

# DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

## Chapter 1 To Be Like Master...

//Welcome to the Satan System//

//Before you ask any questions, please read the message from Lord Lucifer Morningstar.//

//I'm about to fade into nothingness, so I'll go straight to the point. I was cheated. I was cheated out of my Apocalypse and I want you to Avenge me//

This was the message that I Saw the moment I closed my eyes from the familiar world that knew but yet so despised.

I have never been a normal person. At least to the rest of society, I was not normal.

But then again, which genius have you ever seen in history that was normal?

Whether it was a great conqueror or a nerdy scientist that made an incredible discovery. Which of them was normal?

Therefore, I had always known I was destined for great things.

I had my first kill when I was five.

It was my mother's cat.

It had littered the house when mother was away, and my baby brother of two was blamed for it.

I could see the glee in the cat's eyes as mother in her tiredness from work had gone down on her knees and cleaned the house. Also, she scolded my baby brother fiercely.

Hmmm! You can guess what i did, Can't you?

Let's just say mother found it smiling in the microwave, well decorated like a thanksgiving turkey when she came back from work the next day.

I was punished for its death, but I really did not see anything wrong with it.

All I did, was take out the trash, and honestly, it felt good.

Apart from the usual exploring of the inner anatomy of birds and squirrels, I never did any major job after that.

At least not until I was seven.

This time around, it was an idiot that walked on two legs and claimed he was a person.

He was thirty-four I think, and a mailman too.

But he abused our neighbour when her husband was not at home.

I would be in the middle of my discovery, dissecting rodents and understanding how different chemicals worked when poured into the insides of alive mammals when I would hear her screams.

"Oh My God! No! Please be gentle. It's too much. Please!"

He was abusing her, I thought to myself.

From the garden, I would see him through the opened window naked and on top of her. Her legs would dangle in the air or on his shoulders

This was wrong!

At the time I thought anything in pain always screamed. At least that was what the rodents did when I used my blade just to see their insides.

At night when I slept, I would dream of her cries as he licked his palm and spanked her from behind continually.

I had been spanked many times by mother.

I know what it felt like and it was not nice.

Just like in reality, I would see him in my dreams looking at me through that window, and having that same glee Mother's cat had when mother was angry cleaning the house

In fact, he would even wink sometimes.

One day, I had had enough.

I had thoughts of using my blade, but looking at my blades, I shook my head. There were too small.

The target this time around was big. And so I thought to use a bigger blade.

Mother always kept the kitchen knife in the dishwasher. She was always too lazy to lock them back in the drawers.

It was easy to reach.

I looked for the sharpest and longest one.

It was very pointy and nice.

I strolled over to the neighbour's house.

The mailman was sloppy. He left the front door open. And so I went up the stairs. Even the door to the room was left open.

Clothes were littered everywhere on the floor. It seemed like she really struggled for her life.

There he was. He was butt naked and holding her waist from behind.

He had a fleshy pointy knife strapped to his waist, and he poked her continually with it. I could even see that she now had a hole where he poked.

Her screams were louder here, and he did not see me coming.

I looked at the fleshy knife he had on his waist, and then at mine.

Luckily, Mine was pointier.

My cutting skill was not bad. But stabbing worked better for this job.

It was my most messy job ever. But who could blame me? After all, it was my first time.

They called the police and mother too. Well! at least my neighbour did. The mailman suddenly decided not to move anymore.

Maybe it was because he was leaking on the ground. But one thing was sure. My knife proved to be better than his and I never saw him again.

The police asked me what happened, and I told them the mailman wounded my neighbour in the butt with his knife and I was only trying to save her.

They told mother that something was wrong with me and that I would be needing therapy.

But that night, our neighbor's husband came home, and he sneaked a hundred-dollar bill in my hands.

With tears in his eyes, he thanked me. He said something about saving his marriage but I was not paying attention. A hundred dollars was a lot for me.

My first job, and also my first pay.

That night, mother thought it wise to give me a lecture about sin. She said what I did was of the devil.

She even proceeded to read me the story of the disobedient and proud angel that was cast out of heaven.

Along the line, she derailed and told me of how he was going to punish liars, murderers and in general and bad people of the world.

I had taken the storybook from her hands and looked page by page.

This was the devil. Or as I later understood he was called, Lucifer Morningstar.

Even though he was red all over with horns and a tail, I knew him for who he truly was. After all, mother said we shouldn't judge people by their appearances but their heart and their deeds.

And here was a person punishing evil doers.

In my mind, I thought to myself that there was no way this person was evil.

At least, I just couldn't see it.

This was where I found my mentor.

That night, I slept with a torn-out picture of the devil from the book and had a nice sleep.

Even though the world called me a murderer. Even though the news said I was a serial Killer. I didn't care.

After all, was it not the dream of every disciple to be like his master?