

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

## **chapter 301 -303**

### **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 301**

Chapter 301: Into the Secrets (3)

Five dark elves were immediately visible to the eye.

Armed with swords and bows and with the power of magic, they were standing off against the white elves.

Given the situation, it seemed unlikely that peaceful discourse would be an option.

“They’re trying to break through! Block them!”

“The barrier of pure ice shall ward off the threat!”

As one elf uttered the incantation, mana manifested, and a transparent ice wall rose up before the dark elves.

-Bang! Bang!

Blocked from advancing, the dark elves relentlessly pounded on the wall.

Their aggressive manner suggested they had no intention of giving up and retreating.

“What should we do, Elder? It doesn’t seem like they plan to turn back.”

“Focus on maintaining the Ice Wall for now! It’s too risky to confront them directly!”

It seemed the hope was that the intruders would simply give up and leave, but unfortunately, that seemed unlikely.

-Crack!

Regrettably, the dark elves managed to create a hole in the wall with their persistent strikes, fracturing it.

“The wall is breaking?!”

The ice wall, theoretically more durable and stronger than walls made of stone or iron, was being broken down after a few blows.

“Stop wasting time and all of you back off!”

Finally having seen enough, Keram stepped forward.

Without hesitation, she kicked off the ground and charged.

-Bang!

After shattering the ice wall in one strike, the blade of her demon sword sliced through the throat of the dark elf at the forefront.

Dark red blood spurted from the cleanly severed neck, splashing onto her arm.

But Keram paid it no mind, proceeding to slay the remaining dark elves one by one.

It might have taken a minute?

However, the situation seemed far from over.

“What a waste of time dealing with these vermin...”

“Move away! Distance yourself from the bodies!”

Elder Tataris called out for her to step back quickly.

“...!”

Keram suddenly noticed something and quickly retreated.

I immediately ran towards her.

“Are you all right?”

“What are these things?”

Her eyes shook visibly, startled.

On the white snowy field,

The area around the corpses of the five dark elves that Keram had killed had turned black, and the darkness was spreading.

I immediately crouched down and touched the blood with my hand.

The feel was much thicker and darker than human blood.

This was certainly...

Looking intently at the blood on my hand, I eventually brought it to my mouth.

“Hey! Are you out of your mind?”

Keram, startled, pushed my hand away.

“Are you trying to die? Didn’t you hear that these things have something like poison in their blood?”

I wasn’t sure about the poison.

But this blood, it was clear that it was mixed with the blood of something other than an elf.

“Freeze the bodies quickly!”

Elves who followed behind froze the bodies with magic, and with that, the situation was temporarily handled.

“Do you have a hobby of ingesting poisons? I won’t know if you get a stomachache later.”

“I’m not sure if it’ll just be a stomachache, but I have discovered one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“This blood, it’s mixed with the blood of demons.”

She furrowed her brow as if she misheard.

“Did I hear you right now? What? Blood of demons? Are you certain?”

“I can assure you.”

As someone who had consumed demon blood more than anyone, I could assert this.

The bizarre entities known as dark elves undoubtedly had demonic blood coursing within them.

“What you’re saying now makes it seem like these creatures are some kind of hybrid between elves and demons.”

“We can speculate, but we can’t come to conclusions just yet.”

If it were true, it would be truly terrifying.

“Let me see your arm for a moment.”

“Why do you need to see my arm?”

“Didn’t it get stained with blood when you were cutting throats? I will heal it for you.”

“Forget it. It’s not as if it’s your body to worry about, I’m fine, so don’t bother.”

Keram refused, uninterested.

I considered insisting but decided against it, not wanting to upset her mood.

As soon as I returned to the village, I relayed what I knew about the dark elves to Elder Tataris.

“The blood of demons, you said?”

His reaction was exactly as I had anticipated.

The elder wandered in midair, mouth agape.

“So, you are telling us that these dark elves are the offspring of mixed blood between our white elves and demons?”

“We intend to investigate just that starting now.”

I leaned in and began the interrogation.

“When was the first appearance of these dark elves?”

“About a month ago.”

“Before that, have you ever witnessed any other creatures or demons in Pruyina that weren’t dark elves?”

“None. Not just dark elves, but we haven’t seen any demons since our clan settled in this land.”

This implied that the environment was equally inhospitable for demons.

“Have there been any clansmen who have left the village or gone missing during this time?”

“I would know for sure if I tallied the numbers, but to my knowledge, there haven’t been any missing.”

The elder then instructed the elves waiting outside to start counting the members immediately.

If it was true that dark elves were indeed a blend of white elf and demon traits, then the question remained about the origin of their blood and flesh.

It would be impossible without a person or group intentionally providing it.

And the culprit was likely within this village.

“Why not just gather everyone and grill them? Why are you bothering to rack your brains?”

“If we did that, we’d only increase the fear among the clansmen.”

The elder shook his head, indicating he couldn’t undertake such an action based on unsubstantiated suspicions.

“Then can you at least tell me where the dark elves were first discovered?”

“That I can do. It’s in an ice cliff area a bit north of the village. If you wish, I can assign a guide to you.”

“We’ve got work to do. Let’s go, kiddo.”

Keram got up to leave, motioning for me to follow.

“Isn’t it already dark? It’s dangerous to go now!”

“When it’s safe, what would there be to see? It’s when it’s dangerous that you might actually find something.”

“Are you serious?”

At her determined expression, the elder looked at me in bewilderment, but,

“Just tell us the location. We will manage the trip by ourselves.”

I was of the same mind as her, so I didn’t challenge her decision.

“Hmm, it cannot be helped. In that case, I will assign my son as your guide. He’ll accompany you.”

“Your son?”

“Yes. Come in, Elphuris!”

At the elder’s call, my eyes involuntarily widened.

None other than the current White Elf Elder Elphuris, whom I had seen in Marian's nest, just before entering into this slice of memory.

It was certainly him.

And to think he was the son of the elder.

"I am Elphuris."

With his unnervingly calm blue eyes, he faced both Keram and me.

\* \* \*

-Whooosh

As the sun set and night fell, the biting winds were even harsher than during the day.

Thanks to a warming spell cast by Elder Tataris before we departed, we managed to navigate the snowy terrain more comfortably.

Ahead, the elder's son, Elphuris, led us with a blue orb created by magic as our light source.

"To be honest, I still find it hard to believe. What kind of crazy person would mix elves and demons to create such strange beings? And for what purpose?"

"We're on our way to find out now, aren't we? They wouldn't have done such a thing without some reason."

Keram grunted in displeasure, then abruptly blocked my path.

"Give me your hand."

"Why my hand all of a sudden?"

"Just hand it over, will you?"

Although I had no idea why she suddenly wanted my hand, I complied and stretched it out towards her.

-Crunch!

Keram suddenly gripped my hand with remarkable force.

She wielded a strength enough to break bones.

Instinctively, I also put strength into my hand to resist.

“You’re holding up well?”

She gave a cold smile that could rival the biting winds, and then let go of my hand.

“Why are you doing this all of a sudden?”

“You’ve ingested demon blood, haven’t you?”

There was no reply from me.

“An ordinary human being able to withstand my grip doesn’t make sense. But not only did you withstand it, you tried to overpower me as well. That’s impossible unless you’ve ingested demon blood.”

“What’s the problem with that?”

Since denying it was pointless, I simply acknowledged it.

“Why wouldn’t there be a problem? Do you think it’s common knowledge that demon blood can greatly enhance human strength? OK, let’s assume someone knows that. But to taste blood and identify it as demon blood? How much would you need to have consumed to reach that level?”

She ran her finger, which seemed poised to strangle me, across my cheek.

“What exactly are you?”

“...”

“I refuse to believe I wouldn’t know of a servant of Aer with your level of strength. Where did you come from?”

The intensity of her gaze was far more piercing than the frigid wind.

Now that she had begun to question my identity, there were only two paths left for me.

To speak the truth,

Or to avoid it.

The latter was clearly what I had to choose.

“I will tell you after everything is done.”

“Do you think I’ll wait until then?”

“If the answer doesn’t satisfy you, you’re free to kill me.”

“You’re confident? Or do you not have the confidence to face death?”

“...”

“I’ll be expecting a lot from you. Be ready with an answer~”

With those words that were a mix of caution and threat, she turned and walked away.

“Shall we move again?”

Elphuris, who had been quietly waiting, resumed leading the way.

After about 10 minutes,

“We’ve arrived.”

Elphuris halted and announced our arrival.

While it just looked like an ordinary snowy field, not different from the areas we’d passed, there was a vast ice cliff spread before us.

“I first spotted the dark elf right here. Upon seeing me, it screamed and ran away.”

As he spoke, he pointed in the direction in which the dark elf had fled.

“How did you come to pass by this place?”

“Originally, I was on my way to the nest of our guardian dragon of Pruyina, Lady Marian.”

“Is she here?”

“Not at the moment. She’s away due to personal matters.”

I didn’t ask why she was away.

Given the current situation with the Holy-Demon War in full swing, I had a vague idea of why she might be absent.

However,

“Is her nest close to here?”

“Yes.”

“Then please guide me to it.”



His normally impassive blue eyes flickered momentarily.

“Why do you ask?”

“There is something I need to verify.”

“I cannot carelessly show Lady Marian’s place of rest to outsiders like yourselves.”

“We don’t intend to enter the nest. It’s sufficient if you could just guide us to the vicinity.”

I don’t expect to find anything in that dragon’s nest.

But until just a few minutes before I entered this slice of memory, I was there in Marian’s nest.

The point we were at now was far in the opposite direction from the nest.

In other words, this elf was right now,

“Is there a problem?”

He was lying to me.

(Continued in the next episode)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 302**

Chapter 302: Into the Secret (4)

“Here we are.”

An ice cave located beneath a steep ice cliff.

It was just about five minutes away from where the Dark Elves were first spotted.

“As I mentioned before, entry is not permitted. Please do not cross the line where I am standing.”

Elpuris stood in front of the entrance and blocked the way.

This was the place they came to under the pretense of finding a dragon’s lair.

Obviously, it wasn’t the nest of Marian which I had previously visited.

They merely brought me to any random cave nearby and lied, calling it a lair.

Standing there like a dog guarding a house, so that I couldn't peek inside, was absurd enough to stifle any laugh I might have had.

However, I couldn't react petulantly in this situation.

After all, I am nothing more than a stranger to the White Elf tribe.

For me, an outsider, to question if this is Marian's nest would only arouse suspicion.

The problem doesn't end there.

The cave guided by him.

While it was clear that it's not a dragon's nest, it didn't seem like just any ordinary cave either.

The aura I felt was unusual, and faint but distinct, the scent of blood wafted through the air.

In other words, it was a place that needed to be investigated.

For now, with this elf watching with eyes wide open, I decided I'd come back later to check it out...

"Hey."

".....?"

"Who's selling you this nonsense?"

Suddenly, Kailram burst into a bout of mocking laughter.

"Thought I'd just buy that 'This is a dragon's nest' line, did you?"

"What are you talking about?"

It wasn't just me who had caught onto the lie.

Though she wears the body of a human, she is a divine being who has received the power of a deity.

A being capable of sensing the divine energy unique to dragons.

"Ma-Marian is our tribe's guardian. We couldn't just reveal the sacred resting place of such a deity to outsiders like you!"

Elpuris excused the lie, saying that they didn't reveal the nest out of caution against us.

“Is that so? Then we can go inside?”

Elpuris’s eyes flared wildly for a moment.

“Why? If it’s not the dragon’s lair, then it should be fine to enter, right?”

He was unable to answer and just bit his lip.

“Hey. Look me in the eye.”

“.....!”

“What are you hiding?”

“There’s nothing of the sort!”

“What do you mean nothing? Floundering like a kid with hidden sweets! Just spit it out. Do you need to be cut a bit to open up?”

Kailram was radiating a fierce killing intent as if ready to tear him into dozens of pieces at any moment.

That was when—

“Aaaah!”

A strange scream suddenly emanated from inside the cave.

It was a completely unfamiliar sound that I had not heard from any beast or devil before.

-Tak, tak, tak

Following the scream, footsteps also made themselves heard.

Soon, the owners of the sounds emerged from beyond the dark cave.

They sprinted towards us with sharp nails and bloodshot eyes.

They were Dark Elves, indeed.

“Dark Elves crawling out of the nest? How are you going to explain this?”

“Explanations later! We must stop them now!”

Instinctively, I reached into my pocket.

But all I felt was dust.

I had momentarily forgotten I didn't carry a sword.

-Swish!

In that moment, Kailram darted forward.

“These slow cretins are nothing but fodder for tearing apart!”

She drew her sword in an instant, slicing through space at an incredible speed.

But,

-Whoosh-

The Dark Elf's neck was not severed.

The moment the sword swung, they ducked, easily avoiding the attack.

“See this?”

Kailram didn't panic; instead, her eyes lit up as she launched a series of rapid attacks.

-Whoosh, whoosh-

Even those attacks were all evaded by the Dark Elf,

“Kaah!”

Who then counterattacked with a swing of their clawed hand at Kailram.

Their movements were unmistakably different from the Dark Elves we saw in front of the village earlier in the day.

“This is interesting? These guys are different from the slow ones earlier!”

Amused by the change of speed and atmosphere, Kailram's lips spread into a smile.

“Frozen Land!”

At that moment, a spell came from behind—too fast to even turn my head. A chilling cold burst from beneath my feet, instantly engulfing the surroundings.

My legs and the ground seemed to fuse, immobilizing me.

“What’s this all about?”

Kailram, too, found her movements constricted.

The feet of the nearby Dark Elves were also frozen, but,

-CRASH!

They soon shattered the ice and rushed towards Kailram once more.

“Ugh!”

Elpuris promptly turned and fled without looking back.

“Trying to pull something!”

Kailram struggled to break free from the ice.

However, forcibly ripping away her frozen feet might cause amputation, so I needed to calm her down.

“Calm down! You’ll lose your legs!”

“What does it matter to you! It’s not your body!”

Her defiance was as persistent as ever.

I first unfroze my own legs with magic.

“Hey! Go after that guy! I’ll handle these fools!”

She told me to chase after the fleeing Elpuris,

But that wasn’t going to be me.

I headed not towards Elpuris, but towards Kailram.

“Excuse me for a second.”

“.....!”

Then I snatched the enchanted sword she was holding and charged at the Dark Elves.

-Swish!

I swung the blade even faster than Kailram, yet the Dark Elf easily dodged that attack as well.

I saw his eyes when he avoided the swing.

Within that fleeting moment—less than a tenth of a second—the Dark Elf’s eyes darted everywhere.

It seemed he had predicted my sword trajectory and evaded accordingly. An exceptionally fast reaction speed indeed.

But that reaction still relied on what the eyes perceive and confirm before any movement can follow.

If I blocked that vision, no matter how fast his reaction speed, it would be useless.

“Seventh Assassination Technique: Sight Block!”

As I chanted the incantation, black mist gathered in my free, unarmed hand.

Gripping the formed mist ball, I hurled it at the Dark Elves charging towards me.

-Whoosh-

The condensed mist rapidly expanded, enveloping the faces of the Dark Elves.

“Keeeyak!”

Suddenly blind, the Dark Elves flailed about.

They shook their heads in attempts to clear the mist, but to no avail.

Without a moment’s hesitation, I sprung forward and swung my blade.

-Swish-

What good was their reaction speed if they couldn’t see?

The Dark Elves fell helplessly under my sword.

-Whooosh-

I finished them off with a spot of ignition magic.

“.....”

Kailram watched the whole scene in utter shock.

Her expression was very much like seeing her in the temple for the first time after my return.

I approached her nonchalantly to remove her freeze spell.

“You really want to die, huh?”

She grabbed my collar and pulled me up.

“How dare you touch my true body without permission? Should I tear your limbs into dozens of pieces? Where do you come from, you—who don’t even know your own roots...!”

-Swish-

I quietly returned her sword without a word.

After looking back and forth between the sword and my face, Kailram turned around with a snort.

“Are your feet alright?”

“Mind your own business, damn you!”

Though her limping intrigued me, any further provocation seemed like it would lead her to literally tear me apart.

“Keeeyak!”

Once more, a scream resonated from inside the cave.

Focusing my gaze towards the sound, nothing approached like before.

“Should we not investigate what’s inside?”

Catching the elf who hit and run was important, but first, we needed to determine why Dark Elves appeared in this cave.

Kailram looked back at me with disdain upon hearing my suggestion.

“Let’s settle this after we’re done.”

After saying this, she brushed past me.

I silently followed her lead.

\* \* \*

“Panting! Panting!”

Elpuris ran desperately on the icy path.

Checking his back from time to time out of fear of being followed.

“Whoa!”

He stumbled and ended up tumbling forward.

His skin grated against the sharp ice, tearing open and blood seeped through.

He scrambled up quickly, attempting to flee again when—

-Thud-

Footsteps sounded before him.

As Elpuris realized someone unfamiliar was approaching, his breath grew more ragged.

Amidst the biting wind, only the sound of urgent breathing filled the air,

“.....”

And finally, a woman appeared before Elpuris.

“Ha-ha...!”

Upon meeting his gaze, joy instantaneously spread across Elpuris’s face.

“Oh, you’ve come!”

The woman with her golden blonde hair flowing nobly approached Elpuris with a serene smile and silently healed his gaping wound.

“Th-Thank you, Savior!”

Bowing to express his gratitude, Elpuris suddenly looked up again.

“But there has been an incident! Dark Elves in Pruina are under scrutiny, and they...”

“The owner of the Enchanted Sword has arrived, right?”

The woman seemed to already know, judging from her casual grin.

“Ye-Yes! How did you—?”



“The God of the Black Mist has caught on quicker than expected. To think they’d send the owner of the Enchanted Sword himself. Well, now it’s not the owner, but the very essence of the Enchanted Sword itself I should say...”

Elpuris, failing to grasp what she implied, reacted with confusion.

“Stay away from the village for a while and go hide somewhere. I’ll call you back myself once everything is settled.”

“I will obey the Savior’s command! But there’s another dangerous being aside from the owner of the Enchanted Sword!”

“A dangerous being?”

“Yes! Initially, I believed it was just one of his subordinates, but there’s something unusual about him. Not only did he ascertain the Dark Elves’ nature precisely, but the aura he exudes is dreadfully ominous. He might even be more dangerous than the owner of the Enchanted Sword!”

“Really? I’ve never heard of such a being by her side?”

Reacting to the news with intrigue, she gently touched her lips.

“Well, anyhow, I’ll keep that in mind.”

With that, the woman moved past Elpuris.

“May Lumendel’s blessing be with you!”

Elpuris watched her departure, offering praise to the God of Light.

“I’m truly excited to see how wretched the fate of a sword without its owner can become.”

-Woosh-

“Do you agree, Durandark?”

Upon the woman’s question, a burst of golden radiance emanated from the longsword hanging at her waist.

(To be continued in the next chapter)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 303**

Chapter 303: Into the Secret (5)

“Kueek!”

The further we ventured inside, the louder the cries and the stronger the stench of blood became.

Upon closer listening, it was more akin to moaning than crying.

With each sound, Keyram hastened her steps, and I kept up, ensuring not to fall behind as I followed her.

At the very end of the cave,

Where darkness should've prevailed, the entire place was oddly illuminated as if light had been captured within ice.

Of course, I wasn't focused on the brightness of the surroundings.

Hmm.

Where to begin the explanation?

To the left corner lay the bodies of beasts, thawed as if they had just unfrozen,

And the central wall encased nameless elf corpses within ice.

And right before us,

“What should we call these things?” I asked.

“Perhaps... imperfect Dark Elves, wouldn't you say?” she suggested.

In other words, incomplete Dark Elves.

They were twisted and shriveled to the extent that death wouldn't have seemed strange, trapped within their massive icy prisons.

They displayed a stark contrast to the aggressive and mobile beasts we encountered earlier.

“Uuurgh...”

An elf extended a hand desperately, as if pleading for salvation.

Yet before the hand fully reached out, the elf collapsed forward,

“Kueek!”

Vomiting an indistinguishable mixture of blood and bile.

The vile emitted a horrendous stench.

Moreover, faint traces of mana lingered around, leftovers from the use of magic.

“So, those pathetic things turn into creatures like the ones we saw before when they become stronger?” I concluded.

“It appears so.”

“And the elves trapped in the ice?”

“They’re likely the corpses of White Elves who already perished.”

The land of Pruyna is permafrost, long-preserved by natural influences of the polar regions.

Thus, buried bodies don’t decay, remaining cryogenically preserved over decades, even centuries, muscles and cartilage intact.

They are essentially empty vessels with no souls.

It seems likely that, through a series of processes like injecting the blood of beasts and casting resurrection magic, these Dark Elves were born.

“Who’s the utter fool behind this appalling act!?” Keyram spat out in evident disgust.

The most likely suspect was the escaped elder’s son.

But it didn’t strike me that he would act alone in this endeavor.

Surely, there was another collaborator backing him.

Yes. There definitely was a collaborator, but the real question was why anyone would want to create such a thing as Dark Elves.

It seemed a bit excessive if the sole purpose was to throw Pruyna into chaos.

Just by looking at the number of elf corpses in sight, they were well over dozens.

If all these were to be converted into Dark Elves and released, Pruyna would certainly turn upside down – it might even spread as a disaster to other regions, possibly more dangerous than an invasion from the Demon King’s army.

“We should head back to the village and inform the elves of the situation.”

“What are you talking about? We need to catch that bastard son of the elder first!”

“Without knowing where he’s escaped to, we can’t just wander aimlessly. Plus, there may be more locations like this one. It’s better to join forces with the other elves to find them.”

Keyram grimaced with reluctance.

“And these things? Are we just going to leave them here?”

Seeing that she seemed to consider my suggestion, she looked back at the captive Dark Elves in the cave.

“They shouldn’t pose a threat as long as no one interferes, but just to be sure, I’ll seal them with a binding barrier.”

I immediately manifested mana to create a black-hued barrier.

Even if Elphuris were to return, this would prevent him from touching these elves.

We then stepped out of the cave.

“Hey. Do you really think this is the work of that single elf?” Keyram suddenly asked.

“Of course not,” I replied.

She then clamped shut again, choosing not to pursue the topic.

“Do you have any suspects?”

“Hard to say? I don’t have definite proof, but in my mind, something keeps nagging at me...” she trailed off.

I chose not to probe about the “worm” she referenced in her mind.

The priority was to return to the village.

Just as we made to set off, once more against the even fiercer wind,

“.....!”

I sensed an unfamiliar danger overhead and swiftly backed away.

– Thwack

As I retracted, I caught something peculiar that fell from the sky.

It was a long, golden lance of light, unknown in origin.

Blinding as the sun, the blade released a familiar, nauseating aura as I felt its energy.

When I exerted force, it crumbled to dust.

“Wow? Your reflexes are amazing! That was just like an assassin!”

A voice followed, irritatingly, from behind us.

Keyram and I simultaneously turned our heads.

“You bitch!!!”

Keyram hurled profanities without hesitation, her presence bursting forth with immense murderous intent that went previously unfelt.

“It’s been a while, Dio? No, we can’t call you that any longer, can we? Should it be Lady Keyram, then?”

At a distance of about ten paces, a strange woman stood flicking her golden hair, reminiscent of a certain familiar demon with her teasing, sly smile.

As I unintentionally furrowed my brow, it became clear.

“You’re the one who’s been meddling with the elves, turning them into those worthless beings?”

“Wordless being is a little harsh, don’t you think? These Dark Elves will be of great value...”

I hadn’t heard her name or seen her ever before, but I had an inkling about who this woman was.

“The wielder of the Holy Sword?”

“Correct. She’s the one who wouldn’t be satisfied even if I chewed up and spit out every piece of her, down to the bone.”

How could I know?

How could I not?

The very sword that once pierced my heart, whose remnants are still etched into my flesh and memory, now sat boldly at this mysterious woman’s waist.

“Ah! Are you the minion Elphuris warned could be dangerous?”

She gave an unpleasant smile of recognition upon seeing me.

“Pleased to meet you! My name is ‘Anastasia Spencia’, the unwelcome wielder of the Holy Sword! And your name would be?”

“.....”

“Are you not going to tell me? I really don’t fancy men who play hard to get.”

Her charm dripped poison, as repulsive as that demon.

I quelled the rising nausea.

“Don’t even think of escaping now that you’ve shown your face before me,” Keyram threatened, drawing her demon sword and stepping forward.

“Don’t you dare act rashly or I’ll kill you first! Just stand back and watch!”

She warned me not to intervene.

“Oh my? Are you trying to fight me? How can you confront me when you don’t even have a master to handle your sword? Maybe you should reconsider?”

Her pretense of generosity was just a facade.

Her hand was already clasping the hilt of Durandal.

I had no idea of Anastasia Spencia’s true strength.

But judging from her confident posture, the smile of complacency, and the subtle aura of the Holy Sword, it’s clear...

That woman is no ordinary opponent.

On the other hand, Keyram’s state was...

“I’ll kill you even with a missing arm if I must!”

Consumed by rage towards the Holy Sword’s wielder, she had lost her reason.

I had no intention of belittling her, but if these two clash under current conditions, Keyram is likely to lose.

But my interference would be pointless now.

It seemed impossible to de-escalate the situation.

— Sssss

A mist erupted from the demon sword's blade and surrounded Keyram, her eyes turning a deep red.

To any ordinary person, this sight would be unbearable,

“No choice, then.”

But Anastasia remained unphased.

Charging with fiercely gathered power, Keyram lunged.

– Bang!

The clash of two divine weapons sparked a dazzling flash and a thunderous roar.

Keyram may possess incredible strength beyond human imagination, but her hands shook, struggling to cope with the overwhelming power.

“Ah, so that's it? The masterless sword can't use its power effectively?”

Anastasia, in contrast, was the epitome of stability, becoming one with her weapon.

Unable to sustain the fierce force, Keyram inevitably retreated.

“Kuh!”

She collapsed, one knee giving way, cradling her elbow as if in agony.

“It seems you've been too reckless with a body that's not yours. You should care for it more tenderly. It was once the body of an old master with whom you shared so much...”

“Shut your mouth!?” Keyram, enraged, charged again.

– Clang!

“I'll kill you today, no matter what! Not just your body, but I'll grind your soul to pieces and chew it up!”

“Well, I doubt it's my soul that will be torn apart?”

As Anastasia smirked, a radiant brilliance bloomed from her, scattering light all around.

“Rain to Purify Evil...”

– Whoosh

Light ascended, forming a grand circular array in the sky, from which dozens of light-lances, like the one she threw at me, poured down like rain.

“.....!”

Keyram quickly dodged, sensing danger.

“How can you let your guard down so easily?”

Anastasia didn’t miss the opportunity and slashed forward with a giant blade of energy.

Unable to dodge the unescapable angle, Keyram was pierced by the descending light-lances.

She gasped for air, blood spurting from her wounds, pathetically trying to maintain her stance.

It was over.

A battle whose outcome was likely determined from the start.

Even if Keyram wasn’t in her best shape, Anastasia’s innate power outclassed her.

“I didn’t expect our bitter feud to end so strangely,” Anastasia said with a mocking tone, then suddenly turned to me,

“Ah, but then there’s you?”

She fixed her gaze on me.

“Since it seems our demon sword bearer can no longer fight, what will you do? Will you entertain me instead?”

“Don’t talk nonsense! You’ll deal with me...!” Keyram interjected, but Anastasia didn’t care.

“Frankly, for a mere minion, your aura is quite extraordinary, and you hide so much. I’m terribly curious about your identity. Will you tell me who you are now?”

She edged closer, curious as a child, peering at me.

“Ah well. Since you’re not cooperating, I suppose I’ll have to force it out of you...”

– Fweeeing

Anastasia’s eyes, locked with mine, began to emit a familiar crimson glow.

“Look away from her eyes! Don’t look at them!” Keyram screamed.



I ignored her warning and stared straight into her eyes.

“.....?”

After about 30 seconds, a ripple of confusion crossed Anastasia’s eyes,

And after a minute, with the light extinguishing, her brow furrowed slightly.

As if she couldn’t comprehend the situation.

“What are you? Why are you unscathed?”

“Hypnotic power, is it?”

“.....!”

Her pupils dilated in shock.

“Then and now, your kind’s methods are disgustingly consistent.”

(To be continued)