

Devil Slave 111

Chapter 111 Please...Impress The Governor's Daughter.

Lenny backed off steadily.

He could feel that he had recovered a significant amount of Magic points.

Although he was not sure how he would defend himself against these many Magistris, he knew one thing.

That was the fact that he did not want to become what so ever it was that those people were becoming when they put in the capsules.

He would rather kill himself than allow them stick him in a tube.

Lenny slowly gathered his energy. Even his muscles had become taunt, ready to explode for an escape route if this Magistri before him was to release his darine energy again.

Passing out here was akin to a chicken taking a nap on the butcher's board.

Lenny was not going to allow what happened the last time repeat itself.

The corner of his eyes looked around and even to the door they had come in through.

The Magistri saw this and chuckled lightly.

"Trust me, there is no need for that. If I wanted you in a capsule, I would have done it a long time ago."

"Then what do you want from me?"

"You, my friend are a miracle to all of us. You are, if I dare say the only one that can get us out of this prison."

The Magistri saw Lenny's puzzled expression and explained further.

"After your display last time in the Arena, Cuban already has his eyes on you. However, he does not know that you are this strong if not you would have been put in a capsule a long time ago. This is the advantage you have. In about a week from now is the governor's daughter's birthday. This Arena as well as several others have been invited to participate. She is a not so easy to please woman. However, she has guaranteed that the Winning Arena gets the Core of a very extraordinary dark beast."

"What is it?"

"It is an item that can free us all from Cuban's chains. Rumours say that it can ever restore back to us what was stolen," he pointed to his chest.

There, Lenny could see the stitching marks.

Clearly, This Magistri had also had his heart taken.

"The Heart is the Chain that holds our freedom. Our hearts, fed to Cuban's breakfast table the moment it is taken from us, and our veins replaced with the sustenance of his blood. The moment he eats our hearts, our will to say No ceases to exist."

As the Magistri talked, he had a longing look on his face.

There was something Lenny could not help but be impressed about.

After all, he was also a human being.

He could not help but praise the incredibility of Human beings and their tenacious struggle for freedom even in a very obviously hopeless situation.

These men had lost their hearts to a demon, bodies turned to that of monsters, and they still had not given up on that freedom that was preached to them when they were little children in the F class.

Such Hope for freedom was quite moving and the Magistri's cause seemed like a very good one.

However, Lenny's Instincts told him that there was more to this story than this guy was letting out.

He did not believe that it was all to only get freedom.

Besides, the Magistri had not told him the kind of beast. He had only said that it was a Demon beast.

Lenny's mind made a lot of calculations.

As he did, the Magistri saw his expression and decided to further explain.

"Cuban wants the Demon beast core for his cultivation. He had recently advanced into a Rank 3 Deep level Demon. He wants to use the core to stabilize his cultivation. His Darkline magic is still very shaky from the advance. Also, if possible, he wishes to push it even further. For demons, strength is extremely important."

Lenny had not yet agreed to do this job, but it was obvious that the Magistri had made his decision for him. Then again, it was either do this or get your heart taken and be relegated to becoming an eternal slave for a Blood demon.

The obvious choice was definitely not eternal slave.

"If what you say is true, then that means that the core will be given to Cuban the moment I win."

The Magistri shook his head, "No! That is not how these things work. I have attended a few of them. Demons always respect strength. The Core would firstly be given to you as winner for you to present to your Arena Master. This is where the exchange will be made. I will help you with a fake for you to make a temporary exchange before you hand it over to Cuban."

"Huh!? Won't he know the moment I hand it over to him?"

"He won't. Demon beast cores are most unstable. Tampering with them can make them act up. He will wait for when he is in a private place before he uses it."

Lenny nodded in understanding. Apparently the Magistri had long planned everything out appropriately.

"The only thing you have to do, is make sure you impress the governor's daughter and that is it."

"So basically, you are using me because I already have lesser demon level strength?"

"Yes!"

"Hmmm," Lenny massaged his chin a little, "you said I will complete against other Arena's right?"

"Yes, you will."

"What if they also have something of a similar manner planned out?"

"That's most unlikely. Demons understand how human beings think. Allowing them with that much power without conversion can lead to disobedience and rebellion. No demon would want to take that chance."

Lenny turned. He could see as the Capsule with the former gladiator in it moved to join the other capsules on the walls.

He turned back to the Magistri, "I will do it."

"Good! All you have to do is lay low for a while. But not too low, so you do not raise suspicion. I will handle the matter with Potty and the Chimera queen. You just have to hold your killing urges back for a week."

Lenny understood what he meant.

Essentially, no more killing Gladiators for some time.

The Magistri suddenly remembered something, "also, you are going to be having teammates."

"I don't do well in teams."

"I know you prefer solo, but this is not a choice you have...."

Chapter 112 Meeting Old Fans...

Lenny was led back to the D Class after his meeting with the magistri.

He had wanted to cause total destruction, but unfortunately, things did not happen like he wanted them to.

then again, who could have thought that the Arena had such profound secrets?

This place was just a farm for breeding formidable warriors for demon battles and wars.

Lenny knew that the promise of freedom was always an illusion.

However, he had only thought that they would be taken for food once they were free.

He never knew that things were far more critical than that.

The gladiators that won the Arena lost their hearts to slave away for all eternity.

Now that he thought about it, it was a good thing that he sort to kill the magistri from the very beginning.

However, he had concluded that all he needed to do was destroy the Order of Gladiators for his revenge, Kill the magistri, and then kill every other demon in charge of this hell hole.

But now, things played out in a different light.

Once more, he was being used for another's agenda because of a lack of sufficient strength.

Lenny was not dumb, he could imagine that things were not as plain as the Magistri had made it to be.

For example, what was going to be his fate when Cuban found out that Lenny had tricked him.

Or what was going to happen when the Magistri got the Core of the Demon beast he wanted and he and the others like him got their freedom?

There was just too much uncertainty floating in the air for Lenny to let go.

He knew for a certain that if he did not take his life into his own hands for his freedom, then he was going to die.

After that day, Lenny did not go out into the Arena again.

However, he thought it time to enjoy the better privileges that the D class could provide him, and so he submitted his points for promotion.

Of course there were some in the D class that were from the order of the Gladiators and knew who he was and what he could do.

As much as possible, they avoided him.

However, some did not.

And although the magistri had told him not to stand out too much, Gladiators were such people that only believed in one thing, and that was Strength.

As one would expect, the only way to display this was through violence.

Besides, Lenny still had old issues from that one time he was part of the D class.

The moment Lenny was led to the D class, the first thing he did was go get himself a meal.

Just like he had suspected, he met F999's mother serving the food.

This was the mother of the body he now occupied.

She was surprised to see her son well and alive and to add to that, he had his number D999 boldly written on his chest.

Lenny came to get his food and she waved at him, there were tears in her eyes to the sight of him.

This made Lenny sigh lowly.

He really was not ready to deal with this, and decided to let it go.

After all, he did not have plans to be here for long. Soon, he would be out and about.

However, as he collected his food, she added an extra scoop for him with a smile on her face.

Lenny was not bothered by this and was not one to complain for being given extra food.

Of course, the demons by the sides that were in charge of supervision noticed this. However, orders had long been given by the Magistri that Lenny should be allowed to get away with his excesses.

The other Gladiators on the queue noticed this privilege Lenny enjoyed and it made many of them bitter.

After all, one needed to pay with points to get food, and extra points for more food.

However, Lenny had only come to the D class and he was already enjoying preferential treatment.

one of the gladiators behind him wanted to try his luck and also ask for more food, but instead got a disciplining from the Demons.

this made the Gladiators hate him more.

lenny took his food and walked over to the only table in the D class.

He took his seat and began his meal. This took the other gladiators by shock.

Some of these gladiators could recognize Lenny from the last time he had been in the D class.

They knew that he knew the rules.

Only the top three in terms of strength were allowed to sit on this particular table and Lenny very much did not fit that description. At least that was what they thought.

One gladiator in particular had her eye on Lenny.

Every Class in the Arena had its culture.

Of course, a lot of them were similar. But many changed the higher one went.

Even F999's mother panicked when she saw Lenny who was a new comer suddenly going to sit at the table of the top three.

As Lenny ate, D4022 walked over to the table.

"You know, I have waited and prayed Day and night that you get your skinny ass back here, and now, my prayers have been answered faster than I thought."

However, lenny pretended as if she was not existing and continued his food.

"Hey!"

Boom! She slammed her hand on the table.

Lenny's eyes moved. He could see that she was missing a pinky on one hand.

He nodded and looked up to her, "hmmm! actually, I remember you."

Lenny cracked a slight smile, as he looked at her one eyed face.

Lenny had been the one that took that one eye.

"You know what, I also remember how things happen in this class, so I'll make things easier for you. How about we do this? Why don't you leave behind your other eye and i'll let you go."

Lenny's voice was not so audible, but everyone in the hall had definitely heard what he said.

"_"

"_"

"_"

The gladiators in the hall stared at him like they were looking at a fool.

At least those that were not of the Order of gladiators did.

lenny had just come into the D class as a newbie.

He was supposed to be paying homage to those that had been here before him, and here he was demanding for an eye.

As far as anyone was concerned, he was a fool.

However, Lenny did not break eye contact with D4022.

At first She had a cocky look on her face. But soon, she suddenly felt as if she was not looking at a young man but rising beast.

It was like a flash vision. She suddenly saw Lenny turn into a horrific beast with big head, red skin and teeth like that of a shark's.

She suddenly felt like a mouse trying to challenge the might of a hunter.

This did not mean that Lenny changed at all. It was plainly her instinct towards danger screaming in alarm for her life.

She wanted to take a step back, but she suddenly felt as if the danger increased.

If she was to take that step. Without a doubt, the smiling man before her was going to rip her to shreds. At least that was what her mind told her.

"didn't you hear him!?" a deep voice was suddenly heard, "drop a fucking eye!"

D4022 was suddenly kicked to the ground.

Lenny turned to the person that had kicked her.

This was a face he recognized very well. After all, he was the first person he had seen eat another person in this place.

It was none other than D800.

He took D4022's head and slammed it on the table.

Lenny took a look at the head before his eyes, "if i don't teach you a lasting lesson, you will never learn."

Lenny stretched in and inserted his fingers in her one good eye. As he did, she screamed loudly, and even cried for the demons to come help her.

However, they pretended not to see what was happening. After all, it concerned Lenny. The Magistri had given specific orders to allow his excesses.

Even though he had told Lenny to lay low, the Magistri knew that it was not very possible.

It was like asking the sky the sun to shine green light.

Lenny pulled out the eye and dropped it on his plate.

D800 pushed D4022 to the side.

She wailed on the ground. She had effectively been blinded.

Everyone knew what fate she would suffer. She would be sent to the F class to become breeding material for demons.

Lenny smiled as he took the Eye ball he had just stolen to his mouth.

Lenny was not a cannibal, and was never interested in eating human flesh, but he knew how authority worked in this place.

the Crunching sounds were audible for all to hear.

And then Lenny Swallowed...

Chapter 113 Meeting The Blood Demon Cuban...

An eye ball would not be the worst thing Lenny would have ever eaten. In fact, it was far tasty compared to the bugs he ate in the Chimera cave.

Lenny threw the eye ball into his mouth and crushed it.

That was all the warning anybody that wanted to cause trouble for him needed to know that he was not to be joked with.

After all, even D800 was sucking up to him.

D800 pushed D4022 aside and sat at the table.

As he did, Lenny raised a brow at him. However his smile did not leave his face.

Lenny gestured with a finger for him to lean in and he did.

"You do know that I have a score to settle with your Order of Gladiators, right?"

D800 nodded, "of course, I do. Why do you think I came here, to party!?" D800 grunted a little, "if you want to kill, you best get on with it."

However, fearless, he started with his meal.

"Are you here to beg for your life or to kiss ass?" Lenny asked.

"Beg, kiss ass?"

Spit

D800 spat to the side, "I rather die. I only dealt with D4022 because she became too ugly to fuck, and I couldn't have her when she still had both eyes."

"So you don't mind that I want you...Dead!"

"Hahaha!" D800 chuckled a bit, "dead, alive what does it matter? At the end of the day, I'm a man. If I run away from my problems, it will eventually come back to bite me in the ass. Since you have already decided to kill everyone in the Order of Gladiators, then you will eventually come for me too. So what gives? I'm going to sit here and enjoy my meal. If it is going to be my fucking last, then I better enjoy it, right?"

Lenny heard D800's words and could not help but crack into a laugh.

He was really not expecting this.

This guy was really a brave one.

He was also a rare kinda person.

By now, the things Lenny did when he visited the order of the gladiators should have well seated in D800's ears.

However, instead of staying away from Lenny like a mouse away from a cat, he even decided it was a good idea to sit with the reaper that was to take his life and enjoy a meal.

This was very funny. Truly, D800 had a very unique character.

Regardless of Lenny's strength, he decided that he was still going to have breakfast with the enemy.

This was actually very impressive in Lenny's eyes.

Lenny remembered when he had first met this man.

Back then, Lenny had been at his weakest. Back then, D800 had eaten D4022's finger.

Just like D800 had been impressed with Lenny back then, Lenny was impressed with him now.

Lenny chuckled.

In this manner, both of them conversed as they ate. Some stories were even shared.

They looked more like old time friends than enemies that wanted each other dead.

The other Gladiators watched them in surprise.

Many were surprised by this. Especially those Gladiators that were of the Order of Gladiators.

However, some of the Gladiators were still obviously dissatisfied with Lenny.

D800 finished his meal first, "I'll head out first. I have a big day tomorrow. See you later."

He said his good bye and left.

Lenny waved his way as he left.

Even Lenny did not know why, but he was quite impressed with this man.

The moment, D800 was gone, someone that was dissatisfied approached the table.

It was the gladiator that was dealt with for asking for extra rations.

Although Lenny taught D4022 a lesson. They were bound to be some rather stupid ones.

An example was the unfortunate fellow that had presented himself. He was angry that Lenny had special treatment and demanded that Lenny give him some food.

"Really!?" Lenny sighed, "you know what? I'm no longer in the mood for food or eating eyeballs."

He pushed the food forward to the gladiator , "help yourself out! I'm done."

He had just had a surprisingly good conversation with D800 that even involved the big black guy telling stories.

A little mercy from his side wouldn't hurt, he thought to himself.

Lenny got up to leave. However, he had only taken a step when he heard words that made him pause.

"What did you say?" Lenny asked.

The gladiator frowned, "are you deaf or something. I said, WHEN I'M DONE, I'LL USE MY POINTS TO GET YOUR F CLASS MAMA'S ASS TOO!"

This time around, he was loud and clear, and the entire hall heard him.

This included Lenny's mother serving food.

Lenny sighed. He turned to the gladiator and then raised his head to his mother in the distance.

Lenny shook his head as he turned to work away.

After all, it was not his problem.

His mother was in the F class. She had been serviced by both demons and humans many times.

This time would be no different.

He really could care less.

It was not his business.

"Okay, have fun then."

Lenny walked away.

However, he had only taken a few steps forward when he heard the Gladiator chuckle lightly, "pussy," he muttered.

Lenny smiled as he walked away.

The rest of the day went as usual.

Those in the D class were paired with one another.

It was two to a cell.

Lenny was the only one that had his own cell.

However, the gladiators woke up to a scream in the morning.

The same Gladiator that had ate Lenny's remaining food a day before, was found dead in his cell.

He was headless with his manhood in his mouth.

On his chest, was the word "Pussy." It had been carved into his skin with his own finger nails.

From the look on his face, before he died, he must have been through intense hell.

However, no one heard any screams the night before.

After this one event, things went as usual till the end of the week.

Lenny could already tell from the way that the demon guards behaved that something was about to happen.

Even activities in the Arena had been suspended until further notice.

That night, the Magistri came by himself to fetch Lenny.

Lenny was taken to a particular room, different from the caves.

On entering this room, he was surprised by the people within.

According to the Magistri, these were a select group of Gladiators, hand picked by Cuban himself to represent this Arena against other gladiators that had been brought over by other Arena masters.

Some faces here Lenny did not exactly remember but some of them truly surprised him.

For example, there was A222. This was the female gladiator that acted as a mouth piece for the Order master in the Order of Gladiators.

Lenny later found out that she had always known that the magistri was a demon and was in cohort with them to control the excesses of the order of Gladiators.

There was D800. Unsurprising, he had been chosen from his class for this event.

Next was E666. She had surprisingly not yet died even after what Lenny had done to her.

In fact, her limbs that he had broken were mended perfectly.

Lenny did not remember her having any reptilian blood and had asked how this was possible.

As it so turned out, E666 had a rare genetic ability from her demon parent.

She was half succubus. That is, she could feed efficiently on the essence given by men.

The Magistri explained that the balls of the men Lenny had killed in the Order were extrated, grinded to dust and she was buried in them.

Her body naturally absorbed this, and that was how she was healed.

She even got stronger from the ordeal.

However, the moment she saw Lenny, her breathing became heavy, and she shrieked away in a corner in fear.

Apparently, Lenny had scarred her for life.

Seeing she was alive, Lenny could not help but ask about D7007.

He was surprised to hear that he was still alive.

However, he did not possess abilities like E666, and Lenny had shoved that Pincer far up his ass.

Lenny Chuckled a little. Ironically, he wished a speedy recovery for E7007. After all, he would love to do it all over again.

Every class was represented by two gladiators of the class.

Lenny was not familiar with the gladiators that were in the C class and B class, and he also was not familiar with the second gladiator in the A class.

However, according to the Magistri, all of them were supposed to be a team.

Together, they were to fight the other Arenas, representing Cuban's farm.

The Gladiators were quickly cleaned up to look their finest. They were even given clean white clothes that covered a good portion of their bodies.

After which they were brought before Cuban for inspection.

This was the first close up interaction that Lenny had with this demon.

The moment Cuban entered the room, Lenny got an alert from the system that shocked him.

Chapter 114 On The Road To Sure Death.

114 On the road to sure Death.

<Alert: A trace of royal bloodline detected

<Consume to unlock a special ability

This alert came as a surprise to Lenny. However, at the same time, he also knew that if he stepped out of line, he was going to be dead meat.

At the moment, he only had a lesser demon strength of rank 2.

Even the Magistri of rank 5 dealt with him using just his Darkline energy.

Lenny was not a fool. As crazy and full of surprises as he was, even he knew that a deep-level demon would shred him to bits.

Cuban was accompanied by the Magistri on one side and a frog-headed demon on the other side.

As he arrived, the Magistri gave the order, "All kneel before the Cuban descendent of Asmodeus and touch nine of the First Fallen."

Immediately after the order was given, they all kneeled before Cuban.

Cuban walked steadily, and then he stopped right in front of Lenny.

At the same time, Lenny got an old but familiar Alert. It was one he had nearly forgotten about.

<Red Alert: You have bowed before a demon. All Stats will be Halved for one hour.

The first time Lenny bowed to a demon was back when he had just entered the E class in the Arena.

Back then, he had been punished for bowing to a demon by having his powers halved by 5 minutes.

However, it is currently totally different.

Maybe it was his increase in strength, but an hour's punishment was what he had been served.

"Fuck it!" Lenny cursed in his head. However, just like the others, he remained bowed.

Cuban stopped right in front of Lenny, and then he turned to the Magistri and nodded.

The Magistri, understanding his master's intentions, gave the order.

"Raise your heads!"

With their knees still on the ground, they raised their heads.

Cuban, however, only had his eyes on Lenny.

He leaned in and stared at him for a good few seconds, pulling Lenny's eyes to his own.

After a while, he cracked a smile.

He left Lenny and turned away.

"This town is called the Town of Spring." It is a subspace in a very big world," Cuban addressed them. His voice was deep and sounded a bit as if he were barely talking through water.

As he talked, Lenny had his eyes on him.

Lenny wanted to use his ability as a surveyor on him, but his instincts advised otherwise.

Cuban looked different up close.

Of course he still looked big and broad, but a closer look revealed that the Magistris were modeled after him.

However, unlike their own, his skin was reddish, and the hair that grew on it was very black.

Just like the Magistri, he had Hooves. His presence was filled with confidence and control. It was like he had the world at his fingertips.

If this was the former world. Many women would find such traits rare and sexy in a man. But in the demon world, such was the norm.

"It is the Governor's daughter's birthday, and in her honor, he has thought it necessary to organize this tournament. This arena will represent the Town of Spring. The Arena of Carnage! You all have been selected to partake in this glorious opportunity. Take it as a...", his voice lingered for a bit, "SHORTCUT! Regardless of your class, if you come out Victorious, I promise you, as Master of this Arena, that you will be granted your freedom."

Immediately after he said those words, Lenny could feel it as the breathing of the Gladiators around him accelerated.

Without a doubt, they were excited by this.

Regardless of Class, Cuba was promising freedom. However, Lenny had seen the freedom granted to those who had conquered the Arena. This was a scam.

Aside from Lenny, the only other person who was not excited by this was A222. This was something that Lenny noticed through the side of his eyes.

"However, if you bring me dishonor," Cuban brought his claws before their eyes, and Red darkline energy like a little tonardo appeared in his palm.

As it did, all the gladiators, including Lenny, could feel a deep-seated pain in their chests that made them frown tightly.

If Lenny were to describe it, then he would say that he felt as if his heart, for a few seconds, felt like a foreigner begging to leave his body.

It was a strong pull towards the tonardo in Cuba's palm.

Cuban's eyes suddenly became lower, deeper, and definitely creepier. "I will eat your hearts before your very eyes."

This was a serious moment, and even though the sun was high up in the sky, the threat was still chilling.

However, Lenny had to seriously beg himself not to burst out in a laugh.

These guys might not know, but he did. Whether it was winning this tournament or losing it, hearts were still going to be eaten.

After all, one of the criteria for becoming a Magistri was for Cubans to eat the heart.

Freedom was but an illusion, like a carrot dangled just out of reach in front of a donkey. No matter how much it stretched, it would definitely never reach it.

"In a few minutes, we will leave and meet up with the other Arena masters, who will also arrive with their half-born scum. Do not bring me DISGRACE."

Almost as soon as he had finished talking, there was suddenly a ship hovering above their heads.

For the first time since coming to this world, Lenny was impressed by what he was seeing.

It was like he had suddenly jumped into a sci-fi movie from the Stone Age.

After all, he never knew that these demons had come this far.

His idea of them had always been savages. With no moral respect for life whatsoever.

The craft was wide, and unlike in those sci-fi movies, it was not a flying saucer.

Rather, it was more of a box-shaped, artistically designed vehicle for going through the air.

Simply put, it was a modified plane. This plane did not need a runway but hovered slowly until it touched the ground.

Lenny had to admit that it was nice seeing familiar technology.

He really appreciated the sight of it.

However, the moment the plane landed, some of the gladiators around it started bowing towards it.

He could even hear the B-class Gladiator by his side say a prayer to it.

Lenny could not believe it, but to these ignorant day-and-night fighting bafoons, this plane was akin to the descent of a god.

This time around, he could not hold it in and chuckled a little.

Cuban noticed the reactions of all the gladiators. He couldn't help but be surprised by Lenny's attempts to hide his laugh.

He signaled with his fingers for the Magistri and whispered something into his ear.

The buttocks of the plane opened up, and the Gladiators were all led in.

Soon, the plane was in the air.

This was a refreshing sight.

Lenny and the others looked through the window to the Big Coliseum below, which they had always known their entire lives.

Even at this time, they could see Gladiators fighting incredible beasts below, struggling for their lives.

Such an opportunity to leave the Arena was as rare as the eclipse.

After all, most Gladiators lived and died in the Arena.

For a few miles around the Coliseum, it was simply open space.

After which there were buildings.

Unlike what Lenny had thought, since demons were savages, these houses were quite normal.

His eyes were sharp, and even though most could not see what they looked like, Like down there, he definitely could.

He could see the demons living their lives. There was even a market.

Just as Cuban had said, this was truly just a town.

However, the plane moved further in the sky and left the high town walls.

After which there was barren land. There were old, broken, abandoned buildings from before the apocalypse, and even from the plane, Lenny could tell that the land below was dry and dusty.

The plane flew further, and then Lenny felt as if he had once again been pulled through a portal as the plane moved through a forcefield.

Outside the Forcefield, Lenny and the others saw a sight that made the Arena seem like a very peaceful place.

The plane was high in the sky. But this height made it easier to see the multitudes below.

They looked so horrible that Leonard could not even identify the looks and faces of the creatures below.

"Devils!"

Lenny turned back to the sound of the voice.

It was the Magistri.

"Creatures of pure unbridled chaos. Stories about them fancy the lips of anyone who has been unfortunate enough to have ever faced their wrath. Demons pale like the light of the moon to the sun when compared with their violence and madness. Their Chaos magic is so concentrated that it even corrupts the demons themselves."

He took a deep look at Lenny and said, "Pray to never meet with them."

Chapter 115 Bet Amongst Arena Masters...

The Magistri took a deep look at Lenny, "pray to never meet with them."

Lenny nodded. However, he suddenly had questions.

After all, when he was younger, he thought Devil's and Demons were the same.

But here and now, he was seeing a difference.

"What exactly are devil's?" Lenny asked.

The Magistri shook his head, "aside from the fact that they use chaos magic and are unbridled creatures, I only know that they were once under the same master as demons."

"Master!?"

"Yes! He is known as the first of the Fallen. However, something went wrong and now, the war between Demons and Devil's has never seized to stop."

Lenny nodded.

His eyes was once more drawn to the wild things below them.

Just then, he saw something that pulled his attention.

"Is that a...!?" Lenny paused to take a better look.

"Yes! It is a portal!" The Magistri nodded, "they appear from time to time, spitting out the abominable creatures."

"Hmmm!"

The plane flew high and soon, Lenny could see a big dome in the distance.

It was just like the dome of their spring town.

However, it was much larger than that.

In fact, it was at least nine times the size of Spring town.

Along the way, Lenny asked the Magistri some more questions.

The other gladiators were surprised by the way the Lenny conversed with the Magistri.

After all, every one was aware of the kind of person that the magistri was.

He was a person incredible malice and discipline. Yet, Lenny was having a conversation with him, much like a student and a teacher having a conversation.

Some questions Lenny asked, he got answers to and some he did not.

Lenny learnt quite a lot.

For instance, he learnt that the energy Demons used was not called energy, but Dark Magic.

It was Gladiators in their ignorance that termed it as Darkline energy.

Demons used Dark Magic and Devil's used chaos magic.

Demons although very violent, were far more organized beings and lived in groups, forming towns and cities.

Devils were chaotic beings of the outside world.

However, aside them, they were also others.

They were The corrupted.

These were demons that had been corrupted by the Chaos magic of the Devils.

This was one of the reasons humans were used to fight the battles for demons.

Somehow, human beings were rarely corrupted and so one of their many usefulness.

Aside Demons and Devil's, they were also other races.

The Magistri informed him of a few others.

They were the fallen, and also the children of the foreign gods.

The plane went through the dome into a large city. Lenny learnt that this was the only city in the area.

This city had four towns under it.

The ruler of this city was the person that Cuban referred to as the Governor.

Through the window, Lenny looked down below.

This looked like any Human city. It had high raised houses, skyscrapes, etcetera.

It was like humans were evacuated from the city for demons to live in it.

The plane landed gently and the Magistri led the Gladiators out.

Cuban had stayed in a separate sector of the plane different from where the half Borns stayed. After all, he was their master.

Chiron looked around the place.

This was post the apocalypse, and Lenny had expected to see the world in it's most ugly form.

However, this city reminded him of the cities in his former world.

Where the plane landed appeared to be an airport.

Although it was deserted, it still brought back memories.

Almost as immediately as their plane landed, another planes also landed.

This was also a Demon coming out of it's air craft.

Cuban Saw this demon and frowned tightly.

This demon looked like a person, except for the green skin and long green tail that reminded Lenny of a Snake.

Unlike Cuban, the humans that came out of it's plane crawled out on all fours.

There had chains around they necks like dogs.

Lenny noticed that their lips were also sealed shot with padlocks and chains that went through one side of the cheeks and out the other.

Lenny thought that the treatment that gladiators back home got was terrible.

However, this demon genuinely treated human beings as animals.

"Cuban!" The demon called to Cuban on seeing him.

Cuban sighed lowly. Apparently, he was not ready for any conversation with this person. However, he turned to greet him.

"Basit, son of Crogo. It has been a long time."

Basit laughed widely, "yes it has. Almost a year since you last lost to me! What was it? A hundred half born females!?"

Hearing this made Cuban frowned some more.

Apparently, the memory of the loss was still a wound that was yet to heal.

This was many years past the apocalypse. Human population had droppedost significantly.

Losing a lot of females was nothing like losing a lot of males.

After all, with one male and many females, more could be produced in the Animal farms.

A loss of females was a significant blow.

Basit walked over to Cuban's gladiators.

"Hmmm, I see you still don't treat them right. What? You still too broke to buy the chains!?"

He giggled some more.

"Basit! If don't mind, I would rather you peeled your eyes from my stock," Basit warned, his Dark Magic oozing out slightly from his body.

"Oh!" Basit lifted his hands in surrender, "I was only taking a peak. You know, you always manage to breed really nice ones. I don't know what breeding techniques they taught you as a noble before they kicked your ass out, but it's really good." Basit licked his lips with his forked snake tongue. He was really enjoying getting on Cuban's nerves.

"I still enjoy some of the females from our last deal myself," he licked his shirt sharp claws, "really excellent meat quality."

The Dark Magic oozing out of Cuban's body suddenly became thicker.

As his magic came out, so did Basit's Dark energy.

However, Basit's was Dark green in color.

Lenny as well as the other gladiators on both sides held their chest, coughing to the suffocation of the demon's magic pressure.

Cuban frowned tightly. It looked as if he was only moments away from breaking into a brawl.

However, a feminine voice was suddenly heard.

"You two had better calm the fuck down. you know the rules amongst Arena masters. No brawls unless it's with your stock. If you two have a problem, settle it in the Arena or with your damn produce."

The person that had just talked walked forward.

It was a female demon.

Her hair was like thick long ropes and were made of snakes.

She had a upper human body but a lower body of a snake.

Her privates were barely covered. However, Demon society had always been a shameless one.

"Lady Hanger!" Both Basit and Cuban seized their magic energy and greeted her politely.

Lady Hanger was also an Arena master. She had firm reputation and was a demon with a higher rank than both of them.

She was rank 4 of the Deep level demon realm.

She slithered forward towards both men. Behind her were two demons both of which were Medusa looking like her.

And behind them, were also her own stick of gladiators.

She took a look at Cuban and nodded, "congratulations on your advancement. It must not have been easy."

Cuban bowed once more, "thank you for your kind words lady Hanger."

It was obvious to Lenny that Lady Hanger and Cuban had a somewhat good relationship as opposed to Basit.

Seeing that they were getting chummy in front of him, Basit frowned and quickly spoke up.

"The arranged time to meet at the arena is still a distance away, and the others are yet to arrive. How about we wait with some entertainment, huh!?" His forked tongue wiggled in the air to his excitement.

Lady Hanger heard this and her smile showed her interest.

"Basit what exactly do you have in mind?" Lady Hanger asked.

"How about a little bet."

"Oh! A bet," Lady Hanger's smile got wider.

"I am sure we can afford to sacrifice at least one of our produce. You know, something in the lower class that won't affect the later competition much. Maybe the D or E class. What do you think?"

The conversation between the Arena masters was loud and clear for all to hear.

From their conversation so far, Lenny could tell that these people were like business tycoons with an unhealthy addiction for betting to suit their boredom Tendencies.

"What exactly will be the stakes!?" Lady Hanger asked.

"How about Two hundred half born females. Of course, these are tested females with at least two children to the reproduction capability."

As Badit said this, his snake eyes turned and looked at the gladiators that Cuban had brought, licking his lips.

"Hmmm, that's very high. Even for you Basit, are you sure you can afford that much loss?"

Lady Hanger asked.

Basit smiled, "of course, but only if Cuban will join us."

Chapter 116 The Forbidden Devil Pill...

Lady Hanger turned to Cuban. The expression on her face was one that showed her encouragement to participate.

Cuban shook his hand, "don't mind me. I don't..."

"Come on now, I do not believe that you would back off from such a challenge," Lady Hanger played with her snake hair. So much for having a noble bloodline."

Hearing her words infuriated Cuban, "okay, I will participate, but no deaths."

Basit sighed, "Cuban, you have a way of taking the most interesting part out of the fun, but" Basit licked his lips, "If you are willing to bet the two hundred half born females, I really don't mind."

"I'll bet one hundred half born females and one hundred normal human females," Cuban responded.

"DEAL!!!" Basit replied sharply.

Lenny raised a brow at this. Apparently, Basit's plan had never been to go after the two hundred Half born Females.

"Good!" Lady Hanger clapped her hands.

If one were to remove the snake appearance, she actually looked like a young lady having fun.

"It shall be a three way battle. That way, it will be far more interesting. Also, I rather not pick one from the E class. It won't be much fun. While those from the upper classes might be too important for the Tournament. I suggest we use our D class."

Although Lady Hanger said it as a suggestion, no one wanted to go against her will.

"Then it is settled," Basit chuckled lightly, "A fight where everything goes, no holding back."

"Except death!" Cuban added.

"Yes, except death, of course."

A few minutes later, an area on the air field for a fight had been marked out with big boulders

One person in D class under each Arena master was chosen.

Lenny thought that it the Magistri would pick him.

However, he pointed at D800 standing close to him.

D800 turned to Lenny with a smile, "it seems I get this glory. Don't worry, I'll make sure I get them for both of us."

Lenny chuckled a little, "don't die. I am supposed to be the one to kill you."

"Of course," both men chuckled and gave the acknowledged gladiator handshake by grabbing each other's forearm.

This action surprised E666 and A222, and even the Magistri lifted a brow.

The match rules were simple. Anything goes. The aim was to bring down the opponent. Death was not an option, but everyone knew how these gladiator fights went.

Someone was bound to meet their maker.

Although not said, every one knew that it was just around the corner.

As such, these Gladiators were going to give it their all.

The fighters on all sides stepped forward.

The made shift Arena was large with enough room for a good fight.

On Cuban's side was D800 who used a huge hammer to fight.

On Lady Hanger's side was a very Huge woman who used two long swords to fight.

On Basit's side was a not so much huge man. He looked a bit aged. He used a spear to fight.

Surveyor

<Name> D800

<Race> Half-born

<Level=10>

<Rank=Nil>

<Strength=150>

<Agility=100>

<HP 60/60>

<Exp 145/150>

<Ability= Gravity>

Lenny used Surveyor to check D800's stats.

Lenny had to admit that D800 was very strong for someone in the D class.

Lenny took a look at the stats of the other opponents.

<Name> D455

<Race> Half-born

<Level=8>

<Rank=Nil>

<Strength=100>

<Agility=70>

<HP 45/45>

<Exp 110/120>

<Ability= Concrete muscles>

The man fighting for Basit was D455.

<Name> D909

<Race> Half-born

<Level=9>

<Rank=Nil>

<Strength=120>

<Agility=80>

<HP 50/50>

<Exp 130/140>

<Ability= Grower>

The gladiator fighting on Lady hunter's side was D909.

She was very strong.

However, according to what Lenny could see, D800 was the strongest.

Although their abilities would definitely play an incredible role in the fight, strength was already a ruling factor.

If this had been a fight between two experts with years of experience and very complicated skill sets in fighting, Lenny would have found it quite difficult to predict the outcome of the fight.

However, gladiators were not taught any formal martial arts.

Their fights were mostly based on their instincts that had been sharpened over time as a result of constant battles that bordered on ending their lives.

Their fighting styles were not bad. In fact, since it was based in instincts, it was very good.

However, against a modern day fighter with thousands of years of refined cultivated technique, it would not be very helpful.

Lenny could already see the end of the fight.

Without a doubt, D800 had won this one.

The Magistri refereed the match.

"FIGHT!"

Immediately the order was given, D800 as crazy as he always had been rushed immediately for the kill.

Of course, so did the other gladiators.

However D800 was faster.

He immediately closed the distance with D909.

His hammer came down in a heavy swing for her head.

Bam!

She defended with her sword.

However, the moment he attacked, D455 took advantage of the opportunity to launch his spear forward.

His aim was D800's neck.

Lenny knew that D800 was the rash type when it came to battles. However, he did not know that he was this rash.

After all, it was obvious that if the fight was concentrated on one person, the other was definitely going to take advantage of it.

Lenny was sure that something so basic was not out of D800's knowledge.

If he was doing this, it only meant that he had a plan in mind.

D909 suddenly activated her ability, becoming two times bigger than her normal size.

She pushed down with her swords, increasing the pressure on D800.

At the same time, D455's spear was still coming for his neck.

D800 suddenly smiled, "got you."

Gravity

He activated his ability.

As he did, Lenny saw with the system that his agility stat doubled. Also, the agility of his two other opponents dropped.

D800 moved his neck out of the way with quickness.

With a twist of his neck, he caught the spear in his mouth, biting on it firmly.

D455 tried to pull but it was no use. D800's mouth was like a clamp.

But that was not all.

D800 threw a kick that landed right for D455's face kicking him right in the nose.

The lick had come with very incredible and efficient speed.

D800 suddenly pulled back.

He activated his gravity ability again and Lenny noticed that the agility of D909 suddenly drop again. This time around, it dropped to single numbers.

Seeing this, Lenny could not help but crack a slight smile.

He now understood perfectly how D800's ability worked.

All D800 did was make his opponents heavier while he made himself lighter.

This was the reason why Lenny saw his agility go up and the others go down.

However, Lenny noticed something else.

D455 had been given a kick to the face. He flew a large distance and landed heavily on the ground.

He bleed seriously from his now crushed nose.

Lenny could see that his Agility stat had been restored.

This meant that D800's ability only worked within a particular range.

Lenny cracked a slight chuckle.

He had not been mistaking.

This fight was D800's from the start.

The worse part was that D909's ability was not the right pairing with D800's for a fight.

Increasing her size also increased the amount of strength she could use.

However, that meant also increasing her weight.

Against a person that could control gravity, that was a bad mixture.

D800 quickly side stepped.

Immediately, he increased the weight of his opponent one more time, making it very difficult for D909 to stand.

He immediately waved his mallet above his head.

Gravity

He activated his ability on the hammer as he brought it down.

If this was a normal fight in the arena back home, D800 would have bashed her head with his hammer.

However, it was not.

His heavy hammer came down like the judgement of the stars.

Bam

It came down right for D909's back.

CRACK!

A loud sound was heard that surprised everyone.

For sure, D909's back had been broken she fell to the ground passed out.

Blood leaked from her Orfrices.

The Magistri as the Refree went to check on her. He signalled that she was still alive. However, according to the set rules, she was out of it.

Cuban chuckled loudly.

He nodded his head continually. From the beging of the match, D800 had dominated.

And now, he had even knocked out the first opponent.

Without a doubt, he was going to finish the second opponent just as easy.

D800 had a menacing smile on his face as he faced D455.

Just then, Basit signalled D455, waving his finger in the air.

D455 nodded.

This was not a signal that was hidden. Lenny and everyone else had seen it.

D455 suddenly brought out a red pill from his loin cloth. The moment the pill was revealed, every one had a forbidden feeling.

455 threw the pill into his mouth.

Boom

As he did

Chapter 117 So You Are The One With My New Coat Of Skin.

The moment the pill was brought out, the eyes of all the demons in attendance was drawn to it.

Demons used Dark Magic.

However, this pill did not have Dark magic.

It has a different kind of magic that immediately drew their attention.

"Is that..." Lady Hanger whispered, "chaos magic?"

D455 immediately swallowed the red pill.

Boom!

A string wave of chaos magic burst from his body.

Chaos magic looked dark like Dark magic but it was magic incapable of tangible form.

it appeared as if it was leaving D455's body, but also as if it was entering, and also hovering about him.

Basically it had no specific direction in any way or form.

Also, it distorted 455's form a bit.

The pupils in his eyes suddenly doubled. His ears became pointier, his body bulked up to twice his size, and his fingers became long and sharp as a blade.

Cuban stood up from his feet, "BASIT! What the fuck is this!?"

Lady Hanger also watched with puzzlement.

"Hahahaha!!!" Basit laughed out loud, "oh it's nothing. Just a little enhancer my friends in Judas Groove have been working on."

"Judas Groove!?" Lady Hanger asked, "is it that the Asmodeus family territory!?"

"Yes! Yes!! It is. And to think that you will recognize your own family's handy work, Cuban. Then again, you won't know since you are an exiled puppy."

Hearing this, Cuban frowned hard.

"Basit, chaos energy corrupts. It...."

"Can be harnessed and controlled," Badit interrupted lady Hanger. "Chaos magic does not corrupt humans easily. This we all know. It's one of the reasons we breed them. This Devil pill will change the dynamic of the war."

D455's transformation had ended.

Lenny used Surveyor on him.

[<Name> D455

<Race> Half-born (chaos Corrupted)

<Level=8>

<Rank=Nil>

<Strength=100>

<Agility=70>

<HP 45/45>

<Exp 110/120>

<Ability= Concrete muscles>] All stats doubled by chaos magic.

"What the fuck...!?" Lenny cursed out.

D455's stats had doubled.

Lenny suddenly had a bad feeling about this, and that was not just because of the increment in strength.

Chaos magic gave him a subtle dangerous feeling deep within his being.

"D800, be fcuking Careful," Lenny whispered lowly.

D800 waved his hammer, "so you got a little bigger and uglier, so fucking what!?"

With incredible force, D800 kicked against the ground, speeding for D455.

Wush!

The moment he got to him, D800 activated his ability.

Gravity!

Bang! His hammer slammed right into D455's chest send him a distance away.

D455 landed hard on the ground. However he did not fall to the ground.

On his chest was a carve in that had been made by the unforgiving hammer.

However, before the eyes of the audience, the dent in his chest instantly healed.

It was like it had never been there in the first place.

"Huh!?" Everyone was drawn in by this.

It was true that certain Half Borns had incredible healing abilities but it was all nothing like this.

This one had healed fast and before their very eyes.

"Hahahaha!!!" Basit chuckled lightly.

Lenny frowned at this.

This was terribly bad.

" So you are a little tougher to squash. What's the big deal!? You still a bug. Just a bigger one."
D800 waved his hammer in the air and rushed for D455 again.

However, this time around, he activated his ability on the hammer.

Gravity

This exponentially increased the weight of the hammer as He jumped in the air and brought it down on D455's head.

Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!

Again and again, he brought down the ferociousness of his hammer on D455.

The hits reverberated all around. However, it was of no use.

Basit suddenly sat up right in his seat, "will you just stop getting hit and finish him off already!"

D455 nodded to his master's will.

D800 brought the hammer one more time.

However,

Bam!

D455 caught the hammer with a hand.

D800 tried hard to push, but D455 was just too strong. Hard as he tried, it was of no use.

D455 pushed back.

D800 was stubborn. He did not show weakness in front of his opponent.

However, the devil pill had doubled the strength of D455.

D455 pushed with both hands, making D800's feet slide across the ground.

He pushed D800 to the edge of the fighting area.

Lenny could see how hard D800 was struggling to keep up with his opponent's strength.

He had activated his ability on D455 to his max, but it was of no use. D455 was like an immovable tank.

And then, D455 suddenly smiled, revealing a set of uneven teeth that had been made worse as a result of the Devil's pill.

D455 activated his ability.

Concrete muscles!

The strong expanded muscles on his arms suddenly contracted, focusing their strength on the hammer.

D455's sharp claws dug into the hammer.

Crack!

An unbelievable crack sound was heard as D800's Hammer started to have cracks on it.

The cracks extended like a spider's web on the crack.

Everyone watching knew it was coming.

This included D800.

"Shit!" D800 cursed.

BREAK!

His big hammer broke into a lot of pieces falling straight to the ground like stone particles.

The moment D800's hammer broke, D445 rushed at him with his long fangs.

SLASH!

They came the first slash that traced from the chest up to the chin.

Nearly Uprooting his lower jaw.

Blood poured fiercely on the ground.

With this one hit, D800 had been heavily dazed.

The Magistri as the referee of the match tried to stop the match, but before he could, D455 had attacked some more.

D455 had just had a taste of blood

He wanted nothing more at the moment than to display the intense, raging desire to cause chaos.

Even though the Magistri announced the fight to be over, D455 did not stop.

He slashed and slashed.

Raging all over D800's body.

The Magistri was Forced to activate his darkline magic to pull D 455 back with a blood whip.

But it was too late.

D800's lower jaw was gone, his stomach and Rib cage was totally gone.

Every thing had happened so fast, that it was nearly unbelievable.

Lenny immediately rushed into the ring.

D800 was partially Reptilian. He had the ability to heal all hole was not lost.

At least that was what Lenny thought until he got to D800 on the ground.

Saying that D800 was currently a mess was not clear justification for gravity of his injuries.

Immediately, Lenny tried to accelerate the healing process by putting back some of the organs like his intestine and liver into his body.

"Come on man. Don't fucking die on me man. I am supposed to kill you myself, remember?"

It was not hard for Lenny to notice that something was wrong. D800 was not healing.

According to the scan he made of D800's body with the Satan system, D800 was not healing.

In fact, his injuries showed <corrupted>

It was not hard for Lenny to conclude that D455's claw had corrupted the injuries on D800's body.

However, Lenny did not want to give up yet.

Lenny tried to reach for his bursted stomach.

However, D800 suddenly grabbed his hand.

Lenny turned to his face. He could see that D800 wanted to say something, but his lower jaw had be uprooted out.

D800 looked Lenny intently in the eyes. Lenny had seen many deaths.

He had seen deaths long enough to understand that look.

D800 was telling him not to stress himself.

He knew that he was done for.

Lenny could guess that if D800 still had his mouth, he would smile right about now.

After all, his eyes looked so peaceful. It was almost as if he was half to be leaving this world where the only thing he had done since his birth was to struggle for survival.

His throat coughed out some blood and then the expression on his face suddenly went stiff.

Lenny frowned hard. Only yesterday, he had been eating with this same man telling stories at the table, and now, he was dead.

The irony of life and death was so deeply annoying.

This was the first person he ever wanted to kill that he did not mind having a vibe with.

Lenny could birth that even if he was to kill D800 himself, the man would still die cracking jokes and telling stories with him.

Men such as this that would live life in the moment, look death in the face and smile were quite rare.

It was for this reason that Lenny respected D800. Yes, it was respect.

Even though he could squash him like a bug, he still respected the man.

How couldn't he?

D809 was willing to dine peacefully with a man that wanted his head as a trophy.

In Lenny's opinion, respected men such as this did not deserve to die in this manner.

At the very least, Lenny believed that D800 deserved a better death than this.

He deserved a more honourable death than this.

Lenny believed that he would have sent D800's soul to the after life in a better more glorious manner, and not dying on the ground like a squashed cockroach.

This made Lenny Very angry. He turned to D455, "so you are the one with my new coat!?"

"Huh!? What new coat?"

Lenny chuckled lightly, "your skin, I'm going to enjoy wearing it."

Chapter 118 Bet More....Double Or Nothing.

"Hahaha!!!" Basit laughed loudly, "it would seem like I won this round."

Cuban frowned, "Basit, you cheated."

"Cheated!? If it is the Devil pill you are talking about, I'll advice that you please remember the bet rules. This is a Gladiator fight, and the participants were all of the same class, or have you forgotten? Anything applies!"

Basit forked tongue went out in the air, flaring to his gloating over Cuban.

Just then, a confrontation pulled their attention.

It was between Lenny and D455.

D455 chuckled lowly, "are you threatening me?"

Lenny raised a surprise brow at him, "threaten!? I don't threaten dead men."

Those words made D455 very angry. After all, the Devil's pill was still active.

Like the Devils, D455 was going to take advantage of any opportunity to cause chaos.

Boom!

D455 immediately rushed for Lenny, bringing a powerful punch right for his face.

In the state D455 was in right now, no one in the D class was supposed to be able to match his speed or strength.

In fact, many had thought that Lenny was going to become like D800.

However, what happened next shocked them all.

Wush!

Lenny's legs whistled through the air, giving D455 an incredible round house kick.

The force of Lenny's kick made D455 spin five times in the air.

Bam! D455 fell on the ground. His head was abnormally facing his back.

"Huh!?"

Although this was not an official fight, the Arena masters had been too bothered about their bet and their stock had entered a fight.

However, the result of this fight looked to be far more interesting.

After all, Lenny had just beaten D455 that had been enhanced by Chaos magic with one move.

However, D455 surprisingly stood from the ground.

Crack!

He fixed his head back into place.

Lenny raised a brow at this.

D455 chuckled, "did that surprise you? That's another thing about Devil's pill. If you cannot destroy the heart," he chuckled, "then I keep coming back."

"Really, you don't say," Lenny had a slight smile at one corner of his lips.

For him, things were becoming more interesting.

Just then, Basit's eyes seemed to glow. He turned to Cuban, "it seems like our stock has heated romance. What do you think, double or nothing!?"

Cuban frowned. He did not want to do this. After all, he had already lost a hundred half born females and a hundred normal human females to Basit.

This was a very terrible loss. It would take several months before he could recover such a financial loss.

It was true that Lenny's current performance was impressive, but that was not exactly enough for him to risk.

Besides, there was also the fact that he knew that Lenny had just gotten into the D class.

It did not make logical sense to make such a bet.

However Lenny's chuckle could be heard

It was cocky and full of pride and scorn.

"Double!?! You want me to fight for only double? That's too small. Why don't you make it more interesting. Five hundred half born females and five hundred and five hundred normal females."

"Huh!?" Every gasped that those numbers. There was also the surprising fact that Lenny just talked back to a Arena master.

However, he has done it in front of his master. Therefore protection was guaranteed.

Even Basut froze when he heard those numbers.

He looked Lenny like he was seeing a nagging child, pleading for it's mother's attention.

"Hahahaha!!!" Basit could not help but laugh wildly.

However, Lenny was not yet done.

"I will even let you choose a gladiator from any other class to join the mix. Any Gladiator regardless of class."

This time around, Lady Hanger burst into laughter with Basit.

Cuban suddenly felt very embarrassed by this.

His stock was speaking out of turn.

As far as he was concerned, If he participated in that bet, he was definitely going to go broke for the longest time.

Cuban was just about to order the Magistri to discipline Lenny when he noticed the side smile on the Magistri's face.

That smile actually made him pause a bit.

Demons were very observant creatures. Just like Basit had done, demons knew when and how to quickly take advantage of opportunities or correct situations that would not favor them.

Ideally, from the moment Lenny opened his mouth to talk, the Magistri as his care taker supposed to have rushed over to him to discipline him.

However, the Magistri did no such thing. Instead he looked as if he was enjoying a show.

The loyalty the Magistri had to Cuban was one tied by blood.

If Cuban were to go down, the Magistri would suffer it.

In this light, it was only natural for the Magistri to want the success of his master.

Which meant that he was supposed to have done something by now about Lenny's sharp mouth.

Unless of course...

The Magistri suddenly exchanged eye contact with Cuban, his smile got wider.

They was no body that knew the gladiators more than their caretaker.

And Cuban had known the magistri long enough for him to understand that look.

It was one of cockiness.

Cuban looked once more at Lenny, and then at the Magistri.

His mind seemed to get enlightened as his understanding of the matter broadened.

Cuban turned to Basit, and then he mentioned words that made even Lady Hanger think that he was crazy.

"Of course, why not? Five hundred half born females and five hundred normal human females."

"HUH!?"

Even the gladiators were well aware of what those numbers meant.

Those were very crazy numbers.

In other words, this was a very crazy bet.

Lady Hanger tried to persuade Cuban, advising him to back off.

However, Badit immediately jumped at the offer.

His snake tongue wagged in the air to his excitement.

Around the same time, other Arena masters were arriving.

They too had heard this bet and got really interested in the results.

Apart from them, the host that had invited them all for this event had silently arrived, watching from out of sight how things would play out....

Chapter 119 The Terribly Unfair Fight...

Other Arena masters and their stock had arrived.

All were drawn to the battle between the two demons.

The stakes for the bet had been set.

These were very high stakes.

Five hundred half born females and five hundred normal human females.

This amount could leave Many if them broke for several years to come. After all, human beings were not as populous a people as they once were.

In a distance not so far away, a lady in a white gown with golden flowery patterns decorated on it watched the happenings.

She played with her middle fingers that had finger nails as long as six inches.

Around her stood demons that acted as her guards.

This was the daughter of the governor of this city.

Demons were not a people that bothered about nakedness. Some of her guards were clothed and some were not.

However, one of them stood out well like a sore thumb.

This particular demon wore a full suit, with a tie. Aside his long pointed ears and sharp teeth that sneaked out of the side of his mouth, he looked like an overly hairy man.

This was her butler. His was usually referred to as Basket face.

"Lady Vinegar, should I stop them?" Basket face asked.

She did not answer, but lifted her middle finger to indicate that she was interested.

Meanwhile, Lenny was facing D455 in the Fighting ring.

Basit saw that Cuban readily agreed to this fight.

He had been an Arena master for a long time, and within this time, he had several interactions with Cuban.

He knew him well. Basit knew that Cuban was not fond of this bets. He only participated in them as a result of peer pressure.

However, if he was doing this one, it meant that he had a certain level of confidence about this particular fight.

Demons were violent, but that did not mean that they were rash or uncalculative.

"Before we begin, I suggest your participate takes a class test."

Cuban frowned.

A class test was a way to measure the stats of a particular gladiator in relation to class.

This test was done so as to discourage cheating by bringing a gladiator of a higher class to fight in a lower class.

This was not something that was uncommon.

Cuban looked to the Magistri for confirmation.

The Magistri nodded.

Cuban turned to Basit, "of course, why not?"

"Lady Hanger, if you will, can you please help us with the test?" Basit asked.

Lady Hanger nodded, "of course," she waved her hand and her caretaker walked forward with a white crystal ball in hand.

The crystal ball was placed in the middle of the ring.

This was the first time Lenny was seeing this crystal ball.

But if this thing was anything like E4004's ability that could check the ability of a person, then he was in the safe.

However, Lenny was not sure about this.

After all, he was already in the lesser demon ranks.

Just to be sure, he gave a fair warning to the Satan system before he placed a hand on it.

<Strength detection system found. Negate or Amend>

Immediately, Lenny choose Amend.

Just as Lenny had instructed, the the crystal ball shone in a dark eerie light and then a letter appeared on it.

It was the Alphabetical letter D.

This meant that Lennyw as truly from the D class.

Seeing this made Basit frown.

Something was not right. If Lenny was truly if the D class, then why was Cuban so willing to make the bet.

However, that was not for now his business.

There was just too much at stake.

He had to give it his best.

"D999, I heard you said you'll face any Gladiator from any class," Basit clicked his fingers and a gladiator stepped forward into the ring.

It was an A class Gladiator.

Cuban frowned at this, but looking at the Magistri's calm look, he decided to allow it.

But just to be sure, he waved his hand and the Magistri came close, "are you sure?"

"Yes Lord Cuban, he is a Reminder!"

Hearing this made Cuban's eyes brightened. He suddenly understood where the Magistri's confidence came from.

Reminders were very rare. Only about one in a thousand.

These were half Borns that were born with genetic knowledge from their human and demon side.

Such people usually fought differently. Some of them inherited the ability to unlock more than one or two abilities and had the profound techniques of their ancestors.

This was the kind of person the Magistri thought Lenny was from the beginning.

He did not know that the reason why Lenny had such profound techniques was because he came from another world.

This fight was not in anyway fair.

But this was how the demon world worked.

Being fair was a privilege.

Since Lenny opened his mouth to say he would fight who so ever, then he was going to do it.

Gladiators like A222 and E666 that were aware of Lenny's capabilities already visioned a particular end.

After all, Lenny had created a blood bath back at the meeting hall for the order of Gladiators.

As far as they were concerned, this was going to be a breeze.

This fight was two against one.

D455 and A890 against D999.

Many of the Arena masters that watched this shook their heads.

It was as if they could already see the end of the fight from the beginning.

Some of them whispered amongst themselves of how nice it was going to be to laugh at Cuban.

Cuban because of his bloodline did not have that good a reputation with them in the first place.

This was going to be a good opportunity to rub salt on his wound.

The Magistri also the Refree for this match.

However, before the match started, A890 suddenly removed a devil's pill and swallowed it.

Just like D455, he also went through changes.

Out of habit, Lenny used Surveyor on him.

What he saw for the first time, made his cocky smile turn to a frown.

While Lenny had been talking all this time, he had forgotten that he was still under punishment for bowing to a demon.

His power had been halved.

This meant that his capability in a fight had dropped down significantly.

Meanwhile, A890 had just taken a drug that enhanced his own ability by doubling it.

Simply put, in this fight, A890 was now stronger than him....

Chapter 120 Magistri, Is This Show Nice Enough!?

As Lenny observed A890, he also took note of his ability.

<Ability: Absorber>

A890's ability on Lenny's opinion was not a nice one but then again, he could not back off now.

The Magistri walked up to Lenny and whispered in his ear, "don't make it look too easy. Make sure you give a nice show, and also, do NOT use your Darkline magic."

The audience was not priviledge to the knowledge that Lenny was not at full potential and neither was the Magistri.

Then again, as far as they were concerned, Lenny was biting more than he could chew.

Many speculated that the fight would be done in a quick second.

In fact, many hoped that Lenny got a pounding for his arrogance.

However, known knew that Lenny's arrogance was backed by true strength.

The Magistri gave the command.

"Fight!"

Boom!

It was like he had been shot out of a gun.

Lenny's body leaned in an abnormal 'C' in the air as he dove in for the kill.

He went straight for the strongest person which was A890, ignoring D455.

In mid air, Pincers had already appeared on his hand.

Boom!

He landed like a heavy artery she'll that had been shot out of tank.

His Pincers fell on the head of his opponent.

Boom!

A890's feet dug into the ground in his attempt to defend against Lenny's attack.

This first move made the audience shooked.

Especially for the Arena masters watching, they knew how much power a gladiator of every class should be able to produce.

Lenny had just come with a enough force to put an enhance A class Gladiator in a terrible defensive position.

The kind of abnormal strength he carried left them speechless.

"Hahahaha!!!" Cuban chuckled loudly. He had a proud look on his face.

Meanwhile, Basit frowned.

Unfortunately, Lenny's attack had been blocked by A890.

He used his long claws in a 'X' above his head.

"Not bad!" A890 complimented him, "but this battle is not yours to win." His voice echoed, an extra effect from the devil pill.

As soon as he talked, Lenny felt A455's assault coming from behind him.

Of course he had not forgotten about this guy.

Even in the fight against D800, he had only attacked when D800 was busy, trying to take advantage of a turned back.

But Lenny had the passive ability PERCEPTION.

Without looking back, he lifted a hand to defend against D890's attack.

Ding!

The meeting of his Pincer and A890's claws rang out like metal against metal.

D455 attacked again and again. His claws dancing in the air, their aim to rip Lenny to shreds.

However, without looking back, Lenny's hands moved with incredible speed and precision, blocking the attacks.

Ding!Ding!!Ding!!!

He defended against all the attacks.

"Wow!"

Lenny's move impressed the audience.

Seeing that D455 was not cracking through Lenny's defense, A890 decided to take over, switching immediate to attack.

He swiped hard. His claws headed for Lenny's abdomen.

"Oh! A sneaky move?" Lenny thought to himself.

He leaped up into the air.

Immediately, A890 also moved. "I got you now," He muttered.

He kicked against the ground. Apparently, he wanted to deliver an attack in the air.

The complexity and plan of this attack was an intelligent one.

The reason for this was because one could not move in the air.

A person could only move towards a predetermined path.

Unless acted upon by another force, it was not physically possible to change directions in the air.

Or rather, it shouldn't be.

However, Lenny had a distinguish ability to mess with the norms that people were used to.

As an assassin in his former world, they were many times he came across skills that trampled common sense like it was shit under one's feet.

That ability to trample over the norm was not something he had gotten rid off one little bit.

Like a cat, his body moved abnormally in mid air.

And then his Pincer aimed down for his opponent's chest.

SLUSH!

A sharp slush sound was heard.

Lenny's pincer had gone into one side of A890's chest.

Cuban laughed some more as he saw this.

Lenny was really dominating the battlefield.

However, something unexpected suddenly happened.

A890 smiled as hew allowed the blade to go into his body.

Unlike Lenny expected, he did not back off but rather leaned in to accept the strike.

The pincer sank in deep, and as it did, Lenny was pulled closer.

"Got you!" A890 clamped his arms together in a hug for Lenny.

It was not difficult for Lenny to immediately notice that he had been pulled into a trap.

He instantly let go of the Pincer, turning around to escape.

But A890 was like a wild deer trap.

He clamped his arms tight holding Lenny in place like a grandmother snuggling a missed grand child.

"Shit!" Lenny cursed. He instantly realized that he had been tricked.

A890 had allowed him to make that attack do that he could hold him in place.

A890 Clamped him tight, holding him in place.

At the same time, D455 attacked once more.

Lenny snickered, "do you think this can hold me!?"

He applied pressure to leave.

However, he suddenly felt something strange.

It was like his strength was leaving his body.

No! This was not just an assumption. It was really happening.

Lenny turned. He could see a smile on A890's face.

Ability: Absorbion

This was the ability that Lenny had seen under A890's stats.

This was the ability he had.

He could temporarily drain his opponentd of their strength.

As he did, he became stringer, and the clamp around Kenny became stronger.

It was at this time that A890 appeared.

In his hands were his claws ready for assault.

Even Lenny knew this was bad.

Slash!

The first attack hit, taking a good amount of flesh off Lenny's face.

The blow was heavy, leaving deep unforgiving claw marks on his face.

Slash!

The next attack came. It was for his chest.

Just like his face, it also took a significant amount of flesh out.

Blood splattered on the ground.

The entire dynamic of the fight had suddenly changed.

"Yes!" This time around, it was Basit laughing wildly and Cuban frowning.

The audience also shook their heads.

No doubt, it was impressive that Lenny had lasted so long in this fight. After all, he was fighting two people that had been enhanced by the Devil Pill.

But battles were like a chess game. Because one was amassing more chess pieces did not mean that he was going to win.

Things just did not work that way.

There were many instances where an opponent feigns weakness just to draw an opponent in, giving the opponent too much confidence that winning the fight was a guarantee, and then when the opponent was at the peak of overconfidence, thereby underestimating the outcome of the fight, a swift and decisive strike would be made.

Gladiator fights although they appeared rigid, and in some cases could be, were not so rigid.

The winner was never set in stone.

There were just too many factors that could influence a win.

For example, the wind might just blow at the wrong time, bringing with it dust that might enter a person's eyes during a fight.

Or accidentally stepping on an uneven stone could make a person lose balance and fall on a sword or spear.

Many might attribute this to luck or to some mysterious force, but such were battles fought for one's life.

Although Lenny's case had not been so based on luck, his miscalculation had still gotten him in trouble.

Cuban was so angry that his Darkline magic leaked slightly from his body.

He turned to the Magistri.

The Magistri looked back at him.

Surprisingly, he did not panic.

Rather, he enjoyed the show.

Even though Lenny was been given a beating, he did not so much as crack a frown.

D455 laughed lowly.

"Didn't you say you were going to skin me? Hahahaha!!! Look at you now. Don't worry, I'll skin you real good."

He waved his claws, dancing their sharpness on Lenny's body.

Without a doubt, Lenny was done for.

As D455 destroyed Lenny's body, E666 watched with a low glow in her eyes.

It was as if seeing Lenny bleed the way he did brought her joy. She even tightened her legs a bit in response to her excitement, and her fingers sneakily went down her loin cloth to engage herself.

A222 on the other hand frowned. Something was not right. After all, she had seen Lenny kill a Magistri. This was not supposed to happen.

As D455 sliced, Lenny's voice was suddenly heard.

"Wait!" Lenny muttered lowly.

D455 suddenly paused a bit, "huh? You have something you want to say before you die... hahaha!"

"Yes!" Lenny muttered, spitting out some blood.

"Oh! Really," he lifted Lenny's badly beaten face with his claws, "do tell before I slice off your tongue."

However, Lenny did not look at him. Instead, he looked at the Magistri, "is this show nice enough!?"