

"Please don't say that. Actually I know of two girls I'd like to recommend to you."

Ah, now I understand why this guy is regarded as an idiot. He's not one of those obvious idiots, but rather one who's hard-working but completely incompetent at what he does.

Even though he'd achieve his goal if he simply chatted cordially with me during the meeting, he ends up saying unnecessary things because he's pointlessly greedy.

Because such people aren't identifiable as idiots at a glance, it's troublesome to deal with them.

"No, talk about matters like these..."

"Please wait a minute. They are young women with healthy bodies who won't require any after-care. Their family has a rather low social ranking, so you'll be free to treat them as maids." Alban rattled on while beaming with pride over his own plan having worked out wonderfully, but I haven't missed how his half-brother's expression has experienced a big change.

Alban, that retard, hasn't noticed it, but his half-brother is looking at him as if he's trying to kill him with his eyes.

"..."

Immediately after realizing that I'm looking at him, he goes back to normal, but it's likely that those two girls are Alban's half-sisters and this guy's little sisters. But okay, I get it, he's planning to gain the benefit of being related to me if any children are born out of that connection while at the same time pushing his unwanted half-sisters on me, eh?

However, for him to go with such a sloppy plan that even I'd notice it right away... Him being so deeply convinced of the success of his plan can probably be counted as proof of him being a retarded noble brat just like Wilma said.

"Are they possibly your little sisters, Alban-dono? It'd be rude of me to take such esteemed ladies as mistresses."

Alban is startled, obviously wondering why I know this, but just looking at his face tells one everything they need to know.

Although it was just for an instant, haven't you turned a scornful look full of contempt at your half-brother when you talked about that little mistress idea of yours? Or rather, can you not get me involved in your house's succession dispute?

"Certainly, they're my little sisters, but their mother is of low birth. Still, I think they'll be able to give you plenty of children since they're young. Please make use of them instead of the two over there."

"Instead?"

"I doubt that middle-aged women would be capable of giving birth to your children, Earl Baumeister-dono."

This moron sure is struggling hard at getting back on his feet after blundering once. It'd have been fine if he had put a close to it when his first scenario failed, but instead he keeps going with his own little schemes, while not having any substantial ability at scheming, and thus keeps failing.

Saying that it'd be fine to exchange Lisa, who's soon going to become 30 years old, and Amalie-san, whom I'm treating just like a wife, with younger women because of their age - why would anyone say something so stupid in front of the parties concerned?

Lisa's rank in the hierarchy is low, but she's present at this meeting as my wife. Amalie-san isn't officially my wife, but I've basically approved of her as one of my wives. So why would this idiot insult both of them?

Behind him, his half-brother looks completely flabbergasted. It looks like at least he has a good grasp on our circumstances.

Oh, so Alban fully understands it as well, doesn't he?

"Alban-dono, what's the intent behind your visit today?"

"Of course, I'm here to deepen the relationship between the two of us."

Is he saying that for real? He must be...

It appears that he only looked normal in the beginning, with that front immediately crumbling apart afterwards.

"To me it doesn't look like that at all...but do you have an idea why I would be thinking so?"

"Earl Baumeister-dono, aren't we similar in many respects?"

Hey, dude, that's not even an answer to my question. Anyway, I'm not going to say that I'm particularly capable, but I'm still very convinced of being a better human than you.

"Similar?"

"Indeed. You have eliminated your elder brother, who stood in the way, to become Earl Baumeister. I'm also going to become Viscount Madson instead of Dennis, the older half-brother behind me. Although I also have my position as younger brother to care about, this is yet another duty of one inheriting a noble bloodline. There are some people in our territory endorsing Dennis, but I won't yield to their pressure!"

Somehow, it has turned into an election speech. Besides, does he believe that I became Earl Baumeister by killing my big brother?

Well, he's not wrong, if you only look at the results, and it's not like I'll ever manage to rid myself of the stigma of being the murderer of my brother. But, I'd like to be excused from being considered the same as him.

Rage is gradually building up within me, but suddenly both my shoulders are tapped lightly. Lisa and Amalie-san have signaled me to calm down.

At this rate, I'd have considered blowing this retard away with my magic, but as expected, I suppose that'd be a bad move.

"Hyaaa!" Alban, who has finished his declaration, or rather, election speech, tries to drink his mate tea, which has cooled down, to sate his thirst. However, he suddenly let go of his cup while screaming strangely.

"(Lisa, that's your work, isn't it?)"

As appropriate for Lisa the Blizzard, she has secretly cooled down the tea to a temperature right before freezing solid. In other words, he was surprised by the staggering coldness of the tea.

As a veteran, Lisa is unchallenged in this kind of fine magic control. She's kept the effect of her spell limited to only the tea inside the cup while doing it so inconspicuously that I haven't even sensed her using magic.

"Dear visitor, are you alright? I shall pour a new mate tea for you right away."

Amalie-san quickly cleans away the fallen cup and patches of tea, and pours mate tea into a new cup.

"Maid! Is this mate tea warm?"

"Yes, it was brewed moments ago."

"Very well!"

Having been startled by the tea which was almost frozen, Alban immediately takes a sip of the new tea to warm his mouth.

"Hot!"

However, this time piping-hot mate tea has entered his chilled mouth. Naturally he ends up perceiving it as being hotter than usual, resulting in Alban letting the second cup fall as well.

"It's too hot!"

"Dear visitor, I told you that it's freshly brewed." Amalie-san calmly deals with Alban's protest, but since some time has already passed, the tea inside the pot should have already cooled down to an acceptable temperature.

Of course it was Lisa who raised its temperature. Amalie-san has noticed Lisa's petty mischief, and thus fills tea into a cup anew.

"Aren't you far too rude towards me who's going to become Viscount Madson very soon?"

"I'm terribly sorry, but I have tried to tell you that it might be better to wait for it to cool down since it's hot as it was brewed a little while ago." Amalie-san immediately apologizes to Alban.

Still, even if he might be a noble, it's misplaced for him to scold a maid over tea being hot. In the first place, it's not like she served him tea that was still boiling. This is something he ought to make sure of himself.

"I know you! You have apparently become Earl Baumeister-dono's mistress as an apology for your stupid husband having tried to kill Earl Baumeister-dono and gone under after failing at it! Humph! That's just how big brothers work! Anyway! Old hags are not needed at Earl Baumeister-dono's side!"

His words are gradually starting to become illogical bullshit. The noble, spoiled brat has probably lost it since he's run out of patience after all his plans didn't work out as intended.

"Earl Baumeister-dono, let me provide you with new mistresses instead of these two!"

Despite having raged just seconds ago, he now continues his previous mistress topic while smiling at me. Dennis is looking up to the ceiling behind him, as if having given up all hope. He might think that Alban is a lost case at this point.

But yeah, if I had such a little brother, I'd also be troubled how to handle him. Dennis is probably wondering whether he should stop Alban, but if he did that, he'd just add oil to the fire. Alban doesn't seem like a man who knows forgiveness.

"Hmmm, you don't understand it unless you're told clearly?"

"Clearly, you say? In other words, you're going to accept my younger sisters?"

Just how has he managed to reach such a conclusion? I'm really curious where his groundless confidence is coming from.

"As if! Now listen, you idiot, your constant nitpicking of my wives is pissing me off! We're done here. I'm cutting all connections with you. Get lost, and never come back here!"

"Wh-!? You sure you can talk like this to me? We won't sell you any of the masonry used for construction anymore!"

"Shut your trap! Even without such decorations, no bridge will collapse, and roads will do their job normally as well! Never show your ugly mug here ever again, you birdbrain brat!"

"You bastard! I'll make sure that you'll regret this!"

It should have been no more than a little meeting with the successor of a noble house, but it ended in a full-blown fight between me and the other party. It might have been stupid of me to have snapped so quickly, but if you live a long life, such things happen as well. Besides, the other side is at fault here.



"Wh-!? ...A complete severing of all connections...?"

"Roderich, thanks for having introduced me to such a guy, who was funny in a very particular way."

"..."

Once I inform everyone of the events that took place, Roderich is the first to react, flabbergasted. Rather than being troubled with me, he seems unable to even find any proper words to describe the stupidity of Alban which has obviously exceeded his assumptions by far.

"For that reason, they're not going to sell us masonry anymore."

"That's going to become a problem."

"Really?"

It's what I think, but no one should be troubled if no masonry decorates the roadside or the guardrails of bridges. Though it'd be a different story altogether if there was some magical effect that'd cause bridges to collapse without those decorations. Of course such masonry doesn't exist in this world. Albeit, it might have existed in a distant past.

"I think so as well, but..."

While he does, Roderich seems to have difficulty escaping the common sense of this world. He's tied down by the custom that it'd be weird for a high-ranking noble house like ours to not add beautiful masonry to the roads and bridges in our territory.

"Either way, he's someone saying that I should replace Lisa and Amalie-san with his own little sisters as mistresses without even batting an eyelid. I don't want to have anything to do with such a retard ever again."

Even though I'm having a fair share of troubles with noble obligations here, I refuse to deal with a new King of Idiots.

"In the first place, there's absolutely no way that I'd go along with such a request..."

If I were to accept such conditions, one noble after the other would come out of the woodwork, suggesting similar ideas. Roderich becomes shocked by the extent of Alban's stupidity all over again.

"What shall we do about the masonry issue?"

"We can't procure it elsewhere?"

Certainly they produce beautiful masonry, but it's not like the Viscount Madson territory has a monopoly on it. Seeing how their side told us that they wouldn't sell to us anymore, we've got no

choice but to get it from somewhere else.

"Sure, other places produce masonry too, but they won't be able to sell us such huge quantities."

After all, there's always something built within the kingdom. The maintenance of the existing roads and bridges also plays into this. Masonry weathers or breaks after several decades or centuries.

"Right now, the Kingdom's economy is thriving under the influence of the Baumeister Earldom's development. Many nobles are using this opportunity to build new roads and bridges in their territories."

Even the other masonry-producing territories can't increase their output so easily. A sudden increase would be difficult for them to pull off.

"Let's bypass this issue by stocking up small amounts, and postpone the lacking parts for later."

Yep, that's a very Japanese, good idea. If I were to meaninglessly announce the abolition of masonry, it'd clearly label me as a villain who stole the work from our masonry crafters.

Let's go with the plan of authorizing finished roads and bridges for the time being while adding the masonry sometime later.

"Let me just tell you in advance, I won't compromise with the Viscount Madson House, no matter what happens."

Not only did that asshole call Lisa and Amalie-san old hags, but he even stuck his nose into my inglorious past. But then again, I have to admit, Alban has quite the character to have the gall to call himself similar to me.

"Even if we were to compromise on this issue, the idea of having to get along with this guy over the next decades sickens me. He's really the very definition of a dumb, noble brat."

I don't really want to say this since I'm a noble myself as well, but he's just too terrible in various ways. I've no interest in ever meeting him again.

"You're right...he's the kind of man who would keep asking for more if we were to compromise on this..."

If we allow him to mistakenly think that he's above us, he'll likely treat us condescendingly for the next few decades. Looking at the long term, cutting any ties with the Viscount Madson House will be to our advantage.

"I think it's just as you say, milord. We will handle it by shifting to procuring the masonry from another fief."

Roderich doesn't try to influence me into restoring the relationship with the Madson House. He probably believes that it was his blunder since he hadn't realized the extent of Alban's stupidity, albeit he should have known from the rumors.

"No choice. Right, Elise?"

"Yes."

I hardly ever encounter people who are so awful. It stands out because he's a 『noble's』 stupid son, but the rate of stupid children is unrelated to social standing. If you go by probability, there should actually be more stupid commoner sons since noble sons have a chance to improve through education. However, precisely because he's a noble, it stands out all the more.

"Nonetheless, it'd be better if you explained your reasons, just in case."

"Really?"

"Yes."

