

# The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 305

Chapter 305: Into the Secret (7)

– Swoosh!

With the speed of lightning, the tip of the holy sword slashed across my left cheek. Anastasia didn't stop there and immediately twisted her wrist to slice horizontally towards my head.

– Clang!

I lifted Keyram to easily block her attack. A slight vibration was transmitted along the clashing blades. She must have felt a similar tremor to mine. It was not due to cold or wind. This was a kind of excitement—a once-in-a-lifetime true rival encounter and the immense thrill it brought. Whether a knight or an assassin, anyone who wielded a sword could not resist such fervor.

Initially, she resorted to long-range strikes with sword energy or used large-scale secret techniques to test the waters. However, it didn't take long for Anastasia to realize that such tactics were futile, and she swiftly switched to a contest of speed. For some reason, she abandoned other targets and persistently aimed for my face.

– Woosh!

Suddenly, the direction of the wind changed.

“.....!”

Was it the confusion from an unexpected natural phenomenon? The holy sword, which was aiming for my neck, abruptly swerved to the side. I didn't miss this opportunity and immediately counterattacked towards her face.

– Swish!

She reflexively twisted her body to evade and hastily retreated. However, she couldn't completely avoid it. Blood trickled down from a slight cut above her left cheek.

“.....”

She seemed quite shocked about being injured. Anastasia mindlessly touched the blood streaming down her face.

“Why would you aim for the face when there are many other parts to strike?”

I wanted to throw back the same question at her. Who had been relentlessly targeting the face until now?

“If I get scarred, people will worry and ask who dared to inflict an injury upon their omnipotent savior...”

“Is this savior so fixated on a mere scar?”

“Ah, sorry. I think I was too excited, it’s been too long since I’ve been hurt like this. Even Dio, the previous owner of this sword, didn’t fight me this hard.”

She scooped up some snow and wiped off the blood.

“Seeing you, I feel more like I’m facing the true owner of a demonic sword than that man. Thanks to you, I’m even more curious about you. It’s frustrating not to know anything concrete...”

She seemed to have some trick up her sleeve, as a sly smile crept to her eyes.

“What about this? Let’s make a deal.”

“A deal?”

“Yes. I will extend good faith first. If you have any questions about me, ask away. I will answer to the best of my ability.”

The deal was to exchange questions and satisfy each other’s curiosity. I had nothing to lose. Whether I intended to or not, had I not taken control of the conversation? There was no reason not to use this opportunity.

“What were you planning to do with that dark elf?”

“I knew you’d ask that.”

She nodded with a smile, as if expected.

“Those beings you call dark elves are new creatures created by injecting the blood of a demon into the corpses of white elves. But this isn’t surprising to you, is it? You must have guessed already.”

“Is it possible to resurrect the dead?”

“It was quite a task for the scripture and its owner. They used resurrection magic.”

The owner of the scripture probably referred to Boris Lehelm.

“Those beings are special. Over time, they continue to evolve, possessing a greater potential for progress than humans.”

“Why create such entities when the tide of war already seems to favor your side? Why go through the trouble?”

“Oh my, are you surprised? Did you already expect your side to lose?”

I didn't answer.

“What we desire is chaos.”

“Chaos?”

“Yes. For now, they might be contained within Pruiena, but soon, these dark elves will spread across the continent. What do you think will happen when these beings, who do not communicate and only bring destruction and slaughter like enraged demons, encounter humans?”

Was this supposed to be a question?

“It will create an interesting world, won't it? We will point to your master, the god of black mist, Aer, as the culprit behind this chaos.”

This seemed all too familiar.

“Then, people's hearts will fill with negativity, distrust, and resentment towards the black mist. They will eventually pray to us to save them from this ugly black mist!”

Anastasia even assumed a praying pose.

Looking at her act, naturally, I wasn't amused.

“You needn't make such a fearful expression. After all, Lumendel and I will save the world from this chaos. You just need to play the role of the necessary evil for the order of this proper world.”

[Look at this crazy woman.]

Keyram, who had remained silent until now, couldn't hold back its indignation.

Their ways haven't changed, then or now. They create an absolute evil to induce the chaos of the world, then cover it with the lies of salvation to make it their own world.

They never take responsibility for the accompanying sacrifices. In fact, they most likely see them as justified.

“May I ask something?”

[... Is that question for me?]

“Who else but Keyram?”

[What is it?]

“You were trying to tell people that the black mist wasn’t wrong, weren’t you?”

[Yes, but so what?]

“What exactly are Aer and you fighting for against them?”

[...]

“What grand reason do you have to endure this treatment and these sacrifices to stop them?”

[Nothing grand.]

Contrary to my expectation of hesitation, Keyram immediately responded.

[Have you ever seen fog and sun exist together?]

“...No, I haven’t.”

[That’s why. Those two simply cannot coexist. When one is visible, the other must not be. That’s why they’re desperately trying to consume each other. To survive.]

“Is that all?”

[What, you thought there was some grand reason or secret?]

Grand reasons or incredible secrets were nonexistent from the start.

In the end, all of this was merely an unavoidable act for each to survive—a purely instinctual yet undeniably human act.

“What are you muttering to yourself over there?”

Anastasia, upset about being ignored for a moment, raised her eyebrows and asked.

“Now that I’ve given you information, it’s my turn to get answers. Starting with your name, tell me everything about you, without omitting a single detail...”

Do you know the question I’ve been asked the most in my life? That’s it.

Who are you?

Who are you to appear before me and create this situation?

Most of the time, I rarely replied to such questions.

Why?

Obviously, because I killed them all. Every single one. Without exception.

Even if it were the perfect owner of the holy sword, this principle would not be broken.

– Woououong

One hand gathered magical power, and the other summoned the power of the mist.

There’s only one way for a person to be born, but the ways to die are almost infinite.

That’s how susceptible the human body is to death.

Overwhelming power? Grand magic?

None of that is necessary.

An assassin only needs one thing to kill a target—time. A second or even less would be fine. If they can create the smallest temporal gap that the opponent cannot respond to, that’s enough.

For that brief moment, I summoned all the power within me.

“Mist Sword...”

“...?”

Sensing a threat, Anastasia immediately raised her blade to defend.

But it would be in vain.

“A moment in time, frozen to a halt.”

As I chanted the incantation, my body moved through space to appear behind Anastasia.

“...!”

Unable to catch my movement, she couldn't react.

She may have instinctively turned her eyes at the incoming sense of death, but it was already too late.

– Thuck

The edge of Keyram, imbued with mist, pierced deeply into Anastasia's neck.

I whispered into her ear as the blood stained her eyes wide with shock.

“You asked who I am?”

“My name is Sean Vert. The only human who knows your true face and denies your order.”

“...!”

She seemed to want to say something, but the blood that spurted out blocked her mouth.

“Cough!”

She didn't last long before she collapsed on the snow-covered ground.

The light that continuously radiated from the holy sword also gradually began to fade.

“Phew...”

I let out a long breath and looked up at the sky.

The incessant wind had also stopped, and a tranquil silence enveloped the surroundings.

Then I turned and walked towards where her previous owner, Dio, had fallen.

[What are you doing?]

Without a word, I crouched down, placing my hand on Dio's body.

– Fwoosh

Healing light emerged from my hand and seeped into the wounds engraved throughout his body. Confirming that the immobilized body was somewhat healed, I placed the demonic sword back in his hand.

Then Dio's body was suddenly enveloped in black mist.

It was the moment when Keyram's soul returned to its previous owner's body.

She soon opened her eyes and faced me.

"My role ends here."

[What?]

"Keyram must now do what needs to be done."

[Ha?!]

She let out a disbelieving laugh, then looked at me again with sharp eyes.

[Hey.]

"Speak."

[What is your real identity?]

"...".

Her gaze told me she wouldn't move until she heard a satisfactory answer. I fell silent for a while, unable to respond immediately.

"It's pointless to say."

[...?]

"It changes nothing."

[Have you completely lost your mind?]

"A master talking freely to his sword isn't exactly a problem, is it?"

Keyram fell silent for a moment, seemingly at a loss for words.

"Think of it this way. Just consider me the only human perfectly capable of handling you..."

Although Keyram stared blankly at me, it soon asked,

[What is it that I have to do?]

“What else but saving the world from the dark elves?”

[And you?]

Instead of replying, I shook my head.

[Sometimes it’s really difficult to understand. This world...]

With those words, Keyram turned away from me. As she departed, she didn’t look back once, and I watched her silently.

Ultimately, this wasn’t reality but a world of sealed memories.

No matter what I did here, nothing would change.

All I could do was learn what had transpired in this forgotten era.

– Whoosh

Suddenly, something like a black tide surged before me and spread in all directions.

“Did you enjoy yourself?”

I quickly turned my head.

“It seems you were at least aware. That there’s nothing you can do in the memories of a time already passed...”

Anastasia stood up from her death, looking at me with a strange smile.

(To be continued)