

I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS COUNTRY

Chapter 6.1

At first, he thought it was a mistake, but he was sure.

'This is magical power.'

But why was there magical energy in the temple?

He couldn't understand the reason, but what did it matter? The important thing was that with magic, anything was possible, whether it was spells or summoning subordinates.

And the direction where he could feel the magic was...

The kitchen?

The Skeleton King saw a building bustling with food coming out at once.

At the same time, when the smell of food entered his nose, he staggered like a zombie.

'Darn it! My hunger is making me dizzy.'

He hadn't felt hunger like this in hundreds of years, and it was so joyfull that his tears came out. But now, it was his limit!

'These damn paladins.'

He rolled over, wanting to starve to death at this rate. It wasn't difficult to escape from the couch while the paladins looked away.

Rather than waiting for these bastards to bring him food, he would rather raid the warehouse himself. It wasn't a time to be picky about warm or cold rice.

As long as he could eat anything, even if it wasn't meat!

That's when it happened.

As soon as the Skeleton King entered the kitchen, he heard the screams of the holy knights.

"Oh my God, young master! Did you come all the way here because you were hungry? Hey! Bring it quickly!"

"Don't worry. We've prepared the best food!"

Wow! These guys!

It's creepy that they brought him to the temple, but he forgave them because they said they prepared the best food.

"Especially, the imperial family prepared something valuable for you!"

Wow! Pretty guys!

It's even the food of the imperial family!

Whatever they give him, he'll eat it deliciously!

However, soon his face contorted at the food they had brought in a golden dish.

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The Skeleton King had longed for a human body for hundreds of years.

He wanted to eat a bowl of ramen, even just once before he died.

And with extra spicy broth!

He wanted to eat the hot and spicy stuff that he had boiled for midnight snacks and hangover cures. Actually, it didn't matter if it was ramen or jajangmyeon or anything, as long as he could eat it, he had no more wishes.

Just being able to do that act of eating and swallowing it in his throat was enough to make him live happily for a hundred years.

And finally, after hundreds of years!

He was able to eat human food. Whatever came out, he would eat it deliciously...

Deliciously...

But in front of the food, the Skeleton King's face was full of complaints.

There was no other way.

'I always said I would eat whatever was served to me, but I didn't want to eat this... '

The face of the Skeleton King holding the bottle was rotting. His fingers gripping the bottle tightened.

'Well yes... Since I'm a baby, formula milk is good...'

Without teeth, the baby needed to grow by drinking as much as possible. That way, he could quickly raise his magic level. But if they were going to provide milk, they should at least give him actual milk.

'What is this tree root! Root juice, fuck it!'

The Skeleton King glared at the table in anger.

On it were dishes filled with beans and grass. Even though the juice from the grass was said to be a favorite of the holy knights, the Skeleton King rejected it and chose the bean water instead.

Milk would have been better than some unknown juice! Of course, even the milk was more like boiled water with beans than actual milk.

The Skeleton King had no choice but to eat it to survive, but...

'Is this really the food the imperial family sent?'

At this point, he had to seriously consider whether he could become a Saint renouncing his citizenship.

‘Couldn’t the Holy Empire be a vegetarian country?’

Of course, he liked vegetables, but how could the highest-quality food sent by the imperial family be this bad? Boiled bean water, really?

‘These bastards, were they from the elven nation?’

But soon the Skeleton King shook his head.

No, that’s not it.

It was a body that could barely eat and chew after hundreds of years.

Whether it’s bean water or plain water, if this is their staple food, now he’s humbled with a grateful heart...

“But is it really okay? Should we give the young master something that we don’t eat as well?”

“Because you are a noble representative of the gods and a leader, we prepared only the best.”

“The Pope ordered that the Saint candidates should be fed only with this crop.”

“Yes, it’s our duty.”

The Pope bastard, who wouldn’t be satisfied even if they chewed on this!

He has never liked those bastards since old times.

The Skeleton King, who was about to crush a milk bottle, glared and spat out anger from his eyes.

Before kicking the gods, let’s first take off the Pope’s balls.

In the meantime, the Skeleton King's gaze fell on the lunch boxes carried by the paladins. A delicious smell emanated from the boxes.

And perhaps sensing the Skeleton King's gaze, the paladins smiled as if moved.

"Do you care about us that much? You don't have to worry about us!"

"That's right. In order to protect you, our knights have thoroughly enjoyed the special meat dish!"

"So please eat without worry... Oops! The young master is drooling!"

"Wait, young master! Stop it! Oops!"

Tweh! Twaht!

He will definitely make these knights slaves and work them to death.

'It's not like eating this will make me any less of a Saint.'

But wait, it wasn't just anyone who ordered him to eat it, it was the Pope?

'Darn it, I'm hungry so I'll eat it for now.'

Surprisingly, it felt like he was eating soybean noodle soup, and it was actually pretty good if he just added sugar and salt.

Of course, Skeleton King didn't need to use magic to make seasoning, but still, he had already depleted his energy using only a 1st-rank spell.

'This is all because of the Saint's body.'

Was it because it didn't match his energy?

No, that wasn't the reason. On the contrary, his body was the best for a magician who stored up power. It could store any amount of power like a monster.

However.

‘Even storage capacity needs to be good to some extent. Am I a monster?’

Well, he understood. Compared to a god, the human body was small. So how can you store a lot of power in that small body?

‘Filter out impurities and compress as much as possible.’

Filter out impurities and compress the power as much as possible. To be able to produce the power of ten thousand with the power of one.

However.

‘Damn it, I underestimated the power of the Saint’s body.’

Because the compression was too great, only a few drops were filled even when absorbing power!

Of course, that meant the output was even better. Compression meant that the same amount of power could produce a stronger force.

In other words, it meant that the destructive power of magic also increased. It was undoubtedly the reason why a 1st rank magic produced the power of a higher level magic.

But it couldn’t go on like this.

‘Even if the power is strong, when will I be able to fill up my mana pool if I keep compressing it like this?’

The only way to replenish mana in the Holy Empire was to absorb mana core.

But if it continued like this, he would have to search for mana cores until he became an old man and die.

‘Damn, are you telling me to convert peacefully?’

I’m not even thinking about facing the gods, let alone becoming one of their lackeys.

In a situation where there was already a shortage of mana and it was difficult to summon subordinates...

Chapter 6.2

But then, it happened.

The Skeleton King, who was gulping down bean water like soju with a face that had already lived a full life, looked strange.

'Hmm?'

He looked at the milk bottle as if something was wrong. Then, he tilted his head and drank the bean water again.

Gulp, gulp.

'...Huh?'

The Skeleton King looked at the bottle as if it was a bug.

'What's this?'

Why does it seem like the more you eat soybean water, the more your mana fills up?

Is it because of the mood?

The Skeleton King felt weird and drank more and more, but it was clear.

'Insane, my magic power is really building up?!'

The Skeleton King stared at the bottle as if he couldn't believe it.

The reason was unknown.

The only thing that was clear in the current situation was...

'I can build up magic just by drinking?!'

He can use magic!

The Skeleton King's eyes went crazy at the thought.

And then.

“Oh my! Young master!”

“Wow!”

Gulp, gulp. Gulp, gulp.

The Skeleton King, who was sipping bean water, began to empty the bottle at a crazy speed.

Magic power began to build up little by little.

‘Good! Great! With this!’

Upgrading magic and destroying(?) this damn country of the holy clergy would be a piece of cake!

In an instant, the Skeleton King emptied a milk bottle and reached out his small hand to demand another.

“Dayaa! Ta ya ya ya ya ya (Pour it! Pour it, you scoundrels!)”

Even when he pounded the table with the bottle, the paladins were surprised.

“Oh my, even though it's a task, we were worried that you couldn't eat it...!”

“The other Saint candidates were forced to eat it too.”

“Yes, although they were chosen with the most beautiful appearance, honestly, it's the lowest-grade crop in terms of taste....”

“Even though it's for the clergy, would a nobleman who doesn't even eat what the peasants eat, eat it just because it tastes good? I haven't seen anyone of higher rank eat it...”

However, regardless of their words, the Skeleton King's eyes glimmered at the juice he was drinking.

‘As expected, there’s magic power in the ingredients!’

And this time, there was a considerable amount of magic power!

And until now, he had never eaten food because he was a skeleton, so he couldn’t even guess.

Could it be possible to absorb magic power by eating food?

But he had never heard of such a thing before.

‘Could it be because of my skill?’

The Skeleton King could absorb all magic power from any target.

In other words, this means that you can obtain magic power just by eating, unlike collecting it with a magic core or practicing.

‘Well, it seems that the amount of magic power in each food is different.’

There were some with very little, and some that could raise your magic power for a whole month.

‘Which is it? Which one is the one who owes a month’s worth?’

Well, that wasn’t important.

‘Let’s eat everything before the priest guys come!’

As the Skeleton King ate like crazy, the holy knights somehow really enjoyed it.

“Of course, this person is undoubtedly the Saint among the Saint candidates!”

“To make the ancient Saint food taste this good!”

At the paladins’ words, the Skeleton King narrowed his eyes. A Saint candidate? Come to think of it, he had been hearing about it since meeting his fake servants days.

‘There are more Saint candidates.’

Like a Saintess, a Saint would be a being who could have power comparable to an Emperor in the human faction. Knowing this, the noble families would fight each other to the death for influence.

And this tasteless trash... no, clean food would be one of the ways to distinguish the Saint. So he understood that. However, there was one question he had.

‘Why is there poison in the crop?’

It wasn’t just a simple poison.

‘This is a divine poison.’

It wasn’t a ‘divine poison,’ but a ‘poison that destroys divine power’.

It’s not an immediate effect, but if it accumulates in the body like poison, it’s deadly. And it’s a particularly lethal poison for priests who need to use divine power.

‘If the Saint doesn’t have divine power, well, that means to die.’

Of course, it didn’t harm the Skeleton King at all.

‘This poison is made from magic cores.’

Magic power and divine power are at opposite extremes. Naturally, using magic power to kill divine power was a matter of course.

And a poison made from a magic core?

If you give that to a demon, it’s like asking them to suck up the magic power.

Of course, there may still be poisonous ingredients, but that doesn’t matter. Even if it was a deadly poison, it would be a piece of cake for someone like the Skeleton King who was at the level of a Demon King and could absorb magic power by breaking down the poison into magic power.

The Skeleton King, who absorbed the poison in an instant, narrowed his eyes with great excitement.

‘Crazy, this is three months worth of magic power!’

This is the best!

He didn’t know who put it in, but it’s cost-effective! How toxic must it have been to contain three months of magic power!

He didn’t know why the poison was added to the food designated as the Pope’s task, but it’s unlikely to be used for discernment of Saints. If it was for discernment, they would have used a different poison that wouldn’t make priests retarded, and it would have had an immediate effect.

So, to put it simply, the enemy forces are trying to eliminate all the Saint candidates by using both magic and poison...

‘Oh, crazy! This time it’s five months’ worth of magic!’

The Skeleton King trembled with excitement.

Is there no poison with stronger toxicity in this power struggle?

Bring him some highly toxic poison, please.

* * *

“Did you say that the child of the Eshua family is a Saint now?”

The headquarters of the Papacy.

A man with clean eyebrows who received the news raised his eyebrows.

He was wearing a black uniform.

Only the Cardinals were allowed to wear black in the Holy Empire.

The man, who seemed to not even allow dust on his uniform, frowned displeasably and the seed who came to report trembled.

It was because the owner's mind was uncomfortable with the name 'Eshua'. It was a mistake to talk about the famous Eshua family in the Holy Empire without thinking about it.

The servant hurriedly apologized and continued speaking.

"Well, the Imperial Knights rescued the Saint candidate from the Eshua family from the kidnappers. They have moved to a nearby temple now."

"I already know that."

The servant swallowed dryly.

were the descendants of the 5 Dukes who were the representatives of the pope and in charge of producing all the clergy and holy warriors on the continent. With the appearance of the , who had never existed in history before, the 5 dukes and even various insignificant noble families were installing their own children as true Saints.

This was a situation that drew the attention of the Emperor and was a crucial factor that would determine the future dominance of the Empire.

But of all things, there was another candidate from the 5 Dukes.

"What should we do?... It's a child who even Eshua didn't know about, so it will be easy for us to deal with it."

"It's alright. It will cause a headache for the imperial court if it gets involved.

"But..."

"We've already sent a representative. We don't need to pay attention to a fly's life that will soon die anyway."

They had put poison in the crops that were being sent to each Saint candidate. Mixing in the divine poison in the middle wasn't a difficult task. As they were still infants, even a single sip of it would cause death within half a day. So they would never even get to see their faces.

But in the meantime, the Skeleton King was already emptying 10 bottles of juice laced with poison and shouting for more potent ones.