

Devil Slave 131

Chapter 131 Hunt for Sister Vinegar's Chasity

The moment the announcement was made, every one stood to their feet in the arena.

This was a show of respect

Just like she had always been, she had a veil over her head and dressed in pure white robes that had flowery golden patterns on the

She walked gently and majestically to her sea

The moment she sat, every other person also sat

Even from where Lenny stood, he could hear the murmuring whispers about her

Many of the demons dreamt of having her and some only wanted to worship at her feet

Some others whispered about her beauty that they had never seen in jealousy, some whispered about the happenings in the city

However, the one thing they all had in common, is that they were all taking about her

Basket face as her mouth piece, stepped forward

"This Tournament is in celebration of the birthday of our Lady and jewel of the city of Flood. This tournament would not be like the usual and will not be held here.

"Huh!?"

The crowd was surprised by this

However, Basket face continue

"Rather, it will be held in a dungeon of the corrupted.

"Huh!

Once more, many in the audience gasped

After all, they all knew what this meant. This meant that this tournament was going to be conducted in a Devil dungeon. After all, according to demons, they were the only ones that were ever known as the corrupted. "Hey, Magistri!" Lenny whispered, "what the hell is a Devil's dungeon

The Magistri stood not so far behind them

He heard Lenny's question clear as day. Understanding Lenny's ever need for information, he decided to explain Devil's although very chaotic sometimes found uniqueness in their chaos

When such devils came to dwell under the same abode, their abode was called a Devil dungeon

Devil dungeons were supernatural places

There existed in areas with dense chaotic magic

However, that was not the most unique thing about them

Devil dungeons by some mysteriousness attached to them, was always ranked

In other words, a person of a higher rank than the dungeon can not enter the dungeon no matter how hard they tried.

No one knew why this was so. But it had just always been.

In this manner, Devil's were actually very unique creatures.

Devil dungeons were a den for breeding devil's in this world.

Because of the uniqueness of their formations, there were not many of them.

However, Basket face who was Lady Vinegar's personal butler was saying that this tournament was going to be held in one.

Most demons if not all, avoided devil dungeons as much as possible

The reason was because of corruption

If a demon were to become corrupted by Devil chaotic magic, then the Demon's sense of self would naturally vanish It would go like it was never there to begin with.

The demon would change form to that of a devil

For demons, this was essentially the same thing as death. After all, was it not the same thing as losing one's sense of self?

When demons got corrupted, they was only one thing they did, and that was to commit suicide.

At least that way, one did not need to go through the terrible suffering of the change.

This was the reason why everyone was sure that the Governor was also going to meet his end.

Lenny nodded in understanding.

The other gladiators also nodded. This was information not just for Lenny but all of "This, right here will be the gift for the Arena master of this event, " Basket face the

A demon suddenly brought over a box. This box was bronze. It had very particular intricate patterns on it.

The moment it appeared, Lenny could tell that the Magistri's attention seemed to have been pulled in by it.

"This, right here will be the gift for the Arena master of this event, " Basket face proceeded to open the box.

He made a cut on his palm with his finger. After which he placed the hand on it.

He muttered a low chant and unclicking sounds could be heard.

As the box opened up, the audience watched carefully.

Apparently, what was inside was of incredible value.

Lenny also focused his attention on it.

Finally, it was revealed

The box opened much different than Lenny thought.

The box suddenly glowed in a dark red light.

And then the top part floated and suspended in mid air.

All sides of the box shortly followed after that

From the box slowly flowed out dark maisma It was like thick smoke The box opened wide enough and then the smoke on the beating organ was suddenly ignited, and a blue flame burnt about it.

Every body's attention was drawn to it.

"This is the core of a hell beast. A beast of darkness. It is the heart of a level 1 beast of hell."

Basket face looked around the crowd. He enjoyed the look on their faces, "I can tell that many of you know what beast of hell it's from on first sight!"

Hell beasts were divided into different levels depending purely on strength of offensive ability.

However, they were beasts that had very little to no use in offensive action but did greatly when it came to other aspects.

This level 1 Hell beast core was from one such beast.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a Core from the pheonix. The creature of fire and rebirth."

"Huh!?" The crowd gasped again.

The rumours about Lady Vinegar giving this particular treasure had proven to be true.

The pheonix was a very rare beast of hell.

It is said that this beast had once tricked and won Death thousands of years ago . As a reward for it's efforts, Death had given it the ability to be able to skip it.

This allowed for the pheonix to be able to jump between death and instant rebirth.

Once hunted, the pheonix would die, but in only over a night, it would be reborn again.

In other avoid this, the heart was usually stored in a very special case that separated it from the advantage it had over death.

Once the heart was consumed, the Pheonix would no longer be able to return

However, it granted the person that ate it, amazing benefits to their cultivation, some even rumored that rebirth at least once in a person's life time was one of the benefits.

Almost as soon as Basket face had let the heart out, he closed the box once more.

After all, the box was the only thing preventing the pheonix from rebirth.

The blue flame from the heart had already changed to a slight red just from opening the box.

The box was sealed once more.

"This hell beast was the most prized possession of the governor. However, due to recent unforeseen developments..." Basket face frowned as his voice trailed a little.

Many in the audience instantly understood what he meant.

"The governor decided to gift this precious hell beast core to his daughter. In his own words; she is worth the world to him

"Yes she is!" A loud echoing voice that sounded through out the entire Arena was heard, interrupting Basket face's speech.

Everyone turned in the direction of the voice.

A group of winged demons flying over gently.

The person leading them was much bigger than the rest.

He had two heads on his shoulders that were very identical Also, he had snakes for hair so long there reached his waist.

His eyes were Dark as night, and looked unfeeling and unemotional.

He had two legs, and he also had four hands.

The fact that his body was merged was prove that he had advanced into the Great demon rank.

He only flew above their heads, but the gladiator below including Lenny could feel the pressure that he gave.

It was like a weight hovering above their heads, tempted to fall and crush their skulls but still hovered slightly.

His arrival made everyone speechless. This was the eldest son of the governor.

He was known as Clawed

This was the new name he gave himself after the merging of the twin.

He flew straight to the VIP section.

The moment he landed, the Arena masters all stood up and bowed in respect before him.

However, he did not even look at them, except of course, Cuban because of his bloodline.

He walked forward and stopped before the seated Lady Vinegar "Sister! Let your biggest brother see your face!"

Lady Vinegar stood up, and took a step towards him.

She opened her veil. However, she had only opened it half way when he raised a hand to stop her.

He did not want any other person having to see her beauty.

Only her nose, lush tiny lips and a part of her smooth oval cheek leading to her chin was exposed, but it was enough.

Many in the crowd gasped at her beauty.

His big hand stretched forward at her.

The tip of his fingers attempting to brush against her chin.

"I'll soon have you all to myself..."

Just then, another voice interrupted "Only if you are done with the lot of us first," brother.

Clawed turned in a particular direction.

Two people walked over.

These were also twins. They were....

Chapter 132 Getting Rid Of Trash Before The Fight

These two were Duncan and Danny.

The moment claw saw them, he frowned tightly.

However, it was not just them.

Another two set of twins suddenly appeared.

This made Clawed very angry.

These were the so called brothers he was looking for.

He now had all of them in one place.

Naturally, he rushed at them, grabbing Duncan and Danny in each hand.

Nobody has seen how he moved.

This included Lenny.

One moment he was at the other end and the next, two necks were in his hands.

However, before he could squeeze tight enough, he heard lady Vinegar's Voice.

"Brother Clawed this still remains neutral ground as regards my birthday celebration." Her voice was light and not commanding, but there was a firmness to it that one could not just resist.

"You all gave me your word that they will be no violence here. Or are you saying that your word can not be trusted?"

Hearing her say what she did, he released both of them.

Clap!

She clapped her hands pull their attention to her.

"I am sure the deal has not changed. Please, let's enjoy the show."

While all this was happening Lenny had a million questions.

As one would guess, he decided to bug the Magistri.

"What deal!?"

The Magistri was already used to this and answered.

Lady Vinegar's Beauty is renowned that her brothers all made an agreement.

According to the standing agreement between the children of the governor, whosoever remained last got to have their sister's Chasity as part of the reward.

Although it might not seem like it.

But even in Demon culture, Chasity was heavily valued.

Lady Vinegar was pure in every sense of the word.

Aside climbing the seat of governor, one would have the privilege of having her as bride.

This also fueled the competition to much greater heights.

Hearing this made Lenny raise a brow.

Although he was not too surprised about the incest thing. After all, even from the Arena, it was rampant.

There were gladiators that exchanged pints to have their own mothers.

What really impressed him was how opened there were about the matter.

Also, there was another thing.

Even though Lady Vinegar had been talking with her brothers, he couldn't help but think maybe her eyes was him all this while.

A part of him thought it might be his imagination after all, she still had a veil on. He decided to dismiss the thought from his mind.

However, she suddenly turned to Basket face nudging him to continue.

Basket face bowed in her direction.

Clawed and his other brothers although at one another's necks, had come for their sister birthday.

This was neutral ground.

They all took their various seats.

With their crew of demons standing about them.

Basket face waved his hand and a portal appeared before the gladiators.

It was a very wide pinkish portal.

It reminded Lenny of the kind he had seen at the Magistri's office except it was much bigger.

"Each gladiator is to use whatsoever means necessary to win this event. As it is a competition, everything is allowed."

Lenny listened attentively to the rules.

Then again, with what he had just heard, this competition was as good as not having rules.

Demons suddenly walked up to the gladiators holding some bags.

"What are these?" Lenny asked.

"There are all seeing bat eyes," A222 answered, "they are categorized as levelless beasts. Since gladiators will be the only ones allowed into the dungeon, the audience here will use this as a means of watching our progress."

"Hmm!" Lenny nodded.

"The aim of this tournament is to finish off the boss of the dungeon and bring back his core." Basket face added, "Remember, as part of the rewards for this event, gladiators may decide to serve under the governor's house."

All was said and done.

It was time to kick start the event.

The gladiators progressed into the the portal.

Lenny felt that stomach turning feeling he had felt the last time.

Although it was not as bad as the first time, it still made him feel sick, and he had the urge to vomit by the side.

He was not the only one.

This included the other gladiators around him.

The Magistri patted him on his shoulder.

"Didn't I tell you, you'll have to get used to that!"

Lenny shrouded his arm off as he resisted the urge to smack him.

The Magistri chuckled a bit, "gather round!" He ordered, "we are here!"

It was at this point that Lenny looked before him.

Just ahead of them was a very big hollow cave.

It was hundreds of feet high and hundreds of feet wide.

It looked dark, and unfriendly.

All around it and them was just desert.

No matter the direction Lenny looked, all he could see was a desert.

The wind was breezy and quite hot.

However, it felt as if the heat came more from the cave than from the sun.

From where they stood, they could already see gladiators rushing for the dungeon.

Lenny frowned at this, but he was not in a hurry.

He understood that when it came to warfare, first to reach did not mean first to finish.

Besides, they did not yet know what they were going to be up against.

"When you get into the Dungeon, the bat eyes will naturally be released to explore the cave, and track you. Remember, everything you do will be seen by the audience back at the Arena. This is a Devil Dungeon. Remember, they always fight in groups. If you underestimate these things, pain will be the least of your worries. But more than anything, please remember that the true danger in the dungeon are not the devil's."

The Magistri smiled at them, "I hope to receive news of your victory. When you come out, I shall be here to receive you."

After saying all that he would, he turned and walked away, disappearing into the portal.

The moment he left, A222 suddenly stepped forward, "I know many of us don't get along here, but if we are to win this thing, we would have to work together. On that note, I believe introductions are in order."

However, as she talked, two B class Gladiators in their group turned to leave.

One was a really big and bold looking man, while the other was an averagely built guy.

"Where are you going?" A222 asked.

The Big gladiator paused and turned to her.

"If this was back in the order of Gladiators, your orders mean something. But out here, even with your class being higher than ours, I rather lock a demons asshole than take orders from a woman!"

The other B class Gladiator laughed as they both walked away.

Lenny squint his eyes at this.

He really was not of the opinion of having teammates, but with the kind of ability that A222 had, he thought it wiser to use them.

Thinking this far, he suddenly moved.

PIERCE!!!

Both B rank gladiators paused and looked at their chests and then at one another.

There was a hand in both their chests.

Cough! They coughed out blood as they tried to turn and look.

Lenny's hands were inside their chests.

Lenny pulled hard, and their spinal cords were pulled out of their backs.

The sudden turn of events took everyone by surprise.

Lenny turned to the other gladiators on his team, "ladies and gentlemen, this is a note worth lesson to everyone, if you are not useful to us, then you are useless!"

With this simple action, Lenny had quenched the idea of rebelling against the group as a whole.

Meanwhile, back in the Arena, the audience watched the latest development in surprise.

The fight with the devils had not even started and Lenny had already started butchering.

He had killed two of his own teammates for that matter.

Basit seating not so far away from Cuban suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

"See that! Your gladiator does not even know the difference between his own teammates and the devils."

He mocked Cuban with his laugh.

However, Cuban did not retort. Rather, he frowned in his seat.

All he did was look towards the Magistri, who smiled in his direction.

Cuban could see the confident expression on the magistri's face.

That was all the convincing he needed.

The Magistri did not judge Lenny for what he had done one bit.

After all, he could understand.

As gladiators, their enemy in the Dungeon was not just the devil's but also other gladiators.

If the other gladiators were to capture the two that deserted the group, the result would be devastating.

After all, information about the group could be extracted.

In his opinion, the Magistri thought what Lenny did was the convincing less evil.

The first blood had been drawn. The crowd raged in their excitement.

After all, nothing beat a good old fashioned backstabbing.

In his excitement, Basit turned to Cuban.

"Why don't we have another wager?"

Chapter 133 The Heavy Bet With Branded Marked Human Skin

Cuban turned to him with a high brow.

Hearing there was going to be another wager, Lady Hanger had instantly gotten interested.

She leaned forward in her seat, "another wager!?! I want in."

"Of course, Lady Hanger, I do not mind if you join us. In fact, I do not mind if any of the other Arena masters are interested in this wager."

Cuban was taken aback by this.

When it came to wagers, it was always just him and Basit.

After all, Basit targeted him because of his heritage.

The only reason Lady Hanger joined the previous time was because he needed a method to encourage Cuban.

However, the moment Cuban agreed to the Wager with him, others should not participate.

But that did not matter, after the recent win, Cuban felt very cocky about his luck.

Cuban chuckled a little, "Basit! After losing one thousand females in total, you still have wealth that you wish to loose?"

Those words infuriated Basit.

After all, the wound was still fresh in his heart.

He had incurred really heavy losses that had truly pushed him on the brink of bankruptcy.

In fact, it was so bad that he did not even want to see his own Arena at the moment.

It was a reminder of his loss.

His only hope now, was that by some means, his own Gladiators won this match.

Duncan and Danny also heard the conversations amongst the Arena masters and got interested.

After all, these were demons. It was in their nature to enjoy seeing people lose. This included their own.

Basit forced a smile, "this will be your biggest bet yet. Let's bet on an entire class."

"Huh!?" The Arena masters gasped in shock.

Basit was proposing that they Bet an entire Gladiator class. Whether it was A till F did not matter.

This meant that if Cuban won and picked A class, all the gladiators in A class would be taken.

And if he picked F class, he would take all the grassroot Humans.

This included those at the farms and working the basic functions that made the Arena what it was.

"If any of your gladiators make it to the end, you'll get an entire class of your choice from me, and if Your Gladiator makes it till the end, I take a class of my choice from you."

"Hmmm! And what of the other Arena masters?"Cuban asked.

"That's simple! They can take which ever side they want to. If An Arena master supports me, then he will have to be willing to sacrifice an entire Class, and if he supports you, he should also be willing to sacrifice an entire class."

Hearing this, Cuban could almost not believe it.

This was truly the biggest bet he had engaged in yet.

It was good to note that the higher the class, the lower the number of humans in it, but that also meant the stronger they were.

Naturally, most people in such a bet would not go for A Class, but rather F class.

After all, it was the most populous class. Although weak, that was not a problem for an Arena master.

The stock could always be trained as it needed to be.

Whereas, picking A class had little to No advantage.

This was the same thing for the other classes.

In other words, even though the Bet Stated that he could pick any class, F class was truly the only class that would be picked.

All the Arena masters were not dull and were very clear on this knowledge.

Immediately, the Arena masters all nodded in agreement.

Cuban thought for a while. His eyes even moved over to the screen showing what was happening in front of the dungeon.

He's eyes focused on Lenny for a few seconds, and then he made up his mind.

The prospect of gain and loss was just too huge to resist.

After all, a good bet was all or nothing.

Basit nodded, "in that case, let the Arena masters all pick a side. If you want to pick me, please indicate by a show of hand."

Surprisingly, there were a lot of hands in the air.

"Good! If you pick Cuban, please show by a raise of hand."

Cuban suddenly frowned. He suddenly had an ominous feeling about this bet.

It tugged deep at his intuition.

He did not know why, but he could suddenly tell that this was not good.

However, he suddenly heard a light feminine voice.

It sounded as if a beautiful flower sprinkled with star dust had suddenly developed a mouth and spoke.

"I'll join Master Cuban!"

This took all of them by surprise. They all paused and looked in the direction of the voice.

It had come from the Special VIP area. That is, it had come directly from the lips of Lady Vinegar.

Although still covered by a veil, they could tell that her eyes were on them.

"I will join Master Cuban. However, this Arena is not mine but my father's. Therefore, I'll only add two thousand humans to this bet. Regardless, if Master Cuban is willing to share his future loot with me, I won't mind."

This took the Arena masters by surprise.

Cuban stood up and bowed slightly at Lady Vinegar, "if the lady so wishes to invest in this Arena master, I will humbly accept your generosity."

Immediately, two other voices spoke up, "if sister who is going to become our future mate is investing in this, then we do not mind joining in."

It was Duncan that spoke up.

"Yes! Just as my brother has said," Danny concurred. "We will also give one thousand humans, two hundred fully aged adult branded skin marks, and a hundred rank 2 Hell beast cores!"

"Huh!" The Arena Masters were shocked by this.

Because of the economical standard of this world, most demons traded the old Banter system.

I give you what I have and you give me what you have that I need.

However, those in a more civil setting used a different method of payment, and that was either by Hell beast cores or by Branded human skin.

Demons were a race that believed in strength and power as opposed to just ability.

For this reason, their Hell beasts were ranked in this manner.

For example, the phoenix core that was to be gifted was a treasured gift, but it was only considered as a rank 1 hell beast because it did not have any offensive power whatsoever.

Hell beast cores depending on the strength of the beast can be consumed to increase one's own strength or power.

Meanwhile, the other system of economical trade was by Branded Human Skin.

This also had its own grading system depending on the brand on it, and the age of the human skin.

Duncan and Danny were promising a lot of money and human slaves on Cuban.

This was enough wealth to keep an Arena running smoothly for another ten years.

Besides finding old Adults in this age and time was like finding a diamond in a basket of crystals.

This surely made quite expensive to have.

Clawed heard the Bet and also got interested.

After all, he understood that this was a kind of way to win Lady Vinegar's heart.

It would be terrible if Duncan and Danny won her favor and not him.

"I'll give three thousand human slaves and three hundred fully aged adult branded skin marks!"

"HUH!?" This was yet another shock.

Just like that, wealth had now been displayed.

This was an example of connections.

Just because Lady Vinegar had been interested in Cuban's side, those that wanted to favor her had also ocked to his side.

Doin, the other twin pairs in the Arena VIP area were investing in Cuban.

All of them trying to please Lady Vinegar.

Although their bets was not like the first two, it was also not small.

Basit saw this and he felt the urge to Nash his teeth and swallow them.

He was very angry.

This was not his plan. The members of the governor's family were not supposed to butt in.

However, they had done exactly that.

Nevertheless, he had started and could no longer go back.

That would be a disrespect to these demons and that would be a terrible mess up on his side.

Even the Other Arena masters have side glances at him.

Basit ignored all the glances, and waved his hands.

A paper oozing out dark maisma appeared before them.

One look and one could tell that this paper was made from human skin.

"Since they are many participants on this bet, why don't we seal it in a blood oath!?"

Cuban looked around. He nodded.

He made a long scar on his palm with a finger of his other hand, and then he placed it on the floating paper.

The moment he did, the paper turned a slight shade of red.

Basit also did the same thing.

The moment the blood oath was signed, the paper became fully red.

It suddenly tore on its own in mid air and entered their bodies.

Chapter 134 Entering The Dungeon To Meet A Screwed Up Moment...

The oath had been taken.

Things had suddenly become more interesting.

However, Lady Hanger suddenly leaned in to Basit's ear.

"Are you sure it will still work?"

Basit nodded, "don't worry, even though the Governor's daughter is in support, things will still go according to plan. They are only in support of him because of that damn bloodline. Besides, even his D class Reminder can't stop what's about to come."

Basit relaxed into his chair and continued to enjoy the show.

Meanwhile, Lenny had just killed the two B class Gladiators.

He turned to the others, "we will not allow liabilities."

Lenny squat a little, cleaning his hands against the ground besides both corpses.

He smiled at them, "we didn't get to know each other well the other time. I suggest introductions are in order!"

Every one nodded at this.

With the show of strength that had just been displayed, certainly, no one was going to challenge Lenny's authority within the team.

"I am A222."

"I am A123"

"I am C900"

"I am C888"

"I am E321"

"And I am E666" she said shyly, tucking her hair behind her ear, as Lenny's eyes landed on her.

This was action Lenny pretended not to see.

"Good! Now that is said and done, we all know what we need to do. Once in, I expect only one thing. Do not stop Killing!"

Lenny turned to the Dungeon. It was sunny and the earth beneath his feet was hot, but he couldn't help but see it as a very refreshing moment.

He was so excited for what was to come that he nearly felt the excitement down in his pants.

Immediately, they advanced for the Dungeon.

It was just as they were told.

The moment, they entered the dungeon, the Bat eyes floated out of their bags and into the sky.

They would follow them through out this tournament.

Entering the Dungeon felt a bit to Lenny like the time they were passing through the forcefield into the Flood city.

It was still that same forcefield feeling.

They had only entered the Dungeon when A222's ear suddenly flicked in the air, "FUCK SHIT!!! ITS A TRAP!!!!"

On hearing this, Lenny instinctively dived to the side he was fast and had moved just in time out of the way of a Acid Spit.

Unfortunately, C900 was right behind him.

Splash!

"AHHHH!!!!" He screamed wildly as the acid spit bathed his body.

SIZZLING smoke could be seen from his body that floated up into the air like steam off hot water.

His skin and muscles instantly peeled off, dropping to the ground like thick slimy mucus.

Just as fast, the white of his body surfaced.

He stammered a bit as he made effort to talk.

However, the acid had already sank in deep.

Is death was as assured as the morning of the next day.

Bam! He fell on the ground instantly dead.

Even on the ground, Lenny could still see that the Acid burnt all the way through C900's bones.

He had not even gotten the opportunity to display his might before he died.

Lenny immediately hid behind a big boulder as his other teammates.

Fortunately, his other teammates had better reflexes, hiding immediately there was a sign of danger.

More ACID SPITS came from within the Dungeon.

Lenny spread his perception ability into the area.

What he saw made him frown.

"What in the fucking Hell?" They were many Gladiators in hiding, all of which were well hidden at different corners.

From their number, Lenny could tell that they were not teammates at all.

These were the gladiators that had entered the dungeon before them.

They had not gone in to explore it, but rather stayed in waiting for them.

It was just like Lenny had thought.

Their biggest problem in exploring the dungeon would not even be the chaotic devil's within, but rather other half born gladiators with the ability to strategize.

Just as it happened, Lenny suddenly felt danger coming from behind him.

His reflex were quick, and he immediately turned.

Surprisingly, a dagger was coming for his back.

However, with his eyes, he could not see anybody.

This person had moved like a chameleon, coming all the way to the blind side of his team.

For all of them including A222, their attention had been focused on the enemy ahead.

This made it easy for this guy to slip up behind him.

However, Lenny's perception ability worked passively, spreading all around the place.

There was no movement whatsoever that happened and he was not made knowledge to.

The moment the attack came, Lenny moved with incredible astuteness.

His hands birthed pincers that he stabbed right into the neck of the Gladiator without looking back.

"Ahhh!!!"

A jet of blood rushed into the air from his neck.

Lenny turned back and took a closer look at the gladiator.

It was a B class Gladiator.

However, Lenny could clearly see that this gladiator had by passed two of his teammates that could have made for easy killing had arrived at him.

It was either this person that had come for his head was interested in a quick way to commit suicide or from the very beginning, Lenny had always been his target.

Suddenly, they all heard a deep loud voice, "let me help you sister!"

BAM!

Decay slammed his hands on the ground and the earth cracked underneath it. This crack soed all the way to Lenny's hiding point, splitting the boulder he was hiding behind like it was English biscuit.

This immediately exposed Lenny's location.

As it did, Lenny could see as the boulder looked as if it was disintegrating into dust.

However, the most disturbing matter was the fact that two big balls of Acid were coming his way.

"SHIT!!!" Lenny cursed.

....

Meanwhile, Cuban watching this frowned. His eyes could not help but turn to Basit.

Cuban could tell that he had something to do with this.

Basit on the other hand, had a smile on his face....

Chapter 135 The Surprise Advantage Of A Trap! Killing D999 Is The Goal.

Lenny was not one to shy away from a good fight, but he could tell that he needed to take several steps and re-strategize.

Mirror steps!

Lenny moved.

Leaving after images in his previous position.

The big balls of Acid exploded on his previous location.

Lenny thought of using his White flame and just throwing it at his enemies.

However, he also knew that he was going to face much stronger enemies ahead.

He needed to save what he had in his arsenal for the future.

Also, the Magistri might have been okay with his use of white fire, but he did not know about Cuban and the other demons.

After all, his possession of the white flame was from the Satan system.

Lenny was not so stupid as to think that it would not bring attention to him.

Besides, who ever said he had to depend on magic.

The old fashioned method was always best.

Lenny kicked hard against the ground as he rushed for the enemies before him with precise speed.

Not too far off ahead, Lenny could see the brother and sister pair.

It was Poison and Decay.

Both of whom he had seen in the dinning hall.

They had set a trap out for him the moment he entered the Dungeon.

With the way they moved, Lenny could tell that they were not yet familiar with the terrain of this place and had only created this plan on the spot.

It was this lack of knowledge he was going to take advantage of.

Unfortunately for them, Lenny had the Ability called perception.

His perception ability had already mapped out the entire area for him.

Every step he took, every rock he stepped on, or even the walls that he bounced on, every thing he had done, had first be well calculated in his head.

His last kick had been on the ground and then he jumped high above their heads.

Like the spinning of a tonedo, Lenny twirled in the air, bringing down his Pincers like the judgement of the grim reaper.

Slash!

An unfortunate gladiator had stepped forward with his large hammer, ready to send Leny back like a ping pong ball, but he had barely swung it before Lenny reached.

Lenny landed right on his swinging Elbow, using the man as momentum to move yet again.

However the exact moment he skipped the man unto the next gladiator, a thin bloody line appeared on around the man's neck.

That swing at life that the gladiator had taken was the last he ever took in his life.

The force of his body in motion made him swing a 360 degree that permitted for his neck to rotate in the opposite direction.

The man had not even know that he had died until his head fell over his body.

Brought with him the only Fate that the reaper's blade could permit.

Just as immediately as he had killed the first one, he had also moved to the second one.

However, by the time he got to the third one, he could that E666 had also engaged in battle.

She moved like a cat.

Whether it was on the ground or in the air, her body moved as if it had a special melody in the air.

Her fingers landed on a Gladiator's face, digging her fingers into his eyes.

She did not wait for him to scream before she had hopped on the next person.

Lenny subconsciously used Surveyor on E666.

What he saw was almost unbelievable.

Even though she was still in the E class, E666 already had strength equivalent to a gladiator in the C class.

Lenny knew how this girl got stronger. It was usually from male essence.

Although a part of him wondered where and when she got quality essence that made her grow so quickly, he couldn't think about that now.

Now, was time for battle.

Lenny moved through the gladiators obstructing him.

His goal was not these meager ones.

It was Decay and Poison that were far behind.

As those two sent attacks at Lenny, he also headed for them.

"Fuck!" Poison cursed out loud, "He is getting closer!"

Decay frowned as he ordered, "every one, take the damn pill!"

As he gave the order, Poison sent a very Big and sight blinding Acid Spit his way.

Since his assault on them, this was the first time that he needed to pause and take a very huge step back.

He had done so to dodge the Acid spit.

However, the retreating gladiators used this opportunity to pop something into their mouths.

The moment they had brought out the pill, Lenny had felt it's power.

"Devil pill!" Lenny frowned.

However, just as quickly as Lenny had taken a step back, he kicked against the ground and removed the head of the first gladiator before him just before the Devil's pill could take it's effect in his body.

As the head fell, Lenny had already taken yet another.

Decay immediately stepped forward and slammed his hand on the ground the earth cracked in all directions.

It had suddenly become quick sand.

Decay had the ability to decay all forms of matter.

Once more, Lenny had to back off.

The Gladiators used the opportunity to change.

Just like D455 and A890 he had fought during the first bet, these gladiators body also went through incredible change.

The chaos energy within the pill made their eyes red, they also increased in body mass and their abilities also increased in both strength and durability.

For some, sharp horns protruded from their bodies.

Lenny had gone ahead first and then E666 but that did not mean that the others had been left behind.

They had followed behind the path of chaos that Lenny had made.

However, the sight of the enhanced Gladiators with Chaos magic spilling out of their bodies made for a demoralizing sight.

.....

Meanwhile, the audience back at the arena watched this, and although the battle so far had been interesting and thrilling, many had questions. After all, this was Chaos magic.

Chapter 136 A Walking, Breathing Bank Of New Blades

After the first bet, the news of the Devil Pill had already spread around within the city.

Demons were still a people with a functioning societal order.

This meant that they possessed people with different ideas and beliefs too.

They were many that did not like the introduction of this chaos pill into Gladiator bodies.

Of course, the major reason for this was that after the death of a gladiator that had consumed Devil pill filled with chaos magic, demons could not consume his meat.

Eating gladiator meat that was given freely to the crowd was one of the reasons demons loved to flock these Arenas.

They were also other demons that did not mind, and just purely wanted to enjoy the thrill of more challenging battles.

However, one thing remained.

and that was the fact that this was the first time that the Devil's pill was being used before the public eyes of the Demon society.

Cuban turned to Basit. With the smirk on Basit's face, Cuban did not even need to ask.

He instantly knew that Basit was the person that planned this.

After all, Decay and Poison were not Gladiators under Basit's Arena.

Cuban suddenly could tell why all the other Arena masters picked Basit's side during the bet.

The reason for this was because Basit had already gotten them hooked to his side with the Devil's pill.

The Devil's pill gave a significant increase to the power and capability of a gladiator.

If one was at the E class before, the Devil's pill could make one have the strength of some one in the D class, and in some cases, even climb up to the C class.

It was obvious that this trap had been set a long time ago.

Cuban was not at all in a good mood. The moment they entered the Dungeon, his gladiators had once more lost another member.

This meant that he was much closer to losing the bet.

The worst part was that the match was just starting.

They had not even come in contact with the Devils in the dungeon yet.

Cuban looked in the direction of the Governor's family.

He could see that they were actually enjoying the show.

They did not even look as if they were worried about the loss of the bet.

Then again, they were a wealthy family.

Such was expected.

Unlike him that only had himself to depend on.

However, Cuban had questions that bothered him a bit.

For example, why did the flower of the Governor's family suddenly decided to bet on his head?

After all, from all indications, it was obvious that betting with the side of Basit was the better option.

This was evident from the fact that all the other Arena masters had flocked over to Basit's side.

Yet, at such a point, Lady Vinegar had still sided with him.

This was something that Cuban could not quite figure out.

As he looked in her direction he could tell that her eyes were not on him, but on the show.

But she was not watching any of the other fights.

After all, they were other gladiator teams, and some of them had already engaged in battles with the Devils in the nest.

Those too made for interesting shows to watch.

However, Cuban was a deep level demon of the third level.

He could tell that all the other fights were not in her sights.

Although it was easy for one to believe that she was only looking in that direction because she wanted Cuban to win, even her body reaction did not reveal one that carried the mood of the fight.

There was no excitement whatsoever.

However, the moment the focus was on Lenny, he noticed her chest heaved up and down sharply.

Basket face suddenly looked in Cuban's direction.

Cuban removed his eyes from Lady Vinegar. He assumed he had not observed well and continued watching the match.

...

Lenny and his teammates stood before the gladiators that had just had a power boost as a result of the Devil's pill.

A lot of gladiators stood before them.

"Don't worry! You guys go explore the deeper regions. We will be needing your strength for the final boss. I'll end D999 here!" A gladiator said to Decay and Poison.

They nodded at him and moved into the deeper regions of the dungeon.

The gladiator that had spoken with long, razor-blade sharp spikes on his body stepped forward.

The spikes on his body were as long as five to six feet. They protruded from his back and forearms.

In Lenny's opinion, this guy might as well just been a human porcupine.

The sharp long spines on his body reminded Lenny of the Japanese katana.

"Damn it! We are fucked!" A222 muttered.

"Why!?" Lenny asked.

"That is A562. His nickname is Human Slicer."

"Oh!" Lenny chuckled a bit, "let me guess, he got it because of his love for slicing people," Lenny waved his fingers in the air in mockery of the gladiator.

"Yes! and just like you, he is a Reminder. It is said that he has the sword manship of the old world. His cut is like..."

Mirror steps!

Before A222 could finish talking, Lenny had passed by A562.

Wush!

He waved his hands and the pincers he was holding broke apart.

However, So did his opponent's head.

From the center of his face to his forehead, a red line appeared that split his head into two, all the way to the back of his head and stopped right at his neck.

In this manner, his head was left opened like sliced bread that was about to be marinated for a toast.

He fell straight to the ground, dead.

A222 was left speechless. She has not even finished saying the man's achievements before Lenny was done with the gladiator.

A562 was just a Gladiator that had been enhanced by the devil's pill to have strength of the first rank of the lesser demon realm.

He was nothing in Lenny's eyes.

Lenny looked at the corpse of the so called human slicer on the ground.

Now that he thought about it, his Pincers were not all that durable again for his fights, and this guy just so happened to be a walking bank of Kitana's.

Lenny smiled at this, "thanks for generous contribution," he muttered.

Chapter 137 Consume Devil To Grow In Strength!

Lenny was always one to take his time when he was walking.

It was probably one of the many reasons why the job of an assassin suited him well.

He prefers working where it was quiet and if possible but not absolutely necessary, when it was dark.

At the moment, he was operating on the body before him.

He really did not like the environment. Not because of the location.

But because of the constant distractions. This did not mean that the noise affected him. But that the constant interruption pulled him out of the zone.

An example would be the gladiator that had eaten a Devil's pill that's as trying to sneak up behind him.

At the moment, his teammates were fighting vigorously against the gladiators.

While Lenny placed the corpse of the dead man with long blades sticking out of his body on a high slab.

He whistled his favorite tune lowly.

Lenny could not help but wonder how icons like Michael Jackson would feel if they knew he was now living the life of the song Thriller.

It made him chuckle a bit, and he continued with his tune as he carefully sliced up the body before him.

For every blade he pulled out, he pulled out with the muscle surrounding it. That way, it could make for a handle when he wanted to use it.

Lenny enjoyed the peaceful state of cutting flesh that his mind was so fun of constantly slipping into whenever he had a specimen on the operating table, and under the sharp but gently touch of his slicing blade.

Lenny suddenly threw a Pincer from the storage ring into the air.

Meanwhile, the Gladiator behind him approached gently, lifting his chaos magic mutated claws for his head.

Lenny did not move, and anyone watching would have thought that he was not aware of the attack.

However, before the gladiator could bring down his hands, Lenny raised a finger, pointing up.

Instinctively, the gladiator raised his head.

The Pincer that Lenny had thrown into the air fell with its blades right in the center of the gladiator's head, just in between his glowing red eyes.

Slush!

It slide in like hit knife throw butter pinning him to the ground.

It was in this manner he met his end.

Lenny continued whistling as he cut deep, removing yet another Kitana looking blade.

He waved it around a bit, before sending it to his storage unit.

Yet again, another Gladiator came for him, but he waved his hand and a Kitana he had sent to the storage was sent straight for her head.

For Lenny, their constant attack on him was not a problem. Rather, it was just a nuisance he did not like.

After all, he did not have any of them in his sight.

They were just too low level for him to give any of his attention.

For everyone of them he slaughtered, their Arena masters back at the Arena felt a pang in their hearts.

After all, this was reducing the chances they had at winning the competition.

Just then, A222 walked up to Lenny, "are you done yet!?"

Lenny sighed. It seemed like he would not be able to enjoy his moment.

"Almost done," he whispered as he removed the final blades from the body of the gladiator.

He was even able to find some abnormally curvy blades that made him tempted to blush in excitement.

While he answered her, there was suddenly a loud GROWL which was followed by an even louder SCREAM.

Lenny and the others immediately looked in the direction of the Growl.

There all knew that there was no way that growl was from a normal person.

Even the gladiators they fought that had taken the Devil's pill did not growl like that.

"It seems like it's finally about to get interesting," A222 commented as she placed a hand on the ground, closing her eyes.

Lenny turned to her, "what do you mean!?"

She turned to him, "I can hear them! The Devils."

When it came to sensing the environment, Lenny had to admit that his perception ability was not as advanced as A222.

This was a natural born gift she was blessed with.

At a corner, E666 was struggling with a gladiator. This one was stronger than her.

Lenny waved his hand and killed the last Gladiator that E666 was struggling with using a Kitana.

"Thank you," she muttered avoiding his eyes.

However, Lenny raised a brow at her in question.

He did not know how to explain that he was not saving her her life, but saving her death for his hands only.

He was not one to enjoy sharing kills with others.

The only reason he had not gone on a rampage like he so wished was because he was still not sure as to how this Dungeon was going to be.

In other words, it was just a lack of information.

Lenny loved solo, but he was not ignorant of the benefits of other people.

Of course, this was based on the strong assumption that they were still useful.

E666 noticed his strong look on her, and fear made her instinctively hide behind a rock.

This Dungeon at its insides reminded Lenny of the Chimera nest.

There were holes at nearly every turn and corner.

The only difference was that it was not as illuminated as the Chimera cave because of a lack of the glowing mushrooms and moss.

It was really dark with red Maisma flowing through the caves.

Also, it smelled quite horrible. Lenny could tell that a person like A222 was really suffering in here.

They advanced forward in the direction of the Growl and scream.

They had barely taken a few steps when they came across a strange being.

It was so skinny, that it might as well been a skeleton wrapped in skin and red fur.

It had long claws on both hands and feet.

It moved on all floors on the ceiling like it was a spider.

And when it saw the advance if Lenny's group, it's head that looked like that of a goat with one glowing red eye in the middle turned a full three hundred and sixty degrees.

"What the fucking Hell!?" A123 who was one of Lenny's teammates cursed at this.

"Careful, it's a fucking Devil," A222 advised.

However, before she could finish talking, the devil on the ceiling moved.

It hopped like a young rabbit enjoying the meadow. From wall to wall it went.

It was so fast, that their eyes could barely keep up with it.

It suddenly hopped on E321. It's mouth opened in an abnormal manner, revealing rows and rows of jagged teeth so sharp a shark would have been left in envy.

Its head came down in an aggressive bite for his head as its claws sank into his body like quick sand.

CRUNCH!

It took a deep satisfying bite. It also reminded Lenny of those guys in his former world eating burgers during food contests.

Although the devil had not yet separated the bitten side from the rest of it's prey, it did not look as if it was going to let go either.

~AHHHH!!!~

E321 screamed at the top of his lungs as he continually stroke the devil with the cutlass in his hand.

Again and again he hacked however, his attacks seemed to do nothing.

"That won't work. Use your Fucking Darkline magic!"

However, it was too late. The teeth sank deeper as blood splashed out in all directions.

And then the devil pulled out.

The aggressive bite it had taken revealed brain matter from the unbitten half.

The teeth of the creature seemed to have life of its own as it forced the roughly bitten out half head that was obviously too big down the slender throat.

Immediately, A222 rushed at it with her spear.

However, it's flexibility was outstanding.

She had targeted it's chest, but almost looked as if the ribs of the creature had folded at an unusual angle to let it dodge.

She attacked again and again, and it moved in that manner, jumping unto the ceiling once more.

Surprisingly, through out the entire process, it never stopped chewing, forcing the crushed head into its slender throat.

It swallowed.

It was as if the massive head it had just eaten had disappeared somewhere within it's body.

Meanwhile, the rest of the corpse fell to the ground.

The Devil looked once more in their direction and immediately jumped forward.

This time around, it's target was C900.

However just as it's enlarged jaw opened before C900's eyes, a Sword appeared from its mouth.

SLUSH!

Lenny's kitana pierced right into it's skull.

"Hmmm! It would seem that any kind of magic can kill them!" Lenny commented.

These Kitana's Lenny used were already bathed in Chaos magic as a result of the Devil's pill.

<Alert>

<Consume Devil to grow in strength>

Lenny saw the alert and a smile appeared on his face.

Chapter 138 <Growth Guideline Unlocked For Dungeon: Compulsory Task Or Simple Task>

<Alert>

<Consume Devil to grow in strength>

Lenny had just killed the devil when he got this alert from the Satan system.

This made him smile.

He walked up to the devil's corpse and before the eyes of everyone watching, he used his blade to open the chest of the devil.

"What is he trying to do?" These in the Arena asked subconsciously.

Many of them even looked to Cuban expecting an explanation.

After all, he was Lenny's Arena master.

However, what happened next was something no one had expected.

Lenny opened the chest of the devil.

He dug out its heart which Lenny was sure was its heart.

Although it was squared shaped and did not at all look like a heart, Lenny could instinctively tell from his experience that this was it.

He raised the heart above his face and then he squeezed tightly.

The black reddish blood flowed straight into his mouth.

The demons watching this in the arena were speechless by this.

After all, they all knew what a devil was.

Because of its corruption magic, even demons would not dare to do what Lenny had just done.

It made the Demons lean in on their seats.

"He is a monster!" Many of them commented.

"Interesting!" Claw commented.

The moment he saw Lenny do what he did, he already concluded in his mind that after this event, he was going to buy Lenny from Cuban.

<Alert>

<First taste of Chaos magic>

<+10 stre>

<Growth Guideline unlocked for Dungeon: Compulsory task or Simple Task>

The growth in strength felt good, but this was the first time he was seeing the opportunity to pick a option.

Seeing this, he asked in his head, "Satan System, which of them is a faster growth process."

<Alert>

<Compulsory Task is quicker, but failure to achieve results might result in instant Death>

Surprisingly, hearing the conditions for this task made his heart race with excitement.

For Lenny, dancing at the edge of the blade, contemplating the seduction of Death's pull was the fulfillment of a full life.

He liked it no other way.

Also, it was an opportunity to grow.

Without wasting time, he willed in his mind for Compulsory Task.

<Alert: Host has picked Compulsory Task for Dungeon. Please note that Task are in a constant state of evolution>

<Task 1: Kill one hundred one eyed devils. Please note that killing any other, including Gladiators, requires starting all over again>

<Time Duration of Task: 1 hour>

"Hmmm!!!" Lenny nodded his head. Aside from the aspect of finding the Devil creatures, Lenny did not really understand why he was given a deadline of an hour.

As far as he was concerned, a few minutes was all he needed to finish the job.

Meanwhile, his teammates looked at him strangely.

Suddenly, there was another loud GROWL!

Lenny's eyes focused in the direction the growl had come from.

Immediately, he kicked against the ground, rushing for it.

This was an opportunity to grow. He was not going to miss it.

Then again, he was never one to allow opportunities slide.

He rushed through the cave, the others following behind him.

And then he popped out of a very long and large cavern.

Sounds of blades kissing flesh could be heard from all corners.

Devils were rushing in on all sides.

Some were on the high ceiling and some others rushing into the room from different caves.

Lenny could see Gladiators engaging actively with the devils.

This was a clash of Darkline magic and Chaos magic.

Gladiators displayed as much of their Darkline magic as they could.

However, it was obvious that these devils were overwhelming them.

After all, gladiators were more rigid with their fighting styles while Devils were unnaturally flexible.

Lenny did not even need to use Surveyor on the devil's before he knew that they were of low strength.

However, where they lacked in the strength category, they made up for in agility and flexibility that would sicken even Gymnasts of Lenny's former world.

The people that suffered the most were gladiators with heavy weapons like hammers and shields.

Landing defining hits reminded Lenny of 'Whack a mole' in his previous world.

It was almost impossible.

Also, the Devils took swipes at them.

Lenny looked at the system.

He could still see the Task Tag.

The timer had already started.

Immediately, he rushed in for the fight.

He waved his hands and two Kitanas, one on each hand appeared from thin air.

Lenny's thighs compressed hard against the ground. His calfs veined and his muscles tightened to his push against the ground.

Boom!

The earth beneath his feet caved in as his feet kicked against the ground.

Like a missile launched from a battle ship, he shot into the air.

With the blades held at a reverse grip position, he laughed in for the devils.

Slash!

His blades were quick and steady with the precision of an assassin he had cultivated for many years in his life.

A devil even tried to bend it's head in an unusual manner to dodge his strike, but his blade seemed like it had eyes of its own, following it's target like a blind man following sound.

SLUSH!

Devil blood lashed into the air accompanied by the devil's severed head.

This was a one eyed devil.

<+1 kill>

He waved his hands again and again.

Wush!

<+2 kills>

<+3 kills>

<+4 kills>

<+....>

The kills climbed steadily. However, when he got to twenty, a devil's claws were about to reach him.

Instinctively, he dodged and his blade stabbed right into the chest.

<Number of kills reset: kills 0>

<Reason: Death to two Eye Devil>

Lenny looked at the devil, he did not understand.

After all, he could see that devil he had just killed only had one eye.

However, the cut out head rolled on the ground a little and then he saw another eye at the back of it's head.

"Fuck!" He cursed.

However, it was not enough to stop him.

Once more, he entered a killing frenzy.

<+1kill>

<+2 kills>

<+3 kills>

<+4 kills>

<+5 kills>

<+6 kills>

<Number of kills reset: kills 0>

<Reason: Death to two Eye Devil>

Once more, Lenny had killed another devil with two eyes.

Lenny frowned as he turned to the devil. It had only one eye.

He checked the back of it's head with his blade. He did not see another eye.

Out of curiosity, he checked the body.

As ridiculous as it looked, the devil had an extra eye on its butt.

Yet again, Lenny struck with his sword.

However, this time around, he got the alert on the second kill.

Just like before, he checked the body of the devil.

"Shit!" He cursed again.

This time around, the extra eye was hiding underneath the devil's armpit.

This time around, his eye twitched.

Slowly, he was starting to realize that this task was not exactly as easy as he had thought it would be.

Just then, his perception ability sensed the fast approach of danger.

He made a flip in the air.

He had dodged it, but even he had to admit that the attack had come at a very tricky angle.

It was a blast of acid spit.

It splashed on a devil about him.

He turned in the direction the attack had come from.

Far off in the distance, it was a familiar face.

It was Poison.

On first sight, Lenny could tell what was happening.

Decay stood before her, fighting off the devil's while she focused on particular opportunities to attack Lenny.

For a few seconds, Lenny was very tempted to to turn and rush in her direction.

However, he had a more pressing task to meet with and his life was on the line.

Right now, he had to focus on killing the devils with one eye.

By now, his other teammates had also joined in on the frenzy.

Lenny focused onces more on the relentlessly attacking devils.

<+1kill>

<+2 kills>

<+3 kills>

<+4 kills>

<+5 kills>

<+6 kills>

<+7 kills>

<+8 Kills>

<+9 kills>

Just then, another attack rushed at him.

On first sight, Lenny recognized this guy.

It was the one Known as Tank.

He rushed at him.

Lenny immediately jumped in the air dodging the charge from Tank.

However, the moment he landed, another gladiator rushed at him.

Slush!

He cut the gladiator from the waist into two.

<Number of kills reset: kills 0>

<Reason: Death of Gladiator>

Lenny frowned hard.

The task was truly not as easy as he thought it was.

Firstly, he had to search even the weird areas of the devil's before he killed them, so that he did not make the mistake of killing a two eye devil, and then there was the constant interruption from the other Gladiators that were after his life.

Subconsciously, Lenny looked at the timer.

<30:23>

Thirty minutes had already gone and he had not yet had the first kill.

At least not according to the Satan system.

Apparently, the system was not joking at the task being difficult.

Chapter 139 The Will Of Pain On The Moldable Mind

Now, Lenny was really beginning to get on his irritated side.

This was a battlefield. This meant that it was very chaotic. The devil's too, with their continuous unusual form of attacks did not exactly make things easier for him.

Time was ticking away.

Lenny made attempts at cutting a devil, and for the first time since he started butchering them, he actually missed the attack.

This made him frown even more.

Others might not have noticed this, but definitely not Lenny.

He knew clear as day what this meant.

This meant that his efficiency in fighting had greatly reduced.

This was as a result of his mind concentrating on multiple things at a time and his emotions getting in the way as even he had to admit that he was getting frustrated.

Firstly, killing the devils required for the Task was proving to be a difficult process.

There was one Devil he had killed and he discovered that the second Eye was hiding in between its butt cheeks.

To say he was not only surprised but very pissed off, would be a gigantic lie.

Secondly, this battlefield was creating for the perfect opportunity to be teased by other gladiators.

Lenny was also of the half mind to just slaughter any and everything that moved, but that would definitely not be a good management of his time and strength.

Besides, his life was on the line.

A full thirty minutes had already passed, and he had not gotten one kill.

Lenny was not dumb.

If he could not complete it during the first thirty minutes, it meant that there was a high percentage chance that he was not going to do it on the later thirty minutes.

However, he was not going to just hand over his life like that to the chopping board.

Chiron knew he had to think of something and he had to think of it fast.

<36:45>

For the first time in a very long time, Lenny felt as if time was moving a little too fast.

In fact, he wondered if the System was actually current with the timing.

Then again, even if it was wrong, he was not ready to die to find out.

"Ahhh!!!"

A scream reached his ear, and he immediately looked behind him.

Once more, Tank was trying to tackle him.

For Tank, Lenny had already tried to use the Kitana blades on him.

However, he too had taken the Chaos pill.

This made his already hard skin much tougher and stronger than ever.

In fact, Lenny clashing his blade against the skin of the big man made sparks with noise attributed to iron hitting iron.

Also, Lenny did not have time to observe Tank and get a good look at his body in order to find a weak point or something in the same light.

Spit!

While Lenny was in mid air after dodging Tank's attack, Poison sent Acid Spit his way.

Lenny waved his sword, cutting the Acid spit with incredible precision.

The unfriendly liquid fell on either sides of his sides.

Lenny's frown got deeper.

Meanwhile, as far as those at the Arena could see and were concerned, Lenny was actually doing very good.

He was handling the devils and the gladiators at the same time.

This was impressive.

However, a sudden calculation error on his part and a devil on the ceiling dived on his body.

As the Devil did, so did the other devils.

These devils were chaotic, but that did not mean that they were incapable of taking advantage of a situation when they found one.

As more Devils fell on him, more also rushed at him.

<40:45>

They mounted him as their claws penetrated into his body.

Lenny knew he had messed up.

His other teammates wanted to help, but everyone was just too occupied with saving their own neck.

After all, a drowning man could not save another drowning man.

At the same time, Poison far off at a corner, could not help but smile.

This was an incredible opportunity.

Spit! Spit! Spit!

She sent waves of acid spit at Lenny with the pile of Devils on his body.

"Mmm!!!" Lenny groaned.

Just as expected, the acid touched him too.

In their frenzy against the acid spit, the Devils attacked even more ferociously.

Long razor claws dug into his body like swords being placed back in their scabbard.

The Claws of these devils was laced with Chaos magic. Their touch on his body was anything but pleasant.

The disadvantage with chaos magic was it's ability to act in the nature of it's name.

For Lenny some parts of his body felt cold, some felt blazing hot. Some felt as if worms with thorns on their bodies were making a slow enduring stroll through his veins.

Some other parts felt as if veins were contemplating escaping his body.

All these were pain.

In fact, he felt the pain of the Devil claws far more than that of the acid spit.

This was all because for a split second, he had let himself get distracted.

He was strong, and he could surely use one of his abilities that would ensure better success.

After all he still had his white Flame.

However, those in the Arena were watching. As it stood, many of his fighting skills had already been fed to the open.

As one that had been through many battles that involved life and death, Lenny was not so ignorant to know that in the future this could be detrimental to his plans.

After all, his target was to destroy all demons and devils.

It was best to maintain and hide some of his gifts.

Notwithstanding, he was currently at an heavily disadvantage.

He was soon to be crushed, or even melted by the acid.

Yet, the timer was still there to remind him that his doom was impeding and unavoidable.

<45:21>

Just then, as some acid liquid fell on his face, a long nearly forgotten memory was reignited.

This was back when he was in his former world.

In fact, it was during his early days in the Monastery of Pain and Pleasure.

On this particular day, Lenny had been practicing with his Teacher on the art of enduring and converting extreme pain while maintaining ones focus.

He was raised on high ledge with ropes to spread his body on each hand and leg.

On his body were what seemed to be acupuncture needles, only thicker and bigger.

Also, they dug even deeper.

The tip of these needles had their pointy edges bathed well with the world's most deadly PEPPER before they were inserted a over his body.

The pain he felt was insane. It was like lava flowed inside his veins.

He was spread like this for an hour. After which he was let down, and with the needles still in his body, he was to maneuver a maze with Dire wolves in it.

The test was so strict that if one needle fell from his body, regardless of how far he had gone, he was to start over again.

This was a 20km maze. This was distance that Lenny could normally cross in a short amount of time.

However, the Maze had one extra flaw, and that was the fact that it was constantly changing.

The aim of the Test was to ensure that he could calm his mind regardless of the danger around him while enduring extreme pain to finish the test in the allocated time frame.

This test was not one that the ordinary man could withstand.

During the training, Lenny had ran mad three times. Both of which he attempted suicide, but was stopped by his Master Teacher.

This was not just a test of endurance but of the tethering of the unconscious mind to the control of the conscious mind.

However, the conscious mind was minute and little while the unconscious mind was vast, and unending. Encompassing all the eyes and other senses had ever embraced and mixing them in a pool of undefined chaos.

The subconscious mind was the reason for unexplainably dreams.

Yet in its bottomless confusion, it was itself the architect of the conscious mind.

Judging its actions by the in-depth vast amount of information it held.

Once upon a time in Lenny's former world, the mind had been broken into three.

With each part explained with an iceberg at sea.

The little tip of ice that could be seen above was the conscious mind, the point at water level of its submission was the subconscious mind and the vast ice beneath was the unconscious mind.

One had to use the small conscious mind with the subconscious mind as the link to control the Behemoth unconscious mind beneath the waters.

Lenny lost control a few times and the unconscious mind swallowed his conscious mind and that was why he ran mad.

His master explained that many had taken this test and many, even them, could not pull back to redemption....

Chapter 140 Master Lucian And The Lesson Of The Black Widow.

Once more on the seventeenth try, Lenny failed.

This time around, the dire wolves had gotten him.

The monastery of Pain and pleasure was a place of incredible and divine capabilities.

Regardless of the injuries Lenny sustained, as long as he was not dead, they had ways of healing him.

One would think that this was a good thing and that one could do as so freely wanted.

However, this also meant that the training gauge of their discipline was very high.

This test was one such a test that left many sinking in the cold claws of Death's embrace.

yet, this test was one of their lower tests.

The Monastery of Pain and Pleasure welcomed all. Whether it was a criminal as creative as a monster, or an innocent person, they were all welcomed. As long as the individual sort the mastery of the two most extreme and basic forms of interactions with the world, then they were welcomed to stay.

Lenny had gotten the interest of a very secluded but incredible master amongst the masters of the temple.

In fact, rumours had it that he only came out of training once in a year for one hour to ensure the activities of the Monastery were running smoothly before he would dive once more into his training.

It was on one such visits that he met Lenny and had taken a liking to him.

He was a bald man with a very long, white goatee that reached his knees. His brows were also long and white and his eyes looked as if they were going to close and never open at anytime soon.

However, those that knew him well, knew that this old man did not even need his eyes. They were just additional features ocean of incredible capabilities.

He was known as master Lucian.

He always wore long flowing robes, and many said that while he approached, he gave one the impression that his feet were not walking on land.

Lenny beat against the ground with his fist in annoyance of his own incompetence. He did it so hard that they bleed, yet he did not want to stop. He had yet failed again and his master had to rush in to save his life from the Dire wolves that wanted to continue enjoying the taste of his flesh in between their teeth.

In his blood soaked and torn out clothes, he sat on the ground. His young eyes carried the disappointment he had in himself.

Master Lucian sat on a high slab not so far from him enjoying an apple he had plucked from a nearby tree. "Young disciple, are you already going to give up?"

"Well, what the fuck do you expect me to do? I have already tried Seventeen Fucking times. This damn test is impossible. Its either that or i was never destined to pass it in the first place."

"Hahahaha!!!" master Lucian could not help but chuckle loudly to his words.

As he laughed, Lenny covered his ears with his fingers. No matter how many times he heard that weird laughter, he could not just bare it. It sounded like chalk screeching against a board.

It even made the other masters shy away from Master Lucian, and he did not have any friends.

Master Lucian took another bite from his Apple.

"I remember you said that you are an assassin in the outside world. Is that what are you going to do once you give up here? I wander if your clients are going to give you jobs when you are such a failure."

Those words were obvious provocation to lenny.

"Oh! trust me old man. I am good. I am really good! If I was to assasinate you, I would..."

Lenny's words paused in his throat as he noticed a blade at the back of his neck.

He looked before him and Master Lucian was no longer there. Rather, he was behind him.

Lenny swallowed hard, but that action alone had made the blade against his neck give him a light cut.

Cold sweat ran down Lenny's back.

"You were saying!?" Master Lucian asked, his lips a fair distance from Lenny's ear.

Lenny immediately raised his hands in surrender.

master Lucian suddenly cracked up another laugh, "here you go!" he dropped the so called knife Lenny had felt against his neck in Lenny's hands.

To Lenny's surprise, it was just a piece of leaf. It was most likely from the tree he had plucked the apple.

However, Lenny could see a stain of his blood at the blade of the leaf.

"Come with me Young disciple!" master Lucian called to him.

Lenny massaged his neck a little, but he stood up and followed after master Lucian.

Both of them stopped at a particular tree.

"What do you see over there?" Master Lucian pointed high up on one of the trees.

"Leaves!?" Lenny answered.

bam!

He was given a knock on the head, "look closer, dump young disciple!"

Lenny nodded and looked even closer at the leaves.

There, in the shadowy parts, there was a large web, and on it was a black spider with a quite big lower abdomen that had a red hour glass painted on it.

"Its a Black Widow!"

Lenny responded.

"Good!" Master Lucian nodded, "Do not disturb her, she would be having a guest soon, when the guest arrives, tell me what you notice!"

Master Lucian turned about and left him standing there.

This sudden assignment had taken Lenny by surprise, but he knew better than to disobey Master Lucian.

He stayed and watched.

However, even after watching for an entire hour, nothing happened. There was no guest whatsoever.

Lenny got tired and sat on the ground in his wait. However, even after another three hours, there was no visitor.

By now, he was already getting hungry.

Luckily, for him, a snake strolled by. He killed it, made a fire a distance away that would not disturb the Black widow and ate the Snake.

He waited for a while longer, and just when he started to think that his master had pranked him, he saw another spider suddenly approach the large web of the Black Widow.

This spider was grey in color. It was also large, but compared to the size of the black widow, it might as well just been a dwarf.

Steadily, one step at a time, the spider approached the Black Widow. It its mouth was an Insect it had caught, well wrapped in webs.

It was normal occurrence for a spider to rush after its prey the moment it got into its web trap.

However, the Black widow did not move. Apparently, it was not the first time that this guest spider had visited.

The grey Spider dropped the prey before the Black Widow, and moved a few distance back.

The Black Widow gently walked forward towards the prey that had been presented before her.

Immediately, she sank her mandibles in its flesh to enjoy her meal.

As she did, the male spider sneakily went behind her.

However, she did not notice the spider getting behind her.

Not of course until the grey spider mounted her.

Lenny raised a brow at this.

The grey spider was obviously a male spider, and this was mating.

Now that Lenny thought about it, it was indeed Mating season.

He wanted to give the Grey Spider a thumbs up for such a move, however, as he watched, he noticed something.

The Black Widow seemed to be done with the present that had been gifted to her.

But with the way her mandibles moved, it was obvious that she still wanted more.

Immediately, she rolled over to grab the grey spider, but the Grey spider was faster.

Apparently, it had already anticipated this move.

It immediately dived out of the way and to the ground, escaping the mandibles of the Black widow.

As Lenny watched the grey spider walk away, he suddenly heard his master's voice right behind his ear.

"Fascinating! isn't it?"

Lenny instinctively jumped into a fighting stance in response.

Master Lucian chuckled at this, "do you understand now?" he asked.

Lenny scratched his head in confusion.

Bam!

Master Lucian gave him another knock on his head.

Lenny scratched hard. He really did not understand the lesson that the Master wanted him to learn.

However, Master Lucian was going to explain either ways.

"The Grey Spider is biologically programmed to seekk out the big, dangerous female Black Widow in the pleasure of mating, but it knows deep down that it also spells his end," Master Lucian pointed to the tree again.

There were other Spiders also engaging in mating, but just before the male spider would escape, the female spiders would grab it, wrap it in her web and feed on it.

"Do you know why that grey spider escaped?" Master Lucian asked Lenny.

Lenny shook his head.

Master Lucian nodded as he placed a palm before the grey spider on the ground and it climbed its palm.

He turned to Lenny, "This spider has survived many mating Seasons with one thing the others did not have," he smiled, "it is called WILL. The zeal to go against any circumstance or situation, or in this case," he let the spider crawl around his palm, "ONE'S own nature."

Master Lucian turned to him, "WILL is essence. It's born in all things. it is the reason why the Antelope runs for its life and the same reason why the leopard chases for its food. WILL is life. The one ability that defies mother nature itself. Do you understand Young disciple? It is the Actualization of Desire. It's the fuel of IT."

Master Lucian walked towards him. "So let me ask you, what is your desire? This you need to find, because without desire, WILL is weak, and if When WILL is weak, the Universe shall hide her answers from your eyes..."