

# REBORN AS A GHOST: TIME TO BUILD MY UNDEAD ARMY!

## Chapter 11

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The people of the town of Affnaria were completely unaware that the soul of the Dark Witch they had sentenced to death six years ago had suddenly awakened as a ghost. However, reports about a strange Miasma Activity within the Dark Forest that surrounded the Graveyard set in outside the city had begun to reach the town's Duke.

As the sixth son of the King who rules the Kingdom of Albraun, he was delegated into a Duke in this town several years ago. However, as the town was filled with filth and poor people, it has been a pain in the ass to pull into a better situation altogether.

But today, as he was assessing a mountain of papers, someone came with a unique report.

"Lord Allen, there's something important to report...."

"What is it? I am swamped with work. I have not slept for over four, days now and I haven't even finished this mountain of papers. Trading with the Merchant Guilds of the nearby Towns is such a pain...." Sighed the man.

His short black hair, sharp emerald eyes, and long nose gave away the characteristics of the royal family of Albraun immediately.

"I am very sorry to interrupt you, my lord, but this is very important. It seems that... Large concentrations of Miasma had been detected within the depths of the Dark Forest. A Wizard from the Mage Guild said that this could possibly mean the birth of a new dungeon," Said the old man.

“A dungeon... right in front of our town?!” asked Allen, almost falling out of his chair.

Dungeons were born when a large amount of Miasma was accumulated underground for hundreds of years. It was said to be trials made by the Trickster God of Chaos, Loki, for humanity's growth.

“Indeed, my lord. But this could quite possibly be a good thing!” Says the man.

“Hah! As if I were to not know that! Suppose we can grab that dungeon and find the Dungeon Core, and the Dungeon Master is slain. In that case, we can take over that Dungeon and finally... we can finally begin to become more self-sustainable in terms of Magic Stones and other resources that Dungeons can give!” Shouts the Duke in excitement, fascinated by the monetary potential of owning a Dungeon, something that many Towns already practiced.

“My lord, the Magician Guild's Wizard, Asahunn Danberra, is ready to go investigate. Will you give him the order?” Asked the man.

“Only that old man? No, that won't be enough. Prepare several tasks in the Adventurer Guild. We need to ask the Adventurers to explore this dungeon and kill as many monsters inside as possible. If they can clean it up and find the last boss and the dungeon master, it will be ours! Hurry!” Shouts Allen.

“Y-Yes sir!” The man obeys, rushing outside.

“Haha... Finally, after so many years of being shrouded by that witch's misfortune, something good has happened! Wait, didn't that Dungeon spawn near the Graveyard...? Hm, well, they will be able to deal with them if any Undead emerges, shouldn't be anything above F-Rank...” thought the Duke, as he sighed with a happy smile, but then saw the mountain of papers and felt dispirited once more.

“Ugh... Back to work....”

The moment the Duke gave the order, the Adventurer Guilds spread across the entire Duchy began to open new Quests with vast rewards. Some of such quests were about investigating the monsters inside the dungeon and bringing their corpses. And those that brought them first would receive an extra reward.

There were other quests about investigating the dungeon's structure and how far it could go. The recorded map of the first few floors would be bought for a generous amount of money! And there were even quests that involved scouting the area around the Dungeon, which included the Graveyard.

They would then report if the dungeon's appearance had triggered new monsters emerging from the surface or the graveyard, which had the risk for an Undead break. Adventurers of all shapes and sizes moved busily around the town, buying equipment, items, and anything to prepare for their journey. To say the least, it was a hectic morning...

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(Maria POV)

What was in front of Partner and me was something I had never expected to see.

Really, I had thought we would meet a handsome Necromancer that would say, "Hey, I've finally raised my new wife, come, let's dominate the world together!" or something, but instead, we got a dungeon!

And... a guy that claims to be a Fallen Dragon? Wait, isn't that even more awesome than a Necromancer?

"A fallen dragon? How can I trust your words? Maybe this is a trap, and you're going to exorcise us or something! Right, Partner?" I asked as Partner crossed her arms and nodded.

“Erm... Well, I cannot prove it to you yet! But... By my power, this miasma, which is leaking from my body, you were able to raise as an Undead! I can feel our connection, young lady...!” The voice tried to convince me.

“Y-Young lady? F-Flattery won’t get you anywhere! And actually, I am dead....” I sighed.

“Dead or not, it doesn’t matter. What I need now is... a friend! So please, come down,” Seemingly begged the Fallen Dragon.

“Okay, but tell me your name,” I said.

“My name? That’s...”

“What? Did you forget it?” I asked.

“No... It’s just that I’ve never given my name to strangers before,” Says the Fallen Dragon.

“Then we are going elsewhere. Come on, Partner,” I said as we moved away.

“W-Wait! I will tell you! Its... Lucifer,” Sighed the dragon, displaying his momentary defeat.

What kind of edgy name is that?!

“Lucifer?!” I asked.

“Yes... It was the name given to me by my creator...”

“Creator? And who’s that?” I asked.

“Y-You’re asking way too much now, come down, and I will tell you in person...” said Lucifer.

“Okay, but don’t eat my soul or something when we meet, alright? Promise it to me as a dragon!” I said.

“I won’t eat your little and insipid soul, you dork! And I promise it...” Lucifer sighed once again.

“Insipid!? Let me tell you that my soul is delicious! A lot of guys in the graveyard were literally dying to eat it!” I laughed.

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