

Devil Slave 26

Chapter 26 Ruling Crews Of The Underworld...

He was not the only one. A demon led them to the training ground.

Seeing this, Lenny could not help but wonder if demons even slept at all.

This place was deep underground. There was no flavour of light coming in from the sun or stars. There was absolutely no way for one to know if it was daytime or nighttime.

However, that was for a normal person.

Lenny had a mind that had been tested through the darkest of times. He could tell that it was still night time, and it was not even yet a new day.

The gladiators formed up in a straight line before Demon Bodat.

The frog looking demon seemed to have been in the middle of its meal when the freshlings arrived.

However, it did not stop.

In front of Bodat was a bowl filled with fresh bloody meat. From the looks of it, most of it was the fatty side.

Apparently the demon had a favorite part. A preference that only few demons had. Most of them just ate all human parts.

It took an abundance of food for one to be able to make a selecting choice. Apparently this was so for the demons of the Coliseum.

When he was done eating, he licked his claws with his frog like tongue, and then he advanced towards them.

Every step was taken confidently and intentionally.

He took a quick look over their heads and then he frowned.

"There is one missing!"

He had barely finished speaking when a gladiator rushed over from the door Lenny and the others had entered.

The gladiator had been late.

Bodat the demon's eyes twitched a bit.

This was something Lenny took note of. Without a doubt, Bodat was angry. He walked up the gladiator and then he grabbed him by the neck.

Lenny had thought that the whipping he got, was the worst thing that could happen.

However, after seeing what happened to the gladiator that came late for the night training, he could not help but feel that Bodat probably had a fondness for him, and that was why he was blessed with something so little as fifty whips the last time.

Throughout the training that night, the screams of the gladiator that came late, was the acoustic melody that soothed the pain of their hardship.

Much like a janitor using a music box to entertain while at work or pass the time.

Everybody was given boulders that was set to be exactly twice the weight of each of them.

This boulders were strapped to their backs as there trekked a full thirty kilometers under strict supervision.

According to Lenny's calculation, it was a full thirty kilometers. At least it was equivalent to it.

However, all they had done, was go around a thick pillar for hours unending.

Of course, such a load being carried for hours was going to be its own hell.

However, anyone that slowed down in speed or even stopped for a slight moment's break got the privilege of receiving quick ten lashes from demon Bodat's stinging whip.

In this manner, the training continued.

Until Lenny heard an announcement from the system.

<Daily Task= Survive the Coliseum>

The moment he heard this in his head, he knew that he had entered a new day.

However, this training did not stop until another two hours.

After which, they were allowed to go join the others for breakfast.

This was another thing Lenny noticed in this place.

These people were actually fed very well. Although the food was crap at best, they were still required to eat at least three times daily.

And if one wanted food some other time, one could get it as long as he or she had points for it.

But of course, having meals out of feeding time was more expensive on points, but many still did it anyway.

The amount of energy that was lost here on a daily basis was not at all easy or funny.

Lenny took his filled-up bowl of porridge from the server.

He had wanted to sit at the same corner he did yesterday, but looking around, he could better understand the dynamic of the place.

Especially after the division that was formally explained to him back then by E701 who was the lonely rat person of the place.

It was easy for him to see that crews usually sat with one another. Or at least away from each other.

Lenny sighed lowly. Such was human nature.

Even in such hell, human beings still found a way to create divisions amongst themselves.

But such was the way of the world. Human beings were never satisfied with just being human beings.

If it was not color of skin, then it was tribe, or tradition and culture. On their own, they always looked for a way to part ways with their unity and create boundaries that stop the production of a better existence.

This was also the many reason for the hundreds of years of war that humans had fought against one another again and again.

In Lenny's own point of view, it was all rubbish.

For now, the Crews that he was most familiar with, were the: Raptoids= These guys were part reptilian in nature. This could easily be seen from the way their eyes changed and blinked from the left and right sides instead of up and down like the normal person.

Next were the: cowheads= These group, for men, were very big and had naturally gifted incredible strength. The women were quite full on the chest, large but also possessed incredible strength.

The only downside about the Cowheads, would be the fact that they were most of the time quite dumb. At least in Lenny's opinion, thinking was not their strongest suit.

And their women were always tricked into intercourse by not just gladiators but also bored demons.

The next crew was the: Pignosed= These guys were the nastiest here. Just as the name implied, they had an ancestry that gave them very pigly abilities.

However, their usefulness lay in their ability to be able to get their hands on anything.

Even in this hell hole, they still managed to get drugs. How they make it or how they get it still remained...