Strongest Necromancer Of Heaven's Gate Chapter 567.2: Rebirth Of The Future From The Ashes Of The Past [Part 2]

"This is one of the Giant Termite's memories?" Lux inquired.

"Yes," Drystan replied. "This is the battle where it lost not only its entire colony but also its purpose for living."

After giving his reply, Drystan made a gesture for the Half-Elf to continue watching the battle.

As a Necromancer, Lux could tell that the one he was talking to wasn't an illusion made by his imagination, but the soul of the Dead, who still had lingering attachments to the world and was unable to move on.

Because of this, he decided to watch the battle that was happening in front of him to understand what the Former Mayor of Abingdon Town wanted to tell him.

The battle lasted for a little more than an hour.

Lux was surprised when he saw the appearance of the Argonaut-Ranked Anteater, who had eaten the Termite Queen right in front of the last Soldier Termite of their colony.

For some reason, the Half-Elf could feel the Soldier Termite's raw emotions of fear, anger, despair, and helplessness, and it resonated with Lux's own experiences in both of his lifetimes.

When the Argonaut-Ranked Anteater left, the Half-Elf looked at the lone Soldier Termite whose entire body shivered amidst the countless dead ants and termites around it.

"My friend always said that I was the one who saved him," Drystan said. "But, truth be told, he was the one who saved me. When I rst met him, I had already lost many important things in my life, so I was looking for a place to die.

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"However, when I met him on that fateful day, I found someone who was suffering just like me and thought that, perhaps, helping him would allow me to move on from my own heartache.
"In short, I befriended him for my own self-satisfaction, and you know what? His entire world revolved around me. He made
me his reason for living."
Drystan smiled bitterly as he looked at the lone- gure that was shivering in the distance.
"In his eyes, I am a Hero," Drystan said softly. "But, in my eyes, he is the real Hero, and I want the world to know that. Half- Elf, I know what you are capable of doing, and I know what you're planning to do. However, I will not allow you to use my friend as your pawn for your own sel sh reasons.
"The one who gets to decide what he wants will be him, and no one else. Even as a Spirit, I will ght you if you revive him as your minion against his will."
Drystan's eyes glowed green as he looked at the Half-Elf with a steady gaze. Clearly, he meant what he said, and Lux could tell how serious the former Mayor of Abingdon Town was.
"Go," Drystand stated. "Ask him what he wants to do, and if he agrees, I will bestow upon him and you my blessing."
Before Lux could even give a reply, the old man disappeared, leaving him and the shivering Soldier Termite alone.
Lux took a deep breath before walking in the direction of the Soldier Termite, who seemed to have lost its will to live.
Right now, he understood that the Giant Termite was watching its life ash before its eyes as its life force slowly faded away.
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The Half-Elf knew that the Giant Termite had less than ten minutes to live, and in that span of time, he must nd a way to convince it to continue living.
"Hello, Mr. Termite," Lux greeted as he stood beside the Soldier Termite who was looking in the direction where the Argonaut-Ranked Anteater had gone. "Can we perhaps have a prope–"
Before Lux could even ish his words, the Soldier Termite cut him off without even looking in his direction.
"One reason," the Soldier Termite replied. "Give me one reason why I should help you."
Lux knew that this was his one and only chance to convince the Soldier Termite to continue its desire to leave, so he didn't
answer right away.
He thought of many things to say.
Words of attery. Words lled with promise.
Words lled with promise. Words that might make the Soldier Termite empathize with him and help him in his plight.
But after going through these half-baked words, these silly excuses, and these words meant to trick and give false hope to
someone, the Half-Elf realized that he couldn't use any of these words.
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These weren't the words that the Soldier Termite needed.
He had a feeling that whatever he said right now, the Soldier Termite would reject it.
Lux could feel that the Soldier Termite no longer had any attachments in the world, and he could tell that it wasn't in the
mood to accept any promises from him either. As the precious minutes ticked by, the Soldier Termite's life also trickled away, but it didn't say anything and simply waited
for Lux to give it an answer.
Drystan had already confessed everything to the Giant Termite, including the reason why he decided to help it in the past.
Because of this, the Giant Termite felt betrayed because everything it had believed for the past fty years of life was simply a lie.
Truth be told, it wished that Drystan had kept this information to himself until the end.
It wished that it hadn't been told the truth.
It was willing to believe its friend until the end, but this same friend made it feel that everything it had done for the past
fty years of its life was all a lie. If it had only known it back then, it might have chosen to ght Monsters that were many times stronger than it, so that it
could join its comrades in the afterlife.
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When the Giant Termite only had four minutes left to live, the Half-Elf

nally opened his mouth to speak.

"A little more than seventeen years ago, I was chosen by the God of Gamblers to save a dying world from destruction," Lux said as he looked in the distance. "He gave me an opportunity to live a life according to my wishes. From the color of my hair to a race of my choosing, that God allowed me to have the perfect life and appearance that I wanted to have."

Lux reminisced about the time he had met the God of Gamblers, Macuilxochitl, who was currently in a state of hibernation

according to the God of Games, Eriol.

"Back then, I thought that all I needed to do was follow the path that was given to me, and I would be able to live the picture-perfect life that I've always dreamed of," Lux stated. "Unfortunately, things didn't go according to plan. The perfect life I had envisioned for myself slipped from my ngers, and yet, I will never trade my current life for the perfect life that I had desperately wished for in the past."

The Soldier Termite didn't understand what Lux was telling him because the concepts of Gods and Reincarnation were beyond its understanding. However, for some reason, it could feel that the Half-Elf wasn't lying to him, so it continued to

"I might still be young, but I nally understand that there is no such thing as a perfect life," Lux said softly. "Even if we try nd ways to f*ck us up and screw us a hundred times over. our best, life will

"Sir Termite, I tried to think of ways to win you over so that you can help me overcome this hurdle that I am facing right now, but I can't think of anything that will move your heart. So, tell me, is there something that you want to do? Do you have any wish that you want to be ful lled?

"I won't say things like I will ful Il or grant them for you. All I can say is that if it is within my abilities, I will do it."

The Half-Elf looked at the Soldier Termite and saw several light particles being released from its body. He could tell that it only had less than two minutes to live, and once its entire body became transparent, it would nally disappear from the world without a trace.

"Tell me, what is a Hero?" the Soldier Termite asked. Earlier, it didn't pay any attention to Lux. But this time, it turned its head to the side to look at the Half-Elf, who was standing beside it.

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Lux pondered for a few seconds before giving his answer.

"A Hero is…"