

Devil Slave 121

Chapter 121 Fulfilling A Skinning Promise With Steady Hands

Lenny had been beaten stupidly.

His blood bathed the ground like it was water from a bucket.

He was in very terrible shape.

Most people in his situation would have already died.

He looked as if a wild lion had hunted and destroyed his flesh only find to find out that it was no longer hungry and left after playing with him some more.

However, he was still alive.

But that did not mean that anyone still had hopes of his survival.

As far as anyone was concerned, he was already done for.

Some of the Arena masters shook their heads in pity of Cuban's loss.

Five hundred half born females and five hundred normal human females was a lot.

No doubt, Cuban was going to go broke after this.

His finances might never recover. He was done for.

"Lady Vinegar!" Basket face turned to the lady in full white with flowery golden patterns on her dress.

His intention to stop the match was clear. After all, the current outcome was already predicted.

She lifted her finger and was about to order the the match to come to a close.

However, it was at this time that D455 asked Lenny a question.

To the surprise of everyone watching, he answered.

His answer was not address to his opponent but to the Magistri.

"is this show nice enough!?"

The Magistri nodded, "not bad!"

Lenny sighed, "I guess it's my turn then."

Rabid Dog!

This ability allowed Lenny to double his strength. When using Rabid dog, he enters a state of pure rage for blood.

Although he was still under punishment and could not use his full abilities, it did not mean that he had suddenly become useless.

D455 had come close to hear what Lenny wanted to say.

Immediately, Lenny entered Rabid dog, his eyes turned a quick shade of red.

With speed and efficiency, he reached for D455's pointy ear with his teeth.

He bit into it and pulled hard like a dog playing with a chew toy.

Plurrrrrggg!

A jet of blood came out with the ear as D455 screamed.

Lenny leaned back and with tremendous force, he kicked forward.

His heael got the the screaming D455 right in the jaw, forcing him to bite on his own tongue.

Lenny turned to A890 holding him in his embrace.

"Do you know you are so unlucky," Lenny muttered.

"UNLUCKY!? Do you think I am like D455. I'll Crush you with your own strength."

He activated his ability absorbing more of Lenny's strength.

Lenny was a trained Assassin. There was a lot of moves he could have used at this time.

However, he wanted to enjoy beating this gladiator at his own game.

"10, 9, 8," Steadily, Lenny counted.

"What? Counting to the end of your life?" A890 sneakered.

"Actually, it's to the end of yours. 3, 2, 1,"

"Huh!?" A890

Suddenly frowned.

And then his frown evolved into full blown screams.

"PLEASE!!! MAKE IT STOP. HELP ME!!! AHAHAAAA!!!"

He screamed loudly as his head suddenly expanded slowly, and when the swelling could not go any further, it exploded.

His brain matter and skull parts littered the entire Ring area.

Some of his blood even splattered on the audience.

No one knew how Lenny had done it.

All they knew was what they saw.

A890 had been screaming for help until he died.

What happened was actually not so difficult.

When Lenny was counting down, he was counting down to the end of his punishment period.

The moment the punishment period was over, his power resumed in full.

A890 had the ability to absorb strength.

However, even with his enhancement with the Devil Pill, he was not truly in the Lesser demon ranks.

That is, he did not have a demon rank.

Therefore, his body could not tolerate the absorption of strength in the demon ranks.

This resulted into his head swelling and blowing up like an over pumped balloon.

Lenny pushed him off, and the headless body fell to the ground.

Even the Devill's pill was not strong enough to heal an entire head.

A890 was dead an gone.

The development of things had suddenly taken a surprisung turn.

Even Cuban could not help but laugh proudly, while Basit froze in shock.

He really could not fantom what had happened.

As far as he was concerned, he was winning. Or rather, he should be winning.

But just as he was to reach the peak, he was suddenly pulled down.

He felt like a man that had been pumping into a very beautiful woman, and just when he was about to release his load, the beautiful woman was suddenly stolen from him.

Lenny cracked his neck a few times and stretched well.

His powers had returned to their full. Unlike D800's injuries, the Chaos magic did not hinder his healing process.

His injuries healed steadily.

However, the fight had not yet ended.

After all, the deal was Death of the opponent.

One was dead. He still had one more to go.

Lenny walked over to D455. As he did, D455 tried to back off in fear.

Lenny smiled, "don't worry, I promise to make this as painful as possible."

He waved his hands and his Pincers appeared.

Lenny waved them and D455's hands were cleanly cut off.

"AHHHHHH!!!"

Lenny waved the pincers again and the legs from thighs were cut off.

"Now! What was that promise again?" Lenny scratched his jaw, "yes, I remember now, " his smile became broader, "my new coat."

Lenny sat on the chest of the screaming man. And then he began his work.

He used a pincer to cut a straight line on his forehead down to his neck.

Just before the line would heal, Lenny used his fingers to stop it.

And then Lenny started.

With his knowledge about the anatomy of the human body, this was easy as pie for him.

He made sure to not cut any unnecessary vein or artery.

He wanted D455 to be alive and awake through out the entire skinning process...

Chapter 122 To Win The Respect Of Even The Demons

Basit tried to advance to stop the match, but Cuban immediately stood before him.

"Badit! We have set rules. Will a respected demon as yourself ignore those rules? I mean even in front of the other Arena masters?"

Basit gritted his teeth hard.

Cuban chuckled a bit. He turned as he watched the fight.

According to the rules, the match had not ended until the opposing party was dead.

Deals amongst demons were greatly frowned upon if broken.

Losing the bet would be the least of Basit's worries if he attempted to go any further.

He had no choice but to watch Lenny at work.

Meanwhile, E666 had already reached her climax, and was going for a second round.

In between her legs leaked steadily to the ground.

The blood stains on Lenny was an exotic sight for her.

Many would have noticed her arousal, but eyes were focused on the fight.

Lenny was really making it longer than it should have been.

However, rules were rules.

Lenny had always been one that was meticulous with his work.

This was a habit he developed from a very early age.

Back then when he was little, he would have to isolate the screams of the rodents he was operating on in his mind, while still gaining the satisfaction of exploring their exposed body.

Later on, he conducted several operations on human beings.

On one occasion, he even had a conversation with the man he was dissecting while he did his good work.

Of course, by conversation, it was the man begging for his life throughout the entire process and Lenny convincing him why it was a necessary for him to play with the man's insides.

Lenny remembered that back then, he had shifted the location of many of the man's internal organs just to see if he would survive afterwards.

Thinking back to those times, Lenny could not help but chuckle a little.

Those times for him were nice times.

When Lenny worked, his mind entered a kind of Zoned state where his focus was entirely fixed on the sensation of his fingers, the knife and the patient underneath the knife.

It was only in this state that he got true tranquility.

Regardless of the screams for him to stop followed by threats from Basit, Lenny continued.

Like a lover caressing the skin of an affectionate lover, he touched D455 with the blade most tenderly.

He did not want mistakes in his work.

Unfortunately, D455 reverted back to his usual human appearance as Lenny worked.

This meant that the healing that the devil's pill provided was gone.

Lenny did not mind this.

It only meant that it was easier to skin his victim.

Lenny whistled a song as he worked.

His fingers moved with professional efficiency.

He made sure to not touch veins or arteries that would allow D455 to bleed out.

If the patient died, then the aim would be defeated.

After all, the goal was for D455 to experience the agonizing pain of having his flesh ripped out stylishly from his body while he was still alive.

Lenny wanted him to understand that they were somethings far worse than death.

In fact, death was but a nice, quick escape from the true responsibility which was suffering.

The face because of its different contours was the most tricky part of this work.

Lenny had make sure that he maintained as much as possible the physical structures when it was peeled off.

If this was his former life, he would have had chemicals as his desposal that would have made the enduring work a lot easier but unfortunately, he had nothing and had to work with what he had.

Along the art of his carving, he even had to change blades several times.

It was not that the blade was blunt, but different edges suited different parts.

For example, the neck with it's easily folded areas needed thinner edges.

At one point, Lenny had to stand up and sharpen a pincer in a particular shape before he continued.

Lenny even thought of asking for better blades from the Magistri, but that would be against the rules of the match.

External interferences was not allowed.

He was only allowed to use what was with him within the ring.

Lenny removed the face as perfect as possible.

It formed a very nice mask.

Maybe it was the kind of strength, precision, and even accuracy that this world provided him with as he got stronger, but one thing that was sure was that this was his best work yet.

He even got the nose and the lips well. These were areas he would have rather skipped because of how tricky it was.

However, he had made a promise to use D455's skin as a jacket.

Lenny panned to follow through with it as precised as he could.

For Lenny's work, even the ears and the skin on the head was not exempted.

Along the line, Lenny took a short 5 mins break to let his fingers rest a bit.

After which he resumed work. He could not help but sigh as he continued.

If he had known, he would have brought in a bottle of water before he started this match.

Luckily, he had reached the chest and stomach region.

This area was broad and the easiest to slice off.

When Lenny was done with it, he tactically turned the screaming D455 to his side so that he could get a nice cut through the back.

By now, D455 had not been screaming for his life but rather, he was screaming for death.

After a long audacious period, Lenny was done with what thought was a really cool jacket.

For places like the groin area, although it would have been easier to just cut off the man's man hood, Lenny patiently cut off the skin around his penis and then he wore it on his fingers like rings.

Lenny did not let any layer of skin on the man's torso go to waste.

By the time he was done, he was D455's bloody skin as a jacket with the excess skin as rings on his fingers.

Forget the gladiators, even the demons looked at him speechless for words....

Chapter 123 To Threaten An Arena Master Is A Sin.

Lenny stood to his feet with his new coat.

He looked at how it fit on his skin and nodded to himself, "this is not so bad?" He muttered.

However, the crowd remained silent as all eyes remained glued on him.

They could not believe it. Just like Lenny had said, he had actually done it.

Giving out threats was a normal thing.

At the end of the day, those threats were just an expression of how annoyed a person was and how he wanted to kill his opponent.

But not Lenny he had followed up judicially with the threat he gave out.

He had told D455 that he would use his skin as his new coat and while the man was still alive, he did just that.

It took almost two hours but Lenny had patiently skinned the man.

He had done with such precise skill that one would have thought that he was butcher before he became a gladiator.

This ran shivers down the spine of many gladiators watching.

One thing was on their minds. Was this the kind of man they were to compete in a tournament against?

But Lenny was not yet done.

After all, D455 was not yet dead.

However, death would have been paradise compared to the suffering that he had just experienced.

D455's mind was already on the brink of madness from the pain.

Lenny however was not done.

He lifted D455 by the neck and brought him towards D800's corpse that laid at a corner.

He placed the skin of D455's face over D800's face such that it formed a skin mask.

"Now, Appologise!"

"Huh!?" The crowd was surprised by this.

"I said, appologise."

D455 in a whole world of pain did not hesitate and appologised fervently.

The moment Lenny felt satisfied, he moved his wrist, breaking his neck.

Lenny walked over to the front of the raging Basit, and threw the corpse of D455 at his feet.

"You are the reason D800 is dead. You owe me a new jacket!"

"Huh!?" The crowd gasped in shock.

Even Cuban had squint his eyes a little.

After all,.in relation to what Lenny had just done by Skinning D455, he was essentially extending the challenge to Basit.

However, this was either comical or most laughable.

A human was challenging a demon was the most funny joke of the year.

But surprisingly, no one laughed at this.

And Basit for a slight second even felt threatened.

Boom!

Basit kicked harshly against the ground as he rushed for Lenny.

His sharp claws came right for his neck.

He was so fast that most had not seen him move.

However, before he could sink his claws into the desrespecting human, another hand blocked the attack.

BOOM!

It was Cuban.

The moment Basit moved, so did Cuban.

Cuban blocked the attack, "Basit! You dare make an attempt on my stock. Do you have no shame after your terrible loss or do you want me to teach you a lesson reserved for those that touch my property."

Cuban had defended the attack but some Darkline energy had been released and it pushed Lenny back.

Lenny stumbled a bit, but he held himself back from falling.

He suddenly turned to the side and vomited a mouth full of blood.

"So this is Deep level Darkline magic," Lenny thought to himself.

It was fierce, and only a little had been released but his insides felt as if he had been hit by a bus.

His organs vibrated steadily and he could feel the demon's Darkline magic move chaotically inside him.

Lenny wiped the blood stain at the side of his mouth.

He was badly wounded, and even though the healing process had started, he could see the alert from the Satan system telling him to run.

This meant that a challenge against Basit at his current level, was equivalent to sure Death.

Surveyor!

"AHH!" Lenny groaned.

His eyes hurt the moment he tried to use his ability to see Basit stats.

This demon was far above his level.

Not talk of seeing his name, just trying to use his ability on him hurt like hell.

A drop of blood leaked the side of one of his eyes.

Basit frowned at Cuban, "Cuban! Will you let your stock show me, a demon and an Arena master such disrespect?"

Cuban chuckled, "even if he has shown you disrespect, is it not me to judge whether it was disrespect or not? Also, when did I say that I appreciated your disciplinarian qualities in my house?"

Cuban pushed him back with great force, "besides, your discipline amounted with your stock apologising to the dead."

Those words infuriated Basit even more.

In Demon society, the dead were frowned at to be useless and unworthy.

After all, it was a very competitive society.

Those that died especially in a fight were seen to be weak and incapable.

παπα---nova| com When Lenny had made the Skinned D455 to apologise to the dead, he had aimed it not just to honor D800, but to annoy Basit.

Basit could not hold it back any more. He wanted to vent.

He had just incurred a very terrible loss.

Five hundred half born females and five hundred normal human females was a lot.

Even if Lenny had not done what he did, he would have still looked for a way to find trouble.

His Darkline magic, dark and greenish went into the air.

As it did, the earth under his feet seemed to shake.

Cuban stood before him, his red Darkline energy also rushed into the air.

Another fight was brewing.

The eyes of the Arena masters was immediately drawn to this two.

Fights amongst Arena masters were usually done with their stock or else they would incur charges.

However, it was apparent that these two were in no mood to just be satisfied with the outcome of the battle or to even sit and talk it out.

Both Basit and Cuban looked at one another fiercely in the eyes.

Just when they were about to move, a finger suddenly appeared in their center.

It was like he had materialized from thin air.

Yet, it felt like he had always been there, but no one saw him until this moment.

He wore a three piece suit and looked like a gentleman of old.

However, his face was hairy and his sharp demon teeth escaped the sides of his mouth.

Basically, his facial features were menacing to look at.

However, he was well known in this city and amongst the Arena masters.

"Please forgive my intrusion Arena masters but Lady Vinegar would prefer that you cease your current actions this very moment."

Basket face spoke with an accent that showed his authority, position and mannerism.

Although he was polite, his gaze at them showed otherwise.

Instantly, but Cuban and Basit swallowed back their Darkline magic.

Basket face turned to Basit, "lady Vinegar congratulates you on setting a nice show as preliminary to the main event. However, she hopes that you honor your side of the agreement and send over the human slaves."

Basit frowned as he turned about to leave, "I know!"

He hissed loudly as he walked away. His anger was obvious to all.

Basket face gave him a polite bow.

Then he turned to Cuban, "the lady wishes to congratulate you on your win. It would seem that that your riches have multiplied itself as a result of your good training," his eyes glanced in Lenny's direction.

Cuban gave a side smirk. To say he was not happy about the results would be a lie.

"The residence for your stay during this tournament has already been arranged as those for your stock."

Cuban nodded, "thank you Basket face. Please also extend my thanks to Lady Vinegar."

Cuban turned and motioned for the Magistri and the rest to follow along.

As they did, the other Arena masters also dispersed.

The Tournament had barely started and there was already interesting gist to accompany them for the night.

Without a doubt, the entire city was going to know what had just happened in this place.

Rumors of Basit's devil drug and Cuban's stock that could easily tranverse class would be sensational to ears.

There was also the fact that Cuban's stock had threatened a demon.

Surely, the Governor's daughter's birthday was going to be an interesting one.

Many could not wait for the fun to begin.

As the gladiator's followed behind the Magistri, A222 noticed the dripping from E666's loin cloth to the ground.

Meanwhile, Lenny had only taken a few steps when he felt eyes on him.

He was an assassin and he was sensitive to malicious looks on his person.

However, this one was different.

It was as if he was striped off his clothes and was glared at in all his pits and corners.

It made a shiver run down his spine.

Instinctively, he looked in the direction of the glare.

It was far off in the distance.

He could not see the person clearly.

All he saw was the silhouette of a white robe with flowery golden patterns on it....

Chapter 124 Do Not Underestimate The Tournament.

Lenny frowned at this but he turned and walked away.

The treatment of humans, Lenny got to discover was not just terrible at Cuban's Arena.

The Gladiators were all kept in one area.

However, aside from meal time, they were all kept in separate cells.

That is, Gladiators under an Arena master were grouped together away from Gladiators of other Arena masters.

This was done to avoid sabotaging.

After all, Gladiators did not exactly have rules forbidding cheating to win.

Every thing whether by hook or crook was seen as a part of a person's strength.

There were first taken to the dinning hall for their meal.

Just like back home, they were fed Mushroom paste.

The only difference here was that everybody sat on chairs.

However, even during meal time, he could hear the whispers that came from all around him.

They were accompanied by strange glares. Some were of adoration, but most, were like daggers against his back.

"Don't mind them," A222 said as she sat in front of him with her plate of food, "one way or the other, we were bound to make enemies in this hell hole. At least this way, they know to fear us."

Lenny looked at her. This was the first time she was actually talking to him.

More people dropped their plates of food at his table.

Of course, these were all gladiators under Cuban's Arena.

Unfortunately, one seat remained empty.

This made Lenny sigh. That seat was supposed to be D800's.

He waved his hand and the skin on his shoulder from D455's body was thrown unto the seat.

It was clear to everyone what Lenny was doing. He was honoring D800.

And he did it in a scary and deterring way.

Lenny looked at the faces of the gladiators on his table.

Some like E666 immediately avoided eye contact with him.

After all, she was still on Lenny's Kill list. This had not changed one bit.

Lenny scoffed a bit, and then his eyes landed on A222, "are all of you riding on my win?"

"Is there a problem with that?" She asked back.

"Yes! I RIDE solo."

"Well, that will have to change. You may be strong, but you still need us."

"Really!? How? Tell me how a two time bitch like you can be useful."

She scoffed back at him, "firstly, I am not scared of you..."

"That can be arranged!" He argued back immediately.

She scoffed again, "SECONDLY," she drew closer to him as she whispered, "if this is the issue about the Order of gladiators..."

"It is!"

"Well, I had no choice. From the moment I stepped into that hall, I knew who the Order master was with my nose alone. Do you know how many times I wanted to tell the others? But I couldn't. 'He', no, 'They' would have had my head."

"And so you lied to everybody. Do you know how many died because of that lie? Their hopes of a better world out there and YOUR fucking lie killed them."

"Well, I don't think you have noticed, but it's a really fucked up world everywhere, and if lying lets me breathe, then Fuck you! After all, you got out, and then what did you do when you came back? Did you free them? The so called 'Hope filled gladiators'. What did you do to them, Huh!? You butchered them because of your Fucking revenge. How are you any different from me. I fucked them up to survive and you fucked them up for your Petty Revenge. Guess what asshole, it's the same boat in a world that wants to eat us alive so DEAL WITH IT!"

As she ranted, her voice had climbed several pitches drawing the attention of everyone in the dinning all to both of them.

She suddenly noticed this and calmed down.

Lenny also looked at her with a brow up. Even he knew that a big part of what she had just said was true. But they were parts of him he just couldn't hold back.

If a person were to slap him on one cheek, he was not going to turn the other cheek, but rather peel off the flesh of the person's cheeks.

Things calmed down a little.

"Like I said. We can help you as much as you can help us," A222's voice had calmed down once more. "I know you are strong, but if you underestimate the gladiators in this room, your unbecoming will become your new reality."

Lenny raised a brow at this. However, A222 already had a convincing explanation.

"These events are not always as straight as they seem. Demons are naturally cunning people. Although they are very strict with rules, their strict nature is the same reason why you shouldn't trust them. Or do you think you are the only one capable of killing a lesser demon in this room?"

That last sentence grabbed Lenny's attention.

"But the rules are strict. Only gladiators within the A class to E class."

"True, but that is relative. Every rule has a backdoor. A form of loop hole. You can call it a leak. Whenever rules are given, backdoors are always available. You for example are a backdoor that the

Magistri found. You can negate abilities and have a lot of strength. He was sure you would be able to deceive the test crystal ball, and you did just that. You have not violated the rules as the crystal ball affirmed your class to be 'D'. It would only be foolish to think that other Arena masters do not have their own methods."

Hearing this made Lenny sink into thought.

He remembered the very first time he had gone to the order of Gladiators.

It was the same thing back then.

D7007 had bribed a demon guard to only look front while he patrolled.

The rule for the demons was to watch the males from entering into the female cells and vice versa.

However, this rule only applied if they saw it.

If they didn't, it did not apply.

The bribe was not for the demon to allow them go into the female cells, but to keep looking forward.

If he did not see it, it was safe to say that he did not know.

It was the same in this case with the tournament.

Not seen equated to not caught, and not caught equated to never happened.

However, Lenny still had other questions.

"I thought half Borns were made into Lesser demons once they finished from the A class. How then is that possible?"

"No! You got it all wrong. That rule only belongs to Cuban. He is a Blood demon of noble bloodline. It is his method of ensuring their loyalty. There are others of different Arena masters that do not have such skill as he does. Although they might have their own special means, but do not be deceived. Humans have incredible potential for growth and that is why demons use us."

"And how do you know so much?" Lenny asked her.

"The Magistri did not mix us up just because of strength in our Classes, but because of our special skills and abilities. For me, it is..." She pointed to her nose, mouth, and ears.

"I have very good senses. Of course it depends on the range. In some cases, I can even taste a lie in the air."

"Oh really?" Lenny had a skeptical look on his face.

She scoffed a bit, "I know, you don't believe me. I know things I shouldn't. I can even hear everything that happens from the A class to the F class."

Lenny's brows raised further, "Really!?"

A222 frowned. Apparently, he needed evidence.

"Who is Crusher? And Insect-B. I could hear them constantly banging from underneath the Chimera colony. One of them certainly likes the deep throat."

Lenny's eyes widened in surprise.

Even if she knew about Crusher and Insect-B, she shouldn't know about such detailed description of their activities.

Lenny suddenly cracked a slight smile, "what else do you know?"

"A lot. I know that E666 has the joys for you even though you broke her limbs, gouged out her eyes and nearly killed her."

A222 and Lenny glanced in E666's direction. She noticed their look on her, and immediately averted their eyes.

Lenny scoffed, "that's too easy. But you pass for now. So tell me about these gladiators that have lesser demon strength."

A222 stylishly pointed to a Gladiator at her far left on another table.

It was a woman. She looked frail and pale and ate her food in silence. She looked undisturbed by the activities around her, and even her teammates seemed to avoid her.

"What!? Her?"

"Yes," A222 patted her nose with a finger. She smells a bit like you with lesser demon strength. Also, she makes the air taste weird."

Lenny heard this and used Surveyor her way.

However,the moment he did, the pale woman immediately looked in his direction....

Chapter 125 Chaos In The Dinning Hall. The Appealing Obsession Of Sick Love.

It was a sharp look.

However, Lenny was not intimidated by this and did not remove his eyes.

After a while, she gave a slight smile his way.

It looked so innocent and pure.

If Lenny was to describe it, then it was as if a lily flower had just bloomed in the midst of a dirty swamp.

Regardless of the fact that she was pale to her lips, it was still a very attractive smile.

However, What Lenny saw in her stats said something entirely different from the fragility of her smile.

The details of her stats was not exactly his problem. After all, she only had strength at the first stage of the lesser demon rank.

However, her ability said one word.

<Poison>

A222 nodded, "yes, her! Her nickname is as her touch. Rumors have it that anything or any person she has ever touched always ends up in the same way. This including any man she has ever had. They are ended up ROTTEN!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, her poison is so strong that even her Arena master can only fantasize having her in his bed, and he is a deep level demon. She is not one to be touched."

Lenny nodded at this. However, because of the Satan system, he had never had to worry about poison. He did not exactly see her as a threat.

He scoffed a bit at this.

"There are more. Her counter part and twin brother has a similar ability. He is called Decay. Unfortunately, he was lost in a betting game by another Arena master. Only during events such as this one can they ever meet."

Just as A222 was talking, Lenny noticed a gladiator's eyes on him from a corner. He instinctively looked in that direction.

It was a young man walking over towards Poison.

Unlike her's, his skin looked to be rumpled.

It almost looked as if someone had squeezed together clothes in the heavens and dropped it on the man's body as his skin.

He came from behind her, his fingers brushing against her fingers.

He gave Poison an affectionate look and then looked once more in Lenny's direction with obvious daggers in his eyes.

After which he went back to his seat.

However, Lenny noticed that just the slight touch between them and Poison's hand seem to decay a little while Decay's fingers turned pale as his sister's.

"Rumours say that both brother and sister are in love with one another, but every attempt at fucking is an attempt on their own lives," A222 continued, "for some reason, every time they come together, their powers go out of control, arming one another."

A222 pointed at another corner, "There is another threat you should worry about. Another pair of lovers that can hurt you bad. The gladiators call the big one Tank and the little one, Adorable the Untouched."

"Huh?" In his life time, Lenny had seen some really whack names and nicknames, but this one nearly made him burst out laughing.

"Adorable the Untouched! Really!?"

"Yes. He is called Adorable the untouched because only tank gets to have him."

Lenny looked in the direction she spoke of.

It was very big Black skinned guy flirting with a with a smaller white skinned guy.

However, the white skinned guy did not act in any way befitting a man.

He even behaved more girly than the women gladiators Lenny had seen in this place.

His looks were also very girly.

Lenny had to admit that by looks and temperament alone, the man was more feminine than any of the women he had seen in this place.

At the moment, Tank was feeding Adorable the Untouched some of his food, and both men flirted their relationship openly.

Lenny used Surveyor on them.

Tank's ability was <Amoured Skin>

While Adorable the Untouched's ability was <Amplifier>

"This is my second time meeting them. Adorable the untouches is like his personal power battery. Tank never shares. Unfortunately, the last time a tournament was hosted, Cuban came across a certain loss at the betting table and we had to leave very early. Although I must say that I am surprised to see that they are still alive. Seeing this kind of competition twice in a row is actually a fortune."

Just then, Lenny felt as if a blade had passed the side of his neck, right at his Jugular veins.

It was fast and had come with such precision that for a split second, Lenny had held his breath and paused swallowing his food in fear that the process of his sure death was going to be quicker with those actions.

He immediately moved to the side in a dodging attempt. However, unlike he expected, nothing came for him.

Just to be sure, Lenny touched his neck.

There was no cut and no blood as evidence of one.

However, how could that be so?

Lenny was not new to this feeling, but he still felt as if he was cut.

He turned in the direction the attack had come from.

It was an old man in a corner.

He smiled towards Lenny revealing his unequal dental equation.

"What of that one?" Lenny asked.

"That one is called old Blunt. It is said that he has the touch of the edge of the world."

Lenny frowned.

At this point, he was actually fed up to use Surveyor on this people there were just too many of them.

Truly, Cuban was not the Only Arena master that was giving this match his best.

"I don't think you should be worried about them."

Lenny turned back at her, "and why is that!?"

"The reward for this Tournament is very important. The Magistri made sure we were paired with precision to our special abilities. We all compliment one another in one way or another. And besides, we have me."

Lenny nodded. He had to admit that she was really as valuable as she had said she was.

Although Lenny had his Surveyor ability and could just see their abilities, however, information for an assassin was always key.

This was something that Lenny would never underestimate.

After all, the system only showed him the surface information.

Things such as emotional connections that could become valuable as a weapon in a fight to the death was not given.

A222 had really proven to be useful.

As an assassin, Lenny had always ensured that Home work was never neglected on a target.

Although his playing field was currently much broader, the rules still remained the same.

Both of them continued their conversation.

Lenny hot to discover secrets about the other Gladiators that he did not know before.

As they conversed, E666 frowned in her sit.

She really did not like seeing A222 talk with Lenny.

It made her squeeze the edge of her bowl.

"Usefulness?" She said to herself, "I can be useful too!"

She looked around. Far off in the corner, she could see Tank still feeding and flirting with his boy toy.

U

Immediately, she stood to her feet and went after him.

As she did, the eyes of the gladiators were immediately drawn to her.

After all, gladiators were on different tables, all sitting in accordance to the names of their Arena masters.

Also, this was not a place of violence. If any gladiator were to go against the rules, the demons would not be so merciful.

However E666 moved with confidence.

She walked up to Tank and leaned into his face, placing a light kiss on his lips and tracing it all the way to his ear.

"You want to have me, right!?" As she whispered those words, her eyes glowed a slight pink.

However as she kissed him, her fingers also ran across another gladiator at his side.

Immediately, Tank pushed his boy toy aside as he rushed for E666, pushing her against the table.

He was going to take her on the spot.

However, the other Gladiator by his side stood up and pushed him away.

He too attempted to remove his loin cloth in an attempt to mount her.

Tank saw this and gave him a punch to the face.

The gladiator was sent flying into another table, destroying their food.

One of them from that table in his anger rushed for tank.

Before anyone knew it, a brawl across several tables had begun.

Meanwhile, E666 slowly backed away. Her eyes in appreciation of the chaos she had just caused.

The demons immediately came with their whips to separate the fight.

A lot of gladiators had some how been pulled in, and blood was naturally introduced as the fight got fiercer.

Lenny was a bit taken aback by this but he scoffed at it, stood up and walked away to his room.

E666 on the other hand, impressed by her work turned to see his expression. However, she saw him walking away with A222 following up closely behind him.

This made her frown so hard she slightly bit her lower lips...

Chapter 126 Strange Visitor At Night

Lenny had to admit that A222 was right.

For this tournament, the Magistri had given his all.

He had made sure that he had selected only the best for this mission.

However, Lenny also had his own plans.

He did not want to be another person's puppet any longer.

Lenny could tell that the moment they won this tournament, the Magistri would find a way to turn him to one of them once they got back home.

Or even worse, silence him.

After all, a person was only useful when they were useful.

Otherwise, they are useless.

It was best to take action when he was useful.

Lenny was given his own private room. This was requested specially for him by Cuban in appreciation for his hard work earlier in the day.

Lenny laid on the low cotton bed to relax.

This was the most comfortable place he had ever laid his back on since he came into this world.

However, the allure of sleep was the last thing on his mind. He let loose his perception ability, focusing all his power including magic points into his exploration.

His perception spread all the way to the other gladiator cells.

The rest of his teammates shared a room.

He could see E666 riding on top of one of the B class Gladiators in his team.

He couldn't help but feel pity for the unlucky soul.

In fact, he felt Pity for any one that would stick their thing inside E666.

A222 laid at a corner.

The moment his perception brushed over her skin, she opened her eyes and looked around, but did not notice anything wrong about her.

She shook her head and went back to sleep.

Seeing this, Lenny nodded in acknowledgment of her perceptive abilities.

His senses flowed out more into other cells.

He could see them doing their own thing.

Some not much different from what E666 was doing.

His perception went past them and then out the gladiator area.

He could feel the different kinds of demons on Patrol.

Just then, his senses stopped where Basket face the butler was having a conversation with another demon hidden on the dark.

"The lady's birthday celebration this year might be the last if care is not taken." The demon advised Basket face, "I did just as you requested and it's true. The governor was really wounded on the battlefield in a corrupted devil dungeon. The maids said that he has contacted the Devil corruption. He only has a few more days before his power can no longer hold back the corruption. What are you going to do about this? If the governor goes mad, they will come for his position."

Basket face nodded, "I know! My lady has already put up plans in place. Whether it's her brothers or the other houses aiming for the Governor's sit, she is already prepared."

"I really hope you are right. If not, I'll advice that you extinguish your loyalty to her. They are far better masters to serve. I heard her elder brother has reached the Great demon ranks and she is only a deep level demon. Surely, you are aware of who the people will choose to lead them. Demons are only loyal to the strongest."

"I know," Basket face nodded, "why do you think she is putting much effort into the tournament this year. My lady even went so far as to secure the vital core of an hell beast of primordial origin just to sway the hearts of the Arena masters."

eaglesnovel "Yes, I heard of that. What exactly is that about?" The demon asked.

Basket mouth looked around, there was no one watching. He leaned in.

"Normally, I would not tell anyone about this, but you my friend have been with me since our days fighting the corrupted."

Basket mouth leaned in further, "do you remember that little escortion last year?"

"Yes, I do."

"We found it. What we were looking for, we actually found it."

A black hand from the shadow grabbed Basket face chest, "really? You found a piece of the first fallen!? Why didn't you tell me all this time?"

Shush!

Basket face motioned for the demon to shut up, "yes we did. And there was no need to tell you when you had your own missions. The map to the location sits with my lady. However, there is a problem with it. It is in a dungeon."

"And what is the problem with that?" The demon asked.

"Firstly, it is a corrupted dungeon. Secondly, It is a ranked dungeon. Because of my lady's rank, she can't get in."

"Then just send anybody in there."

"We done that already, the corruption within the cave is too strong. The all came out corrupted. Finding gladiators that will get it in this tournament is her aim."

"Hmmm, I see. This had better work. After all, this is a piece of Lucifer Morningstar we are talking about."

Lenny had heard the conversation this far, and had not been too sure of who they referred to as the first fallen.

However, the moment they mentioned Lucifer Morningstar's name, he gasped.

Unfortunately, this was reflected in his perception ability.

Basket face suddenly paused and turned to him.

Even though he was not there to see him, Lenny felt as if the demon was looking right at him.

Basket face stretched a hand in the air, and Kenny suddenly felt as if he was being choked.

Immediately, he pulled back his perception ability.

Basket face frowned at this, "they got away!"

*Cough*cough*

He coughed to the side, blood pouring out of his mouth.

Lenny massaged his neck. There was a choking mark on it.

Even though he had not been there, the demon's power had still reached him.

He had been extra careful. This was not like that time when he was just experimenting with his ability and had used it to spy on the magistri.

Now, he was more refined with it and could easily bend it as he wished especially with the help of his magic points.

However, he had messed up when he allowed his emotions to get involved the moment he heard Lucifer's name.

He coughed up some blood to the side and rested back into the bed.

He breath in and out heavily.

He had truly not expected to hear and know the things he just did.

According to what he heard, lady Vinegar was very well willing to sacrifice the core of a hell's beast of Primordial origin just to get the better reward of having a piece of Lucifer morningstar.

This was clearly sacrificing less for much more.

Lenny could tell from the conversation between the two that this piece of Lucifer was not going to be like the tiny drop of blood he had gotten from the Chimera queen.

Lenny's heart raced at the thought of it.

Apparently, Lady Vinegar would be expecting him to bring it to her. However, he had better plans for that piece of Lucifer morningstar.

It was already derp of the night, and Lenny was still on deep thought.

He already had the aim of defeating everyone in the Arena. However, he was wondering how he could keep the benefits of his effort to himself and not the demons that wanted to use him.

Just then, the door to his cell opened up.

A lady walked into the room.

Although her face was not clear because of the veil over it, Lenny could still tell that it was a woman from the curves of her body under the veil.

The woman stood before him, and then she slowly removed the stripes of her gown, letting her thin clothes pool underneath her.

There was barely any light in the room, with the only slight brightness coming from the light of the stars that sneaked in through the window.

However, even that did not reveal her face.

All the little light did, was dance on her fair saline skin.

Her curves looked like they were screaming for his immediate attention on them.

And his eyes drawn by her appetizing body stroked their firm gaxmze on her skin.

Her chest had perky breasts to bless their surface, with nipples he could see were erect to her arousal.

Even though she was naked, her breasts did not fall one bit, and in-between them, Lenny could see what he was sure was a gleaming necklace.

She walked over to his side.

Lenny watched as her fingers traced his body from his neck, through his firm chest.

Her middle finger was longer than the rest, and it danced on his well chiseled abs all the way to his loin cloth.

Gently, she reached inside to feel his man organ that was already veined and erect to the sight of her body.

Slowly, her fingers striped him.

Till this moment he could not see her face, but he could see her clear eyes that seem to glow as they were glued to his own, not parting ways even as her fingers striped him.

And then when his organ was revealed before her, she stood over him.

From the way she looked at his erection, Lenny could tell that she licked her lips in her hunger for him.

And then she squat low as she sat in his....

Chapter 127 Strange Visitor At Night 2

From the way she looked at his erection, Lenny could tell that she licked her lips in her hunger for him.

And then she squat low as she sat in his groin.

Lenny did not disturb her. Rather, he actually enjoyed the way she led the process.

She sat on his erection and Lenny felt as her lips parted ways for his man-organ to slide into her.

It was surprisingly very moist and warm.

Almost as if she had been aroused long before meeting him.

She sat on him, and slowly, she swallowed him inside her.

And then her fingers traced his tummy back to his chest.

Using his shoulders for support, she began her riding.

At first it started slow, and then he leaned in, his hands wrapping around her slim waist, and pulling her close to his waist.

Her motion on him was directed gently by the way he moved her waist, and she let him lead.

In only a matter of seconds, both of them matched each other's speeds.

It was like both their bodies had entered an incredible harmonic state.

She leaned into him, and her fingers traced down his back, leaving claw marks and blood as they did.

This action of hers ignited his passion for her even more.

He lifted her up, and then slammed her down into a missionary position.

Lifting one of her legs above his head, he rammed inside her once more.

"Mmmm!!!" She gave a stifled moan the enjoyment of the moment.

However, Lenny was not satisfied with this.

He leaned in further, bending her flexible leg until it reached her head.

eaglesnovel.com He grabbed her waist tight, and then he stormed inside her.

The ferocity of their union echoed loudly on the walls, a testament to the domination of their togetherness.

She might have been in charge from the beginning. However, not any more.

Lenny has taken control of her body.

Lenny was not on any aphrodisiac, but the way her insides felt made him pump faster and harder.

It was like her insides were wrapping around his groin even tighter.

At first she could hold back her moans.

However, after a while, thrle fruits of his hard pounding came out of her throat.

But she still tried to drown them with her hands.

Her breasts swayed back and forth excitedly before his eyes like a simple pendulum bulb.

Every swing to the attention of his slamming.

His hands reached forward to grab them, and the moment his fingersss touched them, they sank into them like the softness of a pillow.

Lenny was not very big in the first place, and his hands not so big either, but to maximize the feel of the endowment before his eyes, he still spread his fingers wide, ensuring they sank on well.

He caught her nipples in between his digits. Their erection was clear.

Lenny leaned in, and then he grabbed one of them in his mouth.

"Ahhh!!!" A different kind of moan escaped her lips slightly.

Lenny played with her nipples with his teeth.

All the while, he had not stopped his pounding for even a second.

He could feel her moistness get wetter with every thrust inside her.

By now, her wetness was already leaking down her hole unto the bed.

But Lenny did not stop.

He had already done it twice since he came to this world.

But there was something about this partner that just pulled him in.

Every time he entered her, the hunger to enter her only increased.

It was like his manhood was developing an obsession for the feel of her insides.

Like flipping a pancake, he turned her over.

Now, she was in a doggy position.

He spread her legs apart properly, pushing them forward to allowing her backside arch more towards him.

She bent her head down low, letting her back form an incredible 'C'.

This way allowed for less interruption from her butt cheeks.

It was still dark, but Lenny could still trace his fingers up and down the beauty of the curve in front of his face.

He leaned forward, unable to resist the urge to feel his lips on it.

His fingers spread her butt cheeks to locate her lips, and then he made out with them.

His kiss was deep, grabbing, and most of all, it was sexual, like old lovers meeting after being apart for so long.

Even though she tried hard to hide the moans, she just couldn't.

His attention to the detail of her body was precised.

Her fingers grabbed against the bed beneath them, digging into them.

The way she did, Lenny could tell that she had just reached her climax.

However, he was far from being satisfied.

He dug his sharp fingers into her butt cheeks like he was digging into a peach fruit.

And then, enjoying his fill of her taste, his lips departed hers, leaving a love fluid trail as evidence of their unwillingness to part ways.

But they had to. Lenny wanted to feel more of her insides with his rod.

It was primal urge he could not resist, and honestly did not want to.

Bringing his rod to her entrance, he could see as she pushed her waist back at him inviting him to once more penetrate her.

This made him give a slight smile.

He placed his rod in between her butt cheeks, and then he traced it slowly to her hole.

She pushed back further. She wanted him to take her.

Lenny chuckled a little at this. He enjoyed teasing her even more.

Up and down, he strolled his rod at her lips, teasing her need for him to take her once more.

Her wetness created for a nice grind of his tip against her sensitivity.

"You want it, then take it!"

Once more, he slammed inside her with deep force in his penetration.

All of him entered her.

And then without waiting any further, he pumped into her again and again.

Lenny was starting to reach his peak and wanted to pour his load inside her.

This was the height of pleasure.

The way her waist was arched made him desire her more. He reached forward to grab her hair.

As he did, he wrapped it around his wrist.

However, he suddenly felt something strange.

"This not the feel of hair!"

Lenny took a closer look, there were snakes wrapped along his arm, they snaked for his face with their mouths opened to take chunks of him....

Chapter 128 A Rough Night. Something Else Is Happening Here

The snakes longed for him. Although, he could tell that they were not actually going to hurt him since he did not feel any danger from them.

However, the surprise of it made him instinctively back off.

Also, he kicked the butt in front of him to the ground.

"What the Fuck!?"

Lenny waved his hands and two pincers appeared.

His perception shot into the environment, however, he did not see any snakes on the ground.

That could only mean one thing.

He looked at the figure before his eyes.

At the same time, the light from his window happen to just shine brighter as the clouds cleared away from the moon.

Even though not all her face was clear to his eyes, a lot of it still showed.

At least, he could see from a part of her nose down her lips and chin.

Just that part alone spoke incredible volumes of her beauty.

To make matters worse, most of the light from the high window shone on her incredibly sexy body.

It gave an alluring view of her body he could not describe.

Seeing her in her nude still draw him to her body.

Even while he raised his weapons at her, he could still feel the longing his body felt to be one with hers.

Her skin was so smooth and her curves so inviting.

Her waist was slim and her waist and thighs were thick leading to long legs.

If this was any other man, he would have no longer given a Damn and mounted her once more.

However, Lenny had gone through the monastery for pain and Pleasure.

He had incredible control over his sense of pleasure.

This also meant control over and against it.

The little moon light from the window moved a bit, and then Lenny could see it.

It was just as he had guessed in his head.

Those snakes, they had not been from around him.

They had been from her body.

However, he suddenly noticed something rather unique.

The snakes were actually where her hair was supposed to be.

Her blue eyes glowed slightly in the dark and the snakes that made up her hair rose up, pointed at him.

Hiss!

They hissed at him.

She suddenly took a step forward. However, Lenny raised his weapons higher.

She gave a slight smile at this. She stepped forward again.

Clank!

The door to his cell was being opened.

"Too bad, I wanted more!" She whispered her regret. Her voice was thin and almost sounded childish.

She suddenly picked her gown on the ground, dematerialized into dark smoke that smoked out the window.

Lenny was taken aback by this.

"What the fuck!?" He cursed again.

Just then, the Magistri walked into the room with a dark magic lamp in his hand.

He saw Lenny's naked state and erection pointing to the sky. He chuckled a bit, "I see you are already ready!"

He raised his brow at Lenny's blades, "this kid must be into some real kinky shit!" The Magistri thought to himself.

However, he did not mind.

After all, he used to be a gladiator before he became Magistri.

He was already used to seeing this kind of stuff.

In fact, he had seen a lot more than this.

This was the post apocalypse.

They were no rules stopping people from the kink that they desired.

No matter how twisted or crazy.

If the person could do it or afford it, then it was his or hers to enjoy.

He waved his hand behind, and two girls walked into the room.

Lenny could see the tags on their bodies.

These two were F class women.

"It is a present from Cuban. Have fun boy!"

The Magistri chuckled some more as he left the cell.

Bang!

He locked the door behind him.

As he did, Lenny looked out the window, and then back at the two girls that had entered his room.

When the first girl came in, he had thought different.

Lenny had been in the Arena long enough to understand it's ways.

For the good work he did for Cuban earlier on in the day, it was expected that Cuban was going to send some encouragement.

Seeing the confidence she had used to enter his cell, and the way she had instantly given herself to him, he had assumed that she was the person that Cuban sent.

He did not even put his guard up and had just rammed into her.

However, her snake hair had given her away.

Lenny sat at the side of the bed.

A strong frown stained his face.

Then again, how couldn't it?

He had just seen the girl with an amazing body he was banging only moments ago turn into smoke.

If he had not been in this world long enough, he would have thought that he was having a day dream.

As he sank deep in thought as to what was going on, one of the girls stepped forward.

She stood before him, as she let loose the ragged gown on her body.

Her clothes fell to the ground.

Lenny took a look at her, she had nothing like the body of the beauty he just had, but then again, he had not been able to finish with the last one and his erection was not calming down.

"Fuck it!" He cursed as he immediately threw the woman on the bed.

He was going to think about it later.

Bending the one before him in the position he had the previous lady, he rammed inside her.

The feeling of having this one was nothing like the other one, but he didn't care.

He continued his pounding the moment he rammed inside her.

Lenny had both women that night.

However, as he did, his thoughts was not on his constant penetration but rather on the mystery of the person that had just ce into his room to screw him.

Lenny could feel deep down that there were a lot of things happening here that he had no knowledge about....

Chapter 129 Fights Of The Twined Siblings

Meanwhile, at around the same time, at the top of a sky raised building a man stood over the railings.

He was well dressed in a purple suit. He even had a well fitted tie to it.

He looked quite handsome. Many might even say that he had a slight touch of femininity to him.

However, he had a head warmer on his head. It was pink to match his suit.

He had a glass of wine in one hand and the other hand was relaxed in his pocket.

He twirled the red wine in his glass a little.

A the moment, he had his eyes at the Arena in the distance.

He took a sip and then he sighed lowly.

He turned about and jumped down the railings.

"Would you believe it brother?" His accent was quite posh and refined, "Father is at his most chiseled crises, and here our sister is, making plans for her birthday party."

He walked to a couch and spread himself on it.

By his side was a human woman. However, she was naked with her legs spread to the air. she looked to have been begging for her life before she was turned to stone.

He frowned at her, kicking her to the ground.

She broke as she touched the ground.

He removed an handkerchief and dusted the couch a little, as if to clear the dust from the stature from it.

He leaned further into the chair.

"What do you think brother?" He asked as he lifted his eyes.

All around him were statures.

But these were not just statures of humans but also of lesser demons.

It looked as if the demons had been partying before an unfortunate events befell them.

In their center, was another man. He wore a black suit and bore striking resemblance to the man in a pink suit.

He too had a black head warmer over his head.

Before him on a table was a demon tied up in very special ropes.

The man in a black suit had little blood stains on his body.

The blood stains were from the carvings he made with his long, sharp middle finger on the demon's skin.

With the amount of blood that had stained his face and suit, it was obvious that he had been doing this for a while now.

The demon beneath him that he carved cried and shook continually in pain, but he did not stop.

Instead, he was like a painter working hard at his next master piece.

The man in a black suit was finally done with his work. He turned to his twin brother, "come on now man. You know it was father's idea for her to have it celebrated this way. Let her have her fun. Besides, we have bigger fish to worry about. We we slack on this, our big brother will think he has the sit of governor for himself."

The man in a pink suit nodded as he sighed. Both he couldn't help but look once more in the direction of the Arena.

"It must be real nice for her. Her brothers are fighting for their father's position and she gets go to enjoy herself with her parties."

"Come on brother! What do you mean? Have you forgotten that we are also at a party!?" The man in a black suit chuckled, "yes! That's it. It's all done."

He suddenly removed the head warmer on his head, "this should get that prick's attention!"

His head full of snakes was revealed to the demon.

The moment the demon looked at him, his eyes as well as the eyes of the snakes on his head shone in a dark light.

Immediately, dark veins appeared by the side of the demon's eyes that spread through his face, and to the rest of his body turning him to stone.

The man in a black suit put back on his head warmer, "this is so going to piss him the fuck off!"

The other man in a pink suit walked forward.

He saw the message carved on the demon's body.

It wrote: Duncan and Danny were here!

With a smiling emoji of two heads with snake hair.

Both of them looked at each other and laughed a bit before heading out.

Not long after they left, a group of demons landed on the roof top.

Leading them was demon with two heads. Both of which were identical. He had high bat like wings.

Unlike the two that had just left, his hair was not covered, and the snakes from his head slithered all over his body.

He saw what had happened on the roof top. He frowned.

He knew that this was his siblings attempt at weakening his forces.

He waved his hand and two demons were brought before him.

Both of them were twins with snake heads.

However, these were not the same ones that had just left.

"It would seem like I have to make an example to warn our other brothers," the double headed demon muttered. His voice echoed as both heads talked together.

He waved his hands and two heads rolled to the ground.

He stepped forward, Crushing them under his feet like he was stepping on ants.

"Find more of them, and bring them to me! I'll kill every last of them."

The moment he gave the order, the demons around him rushed in different directions of the night.

The double headed demon looked at the Arena far off in the distance.

His face suddenly had a gentle look as he looked in that direction.

He even smiled a bit, "happy birthday little one."

However, the moment he turned about, his bitter unforgiving look had been resumed.

Many of such killing and chaotic events were happening all around the city.

The governor had many children. All of which were born in pairs.

Now that news had reached particular channels that a change of leadership was at hand, his children wanted to take his position.

At the moment, they fought over weakening each other's forces before a final brawl.

Chapter 130 Demon Nobility And Ranks

The next day came quick for Lenny. Then again, with the mysterious woman sneaking into his bed and two extra F class women that were gifted for his enjoyment, he did not feel the need to sleep.

As the morning arrived, so did a notification.

<Defeat the Dungeon to unlock new Badge!>

This was a notification unlike Lenny had ever gotten before.

At the moment, he had become quite strong.

In fact, he had become so strong that the system no longer gave him daily tasks for him to grow.

In other words, he had dropped the training wheels.

However, Tasks were still opportunities for him to grow and get stronger.

Opportunity that he was going to take maximum advantage of.

But this was the first time thatenny was either seeing or hearing if anything that had to do with a dungeon.

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

The CLANK sound of the bolt unlocking made him sharply turn his head.

The old door creaked loudly as it opened.

It was the Magistri.

"Get dressed boy. It's the big day!" The Magistri threw some clothes his way.

Lenny nodded as he pushed the two naked and passed out women off his body.

He got dressed in the clothes provided for him and left the cell.

This was not the usual loin cloth that gladiators were well known for.

It was a more responsible garnet.

It was short at his knees. It reminded Lenny of the war they dressed in a famous movie franchise of his former world.

It reminded him of Star wars. Except that it was without the trousers.

Lenny got dressed and followed him out.

"The others are already ready. I hope you are ready for the task ahead!"

Lenny nodded. However, there was much he was lacking on, and as an assassin, he had developed the habit of always investigating his subject and behavioral patterns before every attack.

That habit had not in any way departed from him since coming to this world.

Apart from the information that A222 had given him at the dining hall last night, there was nothing else he knew of this place nor the tournament.

The Magistri needed him at the moment.

This was the best opportunity to ask questions.

"Actually, there are some things I would like clearance on."

The Magistri paused and turned to him, "go on!" He encouraged.

"Firstly, who is the Governor's daughter. What city are we in and why exactly is the governor's health such a big deal?"

At first, the Magistri was willing to dismiss the words Lenny had spoken. However when he heard that last part, he's eyes shut up.

Bang!

He slammed Lenny against the wall, "where did you hear that from!?"

The Magistri whispered. The look in his eyes told Lenny that the issue he had eaves dropped about last night was one of great importance.

"I overheard it last night!" Lenny answered with a half truth.

The Magistri looked around. His eyes darted around the place to make sure that no one else was eaves dropping in their conversation.

"You should be really careful with that mouth of yours boy. If you offend the wrong person, they will come for both our heads."

Lenny raised his hands in surrender, "okay! Okay!!"

The Magistri let go of him slowly.

He took one more look at Lenny before he sighed and explained.

The Governor's name was called Dropdead.

This was not actually his name but the name had come to be known by.

He was a greater demon of renowned strength and he was very feared and respected.

Of course his strength played an active role in it, but that was not the reason he was so feared and respected.

Demons regardless of strength were categorized under different social groups.

They were the Low Borns, high Borns, Noble Borns, and Lastly, Royal Borns.

Although it did not look like much, but this was how the Demon world was classified.

An example of a low born would be potty and the demons that took care of the humans in the Arena.

Of course humans that later become demons are also of this category.

After which were the high Borns. An example of a demon in this class would be Basit.

It was also one of the reasons why he hated Cuban so much.

Demons of noble birth were more of the sophisticated type.

An example would be Lady Hanger who was also an Arena master.

Of course even for nobles, they were categories.

They were divided into Baron, Viscount, Maquis, Duke and Grand Duke.

After which were the Royalties.

These were demons with the original bloodline of the first fallen.

They are divided into nine families all occupying a different portion of hell to rule over.

An example of a demon with Royal bloodline would be Cuban.

However, Cuban had some complications to his name.

He was banished from his family because of a particular crime many years ago.

Now, he wandered this earth as an Arena master.

However, his origins were well known, and only a few like Basit who wanted to prove their superiority complex flexed their muscle in front of him.

All social levels and grace and a limiting factor to them.

For example, demons who were low Borns never went past the Lesser demon realm.

This was the exact reason why Governor Dropdeas was so respected.

He was a demon of low birth that had climbed to the top of his position with sweat and hard work.

He had done so with effort, breaking the restrictions on his bloodline to acquire strength and power.

He was highly respected by not just lower demons but also his superiors.

He was proof that one could make it with much effort.

He was given the position of Governor of the city because of his hard work, strength and capability.

His rule for many years had been firm and unmoving.

He had crushed all enemies to his position with a firm fist.

However, rumors had it that he was currently in very critical condition.

Now, his children were fighting for a right to his position.

This was very expected. Only one would could crush all the others was allowed to sit on the chair of governor.

It is said that Governor Dropdead was struck with a curse.

It is rumoured that the reason for this curse was because he went against his low born nature and broke through the lesser demon ranks.

All his children from all his women came out in pairs.

Both of which came out of their mothers with conjoined umbilical cords.

It is said that they are all connected. For them to break through from the rank of Deep demon level to Great Demon level, both twins must conjoin and become one.

This was a curse that his children were made to suffer.

However, one person came out escaped from the curse. That person was Lady Vinegar.

Unfortunately, the seers said that she would never be able to surpass the Deep demon level because of her lack of a twin.

In this regard, she became the person to have inherited the curse.

In her entire life, she would never be able to surpass the Deep demon level realm.

In fact, it was a miracle she actually grew this far.

Lady Vinegar was known as the treasured flower of the family.

A threat to her life was to flirt with death itself.

All her brothers no matter their quarrel and fight to the death for the governor position had sworn her safety.

This was the reason why a lot of Arena masters were taking this tournament very seriously.

To win Lady Vinegar's favour in this tournament was the same as winning the favor of whosoever was to become governor.

It was really that simple.

In fact, a position of peace and constant funding for individual arena's could also become a reality.

There was also the opportunity to increase one's influence with demons of high caliber.

With so much juicy grapes before the eyes of the Arena masters, it was no wonder anyone would do what so ever it took to please Lady Vinegar.

Lenny heard these things and nodded.

He now understood what the big deal was.

He followed behind the Magistri out to the center of the Arena.

Some other Gladiators were gathered there.

Some were just joining up.

Just like the Magistri had said, they were ready for the tournament.

The other gladiators were also dressed in the same manner as him.

This Place was many times bigger than the Coliseum he was used to.

It was made to accommodate the entire city.

The moment Lenny entered, he walked to stand beside A222.

All gladiators under different Arena masters stood together with their caretakers standing behind them.

Far off in the VIP section were the Arena masters.

Basket face stood beside a particular selected section.

This was obviously the place for the guest of honor.

"Lady Vinegar Arrives!"