

# The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin

## chapter 6

The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin Chapter 6

Chapter 6: The Incompetent Son of the Duke (5)

Ellis Vert, the eldest daughter of the Duke Vert family.

At her father's command, she had taken up the sword from an early age.

In order to inherit the role of the guardian of the continent following her father's footsteps.

Although she was pressured with a purpose in life from the moment she was born, Ellis did not complain.

She was indeed the second child and the elder daughter of the Vert family.

As an elder daughter, she thought it was only natural to continue the legacy of her household.

The heavy and difficult responsibilities were enough to be carried by just her and Aschel; nothing more was needed.

If the younger siblings below her could escape the shackles of the family and enjoy a life of freedom, that was enough reason to be content.

Even now as she was graduating from the academy, her conviction had not changed.

But what was this?

The youngest, whom she hadn't seen for a year, suddenly stepped up claiming to continue the legacy of the household.

What was this little kid, not even dry behind the ears, thinking?

Ellis pondered.

An ignorant child, who showed no interest in the sword or martial arts, seemed to know too little of the world.

Though her heart was praiseworthy, what she was witnessing was truly something she did not desire.

To assign such a tough and difficult task to her delicate younger sister, what kind of older sister would permit that?

Honestly, she was also aware that the current situation was not right.

Fencing with her younger sibling, who was seven years younger, could have subjected her to others' finger-pointing and criticism as an unreasonable sister.

But studying the ways of the world was always necessary.

Ellis wanted to make Sian feel the wall of the household.

If he experienced a complete sense of powerlessness by being utterly outmatched, it would trigger a major change in his heart.

Although she felt somewhat sorry, if she could soothe him afterwards, she thought it would all be well in the end.

That's what she believed until her first strike was easily blocked.

".....!"

She had no intention of dragging this out.

As soon as they started, she aimed at his neck, intending to decide the outcome immediately.

The thrust she made was as natural as slicing through water.

Though it was a very fundamental and straightforward action, the technique could lead to vastly different outcomes depending on the swordsman who executed it.

Even Ellis, after mastering the move, had never once failed, such was her confidence in its perfection.

Yet, it was blocked.

And quite anticlimactically at that.

Faced with the unforeseen circumstance, her mind momentarily went blank.

Did this child just block her sword?

And at the exact intended spot without an inch of deviation?

Moreover, Sian's sword was not a wide-bladed rapier.

This suggested that he had completely read her intended move and adopted a defensive stance accordingly.

Sian, too, appeared flustered.

His expression seemed to suggest that he had blocked instinctively upon sensing the immediate threat.

Ellis retreated for the time being, creating some distance.

"Well, don't you have a good sense, Sian?"

Sian, without answering, just made a face that seemed unsure of what to do next.

Certainly, his reflexes were exceptional.

Indeed, he would not have beaten Kranz so decisively if they weren't.

Ellis quickly gathered her wits and launched another attack.

– Thud

Her next target was not Sian's neck but his sword.

By using her momentum and mass, she thought that inexperienced Sian would not withstand and would drop his sword.

This applied to everyone who had poor swordsmanship, including herself in the past.

– Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Her sword swirled accurately from all four directions—up, down, left, and right.

The blood-red blade danced up a storm under the cold night sky.

“.....”

A bead of sweat ran down Sian’s face.

However, incredibly, his sword remained solidly in contact with Ellis’s.

“.....?”

It was parried.

A sincere strike was nullified so effortlessly.

Although she was panting heavily as if she had exerted full strength, what mattered was Sian had parried her strike.

Instead of dropping the sword, not even a finger was out of place.

Strictly speaking, Sian, at ten years old, should not have been able to withstand the strength of seventeen-year-old Ellis.

Had even one strike landed properly, he should have lost hold of his weapon, yet he had withstood it?

More precisely, he had deflected it.

Ellis sensed that all of her strength went askew in the four interactions of their swords.

In other words, the moment their blades touched, Sian had redirected all the incoming force.

‘What is this child?’

Ellis was genuinely flabbergasted.

By accident or by talent, the fact remained that he had blocked her sincere strike not just once but twice.

Her blade, once hailed as a divine talent, had now been foiled by a mere child of ten...

A corner of her heart was stirring.

More than just astonishment, it was now a matter of pride.

Her desire as a swordswoman flared up, and now she even harbored the intent to subdue him.

Without a word, Ellis sheathed her sword and created more distance.

At the same time, a blue aura began to sparkle around her blade.

\* \* \*

When had he ever felt such breathlessness in a one-on-one fight?

It must have been almost ten years since his duel with the continent's top swordsman, 'Resimus.'

It was uncertain how his sister may view the situation, but he was exerting extreme subtlety and finesse in power control.

During the initial thrust and subsequent quadra-strike, he honestly had opportunities for a counterattack more than ten times.

Aiming for his neck with a sword?

If he had wanted to do so, he would have long since done it.

Even now, if he so desired, he could dislodge and aim his sword at her in a single move.

He was only managing to hold back his true nature with great effort.

But as he focused on deflecting her strikes, the duel seemed like it could persist for three more minutes...

What was his sister intending to do now?

– Swoosh

Her sword flashed with a blue aura.

He knew when he saw that light.

Was she trying to kill him?

This was no longer about continuing the family legacy; it seemed more like an attempt to cut off its sprout.

“Is this a trial too, sister?”

He tried to speak cautiously, but his sister did not reply.

She was deeply immersed in channeling the mana within her to her sword.

But, was all this necessary?

According to his memory, his sister’s current magic level was no less than 6-star.

Even when compared to academy peers of the same age, she was notably a grade higher.

So it was apparent that his sister’s pride had taken quite a blow, as she even tried using mana against a mere child of ten.

As time passed, her sword became increasingly enamored with an enchanting shade of ocean blue.

In any case, having reached this point, there was only one thing he could do.

For the first time since the duel began, he shifted his sword not to the front but to the back.

Then, he quietly touched his free hand to the blade.

– Zing

A brief light shone from the sword, then disappeared as if nothing had happened.

He too transferred mana into his sword.

As soon as the transfer was confirmed, he kicked off from his spot without hesitation.

Her sword was ready, all preparations complete.

If she were to swing it now, his body would be flung a hundred paces away.

Of course, that wouldn't happen.

That is, assuming that the two possibilities he had envisioned fully occurred.

– Schlick!

Her sword finally cut through the air diagonally, coinciding with the escapement of a blue sword qi.

At the same time, he slightly twisted his sword to meet hers.

“That is far enough!”

At that moment, a familiar male voice, along with a silver longsword, appeared from the sky.

The sword stood between him and his sister, absorbing her sword qi in an instant.

Armor decorated with golden stripes on pure white represented protection far beyond that of ordinary manor guards.

“You have crossed the line, young lady. Even if it is you, Ellis, I cannot allow this to continue.”

“Yo-You are Yu-Yulken, right.....?”

The one who stopped his sister was none other than Yulken.

She appeared quite flustered, realizing the high-ranking knight had intervened.

“You would use mana against a ten-year-old boy? Had things gone wrong, it could have been disastrous!”

His sister looked back and forth between the sword and his face for a while.

Then her cheeks flushed with the realization of what she had done.

“Wh-What is going on, seriously? I’m really sorry, Sian! I must have lost my mind for a moment!”

Suddenly, she threw away her sword and hugged him, desperately apologizing.

It was a good thing Yulken stepped in to defuse the situation; otherwise, things could have gotten quite complicated.

He hurriedly dissipated the mana he had transferred to his sword.

Neither his sister nor Yulken noticed.

The spell he had cast was , a 7-star magic—a mental spell that infiltrated specific targets with illusions, showing entwined living entities false hallucinations.

Had his sister’s sword clashed with his, she would have been unable to discern his location correctly and experienced serious confusion.

Most likely, she would have been dancing in an empty space, while he would have simply watched on and waited for time to pass.

His sister, who had been hugging him, turned to Yulken again and asked.

“But weren’t you Father’s guard knight? Why are you here?”

“I was assigned to escort Lord Sian by the Duke’s orders. Since it was an order given in secrecy, I could not inform you, my Lord. My apologies.”

“It’s okay, Yulken.”

He had been aware of Yulken’s presence since his father left for the frontlines.

It would have been odd if he hadn’t noticed his straightforward and bold demeanor.

Frankly, he had been waiting for Yulken to step in all this time.

It seemed that Yulken was hesitant because the opponent was his sister, Ellis.



“Let’s end the spar here. Could you please step aside for a moment?”

His sister politely requested Yulken to move away, maintaining courteous language throughout.

After bowing briefly, Yulken disappeared from the spot.

“Phewww.....”

His sister sighed deeply, her emotions appearing mixed.

“Where did you learn swordsmanship?”

“Nowhere. Who in this house would teach me?”

“True, I don’t know your situation either.....”

His sister was indeed the legitimate second child of the family, but she was born to a mistress.

There had been a favored female knight when his father was at the battlefield, and Ellis was the daughter born of his affection for her.

In other words, she too was a child of an affair, like him.

Which is why she especially cherished him even more.

Though her status posed disadvantages, she covered those with her talent, and no one dared to confront her carelessly within the household, not even the lady, Margaret.

“But you’re more perceptive than I expected. Why else would I have attempted to use magic?”

“If it hadn’t been for Yulken, I might have been on a stretcher right now.”

She laughed awkwardly and scratched her face.

“I showed such an inappropriate side as your sister. Far from supporting you, I almost stopped you from moving forward.....”

“It’s alright now that you realize it.”

His sister clenched her fist for a moment, then relaxed her hand and calmly asked again.

“Are you really serious about taking up the family mantle?”

He nodded in response.

“Yeah, you must have your own reasons for saying that. But it won’t be easy. It all depends on you.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

He said with a smile.

Every aspect of his future was determined by the cause-and-effect he had designed.

Within that future, his sister’s well-being was also included.

In his past life, his sister had died in a battle with monsters three years later.

It was a death far too vain for someone heralded as a child of god and as the future head of the Vert family, but he knew the secret behind her death.

She was killed not by a monster but by a very close human...

The things a person sent back to the past can change are not limited to their own future.

Regardless of what happened over the next three years, he was determined to prevent his sister’s death.

“.....”

His sister continued to stroke his hair absentmindedly, smiling brightly.

(To be continued in the next installment)