

Devil Slave 151

Chapter 151 Killing Intent Of A Murderer

"Mmmm!!!" her moans echoed off the walls of the cave.

Even though A222 had pulled him down again and again, A123's curiosity to see If E666 was going to take all of the Devil's rod inside her peaked his interest a lot.

While many in the cave screamed for pain, E666 moaned in pleasure.

Watching E666 go at it made A123 swallow hard in surprise. He could not help but turn to A222, "I know women could take a lot, but honestly, how you guys fit some things in there is a wonder!"

He was not the only one that was surprised by this scene.

Back in the Arena, many demons cheered at E666 exotic actions.

Such barbaric ways gave them unending joy.

Meanwhile, the Arena masters could not help but look at Cuban with their side eyes.

Cuban pretended not to notice. He had his eyes on someone else.

Like Clawed that could not be bothered by the sensual display E666 performed, he had his eyes on Lenny.

Lenny had something that no one expected.

He had destroyed his own ears.

He did not even hear the explosion of Tank's body.

He had his own battles to fight.

After destroying his ears, he had already attacked the Devils with hard shells several times.

This time around, the confusion as a result of the drumming was no longer there, but that did not mean that he could break through their shells or stop the recoil in his muscles.

At the moment, he had scars about his body. Also, he had purple patches about his body.

This was evidence that he already had terrible internal bleeding in many places.

But he did not stop.

No! it was better to say that he could not stop.

Lenny kicked against the ground again as he rushed for the devils.

DUM!

Once more. He was sent flying like a Kite that had lost its string.

He **POURED** Blood from his mouth like his body was intentionally refusing their circulation in his blood vessels.

Yet, he did not stop.

Slowly he stood to his feet. His hands and legs shook like a person with Epilepsy.

However, he couldn't stop now.

Just like before, another attack came for him again.

He kicked against the ground to move out of the way.

It was a Canonball attack from the devils.

C888 watching could not believe what he was seeing.

If that was him, he would have given up a long time ago, or even worse, his muscles would have refused to function any more.

However, Lenny was different.

Aside from the fact he was circulating the Pain and Pleasure technique to convert all the pain in his body into pleasure, he had long developed the habit of neither giving up or backing out.

This habit had become so in built in him, that his muscles down to his bones and even the cells produced in his marrow were in fact very incapable of giving up.

His mind had been trained by a long streak of climbing up no matter how many times it took that giving up or backing out was not a vocabulary he was familiar with.

This was like asking a Prince that was born in wealth what it felt like to beg on the streets.

Such a thing was not possible.

It was like asking the Fish what it felt like to feel the wind high up in the sky as it flapped its wings. This too was not possible.

<20:35>

<1 Kill>

Time given by the system also ticked away steadily.

Yet, he had only had one Kill.

Once more, Lenny stood to his feet. His fists as the first to feel the recoil from the shells of the devils was already Bloody, and C888 could swear that the bones in his hands were already crushed.

However, Lenny kicked against the ground again as his fists attacked the devils.

DUM!!!

This sound was the loudest so far.

Lenny fell to the ground.

More Cuts from the recoil had appeared on his skin.

And this time around while he coughed, not just blood but parts of his insides were included.

C888 could not take it again.

He was tired of seeing Lenny torture himself like this. All they had to do was follow the same path as the others and they would have been out of this shitty place a long time ago. However, Lenny insisted on staying.

He was like a teenager trying hard to impress a girl that obviously did not want him.

"D999!!! Let's go! stop this madness and let's follow the Path that the others used!"

However, no matter how he screamed, Lenny did not give him any attention.

Then again, Lenny could not even if he wanted to. After all, he could not hear him.

C888 frowned. It was enough.

If Lenny was not going to leave, then he was going to carry him by force.

He jumped down to Lenny.

He tried to Pull Lenny up and put him on his shoulders. However, Lenny refused.

Lenny looked weak.

C888 was already of the opinion that he was going to Lift Lenny and carry him out by force.

At this exact moment, three devils had decided to strike.

This meant that three Canonballs were heading straight for them.

By the time C888 realized it, it was too late to move.

Also, he had not yet carried Lenny out to safety.

Without a doubt, they were going to be crushed.

Surprisingly, he decided to stand before Lenny and defend the attack, even at the cost of his life.

However, in a split second, C888 felt the dynamic of the environment change.

The Dynamic changed drastically.

It might have been his instinct to survive that had been greatly aroused to the point where time seemed to have slowed down.

He felt it at the very core of his being.

It was fear so innate and so pure that his organs churned inside him.

If they had a means of survival on their own, then this was the first time it was truly realized.

He practically felt his Liver push against his stomach in a fearful attempt to escape.

His hands pulled away from his main body in attempt to run.

This was the same feeling with his intestines, his kidney, and even his lungs.

It was as if his various body parts had developed legs of their own as they attempted to tear him apart and escape in different directions.

In his entire life, C888 had never felt so out of balance, place or togetherness. After all, the disharmony came from within his own body.

The only part of him that had resigned itself to its fate, was his spine, and that was because it was facing the source of the danger.

There was practically no way for it to escape, and so it had decided to instead desire death.

Yes! the dynamic of danger had changed.

It was not the three large, hard and ferocious cannonballs that were heading for him that gave him the primal source of fear.

No!

The fear that had made his senses suddenly develop a near consciousness of their own for instinctive survival had come from the wounded man behind him that he was trying to protect.

He wanted to turn his head and look back, but even his neck begged him.

It was like what he was doing was an abomination that would scar him for life.

Gladiators were mostly big, but rarely or never fat with incredible endurance.

However, here and now, on this spot, C888 had lost buckets of sweat. where so much of it had come from was a mystery.

He suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder.

It might as well have been the incomparable tickle of death on his skin.

Even the blood in that area of his body deserted in fear.

He felt as if his shoulder had suddenly carried a mountain that teased him of crushing his life out.

It felt both heavy and yet light.

His shoulders felt the weight of it, yet his legs denied their existence.

All this was caused by Lenny's killing Intent.

He stepped forward as he pulled C888 back by the shoulder.

"don't worry, I can handle this!" his words were very low and very fast.

And yet, C888 had heard every word loud and clear like the rumbling of thunder in the sky on a rainy day.

Lenny pulled him back lightly. But he might as well have thrown him to the wall.

At the same time, the three Cannon balls hit.

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

For those watching in the arena, Lenny was practically crushed to meat paste.

Cuban could not help but frown at this.

If Lenny had just gone with the others, this would have not happened.

However, he decided to stay.

Lady Vinegar's fingers dug into her robes tightly.

This was a reaction she made, but no one noticed because all their attention was on the screen showing Lenny's crush.

A few seconds passed like an eternity, and then it happened...

Chapter 152 Even Miracles Should Be Doubtful Sometimes.

And Just like that, all three canon balls smashed into him.

The audience watching from the Arena gasped at this.

Of course, they knew that the devils cannonballs were strong but none knew that it was going to end like this.

It had happened very fast.

The angle from which the Bat eyes were covering the fight suggested that Lenny had been turned into meat paste.

It was practically not possible for someone to have been able to have survived that.

And it was true.

Just one of these things was capable of crushing bone to powder.

Lenny surviving this long already proved his tenacity for life.

He had truly proven his toughness.

But in the end, there was only so much that a man without power could do.

No matter how strong one thought he was, or was meant to believe, foolish decisions such as the one Lenny made by forcing himself to face the Devils would only result in death.

As far as anyone was concerned, he brought this death upon his own head.

The hit was true, and everyone including the Arena masters carried their own varying emotions on their faces.

But the most comical was probably Cuban.

Nevertheless, something told him, like a whisper from the disturbance of a mosquito that he should not peel his eyes from the screen.

It was like a subtle warning.

Almost as if he would regret it if he did.

To call this hope would have been too much. Especially because he was a demon, but yet, it might as well have been so.

Somewhere deep in his heart, he wished that what he had seen was a lie. He wished that those balls would move and Lenny would not be found meat paste underneath them.

This, however, would only be a wish.

After all, as he watched, the evidence of death showed itself.

From underneath the Cannon balls, thick, rich blood flowed.

The amount that followed from underneath was evidence that the Cannon balls had crushed him well, squeezing every single drop of blood from his body.

However, something was not right.

Yes! Something did not make sense.

One of which was the fact that the Devils did not back away after they made their hit.

Instead, they remained there. It was like something held them in place.

Secondly, why was the blood still flowing?

In fact, it flowed even more than before.

"Impossible!" Basit muttered.

He sat upright in his chair.

He did not want to believe it, but these things were playing before his eyes.

Cracks suddenly formed on the Body of the cannonballs.

It spread all over the armour of the devils one after the other like the snaking and branching out of the roots of a rapidly growing tree.

It spread all over the armour of the Devils, and then like glass that had been thrown hard at the wall, the armour fell in little chunks to the ground, revealing the body of the Devils within it.

For these ones that attacked Lenny, their fate was long already sealed.

The armour fell off, revealing the soft skin of the devil underneath.

And then it happened.

It was like the recoil after shooting a gun.

Boom Boom * Boom *

The back of all three Devils exploded outwards like Balloons.

Three big holes appeared in the centre of the Devils.

These holes were so big, that they took both the chest and the belly region of the devils away.

Slowly, the devils fell backwards revealing the cause of it behind.

Doom

Their dead bodies fell heavily on the ground.

And there he was.

He still looked injured, and his mouth looked bloody, but there was a smile so cocky and yet chilling on his face.

<+3 Kills>

The kill count increased.

Everyone in the arena watching Lenny's fight was absolutely surprised by this.

They did not see and therefore did not know how Lenny had done it.

The Bat eyes had not seen the close-up details of such information.

Therefore none of them knew.

But there was someone that had seen what had happened.

Although to say he had a good grasp of explaining what had happened would be too much, it was at least a start.

C888 had been the closest to Lenny when the attack from the devils had occurred.

Lenny had pulled him back and taken a defensive stance before the Rolling cannonballs.

All he knew was that at the point that Lenny pulled him back by the shoulder, Lenny had taken a stance.

His left leg slide across the ground, stretched behind his right leg.

His Upper body lowered a bit, and his muscles taunted up, carving out a more detailed definition of his physic.

He Pulled his right hand backwards.

Both His arms did not form a fist.

No! His palms faced his opponents, and then like a loose cannon, he stroke.

His right hand had only moved three times.

One for each demon.

*Boom * Boom * Boom *

That attack had not only stopped their forward momentum, it had also paused their rotational motion.

Lenny had given the attacks and then he had resumed the stance once more.

C888 that had the opportunity to see it first hand could not believe it.

It was not like he did not want to believe it, but sometimes, even miracles had to be doubted.

Lenny had hit the Demons, and apart from them stopping, nothing had happened.

And then, the cracks rapidly spread all over their bodies, emptying them of their thick shells.

As if that was not enough, the effect of the attack had also blasted out their insides.

Lenny had only attacked three times. One for each devil. He had even attacked them when they were in their strongest mode.

And that was all it took to end them.

As the devils fell to the ground, the crowd could no longer hold it back.

The Arena once more became lively with screams and enthusiastic praise...

Chapter 153 Achieving The Impossible Is An Assassins Way

Even with C888's comprehension of what had happened, he had still been behind in the truth of what was really going on.

From the very beginning, Lenny had been attacking the Devils ceaselessly.

Every attack he made with his fist would result in a loud sound that would destabilize his coordination, and the recoil would seep into his body, destroying his muscles and tendons.

This was something that could cause one extreme pain and Fatigue.

However, things were not always what they seemed to be.

Every time Lenny hit, his goal had never been to hurt the devils.

Rather, in his mind's eye, he was searching for it. He was searching for the sweet spot.

He was searching for that point at which the hit went in and made its recoil.

He needed to know how the hit was absorbed and then sent back to him.

Most if not all assassins of his former world were good students of science.

After all, one could not tell when such information about the density of material could save one's life in a precarious position.

For this reason, Assassins were sensitive to the materials in their environment.

Whether it was smell, touch, or even the taste of it.

Their chemical and physical properties were firmly stamped in their heads.

However, the bodies of these devils were nothing like he had ever felt before.

But then again, that should not be possible.

After all, they were still to a specific level Organic matter. Although of a different one than he was used to, the fact still remained. These devils were still Matter.

Matter still remained anything that had weight and could occupy space.

These devils were Matter.

This meant that they had to be made of something.

After all, they did not just poof out of thin air.

Even if, they had to be made from something.

And that was what Lenny had been searching for from the beginning of the fight.

Every time he made a hit, he had done something many would never believe was possible.

Using the feel of the devil's shell against his skin, and the Vibration the recoil sent into his muscles, he had been searching deep within his head for what the devils were made of.

All of which was in relation to the temperature of the room, humidity and how the surface of the devils' shells reacted to all these things.

With every attack he made, his mind performed hundreds of Chemical reactions in his head, mixing up known materials of the periodic table and predicting what their various results would be.

In other words, he was conducting bio research on the devils before his eyes in his head, using only the feel of his touch and the recoil from the devils body that he felt in his muscles.

After all, every object reacted in a different way when it was hit hard by an external force.

Some absorbed the hit in total, some absorbed a part of it while dissipating the remaining about its body, and some totally rejected everything that was offered.

However, the devil's body absorbed the hit, and seemed to amplify it in its body in a fraction of a second and sent it back.

Lenny had not just destroyed his hearing because he was trying to stop the sound of the drumming from destroying his coordination, but because he did not want external distractions or influence while his brain multitasked on conducting experiments to find the weakness of the devils' shells.

He did this even at the risk of getting injured and bruised. Even though his muscles tore and pain originated from deep within his bones, he did not stop, and neither did he back off.

What made a great Assassin great, was not just in accomplishing assignments but in their ability to adapt to any and every situation no matter what the cost may be.

Lenny had found himself in such a precarious situation, and his highly trained mind kicked into overdrive.

After his mind had discovered the properties of the shells, the next step was on how to break through it while also minding the fact that he needed to ensure that what so ever solution he arrived at ensured that the devils had a quick death.

After all, he was still under the Satan system's timer.

If he missed, the only solution would be death.

At this point, Lenny concluded on using his white flames.

However, he did not totally release it.

Rather, he filled up his palm with the heating effect of the white flame.

This was the secret to his attacks.

He was using heat to kick back the recoil.

His hands had moved very fast.

To the untrained eyes like that of C888's. All he had done was send out three attacks.

One for each devil.

But in truth, he had actually hit six times.

Two for each devil.

When his right hand moved, he first hit with the tip of his fingers so that the hit would go into the shell of the devil, and then just when it was about to recoil, his palm that was filled with white flames would hit at the point of the recoil.

Thereby forcing the recoil back into the body of the shell.

This would make the energy circulate a few times inside the body of the devil.

Since the shell already had an amplifying effect, the attack would amplify itself many times in the shell.

Every object had its limit when it came to energy.

That is, there was only so much it could take.

The continuous amplification made the shell destroy itself and then the remnant of the energy coagulated at the centre of the devil's body, and this was what resulted in the bursting of its centre.

The three devils fell like trees desired by Lumbermen.

Lenny wiped the blood from his mouth.

This had been his sacrifice to achieve the impossibility that he had just made a reality.

Next, he was going to kill all in his path...

Chapter 154 Graceful Chaotic Dance Of A Murderer

"I heard Devils were a people of chaos," Lenny muttered lowly, "True chaos is not the distability of Order. It is the presence of it within Order. Let me show you Chaos."

Lenny kicked against the ground as he rose in the air.

C888 watched attentively.

At this moment, if he was to describe Lenny, it would be in two words, "Gracefully Frightening."

Lenny's body floated in the air and then like a an eagle that had found it's prey, he dove down, right in the middle of the Devils.

As he landed, he moved his hands.

A devil behind him was caught unaware as Lenny's elbow gave a strike backwards.

It was so fast that it looked like one hit, but just as before, it was double.

Dum

Even without looking at the result of his attack, he moved again.

His fingers stroke like the strike of a hungry lion on an unfortunate rabbit.

He brought it down ferociously.

After that, it was his knee, and then his feet as it moved like a serpent hunting fish.

Every part of his body had become a subtle weapon for chaotic destruction.

To C888 and everyone watching from the Arena, Lenny was performing a dance.

At least, that was what it looked like.

But in the harmonic rhythm of this dance, his feet, hands, joints and any part of his body capable of voluntary motion had become a sort of weapon.

If this dance was a performance, then the crowd would have stood in applause.

However, this was a massacre.

An absolute Massacre.

Even though they were Devils, their deaths in the hands of Lenny did not only look but felt unjust to the Audience watching.

The worse part of it was that his attacks on the Devils sounded loudly. Because of the nature of the shell of these devils, every hit was like the drumming of back up instrumentalists.

Before Lenny had began this Massacre, he had said he would show true chaos.

Apparently, he had not been exaggerating.

His dance was like a princess celebrating the joy of finding love.

But the deaths he caused was like a lion playing with a heard of cattle.

Blood burst from every being his body touched.

He was like a painter experimenting with new paint.

Every attack was a different splash of red paint on the walls.

Like pampered children in a cafeteria during lunch break that had little to know value for food, and instead played around in a food fight.

Except in this case, Lenny threw the food at the wall like it was his opponent.

Basit watched the fight from the Arena and his eyes widened in surprise, "is he throwing tomatoes at the walls!?"

This question had popped up subconsciously from his mouth.

His mouth had not been able to hold back and spat out the troubles of his mind.

These words as an Arena master should not have been spoken.

But in this scenario, no one could even question his words.

Lenny was putting up a show like never before seen.

All the Demons in the Arena had forgotten to watch the other gladiators and their eyes were glued to the scene of Lenny fighting.

The bat eyes could not transmit sound, but everyone watching could feel deep within their being the rhythm of his movements.

It was as if his every kick or punch played a string in their souls.

The entire Arena had even gone silent.

Some demons even hesitated breathing in fear that they would disrupt his chaotic dance.

Even though they were not there, Lenny's every movement drew them in like hungry cats to the enticing smell of rotten fish.

Lenny gave the last attack with his Elbow.

He had started with it, and he had ended with it.

Graceful Chaos!

That was the name of the Assassin technique he had just used.

It was ancient, but then again, he had learnt it from a master with ancient but resounding capabilities.

<+100 kills>

<+100 magic points>

<+300 Stre>

<+500 Agil>

<+50 bonus points on all stats for finishing Early>

The sweet sound of Alearts sounded in his head to congratulate him for his expressive efforts.

He had completed the required task and had even killed more.

Blood flowed on the ground as a testimony to his unforgiving fists.

And the walls were painted with a new attention to a deeper color.

Of course, guts and innards hung on the rocks.

They were like pretty decorations to a Christmas tree.

Yet, in all this, not a single drop of blood from the devils that had been unfortunate to meet him had stained his body.

In fact, in the continuous attacks he sprayed out, the system had managed to heal his body good.

And the reward from the Satan system had sped up that process.

Lenny looked all around and shook his head.

He sighed lowly.

Even though he had gotten the reward from the system, and had killed all the devils, he was really sad.

Lenny could not help but kneel on the ground as a few drops of tears were tempted to fall from his eyes.

This surprised all of them that were watching.

This included C888.

He really did not understand why Lenny's eyes looked like a newborn that had just dropped a candy.

However, none of them knew that Lenny was pained because he did not get the chance to drink the blood from the hearts of these devils.

After all, they were stronger than the average.

If he had taken it, it would have definitely added to his strength.

But he had attacked so hard that he destroyed the insides of the devils.

There was nothing left for him to squeeze out.

This was his pain.

As his eyes traced the dead bodies with the Giant holes in their centers, he could not hold it any more and screamed to the sky.

After a few minutes of shedding tears to his heart's content, he wiped his eyes and stood up to his feet.

He turned to C888, "are you coming?"

C888 was speechless. He had just seen a graceful but deathly dance.

After which, the cause of the deaths had gone on his knees and cried for the dead!?

"Why not just go around them like I suggested earlier!?" C888 thought to himself.

However, he held back his tongue. Lenny was not a person he was willing to offend.

Even if the sky was going to drop and beg him to do it, he was not going to be that foolish.

He stood to his feet and followed behind Lenny.

In C888's head, Lenny was not a person he could understand.

One moment he was killing, and the next he was crying, and just like that, he had a straight emotionless face like none of it had happened.

C88 followed behind Lenny and the both of them walked through the passage and into the region that the others had entered.

This was the location of the mini boss.

Lenny had already promised himself that he was going to ensure that his attacks let him enjoy the meal.

After all, growing in strength while having a nice meal was the sweetest part of the job.

As they walked, C888 could see the dead bodies on the ground.

While Lenny was engaged with the Devils, he had heard a loud explosion from this place.

One look and he was sure that a fierce battle had taken place.

Blood and flesh bathed the place.

From the pungent smell, it was obvious that a lot have died, and not too long too.

The cave passage was quiet except for the continuous trickle of blood from the walls, and it's flow that formed a small red stream.

From the marks on the dead bodies, C888 could see the gladiator Classes of the dead bodies on the ground.

They were a lot of A and B class.

Ideally, these people were stronger than him.

Subconsciously, he walked even closer to Lenny.

After all, with the things he had seen Lenny do, he was safer walking closest to him.

However, Lenny did not even give the dead on the ground a second look.

They were of no significance to his goal.

He was like a rich man taking a peaceful stroll in his garden.

Nothing could bother him.

They went through the passages and after several turns, an even more awful sight.

It was as if the many deaths of gladiators they had seen till this particular cave was all an appetizer.

This was where the real struggle for life happened.

Just then, two people rushed over.

It was A222 and A123.

"D999 you have to get away from here. She is fucking crazy!" A222 advised.

Lenny looked at the two of them with a frown on his face.

Both of them were panicking, and had obvious worry on their faces.

Just then, Lenny felt the earth shake as the silhouette of a monster approached....

Chapter 155 Behold, He Was Pale With Joy

A few minutes ago....

E666 fell from the body of the devil.

Blood and white paste flood in an unmixable mixture from her legs. However, as it did, her body glowed in Pink light.

She had just had it rough with this devil.

However, this was also an incredible improvement in her strength.

The devil stood up, and her eyes laid on it weakly.

Even though she was exhausted, and incredible pain jolted from her legs to the rest of her body, she still had a smile on her face.

"Hahaha!!!" she giggled crazily. In her head, she could see Lenny holding her by the neck as he rammed his male Organ inside her, and his tender but ferocious gaze sinking into her eyes.

SLAP!

She slapped herself, "No! that is the wrong scene," she whispered to herself.

And then her thoughts played again, and she saw Lenny with his broken limbs on the ground. Of course, this was the devil's handy work.

She stripped him of his loin cloth, and then made subtle cuts on his skin so that she could lick his blood as she rode him.

"yes! such bliss. I can't wait!" she muttered as saliva leaked down the side of her mouth, "with this, he will surely love me..."

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Lenny looked at the cave room with bright eyes.

He was actually very excited about what he was seeing.

Human body parts littered every where the eyes could see.

Blood Flowed on the ground like spilled milk from the fridge, and the sudden quietness that seemed to have come from an horror movie before the punchline streamed through the atmosphere of the room.

Lenny looked at the body parts that looked like the left overs of a Pig's feast on the ground. He tried to hold it back, but his excitement was clear on his face.

His smile extended so wide that it seemed to reach his ears. Even his eyes looked to be smiling.

He did not even need to use Surveyor on the bodies of the Gladiators that had died for him to know that they were crazy strong.

If so many strong Gladiators were dead, then it meant that this Mini boss was going to provide him with the thrill of a life time.

It also meant that he was about to feast on a very tasty devil heart.

Just then, his perception ability detected motion from a corner.

Lenny's smile got brighter, and he was just about to lean in and attack the moment the Devil showed its face.

However, as he was about to attack, he caught the look of the person's face.

It was A123.

Lenny's entire excitement crashed down immediately to rock bottom.

And he had to hold himself from giving A123 a resounding slap on the face.

As A123 rushed over, so did A222.

"D999, you have to get away from here! She is fucking Crazy!!"

"Huh!?" Lenny raised a brow at them.

He could see their obvious panic, but he really did not see what the problem was.

At this moment, his perception ability finally got sense of it.

As it did, a drop of sweat trailed down lenny's forehead.

And then the heavy sounds of footsteps could be heard.

One step at a time.

It was so heavy and domineering that the hearts of those in the room could not help but follow the rhythm of the beat.

As it did, blood rushed from all their faces. This included Lenny's.

Gladiators were very sensitive to those of superior strength.

They were also sensitive to those that had bathed in the death and blood of others.

Devils were usually of both categories, but this one felt different.

It was like standing before a mountain and sensing that you were inferior in every possible way.

It was like climbing a high building and standing at its edge as a reminder of your mortality.

"Hahahaha!!!" Basit gave a hearty laugh.

"Who could have thought that your own gladiators would turn on one another. This is Hilarious! Hahahaha!!!" he gave hearty laughs.

Cuban turned to him, "It does not matter if they turn on one another, you will not still win the Bet!"

Cuban had a cocky grin.

"Really!" Basit looked at Cuban like he was a fool, "Surely, even a Banished son such as yourself can tell that it is not over."

Hearing those words made Cuban angry and his Darkline energy seemed to flow out slightly from his body. He hated when he was reminded of his heritage

"Or are you forgetting about him!" Basit added as he pointed to another screen.

It was at a particular gladiator.

This gladiator from the very beginning had had a smooth Passage.

Whether it was from the very beginning all the way to the third level, it had been a stroll in the park.

This gladiator had not even needed to draw his weapon once.

From the moment he entered the Dungeon, the devils have been hiding from him.

All of them had avoided him.

Even the Mini Boss Devil of the first level had hidden itself when he was passing.

This was also the same thing for the Mini boss of the second Level.

At the moment, he was on his way to the Main boss Devil of the Dungeon.

All the while, he had walked one step at a time.

Whenever the devils sensed him approaching, hiding was their only option.

Cuban heard this and frowned.

"Yes! there is still that one," Cuban thought to himself as he looked at the screen with the frail looking girl that was strolling towards the main Boss Devil with a smile on her face.

Meanwhile, the Mini Boss Devil appeared before Lenny.

As it did, so did E666 sitting on its shoulder.

This was a very monstrous beast.

E666 saw the pale reaction on their faces, especially on Lenny's.

This made her very excited.

However, unknown to her, Lenny was not pale in fear, but he was so joyed that his heart seemed to have stopped beating and that was the reason his face was Pale...

Chapter 156 Lenny Vs Mini Boss Devil Of The First Level

This was a very huge Devil.

It towered high above Lenny, and on one side of its shoulder, E666 sat looking down at him.

A123 and A222 had seen what this Mini Boss devil could do first-hand.

Even Tank after overdosing on three devil pills could do nothing.

This was not an opponent any of them could challenge and expect to come out in one piece, and that was on the faint assumption that they even came out alive.

At the moment, A123 and A222 had already backed off.

C888 too seeing the towering monster had also subconsciously taken several steps back.

This devil did not look much different from the devils Lenny had just fought except that it was bigger and of course far stronger.

Its Shell was Metallic, and it had long hard spikes from its shell's body.

Even though it stood just before Lenny, Lenny did not back off.

He looked up at the blazing Devil's eyes. He could very well see the pinkish glow in the depths of its red eyes.

"Hmmm!" he looked at E666 on its shoulder, "I knew this world had destroyed the Depravity meter, but you my dear, are on a totally different level!"

One look at the Devil and Lenny Knew what E666 had done with it. After all, she needed to have sensual contact to be able to fully seduce a person.

And here before him was a fully grown Devil with Pinkish glow in its eyes.

"Will you submit!?" E666 licked her fingers at the sight of him.

Even though she had just had the devil, the sight of Lenny made her body hot in anticipation of pleasure.

"Are you challenging me?" Lenny muttered lightly. The fear that E666 thought that she sensed was suddenly no way to be found.

Instead, in Lenny's eyes was a strong desire, ready to erupt like an active volcano.

His gaze was so strong that even though she was the one looking on him, it felt like he was looking down on her.

If she was not sitting, she would have stepped back in fear already.

This was it. That look in his eyes managed to somehow resurrect her deepest fears and still managed to arouse her desires at the same time.

Her breath suddenly became heavy.

She could not hold in any longer.

She patted the devil's head as she jumped off its shoulder.

"Break him!" She ordered.

Immediately, the Devil lifted its big broad, and incredibly muscular hand and brought it down like a huge mallet on a tiny nail.

As it did, A222 and A123 already sealed it in their hearts that he was going to be crushed like the Mushroom paste they were so used to eating in the Arena.

However, in the split second that the devil attacked, Lenny moved.

The others might not have been strong enough to have seen it clearly, but not A222.

Her senses of her environment were sharp. With her strength level and extra natural gifts, she had seen it well.

All Lenny had done was to slightly move his left leg to the side, and by just a fraction so small that a tiny shift would have crushed Lenny, he managed to dodge the attack.

However, unlike expected, He did not back away but instead leaned in even further into the Miniboss.

He was so close to it that it looked like he was about to whisper sweet words into its ear.

A222 did not understand. However, she suddenly saw Lenny's right hand move.

It pistoled through the air, breaking apart the wind as it did.

DUM!!!

A Loud DUM sound was heard, and Lenny was flung back like an Arrow that had been jolted out of its tensioned stringed bow.

Boom!

He hit the wall behind him, breaking through it.

All the others saw was Lenny speeding through the air.

A123 ran up to him, "come! we have to get out of here. The Mini boss is too strong. If you fight him, you will..." A123 suddenly felt a pull from his shoulder.

SLAP!!!

It was C888 that gave him a resounding slap on the face.

This took A123 by surprise. However, C888 pointed at Lenny on the ground, "Are you a fool? Can't you see!?"

A123 looked in the direction he pointed.

It was to Lenny's face.

Blood strolled down Lenny's face. However, Lenny had a broad, but devilishly creepy smile on his face.

It was so creepy that A123 actually took a step back.

And then C888 pointed at the room Lenny had broken into.

On the ground of this room were Devils littered all over the ground with mighty holes in the center of their bodies.

"Those devils! Are those not the ones we passed?" A222 voiced out her lover's thoughts.

The room that had been broken into had the Devils Lenny had killed only moments ago.

"You guys had left when he did that!" C888 added, "you will be a fool to go near him now."

"Why!?" A123 asked still annoyed that a person weaker than him had slapped him.

"because he had that same smile when he ripped those giant holes in them."

All three of them turned to Lenny.

Like a dead man rising from the dead, he rose back to his feet.

Tip tap!

Lenny's blood touched the earth, leaking from his face.

"So you are made of slightly different compounds from the others!" Lenny muttered lowly, "But no matter," he chuckled, "I will make sure to preserve your heart well!"

he raised his head to look at his opponent.

At this moment, it occurred to A123, A222 and C888 that the devil monster after that Attack had not pursued any further.

Knowing how devils operated, this was very weird.

They all subconsciously turned to look at the devil.

And then they saw it.

The point Lenny had punched smoked like a fire that had been dosed with water.

The point of punch on its body was dented horribly....

Chapter 157 I Guess I Better Thank The Chef

A123, A222 and C888 subconsciously took several steps back.

After all, Lenny was an acclaimed mad man. It would not be surprising if they died being caught in the blast of his attacks. It was best to stay away as best as possible.

However, E666 watched from a corner. Her face was flushed red, and her eyes remained on Lenny's bloody face.

She swallowed hard at the look of his ferociousness, and her legs tightened in fervent anticipation.

As the drops of blood fell down Lenny's face, some of it strolled to his lips, and his tongue licked it.

BOOM!

He lifted from the ground as he launched himself once more for the Mini Boss Devil.

Once more, he punched again.

However as he did, the devil turned its back to him. Facing him with the Spiked back.

Lenny saw this, but that was not going to stop him. He threw hard punches for Spiked shell.

DANG! DANG!!* DANG!!!*

Surprisingly, his hands did not touch or get entangled in any spike.

This surprised the Gladiators watching. After all, they could hear the DANG sounds like loud ringing of hammer against hammer.

A222 watched closely. She was the only one that her natural abilities could help her to truly enjoy this fight.

She could see it Clearly.

Lenny's fists did not hit the shell. In fact, it stopped right before the spikes on the shell.

But then if it did not hit, what was making all that ringing noise?

She strained her eyes to see even better, slowing down Lenny's movement in her head.

And then she saw it.

Lenny was not hitting the shell with his fists.

Rather, the wave force of his attack breaking through the air was what hit the Devil.

Once more, the several punches he blessed the Shell with left dents on it.

However, Lenny frowned.

The back was obviously much stronger than the shell on the front.

Just then, Lenny had a forbidden feeling and immediately kicked backwards.

Luckily he did, the spikes on the Devil's back suddenly elongated further, and then like a machine gun spitting out its content, the spikes were released at Lenny.

Mirror Steps!

Lenny activated his assassin movement technique that allowed him to displace his position, leaving his after image behind.

The Gladiators watching also took cover from the blast of spikes.

One spike from the Devil was like the size of a teenager's forearm.

A123 covered A222 on the ground.

After a while, the firing stopped.

A222 felt her stomach get wet.

However, the liquid was warm. She was very familiar with this.

This was blood.

A123 had been hit. Fortunately, they hid behind a huge rock in time. However, one of the spikes had actually charged through the rock and embedded itself by A123's side.

"A123!!!" A222 panicked as she rolled him over. She put some pressure on the wound to stop the bleeding.

Lenny turned in their direction. A member of his team had been hurt. It made him angry.

He closed his eyes a bit, and the moment he opened it, his face suddenly snaked with bulging veins. This was the same thing with the rest of his body.

WILL!

He had achieved his WILL ability.

He rushed for the Devil.

As he came, The Devil turned its back to him again. But this was not going to be like the last time.

lenny side stepped to hit it.

As he did, the Devil waved its big, heavy arm for Lenny's head. The attack was swift, and it was definitely going to hit.

However, Lenny's Right foot shifted slight. With his Toes fixed firmly on the ground, his pivot shifted to the right, twisting and acting as a string that pulled the rest of his body as he bent backwards to dodge the attack.

That pull with his right foot allowed him to turn Three hundred and sixty degrees in the air.

As his hand turned, a Katana suddenly appeared in his left hand.

SLASH!

In that moment, everything seemed to have come to a pause.

And then a devil head rolling in the hair like a deflated ball fell to the ground.

Dud!

It rolled on the ground a little before coming to a stop.

The big body of the Mini Boss Devil swayed a bit before falling to the ground.

As it did, everyone looked at it speechless.

How could there not? Even those in the Arena looked at him in a new light.

After all, this was the same devil that had been surrounded by a multiple of gladiators on all sides and it had ended them effortlessly.

Even Tank had taken the Devil's pill, over dosing on it just to bring down this Devil, yet he had failed in really pathetic way. Blowing up like a water Balloon.

Yet, Lenny had done it as if he was just another regular joe cleaning his Yard.

Lenny deactivated WILL.

He staggered a bit in his tiredness.

Using Will was always draining and left him weak.

"D999! Its not dead until you destroy its heart!" A222 reminded him.

However, this was something Lenny already planned on doing. He raised his head, and looked at the big body of the devil that had touched the ground.

Dragging his sword behind him, he immediately mounted its body.

He traced the tip of the blade on the body of the Devil to its chest.

Swash! Swash!!*

Two quick but effective slashes on the chest of the beast and the Shell was carved out.

As he did this, Lenny could see that the beast struggled a little. It was really still alive.

He stretched his hand into its chest and brought out its heart.

It was big and even as he pulled it from the veins and arteries that held it in place, it still beat steadily.

Lenny dropped the sword and raised the heart above his face, "Thank you for the food!" he whispered as he squeezed the heart tightly.

The blood flowed poured into his mouth like a running tap, bathing his body as it did in its dark, ugly red.

<Alert>

<Heart Blood of Mini Boss Consumed>

<All Stats Improved +200 Points>

<Congratulations: Lesser Demon Rank 3 Unlocked>

<Congratulations: Special Bonus points for finishing first Mini Boss devil +10 Magic points>

The Alerts rang in his head like the the jingles Christmas, bringing a wide jolly grin to his face.

Lenny squeezed all the blood in the heart.

he turned and noticed the eyes of the three gladiators on him.

They stared at him the same way they had been staring at the Mini Boss devil.

"Oh! forgive me," Lenny apologized, "do you guys also want a bite!?"

He threw the heart in the air and waved his Katana in the air, cutting the heart into smaller digestible looking chunks.

He swung his hands, sending the meat pieces for them.

However, they avoided it not to talk of catching or consuming it.

How Could they? They were not mad like Lenny.

A devil's heart was the strongest source of Chaos energy that existed.

It would be divine foolishness on their parts to eat it.

Just then, Lenny felt the body of the devil beneath him shake as it withered away.

this took Lenny by surprise.

The body of the Mini Boss devil was actually disappearing.

It was slowly turning to dust.

Lenny immediately turned over to the head he had cut off in the distance.

That too was disappearing.

Just then, Lenny noticed the clean cut of the neck he had made.

"NO!!!" Lenny screamed as he dived for the head, and willed it into his storage space just before it disappeared.

He sighed lowly.

Lenny was a collector of meat that had been cut beautifully.

There was no way he was going to let the neck that he had just given a clean shave escape his collection.

Seeing that he had made it in time, he felt better.

However, his ear suddenly twitched to a particular person moving and he waved his hand, throwing his sword in that direction.

DUM!

"AHHH!!!" E666 screamed loudly.

She was a very flexible person, and her demon half made it easier for her to move like cat stalking a mouse.

But Lenny had the senses of one trained to hunt the the hunter.

The moment she tried to escape, he noticed.

His sword nailed her by her shoulder to the wall.

He turned in her direction, "forgive me! I aimed for your head. It would seem like I missed." He chuckled a little as he stood to his feet and walked towards her.

He did not rush. Like a guy in a Boy band walking down the stage to an audience of adoring female fans, he walked steadily towards her.

E666 had fear in her eyes at his approach.

Every step he took hammered heavily in her heart.

He stopped before her, leaned in, and brought her head to his.

"So you were the one that prepared the meal. I guess I better thank the Chef," a disastrous smile decorated his lips.

Chapter 158 Torture Of E666...Sorry, But I Don't Like Pink. Red Is More My Style

Lenny's words were not loud, but it might as well been thunder in her head.

"But first," Lenny pulled back, "we have to ensure the perfect system for you is made."

He stroked his chin a bit, "you know, I still have a few hours to spare, I think I can take very good care of you."

Lenny turned to the gladiators behind him, "I want you guys to help me with a little science project. It's nothing too big, but not small either."

"HUH!?" They looked at him weirdly.

"What's a science project?" A222 asked in obvious ignorance.

"Many of the corpses are still fresh, I want you to get all of them for me. The more blood it still got in it, the better."

There all looked at him weirdly but they still did as he instructed.

They worked, bringing corpses to him.

Firstly, Lenny skinned a few of them while the others, he drained their blood into one of the turtle Shells of the Monsters he had killed.

He did not rush but took his time every step of the way.

Meanwhile, E666 was still nailed to the wall. She was made to watch as Lenny made it before her eyes.

Back in the Arena, the Demons were surprised by this.

Lenny had suddenly become a carpenter?

Except, what he worked with was not wood but human bones.

Half-borns were different from normal human beings.

Firstly, their blood took much longer time to dry. Also, they had stronger Tendons and bones.

Lenny used the bones of different Half Borns to firstly make a high chair.

This chair was as high as twelve feet.

It had a back rest and even a arm rest. All of which was made of bones.

However, the chair was Hollow where one would sit for comfort.

This chair was made with arm and leg bones of dead gladiators all of which was strongly held together by their tendons.

This only took about an hour for Lenny to make.

Next, he used a Katana to sharpen the femur into a sharp pointed edge.

This pointed femur, he attached with another until it was six feet in length.

Along the body of the femur, Lenny used the tiny broken bones on the ground to form rough, sharp spikes that acted as Thorns.

This way, the Femur had become a Pike with sharp thorns on it.

The next part was the really tricky part.

It was also the most difficult. However, as the best Assassin in the world, he was not lacking one bit in practical physics.

In fact,

The reason for the difficulty was because this was to be done without any measuring tool whatsoever.

Fortunately, Lenny had the Satan system that acted as a measuring tool in his eyes.

With this, he made a little Turning Wheel contraption connected to a set of zigzag arm and leg bones connected with one another.

Of course, these bones were all tied with people's tendons, while the wheel itself was carved out from a set of very broad hip bones.

From the looks of it, it was most likely from a female Gladiator.

The Turning Wheel was made in such way that it had deep grooves on its body.

As Lenny continued to work tirelessly, those in the Arena could not believe what they were seeing.

After all, this was still the Devil Dungeon. A dangerous place that had seen the end of many.

Yet, Lenny was treating it like his back yard.

Also, Gladiators were neither taught physics nor geometry.

However, he was clearly using their principles.

Clawed turned to Cuban, "it would seem that this Reminder of yours has truly inherited the knowledge of the old world. You are quite Lucky to have one so talented."

Cuban bowed his head in gratitude for the compliment.

However, he knew that this was not just a compliment but an express desire to buy Lenny from his Hands.

If this was before, maybe. But definitely not after Lenny has shown the several Capabilities that he possessed.

After making the wheel, Lenny placed the big turtle shell that was now filled with human blood high up, hanging by human tendons and muscles to the roof.

The shell that acted as a bucket was placed right above the wheel with grooves.

Lenny looked at the Torture contraption he had just created and he was pleased with himself.

He had done it all with bones and blood.

This was a typical old Torture chair with a thorn pike underneath it connected to a wheel.

The wheel was turned by the drops of blood from above.

As it turned, the pike with sharp thorns under the chair would be projected upwards.

Although it looked like Lenny had put in this much time and work just because he wanted to hurt E666.

However, he knew the Bat eyes were sending everything here to the Arena.

He wanted those demons to know what he was capable of.

After all, the only way one could win the respect of devils, was to be a monster to the Devils.

Throughout the process of making this magnificent torture chair, A123, A222 and C888 had stared at him like they were seeing the most horrific beast ever.

Lenny walked up to E666, "You seduced a Devil just to have revenge on me, right?"

She shook her head, "No, I...I," she stammered, "I did it to have you! I could have just had the devil stay still and have you kill it, but I knew you wouldn't have fun that way."

"So you instructed it to break my bones!?" Lenny asked.

"Yes!" She nodded.

"WOW!" Lenny paused a bit as he thought about it.

It was true.

If she had just sent the Devil to him so that he could eat it's heart, then it would have been no fun, and meal would have not been satisfying.

Lenny looked at her beautiful eyes, and for the first time in his life, he could not believe he was admitting this, but this was a woman that truly understood him.

This actually touched his heart.

He stroked her face a little as his hands went behind her head.

He pulled her close and leaned in like a lover about to give a kiss.

His fingers slide to the center of her legs, and he stroked her slightly.

Again and again until she became really moist.

His fingers on her made her mind go blank with pleasure. Her wetness dripped steadily to the ground.

"Finally, he sees me!" She thought to herself.

E666 also leaned in expecting his kiss on her lips.

However, just when their lips were about to meet, Lenny lifted her up by her neck.

"I'm sorry sweet heart. Pink is not my color, I prefer red."

He lifted her and dropped her on the 12 feet high chair.

He strapped her hands to the arm rest with human tendons.

After which, he strapped her legs too.

He even made a sit belt to ensure that she did not move. Afterwards, he turned to the gladiators.

"You have all worked hard to finish the first level. It has not been easy," Lenny sighed like a mother understanding the pain of her children's work.

"I have decided to put up a little show for us as we take our rest before moving on to the second Level."

As he talked, Lenny walked up to the shell of Blood just above the Wheel.

With his Katana, he poked a hole in it.

Afterwards, he carried big rocks and placed them a bit of a distance before the Torture chair.

These were for the Audience to watch.

"Come on! You guys should come sit with me."

They looked at one another.

They nodded and went to sit. Even A123 regardless of the pain from his abdomen, joined in.

No one wanted to be unfortunate enough to be the next E666.

When Lenny said that this was a show, he had not been exaggerating.

As blood dropped steadily from the shell onto the turning wheel, it fell right on the grooves of the turning wheel.

Thereby pushing the wheel into a turning motion.

This turning motion rotated the Zigzag bones that in turn pushed the eight feet long bone pike with sharp turns on it upwards.

The Pike was pushed upwards into the chair in a drilling motion.

Lenny had been so precise with his measurements that he hit the nail right on the head.

The thorned pike Drilled upwards steadily right for E666's Lady hole.

When Lenny had touched her earlier on, his aim had only to ensure that there was enough lub to let the pike easy access into her insides.

Lenny ensured that the blood that fell on the wheel, fell in few drops.

That way, E666 felt every pain he offered her inch by inch.

The Pike Drilled into her insides steadily.

"Please! No! Don't do this. Please....I ...I love you..." She begged as much as she could, but Lenny only chuckled lightly to her words.

First came the penetration, and then as the sharp pike turned upwards inside her, the thorns on its body carved out the insides of her meat.

This was not a rushed process... It was slow and the pain that came with it was excruciating.

The drilling pike rotated steadily, drilling her, blood and shaved meat fell from her insides as she screamed in pain...

Chapter 159 The Different Flavors Of Pain

Lenny remembered that Master Lucian taught that Pain was like the Rainbow.

It came in different colors and therefore different waves.

Every color as unique as it's shade, so was it's hurt.

A simple version would be the difference between having a headache and a bruised knee.

Or having a burn and the heart broken from the loss of a loved one.

However, each and every one was unique in its own right.

In fact, it was okay to say that it was special.

After all, even if it was the prick of a needle or multiple needles, it was still pain.

An acknowledgement of its existence was vital in understanding why it was felt, and how it should be enjoyed.

For most, pain just happens and stays the same.

It was like using a cheat to suddenly get to the finish line. Or using an Helicopter to reach the peak of a mountain.

Once the pain happens, it is sudden and it just stays there.

Then, there was a different kind of pain.

This one started low, but then broadens over time. Much like the spread of a disease, it broadens its reach as it encompasses the individual.

Then, there was pain that came in waves.

It was just like the waves seen when a pebble was thrown in water.

There was a brief half a second interval when it does not hurt between each successful wave.

But this kind of pain might as well be torture.

After all, the brief relief was not a break as it was illusioned to be, but the presence of a possibility without that pain.

A constant reminder that it could be better, but it wasn't.

This pain had a psychological effect.

In that lets your mind longing for those brief half-seconds of relief that you would never be able to truly call yours.

There was also pain that bordered on two or more colors of the spectrum.

Like a mixture of ice and fire, or the mixture of sweet and bitter.

It tastes good at the tip of the tongue, but awful at the end.

All of this, were flavors of pain.

Whether it was those that came in waves or those that sat as lonesome wolves of their own spectrum, none was as terrifying as the unforgettable blend of them all.

Like the taste of the ingredients to make a soup.

Individually, there are not bad and might not be bad to the taste buds.

But together in perfect blend and harmony, the taste of the soup is birthed at the sacrifice of all their individual flavors.

Such was the pain that E666 was feeling at the moment.

It was a blend of it all.

To make the show even better, Lenny had secretly used a centipede chimera ant's heart juice on the tip of the burrowing spike.

After all, the liquid from centipede chimera ant's heart was an Aphrodisiac.

As Lenny took his seat to watch, he couldn't help but sigh lowly.

The only thing that was missing right now, was pop corn, but unfortunately, such did not exist in this futuristic but backward world.

He would have to settle for the memory of enjoying good popcorn while at the movies.

And so it began.

Firstly, the drilling pike slowly separated her virginal lips as it thrust upwards.

The moment the aphrodisiac touched her skin, it's effects had already started.

However, what happened next made her wish she did not have holes in her body.

As the drops of blood fell on the Turning Wheel, the thorned pike slowly drilled into her.

The tip itself did nothing.

But the bony thorns on its body was totally a different issue.

Like trying to lick the bowl of delicious lasagna, the thorns licked at the flesh of her insides.

Shaving the meat, slowly.

It was not rushed and no matter how she screamed or shook in pain, it was no use.

This chair was made in Half-born bones.

Lenny had only used the best bones. Of course, these were A class Gladiator bones.

She opened her mouth and screamed to the heavens.

Her loud screams echoed off the walls like the drums at a concert.

She could feel every layer of flesh carve out of her.

It was like an old sculptor with withered fingers, begging his old muscles to carve out his greatest Master piece before his death.

Every shaving like a snails crawl was slow and enduring.

The Aphrodisiac was not helping matters either.

Like a plague, it corrupted her mind.

There was the excruciating pain of having one's flesh slowly chiseled from inside out, and also the sensual desire for the pike to go deeper.

It was a back and forth transfer of incinerating pain and venerated Pleasure in her mind.

At a point, she started to form on her mouth.

The Pike went further inside.

Below her was already a pool of blood and meat shavings that fell like droppings of food from a toddlers mouth.

The Demons back in the Arena watched this.

Demons were a very cruel race.

Infact, that statement was true even to themselves, but Lenny's ways might have actually opened up their minds to a different flavor of pain.

Many actually took notes.

While some watched with clear attentiveness afraid that they would lose the important details for such a slow torture to death technique.

While some others were grateful that they were not in E666's shoes.

Either ways, the fact stood that many wondered what kind of things happened in Lenny's head.

After all, he could have just killed her, but he took hours and shaped bones to a marvelous torture equipment just to prove his point.

Truly, they were some things worse than death.

Further more, even those things could be ranked.

Meanwhile, Lady Vinegar's fingers contemplated advancing towards her loins or not.

She had to hold her hand back with her other hand.

It was as if she was struggling.

"My lady," Bassket face called to her, "are you okay?"

"Yes!" She nodded and continued watching.

However, Basket face continued looking in her direction.

After a few seconds, he sighed and continued watching.

A123, A222 and C888 continued watching.

At a point, A123 wanted to leave.

However, A222 held him in place.

"Stay! Don't get on his bad side," she warned.

Lenny on the other hand had a broad but charming smile as he watched.

From the look of things, the throned pike had gone through her Cervix to the end of her Uterus.

Lenny with his knowledge of the human anatomy knew that the really torture was just beginning.

The reason for this, was because the Pike was now drilling into the digestive system.

It was going to plough through her Fundus and then into the small intestine.

Like rolling noodles in soup with fork, it was going to drilling into it.

Like the parting of the red sea, it was going to separate tissue from tissue, meat from meat.

And then upwards, brushing through the sides of the liver.

Likewise taking chunks of innards out of the way.

Lenny knew that in his former life, he would not be able to enjoy such a nice show.

The most amazing thing about this was the fact that all this was going to happen while she was still alive.

Half-borns were not normal humans.

Because of their demon half, they were very tough and survival ability very high. This was at a genetic level.

With the addition of their training, it was even better.

This was sthe reason Lenny could never enjoy such a show in his previous life.

The person would have long been dead because of the loss of blood, and sheer pain.

But here, he got the opportunity to watch her scream and cry for her life. With snort and mucus all over her face.

Splat!

More blood poured from underneath her like a big bowl of water.

"Hmmm!!!" Lenny's eyes shone brighter.

This was the sign that the pike had reached the Diaphragm and was now breaking through.

Cough! Cough!

She cough out loud and muscus in large amounts.

Her voice had suddenly seized the shouting.

The best part was now arriving.

The Pike went through her chest. Drilling all the way to her throat.

E666 coughed out blood.

Her eyes on Lenny as blood ebbed her veins and flooded her lungs.

Filling her air bags a sudden storm.

Soon the blood in search of more hole to escape from poured out of her nose.

Her head suddenly dropped to the side.

"She is dead!" A222 muttered.

However, the pike did not stop until it burrowed through the side of her neck.

Lenny suddenly stood up from his sit.

CLAP! CLAP!! CLAP!!!

He gave a loud applause.

"Beautiful! Absolutely beautiful!! That was a stunning appearance."

Lenny clapped again and again. He could not help but wipe the tears from his eyes.

A222 and others could not believe what they were seeing.

Lenny was actually moved to tears by that.

He suddenly turned to them, "well, I think it's time we move to the next level...."

Chapter 160 Black Shield, And Entering The Second Level

The show was over. It was time to continue the progress of the journey.

Lenny had spent hours making this torture device, only to use it for a few minutes and it was done.

"Let's go!" Lenny instructed.

"D999" A222 called to him.

"Huh,"

"Aren't you forgetting something very important?"

She walked up to a corner and pulled out a black shield.

It was of the same color and size of the mini boss devil he had just killed.

"Remember? Dungeon Bosses leave behind items. Very useful items."

She handed the black shield to him.

Surveyor!

//Weapon//

<Name: Black shield

<Type: Dual (Shield/ Projectile)

<Nature: Chaos magic

<Durability: Grade 3 (lesser devil) in relation to available magic points

<Usage: *Defence (in penetrable by Darkline and chaos magic)

*Uses magic points to shoot out spikes.

This Black Shield was strong and according to what the Satan system said, it could be used with magic points to increase durability.

He could also shoot out spikes just like the Mini boss devil had done when he was fighting it.

Lenny raised it to up.

It was surprisingly very light and very easy to use.

As an assassin, he was used to forward attacks and not defensive.

In fact, Assassins considered being in a defensive position as sealing their lives in death.

For that reason, most would come, hit and run.

All done as fast as they possible could.

Lenny was not an exception.

If it was not absolutely important, he would not engage in battle.

"Thank you!" Lenny muttered.

A222 nodded.

This attitude she had shown him actually impressed him.

After all, he had totally forgotten that the Mini boss devil dropped an item.

His mind had been too focused on taking out his revenge on E666.

It was quite impressive to see that regardless of his forgetfulness, instead of using the Black shield for herself, she handed it over to him.

Lenny chuckled lightly as his eyes did a quick scan of her body language.

He shook his head, "of course!" He thought to himself.

He willed and the Black Shield disappeared into the storage unit of the System.

"What about him?" Lenny pointed to A123 behind.

The injury on his side no longer bleed, but it was obvious that it was going to affect his fighting capability.

"Ahhh! Don't worry about me. It's just a bruise. I can manage."

"Let me see!" Lenny walked up to him to check the injury.

At first A123 did not want him to, but Lenny insisted.

A222 had helped A123 bandage the wound with a loin cloth.

Obviously, because of the nature of things in the dungeon, it was not a very clean one.

Half Borns were very strong and this was an injury that A123 could still definitely fight with, but in the long run, it would not be wise.

Besides, they did not yet know what was going to come.

It would only be foolishness on their side if assumptions were made.

One look at the wound and Lenny could tell that it was infected.

Fortunately, he had a quick solution for it.

"Lay him down," Lenny instructed. "Hold his arms!"

C888 and A123 did as he instructed.

"Here! Bite hard on this!" Lenny put the broken arm of a random gladiator he found on the ground in his mouth.

"This is going to sting a little."

Activating heat on his palm from his White Flame ability, he pressed his palm down on the injury.

~Mmmmmm~

A123 muffled down on his screams.

The smell of burnt meat was in the air from the procedure.

"Good! That should do it for now. He just has to be careful not to open the inj...."

~Ooouuuu~

A weird echo sound like the rushing of breeze against hollow rooms was heard.

~Ooouuuuuuuu~

They heard it again.

Except this time around, it was louder.

"We have to go." A222 frowned.

"It's the devils from the second level. Without the Mini boss here, they are coming up."

Lenny nodded in understanding, "let's hurry up then."

All of them nodded as they left.

None of them including Lenny noticed that the fingers of E666 that had just enjoyed Lenny's torture to death twitched a little.

They went through a carven space that felt like the demarcation between the first level and the second level.

Through a rough patch that led downwards they advanced steadily.

And then they reached a passage way.

Lenny led in front for the obvious reason that he was strongest.

The moment he stepped into the cave way, everything before their eyes changed.

The change was so sudden and so abrupt that even Lenny was left perplexed by it.

From dark brown sand and stone filled walls with stalactites from the ceiling to a big hall way, highly decorated for luxury with mavelously drawn portraits of ancient royalty and artistic bright Chandeliers dropping from the ceiling.

The muddy ground filled with uneven rocks had suddenly become a tiled ground with a red carpet.

One look at this corridor and Lenny instantly remembered it as a royal castle.

It was like he was some how reliving a memory from his previous world.

"Where the fuck are we?" A123 asked the question on everyone's mind.

"Is this heaven!?" C888 blurted out the words without thinking.

However he was not to be blamed for this.

Gladiators had only seen dirty walls for the most of their lives.

They had never seen the beauty and luxury of the former world.

From the world he knew, this was really heaven.

However, this place made Lenny frown.

This was not heaven.

"Be careful!" Lenny advised as they advanced step by step.

His eyes were focused.

Left and right, they darted around in attention for any surprising guests.

However, the three behind him were too concerned with admiring the place.

With how dirty they looked with only loin cloths to cover up their nakedness, and crude weapons in hand, they looked so out of place that it was almost comical.

They looked like savages that had been invited by a noble man to see the possibility of a better life.

As they passed by, they did not notice that the eyes of the noble men and women in the beautiful portraits seemed to slowly move on their own accord, following their walk through.

They kept moving step by step.

However, Lenny suddenly stopped.

He could feel something strange.

As an assassin, a great part of his work was hammered into his incredible instinct.

If he felt something was wrong, then it meant that something was wrong.

For one, even though they had been able to hear the approach of the devils from the first level, they had till this point not come across a single devil.

Something was definitely wrong.

Also, Why did it feel like hundreds of eyes were on him when they were only three people behind him.

He sharply turned about.

However, as he did, the eyes of the nobles in the portrait quickly resumed their former state.

Lenny frowned. He suddenly looked ahead of him.

This hall was filled with paintings, all of which were exquisite, but just ahead of him was a particular painting that made him frown.

Lenny gave a side smile as he walked to this portrait. It was one that was very famous in his previous world.

By now, Lenny had a guess as to what was going on.

After all, he was the first to step into this place.

This corridor must have been fetched out of his memories.

He did not know how, but that was the only explanation he could arrive at.

The Satan system probably allowed it because it was of no threat.

However, this portrait before him was just too wrong.

After all, this was the portrait of the Monalisa.

"A222, this portrait!" Lenny pointed at the portrait.

"The portrait of the Monalisa. A very beautiful portrait, is it not!?"

She looked at Lenny puzzled. After all, this was the first time she was seeing it.

However, she saw Lenny signal her with his side eyes and she immediately understood.

"Yes! Yes it is. A very beautiful portrait."

"Yes! I mean it has the eyes, nose, that smirk, but...hmmm... I can't help but feel something is missing. I mean what do you think?"

"Yes! You are right D999. Something is definitely missing," she turned to him, "but exactly do you think it is?"

"I don't know...hmmm.... maybe it's the background. Yes! It has to be. Was it not a giant sky scraper that was behind her? I mean I remember it was not a Waterfall."

"Yes. That's true. It was a....What did you call it?"

"Sky scraper!" Lenny reminded her.

"Yes! A sky scraper!" She nodded.

Just as they talked, the image of the valley behind the picture of the Monalisa Suddenly changed to that of a Sky Scraper.

It morphed and changed so tactically that Lenny would have sworn that the Sky Scraper was there when they first looked at it.

However, that was exactly the problem.

Firstly, in the portrait of the Monalisa, there was no water fall behind.

Secondly, it was not drawn in a time with Sky scrapers.

Lenny looked at A222 and she at him.

Both of them frowned deeply.

At the same time, the eyes of the Monalisa darted between both of them as its smile slowly revealed long, sharp razor teeth....