

# The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 3

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Chapter 3. The Incompetent Child of the Duke Family (2)

During the duel between Kranz, the family's rising star, and Sian, the incompetent one, spectators forecasted an undeniable victory for Kranz. Sian stood defenseless, leading some to wonder if he had given up on the duel entirely. Yet, to everyone's surprise, Sian dodged Kranz's swift strike and forced him to kneel, knocking him unconscious with a blow to the face and ending the duel with his sword pointed at him.

“.....!?”

The servants, who had no experience in martial arts, were confused about what had just happened. However, the warriors, including the senior knights, saw something different. Sian's footwork had been precise, dodging Kranz's incoming sword at the right moment as if anticipating his every move. When Kranz lost his balance, Sian seized the opportunity and subdued him.

It could not have been mere chance. It required a delicate sense of perception and intense concentration. The same was true for Duke Verth. Sian Verth, his youngest of five sons, inherited none of the expected talents or enthusiasm for swordsmanship and martial arts. He was an overlooked child from birth. Nevertheless, as a parent, Duke Verth held a soft spot for him. He observed today's duel with a glimmer of hope for Sian to show a hint of potential.

Unexpectedly, Sian had dominated his older brother in a single bout. The Duke smiled. Even the youngest had talent. He may have even been hiding it. If Sian completed his education at the academy, he would surely grow to be a reputable member of the family. It felt like finding a gem in the dark corner of a room.

The Duke's joy turned to question at Sian's next actions.

“.....?”

The needless brutality of the beatdown seemed excessive, even if it was for the sake of domination, as the duel was already decided. Was it necessary to display such ruthlessness, especially to a brother, from a ten-year-old child? The Duke's face reflected deep thought.

“Yulken?”

At the Duke's call, one of the knights responded immediately.

“Did you summon me, my lord?”

“Delay the return. Inform the knights on the frontline....”

Upon hearing about the delayed return, the knight seemed surprised but did not question the order and left with a bow.

“.....”

The Duke continued to watch Sian attentively, though Sian merely returned his sword to the maid with an indifferent expression.

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In the afternoon, with the sun high above, there was a strange feeling at the lunch table, surrounded by more food than one could expect for a single serving.

“What’s all this, Emily?”

“I don’t know, sir. I didn’t hear anything about extra help...”

The typically overlooked servants in the mansion now crowded before me. Some were Kranz’s attendants. The maids who prepared the food looked at me with eager eyes, waiting for me to taste their creations. My table was now accompanied by an overwhelming force of servants.

A single duel victory wouldn’t suddenly elevate my status. Originally, I only had Emily as my assigned maid; thus, their assembly seemed to be voluntary. Humans tend to return favors. When one succeeds, they’re supported by many people, including those who have taken care of them, like nurses and maids. It’s common for nobility to remember and treat well those who have raised them, a habit that’s become customary.

Yet this was an absurd display. Those who never greeted me now flocked for scraps. It’s a cynical reality of the world—surviving through necessary, yet human acts.

“Can you all leave?” I wanted to dine comfortably.

“Don’t take it personally. The food’s great, but I’d like some quiet for my meal. If I need anything, I’ll call. Please leave.”

With exchanged glances, the servants slowly withdrew. Emily, who was about to follow them, was stopped by me.

“Where do you think you’re going, Emily?”

“What about dessert?”

At the mention of dessert, she eagerly returned, grinning. It's known Emily can hardly cook, ranking as one of the worst among the maids.

There's nothing she's particularly good at, but it's not strange for an incompetent servant to match an incompetent master. I didn't keep her for the sake of enjoying her tea. I simply showed some decency as her master. Still, it might be curious why I would keep such a maid that doesn't hesitate to speak frankly to a duke's son. However, I can confidently say that no one in this mansion cares for me as much as she did. When I was nine, gripped by a fever and delirious, Emily was the one who carried my burning body to the healing center and watched over me for two nights without sleep.

Her personality is unique, but without her, I might have met an early, unnoticed end in the mansion. In that sense, she's the only person I cannot afford to lose.

After the meal, Emily promptly brought out the tea.

"But, young master! How did you beat Master Kranz?" she asked.

"How? Didn't you see it?"

"No! You've never shown a shred of interest in swords. Unless you've been training in secret..."

"I trained when you weren't around."

It wasn't a lie. My sword practice started at the academy—far from her eyes.

She was dumbstruck by my words.

-Clomp, clomp

During our tea, heavy footsteps approached. It was Darius Yulken, a senior knight in shining white armor.

"Knight Darius Yulken greets you, young Master Sian."

He was a high-ranking knight from the Order of Light.

Startled by his sudden appearance, Emily stepped back with her head bowed.

"I apologize for intruding during your meal."

"What brings you here?"

"Your father, the Duke, has requested your presence. Would you accompany me to his study?"

A summons from my father.

I had heard about the delayed return but didn't expect to be called for so soon.

“Understood. Shall we go now?”

With the meal concluded, I followed Yulken to the Duke's office.

Being escorted by a senior knight was not trivial. Messages could be delivered by even the lowest soldiers. That a knight of such status was here escorting me was a testament to my rising importance.

As we walked, servants bowed their heads in respect. I was under the unapproachable protection of a robust guardian.

“Master! Look!”

Emily, who followed discreetly, pointed down the corridor. Approaching was a group of dignified figures.

Margaret Erzis, the legitimate wife of the Duke and mother to Kranz, whom I had knocked down earlier.

By her direction, she appeared to have come from the infirmary, likely checking on Kranz.

Upon noticing me, her expression soured, naturally.

“How is Kranz?” I addressed her casually.

She was visibly displeased.

“Have you no shame showing your face after so brutally beating your own brother?”

Brutally beaten... The same could be said of Kranz's past cruelty towards me. Did she not know about it?

I can understand her grudge. Her child had been harmed by me, so naturally, there would be resentment. I hadn't counted out such a reaction. She's never been fond of me. As long as she doesn't cross a line, I'll let it slide.

“Then perhaps it's true that blood reveals its class. Born from such a vile mother, what chance does the child have to turn out decent?”

She crossed the line.

Any semblance of decency I held snapped at that moment. If I were still in my past life, perhaps, but now, her words equated to a death wish.

“You were bound to beg on the streets. The Duke took you in out of pity, and you dare act above your station? But then, scum like you wouldn’t understand even if it were explained a hundred times!”

Her words became white noise.

What to do? I really wanted to kill her.

If I were to kill the Duchess here, what would happen?

Should I decide after the act?

If I were quick enough, Yulken wouldn’t even have time to stop me from slitting her throat...

After a brief pause, I dismissed the thought. It would be meaningless to kill her so simply.

“Will you not move aside?” I ignored her, locking eyes.

“What is that look? How dare you glare at me?”

“What do you intend to do?”

My words froze the air.

“If the dignified Duchess speaks so harshly, it displeases me quite thoroughly.”

She scoffed, incredulous.

“Since when do I need to care about your feelings?”

“You should.”

“What?”

“What do you think I’ll do to Kranz?”

Her eyes trembled with fear.

“At least he should be in one piece for the academy, right?”

My grin revealed my genuine intentions.

She shuddered in response.

“That despicable, low-born brat, to dare...”

I closed the conversation, our paths now diverging. If she stepped any further out of line, it would not be overlooked. She stepped back, releasing the other servants to make way.

“Give my regards to Kranz!” I called over my shoulder with a cheery smile.

She was left speechless, glaring furiously as I serenely continued down the hall.

As if saying, “When did it ever happen?” I passed her with a bright smile. The Duchess, without uttering a word, just glared at me with a resentful gaze. I walked away nonchalantly down the corridor.

(To be continued)

