

I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS COUNTRY

Chapter 7.1

“What? The new Saint candidate is a child of the Eshua family? Really?”

“Unbelievable! I’m a fan! They’re one of the top families!”

The Central Temple of the Holy Empire Hella in the Middle East.

The monastery was unusually lively compared to its usual calmness.

The priests, who were supposed to maintain composure, couldn’t contain their excitement like young children.

Of course, the situation wasn’t incomprehensible.

It was a presence sent by the gods. After the existence of a Saint who appeared hundreds of years ago, now it was a Saint again.

Even though it was only a brief visit to this rural monastery, it was natural for such a place to become bustling.

Therefore, the Bishop didn’t scold the priests who were oddly excited, even making mistakes.

But there was one thing that he simply couldn’t accept.

Diding!

“Oh my, that’s the symbol of the imperial family...!”

“Your Majesty!”

Wait, why the hell is that damned Emperor here?

The Bishop raised his eyebrows unknowingly as he watched the man entering the temple. The Emperor was holding a boy of about five years old.

The Bishop politely lowered his head, as if he had never worn a rotten expression.

“To witness the Sun of the Empire, it is a great honor for us priests.”

The Emperor looked at the old man with surprise.

Well, that’s understandable. The imperial family and the Papacy were not on good terms at all.

“I never expected to see a person from the Papacy here of all places. It’s quite surprising to see you not in the capital.”

“Well, it’s the work for a revered Saint. I, on the contrary, was surprised. Why is such a noble person here?”

“It’s not that strange. This temple was created by me. And…”

The Emperor smiled with a hint of coldness, as if warning the Bishop.

“Since it’s the matter of a Saint, it’s better for me to come in person. If I were to entrust it to the Papacy, there’s a risk of the precious treasure of the Empire being mishandled. We can’t afford to lose another candidate or have any mishaps.”

“!”

Upon hearing the expected words, the Bishop furrowed his brows inwardly.

‘I’ve heard that he has a great interest in the Saint.’

Anyway, it was a futile effort.

The Bishop inwardly sneered.

In fact, he had come here under the orders of the Cardinal.

-‘Isaac Eshua’. They say a Saint candidate has appeared from the Eshua family.

-What? From the Ehsua family? Then it must be a big problem. It would be a major obstacle for this family's child to become a Saint.

-I have already taken care of it. By the time you arrive, the child should be close to death. You just need to confirm the body.

So in essence, he had come here to hold a funeral.

'By now, that Eshua's suckling must have consumed poison.'

Neither the imperial knights nor the Emperor had any idea.

The fact that they themselves were directly putting poison into the mouth of their precious suckling!

Not to mention that one of the imperial knights was the one who had administered the poison.

'So Cardinal intentionally chose this place.'

All the knights of the Holy Empire were paladins connected to the Papacy. It wasn't difficult for the Cardinal to recruit one of the imperial knights.

Of course, he didn't expect that the Emperor of the Empire would personally make a journey just to see a suckling. But the Cardinal surely suspected that.

Otherwise, this place wouldn't have been chosen as the place for poisoning.

This was a temple owned by the Emperor himself. If an incident occurred here, everything would be turned upside down for the imperial family.

He didn't even bother to check the child's face.

After all, the child was nothing more than an obstruction to the designated Saint chosen by the Pope.

'They said they were feeding him when I arrived, so the poison should be spreading slowly...'

“Agh! Young master!”

Just then, the sharp scream from inside made the Bishop smile inwardly.

Finally, the time had come.

The expression on the Emperor’s face changed at the rare screams of the priests.

“What’s happening?”

The Bishop turned his direction.

“It seems to be over there.”

The Emperor’s footsteps quickened as he took the lead.

The Bishop followed, pretending not to know anything, and smiled.

And finally, when he entered the room where the baby was, the Bishop was extremely satisfied. The priests were gathered around the child in an unnatural manner, as if all the clergy in the temple had flocked there. It was unusual to see such a crowd unless someone was shedding blood and collapsing. As evidence, they all fell into contemplation and screamed...

“Ahh! Our lovely Saint!”

“ ... ”

Ahh! Our lovely Saint?

“Why is it so adorable to see you spill your juices in this world!”

“ ... ? ”

...Juices, what? What’s adorable about it???

The priests who were gathered together were screaming. But their expressions were not those of seeing a corpse or a funeral notice. Perplexed,

the Bishop pushed through the crowd and entered the place where the child was.

And what the Bishop witnessed made him doubt his own eyes.

“Look, the baby has emptied five bottles of this tasteless juice!”

“Even though it’s the food of a spiritual leader, even the high-ranking priests don’t eat things like this anymore...!”

There was a baby sitting there, stacking up bottles and drinking from them.

With a face of sheer ecstasy.

And beside the baby, the Bishop noticed a bewildered paladin of unknown origin.

The Bishop looked at the baby as if he was looking at a monster.

What is this?

Why is it still alive?

* * *

‘Oh, crazy. This is crazy, really.’

The eyes of the Skeleton King, who continued to drink the poisoned juice, were smiling.

Good.

Very good.

If I keep doing this, I can quickly achieve promotion.

His magical power had increased steadily as a result.

Well, the only thing that’s a bit regrettable is that the maximum amount he could consume at once was fifteen bottles?

The surroundings were already astonishing enough to make one faint, but the Skeleton King smacked his lips.

Well, that's to be expected. After all, isn't it the taste of food that hasn't been felt for hundreds of years.

'I thought I would chew on rocks if I could.'

Although it was a baby bottle and a bit small even for an adult, he was aware that it could cause stomach upset.

It was not an ordinary stomach size.

'Perhaps this is also thanks to the 「Survival」 Wish.'

Fortunately, he obtained the blessing, but in reality, when he was a skeleton, he could hardly utilize the power of the blessing.

The power of 'survival' for those who have already died in the first place.

In a way, it was a contradiction, an ability with an impediment.

It was a miracle that he was able to use his power.

But this body is different.

This living body can undoubtedly use the 「Survival」 Wish 100%, or perhaps even more than that.

One example of that is the act of eating.

The expanded stomach and the ability to absorb magic through food.

Surely all of this happened because the blessing manifested its original power. Not to mention that even this might be just a fraction of its full power.

'It was impressive even when I couldn't use it all. Now that I can use the original power, the scale is immeasurable.'

Looking at all this, damn gods, were they intentionally avoiding making him human? To prevent him from using his power?

Of course, amidst all this, the priests' reactions were unexpected.

"Ohh! The baby looks so adorable! When you grow up later, you will make many young ladies cry!"

"Does the baby resemble the Duke or the Duchess?"

"..."

In the priests' typical flattery, the Skeleton King wiggled his eyebrows and sucked on the baby bottle.

Chapter 7.2

"Among the Saint candidates, you have the most favorable appearance!"

"I'm most looking forward to seeing you when you grow up!"

It's fortunate that they can't sense magic, but have these people gone crazy?

What nonsense are they blabbering to a baby? Well, who knows.

When the priests took the Skeleton King to wash his mouth, he looked in the mirror and furrowed his brows.

'Damn it. This face is even more like a gold spoon bastard!'

He understood it all at once.

Indeed, it wasn't a face that would suffer in life. Of course, even during the time when he was Kim Isak, his face wasn't bad, but this was on a whole different level.

'Damn it, there really are different types of babies from the start.'

What the hell are ancestors and parents doing?

Honestly, he thought all babies' faces were the same.

And above all...

'A platinum blonde.'

In the Holy Empire, blonde hair was already highly valued.

The brighter the color, the more noble treatment one received. And if it's platinum blonde, even more so.

It seemed to have some connection to the founding of the Holy Empire. But it wasn't just blonde hair, it was a bright brightness that seemed to sprinkle ivory powder on white.

"Wow, the more I look at the baby, the more it feels like I'm seeing the nobles."

"That's right. Maybe even more than the current Pope..."

"Shh!"

"Well, anyway, I'm most looking forward to seeing how he grows up."

The Skeleton King raised an eyebrow and sucked on the bottle. Somehow, he thought the fake nannies were exceptionally pretty.

'Now that I think about it, maybe the reason the knights didn't kill the baby wasn't because they were paladins, but because I was pretty, didn't I?'

But among the crowd of people who found him pretty, there was someone who looked at him like a monster.

'What's with that guy?'

He was an old man.

Not an ordinary old man, but judging by the white clothes he was wearing, he seemed to be a priest of quite a high rank.

'Is he a Bishop?'

But why would a Bishop look at him with such a disgusted, whitened gaze?

'Oh, was fifteen bottles just too perverse after all?'

Well, even from his own perspective, he was acting too un-baby-like.

'Yeah. I should act more like a baby.'

The Skeleton King decided to smile as adorably as possible to ease the Bishop's wariness.

He wasn't sure if it would turn out cute since he hadn't used his facial muscles for centuries, but when he tried his best to put strength into his lips, one corner of his mouth rose eerily as if hanging on his ear. Hehehehe.

But the Bishop, upon seeing that smile, became even more terrified and stepped back.

Thanks to that, the Skeleton King narrowed his eyes.

...Huh. Is it really strange to smile?

But whether he did it or not, the Bishop was looking at the Skeleton King as if it were unthinkable.

'What's with this kid?'

Smiling?

After drinking fifteen bottles of poison, he's smiling now??

The poison that the undercover knight had put in was almost instantaneous.

The knight had said that he had added the poison every time the Saint drank the fresh juice.

Moreover, even though he kept adding more because there was no reaction no matter how much he drank, he unintentionally put poison ten times stronger in the last bottle.

But now he's smiling?

He's laughing as if nothing is wrong, even though he should be in excruciating pain, vomiting blood, and dying??

With a smile that seemed devilish, the Bishop felt like he was losing his mind.

'What the hell does this mean?'

Wasn't it enough for him to just confirm this thing's corpse and leave?

The Bishop looked at the face of the knight once again, but the undercover knight said he didn't have any more poison left.

At that sight, the Skeleton King smiled like a fox, as if he had noticed something.

'Oh. Could it be that?'

There was another type of poison besides the divine poison in the food.

It was also made with magic cores, and he had eaten it quite deliciously, but its presence was too weak, so he didn't pay much attention to it. Could it be the ones who put that in?

And then it happened.

"The final candidate for the last Saint has a very unique hair color."

"!"

For some reason, the Emperor was looking at the Skeleton King's hair color with a pleased expression.

The Skeleton King couldn't help but wonder who this irritating fellow was, but soon his expression changed.

"Your Majesty!"

"The priests pays homage to the sun of the Empire."

The priests were also surprised and bowed their heads.

But among them, the one who was most surprised was the Skeleton King.

What? Your Majesty?

'The Emperor of the Holy Empire is the Emperor of the Human Faction's Three Great Kings?'

It was quite remarkable that the Emperor himself had appeared in a place like this, but the Skeleton King's confusion was not solely because of that.

Boom!

The magic core of the Skeleton King resonated loudly like the beating of a drum. It was a response to the engraved in the magic core.

Naturally, it piqued his interest.

'If it's reacting, it means this fellow has a value that is closely related to.'

His Wish not only allowed him to evade death but also granted him important abilities to gain an advantage depending on the situation.

During his time as a skeleton, the frequency was low, to the point of disappointment.

But for this to have a positive response to the Emperor?

Well, I mean, it couldn't be anything but positive.

'Someone as powerful as the Emperor... No, not powerful! No, a good guy!'

Of course, with such a comprehensive detection ability, he didn't know if it was pointing at the Emperor himself, something the Emperor possessed, or the Imperial Family as a whole.

But one thing was certain.

'A source of wealth!'

In an instant, the look in his eyes changed from that of a poor skeleton to the instincts of the Demon King.

Did a person like that appear in the first place?

It was definitely beneficial to secure him beyond just an ally.

The Emperor soon spoke to the Skeleton King.

"First and foremost, it's good to see you looking healthy. When do you think Eshua will come looking for you?"

"I send a message, so they should be coming."

"Good. Take care of Eshua's bloodline here and send him back to his family."

As the Emperor turned away, as if to say that seeing his face was enough, the Skeleton King thought to himself.

Ah, it's a waste to let him go like this when the Blessing has responded. But he's in no position to attract the Emperor's attention, as he can't even speak at the moment.

But then, the Bishop bit his lip.

'If that milk drinker returns to the Eshua family, everything will be over.'

Moreover, if things continue like this, the Imperial Family and Eshua could become closer. He had only one thing to say.

“Your Majesty. That child should be sent to the Inquisition first, not to the family!”

“!”

The Emperor, who was about to leave, abruptly stopped. The priests were startled and agitated, and the paladins looked at the Bishop in confusion.

“Depending on the circumstances, he may need to be dealt with here, so please refrain from showing him any affection.”

Even the imperial knights who had brought the Skeleton King to this place were taken aback and resisted.

“Dealt with? Why would you dispose of the Saint?”

The Emperor soon narrowed his brow, seemingly annoyed. Seeing the Bishop come forward, he became more interested in the child instead.

“Dispose of a Saint candidate? Can someone from the Papacy make such a suggestion?”

However, the Bishop lifted the corners of his mouth and spoke.

“You don’t have to worry about that part. The Saint has already been confirmed as another child, and this child is definitely not the Saint.”

“!”

“We treated and interrogated the kidnappers who had abducted this child. It turns out that he used magic. He could be a child of demons, and we can’t just let it go, can we?”

So, it was necessary to dispose of this child. That’s what the Bishop’s eyes were saying.

The knights’ expressions froze. Amidst that situation, there was only one milk-drinker who smiled as if finding it amusing.

Look at this little brat, huh?