

DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

Chapter 6 First Side Quest

Lenny searched in his head for information about this world but discovered that what F999 knew was very limited.

In fact, it was practically nothing apart from the basics.

Firstly, F999 was the name given to the body he had taken over.

F999 was born a half-born human, but he had Zero capabilities as one. And therefore, he was assigned to work in the F class. The F class was the lowest of the low in this Arena.

Their main functions included: Making more human beings which was basically breeding more food for demons and farming agricultural products.

There were also farmed for their meat. Sometimes, there were used as rewards to please half-borns that had worked hard in the coliseum.

Just like F222 that he had seen earlier. She was given to D800 to satisfy his urges.

Basically, the F class were the lowest of lows and existed just for the pleasure of all.

After F class was E class, these groups of Humans and Half borns were the starting point of entertainment.

They were placed to fight and kill themselves for the entertainment of the demon society.

Those that did well were awarded points.

Points were basically the currency in this place.

Without points, it was impossible for the Gladiators even to have food.

The points were labelled on their hands with dark energy. It looked more like a timer.

Once a person's points had reached a particular peak, they were then promoted up the Class.

The idea was for them to use their points and climb all the way to A Class. This was where one could fight and acquire freedom.

Most Gladiators wanted to be free. It was just a fundamental nature of human beings.

No matter how dire the situation was, or how terrible it felt, there was always the beautiful illusion of hope.

Especially when many of these gladiators had seen with their own eyes as champions were allowed from their cages into the free world.

There were many stories that went around of a beautiful world with green scenery outside. Stories that told of the freedom that human beings enjoyed before the coming of the demons, and stories that spoke of the beauty they were to enjoy if they made it to their freedom.

However, dreams were at the end of the day just dreams.

Everybody from the lowest F class to the highest A rank wanted freedom, but getting it was a different matter altogether.

Fighting for life in the Coliseum was just the least of it.

Most half-borns were blessed with the ability to inherit powers that they could use from their Demon parents.

This allowed for cultivation to occur.

According to what Lenny found out, Demons were very different from Devils.

If one cultivated Dark energy, then he was a demon. If one were to cultivate Chaos energy, then he was a Devil.

Depending on the parent half that abused the human, the child came out with the potential to cultivate either.

However, because they only carried half of the demon or devil genes, cultivating was akin to gold passing through fire in order for it to shine.

In fact, only those that had come in contact with the sickle of Grim Reaper many times could actually pull it off.

Even with that, the struggle to climb was only starting.

The only way to continually cultivate was by continuous battle. The crazier the battles got, the better the potential for growth.

In hunger for power, many Half-borns had done very sick immoral things.

However, in the post-apocalypse, no one had the guts to even challenge the morality of people.

The urge for survival pushed man to the ends of boundaries they would never reach. Whenever someone had done something shameless and totally stupid, they were always someone to beat it with something more.

At this point, it was practically being praised.

The only true upside to becoming a Half-born was the fact that they grew very fast.

The body Lenny had entered, was actually seven years old, but Lenny felt like the body was almost sixteen.

In fact, the two big burly men he shared his cell with, were actually thirteen. But they looked like they were in their mid-thirties.

Yes! this was a farm and the humans here were the farm animals.

Normally, Lenny was of the F class, and was not supposed to be here.

However, he had overstepped and got a particular Demon angry.

It was one of the demons that acted as a worker on the farm.

The demon was bored doing its duty shift and wanted to breed with F999's mother.

However, F999 did not want this. Or rather, he did not allow it.

It was not the first time that demons and devils had bred her. After all, that was how he and his other siblings were born. It was just another way of life here.

What made the difference this time around was that she was really sick.

F999 had seen this particular demon breed with several human females before that resulted in their deaths. And those ones were healthy.

He did not want his mother to die, and executed a plan that saved her, but put him in trouble.

After all, the lesser demons on duty were not allowed to enjoy the stock without permission.

The demon had found out what Lenny did and decided to punish him in the worst way possible.

That was how he was thrown into a fighting battle with not E class, but D class.

No doubt about it, his death was assured.

In fact, he had died when he entered the Coliseum. One of his Cellmates had attempted to swing his weapon, and his arm just pulling the sword back had knocked F222 hard on the head and that was how he died.

After which, Lenny entered the body.

Ring! Ring!*

"Meal time!"

A demon with horse legs and head announced as it passed by the cells.

"meal time!" One of Lenny's Cellmates immediately jumped up from his sleep and rushed out of the open cell.

The second one also followed along, and so did Lenny.

Lenny followed behind them, and as he did, so did the others from their cells.

They were led to an open hall. This was their feeding area.

The hall was huge. However, it was in absolutely terrible shape. The walls were green with moss on different sides. The ground was moist and cold to the feel of his feet, and the air smelt like a marriage between fermented piss, and dead animals.

The smell of dead animals might have been from the gladiators, but the smell of piss was definitely from the hall.

They took their bowls and waited in line as turn by turn, they were served their food. Lenny was the shortest here. He was literally at 5 feet in height.

Although it was called food, it definitely did not look like that.

Lenny assumed that it was porridge, but it was brown and sticky.

When it got to his turn, he was surprised to see the face that was serving the food.

However, before he could even address that, he got an alert from the system.

<Side Quest: Survive D4022's rage!>