

I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS COUNTRY

Chapter 3 - I Didn't Expect This (2)

Well, yeah, that's right.

The ancient sages definitely said it in the old scriptures:

– Those who don't work shouldn't eat either.

Well, to be honest, he did get starry-eyed at the mention of being a silver spoon freeloader, but still.

'But they said kill?!'

The Skeleton King cursed as he saw the blade gleaming before his eyes.

What they had drawn was a sharp stiletto knife.

And the moment he recognized it as a weapon, the vicious blade came flying towards his heart.

Twack!

The needle-like blade sliced through his clothes and pierced his shoulder.

"Ddab...!"

He didn't even have time to be surprised.

'Damn it!'

The Skeleton King desperately rolled to the side, letting out a string of curses. Although it was a close call, he barely avoided the blade.

Well, it wasn't so much that he avoided it, but rather that his opponent hesitated, but that wasn't the important part.

'These guys really pulled a knife on a baby?'

He couldn't tell the exact age.

But even roughly judging by the size of the hands, it was clearly an infant!

Thanks to that, the bewildered Skeleton King examined the assassins again.

Not extravagant or high-class, but simple beige cloaks, pants, and skirts.

Outfits that were commonly seen among the hired help of the holy faction, their sworn enemy.

Moreover, from their words and actions, they didn't seem to be low-ranking servants.

'I naturally thought they were the nannies.'

But wait, kill?

Why would people from the Holy Empire want to kill a Saint?

The confused Skeleton King had to recall what these guys had been babbling about.

So, what did they say?

Saint candidate?

'Did they say the Saint has to come from their family?'

But before he could even think about it, another blade came flying.

Seeing that, the Skeleton King thrashed about madly.

Twack!

Having avoided the blade again, the Skeleton King let out another curse.

'These shameless bastards don't know what conversation and communication is!'

The sharp blade that had emerged missed the child and rose back up.

At the same time, a clicking tongue could be heard.

“Why is our little master suddenly moving around like this?”

Well, it’s because you bastards aren’t giving me the food I’m asking for and are messing around!

“Should we just tie up his hands and feet?”

The increasingly ludicrous conversation made the Skeleton King squeeze his eyes shut.

‘Magic... doesn’t seem usable yet.’

It was right after his body had changed, after all. He had the knowledge and skills, but his body couldn’t keep up yet.

Well, even if he tried, this body... They did say it was blessed to be able to contain any power, but that was just talk. It hadn’t contained anything yet!

‘It’ll take time to infuse magic power...!’

Just a little would be fine.

If he had enough magic power to knock these guys unconscious!

That’s when it happened.

“Um, no matter how you look at it, isn’t this a bit much?”

“!”

Right!

The youngest-looking servant among the three was looking around nervously as if troubled.

‘I thought there would be at least one normal person.’

No matter how you looked at it, it wasn't normal for people from the Holy Empire to think about assassinating a Saint.

'Yes, hurry and stop them...'

"A knife would splatter blood. Let's strangle him instead."

What? This bastard is even worse?

The Skeleton King inwardly facepalmed.

Just what kind of families did these guys come from to all be like this?

He wanted to find the heads of their families and bash their heads in, but right now, there was something more urgent.

'First, I need to create a .'

Simply put, it was a reservoir that contained mana, the driving force of magic.

And only with that magic core could one use magic power.

For survival, and to avoid the eyes of the gods, he needed to be able to use magic first.

If the gods discovered him, this time he might really be trapped in that miserable bug, or be annihilated if discovered by the clergy.

'The problem is that magic was originally the inherent power of magical beings like demons, dragons, and other magical creatures.'

Because of this, magical creatures are born with magic cores like hearts, but humans had to create them over time.

Of course, this was actually a good thing.

Unlike magical creatures whose size and shape are predetermined at birth, humans have no limitations because they create them artificially.

In other words, depending on the time invested, it could become a vast lake or a cramped well.

In fact, the talent that magicians called celestial bone was almost entirely determined by this.

In such a situation, to hastily open mana channels right now?

‘With a body that could swallow the five oceans and still have room to spare, why create a mosquito puddle?’

That wasn’t all.

The magic core was an absolute weak point that, if destroyed, would cause instant death for magical creatures and leave humans in a vegetative state.

Enemies, and gods too, would naturally aim for it first.

As such, it’s always better to make the magic core with a hardness that can never be destroyed.

‘Well, right now, I can’t handle even a normal magic core, let alone a top-grade one.’

This was because a weak baby’s body would burst and die, unable to withstand the magic core. It’s not for nothing that even accomplished magicians don’t even look at infants under 3 years old.

In other words, this means that one can’t use magic until the age of three, but...

‘That’s for other guys.’

The Skeleton King was a great magician that even the God of Magic was wary of.

Even dragons, who are considered masters of magic, avoid it due to precision issues, but the Skeleton King could design it perfectly.

This body doesn't seem to be a newborn bundle of blood, so five days should be enough time, but... 5 days my ass.

'Before that, I'll either be caught by the priests or killed by these fake nannies...'

Just then.

"Wait!"

"Yes?"

"Put him down. I sense an ominous aura coming from the child."

"!"

Suddenly, the Skeleton King's heart pounded, and for some reason, the servants hurriedly put him down with changed expressions.

"A Saint candidate emitting demonic energy? Could he be a fake sent by the demons...?!"

"Wait, then what do we do? Master ordered us to absolutely retrieve the Saint candidate's eyes and heart..."

"It doesn't matter, those are our orders. We'll take them. Everyone, cover your mouths."

"Yes."

Woosh!

'Shit! This is child abuse!'

The Skeleton King, who had been lying on a chair, rolled onto the floor with all the strength of a baby.

Thud!

His forehead hit the floor.

Tears welling up in his eyes was just a bonus. Of course, it was nice to feel sensations again after hundreds of years, but why did the first one he fully experienced have to be pain!

‘How touching. I’m so touched, the tears are flowing.’

If there hadn’t been a soft carpet on the floor of the wealthy family’s carriage, it wouldn’t have ended with just tears.

But that reprieve was short-lived.

Pat!

A hand as thin as a fern stem stepped firmly onto the carriage floor, as if it had been waiting.

At the same time, the Skeleton King’s red eyes flickered.

And it was then that it happened.

Woooong!

The moment the Skeleton King stepped onto the carriage floor, light burst forth from it.

The nannies, who had been flustered as they tried to pick up the child, were utterly dumbfounded.

“What the...? Ack!”

The erupting light filled the inside of the carriage, and rough flames began to rise.

The flames instantly shot up to the ceiling of the carriage, threatening the servants.

“What do we do? Put out the fire first!”

“It won’t go out!”

“What?!”

The Skeleton King grinned as he watched the servants panic amid the flames.

‘If I don’t have a magic core, I’ll just use someone else’s.’

Every faction had basic living magic.

And if the floor was carpeted enough for such a high-class carriage?

‘Magic must have been installed.’

For example, lighting, heating, or anti-evil spirit capabilities through living magic.

In other words, to constantly activate such magic, a magic core that supplies fuel must also have been installed in the carriage.

This carriage was no exception. No matter how young the body, finding the location of the core was easier for him than blinking.

‘With a little time and magic power, making it go berserk is child’s play.’

As evidence, the heating magic was violently raging out of control, threatening the assassins.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

And in a cramped, enclosed space like a carriage, if a large fire broke out, for ordinary humans...

Crack!

‘That’s right, that’s what I should do.’

As the carriage door opened, the Skeleton King’s eyes curved like crescents.

The living tend to seek their escape routes in emergencies.

No matter how well-trained, humans would instinctively look for the carriage door in a sudden life-threatening situation – whether to escape or to vent the smoke.

Indeed, as the door opened, the Skeleton King, who had been aiming for this from the start, crawled towards it with all his baby strength, whining and crying.

Since he was the one who made the magic go berserk, controlling the flames to not come near him was easy.

‘Escape!’

But it was at that moment.

“This little brat.”

“?!”

Fwoosh!

A sharp sensation pierced into his back.

‘Ugh!’

It was a sword.

As if the blade had sliced through his tender skin, excruciating pain beyond imagination seared through him.

The flowing sensation was undoubtedly blood.

As expected, when he turned his head, he saw the servants with burn injuries.

At the same time, the Skeleton King realized his mistake.

The raging flames had disappeared, because the magic core supplying the magic power had been broken.

‘Damn it, the magic core here is too shoddy to withstand that!’

He had manipulated the magical design installed in the carriage to make the magic go berserk, but he had put in too much power.

Simply put, he had temporarily raised a 1st-level magic to 2nd-level, but the installed magic core was too low-grade to handle it.

‘I did hold back, though.’

It wasn’t a mistake made by him, a 10th-rank magician.

Even the lowest-grade magic cores used in the demon realm wouldn’t have been this shoddy.

There was undoubtedly a quality gap compared to the human realm.

Of course, it was only natural that the holy faction wouldn’t have advanced magic cores...

‘Damn it, and there are no other magic cores nearby.’

He couldn’t use magic.

At that moment, a servant’s strong hand grabbed the Skeleton King’s arm.

Swoosh!

Damn it.

The Skeleton King frowned.

He wouldn’t be able to use holy magic yet.

And in this situation, even if he had to burden his body and settle for a lower-quality magic core, he would have to immediately awaken his magic power...

But it was at that moment.

Flash!

“Ah...!”

A holy light burst forth from the Skeleton King's body. The servants trying to grab him were greatly flustered.

And for good reason – this light was one that only existed in the world once.

“Holy power...!”

No, it wasn't just emitting divine power.

‘Divine technique?’

If magic was the art of manipulating magic power, divine technique was the sacred art of manipulating holy power.

And this was undoubtedly it.

‘A body-strengthening divine technique?’

So the Skeleton King couldn't help but be intrigued.

These guys hadn't yet realized the true nature of the technique, but the Skeleton King was different.

‘This is a technique that enhances the body and increases self-healing power.’

Roughly at the 2nd level, it was a technique enough to be recognized as a low-ranking priest.

Indeed, the pain he had felt in his back was disappearing.

‘The wound is healing.’

So he was both delighted and even more perplexed.

It couldn't be helped, because divine technique was definitely a spell that priests and paladins could only use after making a contract with God.

Could this body have already contracted with God?

No, that couldn't be possible.

If that were the case, there's no way he wouldn't have noticed.

'To be able to use divine techniques without even contracting with God, albeit a low-level one?'

It wasn't for no reason that he had thought he couldn't use divine techniques yet.

If he made a contract while blatantly having the Demon King's soul, he would obviously be found out right away.

So he had actually been worried about that.

He would have to spend a period of time as a completely inept young master unable to use divine techniques.

But if this was the case, the situation changed.

'Does it mean I can use divine techniques without a contract?'

Because this body was already blessed to the brim?

Well, the priest's vow of faith or contract itself did mean receiving God's blessing in exchange for becoming God's servant, so it made sense.

Anyway, it was a good thing.

'If I can use here, the situation changes completely.'

The five days he had estimated for creating an internal magic core was a precaution considering the fragile infant body.

But if the body wouldn't burst!

'Five minutes!'

Moreover, if it was just the divine technique, he could withstand normal physical attacks for a short while at least!

Thinking that, as he reached out his hand, the servants suddenly dropped their swords.

Clang!

“!”

The Skeleton King was startled by the sight.

Hey, why are you dropping your swords and approaching?

Don't tell me you're really going to strangle me to death?

Well, from their perspective, this body seemed to be using some unknown holy power ability.

Just in case it could use something like , it would be more certain to just overpower the child with their overwhelming physical advantage and break his neck!

‘Damn...’

But it was at that moment.

“Didn't you say differently? You just said he was a Saint candidate...!”

“That's right. To be able to use divine techniques without even being baptized is proof that he is the Saint!”

The Skeleton King's eyes widened at the servants' flustered reactions.

Oh, what's this?

He didn't intend it, but are these guys from the Holy Empire actually taking this in a good direction?

He smirked.

‘Well, the original plan was to use magic to deal with these guys and escape.’

But if it was going this way, he was willing to let this incident slide.

Of course, not out of forgiveness, but as substitutes for hands and feet.

It would have been highly impractical and irrational to try to find some unknown residence in this infant body anyway.

Moreover, he was currently in the body of the Saint of the Holy Empire.

It was time to adapt to logic rather than relying on force.

“We won’t kill this child.”

The Skeleton King smiled contentedly at the assassins’ words.

‘That’s right, that’s right. Unnecessary fights are no good. If you’ve changed your mind...’

“We won’t kill him, we’ll kidnap him.”

Oh, let’s just kill them all.

Light burst forth from the Skeleton King’s body.