differentiate you from the council's order of

knights.”

“Demon Knights...” one of the knights murmured.

I knew this would hook them. Weird as it was, medieval knights were kind of like pro sports teams in that they valued titles and fame a great deal. It made sense, since the more achievements a knight had, the greater their salary. They weren't chasing after fame and honor just for the heck of it; their families' livelihoods depended on them distinguishing themselves. That was why a fancy new title like “Demon Knight” made for the perfect bait.

“The Demon Knights will be a new, elite corps of soldiers who are skilled at coordinating with demon troops. This is a task of which only veteran knights such as yourselves are capable.”

The knights nodded in unison. They had pride in their abilities as career soldiers. All of them had been raised to fight since early childhood. In this world, soldiers who were educated, understood tactics and strategy, and actually obeyed the law were a rare commodity.

“Moreover, as the Demon Knights will be a unit under the direct command of the Demon Lord, they will be given the most dangerous missions. Inexperienced warriors will not live long in this unit. However, I'm sure that hardened veterans such as yourselves will be able to complete even difficult missions with ease.”

I was trying to make it sound like I was inviting them to an elite, exclusive club.

“Naturally, you will be rewarded handsomely for placing yourselves in such danger. Not only will your salary be increased, but the demon army shall also pay for your equipment and its maintenance. Anything you want, you can have.”

That was an extremely important perk for guys like these.

“That's not all, either. If you are injured in the line of duty, the demon army shall pay you a yearly pension to compensate. And if you die, that pension shall be paid to your family for a duration of thirty years. Lastly, you will be granted a plot of land for every ten years of service.”

No other nation treated its soldiers this well. The reason we could afford to

cover all these expenses was because trade with Wa had enriched Meraldia considerably. A country was only as good as its people, which was why I wanted to make sure Meraldia's people were given proper care. *Alright, time for the finisher.*

I frowned sternly and said, "However, this post is not for the faint of heart. If you're afraid for your life, you need not apply."

I sighed and shook my head.

"The demon army only wants the most fearless of warriors. I won't force any of you to join the Demon Knights. Of course, I realize this is a lot to take in at once, so you have until spring to decide what you want to do."

An elderly knight stepped forward.

"If you're looking for fearless warriors, sir, you've found them. Please allow me to join the Demon Knights!"

A second later, dozens more joined him.

"I don't fear death, Vice-Commander! Let me join!"

"We can't let just demons have the honor of guarding Her Majesty the Demon Lord!"

"Vice-Commander, I want to join too!"

Perfect, they took the bait. I kept my expression grave and nodded slowly.

"I see tales of your bravery were not exaggerated. It is an honor to fight alongside such valiant warriors."

I've finally done it, Friedensrichter. I've brought humans into the demon army. I bet you never expected that to happen, huh? I spent the rest of the afternoon shaking hands with each of the new recruits and filling out the paperwork to officially make them Demon Knights. In a few days, they would all be formally knighted by Airia in a grand ceremony. Hopefully the knights that were still on the fence would be swayed when they saw.

Satisfied, I returned to my office. I then called Baltze over and told him about the new additions to the demon army.

“And that’s why I decided to enlist human knights into the demon army. It might be hard to get along with them at first, but I’m sure you’ll get used to it.”

Baltze nodded thoughtfully and replied, “Don’t worry, Veight. I’ve spent a lot of time conversing with humans now; I should be able to handle them.”

“Perfect.”

Dragonkin were known for being stoic, but Baltze was a bit more expressive than most. The other dragonkin officers apparently hated the fact that he was always joking around, but he was such a skilled fighter that they couldn’t really complain. To me, it looked like he was just slightly less dour than the others, but I probably had different standards. What I saw as a slight difference the other dragonkin likely considered huge. That being said, it was certainly true that he was a lot more laid back. When I’d first joined the demon army, he was one of the few dragonkin who hadn’t been uptight about showing superior officers proper respect and the like. He was probably the general I trusted most within the demon army.

We chatted for a bit afterwards, and the topic of Shure came up, so I decided to see if he’d made any progress in their relationship.

“By the way, how are things going with Shure?”

Shure was supposedly one of the most beautiful dragonkin women, and Baltze was head over heels for her. The sudden question seemed to take him by surprise, and he said in a flustered voice, “W-Well, Lady Shure is...you know...”

It was pretty rare to see a dragonkin have such a human reaction. *Oh man, now I want to tease him even more.*

“Baltze, you’re off-duty now right? I just got my hands on some imported rum, so what do you say to sharing a few drinks with me?”

The rum brewed in the southern continent was made from sugarcane, or more specifically, the molasses that was left over from processing sugarcane. In Rolmund, they used beets to make something similar, but the taste wasn’t as good. Some parts of Meraldia were warm enough to grow sugarcane as well, but there wasn’t nearly enough to meet demand. Sugar was still expensive enough that common people tended to use fruits for their alcohol and desserts.

I mixed rum, a little bit of lime juice, and a few spoonfuls of precious sugar together to make a daiquiri. Sadly, I didn't have any ice or a shaker, so all I could do was stir it.

"Why do you look so disappointed, Veight?"

"Well, there's a way to make this mixture taste even better, but I don't have the tools to do it."

A good bartender could make a daiquiri taste like heaven. Meanwhile, my pathetic excuse for a cocktail looked far from heavenly.

"This lime juice is pretty overpowering, so I kept it at one part juice to fifteen parts rum. Just like a Montgomery."

"What's a 'Montgomery'?"

"Long ago, there was this famous general who was known for his caution. It was said he wouldn't even go into battle unless he outnumbered the enemy fifteen to one."

Most of what I knew of him was trivia I'd gathered on the internet, so I wasn't an expert or anything. Besides, the Montgomery cocktail was a martini, not a daiquiri. *But I guess since the Hemingway is a frozen daiquiri, and Hemingway wrote about Montgomery, they're kind of related? Whatever, it doesn't matter.*

"I'm a lot like Montgomery, I think. I don't have the courage to fight unless I already hold an overwhelming advantage."

Baltze gave me an incredulous look. "Do you really expect me to believe that when you charge armies by yourself at every opportunity?"

"I mean, if I rush in alone, it means I'm the only one at risk. The rest of the army's safe."

Smiling, I held my glass up for a toast. We clinked our glasses together, and I downed my daiquiri. The lime juice did a perfect job of cutting the burn of the alcohol without overriding the taste. *Yeah, 1 part to 15 was the right choice.* Unfortunately, the lack of ice and proper mixing made it less delicious than it could have been.

"Warfare is easy because you can always tell whether you're at an

overwhelming advantage or disadvantage. When it comes to diplomacy, though, it's impossible to tell where you stand half the time."

"People's hearts aren't something that can be quantified," Baltze replied with a nod. *It sure would be easy if you could represent the strength of a bond with numbers, like a social link.*

"I've always been a coward, you know. Every time I negotiate with someone, I'm terrified of messing up."

"Now I know you're just being humble."

Baltze chuckled, but as a former human, I knew just how scary humans could be.

As long as Veight's around, humans and demons should be able to get along."

"I knew it! It really is all thanks to Professor Veight!"

Smiling, Woroy shook his head. "Only when it comes to human-demon relationships. It's up to bishops and viceroys and people like us to make sure people with different backgrounds don't get at each other's throats."

"I-I see."

"Also, while Veight may be a great man, he won't be around forever. Eventually, someone is going to have to step up to inherit his place. The same holds true for all the viceroys currently active right now."

Myurei finally realized what Woroy was getting at.

"Y-You mean me?" he stuttered.

"Yep. Ryuunie, too. Unlike demons, humans put a lot of stock into bloodlines. Whether you like it or not, you're going to be one the leaders of the next generation, Myurei, so you need to grow into someone who can lead us to a better future."

"I'm going to shape...the future of Meraldia?"

"Course you are. The reason I keep inviting you here is because I know you have the potential to be one of the brightest stars of the next generation. I wouldn't waste my time with incompetent fools when I'm this busy. If I thought you didn't have it in you, I'd only bother inviting you to the city's opening ceremony."

Indeed, it was Woroy who had pushed for Ryuunie to regularly invite Myurei to his city.

A mixture of surprise and excitement spread across Myurei's face as he realized that. "Y-You really think I'm that amazing!?"

"Yeah. But you've got a tough road ahead of you. Guys like us don't have powerful fangs or esoteric magic we can rely on. We don't have the Black Werewolf King's foresight or courage, either. So you're gonna have to work hard to find something that can make up for all that."

"I-I will! I'll work really hard!" Myurei stood ramrod straight, and Woroy gave

him a slight bow.

“I hope you continue to be good friends with my nephew. He’s a lot happier when you’re around.”

“Huh?”

Just then, Ryuunie called out to Myurei from behind, “Ah, Myurei! Sorry I left you alone! They finally let me go! Listen to this, I got them to adopt a three-shift schedule starting— Huh? What’s wrong, Myurei?”

Ryuunie gave Myurei a questioning look, but Myurei kept his gaze fixed firmly on Woroy. Slowly but resolutely, the young boy nodded to the exiled prince.

— *From Woroy, to Myurei*

Some time later, in Lotz.

“Hey, gramps.”

“Call me by my title when I’m in my office, ya brat,” Petore barked. He took off his reading glasses and peered at Myurei. “So, whaddaya want?”

With an unhappy expression, Myurei held out copies of some of Lotz’s official documents.

“Gramps, you’re ripping our merchants off. How can you charge them this much in harbor fees?”

“Hmph. Lotz pays for the building and maintenance of all of these harbors. If we don’t charge at least this much, we’d be operating at a loss.”

Myurei looked unconvinced.

“Even so, if we charge this much, our exports in Kuwol will end up being priced higher,” the young boy replied. “The merchants will try to offload the costs onto Kuwolese consumers”

“And how’s that our problem, huh?”

“It’ll give Wa a chance to undercut us by pricing their goods cheaper. We both have a few specialty products, but a lot of our exports overlap!”

Frowning, Petore put his glasses back on. Myurei was being surprisingly

persistent today.

“Alright, what do ya think we should set our harbor fees at, then?”

“Why don’t we just charge a yearly fee to all the ship owners, and abolish the tax on export profits?”

“Ye’ve gotta be joshing me.”

Petore was floored. If they did that, they would lose a ton of money. Ship owners could only pay so much.

However, Myurei shrugged his shoulders and said, “If we make it a fixed yearly fee, we won’t have to spend money on hiring tax collectors or appraisers. That’ll speed up bureaucracy and increase throughput on all our ports.”

“True, we won’t hafta pay as many people, but...” Petore did a few quick calculations on his abacus. “Nope, we’d still lose a ton of money. Give me a better idea.”

“Wait, I really think this is our best bet. Hear me out, gramps.” Myurei pointed to the map of Meraldia hanging from Petore’s wall. “The age of individual cities is gone. We’re in the Commonwealth era now. If we have a standardized yearly fee that’s cheaper than every other place’s, then all of Meraldia’s merchants will use Lotz as their home port.”

“Ya got that right. Since they’ll get to use it as much as they want for a fixed price. Which means we’ll lose a ton of money,” Petore grumbled.

Smiling, Myurei smacked the map with the back of his hand. “Yeah, but won’t that help the seventeen cities as a whole? We’ll sell so many more goods, and bring in a bunch more foreign currency. The profits will be a lot higher than if all those merchants sold domestically.”

“Uh-huh.”

“If that happens, all the other cities will have more money to spend on producing higher quality luxury goods, which means they’ll bring way more of their stuff to our ports. All of Meraldia will benefit, and in the long run, Lotz is going to prosper from the massive increase in traffic!”

“Hmmm...”

Petore took his glasses off again and scrutinized his grandson’s face.



“And ya came up with that idea?”

“Of course. Pretty good, right?” Myurei puffed his chest out proudly.

Sighing, Petore said bluntly, “Things won’t go the way ya think.”

“Huh? Why?”

“‘Cause if we do things this way, we’ll need to issue permits to captains who’ve paid. Issuing permits takes money, making sure no one’s printing forgeries takes money, hiring people to check permits takes money, and updating permits and retiring expired ones takes money. It also puts the burden of responsibility onto the ship owners, and they ain’t gonna like that. Yer plan isn’t as simple as it appears.”

“Oh, I see...” Myurei muttered, hanging his head. Petore jotted down a few things on the back of one of his outdated reports.

“There’s also a physical limit to how fast you can make harbor traffic. Managing a harbor’s a lot more complicated than ya think. But, well, it was a good idea for a kid.” He looked up and saw that his grandson looked seriously depressed. Shrugging his shoulders, he cracked his neck and said, “But it looks like ya finally learned to use yer head, at least. Yer a good deal better at this than yer dad.”

“Stop insulting dad, gramps.”

“Hmph.”

Petore would never forgive Myurei’s dad for stealing his cute daughter’s heart. Deep inside, though, he was proud of his grandson’s growth.

“Gramps, you’re grinning.”

“Ahh, shut up, ya brat. Come back when yer smart enough to actually give me a good idea.”

“Screw you! I’m still right about it being the era of the Commonwealth now. You have to stop thinking about just Lotz and look at all of Meraldia as a whole.”

With that parting remark, Myurei ran out of his grandfather’s office. Petore

folded his arms and grumbled, “Good grief.”

— *From Myurei, to Petore*

A few days later, Petore paid a visit to Ryunheit.

“What brings you here all of a sudden, Petore? Did something serious happen?” Airia asked, surprised, as she welcomed the old viceroy. Petore looked uncharacteristically excited.

“Nah, it’s nothing major. I was just thinking about changing up my harbor fees. Right now we have every ship owner pay a tax based on their profits, but what do ya think of making the viceroys pay harbor fees?”

“You want the viceroys paying for harbor upkeep?”

Petore took out a thick sheaf of documents and handed them to Airia.

“Yep. Ya can take it from yer merchants as a tax if ya want. I don’t mind how each city handles the specifics. But this way, we can cut down on a lotta hassle and make our harbor cheaper to use for everyone. The details are all in there.”

“I see...”

Airia flipped through the documents, skimming over the core points. She looked at the numbers Petore had written down, then did some quick math of her own. Making it a fixed fee would definitely lower the overall cost for Ryunheit’s merchants. It wasn’t a bad proposal by any means, but Airia couldn’t fathom where Petore had come up with it.

“I’m afraid I can’t decide on my own authority, so for now I’ll go over these documents at length. After that, we can discuss your proposal at a council meeting.”

“Sounds good to me. Whew, now I won’t hafta feel bad about shooting that brat down.”

What is he so happy about? Airia thought to herself.

“Is there some sort of story behind this proposal, Petore?”

The moment Airia asked that, Petore started gushing about his grandson,

“About that. My cheeky grandson Myurei came to me with all these crazy ideas. He talked my damn ear off about it, actually.”

“You mean to say this is Myurei’s proposal?”

“Heh, yeah, ya could say that. He didn’t have the details ironed out, so I fixed it up a bit, but the idea’s his. Sheesh, it sure took a lotta effort to get it in working order.”

Petore happily massaged his shoulder. He was known for being an obstinate blockhead, but he was also famous for being a loving husband, father, and grandfather. Smiling, Airia carefully placed the documents on her shelf.

“It seems Myurei is growing up quite fast.”

“Hah, he’s still a little chick. If ya ask me, he’s letting all this praise get to his head. He even went and told me ‘the age of cities is over, gramps. It’s the Commonwealth era now.’ Can ya believe that?” Despite his complaining, there was a wide grin on Petore’s face. “I must be getting old if I’m being lectured by my own grandson.”

“Myurei’s one of the top students at Meraldia University. His friendly rivalry with Ryuunie has really helped him grow.”

“Yeah. I’m glad.” Petore nodded in satisfaction, then bowed deeply to Airia. “This is all thanks to you and Veight and everyone else from the demon army. I’m deeply grateful for all you’ve done for us. Thank you, truly, I am in your debt.”

“I really don’t think I’ve done all that much, but...” Airia smiled gently at Petore. “It’s true that Meraldia is finally moving in a better direction. We have to do our best so our children can inherit a better nation.”

“Indeed, esteemed Demon Lord.” Petore smiled, then went back to his usual casual tone. “Now then, I think I’m gonna head back and see what I can learn about Kuwol’s situation. Damned brat left his newlywed wife to go off cavorting there, so the least I can do is get some updates for ya. By the way, if ya got a letter for Veight, I can deliver it.”

“Huh? Oh, in that case, could you wait a moment? I’ll write one now.”

Airia hurriedly took her pen and ink bottle out of her drawer and grabbed a fresh piece of parchment.

— *From Petore, to Airia*

Far to the south, in the land of Kuwol, Monza returned to her house in Karfal and waved at Veight, who she spotted in the living room.

“Watcha doing, boss?”

“Oh, I just got a letter from Ryunheit. It came by express courier, so I thought it might be urgent, but...” Veight cocked his head to one side. “It seems like everything’s fine.”

“Hmmm.”

“It’s too casual to be something that needs to be delivered express, but if it’s some kind of cipher, I can’t crack it.” Veight cocked his head to the other side.

Monza slapped him on the shoulder and said, “I bet they just wanted to get it to you quick since you’re doing such a good job and all. Probably.”

“I’m not convinced, especially not when that’s coming from you.”

Confused, Veight raised his head. “Well, whatever. If there’s no problems back home, that’s a good thing. Everyone seems to be doing fine, and it looks like my students are working hard too.”

“Ahaha, sounds nice.”

“Which means I better work hard too, so I can get this dumb civil war over with and go home to see my kid being born.”

“Yeah, I wanna see, too!”

Smiling, Veight and Monza bumped their fists together.

— *From Airia, to Veight.*

Afterword

We've finally made it to the commemorative tenth afterword. Greetings, readers. I honestly can't believe I've made it to the tenth volume. I didn't think *Der Werewolf* would be such a beloved series. Thank you so much for supporting me until now, everyone.

This volume is one of those "there's a traitor hidden among your allies" scenarios that...happens surprisingly often in real life. In this case, Veight could just kill Zagar and move on, but his personality won't allow it. For better or worse, the idea of doing something that would result in civilian casualties is anathema to him. Friedensrichter told him his weakness was his inability to make cruel but necessary decisions as well, which is why I started thinking about what might happen if Veight was put in a situation where if he didn't make a cruel choice, things would only keep getting worse. It will all be resolved in one way or another by the next volume, though, so look forward to that.

Part of my writing philosophy is when you're writing a transported-to-another-world story, you should make the challenges characters face as realistic as possible. That's basically what I went for this time around, too. I was actually unsure if this was the kind of problem I wanted to present to my characters, but with how much experience Veight has now, I thought it was about time he faced a truly difficult dilemma.

By the way, the whole segment about morning sickness comes from personal experience. I'm a guy, so I have no idea what it's actually like to go through it, but Veight's reactions are exactly the same as mine were when my wife was pregnant. Pregnancy and childbirth (and child-rearing) are extremely taxing endeavors, and I have infinite respect for my wife for going through it all. I wasn't as helpful to my wife as I could have been, but hopefully Veight will succeed where I failed. Though, he's an awkward guy too, so it's hard to say he's going to be an ideal husband. Still, he'll probably manage better than me.

Now then, it's time for the acknowledgments. Thank you Nishi(E)da-sensei for

your wonderful drawings. (I'm sorry the characters all ended up being burly dark-skinned men this time around.) I wanted to make sure Rolmund, Wa, and Kuwol all had their distinctive styles of dress and appearance, so I'm really glad that he went the extra mile to differentiate everyone. I'd also like to thank my editor Lord Fusanon for his valuable guidance. When I was trying to think of what to write for the bonus stories, he gave me a bunch of ideas, which really helped. I can't count how many times he's saved my hide now.

Incidentally, I'm working on a new novel with him as my editor again. It's called *The Voyage Log of a Small-Time Captain*, and it's being updated on Narou as well. *Der Werwolf* is about Veight making his way up the ranks in an organization, so I wanted this new series to focus on a protagonist who grew bigger and bigger outside of one. Go, small-business owners! (I'm also a small-business owner, so I can understand his struggles.) There are a few fanservice-y connections between the world in this work and in *Der Werwolf*, so I definitely recommend it to Werwolf fans. I can't go into details since that's spoilers, but be sure to check it out. The *Der Werwolf* manga adaptation by Kosumi Yuuchi just released its third volume too, so give that a shot if you've got time as well. It really captures the gentle yet relentless side of Veight really well, I think. There's also some short stories in there written by me, so it's packed with content (sorry for the shilling.)

Now then, volume 11 will be the end of the main story. Will Veight be able to calm this maelstrom of malice before it consumes the nation whole? Will he even be able to make it safely back to Meraldia? Most important of all, will he finally be able to keep one of his promises with Airia and make it back in time for the birth? Find out next time, in the final volume of *Der Werwolf's* main story.

I hope we all meet again, then.



Casual Dress
version



Kumluk's
Original
Design

Rough drafts
for the Kumluk
characters.



Zagar

My eyes have been getting
pretty tired recently.

Nishi(E)da



Cook

The Origins
manga is
now being
serialized
too, so check
that out if
you're
curious!



Congrats on the release of
Volume 10!



いばりてん
Kosumi Yuchi

Bonus Short Story

The Shadow Don

The expressions of Kuwol's coastal nobles were grim as they sat down in the meeting room.

"So they're sending us Meraldia's Black Werewolf King..."

"I've heard that werewolves are a race of demons that live in Meraldia."

"Not only is he one of the most prominent generals in the demon army, but it's been said he's fought on the front lines on behalf of multiple Demon Lords."

"Supposedly, he's annihilated entire armies on his own multiple times, and every person he's dueled was felled with a single strike."

"I've also heard that he's a master of magic and possesses many skills Kuwol's greatest mages have never even heard of. They say he can even command armies of the dead."

"...His moniker appears well-deserved."

Most of Kuwol's nobles were able to get decently accurate information about Meraldia from the Meraldian viceroys they traded with. They gulped collectively as they realized what kind of person was about to land on their shores.

"The Black Werewolf King is undoubtedly Meraldia's greatest trump card. He's their most accomplished diplomat; their strongest warrior; and their shrewdest general."

"I suppose this means Meraldia is finally taking our plight seriously."

Of course, this was the development the coastal nobles had been hoping for. But the aid Meraldia was sending was so overwhelming they felt more trepidation than joy.

"What kind of person is Lord Veight, by your estimation?"

“Well...” Birakoya Bahza muttered, unsure of how to describe him. In the end, she opted to take a letter out of her pocket and read it aloud.

“He’s a cordial and gentle man who prefers to avoid conflict. In truth, he is more of a merchant than a soldier, and more of a scholar than a merchant. He is a true sage who values culture and academics above all else.”

“Lady Birakoya is that letter from that crusty old man...err, I mean Lord Petore?”

“It is. I can’t believe that stubborn geezer would hold anyone in such high regard, but judging by how coherent the letter is, I doubt he’s going senile.” Birakoya smiled faintly. “I suspect he’s the reason all of Meraldia’s viceroys surrendered to the demon army. Military might and financial incentives alone wouldn’t be enough to bring the northern and southern cities together.”

The other nobles nodded in agreement.

“That does sound plausible... You would need an exceptionally talented leader to unify all of Meraldia under a demon ruler.”

“I imagine this means we can trust him.”

Birakoya nodded and slipped the letter back into her pocket. “He shall be arriving at my port in a few days. I intend to hide my true identity during our initial meeting to see how he treats me.”

“Ahahaha... I see you’re as reckless as always, Lady Birakoya.”

The old nobles chuckled to each other. When she was young, Birakoya regularly got wrapped up in all sorts of mischief together with Meraldia’s two troublemakers, the White Shark, Petore, and the Black Whale, Grasco. It appeared age had done little to temper her unruly spirit.

Another one of the nobles asked, “What do you plan to do if he’s not as great a man as we’ve been led to believe?”

“In that case, I shall politely ask him to leave before he can make a mess of things. I’ll even give him a few gifts so he has no reason to complain.” Birakoya replied without hesitation. She chuckled and added, “But I doubt that will be necessary. I have faith in Petore’s judgment. Lord Veight must be more

impressive than a Hero for that old coot to praise him so. I cannot wait to see him for myself!”

Birakoya grinned, and despite the wrinkles lining her face, she looked like an impetuous young teen.

Table of Contents

[Cover](#)

[Color Illustrations](#)

[Characters](#)

[Map](#)

[The Story So Far](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

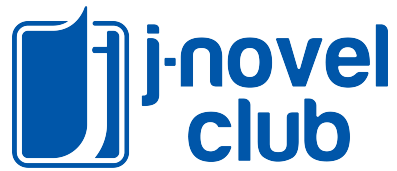
[Inherited Wills](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Bonus Short Story](#)

[About J-Novel Club](#)

[Copyright](#)



Sign up for our mailing list at J-Novel Club to hear about new releases!

[Newsletter](#)

And you can read the latest chapters (like Vol. 11 of this series!) by becoming a J-Novel Club Member:

[J-Novel Club Membership](#)

Copyright

Der Werwolf: The Annals of Veight Volume 10

by Hyougetsu

Translated by Ningen Edited by Meiru

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

Copyright © 2018 Hyougetsu / Nishi(E)da Illustrations by Nishi(E)da

All rights reserved.

Original Japanese edition published in 2018 by Earth Star Entertainment This English edition is published by arrangement with Earth Star Entertainment, Tokyo English translation © 2021 J-Novel Club LLC

All rights reserved. In accordance with the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, the scanning, uploading, and electronic sharing of any part of this book without the permission of the publisher is unlawful piracy and theft of the author's intellectual property.

J-Novel Club LLC

j-novel.club

The publisher is not responsible for websites (or their content) that are not owned by the publisher.

Ebook edition 1.0: January 2021