

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 261 -270**

### **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 261**

Chapter 261: Contact (4)

I was feeling anxious and scared.

I hadn't realized that the fear of facing an unknown presence from another dimension could run this deep.

Moreover, I felt utterly at a loss in how to deal with the current situation.

In doing so, I had naturally forgotten one fact.

On this royal inspection tour,

there was a particularly special attendant.

"What took that guy so long to show up?"

Relief and comfort.

Excluding the sputtering Seth, everyone's attention unanimously turned to Sian's indifferent back.

"Do you think he's trying to fight that unidentified demon?"

"Everyone on the inspection tour, stay alert! It's still too soon to be relieved!"

Arin urged the inspection team to keep watch over the situation.

Although his face was not visible from the back,

his sturdy and solid frame allayed much of the inspection team's anxiety.

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From when the inspection team crossed the boundary gate, passed the rear camp, up to reaching the campsite.

I had followed the inspection team the entire way.

I had been quietly observing as they exited my father's tent, encountered the Demon King, and until Luna made that strange request.

There were two reasons for this.

One was to confirm whether this demon really was the Demon King I knew.

Memories stored in the body are more vivid and stimulating than those of the mind.

No matter how much time has passed or lives have been altered, the sensations and recollections learned from my blood battles with the Demon King remained imprinted within me.

Yet, the aura was markedly different from 10 years ago, near the Blood River.

Back then, I questioned whether he truly was the Demon King I knew,

But now, he seemed to embody the very essence of malice, an incomprehensible entity of negation.

His appearance was strikingly similar to the Demon King I remembered.

"That brat has grown up quite a bit in 10 years."

The Demon King also recognized me and expressed his delight first.

"You've changed."

"Have I? I can't deny it. My mood isn't exactly pleasant right now."

The Demon King tried to maintain his smile, repeatedly twitching his lips.

"To be honest, I have been hesitating until just a moment ago. It seems that region beyond that wall is the human realm. You told me 10 years ago, didn't you? To refrain from crossing into your territory, whatever happens..."

"You kept that promise?"

"What else could it be? I'm a man who keeps his word. I don't go back on it."

The second reason I wanted confirmation was precisely this.

Did the Demon King remember the promise, the deal we had?

This was crucial.

Depending on this, I would decide how to treat this Demon King.

In truth, after reaching this boundary gate, he had been conflicted for quite some time.

That meant he was debating within himself.

So, I made my presence known.

To ensure that he would honor our deal fully.

“Then as the Demon King, I have kept my promise to you. Now it’s your turn.”

At the very moment the words “Demon King” slipped from his mouth, a stirring began beyond the boundary gate.

“The Demon King? That demon is the Demon King?”

“That’s impossible, right? Why would the Demon King appear on the front lines?”

“Does he have some sort of relationship with Sian Bertrand?”

Of course, now was not the time to focus on such murmurs.

To close the distance, the Demon King slowly started walking towards me.

“Keep it. The promise you made to help me...”

I had put forward a bold proposition that I would do anything for him as long as he did not cross into our realm.

That meant that I was in a situation where I had to do anything for him.

Regardless of whether it was possible.

The Demon King suddenly crossed his arms and smirked mischievously.

“You’re probably curious, right? Why I came here all of a sudden, despite being perfectly fine in the Demon Realm...”

I responded with silence.

“I am looking for a man named Eshel Bertrand.”

“...!”

"I need to find that human, Eshel Bertrand, and bring him to my castle immediately. That's why I've come this far."

Unable to ignore his words, I narrowed my eyes and questioned him.

"Why are you looking for that man?"

"He played me for a fool, that's why!"

As the Demon King ground his teeth, his dark anger towards Eshel flickered in his eyes.

"Oh, now that I think about it, it seems like he has quite the relationship with you too, doesn't it? He told me, you are an entity of negation that should not exist in this world."

Finally.

Has he finally reached beyond this realm, stretching his hand out to the Demon Realm ?

At the same time, my laughter spilled out and my head bowed deeply.

It seems his ugliness truly knows no bounds.

"I was going to keep out of it, you know? Whatever happens in your lands, it's not my realm, so I was going to stay out of it. But that guy crossed a line. He tried to mess with something that even I thought should never be touched!"

Something that should not be touched?

That moment the words were spoken, a familiar memory surfaced.

This feels similar.

The past situation I faced in my previous life...

"Excuse me for interrupting the conversation."

Amid the heated exchange, once again, Luna crossed the boundary gate and approached my side.

"Do you happen to know anything about this pendant?"

Without hesitation, she brought out something she had kept inside her clothing and presented it before us.

"...!"

The color noticeably drained from the Demon King's face when he saw the item.

It was a pendant, no ordinary one.

At least to my eyes.

"Where did you get that?"

"This was found by chance in the camp barracks before we met you. The reason I was warned not to touch it was because of the power contained within this pendant."

"Power?"

"Yes. Inside this pendant is a force that causes confusion in one's heart. Whoever wears this pendant will unknowingly long for it, almost as if enchanted..."

With the Demon King silent, Luna continued her explanation.

"What else?"

"...!"

"Is there no other power within it?"

The Demon King spoke again, asking about any other power that the pendant may possess.

"It seems to have an absorbing force that drains life, although more investigation is required to say for sure. In other words, if one continues wearing this pendant..."

Pausing briefly, Luna seemed hesitant to continue.

"You will die. The wearer will die."

As soon as she mentioned death, I quickly turned to gauge the Demon King's reaction.

To others, it appeared he simply stood in silence, but I could clearly see.

"You will die?"

The Demon King was trembling.

Not from fear or horror, but from an intense shake that stemmed from anger and numerous negative emotions.

"There's no need to say more."

The Demon King halted his trembling, and made up his mind, speaking out once more.

“If you don’t want me to cross into your realm, bring Eshel to me right now.”

His voice was even more agitated than before.

“Don’t bother asking me to wait! I’m really holding back right now! If I take one more step, you won’t believe what’s about to happen! Do you understand what I mean?”

I certainly understood.

If we are unable to bring Eshel, he would cross the boundary gate himself and search for him.

At that moment, I had a premonition.

If that truly happens, a calamity will once again descend upon this land.

I see, so that devil sought the power of the Demon King.

Provoking the Demon King to cross over, inducing chaos?

Someone has committed an act beyond anyone’s capacity to manage.

I can assert that if I step back now and let things take their own course,

I would become a bystander who willfully ignored millions of deaths.

Why?

Because only I exist to prevent that,

The only human who can stop the existence known as the Demon King.

My hands unconsciously released the cross they were holding, and Keram softly landed in my right hand.

So, I really have no choice but to stop him?

Was it fate that no matter the change in life, I would always collide with him...

“Perhaps...”

Amidst the chaos, Luna stepped forward once more.

“Just in case, would any of your acquaintances happen to be wearing a similar pendant?”

Her daring eyes didn't blink as she asked the Demon King.

“Exactly! Our talkative steward said something like that! The power contained in this pendant seems similar to the magic wielded by witches! If it's them, they would know how to undo it, so either bring those witches or the person who gave this pendant,” she urged eagerly.

“Then take me with you.”

“...!”

Everyone, including the Demon King and myself, stared at her in surprise.

“What are you doing?”

“Isn't this an inevitable situation?”

Luna calmly responded as if it was a matter of fact.

The Demon King asked again.

“Do you know how to undo the pendant's curse?”

“I can't give you a definitive answer yet. I need time to analyze it precisely. But I'm sure I can be of help.”

I grabbed her shoulders without hesitation.

“There are times to take action, and times you should not. This is not your time.”

“Do you think I'm spouting baseless nonsense? I thought you knew me better than that.”

I know.

All too well.

And that's exactly the problem.

“How about we put out the most urgent fire first? If you've come to find someone who can undo the pendant, it doesn't matter whether it's me, right?”

Her boldly reasonable offer seemed to cause the Demon King to contemplate deeply.

“Excuse me a moment.”

In the middle of this, another human approached us from beyond the boundary gate.

It was Princess Arin.

“I am Arin Sevelus, the fifth princess of the Usif Empire and the representative of this frontline inspection tour. May I ask the name of the self-proclaimed Demon King?”

“...?”

The Demon King answered not with words, but with a vexed look directed at the princess.

Is this the time for representatives to negotiate?

Please, understand the situation...

“Belcarion.”

Contrary to my expectations, the Demon King easily revealed his name.

“Before we start talking, I would first like to express that we are in a similar predicament. The Eshel Bertrand you seek is a serious criminal in our empire and a man with bounties issued across the continent.”

“A serious criminal?”

“Yes. Whatever he has told you, it is all lies. He has caused great turmoil by belittling our royal family and empire, and now he has sought refuge with the lord of this front, engaging in an unimaginable grand scheme. That plan will likely involve you, Belcarion.”

The princess, without a hint of hesitation or tremble in her voice, succinctly summarized the intentions of the inspection team and conveyed them to the Demon King.

“So, what are you proposing?”

“Will you cooperate with us?”

It wasn't just the Demon King but also I who doubted what I heard.

“What do you want to do?”

“Let's join minds for a common goal. Since the affairs of the mortal realm have unfortunately extended to the Demon Realm, we want to take responsibility and assist you, Demon King.”



I could hear clearly the sound of her dry throat as she swallowed.

“Will you join us, Demon King Belcarion?”

The Demon King pondered for a while.

“Princess, or should I call you Your Highness? That would be proper, wouldn’t it?”

Then with a light smile, he responded to her offer.

“Given your standing, I’m sure you understand.”

“Understand what?”

“How heavy it is to take responsibility for one’s own words...”

While a flustered Arin was caught off guard, the Demon King pointed his finger at Luna again.

“Take those two. What a story, ending up cooperating with humans.”

The Demon King agreed to cooperate if he could take Luna and me.

He turned his eyes to me and said,

“I can tell, he was lying to me.”

“...?”

“All this about an entity of negation...”

It took me a moment to interpret his words.

(To be continued in the next chapter)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 262**

Chapter 262: In Search of a Witch (1)

“I know it must have been tough! But I didn’t want to just stand there in that situation!”

“.....”

“Wouldn’t that make me a useless princess, just a shell who can do nothing? I made Lunab and Prince Set come, and even you! So of course, I think I should have taken responsibility for that!”

“.....”

“If I hadn’t stepped up, you would have tried to shoulder everything alone again! I’m really curious about what happened between you and that demon king and what kind of deal you struck, but I won’t ask! Because what I should be doing right now is...!”

“What you should be doing right now, Your Highness, is....”

Sian, who had been silently listening to Arin’s words, finally spoke.

“A search.”

With his expression unclouded by emotion, as if carved out of ice.

“Search for Echel Berth and find that witch. That is what you must do now, Your Highness.”

“I know! But...!”

“Do not concern yourself with me.”

Sian’s resoluteness was like looking at a massive boulder.

“What you should keep in mind, Your Highness, is not me, but this empire and the continent itself. Always remember this point, and do not forget what task lies before you.”

I understand.

All too well.

As a princess, I feel the responsibility weighing heavily upon me day by day.

However,

“It isn’t wrong for me to worry about you, right?”

“Huh?”

Caught off guard by her unexpected question, Resimus asked with a puzzled look.

“It’s, it’s just talking to myself! Don’t mind me, Resimus!”

Arin, flustered, waved her hands to dismiss the topic.

Resimus, though confused at first, soon caught on to Arin's true feelings and asked in a straightforward manner.

"The two of them who headed to the demon realm, you're worried about them, right?"

"No. I'm not worried."

Arin shook her head in denial.

It had only been two hours since Sian and Lunab followed the demon king to the demon realm.

Like always, Sian left indifferently after telling her to fold away her worries and to focus solely on what must be done.

"I'm not worried. I'm not even paying attention to that, because that's not what I need to focus on right now."

It wasn't the first time something like this had happened, so she was used to it by now.

But now, Arin wanted to ask.

'What task do you have?'

She hoped that, in order to get an answer to this question, Sian would return safely sooner rather than later.

"Your Highness, you are here!"

While passing through the hallway, they were approached by Schurz who came running.

"I have just finalized an agreement with the Garam Academy through a messenger. They said they would compile all the academy's records and research related to the witch and send them to us as soon as possible."

Thinking she misheard, Arin immediately asked.

"Did you say the Garam Academy agreed to cooperate?"

"Yes. Reflecting the will of Lady Lunab, not mine. The academy has said it will take about one or two days."

Schurz mentioned that he merely did what he was instructed to.

“Lunab... she really knows what her task is and carries it out perfectly.”

Unable to respond, Schurz just averted his gaze.

“Please tell the Garam Academy that we will definitely return the favor for this cooperation.”

“Yes, I will.”

With that, Arin resumed her walk with Resimus to carry out her duty.

“The Princess has arrived!”

The doors opened amid a chorus of vigorous announcements by the knights and inside sat two gorgeously dressed figures.

“It’s an honor to have you step into such a humble abode, Princess Arin. I am Margaret Erzges.”

“Crantz Berth.”

Though their drained faces were poorly covered by makeup, Arin didn’t show any signs of noticing.

“Thank you for agreeing to meet despite the sudden nature of the request. Considering the circumstances, I would greatly appreciate your active collaboration.”

Arin sat down immediately to start an investigative conversation.

“You must have heard about the series of events from my retinue. So, if there’s anything you know, please tell us everything. About the duke, and about Echel Berth....”

“There’s no need for you to search for anything else, Your Highness.”

Margaret soon began to speak with a solemn expression.

“We have to find that woman. She’s the root cause of everything! That woman confounded him—no, the duke!”

With her voice already agitated from emotion, Margaret’s tone grew more intense.

“She should not exist! A woman who is already dead! We’ve lived all these years believing so, but...!”

“Calm yourself, mother!”

Crantz tried to restrain her as her excitement rose.

“Who on earth are you talking about?”

“Haniel Pasinity!”

“.....!”

“Echel’s biological mother.”

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The more you know about some things in the world, the harder it becomes to find the answers—like a labyrinth.

Maybe I am in the middle of an unknown maze, trying to find a way out.

Arin leaned against the windowsill and sighed deeply, her mind in turmoil.

Resimus came to her side after a while.

“Investigating the Pasinity surname revealed that it does not appear in any noble or prominent families across the continent or the empire.”

Meaning it probably wasn’t from a noble or influential family.

“The mansion’s knights mentioned feeling as if they were being enchanted?”

“Yes. That was their exact description.”

“Echel was escorted to the border outpost where Duke Berth was, as soon as he arrived in Belias. Since then, he hasn’t come near the mansion. However, during the time he was at the front lines, a person claiming to be Haniel Pasinity, his biological mother, came to the Berth family.”

“Was there some prior agreement?”

“It feels too sudden for that. Even when Violet ruled with the Empire, there was never a sign of her. And then suddenly she appeared and took over the mansion, threatened Lady Margaret, the original mistress, to gather opposition against our Empire.”

“It looks as if she appeared precisely to save her child in crisis.”

Everything was in question at the moment.

“Still, it seems like we might know what those two are after.”

“What do you think it is?”

“Chaos.”

As soon as she uttered the word, Arin bit her lip.

“Those two want chaos to occur on this continent. The kind of immense chaos we might not be able to cope with even with our strength.”

“We can’t let that person re-emerge as the savior of the world....”

They realized through this series of events that he was not a savior.

“But, to prevent that from happening, we must find them soon.”

Arin merely nodded slightly.

“Ah, Your Highness. Do you know of a knight named Yulken Darius?”

“Yulken Darius? Isn’t he the Duke’s aide-de-camp?”

“Yes. According to the mansion’s knights, during the time when Haniel had taken over, he was being held captive here. It appears Sir Sian saved him.”

“Where is he now?”

“He’s left Belias on a personal mission.”

Resimus passed her a letter that had been left behind.

“Before departing, he left a letter through the knights. He instructed them to pass it on to Sir Sian or any member of the touring party when they arrived.”

Arin immediately tore open the letter and checked the contents.

Upon reading it, she couldn’t hide her astonishment.

“It appears Yulken was not affected by that beguiling power.”

“Was there any reason?”

“He doesn’t know the details, but he speculates it was the strong conviction and loyalty he has for Duke Berth. An unwavering faith that resisted even beguilement—If true, this information could be a significant clue in dealing with that mysterious power.”

“That means we need strong mental fortitude.”

As Resimus solemnly agreed, Arin continued reading the letter.

“And if you want to know more about Echel’s biological mother...?”

Arin’s eyes suddenly widened.

“What is it, Your Highness?”

“Well, that’s because, that person known as Haniel, the only one who really knows her at the mansion, they recommend looking for her?”

“Come to think of it, the household attendants mentioned something similar. There used to be a maid there who was the only one who knew Haniel Pasinity’s face....”

“A maid?”

Not a knight or a general attendant, but a maid.

Ironically, Arin knew very well about the maid mentioned in the letter.

Someone with a deep connection, not only to the Berth family but also to herself...

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“Look here, Brian. Do you know what I’m thinking right now?”

Emily, who was stirring with a ladle in the kitchen, suddenly asked Brian.

“I, I’m not sure.”

“As I think back, I’ve realized I’ve prepared meals for that little one more times than for the young master. At this point, I’m getting confused whether I am a maid to the young master or to that kiddo.”

“But you’ve spent much more time with the young master, haven’t you? Much more than me or Nana, Emily is...”

“And what good is that? We don’t even know where the young master is or what he’s doing now.”

“Emily, sister! Is the food ready?”

Emily sighed lightly and moved the pot of soup to the table.

Nana cheerfully began her meal immediately.

“Well, she [Nana] does eat better than the master at least. There’s some satisfaction to behold....”

Brian smiled awkwardly, scratching his face.

Sitting next to Nana, who was eating, Mia joined for the meal.

“I will enjoy this meal.”

Like Nana, Mia also began eating right away.

“Madam Mia, you have a good appetite as well.”

“This is part of the mission. If I’m to protect everyone here properly, I need to always eat well.”

Despite her words about the mission, her appetite rivaled Nana’s.

In no time, more than half the soup in the big pot had disappeared.

“Bring that person, no, the elf here, quickly. At this rate, I won’t even be able to have a taste.”

“You mean Hastia. I’ll bring her right away.”

Brian hurried to the room where Hastia was and knocked on the door.

“Hastia? The food is ready.”

‘.....’

Without a response, Brian knocked again.

“Hastia? The meal is...”

—Thud

Suddenly, the door opened, and Hastia’s arm reached out, grabbed Brian’s arm, and pulled him inside swiftly.

“Hastia, why are you suddenly—?”

Hastia hushed him by covering his mouth.

She then peeked outside through the slightly opened door.



“Is, is there an issue?”

Hastia seemed to be cautiously pointing at someone through the crack of the door.

“Are you talking about Emily?”

Indeed, it was Emily.

Hastia nodded, hesitated as if the sign language would be complicated, then rushed to the table, grabbed a piece of paper, and began to write something on it.

She then showed it to Brian.

“Is that Emily outside...?”

Brian read Hastia’s note with a puzzled expression.

“Is she a witch?”

Hastia’s expression was dead serious, as if some confirmation had dawned upon her.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 263**

### Chapter 263. Searching for the Witch (2)

As everyone drifted into the land of dreams at an ambitious hour, Hastia, who quietly left her room making sure none were to waken, promptly headed toward the kitchen. Just as she was about to breathe a sigh of relief upon finding no one there, she was startled by the creaking noise of the kitchen’s side-door opening.

“Hmm? What are you doing at this time?”

It was Emily.

Startled, Hastia stumbled a few steps backward.

“Did you get hungry? Because of those gluttons, it seemed like you hadn’t eaten anything. Shall I make you some midnight snacks?”

Hastia quickly shook her head with vigor.

Did Emily suspect something unnatural in her behavior?

Suddenly, Emily approached Hastia.

“You said you were a White Elf, but really, everything from your head to your toes is completely white.”

Flawless skin and glossy white hair.

She seemed to feel some envy towards Hastia’s appearance.

“It’s a bit of a pity that you can’t talk, though...”

As she spoke, she gently soothed Hastia’s shoulder.

“I don’t know what circumstances led you to entangle with our young master, but it’s better not to get your hopes up. There are already a number of formidable rivals for our young master aside from you.”

‘...?’

“Are you being naive? Or are you pretending not to know? Sigh! Who am I to worry about anyone else?” Emily mused, switching between giving advice and lamenting over her circumstances.

Hastia, not knowing how to respond, simply bowed to Emily and hurried back to her room.

‘Phew....’

Once back in her room, Hastia let out a breath of relief.

As her thumping heart settled and she was about to open her eyes again,

‘...!’

Hastia was so startled that she collapsed onto the floor.

“Did I scare you?”

Sitting on her bed with crossed legs and swinging her tail was another woman – Nana.

‘When did she...?’

“Maybe around the time Emily unnie said she felt a bit sad that you can’t talk? Probably around then, I guess.”

Nana replied with a bright smile, unlike Briyan and Emily, she could actually communicate with Hastia.

‘Why are you here?’

“It seemed like Hastia’s gaze toward Emily unnie was a bit...harsh.”

‘That’s, that’s a misunderstanding.’

“Really? What kind of story did you share with Briyan in your room?”

Nana already knew everything between Hastia and Briyan, including their private conversation.

Given the circumstances, hiding anything more seemed pointless.

Hastia stood up with a serious look and asked,

‘Nana, you knew about it, right?’

“About what?”

‘You couldn’t have missed Emily’s scent, not with the dragon’s blood mixed in you!’

“Well, I’m not really sure? I don’t smell anything particularly bad, so what seems to be the problem?” Nana shrugged, unperturbed.

“While Emily unnie said she’s sorry that Hastia can’t talk, I actually think it’s fortunate.”

Hastia blinked, not understanding Nana’s implication.

“Just keep staying still like that. Don’t open your mouth....”

With those words, Nana flashed a cute, beaming smile that Hastia perceived as a dragon before its prey.

And the next day...

“Is Lady Emily here?”

Out of the blue, imperial soldiers came seeking her at the house.

Gazing at Emily’s bewildered expression standing by the door, they announced,

“Princess Arin commands that Lady Emily be brought to Belias immediately.”

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“Are you in your right mind, Your Majesty Demon King?”

Rogers’ eyes looked poised to grab the Demon King’s collar, brimming with venom.

“Because I am in my right mind, I am doing this.”

“I clearly asked you to bring me the human who gave you the pendant.”

“That’s right.”

“Then what about these people? They’re obviously not the one who gave you the pendant, aren’t they? They don’t seem like ordinary humans at all. How can they carry such an absurd aura...!”

“Calm down, Rogers. Bestia once told me. Always prioritize reason over nature. Think of the Demon Realm, not just myself....”

Belkarion exhaustedly justified his actions.

“I’ve made the best choice I could for her and for the Demon Realm.”

“Fine. Regardless, it is the Demon King’s choice, and I will respect it. So, I should believe that these two humans can liberate Bestia from the pendant?”

“We have to believe they can. As I am now, led more by reason than my true nature, there is nothing else I can do.”

Belkarion and Rogers gazed quietly beyond the widely opened door with doubt and trust equally present in their eyes.

“If we forcibly removed the pendant, bound by a strong repelling force...”

“And if we did?”

“Why bother saying it? The wearer would simply explode along with it.”

Lemiharam calmly spoke with a shrug.

“Even the dark magic this fellow has will likely be ineffective. Its source is a different power altogether.”

“Isn’t it worth a try?”

"I wouldn't recommend it. As I said earlier, we don't know what kind of rejection reaction could come from the pendant."

Hasty attempts could lead to grave misfortunes.

In the Demon Realm, unlike in the human world, any single action required great caution, and Lemiharam's scope of actions was extremely limited.

"I've never seen or heard of such power before."

"It makes sense. I too did not expect this power to remain."

Lunab mused, hands joined around the pendant, looking intently at the peacefully sleeping Bestia.

"Why, facing a new race called demons, does your curiosity not pique?"

"Not really. Rather the opposite."

Lemiharam raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Now that I see, demons are not much different from us."

"Why do you think so?"

Lunab silently pointed towards Bestia.

"In the end, even the man called the Demon King came to us for Bestia. Humans move for humans, and demons move for demons, what's so special about that?"

Lemiharam responded with a cryptic smile instead of words.

While Lunab and the pendant's owner discussed the pendant, Xian looked on indifferently leaning against a wall when Keram quietly appeared, whispering.

[Do you really think those two can dismantle the pendant?]

"That's what it sounds like you're not thinking."

[The power of seduction within the pendant isn't magic. This means that neither they nor I can wield much power over it.]

"Thought you were divine, but not so useful after all, huh?"

[Wouldn't it have been better to confront the Demon King instead? Wouldn't it have been much better for you, without many headaches?]

“And you expect me to do such favors?”

Xian snorted, dismissing the possibility.

[Well, I'm not the one who rushes you. Wouldn't we soon clash anyway?]

“What do you mean?”

Keram vanished with a seductive laugh, offering no reply.

Xian exhaled uncomfortably and turned his gaze back towards where Lunab was.

“Was it all because of that demon?”

The reason why the Demon King, who had no interest in the human world, had come all the way from the chasm to the boundary gate was because he touched something that should never be touched.

If that was truly because of that demon,

wasn't protecting that demon all that was needed?

Then Lunab, finished with his analysis, joined Xian.

“Is the analysis complete?”

“Yes. To put it simply, it's impossible to dismantle the pendant with our powers or the senior's.”

A disappointing start indeed.

“It's a totally different kind of power. It completely rejects any other power, whether force or magic...”

As absurd as it was to hear, it was no less strange for the speaker.

“It's the first time I've felt such powerlessness.”

A bitter sentiment was clear on Lunab's face.

As Xian witnessed this, he contemplated internally.

Keram's words might actually become reality.

What would happen if he told the Demon King, who was staring at them through the door, about this?

There would be no simple dismissal.

It was highly likely that the situation at the boundary gate would recur.

“So, there’s no way at all?”

“Not that there is no way. For now, it might as well be...”

“Speak up. I’ll listen at least once.”

Lunab continued with a wry expression.

“We don’t lack the power to dismantle it. In fact, the way to do it is simple. The structure is very simple. Just bring someone who doesn’t trigger the pendant’s rejection response, and have them dismantle it.”

“Are you talking about someone who isn’t affected by the power of seduction?”

“Yes. Currently, the most certain way is to find the witch as that man the Demon King mentioned and have her dismantle it. Otherwise...”

“Wait! Wait, almost got it!”

Xian held Lunab’s shoulder tight, trying to organize his thoughts.

“If what you say is true, then even if it’s not the witch, if someone is immune to the power of seduction, that’s all it takes to dismantle the pendant, right?”

“That’s out of question.”

Lunab immediately rejected the idea.

“Someone immune to power? Does such a person even exist?”

There was only one person who could provide an answer to that question.

Xian recalled Yulken Darius, a knight part of the frontline troops who had never been influenced by power due to his strong resolve and loyalty to his father, the commanding officer. Having been imprisoned in the estate for being the only frontline knight unaffected by power, that knight might be the key...

“Senior.”

Lunab cautiously interrupted Xian’s growing excitement.

“Do you think my faith and will towards the senior aren’t anything special?”

Xian was speechless, unable to respond.

“The power is so deeply terrifying that even with my deep feelings for the senior, I fear it might make me turn away from you. This isn’t about mental strength resisting with faith or will.”

Lunab strongly denied it.

It was a power of seduction that no human willpower could ever withstand.

Thinking about it, he was right.

After all, it was the same power that had overcome even the Imperial Emperor, Dione, known as the Holy Ruler, and Bert, the Guardian of the Continent.

And the thought that a single determined knight could endure such power?

It was as good as impossible.

‘Then what was the Yulken I saw?’

\* \* \*

In the northwest territory of the Usiph Empire, the domain of the Baron of Barrens.

“Yes. Looking at the seal, it seems certain that it’s a letter from Duke Bert, but...”

Duke Julian Barrens gazed suspiciously at Yulken sitting opposite him.

“How could I believe that this letter truly contains Duke Bert’s intentions?”

“Do you not trust me, or do you not trust the Duke?”

“Both, I dare say. Isn’t the Duke’s impressive eldest son there by his side right now? The one who caused such a commotion in the capital?”

“...”

“Honestly, I was a bit surprised. For an envoy to come, not just any knight, but Duke Bert’s aide-de-camp, I expected an urgent message from the Duke, but unfortunately, that wasn’t the case.”

Baron Barrens tossed the letter he was reading back in front of Yulken.

Soon, dozens of armed knights surrounded them.



“You must be tired from your journey, so rest well today. You should be sent back to the capital early tomorrow.”

As the baron was about to rise from his seat,

“Duke Bert said it doesn’t really matter whether you trust him or not...”

Yulken spoke up again.

“Interesting. Then what is important?”

“Your thoughts, Baron.”

“My thoughts?”

“Do you truly wish to see this Empire enveloped in black mist and darkness?”

Baron Barrens’s lips twitched subtly at that moment.

(Continued in the next episode)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 264**

Chapter 264: Searching for a Witch (3)

“So, what’s the conclusion?”

“We’re unable to lift the curse on this pendant with our power. I’m truly sorry that we’re unable to help.”

Uttering pitiful excuses seemed a meaningless act.

Lunabru, acknowledging the current situation, bowed respectfully to the Demon King.

Sian silently observed from the side.

“Ha, can’t be helped. Honestly, it’s not really your fault, is it? You came here wanting to help, so I’m not in the position to blame you.”

Contrary to expectations, the Demon King coolly responded, comforting Lunabru.

“Still, there might be a way. Perhaps we might come across a clue about the witch. If that happens...”

“Enough.”

The word ‘enough’ halted Lunabru’s speech mid-air.

“Don’t drag on with feeble words.”

Though the Demon King was smiling, a distinct aura of lethal intent poured towards her.

Her heart pounded with tension and fear, leaving her unable to utter another word.

“Hey, Sian.”

Belkaryon looked past Lunabru and turned his gaze to Sian.

“Come outside for a moment.” Without any retort, Sian obediently followed him out.

Once the two men left, Lunabru, holding back her breath until now, shook uncontrollably with both hands.

“I never expected that you could solve the pendant’s mystery.”

Suddenly, Rogers approached and handed her a cup of water.

“I hope you understand that I did try my best.”

After receiving the cup, Lunabru gulped down the water voraciously.

“You said your name is Lunabru? I’d advise you to find a way to lift the curse on that pendant as soon as you can.”

“What do you mean?”

“If you want to return in one piece with the person you came with.”

Realizing what he meant, Lunabru understood that the middle-aged demon nobleman wasn’t giving her advice, but a warning.

\* \* \*

Suddenly, I recalled the last conversation I had with the former Demon King.

It took place after the Demon King’s Death Sword and my spirit had expended all their energy against each other, resulting in our annihilation.

It was, in essence, our first complete two-way conversation.

“You don’t know? Why I had to cross that forbidden line to join that vexing, chaotic party with you all?”)

“Do I need to know now?”

“You’re surprisingly unfazed. Weren’t there people who were sacrificed because of me? Like your family or friends?”

I was genuinely shocked back then.

Who could have expected such cruel words like family and friends from the ruthless Demon King?

For a fleeting moment, I thought that perhaps he was not so different from a human.

“You committed an atrocious slaughter that we humans can never forgive. Even if there was a reason for that massacre, we would not see you any differently.”

“(Heh! Indeed! What’s the point of talking about it now? You just crossed a line you shouldn’t have, and I just wanted to repay you all with the same agony I felt so bitterly.”

It would be a lie to say I wasn’t curious.

What was that ‘untouchable thing’ the Demon King mentioned? What had we done to trigger such a horrific war?

I hesitated for a few moments, pondering whether or not to ask for the reason.

In the end, I didn’t.

“Forget it, just kill me. At least I had some fun in the end. Dying by your hand wouldn’t be so miserable.)

The Demon King peacefully extended his neck, having tossed aside his Death Sword.

It seemed like he was, in a way, asking me to take responsibility for his end.

I stood up from the ground, grabbing the broken Keiram, and slowly approached the Demon King.

(Good work, Sian!)

An unyielding voice halted me in my tracks.

(There's no need for you to dirty your hands anymore! I will take on the judgment against this wicked demon!)

At that moment, my body ceased to move further.

Though exhausted from the battle against the Demon King, I still had enough strength to deliver the final blow. But not even a protest came out.

Instead, I was robbed of the Demon King's last moments, taken by the owner of the holy sword, helplessly standing like a living corpse.

(Where the light leads, you shall find the truth...!)

The sword of salvation meant to judge the Demon King's crimes finally descended from the demonic realm's sky.

During that last moment, as I stared dumbfounded at the sword, I locked eyes with the Demon King.

Pitiful.

It was a profoundly pitiful look, suggesting that I was no different from him.

I still remember that vivid emotion, even after crossing the boundaries of life.

The demonic realm's sky was deeply painted in blood-red.

Just in front of the castle, on the wide-open field, the Demon King spoke to me.

"I asked you the first time we met, remember? If you had seen me before."

I had answered that I hadn't.

"It struck me as odd. Those eyes, posture, and even your aura seemed guarded. As if you had seen me somewhere before."

"It's a misunderstanding."

"Is it?"

The Demon King brushed his hair away with a carefree laugh.

"Maybe in the past, I would have crossed your barricades without a thought. Negotiations? They're nonsense."

His voice grew heavier as he continued to speak, and the atmosphere around us became significantly more somber.

“You’ve figured it out by now, haven’t you? The reason I had no choice but to seek you out—it’s because of what you saw earlier, Besti. I had to find that Ashei to save her from being seduced by that pendant.”

It was just as I expected.

“You should always prioritize rationality over your nature. That way, you can do much for others, not just for yourself. Nice words, aren’t they? Besti told me so. And I took her words to heart and worked to temper my nature with rationality.”

Now, that same person lies close to death, unaware and uncertain.

In other words, things could take a drastic turn for the worse from here.

“But right now, it seems a bit difficult. I can’t hold back my nature.”

His murderous intent crept stealthily, indicating he was on the verge of losing control.

He resembled an active volcano that could erupt anytime.

“So you’re going to need to hold back. If I don’t suppress this now, I might do something uncontrollable. To our demon world, and your human realm!”

It was a frustrating situation.

One choice, no right of refusal—it was inevitable.

[Didn’t I tell you? There’s no need to haste?]

Keiram reappeared, whispering seductively in my ear with a mischievous smile.

There wasn’t much else to say.

All I had to do was what I needed to do.

– Swoosh.

As I drew Keiram, a dark mist surged from its tip.

Absorbing the mist with my entire being, I gazed steadily into the Demon King’s eyes and murmured softly.

“Shadow Technique Ninth Form: Demon Sword Manifestation.”

\* \* \*

“It’s been seven years since I returned to Velias.”

“It must be nostalgic for you?”

“More for you than for me, Brian. I’ve been gone for seven years, but you haven’t been back in nearly ten. Your parents probably won’t even recognize you.”

“That—that’s true. I did send letters occasionally, but I don’t know if this unfilial son will still be remembered.”

Brian scratched his head, honestly expressing his thoughts.

In the carriage transferring Emily, a handmaiden from the Bert household, on orders from the princess to Velias, emotions were mixed.

Despite the long-awaited return, Emily’s expression was far from joyous.

“The young master is there, isn’t he?”

“I suppose so?”

“Why would you go on a tour without saying anything? Why leave without a word?”

Brian gave an awkward cough.

“Do you have parents in Velias too, Miss Emily?”

“No, I don’t. To begin, I’m an orphan who doesn’t even know what my parents looked like.”

Startled, Brian’s eyes widened in shock and he stiffened where he sat.

“What’s so surprising now?”

“I—I had no idea, Miss Emily! I never imagined you had such circumstances...”

Having observed her interactions with Sian, Brian might have imagined she was a lady from another noble family, which made the revelation even more shocking.

“So how did you end up with the Bert family?”

“It was a coincidence, I guess. It just happened that way?”

Emily dismissed the heavy atmosphere and refocused on the distant mountains outside.

Despite the time spent together, there remained much they didn't know about one another, making Brian feel somewhat uncomfortable.

'Could Miss Emily be a witch?'

A sudden thought crossed his mind.

The question once asked by Hastia lingered in his head.

Witch—though not entirely clear what it entailed, the term didn't carry a positive connotation.

Did the White Elf see something that human eyes could not?

Curiosity, once a small spark inside, now kindled a growing flame.

"Miss Emily?"

"What is it?"

"Do you happen to know anything about witches?"

The question had accidentally slipped out.

His heart pounded as a drop of cold sweat trickled down his cheek.

"..."

Was she taken aback or just indifferent?

Emily looked at Brian with an unreadable expression for a moment.

"A witch? I wonder? I've never heard of such a thing. Why do you ask? Is someone looking for a witch?"

"No, it's nothing! Just forget I mentioned it."

"Oh? And leave it at that?"

Emily turned her gaze back to the window.

Regretting his unwarranted question, Brian sighed deeply.

He thought to himself just to focus on opening the way for her instead of other thoughts but...

“But, Brian.”

“Yes?”

“Where did you hear about witches?”

A chill ran down his spine, and the air grew thick with a strange unease.

Emily’s gaze was still pointed out the window, and from this angle, there was a distinctly unfamiliar vibe, a forcefulness about her that hadn’t been apparent before.

It was as if he was looking at someone else, not Emily.

“Well, that is...”

Unable to make sense of his own words, Brian stumbled verbally, but then—

-Thud!

The carriage jolted suddenly and violently.

“Kyaa!”

As Emily lost her balance and lurched, Brian quickly caught her.

“Are you alright?”

“Where do you think you’re touching me right now!?”

Caught between confusion and panic, Brian could only blink bewilderingly, uttering in haste,

“I—I’m sorry!”

Startled, Brian quickly released her.

Hastily catching her to keep her from falling, his hand had inadvertently touched Emily’s behind.

Embarrassed, Emily glared murderously at Brian from the corner of the carriage.

“Just sit down! I’ll check what’s happening!”

Brian hurriedly exited the carriage.

“What’s going on?”



“My apologies for startling you. It’ll be resolved shortly, please stay inside!”

But at a glance, it didn’t seem like the situation inside was one where they could comfortably wait.

Exactly 20 meters ahead of the carriage.

A group of unknown, armed mercenaries blatantly blocked the carriage’s path.

(To be continued in the next issue.)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 265**

Chapter 265: Emily (1)

To the casual observer, they appeared to be a mere band of mercenaries,

Yet a closer look revealed something different.

The posture with which they held their weapons, their lined-up formation, and even the aura that emanated from them—all suggested that they were knights who’d undergone collective training as part of an organization.

“Identify yourselves.”

The imperial knights, sensing something amiss, immediately demanded identification, but the response was silence.

—Whoosh

Instead, a chill wind carried a foul miasma.

Feeling this, Brian immediately realized:

This unfamiliar group had come to kill them.

—Thud!

As this realization dawned, the assailants charged with swords drawn, and the imperial troops quickly prepared to counter.

“Lady Emily, please dismount!”

Brian hurriedly pulled Emily from the carriage.

“Why? What’s happening?”

“We must get to safety first!”

Confused by the sudden urgency, Emily only grasped the situation after stepping out and clinging to Brian in shock as the assailants ambushed them from both sides of the road.

—Pop!

“Wind Twister!”

Brian swiftly drew his sword and swung it horizontally, creating a whirlwind that engulfed the vicinity.

The assailants felt the threat and hastily retreated, and those who failed to evade were caught in the whirlwind, being flung into the air.

Without hesitation, Brian kept a vigilant lookout in all directions.

The imperial troops, scattered by the skirmish, quickly regrouped around the carriage.

“These attackers, they’re not... targeting me, are they?”

“That’s unlikely. Don’t worry...”

“What do you mean unlikely? Their eyes are all fixed on me—doing everything but turning blue! What on Earth did I do to deserve this?”

Indeed, the attackers, forming a circle around the carriage, were indeed all staring at Emily.

It was as if they had come specifically for her from the beginning.

As time passed, more ambushers revealed themselves from their hiding spots, and soon, they outnumbered the imperial troops two to one.

Frozen with fear and with her eyes darting around helplessly,

—Sssss

Suddenly, a strange mist enveloped the attackers.

Wondering if a fire had broken out, they glanced around, but before they could process the scene,

“Cough!”

One of the attackers emitted a single scream before collapsing, a fountain of blood gushing from his throat. The sight distorted the faces of some.

“This isn’t smoke!”

A few of them, sensing something amiss, muttered to themselves as an even denser mist surrounded them.

“It’s fog! Black fog!”

—Creak! Plop! Crack!

Amidst cries of alarm, a grim symphony of slaughter echoed around them.

The attackers menacing the carriage began to fall, spewing blood, and were soon replaced by assassins clad in black masks.

“Retreat! Retreat!”

Realizing the situation had turned dire, the remaining attackers fled.

The assassins simply watched without pursuit.

“What in the world?”

As the remaining imperial troops maintained their vigilance, unaware of the full situation,

“Does this make sense?”

Emily, still clinging to Brian’s back, quietly inquired.

“It seems so.”

Brian nodded, though his gaze remained fixed on a figure amongst the assassins who looked oddly familiar.

“You don’t need to be on guard! They’re with us!”

Attempting to calm the still cautious imperial soldiers, the assassin approached them and removed his mask.

“Are you injured anywhere?”

Emily, ready to confront, asked:

“Why are you here?!”

“I was following Lord Sian’s orders.”

The assassin revealed herself to be Mia.

She explained that she had been following Sian’s instructions to protect everyone, including Emily, during her absence and had thus been trailing the carriage with her fellow Mist members.

“I thought my heart was going to jump out of my chest for a moment there!”

Emily let out a sigh of relief and slumped to the ground.

“But why did those attackers target us?”

“It seemed like they knew we were in the carriage from the start. Perhaps they had set their sights on us for the ambush.”

“Why would they do that?”

Emily pressed them for answers, but there was no way to know for certain at that moment.

“Will you please wait here for a moment? We will catch some of the fleeing attackers and bring them in for questioning.”

The imperial troops intended to capture the attackers for interrogation, but Mia dissuaded them, suggesting it would be futile.

“It would be best not to go. By now, they will have disappeared without a trace.”

Confused by Mia’s cryptic response, the imperial troops were puzzled.

In contrast, Brian and Emily, realizing something, looked visibly alarmed.

“Don’t tell me you’ve brought him, too?”

Meanwhile, deep within a densely wooded forest:

“Huff! Huff!”

Despite wounds from branches scraping their arms and legs, the attackers ran like their lives depended on it, hearts pounding as if ready to burst.

“What is this? No word of Mist being here!”

“Why did they let us go without pursuit? I can’t sense any sign of them...”

“If you have time to wonder that, run another step further! A moment’s hesitation and you could be dead...!”

While they ran frantically, they suddenly came to a halt.

“What?”

In the midst of the untamed forest stood an out-of-place white-haired girl of arresting beauty, her appearance seeming to soften their frenzied hearts for a moment.

“An, an elf?”

Some narrowed their eyes upon noticing her sharply pointed ears.

‘.....’

Silently gazing at the attackers, she suddenly clasped her hands together in prayer and closed her eyes.

At that moment, a shadow enveloped them from above.

—Drip, drip

An unidentified liquid dropped from the canopy, followed by a sudden chill behind them.

Managing to turn their heads amidst the trembling fear, the attackers shrieked:

“AAAAAH!”

Unable to believe their eyes, they either collapsed or froze in place.

“I’m grateful for this meal...”

—Crunch

Accompanied by the sound of flesh being brutally severed, pitiful screams filled the forest.

When the screaming stopped, Hastia unclasped her hands and opened her once-closed eyes.

“You’re not surprised?”

‘I’ve heard of dragons’ merciless nature. This is my first time seeing it, but I’m less shocked than I thought I’d be...’

While she said that, Hastia’s heart was pounding uncontrollably.

“I don’t just eat anything. I only dine on those with a bad scent.”

‘Isn’t that entirely up to your own discretion, Nana?’

“What’s the problem with that? Bad people to me are bad people to Papa. Is there anything wrong with that?”

Now back in human form, Nana licked the blood from the corner of her mouth as she spoke.

“Don’t worry. You don’t smell bad to me, Hastia. In fact, you smell quite nice, like someone who could be a great help to Papa...”

Despite the seemingly complimentary words, they brimmed with thorns.

“So, keep that scent with you in the future. Got it, Hastia?”

Nana’s smile bloomed like a fresh bloom, in stark contrast to Hastia’s guarded porcupine-like expression.

\* \* \*

“What do you mean by an attack?”

Startled by the unexpected news, Arin rose swiftly from her desk.

“How’s Emily? Is she safe?”

“Yes. She and her imperial guard companions are all unharmed, according to the reports.”

Arin let out a breath of relief.

“The reports suggest that the attackers seemed aware that they were interrupting Her Highness’s mission.”

“Any leads on who the attackers were?”

“Most seem to be mercenaries with no allegiance. However...”

Glancing around cautiously, Resimus whispered into Arin’s ear.

“Reports indicate that some of them appear to be knights from Count Averico’s household.”

“Averico Count’s household?”

“The evidence isn’t conclusive; it’s still a theory at this point.”

Holding back an emerging excitement, Arin calmly pursued:

“What proof points to the Averico House?”

“Upon examining the deceased attackers’ bodies, many were found wielding swords customarily used by knights of the Averico House. Moreover, the location of the attack was nearest to Averico territory...”

Lost in thought, Arin bit her lip.

“What could be the motive for the Averico House to suddenly...”

“Your Highness!!”

Amidst their serious conversation, a knight rushed in with another report.

“Lady Emily’s maid has just arrived at Belias!”

Thinking she had misheard, Arin narrowed her eyes and inquired:

“Emily has already arrived at Belias?”

“Yes! She’s currently waiting at the Belias gates!”

Without further inquiry, Arin, along with Resimus, immediately headed for the gates of Belias.

It would take at least three to four days on an uninterrupted ride from the imperial palace to Belias.

So how could they have arrived so soon after receiving the report?

It seemed unbelievable to Arin, but...

“Emily, a maid from the Duke of Burt’s household, requests an audience with Princess Arin!”

There she was, indeed.

Emily, accompanied by Brian, Hastia, and a waving Nana.

All of them sat square in the middle of Belias, the western border of the empire.

Strangely, there was no sign of the imperial troops.

“How did you get here so quickly? This journey should take far longer than a few hours.”

“It’s just that the matter was so urgent...”

Both Emily and Brain hesitated to speak, and it seemed they were stealing glances at Nana for some reason.

“Let’s discuss that later since we do have an urgent matter right now! Emily, I need to speak with you directly!”

“Yes, Your Highness!”

Emily was escorted by knights and moved inside with Arin.

“Thank you for coming to me so promptly despite the sudden summons.”

“It’s my duty! But is the young master... where is he?”

Emily cautiously inquired about Sian’s safety.

“He’s gone somewhere else for a while. Since this matter also concerns Sian, please answer my questions honestly, Miss Emily!”

“Yes, of course. I’m not sure if I can be of assistance but...”

She seemed unaware of the reason she had been summoned to Belias.

“Emily. Do you happen to know a person by the name of Haniel Faccini?”

Emily’s face stiffened visibly as she scrupulously answered the question.

“Haniel Faccini?”

“Yes! I heard from Knight Yulken. Emily, you know something about this person. Please share everything you know about her.”



Despite the princess's urgent prompting, Emily hesitated for quite some time before responding.

"Emily?"

"Why are you looking for this person?"

"Pardon?"

"Where is young master Sian now?"

Arin felt it immediately, albeit briefly.

With that question about Sian's location, Emily's voice seemed to carry a faint hint of murderous intent.

This was an unfamiliar response she had not encountered before.

Just as Arin was starting to be on alert, watching Emily's movement:

—Boom!

She heard a familiar explosion, one only heard near Belias—the signal of a demonic beast's emergence.

"A demonic beast has appeared!"

(To be continued in the next episode)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 266**

Episode 266: Emily (2)

As soon as the signal went off announcing the appearance of demonic beasts, Arin immediately armed herself and rushed to the scene with the imperial troops.

"What's going on? Why have you all gathered in droves?"

However, by the time the imperial army had arrived at the scene, the situation had already concluded.

"Wh-where are the demonic beasts?"

"I've already taken care of them all."

Seth, whose body seemed not fully warmed up yet, rotated one of his shoulders grandly like a wagon wheel.

"They were all just small fry. Not even good enough for a warm-up! I was waiting with bated breath for when they would come, only to find such a lackluster event..."

As he said, the demonic beasts that had appeared were mainly lower-ranked ones like hellhounds.

It was somewhat fortunate under the current circumstances with the partial collapse of the defense system due to Duke Bert's absence.

But once they appeared, there was a possibility they might come again, second and third times, so they couldn't quite relax yet.

Arin ordered the knights to further strengthen the perimeter security.

"Where is Sian doing during all of this? Surely he's not caught up with that Demon King, right?"

"What are you even talking about, Prince Seth?!"

"Why? It's not entirely out of the realm of possibility, is it? You must have considered it too, Your Highness."

Arin could not deny it and responded with silence.

An uncomfortable feeling about Sian rose again within her, but,

"It'll be alright. Those two are..."

Arin shook her head rapidly, chasing away the thought.

Now was not the time to dwell on unease but to act practically.

"Lady Emily is waiting at the checkpoint. Shall I have her and some knights come this way?"

"No, let's just go back. There's no need to have her come all the way to this dangerous place."

Arin then moved her footsteps again towards Belias's checkpoint where Emily would be waiting.

However,

“Your Highness, I apologize!”

The situation developed rather oddly.

“Lady Emily is missing!”

She was there, and then she wasn’t.

There could be no better way to describe the current events than this.

There were ten knights stationed at the checkpoint.

Yet not one of them caught wind of her escape while all twenty eyes were guarding the checkpoint.

There was no sound nor even a trace of magic being used.

Emily just disappeared out of thin air.

“Could she have been kidnapped?”

“We need to consider every possibility, but for now, we’re focusing on the idea of her escape.”

Emily, who was the only one aware of the clue to the witch, had disappeared.

There were high hopes that she would actively cooperate with them as it supposedly pertained to Sian, but these expectations were spectacularly misguided.

“Why? For what possible reason?”

With the situation as it was, new suspicions inevitably arose about her.

Why? For what reason did Emily keep silent and flee regarding Hanuel Pasiniti?

As matters progressed, they only seemed to grow more complex.

“Your Highness!”

Having heard the news about Emily, Brian rushed over from another location.

“Is it true? That Lady Emily, or rather, Maid Emily, is missing?”

Arin glanced at him, her gaze filled with a hint of distrust.

“Did you also not know about this, Brian?”

“I swear to Lord Sian! I have absolutely no involvement in Maid Emily’s disappearance!”

Aware of her scrutinizing look, Brian immediately straightened up and answered with a restrained expression.

“While our side did unilaterally request, the truth is, Brian, you must know that there are more than a few suspicious points.”

There were too many oddities: the unnaturally early arrival time and the absence of the imperial guards who should have accompanied them, with only Emily’s group showing up.

In fact, right after Emily’s party arrived in Belias, Arin should have grilled them about these two points first.

However, finding the witch was urgently prioritized, so she had put it off for the time being.

With the outbreak of demonic beasts quelled thanks to Seth’s efforts, Arin intended to talk to Emily first.

But Emily, the one to converse with, had vanished, and only her group member Brian was present,

Now the situation demanded revisiting those unresolved points.

By now, numerous knights had gathered around Brian as if to surround him.

“Don’t leave out a single detail, Brian. How did you come to Belias?”

“Before I answer that, there’s just one thing I need you to know!”

Brian spoke up firmly, his eyes steely and unashamed.

“It’s not only Maid Emily who has vanished!”

“What?”

“Maid Emily, along with the White Elf Nana and Lady Hastia! Everyone but me has disappeared!”

Everyone’s eyes widened for a split second.

“Is that true?”

Soon after, several knights came rushing to report the very same facts that Brian had just revealed.

“Please tell me first! Where is our young master right now?”

With an urgency that looked as if he was about to sprint to Sian’s location, Brian’s eyes carried an acute sense of urgency.

Arin briefly excused the surrounding knights to speak privately with Brian.

She then concisely briefed him on the events that had transpired within the delegation, the reason they had summoned Emily to Belias, and Sian’s current situation.

Having heard all the circumstances, Brian clasped his hands over his face.

His head seemed unable to process the complexity of the situation.

“Did you say we need to find the witch? That’s why you called for Maid Emily to gather clues?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“It seems the reason why Emily Maid ran away lies there.”

“What do you mean?”

Brian proceeded to tell his side of events with a troubled expression.

Upon hearing the facts, Arin kicked the table and stood up abruptly.

“Emily was... the witch?”

“It’s not confirmed yet. However, considering White Elf Lady Hastia asked me about it explicitly, I’m sure there’s a reason for it. Moreover, Maid Emily also...”

Brian hasn’t forgotten the ominous sight of Emily’s back that he witnessed in the carriage.

“At any rate, she definitely knows something.”

“If Emily knows something about the witch, and she also knows something about it. Could it be possible that she took Hastia with her? Perhaps, even Nana...”

Arin suggested the possibility that Emily may have taken the rest with her out of fear that unwelcome truths would come to light.

“Nana is... well...”

As soon as Nana was mentioned, Brian hesitated momentarily.

“Is there a place you suspect Emily might have gone?”

“There is one place that comes to mind.”

Brian immediately raised his hand and pointed towards a building visible through the gap in the windows.

“I once had a conversation with Maid Emily. If she could return to Belias, where would she want to go first...”

“Where is it?”

Brian, who was originally from Belias, of course, replied that he would want to visit his own home.

Conversely, Emily, who was not a native of Belias, mentioned another place.

The place that meant everything to her, where it all began, which she didn’t hesitate to mention.

“The young master’s room.”

\* \* \*

-Creak

As they opened the door, old dust greeted them.

“See? I knew it would be like this.”

Emily quickly opened the windows for ventilation and then began to shake off the dust from the bed sheets.

“A person might be an outcast, but surely they should clean periodically? Since I left, nobody has done it.”

While grumbling, Emily didn’t stop moving.

She dusted off the accumulated dirt, straightened the disheveled furniture and art pieces,

and busied herself with the duties of a maid of the Bert household, which she hadn't done in some time.

"Is this Papa's room?"

"Yeah. It's no different from where we lived, is it?"

The room was unpretentiously adorned, not especially luxurious but not shabby either.

However, Nana seemed highly interested in Sian's space she was visiting for the first time and busily roamed around.

"Don't just stand there gawping, find a place to sit."

'...!'

Hastia, who had been quietly standing by the door, was startled and then swept her hand over her chest.

Then, with caution, she stepped inside the room but stopped cold at a painting hanging on one wall.

A portrait with jet-black hair and sharp eyes.

Even a stranger could immediately tell it was a portrait made in honor of the room's owner.

"It's from ten years ago, when the young master was just ten. It was painted to commemorate his succeeding his father's trials and being granted to join the front line. It's the only portrait of the young master in this mansion."

Even though it showed his younger self, the portrait emitted a noble aura that was hard to see from Sian otherwise.

"If he had just continued living as a noble, as he appears in this portrait, it would have been great, but why does he choose a life of such hardships? It's pointless to lament now, though...."

Emily sighed casually as she continued her cleaning.

"Why did you remain by Papa's side?"

Nana, who was lying on Sian's bed, asked with a wide grin, relaying Hastia's impression.

"What reason would a maid have for staying by her master's side?"

‘....’

Not getting the answer she hoped for, Hastia scrunched her eyebrows lightly.

“I was a bit surprised myself. Despite being a White Elf, I didn’t expect that my true identity would be discovered, and especially not by that little one. If it wasn’t for her, it would have continued unnoticed.”

“I’m not a bad person!” Nana puffed her chest out proudly.

To which Hastia clenched her fist and resumed her bright expression.

“Hastia also knew you weren’t a bad person! She said your affection for Papa shone greater than anyone else’s?”

Nana’s words were true.

The number of eyes filled with interest and affection for Sian was countless.

Yet among them, if Hastia had to choose the most remarkable, she wouldn’t hesitate to pick Emily.

It wasn’t about the amount or degree of affection.

It was about a difference in time.

The temporal bond that Emily had shared and built with Sian over a long time was much further along than anyone else’s.

“I’ve spent so much time with the young master; it’s only natural.”

Emily answered dismissively.

-Thud thud thud

Footsteps echoed up the stairs and down the hall.

At this, Emily tossed the rag she was holding and stood up.

“They’re practically racing here. Tell the people when they come to clean the young master’s room thoroughly. Why is it still like this even though we’re pardoned!”

She muttered under her breath as she walked towards the window.

-Bang!



“Miss Emily!”

The door burst open, revealing the first person to rush in.

It was Brian, sweating profusely as though he had sprinted there.

“You’re the culprit! If you’d taken your time, where would that get you? There’s still so much cleaning to do!”

“Wait, Miss Emily! There’s something you need to hear!”

“I don’t need to hear anything, and I’ve already told those two everything they need to know, so just tell the princess.”

“Where are you planning to go?”

Emily didn’t answer his question.

“Young master. Take care. Without me...”

“Step away from the window for a moment! Calm down and listen to what I have to say!”

“You’re not good with words.”

And then, with what seemed like a final farewell, she threw herself out the window.

“Miss Emily!”

Startled, Brian rushed to the window.

-Boom!

A momentary sparkle burst out from below the window, and Brian looked down to see,

“...!”

Emily had already disappeared.

(To be continued)

**The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter  
267**

## Episode 267: The Devil's Foe (1)

"Ugh!"

Veshti clasped her forehead as her eyes flickered open.

She was experiencing a peculiar headache unlike any she'd ever felt before.

It was as though an unknown, mysterious force was relentlessly pressing down on her brain.

Struggling to regain her composure, Veshti attempted to rise when suddenly,

".....!"

She recoiled in shock.

An unfamiliar demon, no, a human woman she had never seen before, sat squarely before her in the familiar surroundings of the Demon King's castle.

"You sure slept for quite a long time."

Lunav murmured breathlessly as if complaining.

"Veshti!"

Roger's familiar face hurried toward her in alarm.

"Are you alright? Do you feel unwell anywhere?"

"My head hurts and I feel a bit dazed, but other than that, I'm fine. But what exactly happened?"

Before Rogers could finish explaining, his gaze shifted towards Veshti's neck.

Veshti instinctively followed his gaze.

The pendant she had received from Belkaryon was firmly clutched in her hand.

"Why is this here?"

She was puzzled by the sight, beyond her understanding.

However, for some reason, she could not let go of the pendant.

It was as though her body, not her mind, was rejecting the release.

Lunav, having caught her breath for a moment, abruptly seized her hand.

“There’s no time, so I’ll get straight to the point. I’ve heard that you’re the only demon who can stop the Demon King, is that correct?”

The moment the Demon King was mentioned, Veshti instinctively felt it.

Something unpleasant was happening to him.

“Where is Belkaryon now?”

She didn’t know why, but the outside sounded incredibly chaotic.

\* \* \*

Humans, when faced with unfamiliar sights they’ve never encountered, often reveal their true emotions.

Demons were no different.

With hands covering their mouths, legs giving out beneath them, or eyes trembling like shaking leaves—despite standing firm as a rooted oak.

The demons of the castle were confronting the spectacle before them each in their own way.

“Is this truly the Demon King’s actual form?”

“Not just the Demon King, but who is that human woman?”

“It seems we need to reassess our perception of humans.”

The moment the Demon King unleashed his power, the castle’s demons were at a loss about how to cope with the aftermath.

Given his nature to rampage, destroying everything in his wake without discrimination, no one considered that a mere human could quell his fury.

It was a natural assumption.

He was the strongest entity in the demonic realm, an existence even the gods, known as supreme beings, would shun.

To restrain the Demon King with strength?

It was near an impossible task.

But,

– Bang!

Sian was doing exactly that.

Not content with blocking a punch powerful enough to split the earth, he was even taking on the Demon King's aura—a force so terrifying and suffocating it threatened to draw out one's soul—head-on.

And was that all?

When the thrill-seeking Demon King unfurled his wings and soared into the sky, Sian took flight to meet him, and both launched relentless, rapid assaults that even the keen-eyed demons could scarcely follow.

The sight was beyond astonishing, inducing a sense of awe.

However, no matter how wondrous the human restraining the Demon King's rampage appeared, the severity of the situation had not changed.

"The Demon King's mana is still rising!"

The battle may have commenced to soothe his anger and mana, but as it dragged on, the latter showed no signs of subsiding.

On the contrary, it rose ever higher.

The real problem was that the human facing him was also becoming increasingly powerful as time went on.

If both powers continued scaling upwards, one could only guess how far they might reach and what catastrophic damage might occur if things went awry.

The onlookers could predict neither outcome.

"Kihahaha! How long has it been since I've felt this sensation? It's truly exhilarating!"

Belkaryon, caught up in the ongoing battle, let out loud, unrestrained laughter.

"I admit it, Sian! Among all those I've fought, you're the best! No, you're even beyond that! You think so too, don't you?"

For Sian, this belief dated back to his past life.

Despite this or that, indeed, he was the strongest in the demonic realm.

He had thought he amassed greater power in this life than before, but the Demon King was still an overwhelmingly formidable foe, one that could even contort his visage.

The Demon King in his past life felt as if he had lost his nature and couldn't control his power, rampaging unchecked.

But now, there seemed to be no limit to how far he could ascend.

The present Demon King was meticulously controlling his nature, seemingly capable of reaching the pinnacle of his power.

In other words, it's entirely possible he could manifest a force far more absolute and overwhelming than before.

Perhaps this confrontation was even more challenging than in the past life.

But,

"There won't be a second time."

Sian had resolved again and again.

Regardless of who the sovereign was, he would not lose anyone else to sheer power.

If the Demon King aimed to display the utmost limit of his might, then Sian merely needed to draw an even higher level from himself.

Reminded of this determination, just as he was about to unleash more of Keram's power,

"Belkaryon!"

Suddenly, a firm woman's cry from below called out to the Demon King.

".....!"

Upon hearing the outcry, Belkaryon's face transformed in an instant.

"Veshti?!"

It was an expression of utter concern, one that seemed to lose all fighting spirit.

"Come down right now!"

Following the consecutive shouts, Belkaryon's eyes flickered tumultuously.

Then, with a rueful smile, he looked at Sian and murmured quietly.

“Hey, Sian.”

“.....?”

“How about we take a breather?”

Sian couldn't help but scoff in response.

Soon, both men retracted their strengths and descended gracefully to the ground.

Belkaryon immediately rushed to Veshti upon landing.

Then, he silently stared at her face for a brief moment, pendant still hanging around her neck.

Perhaps noticing his gaze, Veshti spoke first.

“I heard everything, Belkaryon. It's not your fault, so don't blame yourself too much.”

“Eh?”

As Belkaryon wore a perplexed expression, she swiftly cradled his face.

“I'm sorry, Belkaryon. Because of me, you've had to endure all this...”

As a result, the mana that had surged during the battle began to subside.

“I'm sorry, Veshti. Because of my unworthiness, you've had to suffer...”

Belkaryon let out a lighthearted laugh and then tightly embraced her.

All the castle's demons observing the scene thought the same thing.

Veshti, she was the only existence capable of calming the rage of Demon King Belkaryon.

Thus, she was an irreplaceable presence in the demonic realm.

Sian felt the same way.

“It looked like a close call, but it seems you've been enjoying yourself, senior.”

As he watched the two demons, Lunav approached Sian.

Turning around, Sian's eyes widened in surprise at the sight of her drastically paler face in contrast to just moments before.

"The old demon told me if I wanted to return safely with my senior, I must find a way to remove this pendant as soon as possible."

Lunav spoke with her usual calm demeanor.

"I decided that fussing over a concluded matter and worrying wouldn't yield solutions, so I figured we should first wake Veshti up. And..."

"And you gave her all your life force, is that it?"

Sian exclaimed while seizing Lunav's shoulders, voice raised.

Lunav looked back, bemused, as if there were no problem.

It didn't take much to understand what had happened based on her emaciated appearance.

Veshti, deceived by the pendant, remained unconscious following her collapse. Even during her slumber, she continued to have her vitality drained by the pendant, risking eternal sleep if the situation persisted.

Therefore, Lunav used magic to convey her vital energy (生气) to Veshti, awakening her.

Without hesitation,

Determined to revive Veshti by giving everything she could.

Ultimately, Veshti awoke and promptly ran to the scene of a fierce battle to pacify the Demon King.

"You could've died to save me!"

"You fought that Demon King man to save me, right? Isn't it the same thing?"

Sian couldn't argue back.

Lunav chuckled and then leaned into Sian's embrace.

"I'm tired, so no lectures, just accept it. It all worked out in the end, didn't it?"

Sian tried to say more, but he sighed and looked away instead.

“Whether demon or human, it proves that, in the end, we’re all the same...”

Rogers muttered quietly as he observed from afar.

\* \* \*

Once things had settled down, Veshti expressed her wish to have a private moment with Lunav.

Belkaryon permitted it, and they returned to the castle.

“I haven’t had the chance to properly thank you. For me, and for helping that man, Belkaryon, I want to extend my deepest gratitude for lending your precious strength.”

Veshti bowed personally to Lunav in thanks.

“How are you feeling?”

“I’m generally weak and still have a headache, but I’m not about to collapse. Nevertheless, I can’t be complacent. Even now, my vitality continues to slip away...”

Veshti clutched at the pendant once more.

“I’m feeling this way for the first time. I know that this pendant is malevolent, yet I just can’t bring myself to take it off.”

It was as if the pendant had her completely bound.

“It feels somewhat shameful to say this, but I must live. Not for myself, but for Belkaryon. He still lacks the strength to control his nature. Therefore, I must remain by his side...”

Veshti momentarily felt overwhelmed by rising emotions.

However, to conceal those feelings, she quickly composed herself.

“I envy you.”

“Sorry?”

“The only woman capable of controlling an invincible man of absolute strength. You see, that’s my wish.”

Taken aback, Veshti blinked in confusion.

To this, Lunav casually replied with a smile.



“You didn’t arrange to meet me just to say thanks, did you? What do you need to tell me?”

“Rogers told me everything. It seems the owner of this pendant intended to sow hatred and resentment towards humans in Belkaryon, to cause chaos in our realm.”

Lunav just silently nodded.

“So we need to find those responsible as soon as possible, to free me from this pendant... Have you located where they might be?”

“We’re looking into it from our world, but due to the lack of clues, it’s probably tricky.”

“Bring them all to the demonic realm!”

Lunav’s eyes sparkled at the unexpected suggestion.

“To the demonic realm?”

“Yes. Together, sharing information and power, we can surely be more effective. I’ll persuade Belkaryon.”

Though the remark made sense, it left Lunav puzzled.

Veshti’s proposal implied as if Eshelle and the remnants of Duke Berto were not in the human world but somewhere else, right?

As if confirming that thought, Veshti continued with conviction in her eyes.

“They must be in the demonic realm!”

(Continued in the next episode)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 268**

Chapter 268: The Devil’s Adversary (2)

The clear vitality of life seeped into Besti’s body through clasped hands.

Feeling rejuvenated, Besti exhaled comfortably and brushed her chest.

“Thank you. But is it really okay for you to keep giving me this energy?”

"I'm different from ordinary humans. In just a day, I can recover all of my original life energy. It's alright for now."

Lunab casually mentioned as he rolled up his sleeves.

"I'm somewhat worried about the way you say 'for now.'"

"The amount of vitality you need to maintain your consciousness will keep increasing. That means, as time goes on, I'll need to give you more and more energy. If it comes to the point where we surpass that limit..."

"Then I might lose my consciousness again and be on the brink of death."

With a gloomy expression, Besti continued speaking.

Trying to change the subject, Lunab rested his chin on his hand and asked,

"Why do you think those humans we are pursuing are hiding in the Demon World?"

"To devise a plan, you need information. Just as we have no information about the human world. They will also lack information here, in the Demon World. Thus, the first thing they would've done is to gather information. For instance, about the relationship between you and the Demon King..."

"That almost sounds like there are other demons targeting you, Besti."

"Well, there's a saying that the enemy of my enemy is my friend."

This saying also held true in the human world.

Rogers added from the side,

"There are many factions in the Demon World that do not follow the Demon King's will."

"Do they want to dethrone the Demon King?"

"It's not a matter of dethroning."

Rogers squinted his eyes fiercely.

"What they want is a Demon King who lets his true nature rather than his rationality lead—a return to the Demon King's original form."

The moment Rogers mentioned 'original form,'

Besti clenched her fist tightly without realizing it,

Her expression clear—she did not wish for that at all.

\* \* \*

Arem—the closest demon residence to the Lemea Canyon.

I had some memory of this place.

Though I don't recall it being this bustling.

"Definitely more lively, huh? Guess there's a reward for knocking out those demonic beasts around here?"

While the Demon King strolled the street with a satisfied smile, I kept a vigilant watch for any potential dangers that might emerge.

It was a natural response in an unfamiliar and potentially hostile land.

However, one thing captured my attention for a brief moment.

"Huh? Are you hungry?"

A demonic beast.

To be precise, the corpse of a demonic beast.

Even more precisely, a dish made from the corpse of a demonic beast.

The enticing golden hue.

Tentacles writhing vigorously as if revived by heat.

Long enough to easily cross five adult men.

A Death Worm?

Bigger than the ones I've seen in the Lemea Canyon?

But putting aside whether it's a worm, did it always smell this delicious?

I hastily averted my gaze, realizing I'd been distracted.

To think, me, getting sidetracked by a demonic beast.

"Looks like someone who would eat a Hellhound. Aren't you staring too much?"

My silence served as the only response to the ambiguity of the comment.

“Surely Besti’s point is rational. If their intention was to see me wreak havoc in the human world, why would they sit there to watch? They’d be waiting safely here in the Demon World while I’m away.”

And the place to wait matters.

Here is not the human world, but the Demon World.

To an outsider like me, this is a place of foreignness and potential danger.

So, would a human hide here, in this strange and unfamiliar land?

Even with memories from a past life, this isn’t something I would consider.

If we assume this to really be happening,

Then there must be a collaborator in the Demon World aiding them—that’s the conclusion from that demon lady named Besti.

She suggested that we search the settlements near the Lemea Canyon for any trace of them.

Regardless of whether there is a collaborator, the likelihood of Eshel being in the Demon World is something I find quite plausible.

If he utilized his so-called divine power of seduction, controlling the demons here wouldn’t be too difficult.

His goal is ultimately the Demon King.

He plans to lure him to the human world, cause chaos, and then deal with me in one fell swoop.

However, his shallow scheme would’ve been thwarted from the start due to a deal I made ten years ago, just in case.

By now, he might be grinding his teeth somewhere.

A pity, but it will continue to be so.

Because of me.

“Let’s split up from here.”

“Hm? Why all of a sudden?”

My penetrating gaze served as an inquiry, questioning his statement.

Then whispers arose from every direction.

“Is that the Demon King? Can it really be him here in Arem?”

“Did the Demon King actually come here?”

“What brings him here?”

Though the crowd murmured, they didn’t approach to see him up close, simply revealing our location quite openly.

There’s no point in investigating if we’re this exposed.

“Our demons are just extraordinarily shy! Don’t worry about it too much!”

I doubt that’s the case.

The gazes of the onlookers weren’t exactly kind or shy.

While little demonic children looked on with wide-eyed curiosity,

The other demons cast looks filled with anxiety and fear.

In such a situation, you could categorize them into two groups:

Those familiar with the Demon King’s true nature and those who are not.

I probably fall closer to the former category.

“Come back in an hour.”

“Hey, at least tell me where you’re going!”

Ignoring his call, I quickly melded into the throng, escaping the area.

My reason for leaving the Demon King wasn’t solely to avoid attention.

From the moment I arrived at Arem, there’d been a group following the Demon King and me.

Initially, it was unclear if they were tailing him or me,

But now that we've split, the truth is evident.

They're following me.

I quickened my pace and left Arem entirely.

After running without looking back, the vast wilderness unfolded before me, and the harsh winds of the Demon World swept over my skin.

"Wait, it's actually a human?"

I heard a mixed tone of surprise and confusion as I slowly turned my head.

Eight in total.

Not humans, of course, but all demons.

"You look even weaker than I expected."

Their initial reaction upon seeing me, their first words, already allowed me to make several deductions.

They observed me with a novelty, like a newborn beholding the world for the first time.

But soon, the demons started to move to prevent my escape.

"Handle him gently! If you're not careful, something might just snap right off! Hehe!"

Ah.

I unintentionally raised my face and sighed deeply.

One phrase to summarize the situation came to mind:

I hit a dead end.

Perhaps I was too guarded because it's been so long since I've been to the Demon World?

From their first reaction, I had my suspicions, but seeing them up close made me utterly certain.

Of all things, I'd gotten entangled with the most insignificant riffraff.

Without any further thought, I drew my blade, Keram.

“If you stay still, there’s no need to get hurt...!”

-Swish

I started with the demon who first tried to touch me,

-Swish! Crunch! Thump!

Severed all six demons who surrounded me in a single blow.

Do you know the one easy thing about demons compared to humans?

They give up quickly.

Demons live by the harsh laws of survival of the fittest and natural selection.

Meaning, in a dire situation like this, they quickly grasp how to behave to stay alive.

“Pl-please, save me!”

The demon who commanded my capture just three seconds ago was now on his knees, begging for his life.

To me, this was all too convenient.

At least it’s better than knights clinging to notions of honor or chivalry.

I leaned in and grasped the demon’s head.

We locked eyes for about five seconds before I softly whispered,

“Speak.”

“What, what should I say?”

“Everything you think you should tell.”

I hope this unimpressive demon can reveal something useful.

\* \* \*

“The Demon King has shown himself in Arem. Not only him, but his guards are actively patrolling throughout the Demon World residences. It seems they’ve caught wind of you?”

Eshel merely maintained a relaxed smile, not responding in words.

“Should we revisit our initial agreement? Your plans have failed. The Demon King still possesses his rationality.”

The one-eyed demon thrust his fierce face forward in a threatening manner.

“It’s just a slight delay. The plan hasn’t failed yet.”

“Hmph! Curious to see how long you can keep up that confident facade. Let’s clear one thing up. We do not wholly trust you humans. To us, you are dispensable.”

“ ... ”

“Shouldn’t you show us something more convincing? Something to further provoke the Demon King?”

“ ... ”

“We have a plan. Why don’t you help us with it? It’s not difficult. Anyone could do it as long as they can move their body...”

“Did you misunderstand me?”

Eshel, unfazed by the ongoing prompts, suddenly spoke up.

“I was clear before, wasn’t I? I’ve not failed yet. Should I explain it in simpler terms?”

“Is the human tongue always so slippery? Especially yours—it looks like it needs cutting in half.”

The demon’s irritation was plain to see.

“Understand this: you may be looking me in the eye, but we are not on even footing. If I just flick my hand, your head could... roll across this table...”

-Swish!

The cold sound of a sword being drawn, and a single drop of sweat rolled down the demon’s brow.

Before him, a golden blade hovered at his throat in the blink of an eye. The energy emanating from the sword was unmistakably extraordinary.

“You seem confused, so let me make it clear. You might think you’ve been using me, but that’s not the case. It’s the other way around.”

Eshel calmly pressed the holy sword to the demon’s neck.



“Spare me!”

Upon feeling the holy sword’s aura, the demon cried out and shifted his stance.

“Alright, I was mistaken! Now I understand!”

With a wide grin, Eshel expressed his satisfaction.

“Is there any way I can further assist your plan? Whatever you need, say it! Be it manpower or resources, I can provide generously. So please, can you remove this dreadful sword?”

Eshel willingly withdrew the sword.

“Let me tell you what you must do next.”

“An-anytime, just tell me...!”

-Swish

The conversation was cut short as the demon’s head tumbled onto the table.

Eshel carefully observed the blood on his blade for a moment before returning it to its sheath.

As he left with an easy gait, nameless demons lay scattered in his wake.

(To be continued in the next episode)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 269**

**\*\*Episode 269: The Enemy of the Demon King (3)\*\***

“We are enemies of the Demon King!”

“Enemies of the Demon King?”

“Yes! We represent a faction that does not follow the Demon King who has lost his past nature and has changed!”

According to the demons I had kept alive for interrogation, they introduced themselves as a group opposing the Demon King, known as his enemies.

When I first heard this, it was a bit absurd.

Not following the changed Demon King?

Does that then mean they follow the Demon King before he changed?

I also asked why they were after me.

Their answer was candid:

“Recently, rumors have spread in our circles that a human has been coming and going from the Demon King’s castle. Amidst that, we got information that a demon, presumed to be human, came here to ‘Arem’. We thought it would be better to target the clueless human rather than the Demon King alone, so we pursued you...”

I couldn’t help but appreciate the frankness of the response.

If they had to choose one of us to extract information from, undoubtedly, they would choose me.

These demons probably knew of the Demon King’s grandeur better than I did.

“And we’re just pawns, so we don’t know much, but...”

Noticing something, one demon continued to speak.

“We’ve heard that other insurgents, not just us, have been in contact with humans.”

“Contact with humans?”

My eyes narrowed sharply.

“Yes! The ‘Demos Faction’—a faction based here in Arem—has been acting on their own recently without sharing information with us. There have been rumors that they might have contacted humans. A demon even claimed to have seen them moving together...”

Rumors are not born without a cause.

There must have been some catalyst, something visible that had started them.

It’s entirely up to me to determine the truth.

An hour after parting ways with the Demon King, I met up with him again, not too far from the spot where we had separated.

“Hey, I don’t mind you moving on your own, but you should at least tell me where we’re supposed to meet. I’ve been stuck here for a whole hour waiting for you!”

If you’re going to lie, at least make it convincing.

Without revealing my thoughts, I threw the demon’s head I had been holding toward him.

The head rolled and stopped at the Demon King’s feet.

“What’s this?”

“Your ‘enemies’ claimed this head. I thought you might know the face...”

“Did you kill them?”

“Self-defense, nothing more.”

The Demon King scrutinized me with a sharp gaze before focusing on the head.

“You must have noticed, right? From the moment we arrived at this residence, there were groups following us.”

My gaze naturally went to his clenched fists.

His knuckles were spattered with smears of blood.

If he has been sitting around for an hour with hands like that, it made no sense.

He must have encountered a similar situation to mine.

“My enemies, you say?”

The Demon King’s eyes returned to me.

“There’s something I should tell you: in this demon world, there might be demons who call me an enemy, but there are no demons that I would call enemies. So...”

He paused slightly before finishing his sentence.

“Don’t just swing your sword around at my kin. I’ll let it slide this time.”

The intense murderous intent I saw at the castle brushed past me like the wind.

So whether they followed him or opposed him, they were all his kin under his dominion?

"I'll bear that in mind."

Of course, I couldn't promise to follow that fully.

The Demon King rose from his place with a wide smile.

"Better this way. Looks like I won't need to explain. Follow me."

He then gestured with his eyes toward the door behind him.

-CLANG-

As I flung the door open without restraint, I winced.

A foul stench of fresh blood rushed at me.

It wasn't an old smell.

An hour or two at most.

Recently spread.

Following him into the room, I saw the bodies of demons sprawled and soaked in blood.

"Just so there's no misunderstanding—I didn't do this."

It would have been evident even without explanation.

The bodies were all cleanly severed as if cut by swords.

They didn't bear his killing marks.

So, I continued following him into the deepest parts of the space.

The stench of blood was most intense here.

Immediately, I saw a severed body lying atop a table and a head of some unnamed demon rolling beneath.

"The leader of the heads you brought probably is this one. Was his name Demos? One of the leaders of the faction opposing me. I'd been thinking about dealing with him if he crossed a line, but someone has already beaten me to it."

That was the leader of the faction group the demon had mentioned.

I quickly approached the body to check the severed part first.

A familiar scent unpleasantly struck my nose.

I realized instantly whose handiwork this was.

It bore the mark of a holy sword.

“Do you seem to know who’s responsible?”

“Now I understand why you trust that woman so much.”

I immediately got up and rushed outside.

Looking at the condition of the bodies, the perpetrator wouldn’t have gone far.

They might still be within this residence.

I closed my eyes outside and concentrated.

“Assassination Technique 4: Detecting Killing Intent.”

The sensation was relatively easy to detect, likely due to the distinct atmosphere, compared to the human realm.

I just needed to identify a different energy amidst this unpleasant air.

Like finding a white pebble in a field of black stones.

When I opened my eyes again,

-SWISH!

I darted toward where I felt the energy.

Two to ten.

The energies, which had been stationary, started to move in unison as I did so.

Then, they all moved in one direction as if they had conspired beforehand.

They might as well be demon beasts’ heads for this to make sense.

They were trying to lure me.

I could grab the nearest one for questioning right now, but I chose to see where they were leading me.

Emerging from the residence and continuing the pursuit, a damp, swampy area engulfed in an oppressive atmosphere unfolded before my eyes.

Quiet as it was, demons could have leapt out at any moment.

However, in place of demons, a mysterious group in robes appeared from all directions.

Naturally, they weren't demons.

In one hand, they held swords; in the other, mana spheres.

Human knights.

More precisely, Frontline Knights.

At last, I had encountered those I needed to find upon arriving in this land.

“...”

As a face emerged from beneath the robe, I locked eyes with the nearest knight watching me.

They looked at me with grave eyes, as if preparing for battle with a beast.

The rest of the knights likely shared the same sentiment.

They were treating me as something more filthy and vile than a mere beast.

-SLICE

Without any disturbance, I quietly drew my blade, Keyram, and aimed it at them.

-CLASH!

The knights, having finished their preparations, struck their formation and charged at me.

“Arise!”

As the mana-infused knights shouted their incantations, the tranquil waters of the swamp suddenly sprang up to engulf me.

It was an attempt to obstruct my vision.

Effortlessly, I swung my sword to split the water.

-SWISH!

Taking advantage of the rift, a sword blade thrust toward me.

I rapidly leaned back, dodging the blade.

Unfazed, the knights leapt into the air and plummeted down with their swords.

-CLANG!

The contact of the clashing blades was sharper than ever before.

Indeed, these were knights seasoned in battle, among the finest.

I might as well have been fighting the most elite knights from the human realm.

Any complacency on my part, and they'd exploit that opening to put me in peril.

I could acknowledge their skill, but...

So what?

Currently, they're mere puppets, acting without understanding their role, being manipulated at will.

I'll spare no thoughts for the reputation or achievements these knights have built up to protect the human realm up until today, nor will I feel any guilt for killing them.

With that resolve, I charged in, and at that instant,

-WHOOSH!

A knight suddenly emerged before me with a heavy longsword swinging around.

-CLANG!

His face was obscured by the robe, but the power behind his swing was overwhelmingly strong compared to the others.

Curious about this knight, I examined his sword and discovered something unexpected.

"...!"

An unmistakably familiar seal carved into the blade's center.

This sword, I know it.

Not vaguely, but unequivocally—I know who its owner is and what it represents.

This was the one and only sword in the human realm meant for a true guardian.

None but one man in the human realm could wield or even possess this blade.

Except for one person.

The Guardian of the Continent.

Only the head of the House of the Duke Berth could possess this sword.

“ ... ”

The sword’s master faced me, calmly meeting my bewildered eyes, and his red eyes shone from within the robe.

\* \* \*

While Syan disappeared somewhere after inspecting the body, Belkaryon remained still for a long time.

He alternated between gazing at the demon corpses and suddenly closing his eyes or sighing, seemingly unable to control his emotions.

“What a pitiful sight, isn’t it?”

“Why are you bringing up this nonsense again?”

As the strange voice echoed in his head, Belkaryon responded with gritted teeth.

“I find this quite pitiable. There’s a limit to rationalization. Aren’t the demons here just as much yours as Besti is?”

“What are you getting at?”

“You’re way past the line already. The scum of the human realm are acting boldly in another’s domain, and how long will you stand by, preaching rationality and just observing? Is this the image of the Demon King you and she had envisioned?”

Belkaryon didn’t answer, merely sealing his lips shut.

“You could be more honest with yourself. Are you afraid of going berserk? You’ve got a friend now to stop you, what’s the problem?”

“Who are you talking about?”



“Naturally, that friend Syan, no?”

Belkaryon’s lips moved erratically, revealing his confusion.

“Who would’ve thought such a being existed among those frail races? Even I am amazed. I almost resent you for not releasing me during the last fight!”

The voice continued to needle the Demon King’s inner nature.

“Don’t hold back any longer, Belkaryon. Let go of your restraints, summon your true form!”

“ ... ”

“Then you’ll see. What form of the Demon King is truly needed for this demon world....”

The voice vanished from his mind with a satisfied chuckle.

-BOOM!

Finally giving in to his emotions, Belkaryon slammed his fist onto the table littered with corpses.

The table split in half with a loud crash.

Belkaryon lifted his head again, trying to control his emotions slowly exhaling.

“Let’s see how far you can go....”

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 270**

**\*\*Chapter 270: The Enemy of the Demon King (4)\*\***

“Willius Berth. He fulfilled his duty as a guardian until the last moment and fell honorably in battle. Now is the time for us to take up his mantle and drive out the atrociously wicked Demon King’s army from this land!”

In my life, there aren’t many words I like, but there are plenty I dislike.

One of those is “honorable death.”

What's the use of cloaking it with fine words like honor and legacy?

The person who died can't speak anymore, nor can they feel anything.

When the Demon King's army invaded this world in my previous life, my father, along with the knights, resisted to the very end, but ultimately Bellias was occupied.

The Empire then utilized my father's death as a rallying point to unite three countries in an unprecedented alliance in human history.

The catalyst for an endeavor is extremely important.

My father's honorable death was significant in that it laid the groundwork for the formation of the Alliance Army.

So let me ask one thing.

On what basis do they call my father's death honorable?

Did anyone actually witness his death?

No.

Of course, I didn't see it either.

How my father and the knights died is something known only to the Demon King's army who were there at the time.

In other words, the humans called my father's death honorable without even having witnessed it.

Later, when the Alliance Army expelled the Demon King's army from Bellias and cleared up the scene, I was able to verify the truth behind that "honorable" death.

To put it plainly,

it was just ghastly.

My father had been subjected to such horrific indignities that the term "honor" couldn't even be mentioned.

Even knights who were unfazed by the stench of blood on the battlefield turned away or vomited from the shock at that moment.

And me?

Strangely, I didn't feel sad.

Nor did rage well up within me.

Perhaps it was just pitiful?

Pitiful yet foolish.

That such was the miserable end for someone who had dedicated his life to protecting the continent.

As for my father, from beginning to end, he seemed a fool to me,

a man who lived to protect the world, but ultimately received no reward from it.

I can't really complain, considering I met a similarly foolish end,

but I hoped not to live that way in my next life.

However.

It seems that wish may not have been granted.

Is this unchanging fate what they speak of?

In this very moment, with swords crossed, I realized clearly.

My father's fate had not changed.

"....."

Unlike me, whose emotions were stirring, my father showed no emotion in his eyes.

I half-wondered if he didn't recognize me at all,

but that wasn't the case.

He called my name crisply and accurately.

"You seem hesitant, Sean."

"It's a bit disappointing to be crossing swords with you for the first time."

"Which child could maintain their sanity while facing a father who isn't in his right mind?"

"It sounds like you're saying I've gone mad."

“I will not deny it.”

Despite his child’s harsh judgment, my father’s expression remained unchanged.

Instead, he turned his gaze from my face to Kairam.

“Do you remember the value of the sword that I taught you both?”

“You told us that it was a means to develop the power to protect ourselves and the world. I remember clearly.”

“Then I ask you, Sean. Is the sword you’re wielding now... a sword to protect the world?”

A sword to protect the world.

My sword had long ceased to chase such grandiose, hollow honorifics.

From the moment I found Kairam,

no, from the moment I joined Mist at Aer’s summons,

no, it was much earlier than that.

From the very moment I was completely cast aside by my house after losing the swordsmanship duel with Krantz!

I have wielded my sword only to protect myself.

“This sword is to protect myself.”

I conveyed my true feelings to my father without hesitation.

My father’s statue-like eyelids drooped slightly.

Was he disappointed because it wasn’t the answer he expected?

But my response wasn’t over yet.

“And also.....”

I’m no longer wielding my sword just to protect myself.

“The sword that protects me is the sword that protects the world!”

“.....!”

At the same time as his drooping eyelids widened, my father showed a fleeting smile.

“I understand.”

Then a blue mana light emanated from my father’s longsword.

“Now then, prove the value of your sword to me. As a Guardian of the Continent! And as your father! I will see your swordsmanship! Prove to me that I was wrong, and you are correct! Sean!”

It was a bit strange.

The father before my eyes was my father indeed.

However, my father is not in his normal state right now.

Beguiled by demons and witches, he is being manipulated at their whim.

Yet, upon hearing those words, this thought crossed my mind:

If I manage to overpower my father here,

would that mean I’ve earned his recognition?

What would be the meaning of such a thing now?

Nevertheless, considering that this was the moment to achieve a long-unfulfilled wish over past and present lives, my blood began to boil with excitement.

Suppressing the exhilarating emotions quickly, I muttered quietly to my father standing opposite me.

“I will honor your words!”

\* \* \*

Amidst the thick, swirling sandstorms outside the firmly shut gates of the Demon King’s castle.

The castle’s guard was even more vigilant, with the Demon King away.

“.....!”

They were shocked to discover a group of unfamiliar visitors appearing before the castle gates.

“Report to Lord Rogers!”

The report was conveyed directly to Rogers, the castle’s steward.

“Lord Rogers!”

“What’s the matter?”

“The pack from Ascalon has shown up in front of the castle!”

“Ascalon?”

Rogers’ eyes widened.

“Just when the Demon King is away…….”

This was a guest he was not particularly pleased to welcome.

“And it doesn’t seem like they came to meet the Demon King.”

“Then who have they come to meet?”

“They’ve come wanting to speak with you, Lord Rogers.”

“With me?”

At that moment, footsteps sounded from behind Rogers.

“Who’s here?”

It was Besti and Lunab.

From their expressions, it seemed they had already heard the report.

“Why would that man suddenly come to the castle……?”

“Please wait a moment, Lady Besti. I will go and verify.”

Having reassured her, Rogers hurried outside with the guide, leaving Besti anxious and pondering alone.

Observing her, Lunab asked,

“Who is Ascalon?”

Besti hesitated momentarily before reluctantly explaining,

“He’s known as the leader of the most powerful faction opposing the Demon King, the Ascalon Faction. Known for his high acumen and strategic prowess, he commands a large following of demons. And.....”

She appeared about to add something but then abruptly shook her head.

“Anyway, he’s the demon who poses the greatest threat to Belcarion. He too yearns for the old ways of Belcarion.”

At this point, Lunab started to wonder just what the original state of the Demon King was that caused such upheaval.

However, she did not let her curiosity show and simply watched Besti’s restless figure intently.

Meanwhile, Rogers, who had gone to meet Ascalon based on the report, led him to the first-floor hall of the castle.

“It’s been a while, Rogers.”

Ascalon was a middle-aged demon with a brown beard, similar in age to Rogers.

“Let’s skip the pleasantries and get straight to the point. What brings you to this castle?”

Instead of answering, Ascalon brought up another matter.

“I hear there’s been a human wandering around the castle?”

Ignoring the question and counter-posing a different one, he didn’t respond to Rogers’ inquiry.

“Unfounded rumors. Why are you mentioning this now? Let’s stick to answering my question first, shall we?”

“I’m here because of that unfounded rumor.”

“Have you come to search for this human?”

“I’ve come to settle a matter related to that human.”

Rogers said no more and simply stared silently into Ascalon’s eyes.

A not-so-brief silence lingered until,

“Let’s move to a different spot.”

Rogers quickly moved to ensure a quiet private conversation could take place, installing an eavesdropping prevention barrier once they were relocated.

Once the preparations were complete, Ascalon finally shared his purpose for the visit.

“Now that we’ve moved, let’s get to the point. That child Besti in this castle, she has a vile object in her possession, doesn’t she?”

“.....!”

Rogers felt his heart skip a beat at that moment.

Nonetheless, he maintained his composure, answering steadily,

“I’m not quite sure what you mean?”

“Don’t beat around the bush, Rogers. Must I specifically say the word ‘pendant’ for you to understand?”

“.....”

Rogers hesitated for a second without expression.

“Where did you hear about it?”

“The source of the information isn’t important right now. What matters is how we’re going to deal with it.”

Ascalon leaned in closer to Rogers, eyeing him intently.

“That pendant constraining Besti, we’ll release her from it.”

“And what makes you think I’ll believe that?”

“Why wouldn’t you?”

Ascalon seemed almost offended by the doubt, furrowing his brow slightly.

“Even though we’re currently apart due to incompatible ideals, that child is still my daughter. I want to save her more than anyone.”

“.....”

“Using my daughter’s life as leverage to rebuild the order of this world is not what I want. While the Demon King is momentarily absent, you, Rogers, must convince Besti to come here immediately.”



He then slipped a piece of paper with an address written on it across the table.

“You must come alone with Besti, without any attendants. I’ll go ahead and wait for you.”

Having stated his business, Ascalon promptly got up and headed for the door.

-Clack

As he calmly opened the door and stepped out, Besti, who had been waiting outside, appeared before him.

Without any conversation, they simply gazed endlessly into each other’s eyes.

“Hmph.”

Finally, Ascalon broke the silence with a soft sigh.

“We’ll see each other again soon.”

Unable to comprehend the meaning, Besti furrowed her brow, but leaving her behind, Ascalon walked away from the castle with his entourage.

Besti turned her gaze to Rogers.

“What exactly did you two discuss?”

“It seems the Ascalon Faction has become aware of certain matters.”

“?!?!”

She was so startled that she clasped her hands over her mouth.

“I’ll explain everything. Let’s go inside first.”

Inviting her into the conference room, Rogers hurriedly shut the door while reinforcing the eavesdropping prevention barrier, ensuring a secret conversation that no one inside the castle could overhear. But unbeknownst to them, another individual was listening through the barrier.

“Amplification...”

In a room three paces away from where the two demons were, Lunab sat demurely in a chair with her eyes gently closed. Thanks to her mastery of mana, she was eavesdropping on the entire conversation through the enchanted staff.

(To be continued in the next episode)