

The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 304

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Chapter 304: Into the Secret (6)

Anastasia Spensia.

The moment I first heard her name, I had a feeling about her.

Even a fleeting mention evoked the impression of nobility—such an elegant name.

The numerous seals and medals adorning her well-tailored uniform indicated her status on this continent.

An offspring from a prestigious noble family, a person who enjoyed the favor of the nation.

Plus, the power of seduction she had inherited through the blood of witches.

With qualifications like these, it seemed fitting that she might be destined to wield the Holy Sword.

Moreover, I now understood why that arrogant god of light had chosen that depraved demon as his successor.

“Are you not human?”

“I am human.”

“Then why doesn’t my power of seduction work on you? Or rather, how did you resist it to begin with?”

She cast aside her smiling facade and demanded an answer with a face twisted in malice.

I ignored her question and looked away.

“Where are you looking?”

At that moment, Anastasia swiftly aimed the Holy Sword at my neck.

"If you are human, then you shouldn't be able to defy me! There's never been anyone like you before, nor should there be! I am the sole guide of this world's order...!"

"The savior, you mean?"

Her words halted in mid-air.

"Not for me, though."

The wielder of the Holy Sword, who had been a mere arm's length away, suddenly retreated about five steps and assumed a defensive stance.

She had perceived my intention to snap her wrist and let go of the Holy Sword, and she had distanced herself in response.

A reaction speed not inferior to a dark elf's.

For the present, I turned to Keiram, whose body was in an unstable state.

"Are you alright?"

Keiram almost lost her balance immediately as I supported her arm.

One by one, I removed the light spears embedded throughout her body.

"Cough!"

However, the extent of her injuries made it impossible for her to fight any longer.

Blood poured from her mouth like a waterfall.

"Don't worry about it! I won't go down that easily!"

Sure, her spirit seemed alright.

But continuing to fight in this condition would only repeat a humiliating defeat, with nothing changing.

"Don't be reckless. Do you even have the strength left to swing your sword? You've reached your limit."

"Then what do you suggest? Should I run away to protect this flesh and blood?"

That's not what I wanted either.

Rather than turning my back and fleeing, it would be better to end it all right there.

Without a word, I extended my hand to her.

Confused by my action, Keiram hesitated for a moment.

“What are you trying to do?”

“Hand the cursed sword to me.”

“What?”

“The sword reveals its true power in the presence of its master. Haven’t you experienced this yourself several times while with the previous owner?”

“Look at this insolent child. Do you think you could wield me?”

“If I can’t, then my soul will be devoured, won’t it?”

Keiram scoffed in disbelief.

“Well, you live long enough, and you’ll see everything. I never thought I’d hand over my everything to someone who knows nothing of its essence.”

Keiram slowly raised her right hand, which held the sword.

“Don’t come to regret this later!”

The moment the cursed sword’s hilt touched my palm,

-Zzzzt!

A sword strike from the Holy Sword soared before our eyes.

I quickly adjusted my grip and launched a counterattack,

-Swish!

The sword strike split into two and passed by on either side.

“Damn it!”

Anastasia, frustrated by the failed surprise attack, grimaced.

-Sliding

The body I supported, or rather the previous owner Dio’s body, suddenly went limp,

-Thump!

And just like that, it crumbled to the ground.

At the same time, my heartbeat accelerated, my blood flow turned rapid, and heat engulfed my entire body.

The feeling was familiar.

It was the very sensation I felt when the spirit of the cursed sword first entered me.

An absolutely thrilling sensation.

[Hah...]

Her sigh, filled with mixed emotions, echoed in my mind.

[How do you feel?]

“Not bad at all.”

One thing to note here.

This isn't reality, but a fragment of memory sealed within the tree named Arbor.

Which means, whatever actions I take here, nothing will change in reality.

However,

That doesn't mean,

I can just overlook such a messed-up situation, does it?

I aimed the cursed sword's blade, now enveloped in black mist, at the owner of the Holy Sword and murmured softly,

“Assassin Technique 9th Form: Manifestation of the Cursed Sword...”

* * *

Deep into the night of Prueina.

The harsh polar winds showed no signs of stopping.

“He's late.”

Tataris, the elder of the white elves, anxiously eyed the northern part of the village where Sian and his group had departed.

They were taking longer than expected.

Had they possibly been attacked by dark elves?

Just as he thought to mobilize the guard elves for a search,

-Ping!

Suddenly, a massive golden light shone from the direction he was watching.

“What’s with this sudden light?”

The direction was very close to where Sian’s group had headed.

The seedling of anxiety sprouted in an instant, causing Tataris to tremble.

“Elder! Dark elves have appeared!”

The anxiety soon became reality from another direction.

A sudden appearance of dark elves in the dead of night.

The guard elves swiftly armed themselves and rushed to the reported location.

There were three dark elves—fewer than during the day.

“We shall ward off the threat with the pure ice barrier!”

As usual, an ice wall was erected to block the dark elves’ path.

“...?”

But something was off.

The dark elves, instead of relentlessly striking down the wall as before, stood still, merely observing the white elves across the barrier.

Their stance was also slightly different.

They didn’t lurch like reanimated corpses, but stood upright and disciplined, like noble knights.

“Why are they just standing there?”

Faced with unfamiliar behavior that they hadn't shown before, the elves were greatly unsettled.

"Don't panic! This is our chance! Freeze them solid!"

The elves began to chant their spells to cast ice magic.

"Frozen Land!"

As the intense cold generated by the magic was about to spread beneath the dark elves' feet,

-Whoosh!

The dark elves, who had been stationary, suddenly soared into the sky.

"...!"

Confounded by this unbelievable sight, the white elves lost their wits.

While they were incapable of reacting, the dark elves quickly vaulted over the wall and,

Upon landing, immediately charged forward without hesitation.

"We must stop them!"

It was too late to respond; the situation had deteriorated.

Frightened by the bizarre sight of the rapidly advancing forms, some of the elves turned their backs to flee.

-Crack!

Just as the situation could have turned dire, a bolt of lightning descended from the sky.

The bolt struck the approaching dark elves, rendering them all immobile and prone on the ground.

-Sizzle

Steam rose from their burnt bodies.

"What happened?"

"Who brought down the lightning?"

“Could this be...?”

-Step

The confused elves' attention was drawn by an unfamiliar footstep.

A tall woman, radiating divine aura, revealed herself through the fierce snowstorm.

“It's... It's Lady Marian! Lady Marian has returned!”

Marian, the guardian dragon of Prueina.

Having been away due to the turmoil on the continent, she had now returned.

“...”

However, Marian's expression was not one of joy.

She stared rigidly at the dark elves' charred corpses.

“Where did these monstrosities come from?”

Her pupils shook as she struggled to comprehend the shock.

“Lady Marian is back!”

The elder Tataris approached with urgent greetings, but Marian gave him no heed.

“What has transpired in my absence?”

“Well, that is...”

“Wait!”

Marian suddenly silenced Tataris, who was about to explain, and stretched her hand in another direction.

-Crash!

Four pillars of ice burst from the ground at that spot.

Within those ice pillars was another white elf, shocked into sitting on the ground.

“Elphuris?”

It was none other than Tataris' son, Elphuris.

“Why are you here?”

The two humans accompanying him were nowhere to be seen.

“Well, you see...”

-Ping!

Once again, the same massive golden light shot up from the northern ice valley.

-Crash, crash, crash!

Accompanied by an indeterminate loud noise.

Tataris looked back at Elphuris.

“What happened to the humans you were with?”

“Humans?”

Marian frowned, puzzled.

“Yes, there are humans here in Prueina! About that...”

“Enough! I will see for myself!”

Deciding that seeing was better than hearing it described, Marian spread her wings and took to the sky.

She headed straight for the source of the light.

If her eyes did not deceive her, it was undoubtedly the aura of the Holy Sword.

But that light contained more than just the sword’s aura.

Though the other elves may not have noticed in the darkness, the all-powerful dragon’s eyes did not miss that the immense radiance of salvation was shrouded by an unfamiliar black mist.

If she wasn’t mistaken,

That was undeniably the aura of the cursed sword.

“Why are the two of them here...?”

Just as her target came into view and she was about to speed up,

‘Marian.’

A familiar voice resounded in her head.

“Ah, Lady Aquanis?”

It was Aquanis, the goddess of the blue waters.

‘I have something to tell you, come to my space immediately.’

“Now? At this very moment?”

Surprised, Marian halted in place without advancing further.

“Can you spare me a moment? It seems that both the owner of the Holy Sword and the owner of the cursed sword are here in Prueina! I need to confirm what’s happened...”

‘No need to check. Just come over.’

The goddess’s unwavering response.

But through that reply, Marian understood.

Regarding the current situation unfolding in Prueina,

The goddess knew something.

‘You have a task to do, Marian.’

“Understood!”

Without hesitation, Marian created a gate and stepped through it.

(To be continued in the next issue)