

DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

Chapter 17 Punishment For Disobedience...

For the first time since coming into this world, Lenny had found himself in a tight corner.

In fact, it was so tight, that one could easily say he was in between a rock and a hard place.

The axe came directly for his head.

It carried with it the sheer force, focus, and will the man wielding it had for practically breaking his face.

He could see it clearly, as the wooden edge of the axe came for his head.

Even though it was a wooden axe, he was not so dumb as to think that he would not die from the impact that thing was bringing to him.

However, just an inch and it would dice up into his eyebrows...

"STOP!"

The edge of the axe stopped right in front of his eyes.

He turned his head in the direction the order had come.

It was from the Demon instructor.

The Gladiators obeyed and pulled back their weapons.

The demon instructor walked over to Lenny's head, "you are lucky! your two minutes is over."

Truly, Lenny was lucky. But most importantly, the amount of muscular control these gladiators had was incredible. And this was something Lenny had to admit.

Regardless of their emotional influence of wanting to pay back, and probably kill him, that gladiator with the Axe had, he stopped right when the order was given.

With the way the gladiator stopped, Lenny instantly understood the lesson that the demon instructor was trying to pass.

In this hell hole, obedience was far greater than sacrifice, or any form of pleasure.

The discipline was absolute.

He had seen how much respect those in the D class gave D800, and how much respect they gave the Magstri. But this discipline was on another whole level. One could say that it was fundamentally in their nature not to disobey.

For someone like Lenny that fundamentally had his own will and was guided by his whims all his life, this strict discipline was definitely going to be a bit problematic for him.

Up next came the whipping.

Regardless of his broken arm, he was placed on what the Gladiators called the Discipline board. He was spread out face down like a thanksgiving turkey across the board.

His legs and hands were spread out well.

Gladiators did not wear full clothing. Only little pieces of clothing cover up their privates.

For men, it was just a small loin of cloth below the waist area, and for women, a thin piece of cloth for the upper side and lower side.

For both genders, their butt cheeks were exposed. It was in this manner, that Lenny received his lashing.

The demon instructor released the folded whip from the side of his waist. The whip was long as he released it.

It was leather all through with little thorns that got bigger towards the thinner side of the whip.

The Demon instructor first came to Lenny's face and showed him the whip. Usually, this was to put fear and anticipation of pain for the person to be punished.

Surprisingly, he did not get the reaction he was hoping to get.

he took a piece of wood and placed it in his mouth for him to bite down on, "you'll be needing this. And please try not to sing too loudly," he laughed, "it turns me on!"

The demon instructor laughed some more as he went a full fifty meters back. His arm stretched outward, exposing his muscles. From the way veins appeared on them, it was obvious that he was not going to go light on Lenny.

He raised his front leg, leaned back to gather enough momentum and then he swung the whip around in the air before landing it right on Lenny's back.

WHIP!

The whip landed like the anger lightning used to strike a tree.

It was precise, and it was stinging.

Lenny instantly knew why the instructor had insisted that he bite hard on the piece of stick.

In his former life, he had danced around on the edge of death many times. He had gotten the unfortunate taste of enjoying bullets penetrating his body.

He had knives cut him. He had even been strangled and poisoned many times before.

His skin had tasted a lot of hurt during his time as an assassin.

Each and every one of them came with its own flavour pain. Each with its own taste. Just like how vanilla was sweet, it tasted differently from the sweetness of chocolate, and also of milk.

But never in his life had he tasted pain such as this.

If he were to describe it in words, then it was a mixture of the world's hottest pepper on the heaviest but bluntest and roughest blade. Used to saw hard into his skin.

Of which the movement was hard, forceful, and bitter, but slow and concise.

Only the first whip sent shivers down his soul. And he had to bite down as hard as he could if not, he felt as if his mind was going to blank.

By the second whip, his teeth were clattering hard, and by the third, large beads of sweat had gathered around his forehead.

By the sixth, he could feel his body spasming in pain. And those beads of sweat fell like the indecisive, teasing raindrops of a cloudy day.

What was worse, was the fact that he was still receiving this punishment when his stats were halved.

Lenny was normally considered an insane person, but by the twelfth lash, he felt his mind fracturing some more.

It was in this process that an old forgotten memory was recalled in his mind.

In trying to reach the standard of greatness in had reached in his field, he had gone on a journey to a lot of places to learn the crafts they teach.

This journey had taken years, and he had reached a lot of places where he mastered and adapted their skills. One of which was the school of pain and pleasure...