

# Devil Slave 211

## Chapter 211 Golden Goose

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Lenny's mother's head rolled before her killer, but Lenny obviously could care less as he continued talking.

It was as if the person he had just killed was not his own mother but a random annoyance.

"Listen to me, whether you guys die here or later will make no difference. To this Fuckers, we are just livestock, and the day Cuban does not need you any more, he will turn you into a Magistri after eating your Fucking heart out. So tell me, Do you want to fuck out of here!?"

Lenny's point was very convincing.

These three were not ordinary.

There had seen the outside world a bit, and were now aware of some faint truths.

Besides all three of them had grown stronger significantly after the Devil Dungeon.

C888 could now rival strength of Gladiators in the top of the B Class.

And A123, and A222 had just become rank 1 lesser demons in strength.

At least this was what the System told him when he used Surveyor on them.

A123 might have been the man in the relationship, but Lenny knew that the decision making lay with A222.

She was the person he was trying to convince.

For Lenny's plan to work, he needed A123, but he knew that A123 would not agree without A222.

Every man had his currency.

A123's was his love for A222.

This was love Lenny very much knew how to take advantage of.

It was also the reason why he had not agree to Cuban's request from the very beginning.

It was because like any interrogation or torture session, a certain amount of pain was needed for the answer or response given to become convincing and truly believable.

A long time ago, Lenny already made up his mind to activate Darkline magic in these children. Although not the exact one Cuban was familiar with.

Besides, Lenny was stalling for time. Since when he drained the power from the Angel feathers, three days had passed.

Lenny observed the timer in the Satan system.

<4Days:3hours:23seconds>

The count down still continued.

Lenny raised his head to this crew of tools that were useful for the plan ahead.

"I'm in," C888 voiced out.

At this point, Lenny knew that even if he was going to hell, C888 was going to follow him.

The lad had sworn fellowship to Lenny a long time ago.

C888 had agreed to join Lenny.

Now, it remained A123 and A222.

A222 turned to her lover, and then back at Lenny.

She had come to know that since Lenny's arrival, a lot had changed.

He was a practical tank of impossibilities that have become possible before her very eyes.

Like any gladiator, she had always hoped to be free. This hope had died before, but was resurrected once more the day she had seen Lenny kill a Magistri.

If any one could do it, then at this moment, their best bet was Lenny.

After all, remaining here meant death. Maybe out there would be better.

Either ways, since the one option was already death, the other could not possible be that bad.

Slowly, she nodded.

A123 sighed lowly. There was no way A222 was going to agree and he was going to let her just go and do as she wished.

A123 nodded at Lenny.

Lenny had a smile on his face.

It was a bright one, but his messed up face, and bloodied mouth did not make it look any good at all.

Lenny with much difficulty suddenly stood to his feet.

"Since all the players are now in place, let's," Lenny stood to his feet with much difficulty from his injuries as his eyes surveyed the huge room filled with babies.

"Unlock Darkline magic."

A while later, the metal door of the room opened up and Bodat walked inside.

A wave of Darkline magic washed over him.

It was not harsh, but soft, and showed that the user, or rather users did not know how to use their power yet.

Just as Cuban had instructed, Lenny had unlocked Darkline magic of the children. Although not all, but a significant bunch of them.

Bodat had a hearty laugh.

This was good news. This was absolutely good news.

The advantage with this was not small.

The earlier Half-borns unlock Darkline magic, the faster and stronger their strength growth as Darkline magic would strengthen their bodies.

It even accelerated their recovery time and healing.

They was also the fact that they would have the bigger advantage when fighting gladiators of the same class or even higher.

When put against gladiators of another Arena, the win would be sure.

Over time as they got older, the advantage they possessed will only become more apparent.

In fact at this rate, Cuban might need to redefine the strength level for each class.

Lastly which was probably the most important one.

The older the Gladiator with Darkline magic, the sweeter the meat.

In this manner, even F class can have Darkline magic, and their meat sold for a higher price.

Bodat suddenly understood why Cuban had taken his time to torture Lenny.

The benefits this ordinary Half-born possessed was just too divine.

Bodat suddenly looked at Lenny in a new light.

This was not trash, this was a Golden Goose.

Lenny was a Golden Goose.

What's more, Cuban had left him in charge of Lenny. This meant that he was the care taker of the Golden Goose.

Lenny, ever quick to body language noticed the bright eyes Bodat had on him.

A sly smile appeared at a corner of Lenny's lips.

"I am too tired and couldn't activate the Darkline magic in the remaining 200. I am just too hungry. Besides, they are some little conditions that will help me quicken the process. "

Bodat nodded, "go on, tell me, I'll inform the Arena master."

Lenny nodded.

A while later, While Cuban was enjoying his favorite meal, the head of a A Class gladiator, roasted and spiced with an assortment of vegetables, Bodat came into the room with a list of requests Lenny had made that he claimed would help him work faster.

Cuban fetched an eye ball from the cooked head on the table, and as he enjoyed the flavour in his mouth, he read through it.

At first, he wanted to deny some of them, however, at the end of the report was the total number of children that Lenny had unlocked Darkline magic in.

Lenny claimed that he could double the number in a few days, even extending his reach to the other F, E, D and C class residences, activating their Darkline magic.

This was incredible news.

One that brought a smile on Cuban's face.

"Get him the things he needs, but ensure his little friends have eyes on them every time. The only reason he is willing is because of them."

Cuban informed as laid back into his couch, enjoying another eye ball from the human head.

Bodat left the room with a smile on his face.

Cuban also smiled and even chuckled lightly.

At this rate, he would have enough wealth, military power with his Magistri's and personal power by continually eating the hearts of the Top Gladiators.

This way, his power would grow fast, and he could one day return home to challenge them...

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Chapter 212 Information Is The Blood Vein Of A Good Kill

The next few days went smoothly, and without any hiccup what so ever.

Lenny's new station had become the nursery.

His activities for the day, were as follows; Meals, unlock Darkline magic, eat, rest.

Lenny informed Cuban through Bodat that activating Darkline magic had a way of leaving him daily drained.

Considering how abnormal this particular ability of his was, Cuban instantly believe him.

After all, one could not have such a gift without having its own down side.

Unknown to Cuban, they was no limitations to the ability.

It was just that Lenny was focusing most of the power of the Satan system into converting the angel feather power to his own.

Unlocking Darkline magic in people increased the time for the digestion process.

However, since it was so, Cuban gave Lenny a mark to reach every day.

This was something Lenny accepted.

Unfortunately, it increased the digestion time by another two days.

Bodat had been instructed to make Lenny as comfortable as possible.

Bodat did just that.

He even brought some recently mature females for Lenny to enjoy.

However, Lenny rejected them all.

For Lenny, his goals were clear as day.

Having sensual relations with women at this point was only going to increase the number days he had to finish digesting the angel feathers.

Lenny was so conservative about energy that he did not even heal his own body.

Aside necessary tendons for movement or the like, every other part of him remained as hurt and scarred as Cuban had left him.

Of course, this was a different kind of pain, especially when he slept at night.

In the morning, he would leave a bloody stained bed to begin his daily activities once more.

Lenny's teammates were also kept where they could always be watched.

A222 acted as his assistant in the Nursery while C888 and A123 were locked up in the same cell.

They were never allowed to fight anymore. Twice a day, A222 would bring their food to them.

Aside A222, who had to go to the F class and secure meals for both Lenny and his other teammates, no other was allowed to move around.

Of course, A222 being his assistant was one of the requests he had made to Cuban.

However, Lenny had his reason for this.

A222 had eyes and ears like no other.

Being able to move from class to class, even with the supervision of demons allowed her senses to gather Intel.

This was Intel that Lenny needed.

After all, there was never an assassin that did good job without sufficient Intel.

Information was the blood vein of a good kill.

Without it, the possibility of the job going wrong increased by many folds.

What Lenny was waiting for, was the right time.

The first piece of information he got was about a certain Demon city.

Just like the one there had gone to for the governor's daughter birthday, it also had other towns under it.

Lenny came to understand that each city was actually a colony, and the towns under it were branches of that colony.

They were an attempt by the colony to spread out it's influence and wings. I think you should take a look at

This particular city in question, was called Judas Groove.

Like Waterfall city, they were big and respected, and their influence was far reaching.

In fact, there were even bigger than Waterfall city.

Rumours had it that they had absorbed a dying city, and added it to their numbers.

Like any creature interested in juicy conversations, demons also talked.

According to what A222 told him, two towns under the rulership of Judas had been attacked.

They said it was Devils.

Although how they managed to break through the barrier was not known, what was known was that the Devil's seemed to be led and directed by another devil.

This was the real juicy part of the gist.

Devils were known to be chaotic beings.

However, here was a devil with strategic thinking leading other devils.

When Lenny heard of this he naturally assumed it was Coco.

After all, he and the devil had a subtle agreement and he let him go.

But Lenny immediately shook his head to this.

If it was Coco and he wanted to carry out revenge, then he would go for a town under Waterfall city, and not Judas Groove.

The information indicated that the Devil leading the others looked to be a female.

Besides, Lenny remembered that the first time anyone had used the devil pills, Basit had informed that it was from Judas Groove.

It seemed like there was something else to this chaotic battle.

However, for now that was not his business.

He had more important things to worry about.

After another day, Bodat now brought members of the F class for Lenny to activate Darkline magic in their bodies.



This, Lenny did without complaint.

The following day, it was a few gladiators from the E class, and the next, it was a few more gladiators from the C class.

Lenny was not dumb. He could clearly see a pattern here.

It was at this time that another piece of information reached him.

This was a most interesting piece of information.

It said that Cuban was planning an event.

This was to be an auction.

Of course the products of these auction were the babies and Gladiators Lenny had touched and activated Darkline magic in their bodies.

Lenny expected that this event be carried out in Spring town.

However, due to Cuban wanting to kill two birds with one stone, the auction was going to take place in another Town called Droplet Town.

It was going to take place in Basit's former Arena.

According to the information reaching him, Cuban was planning to auction them out to the other Arena masters, not for money but for something else.

The currency for this auction was hearts, Half born hearts to be precise.

Coincidentally, it was at this time that Lenny got a satisfying alert from the System.

<Alert>

<Digestion Complete>

Chapter 213 Increments In Power, Lesser Demon Rank 4

"ahhh!!!" Lenny suddenly grabbed his head.

"What is it?" Bodat asked.

"I think I over used it again. I will need to rest for a while."

"Huh!?" Bodat frowned at this. Lenny had barely gone half way, and he was saying that he was already tired.

"There is a mark you have to reach daily. You are still far behind." Bodat's frown was evidence of his annoyance.

"Or do you want some motivation!?" He suddenly grabbed A222 by the hair and pulled it harshly, landing a punch to her abdomen.

"AHHH!" She fell to the ground as she moaned in pain.

"Wait! Wait!! There is no need for that. Just give me about an hour to rest, and I'll do better."

"Hmmm!" Bodat was pleased to see that he got Lenny by his weak point.

Using A222 to propel Lenny to work harder was not the first time.

"You have thirty minutes." Bodat left the nursery and closed the door behind him.

The moment he did, Lenny went to his room by the side and closed the door behind him.

It was not that he did not trust A222, it was just that he trusted himself even more, and his instincts told him to keep certain things to himself.

Lenny sat in a lotus position.

"Satan system, we may begin." Lenny ordered.

And so, it began.

The Angel feathers had been drained of their power.

All the while, the Satan system had been converting all that power into digestable bits for Lenny.

It was now time for him to reap his harvest.

The moment the order was given, Lenny's heart beat quickened.

**\*BEAT! BEAT!!\***

slowly, it became like a loud drum, and then it suddenly stopped or at least, Lenny thought it did.

A sudden rush of not blood, but liquid power gushed out into his arteries, rushing into every part of his body.

As it did, it changed every individual cell, strengthen them, and in some cases, changing their structure.

The process was not painful.

In fact, it was so much relaxing that Lenny fell on his back.

It was weird kind of pleasure.

If Lenny were to describe it in words, then he would say that he felt as if every cell of his body had suddenly developed a mouth and was enjoying scoops of honey.

The pleasure was so much that it could have even become addictive if one was not careful.

However, for Lenny, it was different.

First was his cells. The power glowed through every cell, tissue, muscle and organ.

It healed those that needed to be healed and replaced those that needed to be replaced.

And then after saturating his cells, it further sank into his bones.

\*Crack! Crack!!\*

Again and again, his bones were restructured to accommodate the new power they were gifted.

This part only tickled a little, but to say it was as pleasurable would be a lie.

And then for a few seconds, Lenny's eye sight became blurry.

Not just his eyes but all his other senses.

It was as if he had been thrown into a pit.

He could not feel, taste, see, smell, or hear absolutely anything.

And then, like a train speeding out of a tunnel, the entire world suddenly became bright.

In fact, it became too bright.

It felt as if all these time, he had truly been looking at the world blurry. I think you should take a look at

His hearing was sharper and stronger.

His eyes clearer, and all his other senses became better too.

It felt as if he had been in murky water all this while and was suddenly allowed to take a bath.

It was both refreshing and exciting.

Both the process was not done yet.

The dead cells on his skin peeled away to reveal that lustered skin he was born with underneath.

It was really nice and smooth.

To one's touch, it would be tender.

Yet, tender did not mean fragile.

The kind of explosive strength he was now capable of was beyond incredible.

Lenny could feel that every cell of his body was pumped up with explosive power urging for release.

Slowly, he could once again hear his heart beat.

It was still at the same speed. However, he no longer thought it was fast.

This was the speed it had to go from now on because of the kind of power his body was now capable of.

Slowly, Lenny spread out his senses.

The first thing he noticed was that his perception too had been increased.

In fact, it had been increased by a lot.

Although he could not still cover the entire Arena, it could cover a good distance all around.

Also, there was more.

His perception reached the demons, touching their bodies, and all around. Yet, they did not notice him.

Before, his Perception could get close, but too close and they would sense some one was watching them.

However, it was different now.

His perception ability even went into the bodies of the demons and surveyed their insides.

He was truly fascinated by the things he saw.

Truly, the anatomy of a demon's body was far different from that of a human being.

He made mental notes to carry out experiments later on.

Such a discovery actually got him very excited.

He really could not wait to dive into such a study.

However, that would have to be on hold for now.

Just then he remembered something and his perception went through the bodies of the Half-borns waiting outside.

Their insides had similarities with both humans and demons.

Some were more human than others, and some, more demon than others.

Just then, he remembered something and sent his perception for A222's body.

Surprisingly, the moment his perception ability touched her body, she shivered a bit as her head turned in Lenny's direction.

Lenny thought this to be truly incredible.

His perception only touched her a bit before he backed off.

However it caught something in her stomach.

Like she swallowed something of significant power and was yet to finish absorbing it.

This power gave a significant familiarity.

Lenny knew he did not have much time. He pulled his perception back to his body and activated his Stats.

Chapter 214 Beauty Of The Morningstar

//Welcome to the Satan System//

/Title/

Essence collector (Basic 1): Steal the fundamental life Essence of those that die by your hand>

\*White prince: Touch of the Fallen prince. The influencer (restricted by the strength level of the victim)

\*Demon Eater: Eat the heart blood of Demons to grow in points and abilities

\* The Harbinger of Pain: Bring upon the lot attentive punishment and increase in points.

<User> Lenny Tales

<Race>Half born-Human

<Level: 34>

<Rank: Lesser demon rank 4>

<Strength: 4350>

<Stamina: 4300>

<Agility: 4100>

<Magic: 2000/2000(basic 1)

<HP 4500/5000>

<Exp. 4234/5000p>

/Abilities/

<Rabid dog= physical abilities amplified and pain reduced (subject to weakness afterwards)

<Presence= passive ability (limited by magic points (middle tier) )



<Surveyor=Know stats of living creatures (may be limited by strength and ability of target)>

<Freeze=petrify your targets for ten seconds (Effects may vary depending on strength of foe)>

<White flames= restricted to the available magic points(Midtier)

<WILL (Low) = A Focused Control on a specified Task, Drawing inspiration from the Universe itself.

Lenny checked his stats and he smiled.

He had truly gotten stronger.

He was now a rank 4 Lesser demon.

Although he would not lie that he was a bit disappointed.

After all, those were three Angel feathers that he had drained.

He had left just enough in them to maintain the illusion of their appearance.

He expected that their power should at least take him to rank 5.

However, he suddenly remembered that the distance from one rank to the other was like a great chasm.

This was a gap many many demons would never and could never cross in their entire lives.

On the other hand, he had the opportunity to grow this much in so little time.

Besides, with what had happened so far, he guessed that he would be needing a lot of power to advance.

This he observed with the amount he had to absorb to grow from one class to another and then rank to another.

It just kept on compounding.

All he needed formerly was to consume the Chimera queen's Darkline magic to climb to rank 1 and then eating pttty to climb to rank 2.

But from rank 2 to 3 was like going through fire.

He had to consume a lot and gather points from a number of tasks to grow.

And then rank 3 to 4 was even worse.

He consumed 3 whole angel feathers to get here.

These were angel feathers that even Momosa was after, an important part of a recipe that would help him climb to the greater demon rank.

Yet, it had only helped Lenny climb to the 4th rank.

Even Lenny could feel a strong headache coming along when it came to power and growth.

He was like a bottomless pit, just taking it all. Everything that could be given, he swallowed it like a blackhole. I think you should take a look at

Lenny held his chest as he controlled his breathing.

When he concentrated well, he could feel a hunger for more right from within his soul.

This hunger had always been there, but it was faint at best.

Growing in strength had revealed it.

Truly, Lucifer left him with incredible gifts.

Lenny was sure that it had to do with that cup carrying a part of Lucifer's essence that he had taken when he just came into this world.

Now that he thought about it more clearly, that might be the reason for his unconventional growth.

Besides, Lucifer was already at the God tier level.

It was only now that Lenny got stronger that he truly realized the difference in strength between himself and the Morningstar.

Truly, Humans are a very weak specie.

Just then, Lenny's ear twitched a little.

It was a bit out of reach but his now enhanced hearing caught a conversation outside.

He extended his perception ability to get the information.

It was a conversation between two demons.

Apparently, Cuban was leaving for the auction in a two days time.

This brought a smile to Lenny's face as plans unfolded in his head.

After all, no matter how high he got in power, Lenny was fully aware that he was yet nothing before Cuban's eyes.

Cuban was a rank 3 Deep Level Demon.

Lenny was not even yet a rank 5 Lesser demon.

Even as great and as strong as he felt, he was not so foolish.

The only time he would be able to execute his plans would be when Cuban was away.

Lenny energetically stood up to his feet, and stretched a little.

The dead skin fell off his body like a snake that was molting.

Just then, there was a sudden knock on his door.

Lenny opened it.

It was A222.

"I have news. Cuban is traveling in..." She paused, and her eyes beheld Lenny's beauty.

It was clear to note that in less than some minutes ago, Lenny still carried the physical injuries from Cuban's torture.

However, right now he was looking smooth and and dashingly handsome.

Lucifer Morningstar was said to be the most beautiful Angel in the heavens.

He was so beautiful that the sight of him seduced heavenly beings themselves.

Lenny was growing stronger in power.

As the Inheritor of the Morningstar's will, he was steadily climbing in that beauty.

This was something Lenny himself did not know.

After a, he had never bothered to look in a mirror in a very long time.

Right now, A222 was left speechless by the captivating beauty he commanded.

Her eyes involuntarily traced along his skin.

She swallowed.

This action, Lenny noticed. But he thought that she swallowed because the information she wanted to give was a very good one and her excitement held her tongue.

Lenny chuckled lightly, which of course, broke the trance her mind was slipping into.

"I am already aware of this. We have prepared for this opportunity for some time now, let's not let it slip."

"Yes, of course," she answered awkwardly, sharply looking away to hide her blush.

She turned about and hurried walked away...

Chapter 215 Let The Chaos Begin

For the gladiators, this was a beautiful morning like any one that had come before it.

The day's activity was the usual.

The Gladiators were to fight class by class to the entertainment of the demons in the town.

Activities were usually like this.

Meals were served before and after fights.

If there was one thing fighters had which was given in good amount, then it was the food.

As long as one was willing to spend points, food was given generously.

Besides, it was mashed mushrooms.

There was practically excess of it.

However, this morning was bound to be different from the others that had come before it.

Cuban was to take a short trip to the other Arena he had been gifted.

The Auction was to take place there.

A big cargo plane was parked behind the Arena.

This cargo Plane would carry about 200 babies and 200 grown Half Borns that Lenny had touched, and activated Darkline magic in their bodies.

As they were loaded into the cargo Plane, Cuban watched from a corner with a smile staining a corner of his lips.

All these half born stocks were going to add to his power and pocket.

At the moment, he was like a farmer looking at chickens and daydreaming of how much profit he would make.

Cuban Left Earlier in the morning.

This was not the first time Cuban had made travels.

In fact, as an Arena master, he did this a lot.

It was good to always go around and make connections in other places, especially because as an outcast of a royal family, things were dire for him.

Cuban left very early in the morning.

Lenny's perception was all over the place.

The moment he felt the plane leave for Droplet Town, he knew that it was time.

Lenny opened his eyes, and that same smile that his Arena master had stained the side of his lips.

Lenny sighed loudly, "it is time!"

He stood to his feet from his bed.

"A222, I am hungry. Why don't you get me some food from the kitchen."

The moment Lenny said those words, she instantly understood.

Going out the nursery, Bodat was in front.

"And where are you going to?"

"To get the meals." She answered.

Bodat nodded. However, his eyes lingered on her chest and ass a bit.

He licked the side of his lips. "It seems they have gotten bigger!" He commented.

"Well, I have been eating well," she answered.

He nodded as he made way for her to pass.

However, in his mind, he already made plans to have her ass later.

After all, Cuban was not around, and at the end of the day, A222 was still a part of the stock.

If she was ripening up like this, he did not mind taking a bite out of her.

Once more, he licked his lips.

In his enthusiasm for sexual adventure, he did not notice that A222 was sweating buckets when he stopped her.

It was only after he let her go that she sighed in relief.

That was a close call.

If Bodat had so much not have been able to keep his hands to himself, the end result would have been terrible. I think you should take a look at

One step at a time, she navigated through the dim lit underground passages.

As she did, the demons at different stations had their eyes on her.

In her heart, she cursed Lenny for this plan.

Even though she was a gladiator, this was such a humiliation.

At the moment, her breasts were bigger.

This was the same thing with her ass.



Naturally, she caught the attention of this ever sexually hungry demons.

Finally, she reached the kitchen.

The demons here stood at different corners.

They only took a look at her once before they looked away.

After all, this was not the first time she had been here.

By now, they were already used to it.

Guarding the kitchen, even for these femons, was a very boring job.

Any one of them woukd prefer having luxury of banging the humans or even drilling them through training.

Nothing interesting ever happened in the kitchen, and over a long period of time seeing the same thing over and over again, they had gotten used to it.

Their senses had dulled.

Lenny had rich experiences with people.

Even demons were still individuals. Lenny was counting on this exact fact.

Besides, this was still early in the morning.

The demons after looking at her once, no longer paid attention to her.

This kitchen was huge.

It was the central point for cooking all the meals in the Arena.

Of course, it was divided into different sectors based on nutrient requirements for young, old and those fighting.

Those in the F class cooked for everyone.

Just as Lenny had instructed, the few times A222 had come here, she had become friends with some of the cooks.

Even helping their work some times.

After all, she no longer fought in the Arena.

The demons just looked away at this.

Unknown to them, this time would not be like the other times.

A222 loosened the cloth around her chest and off loaded one boob into the pot.

Tiny sliced meat poured into the pot.

All of a sudden, that boob had resumed its former size.

These tiny meat slices were diced by Lenny himself.

These were the heart of a centipede chimera ant.

He had cut them a night before, into small easy to digest pieces.

Today, A222 was rather very generous, going around to help out with the work of grinding the Mushroom to paste and mixing them.

She helped as much as she could.

By the time she was done, both her boobs and ass had recovered their original shape.

Yes, she had emptied all the diced hearts into the meals.

Afterwards, she took Lenny's food, as well as hers and left the kitchen.

As she did, she could not help but chuckle a bit.

"This chaos is going to be beautiful..."

Chapter 216 Unrivaled Battle Of The Loins

The expression Bodat had on his face when A222 returned, and all her voluptuous breasts and ass had gone back to normal, was priceless.

His eye even twitched a bit.

However, A222 pretended not to see him and headed straight for Lenny in the Nursery.

When she entered the nursery, she was surprised to see an array of weapons spread on a table.

They were Pincers, Hammers(from Manta's limbs), Katanas, and a few other weapons Lenny had picked on a random.

She did not make noise on entering.

Besides, she did not want to disturb him.

At the moment, Lenny was.... 'being Lenny'.

He was whispering to the arranged weapons like a man trying to seduce a group of young, freshly mature ladies in a party. Trying his best with pick up lines to see the unlucky one that would fall for his charms and follow him back to his room.

From time to time, he would even make seductive eye contact, then he would wink at a weapon or two.

As she watched, it became even more bizarre.

Lenny stroked a blade tenderly with his fingers.

Like a wife seducing her over working husband.

Just when he was about to kiss one of the weapons, she could not take it again.

\*Cough!\* She faked a cough before it progressed to something further.

"I see you are already getting ready!"

Lenny raised a brow at her, "don't you know it is rude to interrupt an orgy!?"

" \_ "

A222 was speechless at those words.

"Any ways," Lenny continued, pretending not to understand her confusion.

"So did you do it?"

She nodded, "are you sure it will work?"

Lenny smiled, "what do you mean? Can't you see it has already started?"

As he spoke, the bell rang across the gladiator classes for meal time.

Food was one of the few luxuries in this place.

For a people that burnt energy ceaselessly, food was essential.

Those without enough points, would not be able to enjoy food.

However for the very first time, today was the one day of luck those broke gladiators were favored by the heavens to have.

After all, with what was inside the meals, only chaos was to unravel next.

Today, B class Gladiators were to go first.

One big, cocky B class Gladiator cut the line to be in front.

He did this regularly. As the strongest in the B class, he could do whatever he wanted and the other gladiators only had the choice of shutting up.

The one gladiator that wanted to talk, having being new to the class, was smacked in the face by a tray.

That gladiator would unfortunately not even be able to participate in the fights.

Then again, he would forever be grateful that he stood for what he believed was right.

After all, while he was taken to the infirmary to get patched up, the gladiators were enjoying their meals.

This particular boss like the other gladiators in the B class noticed the little meat balls in his meal.

Meat was practically exotic in this place.

To be served meat meant that one had very favored from Cuban himself.

The Gladiators all ate excitedly, with some of them ordering for more food. I think you should take a look at

They spent a lot of their points.

It was almost impossible to see meat in meals.

No one wanted to let this opportunity pass them by.

It was time to rush into battle.

They rushed out of the dinning halls and straight for their weapons before running into Arena fighting ground.

As there entered, the demons in the Coliseum hailed as they normally would.

However, some thing was not right.

The first person to feel it was the B class Gladiator that bullied another with a tray.

He had a lot of points and had ordered six servings.

His eyes suddenly became red as he looked to his side.

It was a man standing close to him, but he did not care about the gender one bit.

He jumped on the man, ripping the man's armour.

The man tried to struggle and push him off, but he would not have it.

The meat substance A222 had put in their food was the heart of the centipede chimera Ant that served as very strong Aphrodisiac.

At the moment, the aphrodisiac had kicked in, and it had kicked in violently.

Before the sight of the demons and the other gladiators, he stripped down and forced his manhood into the other man.

The man screamed as the frustration of the sudden pain he felt from his rear made him wave his hands with a sword.

The big man mounting him had been too gone in horniness to even notice before the blade stroke his neck and blood splashed everywhere.

The demons laughed and cheered at this.

However, they was more.

Gladiators were suddenly mounting each other for sexual release.

It was happening every where and with everyone.

One of the gladiators even rushed for the dead body of the big guy for penetration.

The demons incharge of the occasion were perplexed by this.

Whether make or female, every one filled with sexual tension mounted something.

This suddenly became a sex rampage.

The eyes of the gladiators went red as the only thing on their minds was sex.

The demons in charge rushed into the arena with their whips. However, it was of no use.

No matter how they beat the gladiators to even back-bleeding level, they did not obey.

At the point they were at, pain could do them nothing.

One of the gladiators even jumped on a demon, attempting to hump him.

Of course, the unfortunate fellow was ripped in two. His blood bathing the demon's body as payment for his disrespect.

The demon audience, unaware of what was happening screamed and laughed at this new kind of entertainment.

It was richly interesting to them.

Unknown to them, this was not just a problem with the Gladiators in the fighting ground, but also those within.

Right now, it was chaos every in the Arena.

Order had been thrown out of the window and the demons could do nothing about.

Even whipping was not working.

This was an unrivaled battle of the loins.

Chapter 217 Our Only Remaining Obstacle

The greatest business men of Lenny's former world, knew that the best time for business was during chaotic times.

It was the same for fishermen. Trouble waters was always best for fishing.



This was the same for Assassins.

Lenny could not help but think of some legendary assassinations in history that had been done during a chaotic time.

For example, during an arranged riot, or even better, during a concert.

It was always the best to ensure the victims never saw it coming.

With the humans in all the arena becoming sex hungry monkeys, Lenny could now act as he wanted.

Whether it was in the F class, E class, D class, C class, B class, or even A class, every body was humping everybody and everything.

Back in the kitchen, one man could not join in with a partner, unable to hold it back any longer mounted a pot while it was still on the stove with boiling Mashed mushroom.

Sexual tension was the irresistible string that pulled at their minds and sense of reasoning and pleasure was the unreachable goal.

Lenny and A222, could hear the rumbling across all classes.

It was not long that the chaos began that one Demon rushed to come report to Bodat about the situation of things.

"What do you mean the humans are 'fucking around'? Whip the shit out of them." Bodat responded.

"We already tried that. It's no use. It's like they are on some hormonal-humping shit."

Bodat still wanted to dismiss this.

After all, he was to be in charge of Lenny. However, two demons rushed over to him.

Now, he realized it was a serious situation.

Bodat turned to one of them shaped like an over grown goat, "inform the Magistri."

And then he turned to leave, but remembered something and paused, "you wait here and look after D999 and the girl. If anything happens to them, master Cuban will have our heads."

Hearing this, the second demon paused.

Apparently, the fear of Cuban was the beginning of wisdom.

The other demon immediately rushed to go inform the Magistri.

This entire conversation, Lenny heard from within the nursery room.

The moment they left, Lenny turned to A222, "it is time, our audience... awaits."

He had a cheeky smile on his face, but she did not think he was in the least being too cocky.

After all, he was the one in charge.

The nursery door suddenly opened up, and Lenny walked out.

"Hey! Get back in there human!" The demon commanded.

However, Lenny pretended as if a buzzing flying was disturbing his ears as he walked past.

This demon was very unfortunate.

Because of the Satan system, other people could not sense Lenny's Cultivation rank or realm.

This was the cause for his assumption as he rushed to strike Lenny with a whip.

However, as the old saying in Lenny's former world went: Assumption is the mother of all 'Fuck ups'.

And this particular one cost this demon too much.

After all, he was just a rank 1 lesser demon.

Even before Lenny acted, A222 moved.

She grabbed the whip in mid air.

Lenny turned to the Demon, and then released his killing Intent.

This was the killing Intent of a pure breed murderer at the 4th rank of the lesser demon.

Lenny's killing Intent had accumulated even more death since he stepped into this world.

The more one killed, the more the stain of death on his aura. I think you should take a look at

Lenny's had even more. He had the curses of their souls. This was a mixture of human, half born, demons, devils.

It had all molded together like mixture that made soup to form the accursed thing that he called his aura.

It was so overwhelming that the demon grabbed its head and rolled on the ground.

Blood leaked from its Orifices.

And before any one knew it, its head swoll up abnormally, like his insides were rejecting the cage that was its skull and then...

\*POP!\*

It was a melodious sound to Lenny's ears.

He couldn't help but chuckle a bit at this.

The demon's head had blown up, but even the blood and brain matter from its explosion had not touched Lenny.

A222, was a different matter.

However, a little blood was not a problem to her.

She was a gladiator. They practically lived in this stuff.

What truly surprised was the method of death.

Lenny had actually killed, not a human, but a demon with just his aura.

This made her reevaluate the might of this man before her.

She could not help but pause and stare.

"Come on! We have to go get the others."

Hearing his voice, she snapped out of the thoughts in her head.

Immediately, she stepped forward, spreading her senses far and wide through out the underground of the Arena.

She was searching for A222 and C888's location.

She frowned, "I can't, I can't find them."

Lenny thought for a few seconds as he massaged his jaw with his fingers.

Cuban assumed that A123 and C888 were important to him.

The truth was that, they were only important for his plan.

Any other, and Lenny would not care.

They were just proved to be intergral for future plans to proceed.

Since Cuban was meticulous person, he would preserve them in a place were he was sure Lenny would not try anything stupid.

Lenny chuckled as he suddenly became certain of were they were.

"Hmm! I think I might have an idea of where they might be."

She turned to him, "where?"

"where else?" He smirked, "The Magistri!"

"The Magistri!?" A222 suddenly became scared.

She knew how strong the Magistri was. At least she had an idea.

If they was anyone who could stop them now, it was him.

"Actually, not ONE Magistri. How battle will be against them all."

As Lenny talked, he already headed there.

His Perception had once again knocked on that door deep underground and he was excited for what was to come.

A222 Swallowed one more time, as she summoned the courage to follow Lenny. After all, at this point, they were in this together.

The only other option was DEATH!

Chapter 218 Steps Of The Disciplined Villain

When Lenny was preparing to come back from the Chimera colony the first time, he had used his perception ability to check out the underground Layout of the Arena.

Back then, he had knocked upon the Magistri's door by sheer accident and only the aura that the Magistri gave out was enough to leave him scared.

Back then, he had made sure to remind himself that nothing was going to take him to that door.

Now, it was all different.

He was the one heading towards the Magistri on his own accord.

Getting to the Magistri's door was very easy. After all, all demons had their hands full with trying to separate humans from one another.

So far, the only proven method that had worked was fainting them.

However, the humans were many, and the demons were far fewer in number.

Besides, some demons saw this as an opportunity to take advantage of certain humans. The entire place was very chaotic.

In the midst of all this chaos, A222 and Lenny walked through the dim lit passages like a master and his most loyal maid taking an evening stroll.

Their steps were not rushed. This was especially true for Lenny who was leading.

His steps were even, one at a time, not going too fast or too slow.

A222, made an observation of this.

Usually, every person had their walking steps that were a combination of balance, weight, blood pressure, muscle tightness, muscle composition and a touch of their personalities. Basically, with just a person's walking step, one could tell the kind of state the individual's mind was in and how it affected his current perception of himself and his environment

A person's walking step happened on a subconscious level and was mostly never controlled intentionally by the individual except of course there was an injury.

Yet, most people even gladiators and demons usually changed rhythm which was affected by the range of things mentioned above.

However, Lenny's was different.

From his walking step, she could neither sense confidence, nor pride. There was no understanding of his inner anatomy or the perceptible understanding of his mind.

This absolutely surprised her. She could sense nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Usually, even the slightest shift in the pumping of hormones or the machination of one's mind that happens to consume a little more calories should affect one's walking step, but for Lenny, they all did not exist.

She had even observed Cuban's walking step and it was nothing like this. Even as a Deep level Demon, he was still a person, and his mind was a chaotic mess.

If A222, was to put it plainly in words, then she would say that it was as if Lenny was a Hollow being floating through the surface of the earth.

The only information she could slightly read was the details her eyes caught from his posture and movement, and even that was terribly vague.

His hands although swinging as he walked, always did so at exactly the same length, either forwards or backwards. It was never by even a millimeter ever too much or too small.

It was as if it was measured by some supernatural being with divine precision for its puppets.

His legs were also the same thing. I think you should take a look at

She was a gladiator that had been blessed with a miraculous ability to be able to see and sense the world around her from an entirely different point of view from the rest of the world.

And Yet, she could not read Lenny one bit. Such a finding was very terrible knowledge.

After all, for a long time in her life, she had always operated by the boundaries of this knowledge.

She suddenly thought it was sad thing for any person to have an opponent like Lenny. Yes, it was truly a sad thing.

If she, that was blessed with such attention to detail could not peel lenny, then she wondered how it was possible for ordinary people, including demons to face him.

Drops of perspiration appeared on her forehead at the thought.

"A scary opponent!" she thought to herself.

However, A222 did not even begin to know the meaning of those words.

There was only two ways to impose discipline on an individual.



One method was from an external source hammering it into the individual. An example would be a Military instructor training a group of cadets.

The second method was self discipline. The Will to beat, hammer and mold one's self in the visional image of perfection in one's own mind.

Of the two, the first method at the end of the day only helped with compliance to orders.

However the second was true Discipline.

As a man that loved his job more than his very life, lenny had hammered every dent in his mind and body into the sharpest and toughest blade.

Aside the training from the Schools he attended, he trained himself to become the sum total of all assassination imagery every considered, in every tribe, culture, religion, and in general, way of life.

What A222 did not, was the fact that at the moment, lenny was actually at his most alert.

Even though that smile never left his face, and that I don't care attitude still hovered about him, he was at his most alert.

In case of any danger, he was at the best position to react with incredible speed.

There were only intercepted a couple of times.

Each time, Lenny killed by just letting his Killing intent flow like a river out of him. Whether it was demons, or horny humans rushing at them, all ended the same way, HEADLESS!

Finally, they got to the room.

This was a big twin door of at 20 meters high. It was metallic and looked rusted, and worn out.

However, Lenny knew that the door was just in place for customary purposes. It really served no function of preventing people from entering.

It was just that no one was foolish enough to dare it.

Chapter 219 Of Course Its A Trap!

Lenny without knocking, pushed and stepped through the doors.

The doors made loud CREAKING sounds, evidently a result of their age.

A222 had paused for a bit without following Lenny. Yet again, she contemplated this decision she had made.

"This is bound to not end well!" she told herself.

Once more summoning the courage to take that defining step forward, she moved.

The long winding passage was lit like any other part of the Underground Arena, with Darkline lamps hanging on the walls.

However, further in, it actually became brighter.

Another turn and through a pair of fine silk Draped curtains, they got into a room.

This was the same room Lenny had been taken to the first time that he had killed a Magistri.

However, this was the first time that A222 was here.

This place for her felt like another world.

She had never seen the old world before the apocalypse. She did not know what it looked like, and this created a comical scene to watch her look at the pictures hanging around in frames, and the decoration on the walls.

Although she had seen something similar before back at the dungeon when the soul devil brought out Lenny's thoughts to reality.

However, seeing it here was an entirely different feeling.

This was a typically western-looking sitting room.

It had poufy brown couches around a well-furnished center table, a fireplace ahead, that was lit, and fine ware on almost every shelf.

The air here was also sweet to the smell, giving the illusion that one could taste it.

With the addition of bright, electrically powered lights on the wall and a not so bright Chandelier in the center, it was truly a different world.

Lenny could tell that Cuban's taste in Art had been passed through his blood to his literally 'heartless' servants.

For all the beauty of the place and the comfort that the alluring couches promised on sight, Lenny was not interested in them.

At the moment, he had already swallowed twice at his excitement.

Like a deranged-sadistic monster, he was already salivating in anticipation of the oncoming battle.

While A222 was still interested in distracting her mind a little more with the decor of the room, Lenny instantly rushed for that door. It was the same door that the Magistri had taken him through the last time.

If he was not mistaken, this was the route to the location where all the Magistris were kept in their pods.

With a good guess of what Cuban was thinking, there was no doubt that A123 and C888 were there.

Lenny opened the door, and there it was the portal.

Without a care in the world, he dove through it.

A222 was taken by surprise at this, but she immediately followed along.

At this point, even she was not aware that at a subconscious level, whether it was the promise of safety or comfort, she was sticking very close to Lenny.

Just as it had been before, Lenny came out on a balcony.

From where he stood, all around, as far and wide as the eyes could see, there were columns and rolls of vertically placed transparent pods with people in them. These all looked alike. They were Magistri's but appeared to all be asleep.

Lenny immediately spread out his senses in search of A123 and C888.

He found them almost instantly. I think you should take a look at

They were in pods laying side by side.

It was as if the moment he sighted them, they also did him.

From the looks of it, they were trying to tell him something, but their mouths were sealed with loin cloth to prevent speech.

"Down there!" Lenny pointed.

A222 had also seen them.

Lenny and A222 were at least a hundred meters high from the ground, but both of them jumped regardless.

Landing straight for the centre of the platform.

On landing, they rushed to free A123 and C888.

Even while they did, the two imprisoned, with wide eyes tried to warn, but it was no use.

With swift punches, Lenny Broke the pods, and A222 immediately helped A123 out.

However, he struggled like he was trying to say something.

"Hold on, my mushroom paste! I'll get you out," she comforted as she loosened his binds and then the loin cloth around his mouth.

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

He cleared his throat of the horrible stench from the loin cloth.

After all, it was a loin cloth. Only heavens knew whose balls it was ripped from before used to seal their mouths.

A123 cleared his throat as he forced himself to talk, "Its... its a... \*cough!\* Trap!"

As he talked, foreboding shadows slowly rose behind her.

A222's eyes widened when she heard this. Quickly, she turned about, six Magistri's were behind her.

Her heart skipped a beat in fear as she panicked backwards.

At the moment, she did not even use her abilities to sense their cultivation rank. The Magistri had already scared her to such a level that just the image of one of a kind made her legs become jelly.

However, there was suddenly a long diagonal slash that began from the head of the first Magistri and ended at the waist of the sixth Magistri.

Like hot butter melting off a wall, their cut-out bodies slid out, leaving their lower bodies behind-revealing Lenny behind.

lenny raised both hands in the air with a perplexed look on his face, "Of course, it's a trap. What the fuck were you expecting? Or do you think it's a fucking cartoon!?"

He laughed loudly, and the blood from the slashed bodies jetted into the air as if in praise of his timely arrival.

This time around, Lenny let the blood bath him.

After all, it wouldn't be considered a slaughter without the baptism of blood.

Just then, there was a loud beeping, red alarm.

And then, creaking and unbuckling sounds could be heard.

Lenny and his teammates turned about.

Lenny's teammates frowned, while he smiled. All the pods were opening...

Chapter 220 Lenny Vs The Horde Of Magistris [Bonus ]

\*Beep! Beep!! Beep!!!\*

The Red Alarm sounded loudly like a fire drill.

Lenny turned about.

And there it was.

All the pods were unlocking themselves.

As they did, the Magistri's opened their eyes and stepped out.

Most of them still looked to be a bit confused. However, Lenny could care less about their feelings of confusion.

"A222, help C888. You guys head to the Arena. Stick to the plan."

He had barely finished talking before he moved.

As fast as he was, his legs were even slower than the Intent to kill that rushed out of his body like a tidal wave.

Usually, Killing intent was intangible, and for most, only those that had felt death could truly feel it.

However, Lenny rushed forward with so much tenacity and zeal for the hunt that in the eyes of these Magistri, his killing intent was a flowing red rushing out of his eyes, hands, and every surface that his feet touched.

It was merciless and encompassing.

Many of them had not even gotten themselves together when Lenny's Katana blades rushed at them.

For the tens of years that Cuban had managed this Arena, they had been hundreds of gladiators that had made it to the top. They had climbed through blood, sweat, and many betrayals to become the best.

However, their reward had unfortunately been to become slaves of a 'heart-eating' master.

Although Lenny was indeed excited for the slaughter, but that was just a bad habit that he had.

In truth, he was actually happy that he got to be the one that would send these hard working souls to the after life.

He rushed at them, again and again, his sword making clean cuts on their bodies.

Lenny suddenly felt something was strange.

He landed on a pod in a squatting position as he observed his environment.

His eyes widened in surprise.

He had been hearing that Cuban was a blood demon. Lenny did not believe he understood a good part of that statement until right now.

After all, at the moment, an unbelievable scene was unfolding before his eyes.

The Magistris he had been ever so attentive in their dicing were piecing themselves back together. They were like a puzzle finding its own parts to make sense.

The blood flowing out of their bodies seemed to have a life of its own as it traced back to the bodies of its initial owners. Even the blood on Lenny's body left him, locating the Magistri that it belonged to and entering their bodies once more.

Even the Cut scars healed up on their own accord. The healing was so smooth that it looked like a blade had never gone through in the first place.

Lenny raised a brow at this.

However, his mind was a quick one and he recalled that moment when he had killed a magistri when he was just a Demon with rank 2 lesser demon strength.

Back then, he had used his white flame to kill the Magistri. I think you should take a look at

Lenny looked at the blades in his hands. these blades were uprooted from the body of a Half-born that had consumed the Devil Pill. These weapons were very effective against devils but were useless against the magistri.



Lenny remembered what that Magistri had told him previously.

One of the many reasons that Demons reared human beings was to use them to fight against devils.

For some reason, human Darkline energy had a certain immunity against the Chaotic magic of the devils. In other words, these Katana blades he was using had no effect on the Magistris.

"Hmmm!" Lenny sighed as he stood once more to his feet, "so much for a surprise attack."

He was right. At the moment he attacked, many of the pods were yet to open, and even the ones that were open, the Magistris had not gotten their cognitive reasoning together before his blades cut through them.

However, things were different now.

Lenny felt like a Child that had to redo an assignment having being failed by the teacher.

However, was this truly an assignment?

A better description for it would be a Child that had been given extra hours on the playing field.

Lenny waved his sword.

It had truly been a while since he used his magic.

From his fingers, white flames of the White Prince rushed onto the Katana blades.

As they did, Lenny could hear a low unwilling scream from the Katanas. Apparently, the Chaos magic in them was being burnt to nothingness and in its unwillingness to let go, it echoed it's hurt.

However,enny could care less about the feelings of a weapon or the like.

Meanwhile, his opponents had also brought out their weapons.

Unsurprisingly, it was their own blood.

Dark Red blood formed long whips in their hands ready to assault Lenny.

For a few short seconds, there was a stand off.

A lean muscular man that could only be described with beautiful words, wearing only a loincloth to protect his groin area with two white flaming swords in hand, Versus an host of Magistris, some short, others tall, but all of them a different version of themselves, like children in the same costume at a comic book fair.

Lenny could clearly see that they were not just males but also females amongst them.

Their Blood whips were long, and very thick. Evidently, they were going to give this fight their all.

Even though most of them were just Rank 1 and 2 of the Lesser demon realm, none of them backed off.

Each of them had menacing look in their eyes.

However, while they viewed Lenny with obvious hostility, Lenny had a subtle, but weirdly creepy kindness in his eyes.

And then he suddenly leaned forward as he spread his arms so wide, his swords were practically behind him, leaving his entire chest opened to them.

This was a clear provocation.

By putting out his most vulnerable spot, Lenny was literally telling them that they could do nothing to him.

This act of provocation did not go unattended to.