

## DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

### Chapter 5 He Sent Me To Hell...

<Exp Grade Upgrade>

<Exp 5/100>

<Level 1 unlocked>

Lenny looked up at the faces that were looking at him. Everybody had gone silent. Whether it was the Gladiators or the audience.

Nobody was expecting what had just happened.

High up from where the demons were watching from, was a particular demon sitting at the VIP Section on a long chair. On either sides, he had beautiful succubus women feeding him fruits and fawning over him.

In front of him was a large tray decorated with fruits and in the center of the tray was a cooked human head with a tomato in its opened mouth.

The expression on the face still showed the horrors the person had gone through before his death.

The Demon stretched forward and dug a finger into the head's socket. He plugged an eye from it, and into his mouth it went.

Crushing sounds could be heard as he enjoyed the juicy flavor of his meal.

Lenny had just killed D4023. This made him pause, and then he giggled a bit.

He stood up from where he lay, pushing the sexy pink-skinned succubus women. He was big, muscular and had the head of an Ox with a large iron

nose ring. His body was red and hairy. And he was easily bigger than some of the Gladiators performing. He wore clothes that only

This Demon was called Cuban, and this was his arena. He advanced closer to the edge of the Luxury box.

As he did, the demons in the arena took notice of this. After all, he was a Deep Demon level being. And he was even in his second stage.

Rumors had it that he was even soon to advance.

He spread open his hands, and then he started clapping. Seeing the head of the Arena clapping for such a performance, the lesser demons also joined in.

"Good! good!" he pointed to one of the demon guards behind him. "make sure that one has an extra plate tonight. If he makes it to the end of the week, he might even participate in the party to welcome the governor."

The Demon in guard Uniform bowed and left.

What Lenny did not know was that the moment the Big guy was about to step on him, the trumpet announcing the end of the event had sounded.

However, it was at this time that he had made his kill. While every other gladiator was happy that the fight had ended and stopped fighting, Lenny had only just started.

Adding to the fact that he was quite small in size, and his opponent literally being about four times his size, it was easy for everyone's attention to be drawn to him.

Lenny breathed hard for air. The enemy was down

Just this little effort had put into killing this man had taken all the remaining energy he had.

Slowly, he stood up.

The two Halfborns that had been arguing over him raised a thumb at him. However, he did not have the strength to do anything at the moment. Even though his strength had just been improved by the system, he was really weak.

He could not even feel his legs anymore.

\*Dud!\*

He fell on the ground. His eyes really wanted to rest, but he begged them not to.

This was a terrible place to pass out.

He suddenly felt a pull on his hand, and he was slung like a bag of beans over a man's shoulder.

"Not bad pretty boy! not bad!!"

It was one of the men arguing over him before.

The Gladiators waved to the crowd as they were led through twin huge doors by other demons wearing guard uniforms.

Lenny was on the man's back, and he could see it clearly. Just before the doors closed, he could see the demons jumping into the arena and gauging on the flesh of those that had died in battle.

This made him frown.

They were first led through the dark corridors to where they would drop their weapons.

Even though these corridors were pitch dark, it was easy for both the demons and the Half borns to navigate their way through.

One of the many things they inherited from their demon parents.

After a few turns, they had gotten to the cells.

They could here loud moans. Lenny subconsciously turned his head in the direction it came from.

In one of the cells, there was a Dark skinned man with a full face of beard and black dreadlocked hair that went as far back as his waist.

He was butt naked and on his chest was the number D800 tattooed in black. He was behind a naked woman. He was far bigger than her in size, but it did not matter.

He used both hands to prop her waist so high that her legs did not touch the ground, as he kept pumping her hard from behind.

Tears flowed from her eyes, as she moaned in obvious pain. On her shoulder, she also had numbers tattooed there. Her's was F222.

He looked through his cell at the gladiators passing. He smiled, and then he continued.

"Wow! It seems D800 choose to use his points on prizes again. Instead of being promoted to the C class." The man carrying Lenny commented.

"Yeah! but you blame him," his counterpart replied, "he is champ of the D class. I heard those guys in C class are practically beasts, and some of them have even unlocked Demon grade cultivation. A guy like D800 there would just be fresh meat for them to chew and spit out."

Both men nodded in understanding to one another and continued moving.

This was Post the apocalypse. In a world where demons, and devils ruled, only strength mattered.

The big guy dropped Lenny in the cell. It was a room only so big to contain three people, and he shared it with them. There was no bed on the ground. Only dirty old torn blankets, and a bucket far off in one corner for when they wanted to use the toilet.

However, these guys looked very happy to be back in their cells.

They had only laid down for a few seconds when Lenny could hear them snoring.

Lenny sat upright as he recollected his thoughts. After browsing through this body's memories, he frowned, and then he burst out laughing.

When Lucifer said he was sending him into another world, he did not know that it meant that he was sending him to hell...