

I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS COUNTRY

Chapter 1 - I Didn't Expect This (1)

When do we feel most unjustly treated in life?

When we're misunderstood?

When we're falsely accused?

When we work hard but don't get proper compensation?

Well, everyone probably experiences moments like that, but still-

"It seems your name will be attached to this disease."

At least, hearing something like that, and then

"You probably have about half a year left."

Being abruptly handed a death sentence like that when you're not even thirty years old must feel quite unjust.

'Hah, what does a person usually do when they hit the jackpot lottery?'

At the age of twenty-nine.

Without parents, without any inheritance, I had simply lived diligently, but then out of nowhere I received a death sentence.

Moreover, it was on the very day I was rejoicing, thinking 'I've finally hit the jackpot lottery and am being rewarded for living diligently like an ant!'

So before dying, I said:

Ah, I really don't want to die. Please, anyone, do something so I don't actually die.

I definitely said that.

But I didn't know that by saying that, I really wouldn't die.

I especially didn't know that I would even become an undying, ultimate undead skeleton!

"Your Majesty."

"Today, you are the undying King who has brought us to this place!"

Hearing the praises from those around him, one pure white skeleton let out a small sigh.

[Yeah, this whole mess has finally ended.]

"Yes?"

[Now I too can stick out my tongue and eat, poop, and do other things.]

"...Yes?"

[Finally, I can even grow hair on my bald head.]

"...Uhh? Yes?"

Isaak.

Whether looking up or down, the world called him the worst 'Skeleton King', for he was nothing but bones.

So infamous was he that even if one couldn't remember the name of the country, everyone knew his name.

Countless heroes had fallen to their knees, coughing up blood before him, and wherever he led his evil spirits, a trail of death and corpses resembling his form was left behind.

In other words, a true Demon King of the dead!

Lord of the wandering souls!

An 'overreacher' that even the Pope of the Holy Empire dared not try to subjugate!

But even for such a mighty Demon King, there was one major problem.

'Damn it, it's bad enough I can't even poop.'

It was unjust enough to die from a rare disease without being able to spend a single penny of the lottery winnings.

At the moment of his death,

he opened his eyes in another world, turned into a bare white skeleton that couldn't eat, sleep, or even feel pain.

And feeling utterly cheated for becoming a skeleton before even being able to hold a woman's hand, he stubbornly clung to life and consciousness.

He went from being a mere controlled bottom-tier summoned evil spirit to gaining the strength to evolve into the king of the undead, a .

It was nice that he was able to revive the demon tribe that was on the verge of total collapse by feeding and sustaining the stray demon rebels.

"Master."

"Our great King."

A fearsome Demon King, revered even by the gods.

"Our King whose very name exudes lethality and cunning! !"

[Yah, how many times I've told you, it's 'Isak', you brats!]

Kim Isak, a Korean, seemed fed up as he tapped his chest, but at this point, he didn't really care that these underlings hadn't been able to properly say his name for hundreds of years.

[As of today, this damn contract is over too.]

“Pardon?”

The Skeleton King’s empty eye sockets flickered ominously, as if he were extremely pleased.

[Finally, as of today, I can eat, sleep, and poop.]

* * *

Kim Isak wanted to become human.

No, he didn’t care if it was a lion’s dung or a dinosaur’s egg, he just wanted a body that wasn’t bones.

But no matter what he tried, he could never escape being an undead corpse.

Still, it didn’t matter.

-Demon King, let’s make an employment contract.

The gods made this proposal to Kim Isak, who stood at the pinnacle of the demon tribe.

-If you solve our requests, we’ll turn you into a human as compensation.

And after 10 years of contracting with the gods-

Bang!

-!

The head of a giant fell into the realm of the gods.

Realizing that the owner of that head was the enemy that had terrified the gods’ realm, the gods turned pale with fear.

-Insane.

The gods couldn’t speak as they looked at the skeleton that had brought the giant’s head.

-That madman really brought it.

And the Skeleton Demon King, who had even brought the giant's head, made his empty eyes flicker.

[Well, with this, I've eliminated all the rebel forces resisting the gods.]

-...!

The gods shuddered greatly.

-How could that lunatic...!

-In just 10 years...!

To think he handled all the calamities that even the gods couldn't touch for thousands of years!

The Skeleton King's eye sockets flickered.

[Since the lip service is done, hand over my reward. You said if I solved the 12 requests, you'd turn me into a human?]

Then the god who had given him the requests immediately ran over.

-Sorry to keep you waiting! I never thought you'd finish the job so quickly...

[What?]

-Do you think it's easy to turn someone like you into a human? In that sense, you should be grateful we even used you as the gods' hands and feet.

The Skeleton King then chuckled amiably, his bones clacking.

[Oh? So if I do one more, you'll pay me? Okay, that's easy and simple enough.]

-Then...

Bang!

[Damn it, you can't even screw over a skeleton with water. Where do you get off trying to fool me like that?]

-!

The Skeleton King was emitting a menacing aura.

In fact, on his way here, he had overheard an unexpected conversation.

-Actually, there's no way to turn that Skeleton Demon King into a human, you know?

-What? Really? Then why did the Main Gods make a contract with that Skeleton Demon King?

-Why? Because he's an existence outside the rules, summoned by forbidden magic, so he can't be destroyed. And as an undead, he's immortal. His power is dangerous enough to threaten even the divine and human realms. So they had the brilliant idea to exploit that power for the gods' sake instead. Get it?

-I see. What a brilliant plan.

-That's right... Gah! The Skeleton King!

Recalling that conversation, the Skeleton King walked over to the gods with a look of disgust.

[What? You said if I did good deeds in the divine realm and cleansed my karma, I could become human? That if I took care of the 12 calamities defying the gods, it would be enough?]

The gathered gods seemed flustered by his forceful presence. The whispering gods' faces showed clear annoyance.

-Well, it seems he's caught on.

-Ah, I did oppose this from the start. Why did we even summon such a vagrant to the divine realm in the first place?

-Well, we never expected the 12 subjugation requests to only take 10 years... We estimated at least 500 years per subjugation...

Before they could finish speaking, there was an explosive sound.

[You motherfuckers, is that all you have to say?!]

Bang!

The Skeleton King raged as if he wanted to flay the gods' faces right off and wear them himself.

[You bastards never intended to make me human from the start, did you?]

At those words, the gods laughed as if asking why he was taking it so seriously.

-This is all for your sake, you know? Why are you so obsessed with becoming human? How comfortable is that body really? You can't eat, sleep, or die...

[Piss off! Do you know how I feel?]

He still couldn't forget that day when he had suddenly become a skeleton.

'So this is how a Demon King is born!'

The face of the summoner who had summoned his soul from another world, with the intention of creating the strongest Demon King!

The faces of the people who would always run away no matter who they were whenever they saw him! And the knights and priests who tried to kill him, thinking he was just some low-level monster!

No, more important than those things,

[I absolutely hate skeletons, corpses, bloody horror stuff, and gore! Do you know how crazy it drives me to look in the mirror every morning?!]

-...?!

So the Skeleton King glared with disgust towards the palace of the divine realm.

To make matters worse, after barely managing to feed and sustain his underlings, he couldn't even save up any money for himself in his lifetime.

[For 10 years, from being a shoeshiner to cleaning latrines, giving massages, and exterminations, I did all your dirty work for free. I'm going to claim compensation including therapy costs for mental anguish and punitive damages.]

At that, the gods stepped forward as if outraged, blocking his way.

-If anything, we're the ones who should be compensated!

[What? You bastard?]

-Do you even know how many of the divine realm's priceless treasured elixirs you consumed!

Then the Skeleton King laughed derisively as if to say, 'What are you talking about?'

[What priceless treasured elixirs? It was just a scalp moisturizer and a red energy drink.]

-Moisturizer... energy drink...?!

-A single drop contains tens of thousands of years of the divine realm's essence... No, wait. Did you just say it was red?

[Yeah, the stuff sealed in a box with a dragon pattern.]

The gods thought they were mishearing.

What the Skeleton King was referring to was undoubtedly the divine realm's primordial treasure, stored in the deepest recesses of the gods' vault...

Treasure?!

-Don't tell me you drank that?!

-And you even broke into the restricted area?!

[Ah, don't worry. Since it was a waste, I used what was left to polish my feet. The fragrance was nice.]

-...?!

[Why? You said I could consume any recovery potions in the box.]

The gods grabbed the backs of their necks.

Surely he didn't mean that box was the treasure box?

They felt that further conversation with this vagrant would be pointless.

'Of all things, one of the eight forbidden great treasures.'

-No, it's fine. In fact, your being in the divine realm now is our only chance to eliminate all demons.

-A demon we could finally exploit, and now this is such a shame.

At the suggestion of eliminating him and his underlings for breaking the contract, the Skeleton King's empty eye sockets flickered chillingly, as if asking if they were joking.

[You want to take me on? Even if this is your home turf, you'd need at least a main god to deal with me.]

The Skeleton King, who had intended to simply leave after the contract was fulfilled, unleashed his power.

Thud!

The ground shook, and some lesser gods staggered from the vastly different level of magic power compared to before.

-We didn't take the form of an employment contract with the Demon King for nothing! He's an existence that cannot be destroyed! How do you plan to deal with this...?!

But at that moment:

Crack!

[Kuk!]

Suddenly, the Skeleton King contorted his body. The magic power he had been using disappeared.

And that wasn't all.

'I can't move my body.'

At the same time, mocking laughter could be heard directed at the bewildered Skeleton King.

-It's no use. Anyone whose name is written on this cannot move a muscle.

[!]

The Skeleton King was startled to see what the gods were holding.

'An insect?'

It was a dead insect in a mounted form.

But it was an object that could seal any calamity without leaving a trace of magic power.

-Do you know how this world has been maintained until now? It's all thanks to these. Countless past great calamities have been sealed within them.

As evidence, a mounted insect with the Skeleton King's name written on it began to glow, and the Skeleton King felt as if his soul was being drained.

In the end, the Skeleton King let out a disgusted laugh.

[So you bastards used the employment contract as bait, and your goal from the start was to extract my soul and seal it, huh?]

The gods then revealed their true colors, as if graciously doing him a favor.

-Did a filthy Demon King like you really think you could set foot on the same ground as the gods?

-You should be grateful we even used you as the gods' hands and feet. And yet you shamelessly ask for compensation?

[What? You bastard??]

-Well, we did say we'd tell you the truth before using you on this. But you found out faster than expected.

-Still, go in peace. We've specially prepared a new body resembling you. Aren't you grateful?

The form of the mounted insect they were referring to was none other than a shiny, hairless maggot.

The Skeleton King's eye sockets flickered with murderous intent.

[Couldn't you at least have brought a hairy caterpillar or something?!]

-Hah, still obsessed with trivial things like hair? Whatever. Don't worry, we'll make good use of your skeleton body and underlings as lifelong slaves, so don't worr... Kuhek?!

Crack!

The gods carrying out the soul sealing were startled.

Cracks had started to appear in the mounted insect binding the Skeleton King's soul.

As the gods looked on in bewilderment at the sight, a chilling laughter rang out.

[You idiots. If you were going to do it, you should have finished it quickly without being noticed!]

-Wait, wait!!!

But before they could even think that something had gone wrong, a massive explosion occurred in the divine realm.

Boooooom!

In the end, the gods only came to their senses after that.

Seeing the devastated divine realm, the gods turned pale with fear.

-That madman...!

-He self-destructed with his own body! Is he insane?

But the senior gods froze for a different reason.

-Did the ritual properly activate or not!

-Yes, yes?

-If we let that Skeleton Demon King get away, we'll really have an irreversible problem on our hands!

The gods, whose expressions had changed for the first time in hundreds of years, soon relaxed.

They found the mounted maggot amid the debris.

The formerly stiff maggot was now squirming restlessly, unlike before.

-The ritual seems to have activated properly, and the Demon King's soul appears to have been sealed correctly.

At the news that the Demon King was trapped, the senior gods finally breathed a sigh of relief.

-Then it's done.

The gods watched as the squirming, desperately struggling insect was taken away, as if begging to be freed.

-That madman, just how much damage did he do on his own...?

-At least he had the body of an insect, fatally vulnerable to divine power, so he survived. Otherwise, even this method would have been impossible.

-Yes. He must have been trying to get rid of that sole weakness by wanting to become human. A human body is compatible with divinity.

The gods laughed, holding their stomachs.

-Then let's take this opportunity to kill all the demons. Our power increases every time we kill demons, doesn't it?

-Good idea. And we can enslave the pretty, presentable ones.

-Those are the Demon King's underlings. Not only are they not easy to kill, but the gods cannot directly interfere in the mortal realm.

-Then there must be another way...!

But then, an elder god spoke up.

-'Preaching' is what strengthens the gods.

-!

-I will expend my power to create a vessel for a Saint, a preacher, and send them to the mortal realm. We can entrust all authority for demon subjugation and evangelism to this saint.

-What? Are you sure that's okay? The power expenditure will be considerable...!

-A thousand years of rest will be enough. So be sure to select a pretty soul that obeys our words well as the precious vessel of the Saint.

-As for the insect imprisoning the Demon King, seal it in a place deep and inaccessible to anyone, and maintain strict surveillance over it.

-Yes!

With this, the name of the Demon King who had vexed and disgusted the gods for hundreds of years will disappear.

They watched the insect being taken to the torture chamber and felt relieved.

-As for that insolent Skeleton Demon King Isaak... we should torture him for life while he regains his senses trapped inside the insect.

* * *

Yes, regaining his senses.

It's good to regain one's senses.

For a skeleton living for hundreds of years, it's normal to be deceived in a human way, have your soul extracted, and be tortured while sealed as a maggot.

Yes, that may be so, but...

"Oh my, dear baby Saint. You're awake?"

Isaak the Skeleton King was bewildered by what had happened to him.

What is this? A baby?

Why isn't it a maggot??

No, more importantly...

'A Saint? A Saaaaint?'