

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 91**

### **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 91-100**

Chapter 91: The Condition of Power (1)

Gunther's demand was simple.

If you want to save that runt Roy, come to the waste yard by the time I have given. If you don't, think about the consequences.

His intent was clear.

It was an act of revenge for the incident at the arena.

But, knowing it was impossible through normal means, he resorted to petty tricks instead.

It was so absurd I was at a loss for words.

"Feeling shaky and then resorting to this, Gunther you worthless scum!"

The most agitated person, however, was the manager.

"I'm sorry, sir! We'll handle this situation. Please don't worry and..."

Without responding, I walked towards the door.

"Where, where are you going now? You can't be thinking of actually going there, can you?"

"Leave the kid to me."

Shocked, she quickly blocked my path.

"Are you crazy? This is obviously a trap! If you go there, there's no telling what might happen!"

Trap, trap, huh...

If I had to define it, it's a metaphor for a scheme intended to ensnare someone else, right?

Certainly, going there would not result in anything good.

But on the other hand, the thought of me falling into any real trouble wasn't really coming to mind.

Ignoring her, I headed to the waste yard.

\* \* \*

In my past life, a similar situation had occurred.

During the war between the Ushif Empire and the Garam Kingdom, which was in full swing,

the Garam Kingdom, having been pushed onto the defensive, executed a plan to turn the tide.

That plan was to kidnap Aschel Vert, the eldest son of the Vert household.

Being the son of Vert meant that he was Aschel's son—the current head of the household at that time.

Though not of royal blood, his status as the child of a powerful figure in the empire meant he was valuable enough to be taken as a hostage.

Within the empire, there was much debate about whether to rescue him, but I said nothing.

I simply waited silently to see what decision Aschel would make.

To my surprise, instead, he asked me for advice.

What he should do, he wondered.

I told him.

Give me the command, and not only will I rescue Aschel, but I will also annihilate those who conspired against us.

I hate to admit it, but I was very angry at that time.

I was furious that they dared to resort to such petty tricks to trouble him, and I couldn't contain it.

Looking back now, it seems my desire to kill them was stronger than my wish to save his son.

No matter how I think about it now, it was truly a pitiful situation.

But life has a way of coming full circle, and now a similar situation has found me again.

The little cigarette seller?

Frankly, he's no concern of mine.

He has nothing to do with my current mission, and his death would change nothing.

He's just one of many street urchins who could die at any time and it wouldn't be out of place—a kid who happened to come across me by chance.

I might have offered him a bit of help, but that's where it ends.

I have no obligation to do anything more for him anymore.

Yes, none at all—yet somehow, my feelings now...

They aren't any different from what I felt back then.

Reasons, relations, none of it seems to matter.

In my mind now, the only thought is to kill those worthless pieces of trash in the waste yard.

\* \* \*

With every step I take, odors assail my senses.

Specifically, two kinds of smells.

One is the nauseating stench of discarded waste.

And the other, all too familiar to me, is the smell of human blood.

Only this time, the tang is unusually pungent.

I didn't particularly want to know why.

It's not something of great importance to me.

Although I didn't make it a point to notice, I realized that quite a number of people had been watching me along the way.

Yet none of them dared to approach.

It's rather ironic.

Even those worthless lowlifes feel fear and tremble from a distance, while the one that has already lost an arm doesn't even realize his place and keeps blustering.

As I proceeded with meaningless thoughts, I arrived at the appointed place.

"You've come?"

Gunther, seated arrogantly atop a pile of refuse, gave me a satisfied smile.

"Frankly, I'm surprised! I did tell you to come, but that you would actually come all the way here over that brat? You're more sentimental than you look!"

I ignored the guy for a moment and looked around.

A heap of metallic waste with no discernible purpose.

Strangely enough, what isn't waste, but oddly familiar, are the white fragments strewn about.

I already know what they are.

Human bones.

There must be hundreds, judging by the number scattered around.

A burial ground this is not, why human bones are here is something he probably knows.

“Looking at your eyes, you’ve guessed, haven’t you? You’re curious why there are human bones here.”

I tilted my head, inviting him to continue his story.

“Do you know the meaning of waste? It’s simple! It means to throw away what’s no longer usable. This place is for disposing of such useless things.”

He proudly extended his remaining arm.

“As I said before, I conquered the Lambert Cage, but having killed someone during a match, I was expelled from there. I had no regrets. I considered I had enjoyed it enough! So I left the place with joy in my heart!”

His eyes gleamed with malice.

“But no sooner had I stepped out, I was joyously greeted by strangers! One without an arm, another with a crushed knee, and yet another with a completely deformed face! I couldn’t remember, but they all said it was my doing?”

Considering his lifestyle, it’s odd if he didn’t have enemies.

“They came for revenge! Their lives became useless because of me, they said. On hearing that, I thought: shouldn’t something that’s become useless be eliminated from this world? Like this waste? What’s the difference when it comes to a human?”

He threw the bone in his hand back into the pile among the waste.

As if to suggest they were all the same.

“And then I had another thought. What about eliminating humans who’ve become useless like them? After all, living on will have no meaning, right? Maybe I’m doing them a favor, no?”

Listening to him, I couldn’t help but throw out a comment.

“Isn’t that your own standard?”

“Then answer me! Who sets such standards? Invisible gods? If anything, within this waste yard, aren’t I like a god? If I decide to dispose of humans at my own discretion, who’s there to stop me? Right?”

I had an idea from the nonsense he spouted in the arena.

Useless waste must be discarded.

Hence, useless humans must be removed from this world.

Quite a simple, yet trivial logic.

“You say one should be discarded if they’re useless. So, having lost one arm, doesn’t that make you a useless human, too? Shouldn’t you be discarded the same way?”

“Lost an arm? Who? Me? What are you talking about!”

-Whirring

He manifested mana in his remaining hand and placed it on the empty shoulder.

“Create: Hands of Nature!”

-Crunching

The spell conjured from the magic circle produced fine clay.

Like sculpting a clay figure, the form gradually took shape, creating a new arm.

What nonsense.

Just when someone claims that things that have become useless should be discarded, there he is, nonchalantly using creation magic.

It wasn’t even worth shaking my head at the absurdity.

“I never had anything against you. I thought you’d be a good wake-up call, nestled in trash! However, having seen the look in your eyes, I changed my mind! That contemptuous look, as if you were belittling your opponent! Just like that infuriating woman!”

He stretched out his newly created arm as if to show it off to me.

“Did you really think you could face me with that newly made arm?”

“Of course, not! I hate to admit it, but among the men I’ve seen, you’re truly among the strongest! No matter how I thought about it, the idea that I could win didn’t come to me!”

Knowing this, he still created this situation?

“But you know what? Eventually, the outcome of a fight comes down to one thing: who lives and who dies! If I live and you die, in the end, I’m the one who emerges victorious!”

-A flick

With a signal, the thugs hiding nearby began to gather around.

Each held strange metallic devices in their hands.

Without hesitation, they activated their devices.

-Humming

“...!”

Suddenly the air around us grew heavy, and then I felt a tremendous amount of pressure bearing down on me.

If I remember correctly, this is not magic but the effect of an artifact known as ‘Gravity Zone.’

It heightens gravity within a certain area to severely limit movement.

Ordinarily, any average person would find it impossible even to stand, the pain being too great.

“Wow? Holding up pretty well? It wasn’t intended for you, but I don’t mind using it on someone like you.”

I have to acknowledge it.

He prepared quite the impressive trap just for me.

“Now, I’m going to turn you, perfectly well, into useless waste! Then, you’ll peacefully sleep among these bones! I won’t let it end easily, so let’s see you withstand this with full power!”

Full power?

I chuckled involuntarily.

Pushing me with strange words like 'do your best' and 'use full power,'

Isn't that a laugh?

To exhaust all my strength against such people?

After all, this is neither Belias nor the Academy.

Even he calls me Sion, so here, no one knows I'm Sian Vert.

Except for one person.

[Shall I help?]

Ceyram asked with a seductive smile.

"No."

There is no need to use her.

You want me to use full power?

Regrettably, in this world, there is only one person I wish to face with all my strength.

Instead, I can try my best.

I'll give my best to inflict the most excruciating pain a human can feel on him.

As I always have.

-Tap

Finally ready, he burst from his position and rushed at me.

Certainly, his movement was twice, no, three times faster than what he had shown in the arena.



His speed reminiscent of an arrow despite his size equal to a bear, surely a destructive movement.

But what of it?

Before me, it was nothing but the squirming of a worm.

I clenched the mana sphere created in my palm and drew my hand back.

-Whiff

There was nothing special about the move I was about to make.

The most basic posture a human takes when training their body. A straight punch.

Against the charging figure, I calmly threw my fist forward.

-Boom!

Our fists met naturally, causing a strong resonance and waves to spread out in all directions, but those waves soon leaned to one side.

“...!”

There was no need for a crack to form.

The moment his fist touched mine, it disintegrated into powder and scattered.

Unable to withstand the shockwave, his body was flung into the heap of waste.

-Thump

The lesson was over.

His face, buried in the waste, said it all—warped into a showcase of true despair, a stark contrast from just five seconds earlier.

“What, what is this? How can this be?”

Humans are creatures that succumb to despair more easily than any other when they face their limits.

Perhaps that was why he wanted me to try my hardest.

He intended to show me the limit which could never be overcome, to give me a profound sense of despair and futility.

Obviously, that's far from reality.

I made my way towards him with steady steps.

"What are you, exactly? This is a completely different level! How can I be so powerless against you?"

A face full of despair and denial, crisscrossed with questions.

Every time I performed purification work, I saw the same expressions on them.

Although he wasn't on the list of targets my Lord had given me, adding one more wouldn't hurt.

Looking down at him, I inquired softly.

"How many were there?"

"..."

He said nothing.

"The humans you claimed to have disposed of. How many were there?"

Whether he couldn't remember or had suddenly gone mute, judging by the number of scattered bones around, the number seemed close to a thousand.

-Humming

Taking out Ceyram, I spoke.

"I'll split you exactly into a thousand pieces."

Then, if I throw him into the trash, he'll be disposed of on his own.

Soon, the pained screams of a man writhing in agony echoed throughout the waste yard.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 92**

Chapter 92: The Condition of Power (2)

On the opposite side of the waste disposal site lay the hideout of the district members.

After checking the child's condition, the guard shook his head.

“He's already dead. It seems the crime was committed with the intention to kill from the start. It's been about an hour, I'd say.....”

In fact, the condition of the body made it evident.

An arm was severed, and the body was covered in bruises – clear signs of torture.

The child must have suffered in agony until the moment death claimed him.

“Gunther!!”

Lisa, with fury like a roaring lioness, radiated anger.

Her expression suggested she would rush to the perpetrator and do unto them as they did.

“Hold yourself together, Miss Lisa! Even if we can't do anything for the child, shouldn't we manage the situation?”

At the mention of managing the situation, Lisa let out an enigmatic chuckle.

“Manage? Of course, we must! So, tell me, what should we do to 'manage' this situation?”

The question was posed, but no answer returned.

They had nothing else they could say,

and it was only after some time that a guard, following much contemplation, finally spoke up.

“I do not know if this is the right thing to say, but shouldn’t we just stand by and watch?”

“What do you mean by that?”

Lisa pressed for an explanation.

“Anyway, wasn’t there already a plan to dispose of that boy? If Gunther does it for us, wouldn’t this be a good situation for us where we don’t need to exert any effort...?”

Upon this, some of the guards nodded.

They did not verbalize it, but they were also considering this.

If the two were to confront each other, inevitably one would die.

If we just watch and reap the benefits, wouldn’t that be the best outcome?

On the other hand, Lisa wore an expression of unfathomable emptiness.

“Really? Is that really a good thing for us?”

The reason Gunther lured the boy was simple.

To kill him.

To this end, he kidnapped a child connected to the boy, who then sought out Gunther in response.

What then?

Could Gunther really kill the boy?

Lisa, doubting this, felt a certainty emerge.

It was near impossible, as close to perfection as could be.

Why?

Because, in the boy's eyes that headed to the waste disposal yard to find Gunther,

she detected a murderous intent so vile and appalling, unlike anything she had experienced before.

She felt such a foreign emotion that she couldn't even consider the boy could die or be capable of killing.

".....?"

Suddenly, an unfamiliar presence tinged with the scent of blood was felt from behind.

"A visitor?!"

As Lisa turned around, she thought she was mistaken for a moment.

But soon her heart pounded, and her nerves fired.

What was this situation?

She had only closed and opened her eyes, and there, where there had been no one before, stood the boy drenched in blood.

The boy's face still showed a clear murderous intent.

"....."

The boy himself remained expressionless, just looking at the child's corpse.

He asked no questions and said nothing.

It was as if his gaze alone was enough to understand the situation.

After a not-so-short silence, the boy finally stepped away.

He then pulled something from his pocket and placed it on the child's chest without a word.

"Clear the room by today....."

With those impassive final words, the boy turned around.

Until he vanished completely from sight, no one dared to speak.

On the corpse, a lonely golden name tag shone pathetically.

\* \* \*

How should I describe it?

It isn't that I felt particularly good or bad, but at the same time, it wasn't dispassion either.

Only a bit unfamiliar.

As I said before, I didn't feel a particular grief over the death of the child.

I had expected it anyway.

But at first sight of the corpse, I knew.

The stiffening blood and the discoloration of the face.

He had died approximately an hour ago.

For some reason, from the moment I realized this, this thought came to me.

Had I not wasted my time on Gunther and rushed over, could I have saved the child?

[Our master's face looks utterly dismayed. Are you feeling any regrets?]

Ceyram mocked me for showing such an expression.

Regrets.

Is that what I'm supposed to call this feeling I'm experiencing now?

"Kek!"

I laughed involuntarily, feeling a sense of thrill from this new experience.

It's ridiculous.

The last time I experienced regret was when my body was pierced by the holy sword.

Hadn't I pledged at that time?

For me alone, I will fulfill everything by myself.

For me to regret my actions now,

That is absolutely unacceptable.

"I couldn't even call for him....."

[Call what?]

"His name....."

I wonder if it will remain in my mind for a long time.

\* \* \*

"Gunther is dead?"

A tremor of disbelief ran through Morris's voice.

"Yes! The body was in hundreds of pieces. It was difficult to identify, but there was no doubt it was Gunther!"

"The Gravity Zone?"

"It seems utterly destroyed, not usable at all....."

At the word 'destruction,' Morris gave a bitter laugh.

"I was worried I had sold it too cheaply, but that scoundrel couldn't use it properly and just destroyed it? Tsk, tsk. It's a waste of good material....."

Morris's reaction was calmer than expected.

Even if he once dominated the arena and now controlled the western district of Lambert, how could he not be shocked at being outsmarted by a mere boy?

The subordinate who had brought the report couldn't comprehend it.

“So where did this boy Sion go?”

“That’s the thing, he hasn’t returned to the cage. He probably cleared out his lodgings.....”

-Bang!

At this, an infuriated Morris slammed his desk.

“What! That means he could leave the city?!”

“That’s... possible, sir.....”

Such a stark contrast to the composure he showed just moments ago.

“You fools! What have you been doing if not following him closely? He can’t have gone far yet. Get out there and find the boy! Mobilize everyone available, if necessary!”

“Y-Yes!”

The sudden order sent the subordinate scurrying away.

“How could I let a discovered demonic sword slip through my fingers like this! Whatever it takes, it must end up in my hands!”

An enigmatic smile lingered on his lips.

“Mo, Morris, sir!”

Was it a minute later?

The subordinate who had bolted returned with haste.

“We’ve got word from Delkia Bridged!”

“Delkia? What for?”

“That boy Sion has appeared in the entertainment district! And it seems like an opportunity has come, so they’re asking you to come quickly.....!”

With that, Morris surged from his seat.



“The gods favor me!”

\* \* \*

Click-clack, click-clack

The hurried and expectant footsteps of a woman echoed down the corridor.

Delkia Bridged, the controller of the eastern entertainment district.

Her refined makeup and outfit that was both flamboyant yet modest accentuated her formidable presence.

Although her face showed restraint, an uncontrollable smile occasionally twitched at her lips, a sight both eerie and amusing.

Eventually arriving in front of a room, she took a short breath before entering.

Inside was the boy with black hair, his proud eyes exactly the same as when she first met him.

“I truly appreciate you accepting my invitation, Mr. Sion.....”

She bowed slightly, revealing ample cleavage, but the boy seemed entirely indifferent.

His gaze was unfalteringly indifferent, scanning the room rather than focusing on Delkia.

“Did you know I would come?”

“It is not a boast, but I have yet to encounter a man who has not stepped foot in this place after receiving my invitation. At least among the men, that is.”

However, Delkia was unaware.

The boy’s reason for visiting this ill-fitting place had nothing to do with her assumptions.

“You look rather unwell. Have you had an unpleasant experience? Just let me know! There are many amusements prepared here to lift your spirit, Mr. Sion! You will surely like them!”

Despite an offer most men would find hard to refuse, the boy remained silent.

His indifferent gaze was aimed precisely under the left side of the desk, at the empty floor.

“.....”

A bead of sweat ran from Delkia’s forehead, gliding down her neck to her chest.

A heat began to rise within her, as if she couldn’t contain it.

‘It’s dangerous. I can’t hold back.....’

The longer she watched the boy, the more her desires surged.

Like a hungry lioness unable to bear the sight of its prey.

-Swish

Pulling herself together, she took a small bottle from her pocket and silently began to brew tea in a corner out of the boy’s view.

“You should have some tea to ease your mind. If you have anything to say, do speak! I am here to listen.....”

As she said this, her suggestive smile seemed finally to draw the boy’s attention.

“.....”

Thick fragrance of blossoms rose with the steam.

One minute of silence passed.

The boy’s gaze finally shifted to Delkia.

“I didn’t feel like this before I got here.....”

Weighty gravity could be heard in his voice.

“Let me ask you one thing. How many have you done?”

“What, what do you mean?”

His eyes met the bare floor as the boy spoke of the filthy aura emitted by someone who had committed a foul act.

“That cage manager warned me. He said to be careful since the entertainment district’s controller has extremely finicky tastes. But he probably didn’t know what specifically to beware of.”

“What, what are you talking about.....”

With difficulty, she managed to speak, but found herself unable to move.

As if something invisible was constricting her.

“Kik.....!”

The boy suddenly laughed out loud, still gazing at the empty air.

Delkia could not make head or tail of it.

-Clatter

Silently, the boy downed the tea she had brewed.

“.....!”

With a thud, the boy’s face hit the table and he collapsed just 3 seconds after drinking.

After 10 seconds of regained silence, Delkia finally broke out in laughter.

“Kyahaha!”

(To be continued)

Editor’s Musing:

This is the first time I felt sad for a side character that got offed just because he met the mc.

# The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin

## chapter 93

Chapter 93: The Condition of Power (3)

“Amazing, Delkia! I never thought you’d have finished the job before I even arrived!”

Upon arriving at the scene, Morris could not restrain his admiration.

A boy lay unconscious, wrapped not in his clothes, but in fine white silk, while Delkia looked on with satisfaction.

“All the items you mentioned have been taken care of. They’re over there; have a look.”

She pointed towards a silver chest placed nearby.

Without hesitation, Morris rushed over and opened the chest.

“Ah...!”

Inside was a purple demonic sword, laid gracefully.

Morris let out an inarticulate moan of deep emotion.

“To be honest, I was a bit surprised. It doesn’t matter to me what the item is, but coming from a merchant like you, I didn’t expect you’d resort to stealing.”

Morris replied with a laugh.

“Ha ha. A true merchant, you see, when faced with a once-in-a-lifetime item, will not hesitate to spend his entire fortune to acquire it. If purchasing is out of the question, then stealing it is the next best option. This sword is such an item to me.”

The intensity of his obsession was palpable as he gently stroked the sword.

Delkia felt the same intensity.

Now that they had obtained what they wanted,  
all they sought was some uninterrupted time alone.

“Now that we’ve both gotten what we wanted, our contract is over, right? You’re free to enjoy your stay here, but don’t try to find me for a while.”

“Don’t worry, Delkia. If anything, that’s my line.”

Delkia carefully picked up the unconscious boy and walked out, leaving Morris alone in the room.

“Finally, it’s just the two of us. Oh, noble demonic sword! You have no idea how long I have waited for this moment!”

As if performing a ritual, he knelt and started praying fervently.

Moved by his devotion, or so it seemed, a black mist began to rise from the silent demonic sword.

– Ssssss

Something seemed to be moving within the mist that filled the room, and Morris watched eagerly.

Before long, the mist transformed into the shape of someone he had long yearned to reunite with.

At the peak of his joy, Morris shouted...

– Pop

...and the shape disappeared as if it were an illusion.

“ ... ”

Morris was unable to hide his confusion.

“Demonic sword? What is happening...?”

The dense fog in the room had vanished, and a strange, new energy began to spread from behind him.

It was as if an invisible blade was aimed at his nape, or more precisely, as if the scythe of a grim reaper accompanied by an orchestra was wrapped around his entire neck.

Morris found himself unable to turn around.

Rather, his neck wouldn't move, as if it were nailed in place, no matter how hard he tried.

At that moment, Morris thought,

Behind him was a demon from hell, contemplating the perfect moment to sever his head.

“Disappointed, I see?”

And the demon's voice,

“Because it wasn't the demonic sword you were hoping for...”

strangely resembled that of a familiar boy.

—

Directly below the room where the boy was put to sleep,

in an underground space accessible only to a select employee of this entertainment district.

Having placed the sleeping boy on a bed, Delkia quickly lit the room.

As each candle was lit, revealing the hidden corners of the room, Delkia paid them no mind.

“Finally! Finally, Sion, it's just the two of us here! A place where no one else can come, where we won't be disturbed by anything. To be here with you...”

Delkia gently stroked the boy's cheek.

“You wouldn't understand! How much I've longed for you! Your face is so beautiful and adorable, unlike anything in this world! The thought of it disappearing is simply unthinkable!”

The euphoric laughter filled the basement, showing no signs of subsiding, its bizarre echoes reverberating through the space.

“But don’t worry, Sion! I’ll make sure it doesn’t happen. You will stay forever beautiful, like an undying gem, within my realm!”

Like a connoisseur preparing to savor the finest dish, Delkia slowly began to undo her clothing.

She thought to herself,

At this moment, no one else could enter this space.

Only she and the boy were permitted within.

She had no doubt they could enjoy this ecstatic moment without any interference.

“...?!”

However, she soon had to doubt her eyes.

Greeted by nothing but white silk upon her return after completing the preparations, the boy who had been lying there quietly had vanished without a trace.

“What, what the...?”

Frantically searching the bed brought her no closer to finding the disappeared boy.

But tangled in the silk that had enveloped the boy was something unfamiliar.

“...?”

It was a dagger.

A purplish blade with a black gem embedded in the hilt.

If her memory served correctly, this was the dagger she had taken from the boy and handed to Morris.

“H-how could this be...?”

[Disappointed, I see?]

A chill ran down her spine as her body stiffened with a sudden coldness.

An unfamiliar woman's voice, something she had never heard before.

Thinking she had misheard, Delkia attempted to look around hastily, but for some reason, her body wouldn't respond.

[Did they say you had a penchant for little boys? Finding sexual desire in such young chicks, what an interesting taste.]

Straining to lift her eyes, Delkia soon realized there was an enigmatic figure standing before her.

She couldn't see the face.

All she could see was a mass of black hair falling to the knees.

[Well, I must admit! You're one of the most insane I've encountered.]

The owner of the voice seemed to find the surrounding sights particularly intriguing, wandering around the basement freely.

Delkia could only observe the dagger in front of her.

[Not only do you feel sexual desire for young boys, but you also preserve their appearance as it is... I get it, though! The unchanging beauty is an eternal ideal sought by all living beings.]

A cold touch glided down her cheek slowly moving downwards.

Eventually, gripping her chin, it gently lifted her head, and the walls adorned with numerous works came into her line of sight.

[Your skill is indeed commendable. Even I would applaud these works.]

"...!"

Could these truly be called 'works'?

It was a sight so grotesque that it could induce vomiting and make one want to cover their face.



Bodies embalmed in bizarre postures that were hard to understand hung on the wall.

All of them were boys.

Some were naked, some in their underwear, and some even had their skin peeled off,

It was so bizarre and gruesome that one might doubt a human hand was responsible.

However, Delkia was more bewildered than surprised.

After all, she was the one who had created this space.

But the tremors in her eyes betrayed her current emotions.

“Who are you? Why are you here...?”

Delkia barely managed to utter her question.

A chilling laugh that felt like it could sever nerves followed.

[It's understandable. Your eye for beauty is keen. A bit picky, but anyone would find them attractive enough to devour. But there was this saying, mess with a man who has an owner, and you might just get shattered...]

“What do you mean?”

[You wouldn't have known. Probably he didn't either. How much I've gritted my teeth, watching you lick your lips at that child, a few days ago in the cage, and just before now...]

The once amused voice turned deadly in an instant. [“How dare you...! To cast such a vile gaze on my master?”]

As Delkia's face convulsed with the onset of a deeply negative energy that could not be simply described as anger or resentment.

It wasn't that she was trembling out of fear herself, but rather the unidentified hand gripping her jaw was shaking violently with emotional turmoil.

“Ugh!”

Delkia managed to regain her senses and shook off the hand.

– Bang

She hurriedly made for the door to escape the scene, but couldn't even grasp the doorknob.

An invisible, transparent obstacle completely blocked her way.

["It's no use. You're already trapped within my barrier."]

– Click clack

The slow approach of death's footsteps.

Yet, Delkia could see nothing.

Unaware of where it was coming from or what was about to happen, she was gripped by an unknown fear.

["But I'm a benevolent demonic sword, you see. I'll give you some last moments. Say goodbye to the children who passed through your hands. It'll be your last chance to see anything with your eyes...."]

However, her surroundings were already seized by an unidentifiable black mist.

– Click

Then, a pale hand emerged from the mist and grasped Delkia's face.

Icy coldness, as if to freeze even her blood.

No ordinary human could maintain their sanity upon feeling such a sensation.

["Ah, but there's no need for that, is there? After all, once you fall to hell, you'll meet those children again. Look forward to a joyful reunion~"]

Delkia finally faced it.

Sitting in the black mist, looking intently at her were the red eyes of its owner.

An entity that could not be described as human, with no adjectives adequate to explain,

A being from another dimension.

Soon, a deathly scream tearing through the darkness and silence would fill the basement.

\*\*\*

“If you encounter something you’ll never see again in your life, by all means, go to lengths to acquire it. Not a bad idea. If you want something, you might as well steal it.”

The problem is that it’s not right to acquire it unjustly.

“But, you should think the opposite too, right? If it’s something you’re willing to give your all to obtain, surely the person who possesses it would also be desperately trying to protect it?”

To the point of never allowing anyone close again.

“Si, Sion, why are you here? Delkia must have taken you...”

“Ah, it’s nothing. That insane pedophile found someone who wanted me more...”

Not that they’re exactly people anyway.

I continued, sitting at a desk with a jar placed on it.

“Well, I do find it attractive too. A bit cumbersome, but one of a kind. A sword you can’t find anywhere else in this world...”

Since ancient times, flowers attract bees, and jewels attract thieves.

Why would swords be any different?

Renowned swordsmen would flock to feel its edge.

But this is different.

Just trash not knowing their place, indulging in petty desires,

How could I not be enraged?

– Thump

After knocking them down by kicking their ankle and grabbing the back of their neck to meet their gaze, I said,

“You are facing a being... you could never possibly touch....”

Coincidentally, the number of targets for my task had increased by one, or maybe two, but what can I do?

It's not something I can't handle.

I slowly raised my tightly clenched fist.

I don't particularly prefer using fists.

They're not very satisfying to use and hard to control, but

For such scum, it's better I dirty my hands than allow Calamity to be tainted.

All I can wish for is they live as long as possible.

To feel the utmost pain.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 94**

Chapter 94: The Condition of Power (4)

-Hoong

As I wiped the blood off with a towel, the mist in the room was fully reabsorbed.

This room has been enveloped by my restrictive barrier since that madwoman entered.

Since it used the power of the mist instead of mana, there was no way an ordinary person could have noticed.

After finishing the task, my gaze naturally turned downward.

I handed it over because she asked me to, but somehow I felt uneasy.

I decided to head down to the basement where another operation was underway.

My goodness.

I had to laugh, but I quickly covered my nose.

I was now standing in front of a cellar door.

Below the room where I dealt with that perverted merchant.

It wasn't locked, but I couldn't enter.

Another being had set up a restrictive barrier in front of the door.

In other words, whatever was happening inside, there was absolutely no way to tell from the outside.

But what about that intense smell of blood seeping through the crack of the door?

What did they do that even the smell of blood could leak through the barrier?

The barrier was soon lifted, and I entered without delay.

[You're here~?]

Ceyram greeted me with an innocently pure face.

Honestly, the surroundings caught my attention more than her.

It might as well be called a demon's feasting table.

"What on earth have you done?"

[What? It's a proper purification process!]

Somehow the meaning of a purification process seemed to have been distorted.

The body of that madwoman that should have been there was nowhere to be seen.

It wasn't completely gone.

Perhaps these fist-sized chunks of flesh and white fragments were the remaining parts of her.

So much so that I, who am more accustomed to the smell of blood than food, had to cover my nose.

[You have to do a thorough job, right? If it's half-hearted, it's worse than not doing it at all.]

Ceyram licked the blood off her lips with a seductive smile, and I couldn't help but smirk at her brazenness.

[You're the same, aren't you? Your hands are all raw from the beatings. I must have been quite precious, huh?]

I decided not to respond to such transparent attempts to provoke.

Turning my gaze away from Ceyram, my eyes finally shifted to the corpses stuck to the wall.

There were so many of them that they nearly filled the entire wall surface.

I couldn't understand what they were trying to express with those bizarre poses; it furrowed my brow.

All of them boys of an age similar to mine.

They must have been here for some time, dead but not decayed, eternally suffering in this place, yet receiving no more attention than that street urchin selling tobacco.

The view only soured my mood.

Leaving them be wouldn't do any good.

I created a small fireball in my hand and threw it directly at the wall.

-Whoosh

The fire consumed the layered corpses and spread in all directions, the rising flames soon enveloping the entire wall.

I really have changed.

Whether it was Mist's mission or the Empire's orders, I always completed the given task and left. Since when did I start meddling in others' affairs?

[Those chicks must have been quite pitiful to you? You even performed a requiem for them?]

I replied indifferently.

"I'm just doing it because I can. I have no other intentions."

Better to act when possible than to live with regret.

\* \* \*

"What do you mean by that?"

Unable to control her agitation, Lisa rose from her seat.

It had only been a few hours since she saw Gunther's body, a sight so grotesque it was hard to believe it was the work of a human, and she hadn't had time to recover from the shock. Now, new information had arrived that a fire had broken out in Delkia's entertainment district.

From the serious look on the guard's face, it was clear this was no mere fire.

"I-it seems they're putting out the fire and trying to assess the situation in the entertainment district, but... there's some strange talk."

"Strange talk? What are you talking about?"

The guard hesitated to speak.

"Hurry up and tell me! Who was he meeting with?"

“Th-the boy named Sion, he was meeting with Delkia!”

Her face twisted instantly.

“Wh-who did you say?”

Although she asked again, even having heard clearly, the situation forced her to inquire.

“S-Sion?”

Lisa looked like someone whose soul had partially departed.

However, her appearance did not last.

As if something clicked in her mind, Lisa raced out of the Cage.

“L-Lisa!”

She ignored the guard’s call, charging headlong to an uncertain destination, her face a mixture of complex emotions.

-Burst

This place, which she reached with more urgency than ever, always had the same woman sitting majestically to greet her.

“Li-Lindsay. There’s been a fire in the entertainment district! It must be that boy...”

“Calm down. I already know, no need to tell me.”

The woman’s expression was very serious, unlike before.

“Did they really expect only me to be the target?”

As if enveloped by doubts, Lindsay stroked her lips with her fingers.

Her contemplation didn’t last long.

“Lisa?”

“Yes, Lindsay...”



“Prepare yourself.”

At the word “prepare,” a fierce light sparked in Lisa’s eyes.

“If that boy is going to come this way soon...”

Lindsay’s lips curved into a semi-circle.

Meanwhile, an inexplicable smoke started to rise around them.

\* \* \*

-Creak

The interior was emptier than expected.

All it had was an old desk and chair.

There were no barriers, not even a trace of mana.

It was embarrassingly bare for a secret space.

However, it was not devoid of people.

A woman with short hair, whose presence was unknown to me, was giving me a strange smile as though she had been expecting me.

“Welcome. It’s been a while since I’ve invited someone here.”

There was no familiarity.

I hadn’t even passed her in the streets; she was an absolute stranger.

But she didn’t feel completely unknown.

It was a strange feeling, as though she and I shared something in common.

“Who sent you here? Was it Morris, or Delkia? Surely not Gunther... he wouldn’t have told you.”

“Gunther.”

She raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“Really? That ruffian isn’t one to kindly teach. But then again, there’s no trick before torture; I guess he had no choice. It’s a bit pitiful that he’s dead now?”

Do you know the best way to hide your emotions?

To keep smiling consistently.

Not a smile of joy, but one that mocks the other.

The woman in front of me is a perfect example.

I don’t like it.

She’s one of the types of people I truly detest.

“Are you Lindsay Nihalov?”

“Well, I’m known by that here. Whether I’m the Lindsay Nihalov you’re looking for... I don’t know.”

“What do you mean?”

-Zzzt

Suddenly, the woman’s folded arms wavered fuzzily.

A healthy person’s body wouldn’t blur like that unless it was a ghost.

Meaning that the person I was seeing was not quite human.

“You’re not an actual physical being.”

“Even to an assassin who has come to kill me, I can’t fully reveal myself.”

So she already knows my purpose?

“By the looks of it, you’re no different, are you? I doubt there’s anyone in this city who remembers your face.”

I frowned immediately.

“What are you?”

“You clearly lack manners, young man. Don’t you introduce yourself before asking someone’s identity? Isn’t ‘she’ teaching you?”

She?

“Silica Nigrity... She’s the one who ordered my death.”

“.....”

There was silence for nearly 10 seconds.

It seemed like time was needed to process things.

She knew of the assassination, and although it wasn’t certain, she seemed aware of my abilities.

To that extent, it made sense.

But the most crucial part was that the name of the head sprang from this mysterious woman in this situation.

The only conclusion I could draw was clear.

This woman, she’s associated with Mist.

-Sssss

A familiar yet strange black mist unfolded before my eyes ostentatiously.

“It’s funny how little one can know of the world. That stuffy woman becoming the leader of Mist seemed like a miracle worth maintaining.”

My mood rapidly soured.

There were several reasons, but the prominent one was the look in this unknown woman’s eyes — that despicable smile failing to conceal her inner negativity.

“It’s a bit confusing. If you learned where I am through Gunther, you should’ve come straight here. Were they also part of your task targets?”

“No, you were alone.”

I saw no need to hide it, so I told her, prompting her to burst into laughter.

“Oh, it’s been a while since I’ve laughed so hard. So it was a personal reason for killing them? Interesting. An assassin blatantly showing their presence...”

“I never said I killed them.”

“Don’t play dumb next time. At least clear away the blood scent. I don’t know what you’ve done, but you reek of their death wails. I’d appreciate it if you noticed.”

The way she spoke and the energy she gave off didn’t seem like some low-ranking member who halfway understood Mist.

She’s at least at an executive level, maybe even comparable to the lord.

Did the lord send me knowing this?

She leaned forward, scrutinizing my face as if admiring a painting.

“It’s fascinating. You have the merciless eyes of a murderer, yet there’s a hint of hesitation somewhere.”

Hesitation?

It was so ridiculous I couldn’t even muster a smile.

Regardless of her connection to the organization, my mission was to kill her.

“So, how long do you plan to hide in the mist? Don’t you think it’s about time to stop wagging your tongue? Or perhaps you’re hoping I’ll find you to the end?”

“Of course not. I just wanted to check something! I was curious about the extent of Silica’s child’s power. Moreover...”

A murderous, eerie smile crept across her lips.

“How will it compare to my child?”

“.....!”

Suddenly, a sharp threat surged from under the desk where she had been sitting.

-Bang!

I swiftly retreated as the desk split in half with a burst, obstructing my view.

-Clang!

I blocked a thrown dagger with Ceyram as it slipped through the broken desk halves.

“What?!”

I flinched upon seeing the face of the sword’s owner.

Though familiar, the atmosphere felt too transformed, like looking at a different person with the same face.

“.....”

The golden name tag pinned to her right chest sparkled clearly.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 95**

Chapter 95: The Condition of Power (5)

Honestly, I was a bit surprised.

The posture as she gripped the sword,  
the demonic strength transmitted from the tip of the sword,  
and even her skill in utilizing the space around her.

I had anticipated that she was not just a mere manager, but she was proving to be more than that.

And above all, those eyes.

The intense desire to kill me emanated like an expanding inferno.

Didn't she say if you want to live, leave this city as soon as possible?

That was just a few hours ago, a completely different air from her indecisiveness then.

Lindsay was watching from behind with a pleased smile.

-Sreung

The brief standoff continued for only a moment before she drew another sword from her waist.

-Chang Chang Chang

Four smooth, flowing sword strikes followed, none of them too big or too repetitive, reminding me of the flapping of a butterfly's wings.

Of course, none was a threat to reach me.

Given the cramped space of about 3 pyeong, any big movements would be meaningless in such a situation.

She would surely be aware of that.

I discreetly stepped back one foot to create a little more distance, then naturally switched my grip on the hilt and put my retreating foot forward again.

I raised my sword diagonally once, and then lifted it halfway for another straight strike.

-Chang Chang

She easily blocked the strikes as if she had predicted my movements.

However, if she thought that was all, she was mistaken.

I continued the earlier two strikes in a natural sequence and commenced another slash.

-Shook

One diagonal slice from the lower right,

-Chang

and then quickly reversing my grip for another vertical strike.

There was slight confusion on her face after the fourth strike, which she apparently hadn't anticipated, but she still managed to parry without faltering.

Sadly, we were not done yet.

There was just 1 cm to go before my retreating foot reached the ground again.

I lifted my arm that had just sliced vertically and, aiming for the center, I thrust it forward smoothly.

-Kang

She finally failed to block the last chained attack, and one of her swords flew into the air.

The look of panic was clear on her face.

“.....”

Approximately 5 seconds passed as the ejected sword embedded itself into the ground.

I took no action during that time.

Sometimes inaction can inflict a deeper wound.

I was sure she understood the implications of my behavior.

-Udeuk

Hesitating, as if unsure what to do next, she soon ground her teeth.

She realized she had been ignored.

Her eyes not only contained the will to kill but now also harbored venom.

Unconcerned, I just silently waited for her next move.

-Shook

With a lightning-fast movement, she regained her sword and assumed her stance again.

-Chang

This time, she tried nothing fancy, merely thrusting with both swords.

I felt a considerable pressure emanating from the crossed blades.

While she was certainly an adult woman, she had chosen to rely on strength, presumably because she still held a physical advantage over me in terms of size.

“.....!”

It wasn't just brute force that I felt.

There was a will to definitely kill me, a desperation behind it.

Distracted by such fascinating feelings, I found myself being pushed back and pinned against the wall.

“.....there is none.”

In the midst of trying to throw her off, she suddenly whispered something.

“What?”

“I don't harbor personal feelings.....”

A snicker rose within me.

I didn't even bother with feelings and such; that didn't concern me, but she seems to be quite mistaken.

“Look here, Manager.”

I broke the silence calmly.



“.....!?”

“Such words should be reserved for when you have absolute confidence that you’re in a position of superiority over your opponent.”

She didn’t respond, but her eyes conveyed clear acknowledgment.

“Do you think you have the right to speak to me in that manner?”

I released a bit of the pressure I was holding back and thrust forward.

“.....!”

Caught off-guard by the sudden application of force, her balance was disrupted.

-Grip

I seized that opportunity and immediately tightened my grip around her throat.

“Keuk!”

It wasn’t a full repression.

Even though I held her throat, her hands were still free.

She managed to grasp her remaining sword just in time and switched to a quick counter-attack.

-Kang!

Of course, any strike she made had no chance against me.

Deflecting her blow like running water, her sword was thrown out in a wide arc.

Now, without any means to attack, she was utterly defenseless.

As her last attempt at retaliation was effortlessly blocked, the fiery will within her flickered and died out like a snuffed candle.

“Ha.....”

With a hopeless sigh, she closed her eyes entirely.

She sensed her defeat.

Whether she was quick to acknowledge it or quick to give up,

I didn't hesitate for a moment more and drove Ceyram down on her.

-Kung

As her body hit the ground with a loud thud, dust rose in the air.

After another 5 seconds of silence passed, I coolly lifted my head.

“Haah, haah.....”

From below, the ragged breathing of a woman who had just escaped the edge of death rose sharply.

“What on earth are you doing?”

Lindsay asked, having been observing the entire situation.

Her voice, previously filled with derision, was now very tense.

I might as well ask her the same question.

Why didn't she kill her?

“Why, I should be the one to ask you. What on earth are you doing?”

“What?”

“You could have stepped in, even though it was merely a vision, why did you choose to just stand by and watch?”

She made it clear before.

She wanted to see how strong I was compared to her child.

I admit it.

This manager showed some impressive moves.

Much better than those worn-out thugs in the waste depot.

An assassin's determination to kill without a hint of hesitation was also commendable.

She was just not strong enough for me.

The issue is that she knew that, and so did the woman in front of me, and also the manager gasping for breath below us.

At the moment the last counter-attack was blocked, she closed her eyes.

A face resigned to the loss of all will to live.

Not only I but Lindsay was also watching.

Yet she didn't move a finger.

She just gazed on, with an inscrutable smile, doing nothing more than onlook.

My question was about that reason.

She clicked her tongue as if she found the query ridiculous.

"Ha? Did you really think I would step in to save that child?"

"....."

"An assassin is truly foolish. Showing mercy to the one who sought to kill you."

Why?

Didn't she call her her child?

Why would she carelessly leave her to die?

At the very least, this manager was sincere with me.

She put her all into trying to kill me and, upon failing, she admitted defeat and let go of everything.

All for this woman who had done nothing but watch.

Why would I endure such a sight?

“You are remarkably arrogant. What could Silica be thinking sending a child like you?”

Her gaze momentarily chilled to ice.

For a fleeting moment, her form shimmered like mist.

It wasn't the power of mana or an artificially created artifact but, the absolute power bestowed by a high being.

Without a doubt, the aura of Aer was present.

“You're finally showing your true nature?”

With her familiar arrogant smile, she began to speak.

“Yes, you may have guessed, but I too was an assassin who once belonged to the Mist. I entered around the same time as your head, Silica, and we crossed blades.”

I wasn't particularly shocked since I had anticipated this.

“You probably don't know, but if I had not left the Mist and been there still, the person you'd be calling the head might not have been her but me.”

Her eyes were brash with audacity.

That wasn't empty boasting or bragging but it manifested from her genuine belief.

“After all, from the time we were mere agents, without questioning who was superior, we both achieved exceptional growth. Swordsmanship, magic, the application of arcane techniques... reaching officer ranks was a matter of no time.”

The spreading mist gradually overtook the small room.

It seemed intent on choking me, surrounding me entirely.

“Aer, the god of black mist... Even though she has been exiled from the pantheon, her power is undoubtedly immense. It's a realm impossible for

mere mortals to reach, a power that enables the accomplishment of a great deal. It also allows for endless development.”

Then she turned the question on me.

“Let me ask you, assassin of the Mist. What do you think is the purpose of your existence?”

The only answer I could give was by-the-book.

“Challenging the light-centered existing world order and revealing the hidden depravities of humanity.”

As if expecting such an answer, she nodded in agreement.

“You know it well. Then tell me another thing. What has Mist done to achieve that goal?”

I hesitated for a moment before answering.

Although I mentioned it before, Mist had not been continuously active.

They disappeared because of the capricious god’s whims for 50 years.

During that lengthy time, all they could do was wait with no end in sight.

“They did nothing! Even with the power to achieve and change so much, Mist never moved. They waited for a successor whose arrival was uncertain!”

There was a stroke of fate, for that was me.

“Isn’t that pathetic? What is there to fear when you wield the power of gods? Why hide from the world? Why let this power waste away meaninglessly – I never understood that!”

One would think she earned that power herself.

“That’s why I left the organization! I couldn’t stand to watch my power decay! But it wasn’t a decision made lightly! After all, I wasn’t the only one rotting away there...”

I thought about indulging her a bit longer, but I couldn’t bear it anymore.

Just when I was about to begin the genuine purification job as instructed by the lord,

“.....!”

The concentrated mist suddenly expanded, distorting the space around.

Was she really going to do it here?

The old wooden floor vanished amid the swirling dust, covered in a dense fog.

If I wasn't mistaken, this was definitely...

“Void Space?!”

A surreal space constructed through divine power.

Absolute territory, impervious to any external interference.

This was by no means an illusion.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 96**

Chapter 96: The Condition of Power (6)

The sudden transition to an unfamiliar space.

Only barely managing to steady herself, Lisa couldn't stop scanning her dramatically changed surroundings.

The old room she was just in was gone without a trace.

But it wasn't just the space that had changed.

“Li, Lindsay-nim?”

No human figure was in sight; instead, a strange form surrounded by black mist exuded an unsettling aura.

The shape was grotesque, eliciting a chill of revulsion.

Quickly turning her head, Lisa found herself inadvertently gazing at the boy.

“.....!”

His face was no longer calm as before.

Judging by his slightly parted lips showing his teeth and narrowed brows, he seemed quite taken aback.

It was an utterly natural reaction.

Anyone would find this unfamiliar sight strange, to the point of absurdity.

Could it be that he, too, a human, couldn't help feeling bewildered?

Just as that thought crossed her mind,

“Ha!?”

He laughed.

There's a saying that extreme shock can drive one to hysterics to the point of uncontrollable laughter, but this didn't seem to be the case.

I can't pinpoint the exact meaning behind that laughter, but if I were to interpret it as it appeared,

it seemed to be laughter born of sheer absurdity.

\* \* \*

There are two main ways a human can wield the power of the gods.

One is when a deity directly bequeaths their power to a human.

I'm a prime example, having received the power of Aer through the Mist Stone.

The other is when divine power is passed down through artifacts or divine weapons.

Thinking about it, that's also me.

Being like a son who's almost completely inherited divine power, that entity is currently in my possession.

“Surprised, aren't you! It can't be helped! This is an almighty power that you couldn't help but obey!”

Ignoring the ambiguous whimper that sounded like a mix between laughter and tears, I closely examined the energy emanating from the mist she was releasing.

Familiar isn't the word – it was as if the space she created was so much like those the idiotic deity had made, that I wouldn't have been surprised if it were a newly fabricated pocket dimension.

Even I can't create such a space.

“However, a human with the right qualifications can handle it perfectly! Just like me, facing you right now!”

For a moment, through the flickering mist, she gave me a triumphant smile and deliberately flaunted the gold ring on her left fourth finger.

If my memory serves me right, that is an artifact.

Namely, the “Ring of Absorption.”

It's a kind of storage device that condenses a certain amount of mana to carry around like a pouch, and in certain circumstances, it can even contain different types of energy.

From the look of things, it seems she has packed the power of Aer into that ring...

“Ha!?”

The absurdity of it all brought a laugh out of me.

Could it be that the idiotic deity just left his power to be stolen like this?



It wasn't as if a thief was stealing treasure from a storeroom; it was as though the deity had watched, eyes wide open, as his power was blatantly snatched away.

It's laughable that a common artifact could contain a god's power, but the fact that she attempted and succeeded is utterly... beyond words.

I'd bet the head of the organization doesn't know about this.

If she did, she surely wouldn't have let it be.

If not me, she would've come rushing to destroy that artifact herself.

"Do you know why I left the organization and settled in Lambert? For money? That's only a secondary reason. I've been cultivating my own absolute power in this city, not derived from any god!"

Her voice began to betray a sense of personal grievance.

"How foolish, isn't it? After all, we humans were created by their hands, and using their power presents no problem at all! To wait meaninglessly for a mere successor is preposterous!"

Certainly, she isn't spewing nonsense without reason.

Indeed, during the 50 years before my appearance in Mist, countless members had been wasting time.

And it would be a lie to say none had felt discontent.

In the end, this woman was one of them.

"Perhaps you, too, are a pitiable being. Unaware of the changing world, merely following passively. I don't know why you've resumed your activities, but it doesn't matter! Your organization will soon be destroyed by my hand..."

"Isn't that a bit too much of a dream?"

She continued, her tone implying mockery.

"To your chick-like eyes, it may seem so. But I will clearly show you, starting with you, then your organization, and even your leader! And once again, I will

stand in front of Lord Aer and proclaim that only I am the rightful heir to her power!”

“.....”

My feelings are oddly mixed.

Could it be that I feel some sympathy for her words?

Disliking that her powers would go to waste, she had left the organization, and had been consolidating her own strength and expanding her influence ever since.

Regardless of her objectives, it's clear she resolutely carried out her plan to carve out her own life. To be honest, I don't think I'm in any position to criticize her.

Somehow, I found myself wanting to ask her a question.

“What do you plan to do with that power?”

To kill me, obliterate the organization, and be recognized by Aer.

But what does she really want to do afterward?

Lindsay answered with a smile full of ecstasy, as if she had been awaiting the question.

“I'll do everything within my power!”

I immediately asked back.

“Everything within your power?”

“Yes! You see, every power requires certain qualifications to possess it! But this holds true even after one has acquired said power! To have power and ability but not use it and instead let it sit idle? That, my friend, is a terrible deception and waste! One must exercise their granted power fully! That is the true condition for having power!”

Her long-winded explanation boiled down to an obvious and trivial message.

One must exert their own power without hesitation.

Occasionally, it's a phrase spotted in an all-too-common collection of inspirational quotes.

What matters, though, is how one interprets it.

Huh.

Sometimes, people cannot help but laugh without realizing it.

One such moment is when one experiences enlightenment.

And that's exactly where I am right now.

It seems I'm beginning to understand why the leader would send me to such an odd place.

"That's a good point."

A rare concession on my part.

"But that changes nothing. Ultimately, you will die by my hands right here."

-Swoosh

As always, I slowly raised my Ceyram and aimed it at her.

An assassin's unwavering intention to kill the person before them.

Recognizing this intent, Lindsay let out a scornful chuckle.

"Ha! You seem to have learned a little, but you're still foolish. Well, it's better than begging for your life. I'll grant you a fitting end!"

With a soft point of her finger, she began chanting a spell.

"Black Mist 6th Technique: Mist Space!"

\* \* \*

-Ssssss

The mist, flowing like beams of light from her fingers, soon split into several strands, enveloping Sian on all sides.

Without resistance, Sian was consumed by it, and a space sealing him in was completed.

“His physical abilities themselves are comparable to those of high-ranking officers, but ultimately, he can’t help but be clumsy when it comes to handling secret techniques.”

Mist’s sixth secret technique, Mist Space.

A skill enveloping a certain area in black mist, isolating anyone within from the outside world completely.

It’s more than just a barrier—it controls all the power and mana the target possesses, inducing a profound sense of powerlessness.

To have power but be utterly unable to wield it, that helplessness...

And the misery it brings.

Lindsay intended to inflict such cruel feelings on Sian.

“Indulge in it slowly, for a long time within! And at the end, realize it! From the outset, you were nothing! An existence powerless and less significant than insects crawling on the ground before the ultimate being!”

As Lindsay spread her arms wide upon finishing her speech, the imbued energy dispersed in all directions.

With every bit that covered Sian, her laughter grew louder.

[A ring filled with the power of Aer... Humans are amusing, aren’t they?]

However, her euphoria was short-lived.

Spooked by a strange voice from behind, Lindsay quickly turned around.

“.....!?”

Her eyes, as if stained with blood, intensely and seductively met her gaze with a warm smile.

Without any sign or noise, an enigmatic woman had suddenly appeared before her.

For a moment, doubting her own eyes, Lindsay soon realized that she couldn't move as if she had been turned to stone.

[Oh, impressive? A normal human wouldn't even dream of moving.]

The mocking voice sent shivers down Lindsay's spine.

It was as though a devil with an innocent face was whispering in her ear.

Yet the black-haired woman paid no heed, closely observing the ring.

[To be honest, I'm surprised. For a mere human to craft a space akin to Aer's. How would the idiotic deity react?]

She felt it.

A familiarity akin to the energy within her own space.

Nevertheless, an alien sensation was overpowering even that familiarity, dominating her emotions.

[This void space is quite interesting. Shall we call it a personal paradise? Here, one can feel the power of a god to do as they please. But...]

The black-haired woman reached into the air and gently stroked it.

Instantly, the surrounding black mist responded and swirled toward one spot.

[It's also tough to defend. You never know when a higher transcendent being might steal this place from you.]

-Swoosh

The gathered mist swirled atop the palm of the woman.

As if it had finally found its rightful owner.

Confused, Lindsay shook her head.

"Why, why! Why are you here?"

[My? Do you know me?]

The woman grinned mischievously.

The cursed sword Ceyram.

An artifact inheriting the power of the black mist deity Aer and the physical embodiment of it.

For one who had been ensnared by Mist and manipulated the power of the mist deity, it was an entity that couldn't be unknown.

It was beyond belief, yet undeniable—the feeling of accepting such a truth.

However, she soon had to come to terms with it.

The presence of Ceyram at this place signified something.

It meant that there was also another being capable of wielding the god's artifact here.

“That, that means you are...!”

Lindsay's gaze instantly shifted to Sian, trapped within the Mist Space.

Within the abyssal mist, a ray of light reached out like hope.

It only appeared to be light; strictly speaking, it wasn't.

The aura of vile killing intent reflected off the sharp blade, merely resembling light.

The tip of that sword pointed directly at Lindsay's neck.

“The Successor!”

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 97**

Chapter 97: The Condition of Power (7)

From the moment she first saw the boy during the match with Gunther, Lindsay knew.

His move cut through space like butter, light yet burdensome.

The merciless cold that resonated from within him.

Only one place on this continent could be the source of such ability.

'Mist...'

The place she was part of, the place she gained her power from, the place she thought she had abandoned.

Despite possessing the superior abilities known as the powers of a god, they endlessly waited for a successor—an insignificant wait.

Without a doubt, this boy was from Mist.

What business had these elusive ones in Lambert?

Lindsay realized it wasn't hard to guess.

They were here to kill her.

As long as someone else who could wield Aer's power existed, they would inevitably come for her.

But to send just a boy?

She scoffed.

It was as if Silica, that woman, underestimated her too much.

Thinking of sending a mere squad-level member to assassinate her was laughable.

But there was one interesting point.

The boy's sword.

The purplish blade exuded a gloomy aura, with a dark jewel embedded in the hilt.

It was strikingly similar to the demonic sword of Aer, called Ceyram.

But she immediately shook her head.

The existence of a demonic sword here was unthinkable.

For if it existed, then its wielder would be a successor. Lindsay didn't believe that boy could ever be a successor.

In her mind, successors were as real as mythical creatures—

Instead, she herself saw it feasible to assume the role of a successor.

But there in front of her was the impossible, the owner of a demonic sword, a recipient of Aer's brand,

the successor.

\* \* \*

The mist escaping from Ceyram wrapped around me.

-sss-

Two incompatible spaces existed in one place.

The mists confined me in a Mist space, agitated by the situation.

People have a misconception that the power of the black mist is to destroy everything extravagantly.

It simply neutralizes any existence.

Like lulling a crying child into a silent slumber.

That's the power of the mist.

-Crack-

"My, my mist?"

The sound of breaking glass accompanied the fracturing of the space.



Her mist helpless against the assault, utterly dissipated without resistance.

Strictly speaking, it was not disappearing, but being absorbed by my mist.

I finished my preparations and shouted at her.

“Black Mist 6th Technique: Mist Space!”

It was the same secret technique she used.

But to say that our powers were identical would also be wrong.

Still, wouldn't one need a demonstration of what kind of power a successor, so hated, possesses?

“Do you really think your trifling mist can subjugate me?!”

She didn't back down, roaring loudly and taking on the Mist Space as it was.

Actually, it was impossible to escape.

This was a pocket dimension created by the power of mist.

Nowhere to hide from the mist.

“Gah!”

She was desperate.

Fighting not to succumb to my mist, her eyes were fiercely determined.

But can mere willpower change the world?

Writhing in agony from the tightening grip of the mist, just as she thought it would end uneventfully—

-Poof-

The Mist Space disappeared.

“Haah, haah...”

She somehow managed to disrupt it.

Surprised by the unexpected result, but only for a moment,  
she glared at me with fury in her eyes.

“Those eyes! Those despicable eyes that look down on me, you’re no different from her!”

I didn’t expect such words.

Since when did I have eyes like the head?

“You will always stand in my way, won’t you? I am the true deserving successor of Lord Aer’s power...”

[Then prove it.]

Lindsay’s gaze fell upon Ceyram.

[If you are truly the rightful recipient of that foolish god’s power, then prove it by killing that successor right here. There’s no better proof than that, is there?]

That devilish demonic sword taunting her again.

Perhaps it wanted to see more amusement from the situation—

Well, it would be stranger not to react in such times.

“...!”

We locked eyes, but there’s nothing much to say.

With a lift of my eyes, signaling her to proceed with her wish, her eyes flooded with rage once more.

“Mist, successor... You are all useless to me.”

-swish-

A dagger appeared from her bosom.

“And so I shall kill all of you and stand at the center! No one can stop me!”

-tap-

Do you know what an assassin should never do?

It is to rush in recklessly, driven by rage.

Well, even though I've been away from the organization for a while,

Basic assassin knowledge like that, I couldn't comprehend how she planned to reach the center without it.

To wield power, you need the right qualifications, right?

That's correct.

You must use the power you are given generously, not let it sit idle.

That way, you'll have no regrets later.

-screech-

The sensation of limbs being sliced was instantly felt.

One move was enough, I exhaled slowly and lowered my sword.

-drip, drip-

The mist cleared, and above the red liquid spilled like blood.

[Isn't this too anticlimactic?]

Ceyram commented with dissatisfaction.

"I didn't need to make it complicated..."

As always, I responded indifferently.

\* \* \*

As Lisa witnessed the bloodshed between Lindsay and the boy, she felt powerless.

It was hardly even a fight.

The boy dominated the opponent without any effort, much like during the arena.

It was frustrating.

To think that the person she considered the strongest was reduced to a grotesque state in the end.

The helplessness and misery weighed upon her.

“...!”

The boy glanced at her.

Though Lisa still held a knife, there was not a hint of wariness on the boy’s face.

It seemed natural to her.

To him, she must be like an insect that could be squashed at any time.

-thud, thud-

His steps pursued her relentlessly.

All Lisa could do was to meet his gaze.

Three seconds went by, locked in a weary stare, then without a word, she closed her eyes.

“What are you doing?”

Resigned, she responded to the boy’s question.

“Please, make it a painless end...”

An imposition masquerading as a request.

“I know it’s shameless. To ask for mercy from someone I tried to kill. If you don’t want to, I can’t help it. I’ll just accept it gracefully.”

After a brief chuckle, the boy crouched in front of her and asked.

“Do you think I’m going to kill you?”

“It’s obvious. I attempted your life, I witnessed your secret that should remain hidden. It’s only natural for you to silence me, for your own safety...”

“But what if I don’t kill you?”

Her eyes popped open in an instant.

\* \* \*

This manager missy is making some big noises.

Regardless, nothing is as precious as one’s life, so why so easily give it up?

“Wh-what did you say...?”

“I said I’m not going to kill you.”

“Th-then you mean! Are you going to cut my limbs one by one, making me suffer until the end...?”

“I don’t plan on that. Just leaving you unharmed, that’s all.”

“...?”

She looked at me with a mix of inquiry and astonishment on her face.

I calmly met her gaze.

People also have this misconception, believing Mist’s goal is assassination, not mass murder.

Once the target is eliminated, that’s it; there’s no need for additional carnage.

She spoke again after a moment of silence.

“Don’t lie! Don’t tease me like that! You’re an assassin! No assassin would spare someone who tried to kill them! Which assassin would do so!”

I stated impassively.

“But it wasn’t really your choice, was it?”

“Well, that may be, but...”

From the moment our swords clashed, I knew.

She fought me, compelled by a command yet tortured by the knowledge that killing me was impossible.

She had been merely following her owner’s order.

“But I know you are an assassin from Mist...”

“So what? Will you go around town talking about it?”

“No, of course not! I wouldn’t say a word!”

Then it’s settled, isn’t it?

Anyway, even if she talked, no one would remember my face.

“Really, you won’t kill me?”

“My mouth’s getting tired, how many more times do I have to explain?”

Her expression told me I would have to say it a hundred more times.

“You’re quite lenient for an assassin...”

Unable to deny, I snorted.

“Let me ask you something.”

The once cowered girl’s eyes flashed again.

“Something doesn’t add up.”

“What do you mean?”

“Why did you tell me to run away?”

Despite her mission to execute Lindsay’s order, she showed mercy by advising me to flee—unnecessary kindness.

Was there a need for that?

We were just a guest and a clerk; nothing more.

Her gaze drifted towards the slaughter, towards Lindsay's dead body.

This scenario was common.

After dealing with the target, remaining in the company of another.

It might seem odd, but Mist's goal is strictly assassination, not mass murder.

Once the target is dealt with, it's the end. They don't go around killing every bystander as well.

"Ah..."

As if a wave of relief washed over her after the aimless frustration, she sighed.

"This might not make much sense, but..."

I'll be the judge after listening.

"When I was the age of the guest... That's when Gunther and I entered this place..."

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 98**

Chapter 98: The Condition of Power (8)

"We were originally vagabonds wandering around Lambert. Without a home, without parents, just children with nothing. At that young age, all we could do was steal."

In an abnormal city like this, the birth of normal families and normal children is a rare occurrence.

Most of them were brought over from other regions or abandoned in the pleasure districts; some even fled from slave markets. It's almost certain there wouldn't be any parents to speak of, let alone homes.

It wouldn't be any different for this manager.

"Do you remember Gunther, the one you killed? He wasn't always such a miscreant. Since all he knew was how to throw punches, he didn't hesitate to raid and rob, but that allowed many of us children, including myself, to at least get by somehow....."

".....Were you siblings?"

"How could that be? We don't have a single thing in common! We were just friends! Friends! But that's all in the past now....."

Her irate response was unexpected.

"Anyway, we were the type to get caught or killed at any moment. Back then, I foolishly just hoped for more of the same tomorrows. But not Gunther. He wanted to end this miserable life as a vagabond, and to do so, he chose to rob the Lambert cage."

"So you joined in?"

"I couldn't let Gunther go alone. In the end, we formed a sort of bandit group to rob the cage. What do you think happened?"

The answer was already clear.

"It failed."

"Right. It failed. We were caught right at the entrance before we could do anything. What do you think happened after that?"

Unlike before, it took me longer to reply.

It wasn't because I didn't know.

Those teenage boys who came to rob the cage,

To the cage, they were nothing more than an unsightly group of thieving cats without any value as customers.



It was foolhardy to think they would just be kindly turned away.

There were two possibilities.

They were either beaten so badly that they couldn't come back,

Or they were mercilessly killed on the spot.

"They all died....."

The latter was correct.

"To be precise, everyone died except for Gunther and me, who were waiting outside. They said thieves like us needed to be weeded out. I lost all my friends, who were like family to me, in an instant."

I wasn't surprised as I had expected this.

"Do you know? I was actually relieved then."

"Relieved?"

"Yes. Because I thought there was no point in stupidly clinging to life. Somehow it felt better. After all, there was nothing better to look forward to in my life; dying sooner rather than later seemed preferable."

A bitter smile formed on her lips.

"It was Lady Lindsay who saved me then. He said that humans continue their lives to avoid death, but I looked like someone living just because I couldn't die. Then he offered me a hand and asked if I wanted to live for myself this time."

She must be here now because she accepted that hand.

"I wasn't the only one who survived. Gunther, who had been cursing and struggling to the very end, miraculously survived too. From then on, we just worked as staff for the cage. Gunther, who had some skill in fighting, was soon recruited as a fighter, and I ended up doing menial work in the lodging facilities."

Her gaze, which had been fixed on the corpse, suddenly shifted to the dagger in her hand.

“But that was just a side job. The moment I was taken in by Lindsay, I had to become a blade for him. Since then, I’ve been training with a sword every day.”

A sword, by nature, does not grow simply by being held.

Lindsay must have seen potential in her for swordsmanship, and perhaps even the talent for assassination.

Indeed, her movements had shown a talent that could not be achieved with short-term effort.

“At first, I was happy because I was earning my keep in a dignified manner. But Gunther must have felt differently. After dominating the fighting ring, he left the cage before long. Lindsay didn’t try to stop him. It felt like she was letting him go because he had served his purpose.....”

“Why did you stay?”

She hesitated to continue.

“Before he left, Gunther told me to leave with him. He said he’d protect me, so let’s get out of this dreadful place together. But I couldn’t. By then, Gunther was no longer the Gunther I knew. He had become a ruthless killer who insisted everything useless must be discarded.....”

I had suspected she had some connection with Gunther, but their relationship seemed to be deeper than I thought.

The person in question doesn’t realize they’ve changed, but those around them can see it all too clearly.

It must have been heartbreaking.

Seeing her old childhood friend gradually falling into depravity through blood and violence.

Well, looking into her eyes now, it didn’t seem like she had any of those feelings left.

“Don’t look so sad. It’s been twisted for a long time.”

“Don’t you resent me.....”

“What’s there to resent? You killed him well! He wouldn’t have been of any help to the world if he had live another day!”

She seemed to genuinely agree.

“I got a bit off track, didn’t I? You asked me why I told you to leave. When I first saw you, it reminded me of us right away. The times we were happy together before reaching the cage..... When Lindsay first said he would kill you, my dead friends immediately came to mind. That’s why I told you to leave. I didn’t want to see such deaths anymore.”

“Is that why you didn’t want me to go to the fighting ring?”

“Yes, that’s right. But it looks like my worries were unnecessary. I didn’t expect an assassin from Mist to come.....”

I smiled quietly without a word.

Her gaze returned to Lindsay’s body.

“It’s strange how there doesn’t seem to be any sadness over the master’s death.”

“Right? You’d think I’d be some kind of sad after receiving a new life from him, but all I feel is emptiness rather than sadness.”

It must mean her emotions have numbed.

But that’s not necessarily a bad thing.

For assassins or anyone wielding a sword, emotions are often considered an unnecessary element.

Since there’s no longer a need to stay with the business concluded, I turned to leave.

“Are you leaving?”

“My job here is done.”

“May I ask you one last thing?”

I nodded as I turned around.

“Your name, ‘Sion,’ it’s not your real one, is it?”

I nodded again in response without a word.

“If you don’t mind, could you tell me? Your real name.....?”

Why she was curious now, I wondered, and stared at her intently.

“It’s not for any particular reason! Most customers who come to the cage register with an alias, not their real names. If it’s difficult for you to speak, then it’s okay not to answer! I just wish to record your real name in my mind as a personal desire.”

In my entire past life, I had never once left my name after a purification job.

It wasn’t deliberate; it’s just that by the time the job was done, there was no one left to tell.

Frankly, there’s no benefit to me in saying it, so there’s no need to divulge it,

“Sian. Sian Vert.....”

Though it wouldn’t hurt to do so.

Somehow I have a feeling that this won’t be the last time our paths cross.

With that, I left Lambert.

\* \* \*

“Your face has changed quite a bit?”

A seemingly random comment made me furrow my brows.

“Did I get hurt?”

“It’s not that you have to undergo a physical change to have changed. A person’s countenance is different when they have reached a realization,”

Oh, how presumptuous.

Since I’m not here to exchange pleasantries about our reunion, I cut to the chase.

“The homework over break was a bit excessive.....”

“If you gained something from it, then that’s all that matters, right?”

She smiled glibly, seeming unphased by the issue at hand.

I snorted softly and presented an item.

“Lindsay Nihalov..... she seemed to have despised the head quite a bit.”

Observing the lord’s face as they examined the item, I could see a complex expression forming.

“Surely, she had that with her?”

I had presented a dagger.

While the identity of the dagger’s owner matters, at the moment, it’s more important to focus on what kind of dagger it is.

A black blade, like the dark night sky it has swallowed.

Such a unique blade doesn’t exist on the market nor is it made to order.

It’s an exclusive dagger held only by the upper echelon within Mist.

The lord probably has the same dagger.

“Lindsay was a descendant of a fallen noble who had escaped from the slave market. Nihalov must’ve been a pseudonym. She joined Mist to shed all the chains binding her.”

The lord reminisced with a hand to their chin as a curious smile formed.

“She had a passionate yearning for the future Mist strives for, almost as if she was born for it.”

“Weren’t you concerned about her yearning?”

“Of course, I tried to temper it. Told her the time she desired would come if she waited with patience. But it was futile. Her yearning was like a flame that showed no signs of fading.”

The head continued scrutinizing the dagger with interest.

“But in the end, she couldn’t wait and left the organization. Who would’ve thought she still had Mist’s dagger.”

Their gaze shifted back to me.

“Now tell me directly. Was she truly the only one you killed?”

“To think otherwise would be foolish, wouldn’t it?”

She wore a satisfied smile.

“I’ve told you before, you’re perfect to the point where there’s nothing left for me to teach. However, as perfect as you are, there’s more to learn. What you can and cannot do with your power now. Only then can you use your power without regret.”

Using power without regret.....

Well, it’s correct.

I had vowed to live this life without regrets.

Naturally, I must utilize all the power I possess without regret.

“Well, it wasn’t particularly a difficult task, was it? Though she was an assassin from Mist, she wasn’t a threat to you.”

“Do you truly believe that?”

“Believe it or not, there wasn’t any other issue, was there?”

They must not know.

I changed my mind.

I had decided not to bring it up, but perhaps showing it might be better.

From my pocket, I revealed another item and placed it loudly on the table.

“..... A Ring of Absorption?”

For her, who was in disguise as an academy instructor, it would be an artifact impossible not to recognize.

“Do you know what’s contained in it?”

Judging by the expression, she realized what it was.

“.....”

Lips trembling like waves, brows furrowed like a narrow canyon.

It’s been a while since I’ve seen such a vivid reaction from the lord, who could outdo a saint in maintaining a poker face.

“This was also in possession of the target. According to her, when she left the organization, she filled this with the power of the Mist.”

Black mist, resonating with the power of Aer, was rising like smoke from the ring.

“When did this.....”

“Being a member of Mist herself, wouldn’t she have freely traversed Aer’s void?”

The power of a god is not as commonplace as the air we breathe, but it’s not difficult to encapsulate it in such an artifact.

Even now, if I wish, I could capture the energy from this void where the lord and I sit in the ring.

Let’s consider this:

Would any human ignore the buzzing of a tiny mosquito piercing their skin to draw blood?

Even if they might endure it, surely no one would be unaware.

Then, how can it be that someone is siphoning strength from one’s own domain without notice?

The foolish god allowed it to happen.

If they didn't know, that's a problem, but knowing is a bigger concern.

"Aer, you imbecile!!"

The mist's form that had been approaching us suddenly vanished into the distance.

(To be continued)

## **The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin chapter 99**

Chapter 99: Winds of Change (1)

It's already been a fortnight since Sian left the Academy.

As always, after her midday journey to dreamland, Nana stretched and woke up.

"Ugh~ Slept well!"

Though she had grown significantly due to a growth spurt, her love for sleep remained unchanged.

As she came out of her room, feeling refreshed, she saw Emily, who was biting her nails anxiously by the window.

Her body was shivering, and her eyes were filled with unease.

Something was clearly bothering her immensely.

"Emily, you look unwell. Are you sick?"

Despite the innocence in her question, Emily responded with a serious face,

"My face looks bad? How can it not?"

Nana tilted her head in confusion.



“It has already been two weeks since the young master left—and not alone, but with some woman named Ceyram whose face we don’t even know! Not a single letter, nor any word from him; how could I not be worried?”

Even though Emily hadn’t worried a bit when Sian fell off the cliff, this time was different.

She had always prided herself on knowing Sian better than anyone else.

The fact that Sian had gone off on a ‘vacation’ (?) with a woman she knew nothing about, to a place unknown, seemed utterly absurd to her.

Her feelings were closer to raging fury than worry.

“Ay! Papa once said that the most useless thing in the world is worrying about oneself! If there’s time to worry, better spend it sleeping more, he said. Just wait a little longer, and he’ll return!”

Nana’s pure smile could make even those drenched in anger smile.

However, Emily’s expression only twisted further upon seeing it.

“Ha, how on earth did the young master end up with such a naive little kid....”

Emily was oblivious to what Sian truly thought of her.

-Creak-

Right then, the sound of the door opening echoed as someone entered through the front door.

Assuming it was Brian, as he was the only one expected at that time, Emily didn’t even bother to turn her head.

“Really, if you meet the wrong woman, it can ruin your life. What kind of woman, and doing what, where...”

“What kind of woman could potentially ruin my life?”

“Aaah!”

A high-pitched scream filled the room.

Upon turning her head in alarm, Emily couldn't believe her eyes.

"Young master!?"

After being gone for fifteen days, Sian was standing right in front of her.

"Papa!"

Unlike the shocked Emily, Nana rushed towards him with a joyful shout.

Sian, unfazed, lovingly patted Nana who had thrown herself into his embrace.

"When did you arrive?"

"Just now. Didn't you hear the door open?"

"I-I did hear it, but I thought it was Mr. Brian..."

At that moment, the sound of the door signaled another entrance, and Brian followed in.

From the looks of it, they had arrived together.

"Welcome back... Oh, that's not right. Young master, who is Ceyram?!"

Emily's panic soon turned into interrogation as she almost aggressively questioned Sian.

"Hm? Oh, you didn't know?"

Sian's response was as nonchalant as ever.

"You never mentioned her! Who is she that you've been together all this time...."

"Looking for me?"

"Aaah!"

A chilling voice from behind made Emily scream once again. The woman before her seemed to embrace the starlight of the night sky in her exquisite black hair and captivating eyes.

She possessed a level of nobility entirely distinct from the noblewomen Emily had always seen – a strangely fascinating woman, greeting her with a peculiar smile.

[This is our first formal introduction, isn't it? Pleased to meet you~!]

Emily was utterly taken aback.

“Wh-Who are you?”

[Oh, how disappointing? Believe it or not, I've spent a year on the front lines alongside your master.]

“What do you mean by that...?”

Beyond the surprise of a first meeting, the woman's presence stirred a remarkably odd sense of alertness.

“You're very pretty....”

[Hmm?]

“You, you're really beautiful! You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen!”

Caught off guard, Emily's inner thoughts had slipped out.

At this, Ceyram's face lit up with a rare, bright smile.

[My, you have a different taste compared to your master, don't you?]

“.....”

Sian, thinking it absurd, shook his head in disbelief.

“Papa! Did you bring my present?”

“Right, just a moment.”

Sian took a small cubic box from his pocket.

With a flick of his finger, a small dimensional door opened, and soon after, a large basket appeared from it.

The basket was filled with snacks that children would love.

“Don’t eat it all at once. You have to save some for later, okay?”

“Okay! Thank you, Papa!”

As she hugged the basket, wearing a beaming smile of happiness, Sian’s face also wore a satisfied grin.

Seeing this, Brian looked on with a somewhat strange gaze.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“It’s just... your eyes seem different from usual....”

At that, Sian chuckled.

“You sound just like the head.”

“Excuse me?”

“Never mind. The sun hasn’t set yet, so let’s go exercise. You didn’t skip your training while I was away, did you?”

“Of course not! I’ll get ready right away!”

Brian scrambled to prepare, earning a pleased smile from Sian.

“That’s right. Someone has to look after them when I’m not around.”

Brian, engrossed in preparing, didn’t hear the comment.

\* \* \*

One week before the start of the term at Royal Academy.

It was time for students who had gone home to their domains during the vacation to start returning, but the academy was unusually quiet.

The students had not returned.

Some students, after observing the situation, decided not to return at all, refusing to attend the academy.

This was an unprecedented situation in the history of the academy.

“About 1/10 of the total students have communicated their wish to defer their return. It’s not only the students; some of the instructors are also considering taking a leave of absence. It seems this semester might face significant operational disruptions....”

Despite Silica’s report, Chancellor Condor maintained a calm demeanor.

However, she knew.

Deep beneath his unchanged expression lay a myriad of hidden worries.

“The situation in Nigrity’s Path isn’t exactly great either, is it? No need to tiptoe around. If you wish to take a leave of absence, feel free.”

“That wouldn’t be right. Professional and personal lives should be kept separate.”

Silica’s response held not a hint of hesitation. Upon this, Condor chuckled softly. “For a political marriage, you sure are calm about your fiancé dying. Though, considering your temperament, I suppose it’s not too surprising...”

She carefully averted her gaze, trying to avoid his stare.

It had been a month since the so-called “Banquet of Blood” incident at the Imperial Palace of the Ushif Empire. While the incident itself had been resolved, it had shocked the continent to such an extent that its aftermath could not be ignored. The social gatherings that should have been bustling among the students were all canceled in unison, and most nobles did not set foot outside their territories or mansions.

However, before the effects of the incident could fully dissipate, another crisis erupted at the Academy – the kidnapping of Lunev Rainriver. Merely a fortnight ago, outsiders, disguising their identities, infiltrated the academy and kidnapped a girl who was alone in the cafeteria. The incident was prevented from becoming public by the efforts of the Garam Magic Society, but the daytime kidnapping of a noble’s child posed a significant embarrassment and cast doubts on the academy’s security.

In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that most students postponed their return to the academy due to this kidnapping incident rather than the earlier banquet debacle.

“At this point, the only thing we can do is reinforce the academy’s security. Tell the remaining instructors not to worry and to focus on preparing their lessons,” suggested Condor.

“Understood.”

As Silica bowed her head, her eyes caught sight of the numerous letters on the chancellor’s desk, all bearing the seal of the Quizzel family, indicating they were sent from his house.

“Are you worried about the events at the imperial palace?”

“If I said I wasn’t, it would be a lie,” Condor’s voice held a touch of bitterness. “I am still a subject of the empire, am I not? I was once the emperor’s father-in-law. Though the academy takes precedence now, I at least need to be informed about how the palace is faring.”

Silica unintentionally glanced at the name ‘Luinel’ written on one of the letters but chose not to show any reaction. Condor soon gathered the letters and shoved them aside.

“Speaking of which, we’ve decided to bring in a new instructor this term.”

“A new instructor?”

“Yes, to fill the vacancy left by Instructor Nela, who went missing after the kidnapping incident. Coincidentally, someone from our family directly sent a replacement.”

“Someone from the Quizzel family?”

“No, not exactly. He bears a surname I’ve never heard before. Ever heard of a ‘Lehelm’?”

“No, sir. This is the first time I’m hearing of it...”

Even she had not heard of such a surname.

“He doesn’t seem to be a commoner without a pedigree, but appears quite exceptional. Despite being in his 20s, his magic level is reported to be as high as 8 stars.”

“Eight stars?”

Her official ranking was 7 stars, and this was one rank below the chancellor’s 9 stars, almost akin to a great sage. Considering most humans couldn’t achieve late 8-star power even after a lifetime of effort, this indicated a rank high enough for significant positions in the magic academic circle, not just stopping at an instructor’s role.

-Knock knock

“It seems he has arrived.”

“!”

Though it was just a simple knocking, Silica felt an immense sense of alarm internally.

‘I didn’t feel his presence at all?’

An assassin’s sensitivity is keen enough to detect the sound of a leaf falling from a hundred steps away. Although she restrained this sensitivity while serving as an instructor, she hadn’t sensed any presence or energy until the knock on the door, as if the soul had materialized right before the door.

Feeling an inexplicable anxiety, Silica was caught off guard.

-Creak

The door opened, and a man of slight build entered.

“Welcome. You’ve had a long journey,” greeted the chancellor warmly, and the man responded with a gentle smile and a nod.

“Nice to meet you. I am Boris Lehelm...”

(To be continued)

# The Regressed Son of a Duke is an Assassin

## chapter 100

Chapter 100: The Winds of Change (2)

For two hours straight.

Her seat and body seemed to become one, with not even the slightest fidget.

It was an incredible display of concentration.

In her late twenties, Silica found the man with the peculiar initial impression to be quite young.

Before entering the chancellor's office, the atmosphere seeping through the door had been so intimidating, it made her hair stand on end.

However, that feeling of unease vanished as soon as she saw his face, like a breeze that had blown it away.

He had the typical image of an academic scholar.

The impression of someone who might spend his entire life cloistered in a remote chamber, solely dedicated to the study of magic, not even capable of killing a bug.

Silica approached him cautiously and initiated a conversation.

"You seem to be thoroughly engrossed?"

Boris, unaware of her approach, looked slightly startled.

"Ah, the students here are so exceptional, I was concerned they might feel resistant to me. So, I hoped to get closer to them in this way first."

What he was looking at was the life records of thousands of students.

It certainly wasn't an easy task to check on every one of the hundreds of students, from freshmen to those about to graduate, and most wouldn't even attempt it.



“Checking the students’ records right after taking the position, I think you might be the first instructor to do so, Boris.”

“Oh, is that so? I was wondering if I was doing something wrong...”

“Not at all! Actually, I’d love to learn from your passion. Do you have any students of particular interest?”

Boris smiled as if he had been eagerly waiting for the question.

“Yes, there’s a student I’m currently looking at who is quite interesting...”

Silica’s gaze naturally drifted towards the student file Boris was holding.

“...!”

She felt a sharp prick, as though a needle had just pierced somewhere in her body.

However, Silica maintained her smile without showing any sign of discomfort.

“You’re familiar with this student, aren’t you, Ms. Silica?”

“Certainly. He’s quite famous in our academy.”

It would be strange if someone didn’t know him.

He was a student with a somewhat ambiguous reputation, neither an excellent student nor a troublemaker, but nevertheless a point of discussion amongst almost all students at some point.

Additionally, he had very close ties to her.

“He’s the youngest son of the famous Guardian of the Continent, Duke Vert, and also an unprecedented student with elemental affinity over 90%. Talent aside, he’s also known among the instructors for his hard-to-spot face.”

Indeed, Sian’s attendance record was quite colorful.

Just enough attendance to avoid failing the year,

Yet, he’s never received an academic warning, not even a single suspension, and he’s attended every test without fail.

What was interesting was that while he often scored near failing grades in theory subjects, he had nearly perfect scores in practical subjects like swordsmanship and applied magic.

Boris asked with a peculiar smile.

“Is this student currently at the academy?”

\* \* \*

-Thud Thud

A bracing sound of hooves broke the silence from beyond the hill.

Any experienced knight would recognize at a glance whose procession it was, from the sight alone.

A white carriage running at the center,

Surrounded by dozens of escort knights on strict guard.

Golden flags fluttering wildly in the wind.

These were the imperial banners of the Severus family, bearing the insignia of Lumen, the God of Light.

With the Fabian and Nerobian brothers having graduated last year, there was only one person who could be arriving at the academy with that banner.

“Welcome to Rowen, the city of harmony!”

As the carriage arrived, the guards saluted with their swords.

-Squeak

The door of the carriage opened, and a short-haired woman, wearing a sword at her waist, emerged.

She had just shed her youthful appearance, yet her face bore a resolute sense of confidence.

She gave a courteous nod to the guards, then calmly presented two nameplates.

“I apologize, but could the other accompaniments inside also come out? Due to a recent incident, we have enhanced our checking procedures...”

Another woman immediately appeared from inside the carriage.

Upon seeing her face, the guards instantly cleared the path.

“We welcome Arin Severus, the Imperial Princess of Ushif!”

The two women proceeded into Rowen without any further issues.

“Go ahead and unload our luggage. I’d like to walk around the city with Resmus.”

“Understood, Your Highness!”

Following her command, some of the knights entered the city with the carriage.

Arin, along with Resmus and the remaining knights, began to walk slowly.

“It’s very quiet. It didn’t use to be like this...”

There were no signs of students, nor the merchants who usually flooded in around the opening of the academy.

It was as if looking at a city evacuated before an impending war.

“The aftermath of the banquet seems to have been quite extensive. And given what happened just a fortnight ago...”

Arin sighed with a sense of pity.

“It’s such a shame for that kid. Not only did she experience that incident in the empire, but to also have been kidnapped...”

Resmus felt even more sorry.

She knew.

Despite the strong front she was putting on, Arin was far from feeling whole.

No matter how tough and brave she appeared, in the end, she was just a thirteen-year-old girl.

The title of a princess who cannot show weakness or shed tears, seemed cruel at times like these.

“Let’s go, Arin. Surely, when we get to the dormitory, Sian will be there.”

“Sian...?”

Unlike his expectations, Arin’s face was indifferent.

“It doesn’t matter! I didn’t come all this way just to see him...”

Resmus was momentarily flustered.

“Really?”

“He didn’t even bother to see me while at the banquet! Why should I care now!”

Arin’s face was smothered with bitterness due to Sian’s negligence, but her pouting seemed to secretly expose her girlish charm.

“Still, that doesn’t mean I won’t go!”

“Huh?”

“I promised Nana! That I’d go see her first when I get back! How boring it must have been to only be around that uninteresting Sian!”

“Yes, I suppose...”

Resmus heaved a sigh of relief.

Just as the two women were about to head towards the Royal Wing, they suddenly heard from behind.

“Welcome to Rowen, the city of harmony!”

Normally, Rowen’s guards didn’t salute for anyone aside from noble offspring or high-ranking academy officials.

Instinctively turning their heads, assuming it would be another student,

“...?”

Arin was faced with a very familiar figure.

“Lu, Lunev?”

Seemingly encountering an improbable person, both women couldn't help but feel astounded.

The woman who had just passed through the gate also saw Arin and reacted.

“Imperial Princess Arin Severus?”

Unlike Arin, Lunev showed little sign of surprise.

Robed magicians followed her by the dozen.

“Uh... are you alright?”

“Was there any reason I wouldn't be?”

Startled, Arin inquired about her wellbeing, but Lunev simply seemed puzzled.

\* \* \*

After an unexpected reunion, Arin and Lunev decided to head to the academy together.

Following them was Resmus, with knights from the imperial city and magicians from the academy maintaining a consistent distance.

“It's a bit awkward to ask, but how have you been?”

“Nothing much. I just holed up in my room after returning from the empire.”

“Same here. I haven't stepped out of my room until coming to the academy.”

Feeling a sense of kinship, Arin clapped her hands in response.

Lunev's eyes fleetingly showed discomfort.

“You can speak informally with me.”

“What?”

“We’re at the academy, not in the empire, after all. Just call me casually. In return, can I also call you senior Arin?”

“Oh, okay then. Sure...”

Arin, somewhat taken aback, consented to the informal address.

Easing up a bit, Lunev continued.

“Actually, my confinement by my grandfather was strict to begin with, and it wasn’t just because of the banquet. One day, I was so bored that I snuck out without his knowledge. I managed to escape and headed towards the academy.”

“How did you...?”

“It was simple. The guards around me were always positioned at set times, in set places. Their shift change was also predictable. Frankly, I could have snuck out any time before that, I just hadn’t because there was nothing to do if I did. After that, my grandfather tightened the surveillance, but it’s not like it’s impossible now.”

Arin took a moment before showing her amazement.

“That’s incredible. I had no idea you had such an insight. I was really worried when I heard about your kidnapping.”

Lunev maintained a nonchalant expression.

“Then, if I may ask, what brought you to the academy that time?”

“Oh, I went to see senior Sian.”

Arin’s steps halted abruptly.

Lunev, followed by Resmus and the escort knights, all came to a standstill.

“You went to see Sian?”

Excited, unlike Arin, Lunev still appeared unaffected.

“Yes. I just wanted to see his face because I was bored. So, I went to find him.”

Arin realized it must have been because of Nana.

“Anyway, I had a bit of a chat with senior at the cafeteria, when he stepped out to the restroom, I was kidnapped. Thinking about it now, it was quite a mess. I should have realized it when strangers I had never seen before appeared, it was entirely my fault.”

Lunev seemed to be blaming herself for what happened that day.

Witness watching this, Arin felt conflicted.

She was self-critical, yet clearly not despairing, radiating unwavering confidence that she wouldn't fall for such a situation again.

The girls continued their walk and soon reached the academy.

Perhaps too focused on their conversation,

Not just the two women, but the knights following them failed to notice a man approaching them.

“...!”

Feeling an unfamiliar presence, the women were startled.

“I apologize for startling you. Did I interrupt something?”

Resmus quickly stepped in front of Arin to shield her.

The trailing knights and magicians also took positions as the sudden presence of the man hurriedly bowed to apologize.

“Who might you be?”

“A pleasure to meet you for the first time. I am Boris Lehelm, the newly appointed instructor at the academy this semester.”

“A new instructor?”

To quell suspicions, the man immediately presented his identification.

It bore the unmistakable seal of the academy.

“My apologies. While touring the academy grounds, I happened to see the two of you and approached without thinking. You are student Arin and student Lunev, aren't you?”

“Yes, we are, but...”

Despite being their first meeting, the man seemed to already know who they were.

“It's no wonder you are top students at the academy, such abundant mana energy. I was quite impressed. If it isn't impolite, may I take a moment to check your magical strength?”

“How will you check it?”

“It's simple. If you could just conjure a small mana sphere and hand it to me, that would suffice. Of course, if you feel uncomfortable, you do not have to oblige! It's just a request, after all.”

Although his status as an instructor was confirmed, Lunev maintained a cautious glare.

On the other hand, Arin, intrigued, effortlessly conjured her mana sphere.

“Do I just give it to you?”

“Yes, that's correct.”

As the fragile, white sphere was about to be handed over to Instructor Boris,

-Snap

Someone's rough hand suddenly grabbed Arin's wrist harshly.

“...!”

Losing her balance, Arin stumbled and found herself caught in someone's embrace.



Looking up at the owner of the hand, Arin was taken aback.

“Si, Sian?”

There was an unmistakable anger in his expression.

(To be continued)

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