

DEVIL SLAVE (SATAN SYSTEM)

Chapter 7 Simple As Killing A Fly.

The person in front of him was his mother.

She looked weak and sickly, and she was in dirty rag clothes. Her skin was pale and she had red bags under her eyes.

She was the person serving the food here.

She was also surprised to see him. After all, she had already concluded that yet again, another of her children had died or was turned to food.

At this point in her life, she was already a bit numb to it.

She knew that those of D Class had gone into the Arena, and knowing the calibre of people that fought here, she knew that there was no way that her son was going to come back alive.

Seeing him here was not only a shock but also brought warmth to her motherly heart. After all, he was in the situation he had found himself in just because of what he had done for her.

Lenny on the other hand did not have a surprised look on his face for the reason of affection or the like. The person that loved this woman as a mother was not him, and really could not give two damns about her.

It was just that he was still adjusting to this new body and her appearance had sparked some annoying memories in his head.

Just then, he heard the announcement from the system.

<Side Quest: Survive D4022's rage!>

"D4022!?" Lenny thought to himself. He really did not remember having any trouble with such a person.

However, he suddenly heard a shout that came from behind him.

He instinctively turned in the direction it had come from.

Whether one was a male or female gladiator, the eating area was the same. The only difference was in the cells they had for obvious reasons.

These people were warriors at a survival level. It was safe to say that they were barbarians. Placing them together would only result in a lack of sexual control among themselves.

Besides, sex was only used as a reward for those that exchanged their points for it.

All the gladiators except three people sat on the ground and ate their food. While a particular muscular Gladiator woman had risen to her feet shouting at top of her voice in anger.

"WHAT!!! What do you mean my brother is dead!?" A female gladiator screamed.

"Clam down a little D4022. Death is a normal thing here," another male gladiator tried to pacify her anger, "It was going to happen eventually anyway. Making a fuse about it won't bring him back."

D4022 knew that what he said was true, but then again, her brother was one of the strongest warriors in the D class.

Her brother was supposed to be amongst the three people eating at that table.

However, he wasn't. What's more, she had just learnt that it was a little pip-squeak that had done it.

She turned her head in Lenny's direction.

Even though having familiar bonds in such a place was practically hopeless, it did not stop people from having them.

But they were not to be blamed. They clinged tightly to any thing that still made them human. Just like the two brothers that stayed in the same cell with him.

Surprisingly, such bonds were far more faithful now than they were before the demons arrived.

D4022 had anger all over her face. Her face was morphed with it, and even her muscles and veins were bulging with it.

She immediately kicked against the ground as she rushed for Lenny.

This was bad.

There were no two ways about it. If this woman was to lay her big hands on him, he was going to become as smashed as the paste that was served as food.

Before she got to him, he knew that he was her target.

But then again, whoever said that one must fight brawn with brawn?

As an assassin, Lenny had overcome many obstacles where he was outmatched and outnumbered.

He waited and his mind timed it right.

Just before she got to him, he threw his bowl at her face, covering her vision just enough for his small frame to slide in between her legs.

He matched the back of her knees, and the moment she fell on her knees, he immediately dived on her back with his hand wrapped around her neck.

The Gladiators watched this fight with interest, and so did the demon that stood guard not so far away. Fighting amongst the poultry animals was a regular thing.

If blood threatening someone's life was not spilled, it was a sideshow to enjoy.

But this was where Lenny had made his mistake. He had overestimated his strength.

Hard as he tried, he couldn't break her neck.

These were gladiators that trained and fought for most of their lives.

Her burly neck was probably as thick as his waist.

Her anger only increased knowing that this little Pip-squeak had just brought her to her knees.

She stretched her hand backwards and pulled him forward, flinging him across the room.

Lenny had a first-hand feel of what it was like for a ball to whistle through the air and hit the wall hard.

<HP 6/10>

The system gave him an alert.

This alert surprised him. It meant that if he had just lost 4 points to one attack she gave.

"Shit!" he cursed out.

Because of the kind of life he lived in his former world, he was not exactly a gamer person, but with the intense chest burning pain he felt inside, and the few childhood memories he had about the few games he played.

He knew that if he got thrown like that again, he was probably a goner.

And the woman had not even thrown out a punch with her terrible fist.

People came and died nearly regularly in the arena and no one made a fuss about it. The reason was that those that would have loved to take revenge were most of the time not strong enough, or were afraid of the damage both parties could inflict on themselves if they did.

It was advisable that people reserved their battle strength, health, and stamina for arena fights.

But a fight with Lenny was akin to killing a fly.