Strongest Necromancer Of Heaven's Gate Chapter 565.2: You Can Be A Hero Too [Part 2]

"It is as you thought. I am one of the many that are protecting our world even in Death."

The Giant Termite didn't really understand how someone who had already died was still able to support their world even from the afterlife. However, it thought that since its friend was special, Drystan was able to do even the impossible things.

Still, it didn't understand why his friend would go that far.

"... But why? Why must you go this far for this world?" the Giant Termite asked. "Is it because you are a Hero?"

Drystan chuckled after hearing the Giant Termite's words.

"A Hero?" Drystan smirked. "You really think that I was a Hero?"

The Giant Termite nodded its head. It had always believed that his friend was the best human in existence. Even now, he still thought that way.

"In the past, you told me that Heroes are ordinary people who make themselves extraordinary," the Giant Termite stated. "A Hero is someone who has given his or her life to something bigger than oneself. I can see that what you are doing is something bigger and grander. Are you perhaps here to tell me to accompany you and also contribute to saving Elysium?"

The Giant Termite didn't really care about the world, but since his one and only friend was doing it, he intended to lend him a hand.

"You know, ever since we met, you've always listened to what I say," Drystan said with a sad expression on his face. "After losing your colony, you have also lost your purpose in life. I know that you agreed to become my Beast Companion and followed me on my adventures because you are searching for something that would give your life a purpose.

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"You needed a reason to continue living, and frankly, I found you very pitiful. A puppet whose strings had been cut, unable to do anything, but wait for itself to rot away and disappear from the face of the world."

For some reason, the Giant Termite felt incredibly hurt and angry at its friends' words. It wanted to retort to Drystan that he was wrong and that it wasn't a puppet. However, he couldn't think of a good comeback for what his friend had said to him.

Because of this, it grew very frustrated, which made it do something it had never done before.

The Giant Termite screeched at his one-and-only friend, which it would have never done normally. It felt furious having been called pitiful by the one and only person it had truly cared about ever since its colony's demise.

"Hahaha. Now, this expression of yours is way better than what you always have," Drystan said as he tried to pat his

friend's head, but the Giant Termite swatted his friend's hand away in anger because it still felt frustrated and, in a way, betrayed by his words.

of you!"

"I only tried to help save the people of Abingdon Town because of you!" the Giant Termite screeched. "I only did it because

Drystan stopped laughing and looked at his friend with a solemn expression on his face.

"I know," Drystan replied. "And what you did meant the world to me."

their friendship till the very end.

Seeing Drystan bow his head, the Giant Termite's anger decreased signi

cantly. He knew how proud Drystan was and

The Giant Termite's one and only friend, I deeply bowed his head as a way of thanking the Nameless Vagabond for honoring

knew that the man would never bow his head so easily.

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said it was because you wanted to keep the memory of your colony alive because you are its last remaining member. But now that you have died, this responsibility is also over, right?"

The Giant Termite reluctantly nodded its head because there was no refuting his friend's words.

"I've tried many times to give you a name, but you refused me each and every time," Drystan said as he raised his head. "You

"It's just frustrating that even in the end, I failed to become a Hero just like you," the Giant Termite gave a long and sad sigh.

world. Not only did I fail to become a Hero, but I also failed to live a great life, and die a great death."

make his name known far and wide.

out to him.

"I wanted to become just like you, Drystan. Someone that people honored and remembered even after you died.

"Unlike you, I won't be remembered by anyone. I hadn't done anything signi cant in my life, nor had I left a mark on the

Drystan looked at his friend long and hard before the corner of his lips rose by a slight margin.

"What if I told you that you can still do that," Drystan replied. "What if I tell you that you can leave your mark on the world and make your name resound far and wide, allowing everyone to know your name."

The only place that honored his friend was none other than Abingdon Town, which was now on the verge of being wiped out by the Giant Mantis that had killed it.

The Giant Termite looked at his friend incredulously. He didn't want to look down on his friend, but even Drystan failed to

"Your gaze hurts a bit, you know?" Drystan chuckled as he looked at his friend who was looking at him with a pitiful gaze.

"When did you gain the guts to look at me pitifully? You never did that in the past."

the latter laugh out loud.

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"What? You are the one who started it!" The Giant Termite used one of its feet to slightly push his friend backward, making

couldn't understand them completely.

It was similar to one of the shamans that they had met in the past that would chant several things while standing in front of

It was at that moment when the Giant Termite heard words inside his head. They were very faint and incoherent that he

a bon re, calling upon the spirits of the world.

The broken words it was hearing were like buzzing in its ears, but for some reason, it could tell that someone was calling

"Termite, listen well," Drystan said as the world around them faded, returning to the Shaufell Plains where the battle for

survival was being waged.

The Giant Termite looked at the red-headed teenager, whose hand was touching its head.

Behind the Half-Elf, Drystan stood with his arms crossed over his chest, and a bright smile on his face.

"Heroes have many things to protect. That's why we can't lose." Drystan said. "And, my friend, I know that you are someone who doesn't want to lose."

The Giant Termite looked at his friend and then at the Half-Elf, who was saying something to him.

It was at that moment when it realized that the broken and intangible words that it was hearing in its head earlier was

coming from the Half-Elf, who was releasing a certain kind of power that was preventing its body, and soul, from dying completely.

"Now, you have an important choice to make, My Friend," Drystan said. "Do you want to come with me or stay and leave

your mark in the world, so everyone will know that even a Nameless Termite who lost its entire colony... can be a Hero, too."