

# I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS COUNTRY

## Chapter 2 - I Didn't Expect This (2)

In his childhood, Isak's deceased parents were Catholic missionaries.

"Isak, what happens if you lie?"

"A bad child will go to hell, right?"

"No. You won't get your pocket money this month."

They were truly missionaries.

Of course, their son later became the leader of evil demons instead of a mere skeleton, but that part didn't really matter much. They were parents who didn't care whether their son became a demon or walked the path of an angel, as long as he took responsibility for his own actions.

That's why the Skeleton King thought he had adapted to his second life without any shame in himself until now.

'Bones... bones...'

Only his skeletal appearance was something he could never get used to, even after hundreds of years had passed.

To the point where he swallowed his pride and made an employment contract with his enemies, the gods, just to become human...

That's right.

That's what happened, and yet.

"Oh my, the baby Saint has awoken."

What is this dog-like situation?

The Skeleton King couldn't understand what had happened to him.

Of course, he also didn't know why he was in this place when he should have been trapped inside an insect.

'A Saint?'

A Saaaaint?

If we're talking about a Saint, isn't that essentially the extreme and petty leader of the holy side?

In fact, the Skeleton King still couldn't forget it.

It was back when he was still a low-level skeleton.

-Kill them! Not a single demon shall be spared!

Those human brats were fussing so much just because...well, okay, he did steal a rather large amount of bread. But still, they were making such a big deal over some bread, sending that many paladins after the tiny, whimpering demon cub.

-Ah, there! The skeleton is escaping with the others! Deal with it!

He nearly became a holy being himself when he went to save the little demon and got blasted by a holy magic attack.

And what about after he became the Undead King Lich?

-Clean out the demon territory!

The holy faction were a bunch who would barge into other's territories and cause trouble at the slightest provocation.

Of course, when the envoys of a great nation were fooling around in his land, he got pissed and roughed up the representative, beating them up and hanging them on a tree...

-The Demon King beat up the Saintess and hung her on a tree! This is clearly a declaration of war!

It might have been a bit excessive, but still, to the Skeleton King, the holy faction were truly vile and petty beings.

Anyway, this Saintess existence was new, but it was probably similar to the Saintess he had beaten up.

'I did send all 80 generations of Saintess back to the Holy Empire crying, but still.'

This Saintess would likely be no different – someone trying to oppress the demon faction in the name of God.

But why were these people calling him a Saint?

No, the more pressing issue was:

'Why did I become human?'

What is this?

The Skeleton King, who suddenly became a baby, tilted his head in confusion.

He didn't have enough time for a complete analysis, but the that had come for his soul was a divine technique – the highest-ranked one, in fact.

It was definitely a sealing spell used to imprison those who opposed the gods.

It was said that even great calamities of the past had been subdued by being sealed in insects by the gods, as the technique could absorb souls no matter where they fled.

He didn't know how such an ancient high-level divine technique had resurfaced, but it was undoubtedly a powerful technique.

'Even if I did interfere at the last moment, there's no way such a powerful technique would let my soul slip away.'

And yet, instead of being sealed in a maggot, he ended up in a human body?

Moreover, the body of a Saint?

What is this?

What are they trying to do?

The Skeleton King had to seriously ponder their intentions.

‘Could it be that they felt bad for exploiting me, so with a minimum of conscience, they put me in a human body...?’

No, there’s absolutely no way that was it.

‘Those bastards are pretty shameless.’

They were the ones who would brag about money whenever they saw him struggling to feed his subordinates, saying that demons were better off as poor skeletons anyway.

Of course, he never expected them to go so far as to break a formal contract where he staked his name, but they definitely didn’t want to turn him human in the end – probably afraid an ‘Undead Demon King’ would lose his fatal weakness to holy power.

No wonder the undead were weaker against holy power than even demons.

‘Anyway, they were some unscrupulous bosses who ignored the employment contract and robbed me of my wages.’

That’s why it was even more strange.

Why did they even try to seal him in a mere insect?

Given their arrogant and conceited nature, it wouldn’t have been strange for them to torture him for life after sealing him in an insect.

‘But why did the technique misfire?’

If there was a possibility, it could only be one thing.

-Our King, !

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

'That's right, the name!'

His name was Isak.

But no matter how many times he corrected them, for some reason the name they recognized was . Maybe that was the influence.

'A gap must have opened up because of the name.'

It was a sealing technique where the soul is bound to the location where the name is written, but the premise itself was wrong from the start.

Of course, that still didn't explain why he ended up in this body, but...

Why?

'Could it be that this brat's name is Isak...?'

However, soon the Skeleton King smiled rottenly.

'No matter what, there's no way that...'

But that's when it happened.

A man who looked like a servant waved his hands frantically.

"Peekaboo, lord Isaac, look here! If you cry, the evil Demon King will take you away, lord Isaac, peekaboo!"

"Oh my, how can you carelessly call the baby Saint's name!"

"Ah, I'm sorry. He was about to cry, so I did it without thinking."

"It's because of your face, move aside!"

At the same time, the Skeleton King sneered, saying see, I told you so.

'See, it's Isaac. There's no way the name could be the same...'

Wait a minute.

...Isaac?

Isaac?

'Isn't that just a different pronunciation of Isak?' (tl/n: I want to clarify the difference in the pronunciation of the three names. Korean Kim Isak – 이삭 – i.sak; the Skeleton King Isaak – 이사악 – i.sa.ak; the child was named Isaac – 아이작 – ai.zæk)

The Skeleton King was bewildered.

Could it really be?

Of course, if he used the magic, he could know for sure, but that wasn't important right now.

'Shit, of all things, to be in the body of a bug-like human from the holy faction... No matter what, what kind of dog...'

Because of this, the Skeleton King shouted with sincerity.

"Wow, human body is so good!"

The Skeleton King, who babbled without realizing it, was silent for a moment and then laughed as if he had misspoken.

'No, no. No matter what, I'm supposed to be a Demon King, but in the body of gods' lackey...'

"There's sensation in my palms, I can smell too, ummm, it's not bones!!!"

The Skeleton King, who fell silent again, coughed.

'Still, shit, a man's pride...'

"Shit, I can eat chicken with this! Thank you, God!"

The nanny and the presumed servants were surprised and laughed at the sight of the Skeleton King, whose thoughts and words were disconnected.

“Oh my, the baby Saint is even good at babbling.”

“What? No way, already? Is it because he’s a Saint that he’s different?”

“...”

It seemed to others that he was just babbling, but the Skeleton King cleared his throat.

‘This brat’s head and body are working separately.’

Finally, the Skeleton King looked around for a moment, then prayed to the god he usually never sought.

‘God, Buddha, thank you. Just thank you all except for the bastard gods here.’

The Skeleton King inwardly cheered.

After all, it was sight, smell, and touch that he was experiencing for the first time in hundreds of years.

‘Idiots! Acting so high and mighty, and yet failing even at sealing! Serves them right!’

To think they were so reluctant to turn him into a human that they would break the contract so meanly!

For him, who couldn’t even feel the emotion of sadness due to his dead nerves, it was a joyous occasion.

But that’s why it was strange.

‘Why am I not turning into a skeleton?’

That’s because his soul was cursed.

「Life and Death Reversal」 (Extinction level)

Whether it was a curse that was attached when crossing over to this world, it was the highest-ranking curse that even gods feared and couldn't remove.

Roughly speaking, it turns everything living into death, and because it turns even himself into a death attribute, he couldn't escape being a skeleton.

As proof, this body should have immediately turned into a corpse with its skin peeling off as soon as his soul touched it.

But why.

'Why?'

Could it be suppressing a curse that even gods couldn't remove?

Perplexed, the Skeleton King closed his eyes for a moment to check the condition of his body.

'What is this!'

As someone called a great magician who could confidently say that no one could match him in magic and sensing, he could be even more certain.

'This is not an ordinary human body.'

It's no wonder he's called a Saint.

Although still just a child, he had the innate quality to contain any power – almost without limit!

Not turning into a skeleton was undoubtedly related to this blessed nature.

'Just how much blessing was crammed into him?'

Moreover, surprisingly, this body's original owner never existed in the first place. Countless souls failed to take root in this body and vanished, with only his soul managing to take root.

'In fact, if I hadn't come in, this physical body itself might have died.'



At the same time, he could be sure of one thing.

Frankly, with just this body alone, he could even absorb the power of a god – such was its genius...

The Skeleton King shook his head roughly after a momentary silence.

‘No, no, no.’

No matter how good the vessel seemed, he had his pride.

If it’s a Saint, then it would be part of the holy faction no matter what, and they were all beings that served the gods and made them stronger.

And he was supposed to become their vanguard?

‘Are you insane?’

He may have screwed them over by self-destructing at the last moment, but was that really enough to feel satisfied?

‘Those god bastards I made a contract with won’t just leave me be in any case.’

And for the Demon King to become the vanguard in the filthy body of those deceitful scammers...

It was then that he heard:

“His Majesty also instructed that the Saint who has descended through this revelation must be honored, so it will surely attract attention.”

His Majesty?

The Emperor of the Empire?

The Skeleton King rolled his eyes.

‘Hmm... well, okay. If they’re treating me like an honored guest, I can stay for a bit.’

After all, even if he tried to leave right away, the body he could have returned to was probably gone.

But.

‘That said, this isn’t a body I can stay in for long.’

So in the meantime, he should look for another way...

“Still, it’s rather pitiful. Even if you weren’t destined to be the Saint, you were born into nobility as the young master, so you would have grown up wanting for nothing.”

...Hm? Young master? Young master?

“Well, as the young son of one of the Five Great Noble Families of the Holy Empire.”

Upon hearing those words, the Skeleton King doubted his own ears.

Son of a noble family?

Nobility?

...So a silver spoon?

“That’s why we must be extra careful. The baby Saint could be targeted from anywhere.”

“Especially the demons might come after him.”

The Skeleton King smiled faintly.

‘Being a Saint is great. Being a silver spoon is great. They’re even going to protect me.’

“Oh my, the Saint is smiling. I wonder if he’s in a good mood for some reason.”

The baby Demon King cackled with laughter.

What did Saints and Saintesses even matter in the first place? Weren't they just existences created to sustain the gods in times of crisis?

Proxies of God, no less!

So if he just kept his mouth shut and enjoyed the luxury, wouldn't the gods eventually starve to death on their own?

Imagine if the Demon King they thought they had sealed was actually living comfortably within the precious Saint, devouring the food that sustains the Holy Empire?

Their blood pressure would skyrocket!

'No, wait.'

The Holy Empire was essentially the nation that nourished and revived the gods. In fact, it was their only such nation.

Then wouldn't destroying the Holy Empire also destroy the gods?

"Oh my, the baby Saint is really beaming with smiles."

"I wonder why he's in such a good mood?"

That's right, why bother going out of his way to directly confront and waste energy on the gods?

'For now, I'll keep my identity a secret.'

Didn't those three servants just say that the demons are targeting the Saint?

Then wouldn't his subordinates eventually come to him on their own if he just stayed put?

If this place was near the Holy Empire, then the demon territory would be quite far away. So for now, he should just wait while filling his belly in this wealthy household.

'The only problem is that I can't even hold up my head in this baby body.'

But it didn't really matter. This servant... no, nanny beside him –

Based on the situation, they seemed to be on their way back to the estate. In fact, those who had boarded the carriage with him were worrying as they looked up at the sky.

"We should hurry back before the rain pours down."

The Skeleton King, who would get soaked to the bone if it rained, laughed as if to say, 'Good thinking.'

'Yes, let's go, nanny. I don't even have the strength because I'm so hungry.'

But at that moment.

The woman holding him stroked him regretfully.

"But it pains my heart, so I suppose we should get started."

"Yes, since he's a Saint candidate, we have no choice but to kill him."

...Huh?

The Skeleton King flinched.

Kill?

Something seemed off.

"It's a pity, he's such a pretty child with such a lovely smile."

"We can't help it, the Saint has to come from our family. That's why we went out of our way to kidnap this lump of flesh."

The conversation was taking an increasingly ominous turn.

"Did the head of the family catch on about this child?"

"No, we took him before that."

They drew their daggers as if following the plan.

Seeing the blade gleaming at him, the Skeleton King turned pale.

...Wait a minute.

Weren't you the nanny?

"Farewell, little one."

Shing!

Shit! You were assassins?!