

# **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 131**

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 131-140**

Chapter 131. Omens (7)

After nearly a fortnight, the Emperor's office was lit once more.

The steadfastness of his gaze, still bearing the dignity and nobility of an Emperor, could not mask his emaciated face when compared to before.

Facing this, Chancellor Condor felt a surge of pity within, yet did not show it.

"It shames me as an Emperor to only now receive a distinguished guest of the Empire, citing my health as an excuse. Particularly one who has not visited for decades."

As his former father-in-law and as the chancellor nurturing the future talents of the continent, the Emperor always treated Condor with the utmost respect.

"Please retract your words, Your Majesty. I'm merely thankful that you personally attended to an old man like myself."

Condor bowed his head sincerely in response.

"Ten years ago, when you resigned from your ducal position, you told me that if you saw turmoil returning to the peaceful Empire, you'd come back."

"That is correct."

Condor did not deny it.

"Then, the time you were concerned about must have arrived. But, don't you think it's a bit premature? I'm not on my deathbed just because I've been sick for a few days."

Despite the Emperor's composed smile, Condor's expression did not waver.

"How much longer can this old man expect to live? At least when I close my eyes and bid farewell to this world, I hope not to leave it on a day drenched in the blood of the continent."

Of course, this assumed he would precede the Emperor in death.

“Your Majesty is the most sovereign among rulers that have reigned over the Empire. My respect for you will not wane until the day I die.”

It was a statement rooted in sincerity, not simply because the Emperor was his former in-law.

“However, the stronger the radiance of a jewel, the more those who covet it will increase. As Your Majesty’s reputation soars, the value and honor of your throne will rise in tandem. Naturally, the number of those desiring it will also grow.”

“Are you among those who desire this position, Chancellor?”

“I only wish for the person you would choose to sit there.”

Even to a delicate question, the Chancellor responded without a moment’s hesitation.

“And of course, those who strive to preserve their position will face fierce resistance.”

Condor quietly produced a letter from his robe and placed it before the Emperor.

Without question, the Emperor stared pensively at the letter laid before him.

“I’ll have to see what this is, but firstly, I owe you a commendation, Chancellor. Even while focusing on the Academy, you’re attentive in so many other ways, and for that, you have my utmost respect.”

“I will offer no excuses. Just consider it a whim from an old man who wishes well for Your Majesty and the Empire.”

The letter detailed Prince Luinel’s embezzlement and corruption involving funds secretly gathered from various noble families, including the Quizzel, and it shockingly revealed that he was cultivating a personal army not affiliated with the royal household.

As the Emperor read, his gaze shifted subtly, but he did not erupt in anger.

It seemed he was somewhat aware of a few matters.

With a hollow laugh, the Emperor manifested mana in one hand.

A moderately sized mana sphere formed above his palm.

At first glance, it appeared ordinary, but it actually contained high-grade mana of an eighth-tier mage.

Looking at the sphere, the Emperor continued.

“I’ve produced these spheres hundreds, thousands of times since I first harnessed mana, yet now it feels more unstable than ever before.”

A fine tremor could be seen in the Emperor’s hand that held the sphere.

“Is it truly because I’ve become frail? Or is my body warning me of some impending ill omen?”

Either way, it was not good news for the Emperor nor the Empire.

“There’s no finger that doesn’t hurt when bitten. Before being an Emperor, I’m a father who hopes for his children’s welfare. Foolish though it may be, I wish they would live without strife over the throne or anything else.”

Such was a wish common to all parents.

But as their father, the Emperor fully knew the difficulty of such a hope for his children.

“As long as my eyes remain open and alert, the peace we have now shall not crumble. As it is a parent’s duty to correct children who err, so it shall be with Luinel, Violet, Fabian, Nerobian, and Arin. I certainly do not wish for the throne I sit upon to be stained with their blood.”

And that remained true beyond his own reign.

“If I may speak freely, Chancellor, I don’t believe the days of turmoil you fear will come. If my children err, it’s my responsibility, as their parent and before being an Emperor, to guide them properly. If they can grow through this process, then that’s enough for me.”

His words may have sounded weak, but the intent was anything but.

Chancellor Condor personally sensed a mighty gale of change nearing, about to sweep through the Empire.

“The more painful the process, the more valuable the growth derived from it. If those are Your Majesty’s thoughts, I have nothing more to add.”

Condor expressed his respect for the Emperor’s philosophies.

“Growth…”

At the mention of ‘growth,’ the Emperor laughed audibly.

“Perhaps you’ve heard during your stay here.”

“The engagement of Princess Arin?”

Although it was a piece of gossip he'd incidentally heard while within the palace, Condor had long anticipated such news and was hardly surprised.

The Emperor continued.

"Two years ago, before the child left the Academy, she sought me out and said she wanted to be Emperor."

Condor's gaze wavered slightly.

"She told me it didn't matter whether she had the potential. With such an ambitious goal in mind, she promised to evolve ceaselessly, to amplify her own existence for the benefit of the Empire."

It was a highly mature attitude for an eleven-year-old girl.

"It seems her encounter with the youngest son of Duke Vert three years ago at the front lines greatly influenced her. Since then, I've witnessed her grow up beyond recognition."

Within Condor's eyes, Arin was a student as exemplary and talented as Ellis, different in caliber from someone who might be playing tricks behind the scenes and couldn't be trusted.

Thinking about the influence that such a 'someone' had on her stirred an odd emotion within him.

'Such a baffling child.'

He stifled a laugh with much effort.

"Unlike her siblings, Arin has no one by her side. It is a father's duty to forge a means of protection for her."

A perfectly logical point.

"What do you think, Chancellor? Can that boy, Sian, protect Princess Arin adequately?"

Both Sian and Arin were still students under the Academy's care.

The Chancellor, who watched over these students, contemplated, pausing for an irregularly long time, causing even the Emperor momentary confusion.

"At the very least..."

After significant thought, Condor finally spoke.

“If the boy deems Princess Arin as his own...”

“...?”

“No one in this world would dare to touch her.”

Condor could not provide a detailed explanation for his conviction.

If Arin could enter the fortress built by that boy, there would be no safer haven, Condor believed with certainty.

\* \* \*

– Bang!

The room resounded with thunderous noise, mixed with screams.

“Aaaargh!”

In his room, Prince Luinel shattered whatever was in sight, trying to quench his boiling rage to no avail.

The servants waiting outside didn’t dare speak up, shivering in the hallway.

“What is this? What’s going on? Why does everything keep going wrong?”

The safe return of Violet, Condor’s sudden appearance in the palace after ten years, and Aschel, unseen for days.

Everything happening was contrary to Luinel’s wishes.

“Where are you, Aschel? What are you doing that you can’t show up? Appear before me and resolve this damned mess!”

An ugly plea went unanswered, and a servant entered upon opening the door.

“Prince, Prince Luinel?”

“What is it!”

“It’s... It’s Princess Violet. She has come to visit...”

“Violet?”

Luinel’s expression grew more distorted.

“Oh, big brother? Why is your room like this?”

Despite being uninvited, Violet walked in.

“You seem like you could use some calm. Would you mind stepping out for a moment? I need to talk to my brother.”

“Yes, of course...”

The observant servant quickly bowed and left.

“Get out, Violet! I did not permit you!”

“Is that so? I only ever saw you majestic; this ruined appearance is new to me.”

Despite Luinel’s seething shouts, she was unbothered.

She approached him calmly, even pitying him with her gaze.

“Don’t be afraid, brother. Unlike you, I have no desire to see bloodshed among family.”

“What nonsense are you spouting?”

“Did you know? I’ve always admired you, from childhood. But learning the truth made everything seem so petty.”

“Have you gone mad? Do you truly wish to challenge me?”

“Not at all. I’d love to live in this palace for a long, long time, with my dear siblings, including you, whether you like it or not. Because that’s what I want...”

An unsettling, unnatural smile formed on her pale face.

Paralyzed by the sight, Luinel was momentarily speechless.

“Just relax your mind, big brother. You’ll be happier once you’re free from this torment. If you can’t do it alone...”

Violet whispered softly in Luinel’s ear.

“I’ll help you lay it all down and find peace...”

Luinel froze.

Was this really the sister he knew?

Unlike him, full of doubts, Violet smiled brightly and said,

“Be careful, big brother...”

With those words, she left the room.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 132**

Chapter 132: Nameless Ruins (1)

With every step I took, I could feel the eyes gathering around me.

Whispers accompanied by covered mouths were just an extra.

Of course, the murmurings weren't kind.

“Is that rascal engaged to Princess Arin? Such a waste for her.”

“Indeed! Even if he is from the Duke Vert family, living with a man who finds life so tiresome is unbearable. If it were me, I'd rather stay single.”

“Look at those gloomy eyes! It always puts me in a bad mood just seeing him!”

The comments weren't meant to be heard unless you were really listening, but by some coincidence, the boy heard them all.

However, he didn't show it on the outside nor did he react, just kept walking his own path, silently.

“.....!”

In the midst of this, Arin, who had just ascended the stairs, suddenly stumbled upon meeting the boy.

“Ah, hello Sian?”

She tried to greet him with the most natural expression she could manage, but her face betrayed her surprise.

– Barely a nod

The boy didn't speak, just offered a slight nod and passed her by, indifferent.

"What? You're not even going to say hello now!"

Feeling ignored, Arin puffed up her cheeks in discontent.

Nonetheless, the boy passed everyone with composure and soon reached his room.

– Creak

As he opened his door as though nothing had happened,

"Good work."

Sian awaited inside, greeting the boy.

Receiving those words, the boy grinned then,

– Pop!

Revealed his true self amidst a strange explosion.

"Was it difficult?"

"Nope! Pretending to be Papa was so much fun!"

The boy's true identity was Nana, who had been disguised as Sian.

Seemingly, her brief adventure was thrilling, her face was full of a joyful smile.

Sian patted Nana's head with affection as she seemed to have done a good job.

Watching this, Ceyram let out a disbelieving chuckle.

\* \* \*

[Have you lost your mind?]

"I'm not denying it."

One would have to be mad to attempt such things as these.

[So, you're off, leaving that explosive brat in your stead, uncertain when she might blow up? You seem to enjoy this quite a bit, don't you? Be honest, you wouldn't care if you got caught, would you?]



“I wish that was the case.”

I’m doing all this specifically to avoid detection, after all.

I understand Ceyram’s feelings, but what can I do?

If there is even a sliver of a scheme, I must use it to my full advantage.

“I’m back, Young Master!”

Following Nana, Brian returned.

“Good work. How did it go?”

“There didn’t seem to be any particular problems. Nana did such a good impression of you that even I was slightly confused…”

All I asked her to do was keep her mouth shut and wander around with lackluster eyes, but it seems she managed to mimic me quite convincingly.

Is it true what they say about children being a reflection of their parents?

It seems there’s truth to the old adage.

“Young Master, are you really sure about this? I can understand fooling students, but about misleading those close to you, including Instructor Silica…”

“Of course, I’m not fine. I’m likely to be discovered by the family head right away, isn’t that so?”

“What should we do then?”

“Just say I ordered it.”

With his eyes widened, Brian scratched his head nervously.

“Would that work, sir? Wouldn’t Silica be upset?”

“Upset? More like furious. But if you say I did it, she won’t kill you.”

Brian paled and stiffened on the spot.

I wasn’t lying.

Depending on her mood that day, I’d say about a 60% chance of survival.

More than half feels like enough.

I'm well aware of the risks.

There's no need to attend lessons anyhow. The plan was simply to have Brian tag along and occasionally show our faces, just like today.

With the chancellor away, and Princess Arin likely to avoid me, it theoretically doesn't seem like there'd be a problem...

Better to wrap up my affairs quickly and return for peace of mind.

We'll think about the aftermath when it comes.

[.....]

Ceyram watched me with a heavy gaze.

"Something to say?"

[Is it really necessary for you to find that scrap of paper?]

I've had this feeling for a while, but now it's almost certain.

She seems not to want me to look for the Demon's Testament.

"Just spit it out instead of hinting at it. Is there a reason I shouldn't be looking for the Testament?"

At my blunt question, Ceyram bit her lip.

After a moment's hesitation, she finally turned away.

[Forget it. Whatever you say, what does it matter? Do as you please, master~]

Such an unfitting use of 'master'.

She remains an enigma to me.

\* \* \*

Under the black sky of dawn veiled with a blue curtain, a large figure waving at me from afar called out,

"C'mon! Sian Vert! Are you ready?"

So much for slipping out quietly, he was practically bellowing.

On closer inspection, he had no luggage.

“Your baggage?”

“Hmm? What else would I need to carry? My body is enough for the trip to Nodeli!”

Not surprisingly, I just nodded in agreement.

“You haven’t forgotten our promise? You must duel me after this field exercise! It’s the only reason I’m offering to guide you!”

Incidentally, the field exercise form submitted by Set was rejected outright by the family head.

Meaning, this isn’t an official outing, but rather an unauthorized escape.

I’ve prepared my countermeasures, but he’s just come out believing he had approval for the trip.

Since his interest is more in dueling than attendance, things should be fine later on.

The current time is precisely ten minutes before 6 in the morning, the shift change of the guards.

We will swiftly slip out of the city taking advantage of the short window during the handover.

Spania.

The continent I haven’t set foot in since the unification war, almost twenty years ago?

A sun-scorched desert land that glistens all year round.

Given my aversion to heat over cold, it’s a place I can hardly bring myself to care for...

“Going on a trip, are you?”

Set and I both froze at that voice.

Unlike him, who quickly turned his head aside, my neck felt immobile.

Just by the voice, I could already tell who it was.

With a tiny sigh and a face like I’d tasted something bad, I turned around to see

“Quite the early birds we are...”

Lunev the Spook, with one hand to her mouth, giving a chilling smile.

Without hesitation, I grabbed her hand and pulled her into a corner.

– Bang!

After slamming my hand against the wall next to her,

“You’re a bit too rough...”

Ignoring her banal words, I cut right to the point.

“What are you doing here? How did you get in?”

“What should I be asking you? What are you two men up doing so early in the morning?”

“It’s nothing! Just out for some exercise!”

“Please, if you’re going to make an excuse, at least make it convincing. It’s too absurd to even laugh at.”

Her dark eyes sneered at me with disdain.

“I heard the senior applied for a field trip which was rejected, isn’t that so? So, you’re sneaking out with Prince Seth, headed for the nameless ruins in Nodeli, Spania.”

I asked with as much control over my expression as I could muster.

“You’ve read too many books, haven’t you? Or is fiction writing your hobby?”

“If you’re going to feign ignorance, there’s no need. I already know why you’re going there.”

She pulled out a paper from within her robes and handed it to me.

“What’s this?”

“Have a look.”

It had the seal of the Garam Society on it.

Stunned, I scanned the content, and

“.....”

I was immobilized on the spot.

“Recently discovered by our society, this fresh data indicates that during the ancient war of demons and mages, a demon summoned by the power of the Testament resides within those ruins. Locals in that area refer to it by the name Remiharam, wouldn't you know? The same name as the Testament...”

Sweat trickled down my back as I felt my emotions start to surface.

“You knew the Testament was named Remiharam, right? It's curious, really. The name of the Testament is confidential knowledge known to only a very few within our society, and yet you, with no affiliation to us, How did you come to know such a thing? It's not something anyone could have told you.”

Half-hearted excuses would only dig my own grave.

Silence was the only meaningful response.

But she continued without pause.

“I had no certainty at first. Knowing the seniors know the Testament's name doesn't guarantee they'll seek out the ruins. However, when I heard you were often with Prince Seth recently, it made me suspicious. Hearing about the field trip application, I became certain. You were to visit the ruins...”

The situation left me at a loss for words.

But how did she know about my field trip application?

If it was rejected by the head, it wouldn't have reached the other instructors' ears.

Could it really be?

“By the way, I heard about your field trip application from this person.”

Her slender finger pointed at Set.

“I saw him giggling alone in the park over the weekend. It looked pathetic, but my curiosity won, so I asked him. He told me everything, saying to keep it between us. About your upcoming field trip with him...”

In a sudden surge of anger, my fist clenched unconsciously.

But really, who's there to blame?

It's my own stupidity, for trying to work with that fool.

My irate glare met his, and the idiot just scratched his head with a silly grin.

"What do you want?"

In the end, there was no choice but to speak to her desire, given the circumstances.

With a satisfied smile, Lunev finally answered.

"Simple. Take me to the ruins. I won't ask how you learned of it or why you seek the Testament. I just wish to verify the truth of the Testament as well."

She then produced additional documents from her robe.

"These are other materials related to the Testament from our society—precious resources you won't find anywhere else."

At a glance, it was obvious these were confidential society materials.

At this point, it's not just suspicion but legitimate doubt.

This obsession went beyond helpfulness—it was an outright fixation.

Though I had extended her lifespan, there was no indication that she knew it was thanks to me. So what could be driving this attachment on her part?

"Why?"

"Hmm?"

"Why the fixation? There's got to be a reason you're this obsessed..."

Taking me off guard, she merely tilted her head.

"Obsession? I wonder if it's something that requires reason?"

"What?"

"I just... like you, that's all..."

Her genuinely innocent smile, so unlike her usual self, once again left me speechless.

I always believed that in this world of give and take, there was no favor without cost.

Yet here and now, that belief of many decades seemed momentarily shaken.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 133**

Chapter 133: The Nameless Ruins (2)

Located at the junction of three countries, the city of Rowen, where the Academy is situated, immediately borders neighboring nations upon exiting the city.

In other words, the place where I currently stand is the threshold of the Kingdom of Spania.

I'm not sure if it's just me, but the sun already feels scorching hot.

You know that feeling? Not exactly fatigued, just that irksome heat that starts to well up inside.

Right now, that's exactly how I feel.

But of course, that doesn't mean I'm about to trek across this parched land barefoot.

The , an artifact unique to the Kingdom of Spania and a means of transportation, was acquired by that guy, Set.

Using it, I should be able to easily reach Nodeli.

-Whoosh

Rough sand carried by a gust of wind grazed my skin under this scorching sun.

As I turned my head, I naturally lifted the scarf wrapped around my neck.

"Ha ha! The air of my homeland is refreshing no matter when I breathe it in!"

On the other hand, that foolish prince was just sitting there, accepting all the dusty particles with every possible opening exposed.

No wonder he meets his end not with longevity but with a cold.

Thanks to that idiot, the heat I was enduring seemed to further intensify.

"It's hot, isn't it, senior?"

Lunev, who was watching, asked.

“Just... What are you doing?”

I tilted my head upon seeing her face despite trying to hide my discomfort.

Surrounded by the burning yellow-reddish land, she seemed to be engulfed in incongruous blue water droplets, as if rainfall was confined around her.

“Combining wind and water attributes, I’ve created ‘air conditioning magic’. First, I generate a whirlwind to circulate around, then conjure water molecules to keep it spinning.”

In my two lifetimes, I have neither heard nor seen such magic.

“Is that also a spell created by your Society?”

“Of course not! If I’d submitted such a mundane spell, my grandfather would’ve been furious. This is just something I made on the spot.”

It’s as if she’s customizing magic like her own toy.

Each time I see her, I’m astounded without fail.

“But wait a second, how did you manage to get away from the Society members monitoring you?”

“Don’t worry. I left a decoy artifact in preparation for today.”

“A decoy artifact?”

She pulled a small doll resembling herself from her pocket.

“Similar in principle to a marionette. I infuse mana into a doll imbued with magic, giving it form, then reconfigure it for summoning and operation. So right now, there should be a clone doll acting on my behalf at the Academy. My Society members wouldn’t have a clue, even if they woke from death.”

I had plenty to say, but the words suddenly escaped me.

Only possible because of her, such an impeccably flawless handling of the situation.

A monster is not simply defined by an ugly face or gigantic body.

A true monster instills a sense of profound disparity, so vast it’s hard to believe they’re human.



Even I have been called a monster by many in my time.

I briefly wondered what would have become of this genius girl had she not died in my previous life and stayed in the Garam Kingdom.

“Shall I cast it on you as well?”

“No, I can still endure for now.”

“If you say so.”

She responded tersely, as if slightly offended.

“Are you truly alright?”

“What?”

“I mean, you’re not even in a normal state, so isn’t using mana like this straining for you?”

I feared potential side effects from removing the Heart Curse.

Just because one malignancy was gone didn’t mean her debilitated body would recover instantly.

“Are you worried about me?”

“It would be quite the hassle if you dropped dead out of nowhere on the way.”

The smile that broke across her face was sudden and genuine.

“Don’t worry. Anything that could concern you won’t happen.”

“I truly hope so.”

My words were without pretense, heartfelt.

Above us, the carpet glided smoothly with no obstacles to impede our flight.

Her intense gaze at the back of my head was anything but comfortable.

\* \* \*

After flying for a full day on the carpet, we reached our destination of Nodeli.

Maybe it was thanks to Seth's guidance, but we managed to arrive safely without any major issues.

As soon as I stepped onto the rugged sandy ground, a cool breeze that tempered the heat brushed my skin.

This place was definitely cooler than where we'd traveled from previously.

"The ruins are located beyond the village center, towards the very end. I'm not sure if that old village chief will allow us access, but if not, we can just sneak in!"

Set, anticipation building for the reunion with the beast, eagerly headed towards the village with a bouncy stride.

I'd heard the village was quiet, but this was a bit too silent, almost eerily so.

Only three houses were in view, and none seemed to bear any signs of life inside.

"Isn't it unnaturally quiet here? Was it always like this?"

"No! It's usually serene, but you'd still sense the presence of people. What, did they all go out on a group outing?"

We both felt something was off and scanned the surroundings, but not a soul emerged, not even an ant.

"Hello! Is no one around? I've returned after a long while for a visit at least..."

"Suddenly, dive for cover!"

Lunev, who had been silent until that moment, suddenly yelled, grasping Seth's clothes.

I, too, hastily hid, feeling unfamiliar presences approaching.

"What's going on...!"

Hushing his shocked protest, I peeked cautiously.

Two unfamiliar men turned the corner ahead.

They clearly were not villagers, and were dressed in a familiar blue magical robe.

Only one kind of people would roam the continent in those robes.

"They're from the Garam Society," whispered Lunev, in a slightly panicked tone.

Two grew to five as more Society members emerged, their actions suggesting they were searching for something.

“Grandfather must have made a quicker decision than I thought,” she muttered, a trace of annoyance in her voice.

“What do you mean?”

“I told you. The Society also knows about the beast and the ruins. They must be here to confirm the reality of the information.”

The situation felt increasingly tangled.

It would be troublesome if Set were alone, but there wouldn't be any good coming from Lunev and me being discovered by them.

For now, it seemed best to observe the situation...

-Swish!

Suddenly, someone swiftly brushed past me and ran forward, causing a thud followed by a member of the Society flying through the air.

“Looks like a peaceful field study is out of the question.”

As Lunev and I faced each other awkwardly, we beheld the Sand Prince, seething with fury and his body radiating with magic.

His eyes were a whirlpool of violent intent.

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 134**

Chapter 134: The Nameless Relics (3)

In the shaded darkness, a little away from where the villagers gathered, Caron quickly established an anti-eavesdropping barrier after making sure there was no one around. Lunev looked on with a calm gaze.

“Does the academy know that Lunev is here?” Caron asked.

“If they knew, I wouldn't be here,” she replied in a tone that suggested it should have been obvious.

Irritated by her attitude, Caron raised his voice, "Don't you realize the influence on the academy of your solo actions, Lunev? Didn't you face an unpleasant incident because of that before?"

"I'm still alive and well, aren't I?" Her attitude remained consistent.

"I guarantee it, apart from the instructors at the academy, there's no one more reliable than those men. I've come with the strongest knights who can protect me."

Caron looked at her with a skeptical gaze, and Lunev met his stare without flinching.

"Have you come to verify the authenticity of the demonic scriptures?"

"The name of the monstrous creatures living in this nameless relic matches the name in the demonic scriptures. As a member of the academy that pursues the advancement of magic, I wanted to verify that. It was I who requested to accompany you, and in any case, my companions are only interested in the creatures living there, not the demonic scriptures."

Lunev's words didn't waver in the slightest.

In response, Caron spoke firmly, "For now, I'll withhold reporting this to the academy. But don't think for a second that I will hide the fact that you are here. Once this is over, I will report everything to the academy director."

"Do as you please," she replied nonchalantly and left the barrier.

"Does that man, Sian, also know nothing about the demonic scriptures?"

"If he knew, he would not have come with me," came her indifferent answer as she walked back to where Sian was.

\* \* \*

To be honest, I had expected coercive investigation rather than wholesome information gathering. Perhaps that was because of my own unwholesome ways. Look at these faces full of cheer and curiosity. A scene to embarrass those who had rushed here in haste.

Set laughed ironically at the sight and was caught by some of the villagers who couldn't hide their shock. They looked like they had encountered a troublemaker who had come back after being chased out of the village.

Finally losing patience, Set yelled, "Have you all seen a ghost or what? Why are you looking at me like that!?"

An elderly man with graying hair asked with a troubled expression, “What is Prince Seth here to destroy this time?”

“I’m not here to break anything! What do you take me for, a hooligan?!” The reaction from the nodding villagers told the entire story.

“It truly is an unpleasant village, isn’t it?” Set muttered dismissively.

“Home?”

“I didn’t explain to you? I spent my childhood in this village. That’s why I know most of the villager’s faces! That old man is the village head.”

“Why did you leave the royal palace and come here?”

“That would be due to personal reasons!”

It seemed there was something Set couldn’t talk about.

Could the anger he showed before not just represent a simple prince but a person who had lived in this village?

Not that I’m being sarcastic. This is a natural reaction for royalty.

In such a situation, not only the foolish prince but also a certain princess from the academy would have rushed out.

“What is all this about, old man?”

“People from some academy in the Kingdom of Garam had brought gifts out of nowhere, saying they had something to ask about our village.”

Rare ingredients, clothing, household items – special products of the Kingdom of Garam were divided among several bundles.

“Don’t just accept things from strangers who you know nothing about! Really, what are these people thinking?”

Frankly, I wouldn’t have expected a coercive situation. For the academy members, this place is a village in a foreign land. They should have used proper persuasion and compensation to control what the villagers say, not a coercive investigation, which is akin to an open declaration of war against the Kingdom of Spania.

“Running here thinking something serious happened, only to find out it’s quite the party,” Set grumbled as he sat down.

Even though he complained, his face seemed somewhat relieved.

“So, Prince Seth, why are you here? Shouldn’t you be at the academy or something now?”

“I’ve come to face off against the demon living in the relics again! I’ve brought companions to fight with me this time!”

“It seems you have the same intentions as that man Caron. He asked about the demon living in the relics too.”

After finishing her conversation with Caron, Lunev approached us.

“Everything went well with the talk,” she whispered in my ear.

“Did it really go well?”

“There won’t be any harm done to my senior,” she assured.

It didn’t look like an entirely positive outcome for her, but at the point they went to talk, I had an idea of how she would explain things.

Although I don’t know what will happen next, my body is aware that it won’t just peacefully end.

“We have members from the academy, so let me tell you about the relics.”

The village head led us and some from the academy to his home.

“You folks from outside are lucky. I’ve been in quite the predicament myself.”

“What do you mean?”

“Those relics are not something anyone can just enter. You need permission from the relics themselves to enter.”

“Permission? There’s such a thing?”

Set asked as if he was hearing this for the first time.

“You might already know, but these relics were built in ancient times preceding the War of the Demons. We who live in the current age have no idea what purpose they served. However, according to stories passed down, one must receive the gods’ permission to enter these relics, and currently, only the Shahar Khan clan, who worship the desert god Sabulrom, are known to have that privilege.”

“What the heck, old man! You never told me that before!”

“You never asked, did you, Prince Seth? You went ahead without listening to my explanation.”

“Oh, right. I guess I did.”

I felt sympathy for the village head as he sighed.

“So, to enter these relics, we need the help of the Shahar Khan clan. It won’t be a problem for Prince Seth and his companions, but for you all with no connections...”

In other words, the right to enter the relics was now with this foolish prince.

Caron’s eyes shifted subtly as he realized this.

“Hey! Do you want to enter the relics too?”

Surprisingly, Set was the first to speak up.

“Yes. As scholars of magic, we simply seek to study the magical essence within the relics. I assure you there are no ill intentions.”

I knew, as did Lunev, that those words were a lie. But we were in no position to object, so we chose to remain silent.

“Alright! But I have a condition.”

“State your terms.”

“Promise that you will not speak of us being here to anyone, including your academy! If you do, I’ll gladly take you with me to the relics!”

Everyone, including Caron, the village head, and Lunev, was shocked by Seth’s unexpected decision.

Caron hesitated to answer.

“Can’t do it? If not, pack up and go home! It’s no concern of mine.”

“Why would you ask for such a condition...?”

It seemed from his attitude he was looking for a reason.

“Nothing much! Sian and I are here legally for field study, but not her! If the wrong people find out she’s here unofficially, it won’t be good for anyone, right?”

A laugh threatened to escape me.

Silly boy, you think you're here on official field study when in fact, all three of us came here without proper permission.

To think you would care for her and offer such terms.

While it may have been a grand gesture, for some reason, it felt rather pitiable.

"I understand. On behalf of the esteemed Garam Kingdom's academy, I promise not to disclose the fact that you were here to my academy or anyone else."

Caron had accepted the terms after careful consideration.

Surprised by the situation, Lunev cautiously glanced at Set.

-With a wink-

Set responded with a bizarrely cheerful grimace, and her face momentarily hardened.

It wasn't gratitude she felt, but rather pity for his fathomless foolishness, much like mine.

"Well, it seems the talks went well. Let me give you one last warning about those relics."

The usually quiet village head spoke up again.

"The demon living in there is quite tame. As long as you don't cross the line, it will only try to drive you out, not pursue you. However, if you do try to cross that line..."

The village head's voice trailed off as he warned us not to cross the line with the demon.

For a moment, I looked over to Caron, who was diagonally across from me.

"..."

A strong determination could be seen in his polished eyes, indicating that he would cross that line no matter what happened.

\* \* \*

Having agreed with Prince Seth and received a warning from the village head, all that remained was to enter the relics. Caron, the head of the academy delegates, returned to camp to prepare the necessary items for the excursion.

During the preparations, another academy member entered the camp.



“Um, Mr. Caron?”

“What is it?”

“Are you sure it’s alright not to report this to the academy?”

He was one of the members who had heard Caron’s conversation with the village head.

“Didn’t we decide to do it this way with Prince Seth? We’re simply fulfilling what we agreed upon.”

“But...”

“Either way, it’s good for us. We’ve been given a key that can unlock the sealed doors of the relics. Moreover, an unexpected opportunity has presented itself.”

“What?”

The member looked perplexed, not understanding the conversation.

“Come closer.”

When he stepped forward, Caron quickly formed an anti-eavesdropping barrier.

“There’s a limit to what we can do here. Although we may obtain information about the demonic scriptures, the scriptures themselves are unlikely to be in the relics.”

This was not only Caron’s assumption but also that of most officials involved in the investigation.

“Send a messenger to the academy immediately.”

A chilling smile appeared on Caron’s usually expressionless face.

“We shall try to kidnap Lunev Rainriver, granddaughter of the academy director Regens, once again.”

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 135**

Chapter 135: The Nameless Ruin (4)

Having finished with our short preparations, we finally reached the nameless ruin behind the village.

If we talk about first impressions, it was incredibly intriguing.

The structure was made of stone shaped like a square pyramid, becoming steeper towards the top. It felt remarkably different from the ruins I had seen so far—both simple and majestic.

However, its exterior was not all that large.

I had a feeling that opening the door would reveal a path leading underground.

The exploration party included me, Set, Lunev, and five magicians from the Garam Magic Society with Caron at their core.

As I approached the door with a somewhat nervous heart, my eyes naturally were drawn to the characters carved into the wall at its center.

“.....”

Even a three-year-old child could draw better than this.

It looked closer to a scribble than writing.

Wondering if it held any meaning, the Academy members also examined the characters closely, but they too seemed to find it perplexing, as they all furrowed their brows.

“Was this what the old man was talking about?” Set spoke up.

“Do you recognize these characters?”

“Of course. It’s a sort of ancient language that only our Shahar Khan tribe can read. Basically, it says to chant a spell if you want to enter.”

“What kind of spell?”

“There’s a sort of prayer that’s been passed down only within our tribe. At first, I didn’t think it was important and just chanted it hastily, but now that won’t do. Everyone, step back for a bit. It won’t take long.”

Following his instruction, we retreated about ten paces.

Soon, a sandstorm seemed to whirl around the figure that had begun the ritual.

-Koogookgung

Shortly after, an earthquake shook the area around the ruin along with a vibrating sound, and when the trembling stopped, the stone door blocking [Seth](#)'s way cracked open.

"Oi, you mages over there! Before I go in, let me ask one thing: what exactly do you want to do in this ruin?"

Set, who was blocking the entrance, asked Caron.

"We don't know anything about this ruin, so we'd like to follow you without getting in the way. Is that alright?"

"Well, I don't mind, but don't mess with the beast inside! That thing has been marked as hunting prey by Sian and me from the start!"

"Understood."

Caron smiled and nodded affirmatively.

"And that includes you, junior! Even if we were to face death, you must not interfere, you hear?"

"I will do as you say. Only if it's for Set senior..."

His words seemed ominous, but I decided to ignore them.

And so, the exploration of the nameless ruin began, with the hunting(?) of the guarding beast supposedly within.

"Light of guidance!"

One of the academy members cast an illumination spell, revealing the ruin's interior previously shrouded in darkness.

"The passageway is wider than expected?"

Contrary to our expectations of a cramped underground labyrinth, the inside was surprisingly spacious.

It was wide enough for five people to walk side by side, with the height being about double that of Set.

It was a starkly different structure from the Temple of Light where the holy and demonic swords had slept.

The underground space located in the middle of the desert felt oddly cool, generating a slight sense of discomfort.

There were no signs of life, magical energy, or anything as ominous as threatening auras.

“What purpose could this ruin have been built for?”

Lunev, looking around the ruin with curious eyes, asked.

“Well, according to legend, it was used as a tomb for kings in the old times, and similar ruins are scattered throughout the kingdom of Spania.”

“Are there beasts in those as well?”

“No. In most of them, you can’t find a single insect, let alone a corpse. That’s why this ruin is more special. Unlike the others, it actually contains a living entity.”

Theoretically, it seemed more appropriate to consider that entity a guardian conjured by magic.

However, the reason for summoning it and what it was meant to protect varied wildly.

If it was guarding some worthless jewel, the guardian itself would be ordinary.

But if it protected a rare artifact unequaled in the world, then surely a guardian of corresponding stature would be present.

“Could you perhaps tell us why the beast is called Remiharam?”

Caron, who had been quietly following, asked Set.

Aware of his question, Lunev’s brows slightly furrowed.

“Hm? I don’t know the exact reason. Maybe it’s just a name that’s been passed down through generations in the village. It doesn’t hold any special meaning, does it?”

Perhaps everyone here except you might not know it.

There might be a tremendous meaning behind the name of the mysterious beast.

We continued without much trouble until a crossroads with paths going left, right, and straight ahead appeared before us.

“What gives? There was nothing like this last time,” Set said, scratching his head in confusion.

Since we had been following a single path since entering, it was unlikely that we took a wrong turn.

“Which way should we go?”

“When in doubt, always go straight! Let’s try moving forward!”

After marking the path briefly with chalk, we stepped forward in the direction he indicated, and—

-Thud!

The sound of heavy footsteps approached one after another, while our own steps seemingly froze in place as if turned to stone.

The weight behind the steps was palpable, vibrant enough to resonate through the walls and floor.

Then, everyone’s eyes widened except Seth’s as we faced a creature from another realm, unfamiliar and instinctively repulsive.

But my feelings were different.

Why is it here?

A red skin as if engulfed in flames, two horns sprouting on its head, and wings on its back which seemed atrophied from disuse, yet still defined its shape.

Throughout my adventures, there had been only one beast similar to this creature.

The infamous Balrog.

Known to reside much deeper than the Limia Valley at the entrance of the underworld, strength comparable to dragons was attributed to this big-name beast.

Of course, the Balrog before us appeared smaller and less formidable than the true ones I had seen. But, at least in appearance, it was without a doubt a Balrog.

I had not expected a real beast to be here.

Was there indeed something hidden within this ruin?

“At last, you show yourself! You’ve been waiting for my return, haven’t you?”

Set broke into a triumphant grin and began to warm up.

Despite his provocative actions, the Balrog did not react, only staring at us from a reasonable distance.

“That beast is maintaining its distance right now.”

Lunev commented on the scene with a hint of intrigue.

From the looks of it, the Balrog showed no sign of initiating an attack.

Perhaps, as the chieftain mentioned earlier, it meant no harm as long as we didn't cross any lines...

So unless there was another living creature here, the beast's name had to be Remiharam.

The name given to it certainly wasn't done flippantly; could there be a substantial reason behind it?

To resolve my curiosity, it seemed we must defeat the beast and advance further into the depths.

“Then! I shall proceed first!”

With preparations complete, Set charged ahead without a second thought.

Golden aura radiated from his mana-infused fist, showing a will that brooked no afterthoughts.

Preparing for a clash, the Balrog swung its fist as well.

-Boom!

A great noise followed by a violent shockwave erupted around us.

As expected, facing a beast with a fist instead of a sword or magic was much more reckless than throwing an egg against a rock.

Only someone like the foolish prince would even consider such an act, and yet it strangely suited him.

After a brief struggle, Set stepped back, shook his fist, and remarked, “Ho! You seem tougher than before. Have you also been training?”

The joke was cast, but there was no one to answer.

Instead, from one of the Balrog's hands, a familiar red glow began to twinkle.

“Ma-mana?”

An unmistakable sign that even mediocre magicians could not ignore.

It signaled the manifestation of mana to cast a low-tier fire element spell.

-Whoosh!

A fireball the size of a human head burst forth from the Balrog’s hand towards us.

Caron, who had been waiting behind, stepped forward.

“Aqua Barrier!”

With the incantation, a column of water erupted in front of Set.

The fireball met the water column and vanished into smoke.

“Oi! Didn’t I tell you not to interfere?”

Set shouted genuinely infuriated.

“So-sorry! I was worried for everyone’s safety!”

“Just back off and watch! Leave the ruin explor—“

-Koogookgung

Suddenly, a loud rumble began to resonate all around.

With the thought of “just in case,” I quickly looked towards the Balrog, but it stood still, without any peculiar movements.

“.....!”

And then I realized.

The suspicious movement wasn’t coming from the front, but from behind.

Just as I was about to turn and look back, the ceiling above us caved in.

-Crash!

“Evade now. Ms. Lunev!”

Caron grabbed Lunev’s arm and pulled her backward.

“Kyaa!”

To dodge the falling rocks, I pushed my body forward, causing the tumbling debris to block the passage, naturally splitting us into two groups.

“Senior!!”

Her urgent call came from beyond the pile of rubble.

From the sound, she seemed unharmed, but it was certainly not a situation to smile about.

This day is turning out to be extraordinarily messy.

“What kind of situation is this!” The prince by my side exclaimed, clutching his head.

Still, the outburst was fleeting as he soon fortified his gaze again and said, “Given the circumstances, we have no choice but a head-on assault, Sian! We must defeat this thing and find a way back!”

Resolved, Set clenched his fists again.

As much as I hate to admit it, he was right in this instance.

Our retreat was blocked, but the Balrog still kept its eyes firmly on us.

To overcome this situation, the beast had to be taken down before we could advance.

“Keep warming up, Sian! I’ll take the lead and deal with it!”

And once more, Set charged at the Balrog with reckless abandon.

He may be a foolhardy prince, but his abilities are truly at a genius level.

Yet even so, that doesn’t mean he can handle a beast.

His current power may be nearing a 6-star level from just surpassing 5, but that’s still not enough against this Balrog.

This might have even worked out for the best.

The fewer eyes on me, the wider my field of action becomes.

I drew out Ceyram, which I had carefully stowed away.

[What’s this? I wake up to find a situation like this?]



“Quite an interesting situation.....”

With Ceyram in one hand and mana emanating from the other, I dashed forward.

Not towards the Balrog exuding murderous intent,

but towards Set, whose attention was entirely on the creature.

-Thunk!

“Ugh!”

With a single cry, he fell heavily to the ground.

As he lay there collapsed, I caught him with one hand and leaned him against the wall.

Just to be sure, I shook his face this way and that with my hand.

Sleep tight—well, knock yourself out.

With preparations done, I turned my attention back to the Balrog.

[What’s with that insignificant creature? Don’t tell me that Balrog shell is called Remiharam?]

“Well, it seems like it for now?”

Whether that name is fitting for it, we will have to verify right away, though frankly, I’m not expecting much.

Without hesitation, I charged towards the Balrog.

-Swipe!

There was no need to allow it any chance to counterattack.

In the span of 0.5 seconds, as I became airborne, the moment Ceyram’s blade, charged with mana, touched the Balrog’s body, a refreshing slash sounded, and its form split cleanly in two.

Convinced there was nothing more to see, I landed leisurely and was about to turn back when—

“.....!”

A threatening whoosh alongside a heavy swipe of the Balrog’s claws came at me.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 136**

Chapter 136: Nameless Ruins (5)

“Senior! Senior Sian!”

Even Lunev’s desperate calls elicited no response from beyond the rockfall.

If only there would have been some sign of him being alright.

Finally gathering herself, Lunev stood up, stepped back, and started to manifest mana.

-Woong Woong

Caron quickly grabbed her hand after witnessing this.

“Calm down, Ms. Lunev! Do you plan to bring down this ruin?”

“Let go.”

Her answer was short and concise, but her eyes were filled with uncontrollable anger.

Caron released her hand unwittingly in his panic.

“Explain yourself.”

“What do you mean?”

“The reason for suddenly bringing down a perfectly good ruin.”

Faced with her sudden pressing, Caron furrowed his brow in response.

“How could you say such preposterous things?”

Without showing any sign of agitation, Lunev spoke quietly while looking at Caron.

“Aziz Pereira.....”

“.....?”

At her unexpected call, the named individual wore a puzzled expression.

“A native from the western Arg region of the kingdom, a member of the earth attribute research department, a possessor of a 7-star rank.....”

That was the identity information recorded in the academy.

“While you distracted Prince [Seth](#) with questions, you used magic from behind, didn't you?”

“What, what are you talking about? I've been still all the.....”

“Shall I embrace you now and check it for myself? Whether you've cast a spell or not?”

The mages participating in the expedition all held certain magic ranks and positions within the academy.

Meaning, they couldn't be ignorant of her unique abilities.

Unable to nod in affirmation, Aziz eventually averted his gaze.

“Unfounded suspicions are wrong, Ms. Lunev. Let's get out of these ruins first. I will call for assistance from other academy members once we're outside.”

Caron suggested they leave the ruins with a subdued voice.

“Assistance?”

Her face turned ice cold in reaction.

“Are you talking about help for those like you who indulge in pointless use of magic under the pretense of magical advancement?”

The faces of the other academy members, apart from Caron, turned pale in an instant.

Meanwhile, Caron stared back at Lunev unflinchingly, with serious eyes.

In the unknown space where at any moment, anything could happen, a serious confrontation between a man and a woman unfolded.

“Nothing will change like this, Ms. Lunev.....”

Eventually, with a raised eyebrow, Caron said to her, almost pityingly,

“Don't you already know, Ms. Lunev? What truly serves the academy, the kingdom, and you? Worrying about such unnecessary things won't be of any help.....”

“That’s just the way you clueless ones think.”

She proudly displayed the blue mana she had surreptitiously created.

“I am not your puppet.”

-Flash

A bright light suddenly appeared in the darkness, blinding them all.

The academy members, their sights blocked by the sudden luminescence, turned their eyes away in agony.

Quickly regaining their senses and looking back, they found only dust whirling where she had been.

Lunev was already fleeing in a different direction where the rockfall had not occurred.

“Damn it!”

Caron, with a twisted face, issued commands to the academy members.

“Two stay here to monitor the situation, the rest go after her. If she appears again, capture her alive no matter what!”

“What about those inside?”

“Kill them.”

His answer came without a moment’s hesitation.

“Probably no need to come out anyway.....”

For them, the lives of [Sian](#) and Set were no longer of any concern.

They couldn’t waste this perfect opportunity delivered from the heavens.

Looking in the direction Lunev had fled, Caron muttered quietly,

“Everything is for the sake of human advancement.....”

With this affirmation akin to a spell, they ventured deeper into the ruins whose ends were unknown.

\* \* \*

I expected my body to be split in half, falling forwards, but an unexpected strike came out of nowhere. Of course, it was not hard to avoid.

However, looking back at the foe once more, I couldn't help but be incredulous.

"What is that?"

The two halves cut by Ceyram did not separate, but swiftly stuck back together and regrew at an alarming rate.

It was as if I was not dealing with living flesh, but rather cutting through a mound of mud or the middle of a bog.

The Balrogs I knew did not possess such remarkable regenerative abilities.

This trait was not inherent to the beast itself, but rather someone who had summoned it had cast a regeneration spell on it.

What kind of hybrid is this?

[Who's the fool responsible for creating such an abomination?]

Ceyram, apparently dissatisfied with the sensation, grimaced in displeasure.

The Balrog, having been startled by my gaze, manifested mana in its hand once more.

This time it was not an offensive spell.

Instead, it created a restraining barrier to protect against damage that might occur during our fight.

Being of a race that could rival dragons in strength, the Balrog was capable of casting spells too.

However, compared to the intelligence of humans or dragons, they were not as bright, and their kind were known for destructive primal instincts, which earned them an infamous reputation even in the demon realm.

That a Balrog had spread a restraining barrier to protect the ruin.

The one who had summoned this creature must have instilled in it a protective instinct to guard the ruins, rather than destructive impulses.

Even so, it wouldn't make it any more inclined to talk.

Regardless of its instincts, I still had to kill it. There was no change in that.

I took a moment to maintain distance and watch its movements.

If this Balrog is truly the beast known as Lehelm to the local residents, it likely means it was summoned through the power of the Marser.

Then somewhere within the body of this Balrog should be a condensed core of mana – its heart, so to speak.

In other words, much like a heart, a point of vulnerability that could be targeted.

Destroying it would ensure that even the mightiest regenerating summon would vanish instantaneously.

I prepared by unleashing the power of the mist.

“Shadow Dance Fourth Form: Detection of Killing Intent!”

I fused mana with the mist to inspect the Balrog’s insides.

Like millions of blood vessels coursing through a human body, mana veins were spread throughout the creature.

Converging from all directions into an ocean, the twisted and intertwined mana streams collected at one point.

The head.

Precisely at the center of the crown.

I needed to shatter the condensed core of mana there.

With the restraining barrier set, there was no reason for me to hold back either.

The atmosphere of mist converged around Ceyram’s blade tip.

And as soon as I was ready to destroy the core,

-Tat!

I kicked off the ground and dashed forward.

Sensing the killing intent, the Balrog flapped its degenerated wings, creating a whirlwind.

-Whoosh!

A threatening torrent of wind howled strong enough to crack stone walls, but it was merely a gentle breeze against me.

I leaped lightly into the air like a bird taking flight.

“Dance of the Sword: Firm Root of a Great Pillar!”

-Crack!

The blade pierced through the thick hide and touched the vibrating core of mana. The mist wrapped around Ceyram surged into the Balrog’s body.

“.....!”

The Balrog collapsed without so much as a scream.

-Kung!

Its knees buckling, the creature which had just been hit by the decisive blow fell forward.

With the core destroyed, it was unlikely to regenerate as before.

It seemed to begin disintegrating, as smoke started to rise from the Balrog’s body.

Hmm.

Feels kind of anticlimactic, doesn’t it?

Handled without much trouble, but there’s still a feeling like something’s missing.

After all, did I truly learn anything about the connection between this creature and the Marser?

With a summon that couldn’t speak, my best option was simply to kill it.

As for searching the body, the summoned creature that lost its core was now dissolving into transparency.

I thought all that would remain was swirling dust where it had been, but...

“.....!”

I noticed something small and faintly yellowish, no larger than an adult’s fingernail.

It was the only piece left from the Balrog that had completely disintegrated, hair and all.

I quickly picked it up as one would a fallen coin.

A surface that felt thin and rough like dust-covered paper.

The material seemed fragile enough to tear with a bit of force or go limp if water touched it.

I didn't have to look twice — it was paper.

[Hey, hand that over!]

Ceyram, having materialized out of nowhere, snatched the paper from my hand so quickly.

She looked confused for a moment, inspecting it, but soon her expression twisted significantly.

[Is this moron out of their mind, leaving this behind?]

From her reaction, it seemed she knew what the paper was.

Just as I was about to ask,

[It's what you've been looking for, Master.]

She tossed the paper back towards me.

“What is this?”

[What do you think? It's a piece of the Marser.]

Ceyram continued with a disgusted look while I stood dumbfounded.

[He's here right now.]

\* \* \*

Contrary to my expectations of a maze-like structure, a path stretched endlessly ahead of Lunev.

Even if it was an ancient ruin, it couldn't possibly be this simple.

Even a trick at a crossroad to buy some time would have been better, but this unkind ruin offered no such aid.

Inevitably, at this rate, she would soon be caught by the following academy members.



That would render her following Sian meaningless.

It was something Lunev couldn't even bear to imagine.

"Ahh!"

Out of breath from running, she tripped and fell over.

She briefly tried to get up and flee again, but as she lifted her head, she encountered something far from pleasant.

"This isn't good....."

It was a dead end, with no visible route of retreat.

Grinding her teeth with frustration, Lunev nonetheless did not despair, stood up again, and took a stance.

-Woong Woong

If there was no way forward, she would make one by breaking through.

Though it might be an impossible task, it was still a hundred, a thousand times better than just sitting down and wallowing in tears.

Her past self wouldn't have ever run away like this.

She had thought that her remaining life, whether tossed around this way or that way, would make no difference.

But now it was different.

A small path appeared at some point in her once bleak future,

a path not led by others, but one where she could take her steps forward for herself alone.

What awaited her at the end of that path was currently unknown, but to find out, she couldn't fall here.

With that firm resolve, mana gathered in her hands, and as she was about to chant the spell to break the wall,

".....?"

Suddenly, a strange black sphere appeared before her.

Startled, Lunev lowered her hands and met the gaze of the sphere.

Then the sphere, initially small, grew large enough to envelop her and opened up into a small portal that seemed to invite her in.

An unfamiliar energy flowed from the opening, beckoning her inside with its enticing light.

She couldn't help but throw her body into it.

“.....”

Inside the sphere was no different than before.

A space that was similar to the corridor of the ruins she had just been fleeing through.

The only difference was that, besides herself, there was another presence.

A black-haired man sitting cross-legged in the middle of the corridor, staring intently at her.

“.....”

There was a sense of interest in his half-lowered eyes.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 137**

### Chapter 137: The Nameless Ruins (6)

It is said that humans, by nature, have duller senses than beasts. This doesn't mean they are entirely obtuse, however. At the very least, they possess the sense of kinship as human beings and can distinguish whether the entity before them is a person or not. Lunev, having been sucked into the unidentified hole and facing an unfamiliar, mysterious entity, could affirm one thing amidst the turmoil of thoughts swirling in her mind: the man she was looking at was not human. He appeared not to be a real person, but rather like a massive chunk of magical power that had taken on human shape to revel in its own amusement. What was such an entity with this aura doing in these ruins?

Lunev pondered. She might already know the answer.

“How intriguing,” the man said with a sneer, breaking eye contact and speaking for the first time. “Five distinct attributes, balanced without an iota of discrepancy... Such a case is far rarer than being overwhelmingly skewed towards a single attribute.”

With just a glance, the man had accurately gauged her attribute levels. Lunev cautiously rose to her feet without showing much reaction. “Did you save me?” she inquired.

“Well, you could say that,” the man’s tone was surprisingly friendly.

“May I ask why?”

“It’s nothing much. Saving a lady in danger is what all men, divine or mortal, ought to do—naturally.”

His answer seemed nonchalant.

“It was intentional, but the fact that it was you was mere coincidence.”

“What do you mean?” Lunev asked, tilting her head slightly, puzzled by his cryptic words.

“What’s your name?”

“Lunev Rainriver.”

“And your age?”

“I am twelve years old.”

The man hesitated for a moment.

“How can I believe that you, who have just barely lived over a decade, possess such potential? Even I, who take pride in observing humans for an extended time, find myself stroking my chin in fascination.”

He seemed to be moved by the immense potential she possessed.

“However, judging by your current state, that potential was sealed until not long ago?”

Lunev asked immediately, startled. “What do you mean by that? Surely, you’re not referring to the Heart Curve...?”

“Heart Curve? Sorry, but I have no idea what that is. The potential I’m talking about is the endless latent power residing in your body, just waiting for a will powerful enough to awaken it.”

“Will?”

“Yes. Humans are called the species with the highest developmental potential for a reason. If the desire to achieve something is backed by the necessary effort and latent abilities, the heights that can be reached through that will be unpredictable. Right now, I can see your will to fervently wish for and attain something.”

He looked as if he had discovered a gem in the most unexpected place. Lunev was simply dumbfounded.

“Come to think of it, there does seem to be a trace of a peculiar magical force that was restraining your body, but even that’s a conundrum. It should not be easy to remove, yet someone has meticulously cleared it for you.”

According to the research materials she once saw at the Garam Magic Society, there exists a so-called ‘God’s Arsenal’ which includes sacred swords and scriptures, as well as demonic swords and scriptures. It is said that these arsenals, which are believed to inherit different divine powers, contain souls and personalities within. Depending on the moment, these personalities can freely materialize in human form and converse with humans.

To an observer, the exterior was a perfect human physique, yet from within, an unfamiliar magical power surged forth. Lunev was about 50% certain of the man’s identity.

“Are you the master of these ruins?” she finally broke the silence and asked.

“Hmm? No, I’m just a sojourner, you could say. Or a visitor. It’s something like that.”

“Then are you related to the guardian beast that protects these ruins?”

“You could say that! There was once a human who accompanied me, and at the request of the master of these ruins, summoned a guardian beast. That peculiar fellow chose none other than a balrog to summon.”

Upon hearing this, Lunev’s 50% certainty rose to 99%.

Without hesitation, she asked the most direct question that could reveal his identity. “Are you the demonic scripture known by the name of Remiharam?”

The man had responded promptly to her previous queries, but this time he did not answer immediately. Instead, he simply smirked a peculiar smile and continued to gaze at her.

“Who knows? Regardless of whether the name Remiharam is accurate, it would be somewhat awkward for either you or me to simply say I’m a demonic scripture. To your

people, a demonic scripture is a forbidden text that should not even be approached, isn't it?"

Lunev couldn't reply immediately.

"It's odd for me to be asked if I'm Remiharam. Even if the guardian I summoned is known as such among the residents here, it's not common knowledge that a demonic scripture's name is Remiharam, right?"

"Truth unfolds eventually. As you said, humans can find out anything if they have the will."

The man laughed heartily. "Ha-ha! You're a much sharper lady than I thought. Quite different from a certain distasteful and perverted woman I know!"

Lunev couldn't yet speculate who this woman might be.

"Ah, but this isn't the time for such talk. So, what brings you to these unimpressive ruins, my lady?"

"I came looking for you, with the name Remiharam."

Without a trace of hesitation, she replied, causing the man to scratch his head.

"Listen, young lady. As I mentioned earlier, I never said I was a demonic scripture. Are you sure you aren't here looking for Remiharam rather than a demonic scripture?"

"You never denied being a demonic scripture, did you?"

The man faced yet another assertive question without pause.

"Are you, or are you not, Remiharam?"

The man evaded the question with an awkward cough.

"Listen, since you came all the way here looking for me, I'll give you this much: my true form is not here."

"What does that mean?"

"What you see now is a fragment left in these ruins, something like an avatar capable of only having this kind of conversation..."

"Then where is the real Remiharam now?"

“I can’t tell you that! I also possess a divine nature and cannot casually divulge such information to humans.”

He waved his hands, indicating that he could not reveal any more.

“Oh dear! If I linger, the owner will start to nag about distorting causality, so it’s time for me to leave. But don’t worry, young lady. I simply facilitated your spatial transition. If you stay here, those that were after you will reappear soon.”

She had many more questions, but as the man had pointed out, she was not in a position to linger. She had to find [Sian](#) and Set quickly and devise a plan since she could encounter the academy members again at any moment.

“I’m not sure what brings you to seek me out, young lady, but if it’s necessary to fulfill the wish you hold, try to find where I really am. If you manage to find me, I’ll be more than willing to help. I’ve taken quite a liking to you, young lady!”

With a satisfied smile, the man rose to his feet. Lunev posed one last question to him.

“Then, please answer me this one question. What kind of being are you to us?”

He gave her a twinkling look and said, “Another existence that can only belong to those who discover the truth within endless darkness...”

“Truth?”

“It’s nothing fancy. If you achieve what you desire, that itself is the truth.”

With those words, the man turned and began to fade. Before long, he vanished entirely from her sight.

\*\*\*

Though small, the piece of paper exuded magical power that couldn’t be ignored. Unfortunately, not being a sorcerer, I had no way of knowing exactly how much magic was infused into the paper or how it was contained. I wondered if that genius kid could analyze it.

“So, you’re saying that instead of the demonic scripture’s main body, a separated avatar like this torn piece of paper is somewhere here?” I mused.

According to Ceyram, the ruins currently held not the main body of the demonic scripture Remiharam, but a consciousness separated from it, similar to this torn piece of paper. Even if it was an avatar, considering that personality itself was connected to the main body, there would be no disappointment. At the least, one could ask where the real one was.

“Ayayay...”

A groan from behind interrupted my thoughts. The brat named Set I had knocked out earlier was stirring awake.

“Ugh, was I unconscious?”

The kid had defeated the blow that should have taken several hours to recover from in just a few minutes. I was speechless – almost annoyed by his resilience.

“I was watching the beast clearly... Huh? Where’d the beast go? Don’t tell me you took care of it all by yourself, Sian?”

I silently averted my gaze.

“Amazing, this is truly remarkable! To imagine that you dispatched a creature I couldn’t even scratch... You’re a rival worth my recognition, indeed!”

Did this foolish prince have no curiosity about how I had disposed of it? It seems often understanding such things would only give me a headache. Oddly enough, I felt lucky that Set was the only one left.

“Oh! But we’re not here to talk about that. Whatever happened to that prickly junior and the rest of the academy group?”

“If they’re safe, they should be beyond there,” I pointed beyond a pile of rubble with a disdainful glance.

I had planned to use spatial transference to get past the rubble while Set was unconscious, but he had woken up before I took the chance, complicating the situation.

“Hmm, clearing one or two rocks wouldn’t make an exit. Looks like we’ll have to dig a new path?”

Set stroked his chin as if deep in thought. Suddenly, he concentrated, pressing both hands to the debris.

– Ku-gu-gung

Brownish mana emanated from his hands, causing vibrations in the vicinity.

“Rebuild Aisle!”

As he chanted, some of the haphazardly stacked rubble began to crumble into dust. Soon, a passage wide enough for two to pass through was created, and Set proudly spread his arms as if to present his work.

“How about that? Should be passable now, huh?”

“What did you do?”

“It’s a sand attribute spell, ‘Rebuild Aisle’! It’s a magic that can create a new path by using mana to bore through blocked points made of rock or dirt!”

This highly practical magic didn’t seem like it would suit someone like him. Was it another case of not judging a book by its cover?

Following Seth’s beaming lead, I entered the passage he had created and followed him beyond the rubble.

As soon as we came out the other side, we faced off against the students who had entered the ruins with us. They looked as if they had seen something they shouldn’t have, unable to hide their shock.

“Eh, what gives? Why just the two of you? Where are the others?”

Despite Seth’s probing, they did not respond. Instead, they exchanged a look and nodded at each other as if to convey a silent signal. As soon as I understood the meaning of that signal...

I lunged at the closest one and clutched his throat.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 138**

Chapter 138: Truth (1)

The scholar, strangled by the chokehold, fell to the ground without managing any kind of significant resistance. He had belatedly raised his hand in an attempt to cast magic, but I wasn’t the sort to watch idly by. I seized his wrist—which was radiating mana—and promptly twisted it until it snapped.

“Argh!”

Even if these magicians possessed seven-star magic or higher, there was nothing to fear. Without their magic, seven stars or not, they’re just humans subdued by force.

“O, Oh divine flames of purification...!”



He tried to cast hastily, startled, but I couldn't afford to allow it.

-Thump!

With a satisfying crunch, he also rolled on the ground a few times before collapsing.

"I managed to subdue you, but what's this all about?"

Seth, the source of the thumping, dusted off his hands and asked nonchalantly.

"These guys. They are the ones who brought down the ceiling on us, dividing the group."

It wasn't Balrog's attack, nor had we triggered a trap set within the ruins. Without any signs or warnings, the structure had simply collapsed.

Was this a natural occurrence?

Absolutely not.

While that man named Caron drew our attention by blocking Balrog's assault, the rest of his team had been crafting their machinations behind our backs. They were likely waiting quietly for our deaths, stranded by Balrog. Should we escape, they would simply kill us.

"What are you talking about? We were just trying to assess the situation here..."

Their feeble excuses did nothing to improve the situation. It seems our esteemed magicians do not quite understand the rules of the world. What can you do? When you seclude yourself studying trivial things, it's easy to remain ignorant.

In my life, I've never seen an animal as honest as humans. No matter how much they pretend to be strong or honorable, in the face of pain, everyone becomes alike.

I twisted the arm I was gripping once more, unrelentingly.

"Aaack!"

His wails of agony made it clear that torture wasn't necessary here. Although his joint was merely dislocated, he cried out for salvation as though knocking on death's door.

"Stop it! Stop! We never intended any harm to you from the start!"

He spoke as if he was disclosing some tremendous secret. Their fundamental reason for being here was to seek clues to an ancient text. The encounter with us was purely

coincidental. Given that they had no interest in the ancient text and Lunev had already hinted as much, why would they have to act alone and separate us?

There must've been another objective.

"All we ever wanted was Lunev herself! We intended to take her and leave this place."

To take Lunev away? When the job was over, they were supposed to peacefully leave with the rest. Why would they bother to take her separately unless...

Kidnap?

A thought crossed my mind so abruptly that my pupils flickered without control. The genius girl from the Garam Kingdom, so rare that she might only be born once in a hundred years.

Like bees to a fragrant flower or thieves to a shining jewel. It was only natural that villains would flock around a young genius with boundless potential. And hadn't I experienced this firsthand during the previous kidnapping?

'The type of person I dislike the most.'

As I recalled Lunev's face when she first mentioned Caron, the girl's look of disgust flashed before my eyes. Her eyes were not merely conveying dislike, there was something more, something revolting that made it impossible to simply be an expression of disdain toward a fellow academic.

"Hah..."

With a sigh escaping my lips, I stood up from my seated position.

"You belong to the opposition faction of the Garam Magic Society, don't you?"

They widened their eyes, a reaction that said everything without a word.

"Opposition faction? What's that again?"

Seth seemed to be hearing this for the first time, scratching his head.

Ignoring him, I continued my interrogation.

"Where is Lunev right now?"

"We... She ran off to the other side before we could do anything..."

"Which direction did she go?!"

Without further delay, I turned and ran in the direction he pointed.

“Hey! Sian! Where are you going?”

Although Seth shouted after me with a startle, I didn't look back and kept sprinting.

[Doesn't this situation feel familiar? Senior, your care for your junior is truly touching.]

Even Ceyram's teasing didn't seem worth responding to.

“She's really a handful of a junior.”

I just hoped she would stay safe until I got there.

\* \* \*

It felt like a strange and hazy dream, one that might come on a midsummer's night. Lunev couldn't shake off her thoughts about the mysterious man she had met earlier. Although he had acknowledged she was the existence known as 'Remiharam' and related to the demonic beast within these ruins, he hadn't been explicit about whether he was actually a demon.

What was his true identity?

Just as she was becoming immersed in deep thought, Lunev quickly shook her head. This was not the time to lose herself to contemplation. She had to find Sian and Seth as soon as possible and resolve this situation.

“I hope senior is alright.”

Though she felt a bit worried, there was no real cause for concern.

Two academy students taking on a demonic beast, which would be challenging for even ten experienced magicians to face—such an idea would be laughable if said aloud. However, Lunev didn't see it as impossible, not because of any solid proof, but simply because it was Sian.

Because [Sian](#) was the one person in the world she could truly rely on and trust, Lunev harbored no worries.

When did all this start?

Although she had approached him initially because she had taken a liking to his first impression, now it felt almost like an obsession. She concentrated on him to the point that it bordered on fixation.

The beating of her heart resonated throughout her body. Had she ever experienced such a vivid heartbeat in her life? She had thought that her future would be a hollow and uninspired one, predetermined by others, until she eventually passed away without purpose.

But not anymore.

Her once-stalled heart was now throbbing energetically, signaling that she had desires and aspirations.

Was this what people referred to as the truth?

If she had a path she wished to take, then she would pursue it desperately. That pursuit was her truth.

The scent at the end of the corridor caught her attention sharply—a bitter aroma that filled her senses. There was only one person in the world associated with that smell. Her heart raced, and despite the urgency, the corners of Lunev's mouth couldn't help but turn up into a smile.

But just as swiftly as she detected that familiarity, she stopped in her tracks with another presence straight ahead.

“Lady Lunev!”

Caron and his fellow scholars in pursuit, Lunev immediately turned around and fled the other way. Caron, unwilling to let her escape, raised his hand and cast a spell.

-BANG!

A wall, conjured from magic, blocked her path.

“Please, Lady Lunev, stop running.”

Confronted by Caron with no way out, Lunev turned around, the bitterness clear in her expression.

“Why are you acting this way? This isn't like you, Lady Lunev.”

Lunev answered flatly, her eyes reflecting her resignation.

“Acting like me? When was there ever a time when I was truly myself at the academy?”

Caron simply stared back with an indifferent gaze.

“You are an indispensable asset to the Garam Magic Society, a necessity for the advancement of magic and humanity. We cannot allow someone so vital to be ensnared by malevolent intentions.”

Beyond the desires of the academy, Lunev represented the long-sought solution to humanity’s innate weaknesses. To them, she was more than just a sacred figure.

“There are two things in this world that I absolutely do not believe.”

Lunev spoke dismissively.

“One is my grandfather’s words when he says I am indispensable. And the other is when you talk about living for human advancement.”

Caron’s brow furrowed.

“My grandfather would seek a replacement the moment I was gone. Any regret would be fleeting, as he is not one to mourn or despair.”

“ ... ”

“But what’s even less credible than that is you, Caron Rainz. Living for human advancement? More like living to satisfy your own vain desires.”

Caron did not respond, continuing to frown.

Lunev then delivered a jab intended to provoke.

“Am I wrong, Caron Rainz, the traitor of the Garam Magic Society?”

“ ... ! ”

The first to react were the scholars accompanying Caron. Surprised to hear such accusation from her, they glanced at each other, unsure of how to proceed.

“ ... ”

Caron’s expression remained steadfast as he finally spoke.

“Since when have you known?”

“For quite some time.”

“And yet, you never spoke of this to the head of the academy?”

“There was no point. At that time, I had no will of my own, no intention of what I wanted to do. I thought it wouldn’t matter which side I was swayed by since my future was already determined.”

Caron, feeling no further need to delay, stoically manifested his mana.

“It is truly foolish. Despite knowing your potential and worth, you fail to grasp what the truth is. What exactly has led Lady Lunev to be this way?”

“Truth? Truth isn’t something grand. If there’s a path I wish to follow, that’s my truth.”

Unwilling to be discouraged, Lunev gathered every ounce of mana within her.

“You, the likes of simpletons, will probably never understand...”

She summoned all her strength without reservation to demonstrate the extent of her capabilities. Once ready, Lunev loudly recited the incantation.

“May the divine grace of holy light protect me...”

As the spell unfolded, light shrouded the ruins, and a radiant barrier emerged in front of her.

The magic of the ‘Wall of Resistance,’ a light-attribute defense spell, was invoked, drawing from her entire mana reserves to hold back her enemies. The power of the spell varied immensely depending on the caster’s magical capacity.

Nevertheless, upon seeing this, Caron let out a dismissive chuckle.

“What difference will delaying with such a method make? Do you hope for a savior to rescue you?”

“Why don’t you break through my wall first? I won’t call it cowardly if you need to collaborate to counter it...”

As if answering her challenge, Caron extended his hand towards the summoned Wall of Resistance.

-CRACK!

Despite not yet casting a full-fledged spell, cracks began to form in the wall.

No matter how prodigious her talent, facing against a well-rounded seven-star power had its clear limitations.

Yet, Lunev remained steadfast, pulling more mana from within to reinforce the barricade.

“Do you intend to resist until you collapse? It’s gone from pitiable to outright pathetic.”

Matching her persistence, Caron gradually increased his mana without a hint of fatigue.

How much time had passed in this cycle of the wall cracking and being reinforced? Lunev’s mana continued to deplete.

The limits were near; sweat poured from Lunev’s body as her breaths grew ragged.

Meanwhile, Caron’s effort seemed effortless, his face stoic as he continued to ramp up his mana.

-THUD

Finally losing her balance, Lunev sunk to one knee, her vision blurring and mind growing foggy, yet her focus remained to maintain the magic.

‘Is this the end...?’

Even though she could feel it drawing to a close, she refused to give up. Even if her body crumbles, her inner will persists, and as long as it remains, she will fight to the bitter end.

For the truth she earnestly hopes for and desires.

“...!”

Suddenly, another familiar scent approached from somewhere. Unlike before, it rapidly drew closer, and as the scent intensified, a smile began to brighten Lunev’s face.

Just as the form of the person she had desperately waited to see entered her view...

“Senior...”

Lunev lost consciousness and fell to the ground.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 139**

## Chapter 139: Truth (2)

They say the heavens grant a person three great opportunities in their lifetime.

When Caron encountered Lunev in this strange foreign land, he realized at once that his great opportunity had come.

For the past 20 years, he had continued his fraudulent existence at the Garam Magic Society, a place devoid of his genuine affection.

He had felt repulsion towards the academy's ideal of applying the significance of magical advancement even to inferior humans, who had no need for it, and had desired, on more than one occasion, to break free.

The driving force that allowed him to endure and ultimately ascend to the position of the academy's second-in-command was solely because of Lunev Rainriver, the granddaughter of Chancellor Regens and the hope of the academy.

A ray of light in the dark and hopeless academy.

Could there be such a wondrous and perfect being elsewhere in the world?

Not even the most exquisite flowers and jewels could adequately express her beauty.

As a human, she possessed the utmost talent that one could have.

Caron had unwavering faith that if he could correctly guide her immense potential, she would certainly grow to be the sole intermediary uniting humans with dragons, demonkind, and even the supreme beings.

However, the academy had been excessively cruel to such a hopeful entity up until now.

Continuing this way, the flower would break before it could fully bloom.

This could not happen.

Otherwise, humanity would once again endure a prolonged period of hardship.

This very moment was the irreplaceable opportunity bestowed upon them by the heavens.

Though there was some meaningless resistance, it was an incredible feat to have withstood against his own magic power that reached the level of seven stars.

Now it was his turn to adequately realize the potential she held and bring it to the world.



“I have waited for this moment, Miss Lunev...”

A smile of ecstasy, long hidden behind a mask, crept over Caron’s lips.

As he took the first step towards her, there was a sudden gleam in the eyes of Caron and the other academy members.

“.....!”

Without any sign or warning, an enigmatic figure appeared as if out of nowhere when they opened their eyes.

The chilling and eerie aura emanating from the back sent shivers down their spines, an unknown energy none of them had ever felt before.

Moreover, this figure wasn’t unknown to the academy members.

“Si-Sian Vert?”

It was Sian, the companion of Lunev and the youngest of the Vert Ducal family.

\* \* \*

It’s a mess.

Such a mess that I don’t even know what expression to wear in this situation.

I have a rough idea of what has happened.

Lunev was using light attribute defensive magic, Barrier of Resistance, and Caron was trying to break it down with his magic power.

Even if our junior is a genius, a monster who has heard such claims, she can’t handle an expert who has been studying and refining magic for decades.

She wouldn’t have been unaware of that.

Yet, she drew out the last bit of mana within her body to maintain the barrier and bought some time.

And the moment she finally met my gaze, she collapsed as if it were all a lie.

With an inscrutably serene smile on her lips.

Anyone seeing it would think a savior of hope had arrived.

Honestly, I didn't expect her to quietly endure.

She ought to have given up and fainted instead of struggling to the point of tormenting her body, making one curious as to why she would resist to such an extent.

Whenever you're so powerless, when did you ever act with such overflowing will to live?

Now it seems as though it's soaring to the heights of the sky.

"Si-Sian Vert?"

They all seemed flustered at discovering me, unable to hide their surprise.

As if they couldn't figure out why I was here.

I'm not bothered by their stupid and confused reactions; that's the last thing on my mind.

I gently touched Lunev's face with my finger.

1%, no, perhaps just 0.5%.

She had used every bit of mana in her body.

Only because it was her, she managed to last using up to 99% of her mana; if it had been someone else, they would have been unconscious long ago.

Truly, she never ceases to astonish.

"Remove your hand..."

The voice that followed contained perceptible hostility, so I slowly turned to face it.

What do they say?

The most coveted treasure for humans isn't money or jewels, it's people themselves.

A woman of primeval beauty, a talented individual with an innate gift.

Indeed, the treasure that is a person can change the owner's life entirely, a profoundly meaningful entity.

I thought I knew that myself.

Perhaps, I've degraded from treasure to trash.

So they, too, are likely staging this farce to seize the treasure that is Lunev Rainriver.

“Just pretend you’ve seen nothing and quietly leave. If you do so now, we shall let you go without further issue.”

They seem yet to understand the situation.

How I dispatched the demons, what happened to their colleagues in the passage, how I came to be here, and so on.

Well, it’s better than bombarding me with pointless questions.

“Even if the scene looks suspicious, there’s no need to worry about her. Turn around and go about your business as if nothing has happened, [Sian Vert...](#)”

Their tone implied that they were neither curious to hear an explanation nor interested in one.

The feeling was mutual.

I don’t want to know what they desire or plan to accomplish, nor do I have any intention of interfering.

But isn’t that just the way of human affairs?

When it’s not my concern, I couldn’t care less, but as soon as it concerns me even slightly, the situation changes immediately.

It’s not a bad thing.

It’s just the selfish nature of humans trying to survive in this dreadful world.

Regardless of what kind of mess their academy is in or what their plan may be, I shouldn’t have to meddle if it doesn’t concern me.

Yes, surely that would be the case.

I have no reason to incur a loss on behalf of strangers, but...

“.....”

Strangely, I cannot bring myself to do that.

It’s not like my body is moving against my will—my very being is moving itself to save her.

Without any hesitation.

“What if I refuse?”

-Crack!

The reply did not take long.

Sparks erupted from his hands momentarily, and before long, a bright bolt of lightning flashed before my eyes.

A spell meant to kill, not a mere threat.

Of course, such a spell wouldn't even make me blink...

“Is that the Judgment Lightning?”

I had come sprinting as fast as my legs could take me, but to make an escape from this situation with her, it would require more than the power of a simple academy student.

That would leave several witnesses, and troubles would arise on multiple fronts.

However, now that they have shown intent to kill, half-measures against them will only bring trouble and won't help.

Then the answer becomes even simpler.

Kill them all.

If I eradicate all of them swiftly and clean up, there shouldn't be any problems, right?

They say, in urgent situations, one shouldn't overthink and should just act, letting the consequences unfold later. That's the simplest solution, and I've always lived like that.

With my mind made up, I drew out Ceyram.

“Dark Technique 6: Miasma of the Void.”

As I chanted the spell, a dark fog began to creep along the ground where the academy members stood.

If there could be any honor in it, they should feel honored.

A divine, sacred space not even a simple human could lay eyes on.

Instead of meaningless stony ground, to meet their ends in such a holy place must be quite the ecstasy.

“Dispel the barrier!”

Some of them were frantically expending magic power on a futile nullification barrier.

It’s not a wrong method.

If their magic was potent enough to overcome the power of my mist, they could break through.

But if they couldn’t, they would plummet into despair and powerlessness.

“What the hell is this?”

With a step forward, I approached Caron, who still retained his vision through the fog.

“This dark attribute spell? No, such a filthy and vile aura cannot be magical in nature! This is a curse.....”

Supposedly you become desensitized to the scent when you remain in a cesspit.

I’ve adapted to this bleak energy to the point that I don’t give it a second thought, but sometimes I wonder how they end up describing my power as filthy and vile.

“Sian Vert! What are you exactly? How do you possess such power?”

“What’s there to ponder? You guys kept an eye on me in your academy, didn’t you? Then you must have guessed that I had something to hide.”

In an instant, the faces of Caron and the other academy members turned to stone.

“How, how did you?”

“Someone spilled the beans to me.”

Pointing nonchalantly towards Lunev lying in a heap, I continued.

“It can’t be! Why would Miss Lunev tell you anything? Is she betraying the academy?”

Betrayal?

The absurdity of it left me unable to even laugh.

Did they give her enough trust to feel betrayed by her?

Her abilities and potential are so outstanding that any adjective becomes meaningless.

And that's it?

She is a woman smart enough to impress even me—a realist and someone who could build a kingdom alone in the middle of the desert.

She is giving everything to me, a highly suspicious man, just because she likes me.

Why? It's not because she wants the academy to thrive or fail,

It's because she considers being involved with me as entirely insignificant and unworthy of concern.

This is purely a mess that you created.

“Garam Magic Society's apostate, magician Caron Rains of the Garam Magic Society.”

“.....!”

“You felt rebellious against the Garam Magic Society's ideal of extending the benefits of magical progress to all humanity, and joined a contrary organization. You believed that only the capable should possess the fruits of magic, is that right?”

“How, how do you know that?”

Why does it matter?

If you're so curious, why don't you ask your past self, who boastfully spoke about it?

“In my opinion, you're all the same. I guarantee she won't fully realize her potential if you take her with you.”

“How dare you speak without knowing a thing!”

“I speak because I don't know. That's the point.”

“.....?”

“Even I, who has had a rotten life, can't see the end of my junior's potential, so who could possibly know the extent of latent abilities she possesses within her fragile frame?”

That's the problem: you people would ruin everything before it has a chance to shine.

Magical advancement? Human ideals?

I dare say that left to her own devices, she might achieve everything on her own.

The petals of a flower are most beautiful when they bloom on their own after a period of enduring hardship.

Forcing a bloom prematurely is meaningless and only leads to ruin.

If you happen to have a next life like me, I hope you'll engrave this truth in your mind.

“Aaaargh!”

A scream of terror echoed through the black mist.

Unfortunately for them, no one else in this world, except for me, will hear that scream.

\* \* \*

It's pitch black.

I can't see anything.

Like a dark night sky where not a single star shines.

Like my own future, bereft of even a glint of hope.

A strange mist began to envelop the grim space out of nowhere.

Although it carried a somber and sinister aura, I didn't feel the urge to push it away.

Cautiously, I reached out my hand to feel the mist, and it tenderly wrapped around me.

It was a warmth I had never felt in my life.

What is this black mist that makes me feel this way?

I was so immersed in the sensation that I wanted to throw myself into it.

As I closed my eyes, absorbed in the feeling, a familiar voice reached my ears.

“Hey, junior...”

A callous call without a hint of warmth.

I quickly opened my eyes.

“If you sleep on the cold ground, you'll catch a cold.”

I couldn't tell if those words were meant to lighten the mood, but that wasn't the important part.

With an air of realization, I wrapped my arms around Sian, supporting me from behind, and whispered to him.

"It was you, right, senior?"

"What was?"

"Are you the one who saved me from the kidnappers that day? It was you, wasn't it?"

Sian's face froze with his mouth hanging open.

".....Eh?"

A subtle tremor became apparent in the hand supporting my back.

"It's you, senior! You're the one who removed the Heart Curse from my body!"

The atmosphere suddenly grew tense, enveloped in an unexpected stillness.

I looked straight into Sian's bewildered eyes with a clear, unfaltering gaze.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 140**

Chapter 140: False Appearance (1)

Two days had passed since Sian ventured out without permission along with Sett. Following Sian's instructions, Nana didn't attend any classes, and except for her daily stroll in front of the dormitory—a kind of life check-in—she refrained from any other external activities. However, perfect disguises don't exist in this world, and as the proverb says, a long tail will be caught eventually.

Ultimately, as Nana and Brian loitered around the main buildings, having ventured out of the Royal Hall, they encountered Shirika coming out of a building.

".....!"



Shirika's eyebrows trembled upon seeing them. Even though she didn't articulate it, her gaze seemed to penetrate everything. Nana and Brian froze on the spot, unable to utter a word.

"Come with me immediately!"

Shirika briskly pulled them into her room.

-Bang!-

She closed the door with force and immediately cast an eavesdropping prevention spell. After taking a short, controlled breath, she turned to Nana and asked,

"Why are you transformed into Sian, Nana?"

"Ah, how did you know? Hehe....."

Nana laughed awkwardly, scratching the back of her head.

"Your spiritual energy feels much denser than usual! You must have used polymorph to take on Sian's appearance, right? Lucky you that I was the one to notice, if it were someone like the Chancellor, you would've been caught immediately!"

Thankfully, Chancellor Kundel was not currently on campus, which was a small mercy.

"Well, the young master asked me to do this.....," Nana explained haltingly, and Brian began to speak in her defense when...

".....!"

Shirika's gaze, full of killing intent, shifted to him. Brian shuddered as if his heart had stopped.

"Explain everything! Leave out not a single detail!"

Driven by a survival instinct, Brian told Shirika all he knew, about where Sian had gone, who he was with, and all other relevant facts. Since Sian had instructed them to explain everything if they were caught, it was essentially the same as following the master's orders.

"Ha, ha....."

Shirika began to chuckle—or so it seemed, shaking slightly.

"Sian! You always have to complicate things....."

One thing was certain, it was definitely not a positive reaction.

“Both of you, go back to the dormitory right this instant! Don’t take even one step out! Not one step out until the real Sian returns! You don’t even need to pretend to be around, just don’t leave the dormitory! Do you understand me?”

The two of them nodded their heads as much as they could before hastily leaving her room, as if fleeing.

“Wow, that was really scary! Shirika can be seriously terrifying when she’s angry, right Brian?”

“Who would’ve thought someone could be more frightening than the young master...”

Still shaking from the encounter, Brian wrapped his arms around himself.

“What do we do now? Do we just stay in our room again?”

“It looks like it. The young master said he’d be back in a week at the latest, so let’s just wait a bit longer and see...”

As they walked down the corridor engaging in such conversation, they once again came to a halt.

It’s like there’s always a new challenge after overcoming one.

They had unwittingly run into another woman who they would be apprehensive to meet.

“Sian?”

It was Arin, the princess of the empire and now Sian’s fiancée, as well as Lecismus, who was also present.

Shocked by the unexpected encounter, the women hesitated to pass by and stood still. After a moment of silent standoff,

Nana, who had momentarily reassumed Sian’s identity, addressed them with a curt expression.

“Good day, Your Highness.”

Then, without further ado, she walked past Arin with Brian, obeying Sian’s instructions to not exchange any words beyond greetings when they met.

Just when everything seemed to pass without incident,

“Wait, Sian?”

Arin called out to them with a quivering voice.

Nana and Brian automatically turned around.

“May we talk for a moment?”

“Talk, you say?”

They couldn't help but be flustered. They had strictly been warned by Sian himself not to engage with the princess, but now that the moment had come, their minds went blank.

Wasn't she someone with whom they had shared a special bond, providing delicious sweet treats and entertaining stories during her visits? How could Nana pass her by so indifferently now?

It was very uncomfortable for Nana.

“Are you free? If being seen by others bothers you, shall we go to my room? Actually, it's been quite some time since I've seen Nana. If it's alright, maybe we could talk in your room...”

“I'd prefer to go to your room, Your Highness!”

“.....?”

Both Lecismus and Brian were taken aback.

“To my room?”

“Is that not alright?”

Visibly startled, Arin refused, waving her hands.

“That's not it at all! Of course, it's fine! Let's go to my room!”

A faint smile crept across her anxious face.

“Go ahead, I'll get ready. Take your time on the way!”

She quickly turned and hurried off to her room.

“Your Highness! Please be careful!”

Lecismus followed hastily after her.

Left in the corridor, Nana and Brian,

Nana asked with embarrassment, scratching her face, “Did I do something wrong, Brian?”

“Erm, may I ask why you did that?”

“It’s just... Arin always looked so down... Even if I’m posing as Papa, I don’t like ignoring her like this! Why do we have to treat Arin this way?”

“Well, that’s what the young master ordered...”

“But aren’t Papa and Arin going to be married? It’s weird for two people who are getting married not to talk to each other at all, right Brian?”

Unable to refute Nana’s eloquent protest, Brian was left speechless.

“Perhaps if it doesn’t reveal that the young master isn’t truly present, it might be alright...”

What’s done cannot be undone.

As they pondered where Sian might be at the moment, they headed toward the Royal Hall where Arin’s room was located.

Returning to Arin’s room for the first time in two years, they found it as tidy and dignified as one would expect of a princess’s quarters.

After a brief pause, Arin sighed and said, “We should have had this conversation earlier, but I’ve been indecisive. I’m sorry.”

“There is no need for an apology,” Nana replied, imitating Sian’s tone as best as possible.

“I’m not sure how this will sound, but I’m very positive about the engagement with Sian.”

“Really...?”

Nana and Brian’s pupils shook in unison.

“No, not like that! As you know, I’ve been doing my best to make Sian mine. I believe that being engaged to you will surely bring us one step closer to that goal. Of course, you might not think so positively...”

“Why would you think so?”

“A princess or a member of the royal family like me is of no use to you. You will benefit from me, but I cannot do the same for you. Instead, I might just cause harm...”

Nana pondered for a moment, wondering why Arin would think that way.

The Arin she knew was kind, capable, and seemed to care for Sian as much as she did herself.

However, the more she heard, the more it seemed as if Sian disliked Arin.

But that wasn't the Sian she knew. Sian was taciturn, but also easily misunderstood due to his awkwardness in expressing his feelings.

With this in mind, Nana smiled subtly and said, “That is not true.”

“.....?”

“I actually like you quite a bit, Your Highness. You are a capable person, perhaps too much for me to handle. I too am very positive about our engagement.”

Such an unexpected situation must have felt almost unreal to Arin, like a dream she had never thought could happen, hearing such warm words from Sian.

“Are you serious, Sian?”

“Of course.”

His answer didn't waver.

Perhaps thinking that she was finally receiving validation from Sian,

Arin trembled, unable to contain the surge of emotions.

“I had so much I wanted to say, but I couldn't. Thank you for telling me this, Sian...”

Feeling the burden in her heart lifting, Arin beamed with a smile brighter than any before and expressed her gratitude.

Pleased at having apparently brought Sian and Arin closer together—even if unintentionally—Nana whispered to Brian with a bright smile,

“I did good, didn't I, Brian?”

But Brian couldn't respond to her question. The words Nana spoke to the princess were highly dangerous and certainly not something the real Sian would say even as a lie.

Sian hadn't welcomed the engagement with Arin and had instructed them to avoid conversation as a means of keeping distance. And yet here they were, making promises and stirring her feelings.

Brian was already dreading Sian's return, having to explain the situation was deeply troubling and filled him with trepidation.

"We must be going now. It's time for Nana and me to have dinner."

"That's right! Nana must be very hungry! Thank you for taking the time to talk with us today!"

As Nana got up to leave, she hesitated for a moment before suddenly taking Arin's hand.

"What are you doing?!"

Arin's face quickly turned as red as a beet.

"There is no need to be so down, Your Highness. Have confidence in yourself. You are already a remarkable person."

"Sian..."

Tears of emotion appeared in the corners of Arin's eyes.

Feeling content that she improved Sian and Arin's relationship, Nana was ready to leave without regrets when suddenly,

"But Sian...?"

Arin stopped them again, her voice touched with a hint of curiosity that differed from before.

"Why do you have a tail?"

\* \* \*

As the turbulent atmosphere of the Academy and the city settled, merchants who had been hesitant to enter began arriving in Luwen once again.

As the day neared its end, with the sun dipping toward the western sky, five merchants completed their checkpoint inspections and entered the city with their wagons loaded with fabrics, food supplies, and magical ingredients.

Scanning the city, the merchants soon veered toward a quiet alley away from the bustling markets.

“Feels like the checkpoint’s gotten stricter since the last time, doesn’t it? Is this request really okay to go through with? Gives me an uneasy, anxious feeling~”

“You’re spouting nonsense you don’t even believe, Jason. You’re the one most excited here, do you think I don’t know that?” scoffed the brown-bearded man leading the group.

“Of course, I am excited. This isn’t just any noble; it’s a request straight from the royal family. The down payment alone is enough to live on for years, and when I think about the remaining payment after the job’s done, how can I stay calm?”

“Keep your mouth shut, Jason! Even if no one appears to be looking, avoid mentioning anything related to the royal family within this city.”

“I got it! I know! So, who’s the guy we’re supposed to kill?”

The brown-bearded man glanced around before speaking and, ensuring the coast was clear, cast a spell to prevent eavesdropping.

“Our target is [Sian Vert](#). He’s the youngest son of the Vert dukedom, known as the Guardian of the Continent. The client asked us to make his death particularly gruesome. Cut him into dozens of pieces, leave him naked in the streets, whatever—just make sure the discovery invokes rage.”

“What a vicious request! That’s why I like it! So, I can play with this Sian, this prince?”

“Under other circumstances, perhaps, but let’s think about it this time. I’ve been a mercenary for 20 years, and never have I seen someone with as vile indulgences as you.”

Although it was not a full endorsement, Jason seemed satisfied by the semi-approval and licked his lips in anticipation.

Even his fellow colleagues seemed disturbed by his behavior; they couldn’t hide their troubled expressions.

“Sian Vert, huh? I hope he’s cute.”

(To be continued)