

# **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 181**

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 181-190**

Chapter 181: The Protected by the Gods (2)

Her hair was as pristine as fresh snow and her skin smooth as if bathed in milk.

The unblemished blue eyes were the epitome of innocence.

There was a considerable mix of curiosity and fear trembling in her eyes.

At first glance, she might seem a bit strange, yet she was undeniably beautiful—until you saw the eerie ears hidden beneath her long hair, that is.

She was, in fact, a White Elf.

Informal cordialities aside, I had replied to her mental communication—only to find no answer forthcoming.

She remained silent, eyes wide and pure.

“Why don’t you speak? Did you not hear me?” I questioned.

“I-I’m sorry! It’s my first time conversing with a human using mental communication,” she apologized hastily within my mind, explaining that she could not speak aloud at present, and as such, our conversation must remain mental. She bowed repeatedly in apology.

Unable to speak? Had she been afflicted by some spell of muteness?

Ceyram mentioned she was under divine protection, but to my eyes, she appeared unremarkable. There was no magical aura that stood out to me, or any divine power similar to my own.

Why would a woman reportedly under the gods’ guardianship be kidnapped by mere thugs?

As more questions arose, she spoke again.

“Are you... the one who saved me?”

“Don’t get the wrong idea. I’m not here to rescue you. Just answer what I ask.”

She nodded meekly, her hands neatly clasped together. Prior to her awakening, I had already interrogated the thugs escorting her, but they had revealed nothing of note. They had simply been ordered to transfer her from an undisclosed location to another—none other than the capital of the Garam Kingdom, ‘Ghaul’.

The situation was complex, to say the least.

“Why were you kidnapped by the Imperial Knights?”

“Imperial Knights?” Her wide-eyed response seemed to indicate unfamiliarity with the term itself.

She explained she was not from these lands—rather, she belonged to the White Elf tribe of the northern continent, Fruina. Once isolated from human affairs, they now sought aid due to emerging perils. She mentioned a copiously renowned White Elf integrated within human society whom they had hoped to solicit.

A famous White Elf living among humans? This was something I never heard of in my prior life.

“Pardon my interruption,” she said as I mulled over this revelation, “But where is your intended destination?”

She replied it was ‘Ghaul’, the same as the kidnapers’ plans.

Undoubtedly, this coincidence could not be ignored—especially given the potential implications involving me.

She voiced her gratitude for my assistance and then hesitantly asked for further help to reach Ghaul.

“Come with me,” I responded abruptly.

Her eyes widened in surprise, then sparkled as she accepted the offer.

Yet there was one detail missing—a triviality, really—her name.

“Hastia,” she introduced herself breezily, a name to which I reacted with nothing more than a nonchalant nod.

Later, she caught me off guard by inquiring about my name, claiming it was disgraceful not to be known. Despite my reluctance, I gave in—Sian—a name unfamiliar on my tongue.

She acknowledged the unusual revelation with earnest gratitude.

\* \* \*

“Hastia is missing?”

“Yes! The knights transporting her to Ghaul have vanished near Vito. We hesitated to search the area intensively due to the presence of Garam Magic Society members.”

“And what hinders their investigation? Our forces are capable of magic as well.”

The knight hesitated but eventually yielded to her determination, promising to deploy all available forces.

The woman, left alone, mused to herself how life’s challenges made existence interesting as she prayed before the statue.

\* \* \*

In the chilly mountain night, Sian and Hastia find refuge inside a cave.

Despite Hastia’s familiarity with the cold of her homeland, the warmth of Sian’s cloak brings her a sense of comfort she hesitates to relinquish. Observing Sian’s methodical fire-making, she tentatively begins a discourse.

“You seem adept at healing magic... were you just passing by when you found me?” she inquired.

Sian offered no response, continuing his preparations with deliberate silence.

When she voiced another concern, a black-haired woman with crimson eyes suddenly made her presence known, teasing Sian for his lack of social grace. Hastia recognized her as the legendary demonic sword Ceyram who famously aided her people.

Sian, confused by this information, began to piece together the unlikely tale before Hastia’s lips were gently silenced by Ceyram’s cold finger. The threat issued was clear: silence could mean life.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 182**

Chapter 182: The One Protected by the Gods (3)

For five hours already, from the city's central streets to the residential areas and rice fields, there hadn't been such a thorough patrol. Schultz had been quietly following along, but by this point, he was starting to feel uneasy.

Lunev Rainriver.

He had heard rumors about her, but he had not expected her to be so obsessively relentless. Searching the entire city for a clue that might not even exist seemed more hopeless than finding a needle in a sand beach.

The academy members following her appeared used to this sort of pursuit, showing silent, expressionless faces as they continued their commitment. Schultz, with his experience from long-distance mercenary missions, was managing to keep up, but feared this could easily turn into several sleepless nights.

'Does she not get tired?'

Even as he wondered, he was impressed by her relentless progress through rugged mountain paths without a single drop of sweat. Her obsession bordered on madness.

What kind of entity must the 'Black-haired Demon' be that she is so determined to find it? Schultz still couldn't understand it.

...

Five hours into the patrol, Lunev stopped her strides deep within a thick bush in the mountains. She looked around, then turned her gaze to the ground. Schultz's anticipation rose, but his confusion only deepened as he witnessed a bizarre scene unfold. Suddenly, Lunev sat down hard and, like a dog, began sniffing the earthy ground with fervor. Despite seeing it twice, it was an image he couldn't get used to.

The academy members, as if expecting this, didn't try to stop her, some shaking their heads or simply holding their foreheads in resignation. Fed up, Schultz inquired.

"What exactly are you trying to smell?"

"If I must explain, it's a peculiar scent akin to a perfume made of blood. Not quite a pleasant scent, really."

At the mention of blood perfume, Schultz felt a chill. Soon after, Lunev stood up, turned to the academy members, and simply said, "Here." As if they had been waiting for the signal, the members quickly formed a circular formation. As they infused the ground with their magic, a blue magic circle emanated from the point where Lunev was standing.

...

Startled, Schultz attempted to retreat hastily but was reassured by her.

“There’s no need to be alarmed.”

“Eh?”

“Just stand there and feel it. When your own dark attribute power reaches its peak, you’ll see how it changes.”

Schultz was dumbfounded. Lunev sat back down, lightly touched the ground with her neatly folded hands, and as her magic activated, resonations began to stir from the earth. It was similar to when she cast the Replay spell in the previous mine. Yet not only her but Schultz began to feel a strange and familiar energy flowing through him as well.

‘Dark attribute power?’

He sensed a dark attribute magic similar yet distinctly different from his own.

“There was a carriage... and there were knights.”

Lunev, gently opening her eyes, began to speak softly. The surrounding crowd held their breath and listened.

“Did someone attack for something inside the carriage, or...” Suddenly, her gaze snapped elsewhere. Shortly thereafter, without a moment of hesitation, Lunev threw herself down the rugged pathway leading to a valley below. “Lunev!”

The shocked academy members and Schultz followed after her. They slid down the slope and arrived at a creek with clear water, where a small wooden carriage without wheels was resting.

Gently touching the carriage, Lunev’s lips formed a smile, a mix of joy and madness.

“I’ve finally found you, senior...”

\* \* \*

Occasionally, he dreamt. Standing alone in a barren wasteland, surrounded by thousands of knights ready to charge and kill him on command. With a golden aura of protection and encouragement shining from the heavens for them, he held only a demonic sword in his right hand and none by his side. As the knights charged with thunderous cries, he killed them all, mercilessly, without a trace.

Soon, the golden aura would vanish replaced by dark mists enveloping him alone, standing under the sky. Usually, he’d wake from the dream about then, but once, a

thought crossed his mind—he wondered what expression he would bear having killed everyone and left alone at the end.

...

He awoke under the sky, just before dawn, veiled by a deep blue curtain. Since he last closed his eyes, he had slept for about three hours—quite a long rest this time.

‘...’

While he glanced around absentmindedly, he knit his brows slightly. Hastia, wrapped in his cloak, had somehow curled up right next to him. She was supposed to be by a tree on the opposite side before; when did she move?

Caught in an awkward moment, he watched her as Ceyram teased him.

[What’s this? Disappointed you couldn’t get a jump?]

Without bother to respond to that, he asked instead.

“What exactly is this so-called protection of the gods?”

[Sounds fancy, right? But you know how it is—those lofty beings won’t bother guarding against a few worthless humans.]

“And what are they protecting against?”

[You.]

Ceyram pointed sharply at his forehead, leaving him speechless with ironic laughter.

[It’s their secrets, not mere humans, they protect against. Whatever god granted her protection is most likely not even bothered by her kidnapping by humans, nor would they care about any suffering she endures.]

His frown deepened with the explanation.

[The deity, whoever it may be, has enshrouded something inside this little one for protection. What bothers that god isn’t human interference, hence no activation. You, though, seem to be considered a threat capable of unraveling divine secrets.]

[Indeed. A being that could threaten their secret is what you’re repelled by.]

As Ceyram looked down at him with fascination, he pondered upon the secrets those high and mighty beings kept. He wasn’t a truth-seeking scholar, nor was he particularly interested in others’ lives, so digging into such private affairs wasn’t his wish.

However, he contemplated that whatever secret this unknown god hid within this frail elf would do her no good and likely bode ill for her future.

...

As Hastia peacefully slept, a wealthy smile graced her face, appearing unconcerned about the grim future.

\* \* \*

In the capital Ghaul of the Garam Kingdom, the city was uniquely positioned towards the lower end of the continent, unlike most capitals placed centrally in territories. And Ghaul had a significant historical meaning—it was where humans first manifested magic to protect themselves. While the specifics were lost to time, making it more legend than history, it was crucial for the entire realm of human affairs.

‘Wow...’

Hastia couldn’t help but marvel at the spire situated in the city center, topped with a brilliantly glowing magical stone representing Garam’s kingdom, casting mana light in five brilliant colors.

[Humans sure have come far, deepening their use of mana like this!]

“You said some colleagues you came with are meeting at where?” he asked.

[‘That would be the main Academy of Magic, I presume!’]

“Academy of Magic main building?” Not exactly receiving news for him.

“And someone from there is part of your family?”

[‘Well, I’m not sure about that. I was only told to meet someone there after exchanging letters...’]

If a white elf had been part of Garam Magic Society staff, she probably wouldn’t have been clueless about it.

Anyway, it was a place he preferred not to approach.

Sensing his reluctance, Hastia took a step back from him.

[‘You’ve brought me this far and that’s enough! I can’t burden you any further, so I’ll go alone from here! Is that where I should head?’]

She pointed to the Academy of Magic building right behind the spire.

['I wish I could keep something to remember our meeting by, but I must return this to you.']

She folded the cloak he lent her and handed it back.

“If you can’t even speak for yourself, how will you manage alone?”

['It’s okay! I just sensed my family’s presence nearby! Responsive spiritual affinity will surely make them hear me!']

She was convinced they would respond to her.

['It’s a humble gift, but...']

She pulled a white gem from her belongings and gave it to him.

["Just think of it as a protection stone! Should you ever face danger, this stone will protect you!"]

Before he could raise the question of why she’d been kidnapped if she had such a useful item all along, he swallowed his words and maintained composure. After a respectful bow, she hurriedly took a few steps, waved back at him, and left.

[Will you truly let her go without any hesitation?]

“If I intended to leave her be, I wouldn’t have accompanied her past the city gates.”

He had done what he could; the rest was to keep watch from a distance to ensure her safety. Given the city’s general safety standards, he presumed no significant issues would arise, although...

-sssshk

“Cough!”

Immediately after Hastia left, in an alley near the main road shrouded in shadows, he grabbed hold of another figure who was aiming a sinister dagger at him, slamming them against the wall.

Trouble, it seemed, hadn’t decided to entirely leave him be. As the figure writhed in pain, the pointy, white ears distinctive of an elf emerged.

(To be continued...)



# The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 183

Chapter 183: The One Protected by the Gods (4)

This is not a self-defense tool I simply carry to protect myself in this unfamiliar land.

Behold the thick, green liquid dripping from the tip of this sword.

It's poison—a very potent one.

This elf approached me with the sole intention of taking my life.

“Eek!”

Attempting to resist, it swung its other fist toward my face.

I easily dodged by turning my head and then burrowed into the space under its raised arm, pressing forcefully into the lower part of the wing joint.

“Aagh...!”

Before it could scream, I grasped its mouth, completely silencing any sound.

Why else would it be called a vital point?

Even a minor force could inflict immense pain, making it a prime target.

Besides, even if it's an elf's body, it's not much different from a human's.

The pain, if anything, would be amplified, not lessened.

A mere 10 seconds.

I'd like to ask how it feels to experience such pain, a first in its life, but unfortunately, time did not permit.

I swiftly grabbed its collar without a moment's rest.

“What are you? Why is someone like you by Lady Hastia's side?”

It's not your turn to ask questions, is it?

It seems the moment of enlightenment I provided was insufficient.

This time, to prevent any questions from arising, I raised my hand again to offer a second opportunity for realization.

“Wait, just wait! Don’t misunderstand! I only appeared because it seemed like you were going to harm Lady Hastia! That was my only intention!”

I always think this in such situations: If you’re going to make excuses, at least come up with something convincing.

This foolish elf, including the rest lurking around the corner, not daring to show themselves.

They have been consciously following us since the entrance of the city.

Likely, just like Hastia, they detected the same White Elf energy and followed.

A comrade thought lost ended up alive and at his destination?

If they were normal comrades who sincerely wished for her return, they would have appeared without hiding and asked what had happened.

But they didn’t.

Instead of a warm welcome, they harbored malicious intent, secretly following behind.

“Can you hear me? It’s me, Hastia! Is anyone around?”

The naive elf lord was mentally reaching out in all directions.

Anywhere else, and it would be uncertain, but this place is the capital of the Garam Kingdom, Ghaul, in front of the headquarters of the Garam Magic Society, where mages of seventh rank and above throng.

There are plenty of people other than me who could hear that mental cry.

If she keeps this up, she’ll be taken away by the mages of the academy before the White Elves get her.

Assessing the urgency of the situation, I turned my gaze forward again.

“No more warnings. From now on, you only answer my questions. No commentary is permitted.”

As I gently raised my other hand to his wing joint,

the elf nodded pitifully, willing to answer any question.

\* \* \*

It was strange.

Surely, I could feel the presence of my clan members nearby, yet none appeared.

Wondering if my voice hadn't reached them, I tried finely adjusting my mana, but nothing changed.

Hastia puffed out her cheeks in frustration.

Still determined not to give up, she closed her eyes to focus on mental resonance when suddenly,

-Click

Someone approached without a sound and grabbed her arm.

Startled, Hastia turned her head immediately.

"Si, Sir Sian?"

It was none other than Sian whom she had just parted ways with.

"....."

Without a word or explanation, Sian solemnly led a bewildered Hastia somewhere.

With wide eyes and unsure of the reason, her cheeks flushed red.

Just as she wondered where he was taking her in such an embarrassing state, their steps halted in the middle of the street.

".....?"

With a perplexed expression, she looked ahead to see,

at the end of the street they were facing,

a group of men in hoods standing.

Recognizing the two of them coming from the opposite direction, they turned their gazes one by one.

“It’s my clan members!”

Hastia smiled with joy upon finding the ones she sought, but the clan members’ expressions weren’t as bright.

“I was worried I hadn’t been heard! Sir Sian brought me here…….”

Pausing her grateful gaze upon Sian,

Hastia’s face suddenly stiffened.

She noticed a sense of wary caution mixed in Sian’s eyes, who was still looking ahead impassively.

-Grip

At that moment, Sian gripped Hastia’s hand even tighter.

-Whoosh

Then, instead of continuing forward, he abruptly veered into a side alley.

“Si, Sir Sian, why? Did something happen with my clan members?”

Despite Hastia’s urgent question, Sian remained silent.

Instead, he appeared unsatisfied with their current pace and,

-Swoop

“……!”

Suddenly lifted her lower body, he leapt up the wall, taking to the rooftops.

Caught off guard, Hastia turned red as an apple, unable to utter a word or resist.

As their unintended escape continued,

they landed back on the ground, and Sian snapped his fingers in front of Hastia’s face.

“Snap out of it.”

Startled, Hastia quickly shook her head.

Sian’s half-closed eyelids betrayed his disdain.

“How did you learn that your clan members were living on this land?”

Without a moment to breathe, Sian threw the question.

“Well... I didn't always know, but I heard it from clan members who had been to the borderlands. They said they had settled there long ago.....”

“Do you know where that settled place is?”

“Well, I heard it was the Ushif Empire.”

“And why arrange to meet in the Garam Kingdom?”

“Well, that, because, you see.....”

Hastia struggled to find her words.

“I'm sorry. I'm not sure myself. I was just told by the companions that accompanied me that they had arranged to meet a clan member here in Ghaul.....”

Her voice faded to a near whisper.

“Was the clan member they were supposed to meet named Nephrodite?”

“How did you know?”

Sian bit his lip, as if he expected this all along.

“Hastia?”

During their intense conversation, another voice suddenly entered their minds.

The two immediately turned their gaze to its source.

“It can't be! It's really Hastia!”

Just like the White Elves they had met earlier, three White Elves, their heads covered by hoods, were rushing toward them.

“Roel!”

Hastia's face lit up with joy.

Upon their arrival, the elves prostrated themselves in front of her.

“We’re so relieved to find you safe! We were worried that something terrible had happened to you.....”

Some were so moved that tears flowed.

“We must leave this city quickly! Everything’s gone wrong! There’s no clan member here to help us!”

Confused, Hastia turned to her clan members with a look that demanded an explanation.

\* \* \*

During my past life, there was only one time.

I had set foot in Fruina.

If I were to summarize my impression in a single line, I’d say it’s a land unsuitable for humans.

Aside from the cold weather and barren soil, the way the White Elves looked at humans left a strong impression.

In simple terms, they reviled humans like pests.

It’s different from how dragons disdain weaker species.

They simply detest associating with humans.

I was even told that humans should be eradicated from their land altogether – that says it all.

That’s why this naive elf is so peculiar.

In a foreign land, despite being kidnapped, she followed me, a completely suspicious human.

Any other White Elf wouldn’t even fathom doing such a thing.

So, the idea that these elves, having troubles, would come to ask humans for help?

Even so, they wouldn’t abandon their ancient customs to such a degree.

They’re a race that, even facing extinction, would attempt to resolve dangers on their own.

Much more straightforward than humans born with double standards.

In other words, what they've been trying to do is not the collective will of the White Elves.

It's a highly personal and unacceptable deviation.

"From the beginning, it was all wrong! Clan members assimilated into human society? That never existed in the first place! It was all a plot devised by the Garnian faction!"

The middle-aged elf named Roel explained that after Hastia disappeared, a clan member named Garnian showed his true colors and ordered them to come to Ghaul obediently.

While following the order, they heard Hastia's voice inside the city and followed her energy here. Hastia asked with a puzzled expression.

"But even if we were deceived, what was Garnian planning to do by bringing us to Engway?"

"That is a matter to be investigated later! For now, we must focus on escaping here and returning to Fruina!"

Hastia, unable to decide, clenched her fists in contemplation.

I don't want to interrupt their serious situation, but they're making two major mistakes.

There were never any clan members assimilated into human society?

Wrong.

There are.

And they're in a very famous place, in a very influential position.

And what? A clan member named Garnian is the mastermind behind this?

I'm 99% certain, even though not 100%.

He's not the mastermind.

He's just a faithful executor of orders.

The real culprit is somewhere much higher up.

While I watched their uncomfortable conversation with mild interest, an elf approached me.

His dual candles were lit, and it didn't seem like he came to say nice things.

"What are you? What's your identity?"

Looks like they've aimed their protest at the wrong target.

"What were your hidden motives around Lady Hastia?"

Understanding their suspicion isn't an issue for me, but don't they realize this kind of indiscriminate doubt won't help at all?

I thought it wasn't worth replying, so I closed my mouth.

"Stop it, Alphonse! Sir Sian is the one who solely helped me!"

"Even more reason for suspicion! How could this human, exuding sheer malice so openly, aid Lady Hastia with pure intentions?"

Exuding sheer malice.

Well, that's not entirely incorrect.

At least this eyesore of a female has correctly judged me better than the foolish young woman.

"Pointless slander is harmful! What's certain is that Sir Sian here saved me! Without his aid, who knows what misfortune I might have faced by now!"

Despite her bold proclamation, their distrustful gazes on me persisted.

"Even though we haven't spent much time together, and my naivety might have led to hasty judgments, I stand by what I'll say here today!"

Then, with a determined expression, she came to my side, turning to the clan members and said,

-Click

She suddenly grabbed my hand and declared,

"I've given my Soul Stone to Sir Sian here!"

She uttered something incomprehensible.



What's a Soul Stone?

Hold on. It's not completely unfamiliar. I'm sure I've heard of it somewhere...

"You've gone mad, Lady Hastia?!"

Their reaction, outraged to the point of panic, was quite a spectacle.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 184**

Chapter 184: One Protected by Gods (5)

Soul Stone.

Where had I heard of that before?

Yes, I remember now. It was an item I heard about in my previous life when I visited Fruina.

Wasn't it what every White Elf was born with? A second soul bestowed upon them from birth?

Not an artificially made artifact like an Ignition Stone or a Daze Stone, nor a mana-filled gem like a Magical Crystal.

Just an ordinary white stone found anywhere in Fruina.

Sometimes, though, it's not the stone's apparent power that matters, but the meaning it holds.

To the residents there, this Soul Stone was indeed a significant item.

A stone that literally held a soul.

After being born with the first soul, as the body grew, so did this second soul, or so it was said.

It also acted as a guardian stone, protecting the owner from harm.

If one were to transfer their Soul Stone to another, it meant a deep trust and reliance, perhaps even carrying the implication of partnership...

Wait a minute,

looking at this elf, could it actually be crazy?

'Oh, don't misunderstand! I only meant it as a token of my heart! There's no other meaning! It's just in gratitude for saving me...'

And for that gratitude, you presented something as precious as your own soul?

Lady Elf, do you think I'm ignorant enough not to understand the weight of such a gift?

Anyone looking in might think I'm some sort of demon trading lives for souls.

Look at that. The stares of the other elves, not just surprised but now glaring at me as if they intend to kill.

I should count my blessings that they're not holding swords.

"You bastard! What kind of trickery did you use to bewitch our Lady Hastia?"

Trickery, indeed.

Seems like I'm the one who has been bewitched, not knowing at whom this threat is really aimed.

"Stop it, Alphonse!"

In place of the agitated one, a middle-aged elf who seemed to be trying to smooth things over intervened.

"My apologies for the late introduction. On behalf of the White Elves, I offer thanks for saving Lady Hastia and bringing her here."

He bowed at a right angle just like a human to express his gratitude.

"While our circumstances prevent us from revealing much, Lady Hastia is a person of great importance to our White Elf kin. I don't know what reason or purpose had you aid her, but since Lady Hastia trusted and relied upon you, I will not pry further."

Determination flashed across his face as he lifted his head.

"However, from here on, we ask that you no longer involve yourself. Just as you have your own endeavors, this matter is strictly our own."

It was all I could do to suppress a snort of disbelief.

Not some grand secret order and just four of them; what could they possibly hope to accomplish?

I assure you,

if they left in the condition they were in, they wouldn't get far from the Garam Kingdom, let alone escape the vicinity.

My gaze naturally turned to Hastia.

'I'm sorry for the confusion. But Roel is right. This is our matter, and we can no longer involve someone like you, Lord Sian.'

She bowed politely, hands neatly folded before her.

'It was truly a pleasure being with you, Lord Sian. I don't know when we'll meet again, but I'll pray every day that you too will be accompanied by divine protection.'

With those final words, she turned away without a trace of regret.

Her kin followed in a line, and I simply stood there, watching them disappear into the distance.

[What's the matter? Are you not following?]

Ceyram seemed surprised at my stillness.

Instead of answering, I pulled out the white Soul Stone she had left behind and gazed at it.

Humans or elves, it's hard to understand either at times like these.

Having saved a life, they treat me as some lifetime savior, trusting me implicitly.

I tried to be brazen, but even then, I couldn't fathom the foolishness.

A memory not so distant surfaced, prompting a furrow in my brow.

You'll pray for divine blessings?

Perhaps she genuinely believed she had been protected by the gods, but I'm not so fortunate.

Drawing the demonic sword I held in my right hand, I looked at my reflection in its blade.

For the past seven years, I've lived that way,  
and I expect I will continue in kind.

A visage of myself that, even if offered the grandest truths, is indeed unchangeable.

After a moment of contemplation, I gently lowered the sword.

Then, I walked away, opposite the direction Hastia and her band had taken.

Continuing in the wide-open fields,

A gentle breeze passed in front of the procession of carriages returning Lunev to Ghaul,  
the main town of the Garam Magic Society.

She pressed her face to the window, eyes closed, basking in nature's caress.

"....."

Before her, with hands and feet neatly arranged, was Schultz, unmistakably  
uncomfortable, sweat streaming down his brow.

"Don't look like a puppy desperate for the toilet. Just ask whatever it is you want to  
know."

"Huh?"

"You have a question for me, don't you?"

Hit right on the mark, Schultz only managed to drop his jaw dumbfounded.

"May I... ask?"

"The pursuit of knowledge is a principle to uphold in life. Always remember that. It's a  
truth to adhere to as long as you live."

I found myself speaking as if I had lived twice as long, despite only being the same age.

Schultz couldn't muster a counter despite the absurdity but followed her words and  
pursued his curiosity.

"I've been pondering on the way here, but still, I cannot fathom it. Lady Lunev, for what  
reason have you..."

"Taken in Sion?" she interjected.

“ ... ”

Her eyes told me she'd known long before.

After composing himself with an awkward cough, Schultz spoke calmly.

“My real name isn't Sion, but Schultz. My parents are unknown to me, and since childhood, I've moved from city to city, living off menial work. You could say I've lived just to survive.”

Schultz disclosed his background candidly, considering he had nothing to hide.

“I've thought my life unjust at times, but never complained. My beginning may have been hard, but I endured and managed to get this far.”

Lunev silently listened, unwavering.

“I felt fine living independently, but the world is vast, and I realized in the mines that day, I'm just like a mayfly spinning aimlessly, an uncertain life that could end at any moment.”

Touching the shoulder where he had sustained an injury that day, a memory seemed to resurface.

“I may be presumptuous, but I believe you, Lady Lunev, have seen and endured much in what must have been a formidable life. I imagine you've seen others with far greater potential than I possess. Still, I remain puzzled... why, a person of no significant origin, a mere mercenary like myself, would you take me in like this?”

“Nothing special,” she replied without a moment's delay.

“Because Sion—or should I say, Schultz—you possess potential that is very much needed by me.”

“My potential?” Schultz asked, still not grasping her meaning.

“What potential could someone like me have, unseen and unwanted, with skills limited to the darkness attribute?”

“By the way, the dark-haired demon you met had the same attribute.”

“.....!”

“Wasn't it 91% or such? It might be even higher by now.”

Dumbfounded, Schultz blinked, not sure he heard right.

91%?

Is that even a conceivable figure for a human?

People claim to be chosen by the gods for an attribute half that amount; 91% would rather suggest the descent of a celestial being.

Whether it was the number or the ease with which she spoke, something baffled him about this woman.

No matter how much he found out, she remained profoundly ungraspable.

And another question formed.

What was her relationship with the dark-haired demon?

Her telling of the story carried an affection that transcended mere acquaintance, as if she sought a long-lost lover.

“You speak of that dark-haired demon as if...”

“...”

“Lady Lunev, what does that person mean to you?”

Like someone enchanted, Schultz naturally broached the subject.

“Nothing significant,” she replied, still without offense, and with a faint smile.

“He is someone I liked and still like, and will continue to like.”

An emotion that had remained consistent over seven years.

An unwavering affection that wouldn’t change over seventy, or even seven hundred years.

“At the same time, he’s someone I must find... and now...”

Schultz thought for an instant.

The Lunev before him was more earnest than ever.

The sincerity conveyed in her detached gaze was tangible, without doubt or denial.

“He is someone I have to save now.”

The trace of a smile on her lips faded, and although her eyes reddened with strong emotion,

“.....”

As if knowing the time wasn't right, Lunev softly closed her eyes and wiped away the trace.

When she reopened them, her face was devoid of sentiment, returned to its indifferent state.

The carriage had crested a hill and before it stretched the dramatic view of Ghaul, glowing with the multi-colored lights of magical stones atop its spires.

In another space, a chill in the air, a man sits alone as though in spiritual meditation.

Suddenly, someone approached in haste.

“Lord Garnian! We've located Lady Hastia's position!”

“.....”

“The remaining kin that had previously escaped have now regrouped and just left Ghaul! What shall we do?”

Despite the urgent report, Garnian showed no signs of reaction.

He simply rose from his place, took a deep breath, and said with a resonant voice full of internal strength,

“We must ensure she is returned unharmed and safe.”

Having received the order, the elf immediately left without additional questions.

Garnian, too, was about to move towards Hastia when a noble voice echoed within him.

‘Garnian.....’

‘Nephrodite!’

Pausing in place, Garnian widened his eyes, attuning to the voice.

‘I won't keep you long. I trust that you will handle this matter without issue.’

Either encouragement that he was capable or a warning against failure—both notions intertwined in that single statement, after which Nephrodite's voice faded.

'I will follow Nephrodite's words.'

With a vow of absolute success, Garnian stepped forward, resolute determination in his eyes, with a level of magical power behind him too vast to fathom.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 185**

Chapter 185: The Key (1)

Ten years ago, somewhere in Fruina on a day when more snow had fallen than usual, Hastia hummed a little tune as she wandered down the path. Suddenly, Garnian rushed up to her, out of breath.

"Lady Hastia! What is this?"

"What's the matter, Garnian?"

Hastia asked, tilting her head innocently with her angelic eyes wide.

Garnian, with his unsophisticated face that didn't seem to fit his large build, quickly knelt down on the ground in confusion. His gaze was fixed on Hastia's beautiful left leg. From a small scrape on her knee, red blood glistened like dew.

"Ah! I must've gotten this while playing with friends. It didn't hurt much, so I left it alone..."

"I shall heal it at once!"

Garnian promptly cast a spell to heal her wound.

"Wow, it's healed in an instant? Thank you, Garnian!"

Hastia's beaming smile was like looking at soft down feathers.

Garnian breathed a sigh of relief, but his expression soon hardened again.

"How many times must I tell you? It's fine to play, but please be more careful! Lady Hastia, you are our—"



“I know, I know! The very precious existence to us White Elves! I’ve heard it so much that my ears could fall off!”

Hastia waved her arms as if to brush away any more nagging—an adorable gesture, like a fledgling flapping its wings. Yet no matter how cute, Garnian’s expression did not soften.

“Don’t look so worried, Garnian! I’m fine, okay? Is it because of the ritual in a few days? What’s wrong with not speaking? We can communicate through mental resonance anyway!”

Hastia chided Garnian, her face stretched in dismay at his worried look.

Garnian, unabashed and bold, knelt down on one knee and swore solemnly to her.

“If there are any hardships, please tell me! I, Garnian, will always be by your side, Lady Hastia! I will protect you from any danger!”

Despite his steadfast yet rigid demeanor, Hastia shook her head. What was she that everyone made such a fuss over her? Nothing much would change about her existence after the ritual, yet everyone seemed to be making unnecessary sacrifices, and it made her very uncomfortable.

Still, there were definite advantages to her position. Just looking at Garnian’s earnest face proved that. Being surrounded by those whom you could genuinely rely on and trust was indeed a joyful thing. If such relationships could remain unchanged and endure, then there was no greater blessing in life, she thought.

But after all that—

After all the vows he took to always stay by her side—

Why had Garnian led them to such a circumstance?

“Lady Hastia!”

Startled by Roel’s sudden call, Hastia turned her head with a jolt.

“I know you are confused! But you must focus on the present situation!”

“Yes, I’m sorry...”

Hastia nodded vigorously and refocused on their escape. They had managed to flee Ghaul, but a long and arduous journey still lay ahead.

“We must avoid contact with others as much as possible! As you know, we are not as combat proficient as Garnian, so I will prepare spatial transference magic to ensure your escape if necessary!”

“But what about you...?”

“Don’t worry about us. If you truly care for our well-being, just concentrate on safely returning to Fruina!”

The two clan members following Roel nodded in agreement with his words. However, this was unacceptable to Hastia. The current crisis was born from her ignorance and carelessness—how could she alone survive and return home?

But the situation did not allow for such noble sentiments.

**\*\*THUMP!\*\***

Suddenly, a giant wall sprung up from the ground, blocking their pathway.

Hastia’s face reflected on the transparent ice was filled with a longing to deny the reality before her. Ice Wall—a magic associated with the Ice attribute. The cold and forbidding wall was suffused with a very familiar presence.

“What exactly is the reason?”

Roel, the first to turn around, asked with a deep anger in his voice.

“Why are you doing this, Garnian!”

Following Roel’s gaze, Hastia turned to see the White Elf clansmen and Garnian standing at the center, exuding a strong aura that heavily pressed on the surrounding air.

‘Garnian...’

She called out to him desperately, but the only response was a grim silence. Like a summoned creature obeying orders, Garnian stepped forward with a heavy gait.

Then, Alphonse, who had been quietly gathering mana, chanted a spell, creating a blue magical circle.

“The frosty wrath shall pierce your heart!”

The magic circle, resonating with a chill, produced a glittering ice spear.

**\*\*SWISH!\*\***

The spear flew at tremendous speed, its point aimed straight at Garnian's heart.

**\*\*CRACK!\*\***

A striking sound echoed, filling the brief silence. From the perspective of Hastia and her group, Alphonse's ice spear had pierced straight into Garnian's heart. However, the true sight before them was Garnian's right hand grasping the shaft of the spear.

".....!"

Alphonse's face twisted in an instant, his assumption that the attack had succeeded rendering him contemptible. His determined blow, almost at full strength, had been effortlessly thwarted by a single hand.

Garnian glanced at the spear, then tossed it aside as if to show off his strength.

"I shall say nothing more..."

The stalwart elf who stood firm as a rock finally broke his silence.

"There's no need for forgiveness, nor understanding. I will readily accept your hatred and resentment."

"What is the reason? Surely, there must be one that justifies you doing this shameful act, Garnian!"

Alphonse shouted, overwhelmed with emotion. Garnian continued with the same unchanging gaze.

"It is for a long-held wish."

"A wish?"

"It's part of our clan's long-held wish that started far back and whose end we do not see. You will soon understand."

'A long-held wish?'

Hastia could not comprehend.

A wish grave enough for our White Elf clan to hold onto?

Despite her persistent distrustful gaze,

"....."

Garnian refused to meet Hastia's eyes.

"Lady Hastia!"

Roel whispered gently beside her, who had lost her bearings momentarily.

"We may be fortunate under unfortunate circumstances. It seems Garnian has no intention to harm us."

Roel quietly started gathering mana behind his back.

"Though I am not sure of their objectives, and it hardly concerns us much, as mentioned before, I will use the spatial transference magic to ensure your escape, Lady Hastia, so please—escape safely!"

"It's impossible, Roel! How can I just leave everyone behind...!"

She strongly objected, but Roel's hand was already ready to cast high-level magic.

"May this crisis be overcome by defying the order of space!"

With the incantation, a small magic circle formed beneath Hastia, and its light gently enveloped her body.

".....!"

Garnian, belatedly sensing the movement of mana, leaped forward, but Hastia's body had already begun to fade into the light.

Just as she was about to be whisk away in solitary flight,

**\*\*SWISH!\*\***

Suddenly, from above, a large longsword appeared with a magical circle and plummeted to the ground.

It aimed squarely for the top of Hastia's head, without a second to spare.

"Look out, Lady Hastia!"

In such precious moments, there was no chance to dodge. All she could do was bow her head deeply and close her eyes tightly.

**\*\*THUMP!\*\***

Precisely after 5 seconds, Hastia slowly opened her eyes, which she had shut, realizing she was unharmed.

‘.....?’

As she found herself alone on a breezy field, and her tension fell away,

**\*\*THUD\*\***

she helplessly collapsed to her knees.

Realizing the situation was still critical, she quickly raised her head. The energy of her clansmen could still be clearly felt from not too far away.

‘What should I do?’

Though she could not bear to leave her clansmen behind, returning wouldn’t change the outcome. Hastia anxiously pondered, but no firm decision came to mind.

“You don’t need to struggle in thought.”

She turned her head at the sound of an unfamiliar presence rousing her flustered mind.

“There’s no need to despair in a reality where you can do nothing.”

A woman with white long hair akin to Hastia’s smiled enigmatically at her. Feeling an inexplicable sense of intimidation, Hastia instinctively stepped back.

‘Whi-White Elf?’

Though the woman appeared human, Hastia instantly knew she belonged to the same White Elf clan.

“There’s no need for wariness or questions. Your meeting here with me was predestined from a very distant past...”

To Hastia, these words made little sense. They seemed to imply surrendering to a careless fate. As her mind clouded with tumult, the mysterious woman gently stepped forward and caressed Hastia’s frozen cheek, whispering softly.

“The time has come to liberate yourself from a long-standing wish of 300 years. Lay it all down and close your eyes peacefully. When you open them, everything will have ended.”

Succumbing to the sweet voice that tenderly permeated her senses, Hastia felt her eyelids grow heavy, her consciousness dipping into an abyss of deep slumber.

“Sleep well, Hastia...”

And Hastia slipped away helplessly.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 186**

Chapter 186: The Key (2)

In any small domain where the standing army numbers less than one hundred, procedures are followed when an outsider requests entry.

And what about a place called the capital of a nation?

Procedures should be even stricter and more meticulous than ever before.

Outside the window, Schultz sees the capital's guards at an angle.

As someone who lived as a mercenary, moving from city to city, even Schultz couldn't help but be awed by the grandeur of the scene.

Perhaps it was because the capital was the symbol of the origins of magic?

He thought he would encounter a new and complicated process he'd never experienced before.....

“...?”

But the carriage they were in passed through the city gate without any procedures.

There wasn't even a token attempt at a stop by the guards.

While Schultz was quite taken aback, Lunev maintained her usual calm composure as if it was an everyday occurrence.

“There's nothing to be surprised about. They were simply made aware of my presence in advance.”

“Presence, you say?”

“Yes. Before we reached the gates, I had already mentally notified some of the knights that I was coming.”

“Why would you go to such lengths.....”

“It’s simply too bothersome.”

At the crisp and clear explanation, Schultz immediately nodded in agreement.

“Has it always been this way?”

“Yes. Normally, if there was a problem, I would have gone myself to check. Whether the condition of the walls was poor or some of the guards were dozing off, they were mostly trivial issues.”

Schultz sneaked a glance outside the window.

The knights watching the carriage all seemed to hope they would pass quickly.

“I just thought it was a small act of consideration, but for some reason, the knights seemed really scared. It’s not like I was pointing out major issues...”

Schultz stopped himself from asking why, as the question nearly escaped from his throat.

“But today...”

“...?”

“There seems to be a serious problem.”

Suddenly, the woman who had been sitting quietly, crossed her arms, and kicked open the carriage door, rushing out.

“Lunev-nim?!”

Not only Schultz, but also the scholars following the carriage, were shocked.

She stopped in front of the neatly lined-up guards outside the city gate.

“On duty engagement salutes! I present to you Lady Lunev Rainriver!”

Caught off guard by the abrupt incident, the knights saluted her solemnly.

As for Lunev, she seemed indifferent to the salutes and cast a thoughtful gaze towards an uncertain location.

“What are the numbers for today’s entries?”

“Four merchant groups from the Kingdom of Spania, along with hundreds of individuals on personal visits...”

The knight began reciting every single entry on the dozens of record sheets, as if he was going to read them all.

“Among them, are there any non-human entities?”

“Yes! Non-human entities are... Huh?”

The knight, previously stiff as he reported, was briefly lost for words at the perplexing question.

“I don’t usually enjoy these situations, but it seems that some foul deed has happened under our noses without our knowledge...”

A displeasure that was not intended spread across Lunev’s furrowed brow.

\* \* \*

-Clang

The greatsword, falling like lightning, was blocked by a transparent ice shield and rolled feebly on the ground.

Garnian, who dispelled his shield, looked up stealthily.

Hastia was nowhere to be seen.

She had escaped using the grand spatial transference cast by Loel.

Exhausted of all mana, Loel helplessly sat on the ground, gasping for breath.

For Garnian, it was a situation he hardly cared about, but his gaze was fixed not on the escaping elves, but on the group in white armor ahead.

“Don’t misunderstand, Garnian. We only intended to prevent the Key from escaping...”

The middle-aged knight at the front of the group retorted with indifferent eyes.

“Merely misunderstanding won’t suffice, I’m afraid.”

“I swear on my name, Mihan Haselrus, a senior knight of the Order of the Light. If that is not enough, well, then I shall swear in front of Lumen Del ourselves.”



Mihan responded in an unpleasant tone to Garnian's words.

"Did you not hear from Him? Someone you should carry with not even the smallest scratch. Not an excuse that we were only trying to prevent an escape, you owe us a proper explanation. Otherwise..."

From Garnian's tightly clenched fists, a murderous chill emanated.

"Likewise, I will make you open your mouths using my own methods..."

Despite the palpable threat, Mihan scoffed with a retort.

"Do not delude yourself, Garnian. This is not the domain of the White Elves, but the realm of humans. You can't freely use your power here just because it displeases you."

"..."

"Even so, this isn't exactly ground where we can liberally exercise our powers either. Before the kingdom's forces barge in causing bothersome troubles, how about we proceed with our business?"

For a moment, Garnian was lost for words amidst an impasse that could explode with the slightest provocation.

That tension was momentarily sustained until another knight approached Mihan and whispered something to him.

Mihan's mouth corners twitched ever so slightly.

"The saintess has secured the Key herself."

".....!"

"It's been slightly off-course from where we initially intended, but what does it matter? The destination remains the same ultimately."

Garnian's gaze, firm as a sentinel of the forest, was finally shaken.

"Come along, Garnian. The saintess, too, desires your presence..."

With that said, Mihan turned around and walked away.

Garnian, who was unable to step forward immediately, was joined by his clansmen.

"What shall we do, Garnian-nim? If necessary, some of us will stay by your side."

“No need. Stay here and protect Loel-nim and the others.”

Resolved, Garnian stepped forward again and soon disappeared over the horizon with the knights.

Those of the Loel party left behind were joined by Garnian’s clansfolk.

“Now tell us! If you have mouths, explain to us what has happened to Garnian!”

The clansfolk exchanged glances without a decisive word among them.

“We only follow Garnian-nim’s will. This is purely for everyone’s welfare...”

“What nonsensical talk! Has the being we must protect suddenly changed to Garnian-nim? Speak, if you have mouths!”

Alphonse, incensed, shouted, but the clansfolk only averted their gaze in silence.

“Come with us. If we wait in silence, everything will be over. Hastia-nim will return safely, and we shall bear the consequences proud...”

Their already poor conversation was interrupted by the remaining knights of the Light.

“Do not harm these people! We’ll take them ourselves!”

Despite their precaution, the knights did not respond to the gesture.

Ensuing a tense silence in the strange atmosphere, an elf stepped forward to block them.

“I’ve wanted to ask this for a while. Why involve us in a foreign land that isn’t the Empire?”

“...”

“What was the point of abducting Hastia-nim without cause, and who exactly is that saintess...?”

-Thud

Just as questions and doubts formed, a gruesome sound cut the words short.

The elf’s gaze dropped to his abdomen, revealing a bloody sword buried cruelly within.

“What, what is this...?”

-Thwip!

The knight cruelly withdrew the weapon in response to the question.

Without a sound, the elf named Leo collapsed backward.

“Leo!!”

The other clansfolk rushed over to catch him.

Leo maintained breathing with half-shut, dull eyes.

The clansfolk immediately cast hemostatic and healing spells to stem the bleeding.

The knights looked on emotionlessly at the dire scramble to save him.

“What you say is correct. This is for the good of everyone.”

“.....!?”

“However, that everyone did not include you.”

The knights, drawing their swords, aimed blades charged with light’s magic at the White Elves.

“If you feel betrayed, put that thought to rest. This has been anticipated since the day we joined hands. Moreover, it was His will too...”

The clansfolk offered no retort.

Their eyes mixed with anger and despair, silently accusing the knights.

And then, the knights began to raise their swords without hesitation to execute the elves.

At that moment,

“May the grace of the sacred light protect you...”

Surrounded by a white veil that emerged with the incantation, the elves were shielded.

“.....!”

The situation was startling to the elves and the knights with raised swords alike.

“Do you consider it bold, or have you lost the fear? One would think this is the Ushif Empire.”

A calm voice tinged with suppressed anger.

It was like hearing the roar of a demonic beast from the Limia Gorge; the knights shivered involuntarily.

The eerie power felt along with it added to the effect.

Tracing the voice, the knights quickly redirected their gaze.

“You’re from the Order of the Light, aren’t you?”

A woman with sky-blue hair stood with arms crossed before them and eyes full of disdain.

It was Lunev.

\* \* \*

In a corridor extending long between pillars of pure white, whose ends were not visible above, two figures walked in silence, radiating light.

“Speaking of which, Garnian. You have guarded the Key of God for 300 years, I’ve heard.”

“Mind your words. The term ‘Key’ is particularly grating.”

“Haha. No offense intended. It is purely born from my respect.”

Mihan let out a sly laugh, continuing the dialogue.

“Is it a matter of racial difference? Looking at your case, we humans realize anew how frail we are as a species compared to elves. This man, who’s upholding his knightly conviction for decades, feels it wavering, while you protected your kin with the same faith for a staggering 300 years... Truly a steadfast guardian.”

While Mihan applauded him, Garnian frowned, seemingly displeased.

“No matter the race, protecting one’s home is instinctual for all species. But sometimes, these instincts overlap, leading to territorial disputes.”

The two men came to a stop before a large iron door at the end of the corridor.

Beyond the door, the strength of the light’s magic of the space’s owner was palpable.

“Let’s go in. The saintess awaits you.”

Stepping aside, Mihan gestured for Garnian to enter.

Without heed, Garnian pushed the door open and entered.

-Creak

A beam of light from the ceiling, akin to a divine revelation, shone upon the center of the room.

On a low, elevated altar, Hastia lay with hands neatly folded, seemingly asleep, while the owner of this space stood in front of her in reverent prayer.

“Welcome, Garnian.”

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 187**

Chapter 187: The Key (3)

With wisdom and kindness in her nature,

a beauty seemingly a reincarnation of a goddess,

no amount of worldly adjectives could fully capture her charm.

A messenger delivering the voice of the gods, spiritual leader of the Knights of Light, the Saint Nephrodite Iris.

Regarded as a noble existence by all those who set foot on this land, far beyond the borders of the empire,

few truly knew the reality behind her bright halo.

Who would have expected it?

That she, who was always praying to the gods for the prosperity of humankind and the blessings of the continent,

was in fact not human, but a White Elf.

“Was it three years ago? I still vividly remember the day Garnian and I first met.”

Her eyes, slowly opening, betrayed a curious smile as she spoke.

“Back then, you were the first to warmly welcome us when we arrived in Fruina.”

Garnian’s brows furrowed slightly.

The term ‘welcome’ hardly seemed fitting, as he had not treated her lightly.

Being a White Elf who was extremely wary of outsiders, Garnian was the first to appear and attempted to stop her.

Moreover, he even threw a stern warning that trespassing further may lead to killing, but she paid it no heed.

At that time, Garnian saw two humans,

the Saint Nephrodite and a golden-haired knight whose name was unknown.

“Even now, my heart still races when I think of that moment. Had I not revealed that I was a White Elf, without considering the circumstances, you would have killed us, right?”

Garnian neither nodded in agreement nor outright denied it.

One cannot fully conceal their inner nature behind an external facade.

He had known she was a White Elf from the moment they first met.

“Role, duty, responsibility. Seen in another light, these are cruel words indeed. They seem imposed by someone else, yet there is a compelling need to act, as if there’s no one else but yourself to carry out these tasks.”

The key that held the secret of the gods, and its guardian.

This had been Garnian’s role, undertaken with an unwavering heart for the past 300 years.

“Perhaps that’s why I’ve often thought I was similar to Garnian. Yet, there was also a clear difference. Where I believed everyone must follow me toward a singular goal, Garnian was willing to sacrifice only himself for that sole purpose.”

Nephrodite’s gaze was not on Garnian, but still fixed on Hastia.

“Nevertheless, there can be no denial that our paths are aligned. The key that holds the secret of the gods... For the sake of maintaining the peace rebuilt by the order of light, we must continue to protect this secret.”

“I will hear no more of this.”

As if refusing to be swayed by her seductive words, he cut her off,

“The only reason I followed you, Lady Nephrodite, was one. To transfer the power of the key sealed within Lady Hastia to you. You said that it could stop the upcoming threats to the continent.”

“That’s right.”

“You promised to release the White Elf tribe from a long-standing grievance.”

“Indeed.”

“Did you not assure us that you would set Lady Hastia free as an ordinary elf, not as a key?”

“Yes. My intention remains unchanged to this day.”

Despite Garnian’s repeated inquiries, she responded with ease.

“But then why...”

On the other hand, Garnian’s eyes were red with the blood of rage.

“What is that you are holding?”

As if to accuse her of hypocrisy, in her delicate right hand was a dagger of unknown purpose.

“There’s a saying, isn’t there? True freedom is earned in the moment of death. To find respite from all the hardships of life, that is true freedom.”

A hint of a smile lingered in her voice.

“I intend to grant her freedom through death.”

As if indicating her next action, she deliberately extended her hand holding the dagger.

“Nephrodite!”

Garnian’s fierce cry reverberated through the space.

“Did you deceive us from the start?”

“I did not deceive you. At least, my intent to protect everyone from the looming threat was sincere.”

His body, which had not trembled even in the most frigid polar cold, was nevertheless helpless before the bitter sense of betrayal.

Without hesitation, Garnian lunged towards Nephrodite.

But...

“...!”

From the moment he took his first step, he sensed something was amiss and immediately halted.

Beneath him, a light of white mana began to emanate as if smoke were rising from the ground.

The magical formation activated silently as if it were a hidden trap, and Garnian instantly understood what it was.

“A restrictive barrier?”

“I must have forgotten to warn you. It would have been better for you to just quietly stand there and watch, sorry!”

Out of rage, Garnian ground his teeth.

Yet, showing no intention of giving up, he immediately drew upon the dormant power within him.

– Whoooooom

A fierce snow vortex arose, combining the power of ice magic and the unique life force of an elf.

– Crack

Parts of the magic circle began to fracture with a sharp sound.

“Just the emission of such force is enough to break the barrier, truly impressive.”

“...!”



Suddenly, a familiar voice spoke from behind, causing Garnian to swiftly turn his head.

“What can I do? I needed to resort to such cowardly means.”

– Slice

With a sound like the parting of flesh, Garnian crumpled to the ground, his legs failing him.

Blood flowed down his mouth, and his eyes reddened with anger and vigor.

Before him stood the Senior Knight Mihan, holding a sword and bearing an inscrutable smile.

“How regrettable. As a knight of the light, as the greatest warrior among the White Elves, I had hoped to face you formally, but what can I do? If this is fate, I must accept it.”

Mihan sighed in mild frustration, but the smile never left his lips.

At this great humiliation, Garnian shook with fury.

“What is it exactly?”

Even amid the rage and confusion, he asked.

“Is the threat you speak of so immense that even the gods fear it? What are you so afraid of that you would unravel even the secret of the gods?”

Instead of answering, Nephrodite rose and slowly approached the altar, gently caressing the cheek of Hastia, who lay in tranquil slumber.

“Fog.”

“Fog?”

“The presence of a fog that threatens the light... an abominable existence that rejects and threatens the established order, an evil that should not exist in this world.”

For the first time, a chill could be felt in her voice, which had always been full of composure.

“As a messenger of the gods, as a saint wishing for peace on this land, I cannot stand idly by and allow its existence. Even if it means searching through the sealed records of a bygone era, it must be eradicated.”

“...”

“For this is the only way His blessing can continue to endure on this land....”

Her face, which had been marked by seriousness, transformed once again into a visage of affirmation and joy.

Then, lifting the dagger in her hand, she began to chant an incomprehensible prayer.

“All this is for Lord Lumen Del....”

With the final prayer offered to the god, she plunged the dagger downward.

-Whoosh

But the strike never fully descended, stopped short as if in midair.

It wasn't that someone had used force or magic to restrict her movements.

It was simply that upon encountering an entirely unexpected sight, her body froze in shock.

“Where am I?”

Hastia, who had awoken from her sleep at sometime, was bewilderedly examining her unfamiliar surroundings.

\* \* \*

Three hundred years ago, after the long and arduous war between gods and demons had ended, the beings of the divine realm gave a revelation to the White Elf tribe.

They were charged with safeguarding the records of the old era and keeping them inaccessible to anyone.

All traces of the war-ravaged old era were to be erased, and a new history for the newly created era was to be written, as decreed by the gods.

For this purpose, a key was necessary—to seal a specific power within a chosen elf, to be succeeded to another when their life concluded, and to protect them from any potential threat under divine protection.

Having accepted this revelation, the White Elf tribe had fiercely guarded the existence of this key, holding the gods' secrets, since three hundred years past.

“....?”

In a bright and radiant space, Hastia stood alone in the center, surrounded by the light.

No matter where she looked, there was nothing to be seen, and no matter how far she walked, the same scenery repeated.

'Is nobody here?'

Finally giving up on her search, Hastia stopped in her tracks.

Loneliness. Isolation.

It felt as though she had entered the depths of her own soul.

While being protected by all, she had been silenced for ten years due to her mission to guard the secret of the gods.

She could only communicate briefly through psychic resonance with a few tribe members.

But no one was truly there to confide in or share her burdens with.

"...."

Perhaps the previous keepers of this role had felt the same—under a weight that no one else could carry or even understand.

She couldn't bear to lay down that load, feeling it would betray everyone protecting her.

What if she just buried her face and fell asleep in this state?

If she could sleep eternally without waking, she'd be free from her burdensome responsibility and could rest peacefully.

Yes, maybe that would be better...

Just to close her eyes and succumb to sleep here,

and nobody else would have to endure such hardships on her behalf.

Lost in the strange feeling of powerlessness exuding from the bright light,

Hastia's eyes slowly closed, and she lay down, succumbing to the ground.

To savor eternal freedom, once and for all.

'Wake up.'

‘...!’

A familiar voice resounded in her head, and Hastia’s eyes snapped open.

She quickly rose to her feet and frantically looked around—as if nothing had happened.

The brief, indifferent phrase was enough to wake her from her apathy.

– Ssssss

A dense fog, of unknown origin, began to envelop the dazzling space of light.

Upon feeling its pull, Hastia tentatively reached out with a trembling hand,

– Fwoosh

and just like that, her consciousness was abruptly transferred elsewhere.

“...!”

Awakening in another unfamiliar place,

‘Where, where is this?’

after briefly touching her own body, which had been resting on a strange stone floor, she was alarmed to see the woman before her, and screamed.

“Aah!”

It was the very woman who had whispered incomprehensible words and lulled her to sleep.

In her hand was a dagger with no apparent use, and her expression was one of surprising confusion.

Behind her lay Garnian, a fellow tribesman, with blood trailing from his mouth,

and beside him was an unknown knight in white armor, both watching her with puzzled eyes.

The situation was too strange to comprehend.

Eventually, Hastia’s gaze moved beyond them, toward another figure approaching from an open door.

He stood out like a black dot on white paper, more distinct than anyone else.

She recognized the man.

'Mr. Sian?'

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 188**

Chapter 188: The Key (4)

Meanwhile, for Lunev, the emotion of 'hwah,' meaning 'anger,' did not exist until just seven years ago. Anger is an emotion that typically arises when something or someone that one cherishes is harmed. But in a person like her, who had not even loved herself, let alone anyone else, it was utterly unlikely for such an emotion to emerge. Even with seven years passing, not much had changed. She remained indifferent to the affairs of others, paying attention only to what interested her. The only exception, the sole target of her wrath, was the Knights of Light. The reason was simple: they called the man she held dear, and loved beyond all others, a villain of the vilest kind. How could she not feel enraged hearing attacks heaped upon him by ignorant fools spreading baseless rumors and insults?

'Exterminate the vile existence of the fog'? Such words weren't even worthy of a bad joke. To Lunev, the Knights of Light were the only group that could disturb her composure; insects less than bugs that should be completely erased from the world.

Near the capital of the Garam Kingdom, the Garam Magic Society and the Knights of Light found themselves at an impasse, with an unidentified group of white elves caught between them.

– Swoosh –

The knights sheathed their swords and shifted their stances in unison. Deeming it impossible to proceed with their original plans, they beat a hasty retreat. It was the best course of action they could take.

"Why so silent? Exercising your right to remain silent without reason will only fuel my anger, you know? Do you not realize that bowing your heads won't simply make this go away?"

Faced with her uncharacteristically assertive demeanor, most members of the academy nervously swallowed their saliva, recognizing that she was truly incensed. Even the elves, caught up in the situation, couldn't hide their surprise as they looked at her.

“Ro, Roel sir, who is that woman?”

“I can’t say for certain, but it’s clear that she’s someone capable of putting an end to this situation...”

Even Roel, possessing enough magical insight to perform grand spatial transfers, could not help but express his admiration. From the outside, she seemed like a young woman who might have just about reached her twenties. Yet the magical power emanating from her youthful form was undeniably extraordinary, befitting the realm of a great sage.

One of the knights from the group then stepped forward.

“I am Justin Brielle, a mid-ranking knight of the Knights of Light. As a knight from a foreign land who has caused a commotion in this kingdom’s territory, I offer my apologies first.”

Speaking on behalf of the knights, he bowed deeply in repentance.

“Regarding this matter, we, the Knights of Light, will formally apologize and pay reparations later. So for now, please...”

– Whoosh –

Before Justin could finish speaking, intense pillars of fire erupted all around the knights. Most didn’t even realize that magic was at play, as they were too shocked, their pupils dilating widely.

“Do you not understand what I’m saying? Do you really think this is a situation that can be shrugged off with something like compensation? Even if I broke down every aspect of the current predicament, it would be insufficient, and yet here you are, attempting to negotiate with me. Are you actually seeking death?”

Lunev gently lifted one hand, summoning greater arcane might than before.

“Please don’t think you can leave this country unscathed with both hands and feet intact. Others might be subject to my mercy, but your kind, I simply cannot view with any warmth...”

Her eyes were filled with an intolerable fury, as if she were facing an unforgivable enemy, her killing intent chillingly palpable.

“.....”

As if they had reached a mutual understanding with a glance, the knights once again –

– Swoosh –

Drew their swords. The academy members realized the knights had chosen resistance over submission. Preparing to face this defiance, they were on high alert when suddenly

–

– Ssssk –

The knights held their swords in reverse, as if about to perform an act of honor, and proclaimed, “All of this is for the sake of Lord Lumen Del!” They then recited a prayer to their god, slit their own throats, and committed suicide. But it was not just a simple throat-cutting – as they fell, their mouths emitted white flames, incinerating their bodies without leaving a trace.

“.....!”

The entire scene unfolded in the blink of an eye. The academy members, the elves, and even Lunev could not conceal their amazement at the startling turn of events.

“Are, are you alright, Lady Lunev?”

Worried, Schultz approached her.

“I made a mistake. I got excited the moment I realized they were from the Knights of Light.”

She bit her lips in frustration over her lapse.

But her regret was short-lived. Lunev quickly gave her next instructions to the academy members.

“Recover the bodies and conduct a thorough search to see if any traces remain, however small they might be.”

“Yes, Lady Lunev!”

The academy members immediately carried out their orders. Lunev’s gaze then fell to the white elves still at the scene.

“I’m sorry you had to experience such an unpleasant thing, having come all this way to foreign lands when good memories would have been enough.”

The academy members, still uneasy, looked at her with anxious eyes.

“Please recount in full what happened here. Looking into others’ minds is not exactly my hobby.”

Her request was ambiguous, part persuasion, part threat. As always, she eyed them with her characteristic disinterested look.

\* \* \*

I step into a space so dazzling it nearly makes my eyes squint. It's not a completely foreign place to me. In my previous life, it was one of the many places I've rummaged through in search of the Holy Sword to no avail.

Right away, I walked through the open door to the inside. Four people were immediately visible: a knight presumed to be from the Knights of Light, a sturdy white elf, Hastia looking at me with eyes as fearful as a startled rabbit, and...

[So it's one of Lumen Del's lackeys.]

The Empire's Saint Nephrodite Iris. She's a woman I definitely can't welcome with a smile.

'.....!'

It seemed Hastia wanted to act delighted, but hesitated, aware of the circumstances. The reunion was not a moment for joyful handwaves.

Instead –

– Clang!

I was greeted first from another direction. A sharp longsword emitting a white glow stirred up a storm as it thrust towards me. The expression of the sword's master was one of a peculiar smile as he asked, "Are you going to answer if I ask what you are?"

Even amid an unfamiliar situation, the man didn't falter but instead teased me with his provoking question. Whether judged by his posture holding the sword or the magic radiating from him, he was no newbie.

Of course, I had no intention of answering. I stayed silent.

"So you want me to take that as a no?"

He nodded as if he had expected as much, which only annoyed me further.

"Then, I shall introduce myself. I am Mihan Haselrus, a senior knight of the Knights of Light, serving closely by the Saint. You see, not many have managed to easily block my assault like you just did. From the way you handle your dagger to your movements... You're an assassin, aren't you?"



It seems his sharp eyes aren't just for show. I respond with a slight lift at the corner of my mouth.

"An assassin not simply any assassin. Though it may be a baseless speculation, my long-standing knightly senses are telling me you're one of the followers of the Black Fog, a member of Mist..."

"....."

"You're not going to nod in confirmation? You really are unyielding."

It was not the first time I'd heard such comments. The people who said that usually don't remain alive enough to repeat it.

"A silent admission will do. As a knight of the light, I cannot forgo judging you."

The knight's smile never left his lips, though I couldn't fathom why.

"If you were thinking of testing me and holding back, that would be unwise. I'd like to see you fight with all your might. Of course, I, too, am fully prepared to engage in battle."

Even though I never turn down a fight, this time it seemed unnecessary. Right in front of me, there appeared to be a warrior who desired this duel with the knight more than I.

– Boom!

The ground caved in as if hit by a falling rock. Two eyes blazed within the swirling snowstorm, a true fusion of fire and ice.

"Your wish to fight will be granted!"

The sight was unbelievable, considering Hastia had just been bleeding on the ground moments ago. The knight named Mihan quickly dodged the elf's attack, and it seemed they had been embroiled in battle even before I arrived. There was no need for me to interfere.

My gaze naturally shifted towards the altar, but Hastia approached me first without giving me a chance to move.

"It's been nearly 60 years since a follower of the fog faced anyone directly..."

Her face remarkably youthful for someone who claimed to have lived 60 years—assuming she wasn't human.

“I suppose I don’t need to introduce myself. You already seem to know who I am, where this is, and what you’re here for.”

I looked at her impassively, neither confirming nor denying anything.

“But I don’t understand why you came here. Did your organization send you on a mission to prevent the ceremony?”

“.....”

“Such a pity you remain silent. I was looking forward to hearing your voice, to see if it matched your prominent appearance.”

The Saint gently caressed her face, then suddenly, light emerged from the caressed area. After about five seconds, which hinted at some dramatic transformation, she removed her hand to reveal her face unchanged—except for elongated ears now protruding on both sides.

“Consider it an honor. It’s not every day I reveal my true form to a human.”

With a deeper twinkle in her eye, she softly lifted her hand and recited an incantation.

“Confess your sins and seek forgiveness from the divine...”

\* \* \*

‘That magic...?’

Hastia knew full well what the spell being chanted by the woman—or rather, the elf—meant. The Confession (High Sanctus). It was a magic that converted light attribute magic into divine power, forcing the target into mental submission. It was not a spell that could be simply used by someone with a high magical rank. Only those with an attribute value over 50% could barely mimic it. It was one of the highest forms of light attribute magic.

Unlike Mental Breakdown, which merely shocks the victim, The Confession could lead to the loss of one’s very personhood if they were swayed by its absolute power. It was an extremely dangerous spell, and there were likely only a handful of beings on earth capable of casting it perfectly, Hastia had heard.

‘Is this... is this really happening?’

The elf in front of her was casting the spell with such tranquility. Hastia couldn’t help but be shocked, gaping in disbelief, a stark contrast to the unmoving Sian who seemed completely unaffected.

– Rumble!

And not long after, a titanic entity with the shape of an angel emerged from thin air. It turned to look at Sian below the altar, extended a hand, and bathed him in light, as if issuing a divine command.

Sian made no move to resist, and simply stood there, allowing the light to wash over him.

‘Sian is in danger!’

If this continued, Sian’s very personality might vanish. Not wanting this outcome, Hastia needed to find a way to intervene. But there was no way for her to handle the immense magic that seemed to draw even on divine power.

In desperation, Hastia closed her eyes and focused her mind.

‘Sian! Sian, wake up!’

She was attempting to rouse Sian’s mind through the only means of communication they shared: mental resonance.

‘.....’

However, there was no reply, not even the sound of breathing.

‘Wake up, Sian! If you sleep here, you’ll catch a cold! One should rest in comfortable places!’

She began to spout any and every thought that came to mind, a frantic babble initiated in the hope of awakening him.

And then, unexpectedly:

‘Stop.’

‘.....?’

‘My head hurts.’

Sian suddenly looked up, his expression indifferent as ever.

– Swoosh!

In a flash faster than light, he drew his sword and charged towards the altar.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 189**

Chapter 189: Fate Layered with Coincidence (1)

(The Almighty God of Light chastises your sins, and if you confess your sins to Him, you shall finally reach salvation...)

Individually, the words were all familiar,

But strung together in such an oddly bizarre fashion, they made no sense at all.

It's probably just a pompous attempt to reform me by bombarding me with lofty language.

Rather than feeling inspired, it didn't provoke any reaction in me.

Instead, I was more clearly hearing the voice of that simple-minded, if not slightly dopey, elf lady –

“Wake up, Sir Sian! You mustn't sleep here, you'll catch a chill! You should sleep comfortably in a proper place!”

She seemed to be babbling whatever crossed her mind in her eagerness to wake me.

It was pitiful just to listen to her.

“Enough.”

“...?”

“It's giving me a headache.”

With those words, I snapped out of it.

The moment I looked up, I met the bewildered eyes of Hastia staring back at me,

But only for a brief moment,

Soon, my gaze shifted downward to the saintess who was looking up at me with a gaze filled with distrust and condemnation.

Without hesitating for a second, I drew the blade Ceyram and charged at her.

“The sanctified judgment of the holy light...”

– Click!

I firmly grasped the saintess’s hand that was trying to cast her magic.

“Assassination Technique No. 6: The Misty Void.”

As a token of my gratitude for this tedious attempt at reformation, I thought I’d gift her something meaningful as well,

A torment more painful than falling into a fiery pit of hell.

-Swish

A mist shot from my fingertips like beams of light, soon enveloping the space around me and the saintess in warmth.

Before long, a colorless void bereft of light was completed, and the expression on the saintess’s face was so amusing that I couldn’t help but grin.

\* \* \*

Having been in a space saturated with blinding light, the moment Hastia was engulfed by the strange mist emanating from Sian, she found herself transported into an unknown void wrapped in black mist.

“Where is this?”

Unfamiliar with such an atmosphere, Hastia’s eyes couldn’t settle.

The situation was just as disconcerting for Nephrodite.

“This, is this a divine subspace? Impossible! How can this be done?”

Unlike Hastia, she seemed to recognize what kind of space they were in.

A space not merely created by the force of the mist, but one imbued with divine power.

How did one perfectly craft such an absolute space, something no ordinary human could ever emulate?

Nephrodite’s gaze swiftly moved to the owner of the space, a couple of yards away.

“...!”

And soon she understood.

The sight of the black-haired assassin holding a purple dagger, and behind him, a woman with a sinister smile of fascination, made it clear who they were.

“A, a demonic sword?”

A follower of the black mist and the bearer of a demonic sword,

On this earth, there was only one who could enact such an ability.

“I see. So you’re Sian Vert, the successor to the black mist. Now I understand.”

Nephrodite nodded her head, almost mockingly, with an odd smile that was somewhere between sarcasm and sincerity.

“Has it been seven years? Have you grown weary of being called ‘the devil with black hair’? Or perhaps, is the day of the prophecy drawing near?”

Sian offered no particular reaction.

“I don’t know what relation you have with the key, but this much should be known to you. This situation is purely a consequence of your own making...”

Sian’s brow furrowed slightly at that.

“Your gaze suggests you don’t understand. But no matter. You will soon come to know the truth. All of this is because of Lord Lumen Del’s...”

“Hey, saintess.”

Sian finally opened his lips which had been sealed shut.

For a moment, there was an evident sense of unwillingness to hear what she had to say further, as he gently closed his eyes.

“Rather than expounding on unnecessary words, shouldn’t one take the best possible action right now? Do I need to teach you even that?”

At his statement, Nephrodite’s pupils trembled.

Then, as if consenting to his words, she spread her hands and released a great amount of mana.

“Let the radiant light of guidance brighten the darkness!”

As she lifted a sphere of light over her head, the guiding light beaming from it brightly illuminated the ignorant darkness.

“Ah...!”

Seemingly enraptured by the warm feeling, the saintess smiled in relief.

However,

– Thud

The light sphere quickly fell dim and crashed to the ground.

“Heh!”

The mocking laughter that followed was merely an addition.

With the light extinguished, darkness once again enveloped their surroundings, and despair contorted Nephrodite’s face once more.

“Isn’t it too early to look so defeated? That brief flash of light is the best you can do?”

Confronted with unprecedented mockery and humiliation, she trembled with anger.

“I am the messenger of the most exalted God of Light, Lumen Del! Thus, to insult me is to insult Lumen Del Himself! There will be no rest for you who have disrespected divine authority! All of this is a situation you invited...”

As she lost her composure in fury, her body suddenly stiffened as if petrified by magic.

“Wh- my power?”

As if a volcano ready to erupt, mana that had been surging within her suddenly vanished like a snuffed candle.

Confronted with the unexpected, she tried to draw forth her mana again,

“Why...?”

But there was no force that could be called mana left within her.

She realized she was facing a despairing situation where she was completely powerless.

“Ha ha!”

Emitting a bewildering laugh as if gone mad, Nephrodite continued.

“Fitting for a heretic bent on undermining the order of light! What will you do now? Do you plan to administer indescribable pain to me?”

“...”

“It’s unfortunate for you, but you won’t be able to! I have the protection of the omnipotent Lumen Del on me! No evil being can bestow despair upon me!”

Whether it was a final trick up her sleeve or just baseless bravado, Nephrodite stood defiantly, arms spread wide, as if daring Sian to come at her.

Sian, unimpressed, slowly approached her.

One step, then another.

In the darkness of ignorance, the shadow of despair gradually crept closer to her.

Reaching her side, Sian slowly lifted his hand and firmly grasped her chin, which was graced with a spreading smile.

“...”

Noticing something odd, she cocked her head in surprise.

“Did you mention Lumen Del’s protection?”

“...?”

“It seems that god has abandoned you.”

“What are you talking about?”

Sian’s gaze finally turned to Hastia, who was observing from a corner of the space.

Around her lingered a light blue aura of protection.

In contrast, around Nephrodite,

“If that weren’t the case, it wouldn’t make sense that I could lay my hands on you while you’re under godly protection...”

There was nothing.



No light, only the mist released by Sian encroaching further.

There was no sign of any protection that might shield her.

“I’ll give you a minute. Beg that vaunted god to save you from this moment of despair. If that god hasn’t abandoned you, he won’t let you die like this...”

As Sian placed the cold edge of his demonic sword against her throat,

Nephrodite, with a mix of hope or maybe despair, was forced to silently accept the whispers of someone who declared himself a devil.

\* \* \*

Engaged in battle with the intensity that only one’s death would end it, Garnian and Mihan finally glanced over when they saw their protectees swallowed by black mist.

“...?!”

Although they wanted to rush in immediately, neither moved.

It was as if their feet were rooted in place by the foreign aura seeping from the strange mist.

For minutes, they simply stared blankly at the scene.

-Whoosh

The misty space confining the saintess and Hastia dissipated with a sound like the wind, revealing their figures.

“Hastia!”

“Saintess!”

Without a moment’s delay, each dashed to aid their master.

“Hastia, are you okay?”

‘Ga, Garnian?!’

Caught off guard, Hastia blinked in surprise.

She seemed uninjured, thankfully unscathed.

In contrast, the saintess,

“Saintess! Saintess, come to your senses!”

For some reason, as if she had sustained a severe shock,

Despite her eyes open, her vacant gaze couldn't focus.

Mihan's gaze quickly shifted to the black-haired assassin still standing atop the dais, looking down upon them.

“How dare you lay hands on the saintess...!”

His eyes were noticeably different than before, now a clear sign that his rationality was lost.

After gently laying the saintess down, Mihan charged at Sian.

There's something initiates learn first when they pick up a sword as they begin in the Order of Knights:

Never let anger guide you when you wield a sword.

While anger might grant a momentary surge of strength, the absence of rational thought diminishes one's capacity to see reason, typically leading to adverse outcomes.

Mihan Haselrus of the Order of the Light, a senior knight,

A man who commanded sheer respect and admiration, indeed at the pinnacle of knighthood.

He knew the aforementioned principle all too well but,

“Don't expect an easy death!”

Engulfed by rage and murderous intent, he had forgotten all such logic.

What awaited a knight who had forsaken that simple principle was,

-Slash

A cold and realistic outcome.

A second before, Sian, who had been on the altar, was now suddenly below it.

In his place,

-Rattle

Mihan's body, torn into eight pieces, lay sprawled lifelessly.

"Don't look, Hastia!"

Witnessing the horrific sight, Garnian quickly shielded Hastia's view.

However, Hastia's eyes were focused not on the corpse, but solely on Sian.

After sheathing his blade, Sian turned his gaze to the two still standing, his indifferent expression unchanged.

'Are you okay, Sir Sian?'

Trying to break the tension, Hastia reached out with her thoughts once more.

Sian responded with a slight snort and curl of his lip in lieu of an answer.

Uncertain of his actions, Hastia blinked in bewilderment.

At least she made an attempt to communicate;

Garnian couldn't even muster a word, his lips chapping and saliva unable to swallow.

Pressed by the extraordinary aura exuding from Sian's slender figure, he appeared completely subdued.

-Tap tap tap

Suddenly, the sound of unfamiliar footsteps caught the elves' attention, and they turned toward the door.

Not just one person, but many.

The situation didn't seem promising, as if those arriving were unlikely to be friendly.

'Someone's coming! What will you do, Sir Sian...?'

Before she could finish, Hastia was struck silent upon seeing Sian.

Was it because?

For the first time, Sian's usually stoic eyes were...

"...!"

Trembling.

Though subtle, they were undeniably trembling,

As if sensing the approach of someone he must not meet.

Just as Hastia was grappling with the inexplicable situation, she heard someone's desperate call.

"Lunev! You're in danger if you go alone!"

(To be continued...)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 190**

Chapter 190: Inevitable Consequence Stacked with Coincidence (2)

Why do we call an old era the "bygone era"?

The answer is simple.

It's because it is a time unbeknownst to those living in the present. Without record of what happened, where things were located, or who did what.

Unless there is evidence to back it up, those living in the now couldn't possibly know anything.

Who would have known that such a massive underground relic exists near the outskirts of Ghaul?

It was unbelievably pristine, despite being buried underground for hundreds of years.

Although its purpose remains unknown,

inspired by the civilization of the bygone era, each member of the academy was left speechless with amazement.

Except for one,

Lunev.

"....."

Since stepping into the relic, her gaze didn't stray from straight ahead.

She had realized that something unusual was happening, not far from where she was looking.

A faint whiff of blood was clear evidence.

“.....!”

Quietly moving forward, she suddenly stopped in her tracks.

Then, with her head slightly tilted forward, she began to sniff around abruptly.

Had she picked up on a familiar scent?

Suddenly, without waiting for anyone to stop her, she rushed off.

No one could stop her in the hasty situation.

“Lady Lunev! It’s dangerous to go alone!”

Despite the scholars’ attempts to deter her, she ignored them.

With eyes filled with certainty as if she found something she longed for, she dashed down the path.

Arriving in front of a large door,

-Creeeak!

She slammed open a slightly ajar door, and a large plaza bathed in light appeared.

“.....”

To the unknown elves standing idly to one side of the plaza,

to the white-haired saintess laid beneath the altar,

and to the cruelly sprawled body atop the altar,

Lunev did not spare even the slightest glance.

Her wildly darting eyes were fixated on one thing alone.

The man in the black hood, looking back at her with a skew angle.

“Ha, ha.....”

She hadn't run a great distance.

At most, it might have been 50 meters.

But for some reason, she found herself out of breath and her respiration quickened.

It wasn't a mere physical reaction due to exhaustion.

Vague memories imprinted on her body and heart resurfaced, triggering her current response.

Even if it wasn't a bodily reaction,

the scent was significant enough to stimulate her nostrils sharply.

A scent raw as if made into perfume from human blood—emanating unmistakably from the man before her.

“.....!”

Following her, Schultz also ran hastily after her and discovered the man, his mouth agape.

It's said that when surprised beyond words, people become stunned with shock; mind goes blank and body hairs bristle, unsure of what to do.

“Speak.”

To Schultz, who was caught in such a bewildered state, Lunev abruptly asked.

“Wh-what should I say?”

“The black-haired demon you saw in Vito... Is that man him?”

Her question was direct, leaving no room to evade.

Schultz responded without hesitation.

“If my eyes and memory aren't betraying me, it is undoubtedly him!”

Appearance, the aura felt—all matched.

The man before them was definitely the same one seen at the Vito mines.

Was that the answer she was waiting for?

-Smirk

A strange smile soon formed on Lunev's lips.

Schultz, recently met, as well as the scholars who spent a long time with her.

They all had the same thought in mind.

Lunev was out of her senses.

And it was true.

She wasn't herself at the moment.

If she had been in her regular state of mind,

she would've immediately created a high-intensity restriction barrier upon entering, preventing anyone from leaving.

But she did none of that.

She made no magical maneuver,

simply moving towards the man before her.

To the observers, this scene appeared profound, yet pitiable.

Just as they were about to close the gap between them,

the black-haired man suddenly kicked off his spot and approached Lunev quickly.

Surprised, Lunev involuntarily widened her eyes,

".....!"

But nothing happened.

The man passed her by in silence, and only her azure hair was left pitifully fluttering in the wind that followed.

"Ha."

Perhaps feeling exasperated,

Lunev let out a short chuckle.

“Can’t even say hello. Would it kill you?” she murmured in a voice that was strangely a mix of laughter and tears.

“So typical of you... Senior.”

Towards someone who had simply passed her by.

\* \* \*

Continues in the next chapter.