

Skeleton Soldier Couldn't Protect The Dungeon

Note: This is my own representation of MTL Chapters. It might not fully show what the author intended with each sentence, instead adding any extra flavour through my own writing abilities.

Chapter 1 – Waking Up

I am dying. A sentence of irony, for a being such as myself, one of no flesh. An empty vessel, simply a skull and skeleton, white and weathered. A representation of Death itself. But, the vividness of the past twenty years, from the point I had been resurrected as a lifeless soldier, till now told me otherwise.

I live and feel alive. I am not lifeless, but willing. There in that empty skull of mine, emotions ran rampant more than ever before. It was ending, though it was not what caused this rage and sadness. Death had less meaning for one who had already experienced it. But in front of me, I, dulled of any senses, could feel the excruciating pain my owner, the Lady of the Dungeon was going through.

The phantom pain in my chest, where my heart should have been, clenched tighter. I should have protected you, Mistress. Neither you nor this little Dungeon, I could not protect. As your lifeless body plopped next to my own crippled self, I began to wonder: Where did these warriors come from? Had they no pressing matters to deal with, with all the havoc between humans and what of all the destruction caused since Demon Kings' coming?

Of course, this all did not matter. There remained a measly amount of energy in me and as the Dungeon Keeper, my mission to quell these warriors was not over yet. I reach for a broken piece of my body, having had snapped in half it was sharp enough to be used as a weapon. Stabbing into the leg of the approaching human was all I managed to pull off.

It was all I amounted to as the protector of this Dungeon.

“What rubbish!” One of the men approach me.

Using his shield powered with whatever magic he imbued it, he struck my neck. Incapacitated to just a rolling skull still did not end me. This dream of living alongside Mistress Succubus shattered as I watched her eyes empty and body lose all colour.

I felt as if I was becoming an incarnation of fury, so much so I willed my skull to keep rolling. The world spun faster, till all of them realised I still had the ability to cause them trouble. Even with the world being hazy, I could tell who I was approaching. One of the warriors attempt to crush me to no avail and now I was only a roll away from the feet of the man who murdered Mistress.

My Mistress, she who gave meaning to this useless miserable life. They took the little joy I had. The only revenge I could exact personified itself as a deep bite into the ankle of this man. My last struggle, as I was covered in the blood of this killer, only for the last bastion of my soul to be crushed under the feet of some other man.

My consciousness fades. If only I were a little stronger. If only I were given a second chance...

I want to get stronger.

[ALL CONDITIONS HAVE BEEN MET]

[ASSUMILATION RATE HAS DECREASED]

[97.3% → 95.8%]

My head was ringing. I did not expect to go to such a noisy place. After everything became a curtain of black, I expected silence. By instinct I attempt to touch my forehead and succeed. I tilt my head in confusion and again it worked? I move my handy arm in front of my view and clench my fist. It seems I am alive somehow. Moving my sight around this skeleton of mine, everything returned back to its place. I was one hundred percent skeleton, no missing parts. Even the wear and tear over the years had completely vanished.

This was not the body that I experienced twenty years with, it felt younger. If I described the body those warriors crippled, it would be that of an old man of decrepit joints. Now, I felt the agility of a young adult in their prime. The skeleton is also not too large and even the bones felt stronger.

But this clearly is my skeleton. I can feel it.

Looking up at the sky, I figured out that all the previous noise was due to the cackling of thunder and vibrations of rain against the dirt that surrounded the hole I was in. Was I buried and something dug me out?

I was left no chance to arrange my thoughts when an unnatural sound resonated within my mind. Let alone my mind, it felt as if my whole soul rang like that of a giant bell. Only for a translucent blue window to appear before my eyes.

[INHERITANCE COMPLETE]

[NAME: NOT GIVEN]

[SKELETON SOLDIER LV.1 (36)]

HEALTH – 29

STRENGTH – 23

AGILITY – 18

WISDOM - 9

What is this?

First of all I came back to life and then this window appears showing information regarding my status. All the stats I had accumulated over twenty years were there, however instead of showing level 36 (which wasn't anything impressive for the amount of time I lived), it instead displayed level 1.

I was confused, what was going on?

Again, with no time to consider the answer another sound rings within me.

[CONFIRM SKILL?]

[YES/NO]

QUESTION: Do you wish to check your skills?

Well, why would I not. My finger pressed against the 'yes'.

Whiplash Lv.8
Stubborn Block Lv.6
Clumsy Thrust Lv.4
Deceptive Hole Lv.5
Leap Lv.4
Throw Lv.6
Roll Skull Lv.!

These were the skills that I have, but there were a lot of things one can still do even if not represented by a skill.