

## Devil Slave 181

Chapter 181 A Mantis Stalks A Cicada Unaware Of The Oriole Behind

Their bodies had only kissed once.

It was a swift and highly precise hit and then they switched positions.

Unlike the previous times they attacked each other, they were no waves on either side.

There were also no aggressive blasts of the such.

To the untrained eyes, one could assume that they only walked past each other like pedestrians on the sidewalk.

However, in that moment they passed each other, a lot of things that determined life and death happened.

Such was their speed and their dedication to their craft.

Slowly, manta turned about and looked at Razor, "Not bad! you did well."

She suddenly fell to her knees.

However, she fell no more than that.

Razor also turned his head to her, "Hehehe!" he chuckled his usual eerie laugh, "I should be the one saying that. After all, you won!"

\*Slash!\*

A sharp outline of blood suddenly traced across his neck. It was only a very thin line, but from the moment it appeared, it was apparent who it was that won the fight.

"I get it now! I was wrong about you," Razor added, "Your hammer was never your only weapon. In fact, now that I think about it, it must be your entire body."

As he talked, a few other very straight bloody lines appeared all over his body.

The lines long and thin appeared vertically all over his body. It was like a thin red thread had been used to trace along his height.

"You are not wrong!" Manta added. "From the very beginning, my entire body has always been my weapon. Like I told you, My Master always kept me a secret. It is the same reason she never gave me a True name. Do you know why?"

"Hehehe!!! I am already done. I doubt the reason could be of any use to me in HELL!"

Those were his last words as he fell to the ground in slices.

It was as if a giant invisible knife had diced him vertically, each part of his body fell like domino tiles.

Each side fell before the other, revealing his cleanly Vertically cut insides.

The Organs, flesh and bones had all been cut so symmetrically that it could have only been done by the hand of a very skilled butcher, one that was one with the blade.

In this case, that statement went much more literally.

Because at the moment, it was not a hammer in Manta's hand. Instead, it was a thick well sharpened bony blade.

The Arm that was the hammer was somewhere on the ground. Manta had dropped it sometime when she was about to attack.

In her hand right now, was her left Leg.

Manta looked at the incredible work she had done on her Reptoid opponent. Slowly, his blood Pooled under his Corpse.

"I was not given a True name because I don't need one!" she muttered lowly as if whispering to the ghost of the dead Razor the reason for her confidence and his untimely death.

Coco watched what had transpired so far and nodded his head.

The truth was that Manta only used her Hammer to Pull Razor's attention to it.

It was not only her arm that was a weapon. She only used the hammer to throw Razor's senses off.

With this, she had won the fight and was the last person standing.

She turned to Devil Boss. Pointing at him with the Leg-Blade in her hand, she shopped towards him on one leg.

However, she had only hopped twice before she coughed up a mouth full of blood.

It was only now she realized that something was wrong.

Behind her, a diced tail had its pointed end in her back.

It would seem that Razor managed to make one final hit before he passed away.

This was effort that was worthy. However, he still died under her blade.

She wiped the blood off her mouth with a hand as she hopped forward towards the Boss Devil.

"The Feathers of the Fallen!" She muttered each word with difficulty. However, her eyes showed her fierce determination.

She had gone through the first and second levels, hurrying as best as she could to this place. All to get the feathers of the fallen.

Her Arena master had made sure she was in a tournament below her class for this exact reason.

However, when she arrived here, the persuasive skills of the Devil Boss had ensured that she sat and drank wine for a couple of hours waiting.

Now, she was done waiting. She was done holding back.

Even at the moment, she could feel Razor's poison coursing through her veins.

Snaking about her body like a Slither of snakes enjoying the passages of her veins like it was their hole in the ground.

There was also the gaping injury that was at her side.

Razor had consumed her meat like it was his lunch. The last lunch he ate before he died.

She had forced the Muscles and Organs around that Region to tighten so as to not lose any more blood, but the effects of Demon Poison from a Half-born with a true name was not to be underestimated.

In her mind, she made a rough estimate of how much time she had.

If she made it back to the Arena in time, without a doubt, her master would ensure a swift antidote.

She had won. All she had to do was persevere until that time.

She could not relax for even a moment until she had done what needed to be done.

The willpower she had trained for the longest time in her life was now to play its part.

However, she was adamant. Nothing was going to hold her back now. Or so she thought.

"GIVE...ME...THE...FEATHERS!!!" Every word had come out through gritted teeth.

Coco the Boss Devil chuckled lightly. He waved his hand and the Box came to him.

Then he presented it to her.

However, just When she reached for it, he pulled it back.

This made her frown, however, he continued as if he could not see her reaction. "Forgive me Please, but I have a question. Have you heard of this saying: A mantis Stalks a Cicada unaware of the Oriole behind!"

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Manta looked at him with her frowning face.

Her answer was very clearly written on her face.

"Oh! you have not?" he questioned rhetorically.

"Hmmm! I really suggest you should read more books." he nodded at her like an old wise man giving a child the most valuable piece of advice.

"I am not interested in your stupid Rules Devil. When I came here, you showed me that you had bound your soul to your word and that you will only give the Feathers of the Fallen to the winner, and I am that WINNER!"

The only reason why Manta and Razor had not fought immediately after they made it to the third level was that they did not know who the last person coming was going to be. Fighting and weakening themselves for another's glory was not at all their style.

However, When Lenny arrived, they discovered that they had worried for nothing.

It was only a little boy. He had nothing of the calibre of power that they possessed. After which, she was glad to give it her all in the fight against Razor. A fellow Magistri with a true name that could transcend his rank and fight her on equal grounds.

If it was under a different circumstance, then she would have been dead by now.

Those little extra years that she had on Razor in experience were the reason she was the person standing and asking for the Feathers of the Fallen and not diced meat in a soup of her own blood.

Coco adjusted his Monocle a bit. Wiping it with a white cloth as if to clean dust that was not even there in the first place or even better still, Manta's saliva that obviously did not reach him during her ranting.

However, the Devil had a surprising habit of cleanliness.

He took his time as he unbuttoned his white shirt. Underneath were fine carved muscles the like that only an artist with extreme detail to attention could draw. However, on his chest was a seal marked out in glowing red blood.

"According to this Seal I Carved on myself, I can only give the Fallen Feathers and safe passage out of the Dungeon to the person that wins. As you can see, as I showed you when you first arrived, this seal binds me to that oath."

"Then why have you not giving me the feathers?" she asked still obviously angry.

"Why do you think?" He asked her back with a brow raised.

His words were meaningful, and even the pain Manta felt was not so intense that it blinded her to the ability to think for herself.

However, no matter how she thought about it, it just did not make sense.

"Was there another participant?" She thought to herself.

After all, Coco had stated that they will be only three to participate in the competition. If that was so, then it meant that she was the only one remaining.

After all, she had killed the other two by herself.

One was blown through the chest and the second one was diced by her.

"Or did Razor manage to somehow survive?" She thought again. After all, he was a Reptoid. This kind had very incredible healing abilities. Healing abilities that made other Gladiator's ability to heal look like trash.

They could even regrow lost limbs.

Considering how strong Razor was, adding to the fact that he was a Half-born with a True name from his master, it would not be all that surprising if he had some incredible regenerative ability that no one knew about.

Instinctively, she turned to check. However, Razor was still a pool of his own blood.

He was still as dead as could be.

Something suddenly rang in her head and subconsciously, she looked around for the first person she had killed.

However, he was nowhere to be found.

Just then, she heard Coco's voice again from behind, "Have you ever heard of the Saying: A mantis Stalks a Cicada unaware of the Oriole behind."

A voice unexpected, suddenly answered from seemingly nowhere.

"How could she? That is an old Chinese Proverb that has survived the annals of time: One must know about Zhuangzi's inspiration on the circle of life to be able to know about these Profound words."

Her eyes looked at where her ears had heard the voice come from. To her surprise, there he was. The first person she killed.

The same weakling that she had thought was too low for her eyes to gaze upon.

The same one she had stumped upon like an ant, insignificant of the use of her killing Intent.

He strolled forward like he was taking a walk in a garden, not in the least bothered by his position or the things around him.

He walked towards her and Coco.

Surprise was evident in her eyes. After all, that was a blow right to his heart. Lenny should not have survived that. In fact, he was supposed to have already been running cold by now. After all, she had fought for hours with Razor.

But here he was.

As he strolled towards her, her eyes searched for the Hole in his chest. However, what she saw surprised her.

The Hole in his chest had already formed a rough scar and even that scar was about to fully heal.

It did not make sense to her, and she wanted to ask, but the words found themselves unable to form, held still at the tip of her tongue.

It was at this time that she noticed that white miasma seemed to flow into his body from the ground, and as he walked, it sounded like the screams of disgruntled souls, unwilling to leave their place of rest.

This made the aura about his body very eerie, and even though he had a smile on his face, it might have been much easier for her to see the Chopped-lipped smile on Razor's face when he ate her flesh...

Chapter 183 The Gift Of Profession

Once upon a time in Lenny's former world, Lenny had read on a newspaper article that talked about what many considered to be an absolute miracle.

If he was one of the 'normal' masses, he might have also considered this to be a miracle. However, Lenny was cut from a 'different' cloth.

The article talked of a young woman that had saved the life of her father and uncle in the most surprising of ways.

She was an Ambulance nurse and had been on active duty for at least fifteen years at the time.

Throughout her many years, she had attended to many many men and women, most of which because of the city she worked in had a usual occurrence of coming down with Stroke because it was a high business area that dealt in the Stock markets.

When she went back to her small village, a small celebration in her honour happened as she had not been back home for many years.

During the party, she noticed something very strange with her father and one of her uncles.

According to her, it might have been their eyes, or skin tone in relation to the weather.

However, the only thing she knew was that when she looked at them, she was very sure something was wrong.

Even though they looked alright.

Even though they laughed and danced all night, she was sure that something was definitely wrong with them.

When she approached them, they both said it was nothing, and that never in all their years had they felt so strong. her father even claimed that his activities in the bedroom now were twice as vigorous as those in his younger years.

However, due to her continuous insistence for them to get a check-up, they finally promised to go do the check-up.

To their surprise, the results came out and they both had very high BP. It was so high that the doctors predicted that they might have had Stroke attacks anytime within the week.

Treatments were immediately put in place to save their lives.

Many said that the Ambulance nurse had superpowers, and some said it was a gift.

The truth was that it was really a gift. But it was not a gift one was born with.

It was a gift one developed much like they did a skill.

After fifteen years of attending to stroke patients on a daily basis, she had slowly but surely developed a sixth sense for detecting a Stroke patient so much so that she could tell one about to have a Stroke just by looking at the person.

Many such Miracles had happened in many other fields.

Like how an old experienced architect could tell that a particular building was off in its foundation by a few inches or was bent a little to the side even though it appeared straight, further predicting how long it would last before it fell to the Weather or it fell on itself.

Yes! It was a gift, but it was a gift only meant for people that had given their lives, joy, sorrow, satisfaction and much more to a particular field.

It was a gift that one could only acquire in their field once their lives had been given to it. So much so that they closed their eyes and dreamt of it.

It was the reason why a Swordsman could parry an attack behind him without looking. Or a veteran soldier dive out of the way of a bullet, accurately predicting its trajectory.

All Professions, and ways of life came with this gift.

As a man that had killed and sacrificed his life for his goals for as long as he could hold a knife, Lenny too had been given a gift.

At that moment when Manta had looked at him and smiled, even though she gave no killing intent whatsoever, that gift had raised its head.

That gift that could never be wrong in its prediction had saved his life. As a man that trusted his own intuition as much as he trusted his stomach to digest his food, Lenny followed its guide.

Just before Manta moved, his instinct had dealt him the arrival of danger. Maybe it was a twitch of the finger that gave her away, or the way her eyes focused on him, or even her smile or playful attitude.

The one thing that was sure was that she was going to kill him.

His heart at that moment seemed to have slowed down. In fact, the entire world slowed down.

It was as if he had been plunged into an Icy depth.

This was Killing Intent, but it was not from Manta. Even though he had felt she was going to kill him.

No!

This Killing Intent was from Death itself.

Its cold, creaking fingers seemed to slowly and gently reach into his chest and fetch his heart like one would ice cream with a deep spoon, Scooping it gently so as to fill the deep spoon and avoid spillage.

In Lenny's head, those dreaded fingers scooped his heart away.

The Illusion had only been an instant, but all the muscles in his body had taunted at the Scene of it. His back had developed cold sweat, and the hair at the back of his neck had stood on high alert.

Immediately, he made a surprising request to the Satan System.

It was one he had never done before.

But considering how the system could make him stronger, then it was definitely a possibility.

"Satan System, Shift my heart as hard as possible by six centimeters to the right!"

<Alert>

<Moving heart will reduce HP by 2000 Points and is not advisable>

This was a very dangerous place. Losing that amount of points in his HP was same as asking for a quicker death.

He was rank 3 of the Lesser Demon rank. This meant that he had 3000 HP.

2000 was more than half of his HP, but Lenny trusted his Instinct more.

After all, if he was dead, he would no longer have HP to spare.

It was a little after the exact moment the Satan System moved his heart as ordered did Manta's hand Perforate his chest, making a hole so deep her hand went out of the other side.

When Lenny coughed up blood, it was not just because of her hit. It was because of the sudden loss in HP. This was HP that even after shifting his heart was still falling.

He was truly dying...

Chapter 184 Summon The Dead By My Hands

Lenny's eyes turned as his body fell limply to the ground.

Even without his heart getting destroyed, he was still dying.

After all, that was an attack that was like no other.

Manta had literally gone through his chest.

Blood flooded his lungs like a broken Dam.

Sweet sweet blood rushed through his throat and out his mouth at intervals as he coughed again and again. An instinctive reaction of the body clinging tightly for life.

His body jerked continually on its own as he knew deep down that death was hugging him slowly.

And then there was the pain.

Oh, yes! The pain.

It came in ceaseless waves with no Zenith nor nadir.

A constant thrust back and forth, pricking at his conscious mind, hunting it with excruciating ache even as it got tempted to slip into eternal rest.

Pain as earlier stated came in different colors.

Luckily, this was pain that Lenny had a similar experience with a long time ago.

It was on that day when Lucifer Morningstar redirected that bullet straight into his chest, straight for his heart.

Of course, that pain was nothing but a dwarf compared to the muscular giant that now assaulted his senses.

But still, like Vaccines were given to prepare antibodies for the main disease, so was the pain that sat in his chest at that time.

There was no one to help Lenny except himself.

However, he had a habit of getting into tough situations and strolling out of them.

This one was going to be one of them, but getting out of it was going to be an audacious climb from the pits of hell.

It was a climb that he gritted his teeth hard not to lose.

Meanwhile the Satan system was running Bonkers in his head screaming in alarms like it was a fire emergency.

Then again, it was.

<ALERT! ALERT!! ALERT!!!>

<Host life force is living the body>

<Host has lot significant amount of blood>

<Repair Body of Host>

<Repair in progress>

<ALERT! Repair failed!!!>

<HP 500/3000>

<HP reduction eminent>

<Possibility of death: Calculated as PLAUSABLE>

Different information in blaring red from the system bombarded his face like it was lights in a Mall during Christmas.

"PLAUSABLE my ass!" Lenny thought to himself.

The first thing he did was to activate his Pain and pleasure technique, converting the waves of pain he felt into pleasure.

Luckily, it was so easy that even a dying man like himself could do it.

After which his mind now better settled dug for ways in his head for his survival.

He ordered the system to stop all alarms and bring up the current stats of his body.

He was already at Rank 3 of the Lesser Demon rank.

His eyes searched and searched, but most of what he saw was associated with fighting or defence.

With the Satan system on passive mode to heal his body, he never thought that he would find himself in such a situation.

Unfortunately for him, the wound was too bad to be immediately healed, secondly, he had forcibly moved his heart.

After quickly going through the report of the system after a full diagnostics on his body, he realized that it was not that the system could not heal the hole in his chest. It was that there was too little energy to heal the hole and still keep his heart functioning.

In other words, he was lacking sufficient body energy for survival. At the moment, he barely had enough to keep his eyes from totally shutting off for life. He was like a car running on fumes.

Unless there was a way to get 'gas' for his body, he was gone.

Lenny thought hard and fast.

If only there was a demon around or even a dead body he could eat from, then the system could convert the nutrients to strength. However, at the moment, he even lacked enough strength to move a finger. Eating was totally out of it.

At the moment, one could say that he was surviving on himself as he literally forced his own blood into his stomach as food. But with the amount of blood gone already, it was anything but enough.

Thinking this far, his eyes met a skill that was not formerly there. To call it a skill would even be too much. It was a Title.

It was a Title that he had only recently acquired when he killed the Miniboss of the second level.

This Title was called: Soul master.

It allowed him to summon the souls of those he had killed in battle to the fight.

This was an ability Lenny had not thought too much on. In fact, he did not even dwell on it too much.

After all, like many Assassins, he enjoyed the kill by his own hands.

However, in this case, this might actually be his saving grace. After all, the Satan System had requested for 'Fuel'.

Just to be sure, Lenny asked the System if souls could work as fuel.

<Affirmative: However, the process is excruciating as energy would be converted to the soul and from the soul to the Body. Also, all other techniques might tamper with the process.>

Lenny chuckled to himself in his head.

Of course, this meant that he had to drop his Pain and pleasure technique to grind it out the hard way.

If he had enough energy to spare at the moment, he would laugh heavily at himself.

With the waves of pain he felt before, a normal person would choose the easier option which was a peaceful death.

But a madman was Lenny, and Lenny was a madman.

"If I cannot turn Pain to Pleasure, then Let Pain be my pleasure!"

<HP 100/3000>

His HP had fallen to a terrible low. Any more waste of time and he was going to be a goner.

In this place, Lenny had killed a lot. This included gladiators and devils alike. It was now time for a feast.

Immediately he drowned all his magic points in summoning the dead by his hands.

Chapter 185 Title: The Harbinger Of Pain.

The Children of Wisdom say that survivability was the greatest fuel to human Ingenuity. They further concluded that a man with his back at the edge of the cliff had the grace to touch upon the blessings of the cosmos to produce incredible ideas just to survive.

For this reason, many sort Danger and many more dined with it.

Whether it was true or not, only those that managed to persevere and struggle out of the embrace of eternal rest could give testimony on the subject.

One such person was Lenny.

The Title of Soul Master allowed him to summon the souls of those he had killed to join him in battle. However, right now, he was improvising.

Those souls were now his lunch.

The idea of summoning souls was not exactly an easy one.

After all, to summon them required magic points, and to control them even more magic points.

However, he did it anyway.

When it came to acquiring Magic points, Lenny had racked up quite a lot. Adding to the fact that he barely used any since he entered this place because he was hiding his White Flame, he had a lot of it to spare.

However, his Magic points, plenty as they were fell like over ripe fruits from a tall tree during a winter storm.

He summoned them all the way from the first level.

The Lot of them were disgruntled souls.

Vexed by the unwilling death they were made to bear by his hands.

Yet, they could not refuse the summons.

However, this did not mean that they would willingly give up their essence to the one that gifted them their mortality.

Since they could only obey, the worse they could do, which was the only thing they could do, was give him the same brunt of pain he awarded them at the point of death.

For the Process to work, the Satan system had advised that Lenny stopped all other techniques.

Of course, this included his Pleasure and Pain technique.

This meant that the pain from earlier was part of the burden he was to carry.

First was the pain from his body, and the second was the pain from his soul.

For Lenny, mere words were lacking in all vocabulary to describe in detail the vandalization of his senses as the crushing weight of pain flooded his mind.

This pain in body and soul.

It left him nearly begging for the release of everlasting slumber.

It was like getting crushed under a heavy boulder the size of the highest of mountains but still granted life.

Never before had he felt the Kindred spirit of regret that plagued the damned in hell.

Regret so primal that his soul rained curses on his mother's womb for his existence.

He cursed the night her legs parted to the invitation of his father.

If curses could instantly take effect, then that day back in time would be filled with a thunderstorm that would crush the room his parents mated to form him.

If he could move his body, his lungs and throat would be hoarse with the loud expression of his pain. But he could not. His body was still immobile.

Lenny had killed many.

For some, the death had been swift.

For others, it had not.

But no one right now knew better the detailed description to Phrase: There are some things in life worse than death.

Every soul dished him a plate full of the Zealot death he dealt them.

The higher and stronger the level, class or rank of the gladiator, the more excruciating the process.

Did he regret killing them?

No, not in the slightest. At least not while he did.

But right now, he was almost at the point of begging for repentance of his sins.

Yet, just at that point when he might have nearly wanted to make peace with 'PEACE', it kicked in.

That inbuilt stubbornness, so deep it was practically the blood that nourished his body suddenly took hold of his mind.

Beating at his pride that had been honed for a very long time from the deep Callouses he placed on not just his body, but his mind.

Callouses so engraving that they also took hold in his soul.

A new kind of stubborn pride was born.

After all, tough times make tough men, and even tougher times made Prouder men.

What was the glory of a man's existence if he was lacking in the foundational masculinity gifted only through gashing struggle?

All of a sudden, his perspective on life changed yet again.

His soul no longer screamed in anguish.

No, now it welcomed it.

Like the smiling face of a loving wife welcoming her husband home after a long day of work.

An embrace, a kiss on the lips and the welcome of warm food on the table.

Such was the wide Welcome of their every pain.

From the lowest and meekest of gladiators to the really proud ones like Decay, he took it all.

In the first-hand experience of their pain, he discovered something new.

Something that even the Monastery for Pain and Pleasure did not teach.

Pain was not just the presence of life, it was also the absence of it.

Things had totally changed.

If he could move right now, he would no longer Scream in hurt.

No, he would dance and sing.

Holding the hands of the Entity of Pain and showering her with smiles.

He would thank her for sending her children his way.

He would thank her for sending the glorious affection of hurt his way.

After all, he was now a most dutiful student.

Never in his life had he felt so much need to spread what he had just discovered.

It was like a Preacher that had witnessed a miracle and wanted the world to know about it.

He wanted to spread the good news of fervent hurt to the rest of the world.

It was at this moment that Lenny was awarded yet another Title: The Harbinger of Pain.

Chapter 186 It Was Just As I Guessed

<Title: Harbinger of Pain (Torture your Enemies before death to be rewarded points. The more Creative the Pain brought, the higher the point Value)>

Many cultures had their own stories of what they believed happened at the point of death.

Many of them with varying theories.

They were many that stated that one's life flashed before the person's eyes, playing memories of both good and bad times. A test to ascertain where one would journey to once the afterlife chooses to take the soul.

Some said that only the good would flash by, and others say only the bad. Some say that Death would let you see the possibility of what would have been if your actions had not led to your death.

Nevertheless, a man as unwilling and on the brink of death as Lenny was held on tight to life so dearly.

It had only been a few seconds since Manta dropped him to the ground.

However, the Pain had a way of running after Time but never catching up to it.

The greater the pain, the further Time progressed.

With the ceaseless waves of pain he had been blessed with as a result of Manta's willfulness, a Second on the Time Scale might as well have been a few days.

However, the process miraculously worked.

He had actually managed to pull it off.

The disgruntled souls acted as Fuel for the Satan System to convert into energy needed for his body.

First came a sudden gain of his hearing. He could now hear the conversations between Razor and Manta as they fought vigorously.

After which, his HP climbed enough that his Sense of touch returned, and he could now move his limbs. However, he dared not.

The battle between Razor and Manta was just reaching its fevered peak.

By now, his body had resumed all functionality, but even when the blast of their attacks pushed him to the edge of the walls like every other thing in the room, he still did not move.

At this point, Lenny was not sure who would win the fight, but the biggest mistake he would have made was to stand and show he was still alive.

That would be a display of divine foolishness. It was at this time that he remembered the Proverb of the Mantis Stalking the Cicada unaware of the Oriole behind.

Lenny had always planned in the shadows and only attacked when the opportunity was ripest.

But to wait and watch his enemies tear at each other's throats, this was actually a first for him in this world.

He also took this opportunity to observe both of their fighting styles. After all, regardless of who won, he was going to have to face the other one.

Every skill and every technique they displayed was left bare to his eyes and the assessment of the Satan System.

When Manta finally stroke the defining blow and killed Razor, Lenny knew that it was finally time to move.

Lenny walked one step at a time towards the heavily injured Manta.

She could not believe her eyes when she saw that the gaping hole she left in his chest had completely healed.

Lenny had a broad smile on his face. It was the same kind one had looking at a surplus meal after a hard day at work.

Or the smile one had meeting a lover long longed for.

Even though she was surprised at first, she quickly composed herself.

After all, she knew that with Razor's poison of a True-name flowing in her, she only had a few more minutes at most before movement would become impossible.

Lenny was just a mere rank 3 lesser demon. He was nothing to her.

Besides, even a rabbit pushed to the wall would bite back. A murderous creature like her was on another level. She was already at her wit's end and wanted nothing more than to end this as quickly as possible.

Even as her eyes twitched showing both her frustration and her tiredness as the poison took its effect, she snickered loudly.

She was still on one leg with the other one that had become a sword in her hand.

Just like before, they was no kicking against the ground.

She seemed to just disappear and appear right in front of Lenny.

The blade in her hand went straight for his face.

She was not going to repeat the same mistake twice.

She wanted to know since he had such incredible recovery abilities, if he could recover from losing his head.

However, the moment her blade came down, he was nowhere to be found.

This surprised her. However, his voice sounded by her ear.

"Tsk tsk tsk, did your fight with Razor really make you that useless!? such a pity!"

She turned, waving her blade again, but he was not there.

His voice seemingly sounded beside her ear, again and again, like a nightmare that enjoyed its haunt even in the real world.

"yep! I was right. A half born, a rank lower than you, an obvious junior hurt you too badly." Lenny mocked.

She turned again, waving her blade but he was like an apparition.

For her, it was like looking in a clear pond and seeing the moon, but being incapable of touching it.

If it was not his voice to taunt her, then it was the image of his smiling face.

She even tried to match his steps and rhythm, but was it so easy to emulate or trap profound assassinations movement techniques from another world?

All her efforts were in vain, and with every effort she put into every action, the Poison in her body took a stronghold.

Even she could tell that she was going incredibly weaker.

She could not hold it in any more and coughed out some blood as she fell on her one knee.

As she did, Lenny appeared before her. He squatted low to her size.

He sighed lowly, "so it was just as I guessed."

She frowned as she tried to hold back the blood forcing its way out of her throat, "what do you mean?"

Chapter 187 Falling Into The Hands Of A Very Very Petty Man

"Oh! I am only accessing your movement technique. It is funny how even though you are on one leg, you can still display it so accurately. In fact, one might say that it is rather very incredible how you do it."

She only had to raise her head a bit to see the look in her eyes and realize that Lenny was not lying. He could now see through her.

He now had a hold of her movement technique.

The first time she displayed it, it was difficult for his eyes to follow it especially because of their difference in level. But as time went on, and he watched the battle between her and Razor, he fully grasped it.

From the moment Lenny entered the bar and sat in between Razor and Manta, he had a rough guess of who they were.

Although he was not aware that they were Magistris, he had a rough sense of their capabilities.

This could be traced back to that night in Dinning hall when A222 was explaining the different gladiators of different Arena masters and the ones he was to watch out for when he got into the Dungeon.

They were many Gladiators that covered their faces and did not want to reveal themselves.

Of course, Manta was one of them.

However, Lenny noticed that the Arena master had a kind of defining influence on the kind of gladiators that was produced in their various Arenas. A unique trait, if he were to say.

In fact, it was so unique that Lenny could tell that it was only Cuban's gladiators that had true diversity.

An example would be the fact that almost if not all of Basit's Gladiators had the Reptoid nature.

In one way or the other, they had something connecting them to common reptiles.

This included D455 which he Skinned back at the hanger as revenge for D800's death.

For some, it was the eyes, for others, skin and even a tail.

Some even had the full package as Razor did.

This was the same for gladiators that were under Lady Hanger.

These gladiators had incredible stealth abilities.

They avoided fights as much as possible and could merge with their environments to perfectly hide themselves.

If they were in Lenny's previous lives, they would have made for very fine assassins.

Even the patience they displayed was incredible.

It was so good that they held back from attacking Lenny and his teammates, one of them even becoming a stool when Lenny and his teammates watched the torture of E666.

Back then, noticing their presence was only by the Perception ability, and of course, Using Surveyor on his environment. Even though he did not see them, their Stats appeared above their heads.

Even they could not fool the Satan system.

Lenny had waited patiently, thinking that they were going to launch a surprise attack, but to his surprise, they did no such thing.

It was a little disappointing at the time.

It would have made for an embarrassing slaughter.

Thinking this far, it allowed Lenny to watch Manta's fighting style from a different perspective.

After all, she was a Magistri under Lady Hanger.

If all Lady Hanger's Gladiators had the ability to hide their presence, didn't that mean that her Magistri would have a similar or even better skill?

It was not hard for Lenny to observe from this perspective and figure out her secret.

He even turned on Surveyor when watching her fight with Razor.

However, he noticed something that he played over and over again in his head.

Whenever Manta moved, she did not just move.

The surveyor for a split second would not show her stats and then it would show it again.

This was a very unique ability.

It was one that Lenny had never seen before.

Of course Half-borns had all sorts of abilities. What they got from their Demon parents was not their choice, but a gift from their Bloodline.

What Manta had was not just the ability to hide her presence, but the ability to actually teleport.

It was very brief and she could only use it about two times in the max in an interval of precise seconds, and only in a defined space. This was space that Lenny measured with his eyes throughout the fight with Razor.

Every time she had used the ability, he had calculated it.

With such an ability, it was already a miracle that Razor lasted as long as he did.

Truly, having a True-name came with incredible benefits. If Razor had been any other Half born, even though he was rank 4 of the Lesser demon ranks, he would have not been able to even touch Manta, dying only after a few strikes.

This for Lenny was an incredible discovery.

It all of a sudden made sense.

After all, even Razor kicked against the ground every time he moved.

The muscles on his legs would contract and relax.

But nothing of such happened When Manta moved.

Every time she closed the distance between Razor and herself, she used this ability.

However, she only pushed it to the extreme when she made that last attack against the Reptoid opponent.

A burst in attack, that Lenny could tell took a significant toll on her.

Lenny could imagine that this ability could actually get stronger if, and only if Manta grew in strength.

With such an ability and the pride of being the best, it was no wonder she was a Magistri.

Unfortunately, she had to mess with Lenny.

While Lenny looked at her with a smile on his face, she tried to reach for him one more time, but he caught her hand. The Manta before him did not have the strength and capability that a rank 5 lesser demon should have.

"Manta, if you had decided to just let me come and take the feathers, I wouldn't mind leaving you alone." As he said this, he bent her hand. The sound of breaking bones could be heard as he applied some force and ripped it out of her shoulder.

As he did, he chuckled lightly, "Unfortunately for you, I pride myself in my ability to be a very very Petty man..."

Chapter 188 Falling Into The Hands Of A Very Very Petty Man 2

Lenny with some effort, pulled brutally at her hand.

"AHHH!!!" She screamed as her arm was uprooted from its shoulder.

It was not any different from the way she removed her own body parts to be used as weapons, but for some reason, it hurt more when it was Lenny that did it.

\*Pursshhh\*

Blood poured like oil from the wound.

"Wow!" Lenny exclaimed.

He did not expect such an amount of blood to flow from the wound.

It was a bit surprising and funny to look at.

Manta looked tired and her eyelids were starting to close. Sweat gathered on her forehead and her breathing was very rough.

She was currently at her wit's end, and Lenny could clearly see that she had accepted the end of her faith.

"No! No!! No!!! You don't get to die so easily. Not after the pain you blessed me with. What kind of a person do you think I am? A promise is a promise, my dear.

"But don't worry! I assure you that this Death that you did not give yourself to for most of your life would become the greatest desire you have ever had!"

After saying this, he placed a hand on her head.

The absorption of souls was fuel for the Satan system to repair his body. Ironically, it also served as a refill for his magic points.

After absorbing the souls of the dead to make up for lost power, Lenny's mind had been opened up to more possibilities of the Satan system.

One of them was that he could actually mix some of his skills and Titles to produce certain desired results.

One of them was what he was about to do.

Lenny placed a hand on Manta's head and directed the Satan system to use his Magic points to Specifically target the Razor's true name poison in her veins.

For Lenny, such a level of control would not have entirely been easy. After all, the white flame would have to separate the burning of flesh from the poison and separate the burning of her blood from the poison.

But he had the Satan system for direction and inhuman precision.

Besides, he was very determined to fulfil his promise to her.

There was no way he was going to let Manta leave for the afterlife without giving her a taste of her own medicine.

And behold the beginning of the first painful process.

Manta's body went up in white flames as Lenny's magic points went down.

What ate at the magic points this time around was the detail in target and precision.

She screamed in pain for a while as the white flame evaporated the poison from every vein, artery, tissue, and organ of her body.

This in itself was an excruciating process. After all, this was the poison of a True name.

No matter, it was nothing compared to the white flame of the first of the Fallen.

As the poison burned, it needed a method of leaving her body, and without a centralised outlet, it left through her skin, breaking tiny tiny holes like needles pushing from inside out.

It left tiny perforated holes all over her body like the holes of a beehive.

It separated her skin into unnatural bits.

This warranted another heavy scream.

However, even her orifices were not exempted from the poison escape, making her screams change octave and pitch like an opera singer hitting an extremely bad note on stage.

After a while, the screaming stopped, and her body actually felt better.

Now that the poison was gone, it was actually easier for her muscles to tighten on the parts where bleeding occurred.

This was something her body did on reflex as a means of survival.

If ever given the choice, the human body would always pick preserving life as would any living thing.

Given that her body had grown very far in strength, such a reflex action to preserve itself was understandable.

Manta panted on the ground.

Her breathing was rough, but her entire body felt relief.

She would have even thanked Lenny if not for the excruciating process she had to go through to achieve this.

However, Lenny was far from done with her.

What he needed was for her to be alive long enough for the entire process of torture he was going to dish out.

What he had done, was not out of fondness for her.

It was a method of 'preserving the meat to reserve its sweet taste when served up for dinner'.

Lenny walked up to Razor's corpse and bent over.

He rummaged through the dissected corpse. after a while, he found what he was looking for.

Luckily, Half born meat was tough and the digestion process was halted at the point of death.

Also, by some luck, she had not cut through the stomach when she diced him.

In Lenny's blood hand was the part of her body that Razor had eaten.

Manta watched this, and what happened next surprised her even more.

Lenny walked up to her and turned her over. And then he began his work.

Using One of his Katanas to sharpen a finger bone from Razor's corpse that he shaped like a needle.

Even Coco watched what this half born that had obviously won did and was speechless for words.

Lenny sterilized the bone needle with his white flame and also sterilized the muscle fibre he used as a thread from Razor's body.

And then he went to work on sewing the formerly swallowed part once more to her body.

For a few minutes into the process, Manta could not help but have a favoured opinion of Lenny.

As he did this, he whispered his favorite working tune.

As usual, it was Thriller by Michael Jackson from his old life.

Coco watched Lenny with incredible interest.

Lenny had done the work carefully.

Aside from her limbs, he had gone as far as to sew together every cut that Razor made on her body.

Of course, this on its own was another excruciating process.

But her body hungered for survival and it worked on quickly healing, and mending with the parts that Lenny sewed together.

After which he sewed the areas of her limbs to stop bleeding.

By the time he was done, she was just a torso.

Lenny looked at her and chuckled lightly.

He walked up to Coco, "Mister barman, do you still have some of that good wine of yours? I'm a bit parched after all that work."

Coco had a feeling that he had just met a very interesting person. One that he would never forget for a very long time.

"Since you like it so much, I don't mind gifting it to you."

He waved a hand and threw Lenny the entire bottle. Lenny thanked him and drank a mouth full. He sighed in joy, and then a malicious grin stained his face as he looked at Manta.

"Now, you are ready for the real fun..."

Chapter 189 Falling Into The Hands Of A Very Very Petty Man 3

There was a rumor many years ago when Lenny was a student in the Monastery of pain and Pleasure.

It was amongst the students.

This rumor had to do with torture, and many claimed that the many years of the Monastery of pain and pleasure had something to do with it.

The Monastery, Lenny later found was thousands of years old.

It was older than any civilization in history, and some more.

Just as in college, there is always a final project before graduation.

Many of those projects had to do with brand new ideas on how to feel either pain or pleasure.

With this, it was no surprise when the rumor was confirmed true that a good 95% of the Torture techniques in the world were invented by students from this monastery.

The other five percent being random innovative ideas.

After all, one must be dedicated to the horrors a person could feel for many such techniques to be created.

As one would expect, the Monastery had such bright young, creative minds.

Some very memorable ones were the Brazen Bull, the Pear of anguish, Chinese Water torture, Crucifixion, Disembowelment, and even psychological torture methods such as White Room torture or Music torture, and the list goes on and on...

Very authentic ways for a person to feel the maximum pain.

For this reason, they were also students that brought up incredible ways for pleasure to be felt. Like that person that wrote the Kamasutra.

A dedicated Pupil of the art of pleasure.

Over the years, many students learnt to mix both branches perfectly, and another study many called BDSM was born.

Regardless of Pain or Pleasure, the goal was to push the human body, mind and soul to the peak of its perfection.

What better way than through the blessing of the five senses?

It was from this place that Lenny graduated with such flying colours that it was recorded as one of the greatest in history.

For Lenny's final Project, he worked on a range of fresh Pleasure and torture methods.

One of which was the one he was about to inflict on Manta.

It was a subtle method and was not as violent, messy or even bloody as most.

He made his study using principles of the spiritual anatomy from Taoism, and Buddhism.

This was a torture method that had to do with the remodeling of the Meridians, and of the Chakra points.

This was something that many tried before him, and of course, all failed, but in Lenny's hands, its beauty was born.

Although he was lacking in a lot of the materials needed for the process. However, owing to the fact that he now had magic points, the process couldn't have been any more straightforward.

Meanwhile, Coco who was a Devil watched Lenny work, and even he could not help but feel some chill deep in his soul.

After all, killing Manta was easy as pie, but Lenny clearly was not ready to pay death for suffering.

After ensuring her body had healed a bit, the process began. He used Razors bones, taking his time to sharpen them into acupuncture needles.

Then he placed them along the right pressure points. Each was done carefully along Passageways through which energy flowed throughout the body.

He focused his attention on all twelve Meridians. Especially in the heart Meridian. After all, he did not want her to die as a result of pain. He made sure to put in extra effort on that part so as to strengthen it.

He did not want to fail as a result of the pain she would experience-a reason that almost made him fail the final exam in his past life.

A hand on her forehead as he chanted a hymn. He used his White Flame as the furnace that melted and remodelled her Meridians.

Truthfully, a big part of his work was made easy with the Satan system as the direction and focus were only done by him.

This was a technique he invented himself.

He thought of using other torture methods, but he did not want to get himself dirty right now.

Besides, the simplest method was sometimes the best.

As he chanted, Coco made observations.

At first, Manta remained steady.

After a while, she could not hold it in and started to scream loudly. The pain was internal and yet not.

Unfortunately, for her, she had lost both hands. She couldn't even scratch.

She rolled and spasmed on the ground like a slug that had been sprinkled with salt. Her mouth formed and her eyes widened in unbelievable shock.

Her screams came at intervals. Although the pain did not.

It was just that the more she screamed, the more pain she felt.

"What did you do to her?" Coco could not help but ask subconsciously.

"Oh, just a little remodelling of her body. At this moment, every part of her being is experiencing unimaginable pain. What I have done is akin to removing her veins and placing them inside out back in her body."

Lenny chuckled lightly.

"Even taking in air into her lungs is like being burnt alive. At least she can hold her breath once in a while. The true torture comes from here."

Lenny pointed to her chest.

"Every beat from her heart is the same as the pump of corrosive acid through her veins, and every feel on her skin," Lenny used a finger to poke her.

"AHHHHHHH!!!" She screamed as she shook on the ground.

"Is a mending of red heated metal plates."

After a while, she stopped screaming, and it was clear that she was trying to hold her breath.

But after a while, she would not be able to and her body desperate for life would give way on reflex for her to breathe.

Once again, her screams would feel the room.

Yet, in all this, her pain had not even begun.

After all, Lenny had remodelled her body.

Every sensation was a varying degree of excruciating pain.

If she felt this much pain from just breathing, how much more was the slight cut of a blade on her skin?

Lenny took one of the acupuncture needles in hand to experiment with.

Chapter 190 Plans To Offend Them All

<Alert>

<+2 stre>

<+3 sta>

<+30 HP>

As Lenny continued his highly innovative methods on Manta, the Satan System rewarded him in points for the pain he caused.

It was barely a minute since when Lenny started the real torture process that Manta pleaded for death.

No, she screamed for it.

She screamed on top of her already hurting lungs for the sweet relief of death.

However, it never came.

As Lenny worked on her, he made sure she understood what was happening to her body, explaining the process step by step.

Every action was in evident detail, even predicting rather accurately the kind of pain she would go through.

After a while, he suddenly felt bored.

However, he still did not kill Manta. He never had plans to.

After all, he needed a scape goat as a warning to future potential threats, or better still, a reason for them to come for him.

Using his Katanas, he sliced and diced at Razor's corpse.

From the moment Manta killed him, Lenny concluded that this was raw material that he was not going to let go to waste.

After all,. Half-borns were half demons.

To let the corpse waste as a result of some nonsensical human emotion of respect for the dead was not his style.

He even managed to extract Razor's Reptoid tail with a sac of poison attached to it.

Afterwards, he skinned the former Magistri's meat, extracting his long bones and using them to make a long poll.

He tied the limbless Manta to the poll like a flag. A symbol of his winning achievement.

Of course, the tying process was accompanied by another round of painful screams.

By now, her mind had practically become mush from the agonizing pain.

Endless saliva leaked from the side of her mouth.

Lenny had a bright smile on his face as he placed the poll with 'Manta the flag' on his shoulder and swaggered towards the Boss Devil.

A few visible drops of sweat dropped down the Devil Boss's forehead.

Coco knew on first sight that he was far stronger than Lenny, but the methods Lenny used on his enemy just now left him speechless.

As a Devil, he had to admit greatfulness to the stars that he was not in Manta's position.

As far as he was concerned, Manta's ancestors might have offended someone, and now, she was paying for their sin.

Coco sighed as he waved his hand, and the case carrying the Fallen feathers appeared.

He handed it over to Lenny with no complaint.

Lenny nodded at this.

Although he did not mind a fight with the devil Boss, he rather just stick with the greater gain.

"I have questions!" Lenny voiced out.

"Go on!" Coco encouraged.

"You obviously do not seem like other Devils, and you are surprisingly not holding a grudge at me for killing your subordinates. So, What next?"

Coco nodded, "True, Devils are not like me. In fact, I am a very rare exception. Chaos magic in our veins makes our nature very peculiar. However, believe it or not, after coming in contact with these feathers, I became enlightened, and just like any REASONABLE being, I have dreams. I will like to look towards them from now on."

Lenny nodded in understanding. He respected the words of the devil.

However, he knew deep down that this was not the end of his meeting with this devil.

Evidently, the only reason Coco was letting this Fallen Angel Feathers go was because he was not yet strong enough to hold on to them.

Of course, Lenny was not the threat.

The Demons behind him were the true threat.

"I plan to bring down this Dungeon When you leave. I believe you will keep my existence between us."

Lenny nodded. It was just as he thought. This was the true catch.

Coco wanted to remain a secret.

Lenny could understand.

After all, Demons had been fighting with Devils for a very long time.

Regardless of the vast difference in numbers, Demons have always had the upper hand.

That was obviously because of intelligence.

It was like how man ruled for thousands of years regardless of the strength of wild animals.

If Demons were to discover that a Devil had achieved intelligence regardless of Chaos magic, they would not let him go, hunting him down with all they had.

Lenny nodded.

For now, revealing Coco's secret would bring him no benefit. Therefore, he was not interested in it.

What he was most interested in was these Fallen Angel Feathers.

He opened the case and immediately, the Satan System activated, appraising the feathers like a dutiful wife.

Lenny was not interested in handing over such fortune to the Demons, regardless of the reward promised.

He rather enjoy the benefits himself.

After all, it was not every time that a literal Divine fruit fell from heaven.

"Can the feathers be absolved? " Lenny asked the Satan System.

<Alert>

<Yes! However, Digestion process will take time.>

Lenny frowned at this. "Why?"

<All Angels operate at a different frequency regardless of type. These feathers are not of the same frequency as Lord Lucifer Morningstar. There are in fact, from three separate Angels. Digestion will require full power of system, host's soul and body>

Lenny's frown tightened.

"Are you saying that if I take in this Angel Feathers, I will be powerless?"

<Affirmative: Host's capabilities will be reduced significantly during the digestion process. Full digestion with full power down will take 4 days and three hours.>

"And what of half?"

<Eight days, six hours>

Lenny sighed.

He could not let the feathers go, and yet, he knew that there was only so long he could stay in this place before the Demons ran out of patience.

He had no choice. He would have to risk it.

However, there was no way he was going to go limp for four straight days.

That was him literally serving himself up on a platter.

He trusted no one with his limp body for that long. That included the Boss Devil.

Besides, his plan was to offend all the Demons in the Arena