

# Devil Slave 191

## Chapter 191 An Assassin's Pride

Lenny thought hard at this.

Firstly, Demons used Darkline magic.

This was entirely different from the kind of power that angels had.

He had the Satan System from Lord Lucifer Morningstar.

Lucifer Morningstar was an arch angel and even for the system, it would take a couple of days to convert the feathers into his own power.

This meant that even though the Angel Feathers had power, it was going to take a very long time before all that power would be able to be converted for use.

Besides, it was also safe to say that whatsoever method they were to use was not going to be easy.

Thinking this far, a bright idea flashed in Lenny's head.

"System, is it possible to absorb the energy in the feathers and still retain their appearance?"

<Yes, this is feasibly. However, a tiny fraction of power would be left to sustain appearance>

"Good! Do that."

Lenny suddenly placed a hand on the first feather.

<

"Wait! Don't touch it with your bare..."Coco tried to warn. However, Lenny touched it and nothing happened.

This surprised him.

Coco remembered when he was just an ordinary devil with Chaos as the only object of his mind.

He had been attracted to the feathers like other Devils.

The only reason he survived and they didn't, was because they touched it and he didn't.

Instead he cultivated their power for many years, sitting besides them to absorb them.

Those devils that touched it instantly turned to dust. After all, this power was holy.

However, Lenny touched it with no problem, even riding his fingers across the surface like an affectionate man on his lover's skin.

The Feathers felt different from what he expected when he touched them.

They were white and lustered slightly like the morning sun.

Depending on how the light in the room reflected on them, that luster gave the illusion of rainbow colors.

However, they still looked steady and sharp. Unfazed by even the blowing air. Like an arrow ready for battle.

Yet, when Lenny touched them, they felt like cotton to the touch.

Lenny touched them gently. He really enjoyed the feel.

Meanwhile, Coco observed him steadily.

He wondered how it was possible that this Half-born was able to stare at the feathers for that long and not be driven to insanity.

Not to talk of touching it.

This was practically a miracle.

After all, there was a reason why human beings could never see Angels, many angels only appearing in dreams.

Coco was already left speechless by this, but the worse was yet to come.

"System, drain it enough to leave the illusion that the feathers are still intact">

Immediately, the System did as instructed.

Coco had cultivated the power of these feathers for years.

He was quite sensitive to it.

One look at Lenny and he could tell something was wrong.

Lenny had suddenly become a black hole in his eyes as the feathers were drained like a barrel of wine in front of a group of drunks.

<Holy power absorbed>

<Grade: low>

<Type: Power of the Fallen>

<Reducing system, body and soul capabilities in order to digest>

<Time Remaining for Digestion: 8 Days, 3 hours, 59 minutes and 45 Seconds>

Lenny suddenly felt his body weaken a bit, and he swayed from side to side before steadying himself up.

Although his power had been shaved by a full half.

Half did not mean that his power had reduced to that of insignificant classed Gladiators.

With the kind of power he now had, his strength only reduced from the 3rd rank lesser demon to the Second.

Growth and power worked with a kind of compounding interest.

All the power he had acquired until rank 3 was considered half.

This meant that Rank 3 was twice all that power.

Rank 4 would be the same thing. This was the reason why those of even a rank above looked down on those below.

The power gap difference was just too big.

"As agreed upon. If you follow this way, you will have safe passage out of the dungeon," Coco pointed in a particular direction.

Lenny nodded.

However just when he was about to take a step, he remembered something, "what about my teammates?"

"Hahahaha!!! As a Half-born. I am sure you are aware how deals work. The deal was to guarantee you safe passage. No one else, just you."

As he talked, Lenny could suddenly hear fighting outside.

He turned to Coco. His frowned brows in question of what was happening.

"The Dungeon is collapsing. My kin are aware of this. Like you, they want survival. They are all rushing here as we speak."

Lenny looked into Coco's red drowning eyes.

What he said next surprised even him, "I will not leave without them."

"Well, I am not forcing you to. But once you go out those doors, I can't guarantee that you come back here."

Lenny understood what the Devil meant.

This escape was meant for only one person.

Without saying anything further, Lenny took a decision that surprised Coco.

After all, he was a good judge of people, and could tell that Lenny was not that kind of person.

At least, he did not seem that way.

However, he did not know that Lenny was a man with principles. Yes, he was more twisted than boiled pasta.

But he was still a man of principles.

And those gladiators out there had helped save his life.

For an assassin, that was a huge debt.

A huge debt that he hated carrying on his head.

Without saying anything further, he turned and walked away through the path he came in.

Of course, he still had his Manta poll in hand as he walked out.

Coco watched him leave and could not help but massage his chin a little, "interesting. Really interesting."

He turned about, and a sharp tongue of flames ignited about his body and he disappeared into thin air.

Lenny had made his choice.

It was not that Lenny was a kind person or anything like that. It was just a part of his Rules even as an assassin.

It was his pride.

Meanwhile, just outside the Twin large doors, Lenny's teammates had unsheathed their weapons for a fight.

A Host of Devils stood before them.

"We are fucked!" C888 commented.

Chapter 192 We Are F\*\*Ked!

Meanwhile, back in the Arena, many demons were already frowning in anger.

It was just as Lenny had guessed.

Coco ensured that the final fight was not privileged to any other eyes but himself.

Of course, this was all done to hide his identity.

The demons back in the Arena were aware that Lenny, Manta, and Razor were the three that made it to the Boss Devil.

Of course, this brought excitement to their hearts.

However, the final battle to peak their excitement was denied them.

Unknown to them, the final battle had not occurred with the Half-borns against the Boss Devil, but against themselves.

Many frowned and complained. But they could do nothing, especially since neither the Arena masters nor the children of the Governor moved from their seats.

Just then, strange things started to happen.

The Devils were all of a sudden rushing for the twin metal doors.

Everyone knew that the only time the lower devils were brave enough to intrude on the location of a Boss in the Dungeon was when the Boss was dead.

These Devils were rushing to occupy the Boss's corpse, eat it, evolve, get stronger and fight each other for who would become the next boss.

Although it was a shame that they did not get to enjoy the last fight, another battle was definitely on its way.

Seeing the devils rushing for the gladiators waiting outside, the audience's excitement was roused once more.

"We are fucked!" C888 commented.

A222 rushed at the twin doors.

She beat and kicked at them, but there would not open.

"Shit! What the fuck are you doing in there, D999?"

"Whatever it is, it does not matter we have to face this lot of bastards on our own." A123 added.

Even though he said so, he really did not feel that way.

They were just too much devil's before their eyes.

They numbered in the several thousands.

They were not weak, but that did not mean that they could fight off this much.

However, what choice did they have?

Going back the way they came was not an option that presented itself, and neither was moving forward.

Meanwhile, A123 turned to A222 with a frown on his face.

He had a meaningful look in his eyes.

She stepped forward with a hand to his chest, "No! Don't do it. Unless we have no choice."

He nodded, "Let's hope that it doesn't get to that."



They brandished their weapons.

One or two impatient devils could not hold back and rushed at them.

With all fours on the ground as they moved, they had quite the explosive power.

Whether it was jumping, sprinting, or straight up attacking, it was all done with immaculate efficiency.

Devil's were mostly a disgusting race to behold.

Regardless of the fact that they had mouths on possibly any part of their bodies, most were skinny like heavily malnourished people.

However, appearance when it came to this race was divinely misleading.

Only one of these devils would put a full grown lion to shame in a battle of strength.

In fact, in some cases, a hit would be enough to spilt the lion in unequal halves.

Their fingers were long and sharper than those of wild beasts.

**\*Roar!\***

One of them opened it's abnormally shaped mouth on its chest as it longed forward.

Just then, one of the twin doors behind them blew out of it's hinges.

While the big heavy door itself shot through the air and crushed a few devils in the distance to death, A222 felt a gust of wind pass by her.

Her hair was caught in the wind, but even before he made his attack, her incredible senses knew that he was the one.

\*Slash!\*

That unfortunate devil was cut vertically in two equal halves.

Blood splashed everywhere.

Lenny's sudden appearance actually made the devils pause a bit.

After all, they were sensitive to danger and at the moment he appeared, he had a profound smell that made even them twitch.

A few of them either halted in their steps or took a step back.

"Come on now! I came back to play with you mother f\*\*Ker's, and you just want to leave me had and no blow?"

Lenny chuckled loudly.

He had attacked just now with one hand.

In the other hand, he had a brief case, and a long poll made out of the the bones of a Half-born

At the end of the long poll was the torso of a person.

Although the limbs were no longer there, from the continuous tearing eyes, it was obvious that this person was still alive.

However, Lenny sealed her mouth shut with a bone so that she could not express the gravity of pain she felt in screams.

It was good to note that the Pain and Pleasure technique Lenny used on Manta was still effective.

Breathing was already hell for her. In this state, even a pinch addition of more suffering would feel like a mountain landed on her.

The sway of the poll in his hand was that pinch of suffering.

In all honesty, with that human flag in hand and his sword in the other, Lenny looked quite valiant.

The moment he appeared, all the eyes in the Arena were drawn to him.

Some of them like Lady Vinegar, Cuban and Clawed's were actually elated to see him.

However, it made some others fan with furry.

The first if whom was lady Hanger.

She could clearly see that the poll in Lenny's hand had her half born Magistri as the flag.

This was an utter disgrace to her name.

She could not help but look to Cuban in an ugly frown.

In her opinion, whatsoever Lenny was doing was as a result of orders from his Arena master.

Nobles, even the least of them were a prideful bunch.

At the moment, she could feel the eyes of some Arena masters on her.

Lenny disgracing Manta the way he did was the same as Cuban lifting her up on a flag pole.

After all, it was one thing to kill, and another thing to disgrace a demon.

The former was daily bread, but the latter was an insult on pride.

## Chapter 193 Let Me Handle This...

Her fingers dug into her armrest in anger as she shot Cuban death stares.

Cuban suddenly felt her stare and turned to her.

He gave her a smile that looked apologetic of the situation as he understood what Lenny had just done.

However, that smile only made Lady Hanger believe that he was gloating.

Back in the Dungeon, Lenny had appeared just when the Devils had began their advance.

Meanwhile, the Dungeon vibrated ceaselessly. Just as Coco had told him, the place was collapsing.

Rocks fell from above.

Considering how deep in the ground they were, staying here was same as dying.

However, every one of them knew that the moment they turned their backs to run, these devils were going to launch at them like Hobos on a left over pizza in the trash.

The earth shook from the falling Stalactites prompting some bold devils to still rush forward.

However, before alenny went for it, C888 came down at it with his sword, cleaving it's head out of it's neck.

A222 looked around, "they are many. Can we even handle this much?"

"Oh ye of little faith. Catch!" Lenny threw the polland brief case for her.

She caught them immediately.

Of course, this action made Manta on the poll wiggle in more pain, but no one cared about her at the moment.

What really puzzled A222 was the black case he threw over.

After all, just touching the case gave a cool but refreshing feeling to her senses.

It made her wonder what was inside. The thought that it must be the item that the Boss of the dungeon dropped after death crossed her mind, but now was not the time to dwell on it.

Lenny waved his other hand and another Katana appeared.

Just because he was at half strength did not mean that he had suddenly become useless.

With the sword on his left hand in a reverse grip position and the right in a forward attacking position, he took his stance for a fight.

'O Gasume' stance.

The moment he took his stance, the air about him seem to change.

It suddenly became misty, and it gave one the impression that he was a furnace burning the very air.

Lenny had not activated any of his other abilities, except of course, Perception, that helped with knowledge of his environment.

The devils suddenly took a few steps back from him.

But at the moment, Lenny had already prepared himself for a battle.

He was not of the idea of letting prey get away from him.

Lenny's muscles visibly taunted as he kicked against the ground, launching for the sheep before his eyes.

He landed right in their center.

Backing away from him was easy for these devils, but when he entered their center, it was a totally different story.

With their numbers, It was no surprise that the courage to rip him into two arose.

But soon, their bravery was only rewarded with endless slaughter.

Lenny moved like the wind through their ranks.

His blades were unforgiving with their touch, and every wave of the hand was like the stormy sea bashing and breaking into pirate ships that dared doubt it's strength.

Lenny was like a Lawnmower through a yard.

Everywhere he passed was cleanly trimmed of flesh.

With the smell of blood as a testament of his attention to a good job.

He was doing great, and C888 could not help but be motivated to join him.

Although his kills were not like Lenny's, they were not too bad.

At least, he was able to firmly hold his own, and as the Killing continued, he obviously got better. Both of them waved their weapons ceaselessly and heads and limbs fell.

Yet, the number of devils only seemed to be increasing.

It was as if a bee's hive had been poked and all the others had come out for revenge.

Even with Lenny's hard work, more still rushed at them.

A123 frowned. He was not as strong as Lenny, but as an A class Gladiator, he was not that weak.

However, just when he was about to join the fray, something suddenly dragged his attention.

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

He turned behind to A222.

She had just coughed loudly. Although she tried to hide it and cover her mouth, the blood leaking through the side was evidence that she was anything but well at the moment.

A123 changed his mind and rushed to check on her.

A222 was his woman. Harm to her was harm to his heart.

He took her hands in his own, and then he saw it.

The tip of her fingers had blacked.

Now that he looked properly, there were little black patches on her body.

He knew what this was. It was the same thing that happened to C888 when they were still in the lower level.

Corruption magic was getting to her.

"You over drafted on your powers. Why didn't you tell me?"

She gave him a weak smile, "they was no need to, and without my powers, we wouldn't have avoided a lot of devils and got here when we did."

A123 frowned.

What she said was true.

Lenny might have been in front, but A222 had been the Tracker leading them.

Her senses had always been on sharp alert for danger, even when they rested.

This was a huge toil on her Darkline magic, and now, she did not have enough to envelop her body and ward off chaos magic.

\*Cough!\*

She coughed up some more blood.

A123's frown got deeper.

He held her hand tight. He did not want to let go.

There was no choice, he had to do that thing.

It had been a long time since he did it, and even the Magistri forbid him from using it again, but right now, he had to.

After all, the Magistri had chosen each gladiator as a result of their special abilities.

He sighed as he called out, "D999, C888, Let me handle this..."

Chapter 194 Voice Of Bedlam, A Scene Of Mayhem

Lenny heard A123. He really did not understand what he meant by 'let me handle this'.



Besides, Lenny was having too much fun.

Although, it was true that they was only so much he could kill.

However, that theory was still yet to be tested out.

It was like telling an artist that he would give up an art work when he was in the zone.

Or a child give up his playmates when the fun was just beginning.

However, A123 insisted that they backed off.

Lenny frowned in annoyance.

However, he happened to look in A222's direction.

She nodded at him.

Even after all they been through, Lenny could not say he was close to A123.

However, he had grown to trust A222's judgement to a certain extent.

Besides, he could also see that she was in obvious terrible conditions.

Using the heads of some Devils as a platform, he rushed out of their midst and back to A222's side.

He landed just around the same time as C888's arrival.

As they did, A123 stepped forward.

His steps looked light, but every time his feet touched the ground, the earth regardless of the stone underneath will carve deep into the ground.

Lenny observed this Gladiator that had nearly done nothing throughout their advance except stick to his gladiator girlfriend.

Lenny was interested in seeing what he was about to do.

All of a sudden, the environment about A123's body changed.

It was as if the air surrounding him was water and he was pushing against it with the might of his chest.

His muscles taunted hard.

From the looks of this, he was building up to an incredible attack.

Lenny's attention was now fully drawn to him.

He was really interested in seeing what A123 was going to do.

C888's eyes was also drawn to this colleague of there's.

He also wanted to know what was going to happen. However, this was a decision he would regret for the rest of his life.

A123 matched with heavy steps towards the devils.

His momentum was not much, but there was something about the presence he carried.

It was attractive to the senses.

Yes, it was not just to the eyes, but all five senses.

Lenny discovered that every part of him had suddenly become attentive to A123.

Like the attention one's crush commanded when in the room, it pulled all of him in.

However, he was not the only one.

It was the same thing with C888 and even the Devils.

The Devils seemed to all be pulled towards him, some of them even stepped on each other as they lunged towards A123.

A123 stopped, and then he took a deep breath in.

His chest expanded to an insane size.

It was like a bull frog displaying its dominance to the Females during mating season.

However, at this moment, A222 pulled Lenny and C888 closer to her height.

She was aggressive with the pull, displaying the gravity of the situation.

"Cover your ears!" She advised.

Both of them looked at one another, and then at her.

She too immediately covered her ears after the warning she gave, not giving a second one again.

Both were smart enough to do as she insisted.

And then with his mouth opened widely, A122 let loose the air in his lungs.

Lenny pressed on his ears very tightly.

However, he still had his perception Ability.

A part of him was very curious as to the ability that A123 was going to display.

However, when the air was released from his lungs... There was nothing.

There was absolutely nothing.

Even with his fingers in his ear, of this was going to be some kind of scream attack, he was still supposed to hear something.

However, there was absolutely nothing.

In all honesty, he was actually disappointed.

He was about to step forward and smack A123 for the false alarm when Lenny noticed something.

For some reason, his legs did not want to listen to him.

He could not hold it and fell on the ground.

However, this feeling came quickly and also left within the time limit of a second.

However, it left Lenny very shocked.

As an assassin, Lenny knew what a second was to him.

The interval between nano seconds was enough time for some insanely quick assassins to make quick work of a person.

Butchering the person to bits before they even realized that they were dead.

Such was the speed and accuracy of a killer.

Luckily Lenny had gotten control nearly immediately afterwards.

This was most likely because the strength difference between the both of them was very large.

Lenny was at the 3rd rank of the Lesser demon realm.

Although his powers had been halved down to the 2nd rank, he was still far stronger than A123 that was a gladiator in the A class.

And yet, his power was able to affect him so.

This was to add to the fact that he was not the focus of the attack.

Also, he had closed his ears as tight as possible.

Lenny suddenly turned to A222 and C888 on the ground.

It was as if they were having spasms.

However, she bite hard on her lower lip till blood trailed down.

Apparently A222 knew what was coming and prepared for it.

C888 on the other hand rolled even more on the ground.

His eyes turned red and some blood flowed down his ears even though he shut them as hard as he could.

Saliva leaked from the side of his mouth.

He suddenly attempted to stand up, but A222 regardless of her weakness jumped on his back, "hold him down! He will kill himself!"

She was obviously soliciting for Lenny's help.

Lenny was unsure of what was happening but he rushed for C888 and held him down.

C888's muscles were taunt and he displayed unbelievable strength.

It was as if he had tapped through the limitations set by his brain on his body.

As he was, Lenny could bet that he could even take one of those beasts from the Arena alone and defeat it in one fell swoop.

It surprisingly took Lenny some effort to hold C888 down.

This was just C888 that was not the focus of A123's attack.

Lenny raised his head to the Devils. The sight his gaze met made him speechless.

Chapter 195 Voice Of Bedlam, A Scene Of Mayhem 2

Calming C888 was no easy matter.

Aside his ears, his eyes, red as they had become looked as if they would leak blood too.

His gaze was crazy, and he was obviously more interested in destruction than any other thing.

He was worse than a group of male Gorillas in heat.

At first he roared, and then he tried to bite. His fingers dug into his own palm until they bleed.

However, even this was not enough to calm him down.

Lenny frowned. He raised a hand and gave C888 a few slaps, expecting that it was going to bring him back to his senses, but it was all for nothing.

C888 struggled ceaselessly to be free. However, neither Lenny nor A222 would let him go.

Things were also bad for A222, but she surprisingly had things under control.

With what Lenny was seeing, if he allowed C888, the lad could probably bite off his own fingers and he wouldn't feel a thing.

If calming him down was not going to work, he was going to use the second option.

Lenny raised his hand high. Targeting the right spot, he gave C888 a punch right in the temple that immediately knocked him out.

A222 panted in relief.

She was already running really low on energy, and the dark spots on her body as a result of the chaos magic had significantly increased.

She looked like she was slowly being swallowed by the night.

C888 had gone totally bunkers. However, it was at this time that Lenny suddenly remembered something.

If C888 who was not the target of the attack was like this, then what of the devils.

It was at this point that Lenny raised his head to look and the first thing he saw, was a severed limb heading towards his face.

As it spinned in the air, it spat out blood all around, evidence that it had been ripped out of its own with sheer force.

Easily, Lenny dodged the incoming projectile.

But his eyes, once attracted to the scene before him remained focused on it.

Subconsciously, Lenny stood to his feet as he took heavy steps to stand beside A123.

Lenny was an assassin in his previous life. However, he was one with taste for the art world.

He specifically liked a kind of art. Of course like most, it was also depending on his mood.

Nevertheless, the trial of trying to know what the artist was thinking at the birth of the painting by observing every brush stroke and well carved line was an adventure-land his mind loved to wander in.

The type of art that displayed the true nature of the world of order hiding in disorderliness was an attractive muse to his eyes.

His love for it was so profound that he once sort the Art work: The Fall of the Rebel Angel.

A distinctive work of an artist with an obvious screw loose in the head.

Right now, Lenny was once again seeing seeing the beauty in such magnificent chaos.

It was even better now because it was in constant changing motion, filling his senses with an Array of beauty.

Before he could finish admiring, the chaos would change form and express itself in another attitude of true wonderment.

If Lenny was to put this azing scene to words, he would use the most simplest of words.



After all, nothing more grand-which was most surprising could describe it any better.

In this Scene, 'Everything was doing Everything'.

Yes, those were the words for it.

Lenny did not have a camera, but he instructed the Satan system to record this moment down.

Lenny opened up his senses to take in every thing before his eyes.

Even his perception ability was pushed to embrace the scene.

Lenny watched as the same chaos that nearly made C888 peel off his own skin assaulted these host of devils.

It had only been a few seconds since A123 gave the roar, but blood had formed wetness so high that it felt to Lenny like he was standing just at the shore of the beach, and enjoying the water pushed over by the waves to wash against his feet.

His emotions suddenly climbed so high that he could hold it no further.

He fell to his knees his legs properly soaking in the red water.

The passion of a man that appreciated art took over him, and his eyes suddenly watered.

Tears sliding down his cheeks and staining his face with the attention of his passion and appreciation.

Snort even came down his nose.

Such a sight to Lenny was like a man after going through the viscosities of life, finally saw a sliver lining that led to the spread of a rainbow.

This was the sight Lenny saw.

However, A222 and even A123 saw differently.

A222 could no longer hold back the level of disgust that sight and stench of the mayhem caused, throwing up to the side.

She vomited again and again. Even though there was nothing left in her stomach, her insides felt a sudden rejection for her digestive organs.

If she could, she would have already thrown up her stomach and intestines.

At the moment, she was already vomiting her digestive juices.

An 'A' class Gladiator had seen and lived with gore from the moment they stepped into the fighting Arena since the 'E' class.

They had caused some really disgusting sights themselves.

By the time they reached 'A' class, they was nearly nothing they had not seen.

Nothing came new or was surprising to them any more.

Yet, A222 could not hold back any more and vomited at the sight before her.

Even A123 that had caused this sight struggled to hold back his disgust.

His throat kept on bubbling up and down as he tried hard to hold back throwing up.

Now that he had used this ability, he some how felt Pity for the Devils.

Their demise seemed to be divinely unfortunate.

A death so terrible that he wouldn't wish it on anyone- including his said enemy.

He sighed lowly, "This is my Technique. I call it: Voice of Bedlam."

Chapter 196 End Of Tournament

A123 did not appreciate his ability one bit.

In fact, a part of him felt disgust that such a thing was because of him.

The 'Voice of Bedlam' was a full blown wide area mind attack.

Even Lenny had to admit that this was one of the most unique abilities he had ever seen.

After all, this ability did not discriminate friend from foe.

The only person it spared, was it's user.

A123's status had some what been elevated in Lenny's eyes.

He could already see a future were this ability could be used to incredible magnitude.

Especially since every time A123 used it, he would get to enjoy seeing such a beauty.

Lenny felt very elated.

He was in a very good mood.

He wiped his tears as he stood to his feet.

Lenny was not short but A123 was still a head taller than him.

He slung a hand around his neck, "you know, I won't mind being very good friends with such a talented artist."

A123 looked at Lenny with a ashen face. He really did not know what to say about this.

He decided to push it out of his mind.

Lenny looked once more at the sight and nodded, "truly beautiful!" Then he turned to join his teammates.

A123 walked up to A222 and helped her up.

"I am sorry you had to live through that."

"Don't worry, it's no problem. After all, it is not my first time."

She smiled at him and he her. Both, was of a gentle affectionate nature.

A123 helped A222 with a shoulder around his neck while she carried Manta the poll and the case.

Lenny on the other hand carried C888 like a sack of rice under his armpit.

In this manner, they went through the big doors, one of which Lenny had destroyed.

Through the corridor with the nice statues, they arrived at the former bar that had become a fighting ground.

One look around the place and any one could tell that the battle here was fierce indeed.

Razor's dismembered corpse still laid at a corner.

However Coco elwas nowhere to be found.

Lenny moved in the direction Coco had pointed him to leave the Dungeon.

It actually surprised him but Coco did not seal the exit.

Instead, he left it open on the off chance that Lenny came back.

Lenny nodded and went through it.

It was long and the narrow, but just enough for them to squeeze through.

Another twenty minutes, and they could smell the dry air of the sandy desert.

And just like that, they were out of the dungeon.

And just in time too.

The Satan system was just about to give another Compulsory task.

Almost the instant they left, the Dungeon collapsed on itself.

<Alert>

<Congratulations on Clearing Dungeon>

<First Dungeon cleared. Clear more to obtain New Title>

<Appologise: Points cannot be awarded now, as all power is focused in converting Fallen angel power>

Seeing this, Lenny sighed.

Truth be told, he was not all that bothered about it.

After all, this was to be expected.

The system warned that all efforts including half of his strength would be used to digest the power from the fallen angel feathers.

The dry air outside was far more soothing to breathe than the putrid smell of the dungeon mixed with excrete, blood, and rotting flesh.

The air was so refreshing that it even made C888 wake up.

He was no longer as crazy as he was. However he still vomited to the side.

Apparently some after effect of the 'Voice of Bedlam' on his body.

A222 also felt better. Now that they were out of the dungeon, it was easier for her to use her Darkline magic to force the Chaos magic out of her system.

She handed Lenny his Human Poll and the Case containing the Fallen angel feathers.

She didn't know why, but she could tell that whatsoever was inside that thing was very important.

Out of all the Gladiators that had gone into this low level ranked dungeon, only four had managed to make it out alive.

There was noore use for the bat eyes. Once they were out of the dungeon, they self-destructed.

A short while after they came out of the Dungeon, a portal appeared before their eyes.

From it came a very familiar face.

It was the Magistri.

He walked out of it with a very broad smile on his face, "not bad kids! Not bad at all!!!"

He stood to the side pointing at the portal.

They advanced forward to go through it.

The tournament had ended.

However, just when Lenny was about to go through the portal, the Magistri's hand held him back by the shoulder.

"I have prepared a distraction. Once it happens, you will know. Meet me with the Pheonix heart at the air field behind the Arena."

With all that had happened, Lenny had nearly forgotten that he still had this problem to sort out.

He took a step forward into the portal.

Unlike the first time, it was easier for him to hold back the need to vomit.

The moment he stepped out of the Portal, what met him was the sight of the Arena.

However, his ears were greeted with the loud sound of cheers from the audience.

The Demons screamed and celebrated.

This was an event that lasted many hours, but demons were demons. Even if it was a few weeks, they did not mind as long as they got the thrill they were after.

On each side was a row of half naked demon girls.

These were succubus. They were mostly purple and pink of skin.

Succubus were considered low bloodline Demons mainly used for pleasure purposes by other demons.

The ones before them were liken to show girls.

They had shapes and curves that would make any man bury them under the ferocity of his erection.

And they smiles were also wide and inviting.

With what could barely be considered a bra, supple bouncy flesh leaking from the sides and....

Chapter 197 Reasons To Keep Moving Forward

With what could barely be considered a bra, supple bouncy flesh leaking from the sides and obviously pointy nipples, their chests were an invitation many rather die than resist.

But that was just the beginning.

The well trimmed waists of these succubus, blessed with fine muscle line that emphasized their figures leading to abnormally large hips aimed right at the dutifulness of the male pride to conquer.

Lastly, their demon tail, lean and long lingered behind their plump 'Behind' covered by an embarrassment to underwears world wide.

These were truly incredible creatures.

Lenny could swear that if any of these magnificently endowed demons were to make it to his former world, leaders of nations will trade their power and country for an eventful night.

They were so alluring that A222 caught A123's eyes lingering.

However, as much as Lenny would have loved to appreciate the beauties before him.



He had more important matters to worry about.

The Succubus made two rolls, one on each side, spraying flower petals on the ground for them to walk on.

Demons respected strength. Even if it was from humans that most only considered as food and play things.

Lenny and his teammates were to walk through the path created all the way up to an arranged podium that had the Arena masters standing on one side, the Governor's family on the other and Lady Vinegar in the middle.

In front of Lady Vinegar was the item of his target.

The Phoenix was a rank 1 hell beast. This was because of its strength level.

Hell beasts were ranked according to destructive capabilities.

Although it was just a rank 1 Hell beast, it was a very rare beast.

This was because of its peculiarity.

In fact, it was so rare that many demons in the audience wondered how the Governor's family was able to give something so precious away.

This just goes to show how wealthy, powerful and prosperous they truly were.

Of course, many speculated that they must have had a very rich and influential backer from the other Earths or even maybe from the underworld.

Nevertheless, it was proven that they were not to be messed with.

At the moment, the Governor's family had an internal fiend. It was a fight for who would become the new governor of the city and surrounding towns of which a temporary truce was established as a result of Lady Vinegar's birthday celebration.

All the children of the governor's were born in pairs.

Each pair was linked at a spiritual level. They were connected by fate, Spirit, body and blood.

In fact, it was easier to say that it was one person that had become two.

The higher they grew in strength, the stronger their connection to one another.

Their bond was practically inseparable.

The only exception was Lady Vinegar. As much as she was considered an abnormality in such a family, she was also their treasure.

Ironically, she was the only female child in the family.

Her beauty so captivating that she was not allowed to show her face in public.

Since Incest was a casual occurrence in demon society, they agreed that only the last pair standing could have her.

Of the male children, Clawed was currently the strongest as he was as Great Demon rank strength.

This was followed by Danny and Duncan who were at the peak of the Deep Demon rank strength.

Even though they currently stood side by side with one another, the enmity between them was like the mix of water and oil.

Lenny eyes darted around the place.

He had barely finished one task and the Magistri wanted him to perform another one.

And this one was before the eyes of this many strong demons.

The Magistri alone was a demon at the fifth rank of the lesser demon realm.

While the Arena masters were all in the Deep Demon realm.

Even though they held back their fierce auras because of the occasion, Lenny still felt the sting of their gaze on his skin.

It was like standing under the sun at noon. There was practically nothing he did that went unnoticed.

However, with the strength he had just displayed, even 'Bringing down' the Magistri of rank 4 and 5, he had no doubt that Cuban was going to make him a Magistri after this.

Lenny remembered that process very clearly.

It involved removing a person's heart, feeding it to Cuban for dinner, and then he would be pumped full of the Arena master's blood.

This was a very sad end.

Once the process was complete, he would be banded together with Cuban as a slave for life.

As a person that came from a world that supported freedom and free expression, there was no greater punishment in the world than this.

For this reason, he knew he had no choice but to go along with the Magistri's plan.

Even though he was currently standing before practical monsters that could destroy him with a single thought, he had no choice but to do it.

After all, if he was turned into a Magistri, he was not sure that even the system could repair such a damage.

Blood was a very important connection.

Cuban eating his heart would mean him eating his blood essence.

A range of thoughts sparked like lightning in his head.

His mind immediately isolated the cheers, clapping and smiling faces of the audience.

He isolated all sound as his eyes darted around his scope of vision for an escape route.

Time seemed to slow down slightly as his mind worked at an accelerating pace.

Every angle, every corner, every hole.

His mind that had been trained to always find a solution in the worse of cases was on high alert to find a way.

As Lenny walked towards that podium, every step he carried was very heavy.

It was like he was an ant attempting to carry a tractor.

He swallowed saliva hard. Even though what was to happen next might send him to his grave, he did not for one moment stop moving forward....

Chapter 198 Bond Like That Of A Mother And Her Child

In a tense situation, most people on reflex would stiffen up.

Their walking steps would become rigid, sweat from their foreheads, they would take short paces, and some even develop goosebumps.

These were all natural occurrences when dealing with intense nervousness and fear.

However, no matter how strong the opponent, these were instinctive reactions that the assassin had to battle against when faced with his opponent.

It was like the impulse to eat when hungry, or scratch when itchy.

To go against one's natural impulse was a great measure of mental fortitude and capability.

It was evidence that the Assassin had disciplined and trained his mind to such extremities that he had broken out of the natural impulsion of the body.

At the moment, Lenny was putting this into place.

His face had a bright smile as should a winner of his position.

His steps were large, showing his eagerness to receive his reward.

His muscles were not stiffen and he did not sweat.

For any one in the Arena, this had only been a few seconds.

After all, from his entry point to the top of the podium was not a long distance.

However, for Lenny, it was much more.

At the rate his mind was pushing beyond its limits to think as fast as it was, climbing these steps felt like long unending hours.

Different conjectures and scenarios had played in his head.

Although he was not sure how useful there would be to him, he had even factored out the standing position of every Arena master.

His mind calculating their standing angle to determine which position would be most difficult for them to move in.

It was an incredible complex process so intense that he used magic points to substitute for the amount of energy his brain was burning.

Half-borns usually had better cognitive development than normal humans, however, none had the kind of formal education Lenny had from his former life to be able to pull such an incredible stunt.

The mathematical, psychological, and inspirational experience all merging together to create this extra ordinary moment was literally beyond this world.

One step at a time, until he finally reached the podium.

Of all the Arena masters, Cuban had a smile so wide it even reached his ears.

He could not stop laughing. Then again, how could he not?

He had just won a very very big bet.

He was going to drain his other Arena masters of their hard earned wealth, especially Basit that mocked him time and time again.

For this reason, Cuban's eyes on Chiron was like that of finding a long lost cherished son.

On the other hand Basit and the other Arena masters looked at Lenny with daggers in their eyes.

However, they had to hold back their pressure as it would be seen as disrespectful to the Governor and his family.

The worse of them was surprisingly not Basit, but Lady Hanger.

Lenny observed her body language well.

She even had her fists clenched tightly.

Obviously, she was holding back on remodeling Lenny's face.

It was at this time that Lenny remembered the poll he was carrying.

He quickly removed off his shoulders.

He walked up to Lady Hanger, "forgive me Arena master, but she was already like this when I found her. I believe she arrived at this state Battling Razor."

As Lenny said this, he looked in Basit's direction. Making it seem as if he had been a saviour than the actual culprit.

Lady Hanger took the poll and untied Manta.

However, what she saw was not the confident face of a Gladiator under her tutelage.

Instead it was one of misery.

Lady Hanger undid the wrap on Manta's lips.

However, as she did, she noticed Manta's lips slowly moving. It was like she was trying to say something but the difficulty of it was too much for her tongue to spill out.

Lady Hanger came closer, and then she heard it.

"Please...kill me."

This surprised Lady Vinegar. Manta was actually begging for death.

Lady Vinegar looked at Manta with eyes so tender that it surprised Lenny.

After all, no matter how close, an Arena Master should not look at a Half-born in that manner.

It was quick to hide and disappeared almost as soon as it came, like she was trying really well at concealing it.

But Lenny caught it clear as day.

"Is that... affection?" Lenny thought to himself.

It was unbelievable but it was there.

Lady Hanger suddenly turned to Lady Vinegar, "please excuse me Lady Vinegar, I suddenly feel a bit unwell."

Of course, all in attendance could tell that this was just her method of saying she wanted to begin treatment on Manta immediately.

Lady Vinegar nodded and Lady Hanger immediately left the occasion.

As she left, Lenny chuckled in his mind.

No matter the treatment she was going to perform, it was all going to be futile.

His pain and Pleasure technique was a flawless one.

Then again, this world had magic, the possibilities were endless.

However, even if a solution was found for Manta's situation, that including her limbs, her mind was forever broken.



Of a truth, the easiest and most merciful thing that Lady Hanger could do was put the 'Torso' out of her misery.

As Lady Hanger left, another person stepped forward.

As he did, his nose twitched, evidence that his nose was arow that pointed him forward.

It was Basit.

He sniffed a bit more as he advanced towards the bone poll Lady Hanger peeled her gladiator from.

He picked up the bone poll and sniffed it a bit.

Just to be sure, his forked tongue took a quick lick of the Poll.

Instantly, he knew whose bones these were, after all.

This was full prove evidence that Razor was dead.

Razor was gladiator with a true name from his Arena master.

That was a bond that was like to that of a mother and her child if not stronger.

He paused as his eyes turned to Lenny.

He suddenly released his Darkline magic and it rushed for Lenny.

The moment the thought to kill Lenny sparked in his head, he took action.

"Fuck!" Lenny cursed. He knew he was a goner.

Chapter 199 The Opportunity Presents Itself

Lenny could already see it, he was going to die.

The sheer momentum and malice that Basit's eyes spilled was only expressed in the wave of his Darkline magic pouring out of his body, heading in one direction.

At this point, Lenny knew that they was no where to move or run to.

He was like a planet trapped in the gravitational field of a sun, and about to be bathed in horrible solar flares.

Even if he wanted to move, he couldn't.

However, just when he was about to be burnt like the ant he was, under the lens of a child that had discovered a new method of killing bugs, a hand from seemingly nowhere patted Basit on the shoulder.

"GENTLEMAN Basit, I understand your loss, but please mourn after the event is over."

It was Basket face, the butler of Lady Vinegar.

His smile appeared friendly but menacing , revealing his rows of uneven teeth.

Even Lenny was not so dumb that he did not understand those words.

What Basket face was saying was, 'do not dare show disrespect before Lady Vinegar. Leave it till after the event is over.'

Basit swallowed back his Darkline magic as he turned to Basket face. "You are right, I'll just mourn my losses later."

He gave back a side smile so forced it looked as if his face would crumble like biscuit in tea.

Once more, the capabilities of this Butler had been increased in Lenny's mind.

After all, Basit was a Deep level demon.

Demons respected strength. If he was being respectful to Basket face the butler, then it meant that they was more behind that black suit and tie.

"Gladiator D999, step forward."

Every one's attention was drawn by these words.

It had come from Lady Vinegar. Her voice was gentle, and felt like the soft whisper of the wind on the ocean surface on a calm night.

Lenny walked forward past the Arena masters, past Cuban and past the members of the Governor's family.

The rest of his teammates were left down below.

Lenny had completed the tournament by 'Defeating' the last boss. He alone was to carry this honour.

However, right now, Lenny felt like a Deer cub in the center of a group of Lions contemplating if he was ripe enough for dinner.

He could feel their sharp gazes from all round, stripping and assembling every part of his body.

Like children trying to figure out how the light in a fridge came on when it was opened, they observed his every movement.

Even the vein lines along his neck and arms was scrutinized well.

Without anyone telling him what to do, Lenny presented the case before Lady Vinegar, and then slowly, he opened it.

The moment he did, he noticed that not just her, but the other Demons took several steps back.

It was as if he had revealed the light to shoo away the darkness.

It was just three Angel feathers that Lenny had mostly drained of power, but the radiation they carried in them had this much effect on the demons.

This was truly surprising.

These demons only a moment ago were like confident snakes about a rabbit, and all of a sudden, they pulled their heads back in hiding at the faint sight of a Bald eagle.

This reevaluated what Lenny thought of Angels.

Lenny noticed that everyone subconsciously recoiled or at least shy away from the case except one person.

Yes, only Cuban remained where he stood, looking at the feathers like he was looking at any other person.

Lenny's head went in fast deep revisit of the information he had of Cuban.

Cuban was a demon but not a normal demon.

According to what he had heard, he had royal blood in him.

This made Lenny wonder whether having royal blood was the reason why the feathers had no effect on him.

However, that would be thought process for another time.

Meanwhile, he could also hear the sharp whispers from the demons that formed the audience.

He could tell that aside the Arena masters, no one else knew that the true goal of this tournament was to get the Angel feathers.

The whispers slowly became louder, evidently praising the ability of the Governor's family to find and take them.

Lenny could feel they was yet again another agenda behind this. After all, the angel feathers were obviously considered to be precious.

But if they were so precious, why allow their display in public?

This did not make sense. Even museums did not truly display their most priced artifacts only copies of them.

Priced artifacts were only displayed when a special need was involved. An example a display of status and capability.

But that risings another question. Who were they trying to display to?

Lenny closed the case, the demons recovering from the light it gave.

Lady Vinegar nodded, stepping forward, she took the bronze box containing the Pheonix heart and handed it over to Lenny.

As she did, their fingers slightly brushed against each other.

Lenny's brows frowned slightly. A particular memorable moment that happened only recently brushed through his mind.

As it did, he raised his head from the bronze box.

Lady Vinegar wore a thin white veil over her face, but with how close their faces were from each other, Lenny could almost see her facial features clearly.

His mind trained to be quick wittily tried to merge it with an uninvited visitor he had not long ago.

However, before he could dwell on it, a laughter so loud it echoed throughout the Arena was heard.

"Hahahaha!!! Finally, all the pieces are complete and in one place."

Big broad skin wings that casted a wide blanketing shadow on the Arena made it's appearance.

As it did, all eyes looked in it's direction.

But before any one could make an understanding of who it was, a rain of bright red arrows three fingers thick with the length of a grown man fell sharply.

The arrows fell on the governor's family...

Chapter 200 The Presence Of Rank Six Great Demon.

These arrows were a lot, and they rained down like they had eyes of their own.

Even though at least a hundred of them rained down, not one of them fell on anyone else except it's intended target.

Of course this did not prevent anyone from taking cover.

Aside Lady Vinegar, the Arrows fell on her brothers.

For her birthday celebration, all of them had made attendance regards of the enmity they had for one another.

Since the Competition for who would take their father's place started, they had been many schemes that have resulted in many deaths.

They had killed each other ceaselessly.

However, as their birth were in pairs, they were still a lot of them left.

These long bright Red arrows skewered them like meat at a campfire.

"Duncan!" Danny instinctively pushed Duncan behind him, taking the arrows that were headed for his brother.

"NO!" a pained Duncan screamed but it was too late.

The arrows meant for taking both their lives penetrated Danny's body.

These arrows had been extremely fast, and seemed to be made out of pure light.

It was just one volley of arrows and it was over.

However, the destruction was evident.

The crowd of demons in the audience clamored loudly and many even attempted to leave the place.

The Birthday celebration was obviously over, but beyond that, someone was actually having a fight with the Governor's family.

That could not be good.

Duncan held his twin brother in his hands.

Both of them were Deep level demons of the sixth rank.

A little more and they would have been able to merge like Clawed and become one, entering the Great Demon ranks.

However, Fate had been too cruel to them.

Duncan held his brother's hand in his own.

Tears ran down the corner of his eyes.

These two were not just twins, they were connected by blood and soul.

Even as Duncan held Danny's hand in his, he could currently feel the pain that Danny was suffering right from his soul.

He could feel the life leak out his body.

Danny held on to Duncan's hands tight.

"Duncan, I... I.... don't want to die." Those words escaped his mouth as he coughed out blood at intervals.

"I don't...I don't want to..." Danny's grip became tighter around his brother's hand.

Those were the last words he said before his hands suddenly shriveled.

This was the same thing for the rest of his body.

It became like a thousand year old mummy that had been preserved well.

It was at this point that Duncan looked at the arrows and a thought popped in his head.

"It can't be."

He tried to touch one of the arrows, but his hand suddenly grabbed his.

"Don't touch those, they are Soul Draining Arrows!"

Duncan turned to the source of the warning.



It was surprisingly from Clawed.

They was also an arrow in his body but the arrow was in one leg.

He had defended against the attack with a wide bronze shield in hand.

The moment Duncan heard it was a Soul Draining Arrow, a particular thought bloomed in his head.

"It can't be. Is he...!?"

"Yes," Clawed replied, "and we need to get the fuck out of here now!"

There was still dust everywhere from the attacks and it made for a perfect cover to maneuver.

Duncan was not a child, and in his life time, he had both seen and caused many deaths.

Although this one was different, it did not mean that he was going to lose his common sense over it.

He grabbed Danny's head warmer from his head, and followed after Clawed.

For what had arrived, their enmity with one another was nothing.

The big broad wings in the sky flapped once and the dust o the ground dispersed.

Many demons had taken cover. This included the Arena masters.

Many of them bringing out defensive weapons or artefacts that could protect their lives.

However, they were not the aim of this assault.

The only two left standing, was Lady Vinegar and her butler Basket face.

The big broad wings flapped a bit and a figure landed heavily on the podium, the earth beneath his feet breaking like cracks on glass, just at his descent.

The audience still clamored and many rushed for the exits and some others that had wings attempted to fly away.

"Silence."

That word was not loud, but when it was spoken, every living thing in the Arena heard it so clear like they were standing close to him.

With that word, came a power and authority that could not be refused.

It was not a request or an order.

It was a Statement.

And that was all it took for the Demons to stop their clamor.

If a needle had fallen on the ground at this point, the echoes of its fall would definitely be heard at the opposite end of the Arena.

Silence so quiet that the light breeze could be heard.

No one dared. None at all dared move even an inch.

At these moment, these demons begged their feet not to so much as twitch against the ground.

Some even tried very hard to slow down their heart beats, and some others hated the flow of blood in their veins for fear that it was too noisy.

After all, the presence that had currently filled the Arena was not a normal one.

This was the strong, unquestionably power of a Rank Six Great Demon on the verge of stepping into the Greater Demon realm.

Lady Vinegar smiled as she stepped forward.

Surprisingly, she could move, and aside her, the Butler behind also had a smile on his face.

She stopped in front of the individual with big broad wings and went down on her knees.

"You were finally able to make it to my birthday, father."

Those words were like lightning strikes in the minds of all.

After all, they were many speculated rumors about this man.

However, aside from some very important matter, he had never shown his face in public.

Most Demons had never even seen him before.

All that they knew was that the peace of the city was maintained by the presence of this man.

Yes, this was...