

# **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 142**

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 142-150**

Chapter 142: A False Appearance (3)

The mercenaries who locked eyes with their target promptly fled from the academy. Stopping for a brief moment in the seclusion of the forest, they gasped for air that they had been holding back.

“Heugh, heugh!”

They were no amateur greenhorns.

These were veteran mercenaries with at least a decade of experience, who had seen and survived numerous battles with blood on their hands. Yet, the situation they were now in was strangely unfamiliar to them.

They had felt danger and retreated during missions before, but never had they run away out of fear or panic. Their current behavior was clearly not a retreat, but a flight. The unfamiliar feeling was not something they could easily shake off.

“I have a bad feeling about this! Let’s withdraw from here for today and monitor the situation for a while! This mission... we might need to reconsider it.”

Leader Garrik wrinkled his face, seemingly sensing the danger associated with the mission.

At that, Jason let out a mocking laugh.

“Why? We’ve been found out anyway, what’s there to ponder? They say strike the iron while it’s hot. Let’s just go and attack now!”

“Get a hold of yourself, Jason! You still haven’t grasped the situation....”

“...!”

The mercenaries, sensing something unfamiliar, all turned their heads in unison towards one direction.

About ten paces away from where they were.

Half-concealed among the dense branches, they saw the form of a boy.

The moment they recognized who the boy was, the mercenaries became paralyzed on the spot.

“What...what? How did he get here?”

The youngest son of the Bert family, Sian Bert, was emitting a strange red aura as he looked at them.

“....”

However, the boy remained silent, only observing them without a word. After about a minute of this silent observation,

“Haha...”

It was Jason who broke the silence and spoke first.

“You have sharper wits than I expected, young lord. Not only did you spot us from such a distance, you have also personally come to see us. I don’t know what to do with myself.”

“Je-, Jason!”

Despite the disapproval of his leader and comrades, Jason approached the boy step by step.

“You must be curious about our identities, right? I’ll tell you straight: We are mercenaries, assassins, tasked to kill you. Some noble children on the campus of the academy have requested us to kill the youngest of the Bert family, and to do it brutally...”

Jason revealed their identities and his sinister intent, but the boy did not flinch.

Curiosity piqued, Jason drew even closer.

“It might seem out of the blue, but shall I tell you one of my hobbies? I like to strip people naked before killing them and then peel off their skin. Afterward, I enjoy examining what’s inside...”

“....”

“Why, you ask? It’s said that people are more beautiful on the inside than the outside. What you see isn’t everything. Others may find it grotesque and horrific, but I always like to see the true beauty within people. Not that I do it to just anyone, you see. I am exclusively interested in men.”

Jason, having finally reached the boy's nose, grinned disturbingly.

"After all, with your perfect exterior, I can't help but look forward to seeing what beautiful insides you possess..."

– Slurp

He even licked his lips, and by the look in his eyes, he was far from sane. However,

"Heh..."

The boy laughed.

The boy, who had been silent like a doll, now laughed with his mouth wide open, displaying a childlike smile that didn't fit his sharp face.

"You're laughing? You find this funny? Wow, this is a first for me! Aren't you scared of what I've been saying?"

Jason was elated at the unexpectedly friendly reaction. Regardless, he began sniffing around with a pointed nose.

"The scent..."

The mercenaries couldn't believe their ears.

From the mouth of the boy, who had appeared out of nowhere, his first word was about a smell.

They couldn't yet comprehend the intention behind it.

"Smell! Smell! Bad smell! Sinister and malevolent smell! Yet..."

The boy finally stuck out his tongue and moistened his lips.

"A very tasty smell..."

– Boom!

At that moment, accompanied by an inexplicable sound, smoke billowed from the boy's body.

When the smoke cleared, the boy's figure reappeared, but,

"...?!"

The one who emerged from the smoke was not the boy they knew. Instead, it looked like a girl of a similar age.

This petite girl was adorable at first glance, but,

“Ho-, horns?”

She had strange and unfamiliar physical features that no human should possess.

Some mercenaries, out of sheer terror, collapsed on the spot or staggered backward.

“How should I eat you? Swallow whole? Chew thoroughly? Or should I suck on it like candy?”

She seemed like an innocent child pondering over how to enjoy a delicious treat in front of her, her expression a stark contrast to the scene around her. Jason, who had witnessed this, found himself unable to speak, his lips quivering.

His feet were rooted to the ground with only trembling.

“It’ll be delicious no matter how I eat it...”

A fear never encountered before, the overwhelming helplessness.

Even Jason, who had killed and toyed with many, was now rendered powerless in this moment. He was left only with questions about how this situation had come about. The expressions worn by countless humans he had tortured in their final moments were now reflected on his own face.

“Well then, bon appétit~!”

-Crunch!

A vicious sound of flesh being torn followed, and half of Jason’s body instantly vanished.

“Hiiiiik!”

The remaining mercenaries, close to having seizures, screamed in terror and started running away without order.

“What, what is this? Why is there such a monster in the academy?”

“Abort the mission! Stop thinking and just get out of here! No more jobs for a while, go underground!”

Garrik shouted to the fleeing mercenaries, but they did not hear him.

“What the hell is that lord’s true identity? He’s not human, more like a dragon or...”

– Swish

As the chilling sound of flesh being sliced echoed, their steps came to an abrupt halt.

The body of the leading mercenary fell forward as his head rolled to a stop before their feet.

“...”

A strange black mist had appeared from nowhere, skimming their flesh, sending cold sweats down their backs between chest and spine.

The mercenaries, desperately suppressing their surging fear, slowly lifted their heads.

– Swish

During that brief moment as sweat trickled down their backsides, the slashing sounds continued, and the heads of the leading mercenaries tumbled to the ground.

Garrik, now left alone, knelt, his strength gone. A woman in a black mask spoke softly to him.

“Drag him.”

-Thump!

Then something blunt struck his head, and he lost consciousness and collapsed.

\* \* \*

“Lord, what should I make of this...?”

Even experienced assassins found themselves speechless in front of a scene they could not comprehend.

Had ordinary people been present, they wouldn’t have been able to fully witness such a spectacle with open eyes.

“Was I too complacent? Or was it ignorance?”

Sirica grimaced with a bitter smile amidst the very unpleasant scene.

The mercenaries' corpses were already gone.

Only bits of flesh and bone, presumed remains, were scattered around, mingled with blood.

At the center was Nana, with a contented, gaping smile, looking as if she had just satisfied her hunger.

“Hehe...”

Her eyes were red and her pupils trembled uncontrollably.

She was no longer the foolish and cute human girl, but rather a ferocious dragon whose dormant hunger had been awakened.

Her mere appearance was enough to elicit an involuntary repulsion.

“First, deal with the bodies and erase all traces of this place. Not even a drop of blood can remain.”

“What about that draconic creature?”

Sirica stared intently at the joyfully contented Nana.

She wasn't just a fragile little being.

If left unchecked, there was no telling what kind of havoc she could wreak—a perilous creature that must not remain by Sian's side.

“I'll handle it. Just focus on erasing the traces.”

“Yes! Understood!”

Upon that command, the members immediately started the cleanup.

In the midst of preparing to approach Nana, Sirica was interrupted.

“There, who's there?”

“...!”

An unfamiliar presence accompanied by a young girl's voice sounded.

“You mustn't go alone, Lady Arin! It's dangerous!”

She wasn't alone.

The presence of another girl who seemed to be a student was detected, followed by what might be the heavy footsteps of several guards.

“Lord, someone is approaching!”

“Cease what you’re doing and retreat!”

The members obeyed without question, swiftly leaving the scene.

Sirica, the last to remain, gently picked up Nana, who was sitting on the ground, and murmured,

“This situation is getting complicated.”

After all the assassins had vanished, only the empty silence lingered in the woods.

Arin and Lesimus broke through the brush, making their appearance.

“Might you have misheard? What could possibly be in these woods?”

“I... I am not sure. I just felt some kind of presence without thinking...”

After parting with Nana abruptly, on her way back to the dormitory, Arin had sensed something unusual in the middle of the forest.

Driven by curiosity, she brought her guards hastily, but seemingly found nothing.

Just as she was about to turn away, puzzling over the possibilities,

“...!”

Something viscous like a thick liquid touched her foot, and her gaze naturally followed.

Although the liquid’s identity was not yet confirmed, its blood-like crimson shade made Arin’s skin crawl.

The moment she laid eyes on whatever gruesome thing was connected to the liquid,

“Aaaaahhh!!”

Her scream tore through the entire forest.

\* \* \*

“To date, four bodies have been found. And one of them was found in such a state that it could hardly even be called a body. These individuals were part of a trading group

from the Empire that entered Luwen the previous day, and our investigation has confirmed they were registered mercenaries with the continental mercenary guild.”

The report left the instructors dumbfounded.

“Why, why did these mercenaries infiltrate the academy?”

“If we were to guess, it’s likely that they were hired to either surveil someone or carry out an assassination within the academy. Whether the target was a student or staff, we can’t say for sure, but regardless, it was a bold plan.”

Nods of agreement came from the instructors.

“We’re still trying to determine the whereabouts of one more who’s unaccounted for, but the most pressing matter is....”

“Who killed those mercenaries.”

Sirica, who had remained silent since the emergency meeting began, finally spoke.

“After the initial report of the incident, the administration department immediately notified the principal, and we have just received a response.”

Vice Principal Satwell did not wait to announce the principal’s response to the instructors.

“Effective immediately, all classes are to be suspended, and students are to remain in their dormitories until the incident is concluded. All external activities, including sports and sparring, are strictly prohibited, and there is to be no contact with other students or instructors.”

The strong measures taken seemed to surprise everyone.

Sirica swallowed nervously, observing the unfolding events.

“Is the principal on his way back now?”

“Given the series of unfortunate events at the academy, it seems the principal is very displeased. Most notably, it appears that the principal suspects an academy affiliate as a prime suspect in this incident.”

“From the academy, you say?”

“Yes, particularly...”

Sirica’s pupils trembled slightly as she sensed a troubled atmosphere.



“...he has instructed us to keep a close watch over the Royal Pavilion where the royal students are staying.”

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 143**

Chapter 143: True Face (1)

A man with black hair strolled leisurely through the ruins with an easy gait.

Seemingly in a buoyant mood, a faint smile played on his lips.

Suddenly, before him, a small whirlwind of sand formed, and it soon took the shape of a person, blocking his way.

The man's face hardened as he asked,

“Why are you looking at me with such a gaze reserved for criminals?”

(I clearly told you not to mess with causality, didn't I?)

His voice, though not thundering, resonated with a subtle carrying power, echoing around him.

“Don't be mistaken, sir sand. I am not a lackey obliged to listen to your words. Do I need your permission even to save a damsel in distress?”

(The one without a master sure talks big.)

The man did not retort, only furrowing his brow slightly.

(Let's get to the point. You are aware that the successor of the Black Mist God is currently in these ruins, aren't you?)

“If I said I didn't know, you'd accuse me of lying, right? Are you planning to throw a welcome party or something?”

(I am going to kill them.)

The man's eyes flickered for a brief moment at those words.

(There's ample justification. They've come to my ruins and caused trouble. As the owner of these ruins, it's only right that I should punish them.)

"And why exactly are you telling me this? Hoping for my cooperation?"

(Quite the opposite. You shall not interfere in any manner with the killing of the successor.)

"What?"

The voice continued, undeterred by his reaction.

(Like you said, whether you save a worthless human or not is none of my concern. However, this is different. If I kill the successor of Aeur, you must not care even the slightest bit. And if you show even a hint of intervention...)

"And if I do?"

(If so, you will be deemed guilty of breaking the laws of the divine realm and you shall be annihilated—your physical body included, even though it's not here...)

The man shrugged nonchalantly, as if it was of no consequence to him.

"How desperate must the ruler of this land be to threaten me just to stop me? So, how do you plan to kill them? Will you show up personally and behead them?"

(I can't do that. I will instruct my kin who have come to these ruins to kill them in my stead.)

"You have quite a disagreeable character. Now that it has come to this, I must ask: why exactly do you want to kill this successor?"

(Because they are dangerous.)

It was a simple yet clear response.

(Where that exile found such a human, I do not know, but this successor has the potential to greatly overturn the causality of this world—dangerously so.)

"Isn't that an overstatement? They managed to deal with my summoned creatures, but that's only because they had a Demon Sword..."

(They controlled the Demon Sword.)

"...!"

That single sentence sent a visible tremor through the man's gaze.

(You're not unaware of what this means, are you? Marser Remiham?)

\* \* \*

"Wow, completely gone, huh? Where has this guy, Xian, disappeared to?"

It was a single path with no forks, but he had lost him due to the lightning-fast speed.

Having given up on the chase, Seth began to stretch out of a sense of emptiness.

"If I'd known, I would've caught one of those magicians instead. Maybe interrogate them to find out what they're scheming..."

(Is my voice reaching you? Shaharkan clan...)

Suddenly, a faint and unfamiliar voice echoed in his mind.

(If you can hear me, respond.)

The tone was blunt and unyielding.

"Who are you? And what gives you the right to echo inside someone else's head?"

(...It seems there's no problem.)

With those final words, the voice ceased.

Not only had it appeared out of nowhere, but after saying its piece, it disappeared, leaving Seth to shout into the void in anger.

"Are you that one? The one who occasionally appears and messes with my mood! Just you wait until I get my hands on you. I'll make sure to give you a good beating...!"

His raging and curses were short-lived, as if he had been turned to stone, Seth suddenly froze in place.

"Huh..."

As he sighed deeply, a sandstorm whirled around him.

With unfocused eyes and slackened jaw, staring blankly as if his soul had departed, his gaze sharpened suddenly and turned forward.

-Sneer

Through the gritty sand, a sinister smile crept up—a sign of a motive yet unknown—and Seth moved onward.

\* \* \*

I didn't say anything.

To be exact, I couldn't bring myself to.

What words are appropriate for this absurd and bizarre situation?

[Have you become a wax statue sweetened with honey? Why are you so silent, my lord?]

Keram taunted me with an unusually heightened voice.

There was no point in denying or arguing now.

This brazen kouhai must have already figured everything out.

That the person who rescued her from her abduction at the Academy, who released her from the Heart Curve that stunted her growth, was none other than me.

Her certain gaze made her thoughts transparent.

“Say anything, please. If you're not planning to just hold me like this.”

I reluctantly pulled away and released her.

“It's a shame. Actually, this wasn't so bad...”

Lunav brushed off the dust from her clothes and stood up.

My confusion was fleeting; why bother explaining?

Does it matter that I, a regressor with hidden powers, was able to save her, or that out of misplaced sympathy I extended her life?

There's no need to elaborate.

I changed her destiny by my own decision, by my own hand.

And if that new path threatens me,

I'll kill without hesitation.

Just twist fate back to its intended course.

“Your eyes have changed. Are you planning to kill me?”

She’s quick to catch on.

Yet, her eyebrows lifted as if she had expected this all along.

“Why, though? I never planned to share your secret with anyone. Is my mere knowledge of it enough reason for you to kill me?”

It’s not about disclosing it.

The problem is knowing in the first place.

I’m not inclined to explain.

This situation is solely the product of my foolish sentimentality.

It’s entirely my own fault.

So, I’ll resolve it.

“A bit unfair, don’t you think? To die over something so trivial, I should have dug deeper into your secrets. I hardly know anything about you, yet I’m to die at your hands without knowing anything?”

“What do you want to know?”

I asked in a low voice, as if allowing her to speak her mind.

“Why did you save me?”

She asked immediately, as if she had been waiting for the question.

“Why did you rescue me from the kidnappers, remove the Heart Curve, and change my life?”

She pressed on, her voice calm but clear.

Why did I save her? True, nothing related to her was ever to my benefit.

Whether she spent her life trapped in the confines of the Academy subjected to experiments, or was kidnapped by opposing forces, it wasn’t my concern.

Even if I had ignored her just now and walked past, everything would still be fine.

Why?

Because in both past and present lives, there's been no connection between us at all.

Everything I've done for you till now has been on a whim, no more than that.

You were always just that—a mere existence to me.

Not someone I need to protect with my life.

“There was no reason.”

“...”

She looked taken aback by the answer she did not expect.

“I don't even know why myself.”

“The worst possible response.”

Disheartened by her least desired answer, Lunav let her head droop.

Haven't I always said it? I'm no savior.

Just because I've shown you the way doesn't mean I'll lead you to righteousness.

Whatever hopes or wishes you had, I never fulfill such desires.

Because my true essence is not a light that dispels the darkness, but a shadow that veils the light—an enigmatic fog.

-Thump, thump

Amidst my turmoil, heavy footsteps approached from behind.

Not human steps, but something weighty like a beast's approach.

Yet the presence felt familiar.

In this ruin, there was only one whose footsteps could sound like that.

“...”

When I first heard the footsteps, I just thought it was him, but upon seeing the complete figure emerging from the tunnel's darkness,

“...?”

Something felt off.

Is that... the idiot prince?

“Se, Seth senpai?”

Lunav, sensing the anomaly, tilted her head in confusion.

The lively figure that had faced the Balrog was now gone.

Now, the oppressive presence emanating from this massive frame was laced with a lethal intention, solely aimed at killing.

-Swish!

Before I could even ask what was happening, he sprinted towards me.

-Boom!

The sound was like two boulders colliding.

His massive, weighted punch, backed by strength and momentum, flew towards my face, and I instantly raised my hand to block it.

“Senpai!”

I knew the foolhardy prince was frighteningly powerful, but this was beyond what I had expected.

This was not a strength that could be drawn out through mere physical training.

An unknown, mysterious force beyond muscle or mana was now infused in his fist.

-Whoosh

I twisted the captured fist and vaulted up, striking his temple with my right foot.

Unprotected and taking the brunt of the blow head-on, his body slammed against the wall.

-Crash

The wall crumbled, and debris rained down on his head.

He wouldn't be dead.

At least his head should be tougher than the walls of these ruins.

“....”

Just as I thought, he stood up again.

I had sensed it from the moment he threw his fist—this idiot prince wasn't in his right mind.

Was he brainwashed by those from the Academy?

But that can't be right; I feel no trace of mana.

Then what? Did he hit his already abnormal head on falling stones?

This was more of the same but even stranger....

“Holy light's grace shall protect us...”

Behind me, an incantation whispered followed by a barrier of pure white magic encasing Seth.

I turned instinctively.

“Seth senpai. He does not seem to be of sound mind, does he?”

Lunav, the same as always, emotionless, continued casting her spell.

“What are you doing? You're out of mana.”

“After taking a short rest, I've recovered a bit. Not sure if I could withstand that idiot senpai's monstrous strength even at full power...”

Lies.

Just look at those trembling hands.

Like before, what little mana she had recovered she gathered again.

She'd pass out before long if this went on.

“It seems Seth senpai intends to kill us right now, doesn't it? If we don't prevent it, we're as good as dead.”



“...”

“Why not stop Seth senpai first? We can think about the matter of killing me later. After all, if I have to die anyway, I’d rather die at your hand than his.”

I couldn’t help but let out a bitter laugh at the absurdity.

Even in such circumstances, she remained such a consistent kouhai.

There she was, smiling contentedly at me as if nothing were the matter.

(To be continued in the next episode)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 144**

Chapter 144: True Face (2)

After lightly probing into the memories of my past life, a similar state to that of the foolish prince before me came to mind.

The so-called Absolute Coma. A state where the mind is preyed upon by an entity of a higher order, with actions dictated not by self-will, but by the will of another.

The entities I refer to are those who stand above humanity. They are most fittingly referred to as ‘Absolutes’.

Eyes that have lost their vitality but still retain a sharp focus, the tremendous killing intent within them, and a foreign presence that a mere human could not possibly possess—all signs of the indisputable state of an Absolute Coma.

[Is the situation becoming interesting, Master?]

Keram slightly furrowed his brow and chuckled with a snort.

I wanted to question each and every point of what he found amusing, but for now, I quietly murmured as if talking to myself.

“What’s causing all this?”

[It seems the owner of this territory has taken offense to someone soiling their villa.]

Whoever the petty owner might be.

There's one being that immediately comes to mind, but for now, I'd rather put off jumping to conclusions.

To continue pondering would only lead to irritation.

“.....”

The guy was closely examining the wall of resistance created by Lunav.

It was hard to believe that someone who had fainted just moments before could create such a solid and sturdy wall—unbreakable by brute force alone.

However,

-Hwoong-

Disregarding it as if it was of no consequence, he raised his fist once again.

In the moment I saw a brown aura swirling around his fist, I quickly embraced Lunav and leapt to a corner.

-Kwaangjang!

The seemingly impregnable wall shattered into pieces accompanied by a thunderous noise, as if it were a glass window being broken.

It was a close call.

The shockwave was so powerful that even 3 seconds after the punch was thrown, a rough sandstorm grazed our skin.

“Senior, you also don't want to die by someone else's hand, right?”

“This isn't the time for such silly jokes, Junior.”

“I know that. But I can't help wondering. What kind of outrageous power is that? It doesn't seem like magic no matter how I look at it. Could it really be pure physical strength?”

To put it simply, that guy wasn't merely using physical power; it was physical power with a touch of an Absolute's energy.

To face this, I would need to draw upon a similarly leveled power.

-Uddeuk-

The guy tensed his fist again, producing a grim bone-cracking sound, the energy gathering around his punch felt twice as powerful as before.

“Step back! As far as you can!”

This won't work out just by dodging.

After sending Lunav back, I stepped forward, likewise gripping my fist.

Black mist coalesced around my right fist, generating a flicker of dark aura.

When the power had gathered to the desired extent, I thrust out without a moment's hesitation.

-Kwang!

As our punches met, slicing the air, a violent wave emanated in both directions.

At the point of contact, a slight tremor occurred, and over time, their powers vied to overtake one another, growing ever stronger.

(You. You have ingested the blood of a demon beast.)

A voice softly echoed in my ears, vibrating like a tranquil wave.

It obviously wasn't the voice of the foolish prince.

(Not just the demon beast. You've also ingested dragon blood. You're not just endowed with the power of the black mist; your body has surpassed the limits of a human.)

“Hey, if you're going to talk to yourself, do it silently, will you?”

The owner of the voice scoffed disdainfully.

(Just where did you come from?)

“I should be the one asking that. Where have you been hiding out, emerging so suddenly like this?”

(Hmph! Explaining anything to someone about to die is pointless. In the name of Sand God Sabulrom, I, the inheritor of Aer, will bury you in this land.)

“.....!”

Caught off guard by this self-introduction, I didn't have a moment to be stunned.

A vile smile formed on his lips as a swirl of sand surrounded his fist.

(You are an unnecessary existence in the mortal world. Blame your master who tried to bring you forth into it!)

-Koogung-

A tremendous roar echoed wildly inside the ruins, and small cracks spread out across the walls like branches.

Was he so enraged at the villa being defiled that he planned to demolish it entirely?

“Hey! Are you planning to bury your subordinate as well?”

If the collapse occurred, it wouldn't be just Lunav and me caught up in it.

This foolish prince would certainly be buried along with us.

(For a clan that worships me and guards this land, it would be their noble sacrifice. For him, it will be an honor.)

“Ha! You really have a way with words.”

So he meant to use and discard them, as expendables?

Well, such beings, so supreme they cannot be compared to petty humans, for them, such morals are but trifles.

Sorry, but I am someone who has had enough of such things.

I boldly claim, whether you're a human or a god, it doesn't matter—for that haughty display of yours will be thoroughly crushed today.

-Sswaek!

With my free right hand, I drew Keram and slashed straight forward.

One step back, Seth immediately opened his palm and summoned a magic circle.

(Desert Blade.....)

Soon, blades that seemed to be made of sand emerged from the magic circle.

The problem was their multitude, not their singular presence.

I immediately took a defensive stance.

-Chaeng-

The sensation of striking a sharp metal felt through my arm, sending a considerable shock.

Amused by what he saw, he sported a disturbing smile.

“Yes, die struggling until your very last as an inheritor of a god. It will be a worthy death. Don’t hold back, pour all your strength into it before dying gloriously. I, Sabulrom, will witness your end!”

Such condescending and merciful grace did not leave me knowing where to turn.

Ignoring him, I realigned my grip on Keram and whispered softly.

“Dark Art No. 9: Manifestation of a Dark Blade.”

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, Lunav, observing the clash between Si-an and Seth, pondered in her mind.

It was marvelous.

And quite fascinating at the same time.

What was the nature of this peculiar and wondrous power?

The one certainty was that the energy in the confrontation was not based on mana.

It was as if witnessing two different powers ostensibly rooted in the same essence, yet distinct in attributes.

Seth was one thing, but especially the black mist emanating from Si-an was difficult to ignore.

That abyss of darkness seemed like it held all the negativities of the world.

As far as she knew, there was only one place that could be the source of this black mist.

“Is that Senior’s true face? Then could it be.....”

She was about to think something unpleasant, but quickly shook her head.

Now is not the time for distractions.

For now, if Si-an was not struggling against Seth, there was no need for immediate action.

But what deserved attention was not them, but the ruins itself.

-Koogung-

Small debris began to fall from above, and wall cracks had already reached a critical state, which, if touched, would collapse.

It was clear that we needed to escape the ruins urgently, but both were already too focused on each other to pay any mind to their surroundings.

With a calm heart, Lunav touched one hand to the ground, closing her eyes.

Feeling the flow of mana in the sandstorm, the amount of air, the temperature of the ground, everything needed for the execution of magic had to be calculated on the spot.

Our current location was about 30 meters below the surface.

The pure distance to the escape passage was over 1 km.

Given the considerable distance, and the fact that we were in an underground ruin, an even more delicate and precise calculation was required.

Not that the calculation was difficult.

She was used to handling even more complex calculations, and in her mind, over 95% was already processed, the real issue lied elsewhere.

Her mana reserves were woefully insufficient.

Most mana had been depleted creating the wall of resistance earlier.

Gathering every scrap left, it was questionable if even 5% remained.

It seemed impossible to even attempt, but determined to try instead of giving up, Lunav carefully drew out her mana.

“Keuk!”

She felt the strain immediately upon starting.

Attempting magic that would be challenging in top condition, let alone in this worst-case scenario.

But what could she do?

If not her, then the precious person before her would be buried with her in the sand. Forever unsearched for, the two of them. Alone.

“Maybe that might actually be better…….”

Her face reflected deep contemplation for a moment, then ceased.

Suddenly feeling an unfamiliar energy from behind, Lunav quickly turned.

“……!”

An unknown figure that vanished as swiftly as whirling smoke.

It disappeared so quickly that its exact nature was indiscernible.

However, she felt a peculiar yet familiar sensation, and with it, the realization that her mana was gradually replenishing.

“What, what’s this?”

It wasn’t just mana.

Around her heart, where the mana flowed, something else surged like a rapid river.

Though she didn’t know the nature of this energy, one thing was certain—it gave her the confidence that she could successfully cast her intended spell.

Having made up her mind, Lunav began the incantation.

“To escape the crisis that defies the order of this realm…….”

Along with the spell, a small magic circle materialized under her feet.

The magic circle rapidly expanded, soon encompassing not just her but reaching Si-an and Seth as well.

The two men, fiercely exchanging blows, noticed the magical formation beneath them and turned to look.

“……?”

Both seemed to recognize the nature of the magic circle, their expressions changing visibly.

“Spatial Transition!”

As a bright blue light emanated from the magic circle, enveloping the surroundings,

-Schwuk!

Those consumed by the light vanished without resistance.

-Thud!

In the blink of an eye, as the magical light dissipated, the scorching sun obscured their vision in welcome.

“Did it, did it work?”

Unable to believe her own magic succeeded, she was at a loss, then Si-an briskly approached her.

“What did you do!”

He had an expression of rare bewilderment.

“I simply did what I could.”

As always, she replied with indifferent eyes that seemed aloof.

“That’s not what I’m asking! Did you seriously perform Spatial Transition.....?”

“Ah, my head!”

A voice dispersed the lingering tension, and both turned their heads.

Seth lay sprawled on the ground, holding his head with one hand.

Gone were the fierce eyes from moments ago, replaced with the muddled gaze of the foolhardy prince.

(Continued in the next chapter)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 145**

Chapter 145. True Face (3)



The ruins, which had oscillated as if they would collapse at any moment, calmed down as soon as the visitors left, stopping their vibrations as if it were a lie.

“Seriously...”

The man with black hair, who had been standing dumbfounded in the middle of the hallway, chuckled as he looked at the now silent ruins.

(What is this all about?)

For a moment, a chilling voice pierced the silence behind him.

The man only turned his head with an indifferent expression.

“Can you ease up with that glare? I haven’t done anything to deserve such looks from you.”

(I could have sworn I warned you not to intervene. Have you lost your will to live?)

“Yeah! Just like you said, I kept out of it. Did I interfere with the fight? I only gave a little help to the little lady I had saved! Does that involve you too? I don’t think it does.”

(....)

For a moment, the voice trailed off, unable to answer.

“You said it yourself. It’s none of your business whether I save a worthless human or not. So why are you questioning me now? I’m feeling quite dumbfounded.”

(Same as ever, your kin never change...)

“A bit ambiguous, but I’ll take it as a compliment.”

The man, with a sardonic smile, smoothly brushed off a potentially sharp remark.

-Vmmmmm-

A short flash of light emanated from the man’s body, and slowly he started to become transparent.

“Since the summoned beast I called is dead, and my token has been moved outside, there’s no reason for me to linger here anymore. It wasn’t exactly comfortable, but still, I had a great time~!”

Pretending it was a final farewell, the man waved his hand cheerfully.

Savalom remained expressionless, speaking softly without changing his demeanor.

(Do as you please, but remember, the consequences of your actions must not spill over to this land. Keep my words in mind, Remiharam.)

“How many times are you going to repeat the same thing? If you have time to advise me, better go look after your followers. That big guy earlier looked like he wouldn’t survive long; it’d be a shame if he died of an illness.”

With those words, the man disappeared as if smoke was dissipating.

\* \* \*

“Can’t you remember anything?”

“Yeah. I’ve done something wrong, and for that, I owe you all an apology. There’s been a rare instance like this. Some being, whose identity I don’t know, enters my mind, spouting nonsense, and then suddenly, my consciousness fades...”

Set gripped his aching head and repeatedly apologized.

While each person is different, those who had been in a ‘completely coma’ state usually had no memory of the incident.

The same would likely apply to him.

He probably thought it wouldn’t be good to remember anyway.

“The ruins have become quiet.”

Just like a moment that could’ve collapsed, the ruins became quiet as soon as we exited.

It seems the aura of the sand deity within the ruins didn’t extend outside,

and that god of sand must have been quite panicked.

After all, they wouldn’t have expected the little mage behind me to use Spatial Transition.

Spatial Transition is a magic that allows the transport of people within a certain range to another space.

Even though it’s advanced magic requiring a grasp of at least a 7-star realm just to mimic it, it’s not just the magic’s tier that matters. It involves gauging the distance between the spaces, considering the mana flow, comprehending the surrounding

topography of the target area inside your head, and then visualizing it with mana to realize it—quite a complex spell.

Considering the sheer distance from the ruins to the entrance, the lady must not have exhausted her mana from the beginning, right?

Without someone injecting a tremendous amount of mana, the current situation wouldn't have been possible.

“By the way, are you alright, junior? I heard some scrawny academic guys were targeting you?”

“I'm fine. I received help from some special people.”

I was quite concerned about the term ‘people,’ but I didn't show it.

“Sorry. It seems I've unintentionally caused trouble for the seniors as well.”

“Don't apologize. At worst, I was no less involved than anyone else.”

Set got up energetically, flexing his body.

“But what happened to those guys from the academy? They didn't seem have gotten out before us?”

“That's...”

Lunab's gaze naturally shifted towards me.

“Hold on, I'll go check the entrance! You guys rest here for a bit!”

Without waiting for an answer, he hurried towards the entrance.

Once again, unexpectedly, Lunab and I were left alone.

It felt awkward.

Even just a moment ago, I didn't feel this way.

I couldn't sense what kind of expression to have or what to say.

As the awkward silence lingered, she finally spoke up.

“Are you hurt anywhere?”

“No.”

“Nothing that troubles or discomforts you?”

“Don’t you think that’s not something you should be asking?”

“Wow, can’t even worry about you, senior, without a fuss...”

She pouted with a slightly offended tone.

“What did you do with those from Karun and the academy?”

“I killed them.”

Seeing no point in hiding it now, I affirmed with a short answer.

“Are you going to kill me too?”

I couldn’t immediately answer her question.

“As I said before, I have no intention of speaking to anyone about the senior. It has always been like that. Regardless of the senior’s identity or power, that’s the senior’s business. I don’t feel I have the right to spread it around.”

I know.

Even if a god, not a human, came looking, she would not say a word about me.

I’m well aware that no one keeps secrets better than her.

“I owe my life to the senior. Perhaps it may seem extreme, but I’ll live if the senior tells me to live and die if the senior tells me to die. That’s how important the senior is to me.”

That’s extremely extreme, not just a little.

Live if I say live, die if I say die?

That reminds me of someone who died a fool’s death in a past life because of such trivial feelings.

“...How did you know?”

“Know what?”

“That I saved you. How did you know?”

It couldn’t have been just a hunch.

Lunab had been completely unconscious back then, unable to be aware of her surroundings.

I was careful not to leave the slightest trace while erasing the Heart Curves, convinced that she would never find out, but on what grounds did she believe I had saved her?

“It was a feeling.”

Quite a disheartening answer.

“When I was kidnapped by the Auram Academy, I was unconscious. I was thrown carelessly into the darkness where I couldn’t see anything. Suddenly, what appeared before me was fog.”

“Fog?”

“Yes. The fog was strangely eerie, yet it didn’t repel me. It wrapped around me gently while I was left alone. Immersed in that warmth, when I opened my eyes, my body had noticeably changed. I can’t forget that feeling. And I felt the same from you...”

“Just now from me?”

Lunab nodded with an expression of complete banality.

In the end, did I reap what I had sown?

Her instincts were extraordinary, but the root cause was ultimately my petty sympathy.

“How did you manage Spatial Transition? You couldn’t even use that spell.”

“Oh, about that, I’m curious too, but while I was gathering mana, suddenly a strange energy came from behind...”

As she was talking, she blanked out suddenly.

Then, as if coming to a realization, she nodded to herself.

“It seems you won’t be able to kill me after all.”

“What sudden nonsense is that?”

“I met Lord Remiharam.”

Surprised, I grabbed her shoulders and asked.

“Who, who did you say you met?!”

“Lord Remiharam. Re! Mi! Ha! Ram!”

As if to imprint it in my mind, she put her lips to my ear and pronounced each syllable clearly.

What? She’s not the type to lie about this.

Considering what she told Set earlier, did she really receive help from a devil lord?

What could have possibly happened with that devil lord...

“Curious, aren’t you?”

Lunab looked at me triumphantly, as if she held the upper hand.

“But what can I do? I don’t feel like telling you?”

“...?”

“Even if only to satisfy your curiosity, I don’t think I can die just yet.”

Caught off guard by the unexpected situation, my face showed confusion, contrasting sharply against her satisfied smile.

“Well, I’m going to check on Senior Set. You never know when he might cause more trouble.”

She turned away with confidence, leaving me unable to stop her. I could only stare at her retreating figure.

“Oh, right.”

Then, suddenly turning back,

“...!”

Without warning, she hugged me tightly.

After being stunned for about 3 seconds,

I pushed her away faster than the speed of light.

“What are you doing?”

“Just feeling a bit sad, I guess. I’m thinking maybe it would have been better to be crushed under the rubble in this state...”

With those incomprehensible words, Lunab moved back toward where Set was.

My mind was overwhelmed with complexity.

However, I did not have time to calm my frazzled mind.

As soon as she left, fog began to rise from my embrace.

[Why do you look so dumbfounded?]

Keram poked my cheeks, a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

“Is what she said true?”

[What is?]

“That she met Remiharam. Does that devil lord show up to any human without warning?”

[How should I know? Given that fickle devil’s temperament, it’s certainly possible... Ah, forget it! Don’t bring up that bastard in front of me!]

Instead of answering, she seemed agitated, refusing to discuss it further.

[It’s none of my business, after all...]

“What?”

[Forget it! I’m just talking to myself!]

She seemed to know something but wasn’t inclined to open up.

All I managed to learn was that this small piece I have is part of the devil lord.

It seemed like a significant achievement, but instead of feeling happy, I felt an unsettling sensation.

“Hey, you people there!”

While deep in thought, a call of urgency came from behind us.

I turned, along with Set and Lunab at the entrance of the ruins, to look back.

“It’s a relief to see everyone is safe!”

It was one of the villagers I had seen passing by.

Sweating profusely, it seemed like he had run here in haste.

“Hello? What brings you all the way here?”

Set, puzzled, asked.

“I, I don’t know what’s happening myself! Some of those who had entered the ruins with you came back and attacked the remaining members of their party in the village! There seems to be some conflict...”

The first to react was Set, of course.

“How are the villagers?”

“People are safe! But we couldn’t possibly stop them in this condition! If things continue like this, the village will...”

Without waiting any longer, Set took off running towards the village.

“It looks like the Auram Academy has finally shown its true colors...”

Lunab immediately followed, hurrying after Set without hesitation.

It seemed the situation was far from resolved.

(To be continued in the next episode)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 146**

Episode 146. True Face (4)

Twenty academics had come to Nodele, and among them, six who had participated in the ruins exploration were not members of the Garam Academy but magicians from the Auram Academy, who had aimed to abduct Lunab.

Four of them, including the leader Caron Rainz, were the ones I killed without leaving a trace.

That meant there were still two unaccounted-for members who had left the ruins early and caused some trouble.

Had they made a preemptive move fearing their identities would be revealed?



My guess was that the two who had fled early weren't the only ones.

There must still be Auram Academy members in the village yet to be revealed.

Regardless, now that they have shown their hidden fangs, they won't leave this village quietly.

"Did you know about Caron's true identity?" Lunab asked while we were hurrying back to the village.

"Wasn't he affiliated with those opposed to your academy?"

"Yes. To confess, I've known for quite a while. Even though I knew the truth, I kept silent at the academy."

"Why?"

"At that time, I didn't care what happened to the academy, I was in a state of having no will at all. I considered it none of my business and ignored it."

Her words implied that she might have a different mindset now.

"I never trusted anyone during my time at the academy, and the one I trusted the least was Caron. He tried to indoctrinate me more than once, saying that magic is the heritage only the capable should possess. Each time it disgusted me, making me feel nauseous..."

"What about your grandfather? Did he just watch as those people ran amok in the nation?"

"He dismissed their pathetic struggles, saying they knew nothing of the truth. But after my recent kidnapping, his mind has changed. If this incident spreads to the academy..."

"If it spreads?"

"I suspect about half of them will be executed."

She speculated with a dark glint in her eye and a nonchalant tone.

Whether they lose their heads or something else, it wasn't my concern, but I didn't like the situation escalating further.

It seemed we had already strayed from our initial objective of a discreet visit.

"Someone's up ahead!"

Lunab, who was running ahead, suddenly yelled.

In the middle of a sandy path, a man in a blue robe lay collapsed.

Without need for further inspection, he was clearly an academic of the Garam Academy.

“Hey! Come to your senses!”

The academic struggled to raise his head and met Lunab’s gaze.

“Lunab? You’re safe. That’s a relief...”

Though the smile he gave was that of seeing a savior, his condition looked beyond salvation.

“The Auram Academy scum were hiding among us... this place is dangerous. You must evacuate quickly...”

“Don’t speak! I’ll heal you quickly!”

Just as she was about to cast a healing spell,

-Thu-the academic dropped his head heavily and breathed his last.

“.....”

Lunab was not the kind of woman to dwell on the dead out of weakness. She closed his eyes without a word, stood up, and with stern eyes said,

“I never thought I would feel like this.”

There’s a clear difference between a life with purpose and one without.

Having no goal means having no reason to live, which naturally leads to indifference to everything around.

When I first met her in the imperial city, that was exactly how she seemed.

But not anymore.

In Lunab’s eyes now, I could see a variety of emotions that were not there before, with anger standing out prominently – anger towards the Auram Academy for causing the current crisis.

I had a feeling things were about to get much worse...

Boom! Boom! Bang!

My anxiety quickly became reality.

From the center of the village, a sandstorm erupted with a loud boom, a clear sign of Set's advance there.

Is that guy planning to destroy the entire village?

"Let's go, senior!"

Following her, we quickly made our way into the village.

The streets were deserted, but anxious gazes occasionally peered out from behind house windows. It seemed most people had locked themselves inside, waiting for the situation to pass.

Upon reaching the village center, the first thing that caught my eye was Set, his eyes ablaze with fury amidst the sandstorm.

Beside him were three exhausted academics struggling to maintain a barrier, and on the other side, several magicians wearing the same robes who clearly weren't on the same side.

At a rough guess, there were more than twenty of them, suggesting that most had been in the village from the start.

Their gaze turned to us.

"Lunab?"

The barrier academics called out in relief upon seeing Lunab.

"Why are they here?"

On the opposite side, the magicians' eyes were filled with surprise and confusion.

"Could it be something happened to Caron?"

With Caron missing and us appearing unscathed, they seemed quite flustered.

"Don't let your guard down, you brats!"

Regardless, our furious little prince seemed ready to destroy everything, his power growing by the second.

Despite having recently awoken from a coma, it was astonishing that he had regained so much strength.

A rampage at this stage could blow away the entire village area.

No wonder the villagers were worried; it wasn't an overreaction.

"How dare you cause a commotion in the village in my absence? If you have a god you believe in, pray quickly, for it will be your last prayer! Today, you all die by my hand!"

Set roared like a wild beast and charged at the magicians.

"Holy light's grace shall protect me!"

-Thunk!

Some magicians summoned mana to create a wall of resistance.

Blocked by the sudden wall, Set mockingly yelled,

"This flimsy wall will break under my fist...!"

Just as he was about to punch through the wall,

"Cough!"

He coughed up blood unexpectedly and collapsed on the spot.

"Cough!"

He tried to rise quickly, but his overexerted body, still weakened from recently coming out of a coma, wouldn't obey.

"Lightning of judgment!"

The magicians didn't miss the chance and launched an attack spell.

-Crack!

The lightning created a loud disturbance, but it didn't reach the foolhardy prince.

In front of Set stood another wall, immaculately white without a crack.

"That was close."

Lunab sighed with relief and reinforced the wall.

When she acted, the faces of some magicians noticeably changed.

Lunab glanced at them with a detached gaze and asked,

“As a member of the Garam Academy, I ask, what purpose brings you here?”

The red-haired magician at the forefront spoke up,

“What happened to Caron, who was supposed to escort Lunab?”

He answered the question with another question.

“He’s dead.”

Her response was clear and unhesitating.

“You jest. That man isn’t someone who dies so easily...”

“In this situation, do I seem like I would joke around for fun?”

She left him to gulp down his surprise with unexpected assertiveness.

“Follow us quietly, and there won’t be any major trouble.”

Attempting to shift his strategy, he revealed his true motive, trying to persuade her.

“Don’t listen to them, Lunab! Come to this side...”

Magicians on the other side jumped in to dissuade her. However, based on their condition, going to their side didn’t guarantee a favorable outcome.

“Can you handle it? Having shown your fangs so blatantly, the Auram Academy won’t just stand by and do nothing.”

“It doesn’t matter. What’s important to us is only Lunab. We’re here to save you from the ignorance of the Garam Academy pit.”

I’d heard enough of this tired rhetoric and decided to step back and watch what would unfold next.

“Look, the boy behind her is Sian Bert!”

A magician, with a somewhat familiar face, pointed to me and spoke out.

Immediately, dozens of eyes that were on Lunab turned my way.

“Sian Bert?”

Their eyes widened like surprised fish, unable to understand.

Why would I, who should be grounded to the academy, be here with Lunab?

“Let’s make a proposal.”

In a moment of silence, she spoke again.

“Abandon all plans and leave the village quietly, as if nothing has happened.”

“.....?”

As soon as she finished her words, every eye around us, mine included, widened in shock.

What is this junior saying?

“If we refuse to leave, what will you do?”

“You’ll die. All of you... and that includes me...”

She created a mana sphere in her hand, which then sharpened into a dagger-like form.

Before one could wonder what she intended with that—

-Thwik

She stabbed her own throat with it.

It was a shallow prick rather than a deep stab, but blood began to flow from the wound, indicating she wasn’t just putting on a show.

“Lunab!”

“What are you doing?”

The academic members yelled in shock, but with her eyes unchanged, she continued calmly,

“You want me, but I have no intention of going with you. If I’m gone, you’ll have no reason to be here. My grandfather won’t stay quiet over my death either.”

Was she using her life as a bargaining chip?

Other people might dismiss it as mere posturing, but not her. If necessary, she was ready to go through with it.

Though it's not an unfamiliar situation for me, what a surprising junior she is.

"Put it down."

Unable to bear it any longer, I reached out and pulled her wrist down.

"This is my matter. Don't worry about it, senior."

"It's not that. There seems to be no need for it."

"What?"

It seemed we had been found out.

I was not at the academy but in this troublesome place instead.

-Swish

Carried on the harsh winds of the sandstorm, I sensed a familiar presence.

Though expected, it was not particularly welcome – the allies were quickly approaching from this direction.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 147**

Chapter 147: True Nature (5)

"...?"

A familiar yet different scent carried by the wind tickled Lunav's nostrils sharply. It meant that the owner of the scent wasn't far away and was approaching quickly.

"Hey, junior, do me a favor."

"Huh?"

Lunav felt considerably bewildered when Sian asked for a favor.

“Calm him down.”

His finger pointed to none other than Seth.

“Hey! Don’t you ignore me! Don’t get me wrong! Just give me a mere five seconds, and all of you will be smashed to pieces by me!”

Seth was hurling dangerous curses, almost like a big, angry dog barking while tied to a leash.

Lunav quietly laid his hand on Seth’s head.

“Sweet Sleep.”

Moments later, a white powder scattered from his hand into Seth’s nostrils and mouth. Seth’s eyes promptly closed, and he fell asleep.

“He must have been really tired. The magic worked better than I thought.”

Seth was now fast asleep, snoring heavily as if nothing had happened.

When Lunav turned his head, wondering what would happen next...

“...?”

He was surprised by the covert gaze of Sian.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Well, it should be okay...”

Sian spoke in an unintelligible way, then suddenly raised one hand above his head.

“Woong...”

A black mana flashed, then swiftly spread around the area they stood.

“Barrier of Limitation?”

In a place brimming with magicians above the 7th star, a mere academy student near the 5th star deploying such a barrier seemed preposterous. Some magicians scoffed at the absurdity, yet Lunav did not.

What could be Sian’s intention with creating the Barrier of Limitation? Clearly, it indicated he did not want whatever was about to happen to leak outside. In other words,



within the barrier, something terrible was about to unfold, something beyond anyone's expectation.

"Swoosh"

Soon Lunav saw the silhouette of mysterious figures in black masks appearing behind the staring academicians.

"Hm?!"

The academicians felt the presence and turned around quickly, but...

"Swoosh"

Some could not identify the source of the presence in time. What they saw were severed heads soaring into the sky and...

"Plunk"

...droplets of red blood sprinkling down on their faces.

"Aaaah!"

The startled academicians screamed, but the masked figures carried on their brutal slaughter without care.

"What, what?"

Lunav was taken aback by the unbelievable sight. Were these knights? Mercenaries? Assassins? Undoubtedly, the current scene was the most cruel and ruthless sight he had ever witnessed in his life.

Lunav glanced at Sian, who was beside him.

"..."

His expression was remarkably calm, as if unconcerned, almost too composed.

"The flames of hell will swallow everything!"

Suddenly a magician regained his senses and shouted a spell. Inferno Flame, a fire magic of the 7th-star level. The rising flames shaped into a monstrous beast, attempting to suppress the advancing assailants, but...

"Sss..."

The attackers quickly manifested an unknown mysterious power. Not mana but some odd energy mixed within, resembling fog.

“Black mist?”

The mist effortlessly extinguished the ferocious hellfire. The magician was...

“Swoosh”

...met with the same fate as the previous academicians.

In less than a minute, all the mages of Auram Academy were taken care of. The remaining mages from Garam Academy trembled like aspen leaves and barely managed to speak.

“It can’t be, right? Why would they be here?”

Their unhindered movements, ruthlessness in killing, and the black mist encapsulating all forms of negative energy—only one place in the continent was known for this.

“Mist...”

Why were these heretics, who followed the god of black mist and sought to denounce the world’s truths, here? And what could the identity of this man, viewing them with such indifference, be?

Then the assassins turned their gaze to the fear-riddled magicians from Garam Academy. They waited, not approaching, and shortly, their eyes met with Sian’s.

“I’ll just ask.”

Suddenly, the previously silent Sian spoke.

“Huh?”

“Can you handle them?”

His query held two possible meanings: would she take the role of killing the academicians or could she ensure they remained silent about the day’s events?

Lunav, for reasons unknown, assumed the latter. Regardless of which it was, the assassins surely didn’t want the events to spread outside. If she said she couldn’t handle it, without a second thought, the assassins would eliminate the magicians.

Without hesitation, Lunav responded.

“I’ll take responsibility. Those academicians won’t report today’s events to the academy. If needed, I’ll even pull out their tongues...”

Hearing that, [Sian](#) chuckled and slightly nodded to the assassins, who then sheathed their weapons and began cleaning up the scene.

\* \* \*

“Drool...”

Completely different from the seriousness of others, Seth took a peaceful nap.

Despite shaking and poking, Seth showed no signs of waking. After handling the situation, Lunav moved him to the village chief’s house.

She then apologized for the unfortunate events the academy had caused and explained what happened at the ruins.

“So, that’s what’s been going on. Here I thought everything had calmed down, but it seems the trouble came seeking him.”

The chief sighed deeply after hearing the truth.

“Is there something you know?”

“I don’t know for sure, only speculations. It’s whispered among us villagers that the Sand God, Sabulrom, has visited Seth...”

“The Sand God, Sabulrom?”

Her eyes flashed as she asked.

“Seth may look robust now, but he was quite frail from birth, frequently ill and oscillating between life and death. Still, his talents shone as he displayed mana at the age of seven.”

Unusually early by three years compared to the norm, even if she found his intellect lacking, she couldn’t deny his rare potential.

“The issue was he couldn’t control his power. One day, during a mana outburst, he suddenly lost consciousness and caused a massive sandstorm right in the royal castle. Although quickly subdued, Seth coughed blood and remained unconscious for days. That happened about three times.”

His magical power was strong enough to result in such disasters. It was a wonder he survived.

“At such a young age, I don’t know what he thought, but Seth was quite angry at his weakness. So, he left the castle and came to our quiet village to train. Four whole years, not entirely peaceful, but...”

“What’s that got to do with the Sand God?”

“Well, Seth once said, before his outbursts, he always heard a strange voice in his head. After the commotion, his memory would blank, feeling like someone else had used his body.”

“So, that’s the Sand God?”

“Just a guess! A joke among ourselves. Perhaps Sabulrom visited to test the prince’s power for a moment, that’s all.”

The chief waved it off, but it didn’t seem entirely farfetched.

A god inhabiting a human body. Regardless of the power, could a human endure that?

Human bodies always have limits; even with rigorous training to become stronger, too much can lead to adverse effects—this, she knew too well from countless experiments she’d endured at the academy.

Sympathizing with Seth, Lunav’s gaze softened as she looked at him.

“You must’ve been startled today, but about what happened...”

“Don’t worry about it. Even if we simple folks speak up, what good will it bring? Truth be told, we’re also responsible for welcoming outsiders without precaution. I’ll make sure the villagers understand.”

The chief easily accepted her request, relieving Lunav, who then got up and left.

Outside, the three surviving academicians from the expedition waited for her. Their expressions betrayed a need to speak.

“You all know what I have to say, right?” she asked calmly.

“That we should keep quiet about today’s events?”

She nodded without a word.

“But, with everything that’s happened, how can we remain silent? What do we say to the dean...”

“It’s not about being silent but having no need to speak. I’ll personally report to the dean about everything that transpired in this village.”

“Lunav?”

“Yes.”

Implying she would confess her whereabouts to the academy herself.

“And about Sian Berth...”

“Sian Berth? What about him?”

“?”

Confused, the academicians looked at each other, eyes flickering.

“You only saw Seth and me in this village. Sian Berth was never here, to begin with. You understand, right?”

“That’s...”

“Swear on the academy’s honor.”

Reluctantly, they recited the academy’s oath, swearing not to disclose the day’s events to anyone.

Lunav brushed past them towards the village center. The scene had returned to normal as if nothing ever happened. Not a body or the smell of blood remained.

Where was Sian?

Lunav closed her eyes, searching for scents that might lead her to him.

Finally sensing his aroma, she headed towards the village entrance.

With each step, the scent grew stronger, and a foreboding gaze was felt everywhere.

Walking as if led to the realm of the dead, Lunav was aware that those eyes could guide her to the afterlife at any moment. Yet she continued on.

The identity of Sian didn’t matter, nor did the power he concealed. All that mattered was his presence beside her.

Then she saw Sian approaching from a shady corner.

“I’ve finished talking, and…”

Before completing her greeting, a strange vibe froze her in place.

What was this situation?

An unfamiliar sight. Always composed and dismissive of everything, now Sian showed an odd demeanor.

So different that it barely felt like the same Sian.

Flustered cheeks.

Rapid breathing.

Eyes consumed by murderous intent.

Lunav thought to herself that for some unknown reason, Sian was on the brink of losing his sanity.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 148**

Chapter 148. For What Purpose (1)

In Cyan’s room, located at the end of the left corridor on the second floor of the Royal Residence, Brian sat slumped over on the sofa, unable to escape his sense of self-loathing. The emergency measures issued by Principal Kundel had prohibited all external activities, leaving students and guardians alike confined.

The only thing left for Brian was to clutch his head in futile frustration, a mix of all the world’s negativity flooding over him. “Don’t get too close to the princess,” “Take care of Nana while I’m away,” he failed to keep both promises, leading to the current dilemma.

Was the desire to die out of shame akin to this feeling? It’s unlikely that anyone could be as thoroughly disgraceful in breaking their master’s trust as he was. He felt utterly incompetent and useless, devoid of any courage to face Cyan again—a moment of utter despair.

“Ugh! I can’t stand to watch this anymore!” Emily exclaimed, having observed him for hours, finally exploding with impatience.

“How long are you going to be like this? Even if that child goes on a rampage and kills someone, is it all over? You need to think about what to do now!” Emily demanded.

Slowly raising his head, Brian weakly opened his mouth, “What should I do?”

“That’s what we need to think about now...!” she protested.

“What should I do though? I’ve already done nothing, what can I possibly do to change things now?” he lamented.

Emily considered his state graver than she had thought. A few words wouldn’t be enough to calm him, and she carefully asked to at least alleviate his agitation, “So, where is Nana—the child—right now?”

“She’s with Lady Sirika. It’s too dangerous for us to continue looking after her...” Brian replied, realizing his own negligence.

He had let his guard down just because Cyan hadn’t seemed overly concerned. How could he have been so lax, not capable of handling a situation like Nana’s outburst?

If there was a stone before him, he’d want to slam his head against it. The truth about Nana’s actions was still unclear, and with the princess discovering the scene, they had moved beyond Brian’s control.

Sirika warned him not to do anything and to stay locked in his room, cautioning that she wouldn’t be able to protect him if he disobeyed. What was he supposed to do in this situation? Would taking the blame himself and resolving the crisis be a better choice?

Maybe that would spare Cyan any harm...

– Snap!

A sharp sound snapped Brian back to reality. As he slowly turned his gaze forward, he saw Emily’s face, her palms having slapped his cheeks forcefully. The warmth from her hands, along with the stinging pain, made its impact.

Calling him an idiot, she berated him for looking so dumbfounded when he was supposed to be a knight sworn to protect his lord.

Brian, still in shock, could only blink in response.

“If something has happened, you need to fix it! Are you just going to wait here until your lord returns?” she snapped.

“Fi-fix it?” he stuttered, clearly overwhelmed.

Emily asked if doing nothing would resolve the situation, which obviously it wouldn't. Brian, unable to answer immediately, knew that he couldn't confidently say Nana would return to them after everything was settled. He understood that Sirika, who always put Cyan's safety first, wouldn't easily allow Nana to return, particularly if she deemed her a threat.

Emily's harsh line of questioning left him speechless, but it was clear he shared the sentiment. If Cyan knew of the situation, his fury would undoubtedly be great, and it was a wrath no one could bear.

Brian slowly realized what he must do, even in these dire circumstances, and decided to meet with Sirika.

\* \* \*

One day following the incident and the emergency measures, the members were stalling Principal Kundel's arrival. However, even with the delay, he was expected by the following evening. Kundel's attention to the Royal Residence indicated suspicion towards Cyan as a party involved in the incident.

While Cyan had maintained a cooperative relationship with Kundel, it was not based on trust. Neither trusted the other, and Kundel had been trying to uncover Cyan's true nature. The fragile relationship could crumble at any moment.

Sirika predicted that Kundel would be furious at the murder occurring within his academy, regardless of nobility or royalty, and that he might interrogate everyone in Luwen to root out any connection to the case.

However, at the moment, Cyan was not present, and with Nana in an unstable condition, replacing Cyan in handling the situation was out of the question. Kundel's early arrival would certainly complicate matters, and Sirika had to resolve the situation alone.

Suddenly, she sensed an unfamiliar presence near the window and rushed to investigate.

"What is this indiscretion?"

"Sorry for the sudden intrusion!" It was Brian, Cyan's servant, who had hastily climbed in through the window and into her room, circumventing any potential witnesses.

"Didn't I tell you to wait quietly? What are you doing here?" Sirika reprimanded him.

"I know it's impertinent and foolish, but I have something to ask of you, Lady Sirika!" Brian declared despite his trembling voice, showing a desperate resolve.



“Where is Nana?” he asked.

“She’s in a safe place away from the academy,” Sirika responded.

“Will you send her back to us once this is all over?” he continued.

“No.”

Brian was left speechless by her abrupt response, and Sirika shrugged nonchalantly.

“What did you say?”

“I said I won’t send her back. It’s better for Cyan, and for you who serve him, to let that child disappear,” Sirika stated indifferently, implying that once the crisis passed—or perhaps even before it was resolved—she would eliminate Nana.

Understanding Sirika’s intentions, Brian swallowed his fear and steeled his resolve; he knew what he had to do.

“I will take Nana!” he exclaimed.

Sirika didn’t react to his seemingly absurd declaration.

“I know it’s absurd! But what Lord Cyan would...!” Brian couldn’t finish his sentence before Sirika, her eyes hardened, grabbed him by the collar and hissed warningly.

“Do you think this is some child’s game? Taking that half-breed child away, is that what you think is best for your lord?”

Brian’s lips quivered, unable to formulate a response.

“I’m not blaming you. It was my foolishness and ignorance that allowed such a dangerous being near Cyan. Do you think running away with the child will solve the situation? Maybe for the moment, but this will happen again and again. If you’re truly Cyan’s knight, wouldn’t you want to do what’s best for your lord?”

With difficulty, Brian spoke his unwavering intent, “More than helping my lord, I just want to do what he desires!”

Sirika watched him silently, her gaze intense and bearing down on him like the reaper’s stare. Feeling his blood chill and heart race, Brian met her eyes without flinching, desperate to not retreat.

Suddenly, a man appeared at the window where Brian had entered.

“Lady,” he announced urgently as Sirika pushed Brian aside, “Principal Kundel has just entered Luwen!”

While Brian was shocked, Sirika calmly inquired about the principal’s entrance route.

“The academy,” the man replied.

Kundel’s arrival was sooner than expected, and Sirika’s expression soured.

“Do you hear? Stop this foolishness and return to the dormitory. Stay there until Cyan returns.”

Unable to argue further, Brian hung his head in defeat when suddenly another messenger burst in through the window with a grave expression.

“Big trouble, Lady! A dragon from the subspace has disappeared!”

The room’s atmosphere turned heavy as everyone grasped the severity of the latest development.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 149**

Episode 149: For What Purpose (Part 2)

“Welcome to the city of harmony, Ruwen!” The gate echoed with a greeting more disciplined and dignified than ever before. The return of Kondel Quisel, the principal of the Royal Academy and the true master of the city. His indifferent yet lively eyes seemed to overpower everyone around them.

“You must be weary from your journey, Principal.” Vice-Principal Satwel awaited Kondel’s arrival and greeted him. The two walked side by side, as if by prior arrangement, heading towards the Royal Academy.

“As per your earlier directive, we suspended all lessons and external activities for the students and had them wait in their dormitories.”

“Without a single exception?”

“All but student Seth Shaharkan, who was known to have left without permission two days ago, have been located.”

Kondel's eyebrows furrowed as if questioning.

"The knights in charge mention he went on an experiential learning trip."

"Experiential learning?"

"Yes. He supposedly applied for experiential learning to visit some ruins in the Kingdom of Spania, with Instructor Sirika. But according to Sirika, she never granted approval. The details would be clearer after talking to the student, but it seems..."

"He assumed that he had been granted permission and left the academy without authorization."

Given the student's usual behavior, it was a plausible scenario.

"One curious note is that the experiential learning application also mentioned Sian Bert."

The principal's expression changed abruptly.

Satwel informed him that while Sian had applied for the field trip with Seth, unlike Seth who left without permission, Sian had continued to be seen within the academy.

It wasn't long since Arin had applied for temporary leave due to an issue. Kondel had been aware of that to some extent, but that Sian had applied for experiential learning while he wasn't around?

He certainly didn't think it was done with pure intentions.

"Then, who has confirmed the whereabouts of this Sian Bert?"

"Instructor Sirika."

It was a coincidence that prompted curiosity. Though it was convoluted, it was now time to gradually unravel it, piece by piece. Kondel continued towards the academy with the intention to meet with Arin and Lecimus, who had first discovered the scene when, suddenly—

"...!"

Kondel's gaze whipped sharply to a particular spot, a rare distressed expression crossing his face that was uncharacteristic of him.

'This energy?'

It was an energy that no human, born with limitations, could ever possess, an energy that made his flesh shiver and his bones ache, which he had never felt throughout his nearly half a lifetime in Ruwen.

‘Divine power?’

Without waiting for anyone to stop him, Kondel ran towards the source of the energy.

“Principal!?”

His name was called by the bystanders, but it had long since stopped reaching his ears. Soon, Kondel’s feet brought him to the middle of a desolate alley sparsely trafficked by people, a space where only dust swirled around.

However, the faint warmth remaining proclaimed that someone had been there.

As Kondel slowly turned his gaze downward, he discovered something strange yet familiar beneath his feet.

“...?”

“Hair?”

It wasn’t just any ordinary human hair. It was a beautiful shade of pink, with a slender shine. In all his years, meeting countless people, he had never seen such a distinct color.

Kondel looked entranced by the unusual energy for a moment until he regained his senses and attempted to sense the remaining traces, but—

“....”

The energy he sought had vanished without a trace.

\* \* \*

“Lady Arin, may I enter?”

“Yes, come in.”

Lecimus entered the room with some trepidation to find Arin, her face slightly paler, lifting her head to welcome her.

“I heard that the principal has just arrived at the academy. It seems he’ll be coming this way?”

“Is that so? He came quicker than expected? Alright, I’ll get ready.”

“Are you really alright?”

“I feel better than yesterday, and better than five minutes ago, if that’s anything to go by.”

Arin shared her genuine feelings while looking at herself in the mirror.

Her mental strength had not yet fully developed—she was a 13-year-old girl who had witnessed a dismembered corpse. It was a tremendous shock, an understatement.

Despite two days having passed, the scene was still vividly etched in Arin’s mind.

“You shouldn’t strain yourself. I can manage to explain everything to him...”

“There’s no way I can be so irresponsible. Don’t worry about it.”

The reason Arin was putting on a brave face was largely because of Lecimus. Though she had also witnessed the scene, she seemed less affected, possibly due to her tough childhood experiences. If Lecimus could handle it so easily, could Arin allow herself to be beaten by despair?

With mixed feelings on her mind, Arin took a deep breath.

Sensing her demeanor, Lecimus asked carefully, “What are you planning to tell him about Nana and Sian?”

Arin replied with a light smile, “After all, Nana and Sian have nothing to do with this incident, right? I think I’ll steer everything in a positive direction when I tell others.”

Her words meant she also intended to conceal the fact that Sian wasn’t actually at the academy.

Lecimus respected Arin’s decision, nodding in agreement.

“The principal has arrived!”

Just then, they received word that Principal Kondel had arrived. Arin, as the room’s owner, personally went to the door and opened it.

“Arin Sevellus, a third-year student of the Royal Academy, at your service, Principal Kondel.”

Arin greeted him respectfully, placing a hand on her heart.

Behind Kondel was Vice-Principal Satwel, Instructor Sirika, and other key figures of the academy.

“Given the circumstances, I hope for your understanding.”

“Of course. Please come in, Principal.”

They were in a student dormitory at the academy, a place of residence. The conversation was held between student and principal, following a hierarchical relationship.

“Everyone, please step outside for a moment.”

“Please go out for a while.”

To ensure a private discussion, Arin and Kondel had their respective associates step out.

“I will not mince words. Tell me everything you witnessed that day.”

Without beating around the bush, Kondel asked for a full explanation of what Arin and Lecimus had encountered and how they came across the scene.

Starting with her evening stroll with Sian, Arin recounted discovering part of a mutilated corpse in the forest on their way back to the dorm, and how she immediately reported it to the academy. Since then, she had been following the academy’s directives and staying in her dormitory.

Her account was flawless, without a hint of hesitation or trembling.

Kondel’s sharp gaze softened slightly as he asked in a kinder tone, “Were you not scared by what you saw?”

“It would be a lie to say I wasn’t, but I’m coping well now.”

Arin conveyed her honest feelings.

In response, Kondel looked deeply into Arin’s earnest eyes, filled with a slight anxiety she was fighting to hide—a determined show of resilience he couldn’t help but admire.

Then, he glanced at their hair.

“Why do you look at it so?”

Arin asked cautiously, thrown by his unfamiliar gaze.

“Did you feel any different energy at the scene?”

“Different energy?”

“From a being other than human. Say... a dragon.”

The hearts of both women sank.

Kondel waved his hand dismissively, as if to retract his question.

“Forget it. Ignore what I just said.”

Whatever the reason for his question, for now, Arin and Lecimus quickly calmed themselves.

“Come to think of it, it’s unexpected. That self-centered fellow went for a walk with you? Did he suggest it?”

“Oh! That, that... I asked him to!”

Technically, it wasn’t a lie.

“I have heard something during my private audience with His Majesty the Emperor.”

“What might that be?”

“That you want to be emperor, no?”

Arin’s face flushed rapidly.

“Please, don’t misunderstand! I only meant to set a high goal, not that I actually want to become the emperor!”

She vigorously denied the implication as Kondel let out a light chuckle.

“You don’t have to undervalue yourself. Even if you aspire to the throne, it’s not my place to say anything.”

“Huh?”

“Your engagement to Sian is also a measure of care from His Majesty to protect you. So don’t hesitate to make good use of him. If you both can complement each other’s weaknesses, there’s nothing better. I believe meaningful growth will follow.”

The granddaughter of the man currently closest to the throne was astounded by these words from Kondel.

“Well, now it’s time to visit your enigmatic fiancé.”

Kondel stood up after passing on this worthwhile encouragement. Although this meeting ended on a relatively positive note, the real issue lay ahead.

Sian’s room was currently occupied not by the real Sian but by Nana, transformed to look like him.

While she had managed to fool her youthful self, the principal was different. With the depth of his experience over the years, would he be able to see through Nana’s disguise?

Arin got up, thinking she should be there too just in case.

“Would it be all right if I joined you?”

“...!”

At that moment, Kondel’s eyes flashed and he quickly redirected his gaze towards the door, sensing an unusual presence, a slight trembling overtaking his body.

“Sirika!”

With a thunderous voice, he called for Instructor Sirika, who had been waiting outside.

“Did you call me, Principal?”

A bewildered Sirika entered the room.

“I heard you confirmed the whereabouts of Sian Bert. Is that correct?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“How many people are in his room now?”

“There are three people: Sian Bert himself and two personal guards.”

“Is that all?”

“Yes. At least that’s what I had confirmed.”

Despite the oppressive atmosphere, Sirika calmly continued her response.

Yet Kondel’s eyes were full of mistrust.

“You’ll be responsible for your words...”



With that foreboding statement, the principal left Arin's room.

'It's undeniable. This energy is the same as the one I felt before.'

The same mysterious and not-of-human energy he felt earlier on the main road was now clearly felt on the second floor of the Royal Quarters, at the end of the left corridor.

Soon, Kondel's heavy footsteps reached the door, and as if on cue—

-Creak

The door inside opened.

The man who opened it quickly bowed his head in confusion. Briefly glancing at him, Kondel stepped into the room without a word.

Upon reaching the living room, the first person he saw was a brown-haired woman with a confused and troubled expression. She too bowed her head at the sight of Kondel.

It was clear even to a child that she was a maid in disguise, posing as a personal guard.

But Kondel wasn't here to see these unsuspecting guards or maids.

His gaze gently dropped to the sofa, turned away from him.

“...”

The youth perched on the sofa slowly turned his head to meet Kondel's gaze. As usual, with an inscrutable, calm expression, the boy exuded an extraordinary aura.

He looked perplexed as he met the principal's stern face and inquired with a tilt of his head.

“Are you here to kill someone?”

(To be continued in the next episode)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 150**

Chapter 150. For What Purpose (3)

From the first visit to the dean's office challenging the warning letter, the two have been in a secret relationship ever since. Look at those firm and cold eyes, uncharacteristic of a 13-year-old boy. Those were undoubtedly the eyes of Xian Bert that Kundel had seen for the last two years. If there was any difference, it was that the eyes were settled with an extra heaviness compared to usual.

"Chancellor?!"

Following his call, officials started to trickle into Xian's room one after another. Kundel, without even giving them a second glance, indifferently said, "Leave me. Keep your distance from the door..."

The officials looked at each other tentatively and soon, without any backtalk, quietly exited the room.

"You too leave," Xian also instructed his attendants to wait outside.

With worried glances, both Emily and Brian quickly exited the room, shutting their eyes tightly.

Now alone in the room, Kundel immediately erected an anti-eavesdropping barrier as he took his seat.

"What secretive matters do you want to discuss?" Xian asked, his voice laced with sardonic undertones.

Consider yourself lucky that I didn't put up an isolation barrier," the chancellor responded with a cold tone.

"Have you been here all the time while I was away?"

"Wasn't that your decision?"

A somewhat ambiguous answer that made it hard to discern the truth.

"I'll ask you straight. Are you involved in this incident?"

"I am not."

"Once more I ask, were you at the scene?"

"I was not."

The responses came without a second's hesitation, followed by a moment of silence.

“I had heard that during my time at the imperial palace, you had applied for field experience with Seth. Is that correct?”

“That’s right. Although we applied, it was rejected.”

“If that is so, then why did Seth leave the academy? Was he not aware that the application was rejected?”

“He left without regard to approval. Or perhaps he misunderstood what being rejected meant.”

As indifferent answers continued, Kundel’s suspicion only grew heavier.

Regardless, Xian’s eyes remained indifferent, as if all this mattered little to him.

“Earlier, as I entered the room, I looked at your shoes,” the chancellor said. “They were covered in sand.”

Without a response, the corner of Xian’s mouth twitched slightly.

“The sand was a fine golden hue that isn’t found anywhere but the desert. Which means the sand isn’t something you could step on anywhere in Ruwen, let alone the academy. Didn’t I clearly state not to engage in outside activities?”

“ ... ”

“I vividly remember the very first day you came to me. I told you I would be satisfied as long as you are not just an ordinary entity.”

“Yes, you did.”

“Know this, the true nature of a human being doesn’t remain hidden simply by own’s volition. You might have wanted to differentiate yourself by claiming your extraordinariness, but your actions so far have been not just extraordinary, but downright bizarre.”

“ ... ”

“Shall I share my speculation swirling in my head? You didn’t leave the academy alone with Seth. Unlike him, you continued to show yourself around here. This implies that you left an entity here in your stead.”

Xian held his silence as if exercising the right to remain silent.

“Why did you leave the academy without permission? It’s none of my concern. It’s easy just to discipline the couple of students for their mischief. However, I look at you with such a keen eye for entirely different reasons.”

Kundel’s gaze shifted from Xian to a firmly closed room door behind him.

“Answer me. What is the entity that took your place?”

With a disinterested gaze, Xian replied, “I see no reason to answer that, do I?”

“I’ll ask again. What is the entity in that room?”

The already heavy atmosphere grew even denser, the fiery tension between them palpable and the invisible lethal current raging around them.

“My answer remains the same. Whatever is in there, I have no reason to report it to you.”

“What if I said I would forcibly check?”

Kundel’s eyes were filled with a resolve as if he could break open the sealed door at any moment.

After a brief silence,

“...Try opening it.”

At the moment Xian’s lips finally parted,

-Whoom!

A fierce gust of wind swept through the room as if a typhoon had struck. Papers fluttered, furniture tumbled, yet Xian’s expression did not change.

“...!”

On the other hand, Kundel’s face was seriously contorted.

“You... What have you done?”

“You must know already. I just made sure the door couldn’t be opened by blocking it,” Xian said.

It wasn’t because Kundel didn’t know. He was aware from the moment he entered the room that a spell had been cast on the door – not just a simple spell, but one that was carefully concealed to avoid detection.

But no amount of subterfuge could escape the eyes of a Continental Archmage, one of the rare 9-star sages.

He had thought there was no space his power could not reach in the Royal Academy he had built over decades. His tolerance for the insolent boy before him had run out, and now he channeled his mana intending to open the door, thinking,

‘How could this be?’

He could not open it.

Despite the spread of Kundel’s mana, the door would not budge. What did that mean? It meant that the magic of the boy before him had withstood his own.

A mere 13-year-old had managed that.

‘Is this boy really a reincarnation of God?’

Kundel was so certain of his unmatched magical prowess that the realization struck his pride as much as it did astonish him.

In that moment, Kundel made a decision.

He would not leave the room without opening the door.

“One last time I will say this. Dispel your magic and open the door now. Otherwise...”

“What will you do if not?”

“You will no longer receive the fair treatment due to an academy student.”

It was the last line the chancellor could draw, a final warning that if this boundary was crossed, no future consequences would be his responsibility.

The tension that had been mounting reached a climax when Xian, with the same constant gaze, replied to the final warning,

“Even if this royal hall collapses... that door will not open.”

At the same time as he spoke, Kundel raised his hand, gathering mana within.

“Don’t regret it too late. You brought this upon yourself...”

-Creak...

“...!?”

Just when the pair's eyes were locked like swords and spears aimed at each other, the lethal current that had been swirling menacingly died down in an instant.

The door, so confidently claimed it would never open, had opened without a fight.

From the inside, not the outside.

“What is this...?”

With an expression Kundel had never worn in his entire life, he looked over at the door.

A girl who was human, yet did not emit a human aura.

One hand gathered to her chest in anxiety.

Even the pale pink hair.

From her, Kundel felt a distinct energy, the same energy he had sensed in Ruwen's alley and in Arin's room.

“Ah, hello...?”

As she bowed her head and greeted them, her naive appearance disarmed them of their hostility.