

# **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 161**

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 161-170**

Chapter 161. The Clan of Black Blood (5)

When faced with something entirely unexpected, doubt often precedes certainty in most people's minds.

At this moment, I am in that exact state of uncertainty.

Is the something, so prominently before my eyes, truly existing in reality and not some phantasm? I have vacillated between doubt and certainty countless times.

And what might this something in front of me be, you ask?

It's a doll.

But not just any ordinary doll.

This one exudes an utterly repulsive atmosphere as if it has sucked the blood from my body; it's grotesque rather than cute.

A marionette doll.

The ability of the marionette is to infuse a lifeless corpse with mana, manipulating it as one would command a servant.

This doll serves as the artifact and medium that connects mana with a body.

Typically, these dolls are small enough to be fully covered by an adult's palm when grasped,

Yet, the one currently in front of me is so large it almost feels inappropriate to call it a doll.

It is significantly larger—enough to meet my eyes if it were standing before me.

Indeed, it could easily pass for a human in size, which is quite unthinkable.

And there wasn't just one.

A quick estimate would suggest there are at least ten within sight.

Is someone planning to form an army of dolls?

“What is this?”

I directed the question, accompanied by a glare, to the figure that had wrapped itself around my neck from behind unnoticed.

“You might not believe it, but these are the marionette dolls. The Lord of Galas has secretly been crafting these artifacts to present to Prince Luinel...”

Are these prepared for the First Prince?

The notion was so preposterous that I couldn't help but burst into cynical laughter.

Sure, I get it, a secret gift prepared out of the desire to catch the next Emperor's eye.

But no matter how spectacular and grand the gift might appear to be, it's worthless if there's no way to use it—just like twigs that are good only to fuel a fire.

This useless doll fits that description perfectly.

Had the First Prince seen this, he would definitely have commented on the futility of the attempt.

How to house mana within such a large doll?

Animating a dead life form demands an incredible amount of power.

As I said earlier, executing a marionette requires infusing the doll with corresponding mana.

As the size of the doll increases, so does the mana required to animate it—hence, unless you are controlling the corpse of some giant beast, there is no need to make the doll disproportionately large.

With this size, it's nearly impossible to infuse it with mana.

Putting aside feasibility, I wonder what confidence led to its creation—rash yet, in a way, brave.

“Do you actually think this is possible?”

“It's probably impossible to do everything...”

Not possible to do everything.

That statement implied that, while not everything, some things might, in fact, be possible.

“If I infuse all my mana, I believe I can animate at least a few of them...”

It wasn't completely out of reach, after all.

“Do you realize what would happen if this were actualized?”

“Surely it wouldn't be anything good...”

Boris finally began to raise his voice as though appealing his innocence.

“I know! I know that this doll is not meant to help people, but to bring about terrible suffering! I didn't want to create it either! My power shouldn't be used for such wrongdoing...”

It was indeed a pitiful excuse.

He knew, yet he couldn't help it.

He had to do it, for the residents of the slums.

Adding such lousy justification does not vindicate the act.

Ultimately, he cannot deny that he has contributed to something that could bring a great calamity to the empire, even to this whole continent.

That was probably why he had asked me for death.

He knew it was wrong, but since he had no way out on his own,

He sought salvation through death by my hand.

Truly pitiful to the point of being unspeakable.

While my mouth refused to open out of sheer incredulity, my hand naturally reached for my sword, Ceyram.

First, I would dispose of this eerie doll.

After that, this guy, the lord, and everyone else...

-Thud! Thud! Thud!

Just then, the sound of multiple footsteps approaching caught my attention.

About thirty people, by estimate.

Mostly they seemed to be heavily armored, judging by the weighty sound.

“.....!”

When the space filled with dozens of armed knights, they all looked at us with suspicion, and among them, a man with a furrowed brow shouted angrily at Boris.

“Bo, Boris! You did this!”

Lord Aexilium of Galas Aibern, the mastermind behind this space, had made his entrance.

\* \* \*

Two years prior, somewhere near the slums.

Encircled by knightly guards and seated upon stone steps, Galas faced a man kneeling before him.

“You want to create marionette dolls resembling human figures?”

“Yes.”

Galas let out a derisive snort at the man’s preposterous proposition.

“Are you mocking me? Do you think I’m ignorant about magic? Or unaware of how marionettes work, to spout such an absurdity before me?”

“It’s not entirely impossible, just highly improbable, but I’m not telling you something with no possibility at all.”

“You speak well. Fine, assuming I’m a fool, I’ll hear you out.”

As if challenging him to continue, Galas squinted at the man.

“The essence of a marionette lies in transferring the mana stored within the doll into a deceased body, reanimating it through the power of that mana.”

“I know. One requires the forbidden process of infusing it with the blood of a living being.”

At the word ‘forbidden,’ the man smirked bitterly.

“The key issue is the amount of mana that can be contained within the doll. However, what you and many others don’t realize is that a doll created through that forbidden process will not lose the transferred mana over time...”

Galas’s pupils shook subtly at the unexpected assertion.

“What nonsense are you saying? Even if that’s true, how could you, of all people, know such a monumental fact?”

“It doesn’t matter why I know. What’s important is what else I know. You should be concerned about what I know, not what led me to it.”

While maintaining his smile, Galas was cloaked in cold sweat.

“So, you mean to say you can actually make a life-size marionette doll all by yourself?”

The man said nothing further; instead, he stood with a cryptic smile.

“You’ll have to account for your words, Boris...”

\* \* \*

Back in the present.

Since Sian chased after Galas, Boris has been left alone, seemingly intoxicated by the scent of blood in the air, unable to move.

His dejected gaze rested on the marionette doll, a perfect creation of his own doing, into which he had infused his own magical energy, yet paradoxically, he had no memories pertaining to the doll.

Though not remembered, his body responded to something unfamiliar, leaving only a sensation.

For what reason, by which process, and to what end had he sought this outcome? Boris knew none of it.

And so, Boris naturally reached out and caressed the doll’s face.

-Whoosh!

Instantly, an indecipherable flow of light emerged from the doll.

The generated current flowed like wind, linking to an unknown space behind it, seemingly beckoning Boris forward with its strange allure.

Drawn by the impulse, Boris followed the current.

He walked as though within a sacred space surrounded by a curtain of light rather than on the ground below.

Nothing was certain—what lay ahead, where it led—yet Boris continued without hesitation.

He soon arrived in another space, finding himself outside in the lonely night air, before him a small grave.

With traces of recent disturbances, it appeared someone had recently visited.

The location was unfamiliar as if it was nowhere near Accelium, yet this foreignness did not feel complete.

Surely, deep within his erased memory, there was a trace of having been to this place.

Otherwise, that familiar feeling he was experiencing would be inexplicable.

-Thud

Watching over the grave, Boris eventually knelt and collapsed to the ground.

Obscure figures flickered in his lifeless eyes, as if begging to be freed.

Compelled by their silent plea, Boris set about the task of uncovering the earth with his rough hands.

Soon, a shining silver box was revealed, remarkably pristine as if it had never been buried at all.

Boris realized he had seen this box before.

Not just seen, he recalled opening it and inspecting its contents.

As the scattered pieces of memory aligned, his troubled heart began to settle.

“.....”

Without hesitation, Boris opened the box.

(To be continued)

# The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 162

## Chapter 162: Salvation and Execution (1)

Although I've mentioned this before, humans are extremely honest animals; in the face of suffering, everyone reveals their hideous true nature.

Galas said that he never intended to create a marionette puppet from the beginning. I can assure you on my assassin's life, he was not lying. As someone who has taken countless lives, I can tell just by looking into his eyes. The moment he realized death's shadow loomed near, he spilled everything he knew, and within that torrent of truth, not a single lie existed.

This means, essentially, that Boris had lied to me. How often does one experience such a thing? Where you might be completely stumped by a situation only to find a solution upon an unexpected incident. It's as if starting from that serendipitous moment, all the scattered fragments of a complicated problem begin to come together.

The change in Boris' personality isn't a new occurrence. Since the creation of the first marionette puppet, or even before that, he may have changed his personality to suit his whims. So where then, could his true personality be now?

Considering Ceyram was certain that his true self does not exist within this city, it seems that Boris has left behind a hollow shell and a different personality, concealing his true presence completely.

But why? For what purpose?

Shouldn't they be notified as quickly as possible that the existence they were so desperately searching for is, in fact, at the Academy? A whole month has passed without finding the slightest trace; it's time to think differently.

He must be concealing himself for some reason, masterminding some plot against me from the shadows. What he needs most right now is a place and time to hide. However, given Mist's nature to pursue a target until death, it's impossible for a mere human to find a safe haven anywhere on this continent.

But what if someone retreated to a place entirely of their own, imperceptible to anyone else? Is there such a space?

Though of a different kind, Boris is like me, a special human who possesses a divine artifact. This means that what he can do, I can also do, and what I can do, he is equally capable of executing.

A space similar in power to the divine, one that can only be generated by those who possess the divine artifact, a space that cannot be accessed by any who are not permitted, a space that can easily reach other spaces of the same nature—that is what is referred to as a godly subspace.

Following the familiar yet sickening aura, I walked outside. The cold night breeze brushing against my skin was not enough to cool my seething rage.

Look at that familiar, almost welcoming figure. Wrapped in bright formless light, with a pure white scripture tightly gripped in hand. In response, my hand that was holding Ceyram trembled violently.

Though it may seem out of the blue, I suddenly wanted to see my own face in the mirror. I was curious whether I wore a smile of joy or if I had lit the twin wicks of rage.

“You seem to have been waiting for me,” I said, the moment I heard his first words unmasking himself, harmoniously blended with his characteristic loathsome laugh. My lips curled into a wide grin.

“Before anything, I’ll ask you, who are you?”

“Have you forgotten me already? That’s deeply regretful. I wonder if you can even imagine how long I’ve waited for this moment of reunion.”

The same.

It was the same smile I had seen in Rowen and in my past life, enough to send shivers down my spine. My body and mind were already full of conviction about his identity.

“Did you do well with my other self while I was gone?”

“So you switch personalities as easily as changing clothes?”

“It’s nothing like that. Just a small privilege held by the black-blooded clan.”

He stepped to the side and intentionally showed me the glow emitting from underneath the slightly raised earth.

“Anyway, you and I both possess divine artifacts. You must understand the current situation. My personality was in a place that doesn’t exist on this land, within the light’s subspace along with the Holy Scriptures.”



All as I had expected.

That's why Ceyram couldn't find a single trace, no matter how much he searched.

"I have been enduring agonizing times in that space, counting the days until I could face you. But this is a little unexpected. Even if it wasn't the real me, the fact that you have managed not to cut down this body shows commendable patience. I would like to applaud such perseverance."

Lies.

From the beginning, he never intended to be cut down by that false personality. If he had, he wouldn't be able to wear that sly smirk as if everything had gone as planned.

"Sian Vert. Even if the relationship between you and me can't mix, like water and oil, you are a special person to me. You've made me feel emotions I've never felt before in my life."

The feeling is mutual.

Through you and your master, I experienced the bitter pain of betrayal for the first time.

"Do you remember our first meeting? I still haven't forgotten the look in your eyes back then. It wasn't the look of wary of a stranger, but one of contempt for a target of vengeance. Why do you suppose that is? Why did you look at me like that, someone you were merely seeing for the first time?"

"Do you think I'll answer that?"

"Of course not. I don't want to resolve the current curiosity immediately. Wouldn't it be better to resolve it when our relationship has fully ripened? It would be much more satisfying that way."

"....."

"So regretfully, I'll have to turn my back on you once more..."

– Bang!

I unleashed my suppressed power, and a curtain of black mist descended around us.

"The best time has come? Good. Very good. But do you know what?" My murderous intent suppressed his gleeful eyes.

"Right now, I don't have any thoughts other than wanting to kill you."

No need to drag this out any further.

If I deal with you, entangled with doubts and suspicions about me, my thrill would soar to the utmost highs. It would offer an extreme sense of accomplishment unlike any ever experienced, a moment ripe for the taking.

For the greater moments to come.

“I’m not a being of salvation like you all. I’m an executioner who figures out how to make you all beg to be saved from the pits of despair...”

It has been that way in the past and will continue in the future.

Could he have anticipated such a response from me? With a scornful laugh, he nodded.

“Humans can be so foolish at times. Even when they think they know themselves best, they can be ignorant enough to miss the most important facts.”

– Woong!

A massive amount of mana emanated from his hand.

“Prove it here and now. Whether the path you wish to take is truly one of salvation or of execution.”

Whatever he’s attempting, it doesn’t matter; he won’t escape from here.

Likewise, the cool touch of death will be a long and savored experience for him in this place...

– Boom!

Suddenly, a violent tremor erupted from the ground.

Startled, I glanced down, sensing a familiar energy emanating from below.

“Curious about what I intended to do with that large marionette puppet?”

In Boris’ hand was now a high-level dark magic circle drawn for casting.

“Underneath this Aexilium lies the body of a Devil Dragon, sealed and buried since the time of the ancient God-Demon War.”

Devil Dragon?

What nonsense was that?

“Isn’t it somewhat expected? Using marionette puppets of human size to merely animate a few human corpses doesn’t make sense. At least it should be done with a notorious behemoth-like demon to justify the worth.”

Who wouldn’t know that? Whatever you intended to command, the real question is, why is the body of that Devil Dragon you mentioned buried in this land?

A demonic beast summoned during the God-Demon War?

Neither in my one lifetime nor two have I ever heard such a story...

[Master, look under you!]

The instant Ceyram’s urgent cry resonated throughout my body, I instantly twisted and retreated backward.

– Bang!

In a close shave no more than a second long, something black that looked like a tail burst through the ground right where I had been standing and made contact with the world.

“The wrath of a dragon that has been dormant for hundreds of years is now making itself known to the world.”

\* \* \*

In the subspace of the demonic sword enveloped by pitch-black mist, two figures stood facing each other in a standoff, each with a different look in their eyes.

The woman, annoyed to the point of biting her lip, contrasted the man, who was leisurely smiling at her as if nothing was wrong. Both of them presenting an image quite opposite to their previous encounters.

[It’s not your place to judge. You are quite a bizarre specimen yourself. This is why I dislike dealing with scribes.]

“What’s the harm? Just as you care for your master, I’ve only treated my own master with special attention.”

Hiscray seemed puzzled, simply shrugging his shoulders.

[Yeah, I wondered why you seemed so familiar. But what’s with those disgusting acts? Don’t you realize that if you get drunk on familiarity, you become useless in the end?]

“Such sentiments coming from you, someone who swaps masters like changing clothes: the idea of righteous harmony in the name of bright truth.”

[Enough with that truth... really tiresome.]

Ceyram clicked his tongue and shook his head in disapproval.

“It appears this will be our last meeting, as disappointing as that is. You may have used some schemes before, but this time it will be difficult. The ones above are quite prepared. But if you wish to leave your master’s side now, I won’t discourage you...”

[Shut it. I could split that mouth of yours into two if not for the self-control I’m barely maintaining.]

Ceyram sent out a warning oozing with killing intent, but Hiscraý’s complacent smile remained unchanged.

“Then we shall meet again another time, Ceyram. It seems our time for peaceful conversations like this will come to an end...”

Hiscraý’s last bittersweet farewell was silently met by Ceyram. With a flash of light, Hiscraý disappeared from the space, leaving Ceyram alone in the silence, where rough and unprintable curses filled the air.

\* \* \*

The sky, black as night, was enveloped by a red heat.

Sounds of collapsing buildings and the screams of people merged into a tragic harmony. Peaceful Aexilium had turned into a battlefield of chaos.

Unfamiliar with such unprecedented tragedy, people wailed. Knights only trembled with their weapons in hand, unable to muster the will to fight.

Could there be anyone who, faced with such a colossal demon, would be able to move?

With their grotesque appearance, making it hard to believe they were living creatures, some people were paralyzed, unable to even think of moving.

“Ka-aak!”

Nevertheless, the disaster’s entity, devoid of sanity and reason, did nothing but mindlessly destroy everything in its path.

“Ru-run away!”

The situation in the slums was no different.

Despair filled the faces of all, and some were desperately calling someone's name, seeking salvation.

"Boris! Lord Boris! Where are you?"

Their cries remained unanswered, their savior nowhere to be found. Instead, great red fireballs flew from the sky towards them.

Moments away from facing a grisly tragedy, people fell to their knees, and a woman who had been frantically calling for help now looked at the approaching fireball with a vacant face as if she had relinquished everything.

Just before the last gleam of hope could fade away,

– Swish!

A sound sliced through the air, and the fireball aimed at them was split in half, disappearing into oblivion.

"Bo-Boris?"

The people, believing their longed-for savior had appeared, cheered, but paradoxically, the person who entered their scope was not their savior.

".....?"

With a chilling violet dagger in hand, emanating a fierce killing intent – it was a young man with black hair.

The ruthless executor arrived, denying that his actions were for salvation and insisting that he employed any means for his purpose.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 163**

Chapter 163: Salvation and Execution (2)

What happens when the strongest race on earth, possessing both strength and intellect, loses their reason and goes berserk? There's little need to elaborate—such a place becomes a living nightmare.

Two years ago, at the Limia Gorge, I witnessed a Devil Dragon so immense it dwarfed those I had seen before. It was a mature specimen, which, although had laid dormant underground for centuries, possessed a magical aura as vital as any living dragon. A beast summoned from the ancient times?

What kind of madman thought to bury this cursed carcass in the ground without disposing of it properly? And how did Boris...?

– Swoosh –

Flames blazed and rained down continuously, like a torrential downpour.

“Mist Sword: The Severed Wind!”

As I swung my sword diagonally into the air multiple times, a phantom space sharply split open, erasing the incoming fireballs without a trace.

[It doesn't seem like the time to worry with a face that looks like you've chewed a bug, Master.]

She's right. Although this creature may be withered and rotten, not worth eating, leaving it unattended is completely out of the question.

With a firm resolve, I summoned the power of the mist that lay dormant within me.

“...!”

I felt a chilling gaze and glanced back slightly. The slum-dwellers, who had dismissed me at their doorstep, now looked at me with faces as white as ghosts, as if they had seen an apparition.

“Why are you here?”

Apparently, they were utterly disappointed at the lack of a wanted savior. But that was none of my concern. I hadn't appeared to save the likes of them.

I focused once again, gathering strength.

“Shadowless Move 9th Form: Manifestation of the Dark Sword!”

The moment prep was complete, I darted towards my target.

[You do realize that the creatures you faced before are nothing compared to this. A simple assault will hardly scratch it.]

I know. It's nonsense to think that a berserk being would be able to control its power. Its thick protective shield, saturated with a massive amount of mystical and magical energy, must be broken first.

I channeled the mana I had manifested in my hand directly into Ceyram.

Then I charged towards the beast, but...

– Boom! –

With a sound like stones colliding, the recoil knocked me back before I could make an impact.

“Shadowless Move 3rd Form: Mist Gliding!”

With the incantation, the mist that burst from my body enveloped me, quickly stabilizing my fall.

What is this? It's much more solid than expected.

Though not completely ineffective—the protective shield where Ceyram struck did crack like a spider web and made a small opening.

“...!”

To call it success would be an overstatement; the gap was swiftly sealed and returned to its original state.

[Did you just ignore me?! With all the power you've been holding back, is this the time to screw it up?!]

Ceyram's scolding was an added bonus. The shield—perhaps double-layered—was disgustingly sturdy. Nevertheless, it seemed I had captured the Devil Dragon's attention; its lifeless, black eyes turned towards me.

“Kwaaaak!”

Excited at the sight of me, the creature thrashed about wildly, then opened its mouth to unleash another barrage of fireballs in every direction. It was like watching the eruption of a fiercely burning volcano.

Now was my chance, with the beast recklessly expending its strength. I needed to focus and strike swiftly, but my gaze was inexplicably drawn to the rising fireballs instead of the Devil Dragon itself.

This is why I detest dragons.

Even though it had not aimed anywhere in particular, the fireballs seemed to gravitate towards populated areas. Is it their instinct, even in death, to trivialize human life?

It wasn't just a shift in my gaze—my hand had also begun to accumulate the power of mist.

“Shadowless Move 5th Form: Mist Clone!”

It was too late for me to reach there directly. With my left hand, not holding Ceyram, I threw a sphere of condensed mist towards the fireballs.

The thrown sphere traveled faster than the fireballs and, upon reaching the target, immediately transformed the same way I would have.

– Hiss –

With swings of a sword like mine, the descending fireballs were extinguished.

[Are you mad? You should focus on the rotten one! Why are you looking away?]

“Yes. I can't afford to be distracted by something else when my full attention should be on the creature.”

I created more spheres of mist and hurled them in different directions. Like before, they became my clones and positioned themselves around the area.

This should buy some time.

[You still want to do this, after coming all this way?]

“It's not the first time, why the surprise now?”

[And yet just a moment ago, you were claiming to be the executor!]

Ceyram sighed as if exasperated, but I ignored it and charged at the Devil Dragon once again.

– Boom! –



Do you know the best way to overpower an adversary? It's quite simple. You suppress them with a force far greater than the one they are willing to confront.

– Boom! Boom! Boom! –

This time, with Ceyram, multiplied in strength several times over, I struck the shield without mercy. With each strike, the concentrated mystical energy burst forth, creating a significantly larger opening than before.

The Devil Dragon, somewhat flustered, reached out with its mana manifestation.

– Crackling! –

A flash of blue lightning struck my body, but I had anticipated a counter-attack and it wasn't difficult to block.

With a swift change in posture, I continued to launch slashes into the damaged shield.

– Fsssh –

Some conspicuous wounds appeared on the creature, but they seemed meaningless, as mere scratches would be insignificant unless its body was completely dismantled.

“Kuwouoou!”

The Devil Dragon roared and swung its massive arm again. A slight twist allowed me to evade, and I immediately adjusted my grip on Ceyram before casting a secret technique.

“Mist Sword: The Fluttering Eight Petals!”

With smooth movements of my hand, the eight strikes that severed the space resulted in...

– Crackling –

...the Devil Dragon's right arm splitting with a lively sound.

But the creature, unfazed as if nothing had happened, swung its sharp, trident-like tail. Quick to react, I leaped into the air, where the beast opened its mouth and released intense heat.

I smirked and sent another slash directly into it.

“Crack!”

The fireball it had attempted to spew was cut apart by the blade and exploded inside its mouth.

Not letting go of the opportunity, I adjusted my position and charged at it once more.

Let's see...

Suddenly, I recalled the content of a novel I had once read by chance. A peaceful village is suddenly terrorized by a demon that destroys everything in its path. Then, a hero appears to save the village, wielding his sword to defeat the brutal creature, while someone watching from afar commented that it looked like a beautiful and splendid dance.

If someone was observing me from a distance now, they might have thought the same.

Isn't there a famous saying that life, when seen from afar, is a comedy, but up close, it's a tragedy?

From afar, the hero's sword strikes could be seen as a beautiful dance, but from the demon's perspective, these would appear as nothing more than the blood-soaked rites of an executioner.

It might be grand, but the horrific and harrowing scene unfolding could never be called beautiful.

"Mist Sword: The Dance of the Black Blood!"

\* \* \*

An unidentified colossal beast appeared in the heart of Aexilium, quickly turning a peaceful city into a hellish scene. However, after its fierce rampage, it suddenly halted, giving a thunderous roar of frustration.

While people continued to flee, some who sensed the change in atmosphere gathered their bearings and began to survey their surroundings. Around the devastated area, a mysterious figure stood out at the center of it all, impossible to ignore.

Upon closer inspection, the figure was not alone. In the center of the city, atop buildings, and even in the air where feet could not reach, they nonchalantly deflected the beast's assaults. They did not just stop these attacks but also fought off spreading fires without rest.

Anyone could see that these figures were there to protect the city and its people from the demon. Yet the citizens could not shake the furrowed brows off their faces. The sight felt more like witnessing a harbinger of death than a savior, evoking a certain revulsion and discomfort.

“Kuuueeeek!”

Suddenly, a horrific roar echoed throughout the city, coming from the direction of the slums. Even from a distance, the giant beast could be seen flailing about, screaming, with captivating curves being drawn around it. It looked as though a dancer holding a sword was performing a mesmerizing dance. Some onlookers were so entranced, they stopped dead and stared, lost in the spectacle.

In a situation where laughter seemed impossible, the smile on the lips of the person at the heart of the disaster remained unfading.

“Is this the salvation of the executioner of death? It’s quite a rare sight to behold.”

With each continuation of the mesmerizing sword dance, the Devil Dragon’s flesh tore apart, and something black, not red blood, spurted out. Meanwhile, the magic circle emanating from his hand also began to fade, but Boris remained composed until the end.

“I concede. You are a being closer to the truth than we could comprehend, a regrettable power beyond our current capacity to withstand,” he said.

– Thud! –

The final sword strike cleaved directly in front, causing the Devil Dragon’s body to collapse completely.

“However, do not be complacent. This world does not move by power alone. Otherwise, the history of this world would not have been written centered around light,” Boris gently caressed the white holy book in his hand.

“Until we meet again, Sian Vert. When we do, I shall face you with a form even closer to the truth. Until then—may you remain intact...”

With those parting words, unheard by the intended recipient, Boris’s body emitted light and vanished.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 164**

Chapter 164: The Revealed Truth (1)

Exactly half a day after reports of a devil dragon-like monster appearing in the northern city of Aexilium in the Ushif Empire were received, the reinforcement troops dispatched from the Imperial Capital finally arrived. However, by the time they reached, the situation had already been resolved long ago.

All that remained at the site were signs of burning; there weren't even any corpses left. The supporting troops ended up with a hint of doubt about the incident being less severe than they had anticipated. There were very few casualties reported.

Lord Galas claimed that it was due to his meticulous command that allowed them to calmly handle the chaotic situation. However, according to the knights who were present at the scene, it was not so. Most of them were too terrified to even approach the devil dragon, and some couldn't even remember what happened due to the fear.

Yet, there was one common story among them – it concerned the person who had resolved the monster crisis. Although it was at a considerable distance, and the face was not clearly visible due to a black cloak, most sources agreed that the person looked closer to a boy than an adult.

There were also strange beings that seemed to be his doppelgangers and they took up positions throughout the streets, preventing any potential secondary damages. Some even referred to these beings as saviors.

“Are you asking me to believe this now?” Prince Luinel snorted with disbelief while reading the report.

“That, well, I have only conveyed the report as I received it...”

The attendant didn't know how to explain further. One could make concessions regarding certain things, but to believe that a single human could defeat a giant monster that was presumed to be a devil dragon was an absurd notion beyond belief.

“Focusing all attention on that cursed girl won't be enough, and now what's this...”

Luinel clenched his teeth and crumpled the report in anger. He wasn't pleased with the way things were turning out; it was as if the world had deemed him useless.

Noticing his mood, the attendant gingerly handed over another letter.

“This... this one was sent personally by Lord Galas...”

“Sent personally?”

“Yes. Although I am unaware of the reasons, he insisted that it be personally reviewed by your Highness. It seems there might be some crucial details that couldn't be disclosed officially...”

Luinel snatched the letter from the attendant's hand and swiftly tore it open to read the contents. The beginning of the letter seemed inconsequential, filled with praises for the royal family and Lord Galas defending his actions during the crisis.

Suppressing the urge to crush the letter in his hands, Luinel read on.

"At the moment I received this letter, I heard another piece of news..."

"What is it?"

"They say he's dead. Lord Galas..."

Luinel raised his head and stared at the attendant for about ten seconds.

"What are you talking about?"

"They found his body torn to shreds in his room. It is presumed to be murder, the culprit has yet to be discovered..."

Even as he chuckled at the absurdity, Prince Luinel's gaze returned to the letter. At the bottom of the page, there was something written hastily.

"...?"

The content itself might be nothing more than an uncertain conjecture, but it was enough to pique the prince's interest.

Just before the monster appeared in the city, an unidentified assassin came looking for him, who was suspected to be the same individual who dealt with the monster. Though uncertain, they bore an uncanny resemblance to someone he had seen at a royal banquet some time ago.

It was none other than the youngest son of the Duke of Vert, the guardian of the continent, and recently the fiancé to Princess Arin...

-Knock knock

The silence broke with a knock on the door, and Prince Luinel turned toward it. As soon as he recognized the distinct knock, he quickly rose and hurried to the door.

-Bang

As Luinel flung the door open, his expression instantly transformed into an ecstatic smile.

"Aschel!"

Before him stood his long-awaited companion and friend.

“It’s been a long time, Your Highness...”

Aschel greeted him with the same gentle smile he always had.

“Where have you been? Why did you not respond to my calls? If you knew the anxiety and pain I’ve suffered in your absence, a single night wouldn’t be enough to explain it all!”

Luinel poured out his pent-up frustration without pause.

“This is not the time for that. We need to devise a plan to kill Violet immediately. If not, that woman will... Are you even listening to me, Aschel?”

Despite the prince’s outburst, Aschel maintained the same unfaltering smile, without a word in response.

Sensing an unusual atmosphere, Luinel’s brow furrowed. There was a definite change – as if he were not before the same person he knew, but rather facing a divine being rather than a mere human.

“There’s no need to rush.”

After a brief silence, Aschel spoke softly.

“No matter how dark the shadows cast, they cannot hide the smallest of lights. We just need to follow that light.”

Luinel’s eyes shook violently, failing to comprehend Aschel’s words.

“Let us go where the path of truth extends...”

“Where to?”

“The Royal Academy.”

Completely unexpected and irrelevant to the prince, before he could ask why, he saw something...

In just a blink, the silhouette of a noblewoman with long, golden locks appeared and vanished behind Aschel...

\* \* \*

“A devil dragon?”

“Yes. It’s only what the witnesses claimed, but no concrete evidence survives, as all traces are vanished...”

Three days after the Aexilium incident, the news had spread far across the continent, even reaching the distant Royal Academy.

“Rumors say that a man cloaked in black single-handedly defeated the presumed devil dragon. It seems so unbelievable that even scholarly circles are trying to verify its veracity.”

While Ramella dismissed the rumor, Lunev seemed lost in thought.

“What if the man who dealt with the devil dragon...”

But her thought was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a frantic academician.

“Lunev! Something urgent has happened!”

“What’s the matter?”

The academician’s pale face was enough to excuse his abrupt entry.

“The head of the academy, Rowen, is here!”

Shock spread across everyone’s faces, affecting even Ramella.

“Why would the head of the academy come here without warning?”

“I—I don’t know! It’s the first time he’s made such a visit without notice...”

While others became busy with the news, Lunev calmly settled back and resumed her reading, as if she had predicted his arrival.

Shortly after, Regents Rainriver, the head of the Garam Magic Society, stepped into the room. All the academicians bowed respectfully, including Ramella.

“Why are you here without any notice, chancellor?”

Without a word, Regents’ voice came out in an emotional whisper.

“Leave us.”

At that, Ramella realized – when he said ‘everyone,’ he didn’t mean Lunev.

While their relationship had often been turbulent, today's atmosphere seemed particularly volatile. Regents' gaze towards his granddaughter was not one of affection but filled with inexplicable anger.

Once the room was emptied, all business-like demeanor gone, Lunev spoke nonchalantly.

"I assume you've resolved the matter I asked about?"

She was referring to an issue related to the Auram academy. Regents bypassed her question, the anger in his voice barely contained.

"Speaking not as the chancellor but as your grandfather, I'm giving you one last chance. Tell me everything you know."

"About what?"

"Sian Vert."

She then looked at him with suspicion.

"Why didn't you speak of Nodeli having Sian Vert?"

"There was no need to speak. Speaking wouldn't help and I didn't want to."

"Wouldn't help?"

Struggling to keep his anger in check, Regents' face began to redden.

"Have you forgotten the extensive damage that boy has done to our academy?"

"Weren't they all baseless suspicions? Nothing was confirmed..."

"Lunev!!!"

The explosion from Regents was inevitable, as he finally confronted her.

"The incident with the Auram academy is no different! If you had spoken sooner, you wouldn't have been kidnapped, and they wouldn't have been able to expand their influence within the academy. Weren't you supposed to be our future?"

Lunev laughed derisively at the mention of 'future'.

"Why should I live for the academy? It gave me nothing."

"What?"



“If I hadn’t been in the academy, I wouldn’t have been kidnapped, and the Auram academy wouldn’t have tried to expand their influence by targeting me. Ultimately, the academy has only brought me bad, not good. Why should I take a stand for such an academy?”

As she spoke, Regents’ face flushed with rage.

“So what matters to you is that boy, Sian Vert?”

“Yes.”

Her answer was clear, and they both knew what it meant.

“Very well, you have brought this upon yourself. Don’t regret it later, Lunev...”

Resolute, Regents surrounded them both with a binding barrier and prepared for battle.

“I expected as much. But don’t take me lightly. After all, I am the granddaughter of the 9-star Grand Sage and head of the Garam Magic Society, Regens Rainriver. You’d better rest for a few days after this.”

Lunev’s gaze was steady as immense magical energy surged between the two.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 165**

Chapter 165: The Revealed Truth (2)

-Crumple

Condor harshly crumpled the letter in his hand, his eyes fiercely wide. At this point, nothing was surprising or even questionable to him. The mysterious figure who single-handedly eliminated the Devil Dragon that appeared in Aexilium was, without a doubt, the audacious boy who had left the academy just days earlier.

There was no evidence.

Only the intuition of an old man who had lived for decades was throwing him the conviction that he was the culprit.

Had it been so long since he left that he was already making such an overwhelming presence known?

Condor's head was in a whirlwind of confusion.

-Slam

Amidst it all, the Chancellor's office door swung open violently without any knock.

A man walked in as if it were his living room, despite the owner of the room not permitting entrance. Covered in commoner's clothes that failed to disguise him, Condor furrowed his brows, having already guessed his identity.

"What brings you here, Luinel?"

It was Ushif Empire's First Prince Luinel Severus.

"Don't make such an obvious face. Not when my mental state is far from being in the condition to accept such displeasure, even from my maternal grandfather."

Shedding his cloak to one side, Luinel seated himself in front of the desk.

"I'm not here because I wanted to be. Since it's been a long time, let's continue the conversation we couldn't finish in the Imperial Palace."

Despite Luinel acting as if he owned the room, the Chancellor sat expressionlessly with an unfazed face.

"Did you come to the palace to shake me down?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't play dumb! Surely you've confessed everything I've been doing behind the scenes to my father!"

Was he unaware that referring to it as 'behind the scenes' didn't sound very bold?

Nevertheless, his face showed no sign of guilt or remorse, only unfounded arrogance.

"I understand that from your perspective, grandfather, all that I have done may seem to contravene both ethics and law. But what I did was never just for myself! You want it too, don't you? My ascension to Emperor would certainly raise the prestige of the Quizzel family..."

"I never told you to ascend to a throne soaked in blood," Condor retorted, cutting off Luinel's passionate speech.

“Age can make one foolish, but now it seems to border on stupidity.”

It was a highly insulting remark, devoid of any respect.

“Do you really think a peaceful succession to the throne is possible, grandfather? Do you not know how my father ascended? What are the siblings I saw as a child doing now? There are no news!”

“.....”

“Can you confidently say that siblings like Violet, Fabian, Nerobian, and even that empty shell Arin will not covet the throne? Knowing the dynamics of the royal court, how can you make such naive remarks?!”

Luinel bellowed with a voice filled with resentment.

Condor looked upon him with eyes tinged with pity and retorted.

“Do you think you, who became Emperor through such means, can truly maintain the peace of the continent?”

His own voice was growing more intense.

“The Emperor should protect the state, not the throne! Someone like you, who excludes all to protect their own interests, makes me doubt whether you, let alone the empire, can maintain peace across the continent!”

“The more stable the Emperor’s position, the more naturally peace in the Empire and the continent will follow! Besides me, who else could bear the weight of the throne? It’s not like a common stone becomes a gem just by polishing it!”

Luinel retorted without giving any ground.

“One never knows. The value of a person can change at any time. Just as a gem may appear like a mere rock, concealed by dust...”

“You call that sensible talk...?!”

-Knock, knock

In the midst of this heated atmosphere, a knock came from the door.

“Come in.”

The Chancellor granted permission immediately.

-Creak

A girl entered gently, in stark contrast to Luinel's entry.

Seeing her, Luinel's eyes narrowed.

"What does this mean?"

"Make no mistake. She had an appointment here before you came."

The girl seemed a little shaken upon seeing Luinel, but promptly bowed respectfully to the Chancellor.

"Third-year student of the Royal Academy, Arin Severus. I've come for a meeting with the Chancellor..."

She was Arin Severus, the Fifth Princess of the Ushif Empire, scheduled to meet the Chancellor today.

"Brother Luinel. What brings you to the academy without notice?"

"None of your concern. Leave. Your insignificant meeting can wait; we are in the midst of a far more important discussion..."

Dismissing Arin's prior engagement as insignificant, Luinel commanded her to leave in highhanded arrogance.

"How dare you lack such basic courtesy and yet aspire to be Emperor? The one who should leave is not Arin, but you Luinel. There seems to be nothing more to discuss, so please leave my office..."

-Bang!

Luinel exploded in anger, slamming the desk as he stood up.

He glared at Condor as if the man were his mortal enemy and then suddenly turned and approached Arin.

Arin maintained her composure, meeting his gaze head-on.

"You've grown, Arin, to even look me in the eye..."

"People grow. I can't always be pitiful, bowing before you..."

To Arin's unwavering response, Luinel's pupils quivered in astonishment.

“I know you find me disagreeable, but as your sister, I refuse to be a useless empty shell that cannot serve you...”

“What are you talking about?”

“They say threat can be the greatest motivator for progress. Even if someone as inadequate as me poses a small threat to you, that would be incredibly meaningful, wouldn't it? It would be the biggest proof that you have recognized me.”

It was a bold statement that shocked both Luinel and Condor, who had been listening silently.

“Ha!”

After a few incredulous chuckles, Luinel bent down to Arin's level.

“Well, as your brother, it seems I need to offer you some very important advice.”

He grasped her shoulders and slowly brought his face close, then whispered sharply in her ear.

“Do you wish to die?”

Arin flinched at his chilling threat.

“Just because father looks out for you a bit, you've become overly confident. This is why lesser bloodlines are a problem. Give them a little leverage, and they think they can strut around...”

Luinel's eyes filled with a rage that went beyond mere anger.

“Don't be mistaken. Right now, I can strangle you to death on the spot. No one will protect you. Especially such a meaningless, empty shell like you...”

“I will protect myself!”

Arin stood her ground with fierce sincerity in her eyes.

“I do not seek protection from others. I am an imperial princess! If a princess cannot protect herself, there is nothing more foolish. To become a respected and honorable member of the imperial family! That is the path I wish to take as a princess.”

Calm, yet bold.

In such an assertive manner, Arin relayed her steadfast resolve to Luinel without missing a beat. Luinel retreated, having been outmatched.

While the struggle between two members of the royal family who could shape the future of the empire continued,

-Knock, knock

The clear sound of a knock echoed from beyond the door, drawing everyone's attention.

"May I enter?"

A gentle voice that calmed the previously tense hearts, belonging to someone whose presence was unforgettable. Coincidentally, all three people in the room recognized the owner of the voice.

After Condor remained speechless upon this unexpected visit, the door to the Chancellor's office carefully opened to reveal a blond man.

"It's been a while, Chancellor Condor."

How could anyone stay angry upon encountering that smile?

As if a messenger of peace had entered, the mood in the room that once seemed explosive instantly calmed down.

Arin couldn't look away from the man.

"Aschel?"

It was Aschel Vert, the eldest son of the Vert Ducal House, and up until recently, the betrothed of Arin's brother, Sian Vert.

"You, what brings you here as well?"

"I came to convey something important. I was accompanying the Prince when I decided to come here."

"Something important?"

"Yes. It's fortunate that Princess Arin is also here. I was just about to fetch her."

"Me?"

Arin was understandably bewildered, not expecting Aschel of all people would be looking for her.

"I swear upon Lumen Del, the God of Light, there's not a trace of deceit in what I'm about to tell you."

While it was surprising that he appeared out of nowhere, it was even more startling how he was immediately swearing an oath to a deity.

Still, Aschel's captivating smile soon turned frosty like the chill of dawn, and the room's atmosphere followed suit.

"What exactly do you intend to say?"

When Condor finally managed to speak, he asked with curiosity.

"It's regarding my brother, Sian..."

Aschel's expression was a strange mixture of joy and sorrow as he replied.

\* \* \*

"Huff, huff..."

Regens struggled to catch his breath.

It had been so long since such exertion caused him to sweat profusely, and it was all due to his own granddaughter.

"Couldn't you have used that strength for the academy instead?"

He asked her with complex emotions, but there was no answer.

"....."

Lunev held her head down like a leaf wet with dew, the sound of her breath being the only sound echoing faintly.

Having gotten what he wanted, there was no need for Regens to prolong the situation.

He deactivated the restraining barrier he had created and left the room.

Shortly after...

"Lunev!"

Ramella and the other academy members, who had been waiting outside, rushed in calling out to her.

"Lunev, snap out of it!"

Judging solely by the sound of her weak breathing, she seemed to have fainted.

“It’s one thing to do this to your granddaughter...”

It was apparent from the scene what had transpired.

The academy’s Chancellor, Regens, had cast ‘Mental Breakdown,’ a high-level psychic spell, on her.

It was a dangerous magic that could lead to permanent mental disability if its intensity was too great, meant to erode the strong-willed in hopes of a confession.

Could there have been a need to go this far, even for the leader of the academy who highly valued public matters, to treat his own blood so harshly?

While Ramella was about to cast a recovery spell, Lunev suddenly raised her hand and stopped her.

“It’s okay, Ramella...”

“Are you truly awake, Lunev?”

“I wouldn’t be talking if I wasn’t. Stop yelling; you’re making my ears ring.”

Ramella heaved a sigh of relief, yet only for a moment,

because right after, Lunev was bombarded with a downpour of admonishments.

“What were you thinking, engaging in such reckless behavior? How bad must it have been for the Chancellor to use such power? We nearly had a disaster!”

“I’ll listen to the scolding later. Right now, just hear out a single request I have.”

“A request?”

Confused by the sudden plea, Ramella tilted her head.

“Yes. You’re the only person I can ask such a favor of, Ramella...”

Ramella was perplexed.

Never before had Lunev shown such vulnerability, always refusing to depend on anyone.

Though unfamiliar, the humanness of the moment caused Ramella’s heart to naturally gravitate toward Lunev.

“Speak, Lunev...”



(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 166**

Chapter 166: Unveiling the Truth (3)

Royal Hall, second floor, end of the left corridor.

The remaining warmth had now completely dissipated from the room.

Only the loneliness and starkness of the ownerless space filled the void.

-Clang

Strangers came looking for the ownerless space.

The first to enter the room was the vice-principal of the academy, Satwell Iris.

Not only academy officials but also several members of the Garam Scholars Guild draped in blue capes began to search the room, as if they had agreed beforehand, dividing their areas of investigation.

Despite the intense investigation, there appeared to be no significant findings, and soon everyone gathered back in the living room.

Somehow, in consultation, a large white parchment was spread on the floor by the Garam Scholars, like a carpet.

Satwell, with a severe expression, stepped onto it.

After taking a deep breath, she began to channel mana and draw something onto the parchment.

It was a magic circle for casting high-level magic.

“In front of the light of the holy truth, nothing can be hidden, reveal the traces of hidden darkness!”

As she murmured the incantation in a low voice, the magic circle responded with light.

The magic circle resonated and emitted a copious amount of magical energy.

It seemed that footstep-like traces began to emerge from the floor, but then—

-Poof

It went out like a flame extinguished almost immediately.

Startled, Satwell tried to channel mana once more, but—

“.....”

The result was no different from before. Two hypotheses could be deduced from this situation.

Either there was no trace to be found, or someone had magically concealed any traces from detection.

And everyone, including Satwell, thought the latter was the case.

This meant that even the magic of the Vice-Principal, Satwell Iris, known as the next most powerful mage after Chancellor Condor of the academy, was not powerful enough to find the traces of powerful magic lingering in this space.

With a hardened face, Satwell turned to everyone and said,

“It seems my powers alone won’t be sufficient. I’ll need your help.”

Without questioning, the people present began to manifest their mana just as she had done.

Then, a greater resonance than before occurred within the magic circle, and finally, proper traces began to appear from the location where the magic circle was drawn.

“It seems it’s not too far from here.”

The traces led to a city not far from the academy.

\* \* \*

The streets were chaotic, as if some spectacle had happened.

The crowd had gathered in front of a bulletin board where wanted posters were hung.

“This is the end of days, the end. Who knows where this country is headed.....”

“What’s so unsatisfying about this peaceful era that they resort to such outrageous behavior? Even gnawing their bones wouldn’t be enough for such scum!”

“Surely they’re not hiding in our city?”

As they viewed the wanted posters, people spit out curses and fear.

Then, Brian, who happened to pass by the billboard, stopped in his tracks.

With his face partly concealed by his cloak, he inspected the wanted poster with restrained eyes.

Ignoring the despicable criminals who committed horrendous, valueless crimes of rape, abduction, and murder, the most noteworthy wanted poster was now confronting Brian.

The core figure behind the recent assassination cases of nobles.

The instigator of the bloody banquet incident.

The perpetrator who summoned a giant magical beast in Aexilium.

What was more shocking was that the owner of the wanted poster, guilty of crimes too atrocious even to mention, was the son of a noble family, respected throughout the empire.

The infamous youngest son of the Vert family, the guardians of the continent.

“Yo, Young Master.....?”

It was none other than Sian Vert himself.

“Look, look over there!”

A man’s shout shifted everyone’s attention in the same direction.

“Th, the imperial knights?”

Knights in shining gold armor, ones you rarely see outside the capital, from the Royal Guard.

Not just one or two, but by rough estimate, there seemed to be well over a hundred, a considerable force that appeared in Brenu.

As everyone was distracted by the unexpected arrival of the imperial knights, Brian furiously tore down Sian’s wanted poster and bolted from the spot.

-Clang

Then, like a raging bear, he rushed home, locked the door behind him, and immediately secured all entrances, including the windows.

“Why, why are you acting so sudden?”

Emily, patiently waiting for him, asked with a bewildered face.

“We, we’re in big trouble……!”

Short of breath, Brian handed over the wanted poster he had brought to Emily.

“Why a wanted poster? Is there some terrible criminal here... eh?”

The moment she saw the wanted poster, Emily let out a shriek.

“Wha, what is this? Why is our Young Master on here?”

For Emily, it was an absurd and bewildering situation.

The listed crimes were so immense and unheard of that the bounty was almost equivalent to the annual operation budget of a sizable region, boldly written in red ink below the poster.

“Young Master, what on earth have you been doing out there?”

Sian had abruptly left the academy, leaving only the three of them behind in Brenu, and now he had vanished somewhere else.

He had said that if they just quietly remained, there’d be no problem, but now a calamity had occurred that seemed much worse than he had assured.

Emily thought to herself that they could never return to Belias now.

“Really, I can’t live because of the Young Master!”

She felt like screaming her frustration to the mountaintops.

“Wait! What about us? Can we just stay here and be fine?”

“Of, of course, we can’t just boldly sit here and feel safe. Though I don’t know why, the imperial knights are here now. We should at least take Nana and find a safer place to hide for the time…….”

“No! Forget us, we must first check on the Young Master’s safety! Who knows what might be befalling him right now! If he were to find himself in a dire situation…….”

“Ah, about that, you really don’t have to worry…….”

-Clang!

Suddenly, the door to one side of the living room burst open.

Nana, who had woken up, had come out from the room.

“Li, little one. Why are you awake?”

Considering the time, it wasn’t when she usually woke up from her nap.

Brian and Emily wouldn’t just assume she had woken up early by chance.

Because the eyes of Nana right now were not her usual innocent eyes upon waking up from sleep, expressing her hunger. Her eyes were bloodshot and in a significantly dangerous state.

“It’s strange. It’s not even time for dinner…….”

Brian’s back broke into cold sweat as memories of the past resurfaced.

“It smells delicious. Why?”

Nana spoke the word ‘smell’ and grinned, revealing her teeth,

“Just when she’s about to cause some big trouble again! Don’t smell anything!”

Emily quickly ran and pinched Nana’s nose shut.

Gradually, Nana’s bloodshot eyes began to return to their original state.

But just because she couldn’t smell anything didn’t mean the problem was solved.

“……!”

Suddenly sensing an unfamiliar presence, Brian quickly drew his sword.

-The sound of a drawn sword was followed by deafening silence, filled with nothing but the sound of breaths and beating hearts.

Amidst the tense atmosphere, only the door was fixed in Brian’s gaze.

-Step step

The faint trace of footsteps coming closer, not just passing by coincidentally, but heading straight for this place.

The problem was that it was not just one or two.

The sound of at least a dozen people's footsteps seemed to surround the house from every direction.

-Crack crack

Soon after the footsteps stopped, a bizarre sound followed.

It sounded like someone was scraping a sound wall with their hands—a remarkably noisy sound. But putting the noise itself aside, one had to think about why such a sound would be made under the current circumstances.

Brian closed his eyes and recalled something Sian had once told him.

If, while cooped up in this house, you suddenly hear strange sounds like walls being scratched,

it means that the protective ward set up around the perimeter is collapsing due to depleted magical power, and you should at least infuse a little mana to maintain its shape.

He had told them to just keep this in mind as he would be returning before that time occurred.

However, Brian understood.

This was not the natural sound of a failing ward disintegrating on its own.

This was the sound of strange individuals surrounding the house, forcibly breaking the protective ward by infusing it with magic.

He had been complacent.

The moment he saw the wanted poster, he should have evacuated Emily and Nana immediately.

Even if he didn't know the identities of those outside,

Brian knew for sure that they wouldn't show them a pleasant outcome.

“Run away with Nana through the back door!”

“Huh? What about you?”

“I’ll follow soon after. First, we must deal with the current situation.....”

“What nonsense are you saying? Do you think you are some kind of last knight? It’d be better to admit flat out that you want to die a dog’s death alone!”

“It’s not exactly like that.....”

Brian hesitated to deny, feeling that it might not be appropriate to do so.

Though her words were rough, Emily wasn’t wrong.

But what to do?

If they stayed put, they would all end up in a bad situation.

Wouldn’t it be better to throw himself into the fray to allow the other two to escape?

Just like Sian would have done.

-Scratch

The urgent bickering of the two was soon interrupted by a very familiar sound beyond the door.

-Scratch, thud, scratch

The sound came not from a human mouth but was a sharp, nerve-wracking cutting noise followed by the silent collapse of bodies without a single scream.

Though not visible, the gruesome yet familiar scene played vividly in Brian’s mind.

-Thump

“.....”

Another dull thud was followed by silence.

Caught in an ambiguous atmosphere, unable to act or retreat, and as Brian approached the door to check the situation,

“Open the door.”

The indifferent yet familiar voice came from the other side.

As if responding to the command, Brian quickly unlocked the door and pushed it open,  
“Do...”

“Papa!”

Before the word “Young Master” could fully escape, Nana had already rushed out and plunged into his arms.

About to naturally stroke her hair, the boy paused as he noticed the blood on his hand.

“Sorry. I got held up a bit.”

His usual demeanor was neither flustered nor entirely relaxed as he gazed upon them with an indifferent emotion.

Behind him lay the imperial knights, lifelessly scattered in the aftermath, as if Death himself had passed by.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 167**

Chapter 167: The Mist That Clears The Light (1)

Silica, standing alone in the center of the space, looked as solid as a rock. But inside, she was more nervous than ever before. The small tremor in her folded arms, her eyes darting left and right, and the sweat that trickled down her neck to her chest were new sensations to her since she had taken up the assassin’s blade.

Her heightened emotions showed no signs of subsiding.

In the midst of this, a member of her group rushed in from across the space, bringing awaited news.

“Lady! We’ve found the heir!”

“Where?”

Silica asked immediately for the location without any delay.

“It’s Brenu! As expected, it appears they’ve gone there to fetch their offspring!”



The agent's face was grim as he reported the finding, separate from the success in locating the individual.

He swallowed dryly, trying to calm his nerves, and continued with an anxious tone.

"The knights of the royal army who had been following us have already been dealt with before we even moved! Not only the knights but the scholars from the Garam Magic Society are also heading to Brenu to capture the heir..."

"Acting as they please to the end...."

Fury rose within Silica, and she ground her teeth.

Regardless of the situation, their mission was clear.

To protect the heir.

"Call the other agents from other regions to gather in Brenu right now! Don't worry about anything else! The escape of the heir, no, of Sian, is the top priority...!"

(Silica...)

As she tried to compose herself and give orders, a divine voice resounded within her.

"Aer?"

There was no response to her call, but she understood its meaning: to hurry to the altar to meet the deity. With a heavy heart, Silica shut her eyes tightly.

"Hold the orders. Wait until I arrive!"

Without looking back, she hurriedly ran towards the altar.

There, the god of the black mist, Aer, waited for her at the altar, relaxed and aloof.

(You seem terribly rushed.)

He began the conversation with a mischievous smile.

"Just speak plainly, Lord Aer. You know the situation is very urgent, right?"

(I know. I know all too well, which is why I called you here. Silica.)

It seemed as if he teased her, openly acknowledging that he was delaying her.

(Why do you try to protect the heir?)

“Forgive me, but I do not understand your question. I am the leader of Mist, an organization that serves you, Lord Aer. How could I possibly stand by and watch the heir you care for fall into danger?”

(An organization that exists for me. You are consistently the same, now as ever. But who to blame? Those who strut around as supreme beings, yet who cannot overcome their own fears and thus bring about this commotion...)

Aer continued with cryptic words and shook his head.

(Therefore, as your master, I command you. From this moment on, all members of Mist are to cease their actions and watch over the heir’s peril.)

“ ... ”

Silica’s eyes widened in an involuntary expression of shock.

“What do you mean? Why give such an order?”

(Because that is what the heir desires.)

Aer answered as if it were nothing significant.

(Remember, Silica. You do not exist for me. I am here for you. And so, I also do what the child wishes.)

Silica had no counter-question to his words.

(Just watch. See how that child will clear away the light that constricts him...)

The perfect successor who appeared one day.

Was Aer expecting the successor’s future actions, or was it something else? Emotions mingled complexly in his gaze.

\* \* \*

A lonely cold wind blew across the academy’s physical training ground.

Arin stood alone in that spacious area, and Condor cautiously approached her.

In her hand, she clutched a rolled-up wanted poster.

She wanted to say something comforting, but resignation filled Arin’s eyes, as though she had accepted the loss of everything.

Comfort seemed utterly meaningless at this point.

“People are said to have two faces. One is a false mask for others, and the other is their true self...”

Anyone listening would have known it was about Sian.

Arin opened her mouth weakly and asked.

“What kind of face was Sian showing when he was with the principal?”

“I can’t give you a definite answer. I thought I knew him well, but I realized I knew nothing about him in the end.”

Condor sighed, feeling hollow.

“For the past two years, I have come to this training ground every day, with a desire to grow stronger than yesterday and to pursue the path that Sian paved for me to become an emperor. I hoped he would walk it with me. Even now, that sounds terribly presumptuous. Sian could have done much for me, but what could I have done for him?”

She had struggled to reduce that gap.

Even if she couldn’t close it completely, Arin had believed that the effort itself was significant.

But now,

“It all seems meaningless. I cannot make Sian mine, nor can I be his. Was the Sian that I wanted and worshipped the real Sian I knew?”

Unable to answer, Condor maintained a helpless silence.

“It’s like I’m back to where I was three years ago, unable to do anything and without a path forward...”

Trying not to let her tears fall, Arin contained her overwhelming emotions.

If she cried, it would prove that nothing had changed.

“Would you like to go and find out?”

Condor suddenly suggested, catching Arin off guard.

“What do you mean?”

“We just received news that he has appeared. He’s in the southern city of Brenu.”

Arin’s eyes wavered with visible shock.

“Regardless of who he really is, he is still him, and you are you. You should find out for yourself whether the path he offered you is sincere or just an alluring illusion.”

Unable to easily respond, Arin was stunned by the proposal.

Looking deeply into her uncertain eyes, the principal asked again.

“Will you come with me to meet Sian?”

\* \* \*

I gazed at the red text on the wanted poster listing my alleged crimes.

So this is how it was going to be—dumping everything on me?

It’s not like I wasn’t involved, but to be treated like a demon... The real devil isn’t even me.

No feelings of anger or injustice arose in me.

I anticipated this much.

I put the poster down and met six pairs of eyes staring at me.

They were filled with questions and fears—except for our little one, of course.

“Do, Doron-nim, what does it say on that wanted poster? You didn’t do those things, right?”

“No.”

I dismissed the question without hesitation.

“We’re short on time, so I’ll make it simple. Choose.”

Caught off guard by the unexpected choice, everyone blinked in surprise.

“Will you follow me out of here, or will you leave on your own to start a new life? It’s up to you, so choose without any pressure.”

Though I said without pressure, Emily and Brian were as red as if they were about to explode.

“Why would you say that all of a sudden?!”

“You won’t be left to fend for yourselves. I can provide enough funds. Just start fresh, free from any ties with me.”

“Don’t be so pushy, suddenly why would you...?”

-Thump

Emily jumped, but Brian knelt immediately, bowing his head deeply.

“As Brian Kendrick, sworn to his lord in the academy, my heart has remained unchanged! Whether to heaven or hell, wherever you go, I will follow you to the end!”

Was he acting like he’s some kind of last knight of a country?

If he wanted to come, just say so without this ceremonious fuss...

“I wanna follow Papa too! I don’t want to live without Papa!”

Nana also expressed her wish to come along, raising her hand.

I gently stroked her head with a smile, as she always gleamed brightly, and asked her.

“Papa might not be able to take care of you like before. You might not get many tasty treats either. Is that okay?”

“Yes! I don’t need snacks! Nana is happiest when she’s with Papa!”

If there were any lies in those pure, sparkling eyes, then truly, something would be wrong with the world.

I expected maybe a small worry from a young mind, but it seems my concerns were for naught.

Seeing the other two having made their choice, their gaze naturally shifted to one spot.

“What, why are you all looking at me like that?”

It seemed I inadvertently pressured her without meaning to.

Her face went bright red, then she suddenly yelled at me.

“I, I was the first one by your side, Doron-nim! I can’t stand the thought of someone else attending to you!”

I chuckled without meaning to.

Seeing her determined eyes, it didn't seem like a reluctant outcry.

This wasn't the situation I anticipated, but somehow, it felt quite satisfying.

It's not a moment for smiling, but the corners of my lips kept twitching.

"Last question. Are you sure you won't regret your decision?"

All three nodded.

"Then from now on, you have only one task. Once you step through the door, simply follow ten steps behind me, no matter what happens around you. Just keep following silently."

"Papa, what about me?"

"Our little one..."

I moved my hand slightly to manifest mana and then touched her nose with it.

The white powder that spread from my hand was inhaled by Nana, who immediately drifted into dreamland.

I gently caught her as she fell and handed her to Brian.

There's no need to expose her to unpleasant things; it's best that she simply enjoys her journey in dreamland.

With all preparations complete, it was time to leave.

I stepped forward to the door once again.

[My lord. You look so solemn, as if you're heading into battle.]

"Your expectation is written all over your face."

[Oh dear, did you notice? How could I pretend otherwise with such an entertaining situation ahead?]

Ceyram smiled with utmost satisfaction as he scanned the surroundings.

[You promised to entertain me, didn't you?]

"Yes, because nobody else can provide such pleasure..."

[As you well know, I'm a very greedy demonic sword. Once I taste desire, I crave even greater pleasures.]

I am well aware.

If the pleasure isn't satisfied, the true nature of a demonic sword will devour its owner.

That's why my beloved sword cannot devour me.

The sweet pleasure that's about to unfold will be something that only I can experience.

Maintaining the thrill of a smile on my face, I finally stepped outside.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 168**

Chapter 168: The Mist That Dispels the Light (2)

The vicious criminal who raped and murdered nearly twenty women.

The grotesque and brutal demons on the front lines that made one's skin crawl at the mere sight.

Even the veteran knights, who had seen all manner of predators, could not let their guard down at this moment.

How many individuals are there who can induce such tension simply by being observed, as fellow human beings?

An existence beyond a mere predator, not sufficiently described by the word.

The knights, currently confronting the empire's worst criminal, Sian Vert, all shared this sentiment.

"Hear the will of the Emperor of the Ushif Empire, the light of our realm! Sian Vert of the Vert Ducal Family shall cease all resistance immediately and surrender peacefully at this time. There will be no questioning allowed!"

Redback Ackerman, the only high-ranking knight among those dispatched, brandished an imperial edict stamped with the emperor's seal, demanding compliance.

“ ... ”

However, Sian did not even turn his gaze toward Redback.

Feeling a twinge of humiliation, Redback raised his hand to signal, and the knights charged at Sian with all their might.

A boy who was not a high-ranking knight, still shedding the vestiges of youth, could not possibly escape the elite knights' sharp formation.

That was what everyone present believed until the sound of clashing swords filled the air.

“ ... ! ”

A vortex whipped up fiercely toward the sky.

As the swirling subsided, the knights holding firm to their swords began to collapse one by one, their groans silent, their eyes bleached white as if crushed by an immense force.

“What in the world?”

The elite imperial knights had fallen without swinging their swords. Dismounting from his horse, Redback glared at Sian, but Sian moved forward with an utterly calm gaze.

Enraged, Redback drew his sword and lunged at Sian.

“ ... ”

Even as Redback closed the distance to five paces, Sian did not move a muscle.

As a swordmaster who had honed his skills for decades before becoming a knight, Redback was certain he had the upper hand.

Within human limits, no one could respond in time at this range.

However, as he boldly swung his sword,

– Swoosh!

A sound of a blade piercing the air was followed by a splash of blood before his eyes.

The blade had cut something—but it was not his own, nor had he struck Sian.

– Thud.



Redback's knees buckled, and he collapsed forward.

What could have happened?

Gazing around with a mixture of doubt and confusion, he realized something.

The boy they had been contending with was not something that could be called human at all.

An existence far beyond human limitations. There was no other explanation.

Without a glance of pity for the fallen, Sian silently pressed on.

\* \* \*

"It seems that the imperial vanguard has been dealt with..."

The mages of the Garam Magic Society observed the situation from a rooftop a distance away from the incident, speechless at the extraordinary events before them.

"If a few mere knights could have stopped him, it wouldn't have come to this."

Regens expressed no surprise, not even uttering words of amazement.

"Are you sure this is all right, Headmaster? This is the empire we're in. Given that our reasons for intervening are insufficient, there's a risk of causing friction with the empire..."

"Cause can be created if need be. After all, there's no such thing as a just cause that avoids risk. That boy is a necessary existence for our academy's future."

The youngest son of the Vert Ducal Family, the continental guardians.

The possessor of darkness attribute levels rivaling that of a god.

An assassin affiliated with the continent's most fearsome assassination organization, Mist.

Even the currently known facts about him were significant; who knew what more lay behind his impassive facade?

Recent events at the academy were now clearly linked to this boy.

For the sake of the academy, and indeed the future of humanity, they needed to secure him.

Regens eyes held a more resolved intent than ever before.

“Open the formation.”

Upon the command, the mages drew forth all the mana concealed within them.

A faint light emerged in the center of the ground they overlooked, and as Sian approached, the light intensified.

A high-level magic known as ; a superior magic that creates a barrier by manipulating space.

Unlike simple binding spells, this formation employed the mana of multiple mages, ensuring that once established, even the caster would struggle to dispel it.

Lock the target in that space, and the matter would be settled instantly.

Regens’ lips curled with a mix of triumph and anticipation.

– Whoooooosh!

Suddenly, a fierce wind, carrying gritty sand grains, blew in, obscuring the mages’ vision and interrupting their smooth flow of mana.

Caught off guard by this sudden disturbance, Regens scanned the surroundings for the source of the anomaly.

“.....!”

Not far from where Sian advanced, a muscular man with tawny skin exuded an overwhelming level of magical power from his hands.

He looked upon the flustered members with a curious smile.

\* \* \*

A familiar sandstorm grazed my skin. Nothing else needed to be seen.

It was familiar, but not quite friendly—it was the power of a certain foolhardy prince.

From the front, at eleven o’clock.

From the rooftop of a building some distance away, an unpleasant flow of mana was felt, leading up to a spot five paces in front of me.

There, a vast magic circle awaited, large enough to cover a plaza, as if biding its time for my arrival.

Had they set up a Seal of Confinement?

Well, it seemed better prepared than the imperial buffoons.

Not that I couldn't escape if caught, but thanks to the sandstorm, it seemed I'd avoid some unnecessary hassle.

I gripped Ceyram tight and plunged it into the ground.

– Thunk!

The mana within Ceyram transferred through the ground toward the magic circle, which began to emit a blue radiance, quickly followed by the rise of black mist.

– Crack!

With a deafening noise, the magic circle was extinguished.

As though on cue, the master of this vortex swept aside the sandstorm and revealed himself.

“We were supposed to have gone out on a field trip, weren't we? Thanks to you, I got suspended.”

Ah, right, I hadn't explained that yet.

Not that I deliberately didn't; rather, a flurry of events made it slip my mind naturally.

“You've been quite the topic lately. Assassin this, that, and even wanted posters that barely resemble you have been spreading around.”

The foolish prince presented the wanted poster with a grin as if to flaunt it.

Even if he was a thoughtless prince, he wouldn't react this way if he truly believed what was written about me on that poster.

“Ease up, man! Don't you have a man's intuition? Do you think I'd believe such nonsense written on a piece of paper? I know you best, you're not that kind of guy!”

His words made my head irrevocably shake.

“You know I'm not that kind of guy...”

How could this foolish prince claim to understand me when even I don't fully understand myself?

Yet he could show me an unchanging smile, knowing my true face—it was a complexity of feelings.

“Don't stress about it! A debt owed by a man must be repaid. Even though you might not have needed it, think of it as compensation for what happened in Nodeli!”

I hadn't done it for a reward, but it would be problematic to dismiss it this way.

“Seeing my supreme rival get caught here is unacceptable! I may not know when, but the next time we meet, I will definitely...!”

– Whoooooosh!

Those who wouldn't take kindly to this spectacle raised a strong gust in response to the sandstorm.

I glanced up at that moment, catching sight of a sage keeping an inscrutable gaze on me.

Regens Rainriver, the head of Garam Magic Society.

His direct presence here meant that he must have discovered everything about me.

Not particularly surprising.

In fact, it was more surprising that his arrival was this delayed—likely thanks to that capable junior of his.

“I don't suppose we'll have much time to talk. For now, I'll prevent those scrawny folks from interfering. Use this chance to take your servants and escape.”

The foolish prince forcefully unleashed the mana dormant within him.

“That damn voice stays surprisingly silent when it's needed! It's utterly useless!”

A larger sand vortex arose around him than before.

Thanks to this, the mages targeting me once more lost their sight, and some even turned away completely.

As he said, without the voice that apparently surfaces now and then, it won't last long.

For a brief moment, I fixed my eyes on his face.

“Why? Do you have something to say?”

“Be careful of catching a cold.”

That was the best advice I could give him at the moment.

“I won’t catch a cold!”

You might not know now, but you will need to be careful later—especially for the sake of the country you yearn to protect.

As I passed him, leaving behind my last words, the head of Garam Magic Society, who seemed to have teleported, appeared before me.

He had a complex look in his eyes, filled with curiosity and doubt.

“So this is the first time we meet face-to-face.”

At least in this lifetime.

“I believe you know about me, as I do about you.”

Half right, half wrong.

Not just “about,” I know far more about you than you imagine, including the loathsome truth hidden behind that grand facade...

“Let’s not mince words. Follow me.”

That was unexpected.

“There’s probably nowhere left in this empire for you to turn to. So leave everything behind and follow me. I promise not to inquire about your past. As the head of the Garam Magic Society, I swear it upon my name.”

Is this old man really not senile yet?

“Let me clear something up in case you’re misunderstanding—the choice isn’t yours to make. It’s simply a matter of accepting my offer and following me willingly, or being overwhelmed by my power and dragged along against your will.”

His feigning of generosity was utterly repugnant.

“Actually, I owe you gratitude. Regardless of the reasons, you’ve twice saved my granddaughter from the dark reach of the Garam Magic Society.”

As the conversation grew increasingly unbearable, he landed the final blow.

I silently stared at his face, not uttering a word or making a move.

“It seems you won’t opt for the former.”

Aware of my silent conveyance, he began harnessing his magic once more.

“When I saw your magic just now, I felt you’ve reached the pinnacle of the dark attribute. So bring forth all your power, and let me, Regens Rainriver, bear witness to it.”

Indeed, the magic of this 9-star sage of the continent was extraordinary.

A live example proving that ranking was more than a numerical game.

His presence alone caused a faint trembling in the body.

“I hope you live up to my expectations, if only slightly. Dark attribute isn’t something you come across often...!”

– Thump.

“Cough!”

As he babbled on, he suddenly clasped his head and fell to his knees.

A bit taken aback, I frowned, and then...

“...!”

I sensed a very familiar scent drifting from an unknown source.

“It seems I’m not too late.”

Accompanied by an indifferent voice full of affection.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 169**

\*\*Chapter 169. The Fog that Clears the Light (3)\*\*

The Mental Breakdown spell is a terrifying magic that penetrates an opponent's mind with vast magical power, completely subduing them. However, if the victim counters with an equivalent force, they can fend off the spell relatively easily. Although the scale of the event exceeded expectations, Regen managed to infiltrate Lunev's mind with this magic and successfully extracted a full confession about Sian. While he thought there had been no problems during the process, the searing pain currently gripping his head suggested otherwise.

"You seem to be struggling quite a bit? I guess age really is something you can't fight against. If it were my grandfather from before, he would have brushed this off as nothing and dealt with it immediately..."

Turning toward the familiar voice, Regen's pained expression intensified. "Lu, Lunev. How did you...?" And there she was, his granddaughter Lunev.

"How I came here isn't important. The reason why I'm here, that's what matters. As my grandfather, who always valued results over processes, you should understand the situation, shouldn't you?" Despite Regen's angry questions, she continued speaking with her usual indifferent tone.

Behind her, Ramella and the other members of the academy stood, deeply troubled about how to handle the situation.

"What have you done to me?"

"While you were busy infiltrating my mind with magic, grandfather, I placed a Mental Breakdown spell inside your head as well. Not one that would elicit a confession about Senior Sian, but one that causes painful side effects whenever you think of something," Lunev explained.

The magic she described was unheard of on this continent, even to Regen, who had thought he knew all spells.

"It's simple, really. I just added a touch of the covenant spell to the existing Mental Breakdown magic. It's a spell I prepared in anticipation of your seeking me out. Are you pleased with it?"

This was no time to discuss whether he was pleased or not. It meant that she had known from the start that the situation would evolve in this manner.

"You asked if I would use my power for the academy, didn't you? Be happy then, for as of today, I've decided to dedicate all my strength to the academy. So, for the sake of our Garam Magic Society..."

Lunev's gaze shifted gently toward Sian.

“Please let him go.”

Sian merely looked at her with a neutral expression, not particularly fond or noticeably displeased.

“Don’t talk nonsense, Lunev! This boy is a treasure who will lead our academy’s future alongside you! If you truly are for the academy, you should be helping me with this boy...”

“I kind of expected you to say that. I asked out of formality, but as expected.”

With no delay, Lunev conjured mana within her hands.

“!”

Bright light erupted beneath Regen’ feet, and soon a blue magical circle sprang into existence around him. It was another magical formation for confinement, created solely by Lunev, not by any of the other members of the academy.

“Do you really think you can confine me with this?”

“Of course not. I’m just buying time. It’s going to take some effort for you to escape.”

Admittedly, he wouldn’t be held back for long. However, to Lunev, this moment was enough—enough time for one last conversation with Sian.

“Why have you come?”

Sian was the one to break the silence.

“Do I need to explain? Haven’t I said it many times before? I owe you my life, senior. For someone like me, saved from the brink of despair, coming to your aid when you’re in danger is the most natural thing to do. Not just now, but in the future as well...”

Her response had been consistent ever since their first meeting. Sian, watching her, showed a curious emotion—neither a smile nor anger.

“It seems you don’t completely dislike it. You’ve changed a lot since the beginning, when you seemed mostly bothered.”

“...”

“My feelings haven’t changed. No matter who you are or what you’ve done, it doesn’t matter to me at all. You are my savior who pulled me out of a pit of despair. That’s enough for me.”



With her unwavering conviction, Lunev gently took hold of Sian's hand.

"At first, when you embraced me, you were so cold, but now, I can feel a bit of your warmth."

Just as she softly caressed Sian's hand, she suddenly hugged him tightly. Sian, accustomed to her boldness, did not react much.

"I don't know when I'll see you again, but next time, it won't end like this."

"Is this a threat?"

"Wouldn't it be better if you received it in a nicer way?"

If only time could stand still like this. Whether lightning struck or a blizzard froze everything, as long as they could be together, everything would be perfect.

But for Sian's sake, for her own sake, Lunev had to let go of the hands she was currently embracing.

"Goodbye, senior."

With those words, Lunev released Sian's body. As she turned to leave without lingering feelings, Sian also passed by her without any apparent regret.

"Thank you."

"!"

Even though it embarrassed her to hear him say it, and she could not bring herself to look back, that was enough for Lunev.

Suppressing her wildly beating heart, Lunev turned her attention back to Regen.

"How foolish you are, Lunev."

She had managed to hold her ground longer than expected.

"Do you really think your actions just now are for the benefit of the Garam Magic Society? You are committing a grave mistake!"

Despite Regen's rebuke, she remained unfazed.

"It's hard to tell what is right. Even now, I'm still considering whether to go back and catch him..."

But by this time, Sian had already left with his attendants, and the magical confinement had been broken. Undeterred and with no intention of releasing Regen, Lunev once again summoned all the mana she could muster.

“Perhaps one can never predict how life will turn out. I never dreamed there would be such a day for me.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Please keep your eyes open, to see how far the future you so desired and longed for within the academy will grow.”

Behind her, five elements of different colors shone brilliantly.

\*\*Series continues in the next episode.\*\*

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 170**

Chapter 170: The Fog That Sweeps Away the Light (4)

Humans are selfish yet intelligent creatures.

Inherently, they seldom take part in affairs that would put them at a disadvantage.

The only thing that can move such beings is one thing: power.

Might, wealth, authority, and so forth.

In the correlation between benefit and loss, humans are always led by those much stronger than themselves.

I believed this to be true, and I have always trusted in it.

But can I truly say that the two people I passed by earlier are not an exception to this?

They did not come here drawn by some specific power to aid me.

Not by power, but by heart.

They rushed here solely out of concern for me, to help me, a mere human.

If you ask me how I feel about this, I do not know. It's just... peculiar.

Perhaps more time is needed to comprehend my emotions right now.

As I approach the city's boundary, the number of sword tips pointed at me increases.

The knights who blatantly blocked the long street and that familiar face at their center.

It was Chancellor Condor.

Did his lordship itch for a confrontation?

Could he afford the leisure to gaze upon my face in this place?

The one beside him was even more outrageous.

Unlike the time I met Seth and Lunev, this was truly displeasing.

Princess Arin was looking at me with a complicated and subtle expression.

Though it's one thing for the chancellor, what could that woman be thinking, coming here?

Was she so distrustful of my identity that she had to confirm it with her own eyes?

No other word for it but absurd.

As the distance between them and me narrowed, the statuesque chancellor stepped forward and advanced toward me.

Only after we were close enough to hear each other's voices did he stop, and I likewise halted and locked eyes with him.

-Whoosh

Without speaking, the chancellor slightly moved his finger, creating a barrier.

Moments later, as if to cover the transparent barrier with clouds, lightning began to lash around its exterior.

As if to signal that no one should approach this space.

"What are you doing?"

"Do not be complacent. This lightning might take off your head at any moment, wherever it may be."

The chancellor responded with a threat instead of an answer.

“A follower of the Black Mist... Now, I somewhat understand why we couldn't uncover your whereabouts over these past two years.”

I answered him with silence.

“How long have you been part of that place?”

“My answer remains the same as before. Where I was or what I have done, I have no reason to inform you, Chancellor.”

Contrary to my expectations, the chancellor's gaze remained firm and unwavering.

“I do not intend to explain myself, nor do I seek your understanding. You, Chancellor, and everyone else present should merely continue to trust the written words on that pathetic piece of paper and hate and despise my existence. That's all there is to it.”

“Is that what you want?”

I did not answer.

“The first day you met me, you asked which I desired more: the empire's prosperity or the well-being of my house...”

“Yes. You answered that the academy was more important, Chancellor.”

Suddenly, I realized how contradictory it was that a man who valued the academy so dearly was having such a conversation with me.

“Shouldn't you be rushing back to the academy to erase all traces of your contact with me? If the academy is indeed so important to you as you claim...”

The chancellor ignored my remark as if to say it didn't matter.

“Do you know what I gained after abandoning the path of nobility to dedicate my life to education?”

“Do I need to know?”

“When someone joins a group or organization, their future usually becomes quite clear, whether it turns out well or not. They are able to thoroughly foresee it.”

I know.

That's why, in my previous life when I decided to follow the devil into the Order of Light Knights, they cursed my fate, saying I'd end up in a sorry state.

“It’s the same for your sister’s case. Though Ellis wished to join the Order of Light Knights, I was reluctant as I didn’t think it’d be good for her. However, I didn’t stop her proactively, and as a result, Ellis suffered an unfortunate incident. In a way, if I foresaw her future and still stood by, the responsibility is indeed mine.”

I certainly have no blame to cast.

At the end of the day, doing something just because someone else said so is a poor excuse.

Ultimately, the outcome of one’s choices is entirely their own responsibility.

Both my sister and I understand this, thus we blame no one.

“Do you, of your own will, dwell in the mist and not the light?”

“No one has forced me to do so.”

“Then I have no right to stop you, do I?”

The thunder and lightning that had been raging ceased suddenly, and even the restrictive barrier surrounding us dissolved.

It wasn’t forcibly broken by someone else; the chancellor had retracted his own powers.

“What are you waiting for? If you don’t wish to be caught by the knights, you’d better leave quickly. No one will stop you.”

“Are you serious?” I asked, unconsciously furrowing my brows.

“Didn’t you ask me to wish for your pupil’s bright future? Though, it may be closer to a dark future...”

Wasn’t humor the old man’s forte?

Contrary to the bewilderment in my heart, there was not a hint of deceit or pretense in the chancellor’s eyes.

“My standards may deem it as wrong, but if it is the right place for you, then that is sufficient. Despite what I said, the future within the fog doesn’t look so grim to me.”

His words seemed like a prophecy, and while I was generally skeptical, I made an exception for the chancellor’s words.

Seeing more goodness in a place condemned and despised by all, rather than welcomed with cheers and praise...

It wasn't particularly pleasant, but I didn't feel disgusted either.

"Someday, you may regret this."

"If you don't cause any regrets..."

-Crack

Suddenly, a flash of light appeared, and a bolt of lightning struck.

I quickly stepped back and turned my gaze towards the direction of the bolt.

"Ugh!"

As Chancellor Condor let out a groan holding his shoulder, it was clear he wasn't responsible for hurling lightning onto his own head.

This was clearly not the chancellor's doing.

"What are you all doing? To arms, knights! Bring down this abhorrent existence of the Black Mist!"

There is always a troublemaker who ruins the mood wherever you go.

Regardless of anyone else, the chancellor's expression, filled with fury and murderous intent, was quite a spectacle.

"Luinel!"

The First Prince of the Empire, Luinel Severus.

Offhandedly, he was responsible for the imperial forces sent to capture me... Indeed, gutsy decisions should be acknowledged.

Even bold enough to command lightning to strike down upon his own grandfather.

"Luinel!"

The chancellor glared at Luinel, his gaze mixed with rage and killing intent.

But, of course, I had set no expectations.

I never thought I would leave quietly in the first place.

In the end, incidents like this... They suit a man like me.

-Swoosh

An eerily familiar yet awkward energy suddenly froze my body.

Just like when the holy sword pierced my heart, the sensation rang clear in my ears.

The only difference was,

My face was now filled with elation, not despair.

I'm unsure which emotion is fueling this expression,

but it surely isn't based on anything negative.

Otherwise, why would my body be so exhilarated and filled with bloodlust!

\* \* \*

"Your Highness, why did you use magic over there?"

"Why not? That question should be directed to them! Conversing pleasantly with a criminal right before us, what's the meaning of this?"

The safety of his grandfather no longer mattered to Luinel. Without hesitation, he ordered the knights to advance.

"No matter how many die, it doesn't matter! Capturing him will resolve everything, including the damage to my reputation!"

As the knights, bound by orders, swiftly formed an advancing line, a strange black fog suddenly seeped in.

-Swoosh

The fog quickly coalesced into solid figures, resembling people in grotesque forms.

Witnessing this unfamiliar spectacle for the first time, the knights faltered, and as their numbers equalled those of the fog beings,

they charged at the knights with lightning speed.

"..."

The scene quickly turned chaotic, and the startled knights swung their swords in vain.

-Swish

As if attacking formless fog rather than living beings, the knights were overwhelmed with confusion and fear escalated.

“What is happening?”

“Princess, you must move!”

A group of knights from the academy rushed to protect Princess Arin.

“What? But! Chancellor still...”

Condor had remained at Sian’s side, still wounded and healing. It didn’t seem as dangerous as their own predicament; if anything, Sian appeared to be protecting the chancellor.

Realizing this, Arin understood that Sian was not behind the current crisis.

Though she didn’t know the details, she feared he might be wrongly accused if this continued.

“Princess?”

With that, Arin shook off the knights’ protective hold and dashed forward.

She knew all too well that her actions were reckless and foolish.

But knowing made her even more determined to take this step.

If Sian saw her now, he surely wouldn’t stand idly by.

Without hesitation, he would rush to her side, grab her hand, and scold her for her foolishness.

At least, that was what the Sian she knew would do...

-Clash!

Suddenly, a massive slash of light, like a sword stroke, obscured everyone’s sight.

The fog beings consumed by the light disintegrated, leaving a gentle white glow in their place, and those who saw the unexpected yet beautiful scene were spellbound.

“To crave light and fear darkness are undeniable human instincts...”

A melodious voice echoed from somewhere, prompting Arin to turn her head.



“To those who defy such instincts, we refer to them as ‘heretics,’ like my brother here...”

A tall man with hair like sunlit gold.

No one would regard him as an ordinary individual.

The Savior.

The bearer of light to end the chaotic turmoil in a single moment;

no other title could be more fitting.

“However, light is impartial to all. It does not deny those who reject it. To truly pursue the light as a savior, one must even embrace the existence of these heretics.”

The golden-haired man extended a warm smile and an outstretched hand toward Arin.

“Will you come with me?”

In his other hand, he wielded a divine artifact glowing with radiant light of salvation.

(To be continued)