

DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

Chapter 11 Entering E-Class.

The humans and half borns were kept underground.

unless absolutely necessary. Like when there was a bout in the arena or the farming that the Humans had to take care of, humans were never allowed to see the outside world.

Underneath the Arena was efficiently a labyrinth of many rooms. Just like how a colony of ants built structures deep within the ground, so was this place.

Even their training was done in these rooms.

Demons and evils were also smart beings.

They very much knew how to treat human beings. They suffered them as much as possible and only left them with the basic necessities for survival.

Water, little amount of little to no tasteless food, and the opportunity to sing lullabies of an illusioned perfect world.

The hallways were wide and lighted by lamps on the wall. Lenny observed his environment properly. These lamps were not the usual kind. One look at them, and he could tell that they were not powered by electricity.

They gave an oppressive feel to the eyes and were a bit eerie in nature.

As Potty stubbornly and begrudgingly pulled Lenny along, there passed many of such rooms.

Some of them were slaughter rooms for dissecting farm meat. Of course, this referred to human meat.

Some places were made especially for nursing human mothers to stay and grow fresh farm animals.

Some other places were for humans to mate with other humans and give birth to pure breed humans. After all, many demons had pallets for the human original flavor.

And the last room he saw, was were demons mated with particular human and half-born women to give birth to children with demon blood.

Even Lenny had to admit that who so ever it was that thought of this arena and its equipped facilities was a genius.

Everything was perfect.

Although he was now a farm animal in this place, he really from the bottom of his heart admired the mind that came up with this idea.

The kind of job Lenny performed in his former life effectively washed away his humanity.

He had killed and dissected people enough times to look at humans the same way demons did. However, his own belief was still centred around punishing humans for their sins and helping them find salvation.

To the normal mind, this was twisted, but then again, he was not at all normal.

Potty brought him to a locked room. This was a huge gate with the title on it reading E class.

Lenny watched as the demon placed his hand on the locked gate. It glowed in a dark purple light, and the gate dematerialized.

He pulled lenny inside.

First came the Cells. The cells here were much bigger than the ones that were at the area for the D class.

One look into them and Lenny could tell that each cell was for at least ten people. Apparently, even sleeping space denoted class around this place.

Even before they got there, Lenny could smell the pungent aroma of sweaty bodies, and the screams that accompanied the increase of morale during a fight.

On getting there, it was just as he had thought.

This was a wide space with gladiators of the E class training everywhere.

Whether it was a man or a woman, they were equipped with wooden weapons of all types.

There was no difference in gender when it came to survival, and such petty reforms of humanity had been lost many years ago.

Fifty years since the dawn of the apocalypse was more than enough time for society to take a 360 degree turn on values and morals.

There were only two entrances which also served as exits in this place. Each was protected by a demon. Although it was easy to think that these demons were not enough in case of an escape.

However, even the lowest of demons was more than ten times stronger than a half-born. In fact, these demons were stronger than Half-borns in the B class.

There was one demon instructor here. Its job was not to teach them how to fight. That, was for them to figure out through the experiences of nearly dying.

Its job, was to ensure that the Gladiators did not stop fighting.

Potty pulled Lenny along as he advanced to the demon instructor. This demon instructor, was also frog like. However, at the end of its webbed feet were protruding claws. It had sharp pointy teeth, and it was bigger and buffer than Potty.

While the two of them conversed, Lenny looked around the place. Gladiators fought in their ragged clothes against each other, and some others against wooden dummies. These ones were not as big and meaty as the ones in the D Class, but they were not so far off.

Lenny's eyes caught on to one particular one that soloed four gladiators on his own. Impressively enough, he dominated them.

He used a spear in his fight, and even though his movements were a bit crude, it was still finely tuned enough to strike incredible blows.

Gladiators were not taught martial arts and learnt how to use weapons in their most primitive form. Just like humans thousands of years ago.

Lenny's expert eyes were a bit impressed to see a such a technique in fighting.

"Hmmm!? Are you sure?" The Demon asked potty. "You mean to tell me that this skinny wimpy F class trash managed to bring down a D class?"

Potty nodded, "So it would seem! Magistri instructed I bring it here for better training."

Hearing the Magistri's name, the demon frowned a bit, but its brows immediately eased up. Lenny could immediately tell that this demon did not also like the Magistri.

The demon stroked its chin, "if he is that good, then I'll test him out myself." He looked around, and then his eyes brightened on a particular fighter, "E444! come and test the new kid."

Lenny looked in the direction the Demon had called. It was the same fighter he had just seen solo four gladiators.

"E444! do not go easy on him. I heard he brought down a D class."

"Shit!" Lenny cursed. He looked at his HP it had climbed up back by a bar thanks to his demon half that helped with healing, but it was nowhere in a fighting margin.

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Secondly, he had not recovered his strength yet from fighting D4022. And now, they wanted him to fight a gladiator he just saw solo four people near the size of Olympic bodybuilders.

This was not good.