

DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

Chapter 10 Power Of Authority...

<+5 EXP for causing problems for a lesser demon>

The slap was loud, and it made those that were eating to pause.

Drama always attracted eyes.

And this was a rare one.

Potty was caught unaware by the slap, and the Magistri's palm with some claw marks was left on his face.

"How could you let a F class leave your eyes to the D Class? You stupid retard!" Magistri scolded harshly.

"F class?" those words were surprising to Potty. However, he followed the pointing finger of the Magistri. To his surprise, Lenny with his skinny frame was standing there.

Potty's big frog like eyes widened in surprise.

He was actually very speechless at this. He had expected Lenny to have been long dead. After all, that was the entire point of him pulling the strings to send the half human into the Arena.

However, demons were at the end of the day demons.

"An F class!? forgive me Magistri! this one must have slipped when I was not looking," he stretched his frog like arms for Lenny, "let me teach him a lesson."

Magistri grabbed his arm tightly, "you will do no such thing!" He turned to Lenny, "this one has caught lord Cuban's eyes."

"Huh!?"

This time around, it was not just the demon frog that was surprised. Even the gladiators looked at Lenny in surprise.

What they had just heard was the same as saying the king just blessed a slave.

After all, in this place, Lord Cuban was king. His words were law. with a nod of his head, freedom or death could be granted.

Even the other demons feared him.

After all, he was a demon of much strength, and glory to his name. Having the recognition of the king was already a step towards the top.

All the Gladiators looked at him with surprise and envy. Especially D4022 that had just lost an eye and a finger.

Magistri looked around. he could see the look of envy in the eyes of the other gladiators.

Normally, when something like this happened, that gladiator will be the target of all.

After all, who did not want to get into the good graces of Lord Cuban?

And truly, Magistri did not care about the results. He really did not care, but Cuban had also said that he wanted Lenny to participate in the welcoming event of the governor that was to happen later. But that was also on the condition that Lenny made it to the end of the week.

Magistri knew that if he allowed Lenny in this place, the young lad would not see the end of the week.

However, Magistri was loyal to Cuban. At every time, the master's will must be done.

"Let him train with the E class," he instructed. If he makes it till the end of the week, put him in a fight with the D class."

"Yes, lord Magistri!" Potty bowed.

Magistri turned and walked away. As he left, the stifling atmosphere of his presence, left with him.

Potty bowed, but his anger was like a raging volcano. After all, he was a pure demon by birth, and Magistri was once a human.

Strength and authority was respected in the demon world. But to say there was no Prejudice was a lie.

Potty turned back at Lenny. There was obvious anger in his eyes.

However, when Lenny saw the look on his face, he could not help but smile.

This obviously annoyed the demon.

Firstly, this human defied him and was supposed to be dead, and now, he had even gotten him resounding slaps, as well as getting the acknowledgement of a Deep level demon.

He couldn't hold it, and lifted his hand. He wanted to smack Lenny the same way that the Magistri had done him, but he paused.

Lenny saw this and understood why the demon hesitated.

his smile got wider, and he stepped closer, presenting his face for the demon to slap.

"Come now! You want to give me a smacking right?" Lenny burst into laughter, "I dare you! I dare you FROGGY!"

"HUH!!!"

Everybody watching gasped at this.

Had the smacking on the wall by D4022 turn this boy's head to mush?

The reason for the surprise was that demons were reverend. Even the lowest-ranked demon in this place was highly respected. And only those at A and B Class that had unlocked their demon ranks could say that they could take in offending one of them.

If Potty were to strike, even D800 could not collect a blow from him.

After all, he was a demon, and it had been integrated into their minds since birth that demons were absolutely supreme.

Lenny challenging Potty was like challenging god, and expecting to get away with it.

But truly, there was absolutely nothing that Potty could do.

The satisfaction of beating the shit out of Lenny would not equate to the amount of suffering he would go through for disobedience.

Lenny was not a normal person to begin with, and he had just found a world where he was permitted to spread some of his madness.

In his head, he was really interested in knowing if he was going to be smacked.

From F999's memories, he could see the value that they gave power and authority here, but like an itch on his back, he wanted to really test this.

And what better way to do this than to add salt to the wounds of a demon.

He could see the rage in Potty's eyes, and the demon's hand vibrated, but his did nothing, and was forced to bring down his hand.

"Incredible!" Lenny said his head.

Potty frowned as he put a metal collar around Lenny's head and pulled him along with a chain.

"You have a sharp mouth right? Let's see how you survive in E Class!" He pulled Lenny away.

As he did, D800 watched as Lenny was pulled away and giggled a bit.

"I like this kid!" he muttered in a low tone.