

The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin Chapter 11 •

The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin Chapter 11: The Valley of Limea (1)

The sun was at the edge of the east, and the sky was deeply crimson, reminiscent of an evening dyed with sunset — but surprisingly, it was morning. It was a stark contrast to the blue sky of the continent.

A dry wind blew over the sheer cliffs, and below was the sight of the Valley of Limea, brimming with a murderous aura. To think I would come back to this place again.

[Hmm~ This scent rich in blood! I feel most refreshed for the first time since I've awoken!]

Ceyram was already intoxicated with the energy, twisting and turning her body with excitement.

[Hey Master! When are we going to hunt the demonic beasts? Let's go quickly! I can hardly wait!]

She was now going as far as to place her face over my head in an odd display of physical affection.

A cold sweat ran down my face, and my fists clenched involuntarily.

Ah, truth be told, I wanted to press her down right then and there...

“How do you feel about being at the front lines, Sian?”

“Sa, it's much quieter than I thought! Is the Valley of Limea always like this?”

“We may seem calm for now. However, this place is dangerous — you never know when or where the shadow of death might strike. Therefore, you must always be on your guard. Furthermore...”

The Duke was explaining various things, but I couldn't hear a thing.

My mind was entirely filled with thoughts on how to deal with this perverted magic sword.

[Why do you look so glum? Don't tell me it's because of me?]

Of course, it's because of you!

This perverted demonic sword, she knew and still acted this way.

Currently, dozens of guardian knights, including the Duke, stationed around me.

While there were over a hundred pairs of eyes all around, only I could see her.

Knowing I couldn't rashly act, she was satisfying her urges (?) that she hadn't been able to fulfill until now.

I was suppressing the urge to flick my finger and gather energy several times over.

"...thus, even if you face a crisis, don't expect someone else's help. You must take care of your own life. And I will do the same."

"I'll, I'll keep that in mind, Father!"

Those words were a lie.

If a battle with demonic beasts began, Father would be the first to protect me.

I'd come to the front lines as I wished, but there were still many prying eyes.

In other words, my range of actions was extremely limited.

However, this was an entirely expected situation.

After all, an exceptional assassin should move secretly and with great sublimity to avoid detection by anyone.

Considering who I am now...

After touring the camp with the Duke, I headed to the private camp that had been set up for me.

In such a tension-filled place, there was no sight of luxurious homes.

There were safehouses for high-ranking visitors, but I did not want them.

Still, my father showed some consideration and gave me a one-person campaign tent.

Of course, I wasn't alone...

As I pulled back the tent, I saw a woman perched on the bed, wrapped tightly under the blankets.

It was Emily, my only personal maid.

"Oh, have you arrived, young master?"

She poked her head out upon confirming my arrival.

[Why did you even bring that girl?]

Ceyram asked gruffly as she followed me inside.

I ignored her question and approached Emily.

"Why are you wrapped in blankets if you're not ill?"

"You, you really have a strong heart, young master! Even so, this is the front line! Demons might appear from anywhere to eat us!"

She buried herself deeper into the bed, wrapping herself up completely.

Despite the humorous sight, I couldn't help but feel pity for her.

[Really, what's this girl good for as a maid? Or did you bring her for a different reason?]

"At least it's not the purpose you're thinking of..."

[Oh? And what do you think I thought?]

Ceyram laughed smugly while patting my back.

In truth, Emily's presence here wasn't her own choice.

The Duke could easily provide a dozen men for the menial tasks.

She was purely brought along at my request to my father.

“What did you say, young master?”

“Nothing. Are you going to stay wrapped up like that?”

“I guess I will for a while. Even if I am the irreplaceable maid of the young master, can I serve you well even here?...”

Of course, I didn't bring her here with a cheesy purpose like the cliché 'You're my only servant!' typically found in third-rate novels.

My reason for bringing her was clearly different.

“Do you want to go back now?”

“Really?”

“Yeah. It seems like it was my selfishness that brought you here. I guess I was just being reckless... not considering you're not a child...”

“Young master, you're really like a child...”

I released my clenched fist with a generous heart.

“If you want, I'll talk to the knights and send you back immediately. I can take care of the trivial chores myself.”

As the atmosphere turned serious, Emily seemed to contemplate her options.

[What? If it's like that, why did you really bring her?]

Ceyram asked, unable to comprehend, but that was fine.

After my affirmation, Emily would never turn back.

“Did, did you want me to come here, young master?”

“Of course.”

With my instantaneous reply, Emily's stiff expression began to relax.

“You, you're right. I can't do without you, young master. It's, it's scary, but I'll try my best to stay.”

“Are you sure? Don’t overdo it.”

“If demons attack, I’m expecting you to protect me, young master. Do you understand?”

A hollow laugh escaped me.

To think that she, much older than I am, was asking a mere child to protect her.

Although she was clueless, odd, and terrible at cooking, I didn’t dislike her at all — she was a truly enigmatic maid.

I reached out and patted her slightly protruding head.

“Don’t worry. The demons won’t even dare to come close to this place. As long as I’m here, you’ll be safe, Emily...”

Was she touched by that display of being masterly?

Emily gazed quietly at me.

“Perhaps the demons are just scared to be confronted by the knight commander [Yulken](#) rather than master...”

Should I just kick her out?

-Clang! Clang! Clang!

A resonant bell echoed throughout the entire camp. Simultaneously, a yellow glow rose from the northwest sky of the camp, signaling the appearance of intermediate demonic creatures.

Immediately, all the nearby knights headed in that direction.

“Kuwaah!”

Monstrous beings wielding giant battle axes roared ferociously. The ‘Ogres,’ carnivorous demons that devoured anything in their path, displayed no discrimination in their attacks.

Although they seemed foolish and sluggish, their grip could crush bones instantly if caught.

The reason they invaded this area was simple—they were hungry. Like any living creature, they needed to eat, and to eat, they had to find food.

However, they had underestimated the fact that this place was where the strongest knights of the human realm gathered.

“Establish defenses immediately and proceed with the extermination operation. Spare none of them!” commanded the Duke, and immediately, magic knights in white robes released their mana.

“May the judgment of light redeem the wicked...!”

-Zzziing!

With a burst of magic, a radiant magic circle appeared beneath the feet of the Ogres. Shortly after, white chains emerged, pulling them down.

-Thud!

Some of the Ogres, unable to withstand the force, collapsed. The spell, ‘Restraint of Salvation,’ was a superior combat magic that only advanced-level mages with an affinity for light could use.

Some Ogres couldn’t even open their eyes, and they fell like dominos as the chains pulled them down.

Taking advantage of this, the remaining knights soared into the sky.

-Splat!

In a dance of swordsmanship above, the Ogres were mercilessly slashed by the knights. While their skin was tougher than most metals, it couldn’t withstand the attacks of high-level knights.

-Thud

The last one, enduring until the end, also succumbed with its throat slashed.

Confirming the total annihilation, the Duke gave another command.

“Check for any abnormalities, then incinerate everything. Afterwards, return quickly to your original positions...”

The knights efficiently organized the situation without any confusion.

Observing all these scenes closely, the Duke and I made eye contact.

“ ...”

He smiled faintly at me.

I, in response, nodded without any particular reaction.

It had been a month since I arrived at the front lines.

In such a situation, battles like this had become routine in this front-line area.

Three to four battles with intermediate-level demons occurred daily. Most of them were promptly exterminated under Duke Vert’s command.

Although it seemed easy on the surface, it reflected the well-established response manuals for each type of demon that emerged.

Naturally, I had no intention of participating in these battles.

Not only did I not have any intention, but if I were to draw my sword, the knights would immediately intervene.

My position was always in the safest rear, far from the front lines.

As a ten-year-old boy, it would be madness to go out and fight with a sword.

Before long, the sun set in the western sky, and darkness enveloped the front lines.

The night at the front line, like the continent, had a pitch-black sky.

This meant that my main activity time was approaching.

“Are you going out for training again tonight?”

Emily asked as she observed me preparing something.

“Of course. Consistency is crucial in training.”

“If the Duke knew, he would be very impressed. But do you really need to hide like this?”

“Enough. Just do it as usual. I’m going to sleep now.”

On the bed were devices precisely the same size as my body, covered with a white gown. Despite the crude disguise, it looked reasonably convincing as long as you didn’t get too close.

After preparing, I walked out of the barracks.

Avoiding the eyes of patrolling knights, I leaped into the forest behind the camp.

Passing through dense bushes, a precipice appeared soon where nothing could be seen a step ahead.

The height was steep enough that a misstep could lead to a fatal fall.

-Wheeee!

From below, a threatening aura warned against jumping. It was a forbidding presence, as if saying never to leap down.

Without a moment’s hesitation, I threw my body down below.

(To be continued)