

DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

Chapter 2 Transmigration Of A Murderer...

I got better at my job, and even brought home souvenirs from time to time. A finger, a hand, leg, or even a skull sometimes. It always made mother weep.

Yeah! she had a habit of always shedding tears when she was very happy. So I always guessed she was. Even though she would shout at me and scold me.

However, I could see love in her eyes. After all, she never told the police.

All birds must leave the nest.

I was not angry when she eventually threw my things out the house. Then again I was already making money on the dark web for my accomplishing jobs.

I knew it was time to go into the world and make my mentor proud. And so like any bird forced out of the nest, I opened my wings and soared the sky.

I have never had to do a job and shed tears.

I heard there was always a first time for it in my line of work.

Many of them always did it the first time they saw the colorful red juice that accompanied cutting the Carotid artery in the neck.

But not me.

I always thought it was a beautiful sight.

Although I tried to be less messy later on since my first time. It just was never really fulfilling if the neck never gave a thank you for your efforts with gushing out red juice.

After all, its a craft.

Even painters get messy for a beautiful work to come out the canvas.

I know no human is a saint. Even I can't claim to be one, but I always try my best.

Mother said a small lie and a big lie don't have no difference, but I really doubt mother would say that if she had seen the world like I did.

And so like Lucifer Morningstar, I decided to rid the world of evil.

Yeah! I know.

I alone would not possibly be enough to punish the world of evil, but i really gave it my all.

I started with those thieving and abusive politicians.

My reason was very simple. Their lies hurt people more, and many of them were small lies, but it still did.

I had lived the earth for thirty six years, and had rid the world of evil that was seven times that number.

The police said that if there was a world record for serial killers, then I would top the chart.

I know, right? with all my hard work. It's a really sloppy number.

The target I had come for was named a good man by the public, but even in my trained eyes, I could see something was wrong.

No man was that good. Even I drank from the milk carton sometimes.

After my digging, I finally found it.

Tsk Tsk Tsk.

The tidier they look, the dirtier their underwear. And this one was nasty.

But no matter, I was never one to mind taking out the trash anyway.

This one had the sick urge of always having sensual unconceited relations with hitchhikers. Many of whom were in lack of the appropriate age.

After which he would have his guards get rid of the person. It was scum like him that made me sick to my stomach the most.

But the police were not always reliable and their investigations always took too long. Before they would find the evidence, he would have already cleaned his slate.

And so like a good disciple of Lucifer, I decided it was up to me to put an end to such tyranny.

Like I always did before a good job, I brought out the torn piece of the devil from the story book when I was little, and asked for yet again guidance as I did a good job.

I brought out my knives. Unlike mothers own, these ones were better, and made cutting easier.

I stormed into the house in the dead of the night. I first got rid of the guards. Sending them as appetizers to the grim reaper before the main course.

They were mostly trained military men. But my line of work forced me to learn a very broad range of useful skills.

I even did martial arts for years. I was very dedicated to my work.

Only dedication on such a level produced excitement and fulfillment.

Mother always said that it was best to work a job you loved. And I loved mine silly.

After the guards came traps here and there, and finally, I had made it to his room.

Unfortunately, he was nowhere to be found. And then it hit me in the head.

This was a trap set out for me.

With reflexes that had saved me many times, I stormed out the window, but guns will always be guns.

However, in my escape, I saw him. My target.

He stood at a balcony spitting out orders to the men in uniform to bring me down.

There were two choices before me.

One, don't kill him, escape and risk never having this opportunity again.

Two, kill him at all cost, and save the lives of many underaged hitchhikers to come.

I picked the Latter.

I kicked against the ground and dived in the way of the guns.

I have been shot before, but i was sure my skill in dodging bullets had improved.

I guess I thought wrong.

A stray bullet right in the heart. However, as I closed my eyes to the beauty of my own red juice, I was proud and felt regret at the same time.

I had thrown my knife for his neck.

STAB!

Hahaha. I made home run!

But two things brought tears to my eyes as I departed from the world.

Firstly, it was sad to know that I could no longer punish evil dowers in this world.

But most importantly, couldn't the bullet have gotten my Carotid artery? Dying in such a manner was just proof of their sloppy work, and it did not show my red juice in its most flowery beauty.

So sad...

.....

My consciousness left my body, and as I opened my eyes, I could see the blue beautiful planet below me.

This was it. I was finally gone from the world. left some unfinished business behind, but eternal damnation should not be so bad right?

Or so I thought.

And then I heard a ring in my head.

//Welcome to the Satan System//

A screen appeared before my eyes. I tried to touch it but couldn't.

"What in the hell is...?"

//Before you ask any questions, please read the message from Lord Lucifer Morningstar.//

The system interrupted.

//I'm about to fade into nothingness, so I'll go straight to the point. I was cheated. I was cheated out of my Apocalypse and I want you to Avenge me//

"Cheated!? The Devil was cheated!?"

Those words did not make any sense to Lenny. But the message continued.

//So far, I have brought the apocalypse to several parallel worlds. The blue planet you see down there was supposed to be the eight. I'm at what many

would call the God level, and for the longest time, this has been my job, but something happened to me...//

As Lenny listened, he could not believe what he had just heard.

Lucifer was supposed to bring the apocalypse, but some of his subordinates with their hunger for more power connived with some Alien gods and backstabbed him.

They shared his divine power amongst themselves and have sat to rule this world. because of them, the apocalypse never occurred as it should.

The Coming of Lucifer was supposed to correct men from their evil ways.

He was a kind of necessary evil aimed at amending the world and its ways before moving on.

But his subordinates wanted more. Their greed for power to rule had motivated them to plan with enemy divine beings behind his back.

As a God, death was absolute for him, but before his soul fully dissipated, he used the last of his power to search another world and bring someone capable of making amends. He changed Lenny's fate and brought him here.

It was true, Lenny was skillful enough to have dodged that bullet, but Lucifer had directed it to his heart.

Lenny really did not know how to feel. If he was still in his body, his heart would have accelerated by now.

This was it. This was the person he had looked up to for the most of his life. Saying he was not elated was a lie. If he could, he would have even shed tears.

A small golden cup suddenly appeared.

//This is last of my soul essence. Human's can't kill devils, but a fellow devil can! This will prepare you for the task at hand//

As the message faded, Lenny took the cup. He did not want to at first, but then again, he was already dead. What was the worst thing that could happen?

He took the cup and downed its contents.

//Congratulations host. You have received lucifer's soul inheritance. You will now be transported to a viable body.//

//Searching...//

//Searching...//

//viable host body found. Transmigration in progress//

Lenny felt a pull to the planet below.

He closed his eyes, and the next time he opened it, he heard the Systems voice.

//Transmigration completed//

//Daily Task= Survive the Coliseum//