

## **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 2 – Waking Up 2

Looking at these skills, I'll say it was pretty pathetic. To add salt to the wound, the skill 'Skull Roll' had been added to my skill list. An attack I had done once in twenty years, in the heat of my final moments really had to be added here as if to mock me. I sighed, trying to keep the guilt and anger in check. That last image of Miss Succubus roamed in my mind, it really wasn't all a dream.

As lightning struck again, I hear an unexpected sound. The voice of a woman.

"Oh, Undead," she shouted to be heard over the thunder.

The voice sounded familiar.

"Undead, I woke you up from your slumber. Can you hear me?"

I make eye contact with this woman. It was dark, so I could not get the best view of her, but she wore a robe of green and a dress of beige colour. Hanging from her waist, a short sword was tied up. In this dreary weather, the grey clouds offered little chance to get a look at her face. Only till lightning struck, did I get a good look at her golden eyes and orange hair.

All necromancers seemed to wear robes, but I do not think robes on women look good. Her robe especially didn't seem the right size and fit awkwardly.

"Undead," she called to me again with a cough.

I stare at her, but do not reply. It all felt too familiar and my head began to hurt, the memories of twenty years past rush in. The day I woke up from the Necromancy Ritual comes back to me. The tomb, the rainfall and then this woman. The situation began to clear up.

The woman gasps as if she realised something and brings forward something to help me climb out of my grave, "Use this!"

While thoughtful, the grave was shallow so I could climb out myself.

"Is this skeleton day dreaming," she ponders when I still do not act on her commands.

If I were dreaming, it would be about the last twenty years of my life as a skeleton soldier. Though, let's not call that a dream when all it was, was a nightmare. A boring nightmare, except for the last three years.

Using the item she intended for me to use, I climb out of the grave and stand in front of this human who first made me rise from the dead; a female only a head shorter than me. She takes a step closer, glaring at me with puzzlement. She had a fine face, but the rain somewhat clouded my vision.

I knock on my skull which had began to fill with water and start taking steps forward in the mud where my feet sank.

"What are you doing, skeleton!"

The girl clenched her fist, but I ignore her little tantrum and carry on to look around this forest. I need to come to terms with this situation, I need to adapt faster. In front of me, I imagined Mistress' dead body and it was no dream, for skeletons can't dream.

I am currently twenty years in the past, before humanity saw conflict and before the Demon Kings came to this world. Most importantly, before I met Miss Succubus and let her die. I look back at the grave I came out of and the cemetery that had been ravaged by the storm and none of the tombstones were intact and even mine had flopped to the side.

Lifting it up, I could not read what it said and really did not want to know my name nor my life. I was just a humble tomb amongst many on this mountain. It wouldn't have been a great life before being revived.

As for my life as a skeleton soldier, I learnt many things. This world embodied survival of the fittest to the tee. The strong lived and prospered. These 'fit' beings, even if they became skeletons would revive as Skeleton Knights or Wizards from the start. As for me, I couldn't even become a Warrior or Knight. Just a soldier with low stats, such was my life right from the start till the end.

I could only conclude that my human life would've been similar. Just one out of many. Buried in a worthless grave, in a modest cemetery.

"Oh Undead Being, over here," she waved her arms about, "Look at me."

This woman in a robe which doesn't even fit her, would not stop shouting at me. While absurd, I know who she is. A human woman from the beginning of my memories, she who pulled me out of my grave. It's obvious I went back in time that is the only conclusion. It wasn't hard to believe, neither hard to accept. As a skeleton soldier I didn't get to experience much of the world.

It might not make sense how I got into the past, but even my own existence doesn't make sense to me. How am I able to see and hear and even think when I'm all bones? A small skeleton soldier like me can't comprehend a world so full of things that go beyond my understanding and knowledge.

So why bother, just think of it as some magic that you don't know. Ignorance is bliss and giving up isn't so bad. But... Since I'm back in time, will I be able to see my Mistress again? I shook my head, for it wasn't the right question to ask myself. Would I be able to protect her this time round?

I gaze at my own white meek arm, so fragile, any ordinary man could snap it in half. With this arm, can I even defend her if we meet again? Can that future be changed? I shake my head and regain myself, to see the woman who raised me looking at me in worry.

"Undead?"

Her hand teetered near her mouth and she kept mumbling to herself. She knocked on my skull as if checking if her summoned skeleton was faulty. I finally give her the attention she had been asking for.

"Ah! Finally, hello Skeleton, my name is Rubia, nice to meet you! As the one who rose you from slumber, I will make you the cornerstone of my vengeance."

It seemed she had prepared this introduction. I don't remember what she's talking about and I'm not interested in anyone's vengeance at all. I'm not someone who will be the one to avenge you and I don't want to be taken as this person's cornerstone.

As the thunder rolled with Rubia's proclamation, the bell rang within me again.

< CLASS S SCENARIO , 'Ray Rubia' WILL START >

What is this 'scenario'? It was completely unknown to me, so I swatted at the blue window to make it go away but to no avail. For some reason, the words 'Ray Rubia' shone fiercely and so I touch those letters, only for the bell to ring again.

**[NAME ; RAY RUBIA]**

**[NECROMANCER LV.1]**

**HP – 6**

**STRENGTH – 5**

**AGILITY – 6**

**WISDOM – 12**

**LIKEABILITY: 3**

**Ruby knows a little bit about the skeleton she rose.**

**[BASIC SKILL]**

**Unlocks by increasing the Likeability.**

**[PRIVELEGES]**

**Unlocks by increasing the Likeability.**

**Unlocks by increasing Title Appeal.**

Rubia, huh.

Her status window fades away and I look at the woman dazed at my actions. I shrug my shoulders, thinking to myself her stats were somewhat pitiful. Although when I first came into this earth as an undead, most of my stats were one digit as well. Taking into consideration that the average human male capabilities were about 10.

Though, her wisdom stat was above average, even if the stat has low utilisation. One would only need it for magic, but she could not be a wizard. She's lacking in many ways.

There was one thing striking me as odd: How was I able to see other people's stat windows?

After three years with Miss Succubus, I never saw her status window and so was the case for any other human or creature. Unless this is some special magic that only I can see other's levels and abilities.

I hear Rubia sniffle, "You don't understand what I'm saying, do you?..."

She approaches me with her head lowered, "But I at least succeeded. I finally have someone by my side."

With no idea what Rubia's crazy talk was referring to, I attempted to clear up any unnecessary misunderstanding, "On your side?"

I mean I have no reason to disagree, but I'd rather ask what she meant by that. Also, it wasn't too tough to produce speech with this body that just revived. It usually takes a long time to learn speech as a skeleton, so my ability to converse had not been perfected as my jaw clattered with each word.

Now, Rubia, instead of answering my question swung back in surprise.

“Ah,” I said and took a step closer, frightening her even more. I tilted my head, confused to why my every move shocked her. Only for her to scream as I kept approaching her.

Rubia steps on her robe and falls to the ground, sinking a bit into the mud. She held a hand close to her chest and let out deep breaths.

“Don’t look so surprised.”

“M-Mr. Skeleton, you’re actually able to talk?”

I told her to not be surprised, but I myself failed at it. It was because of you that I woke up with consciousness and of course I could not commute this to you back then. I could think but had no way to make sound. It’d be for the best to keep it to myself this time as well.

As we stand here, surprising each other, the original memories began to recover and I quickly realise it’d be bad news to keep staying here. Rubia, a novice Necromancer will soon be brutalised here. And...

I will be shattered and roll away to below the ridge of this mountain, into the icy valley. Back then, I had to spend a whole year in the cold ice before regenerating all my broken bones. There’s nothing to be gained here, so it’d be wise to get a move on and be prepared. Enemies will soon appear.

Looking back,

You weren’t the only thing I couldn’t protect, Mistress Succubus.

I could not protect anything.