

And the next morning.

When we came out of the hotel, there was a black carriage parked in front of us.

That’s a pretty bold thing for a public figure to do.

“Get in.”

Arlecio announces in a low voice.

I grinned and climbed into the carriage with Bydd and Gobemon-dono.

“—you’ve got some nerve!”

Arlecio comes aboard at the end of the ride and threatens us, but from what I can see, he’s just a sore loser.

“So where are we going?”

“A nice place. Well, enjoy your last ride.”

And then Arlecio keeps his mouth shut.

He didn’t seem to want to say anything else, so we got into the carriage without saying a word.

The carriage arrived at our destination after about twenty minutes.

Judging from the distance from the hotel, this must be an upscale residential area. In other words, it’s the place that I had guessed.

I was truly relieved.

If I’d been taken to Don Gabbana’s domain, I would have panicked a little. But now we have nothing to worry about.

This is where the Apostles of Vert used to have a base in Ingracia. I helped to renovate this place, so I know it well.

“Stay down. The scariest people you could ever imagine are waiting for you down the road. I’m looking forward to it. I’m looking forward to seeing you crawling around, spewing shit and piss and begging for your life.”

I look at Arlecio with pity as he threatens me.

This guy’s a pitiful guy, too.

“What is it, bastard? What’s that look in your eyes!?”

“No, it’s all right. It’s not going to happen.”

This guy’s going to die.

“What!? You…what the hell are you talking about?”

I think Arlecio sensed something about my attitude. He has a slightly uneasy face.

There’s a group of men lined up in front of the mansion that stands there. As soon as the carriage stops, they come running.

One of them speaks to Arlecio.

“Arlecio-san. It’s a message.”

“What?”

“Well, some of the higher-ups are waiting downstairs.”

“Upstairs”? ‘The Seven Blades?’”

“No… more like…”

“You don’t mean to tell me that an old wise man from the ‘Wise Men’s Club’ or the group of evil shinobi from the ‘Dark Heavenly Clan…’”

“Those people were the guides.”

“The three leaders—!?”

Arlecio is astonished, but I’m so unfamiliar with these people that I have no idea what they’re like.

From the sound of the conversation, I’m guessing they’re not in the Gabbana family. I guess they’re still newcomers.

Well, even I don’t know exactly which organizations the Three Drunk Sages have under their umbrella. That’s why such unfortunate events are happening.

Even though I knew about the underworld, I’m surprised there are so many organizations in the Western Nations…

“Gabbana-san was taken earlier.”

“Okay. Hey, let’s go.”

Accompanied by a look of triumph on Arlecio’s face, we stepped into the mansion.

We were headed for the basement, but it’s still a luxurious place.

The Apostles of Vert originally enshrined an altar, but that was torn down and replaced with an audience chamber.

It was Rimuru-sama’s idea to make the room’s atmosphere more important.

He believed that a secret society should be like a secret society, and was thus very particular about the details.

It might even be more luxurious than the one in the monster country.

I control the budget over there too, so I can’t allow them to waste it. But here, it doesn’t matter what is done with the money earned, because it’s an evil organization.

“You…why are you so calm?”

Perhaps due to anxiety, Arlecio spoke to me.

“Well, why not?”

I answered, and he gave me a little “tsk”. He remained silent the rest of the way until we came to a large door on the third floor below.

“Enter.”

“And, Mr. Vigan from the Seven Blades, you’re a doorkeeper?”

“Tsk, Arlecio. I was thinking of you. I’d give you a pass on Seven Blades if it was vacant. Idiot.”

“Oh, no, Vigan-san! What did I do?

“Just quickly get the hell inside! Hey, you guys wait here. I was told only the guests and Arlecio can go in there.”

Vigan told him, staring at Arlecio’s men.

Well, that’s about right.

The fewer people who know I’m one of the bosses, the better.

That’s why I say nothing here, and follow quietly.

“I’m coming in.”

With that said, Arlecio enters, followed by us. Vigan is the last to enter the room, and the door is closed.

The door has been magically sealed so that no sound can escape. No one outside can tell what’s going on inside.

Even though the room is underground, it’s bright and shiny. Countless wax candles lit the room at varying degrees of intensity.

Rimuru-sama said that there was no need to use candles when they could be made by magic. It was in this waste that romance was found.

The basement floor is not divided, so it’s more of a hall than a room. That’s why it can be used as an audience room, but only executives are allowed in.

And by “executives,” I mean those who know who I am. But more than half the people inside this room are people I don’t know.

I walk proudly into the room with all eyes fixed on me, nearly a hundred of them.

“Hey!”

Arlecio shouts to stop me, but I ignore him.

Arlecio tries to put his hand on my shoulder, but Vigan knocks him down before Bydd or Gobemon-dono can move. He was told about me when he was named doorkeeper.

The reaction of the other executives who I did not know were also different.

Some were surprised and others were baffled.

They saw everyone who knew me kneel down at once and guessed who I was. They followed my example and hung their heads in unison.

“No way, Myourmiles, you are the leader?”

The room is quiet, and I can hear Don Gabbana’s stunned voice. The air-conditioning is good, but the voice echoes because the room is underground.

Don Gabbana was in the back of the room, addressing a man I know well. Perhaps he was negotiating to have me killed as an example to an insolent new organization, the Four Nations Trade Federation.

“That’s right. The one you’ve been working so hard to persuade, hoping to inflict a horrible death, is the one of your three great leaders.”

Don Gabbana was answered not by me, but by a woman in a flamboyant and revealing dress.

Glenda Atlee, the woman who plays the boss of the Three Drunk Sages on behalf of me and my friends.

And her words confirmed what I had thought.

However, somehow, even though it’s about me, I feel like it’s someone else’s affair.

“Geh, hey, whaaa—!?”

The cool-headed Don Gabbana is sitting up in shock. I never thought I’d be witnessing something so outrageous like this when I was a nobody back in my day.

“Glenda, thank you for your help. Thanks to you, the plan is on track. Our meeting was a great success yesterday.”

“Thank you very much for the compliment! In that case, I’d love to see the merit points—”

“I know. I’ll give you twice the amount I usually give you.”

“I’m glad to hear that. That’s my leader, he knows what he’s talking about!”

Glenda led me to the former altar. There were three chairs and I sat on one of them.



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No one complains about me being the leader after seeing Glenda’s reaction. That’s how much everyone fears her.

And now, right in front of me, Don Gabbana and Arlecio are hauled up and held down. I must decide how to deal with Don Gabbana, who had advised to kill the leader (me), and Arlecio, who has spoken rudely to me.

The executives are unanimous in their desire to see them dead.

“Only death will redeem the disrespect to our leader.”

“It’s better not to kill him comfortably. By way of example, let’s give them seven days of torment.”

“Right. It would be fun to sacrifice them to the devil, and it would be fun to make a synthetic beast out of their corpses.”

“The man himself was happy to talk about how to kill the chieftain. Now is the time. You should try everything he said in person!”

And so on and so forth, the brutal discussion continued.

Don Gabbana has lost color and is breathing hard. A stain has formed on his trousers, but I’ll pretend I didn’t see it.

Arlecio looks pale.

He must have realized his fate and is calculating whether or not he should resist.

But there are some powerful men in this room, from the underworld. I could have many off them killed in heartbeat if I were alone, but many of the other leaders are the best in the world.

I couldn’t defeat them all, even if I fought them. Glenda would stand a better chance.

The heat in the room grows louder and louder as the executives grow more and more outspoken.

Now I’m not sure what to do.

I ponder while looking at the two who hang their heads in surrender.

Honestly, these two are at fault, but they are not entirely guilty.

Threatening an up-and-coming force is a perfectly natural thing for an underworlder to do. Disrespecting the boss of your organization is a problem, but that’s because he didn’t know my face.

I was pissed off at the assault on Bydd, but it didn’t matter when I looked at the results. And since Rimuru-sama knew about this incident, someone was supposed to be protecting us from anything that might happen.

There are several of Souei-dono’s men here as well. Therefore, I’m sure there is no danger in that regard.

If that’s the case, then disposing of Don Gabbana is a bit much.

“Be quiet!”

I silenced them all as I gathered my thoughts.

“I won’t dispose of them. Gabbana didn’t betray the organization. He just didn’t know that I was the leader. If he betrays me in the future, that’s another matter, but I’ll let him off the hook.”

I was a little pissed off at times, but that’s bearable. That’s how I decided.

However, some people weren’t happy about it.

“How naive! That’s no way to represent the organization!”

Many agreed with those who shouted that.

Some went so far as to say…

“Chieftain…you are an amateur, aren’t you? You know, for an underworlder like us, face is the most important thing, right? If you don’t take a swing at them now, no one will follow you.”

Some of them even began to look down on me.

I could have let them off the hook if they only wanted to complain about my decision. But this was no good.

“Whoever said that, step forward.”

As I said this, a scowling young man stepped forward.

“I’m Yang of the ‘Black Claws.’ During our time together as mercenaries, we fought together, and I was a harsh man who was merciless towards the enemy. My personal strength is also quite impressive. I have a rank of A.”

And before I knew it, Girard, who was standing next to me, told me. “He was the leader of the Apostles of Vert.”

I nodded at him and looked at Yang.

“I hear you’re called Yang.”

“Yeah,”

“You think I’m an amateur?

“Am I wrong? No one in our line of work gives mercy by doing something so half-assed.”

“So, you can do it?”

“…Is it different?”

My God, Yang doesn’t realize he’s making me look bad, does he?

No, he doesn’t.

He’s just trying to build distrust of me here so that he can defeat me in the future.

Those without power do not prosper in the dark.

You must always assert your power, or you will be ostracized. But I don’t want the Three Drunk Sages to be that kind of an organization.

Well, apart from me, it’s impossible to kick down Rimuru-sama and older sister out of office.

So I must tell them here and now.

“Who’s going to oppose me?”

“Huh?”

“I ask, who’s going to oppose me? Yang, do you think you have a chance against me?”

“No, no…”

When I asked, Yang glanced at Glenda. It looks like it was Glenda who crushed the Black Claws, not the Apostles of Vert.

“You say it’s all about saving face. So, Yang, aren’t you the one who should be held accountable for the way you treated me?”

“Well, that is…”

“Glenda, about those merit points you mentioned earlier, I knew it was a no-go.”

“Oh no, that—”

“Shut up! Shut up! Like Yang, I wonder if everyone also has no respect for their leader! You have no right to blame Gabbana!”

Don Gabbana and Arlecio look at me in surprise.

The look on their faces made me think of one more thing.

These two men were being used.

“Glenda, you have to teach them a lesson on purpose, don’t you? And guys, didn’t somebody smartly put you up to the challenge?” 5

“Am I in the clear?”

“It’s natural. You’re lucky it was me, but if it was them, we’d have a big problem…”

“Don’t miss that point. I’ve already consulted about this matter, and it was Master El who insisted that we go ahead with the matter without your knowledge.”

“Is that so …”

Her antics never cease to amaze me.

Well, surely, thanks to that, things seem to have worked out.

But that’s beside the point.

“Yang. If someone wants to thrash me for letting Gabbana off the hook, I would live to meet theem. So would everyone else. I’m not saying not to go for the downfall, but be prepared. It may succeed because I’m weak…but if I that happens, the Three Drunk Sages will disappear.”

I clearly warned him.

Yang is shivering when he hears it. I think he realizes that I’m not exaggerating or bluffing.

“So, are the two remaining leaders of the Three Drunk Sages by any chance…”

“You don’t need to know.”

“Really. If you know too much, they’ll erase you, so I wonder why you would want to know?”

Girard and Glenda answered, and the executives fell silent in a cold sweat.

I look at them and give them one last reminder.

“Now, Gabbana and the others have no objection to my decision. Do you have a problem with it?”

““Hahaaa—!!””

They all prostrated themselves to show respect for my decision.

“Yang, rejoice. I’ll let you off the hook for once. But there will not be a second time.”

“Of course! Thank you. I will work as hard as I can to repay you for this favor!”

“Well, that’s good to know.”

With that, I am satisfied.

And now that I have complete control of the Three Drunk Sages, I’ve decided to take this opportunity to enact a fundamental discipline.

One: Never betray your fellow man.

Two: Have the heart to forgive the failure of others.

Three: Do not kick others down and make them unhappy.

Those three things are the basics, aren’t they?

It is a matter of course not to betray your fellow man, and anyone who breaks this rule is punishable by death.

It is difficult to forgive others’ failures, but the Three Drunk Sages will be the final resting place for those who fail. There will be a few excellent people, so I have told my subordinates to cover for their mistakes.

This kind of thing can only get better if we raise awareness from above. Thus, I took this opportunity with all the executives in attendance to make sure it was done right.

The last rule of not kicking someone down and making them unhappy is the most important one.

“The Three Drunk Sages will bring together the armed forces of the underworld, and if you pay attention to this, the merchants out in the open will have no chance to compete. However, from now on, such evil deeds will be banned altogether.”

From now on, they must realize that their influence is different from what they have been doing up until now, and aim to contribute to society in a fairer and more straightforward manner.

Rather than a lawless and violent group, we must become “chivalrous guests” who help the weak and defat the tyrants. It is not only my wish, but Rimuru-sama’s as well.

But that doesn’t mean we should lose our pride.

If the top rots, those below cannot resist. This is also true for me and I’ll keep it in mind.

“Be mindful that this is what the Three Drunk Sages are called upon to do, though it will be difficult to change your way of life. Let the young ones slowly learn that there is more than one way to live.”

As I concluded, the executives looked puzzled and thought about it.

They’ve grown accustomed to doing the dirty work. It’s not going to change their minds anytime soon. But with the help of me, or rather Rimuru-sama, it’s not impossible.

I have been able to silence their opposition with force, but since we are dealing with people who believe that force is justice, this is the right way to go.

I hoped that this will give an impetus to the people to change.

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The Gabbana family was disbanded, and its members were transferred to other organizations. Gabbana is now under my direct control and will work under a new name, at Blumund Headquarters.

He’s a man who is good with money and accounts. It’s a waste to just leave him there.

He was a pain in the ass, but I put him in charge of train operations.

Well, it was Rimuru-sama that was the root of all evil.

He just comes up with stuff, and then makes me do all the work.

But, well, that’s okay.

It’s my job, and I don’t deny that it’s a very attractive plan.

But I would also like to remind him that I have only one body.

And unlike Rimuru-sama, I am a very ordinary person and need a good night’s sleep. It’s hard to refuse when he says, “Please, Myourmiles-kun!” but the reason I forgo the project is for my health.

But that excuse wouldn’t work either, especially now that I’ve started earning this much money.

It was at this time that I was lucky to have Gabbana working for me.

Gabbana said, “I’m thankful, but I’ve got a lot of work to do! I didn’t expect it to be this hard!” He complains every day, however I was also ridiculed by Rimuru-sama for that job, so if he has a grudge, he should take it to him.

But I felt a little guilty about it, so I thought I’d give him better pay.

Arlecio was left in Gobemon-dono’s care.

Because of the history with Bydd, Gobemon-dono wanted to straighten things out with a match.

Arlecio didn’t have the right to refuse, but the match was agreed on the condition that if he won, he would be picked as an executive.

The result was, of course, a landslide victory for Gobemon-dono.

“Now you understand. There’s always someone better than you. Even I’m at the bottom of the heap back home. Strength is not something that’s openly displayed, but rather something locked inside. It must be exercised correctly to protect what is absolutely essential. That’s what I was taught. It’s not too late for you to take another good  look at yourself.”

Arlecio must have been awakened by what he said to me. He volunteered to become Gobemon-dono’s younger brother.

Thus, Gabbana and his friends were dealt with amicably, but the official announcement was different.

“The Three Drunk Sages must be used to mark the spectacular debut of the Four Nations Trade Federation. At the same time, we must find a way to prevent the Three Drunk Sages from being taken for a fool.

That’s why we crushed the mansion we had purchased for the Ingracia branch of the Four Nations Trade Federation to smithereens. I had the workers evacuated so they would be safe, but this is sure to have a huge impact on the public.

The reporters under Diablo-dono wrote a really good article about it.

And so, I was featured in the article as well as the horror of the Three Drunk Sages, but I was not deterred by it. I’m the Finance Minister of the Monster Country, and that explains why I do not succumb to unwarranted violence.

The breakup of the Gabbana family was also a big story, and I was able to show that the Four Nations Trade Federation is a much bigger organization than people thought.

In addition, rumors were spread that the Three Drunk Sages and the Four Nations Trade Federation were splitting up. This was accepted by the public, and the dispute was settled safely.

The Four Nations Trade Federation is now up and running without a hitch and when I saw the profits from each branch, I was at a loss for words.

If I were to speak frankly, I could make dozens of gold coins in an hour, and more than my annual income in a day.

The annual income in this case is equivalent to my salary as a minister in the Monster Country…so in the eyes of the average person, I’m a man who makes more money per hour than they do in a whole year.

By the way, Benimaru-dono and Souei-dono are also paid by Three Drunk Sages. It’s about fifty gold coins a month.

I’m sure Souei-dono’s subordinates in the Three Drunk Sages should be paid a great deal more than that, including necessary expenses.

Well, it’s hard to show the men under my command that the executives are poor. Glenda and Girard, playing the boss, were getting paid handsomely.

We also get a fine, but Rimuru-sama, older sister, and I each get two percent of all the profits. The money is paid yearly, and I’ve heard that we’ve accumulated an astonishing amount so far.

I consider myself a fortunate man, but this is too unrealistic to the point of being scary.

However, this isn’t the end of my ambitions. This is not the time to dream big and be content with small successes.

My name is Myourmiles.

A man whose fate was changed when he met Rimuru-sama.

I will do my best to see how far I can go in this life so that I will not regret it.

My challenge will not end until I am at the brink of my final death.