

I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS COUNTRY

Chapter 8.1

'Yes, it wouldn't hurt to become close with the imperial family.'

In truth, the Skeleton King who met the Emperor had a mischievous smile in his eyes.

It couldn't be helped.

Although it seemed like Eshua, his family, belonged to a wealthy Duke's family, so what?

Is that the family's money or his money?

Just like a fox digs nine burrows, the Skeleton King did the same. He was always the type to have multiple burrows for safety.

And this family, from the beginning, had its problems.

'Does it make sense for a fake nanny to be attached to a Duke's child?'

Why hasn't anyone come to find the child until now? There may be something wrong with this body. For example, if he was an abandoned child, he wouldn't expect a single penny.

Then it would be difficult.

In any case, his status would be forcibly changed by the gods. The Skeleton King intended to naturalize in the Holy Empire as citizen.

From now on, he will live as 'Isaac Eshua'.

As for the demon subordinates? Well, those fellows have been toiling away for hundreds of years, and they've built up the infrastructure quite well.

Now, it shouldn't be a problem even if they don't have a head. In the first place, before going to the divine realm, he had already delegated everything to his direct subordinates.

Anyway, that was the situation.

Now that he has no money, the Emperor, the bigwig of the country he's naturalizing in, would become a valuable source of funds.

It wasn't an 'Empire' for nothing.

In that sense, he thought it would be good to pretend to be an innocent and naive Saint and cozy up to the Emperor... No, become close to him!

"You must not be deceived by such a demonic child, Your Majesty. Can a child who uses magic be a Saint?"

How dare that brat try to obstruct someone else's plans?

Sure enough, the words of the Bishop stirred up a storm in the temple.

"The Saint using magic...!"

They were even determined to kill him!

They were priests who knew very well what magic meant in the Holy Empire.

'Magic is the power of demons!'

As priests who associated magic with demons, they couldn't help but waver.

However, the Emperor, on the contrary, seemed completely uninterested and even looked displeased at the Bishop.

"Just because someone uses magic doesn't mean they're necessarily a demon. You should know that better than anyone."

When the Emperor said that, the Bishop, who had been bowing politely, looked at the Skeleton King as if suppressing him.

“So we should be even more certain. Magic and divine power are natural enemies to each other. In a situation where a child has already been confirmed as a Saint, there may be assassins who come to kill the Saint.”

Upon hearing this, the Emperor looked at the Bishop and let out a hollow laugh.

“Already confirmed child?”

“Yes, Your Majesty. I couldn’t inform you in advance because it’s highly confidential, but the Pope has already designated the child from the family. Even the twenty-fifth candidate is not in consideration.”

The Bishop looked at the Skeleton King, who was the twenty-fifth candidate, with a considerable amount of restraint.

At that sight, the Skeleton King furrowed his eyebrows.

The Saint has already been chosen?

‘Damn it, this really hurts me.’

Revenge aside, above all, the paladins had said this when they came here.

-If the identity of the Saint is revealed, what happens to the other candidates?

-Well, there may be those who bear grudges and aim for the Saint. They will be sent to the countryside so they will never see the light of day again. Of course, there is a high probability they will die in the process.

If this unlucky situation continued, not to mention revenge, he would disappear without a trace.

Of course, the Saint would be himself.

‘What is this crazy monster’s body if not the Saint?’

He could guarantee that much as the Demon King.

He would even stake his hair in this life.

The fakes were the ones who should be afraid.

‘Well, even if that’s the case, it seems they have no intention of considering me as a candidate.’

Sure enough, the Bishop glared at the Skeleton King like a beast.

“That fake should be sent to the inquisitor instead.”

Upon hearing those words, the Skeleton King let out a mocking laugh.

Ha ha ha, yes. That young friend with prematurely white hair is like that.

He’s trying to summon the inquisitor right now.

He’s even involving the family so they won’t feel lonely. He’s using his authority to forcefully push them to the executioner’s block.

The priests who used to adore the Skeleton King couldn’t even stop themselves from trembling. After all, in the human faction, there’s a saying that if you get involved with the inquisitor, you’ll wipe out your family up to the eighth cousin.

‘Especially in the holy faction, the Pope is an absolute existence.’

But there is a child designated by the highest authority? How many clergy members who can oppose that decision would there be?

As if feeling that the explanation was complete, the Bishop bowed his head to the Emperor and shouted.

“Summon the inquisitor immediately!”

The imperial knights, who had brought the Skeleton King this far, quickly pulled him close.

“Calling the inquisitor on a milk-fed baby! Are you thinking of killing him?”

“There’s no way he could be an assassin!”

“We, on the contrary, felt the divine energy from this person!”

“That’s right! This person is the punisher sent by the gods to eradicate the remnants of that detestable Skeleton King!”

“The punishment for that detestable Skeleton King!”

Hey, you detestable ones. You’re hugging me tightly, aren’t you?

‘But they’re doing well for paladins.’

So protect me quickly. Keep insisting that I’m the Saint!

He finally obtained this precious body that won’t turn to bone just by touching it. Do they think he’ll die like this?

However, the Bishop narrowed his eyes and looked at the Skeleton King with even more arrogance.

“I didn’t intend to mention this because it could cause concern, but there is also testimony that the child emitted magic.”

“...!”

The eyes of the priests who had admired the Skeleton King wavered as they looked at him.

“Magic, really...?”

“Wait. Could it be... Is it that?”

“No way, is that why you are leaving Eshua alone?”

The sudden change in atmosphere was unsettling.

Even the Skeleton King, whose eyebrows were usually only raised when it came to embezzlement, showed a fierce expression.

Ah, they want to ruin me by recklessly exposing someone else's personal information.

There must be a money line right in front of him, he must be a baby who still needs to grow and behave obediently while drinking bean water. Do they think there's nothing he can see?

He was the one who threw the patience and manners of a 10-year-old office worker in the trash after a year of living as a skeleton.

He might have thrown away his temper already, but this is inside the temple.

And that person was a Bishop who came from the headquarters of the Papal Office, where the Pope was. There was no need to deliberately step on avoidable crap.

Yes, let's suppress the temper.

I am an innocent and forgiving Saint... An angelic Saint who forgives everything...

But it was right at that moment.

'No, wait.'

The face of the Skeleton King, who had become a baby angel, suddenly turned into that of Satan.

'Berit?'

Why does this name sound so familiar?

Where has he heard it before?

Where did he hear it?

Without a doubt, right at that moment, the Emperor let out a laugh as if he couldn't contain his surprise.

“The Pope designating his own family’s child as a Saint. Isn’t it an obvious nepotism?”

Upon hearing those words, the Skeleton King’s face contorted.

That’s right, that Pope!

He deliberately tried to forget about those people he didn’t want to remember, but the name of every Pope in history was ‘Berit’.

In other words...

‘So, the Pope’s little brat was designated as a Saint?’

The Pope is pushing his own family members as Saints?

The Skeleton King felt a knot in his stomach.

Of course, he understood the situation.

After all, he had already appeared and established his position after hundreds of years.

But a new existence called the .

Depending on the circumstances, it could overshadow the Pope and hold a more prominent position.

Naturally, it would be more comfortable and reassuring to have his own family members in power! So, he could understand that ambition.

‘The Pope is Berit... The Saint is Berit...’

Damn it, I have to deal with these bastards properly!

Just because of them, should I eat bean water and die right after becoming a citizen?

“Come to think of it, I heard about it while torturing demons recently. The Skeleton King, captured by God, ordered all demons to kill the Saint.”

Isn't it even a lie?

I've never given such an order, you know?

Moreover, the Skeleton King is right here.

The Skeleton King glared at the Bishop, who was smiling.

But whether he said it or not, the Bishop bowed his head as if seeking understanding.

“A wretched demon who dared to challenge the gods but ultimately surrendered at the mere touch of their finger. I realized that compared to the mighty gods, I am nothing but a lowly creature. So, I suppose I am now struggling to eliminate even the Saint, who is a messenger of the gods?”

What did this bastard just say?

Who surrendered at the mere touch of a finger?

Who are the mighty gods?

Those bastards were just hiding behind barriers because they were likely to lose in a contest of power!

And why would they try to eliminate the Saint? I am that Saint!

Can't you see this hair color? It's a rare color in the Holy Empire!

“Indeed, it is true that having a rare hair color is unusual, but it rather gives the impression that it was magically created, as it is a color that shouldn't exist. Without a doubt, they tried to create a candidate who would be pleasing to everyone and send them next to the real Saint.”

Damn it! I can't even create such a hair color!

"Even as a Bishop, I can sense magic from this child."

What the hell is this magic? I don't know anything about magic!

The first thing I did was hide the magic and create the magic core!

Moreover, how can they sense it when he's not even using magic? To do that, they would need to be at least a 9th-grade Archmage or a Pope-level figure capable of surpassing a Demon King, beyond the reach of humans.

But what?

'Where did this useless guy come from!'

No, more importantly, this bastard didn't even show any emotions from the beginning!

A liar!

"Therefore, we will take care of this fake child."

The Bishop took the Skeleton King away from the knights.

The Skeleton King clenched his fists in the wrinkled hands of the Bishop.

Damn it, let go! Where are you tapping my ass?

"Right, you don't cry. We will call the heresy inquisitors."

As the priests moved in response to the command, the bewildered imperial knights blocked their path.

"How awful! How dare you send Eshua's young master to the heresy inquisitors!"

"The young master doesn't deserve it!"

At the same time, the Bishop glared at the imperial knights as if questioning where they found the courage to raise their voices.

“While I understand that you respect , how dare you mock me so casually? Are you daring to disobey the orders of the Holy Pope’s representative?”

The bewildered imperial knights bit their lips and bowed their heads.

With a faint smile, the Bishop apologized to the Emperor.

“These children have received basic etiquette training in the Papacy... Please forgive their rude behavior that caused this commotion.”

The Emperor pretended not to hear and said a word.

“I heard that a high-ranking mage moved because of that child.”

“...!”

The Bishop flinched.

He had also received reports.

From the traces of the magic being used, it seems that the Black Mage known as the ” who is feared throughout the continent is taking an interest in this child.

Sure enough, the Emperor, who was laughing while looking at the Skeleton King, glared at the Bishop.

“That infamous mage wouldn’t bother with something insignificant. In that case, wouldn’t the possibility of this child being the Saint increase even more? It seems like something that has never happened before.”

“THat....”

“What do you think? I want to suggest for this child to try again later.”

Upon hearing those words, the Bishop’s face twisted inwardly.

What? Suggest?

No, that’s an order.

They're coming to find their family, so don't kill them and don't lay a finger on them.

Sure enough.

Although they couldn't show it, the gaze of the Bishop looking at the Emperor distorted.

"I understand."

At those words, the royal paladins, who had become more spirited, tried to bring the Skeleton King, but the Bishop, who tightly embraced the Skeleton King, twitched his mouth like a startled snake.

"But His Holiness the Pope said such words. He said that the date for the Crown Prince's installation ceremony would be determined after the Saint is revealed."

"!"

The imperial knights couldn't help but doubt their own ears.

'What the... despicable!'

Because they couldn't understand what the Bishop was saying.

For generations, the rituals of the imperial family had been conducted under the authority of the Pope.

The investiture ceremony was one of them.

In other words.

'If the Pope doesn't push the chosen child as the Saint, doesn't it mean he will reject the Crown Prince's installation ceremony!'

It was practically a threat.

Of course, the ceremony itself.

Even without such a thing, the succession itself was not a problem.

The imperial authority in the Holy Empire was highly esteemed. Legally, he was already the heir to the throne. However, the absence of the Pope's ceremony meant that he didn't receive the blessing and permission of the gods.

How could that be overlooked in the Holy Empire?

In the end, as the imperial knights closed their eyes tightly, the Bishop subtly raised the corner of his mouth.

'Well, I thought he would bring up the Crown Prince's matter.'

Of course, if the Emperor had made up his mind, he could sweep away the papacy.

But in the end, he was a parent with children.

'Although he appears to be clenching his fist inwardly, he can't jeopardize his child's future.'

Since he had already declared himself as the representative of the Pope, the Emperor couldn't cross certain boundaries.

After all, this was a Holy Empire where the Pope and the Emperor coexisted.

When it came to the Emperor, even minor conflicts with the clergy had evolved into political issues.

The imperial family knew that fact better than anyone else.

Nevertheless, thanks to that, the arrogant paladins had also kept their mouths shut. Now, it was just a matter of convincing the Emperor, who seemed to be favoring this child for some reason.

'Well, that should be simple.'

Pretending to use the sacred technique that exterminates demons, he just had to destroy the child's vitals.

And if the ritual results indicated that the child was a demon who died, it would be over.

He never expected to personally get involved, but the Bishop smiled once his calculations were complete.

“Then how about doing this?”

The Bishop lowered his head energetically.

“I will use the right here and now. If this child is human, nothing will happen, but if he is a demon, he will be immediately eradicated... Heck!”

The Bishop's expression changed.

With a sound that made them doubt their ears, the Bishop staggered.

The knights couldn't close their mouths.

Even the Emperor blinked.

The Bishop.

The Bishop was slapped across the face.

By the rattle wielded by the Skeleton King!

The Skeleton King, who had blown away the Bishop's face, glimmered in his eyes.

‘Who does this brat think he is, saying like that?’

Just because he behaved like a good little baby, now he had to hear about extermination from this worthless brat?

“What kind of pathetic brat thinks he can eradicate me with some ?”

And...

“I told you to get your hands off my ass! You fucking bastard!”

The Skeleton King released the lion’s roar.

“Take this! Take it, yowch!”

Silence fell.

It felt as if even their cheekbones were shaking.

The Bishop, who had been stumbling, coughed.

“Ah, no. Well.”

The beaten Bishop, seemingly dazed, tried to embrace the Skeleton King and leave.

Whether it was a demon or not, it didn’t matter.

They just needed to get rid of this Eshua’s child with this hair color.

“No, I mean, the ... Hyuk!”

Crack!

This time, the sound of a tooth breaking echoed.

This time, there was a divine flash accompanying it.