

# I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS COUNTRY

## Chapter 4.1

'Kidnapping? These bastards are up to no good!'

The Skeleton King's eyes flashed with anger. The light that created the magic core in his body wasn't particularly bright. Even so, there was nothing good about humans witnessing the creation of magic cores.

'Because magic and divine power are like cats and dogs, irreconcilable enemies.'

Of course, there were many reasons to hide it even if it wasn't that reason.

'If the baby learns to use magic on their own, they will go into shock.'

Humans could use magic from the age of five. But in that situation, a milk-drinker using magic? The magician guys would go crazy, saying that it was a miracle child. Other countries would want to take him away, right?

In other countries, they will be excited to take you, right?

And he must become a Saint of the Holy Empire and corrupt the servants of the gods, the priests. But if other countries or the Mage Kingdom caught wind of it, wouldn't that be a pain in the ass?

It would become very troublesome.

'Well, as long as they don't get in the way.'

Now was the chance while the henchmen were fighting and kidnapping him.

However, the Skeleton King, with his eyes closed, was more nervous than ever.

In fact, this was the most important moment while creating the magic core. If the process was interrupted here, his body would never be able to create magic core again.

It was not for nothing that the magic schools had set the age limit for succession classes at 5 years old. Even though they knew there were special abilities that could only be obtained at this age.

Well, if I could become the Skeleton King, I'd like to make it in a calm place...

'If not now, there won't be another chance.'

Right now, there are only fake servants here, but the Holy Empire is probably full of high-ranking priests. And creating a magic core inside that damn priests' lair?

That would be crazy.

It would be the same as announcing to everyone that the Skeleton Demon King, whom humans fear, is here.

So now was the optimal opportunity, as the fake servant's weren't paying attention to him.

'The first step is simple.'

The Skeleton King closed his eyes, and his vision became dark. This was simply a state of closed eyes. But he didn't stop there. The place where he had to create the magic core was the world, where he had to concentrate again.

[Conscious World]

At that moment, the Skeleton King's vision changed. It was as if he was sinking into a dark water, and both sound and light disappeared.

'Alright.'

A perfect space of nothingness. This was the place where he could create the magic core.

The reason for creating it in such a place was simple. If the magic core wasn't hidden deep inside, there was a risk of it being exposed and destroyed.

There was a reason that there were professional hunters who killed monsters and collected magic cores. But this place is moderately deep, so it's a safe place. Even the dragons at the pinnacle of magic created magic cores here.

However, the Skeleton King was different from others.

He was the leader of the demons who not only had unparalleled magical abilities but also subdued demons with his bare hands, causing even the gods to tremble.

'I'll go in twenty more times!'

He transcended the realm of consciousness and delved into the vast unconscious world, particularly the primordial world at the very end. The Skeleton King cut off the connection between the outside world and the consciousness.

Kuwoong!

He felt his breath stop for a moment.

'It's dangerous if we don't hurry.'

He may have had a strong body, but even he felt like his mind was going to fly away in this place where even the gods could lose themselves and disappear – a place that was never entered by the unconscious.

But the Skeleton King had a different reason for choosing such a dangerous place.

'The scale here is completely different.'

After all, there was a limit to the range of consciousness that creatures could perceive at once.

But the unconscious? There was no limit. That's why he wanted to create a magic core here.

As the landlord is above the builder and the builder is above the landowner, what good is having many seeds? What good is having a lot of building materials?

'Anyway, if there's not enough land, then everything is worthless.'

However, this place had no limits, expanding like an infinite universe – a place where an 'infinite core' of magic could be created that even the gods of magic couldn't reach!

So at this moment, in this place, he unleashed all his power.

Kugugung!

A flash of light began to appear before his eyes.

It was a magic core.

But the Skeleton King's expression as he looked at the magic core was strange.

'Insane, the magic core is white?'

Magic cores are basically three primary colors of red, blue, and green, and each color has different characteristics.

But white?

It was surprising even for a blank piece of paper, and the tremendous power emanating from that small size was felt.

The feeling wasn't bad.

No, it was very good.

It seemed like his gamble had succeeded.

‘Good, now that we’re almost done, everything will be over.’

All that was left was to engrave a ‘name’ on the magic core.

It is the most important task of concentrating and connecting consciousness and core, but it wasn’t a difficult task for him.

Actually, it was making the core that was tiring.

If he had come this far, it was practically over...

But at that moment.

“Oh, wait a minute. Baby Saint, are you not breathing?”

“!!”

At the sound that came from outside the primordial world, the Skeleton King was startled.

“What was that? Am I mistaken?”

“No, look at this. His chest isn’t moving at all...”

The Skeleton King screamed at the voices of the servants getting closer and closer.

No, now is the most important moment.

Even if it was him, touching it now would make him lose his mind and ruin everything!

“Artificial respiration!”

No, it can’t be!

It was kind of them to worry, but they didn’t need to!

Soon, the male servant's voice could also be heard.

"I will do it!"

Damn, don't do it!

The Skeleton King hurriedly began his finishing work, and the letters of light on the magical core were quickly inscribed.

That was the moment when the servants made a stance to save the child.

Flash!

[Isak]

It seemed that the extreme concentration was worthwhile.

Finally, the name was engraved on the magic core. At the same time, a tremor resembling the beating of a drum began, and magical veins began to form throughout his body.

The magical core had started to activate.

The Skeleton King hurriedly focused on the ritual and ascended from the unconscious world to the outside world. It would take time for magic to circulate throughout his body, but he had already activated it, so he could use magic.

'Hopefully, this will solve the problem for a while!'

The Skeleton King, who had finally crossed over to the inner world, opened his eyes abruptly.

The servants were surprised.

"He's opened his eyes!"

As they stepped back, the relieved Skeleton King closed his eyes as if he had fainted. It seemed like it had been almost 200 years since he had last exerted such intense concentration.

‘Already tired...’

“Oh my God, the baby has lost consciousness again!”

“As expected, I do Cardiopulmonary resuscitation!”

‘Don’t do it, damn you!’

The Skeleton King opened his eyes again, cursing at the male servant.

‘The young ones really do make the grown-ups nervous, huh.’

## Chapter 4.2

However, living creatures exhibit superhuman concentration during moments of crisis. Thanks to extreme concentration, it seemed that the most important inscription work had been done perfectly.

“If there are no problems, then let’s move the baby Saint now.”

“Yes... It’s not ideal, but kidnapping is better than killing.”

However, they didn’t give up on kidnapping.

But it didn’t matter.

For some reason, the Skeleton King raised the corners of his mouth.

Thump!

A fierce energy rushed into the Skeleton King.

The servants were surprised by the strong wind.

“What’s happening?”

“Is it the sacred technique again?”

The sacred technique is bullshit, it’s magic, dammit.

If the sacred technique is based on borrowing divine power, magic is based on absorbing mana into one’s mana core.

Now, the Skeleton King was absorbing the magic from the air.

Of course, accumulating mana was a time-consuming task, like building up one’s internal strength.

Even more so, if the Skeleton King had just created his mana core, it would probably take him several months to cast his first spell.

However...

Flash!

The Skeleton King smiled at the familiar energy that felt like his chest was being burned.

‘Yes, this needs to be engraved too.’

A different engraving was etched onto his mana core instead of his name.

It was an ability.

[Survival]

This was the Skeleton King’s characteristic or ‘origin’, which was an inherent trait of one’s soul that anyone could possess at birth, but could only be awakened and used through special circumstances.

Typically, whether one became a commoner or a hero depended on whether they realized their origin or not.



The Skeleton King already realized this when he was a low-class skeleton, where every day was like hell. And the 'origin' deeply engraved in the soul created special original buffs and skills.

For example, when Skeleton King's origin, 'Survival,' is applied to the basic first-order magic, ...

Crunch!

"Ughh!"

"Just a moment... cough!"

Magical power, no matter how skilled, can be absorbed little by little for a very long time, like accumulating particles. However, Skeleton King's with the origin of 'Survival' was different.

The time it takes to accumulate? It was meaningless.

There was no limit to the targets, nor was there any restriction on the amount.

At the same time, the surrounding trees withered, and the cloak the male servant was wearing turned to ashes in an instant.

"My clothes!"

In short, his origin was a specialized trait for surviving, fittingly named 'Survival.'

[I'll do anything to survive.]

He absorbed not only mana particles in the air but also mana imbued in plants and objects around him.

'Well, I didn't expect to exploit even that crappy cloak...'

That wasn't even a magic item imbued with mana; it was like adding a little bit of mana potion for fragrance and then taking it out...

The Skeleton King's expression slightly sank, but the servants, on the other hand, looked at the Skeleton King in bewilderment.

"I've never seen a spell like that before. Is it a noble spell or magic?"

"There's no way that the Daint can use magic. Come on, stop it!"

The servants tried to take something out of their pockets, but the Skeleton King laughed as if it was already too late.

'Level 1 magic.'

A bright light burst from the Skeleton King's body. It was a flash that seemed to take away one's eyesight.

"Ah!"

The servants groaned and backed away from the glare, as if pouring vinegar into their eyes.

Then the Skeleton King, who had turned himself into a luminous body, chuckled.

'Well, I can only use 1st level magic for now, but that's enough.'

There were ten levels of magic, from 1st to 10th. 1 level magic was a magic that could be used as a stepping stone to the 2 level, but it all depended on how it was used.

Just as an ordinary sword could become a masterpiece in the hands of a master swordsman, so the 1 level magic used by the Skeleton King had a different limit.

In fact, it was true. With just the 1 level magic, the servants closed their eyes and fainted...

Wait, what? Fainted?

Fainted???

The Skeleton King looked surprised as he saw the servants completely unconscious.

'What is this!'

Even considering his blessed body, the power he could unleash at the first level was by no means enough. All sorts of inexplicable magical phenomena, even for someone like him who had experienced it before, was a phenomenon he couldn't understand.

'No, actually. I like it.'

There's nothing wrong with it. If even though it's only at the first-tier level, it has gained power, then it's a good thing. It means he can protect himself immediately.

The only problem is...

'Excuse me, but I don't even know which family I belong to...?'

Who would have thought that someone wouldn't be able to counteract a 1 level magic spell!

Originally, he was thinking of making it slow and then casting another spell!

'Oh! Never mind, I'll find it myself.'

The Skeleton King crawled around and searched the bodies of the servants.

Since they were pretending to be fake nannies, if he searched their body, he would find a trace of the family crest or something.

However, the more he searched, the more distorted the Skeleton King's face became.

It wasn't easy to search with a baby's body, but above all, he couldn't find anything that could be a clue.

'It's difficult.'

There was also a way to go to a nearby monastery, but looking at the situation, it seemed that the situation was complicated.

Since it's impossible to know who's an enemy or an ally, at least he needed to know which family he belonged to and be careful about finding a place to eat... Yeah right!

After hundreds of years, I finally became human again! Do you think my temple would be satisfied with cheap milk from a monastery? For the first meal, I need to eat a luxurious meal from a wealthy family until my stomach bursts!

The angry Skeleton King's eyes flickered.

"Mistress, wake up! Tell me whose family I am! You better straighten up and show some respect! I'm a duke! I come from the 5 great noble families!"

Of course, what came out of his mouth was different from what he really felt.

"Shoo! Shoo! Shoo-shoo-shoo!!"

It was a moment when the Skeleton King, with his eerie sight, hit their cheeks with his small hands, accompanied by angry moans.

"Ugh... Those damn guys! Did they even use magic by calling the magician?"

"!"

One of the three persons who had collapsed staggered to her feet.

She was the leader of the group.

The Skeleton King was quite interested in her rising up.

It was because of the power she was emitting.

'What? Was she a Paladin?'

The Holy Knight's unique technique was slightly activated. Unlike the other two who collapsed, she was able to regain consciousness quickly thanks to it.

'No wonder she seemed a bit inexperienced in killing the suckling baby.'

Rather than a matter of skill, the mission of Paladins is to protect the weak. Their mindset is different from that of assassins.

However, the woman was not looking at the Skeleton King, but rather beside him. It was because of the sound of horses and men coming from far beyond the trees.

"They're here! Find the kidnapped Saint!"

"Damn it, where did they hide?"

It was the sound of searchers.

Upon hearing it, the woman clicked her tongue.

" must have released the person by now. I'm sure their bloodline is precious."

"!"

The Skeleton King's eyes widened.

But the woman started to firmly grasp the Skeleton King's collar. It was a bonus to thoroughly check if there was no other magic cast on the Skeleton King's body.

"To put magic on a bloodline, you disgusting people. It would be better to get rid of the child than to see prospering."

At that, the Skeleton King smiled satisfactorily.

Yes. It seems my diamond spoon ancestors roughly used the name 'Esua'.

That's it.

With this, he could find his way home without confusion.

The Skeleton King stretched out his fern-like hand.

“Baa! Baa!”

Seeing him ask for a hug, the woman smiled strangely and embraced the Skeleton King.

“Even if you make such an angelic face, I can’t send you back. You must have had magic cast by magicians earlier, but it’s now impossible...”

Then it happened.

Light shone from the Skeleton King’s forehead.

“...Baby?”

(1 level)

The Skeleton King, who activated the magic... no, ‘Isaac Esua’ smiled brightly.

And at that moment, a forehead that was harder than stone exploded against the woman’s forehead.

Bang!!

Thud!

It was only natural that people who were startled by the unbelievable sound of headbutting rushed over.