

# The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin

## chapter 13

Episode 13: Limeah Valley (3)

“Kiiiek...”

With a bizarre cry, the Death Worm retreated back into the ground.

It wasn't because it had become satiated and returned out of contentment.

Vibrations continued to be felt below the surface.

“.....”

The Death Worm circled around me as if drawing a circle.

It was waiting for the perfect angle to capture me once again.

Being flustered was already enough the first time.

I had no intention of being easily caught, nor did I plan to show any vulnerability.

The speed of the creature, chillingly striking from behind, rose intensely.

The moment I sensed its direction, I quickly spun my body and leapt high into the air.

– Bang!

The gaping maw of the Death Worm burst up from the ground.

Inside it, numerous projections resembling tongues writhed grotesquely.

Ugh, it's even more revolting than I remember.

If I kept looking, I'd feel nauseated.

It looked like it needed a bit of trimming.

– Ssswack!

I adjusted my grip on the sword and delivered two slashes while airborne.

The crossed paths of my swordplay materialized as sword energy and plunged into the creature's open mouth.

“Kueek!”

The Death Worm's tongue was helplessly severed, unable to avoid the strike.

It writhed in pain and soon retreated back into the ground.

The ongoing vibrations suggested it had not fled.

Having encountered it is one thing, but why did it appear here?

This place is still near the entrance of [Limeah Valley](#), close to the stronghold of the knights.

It's strange to see a beast that dislikes sunlight and refuses to move in the shadow present here.

[Do you know you're the reason it's here?]

Ceyram pointedly indicated it was because of me.

Unsure of the reason, I immediately turned to her and asked.

“Why? What have I done?”

[Done? Have you forgotten about the blood of all the creatures you've been sucking around here? That worm has a knack for smelling things from miles away...]

Smells? Out of nowhere?

Is she implying I smell like roasting meat or something?

[That clueless expression on your face! Shall I describe your current state? You're like a special treat, a mix of vile demon blood and pure human blood. A delicacy that can't be found anywhere else, shall we say?]

“.....?”

I quickly snapped out of my momentary stupor and organized my thoughts.

By consuming the blood of demons, I've turned into a well-mixed specialty for them?

In other words, the more I take their blood, the more I evolve into a better prey for them?

“Are you saying it came all the way here to eat me?”

[Not only that, but before long, you can expect the most notable demons from the Demon World to rush in on you! Why? Wouldn't it be nice to save you the trouble of going out to find them?]

She was smirking as if this was a good thing.

Thinking back on my past life, it seemed eating the flesh of demons indeed made them more drawn to me.

Just as it isn't strange for beasts to hunt each other, demons also see each other as mere prey.

Having recently consumed the blood of demons, their essence spread throughout my body, and it seems I was recognized as their prey as well.

It's no wonder the Hellhounds were acting strange...

“You've managed to stay silent about this until now.”

[Hmph! Why should I matter?]

After all, if she was kind enough to inform me, then she wouldn't be my beloved sword.

– Koo-goo-goo-gung

The movement of the [Death Worm](#) continued.

I had no choice but to kill the creature here, as running away would only lead it straight to the encampment.

[Let's make it easy, Master. You know your swordplay won't work on that thing, right?]

She was tempting me.

The epidermis of demons typically has the toughness of metal.

I could pierce through mid-level demons like ogres with sheer strength, but high-ranking demons like worms are impervious to human attack.

Though their tentacles could be easily sliced, I would have to encase my sword in sufficient mana to penetrate their exterior body.

The problem is that the required level of power has to be at least at the level of seven stars.

Not that I'm saying I can't do it.

After all, I possess a divine demonic sword unlike any other in the world...

"Honestly, I don't want to, but I'll go along with you this time since I'm cornered."

[Oh? Cooler than I thought? Right, a man needs to be decisive so that a woman will follow easily~]

"If you can't even understand that..."

The reason I first summoned Ceyram was simple.

It was to use her power.

But until now, I hadn't been properly using her strength as a demonic sword.

Not that I was incapable.

Swordplay? Magic? The occasional secret techniques?

Honestly, even a twig could accomplish the same tasks.

A mere swing and those worthless creatures would die in an instant.

Hence, Ceyram too must have been unsatisfied.

No matter how much I loathed the twisted demonic sword, Ceyram was undoubtedly a divine weapon beyond human comprehension.

Why else would they call it divine?

Because it represents a difference that humans cannot possibly breach.

A boundary so vast that a human, even with a scant hundred years of life, could not reach in a lifetime.

This demonic sword could cross that boundary of humanity.

Of course, there are conditions and costs attached...

“Dark Mist 9th Form: Manifestation of the demonic Sword!”

With the spell, Ceyram, who had been smiling, dissipated into a form of mist.

Her physical form quickly faded and was soon absorbed into my body.

[Phew! How long has it been since I've felt this? How does it feel, Master?]

Ceyram disappeared, but her voice rang clearly in my head.

My heartbeat quickened, my blood flow hastened, and heat surged throughout my body.

How does it feel?

“It feels so good I could die!”

Demonic Sword Manifestation.

By handing over my body to her, I had drawn out Ceyram's true power.

Now, my body was overrun by her spirit.

A moment's carelessness could result in my consciousness being seized by this perverted demonic sword.

[Don't overdo it, Master! Let it all go and relax~]

Did you think I wouldn't know your scheme?

If I let my guard down even a little, she would immediately replace my soul.

Just to deal with a demon, I'm resorting to quite the extremes.

"Sigh..."

Looking up at the sky, I let out a long sigh.

But not everything was bleak.

Overwhelming fury surged within, a feeling I hadn't experienced in a long time!

At this moment, not even a god in my presence could invoke fear!

Yes, with the power of these exalted beings, it should be like this!

"Let's have a bit of fun, Ceyram!"

Ceyram's excited battle cry resonated hotly in my mind.

– Koo-goo-gung!

The sound of the Death Worm moving drew near once again.

Unlike before, when I was on high alert, I now felt an infinite ease.

As the worm approached, my pose remained still.

Exactly ten meters below my feet.

The Death Worm's wide-open mouth shot upwards in pursuit.

When was it?

It brings to mind something someone said in a fleeting moment of life.

If you feel so futile that you want to die, pluck a single flower and reflect on your life.

Every petal you remove, think of it as casting aside worries and concerns attached to you, until nothing else remains but a barren stem.

Even if it appears desolate, there's no need to look beautiful carrying all your worries just for the sake of appearances.

And once you let go of all negative feelings associated with those petals, only a complete and hopeful self remains...

Do you think it's all nonsense?

Those lofty words can inspire someone profoundly.

That's right, that memory led me to create one of my secret techniques.

I discard all the trivial matters of the world, remaining a lonely, upright stem...

"Mist Sword: Eight Fluttering Petals."

As I executed the sword technique, darkness surged from Ceyram.

The sword lifted slowly but at an incredibly rapid pace to the rest of the world, made a total of eight cuts, cleaving through space and lingering.

– Bang!

Finally, the Death Worm emerged from the ground.

But it was met not by my physical form but by the eight lines of swordplay suspended in the air.

– Crackling

The flesh of the Death Worm split like an apple as it came into contact with the sword lines.

No matter how hard its skin was, even harder than top-grade steel, it couldn't withstand the might of the supreme demonic sword.

Cut precisely into eight pieces.

Like petals scattered by the wind, the Death Worm's body fluttered in eight different directions.

– Plop, plop

With the petals gone, a red downpour followed.

A beautiful sight that stained the dark night sky vividly.

The blood within my body boiled like an ocean torrent.

While I longed to indulge in this sensation for much longer, regrettably, it seemed I didn't have the luxury of time.

In the distance, I heard the urgent footsteps of the knights...

\* \* \*

– Thump! Thump!

A loud, unidentifiable noise was heard not too far away.

From the direction, it was near the entrance of Limeah Valley.

The knights immediately headed towards the location upon realizing the situation.

The closer they got, the clearer the vibration and its growing effect could be felt.

Some of the higher-ranking knights could guess the identity of the demon based solely on the vibration's impact.

Of course, they would need to see it with their own eyes to confirm, but at least they could be sure of one thing.

It wasn't a demon of mid or low level...

Moreover, there was a smell that seemed like something had been burnt.

Similar to the odor produced when burning creatures from the Demon World, but it wasn't a pressing concern now as most sensed it but moved on.



The forest path ended, and a barren valley appeared.

Not a glimmer of light entered the dark cavity, yet the strewn bodies of demons and the blood marks were clearly visible.

“.....!”

The knights could not hide their shock.

The demon corpses were slaughtered so gruesomely that it was hard to believe it was the work of humans.

Had they fought among themselves?

That suspicion was brief,

as the form of an unknown figure flickered before the knights.

It wasn't far, but the dim visibility made clear identification impossible.

Then, one of the knights cast a spell.

“Light of Guidance!”

The valley, once shrouded in darkness, lit up brightly.

“.....?”

The ambiguous figure began to take shape.

But there was nothing there to see.

The surroundings were brilliantly lit up, but nobody could fully perceive the presence before them.

The figure, enveloped in black mist, perfectly concealed itself, giving the knights a sense of unfamiliarity they had never encountered.

An unsettling feeling made it nearly impossible to approach.

As everyone hesitated, Duke Vert, informed of the situation, joined in later.

“.....!”

The duke's eyes were different from the knights'.

While the knights saw something new and foreign, the Duke Vert seemed to recognize something from an old memory, something he shouldn't have encountered again...

Those beings that shouldn't exist, that defy the very nature of what it means to be human...

"Mist..."

The doubtful duke shook his head to regain focus and looked straight ahead once more.

However, the unidentifiable figure had already vanished from sight.

(To be continued)

**Footnotes:**