

## Devil Slave 161

Chapter 161 The Soul Devils Of The Second Level.

"Are you sure they are gone?" A Gladiator asked the other.

The Gladiator nodded.

"They have been gone for a while now!"

The one that had responded gave the signal to the rest of his teammates and they all came out of their hiding place.

Some of them literally materialized from the walls. Others from the ceilings and some others as rocks.

One of these rocks, Lenny's teammate had sat on to watch the torture of E666.

Some of these gladiators even had their skin blend with the environment like chameleons.

Surprisingly, while many gladiators were dead, this gladiator team still had their complete ten members.

Nine were present while the last one went ahead of them to direct their path.

That one with his incredible hiding skills was already at the third layer.

The reason for their completeness was because they had not engaged in one battle.

All the way, they had hid themselves.

Their skills were so good that whether it was smell, or even presence and intent, it was all hidden properly.

Even the devils crawled on their bodies as they walked away to feast on other gladiators.

But did not find them in their various hiding place.

"The first level boss is dead. We shall make our way into the second level now."

All of them nodded as they advanced steadily.

However, one of them stopped before the presumed dead E666.

He looked at her and shook his head.

Another one saw him and walked to him, "I was at a good position and saw the entire thing clearly. That D999 is just too much!"

The others nodded in agreement.

"Our lives are already difficult as gladiators. Our deaths should not be so strained. Let's get her off that thing and bury her!"

They all nodded in agreement. This did not mean that anyone of these gladiators was kind or would not have killed E666 if she stood against them.

It was just that they felt true pity for her fate. After all, she was like them. Gladiators had a believe that they should die while fighting for their lives and nothing more.

It was said that this was the only way a man could wash the sins of his ancestors that had been passed down to him and accepted into paradise.

To die by any other means was a relegation of one's soul to eternal damnation.

They destroyed the torture device Lenny made and extracted the thorn pike made of bones from her insides.

Surprisingly, they stayed and dugged a shallow grave and buried her inside.

"This is the best we can do for you. May your suffering down there be lighter!"

"Amen!" They all echoed.

Once more, they activated their stealth techniques and made their way for the second level of the dungeon.

Back in the Arena, Basit turned to Lady Hanger, "I see you still train the best Hiders, or is it cowards."

Lady Hanger giggled a bit, but then her gaze suddenly got serious, "be careful of your words young Basit. I may be an Arena master, but I am still a noble woman."

"Either ways, it remains that you still have your pawns all intact. That is impressive!"

The compliment had come from behind her. It was from one of the sets of twins.

It was from Duncan.

"Yes! She does, doesn't she!? I am starting to think that we might have placed our bets on Lady Hanger's stock instead." Danny added.

Lady Hanger chuckled again, "Both of you Flatter me too much. It's just that my stock are very dutiful. The goal is to clear the boss of the Dungeon. It was never to engage in petty waste of strength with the canon fodder. Also, it is not to kill one another," her eyes looked in Cuban's direction for a bit. She was obviously referring to him with her words just now.

However, Cuban pretended not to be aware.

Till this moment, even though he had climbed his way regardless of his exile from one of the royal families to become an Arena master, he was treated as an outcast.

"My stock are saving their strength and power for the real fight." She added.

At that moment, Clawed chuckled a bit.

Everyone's attention was immediately drawn to him.

After all, Clawed was the only Demon of the Great Demon level here.

If he was laughing, then it was because he was seeing something that the others were not seeing.

"Is something the matter, Lord Clawed?" She asked.

Clawed turned to them, "let me ask you a question, Lady Hanger. "

"Please enlighten me, lord clawed." She responded in respect.

It was true she was a noble demon and from a noble family, but respecting the words of the strong was the only way to get stronger.

"Have you forgotten why the Arenas were made in the first place? Have you forgotten why all of you became Arena masters?"

"I haven't forgotten lord Clawed. It is to use the humans against the Devil menace."

"Good," Clawed nodded, "and how do we achieve that?"

"By stimulating growth because of danger and a fear of death," she responded.

Clawed nodded again, "exactly! So tell me, who do you think will have a better chance against the final Dungeon boss. Those that went through the trial of danger, becoming stronger along the way, or those that had no improvement whatsoever until the end."

Clawed did not need to talk further. She understood his words. However, from the very start, she had her own plans.

"Forgive me lord Clawed, but I have my own plans, by the end of the tournament, we shall see if my method or yours was the better strategy."

"Ohh!" Clawed eyes got brighter.

He turned to look at Lenny standing before the Monalisa portrait and his lips curved in a side smile, "oh, we will see!"

Meanwhile, Lenny questioned the background of the painting.

The moment he did, it slowly changed from a waterfall to that of a high skyscraper.

This had happened so tactically that Lenny and A222 would have believed that a skyscraper had been behind the Mona Lisa all along.

"Does this fucker take me for a freaking papaya!?" Lenny thought to himself as he turned to A222.

She too raised a brow. It was as if she could read his mind.

Just then, the Lisa in the painting slowly opened her mouth to take a big bite out him.

\*Slash!\*

With his eyes still on A222 his left hand instinctively moved with his Katana slashing at the Lisa's face, tearing it into two.

Blackish devil blood splashed across the wall like an artist destroying his work of art with paint.

There was suddenly an echo of loud ear irritating SCREECHING, like long finger nails sliding across a chalk board.

Lenny looked behind and there it was.

The paintings were coming to life.

Like a swarm of white eyes undead breaking their bones to dig out of their graves, the people in the painting forced their way out.

All those noble men dressed in their Era's most most fashionable attire folded themselves out of the paintings as they rushed for Lenny and his teammates.

Lenny waved his hands as both blades appeared.

Immediately, he rushed to battle.

"WAIT!!! Don't go! Those are..." A222 tried to warn.

However, Lenny had moved fast.

In barely a second, he had already arrived at the first Devil.

He swung the blade in his hands and the first devil with it's abnormally opened wide mouth that was well decorated with long sharp teeth ate the sting of his aggressiveness.

**\*SLASH!\***

The blade made a cut so clean, that Lenny would have willed the cut part into the storage to join his other severed body parts collection if he was not in the middle of battling.

However, when his second blade came down on the Devils, the strangest thing happened.

The Devils morphed into spirit form.

His blade went right through their bodies.

"What in fucking...!?" He cursed out loud as he waved his blade once more, but it only passed through the bodies of the Devils now in spirit form.

There still had that horrible hunted look on their faces as they rushed at him.

There went through his defenses and hit him hard on the chest.

**\*BOOM!\***

He was hit hard in the chest. As he flew backwards, so did the Devils.

A jet of blood escaped his mouth as he was sent flying back.

Lenny rolled on the ground.

The Blades went back into the storage as he grabbed his chest with both hands.

It was as if an heaven itch had appeared right from his insides.

He felt the incredible urge to tear his own skin, muscles and bones to scratch the itch.

As he did, he coughed up more blood.

C888 rushed to help him up to his feet.

However, Lenny was so shaken that his legs actually felt weak.

<Alert>

<Temporary Soul defence activated>

<Defence integrity at 77%>

<Please note: Soul will be devoured at 0%>

Lenny was surprised by the alert he just got.

However, A22 and A123 also came to help him up. As they did, A222 explained.

"Shit! Shit!! Shit!!! Those are fucking Soul Devils. We have to get the fuck out of here..."

Chapter 162 Hunting Memories Of Regrettable Love.

.....Flash back ( former world).....

A young lady with bright charisma, long brown flowing hair, like honey from her head walked along a long wide, well spaced corridor.

She wore a red gown that stopped just above her knees. The gown was just tight enough to give the imagination a perfect glimpse of what her curvy body looked like in her nakedness.

With comfortable high heels the same color of her gown, her shape from her model like legs upwards was a sight for uncomfortable wet dreams at night.

Her every action whether consciously or unconsciously excluded her deep feminine sensuality.

They were many that were blessed with beauty and leant a bit of seduction along the way.

However, this one was different.



She was a beauty but was either born with seduction seeping out of her bones or she was a goddess in a previous life.

To make matters worse, she had the most innocent look in her eyes.

It was so bright that one could tell that she did not know of her charms.

Either ways, whether it was in beauty or style, kindness or charisma, she was one of a kind.

At the moment, she walked down the well spaced corridors made bright with the over head chandeliers.

She was the princess of the nation and only daughter to the king.

She was his jewel and morning star, and he treated her as such.

For this reason, she was rarely allowed to leave the castle, and never got the opportunity to see the outside world for what it was.

Her father as King was a very busy man and never had time for her.

However, every thing she ever wanted was always provided for her.

She was usually hidden from the outside world.

In fact, the only reason this particular person following her could see her, was because of the upcoming memorable event.

At the moment, she was introducing her father's private collection of grand Art works to the nerdy looking Curator from the national museum.

The Curator had glasses on his nose bridge so big they looked like extra eyes.

He had a hunched back, and his hair was rough and unkept.

Every time he talked, it was through his teeth and saliva would fling all over the place.

With the grey suit too baggy for his body that he wore so comfortably, he was as geeky and nerdy as they came.

In plain terms, he was no way close to her league.

"And this Mr Lenny Tales is the true painting of the Monalisa. My great grand father had secured it hundreds of years ago. My father is willing to donate it to the national Museum on behalf of my ascension to the throne."

"Oh!" The nerdy looking Lenny Tales walked up to it, adjusted his glasses so big they could be goggles at the painting.

"So this is the original?" Saliva escaped his mouth as he talked spraying all over the painting.

The Princess frowned at this. She removed a handkerchief and gently wiped the painting.

"PLEASE! Mr Tales. The cost of this painting alone could feed the national budget. It is truly a beautiful and priceless artefact."

However, Lenny's words made her pause.

"I don't agree!"

She raised a brow and turned to him.

However his eyes remained on the painting.

His fingers stroked it a bit.

Like the gentle tease of a lover.

"It is truly a priceless painting, but if you say it is beautiful, I do not agree."

She almost chuckled at his words.

"Is this curator blind, or he is in need of extra goggles," she thought to herself.

After all, this Painting was wanted by all.

"Mr Tales, this painting was made by Leonardo Da Vinci. It is a master piece and one of his greatest...."

"And so what?" Lenny's words interrupted her.

"So what if it was painted by some old forgotten dude? Just because the world thinks it is beautiful does not mean it is beautiful."

He suddenly turned to her, "true beauty is not be based on the whims of others or their sense of appreciation for cost. It is pure and has to be appreciated by one's own senses. If not, if they say dog shot is beautiful, does that make it beautiful?"

Lenny's words surprised her and she looked at him in a new light.

She had been in these castle walls for many years and every time her father brought her to this painting, he would describe how beautiful and expensive it was.

However, she had never thought that her perspective of the painting was not her own but her an influence of her father's appreciation for it's worth on her.

It made her see this Ugly and rough looking Curator in a new light.

"I have seen all the paintings in this place," he pointed at the paintings on the walls.

"And in my own opinion, the only true beauty is the one that can't be put on the walls. The one that stands before me," Lenny took her hand, and while maintaining eye contact with her, he kissed the back of her hand.

Her cheeks instantly flushed a color of red, and she could not help but shyly avert her eyes from his, her other hand quickly hiding her hair behind her ear and looking else where to hide her facial reaction.

She took a sharp breath in at the feel of his moist lips on the back of her hand.

"Oh my! Mr Tales is that not a little too much?"

"No! Princess Catherine. It isn't, and please, call me by my first name, and no 'Mr'. Lenny is just fine," he cracked a charming smile at her.

It made her cheeks redden even further.

..... Present day(new world).....

"Shit! Shit!! Shit!!! Those are fucking Soul Devils. We have to get the fuck out of here right NOW!!!"

Lenny did not need to be told twice before he followed behind them.

Just that one hit on his chest and he could tell that these were not normal devils.

They did not even possess a physical or tangeble form.

As they ran, C888 slipped against the carpet and fell.

As he did, he spranged his ankle.

For a gladiator, such a minor injury was nothing.

It could heal in but a few seconds.

However, it had happened had a very critical time.

The Soul Devils were just behind them.

Lenny turned about the moment C888 fell.

The most sensible thing would have been to keep moving and save his own life, but Lenny did not see himself as such a person.

As far as he was concerned, he was the kindest, most caring and righteous person in the world.

Especially when it came to leaving a teammate behind, he was not going to do that.

He immediately went back for C888 pulling him away just when the Soul Devils howling as the floated on the air were about to get him.

Unfortunately, as Lenny helped him up, a Devil arm stretched for his leg.

Lenny pushed him forward, taking his place before the Soul devil.

The Soul devil hand touched him.

**\*Boom!\***

A strong repelling force sent him flying, and the soul Devil was repelled backwards.

<Alert>

<Temporary Soul defence activated>

<Defence integrity at 60%>

<Please note: Soul will be devoured at 0%>

Once more, he got the same alert again.

It had only been a touch and it was already a huge threat to his life.

This meant that if a Soul devil was to so f

Much as graze a normal person, that person was finished.

Lenny was able to figure out the kind of Devils he was dealing with, with just the available information.

These devils were not normal devils.

From the look of things, they fed on one's soul.

Three of them rushed through the Corridor and into a room that seemed opened.

**\*Bam!\***

Lenny shut the door behind him.

"What the hell was that!?"

They all took in sharp breaths.

"Those are Soul Devils. I have heard about them from the Magistri before. They will not eat your body and only strictly feed on the soul. They are very savage creatures!" A222 answered.

"No doubt! Is there any way to kill them?" Lenny asked.

"Unless there are in a solid state, I do not know any way to kill them. All I know is that they are formless and have to take their form from your memories in order to feed. According to the Magistri, they will take memories you are most emotionally connected to. This is to weaken your mental defense against them." A222 replied.

"Shit!" Lenny cursed. It was just as he suspected.

No wonder the entire castle looked familiar.

He was an assassin in his former life.

There was a particular job he had done in this castle. It was one that he regretted ever taking.

In fact, it was one that he regretted a lot.

After all, he might have been a murderer, but he was still a man, and this was where he met her.

"Wait!" C888 suddenly called their attention. "Can they go through walls!?" He pointed above their heads.

At a corner, where the ceiling and walls met, trails of blood flowed down.

The blood fell down the walls slowly.

To Lenny, it looked like a horror movie.

The blood pooled on the ground, and then a hand shot out of it.

The hand looked abnormal and had long fingers.

Slowly, it progressed from the hole.

As it did, Lenny frowned.

Subconsciously, they all backed off.

Lenny was no exception....

Chapter 163 Hunting Memories Of Regrettable Love 2

.....Flash back (former world ).....

"Oh stop it!" Princess Catherine giggled shyly to Lenny's teasing.

At the moment, the two of them were having a dinner picnic in a well hidden corner.

It was just outside the Palace, inside the high garden Maze.

This was not the first time they were meeting here.

First came the first date, and then the touch, now, they met here regularly.

Lenny's fingers brushed her cheeks ever so slightly and affectionately.

Whenever she smiled, he could feel his beating organ synchronize with hers.

It was as if destiny had shoot a arrow into his chest from her smile alone.

When he looked into her eyes, the stars above his head suddenly felt shallow in their brightness.

Even though it was dark, and could barely see her, he could still tell that she gave color to the darkness.



He leaned in towards her, and her towards him.

In his life, he had never felt such oneness with anybody.

They were both from different worlds, and his was not the nicest one, her fingers seemed to corrupt his chaos with her innocent touch.

He leaned in to kiss her.

By now, it was not the first time.

But everytime, it might as well been the first.

He felt his knees shake like cold to an old man.

She came closer, and he could feel her breath on his face.

They had come so close that he could already taste her subtle relaxing perfume in his mouth...

\*Ring!\* Ring!!\* Ring!!!\*

A vibration came from his pocket that interrupted their moment.

"I'm sorry please, I have take this. But I'll be right back, so save that kiss for me. Boop!" His tapped her nose with a finger before he stood up and went to a corner to pick the call.

"Hello!"

"Lenny Tales, as your handler, I must say that I am very disappointed in you. This mission had a three month mark. Kill the King and his heir apparent to the throne. It is that easy. This is already the fifth month. This is the first time you have ever delayed on an assassination."

"I know! I know!! But things got..." he gave a brief pause, "COMPLICATED!"

"Of course," the Handler sighed, "you mean getting addicted to banging the target!?"

"No! No!! It's not like that. After all you know me handler. Sex no matter how good has never been an obstacle for me to do my job. Besides, I haven't....erm... I haven't touched her yet!"

"WHAT!!?"

"Hey, shush! Bring it down a little. She is not far from me."

"Hmmm.... Lenny, I don't think I need to tell you how bad this is right? You requested for only jobs with corrupt politicians and I gave you one. If the king does not die by next week, he will pass the Bill, and thousands of people will die because of that Bill."

"I know this already! But Catherine, she has nothing to do with it. Can't I just kill only her father?"

"Humph! I wish it were that easy too. But it's not. This was a royal Oath the former King made to the Klondike family. As long as any member of the Royal family still stands, this Oath has to be fulfilled. Even Catherine as Queen of the land would not be able to go against it!"

Lenny sighed when he heard this.

This was something he was very aware of. After all, he always made thorough investigation about his targets before his missions.

This mission was supposed to have been done months ago.

In that time, he had about sixteen opportunities to kill both Father and daughter.

However, he just couldn't bring himself to do it every time.

Whenever he raised his blade and he looked into Catherine's eyes, it felt like he was about to empty the world of the most beautiful and innocent thing in existence.

He just couldn't bring himself to do it.

Every time, he would stop. Her existence was something he considered a miracle.

Yes, she was a miracle, and that miracle shone its light on him.

"Lenny, if you don't kill the assigned targets, I will be forced to remove you from the job, and send in Agent 'X'."

Lenny frowned the moment he heard that name.

Assassins were permitted to pick their own names.

Lenny decided to use his birth name a sign of the pride and joy he had in his work.

Even though the world could very much easily track him because of it, he did not care.

In his opinion, a man in his line of work should be very proud of himself.

He should be very proud of his work. Lenny was one such proud man.

However, Agent 'X' was a different person altogether.

Agent 'X' did all jobs. Whether it was to kill an old man or a baby just delivered from its mother's womb, Agent 'X' did not mind.

All was within his scope.

And even Lenny had to admit that he was good at it.

He was so good that while Lenny remained the Number 1 Assassin in the world, he was the number 2.

In fact, he only fell short of the position of number 1 because of an allergic reaction that affected his work abilities slightly.

If not, he was a man that Even Lenny had to take seriously.

"Agent 'X'? Handler, please don't do this. Agent 'X' is just too messy for this kind of job."

"I am sorry Lenny! You know the rules. It is already out of my hands. The client is tired of waiting. Expect Agent 'X'."

The call went off.

Lenny's face became very ugly.

Agent 'X' was a very sick man. Lenny could not imagine the things he would do to Catherine before killing her.

After all, Agent 'X' also had a thing for brown haired women.

It was best he killed her himself before Agent 'X' arrived.

"My love!" Catherine suddenly called to him.

The tone she used melted away the murderous thought that just rose in his heart.

It was not the first time, she always had a way of doing this.

"Is anything the problem!? Was that call from the museum?"

"Yes! Yes!! Everything is just fine. It is very peachy. I just got a call that the museum would be sending another Curator to handle the artworks."

"Oh!" She had a blank surprised look on her face, "but doesn't that mean that I won't get to see you again? Father only allows you into the compound because of the Artworks. If they change you, then will never...."

Her voice died down into a low sob.

Lenny still had thoughts of killing her, but the moment he saw the droplets leak from her eyes, those thoughts melted away.

Her love for him was so deep that even the probable thought of not having to see this nerdy Curator again brought tears to her eyes.

Lenny took several steps to her, and pulled her close to his chest, "shush! No one is taking me away from you. Not now, not ever."

An insane thought suddenly took root in his head, and the moment it did, Lenny watered it unconsciously.

"Come, let's leave this place. Let's runaway together."

The moment she heard it, she raised a brow at him.

"Come on now, I know you are not interested in becoming Queen of this nation. After all, you will only be Queen in name. Your father would still run the shots from behind the scenes. But if you come with me, you'll be free, and we will travel the world together, and who knows? Maybe even make little ones that will inherit your eyes."

Those words instantly made her blush. From crying, she chuckled lightly at the thought.

And then she bit her lower lips.

It was an innocent bite, but in Lenny's head, it was the sexiest thing he had ever seen.

She suddenly grabbed him by his hand and pulled him along.

"Come! I have something for you."

Lenny followed along, but not before he took one last gulp of his wine on the picnic mat.

"Come on!" She pulled him along and he followed.

She took him through a secret door into the Palace main house, and then Past the guards.

One look at the way she did it, and one could tell that this was not her first time.

She was definitely one of those princesses that snuck out of the house.

Through cuts and corners, they went through yet another corridor until they arrived at a particular room.

The moment they got in, Lenny instantly knew that this was her room.

After all, it was saturated by her smell.

He looked around the place, his eyes admiring the decor.

Even her room was decorated with expensive art.

Definitely, this family had a strong taste for expensive artworks.

"Lenny!" She called to him softly.

He turned about.

The sight he saw made him speechless.

He had turned right at the right time to catch her gown fall and pool right underneath her nakedness.

He was left speechless. This was not his first time seeing a woman naked.

But this was the first time his eyes were to behold her nude.

The light in the room was a bit deem, but it did not matter.

The light might have practically bounced off her ceramic looking, well polished skin.

And that embaracing blush on her face, and her slightly shaking legs that showed that even now, she was panicking, unsure of what she was doing.

All added to different layers of beauty Lenny's eyes could not help but admire.

It was obvious that she wanted to Avert her eyes from him, but she didn't. She held his gaze in hers as she walked towards the bed.

Gently, one step at a time, she mounted the bed.

As she did, her flexible body bent in ways only cats should.

Every moment, a constant pull to Lenny's attention.

She laid on the bed facing him.

"It's my first time. Please be gentle..."

Chapter 164 Hunting Memories Of Regrettable Love 3

.....Flashback (former world )...

Lenny subconsciously stretched his hand.

However, apart from a wet feeling on the sheets, he did not feel anything else.

Instinctively, his eyes opened sharply to this.

He rose from the bed.

On the white sheets was a patch of red flower.

One look at it and he understood that this was truly Catherine's first time.

She had given him her first.

He sighed lowly at the loss of innocence.

However, it was still proof of her deep undying love to him.

Just then, he realized something.

Where was she?

He stood up from the bed, but a sharp headache sent him back.

"Fuck! For how long was I out?"

He checked his phone. The time was 3:33.

"Fuck! Fuck!! Fuck!!!" He had a bad feeling about this.

He was an assassin and he had really good senses.

When Catherine was leaving the bed, he was supposed to have known.



Something was not right.

He suddenly felt an off taste in his mouth.

He slapped his tongue against the roof of his mouth a few times.

He frowned.

There was a slight sour taste in his mouth.

This taste, it was too sour to be the after taste of wine.

Wait a minute! The WINE!!!

Now, that bad feeling based on instinct was brighter than ever.

\*Alert\*

He looked to his side.

That Alert had been from his cell phone.

He opened it. It was a message from an unknown number.

The message read :Throne room Lover Boy!

Regardless of the headache, he quickly stood to his feet.

He grabbed his clothes and rushed for the door.

He stopped and went back for his goggle size fake glasses.

Then rushed for the door.

The moment he opened it, large smoke fumes pushed him back.

His eyes widened in surprise. There was a fire in the palace and he was busy sleeping all this while.

Something really messed up had definitely happened.

The corridor was hot, but his fear for what had happened to his love pushed him through the flames....

.... Present day (New world )...

Lenny and the others backed away gently.

From the pool of blood on the ground, a blood hand slowly came out. It had a large red eye in the center of it's palm.

The eye looked around the place, and then it's sight focused on Lenny and his teammates.

As it did, it sudenly split into multiple hands.

All of which had the same ugly properties with a bloody eye in the middle of the palm.

From one, it split into ten, and then some more, and then some more.

In a matter of seconds, it had entered a few hundred.

Like a fierce fountain, the host of bloody hands first rushed to the roof of the room before pouring down like an angry waterfall.

As it did, it entered soul mode.

They were at their wits end, and Lenny already knew first hand that attacking these soul devils in soul mode was of no use.

In the Arena, Basit chuckled, "it seems your stock are done for too!"

He was obviously referring to Cuban.

However, Cuban only chuckled a bit as he pointed at Lenny.

"Do those eyes tell you he has given up?"

Just as Cuban had said, Lenny had not given up.

No! He couldn't. He had not even left a mark in this world.

There was no way that such low level devils were going to send him to the Afterlife.

Just when the host of Soul hands was about to descend on him, he waved his hand, and a big black shield with long metal spikes appeared from his storage unit.

**\*Boom!\***

The moment the Soul hands hit the black shield, it was repelled like a ball that had been thrown against a wall.

Lenny's eyes brightened.

It was just as he guessed.

The Black shield he had gotten from the Mini boss devil had repelled the soul devils back.

Lenny willed and the spikes on the shield shot for the soul Devil.

<3 magic points used>

The spikes nailed the Hands to the wall.

There was a loud, ear irritating SHRIEK and the hands seemingly evaporated into thin air.

Lenny and his teammates sighed in relief.

"That was close!" C888 commented.

"Yes, it was!" A123 added, " but thank heavens for that shield, right D999?"

However Lenny did not respond.

"D999!?" A123 called again as he turned to Lenny.

It was not that Lenny did not want to respond.

It was just that at the moment, it was not possible.

The reason was because of the bed in the center of the room.

Now that Lenny looked around, he could see it clearly.

This was her room. The paintings on the wall, the bed post, even the smell in the air, it was all her's.

Gently, one step at a time, he walked towards the bed.

"D999, are you okay!?" A123 asked.

"Shush!" A222 shushed him up.

Lenny went to the side of the bed, and then slowly, his fingers glided across the sheets.

This feeling, even if it was a million years, he would never forget.

Just then, his eyes caught something he did not see before.

It was a patch of red on the sheets.

This was it.

This was the evidence that it was her first time that night.

It was also the last time he was ever with her.

Lenny's fingers sank into the sheets and he bowed his head on the bed.

He tried to hold them back, but he just couldn't.

It was like a Dam in his chest was just too full and needed to flow out.

The icy plain covered by frozen peaks that he called his heart was suddenly overwhelmed by the heat of the memory of her smile.

Truly, there were different flavors of pain. But none felt as burdened as the tear in one's heart.

It was different from any form of physical or psychological pain.

Lenny felt like a bag of needles had fallen edge first into his heart. Slowly Piercing at a steady pace.

Every needle a time he beheld her smile or a lie he told.

All because a fool like like himself had found the most beautiful thing that mother nature pampered in a cradle, Love.

A222 could not believe what she was seeing, but Lenny could not hold it back.

The tears just couldn't stop escaping his eyes.

It was as if a window was left opened during a storm.

He could not stop the down pour.

Maybe if he had done things differently, maybe if he had gotten away with her first or at least met her under different circumstances.

Maybe her life would have been....

<Alert>

<Compulsory Task>

<Congratulations host, third(3) task under this Title. Bonus Field unlocked>

<(Bonus)Task Titled: Soul Master>

<Iron sharpens Iron as Soul Sharpens Soul: Use ONLY your soul to fight the Soul Devils>

<Time Limit 1 hour>

<Number of Kills required =20>

The Alert instantly surprised Lenny.

However, what surprised him more was the fact that the number of kills was not a hundred like the last time.

It was just merely twenty.

Then again, Lenny was currently fuming with emotions.

This would be a good opportunity to let it out.

He turned to his teammates, "Take!" He threw the Black shield at A222, "do not come out! No matter what happens!"

He warned.

After which he turned towards the door.

His hand slowly settled on the door knob.

For the first time in a long time, he was a bit sceptical about walking out the door.

A subtle fear grew in his heart.

No! This fear was not of the unknown. It was actually of the known.

Seeing everything he had seen so far, he could tell it was coming.

A past he had ran away from.

A past he had buried so deep, like a pirate his gold.

A past he did not want to face. After all, it was the one time, he was vulnerable.

Lenny took a sharp breath in and then he pressed against the door knob and exited the room.

.....Flash back (Former world )....

"Catherine! Catherine!! Catherine!!!" Lenny called her name again and again through the smoke and the fire that burned all round.

As he did, his eyes searched fiercely for her.

Even these flames were not going to separate the two of them.

As he moved, he saw a man on the ground.

From the uniform, it was clear that this was a guard.

Lenny squat close to him. There was a blade embedded in the man's neck.

However, the man was surprisingly still alive.

But, it was obvious that he did not have much time left in the world.

"Hey, who did this? Where is the Princess?"

"She.... She \*cough!\*" The man coughed up some blood.

However, his fingers shakily pointed in a particular direction.

As it did, Lenny suddenly had a better look of the knife that was embedded in the man's neck.

On the handle of the knife was a bold 'X'.

It was finely carved, and bold for the eyes to see.



Lenny frowned tightly, and his fingers shook at the thought.

He was very familiar with the owner of this knife.

Even though he was the number one Assassin in the world, he still had an eye to watch those behind him.

This knife belonged to Agent 'X'.

This was the number two assassin in the world.

This was a man with ways so sick that Lenny himself felt disgusted, and that was truly rare.

One time, they had a mission to kill a mafia boss and his family.

Lenny watched Agent 'X' skin the Mafia Boss's Two weeks old baby while it was still alive.

When Lenny asked him why, he said, " it's a brown head. I want to be able to sleep and still feel it's softness on my skin at night!"

Till now, Lenny could still hear the baby's innocent screams at the cruelty it suffered.

"Oh Fuck!" Lenny cursed.

Catherine was a brown head...

Chapter 165 Hunting Memories Of Regrettable Love 4

..... Present day (new world ).....

Lenny walked out through the door.

As he did, his mind seemed to play tricks on him, and the scene of the corridor on fire merged with the scene of soul devils advancing towards for him.

He just couldn't help it.

He had held it back for so long that even a transmigration from one world to another could not quench the hurt in his soul.

A pain buried so deep in hopes that it would heal with time, or at least he could forget about it.

Rather, all it had done was evolve with time to a ball of struggle, hate and even fear.

From the moment he entered the second level, that ball had been poked.

But he had still been able to hold it back.

After all, he had the distraction of having to fight and hide.

However, that room and stain of blood on that bed was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Lenny remembered what A222 said.

The Soul Devils took memories from one's mind and use it against them.

He had expected anything.

Even if it was about his mother, he would not have cared.

After all, he was the person that sent her back to her maker.

However, it was entirely different when it came to Catherine.

This was the one time in his life that he actually felt guilt, and now, he was reliving it again.

The moment the Soul devils saw him, they rushed at him.

All of them in their unnaturally malignant faces, twisted beyond mortal capability or recognition.

They gave the same attraction as a spoilt bowl of noodles, weeks old, with fungus and worms growing on it.

Yet in this moment, Lenny did not feel disgust for them.

Instead, he felt disgust for himself. He could not help the crawling of hate he had towards himself.

They swarmed him like drone bees the queen during mating.

Covering every inch of his body like the flames of a burning bush.

They did not straight up attack him like they did before.

It was almost as if they could sense his sin, and his willingness for redemption at the suffering of their jaws.

Then again, Soul Devils were sensitive to matters concerning the soul.

With a Soul like Lenny's that had sin as fresh as the yellow river itself.

They were going to peel him step by step before diving in for the buffet he presented.

After all, this was a man with skill that made him a forerunner for Death's slaughter house.

An agent and distributor of pain and also humiliation of the strong, bold and power.

Truly a dish one should take their time with.

Every taste of him deserved to be savored in the mouth, and sweetness absorbed by the tongue.

However, Lenny's pain could not allow it.

Like anyone feeling pain, he wanted true relief, but at the same time, he wanted the multiplication of it.

Did he deserve it?

No!

Regardless of all that had met their unfortunate end by his hands, he did not believe he deserved it, but for her.

Oh! For her! Even the depths of hell did not deserve the abomination of his unredeemable soul.

For her, eternal damnation was not a relief he sought.

No!

It was a punishment he desired.

Like a newborn sucking its mother's breast, squeezing tight for the sustenance of milk, he longed for it.

Such was the depth of the love turned pain he felt.

"COME AT ME YOU BASTARDS!!!" He screamed loudly.

A scream so loud that even those sneaking into the Second Level could hear loud and clear.

Yes! They watched from a distance as the Soul devils enveloped him.

All of them in fear if taking that step to enter the second Level.

Lenny's challenge at them for his soul had aroused their hunger even more.

They held it back no longer as they rushed at him.

Like starving orphans after a war, seeing a piece of white bread for the first time in forever.

They charged for his soul.

Meanwhile, at the Arena, the Arena masters all of them incredible demons in their own rights saw this and many of them questioned Lenny's ability to use his head.

Cuban was no exception.

Lenny had just invited Hungry Soul Devils for his soul like he was hosting a party specially for their dinning.

This was as bold a move as it was clearly foolish.

Meanwhile the moment the Soul Devils rushed for him, the System rang loudly.

<Alert>

<Soul Defence at 55%>

<Soul Defence at 50%>

<Soul Defence at 45%>

<Soul Defence at...>

The warning from the Satan system came with every drop in defence.

Lenny was sick of hearing it.

"Satan System, remove soul Defence," he ordered.

<Warning: Removal of Soul Defence is not advisable. Can result to...>

"Just REMOVE the fucking damn DEFENCE!!!"

<Soul Defence Removal in progress. Removal in 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1 Remo...>

\*BOOM!\*

Lenny could not even hear what the Satan System said any more.

It felt as though he had suddenly been thrown into the Ocean during a storm on a little Canoe, and all he had to paddle was a spoon on each side.

He was overwhelmed and like the slow dying of a candle, he felt the gradual extinguish of his soul.

The Soul Devils were taking Huge gluttonous bites of it.

Every sink of their tainted teeth in him was as excruciating as being fried alive.

Like a swarm of tiny fire ants, enjoying the taste of foreign flesh in their Mandibles.

They ate at him.

At first the pain was unbearable, after a while, he frowned.

This was rubbish!

Lenny had been through a lot of shit in his life, and specifically went to a school Called the Monastery of Pain and Pleasure.

This was a school that proved that whether it was pain or pleasure, they were truly somethings worse than death.

This was a place that every meal was accompanied by a different kind of hurt or satisfaction, blurring the lines between the two and playing with them like a clown Juggling rusted knives.

He wanted excruciating redemption and all they could provide for him was this?

Could this even account for a proper night cap in that Monastery?

Even though the pain of a million tiny flaming teeth dug through his soul, he did not feel like.it was enough.

In fact, it rose something else inside him.

It awoke a beast that only showed itself when in true dedication to adventurous slaughter.

It awoke his wrath.

This was not anger that the Soul devils hurt him or ate at his soul.

No!

It was anger at how sloppy a job they were doing.

After Bringing his past to the surface.

After arousing his need for retribution and redemption.

After making him feel guilty, and his eyes even watered at forgotten memories.

Yet, they only gave him this trash?

It was like seeing a sexy, young beauty on the internet with incredible curves and a big burst on her chest, and courting her for months just to taste and enjoy her cherry, only to meet her with months of accumulated horniness and discover it was all camera filter.

No ass, sagging chests and a face that reminded one of his grandmother.

Surely, anyone would be enraged to stupidity levels.

Lenny was in such a state.

"YOU FUCKING MORONS!!!" Lenny's soul seemed to develop teeth of its own.

It was small and compared to this lot, it was weaker, but Anger was an emotion that was always powered by unexplainably strength and Zeal to conquer.

As the teeth of the Soul Devils bit into him, so did he.

He took big aggressive bites of them.

It had suddenly become a competition of who had the bigger, sharper teeth, and of course, who was more Gluttonous.

This was like a group of Lions fighting.

Except that only one Lion was facing against all the other Lions.



If Souls could bleed, then a river of red would have filled the place.

One look and it was clear that the Soul Devils were overtaking Lenny, and with their bites, they were consuming him.

However, an even closer look and something else was clear.

The more Lenny ate of them, the bigger he got.

The more aggressive bites he took, the bigger and sharper his teeth got, which in turn allowed him to take even deeper and bugger bites.

This circle continued over and over again, until something amazing happened.

The Dynamic had suddenly changed.

Lenny's Size was growing and the size of the Soul Devils was reducing steadily.

As he ate, he screamed angrily at them, "you fuckers cannot even give true suffering! And you dare call yourselves Soul Devils. This Daddy will show you how to eat a soul with maximum efficiency."

He chomped on them like a delicacy he had missed.

As he did, the Satan system gave steady alerts.

<1 Kill>

<2 Kills>

Steadily the numbers progressed.

And then, it went above the required number.

But Lenny did not stop. In his Anger, he felt real shame for these Devils.

After all, they couldn't even give me true pain that he desired.

He had forgot that the goal of the Monastery of Pain and Pleasure was to Truly over come Pain.

From the Start, these Soul Devils could not give him the Redemption in hurt that he seemed.

Chapter 166 Hunting Memories Of Regrettable Love 5

Suddenly, the Attacker had now become the attacked.

Lenny displayed gluttony like he had never done before.

The more he ate, the more he wanted to eat.

In their vile and disgust, he opened up his fiercer teeth to display his uglier nature.

A nature so Damned that he could even compete in beauty with the abominables of the underworld.

Every bite, every crunch, he felt as if a prouder part of him in it's enraged state wanted to display it's superiority.

This feeling was one like Lenny had never felt before.

It was still him, yet it was not.

It was beautiful. Yet, it was too aged to be that beautiful.

It encroached upon his desire to consume like a spider making a slow dance to an already captured prey.

Teasing it to an already validated end.

Yet, when it climbed unto its said prey, it did not eat, but rather embrace.

A tight hug with the desire for oneness.

This was it.

Yes! this feeling.

It felt as ancient as the rise of the morning sun.

No! It was even further. Like that star at the early hours of the Morning.

Lonely, radiant and commanding.

An usher to the fresh of a yet innocent day.

This feeling. It was the same one he had felt when he died and met with the passing consciousness of The Morningstar.

It was not just Lenny.

Even Soul Devils very sensitive to the activities of the Soul, could sense it.

Lenny did not know this, but his deep desire had excited the flow of that ancient presence.

This was a presence that these devils feared at a foundational level of their nature.

Lenny did not and could not see it, but his soul carried the extremely faint silhouette of wings, broad and wide. It stretched so far, that it seemed like one was trying to peep over the horizon.

Naturally, this is not a possibility, as horizons were always endless.

The moment these Soul Devils saw it, they immediately became scared.

They tried to rush out of his soul.

But their struggle was as insignificant as a deer with its bleeding neck in the mouth of a lion.

All their efforts a significance of their nature as prey in the lower segments of the food chain.

But would Lenny allow the escape of a delicious lunch as a starving cat the escape of a mouse?

He lunched at them, breaking their souls apart as his hands and mouth gobbled all. Not all that they could offer, but all that they were...

Meanwhile those in the Arena watched in surprise.

They had seen as the Soul Devils lunched at Lenny.

Usually, all that was needed was a touch from them and one's soul would be carved into the deliciousness of their appetite.

However, it was different this time around.

They had seen as all the Soul Devils had first danced around Lenny and then rushed into him like the flushing of a toilet.

To this Arena masters, it was not all too surprising that the Soul Devils were attracted to Lenny.

After all, he was a Reminder. A group of Gladiators that were blessed with the ability to be able to touch upon memories of their parents or those that had come before them.

Whether it was from the demon side or from the human side.

So far, Lenny had shown that he had strong connections to those memories.

This naturally meant that his soul was of an enduring quality.

There were a few things that determined the quality of a person's soul.

Power was one of them. The Bloodline was another.

For Reminders, it was the connection to those that had come before them.

All the Soul Devils had been attracted to Lenny's soul.

A222 opened the door slightly and peeped out into the corridor.

She and others had also seen the Soul Devils rush into him.

They all had the same thought, "he is finished!"

However, at the moment, Lenny was enjoying the melodic sounds of Alerts from the Satan System.

<Alert>

<Compulsory Task completed>

<60/20 Soul Devils consumed>

<+100 magic points>

<Soul Defence fortification Healing>

<Soul Defence Fortified>

<Soul Defence Enhanced: Shield 2 unlocked>

<Title unlocked: Soul Master(Basic 1)>

Apart from an increase in magic points, his other points did not increase but this itself was already a lot.

Lenny looked into his soul.

It looked bountiful with power.

The Soul Shield from the Satan system had also been improved.

It looked bigger. Like a Forcefield with extra locks around his soul.

Although he had become stronger, Lenny did not feel all too happy.

He still had that lingering feeling that he had to be punished for what happened to Catherine.

"It seems it is over!" Cuban added.

"No!" Basit corrected him as he shook his head. "it is not. He is yet to meet the Mini boss!!!"

Those words made Cuban frown.

Just then, Lenny pulled his consciousness from his soul back to the real world.

He sighed lowly.

However, the moment he stood to his feet, and turned about, the Scene suddenly changed.

The entire building was on fire....

... Flashback (Former world)....

"Catherine! Catherine!! Catherine!!!" Lenny stumbled through the burning building as he screamed her name.

To Ensure that the smoke did not kill him, he had a wet handkerchief he soaked in the blood of the guard he passed.

He kicked doors down, room by room.

He remembered that the text on his phone had told him to come to the throne room, but who knew?

Maybe, just maybe Agent 'X' had not gotten to her first.

Maybe, he was just trying to distract him by telling him to make his way to the throne room.

After all, the throne room was quite a distance from where he was.

The Throne room itself was a separated structure from the other locations of this castle.

Lenny could smell charred flesh from the dead bodies around him.

It was like over burnt meat during a barbecue.

Usually, Lenny would have not minded, but right now, he did.

He did a lot.

The charred smell from these corpses was a bad sign.

It was food to his growing anxiety.

A premonition of the probable undeserving fate of his lover.

His hand held the Handkerchief to his nose even tighter.

The smell of blood felt like an easier smell to accept.

After a while, he concluded that he could search no longer.

Not that he did not want to continue, but there was no other place to search.

The walls were caving in.

The beautiful, expensive paintings melted at the kiss of the heat.

Drooling from the walls like milk from the side of a child's mouth feasting at its mother's tits.

It was all gone.

It's historical glory, the hard work of the legendary artists behind it's glory.

It was all gone.

The old Lenny might have been bothered.

After all, like many great men, he had an appreciation for beautiful artworks.

But this Lenny only had one artwork on his mind.

He missed these ones, but if he could find her. If he could just reach her, then there was no problem.



After all, compared to her smile alone, their beauty was like the stars behind the Full Moon.

All they did was add extra ganishing to her flowery person, Like sprinkles to ice cream.

Having no where else to turn to, he rushed for the linking corridor to the throne room.

\*Dum!\*

With a fierce kick, he brought it down.

Unexpectedly, it was dark.

This was the throne room. Even when it was empty of people.

As a significance of the Ruler of the country, it was always bright.

Lenny dug his hands into the sides of his shirt and brought out two long knives.

He held both in a reverse grip position as he advanced forward, one step at a time.

That unsettling feeling rose yet again-Stronger than ever.

Encroaching on his nervousness.

This was not nervousness for his life.

After all, it was not the first time he had brushed shoulders with the angel of death.

But nervousness for her.

His heart beat like the drums of a marching band through the street, comparing rhythm with the echoes of their work on the street buildings.

He tried to calm himself down and think properly but thoughts of what had happened to her hunted him.

The frustration had even made his eyes desire tears.

But he held them back.

Such was the symbol of the helpless and the weak.

He was neither of those things.

He was a man of incredible capabilities and possibilities, or so he reminded himself constantly.

Anything to beat back the predator of fear.

Just then, the lights suddenly came on.

However, it was not on the entire room.

Like focused light on a singer on stage, the lights focused on the throne.

And there she was.

However the first sight of her broke that mental defense he had just created, and even though his blades were still up, Tears- the closet symbol to endured pain trailed down his cheeks like water through the creeks.

"Was this her?"

This was question that would hunt him for a very long time...

## Chapter 167 Hunting Memories Of Regrettable Love 6

....Flash back( Former world)...

The stage lights went up, drawing the attention of his eyes like a singer that had taken to the platform.

The sight of her immediately made his eyes darken and cloudy.

Like the slow tempt of rain from the full, pregnant sky, drop after drop, they fell, and then to a continuous downpour.

Staining his cheeks with the hot affection of their salty streams.

As an Assassin, he was very perceptive of his environment, but his heavy heart had clouded his senses, clouded his reasoning.

Even his breathing-every inhale for life felt like the pull of a Ton weighing rock.

His fingers around the long knives loosened on their own accord, shaky from the shock before his eyes.

He wanted to run to her, but his knees weighing the failure of his promise to protect her stapled his feet to the ground.

For the first time in his life, he felt the invalidity of his very existence.

Such pain was tuned in his head like the melody to the end of a tragic play.

Except, there was no standing ovation for the actors when it was done.

Or was there?

\*Clap! Clap!! Clap!!!\*

The sounds of loud clapping came from behind him, and his killing instincts once more took their place.

His fingers wrapped tight again around his blades.

Lenny turned around swiftly, but he could not see him.

When turned forward again, there he was. He had appeared seemingly from nowhere on the platform by the throne.

Agent 'X' was slightly much older for this line of work.

Records had it that he was a man in his late fifties.

He already had a head of partial white hair, but because of his strict worship of the temple that was his body and continuous training, he looked to be in his thirties.

He was a ripe man-proud of his heritage.

Lenny had never seen him dress terrible.

Even when it was a mission to the desert.

However, that was in relation to his choice of gender associated clothing.

In an easier method of explanation, Agent 'X' preferred skirts and makeup.

He was an English man, and even his accent was very clear and had rivet hold on one's ears. Pulling attention with the fluent roll of his tongue.

He had a pointed nose so long Lenny wondered how he powdered it so well, even with a mirror.

However, the looks this Cross-dresser had was not a reason to excuse the sheer magnitude of danger he posed.

Before Lenny came into the picture, there was a former number 1.

The former number 1 for some reason Lenny was not too interested in addressing, died.

However, Lenny climbed the tree of growth so fast he might have well been flying.

A born killer, destined to swim in the thick, and be painted in the red of blood.

He quickly surpassed Agent 'X' and even now, he still placed much distance between them.

He was a number 1 unlike the former.

No matter how much Agent 'X' tried to close that Chasm, it only got wider.

Naturally, that made this soon to retire old English Assassin Carry quite the amount of resentment.

This was resentment that Lenny was more than aware of.

After all, Agent 'X' had challenged him more times than memory cared to serve.

Ironically, aside their Divine unexplainably craziness, there was another thing they had in common with each other, and that was their love and use for blades.

Only ever using other weapons when offered no other choice.

In fact, there was a time when Agent 'X' refused to use a gun even though he was faced with a battalion of soldiers.

Such was the dedication to the edge of the blade.

"Lenny Darling!" Agent 'X' called to him in a deep affectionate manner. Like they were lovers on the road to reconciliation, and his perfect English accent only made it all the more alluring to the ears.

However, nothing tasted more disgusting to his ears right now than the voice of the man before him, except of course, his face.

"Agent 'X'" Lenny muttered that name, every word elevating the heavy hatred in his heart.

"Forgive me, I saw you and the princess were having a loving picnic together, and I decided to add an extra merit to the wine you drank. You were basking so affectionately in her glow that you didn't even notice me," he rubbed his painted fingers down the side of her cheeks softly.

It was so soft that it seemed as if he was afraid of doing damage to her.

However, with what Lenny was seeing, significant damage had already been done.

From past battles he had with Agent 'X', Lenny knew him as an excellent carver.

If he was in the sculpturing industry, he would have become a fast, fervent sensation to take the business to dearing heights.

Especially with his attention to detail.

However, he wasn't. He was an Assassin by choice and love.

Unfortunately, all that skill and attention to carving detail was the vanity his victims suffered.

It was the same one Catherine suffered at the moment.

Right now, she was tied naked to the throne.

Her beautiful brown hair had been shaved clean, and then her skull had been perfectly and segmentedly carved out and removed.

The cut had been done with extreme care to avoid damage of the still living brain.

It was so good that Agent 'X' might have even had second better profession as a Neurosurgeon.

Little drops of blood on different sides of her head was prove that the process had been excruciating.

Knowing the kind of person Agent 'X' was, he most likely did it with out anesthetics.

More tears pitied out of Lenny's eyes at the thought of the magnitude of hurt she went through.

But that was not all.

More atrocities were done to his love.

Agent 'X'carved out deep cuts around her breasts and stuffed the bleeding holes with her brown hair.

This one Lenny knew he had done out of his observed for Brown hairs.

Agent 'X' always came up with fresh ideas for every new brown hair his blade touched.

Lenny had watched him work before.

The man had a habit of Entering the 'Zone' whenever he carved.

Much like a writer loving his work as his pen touched upon paper.

It was a state Lenny was most familiar with as he entered it most regularly too.

But right now, he could see that his own had now become a victim of such an unfortunate fate.

After that, Agent 'X' carved her fingers, flesh, bones and all.

He carved it like one would carve a spear or a pencil.

He carved it flesh to bone.

Giving the edge of her fingers and toes a sharp edge.

At the moment, tears ran down Catherine's eyes.

If she could, she would have screamed, but she couldn't.

Her mouth had also been carved out like a pumpkin during Halloween, emptied of teeth and tongue, all of which was placed in her cut out skull on her thighs.

One look at her and anyone would wonder how she was still alive.

However, Agent 'X' had been most gently with were his blades touched and avoided cutting certain areas that would lead to her quick death.

He knew that as much pain Catherine suffered, Lenny suffered much more.

Of course, Lenny was not the one on the sit, but as a master of the arts, he knew the extremities of her pain.

That pain added with his love for her was magnified several times over.

This was the reason why Lenny could not help but she'd tears the moment he saw her.

And now, he was hearing even more disturbing news.



As of the time Lenny had gotten the call from his handler, Agent 'X' had already long been around the vicinity.

But Lenny had been too saturated with love and the comfort of the security the Castle brought that it dulled his senses.

And that was why Agent 'X' was able to spike his drink.

If only he had been more careful, this would not have happened.

With the unforgiving sin that had been done to her, it would have been better if he had ended her life himself.

It would have been better if he had just done his job.

But like a moth drawn to flame that would surely consume it, he pulled towards her, entrapped by her every move, sway, touch, laugh and the innocence her heart brought.

A beautiful contrast to the disgusting filth that his heart brought to the table.

Who knows? maybe, just maybe, that was the attraction that pulled them together in the first place.

After all, north attracted south, and without Darkness, Light cannot shine.

The extremities that both of them represented must have been their string.

Lenny took a deep but painful breath in an effort to hold back his emotions and for a few seconds think as logically as he had always done.

After all, his opponent currently had all the cards.

"What do you want?" Lenny muttered.

However, the answer he got was even more ridiculous than the question asked...

Chapter 168 Hunting Memories Of Regrettable Love 7

The only reason Lenny had not rushed up to that stage was in fear and hope.

Fear that Agent 'X' could cause even more pain and hope that by some miracle, he could still save her.

After all, he knew those people.

Those people at the monastery. With their powers and abilities, it was possible.

Regardless of the damage, it was still possible.

Lenny's eyes looked up the throne.

His eyes met with hers.

He could see that even though she was in tremendous pain, she still looked at him, the one she called her love in hope.

Just that by some magnificence that he was, that he could save her, that he could END her pain.

"What do you want?" Lenny muttered.

"Hmmm..." Agent 'X' tapped his jaw, "that is a very tricky question. You see, it is not what I want, it is what I wanted."

As Agent 'X' talked, he brought out a little container from his blouse.

On seeing the shape of the container, Lenny knew what it was.

It was table salt.

Slow, he lifted it above Catherine's head, right above her exposed brain.

"No! Please don't do that!!!" Lenny pleaded.

Agent 'X' smiled as he poured some of the salt on his palm.

"You see, it is not a question of what I want. It is more of what I wanted. What you took from me. A talented rookie, beating an old veteran. Tsk tsk tsk."

He sprinkled not a lot but very little of the salt on her exposed brain.

Like salt on worms, Catherine spasmed frenziedly, shaking like volcano about to blow.

A mixture of blood, form and saliva escaped her already hollowed mouth.

"NO!!!" Lenny screamed, "please don't do that! I'll do anything!! Anything at all!!! Just don't hurt her anymore."

As he spoke, he raised his long knives in the air to show his sincerity.

Then dropped them slowly on the ground.

However, he noticed that Agent 'X' had a surprised look on his face.

Agent 'X' paused and turned to Lenny.

"Dear talented colleague of mine, I believe you misunderstand my intentions. I am not asking you to give away your weapons. No! I believe we both know that a man of your skill might even be more dangerous without them. I seek some thing else. Some thing more...." He licked his lips as if by doing so, he could find the taste of the word he was lacking.

"Yes, that is it! FLAVOUR! flavour is what I desire. In this case, it is the flavour of your pain in comparison to mine when you became number one," his face morphed in ugliness, and the make only made him all the more menacing, "you do not know what it is like to have a dream and watch it snatched away when it was right in your grip. Ever since I was little, my dream and obsession was simply to be the best."

Lenny frowned. He had heard rumours about Agent 'X'. He was a man obsessed with being the best at any and everything.

His obsession was so significant that it became a strong mental Disorder.

Growing up, the man had always been the best at everything, and when he couldn't, he ensured that they was no 'best' aside himself

This, he achieved by any means necessary.

Naturally, the social world and order won't allow this. Especially in an English setting.

From one mental hospital to the other. Until his parents couldn't take the cost for treatment again, and abandoned him totally in one of the Mental hospital facilities.

There, his desire to become the best still took the better of him.

Even at a mental hospital, he desired to be the best mad man.

His craziness climbed notch after notch. Every step of the way, it etched itself in his veins, his behaviour, attitude and even his manners.

And then all of a sudden, like it was never there, it all disappeared.

He became sane, and once more he was allowed his release and was reintroduced into the world.

However, a lack of display of madness was not an absence of it.

His madness did not go anywhere. All that happened, was that he found a different way to channel it.

And so his killing spree began.

Unfortunately, this was a different field than most he had been winning in.

"Do you want to know how the former number one died?" Agent 'X' asked shyly.

Lenny could care less, but one look at Agent 'X' and he could already guess that the mad man had a thing to do with it.

"Yes!" Agent 'X' admitted, "it was me!" He giggled lightly, "I touched his heart and escavated the tenderness of his love. The pain of it tortured him until he could not take it anymore," as he talked, his smile got wider and wider, until he burst into a hunting diabolical laugh.

He suddenly stopped. Taking a finger to his mouth, he licked the salt a bit, "and then, the number one took his own life."

The moment Agent 'X' said those words, he opened the Salt container over Catherines head.

"NO!!!"

Lenny screamed as his fingers moved instinctively on their own.

A speed as fast as the unnoticed pumping of blood.

Every muscle in them taunted hard as his fingers picked the long knives from the ground and shot them right for the throne like an arrow from a bow.

The first knife was for the salt container, and the second was for Agent 'X', right for the left eye.

Time seemed to almost stop as both men thought hard at lightening speed.

Agent 'X' had expected Lenny's attack, but not the way it came.

The long knives were sent at the same time. But one was at a faster pace than the other.

If Agent 'X' was to neglect the knife coming for his eye in order to pour the salt into her head, then he was as good as dead.

The knife coming for his head was faster.

He decided to dodge instead.

Meanwhile, the other knife nailed the salt container to the wall behind.

At the same time, Lenny kicked the ground from where he was.

All the muscles in his body pressed with one aim of reaching her.

However, Agent 'X' was not going to lose.

If he was not going to do it the fun way, then he was going to do it the traditional way.

As he leaned backwards to dodge the knife Lenny had thrown, a finger nail in his right hand, sharp as a blade made a slight cut at her neck.

The moment he did, he turned about and rushed once more into the darkness.

At the same time, Lenny had already made it to the throne.

He wanted to pursue Agent 'X' but he forced himself to swallow his anger and stop in his tracks.

Just then, he could hear Agent 'X' voice. "Pick one number one. It's either you hunt me or lose her."

His laugh echoed the room and faded slowly.

Lenny turned to Catherine.

Her current state was nothing short of a monstrous abomination.

It was already a miracle that she was still alive with her brain exposed from her skull.

Lenny did the unbindings on her body.

As he did, he quickly wrapped her in his embrace.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!! I'm sorry!!!" He muttered over and over again as he held her carefully in his embrace.

"Don't worry, I'll get you fixed. I can still get you fixed." He panicked as he hurried to pick up her carved out skull containing her teeth and tongue from the ground.

As he did, the tears he had managed to stop when talking to Agent 'X' had suddenly returned.

He removed his shirt and wrapped it around her abused nakedness.

However, as he did, she grabbed his shoulder.

This must have been a very painful process for her, especially because her fingers had been chopped up to look like pencils with her bones being the black lead.

However she did it and even squeeze into his skin a bit.

Lenny turned to her. This was a sight of her that would hunt him forever.

Lenny could not bare to look her, and even wanted to remove his face. Her beauty and innocence had been corrupted.

However, she would not have it.

She pulled his jaw slow, fixing it to her face.

Their eyes met one another, and even though her mouth was incapable of speech, her eyes told all the words she wanted to pass across.

As they did, each word pierced like a nail in wood into his heart.

This look was the last he would ever embrace her gaze in his.

It was at this time he noticed the cut on her neck.

Like the roots of a tree, green veins spread all over her body.

Her eyes remained still in their place. She had died.

Lenny screamed, pulling her to his embrace. His tears an unending waterfall....

.....Present world.....

Lenny kneeled on the ground as he cried. In his embrace was Catherine.

As he did, her fingers wrapped around his body like a birds nest.

To him, it was Catherine. However, to those watching, he was embracing the Mini Boss Devil of the Second Level.....

Chapter 169 The Take Over And Upcoming Massacre.

A few minutes ago....



Lenny handed A222 the Black shield and headed out of the room.

As he did, A222 and A123 stood by the door, opening it slightly to see what was going to happen outside.

They watched attentively as Lenny took on all the Soul devils as they swirled about him before rushing into his body.

Meanwhile, C888's attention was drawn to the bed.

He walked over to it, and leaned right at the spot Lenny had just been shedding tears.

For him, this was the first time he was seeing such a bed.

After all, Gladiators were not allowed such luxury.

He traced his hands across the sheets.

It was soft, and good to the feel.

He was very tempted to lie and sleep on the bed, but even he was aware that this was not the time nor place.

Just then, his fingers brushed across something.

It was foreign and did not have the smoothness that the silk sheets had.

He wanted to ignore it, but the feel of the sheets just did not feel right with this substance.

He frowned as he raised his head to check.

It was a folded brown piece of paper.

It was folded tight and well.

Out of curiosity, he opened the paper, and then his brows frowned even tighter.

He remembered that A222 said something about the soul devils taking form from one's memories.

He knew that Lenny was a Reminder, which makes sense that all they were seeing was from memories Lenny had access to.

As far as C888 was concerned, all this memories were from Lenny's connection to his ancestors.

After all, Lenny was a gladiator and had lived his entire life in the arena.

There was absolutely no way that all this was from his own memories.

The perfect explanation was that it was from people that had come before him.

Nevertheless, A222 had said that details were important.

This was proven when Lenny stood before the Monalisa portrait and said the portrait was missing important details of which it changed immediately.

These Soul devils were very particular with every memory.

It was one of their special attributes as soul Devils.

Even the smell of the room was not left out.

"In that case," C888 sighed to himself as he put the odd looking picture in his Gladiator pants.

There was a sudden rumble and C888 immediately ran to the door to see what was happening.

Only for him to peep outside, and see a sight he was not expecting.

Lenny knelt on the ground, tears flowed from his eyes. The same eyes that also shone in an eerie green color.

In his arms, was what appeared to be a mutilated woman.

However, her arms were wrapped around him.

Slowly, like the roots of a tree, they snaked all over his body.

They continued to grow around him, as he teared down, wrapping around him, as they slowly penetrated his body, entering his Orfrices and snaking into his veins and arteries.

<ALERT! ALERT!! ALERT!!!>

<Mind invasion! Mindinvasion!!>

The Satan system warned again and again, but it was of no use.

Lenny was too far gone in the pain of his struggle.

In his mind's eye, the only thing he saw was Catherine with her dead eyes in his embrace.

Her cold body to the feel of the touch, hunted his attention, his concentration, and every cell of his body.

Now more than ever, he felt so close but yet so far from her.

When the feelings started, he knew deep down that it was better to move away from her.

It was better to give up on the job and leave, but every moment his eyes met hers, it was a pull like no other.

Like a black hole sucking all into its unforgiving dark depths, she drew him in.

The feeling was not any he had ever felt before.

It was like he was always made to be hers and her, to be his.

It was an innate attraction he never questioned.

After all, was there any use questioning the attraction between magnet and iron?

Such was their pull. Much as if it was always meant to be.

Never questioned, never opposed.

A match made by the very stars in attitude of their kindness.

In one another, they had become one.

And now, without her presence he was like a snail empty of its shell.

He was a body empty of a heart.

Now hollow of the functionality of his existence.

All he was left with was longing and pain, reminders of his abrupt failure.

For all he had achieved and was capable of, he was not even able to protect one person.

Shame was not even a measurable container for his uselessness.

Meanwhile, Gladiators under Lady Hanger sneaked into the second level.

There were surprised at the change of scene.

Only a bit ago, it had been a cave and now, it was the corridors of a beautiful castle.

While they surveyed the place, taking their time to advance, something else was happening with Lenny.

After careful deliberation, A222, A123 and C888 opened the door and walked out of the room.

Gently, and carefully, with the Black shield to cover them, they advanced steadily towards Lenny.

"Is he okay!?" C888 asked.

"What do you think!?" A123 asked with a raised brow.

"Something is wrong! We need to separate him from that! Whatever it is." She pointed at the woman in his embrace.

"I don't know what it is, but I can hear it entering his veins to his heart! If it takes total control of his heart, then it is over.

"How the fuck are we going to do that? We are not like him you know. That thing is a soul devil, if we touch it, our souls will be lost." A123 added.

A123 had just made a very valid point.

Touching a Soul Devil was akin to seeking death.

A222 immediately handed the black shield to A123. She brought out her knives and extended her Darkline magic on them.

Using a normal weapon might not work, but using a weapon covered in Darkline magic might do the trick.

She waved her knives and brought them down fiercely.

However, what happened next took all of them by surprise.

Lenny stopped her blade just before it would reach the woman in his embrace.

Of course, the Soul devil was still in Catherine's form.

She tried hard, pushing the blades as hard as she could, but was it even possible?

Lenny was many times stronger than her.

With a wave of his hand, he threw her to the side.

"A222!!!" A123 screamed in worry as he hurried for her. He hurried over with the Black shield in hand and C888 followed him.

Just then, they heard a voice. It was none like they had ever heard before.

"Finally, a suitable body I can make my own."

The voice had come out of Lenny's mouth. It was Eerie and echoed like his voice over lapped on top each other.

This surprised all of them.

Lenny slowly stood up. His eyes were still an Eerie green, and green tree like roots that had penetrated his body made him an abomination to look at.

However, they could not take their eyes off him.

After all, he was supposed to be the strongest amongst them.

But the Boss of this Level had suddenly taken over his body.

The Boss Devil in Catherine's form still in the nude floated in the air behind him.

While Lenny stood before it. Green Tree like roots extended from her fingers all over his body.

He stood before her like a puppet before a puppet master.

"Oh Fuck!" A222 cursed as she saw what was happening.

They all had a mixture of both surprise and fear on their faces.

The Soul devil behind had a menacing smile. She leaned over Lenny's shoulder, and then she whispered into his ear, much like an affectionate lover, "You'll do anything for me, right?" She asked tenderly.

"Yes, yes Catherine! Anything for you." Lenny answered blindly.

As he did, tears still fell the side of his eyes.

"Good," the Soul Devil nodded. "These people are trying to hurt me. They are trying to hurt your Catherine. You did not protect before. Protect me now. KILL them all!!!" Her voice hissed lightly.

Just like that, the Devil ordered their death.

Lenny nodded as his head sharply turned to them in their corner.

At the sight of those Eerie eyes on them, A123 could not help but frown as he Cursed, "fuck! Fuck!! Fuck!!! We are so fucked!"

This gladiators had been with Lenny for a while now.

They knew what he was capable of doing. They had seen him slice and dice people. Falling them like domino tiles.

And now, he was to face them. None of them was a fool to believe that they could match him in battle.

Immediately, Lenny waved his hands and Two Katanas appeared.

He kicked against the ground as he rushed at them with his blade.

A massacre was on it's way.

Chapter 170 We Have To Free Him With The Spell Word.

A123 was not a fool. To think that he was going to stand and receive Lenny's brutality was like a fish jumping into the fisher man's pot of soup.

Immediately, he raised the big Black shield, covering himself, A222 and C888.

This was the only way.

Any other, and death was sure.

It was loud like the ringing of bells but it was as fast as the beating of drums.

**\*DANG! DANG!! DANG!!!\***

Lenny had not held back. With two swords carrying his full force, he beat against the drums again and again.



He was ferocious, but C888 quickly noticed something.

Unlike the other times he had seen Lenny fight, this one was without flair.

In other words, it was absent of technique.

It was just a display of brute force.

This was not how Lenny usually fight.

Even when he was angry and raging, his brutish slashing of sword still carried a trace of the elegance of one that had toiled his life to perfect his technique.

C888 looked at the Soul Devil controlling Lenny and a thought came to his mind.

Before he could enact it, the fiece banging stopped.

C888 saw it clearly.

The Soul Devil's eyes was suddenly drawn to something else.

As it did, so was Lenny's.

"It would seem we have guests," the Soul Devil's voice echoed through Lenny's mouth, "a little blood bath for a welcoming seems appropriate." It hissed and then controlled Lenny through a particular direction.

Of course it followed behind.

Once gone, A123, A222, breathed in relief.

"Damn it! For a second there, I thought we were dead for sure," A123 lamented.

Meanwhile, A222 massaged her ears.

Like all other things, she had sensitive hearing and as such, she hated when it was abused.

"We need to find the exit and get out of here," A123 stated.

A222 nodded in agreement.

However, C888 immediately disagreed, "we can't leave without D999."

The gladiator couple looked at him as if he was a fool.

"Did you not see that!?" A123 asked an obviously rhetorical question.

Only moments ago, they watched the second Level Mini boss take over Lenny's body and then dispaly an assault on them.

With the kind of capabilities Lenny had, it was a miracle that they were not dead yet.

If for some reason, he did not get distracted, then he would have pounded on the shield until it broke.

This would not have ended well.

In fact, they would not have been contemplating about life.

And here was C888 suggesting that they saved Lenny.

A123 was even close to even hitting C888 on the head, in hopes that he might develop some semblance of common sense.

"Wait!" C888 raised his hands in his defense, "I know how it sounds, but trust me when I say this, We can still help him out. I don't know if you guys noticed but D999 was not himself. "

"You don't say!" A123 quickly added.

"No! I mean that he did not fight like he usually did. Something is different."

A222's eyes shot open in understanding. She thought back to what had just happened, and a realization came to her.

"You don't mean...."

"IT HASN'T TAKEN OVER HIS SOUL YET!" Both of them spoke together.

C888 smiled, "yes!"

"What the heck are you guys saying?" A123 was obviously confused.

"It's simple," A222 decided to explain, "Earlier, the Soul Devil said it now had a body it can call its own. But it is a soul devil. It is supposed to consume the soul. But it didn't."

"Or it couldn't!?" A123 added.

All three of them nodded.

"That means that somewhere in there, Lenny is fighting back. That is why the Soul Devil could not take over his soul." C888 Concluded.

C888 did not know that he was close, but he was still further from the truth.

The only reason why the Soul Devil had not consumed Lenny's soul was because of the recently improved shield around it.

However, the Real Lenny was still broken.

"We now understood the problem. Solving it is an entirely different matter!" A123 clearly stated his concern.

A222 thought hard. Her mind hurried for a solution to the problem. She remembered the Soul Devil controlled Lenny like a puppet.

"The STRINGS!" She voiced out. "If we cut the strings, there is a possibility we can free him."

"Are you crazy!? You are saying that we should get close to the freaking Butcher and remove his apron!?" A123 shook his head, "No! No!! No!!! I won't be a part of this."

"But We have to help him!" C888 stated again. This time with a little more firm and resolve at the base of his voice.

A123 looked into C888's eyes.

He could tell that he was serious. Then again, it was expected.

For C888, Lenny was a benefactor. The one that helped him unlock Darkline magic which in turn saved his life.

Leaving Lenny was like asking C888 to kill his own mother.

"Okay! But how do we do it!?" A123 asked.

"Lenny kept on calling 'Catherine'. And the Soul Devil also used that word in his possession," C888 Massaged his jaw as thoughts crossed his mind.

"Maybe it's like a magic spell or something like that."

A222's eyes brightened up, "or a name!"

C888 shook his head, "I thought the same thing too at first, but that's a very weird word for a name. I think it might be a spell word."

All three of them thought hard and nodded, agreeing that it was a Spell word.

"We have to lure him with the Spell word. A222, you are the most sensitive amongst us. I want you to tell me when he is close."

"What exactly do you have in mind?" A222 asked.

"We are going to break the hold of the Soul Devil. Knowing D999, we might only have one shot at this. Let's make it count."

Just then, fierce screams reached their ears.

They were Gladiators and from the screams alone could tell what was happening.

They looked at one another, and nodded at C888's idea, knowing fully well that the probability of it going their way was not at all smooth.

Meanwhile, Lenny had began a Massacre.

These Gladiators were unfortunate.

For many if them, their major skill laid in their ability to conceal themselves.

Unfortunately, this was not a good plan as this was the Soul Devil's domain.

The moment they entered the Cave, the soul Devil became aware of their presence.

Soul Devils did not track with physical presence, but with the presence of the Soul.

This was their disadvantage.

With the Soul Devil knowing where they were, it was easy pickings for Lenny.

Even those that tried to defend were laid to an unfortunate end.

"Let's get away from here!" One advised the other that had excessive trust in his concealing ability and remained hidden.

However, that Gladiator did not have a choice. With the blood of his colleagues all over the place, all he could do was conceal himself and hide.

His fear allowed him nothing more than to hide.

Lenny had appeared like the Grim reaper.

He was sudden, and from the moment he appeared, the Soul Devil had appeared behind him.

All the Gladiators remember hearing was, "my love, they want to take me away. Will you let them take away your Catherine!?"

Suddenly, blood went up in the air like it was a car speeding through a water puddle.

Of Course, they had gone into a stealth mode the moment they saw him arrive.

However, it was not a barrier to their suffering.

In the hearts of many of these gladiators, their only regret was putting in too much effort into training their concealment ability as opposed to training their FLEEING ability.

Then again, against Lenny's blade, Fleeing was a temporary comfort the heart and mind found vain satisfaction.

As limbs went up the air to the celebration of Lenny's defence of his acclaimed 'Lover', all they could do was appreciate the slaughter that signified the end of their lives.

One of them even hoped that the death would be swift as Lenny's blades reached him.

Thankfully, Lenny's swift cuts were merciful enough to answer his prayers.

Cutting and dicing him like a Sushi chef eager to show his sharp skills.

That unlucky fellow was torn like Cinderella's clothes after the touch of the Wicked Step-mother before the ball.

Lenny rushed for the unlucky fellow that did not want to move.

The Gladiator embraced his knees to his face.

He had already sealed his fate in his mind, just like the others that had unfortunately died before him.

His counterpart that encouraged him to run had already abandoned him.

At the mercy of death, Familiarity was not a tune many were willing to dance to.

Lenny lifted his hands high in the air. Without a doubt, the unlucky lad before him was going to be another unworthy stain to his blade.

However the call came and his hand paused in the air.

"Catherine..."