

I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS COUNTRY

Chapter 5.1

“My God, who on earth did this...?”

The Middle East of the Holy Empire Hella.

The quiet forest, which would normally be devoid of people, was in turmoil. There was no other reason.

‘To think all the culprits end up like this.’

They had come to find the Saint who had been kidnapped, but all the kidnappers were lying on the ground. One of them was bleeding from his forehead, and the other two were unconscious with foam in their mouths.

At least, all of them were official paladins, even though there was a difference in rank.

Even if the kidnappers were difficult to catch because they were paladins, who could have done this?

“Dayaa.”

“...”

The sight of the infant suckling alone and laughing amidst the fallen kidnappers was truly eerie. Soon the tense search party’s eyes turned to the doctor.

“How is it?”

“We need to investigate in more detail, but the two culprits seem to have suffered a mental breakdown, and one had their skull completely crushed. With this level of power, it must be at least a 6th-rank master of magic.”

The search party couldn't hide their astonishment at those words.

A 6th-rank master of magic was a heroic level area that could single-handedly turn an entire kingdom into chaos.

"But isn't a 6th-rank master a senior ability user?"

"But who the hell could have done this..."

"Dabaa."

"..."

The babbling heard again forced the search party to look at the Skeleton King.

All that was left here were the fallen kidnappers and the infant.

In the end, someone who had swallowed saliva opened his mouth carefully.

"Did... did the young master do this to the kidnappers?"

"That's an exaggeration. Even if so, it doesn't make any sense."

But the military doctor said it could be true.

"Judging by their wounds, it seems they were subjected to powerful sacred technique. But that power can also be felt in the child."

"So could the young master really have done this?"

"Perhaps. Because it could be a Saint's ability. Maybe it's the 6th-rank and ability."

"Such a high-level ability?"

Everyone swallowed their saliva as they looked at the Skeleton King, but the person in charge of the whole thing broke out in a cold sweat.

'No, I've never used a holy power before.'

In the first place, this wasn't a sacred technique, but just a basic 1st-rank magic... Yeah, the lighting magic that was put on the carriage. And the one who crushed the kidnapper's skull didn't use a destruction ability, but just brute force...

Damn it, I don't get it.

Why do they think magic is a holy ability?

'Is it because the Saint's power is so strong that it overwhelms the magical energy?'

Moreover, the lower level magic can't match the power of the higher level magic. Thanks to that, it seems like they have seriously misunderstood something, but anyway, it was good.

For the current Skeleton King, the most important thing was survival, both the first and second priorities.

Therefore, he had to gather the magic power to use the magic in a place where he could avoid the eyes of the gods.

And it was good that the searchers found him quickly as he intended, but...

'Why did the Imperial Knights come to find me?'

Even though they were wearing a simple cloak, there was no way he didn't recognize the uniform of the Holy Empire's royal knights. And they weren't ordinary knights.

'Senior Paladins.'

Those advanced Paladins were holy knights who used special combat abilities in the human faction. And they were probably an important weapon for the human faction.

Well, in other words, it meant that was a person important enough for the imperial family to personally come and find.

‘Tsk, if only I had a higher level of magic, I would know who they are even from a distance.’

While others would have liked them as senior Paladins who killed demons, the Skeleton King hated them terribly.

Why? Were they his enemies? No, the Skeleton King was the leader of the demon faction that humans feared. He wasn’t someone who would fear these mediocre Paladins.

‘They are a bunch of losers who only summoned skeletons for their graduation exams.’

No, if you want to take the practical exam for , come to the demon faction!

‘Why do they only call weak skeletons to their territory?’

And among the monsters, there were many who were better than just skeletons, so why do they only call them?

The priests at least conscientiously set barriers or run away if chased.

Damn paladins, do they think they look tough just because they have muscles in their heads? They are ruthless beings who will do anything to destroy the existence of others, even smashing the magic core.

And the Skeleton King, who survived every time he was kidnapped, has been summoned thousands of times for graduation exams.

‘Do you know how long it takes to get home from the Holy Empire?’

They only summon and I have to walk thousands of kilometers back! There was even a memory that I called out every time I evolved and trampled the young sprouts very evenly in return.

Once I even became a Demon King, but there was a time when I was so angry that I wanted to resurrect some young skeletons who were being decomposed by the wind. But they still keep summoning me without getting tired of it.

-Are bones really that weak, you bastards!

Thanks to my annoyance, I intentionally summoned myself to the graduation exam hall and turned the exam of the students into a hellish abyss.

Although it seems that they have all disappeared from the graduation exams since I told the pope, 'If you call our kids to the graduation exam again, we'll pull out all of your heads', it's all ancient history anyway. Anyway, the Skeleton King couldn't stand the priests.

And he already hated these things, but now the reason why he hates them to the point of disgust just appeared.

Growl! Growl!

'Damn it, how long are these bastards going to starve the baby?'

He was hungry.

He was so hungry he thought he was going to die.

Finally, the impatient Skeleton King raised his voice as if he was dying, with blood vessels popping out on his neck.

"It's a precious treasure that hasn't been seen in hundreds of years! If it gets pierced, will you take responsibility, you scum!"

The Skeleton King released the lion's roar with anger.

"Dayaa! Daba!"

Then the quick-witted paladins nodded their heads as if they knew exactly what was going on.

“We understand, young master. You don’t have to worry, you’ll see it soon.”

See what? Food? Meat? A banquet that breaks the table?

“Ta-dah! We’ve prepared a special delicacy for you!”

“Look here, ding-ding!”

“Oh, young master. Your mouth is watering. The delicacy must be to your liking! Peek-a-boo!”

The Skeleton King’s cheeks quivered.

He had thought that when he grew up he would get rid of them first.

Chapter 5.2

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The Skeleton King had a dream after hundreds of years.

It was a dream of getting rid of those damn priests and gods and devouring this country as his own. It was a good dream to wake up from and enjoy the long-awaited rest.

“It’s certain. The young master took care of the magician.”

magician?

What a bullshit

As he woke up, the imperial knights were engaging in a strange scuffle.

“Oddly enough, there were traces of 7th-rank magic being used in the place where I found the young master.”

Oh, it seems they were investigating the kidnapper. And they seem to have finally deduced that the magician appeared because he used magic.

But suddenly, magic? That was weird. There had never been a case of such high-level magic being used there.

“Otherwise, the grass and trees wouldn’t have dried up like that.”

What are they talking about? Did they mistake magic absorption for blood-sucking?

Well, magic absorption was a unique magic of the Skeleton King alone. Even those around him had mistaken it for vampirism, so it was understandable that they were confused.

But as high-level priests, they should be able to easily correct such errors...

“If it’s magic, is it the <<Black Angel>>? The 7th-rank magician of the Magic Empire.”

“Well, vampirism is his dirty specialty.”

No, you kids. That’s just a basic magic absorption that’s embarrassing to even call magic.

That’s not high-level magic, is it?

“The prophecy of the birth of the Saint has spread to other countries. The Magic Empire must be an enemy of the Holy Empire and is targeting His Holiness. They are a bunch of dirty scoundrels.”

“So the young master has driven out not only the kidnappers but also the magicians of the Magic Empire?”

No, black angel or black sugar, but you’ve never been there before?

“Oh my God, I must report this to His Majesty. He has even driven out the enemies of the Holy Empire. He will be a great treasure to the country.”

What crime did magicians commit?

Well, it doesn’t matter.

“Young master, we have arrived at your residence!”

The place where he arrived embraced by the paladins was a luxurious mansion.

Although it was a mansion in a nearby village, the garden was magnificent and the subtle divine power overflowed everywhere.

‘It doesn’t seem like my original house. Is this perhaps Eshua’s villa?’

Above all, the Skeleton King was able to learn a lot from the conversation of the paladins.

First and foremost, he wanted to know his own situation.

-What time is it now?

‘It doesn’t seem like a lot of time has passed since I was sealed.’

He roughly heard that the Skeleton King, the worst Demon King, had fought against the gods and was defeated, and peace had come to the gods.

The demon faction was said to be in chaos due to the absence of the Demon King.

The Pope was also keeping an eye on the movements of the demons.

In such a situation, was essential.

If it’s a Demon King, there are many who will come after your head, but...

‘If I reveal my identity to the Pope, it’ll be a real pain.’

The Skeleton King and the previous Popes were originally enemies, but the Pope was the only being connected to the gods more than anything else.

And what if he reveals his identity to him?

‘I’ll either be destroyed out of personal animosity, or in the worst case, I’ll be taken away by the gods. That’ll be the end.’

Of course, it won't be easy to take him down. This time, he had a body that could overwhelm them.

If it were me, I could have raised this body to surpass even the highest god. The gods would think they're finished when they realize this. The problem is that until I can grow stronger, I'm still a helpless newborn. But that will be resolved once I regain my original strength.

'In that sense, let's call my subordinates first.'

It was a piece of cake to raise the magic rank after receiving the magic core through a subordinate. Moreover, he had no intention of learning only magic in this life.

'Magic and holy power are opposing forces that can't coexist.'

It was like the strongest spear and the strongest shield.

But what if you could use both powers?

'What if you could freely invade even the absolute defense that they put up?'

Why was the Skeleton King defeated by the gods?

It was because he was vulnerable to divine power, but more than anything, it was because of the divine barrier that made the divine realm impregnable.

The entry condition for entering the divine barrier is having divine power.

In the first place, it was a problem that no one could approach it no matter how strong they were.

But what if it was a body of a Saint?

'Then, one can freely enter the gods' inner sanctum without any inspection.'

But what if you also had the magical power to kill gods?

‘Even if an archangel or anyone from their faction comes down, I’ll assassinate them on the spot!’

The corners of the Skeleton King’s mouth curled up with a sinister grin.

‘I’ll destroy this country of such priests from the inside out.’

What kind of expression would they have if they saw those who lived off them, enjoying the power of the divine realm!

‘Well, I just need to be careful of the temple for now.’

It was the headquarters of the filthy priests.

The temple was where the most sensitive people to magic gathered, and it was where all sorts of lethal weapons were equipped to dispose of demons.

So, he must be careful. Even though he was reincarnated in a Saint’s body, he was mentally in agony.

That’s why the Skeleton King’s eyes happily drew a crescent moon when he entered the luxurious mansion.

‘Here, the smell of the rich is in the air. It’s the best.’

He could call his subordinates without any risk of being discovered here.

Although the Skeleton King hated the paladins to death, they were the ones who brought him here.

There was no need to hate them this time around.

‘Well, this is enough for the paladins, and the pretty ones too...’

Corrupting and turning them into meat shields in the future... However, the expression on the Skeleton King’s face changed as he realized the true identity of the mansion.

‘What the fuck! Why is it a temple and not a house?!’

That's right. The mansion where the paladins arrived was not a villa, but a temple!

Although the garden was luxurious, it seemed like a temple created by the nobles, not a nobleman's mansion. As he actually passed through the garden, a familiar architectural style of the temple was revealed.

Because of this, the Skeleton King trembled at the sight of the paladins who were happy to death looking at him.

A house, you say!

'Are these damn holy knights trying to assassinate me?'

Bringing me straight to a temple when I used the magic before! At first I followed the assassins, and this time it was an assassination room!

"If it is a temple, it will be of great help to the young master, who is already using sacred technique."

"You will be recognized as a Saint."

Saints are great, but a temple?!

'Damn it. Anyway, the temple was still a dangerous place.'

Even if he planned to become a Saint and take revenge in the future. Of course, the problem was that he couldn't get close to it.

After all, a temple is a place where magical power can't exist.

'Holy power rejects magic.'

And his subordinates? How could he summon anything if there was no magical power in the first place?

'Damn it, if only there was magical power in the temple, I wouldn't be struggling like this.'

But then, it happened.

“!”

He felt a familiar power around him.

‘Magical power?’

The Skeleton King’s eyes twinkled.

If there was magical power, the story would be different.