

Devil Slave 101

Chapter 101 Did You Use Master's Name In Vain?

"Tell me!" Potty demanded.

Crusher tried to swallow but he couldn't. He slowly lifted his one good hand and then he pointed in a particular direction.

Potty followed his hand. However, Crusher suddenly directed his finger to Potty, raising the middle finger at him, "Fuck you frog face!"

This made Potty angry, and he frowned hard. He suddenly threw a punch at Crusher's face.

However, Just before the punch would reach, a fair-skinned hand from nowhere caught it.

Potty was surprised by this.

His eyes quickly traced the hand to the person that had caught his punch.

However, just as he was about to see the face of the person that had stopped his attack, a punch came right for his face.

Boom

The punch was hard and it sent Potty flying into one of the columns.

Potty was taken back by this, and he immediately rushed to his feet.

As he did, he massaged his jaw with his frog-like tongue.

he turned in the direction he had flown from.

However, there was no one there.

The only thing he could see was the blood on the ground that came from Crusher serving as evidence that what had just happened was not an illusion.

Potty rushed to the location with the blood on the ground. He looked around, his sharp uneven eyes checking every nook and cranny.

However, he did not see anybody.

Wush!

A silhouette passed behind him.

It was fast like the wind.

Potty immediately turned about.

However, he did not see anybody.

Wush!

Once again, the silhouette passed behind him, and he turned quickly.

"Who are you!? Are you going to continue playing games, or are you going to come out and face me like a proud demon!?" Potty lamented.

However, no one came out.

Meanwhile, in the shadows, the assailant gave a nice smile.

It was obvious that Potty did not know who it was. Also, he thought that it was a demon. After all, only a demon could have been strong enough to have hit him like that.

"Tell me!" a voice sounded from the shadows, echoing across the walls of the cave, "how did you find out?"

Potty looked around, he could not see anybody. However, he understood what the voice meant.

The person in the dark wanted to know how Potty knew that Crusher was a scammer. After all, everything had been going fine and even potty himself had been ready to leave.

However, when he took a better look at Insect-B, he suddenly attacked.

Potty laughed a bit, "it was not hard. I have lived with humans for many years. I know how they think, feel, and even act. it was the humanoid insect. When she opened her mouth, I smelt a particularly familiar scent from her breath."

"Oh!" the voice giggled a bit, "And what familiar scent was that?"

Potty gave a wide smile, "Cum!"

"Huh!?" the voice in the dark was surprised by this. However, Potty further explained.

"To be precise, it was male Cum. That female Insectoid does not have the lower half of a human body. That means that if any human male wants to have 'fun' with it, they can only use the mouth. However, a human Insectoid is of great value. There is no way that the Chimera queen would allow any human male to have that kind of fun with it. Even if the New caretaker was her pet. She has worked too hard and too long to allow such a great achievement to become another fucker's toy. Also, the new caretaker just so happens to have burnt his class tag from the Arena off his chest.

The person in the shadows heard this and could not help but laugh.

After all, who could have thought that the entire show was spoilt because of Crusher constantly doing Insect-B in the mouth?

This proved that the demons that took care of humans in the Arena were really observant of human behaviour.

"Not bad!" the voice in the shadow commented, "But you could not just realize the ploy and walk away. You had to open your big amphibian mouth. Now, you die!"

Wush!

A silhouette passed by really fast.

Boom!

Another hit caught Potty right in the face.

Potty fell to the ground. This time around, he spat out some blood which greatly surprised him.

"How dare you!? do you know how many centuries ago I last saw my own blood!?" Potty was mad.

He waved his hands and his darkline energy was released out of his body in waves. It was fire all over his body, but it was dark like the night.

"Finally, you have released your darkline energy! I can test my new strength on you."

Wush!

Another hit came. However, Potty defended against this one.

Wush!

Another hit came. This time around, the Silhouette stayed.

*POW*POW* POW!*

Punches and kicks were exchanged between the two, and this time around, Potty gave the last hit which landed right in the centre of the silhouette.

Boom!

The Silhouette was given a punch that sent it flying into the nearest wall.

Almost as soon as the Silhouette crashed into the cave wall, Potty did not give him any opportunity and rushed for him again.

However, when he reached the rubble on the ground, the person had already moved.

Cough!Cough!

The person in the shadows coughed loudly. Apparently, he had sustained some injuries from their little bout.

Potty smiled, "not bad! unfortunately, from this clash alone, I can tell that you are easy prey for me. You are just a lesser demon of the first rank, and you dare play such petty tricks with me?"

Potty opened his hands, "HAHAHAHA!!!" he laughed wildly. Do you even know who you are messing with? This is the territory of Cuban, a blood descendant of the fallen Morningstar, First of the Black Winged. A third rank Deep level Demon. According to hell's order, you are intruding on his territory, and for this, you deserve nothing but Dea...!"

Potty froze in his words.

The person in the shadows had suddenly decided to show his face.

However, it was not a demon like Potty was expecting. It was also not a Chimera ant.

It was human. But what really surprised him was the human.

Lenny stepped out a very deep frown on his face. Obviously, he was very angry.

"Impossible!" Potty muttered.

He could not believe what he was seeing. After all, Lenny was firstly not supposed to be this strong.

Secondly, Lenny was supposed to be in the Arena and not down here.

Potty and Lenny had a short but meaningful history.

Potty was the person that took F999 who was the initial owner of the body Lenny was currently occupying to the Arena as punishment.

He was the reason for F999's death which led to Lenny's takeover.

He was also the one that took Lenny to Instructor Bodat.

More than anyone, Potty knew Lenny well. At least, he knew the F999 well.

"E999!?" Potty muttered in surprise.

Lenny raised a hand to him, "What did you say just now!?"

"Huh!?"

"What did you say about my master's bloodline?" Lenny asked again.

As he did, his body seemed to steam up and the water vapor slowly formed white flames.

Although it was not so obvious especially because of his smile, but Lenny was really angry.

"What did you say about the MORNINGSTAR bloodline!?" Lenny asked again. He was really interested in hearing what Potty wanted to say.

"I said that Lord Cuban who owns this Arena is of the bloodline of Morningst...!!!"

BOOM!

Before potty finished talking, he had been loaded with a punch carrying a massive load of White Flames.

<-10 points Magic points>

However, Lenny still did not let him off. He followed after him fiercely.

Punch after punch filled with White flames was used to decorate Potty's body.

Initially, Lenny had reserved to fight Potty in the shadows. After all, he was an assassin and the dark was where his skills shone brightest the most.

Assassins mostly worked undercover.

However, what Potty had just said had pissed Lenny off beyond the normal scope of reasoning.

After all, Potty had mentioned the name of his master, claiming that Cuban was a blood descendant of Lucifer Morningstar.

Lenny had met Lucifer and had also seen Cuban. There was no way that his master had blood ties with that beast.

In fact, even mentioning Lucifer's name alone had sent him into a very violent rage.

People could bad mouth Lenny and he would not mind. In fact, they could bad mouth his mother in his former life and he would still not mind.

But saying trash about his mentor and saviour was just plain pleading for a well-deserved trashing.

Potty was taken by surprise, he was currently being pommeled by a human.

This was a great embarrassment, especially because he had always considered Lenny to be trash.

Since it had come to this, he was going to use his technique....

Chapter 102 Lenny Vs Potty (Death Is The Only Solution)

Surveyor!

<Name> Potty

<Race> Demon

<Level:26>

<Rank: Lesser demon Rank 2>

<Strength: 1500>

<Agility:1200>

<Magic: 170/200 (Basic 1)

<HP 1200/1500>

<Exp. 1100/1500>

/Abilities/

(need magic points to view abilities>

As lenny loaded Potty with punches from the bottom of his heart, he used Surveyor on him.

Unfortunately, he could not see the abilities that the frog looking demon had. According to the system, he needed to spend Magic points on this.

This was the first time something like this was happening.

Lenny contemplated whether to use magic points or not.

If he did, he could see all of Potty's abilities. But then again, there was only so much magic points he had.

In total, he could only carry about a hundred magic points, and he had already used 10 points.

Meanwhile, Potty still had over a hundred magic points to use.

Also, he did not know the amount of magic points that was needed to see the abilities that Potty possessed.

He really wanted to, but the risk was too expensive to take.

Without magic, he would not be able to defeat Potty.

All he could do, was grind through it the hard way.

Lenny rushed at Potty, loading him with punches like a hive of bees on an intruder.

Each punch was precise and accurate in the hits.

However, something was not right.

Lenny was an assassin. This meant that he was not the kind to give fancy attacks for show.

Every attack he landed, was on a weak spot. Every attack was aimed to kill, and a combination of them was for total destruction.

However, his attacks only did no much on Potty's skin.

Even when lenny's punches went for the groin, it was the same thing.

It only did so much.

It was almost as if the demon's skin was impenetrable by hits.

lenny felt as if he was hitting a bed of fur.

also, his white flames barely did anything on the demon's skin.

Boom!

lenny gave a finally punch and took a leap back. He needed to re-strategize.

The force of his punch made potty screech against the ground.

"Hahaha!!!" Potty chuckled lowly, a strong praise in his voice, "not bad! Only a few months ago, you were a weak F class scum, and now look at you. You can even make me feel the effect of your punches. That is such a terrifying growth rate. i'll take that you have also done something to the Chimera queen. So tell me, before I skin your meat and suck on your bones, how did you do it?"

lenny did not answer. Instead, Pincers appeared in his hands.

He could see it clearly.

Potty's body was steaming.

His body produced a kind of secretion that quenched Lenny's fire on his skin.

Till this moment, steam oozed out of the demon's body.

There was still the fact that the demon's skin so happens to negate all of his attacks.

"Since you don't want to tell me, I'll know the moment I eat that brain of yours!"

Wush!

The attack was so fast that Lenny had barely only dodged it by reflex that had brushed touch with death again and again.

His head moved slightly to the side. The attack had brushed past his cheeks and even cut some of his hair.

From the burning sensation on his face, Lenny knew he was bleeding.

The attack had come the moment Potty opened his mouth.

Lenny knew that it came from the demon's mouth, but it was like a bullet.

he did not see what it was. But moved the moment the attack entered his perception range.

Boom!

It destroyed the ground and walls around him.

The hit was so hard that Lenny knew he would be to toast if it go him.

He jumped round the place in quick succession like a frog, dodging the attacks.

In the process, Lenny focused on seeing what was causing him so much trouble.

Surprisingly, it was Potty's tongue.

"HAHAHAH!" Potty Giggled, "this is my technique. I have killed many with it, and I will so enjoy putting holes in your pretty body."

BULLET TONGUE!

The shots suddenly became fiercer and fiercer.

And Lenny was forced to back off once more into the shadows.

Potty rushed after him, sending his tongue into the place Lenny went to hide.

RA TA TA TAT TTATATAT!!!

Like a machine gun vomiting bullets, he showered the place with his attacks.

Unfortunately, he did not hit Lenny.

"Come out you coward! Come out and fight." potty looked around him.

Wush!

He would feel someone pass behind him, but by the time he would send his attack in that direction, he would only hit the cave wall.

Lenny was an assassin.

For him, the shadows was his home.

Lenny observed Potty closely.

He still had surveyor on and could see that Potty's magic points were actually coming down.

However, it was a very slow process.

Coming close to Potty was no longer a reality. The demons defense was tight and so was his attack.

There were both in perfect blend of support of one another.

Lenny suspected that Potty's defense also took magic points.

Lenny suddenly had an idea.

If he could make Potty use up his magic points, then the fight was as good as his.

After all, potty was stronger and faster than him.

The only advantages that Lenny had was firstly the fact that he had special skills from his former life, and that this was his home field.

In other words, if this place was not dark and in an open space, he would have run out of strength a while ago.

Lenny resigned himself for a different strategy.

Then again, Assassins were not warriors that fought head on battles.

The battles they fought was more of precision and opportunity.

One might say that it was a cowards way of fighting.

But if it got the job done, then why not?

Suddenly, there was the buzzing sound of wings flapping in all directions.

Giant Praying Mantis rushed at Potty from all directions.

"Attacks from such pests can do me no harm!" Potty gloated.

The Giant Preying Mantis attacked from all angles. It was just like Potty had said. They really did him no harm.

No matter the force used by their Pincers. They could not even interrupt his hearty laughter.

Even Lenny in the shadows, threw his attacks, but it just bounced off potty's skin.

However, something unexpected happened.

WUSH!

A pincer raced through the air, and got Potty right in the arm.

"AHHAH!" Pointy screamed as he looked at the Pincer.

This pincer was surrounded with white flames.

"HAhAhA! got you!" Lenny in the shadows chuckled.

lenny had finally found a way through Potty's skin.

The secret was actually very simple and in his face all this while, but he had not explored that option until now.

Just like he had killed the Chimera Queen, the secret was in his blood.

Lenny made cuts on his skin and bath the Pincers in them.

Afterwards, he activated his white flame ability on it.

His blood acted as fuel for the white flames.

It was like a fire touch that explorers in books used to explore caves.

The sent it like a spear for Potty and the effects were satisfying.

With this method, he was able to break through potty's defense.

Lenny was starting to believe that he had underestimated his blood a little too much.

Then again, he had merged a drop of Lucifer's blood with his own.

His blood was not normal. It was an incredible life source capable of destruction.

The pincer he threw had made its way right into the body of Potty.

Potty looked in the direction the attack had come from, but he did not see anybody, and the Giant Insects made for better cover for Lenny.

Potty sent his Bullet tongue in that particular direction, destroying the giant Praying Mantis in its path, but the attack only hit rocks.

Wush!

Another Pincer flew in. This time around, it got one of his legs, pinning it to the ground.

*Wush!*WUSH!*

Lenny sent Pincers one after the other.

Some made it to Potty and some others did not.

By now, Potty had riddled holes all over his body. potty had also sent many attacks, but not even one touched Lenny in the dark. Lenny was just never in one place.

Lenny sent in attacks again and again.

However, potty did not fall.

lenny checked his magic points.

<15/100>

He was terribly low on magic points. Also, his HP had gone down because of his bad loss of blood that he caused himself.

<HP 400/1000>

But there was some hope.

Potty had both knees on the ground. he was almost out.

With one more attack, lenny could most likely do it.

Lenny put ten magic points into this attack.

This attack had to be clean. His aim, was Potty's head.

Demons were a tenacious bunch, but if he could get the head, then it was definitely going to be over.

He waited patiently in the dark for the right opportunity.

Potty coughed up a lot of blood, and he was certainly done for.

The moment the opportunity presented itself, Lenny rushed in for the kill, "die demon!"

However, as his Pincer was about to reach the demon's head, Potty's head suddenly turned an abnormal 260 degrees in his direction, "got you!"

Chapter 103 A New Title Unlocked...

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This curse of a being that had been a pest at his side was finally going to die.

However, as Lenny's Pincer was about to reach the demon's head, Potty's head suddenly turned an abnormal 260 degrees in his direction, "got you!"

Potty's chest suddenly became abnormally bloated and then he released the load from his stomach

SPIT!

A big green ball was suddenly launched in Lenny's direction.

this had come unexpectedly. Lenny had thought that the demon was done for. In fact, he was most sure of it.

However, trickery was a demon's way.

The big green slimy ball rushed for Lenny.

Immediately, Lenny made an abnormal turn like a cat in the air.

A harsh sizzle sound was heard as part of the big ball of green spittle bathed his body.

"AHH!!!" Lenny screamed as he fell to the ground.

His skin peeled all over his body. All the way to his muscles and in some places, it burnt all the way to his white shining bones.

Some of it had poured on a side of Lenny's face and his skin peeled off like melted cheesy.

The pain of this made Lenny gasp for breath.

He rolled over on the ground in an attempt to get away, but his muscles were burnt off and this made movement quite difficult.

<HP 100/1000> Lenny's Hp had dropped to significantly.

As Lenny tried to crawl away, Potty stood to his feet.

They were holes all over his body, but Potty still maintained a cocky smile on his face, "HAHAHA!!! You son of bitch. How do you like my acid spit, huh!?" he staggered as he walked over to Lenny that was trying hard at escaping.

*KICK!*KICK!*KICK!*

He gave Lenny a series of kicks. Some to his abdomen and one of them to his face.

"You have really grown. You were even able to make me, your great ancestor bleed," Potty grabbed Lenny by the peeling flesh of his chest, digging his sharp fingers like knives into Lenny's body, and lifted him up.

Boom!

Potty gave Lenny a strong head boot to the face that dazed Lenny, allowing for a lot of blood to flow out of Lenny's face.

Potty Chuckled some more, "Look at you! You are nothing but trash before me. What did you think, that you could KILL ME!?"

*POW!*POW!*

Potty gave Lenny two shots of his bullet tongue to the chest.

"UUUHHH!!!" Lenny tried to scream, but it was of no use. His face had been crushed from the kicks and his lungs could not readily voice out his pain.

"I must say that I am a bit impressed with you, but that's just it. I'm as impressed by you as a chicken impressed by a worm wiggling in vain at the beak that shall swallow it raw."

As Potty talked, he suddenly opened his mouth abnormally wide, revealing his rows of uneven teeth. It was opened so wide that it looked like a great white shark about to overeat what would obviously be too difficult for it to swallow.

"After I'm done with you, I'll go back and present your head to your mother," Potty's voice had suddenly become deep and menacing, "I'll make sure she watches as I eat from your skull and then her eyes fixated right on your dead sockets as I fuck her with the rest of your bones!"

Potty was currently in a very good mood. However, he noticed something wrong.

Something was just not right.

Lenny was Smiling.

With his half peeled off face, and his white bones out in the open like a rotten corpse, Lenny was smiling.

This made Potty frown, "what's so funny, your death?"

Lenny's dazed red eyes suddenly focused on Potty, "you are out of magic points!"

"HUH!?"

However, Lenny did not explain.

RABID DOG!

This ability that Lenny had allowed him to temporarily double the strength he had.

Lenny at first was not sure, but he had tried it anyway and it had worked just like thought. Just the same way it doubled the strength he had, it also temporarily doubled the magic points he had.

Immediately, a surge of strength shot through Lenny's body.

Lenny suddenly grabbed Potty's head with both hands, bent the demon's head to the side and dug his teeth into the demon's neck.

Lenny Bite in and took a huge Chunk of flesh off Potty's neck.

As he did, that part also went up in white flames.

The burn of Lenny's attack made Potty panic and back off immediately pushing Lenny away.

Meanwhile, the white flames continued burning his neck, exactly at the point were Lenny had taken a huge chunky bite.

Demon blood poured to the ground like a leaking pipe.

Potty rolled around on the ground trying to quench the white flames, but for some reason, the fires could not be put out.

Meanwhile, Lenny stood up from the ground like a summoned undead.

His eyes turned in Potty's direction. On his mouth was the piece of flesh that he had bitten from Potty's neck.

Lenny chewed it like it was a piece of meat he had been hungry for, for a long time.

What potty did not know was that the white flames burning were not going to stop any time soon. Lenny had bitten his tongue to let his blood flow into the wound when he took a bite out of Potty.

His blood was in the demon's injury.

Lenny Chewed for a while, and then his eyes brightened, "you know, you don't taste all that bad. In fact, compared to that Mushroom paste back at the Arena, you are a delicacy."

Potty heard thi. he looked in Lenny's direction as he saw something he could not believe.

Lenny swallowed.

<New Title Unlocked: Demon Eater. (eat the heart blood of demons to grow in points and abilities)>

Lenny's eyes brightened some more.

He turned to Potty. His half bitten off tongue licked his lips as he envisioned in his head the niceties he might get if he ate Potty.

Potty as he burned from his neck also saw Lenny's eyes on him.

he had been a demon in hell for hundreds of years. He tortured and performed all sorts of atrocities on human beings. As far as he was concerned, they were a race for him to release his sadistic desires on.

Coming into this new earth was just another playing field for him, and he explored well.

Before his satisfaction and will, human beings were nothing but slightly bigger ants to him.

However, E999 was the very first human to stand up to him since the dawn of the apocalypse.

Therefore, he thought it necessary to teach the brat a lesson, and that was why he dumped him in the D class.

But twists and turns had happened since that time, and now, he could not believe he was admitting it, but deep in his heart, he could feel it.

He could feel FEAR.

Potty tried use his abilities but he was out of Darkline energy. He had no choice but to back off, but Lenny had his sights fixed on him.

Under Lenny's gaze like that of a hungry monkey seeing a banana, there was no way he was going to escape.

Lenny waved his hand and a Pincer appeared.

As it did, lenny activated his white flames.

The White flames went all over his bleeding body, encompassing even his flesh that still leaked from the acid spit.

<HP 20/1000>

<Magic points 9/100>

Lenny could feel it. His Hp was extremely low. In fact, the only reason he could move regardless of the deafening pain was because of the Pain and Pleasure Technique.

He activated the technique and converted all the pain he felt into pleasure.

Even his magic points were on a very terrible low. But for what he was about to do next, it was just enough.

Lenny dragged his muscle torn-out bone showing legs towards Potty.

The fear that ran through his body was so intense that even the burning of the white flames seemed to be nothing.

"Ple.... Please! Please don't!" Potty stammered as he begged.

However, Lenny did not stop advancing towards him.

"I am sure you don't let them go when they beg," Lenny stood over Potty. His intonation was not clear because of his almost fully cut-out tongue that was trying to mend it self, but Potty understood him loud and clear.

"This is RETRIBUTION!" Lenny lifted the Pincer and it came down right on Potty's head.

SLOUSH!

Lenny nailed Potty's head to the ground with the Pincer blazing with flames.

Afterwards, he sat over Potty's body.

A gruesome smile was on his face as he started biting and peeling off the skin of the demon.

Lenny was going for his heart...

Chapter 104 Lesser Demon Rank 2 And The Other Demon Ranks

"is he done!?" Crusher asked insect-B as she carried him from the ground.

"No!" But it seems like they have reached their peak in the battle."

Crusher nodded, "hmmm, to think we got caught because of the smell of cum from your mouth. Hahahaha!!!" he laughed at himself a bit.

insect-B looked at him puzzled. She did not understand what was so funny, but then again, many of the things crusher did, did not make sense to her.

Crusher had strength equivalent to a Gladiator in the A class. With his strong adaptation abilities, he was already starting to heal.

After a while, the sounds of hitting walls had stopped, but the sounds of stabbing could still be heard.

It was accompanied by the sounds of slashing and even the whistling if a familiar tone.

"Let's go!" insect-B invited Crusher, but he declined.

He could still hear the slashing and cutting sounds and did not want to risk it. After all, this was a demon they were up against.

"Can't you hear?" She turned to Crusher, "he is whistling."

insect-B had not known Lenny for a long time, but she had picked up on some of his subtle habits.

She helped Crusher up and the two of them carefully approached the sight of the battle.

The cave walls in this place had been destroyed.

The air smelt like a subtle mixture of burnt meat and pungent blood.

Crusher turned to insect-B, and her to him.

They could both see the same look of curiosity in each other's eyes.

They moved forward and then they saw it.

Subtle white flames still burned around the place. No doubt from Lenny.

Lenny whistled a harmonic tone as he sliced into Potty's body with the pincer in his hands.

Although his body had started the healing process, his face and body was still half burnt from the acid spit.

With the way he dug into Potty, he looked like a zombie greedy for flesh.

potty was a demon and his meat was hard, but Lenny was starting to get the hang of it.

Lenny finally broke through the dead demon's rib cage.

The inner anatomy of a demon was slightly different from that of a human, but with Lenny's vast knowledge of organs and their functions, it was not hard for him to figure out what was what.

He finally located the heart.

Lenny smiled as he reached for it and plugged it out of Potty's Chest like he was getting an apple.

The Satan system had said that he needed to consume the heart blood.

Lenny lifted the heart above his mouth, and then he squeezed hard.

The blood flowed into his mouth like a running tap and it went straight into his throat, bathing his face and the rest of his body in the process.

Crusher saw this and swallowed hard. This was not in hunger to join Lenny, but in fear of him.

Lenny had done the impossible. He had killed a demon.

Of course, Crusher had seen Lenny kill the Chimera ant queen, but that was different.

In his mind, he only saw her as nothing more than a bug.

Potty was different. He was a demon of the F class.

That was the foundational class that all Gladiators passed through.

Crusher was no exception.

And just like all that passed through the F class, he feared this demon.

This was a crested fear stamped in his heart from the moment he could recognize his hands as tools to ensure his survival.

In this isolated world of there's, demons were not just their keepers, they were something else entirely.

They were their gods.

From the will of the demons they ate, slept, fought and even mated.

It was all to please their ever unpleased masters.

They suffered day and night. So much so that suffering had become their daily bread.

From when the heavenly chosen were taken away, their fates had been sealed.

Sealed long before their births. Sealed to suffer because of the sins of their forefathers that they had practically never met.

They had inherited the sins of men and women long before the establishment of their innocent minds onto the world.

How was it their fault?

How were they the ones to blame?

And lastly, to whom do they complain to?

To whom do they say their prayers?

Was it to the gods of old or to the heavens that had abandoned them to suffer the pleasures of their new evil masters or it was to the masters that enjoyed the feel of their flesh stuck in between their teeth?

Their destiny from birth was suffering and it was also to end in suffering.

However, Lenny had appeared.

Like a a rainbow after the storm, he had appeared.

Crusher looked at Leeny and a few drops of tears strolled down his cheeks.

What he saw was not a monster, but a saviour.

What he saw, was man kinds savior.

One look at Lenny and he understood.

For one to conquer monsters, he must become one himself.

On the spot, Crusher made a decision to give all he could, even if it meant his own flesh just to see Lenny punish these disillusioned gods.

Crusher suddenly looked to the sky as he tried to hold back his tears of joy, "Hahahaha!!!"

He laughed widely, he raised one of his hands to the sky, his middle finger in the air.

"Demons of the fucking Arena, we are coming to fuck you BASTARDS up!"

Lenny turned in Crusher's direction the moment he heard his words.

Lenny gave him a smile.

With the blood pouring out of his mouth through the gaps in his jaw, he smiled a broad smile.

And then it turned into full blown laughter.

At this point, Lenny head some alerts from the system.

<Congratulations on Revenge against Potty the Demon. Reminant Soul of F999 thanks you>

<Reminant Soul has gifted +100 Agility>

<Congratulations+200 points to stamina>

<Congratulations +300 points to strength>

<Congratulations...

<Congratulations...

<Congratulations...

Again and again, the alerts kept on pouring in.

<Congratulations, you have consumed the heart Blood of a demon>

<Enough energy to digest the remaining power from Lucifer Morningstar's blood. Digestion in progress>

Lenny was a bit surprised by the first alert, but he understood F999 feelings.

Lenny suddenly felt his entire body surge with strength.

His torn muscles and flesh made a rapid heal before the very eyes of Crusher and Insect-B, and before any one knew it, he had totally been healed, but that was not all.

His Magic points also increased, his strength and others stats also increased.

And then he heard another alert.

<Congratulations, Rank promoted: Lesser Demon Rank 2>

Lenny smiled at this. Once more, he had grown stronger and better.

However, looking at the Rank made him suddenly develop questions and so he asked the system.

"System, how many Demon ranks are there?"

<Sorry: I'm not yet allowed to give you that answer, as it might tamper with the vision of your growth. However, I can tell you this. There are six ranks in the Lesser Demon level. After which there are also six in the Deep demon level which is the level after the Lesser Demon Level.>

Lenny frowned. This was not the answer he was expecting, but nevertheless, he still wanted to push a bit.

"What level is there after the Deep demon level?"

<Hold on! Checking strength parameters before answer.~~~~>

<Parameters checked: Host is strong enough to receive this answer. After the Deep demon level is the Great demon level>

Lenny nodded at this. He could tell that he still had a long way to go before he avenges his master.

The good news was that he had climbed and was now in the Lesser demon ranks.

He still had four more to go and even more before he could face Cuban who was the owner of the Arena.

Lenny burst into sudden laughter.

Looking down on the messy corpse that was Potty, he could not help but think of how much fun this was going to be.

"Truly, the edge of the blade is the most interesting Dance floor!"

He stood up from the corpse. He had already eaten the most important part. He did not mind the rest being left to insect-B.

"Clean this up."

insect-B nodded as she waved her hands and chimera ants for cleaning suddenly appeared from caves.

"Wait!" Crusher stopped her.

"I have a better idea!" He smiled.

Lenny did not ask what it was. Then again, he did not care.

After all, Potty's corpse was his left over.

"In case another Demon should visit, inform me as soon as possible!"

Lenny ordered.

insect-B nodded as she waved her hand and an insect the size of a mosquito climbed into Lenny's body and dug itself into Lenny's skin under his neck.

This was how Lenny knew that Potty had visited and rushed over immediately.

Lenny calculated how long it had been since he came down.

He frowned.

It was almost time for the Order of Gladiator'd meeting.

He had to hurry up and get back to the Arena.

After all, he had revenge to carry out on the order.

Chapter 105 Meeting The Gladiators One More

Few hours cam and went fast.

Before Lenny knew it, it was already the next day.

With his speed and vast range of assassin abilities, it was no problem for him to sneak back into the cell area.

On this day, the E class were given a day off from the Arena.

After the happenings in the cells the last time, when Lenny fed a man the dick's of other men, things had become calmer and more organized.

Rape within cellmates had stopped. In fact, bullying of all kinds had stopped.

After all, the weaker guys only needed to mention Lenny's name and that was all.

No one wanted to be fed a bag of dicks.

Therefore, no one went against his words.

Besides, the things he had done in the Arena were still fresh in many minds.

Lenny woke up with a fresh smile on his face.

After all, today was going to be the day.

He stretched properly as he organized himself for the fight of the night.

"Good day E999," E701 greeted.

Lenny turned to him with question marks on his face.

At the moment, E701 was humping a another make gladiator not so far from him.

He had a smile on his face as he waved to Lenny.

Lenny nodded at him and looked away.

He perfectly understood what was going on.

This was after all the effect of power.

Ever since Lenny did the things he did, he had been presented with gifts and the like.

Everyone wanted to be associated with someone powerful.

Of course gifts also meant Gladiators offering up their backsides to please him.

However, Lenny did not swing that way.

Therefore, E701 stepped in for him.

The old man had never had this much fun in his life.

His life had practically been turned around.

All those that had ever bullied him have come to him because they were trying to please Lenny.

E701 was not sure how long this would last. After all, he used to be the person servicing others.

However, the old man was willing to enjoy it to the fullness.

Lenny gave him a thumbs up and walked away.

His aim was a visit to the Reptoids.

These were the gladiators that had reptilian origins like Crusher.

They could heal from almost any wound given to them.

As long as their heads were secured, then their lives were secured.

They could even lose their limbs and still be alive.

As Lenny walked within the cell area, people made way for him to pass.

Lenny whistled his usual Triller song from his former life as he walked into the Reptoids area.

Just as before, there was a gladiator guard for the territory.

This was a familiar face to Lenny. The last time Lenny came here, it had been with E7007 and the current dead Pocket.

Back then his eyes were new to everything and even this gladiator looked down on him, but all that had suddenly changed.

The gladiator bowed the moment he saw him, "we have been expecting your arrival. Our leader has even prepared the finest organs for you."

Lenny nodded, "really? I'm looking forward to seeing what you have for me."

The gladiator led Lenny in.

And there he was.

Lenny had not seen him for sometime, but apart from getting fatter, nothing had really changed.

E555 was still E555.

To a certain extent, Lenny admired the capabilities of this man. If this was before the apocalypse, a man of his talents would have become a wealthy tycoon.

Even when things were difficult for Gladiators, this guy still found a way to always make a profit for himself.

"E999, my dearest old time friend," E555 opened his arms in attempt of a hug at Lenny.

This took Lenny by surprise, by he allowed him do what he wanted to do.

"My dear friend. I heard you were back. I mean look at you. You look nothing like you were before. You came back and did not even want to visit your old friend, huh?"

Truly, E555 had talent.

In just a few words, he had made it seem as if he and Lenny were old time friends from college or something.

His people's skills was indeed top notch.

However, Lenny was not interested in all that at the moment. He came here for organs.

Just like E7007 had thought him, he needed to pay his way into the Female cell area.

That was where the passage into the hall for the Order Gladiators was located.

Of Course Lenny could follow certain routes, he wanted to take his time and enjoy the process.

After all, he had a lot of points. He was the same as a very wealthy man in these cells.

Lenny paid the necessary fee and took the organs with him.

All of them were fresh.

The moment he was gone, E555's mood changed.

He waved his hand and the gladiator standing guard came to him.

"Have you sent word to D7007?"

The gladiator nodded, "yes, they are already expecting his arrival."

E555 nodded. He sighed loudly.

"This a problem between their stupid nameless crew. If D7007 had not paid well, I wouldn't have agreed to this. I hope this issue ends once and for all."

Unknown to E555, Lenny with his incredible perceptive abilities had heard the conversation between them.

But he pretended not to.

It did not matter if they knew he was coming or not.

The pain he would deliver was going to be swift. After all, he wanted them to know. It was one of the reasons he left E666 alive.

He wanted them to know what was coming.

As usual, Lenny paid his way through the cells.

As he walked towards the passage, the female gladiators all avoided him.

.....

Meanwhile, a group of Gladiators in the Order-masks waited at the entrance into the Hall.

Some of them were sitting, some were standing and few others talked at a corner.

Far behind them was E666 also in her mask. She stood close to a particular gladiator.

He was slightly taller taller than her.

If Lenny was here, he would instantly recognize him from his stature. On even better, he would know him from the class number on his chest.

The number on his chest was D7007.

E666 shook her head, "what are they doing? Why are they lazing around? Shouldn't they put up barriers or something? He will soon be here."

D7007 sighed, "I understand your fears. E999 has gotten stronger and he is coming here for his revenge, but I think you over estimate what he can do. The Gladiators standing guard are of the C and B class. No matter how strong he has gotten, it has only been a few weeks. There is no way he would have gotten that strong. I think that your request to A222 to have them guard the entrance is still too much. At most, those of the D class can handle him. "

E666 shook her head, "you don't understand. I have seen what he can do. He is very dangerous. He killed Pocket and all the other members of the Nameless crew in the E class."

Hearing this made tighten his fist in obvious anger.

He had left behind his crew members to be promoted to the D class.

He knew deep down that he would never see some of them again, but it was certainly not like this.

Now, he's brothers and sisters were gone.

D7007 was a smart man. At least smarter than most Gladiators. He understood that Lenny had killed his entire crew because he was looking for him.

It was just the priliminaries to his revenge.

He was now in the D class. Even when he was in the E class, he had been stronger than Lenny.

As far as he was concerned, that would not change now.

According to what E666 told the Order of Gladiators, Lenny had stopped a raging bully with a hand.

As impressive as that sounded, for D7007, it was not.

After all, the monsters that were fought in the E class were nothing compared to those fought in the D class.

Comparing both of them was like comparing cattle to a wolf.

Then again, no matter how strong Lenny had gotten, his flesh was still important to the Order of Gladiators.

"D7007 I still think that..."

~whistling~

The sound of loud whistling echoing through the walls interrupted her.

She paused as she listened to the tune.

This was a very familiar tune.

She had heard a couple of times.

She remembered it. she had heard it when he was feeding that Gladiator the dicks right into his throat.

She had also heard it when she was at the Arena and his foot was on her head.

She looked into the distance and there he was.

He strolled out of the shadows steadily.

As he did, he had a man's neck in his right hand.

His left hand dripped steadily with blood.

Lenny paused a distance from them and smiled, "D7007 I have missed you dearly."

Chapter 106 The Arrival Of A Slaughter...

Before Lenny even came down the opening leading to the hall, he knew that they were Gladiators waiting for him on the other side.

However, he really did not care.

Whether it was a hundred or even a thousand of them, it did not matter at all.

The only thing that mattered was the inevitable demise of the Order of Gladiators.

Lenny took his time as he walked down.

A slight smile stained the side of his lips.

He whistled his favorite song as a strong sense of murder enveloped his being.

From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet was the deep seated desire to embrace the warmth of slaughter.

The moment they saw Lenny, the Gladiators did not panic. In fact, those that were sitting still remained sitting.

It was their assumption that Lenny was weak.

No matter how strong he had become, it was not possible that he could take all of them. In fact, only two C class Gladiators walked forward to block his path.

"Good! A warm up," Lenny nodded.

Lenny could have just waved his hand and sent his white flame after these people. However, where was the fun in that?

Lenny considered himself to be an artist.

And as such, he felt the need to continually perfect his craft.

How can a painter get better if they don't paint, or a musician get better if they don't play their instruments?

How can a butcher get better if they don't Cut meat?

Lastly, How can an Assassin survive if not by the blade?

Lenny waved his hands and two Pincer's one for each appeared on his hands.

he waved them in the air a bit.

They made slicing sounds with the air as Lenny waved them.

As he did, the two C class gladiators saw him and each gave a cocky smile.

In fact, some of the Gladiators watching from behind burst into a laugh.

"Oh! These!? There are not for me," Lenny waved the blades and threw them at the feet of the gladiators, "I want your deaths to be thrilling. I want the THRILLER!!!"

"Huh!?"

"_"

"_"

The gladiators were surprised by this. However, Lenny was not in the mood to let them contemplate their decisions. he was going to help them make it.

BOOM!

He kicked against the ground.

One minute, he was where he was and the next he had grabbed the first Gladiator.

Lenny's fingers penetrated his eyes, bursting them like over filled water balloons.

POP

His fingers went deep into his victim's head, and then gripping his skull from the holes he had penetrated, Lenny gave a sharp twist.

CRACK!!!

His other hand gave support by holding the gladiator's body in place.

Lenny gave an effective pull and the Gladiator's head was torn out of his neck like wild hungry animal aggressively tearing a piece of meat.

His skin and muscles detached from the rest of the body in respect to Lenny's forceful irresistible pull.

The man was not even given the opportunity to scream in the pain of his death.

The only thing that followed his detached head was his Curvy 'S' shaped spine.

Blood went up in the air from the headless corpse like a volcano angry at the heavens.

FUSSSHHHHH!!!!

Blood Rained down on all of them, Lenny included.

The entire place paused in surprise for a few seconds.

Lenny threw the man's corpse to the side.

He looked up to the sky. He could feel his skin thrill to the bathing of the blood that fell on him.

This was it. This was the feeling he had been looking for so badly.

There was nothing he wanted more than to bathe in the warmth of cold revenge.

His neck leaned back to an incredible length. He really wanted to soak in the feeling.

Like tasting food, the first bite was always the most important.

Savoring the taste was necessary.

As head remained in its position, but the moment all of the blood had fallen to the ground, his eyes alone moved over to the gladiators.

"You see what I mean? You need the Pincers," Lenny waved his hands again and more Pincers appeared.

He threw them before the Gladiators.

"Now, lets try that again."

The Gladiators looked at corpse on the ground and then at one another.

Without wasting time, they rushed for the Pincers on the ground.

These were experienced fighters.

They were used to bloody battles and were already mentally prepared to face Lenny.

However, no form of preparedness was going to ready them for what was to come.

The first Gladiator raised his weapon in a swift attack for lenny.

He was fast, and from the way his muscles moved, Lenny could tell that he was a very good fighter.

He must have fined-tuned this move through the crude practice of fighting for his life over and over again.

However, in Lenny's eyes, he was as amateur as a child learning how to swing a sword.

Lenny did not move and he allowed the blade near his body, giving the Gladiator the impression that his strike was true.

Just when the blade was to hit, lenny moved.

He dodged to the side and with a side step followed by a 360 degree turn, he's hand gave a resounding slap that landed right on the face of the Gladiator.

BOOM!

It was a slap but it had not sounded like one.

It was like a watermelon had been kissed hard by a heavy mallet.

The Gladiator's head gave a low explosion in the opposite direction of the slap.

Lenny moved away as the headless corpse unaware of its fate still swung the Pincer left and right in the coordination of its muscle memory.

The second person had been done in.

These gladiators no longer hesitated but rushed in for the fight all at once.

Lenny, was not one that liked engaging in such wide scale battles basically because of his origin as an Assassin.

He preferred the stealth and kill approach, but in this case, he wanted to bath well in the blood of these unfortunate victims.

They had wronged him. They had wronged him really bad.

They were even willing to tear his flesh, eat it, drink his blood and suck his marrow.

Surely, bathing in the bliss of their blood was the least he could.

In fact, Lenny could say that he was going easy on them.

After all, all he desired was to use their blood to wash the filth from his body.

In his opinion, he was being kind being satisfied with only soaking in the relief of their warm blood.

They attacked Lenny like they had always had to defend their lives in the Arena.

However, Lenny was not like the adorable creatures that were fought in the Arena.

Although he looked human, he could not be categorized under the same umbrella with these Gladiators that were still far below him.

Lenny was a beast. He was a beast that won't mind bullying young ones if it brought him the satisfaction of their death.

One by one, Lenny's slaughter reached them.

Those that had even unlocked their special abilities rushed at him, but Lenny did not run from their attacks.

One Gladiator's hands became hard as metal.

Unfortunately, his hand was not as hard as he was thought to believe.

Lenny broke them like they were twigs.

One by one, he delivered until them very violent deaths.

Some more violent than others.

The nice ones amongst them were the ones that he allowed to not feel pain before their demise.

Some were not so fortunate to enjoy such a nice offer.

There was one unfortunate victim that had his tongue torn out his mouth, and then his limbs torn out of his torso.

The fight had ended almost as quickly as it started.

The gladiators were not even allowed to shout to inform their other members of their unfortunate end.

All of them fell dead to the ground.

As they died, Lenny absorbed their life energy. However, it was like throwing a few drops of water into a river.

Their life force was just too weak to be of any significance to him.

Human meat, blood, bones and various organs lay scattered on the ground like it was the mess of children that had engaged in a painting contest amongst one another.

In and out, Lenny took sharp breaths. He wiped off some of the blood stain from his forehead.

Afterwards, he advanced forward, whistling and enjoying the tune of his favorite song.

Just a few distance away, he could see two people.

One male and the other female. Even with the masks over their faces, he could clearly recognize them.

The moment the two set their sights on him, they froze in shock.

They could not believe what they were seeing.

Lenny took his time. Blood fell from his hands.

His last victim had just met his fate at the touch of the delivery of death by his hands.

Lenny strolled out of the shadows steadily.

As he did, he had a man's neck in his right hand.

His left hand dripped steadily with blood.

Lenny paused a distance from them and smiled, "D7007 I have missed you dearly."

D7007 swallowed hard as he lost all composure.

Now, he could tell E666 was not exaggerating.

This was the arrival of a slaughter.

Chapter 107 I Want To Torture All Of You But Something Is Wrong With The Magistri

Lenny's body was painted with the beautiful color of red.

Blood leaked from his body like butter allowed to sit under the hot sun for a very long time.

Tip Tap!

The drips of blood fell like water from a roof after a heavy downpour.

The drips of blood fell, accompanying every step he took.

Even his foot steps left blood behind.

D7007 saw him and was greatly shaken.

After all he knew what this meant. Even if he decided to ignore the flow of blood leaking from Lenny's body, he could not ignore the C class Gladiator that Lenny had by the neck.

E666 saw this and a strong sense of fear washed over her body.

She had seen what Lenny did in the Arena. She knew he was strong. But that was a group of C class and D class Gladiators.

Any random one of them could clear out the entire E class.

All of a sudden, her desperate need for survival kicked in.

After all, Lenny had left her to survive before. If she did it right, he might just let her off again.

She suddenly removed her mask, "just as I promised, D7007 is right here."

She stepped forward to approach him.

As she did, Lenny did not stop her.

In fact, he smiled at her, "yes, he is. You know what that means, right?"

"Huh!?" She frowned.

"Don't worry, I can help you understand. You see, what is the use of an actor when the show is already over? If you are not useful, it must mean only one other thing. You must be useless."

The moment he said this, Lenny grabbed her by her neck and lifted her in the air.

She struggled to breathe and her hands even tried to reach his face.

She punched and kicked but Lenny did not let go.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure you don't die so easily. It has to be slow and excruciating. But before that, let's take care of those annoying legs and hands."

Lenny threw her to the ground. She tried to escape but he suddenly stepped on one of her legs.

Crack!

He first broke her ankle. Then, he moved over to her knee and also broke it too. Lastly, he broke her hip bone for one side of her leg.

*AHHHHH!!!" she screamed loudly every time he broke something.

Lenny moved over to the other leg. After breaking her ankle, he suddenly thought of a more creative thing to do. He used his hands for this one.

Lenny sat on her knee and bent it inward.

CRACK!

"AHHHHHHH!!!" she screamed loudly, Lenny did not stop the bending until it formed a perfect 'C'.

Afterwards, he went each of her arms and he also did the same thing.

Breaking them from the fingers to the wrist, to the elbows and finally, he broke her shoulders.

She screamed and cried her eyes out as both tears and snort stained the ground.

"Huh!?" Lenny had a surprised look on his face, "are those tears? That's so sad. But don't worry, I perfectly understand. I'll just help take out those sad eyes. That way, you won't cry any more."

Lenny gave her an understanding look, like a father trying to comfort his crying daughter.

Lenny shamelessly sat on her chest. He waved his hand and a pincer appeared.

Like a watch maker trying hard not to make a mistake, he leaned in, and gently opened an eye. His tongue even hung at the side of his lips to show his intense concentration on his work.

"Please try not to move too much, I need the eye ball intact for my collection. It would be a shame to spoil art before it's collected."

As he did this, she screamed and her torso jerked in plead for her freedom. However, he held her down and in place.

They was nothing she could do about her situation except her constant pleas.

Like scooping ice cream, Lenny steadily removed one eye ball.

"Yeee!!! One out, one more to go!"

All the while as Lenny operated, D7007 stood by the corner and watched. It was not that he did not want to move, or even run.

But his instincts he had sharpened through years of fighting told him something even he found hard to believe, but yet he followed it.

His instincts told him that if he attempted an escape, his time to live in this world would be shortened.

Even though he knew he was to eventually share the same fate, a part of him hoped so bad that Lenny enjoyed E666 a lot more.

In fact, he hoped that Lenny forgot about his presence.

Her screams echoed across the walls of the cave.

D7007 stood frozen wondering why the other Gladiators had not gotten here yet.

After all, the moment he had seen Lenny, he had given the signal for A222 to come.

It was a particular spice that she had given him to let loose in the air in case of danger.

A222 had incredible senses. It is said that she could even tell the number of pregnant women in the F class with her nose in the A Class.

She could tell when an attack was coming without turning to check.

Her skin would sense the slight shift of wind before the attack reached her.

D7007 was very confident in her abilities, but he was surprised that she had not yet arrived.

"Maybe I need to release more spice dust," D7007 thought to himself.

Slowly, he dug his hand in his gladiator pants and released more of the spice.

However, Lenny suddenly paused and then he turned to him.

"I am not yet done with E666 but it seems that you can no longer wait for your turn. I allowed you the first time to call your reinforcements because looking for them to kill is a fucking hassle. But if they don't want to come out no matter how hard you call them, I don't think you should disturb yourself much. I can just take care of you now."

Lenny instantly moved with intense speed.

He grabbed D7007 and slammed him hard to the ground. The intense hit made D7007 cough out a mouth full of blood.

"You were supposed to be a leader, but you fucked me in the ass with betrayal. I have a special item for you. I just hope you love it as much as I do."

He waved his hand and a pincer appeared. However, this one was longer than usual. It was also very curvy.

Certainly, this pincer was not from the usual bugs that Lenny fought with.

It was a pincer from one of the deformed creatures he had seen in the Chimera queen's backyard.

Lenny suddenly flipped D7007 over.

"I'm going to make you understand what it feels like to be fucked in the arse. I hope you forgive me. I unfortunately do not have any lub. But I'm sure it will get easier the deeper it goes."

With a pull, Lenny removed the gladiator undergarments.

Of course, D7007 screamed and begged. He even tried his Charisma ability that helped him bend the will of people. But it was to no avail.

Lenny was going to do as he wished. He set the Pincer for D7007's ass hole and then with a little effort, he shoved it in.

"STOP!!!"

There was suddenly a loud shout. Lenny turned in the direction it had come from.

It was A222. Behind her stood the Gladiators of the Order of Gladiators.

Lenny looked at her and nodded, "please wait your turn. I promise to go around everyone of you," he turned once more to D7007 and forced the Pincer into his butt hole some more.

"AHHHH!!!!" He screamed as he begged and struggled for release. His ass bleed heavily and he could feel the long sharp pincer charging through his body.

"don't worry, by the time it comes out your mouth, you won't feel anything anymore."

Lenny Chuckled.

"E999!!! How Dare you. I said you should stop this instant!"

"I heard, I just I'm not ready for you yet!" Lenny responded.

"Then how about me!" It was a deep voice.

Lenny looked in A222's direction. Or at least beside her.

There was a particular person covered from head to Toe.

One look at him and Lenny could tell that this was truly who he thought it was. It was the Magistri.

Surveyor

Lenny activated his ability. However the moment he did, he frowned.

Something was not right. In fact, something was plenty wrong.

Lenny remembered that he had used Surveyor on the magistri the first time he had come to this world.

He was not able to see the Magistri's stats then, but he had seen that he was a rank 3 lesser demon. However right now, he saw something else.

The rank he was seeing at the moment was Rank 2 lesser Demon.

Lenny's senses were screaming alarms at him that something was wrong or rather, something was coming.

Chapter 108 Truth About The Arena Part 1

Lenny immediately activated his skill. He also used magic points to see the Abilities of his new opponent.

SURVEYOR!

<Name> Magistri

<Race> Demon (Humanity Purged)

<Level: 27>

<Rank: Lesser Demon Rank 2>

<Strength: 2300>

<Agility:1300>

<Magic: 150/150(basic 1)>

<HP 2000/2000>

<Exp. 1100/2000>

/Abilities/

Note: All under blood oath

<Blood Whip: Can use blood of those dead around him>

<Blood Affair>

.....

However, immediately Lenny used his magic points to see his opponent's abilities, a part of him instantly regretted it.

<-20 magic points>

He had lost twenty magic points just to see his opponent's ability.

Then again, it might have been because the Magistri was slightly stronger than him.

Since he had already done it, Lenny decided to push the loss of magic points to the back of his mind at the moment.

After all, crying over spilled milk never got anything solved.

Lenny frowned.

Something was wrong here.

He could feel deep down that something was wrong, but what it actually was eluded his senses.

Lenny remembered the first time he had used Surveyor on the Magistri. In fact, the Magistri had been the first person he had used Surveyor on.

Back then, Lenny was too weak to see his stats. But he had still been allowed to see his rank.

Lenny remembered clearly that the Magistri was a lesser demon at rank 3.

But at the moment, he was at Rank 2.

"Did he lose rank?" Lenny asked himself. But that did not make sense to him. There was also another thing that bothered him.

When he first came to the Order of Gladiators, he had used his ability on the Order Master, but instead, his head had hurt badly. He could not even see the order master's stats.

However, he decided to put that at the back of his mind for now.

Lenny stood to his feet.

D7007 and E666 remained on the ground bleeding, in pain and crying for their lives.

Lenny did not want to just kill them. He believed that in this world, there were things far worse than death, and he wanted to enjoy the fruits of those things on those that crossed his path.

If it was left to him, he would rather slowly torture these two for at least a month. All the while bringing them to the point of death and insanity, but never letting them give up the ghost or truly running mad.

Lenny waved his pincer.

There were currently interruptions and he could not continue his proud work.

To say he was not angry, would be a big lie. After all, which artist would not be mad when painting in the Zone, and he was forcefully pulled out of the Muse.

"E999! Your actions have gone too far," A222 declared boldly, "this Order will make you pay for your sins!"

She was bold and her voice was audible to hear. It still carried the authority of someone in a position of power.

However, Lenny did not even look at her. As far as he was concerned, she was just another crushable bug before his path.

His opponent was the demon before his eyes.

This attitude of his infuriated Her, and she gritted her teeth fiercely. "KILL HIM!" She ordered.

Immediately, The Gladiators all rushed for him.

The first four Gladiators reached him. However, it was with one wave of the large Pincer in his hand that he used to behead them.

Four heads, cleanly shaved from their necks went up into the air.

Blood jetted into the air.

This one move shocked everyone. It was good to note that these Gladiators were all of the A Class.

They were at the peak of the Arena. All of them had proven themselves again and again to be the best.

However, Lenny had crushed all their years of hard work with just a wave of the hand.

Four capable gladiators had met their end fate at his hands like they were nothing but bugs.

Lenny chuckled a bit, "Hahaha!!! Don't worry, keep them coming. I'll crush all of you."

However, these Gladiators paused. They had all seen death many times before, and no one wanted to die.

"Huh!?! You guys are not coming? Hmmm, Okay! I'll come for you then."

Lenny kicked against the ground with so much force that the earth cracked deep. It was like an artillery shell had been let loose.

He rushed for the first Gladiator.

With the speed and current strength he possessed, he was as much threat a tank in a field of unarmed personnel.

His speed was so much that the first he came in contact burst like a water balloon, meat and innards splashing to the sides.

It did not look as if a person hit a person but more like a Bullet train hit a person.

He waved his hand to grab the head of the next person. However, he suddenly felt an attack come from his side.

Instinctively, he moved his head, dodging the attack.

He looked over his shoulder. He saw the attacker. It was the Magistri still in his mask and full-body clothing.

Lenny dodged the first attack. But the second was different.

The Magistri gave him a spearhead, sending him through the wall of the cave.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Three consecutive walls were broken through into an entirely different space.

The Magistri lifted Lenny by the waist high up into the air and flung him away like a ball.

Boom!

Once more he hit the wall hard.

The other Gladiators wanted to rush after them, but A222 stopped them, "The Order Master will deal with him. Have Faith in the Order master's strength."

Meanwhile, Lenny stood up from the ground. This cave had a lot of those glowing mushrooms all over the place.

"Not bad..."

WHIP!

A blood whip that interrupted Lenny's small talk. it came right for his face.

Everything in Lenny told him to move, and he did so without hesitation.

Lenny dived to the side.

However, the blood whip did not stop its chase.

It was incredibly fast, and annoying.

However, Lenny had years of fighting with actual technique.

It was not the boorish attacks that this demon gave, but something with more precision.

Wait a minute! Boorish?

Lenny remembered his fight with Potty.

Potty was smarter in his fight. Although his still lacked fighting technique, it was not without a unique style.

However, fighting the Magistri felt different.

If Lenny was to put a word on it, it would be Rough.

Lenny found an opportunity and he waved his hand.

<-5 magic points>

Lenny used his white flames. Like a sudden wave at the beach, The white flames blew threw the wind, straight for the Magistri's chest.

Boom

The Magistri was blown away. He rolled on the ground, the clothes he used to cover himself were instantly burnt off, revealing his demon features.

Lenny took a look at him.

He was just as Lenny remembered he was.

The Magistri was a demon that had a Fairly human upper body, but the lower body of an Ox. He had two horns on his head that stretched backwards into his full brown hair.

Once upon a time, Lenny would have looked upon the strength of this Demon, but not anymore.

Now, he had the strength to stand up to him.

This made Lenny smile.

A strong sadistic grin appeared on his face.

Once again, he was going to slaughter a demon. It made his body jerk in pride.

Lenny did not want to waste much time with this demon. There was much slaughter for him to partake in outside.

The Moment the Demon stood to its feet, Lenny looked into the demon's eyes and activated his ability.

FREEZE!

The Magistri was stronger than him, and definitely, this attack would not be able to hold him back for a long time. But in a fight of life and death, even a second could spell the end.

However, Lenny's ability was strong enough to hold this Demon for several seconds.

Several seconds was more than enough.

Lenny waved the Pincer on his own skin, making a deep cut that allowed blood flow.

As he did, he ran for the magistri. With an incredible jump, he sat on his shoulder.

Lenny forced his bleeding hand into the demon's mouth, and then he flexed his muscles to encourage more blood to pour into the demon.

Lenny's eyes widened in ecstasy, "burn colourfully for me!"

WHITE FLAMES!

<-50 magic points>

Boom!

It was like a mini explosion went off in the Magistri's body as it went up in white flames, spreading his meat around the cave.

<Congratulations +20 Sta>

<+15 Stre>

Lenny enjoyed the alerts as he absorbed the life energy of his victim.

He had done it. He had killed the magistri.

The fires burned around the place.

Immediately, Lenny went for the torso. He wanted to get the heart of the Demon before the body was cooked to nothingness by his flames.

He broke open the chest of the demon with a smile on his face.

However, the moment he looked inside, a frown stained his lips.

Just then, he heard a voice come from behind him, "If you are looking for his heart, you won't find it!"

That voice. It was all too familiar. But it shouldn't be.

Lenny immediately turned about and he was frozen shocked at what he saw.

It was the magistri. But it was not just him. Or rather, it was more of him.

In total, they were twenty four of them.

Chapter 109 Truth About The Arena Part 2

From Lenny's experience with potty, he knew that if he ate the heart of a demon, he would get extra points that would build his power.

The Magistri was done for the moment Lenny put his bloody hand into his mouth and activated his White flame ability.

Lenny did not want to waste any time. After he was done with this demon, he was going to back and deal with the remaining sheep that were the Order of Gladiators.

Especially A222, Lenny could already imagine very creative ways to make sure she paid for what she did.

The Magistri blew up in white flames, and lenny rushed for his chest.

Just Like potty, Lenny opened his chest. However, he was left speechless by what he saw.

Other organs like the Lungs and the rest were present However, one organ was missing. In fact, Lenny could see where the Heart was supposed to be. He could see the Pulmonary veins and Arteries that were supposed to be connected to it.

However, the heart itself was not there.

Lenny frowned. From what he could see, it was as if someone had pulled the heart from the chest of the Magistri. But if that was true, then how was he still breathing?

Lenny could not help but be filled with a lot of questions.

However, he suddenly heard a voice come from behind him.

"If it is his heart you are looking for, then you won't find it."

This was an all too familiar voice. Lenny turned about and there he was.

The Magistri. He was looking at Lenny. But he was not the only one. They were twenty-four others like him.

Instinctively, Lenny leapt into the air, backing off like a cat running away from water.

Lenny looked at the ground. The Magistri's body that he had exploded and opened up was still there. However, the Magistri, or rather the Magistris were also standing in front of him.

Lenny was not stupid.

The moment he had killed the magistri, the Satan system had given him alerts confirming the Kill. There was no way that the person he had just killed was an illusion.

If this was an illusion, the system would not have given him the alert.

In other words, even if he was deceived, the Satan system given by Lucifer MorningStar could not have been deceived.

The Magistri that had spoken earlier stepped forward.

As he did, Lenny took another step back.

Surveyor!

Lenny activated his ability. to his surprise, all the Magistris had similar stats except when it came to their power levels. Some of them were Rank 1, but most were Rank 2 and 3.

Except of course for one.

The one that had just stepped forward, was the highest. He was a Lesser demon with Rank 5 strength.

Lenny waved his hands and Pincers appeared. Lenny waved them before his face in a ready stance for battle.

He had just lost a considerable amount of his magic Points. He barely had enough to take down another Lesser demon of the same rank, not to talk of Rank 3 and above.

Lenny felt as if he had fallen somehow into a trap.

The Magistri in front looked at the corpse on the ground and then at Lenny's stance and he nodded, "good! very good!! it seems that you inherited fine skills. You will be enough."

Lenny frowned, "enough!?"

"yes!" The magistri suddenly stretched a hand with a smile on his face, "E999 will you like to join me for a drink?"

"Huh!?" Lenny could not believe what he had just heard.

Just then, A222 rushed over. She looked at the ground and then back at lenny. Her eyes showed her obvious surprise.

"He killed him!!!"

The Magistri with an offering for Lenny nodded, "yes he did. It was good you called us when you did A222. If you hadn't the Order of Gladiators would be no more."

The magistri turned once more to Lenny, "I'll ask again, will you join me for a drink?" his brows frowned, "I will not ASK a third time!"

However, he could see in Lenny's eyes that he was not going to drop his weapon.

As he talked, his darkline energy was suddenly released and it flowed in Lenny's direction.

Lenny suddenly felt his breath become heavy and his knees and shoulders felt heavy.

It was like a heavy weight had suddenly been dumped on his shoulder.

He fell to the ground with a hand on his chest. He could see the RED alert from the System telling him to run.

However, movement felt heavy for him. It was like he was trying to swim through mud.

It was strenuous and his chest felt like his lungs were being compressed fiercely.

Lenny wanted to activate the rest of his energy to escape, but he felt as if his legs were tied to the ground.

A lesser demon at the Fifth rank was just too much for him to handle.

As he fell to the ground, he could hear the faint voice of the Magistri talking.

"Take him to our room..."

...

Lenny opened his eyes slowly to the sound of a familiar voice.

"wake up E999, your tea is going to get cold."

As lenny opened his eyes, a strong headache assaulted him.

However, he suddenly remembered what had happened, and a jolt of adrenaline shot through his body.

In response, he tried to leap, but some chains pulled him back into his seat.

Lenny looked to his side. His hands were chained to the chair he sat on.

Before him was a round table with a cup of tea before him. Just ahead was the Magistri. He sat on a high chair with a comfortable backrest. He also had a cup of tea before him.

"I must apologize E999, you were becoming a bit difficult with accepting my invitation. I had to use some extreme means."

Lenny looked at the magistri and then back at the Chain. Although it looked like any normal chain, Lenny knew it was different. He could feel the rich flow of darkline energy going through it.

He tried to pull at it, but the Chain would not bulge.

"You don't need to try too hard. Even Lesser demon at Rank four would not be able to break out of that," The magstri advised.

Lenny decided to cease his struggles. After all, he did not seem to be making any head way.

To continue struggling was only foolishness.

Besides, Lenny could tell that the Magistri did not want to hurt him. If he did, he would have been dead by now.

Lenny looked around the room.

Earlier on, he had been trying to get out of the chains and had not taken the time to look around.

This surprisingly looked like a home.

There was a fire place by the wall, a custom size couch, and even some picture frames on the walls.

Most of which were of the old world. Men and women smiling as they received awards.

This looked like any other friendly-family home in his former life.

It even felt welcoming.

Considering the kind of places Lenny had been staying since he came to this world, he couldn't help but feel a bit nostalgic. However, it was only for brief second.

It washed it away almost as quickly as it came.

After all, he was in enemy territory. It would only be foolishness if he allowed his mind be clouded.

The magistri noticed lenny's eyes as they changed immediately to a more serious look and he nodded.

"So its just like we guessed. You are one of them."

"One of whom?"

"We call them Reminders. Half-borns that have inherited extreme abilities and even memories from both their human parents and demon Parents. Except that you are the most extreme we have ever seen."

"We!?" Lenny asked.

"Yes! we," The Magistri chuckled a bit. "let me ask you boy. What do you think the Arena is?"

Lenny raised a brow, and without hesitation, he answered, "a sick Farm-Buffer for demon enjoyment."

The Magistri nodded, "True. That's true, but you are still far from it. Believe it or not, it is just a Playground," The magistri took a sip of his cup of tea.

Afterwards, he stood to his feet, and then he placed one of his hoof legs on the table. He spread apart some hair on his thighs revealing the number A001 on one side.

Lenny frowned, and then he smiled, "don't worry. I know this part. You were a gladiator that was granted his freedom, but choose to remove his humanity just to serve a demon."

The Magistri Chuckled at Lenny's words, "No silly boy. That is just what we want those in the Arena to hear. The Truth is far more delicate than that."

The Magistri stood to his feet, "come with me, let me show you something."

He waved his hands and the chains around Lenny's hands were released.

As the Magistri moved, Lenny having no choice in the matter, steadily followed behind him.

The Magistri got to a door at the corner and as he entered, so did Lenny...

Chapter 110 Truth About The Arena 3

The Magistri opened a door and went in.

At first Lenny hesitated but he soon followed.

Through this door, he could not see anything on the other side.

It was just a dark twirling vertical pool.

"A portal!?" He muttered lowly.

However he followed along.

His senses became whack, and for a few seconds Lenny felt as if his insides wanted to pop out of his body. However, just as the feel came, it disappeared.

He felt as if he was vomited by a giant beast as a force pushed him out of the portal.

Bluerh!

He immediately vomited by the side.

"Oh, Yeah! It's your first time Portal traveling," the magistri chuckled "You had better get used to it. You will be doing a lot of it."

Lenny wiped his mouth with his hand as he turned to the Magistri.

"Where the fuck are we!?"

"This is where you will end up if shit goes side ways."

As the Magistri talked, Lenny walked forward to see what he was talking about.

They were on a high balcony in what looked like a giagantic factory.

The balcony was about a hundred feet high.

All around, they were giant dark purple capsules. These capsules were arranged side by side, row by row, and column by column.

By Lenny's rough estimate, they were at least a hundreds of them.

Just then, they was the shout of a man from below.

"Please no! I don't want to be here. I did my part. I'm supposed to be free. I'm supposed to be free from the Arena. LET ME GO! Please!! Let me GO!"

The man screamed and struggled, but his strength was nothing compared to the strength of the two Magistris holding him side by side.

Lenny leaned in a bit to get a better look. However, the Magistri held him back a little.

"You want to be a bit careful. Not all of 'US' share our sentiment."

"Us!?" Lenny asked. However, the Magistri with him only pointed below at the man that the two other Magistris were pulling along.

They were quite far, but Lenny had sharp eyes. On the man's neck, he could see a number tag: A6383.

The man was pulled by the Magistris to a particular capsule that rolled over on a track like a train.

The capsule was opened and the man was placed inside it. after which, he was tied to it.

Needles connected to long pipethe size of a baby's hand were roughly inserted into his Orfrices, including his eyes.

Some where also inserted into his chest and tummy. He tried to scream in pain, but the tubes prevented it.

One of the Magistris suddenly brought out a knife.

It was long and curvy. Without a doubt, it was made for the exquisite cutting of flesh.

The man was still alive and wiggled in pain.

However, the Magistris did not care.

The knife was used to carefully open the man's chest.

It was done with incredible skill. The man's lungs and even major arteries and veins were avoided.

However, something even more precious was curved out and pulled from his chest.

It was his heart.

His heart still beating and bloody was extrated like the removal of a tumor.

It was placed on a plate and taken away. After which, the chest was closed and skin sewn together like it was an old grandma knitting a sweater.

A button was pushed and red fluid was pumped into the gladiator's body.

As the blood was pumped, the gladiator stopped shaking.

Lenny could see as hair suddenly started to grow on the gladiator's body.

"What are they putting into him?"

"Blood!" The Magistri asked.

"Whose!?"

"Cuban's."

Lenny paused. His frown deepened as a level of understanding settled in.

He faced the Magistri, "you don't mean..."

"Yes!"

"All of them!?" Lenny asked again.

"Yes, all of them. Every single gladiator that has ever won his or her freedom has been made into this."

The Arena had not been what the Gladiators had always thought it to be.

Of course, it was still a farm. But it was not just a farm to produce food, loyal foot soldiers.

Demons had discovered an incredible potential for growth that even exceeded that of demons within humans.

As long as Hope and danger, two fundamentally catalytic functions which were necessary for development were made constant, human beings had the potential climb up the strength ranks of demons.

The demon race ever hungry for violence and power faced a slight problem.

Firstly, they had very low birth rate. Secondly, their population had seen a dive because of wars.

Of course, some of these wars were local, but most of it were not.

Aside from Demons that were of Darkline, there were also devils.

These were creatures of pure chaos.

The reason for war was not something the Magistri had prior knowledge to. All he knew was that this arena was a farm for creating foot soldiers.

The foot soldiers created in this farm are all called Magistri.

Naturally, they also ran the affairs of the Arena for Cuban.

In other words, any time Lenny had seen the Magistri could have been any Magistri from the hundreds here.

"Cuban is rumoured to be a far down descendant of Asmodeus. Who is one of nine to have been blessed by the blood of the first Fallen himself. He is a blood demon and with knowledge from his bloodline technique, he created this factory."

Lenny frowned, "so what does this have to do with me?"

"Everything," The Magistri's face suddenly became serious, "you, for some reason happen to be quite special. Without Cuban's corrupt blood, you managed to reach the lesser demon ranks."

The Magistri's tone suddenly became low and gentler. Much like a whisper, "I know what you did to the Chimera queen and Potty. And after seeing what you did back there, I know you have the potential to do more."

Hearing this, Lenny suddenly took several steps back, "so what are you saying? You want to turn me to one of you...!?"