

## Devil Slave 171

Chapter 171 Twisted Love Like No Other...

A22 had absolutely no idea what she was doing.

However, the instruction remained that she whispered the Spell word, and so she did. She did it in as much effort as possible for it to sound like that of the Soul Devil, affectionate and inviting.

Lenny's hand paused in the air, and he quickly turned in the direction the name had come from.

Once again, the whisper floated through the ear into his ears.

Meanwhile, the gladiator that was about to be butchered hugged his knees tight. In his heart, he prayed to every superior being he had never heard of.

He even prayed to the god of the Mushroom paste he ate from the Arena.

Any one at all that would answer his humble pleas was prayed to.

And just like that, he waited and waited, but the death he anticipated did not come.

Those blood dripping Katana blades did not fall.

Slowly, he opened his eyes.

There was a rumour that time slowed down at the point of death. Maybe this was it, he thought to himself.

Slowly, he lifted his head to look.

However, the blade with the dripping blood was paused.

It paused right before the parting of his head.

A few drops of the blood that was evidently from his former colleagues fell from the blade to his face.

The moment it did, he could not take the tension any more and pissed himself as he fainted.

However, Lenny had paused the Gladiator before his blade was no longer the subject of his attention.

Instead, it was something else.

It was a whisper.

It was clear as day and as pulling as gravity on an apple to the ground.

Immediately, he kicked against the ground as he rushed in that direction.

"Huh!? Where are you going!?" The Soul Devil Questioned as it noticed Lenny Leaving it's control.

It tried to will him back on track, but the call of that name was an instinctive stimulus to his very soul.

And since the Soul devil did not possess control over his soul, it did not possess full control over him.

The Soul Devil got angry at this, sudden turn.

Meanwhile, deep within Lenny's mind, the Soul Devil was trying hard to break his new soul Defense.

This was not easy, and in it's frustration within Lenny's mind and the fact that Lenny had responded to another Call, it got too carried away and broke character, forgetting to call him back with the same name.

However, that did not mean that it was not making progress.

Cracks had already decorated the Defence, and the Satan System alarmed continually.

<Alert>

<Soul Defence breach in progress>

<Soul Defense at 69%>

<Please Take precautionary measures or risk Soul Take over>

However, the Current Lenny responded to nothing but her name.

Lenny's ears were sharp as that of a mother hen to the cry of her little chicks.

Lenny turned at a corridor and then another.

The Devil had no choice but to follow, pulled along by the puppet.

The moment he reached the trapped bend, A222 turned to A123 and C888.

"NOW!!!" She screamed.

Immediately, both Gladiators activated their Darkline magic around their weapons as they rushed out in full force.

\*SLASH! SLASH!!\*

Both swords slashed at the roots connecting Lenny to the Soul Devil.

It happened just in time too. The Soul Devil was already 95% through Lenny's Defense.

A little more and it would take over Lenny soul.

As the slashes tore the roots, the Soul Devil screamed at its loss a SHRIEK like never before.

"Yes! We did it" C888 smiled at A123. But men were elated.

Lenny staggered a bit, and then he fell to the ground.

C888 rushed to him, "D999! D999!! Come on!!! Get up," he turned Lenny over.

"Come on, get the fuck up," he gave Lenny some slaps on the face.

However, Lenny's eyes only stopped glowing Green.

It was still lifeless and disoriented.

"VERMIN!!!" The Soul Devil screamed loudly, the sound waves from its mouth blasted C888, A222, and A123 to the wall.

Immediately, it's roots snaked through the ground and connected to Lenny's body.

The moment it did, he's eyes once more resumed their formwr glow.

"Did you really think that breaking the connection was going to be enough!" The Soul Devil chuckled, and it's voice echoed and over lapped on itself.

"You do not understand the intricates of the soul. This one is already broken. He is mine."

The moment it said those words, Lenny rose from the ground like an undead brought back to life.

His eyes glowed a deeper green, and then they suddenly turned red.

As they did, the roots in his body turned red.

The Satan system rang ceaselessly.

<Soul take over!!! Soul take over!!!>

However he paid it no attention.

Truly, his soul was broken.

"HAHAHAHA!!!!" A loud commanding laughter of Victory rang through the Corridors.

Back in the Arena, Cuban sighed heavily.

This was not what he expected. In truth, even the other Arena masters expected more.

But such as it was, they had no choice but to accept the results.

Even Clawed sighed in pity. After the incredible things Lenny had displayed, he had already planned of purchasing Lenny from Cuban.

To have Lenny under him as a subordinate would be a worth while experience.

In fact, if he even did it well, he could excavate some useful things from Lenny's DNA. It was really a shame that such a bountiful treasure became useless before it could become very useful.

The Magistri also watched. He had put in much faith in Lenny.

However, like the others, this was the furthest he was to ever reach.

All had given up on Lenny except Lady Vinegar.

Her eyes remained glued to the screen like a child looking up to its mother for food.

Her eyes showed her unwillingness to give up.

It was an incredible display so fervent that Basket face standing close to her noticed it.

Even through her veil, he noticed her need for Lenny to keep going, to keep pulling forward.

He could not help but also sigh at this.

He really did not understand this and did not exactly think much about it.

It was possible that she saw Lenny as a potential new pet.

Then again, it won't be the first time it was happening.

Humans to Demons were like little puppies to humans some times.

It was also the reason why she took Cuban side in the bet, he thought to himself.

Too bad this toy broke before it got ordered for.

Meanwhile, Dread enveloped A123, A222 and C888's heart.

Things had totally changed.

The Soul Devil had taken over, sinking into Lenny's soul.

That was the reason Lenny's glowing eyes had changed colors.

"Yes! Yes!! Yes!!! Such a very delicious soul," the Soul devil was obviously very elated by its take over.

It then turned to Lenny's teammates.

"Your friend is mine. But worry not, you will join him soon. KILL THEM!"

The order was like judgement right from the throne of grace that created them.

It was at this time that A222 remembered the Black shield.

However, When the Soul Devil blasted them away with it's sound waves, it had smaked away the Black shield away from her hands.

At the moment, they absolutely had no defence against Lenny's might.

Lenny waved his Katanas in the air.

This death was going to swift and precise.

While A222 and A123 panicked, C888 did not.

From the moment Lenny gave him a new lease on life, he had concluded that his life was no longer his but Lenny's.

This was the life he had resolved himself to live.

A123 covered A222 with his hands, protecting her in his embrace.

He placed a deep kiss on her forehead as he awaited his destined end with his lover in his embrace.

However, C888 was different. He was willing to die with the dignity that he had given his all to save Lenny.

He knelt down before Lenny opening his hands and letting go for Lenny to decide his fate.

"Hahahah!!!" The Soul Devil enjoyed loud laughter as it watched Lenny bring his blades down on his teammates.

Death was eminent, and slaughter was sure.

The Blade came down, and A123, A222, and C888 closed their eyes.

However, it did not come.

The desired death did not come.

Lenny's blade like the last time stopped.

This surprised every one.

Whether it was the Soul Devil, the Gladiators about to be killed or those in the Arena.

Every one was left surprised by this.

After all, an order from one that had taken over a soul should and could not be disobeyed.

Lenny's eyes were red, and it was clear that the Soul Devil was incharge however, his hands did not descend.

They remained frozen in the air.

C888 swallowed hard.



However, he looked at Lenny, and then subconsciously, he followed Lenny's eye sight.

Lenny was looking at a piece of Paper on the ground.

This piece of paper had fallen from C888's Loin cloth.

On this piece of paper was a man of red skin with two horns on his head.

This paper was old, and from the looks of it, it was from a children's book.

This was the same piece of Paper Lenny had carried all his life.

From that day of his first job to the day of his last.

This was the symbol of a greater love. The love he had for the Devil himself....

Chapter 172 The Smile Of The Soul Devil Suddenly Froze: Soul Master Awakens

For a slave that was supposed to do the will of its master, Lenny being the puppet was currently a terrible one.

His hands had been above his teammates and yet, he did not strike.

Rather, his eyes, glowing red like blood through light stared at the picture on the ground.

This Picture. This was it.

For a long time in his life, this was the picture he carried.

Even when his own mother called him crazy, and the world left him, this picture never left his side.

From the greatest to the worse of missions, this picture stayed by his side.

For him, it was no longer a piece of paper from a Children's book.

No!

It was something more. It was a companion.

Sometimes, in those dark times, he would talk to it. He believed it listened, and even more so, in his head, he could hear a subtle sweet voice talk back at him.

Love was Love.

It came in different forms. Whether it was love for one's mother or for a lover.

Love was like the epiphany of colours like it was a rainbow.

It was far-reaching and yet, it was close.

Close enough to behold and embrace.

Like the roots of a mountain in the earth, it would become fixed on arrival. But like the branches of a tree, it was more flexible beyond reason.

However, it was so.

There was an old saying in Lenny's former world.

When it comes to Love, whether Familiar or otherwise, one never forgets his first.

For Lenny, that first was not the Picture, but the shadow of the person it represented.

For Lenny, his first love, was no other than Lucifer the Morningstar.

For Lenny loved this Master he had never met so much that it had become Blasphemous.

Lucifer was the one person in the world that saw him for who he was and did not think he belonged in a mental Asylum but rather embraced him to the welcoming bosom of understanding and mental peace.

At least, for a boy growing up with no one to share a life with, this was the conclusion of his very wide imagination.

Whether it was good times or bad times, he was always there with him.

Whether it was when he was bullied as a young boy in school or captured and tortured as an adult, Lucifer was always there to comfort him.

Even now, Lenny could remember those times.

he would wrap his hands around his knees with the picture to his chest and no matter how cold or worried he would be, it would bring him warmth, comfort and peace.

Even though many concluded he was crazy, to Lenny, he might have really gone mad if he did not have the Love of this master.

This was not love like a woman to her man, nor a mother to her child.

It was also not love that required intercourse, but love that sat so deep and rooted in both sanity and insanity of an absolutely mad man with incredible self-righteous delusions so twisted the patients of a mental Asylum seem to have nothing but a slight Cold in comparison.

Not even the ordained love of the stars between him and Catherine was as deep, commanding, and bottomless as this.

After all, was there a love purer than this?

That a man would love and stand by his mentor even when the world, heaven, earth, and the underworld stood against him.

The old Japanese men of the Sword, men called Samurai believed that without their masters, a man was nothing.

Even death was considered the only retribution for a life lived against one's master.

In this case, Lenny was no different.

Except that such love was not imposed on him like a seed fallen to the earth with no choice but to grow.

No!

He's, came from the bowels of his heart, like lava shooting out of a volcano.

Lenny truly loved Catherine. But there was something or rather someone he loved even more than that.

Compared to his love for Master, Catherine's love was as fleeting as the dry desert that was at the mercy of the blowing wind.

It was trivial, and it was idle TRASH.

After all, that love for master had also brought him to this world.

It had brought him here for one thing, and one thing only.

"Vengeance..." Lenny muttered lowly.

Yes! he was here to take revenge on any and all things that his master found abominable, and that included the Damned soul devil that had its fingers about his soul.

Lenny suddenly dropped the blades in his hands as his head in a struggle turned about.

Those red eyes looked it into the Hollow sockets of the soul devil.

If this creature had another soul hiding within, then Lenny's piercing gaze was staring at it.

"HOW DARE YOU!!?"

Those words came with the guts that originated from the confidence to challenge the world.

For a brief second, the Soul Devil actually floated back in surprising fear before it paused in shame and advanced once more.

However, this action it displayed alone had left everyone watching speechless.

Whether it was the gladiators watching or the Demons watching from the Arena, Everyone was absolutely baffled by this.

It was great to know that fear was an instinctive reaction.

This meant that a creature of the underworld, birthed from pure chaos and unbridled destruction felt instinctive fear to the mere words of a halfborn human.

But every person watching did not understand the gravity of those words.

After all, all they were doing was watching the match.

But the Soul devil was currently connected to Lenny's soul, and it had felt Lenny's words differently.

Those words seemed to have been made from Lenny's mouth, however, it had come from his soul, mighty as a Lion looking down on the ignorance of an ant that dared climb its body to call itself the new king of the Jungle.

The Soul Devil's expression became even uglier, and its webbed roots around Lenny's Soul became even more aggressive.

More roots spread around the giant ball that was his soul. It wrapped him like a spider did a meal before emptying it of its bloody nutrients.

As it did, Lenny fell to the ground on both knees.

"HAHAHAHAHA!!!" The Soul Devil laughed widely.

It drew closer to Lenny. "This is binding directly from my soul. You are nothing before it. Since you cannot be a good puppet, I shall CONSUME you and all that you have to offer."

Saying this, Lenny's body suddenly became dryer.

The Soul Devil was actually draining him. It was much like a stray in a soft drink can before a hungry child.

From the glow of the roots, it was clear that Lenny was currently being drained of his soul.

However, the smiling face of the Soul Devil suddenly froze.

Slowly, Lenny raised his head at it, "So you say these roots are connected to your soul, right? Then I hope to thank you in advance for the meal!"

An ominous feeling suddenly rose in the mind of the Soul Devil.

In its Soul Eyes, Lenny's soul, low and dying suddenly stopped getting smaller. It was growing, and getting bigger.

"This...this is IMPOSSIBLE!" The Soul Devil screamed out its grief. But it was all for nothing.

Like a Butterfly breaking out of a Cocoon, Lenny's soul broke out of its binds.

And then an unbelievable thing happened.

The Soul roots glowed again. Except, this time around, they glowed in a different color.

Lenny's eyes no longer glowed red, but now changed back to green, and then to white.

As they did, so did the Soul Devils.

"NO! NO!! NO!!! It's impossible. I am a Soul devil. You can't win me in the machinations of the soul!"

Lenny chuckled, "True! but you know nothing of true love. All you carry is a mockery of its wonderment. I, on the other hand, carry my master's love." Lenny chuckled again, "Besides, don't you know I carry the title of Soul Master!?"

\*Boom!\*

The earth shook, and although the others could not see it, the Soul devil, now dying could clearly see it. After all, it was still connected to Lenny's soul.

The Silhouette of six pairs of wings. Six on each side, from his head to his feet.

It was at this moment that he understood Lenny's words.

"Master!?" it muttered lowly.

However, it was too late.

Lenny drained it to dust.

<Alert>

<Soul defenses fortified>

<You have just consumed a Mini boss Soul Devil>

<+200 Magic points>

<Soul servant unlocked: As a Soul master, Summon the souls of the Lesser dead in battle>

<Note: Restricted to only souls of those that Host killed himself>

Lenny nodded at the alerts, and then once more, he turned to his teammates.

Slowly, he walked up to his Katana blades. Till this moment, his eyes still glowed white...

Chapter 173 All We Can Do Is Wait.

Lenny had totally consumed the Mini boss soul devil like it was a bowl of Noodles.

He had absorbed it and made it a part of his power.

White maisma slowly floated from his body.

His eyes glowed white and in his current form, he looked like a literal god that had decided to visit the earth.

Lenny slowly picked up his weapons from the ground.

As he did, he waved them and his teammates panicked even more.

His suddenly resumes their usual color.

"Hmmm! Are you guys going to continue your orgy or are we going to go to the next level?"



Hearing this, C888 sighed as he fell on his ass.

He had been the person ready to die a few seconds ago, but hope for life was a rodent, and some where deep within him, it ate him up like his heart was made of Cheese.

They all took breaths of relief as they stood up.

A123 walked up to Lenny, "don't scare us like that again man!" He patted him on the shoulder.

Just then, the Castle corridor slowly changed.

It was turning back to the messy cave walls.

Every thing on the walls also disappeared.

The Soul Devil that conjured the Castle walls into existence was no more.

The effects of his power was now disappearing.

Just then, the Picture cut from the children's book when he was little entered his sights.

Immediately, Lenny picked it up.

This particular one,.he was.nog going to let go.

The Soul Devil had been up to date in detail, and that detail was the reason why it's life ended the way it did.

The walls disappeared and Lenny could see that just a few distance from them, weee corpses on the ground.

These were the people that Lenny had butchered when he was being controlled by the devil.

From this bunch, only two of them remained.

Blood flowed on the ground and body parts littered the whole place.

The moment Lenny's eyes turned to them, they panicked and scurried to hide behind a rock.

Lenny chuckled a bit.

Even though he was under the control of the Soul Devil at the time, he still did not mind that he killed them.

After all, this was a competition.

Gladiators killed Gladiators. In this tournament, and against the competition, it was allowed.

Although he had no reason to kill them before, he did not mind it now.

It was like the decision one had whether to let an ant pass by or step on it.

Either way, he did not care.

Lenny picked the black shield and sent it into his storage unit

"Let's go!"

His teammates followed behind him.

None of them acted as if the two cowering in a corner existed.

They walked through a Tunnel and down below they went.

It was not as long as the transition from the first Level into the the second level, but it still took them some time.

Surprisingly, they came across two pairs of long iron doors.

This was surprising.

Firstly, they had not been any doors since they entered these caves, except of course, when the Soul Devil turned the caves into a castle.

Soul Devils were thought to be very chaotic and babric beings.

The idea of a door was significance of intelligence and organisation.

This was the conclusion Lenny arrived at the moment he saw the door.

Whatever it was in this level, it was capable of intelligence, and strategic thinking process.

Enough that it could sort out its own privacy from the other Soul Devils and even minions.

"Be careful!" A222 suddenly advised.

Lenny turned to her, "why!?"

"I don't know, but it's just weird in there."

"Weird!?"

"Yes. Unlike the other Levels, I can only sense three inside."

"Three!? Is that people or Devils?" A123 asked.

"I...I don't know," she shook her head.

"It's... different. They are all different," she turned to Lenny, "is it weird that I don't think we should take this step?"

Lenny Frowned.

A222 was the most sensitive one.

Her ears could tell the direction of the flow of blood in the body of a person.

She was that good.

If she was saying that it was not a good idea to walk through those doors, then it definitely was worth listening to.

However, the fact remained that they currently had no where else to go except forward.

The tournament remained clearing the Devil Dungeon.

Lenny turned to his teammates and then unable to hold it any longer, he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Hahaha!!!"

They all looked at him speechless.

"Why the long face? Whether it is man, devil or god, I will make it's knees touch the earth!"

Lenny advanced towards the door.

He had changed.

After what had happened with the soul Devil, his heart was clearer about his purpose and his goal.

He was here to be his master's judgement on the world.

This was the reason for his existence and he was going to carve the world in the image of his retribution.

He pushed the doors open and took a step in.

As he did, so did the others.

However, they all suddenly heard a loud but commanding voice in their heads.

"Finally, all the contestants are here. Sorry children! This one is for the big boys."

\*Boom!\*

A blast of chaos magic blasted C888, A222 and A123 out of the door.

As it did, it also blasted out the bat eyes that was in charge of tracking their movements.

All except Lenny was allowed.

\*DUM!!!\*

The Doors promptly shut behind him.

\*Cough! Cough!! Cough!!!\*

They coughed up blood mixed with some of their innards.

"What the fuck was that!?" A123 stood up slowly.

He advanced towards the door.

"Arrrhhh!!!" With a loud war cry, he brandished his sword on the doors.

\*Boom!\* Once more, another blast of energy sent him flying a distance.

"I'll advise for you not to try again," the voice advised in their heads, "I won't be so lenient a next time."

Back at the Arena, the demons watching were just as baffled as the Gladiators watching.

"What's going on!?" Basit voiced the question on everyone's mind.

"It would seem like they have been shut out by the Devil Boss of the third Level." Basket face explained.

"That much I can see! But why!?"

"The same thing happened when those other two reached the Boss of the third level. Even the Bat eyes were sent out." Basket face explained further, "it would seem like what so ever is in there, does not want our prying eyes."

"So what does this mean? Is this the end of the competition?" Lady Hanger asked.

Basket face massaged his jaw as he thought hard about this.

"I don't think it's over just yet. All we can do now, is wait..."

Chapter 174 Devil Boss Coco Has A Better Offer

Lenny frowned tightly.

His senses were firmly alert.

Like the others, he had fully heard the voice in his head.

The chaos magic that blew threw passed him by and rushed for only his teammates.

Even without looking back, he could tell that they were okay.

It seemed like who so ever it was in this place, only wanted him.

This was a request Lenny dis not mind granting.

This was a corridor.

But it did not look as undefining as the cave passages.

One look at the place and one could tell that who so ever stayed here put in work in setting up the place.

They were even statures carved out of stone of human men and Devils on the sides.

Considering that the person here only had mud, stone and cave crystals to work with, this was actually a very beautiful place.

It was as if the work here was done to model the art of human beings.

Yet, it had a different touch of inspiration to it.

If this was Lenny's former world, then many of this works could have been sold for very incredible prices.

Even Lenny, a man of taste for art works would not mind keeping some for himself.

Even now, he was quite tempted to throw some into his storage unit.

However, he did not.

Right now, he was sharp to his environment.

Even if a pin was to drop meters away, he would notice it.

His perception ability spread out far and wide.

"I see you are still skeptical. Don't worry, I don't mind. But if you could please hurry up, the others have been waiting for quite some time now." The voice advised in his head.

Lenny smiled a bit.

Even though he walked normal through the corridor, he was actually walking very cautiously, and observing his environment.

A normal person would have seen him as being care free.

However, this person had seen through him.

Even going further to tell him that it was okay to advance.

This meant that in the very least, the person could sense his perception ability.

This was a very formidable opponent.

Lenny walked up to a room.

It was the only room on the corridor so far.



He got into it, and there it was.

Or rather, there they were.

This room was weirdly made to look like an eighties bar.

From no where, they was even light music playing in the background.

At the bar were two people sitting a good distance from one another.

One of them was very big in size and had a mask to cover his face.

While the other was a dwarf. She barely had a lot of muscles, but Lenny could tell from the kind of muscle tone she possessed that she was very athletic.

Aside them,.they was the bar tender.

One look at him and Lenny instantly knew what it was.

The bartender dressed like a business man,except without the coat on top.

He also had his sleeves rolled up, and he whistled the tone playing in the background.

But that was not all.

At least, Lenny could tell that that the two at the bar were half Borns.

But the bar tender was different.

Firstly, his skin was red as blood, he had two horns, one on each side of his head, with one of them cleanly shaved off.

It looked like it had been cut off by a sword.

He had a monocle on one eye, and if not for his skin and Horns, he would have passed on as any other average Joe behind the bar.

**\*Surveyor\***

<Name: Coco

<Race>Devil

<Level: ???

<Rank: Boss Devil (Lower rank)

<Strength: ???>

<Stamina: ???>

<Agility: ???>

<Magic: 5000>

<HP ???>

<Exp. ???>

<Abilities: A touched one>

Apart from its magic level which was far higher than his, he could not see the devil's power level.

This meant that this Boss devil was of on a different caliber of strength.

Also, Lenny could not help but frown when he saw that the Boss devil's ability only displayed : "A touched one"

Lenny immediately took a ready stance for fighting.

"Ahhh! Finally, he arrives. Please take a seat," Coco, the Boss Devil invited.

His tone was welcoming and very inviting.

What's more, it sounded respectful.

It was as if he was trying to say that he was here to serve instead of fight.

Lenny was really taken back by this, however, an invitation had been made.

He walked forward and took a sit in the center of the two.

This spot looked like it was the most unfavorable, especially if he was attacked, however, it was the perfect spot.

This way, he could tell if an attack was going to be coming from any angle.

It also gave him an overall sense of his environment from all angles.

Lenny's choice of seating position was something Coco observed well.

"Please, have a drink!" Coco brought out a cup and filled it with what looked like red wine, but definitely smelled like blood.

He served it up to Lenny.

Lenny looked to his sides. The two other gladiators were also served this drink, and from the looks of it, at least one of them had been enjoying it.

Lenny first used the Satan System to check if anything dangerous was in the Drink.

Seeing that it was safe to drink, he took the cup, one more look at Coco and then he drank it.

The taste came foreign to Lenny.

It was Clearly blood, however, it tasted like a mixture of honey and pineapple juice.

<Alert>

<+3 Str>

<+2 magic points>

Lenny's eyes brightened at this.

Coco could see that he liked it.

He chuckled a bit.

"Good! Now that all the participants are here, we can get straight into business. I am Coco. I am a self named Devil. I am very aware of your reasons for coming here. However, I have a different proposal, if you all are so interested that is."

He suddenly brought out a case, and opened it.

As he did, the sight of three White glowing feathers shocked Lenny.

Chapter 175 Agenda Of The Tournament

From the Moment Lenny entered this place, nothing seemed to be right.

At first, it was the compulsory Privacy, and then it was the statutes. Hell, the air in here did not smell like piss and blood. Instead, it smelt like Lavender mixed with a touch of red wine.

Where the hell did this devil even find Lavender in the post-apocalypse?

Either way, nothing about this was right.

The fact that two gladiators that were sent to kill this Boss preferred to sit, wait and converse, was also another mystery.

In fact, everything about this Boss Devil called Coco was not just right.

But When Lenny saw the items inside the case, every thing suddenly made more sense.

Even though a lot more questions had reason in his heart, it still made more sense.

Even more so, he had not felt that Lucifer's wings were in this place.

Just then, he saw an alert in the system.

<Alert>

<Fallen Angel Feathers detected>

It was after seeing the feathers that the System gave alert.

However, Lenny immediately noticed the Alert of the system.

It did not see that the white glowing feathers belonged to Lucifer, but rather, a fallen Angel.

Lenny immediately thought back to Stories he had heard and read.

After all, aside from Lucifer, they were other angels.

Coco could see that their eyes were all captivated by the three Angelic feathers.

After all, who wouldn't be?

He chuckled a bit, "Magnificent aren't there? It is said in the old books that a long time ago, Angels saw the daughters of men and were filled with Lust. They dove down to partake of the pleasures men's daughters could provide. Enchanting them with their voices, unearthly music and even the heavenly touch. With their wooing skills, they got what they wanted, and enjoyed the fleshy warmth that a woman's thighs could provide."

As he talked, his hands gesticulated, capturing the attention of his audience of three, "They even had giant children with them. And when they had their fill of pleasure, they said to one another: Let's go home. However, the gates of heaven would receive them not. Instead, they were cast back to the earth. In that violent casting down, they got very wounded, and behold these feathers."

Coco smiled, and then unable to hold himself back, he chuckled some more. "Lady, and Gentlemen! The following are three Fallen feathers of heavenly beings. These feathers are so powerful that even a being of pure chaos like myself was made brand new. They are responsible for all you see around you, and...erm..." he paused and smiled with his eyes a bit, "many more. Besides, if I am not mistaking, is that not the reason why you are all here? After all, your masters tried in the past but could not reach it, and now, their pawns have come for the plucking."

He gave a slight bow to show that his story, description and speech were all over.

However, Lenny's mind raced in thinking.

Firstly, he remembered that the Demons had tried to enter this Dungeon before but couldn't. Dungeons had a rule granted by nature itself that could not be broken.

No one above the rank could enter one.

And even the demons that were sent earlier on could not fend off the Chaos magic for a long time before becoming corrupted.

The only hope was sending gladiators in. Because of their peculiar Darkline magic, they could hold off chaos magic from their systems for a long time.

Although it seemed as if this was just a normal eradication of a devil's dungeon, it apparently was not.

Then again, when it came to demons, one plus one was never two. In fact, it could be anything but two.

They was always an agenda of sorts.

It seems like for this tournament, this was the agenda.

The Demons must know about the Fallen feathers here.

That must be the reason why they concentrated on this Devil Dungeon.

After all, coming to the city, they had seen a lot of Devils in the outside world. It would not have been a problem to find any dungeon at all. Why did it have to be this one?

Lenny was starting to think that he was a small part of a higher Agenda that he had no knowledge of.

Lenny looked at the two by his sides.

It would appear from their reaction that these two were not all too surprised.

It would seem like they had known about it all along.

Then again, Lenny was known to be quite rebellious. It was not a surprise that no one told him, or maybe Cuban himself was unaware of this.

Either way, the fact remained that he was here and he now knew.

Lenny immediately asked the Satan system to analyze the Fallen feathers.

According to the system, these were regular Angel feathers.

They were nothing like the little Golden Arch Angel Feather that Lenny had absorbed before.

Angels had a hierarchy of power. This was something that even a child knew from reading story books.

These might have been Arch Angel feathers, but nevertheless, they were still feathers.

These were in fact very precious Holy relics.

For these low rank demons, it was a power boost akin to a rank up in video games.

It was no wonder that they put in so much effort into acquiring them.

They even claimed that it was to celebrate Lady Vinegar's birthday, and they brought only the best arenas around for it, but the truth was that it was another hunt for power, with humans being the lackeys.

Lenny Chuckled in his head.

Unfortunately for these Demons, he was here, and the feathers were before his eyes.

Lenny knew that even if these other gladiators got the feathers right now, they did not exactly have a way to consume it. With the kind of magic that the system had informed him that these feathers had, even if these gladiators were to eat it, it would blow up their bodies.

However, he was different. He was very, very different. With the Satan System, he could absolve it all...



## Chapter 176 Swat The Fly In The Room

"Now, now, you might all be wondering why I," Coco held a hand to his chest, Massaging the lining of his collar with his sharp Devil fingers, "the generous Boss Coco, have decided to gift you this feathers. Well, it is because, believe it or not, I have no use for them. At least, no longer. Besides, I might be a Devil by nature, but I really do not desire fighting and the chaos that comes with it. In fact, one might say that I absolutely loathe it. I believe it is absolutely disgusting and repugnant."

Coco spoke with such a frown on his face that one would think that he was a Holy father of a church condemning violence and preaching peace.

However his next words were a total contradiction.

"Because of my hate for violence, I will give this box," he patted the box a little to one person, and one person only.

He looked at Lenny and the other two.

A wide grin revealing his uneven Devil dental.

However, neither Lenny nor the other two moved.

They all stared at him and the box.

"Come on now! You may begin your squabbles for the Chosen one."

Immediately that was said, Lenny felt a blade lounged in his throat.

At the same time, he felt his head had been smashed by a heavy hammer from the other side.

But feelings were distinct but very synchronized.

In fact, it was surprising that his mind was able to capture the extreme pain of both attacks effectively.

Immediately he felt it, he kicked against the bar table as hard as he could launching himself back like a torpedo from its shoot.

It was only after he hit the wall behind him that he breath sharp breaths of relief.

He SWALLOWED hard.

Subconsciously, he touched his head and his neck.

Just now, he had felt as if he was stabbed and smashed.

However, the two on either sides had not yet moved.

What Lenny had felt was a desire for his death.

However, it was just their desire.

It had not yet merged with their actions but it was so dangerous that Lenny pictured his own death in his head.

It had been so vivid that he thought he had died.

What had saved him was his instinct as an assassin.

Their hands were still on the table and one of them still drank from the cup of wine Coco had set, but Lenny knew that if he had so much as waited an extra half a second, he would have died already.

"Hahahaha!!!" A loud laughter was heard. It was brutish and domineering.

It sounded like a wealthy merchant laughing at the begging of a pauper.

Surprisingly, it had come from the Dwarf woman that was in Lenny's right.

She turned to him, "not bad! Not bad kid!! You manage to dodge my hammer. I must say that you are a really special one." She then turned to the masked big man.

"What do you think, Magistri of Lord Basit's Arena?"

The big Masked man chuckled lightly, "Hehehehe!!! I knew that Smell was familiar the moment I saw you. Magistri of Lady Hanger's Arena."

"Magistri is a title. Only the gladiators under my care may call me that. You can call me Manta. Like our host, I am self named and the New Magistri under Lady Hanger."

"Hehehe! Since we are giving introductions, then I'll give mine," the big man removed his mask and the ragged clothes on his body to reveal a body full of scales, a long tail.

He also had a mouth that was without lips, revealing only sharp rolls of teeth.

"I am Razor," his speech came with hissings and splash of saliva from time to time. "I am named by Lord Basit himself, and Long time Magistri under his Reign."

Hearing both of them, Lenny could not believe it.

The shock he felt was liken to crossing the road and then being hit by a bus from no where.

The two people before him were actually Magistris. This was unbelievable.

Firstly, Magistri was not a name.

No! It was a Managing Title given to those of lesser Demon ranks in charge of directing the affairs of an Arena.

The title was given to whosoever was in charge of the Arena.

What Lenny had just heard was that the two before him were Magistri's.

These were the rulers of Arenas.

People that had fought their way to the top of their craft and then lorded over it.

These were practical monsters.

It was no wonder Lenny felt as if he had died when he had not.

Just their intention in the air had signified the birth of his death.

They just that strong.

Immediately, he used SURVEYOR on them.

It was just like they had said.

Manta was of Rank 5 Lesser Demon rank.

While Razor was a rank 4 Lesser Demon rank.

These were two very dangerous individuals.

It was no wonder the Devil Boss sent back Lenny's teammates.

Compared to these people, it was a privilege thatenny could even stand in the same room with these people.

Right now, he was even the weakest in strength.

However, it pumped a lot of questions in his head.

After all, Magistri's were not supposed to participate in this event.

If it was so, then his Magistri would have been here.

Manta took a look at Lenny.

She could instantly tell what he was thinking.

"Hmmm.... I can tell what you are thinking boy. But don't get it wrong. Our participation in this event is not against the rules. Demons are very strict with rules, regulations and even contracts. However, they had never been a contract in existence without a loophole. The rule stated that only gladiators could participate and only gladiators of a certain level."

She smiled a bit, "however, they are a few drugs in this world that can reduce our power level to fit the criteria and release it once inside. Besides, we relinquished our positions as Magistri to be here. Or is that not so Razor."

"Hehehe! True. That is true. But who would have thought that your master would use the same method? I am a bit impressed. It must have been an expensive drug."

"Yes, but not as expensive as the feathers of a Fallen." Manta added.

Razor nodded, "True, that is true. So, are we going to begin or what?"

As he said this his long tongue licked his mouth.

"I agree, we should begin. However," Manta turned to Lenny, "the fly will be an annoying disturbance. Let me swat it a bit."

She suddenly moved and when she appeared, her fist was inside Lenny's chest...

Chapter 177 The Power Of NAMING!

Things had happened fast. Too fast for even Lenny's trained eyes to see.

All he saw was quick, sharp movements and it was all over.

His muscles had not even been able to react on instinct.

Manta's speed was nothing like he had ever seen.

In his past life, he had been so fast that he had been able to predict the trajectory of bullets and dodge them in time.

Coming here, Most gladiators above C class could do that on a normal day.

After all, gladiators were a stronger breed from humans.

Many could touch speeds man only dreamt of.

However, it was different this time around.

At least if she had moved, he should have seen it, or at least a part of her body should have given her away, like her muscles contracting to apply incredible force to the ground.

Even if it had been her brows squinting to focus on him, it would have given him the hint that an attack was heading for him.

Even babies gave a sign before they cried.

But for Manta nothing! Absolutely nothing!!

She was still even in her casual conversation.

They was no killing Intent whatsoever.

It was like how one felt no killing Intent when stepping on an ant.

It was just pure coincidence of the kill.

Like stepping on the leaves in a forest. It was as easy as breathing.

Even disgust was not evident.

In her eyes, Lenny had not even been worthy of existing in the same room as them.

The only reason he had dodged the first attack before she gave it was because she went easy on him.

It was like pretending to clap in order to chase away a buzzing fly.

However, she suddenly thought of the fly to be annoying and therefore her attack.

This was a rank 5 Lesser Demon Half-born.

Her being a dwarf did not lessen the threat she possessed.

Coco on the other hand, watched the happenings with interest.

He WHISTLED loudly at the swift death that had been presented.

For a Devil that claimed to not like fighting, his yellow devil eyes told otherwise, showing their deep excitement for the spillage of blood.

He quickly took a sit to enjoy the front roll show.

Meanwhile, Lenny's eyes shut open in surprise.

Manta landed right on his chest, using her other hand to prop her short height up by his shoulders.

Lenny looked below.

Her hand was so deep in his chest that all he looked at was her bicep and shoulder.

This showed that her hand had gone all the way through to the other side.

\*Cough! Cough!! Cough!!!\*

Lenny coughed up mouths full of blood again ana again.

He wanted to say something, but the blood rushing into his organs did not allow him.

She jumped down from his body, her hand stained with the red from his body.

It was bloody, sliding down her arm like sweat off a hard working athlete.

She waved her arm in the air splashing the blood stain to the ground.

She did not even give another look to the struggling Lenny as he fell to the ground.

"Now that the buzzing is out of the way, let us get to it!" She gave a menacing smile to Razor.

Just like she had done with Lenny, she moved again.

\*BOOM!!!\*

It might as well been the impact of a rocket hitting the ground.

Even Lenny's teammates outside the twin doors felt some of the impact.



Unlike Lenny, Razor had seen the attack coming.

Both fists met each other in the air.

The blast from their encounter pushed everything from their center aside.

In one attack, the beautiful bar had become a mess.

All of the bar had become a mess except where Coco sat.

Not even the white shirt that the devil wore had been touched by the wind from the blast, nor his Monocle stained by neither dirt nor dust.

Even though he was right in front of them, it was as if he was in a different world of his own, like a judge watching a play.

Manta frowned at this a bit.

She was of Rank 5 of the lesser demon rank and Razor was of Rank 4 but he was able to withstand her attack.

In fact, it was almost as if they were of the same strength level.

She hissed as she threw yet again another punch, and another punch.

Again and again.

Razor also did the same.

Their speed was like a machining gun spitting out bullets, but speeds extremely fast.

They was no fancy to their technique, no flashy special ability.

It was all brute force.

A show of strength.

Whether this was for pride or respect, it did not matter, but what two things were sure. Firstly, both of them wanted to beat each other with their bare fists.

Secondly, in this room, it might as well have been a tornado.

The effects of their attacks were so strong that little cracks formed on the walls.

It would be better to note that these walls were not like the rest of the dungeon.

After all, these walls were the Boss Devil's space.

Having absorbed chaos magic from his body for a long time, they were extremely sturdy.

If Lenny had given punches to these walls, he wouldn't even leave a dent.

Their punches continued ceaselessly for a full minute before both of them jumped backwards.

Truly, the strength level of these half-borns was on another level.

Lenny was already at rank 3 lesser demon rank, but he might as well have been at the foot of a mountain sighing at the height of its peak where rank 5 was located.

The two of them separated from each other, barely taking sharp breaths for their recent exchange.

"Hehehehe!!!" Razor chuckled, "so this is what you get when you are self named. It is a good thing I waited for the favor of my master."

Hearing this made Manta carry an ugly expression.

By now, she too had realized it. The reason Razor could stand up to her was because of his NAME...

## Chapter 178 Power Of NAMING 2

From ancient times till now, man had always sort the divine.

They looked to the skies and searched for a greater meaning to their existence.

Whether it was the worship of the moon, stars or even the sun.

Giving personification to the heavenly bodies, and worshiping them as such.

It had never changed. A god was one that had all the weakness of human beings perfected in them.

A god was eternally rich, never sick, ever giving, an best of all, had eternal life.

That last one was most important, as human beings were creatures with mortality around their necks waiting carefully for when it would seize their merger life.

Many would pray to the heavenly bodies for an extension of life, hoping that they could live more, or perhaps save the life of a loved one.

When the heavens did not answer, they looked down below.

Human being was such a creature. Desperate for something to believe in.

If heaven was not going to give them their miracle, then why not hell.

For this reason, the worship of devils and demons became a common practice.

Summoning of exotic creatures and beasts from the unknown to take away the weakness of man in diseases and weakness.

However, with miracles came a side that mankind did not expect. For in the foundational nature of either demons or devils was the kindred need for destruction.

A spread of malice, and a greater founding for death.

How was man to deal with this?

The heavens won't answer and the creatures that answered came with even more curses after their blessings.

However, man in their ever incredibility for adaption, worked hard until they discovered a solution to the problem.

For you see these beasts that spread curses after death had a fundamental weakness to them, and that was their name.

A demons name lied in the foundation of their bloodline. It was a direct access to their soul itself.

Regardless of the name given to them, their own bloodline formulated a name for them.

Some names were short. Some were longer, but the realization opened a new door.

With the name of a demon, one could speak directly to its bloodline and direct its soul to do one's binding.

However, getting the name of a demon was harder than climbing a ladder made of poisonous thorns leading all the way to heaven.

Only a hand full of humans managed such a daring and incredible feat.

That was a time long before the Apocalypse.

Now however, things were a lot more different, but at the foundation, they were still the same.

Most Higher level Demons that ruled over other demons had their true names, and as such could control the lower ones.

Half borns being half human and half demons also inherited this trait. However, there's was a little more complicated.

Firstly, it was not a coincidence that Gladiators were titled in letters and numbers. This was to hold back on naming until the right time.

Because of their demon half origins, naming for half borns was very different. It could either increase their power or forever limit it.

Therefore, it was put on hold until the time was deemed right.

Like demons, halfborns could generate True names.

And like all demons, True names came with power. Sometimes, it could come with so much magical power that could even defy common sense.

To avoid the rebellion in case such a thing happened, which of course at a certain level of strength was inevitable, demon masters did something else.

They forced a False-True name on halfborns they thought was worthy.

These False-true names would force corruption in the bloodline of the halfborn, and prevent another True name from popping up.

This was another method of control Demons used on Halfborns that had become strong enough to fight for them.

For gladiators, to serve one's Arena Master was seen as the greatest of honors.

To be named by one was even greater.

Of course these were lies that demons ensured sank deep into those that had been named.

After a False-True name had been given, the Half born could choice to have a regular name to be called by.

When half borns of a certain caliber battled, it was customary to introduce one's self according to the standing of oneself with their Arena master.

Of course, having a False-True name came with weaker power as opposed to the strength one would have gotten from a True name, but it still came with significant power.

The fight between Razor and Manta was significant prove of that.

Razor could tap into better power within his bloodline as a result of his False-True name given by his Arena master.

Usually, the gap between every rank was not an easy one to breach.

For demons, it took many years to get promoted from one rank to the other. Although half borns because of their Human adaptability traits took much shorter period, it still did not get rid of the fact that each rank had a huge golf in between.

Manta on the other hand had not been Given a False-True name.

However, like Crusher, she still gave herself a normal name.

This was the reason she introduced herself by saying she was 'Self named'.

Although it looked to be an easy thing, but it was nothing but easy to give a False-true name.

In fact, it was nearly impossible to do so to other demons, and the process was only made easy because half borns were half humans.

Manta took a long look at Razor. She Knew that if she needed to get rid of the reptilian face before her eyes, brute strength was not going to be enough.

She Suddenly used her right hand to grab her left shoulder.

**\*CRACK!\***

CRACKING sounds could be heard as she dislocated her own shoulder and then with force, she ripped her own hand out.

The flesh and meat tearing apart like a dog feasting on a live turkey, ripping it apart like it was not her own hand, and with no care whatsoever...

Chapter 179 Poisoned By Kisses

When Lenny had felt the illusion of a hammer smashing into his head, it was not because he could see any around.

Besides, neither Razor nor Manta carried one.

However, now, that illusion proved to be a forecast.

Manta had dislocated and ripped apart her left arm.

There it was, the hammer Lenny had seen.

Manta's hammer had been a part of her own body.

Little to no blood poured from her body as she detached this Hammer.

It was not so large, but the moment she removed it, Razor's attention focused on it with extreme prejudice.

"Manta of Lady Hanger's Arena. I have never met you, but I have heard of your tales...Hehehe"  
Razor chuckled.

"I have also heard stories of what your hammer can do. Only a foolish man would face you bare handed with that thing in your hand."

As he talked, his reptilian tail, like a Scorpion pointed at her. It's end was very sharp and pointed. A good part of it looked to be metallic as it reflected under the light of the room.

Proper observation would note that the tip looked wet.

It was laced with poison.

"Not bad! You brought a toy of your own, and You have also heard of me, regardless of my master's efforts to keep me a secret. That's good! You are a half-born with a True name from your master. Don't you dare bore me!"

Her words had barely left her mouth before she moved.

Just like before, there was no extra movement, no effort from her was wasted.

Unlike when Lenny moved, there was no kicking against the ground.

Her hammer just so happened to appear right on Razor's head.

\*DUM!\*

Both weapons kissed hard.

Just like before, another assault had began.



It was fast and it was incredible.

Razor used both his tail and his fists laced with pointy fingers to attack.

However, Manta used only her hammer in one hand.

Surprisingly, the dwarf did not lose in momentum to him.

Even though he used three weapons and she one, she parried his attacks ceaselessly.

Her expression was void of emotions, and she exuding a calm but cold and blood tasty vibe.

Coco watched the match with keen attention.

A regular Gladiator would not be able to see it, but with his level of strength, he could see it clearly.

These two were actually using their Darkline magic. However, for each of them, it came in different forms.

At their level of power, they could turn their Darkline magic into tangible things of incredible destruction.

For Razor, it was the poison of his blades while Manta's was her hammer.

Unlike when lesser Half-borns fought and wasted much of their Darkline energy as they attacked, sometimes flaring it out their bodies when their emotions got the better of them, these two were not like that.

Even though Razor smiled continually to the excitement of the battle, he did not lose control of his emotions, attacking with incredible precision.

Between these two, there was no where they attacked that was not a fatal point on the opponents body.

Every attack aimed at killing or at least dealing damage significant enough to death's approach.

As Coco watched, a corner of his eyes noticed something, and he only looked on that direction for a split second.

However, what he saw both amazed and impressed him.

After all, it concerned a supposed dead fellow on the ground.

His eyes darted back to the match between the two fighters.

Their fight was reaching a critical point.

**\*BOOM!\***

A resounding upper cut with Manta's hammer sent Razor into the air.

He went so high that he nearly hit the stalactites-turned chandeliers in the ceiling.

That hit was not something he expected.

But it was still far from over.

As he landed, her hammer came again.

Her aim was to crush his head.

However, Razor instinctively placed his arms in front of his face, hardening his scales like a shield before him.

**\*Bam!\***

Another attack sent him flying a good distance, smashing into a wall.

\*Cough!\*

He coughed out some blood, and even with the hard scales about his body, his hands looked a bit crushed from the impact.

However, his smile had not dimmed even in the slightest.

He stood up his feet, his eyes showed his displeasure at the way the fight was going.

He had been attacking with all he had but she was still able to give him a defining hit.

He took a step forward, however as he did, his knees went straight for the ground.

He coughed up some more Blood.

Whipping his lipless mouth with the back of his hand, he looked once more at her hammer.

"For someone that had already heard about my hammer, you are really too sloppy. Letting yourself get hit like that his a recipe for death," Manta explained to her opponent.

She raised the hand-made hammer to her face and kissed it a bit at its edge, before setting her eyes once more on Razor.

"Every hit from my hammer shaves off 25% of life force from my opponents body. Simply put, in three more hits, you will be dead!"

Razor chuckled, "I know, but it is not enough."

He rushed at her again.

Yet again, another round of British attacks aimed at weakening each other.

Yet again, another hit from her hammer sent him flying.

\*Cough!\*

This time around, the blood he poured out was so much that it looked as if he was vomiting his food.

"Hahahaha!!! Two more to go you little snake," Manta in her joy kissed her hammer's edge yet again.

Coco watched the fight and shook his head.

Apparently, Razor regardless of his tenacity to be able to fight a Half-born that was a rank ahead of him due to his true name was currently losing the fight.

Yet again, the Reptilian man, unable to learn his lesson rushed for Manta.

"Since you want to die so bad, here comes three!"

She raised her hammer to meet his face.

However, her eyes suddenly squinted tightly.

Something was not right.

For some reason, Razor was actual faster than she could raise her hammer.

\*Bam!\*

Blood went up in the air as a significant amount of flesh from her side was fetched out.

Razor landed behind her.

Even though he was bloody all round and the deep dented scars of her blows still maintained shape like the the carved out sites of meteor to earth, he still smiled heartily.

In his Bloody claws was a significant chunk of her side, ribs, tummy and all.

Manta turned to him in surprise.

She could not believe it. Or rather, she did not want to believe it.

"Was he hiding his strength the whole time?" She asked herself as the blood she was trying to hold back forced it's way out the gapping hole at her side and her mouth.

Even though she coughed out blood, and could taste the sweetness of her own blood on her mouth, she couldn't believe what had happened.

She looked to her side. Some of organs were very clear to see.

Half-borns were a very tough bunch. The higher they climbed in their power, the stronger they became. Therefore, also an increase in toughness.

This much as an injury was no where enough to kill her, but the blow was still a strong one.

It was a blow not just to her body but to her mind.

Razor still held in his claws the part of her body he fetched out.

"Hehehe!!!" He chuckled as he opened his mouth abnormally wide, and then before her eyes, he forced the chunk he carved out of her body into his mouth.

As he did, she frowned tightly. Razor was literally eating her flesh before her very eyes.

"You fucking bastard! You dare!?" She stepped forward in anger, but a sharp pain from the gapping wound stopped her advance.

Razor's neck expanded like a snake forcing down a rabbit through its throat.

His abnormally long tongue protruded out of his mouth to lick the blood off his fingers.

As he performed this particular action, he maintained eye contact with her.

"Of course I dare!

"I see you have still not noticed." He added.

"Noticed what?" She frowned.

"Your hammer of course. I mean were those kisses to it not affectionate? Did you not feel my Darkline magic in them?"

Like a little spark of enlightenment made way in her head.

Razor was not joking when he said that he knew Manta.

And from the little he knew, she had a habit of kissing her hammer every strike she made that gave a definite hit.

However, Razor regardless of his appearance, was not all brute with no brains.

Regardless of his strength due to his true name, he knew he could not match up fully to her.

It took quite a lot to match up to her blows. Therefore, he did something else.

At their level of strength, their Darkline magic could become tangible.

For Razor, it was his poison.

However, the illusion he played was that only his tail and claws carried his poison.

However, proper observation would show that his entire body being covered in a thin layer of his Darkline magic, was covered in poison.

Those proud hits Manta gave that resulted into giving her hammer's edge kisses was just her sending his poison into her own body...

Chapter 180 Only One Shall Survive

The recent developments made Coco nodding his head in appreciation for a good fight.

After all, a true battle carried the essential element of all.

It was not just Skill, but also Luck, Wisdom, and an incredible application of knowledge.

Razor knew that regardless of possession of a True name, that his fight with Manta was not going to be an easy one.

Therefore, he decided to lure in his opponent with the satisfaction of Victory knowing fully well that her bad habit would take a hold of her when she was happy.

For him to achieve true victory, he actually allowed two of her attacks to smash into his chest.

Each one of them taking a good 25% of his life.

Another two more and he would die.

However, that was what it took to defeat someone like Manta.

Especially because she had underestimated her opponent.

Razor was very willing to fall in other for him to rise.

Coco nodded his head in acknowledgment of the Reptoid man's sharp thinking.

Such dedication to the glory of winning was highly commendable.

"Hehehe," Razor chuckled, "can you feel it?" He asked in his deep but ever eerie voice that had the capability of sending down shivers through one's spine.

"Outside your body, there is only so much that my poison can do. Especially because of our difference in ranks. But that is a different issue when it is inside your body. As of this very moment, my poison courses through your veins, corrupting your blood stream. Weaking your organs. One step at a time, dragging you to my HELL."

His words came like the declaration of her destined fate from the very heavens.

Every word sinking into her head like a thunderstorm in a desert.

This was the reason she felt as if her opponent had gotten faster.

It was not that he was faster. It was just that she had gotten much slower.

She looked to her hand.

It shook slightly.

This was evidence that the poison was truly causing destruction in her body.

If this was just normal poison, a person of her strength could result to forcing it out of her system.

Here laid another advantage of a True name.

The poison in her body was already deadly on its own.



However, the addition of a True name made it a force none in the Lesser demon ranks should mess with.

Manta frowned hard. She spat to the side, using the back of her hand to wipe her mouth.

She had erred because she was in higher spirits, letting the ecstasy of joy drain her of her self awareness.

However, this fight was not over yet.

Once she defeated him, she could still sit and concentrate on expelling the poison from her body.

Of course, that was easier said than done. Expelling the poison of a True name was going to take much from her.

But at this point, she had no other choice.

However for now, she had to first bring the slimy fellow to his knees.

Regardless of the poison, she held her weapon tight, biting down on her lips, blood flowed and then her body suddenly glowed in a dark but low purple color that had a taint of red to it.

It sweuled about her body like Maisma, slowly threatening to engulf her.

Razor frowned a bit at this.

With the True name poison in her veins, she should not be able to summon that much Darkline magic.

It could only mean one thing.

"You are burning your own blood!?" Razor asked however, he did not need an answer to this. He already knew what she was doing.

"Blood essence from my heart to be precis," She replied.

"If you were willing to take on my hammer for the opportunity to entrap me using my own desire for victory. Then I should also be ready to punish myself for my stupidity and give my all to FUCK you up."

"Hehehe! In that case, I welcome the challenge."

\*Crash!\*

Razor also beat on his lower lips. He too was going to burn his Blood Essence from his heart to achieve his goal.

This action of theirs was not as easy as it looked to be.

In fact, it claimed much worse than what it stood to gain.

Burning the Blood Essence meant that they were burning both their past achievements and a possibility of growth in the future.

They were basically destroying their future potential.

And it was all to win. It was all to please their masters.

Human beings had always been capable of doing very crazy things.

However, Half-borns were even far worse. Inheriting the determination and toughness from their human side, and then stubbornness and bloodthirsty nature from their demon side.

Razor and Manta looked each other in the eyes.

Their gaze was focused and best of all, it was primal.

Both of them knew instinctively that this next move was going to be their last.

This was the final attack.

At this moment, Time seemed to stop as it isolated them from the world.

Even the drops of blood from their bleeding lips seemed to pause in the air.

Their breathing, blood flow in their veins and every fiber of their being focused solely on each other.

It was as if the air itself froze at the fixed attention of their gaze on on the other.

For this next move, no action was going to be let undone.

No movement no matter how little. Even if it meant the twitch of a pinky, was going to result in unfruitfulness.

Every muscle in their bodies compressed to pull out the best of their potentials.

All the deaths, fights and training they had been through.

It seemed like it was all for this moment.

Only one was going to survive.

Suddenly, both competitors moved.

Razor kicked against the ground as he split forth with incredible momentum.

Meanwhile Manta seemed to disappear and then appear where Razor was.

Razor attacked with his claws and tail while Manta with her hammer.

**\*Boom!\***

Both of them only hit each other once.

And then separated.

Each one to the other side of the opponent...