

DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

Chapter 18 Monastery For Pain And Pleasure...

He had discovered the address for the School of Pain and Pleasure a long time ago when he was on a particular mission for the life of a head of state with a strong dictatorship.

His mission was simply to kill the tyrant. But he had unfortunately gotten himself captured.

He was kept in their prison where life was worse than the 'living' conditions of those that were dead.

Because of his attempt against the head of state, he had the most terrible living conditions. However, this was not something he suffered alone.

The food that was given to them was black left over bread with fungus already declaring its domination on the black bread.

The closest thing he had to food was the occasional maggot that visited in some of the more liquid but spoilt soup.

And then came the regular abuse to relieve stress that came from the soldiers.

Beatings and torture felt more like three square meals. Many new torture devices were birthed with the assistance of his nightly screams.

It was one of the most torturing experiences he ever had.

In fact, it was one of the very few times when his mother's words on the life he choose played like a broken record in his head.

Fortunately for him, he was not the only person enjoying the cup of tea.

There were even times that he could have sworn that the other guy had a bigger share than him.

Misery loves company.

In the seductive pain they brutally enjoyed daily, a bond was formed between them. Both of them were assassins that had come for the same person.

Even in torture, both of them maintained the professionalism of keeping their names a secret.

Nevertheless, not all bonds needed titles or the introduction of an identity.

It was from him that he had learnt of the School for pain and pleasure.

It was also the major reason why this man probably suffered more than him.

It was not easy, but it was accomplishable.

The school of Pain and Pleasure was a monastery school that taught that pain and pleasure were not a result of the senses but a result of the mind.

This fellow assassin that suffered with him was probably the first person Lenny himself could call crazy.

When he was being tortured, he would laugh and be so joyed that it was ridiculous, and when he was let go to rest, he would cry for more.

At first, Lenny had thought the man to just be a masochist, but this person later became the reason for their escape. And even took the credit for killing the Dictator and the rest of his family.

Therefore bringing an end to an entire regime.

After which the first thing Lenny had done, was to visit this Monastery hidden high up in the snowy mountains because of its controversial ways.

Getting there was a very painful yet pleasurable journey on its own, and then getting acknowledged by them and accepting the lessons they taught was a different experience on its own.

The incredible control of what they allowed to give themselves pleasure and control, was beyond his wildest dreams.

They could achieve immense pleasure from the prick of a small needle far beyond the ecstasy that orgasm produced, and with the snap of a finger, they could switch that pleasure to the most grievous of pain akin to being boiled alive in hot oil.

Absorbing their ways was not easy, and because of the necessity of his job, he never truly finished the intense training process. Nevertheless, he had acquired a certain level of competence in the field that he later used extensively in his line of work.

However, never ever in his life, as those lessons played themselves back again.

Many times, he thought that he had experienced pain, but this was a level that was mind boggling.

No wonder the Gladiators were so disciplined. No wonder the one with the axe had incredible muscle control and was able to even stop an axe that had effectively cut his head in two.

Definitely, no one would ever want to experience such immense pain.

It was only a whip, but it felt like it took the cells in his body prisoner and assaulted them at an individual level.

This was definitely not a natural feeling to get from just a whip.

Without a doubt, other things were at play here. He had a feeling that the whip was maybe cursed by dark line energy or something of that nature.

Either ways, with the state he was in, by the time he made it to fifty, he would probably be dead, or out of mind.

Those techniques that had been thought to him all those years ago played themselves in his head. The pain he felt from the whip at his back pushed his learning and assimilation faster than it had ever been in his life.

Suffering and the need to survive have always had a way of pushing human beings past their comfort zone to the humbling gates of enlightenment.

This was the same thing that was happening with Lenny.

He started to understand the thin line separating pain and pleasure, and how to create his own path way between both places.

He had entered a meditative state. An enlightenment proceeded to bloom like a flower in his mind.

The gladiators watching had seen when he was shaking in pain, and truly, was there ever a person that did not enjoy a good show of another person's suffering?

Some of them had silently started to bet their points for when he would pass out, and some even calculated he would die.

All of a sudden, his spasming body stopped.

Regardless of the whipping, he did not move. Many had already speculated that he had passed out from the pain.

This included Potty who remained to watch as Lenny was being disciplined.

However, it was at this point that the punishment timer on the system expired.

Lenny suddenly heard an alert.

<Host as achieved a new badge for enlightenment: Pain and Pleasure Master>

<+10 points Exp>