

Devil Slave 201

Chapter 201 Heart Of A Rank 4 Hell Beast

The Great Demon that had just made an appearance was tall, very dark Brown in complexion.

From his feet to his head was the physically bold Stature of a muscular man.

Even when standing, he was still two heads taller than Lady Vinegar.

He wore a light grey Sleeveless jacket that revealed his bulging muscles.

His trousers were black with patch holes on different parts of them.

His entire dress code made him look like a mad man begging for a roof over his head.

But no one that looked at him thought so.

Besides, demons were never too keen on clothes.

He had a head of snakes just like his children.

The snakes on his head were thick and brown like his skin.

If they were not constantly moving on his body and shoulder, one would not easily notice them.

His face was not so handsome. In fact, it was rather plain, like any regular guy.

He also had three long vertical scars at the side of one cheek.

However, with a deep penetrating look in his eyes, a roughly brown bearded face, he had a demeanor that spoke of the volumes of trials he had gone through to enjoy the position and power he now had.

This formed a concrete part of his Aura and presence.

A very alluring, irresistible factor to women of all ages.

It was rumored that him just standing in a room with the opposite sex could make any woman's legs betray her with liquid leakage to the ground.

He was such a Demon.

A man that had climbed and broken through the barrier set by his own bloodline, through the ranks of lesser demon, Deep level demon and now Great Demon, and soon on his way to become a greater demon.

If any was looking for inspiration for a song of praise, this Demon's life was it.

This was Momosa. The Great Demon of rank six, Governor of the Waterfall city and it's surrounding towns, father and murderer of his own kin.

In one hand, he had a red glowing orb and in the other, he had large red Bow.

Without saying a word, Butler Basket face walked to his side, and Momosa handed the bow to Basket face.

Basket face bowed respectfully as he collected it.

"Master." Basket face had a full blown smile on it.

Momosa stepped forward and patted Vinegar's head, "come and give your old man a hug."

His voice was still low, but it's base had the viscosity of life in it.

She immediately jumped up, and like a little girl, she jumped into his embrace.

Both of them laughed heartily as they embraced tightly.

This was a father and daughter moment.

"My dear beautiful daughter, father has a gift for you."

Momosa waved his hand and the red arrows in the bodies of his children slowly turned to red dust.

Like fireflies, they floated in the air and into the red orb in his hand.

Once inside the orb, the orb glowed even brighter, and the faces of grieving demon souls appeared in it.

One of them a faint resemblance to Danny.

"Look at this, my baby girl," he handed Lady Vinegar the Orb, "with the souls of your brothers now captured, I'll now be able to break into the Greater Demon realm and you will be able to become a Great demon yourself."

She took the orb from his hand, her fingers massaging it's glassy surface.

Even with the veil over her face, the Arena masters could still see her clear smile.

"Father is so loving of me, even setting up this entire plan just to show how much he cares!" She leaned in and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

A kiss that made him feel elated. So elated that he receded his aura.

The demons in the arena could now breathe once more with easy.

Those that were close had heard Lady Vinegar's words clearly.

These were of course, Arena masters, and they had all heard what she said.

Some of them came from aristocratic backgrounds and those that bothered with education enough knew what that orb was.

That was the Soul Severing Orb.

It was the heart of a rank 4 Hell demon. This Hell demon fed on strictly souls, and was a very dangerous being.

This orb was it's heart.

It is said that using the right materials from the beasts body, one could also steal souls.

Subconsciously, their eyes moved to the bow in Butler Basket face's hand.

One look at it and they could tell what it was.

This bow was large and red, made from the ribs of the hell demon and it's string from its Heart vein.

Afterwards, it was washed with other rare hell ingredients to preserve it's power.

This bow did not need arrows. Rather, it used the Darkline magic of it's user.

Once the arrow made home in it's target's body, it immediately extracted their soul and life essence.

Yes, this entire thing was a plot.

A plot by the governor himself.

It was already a known fact that the Governor cultivated a kind of unknown mysterious technique.

That was the only way he was able to break out of his bloodline confinement that limited him as a Lesser Demon, and advance all the way to the ranks of the peak Great Demons.

However, none would have guessed that for him to advance to the Greater Demon rank, he would need to harvest the souls of his own children.

The entire thing had been a trap.

He intentionally spread the rumor that he was infected by chaos magic, and was about to die.

This excited the competition for his position amongst his children.

Aside from his most beloved daughter, none of them had known.

Because he had a lot of children and they were scattered around like rice on the ground, he needed a method to get all of them in one place.

With the competition to become next governor and an extra reward being his daughter whose beauty was acknowledged as the most dazzling of the city regardless of all the alluring succubus, he knew that they would all come for her birthday celebration.

That same celebration, was a set up to get the Fallen Angel feathers.

With the Fallen Angel Feathers, the Souls of his kin, and the Heart of the Phoenix, he finally had the requirements he needed for an ancient spell that would let him break through to the Greater Demon realm.

Momosa was in a very good mood.

They were all of a sudden fireworks shooting up into the sky from behind the Arena.

He could not help but laugh heartily. He smiled at the Butler.

He was sure that this was his handy work.

However, Momosa suddenly noticed something as he stared forward, "where is the Pheonix heart!?"

This question had popped up from his mouth as soon as he thought about it.

It was at this moment that all eyes turned to the table the heart had formerly rested, and then to Lenny's former position.

He was gone.

Chapter 202 All I Did Was The Fireworks

Lady Vinegar looked around.

"Clawed and Duncan are also not here!"

The daughter looked at the father, and the father, the daughter.

Both of them arrived at the same conclusion in their minds.

Lady Vinegar then turned to the Orb. She frowned. Just as she had thought, the power in the Orb was not enough.

The stronger the soul of the kin, the better the technique they wanted to use could work.

However, amongst the souls captured, the strongest was Danny's.

Clawed rarely ever came out. This occasion was a rare opportunity to capture his Soul.

Momosa frowned as he turned to the Butler.

"Clawed and Duncan must have taken the boy and the Pheonix heart, find them!"

"Yes, my lord!"

The butler bowed, and then his body phased out of existence on the spot.

It was like he was never there in the first place.

Meanwhile, Cuban suddenly raised his head, and then turned in a particular direction.

A Slight smile stained the corner of his lips.

Others had not noticed, but Lady Vinegar had turned in his direction the moment her thoughts hung about one person.

She was worried.

But seeing Cuban's very faint side smile, her woman intuition was peaked.

The Magistri had instructed Lenny that he wait and observe his environment well.

And that the moment the opportunity presented itself, he would know.

Lenny was once a man that waited in the dark and killed for a living.

Being one of the most favorite instruments of death had its good qualities.

After all, even the slight turn of the head could be an opportunity to kill a person in the midst of a group of guards.

The opportunity that presented itself now was one like no other.

From the moment those big wings shadowed the ground, he had already placed the bronze box under his armpit.

The only reason he did not take the Fallen feathers as he fled was because as very important items, the attention of the Arena masters, the butler, and even Lady Vinegar was fixed on it.

It did not mean that their attention was no longer on the bronze box, but it had shifted significantly.

This was a subconscious psychological process of the mind where one's attention shifts to the most important item or problem.

This made for a good distraction thieves in his former life used a lot.

A sharp brush on the shoulder as they passed and the targets mind would be drawn to the hit forgetting about their wallets.

It was a little something like that except at a much wider scale, and Lenny was using another person as the distraction tool.

Besides, he had already drained the power from the Angel Feathers.

The power they had now was just about ten percent of the original.

Lenny had found an open door, and slipped through it.

He moved through the Arena walls like a spider.

The door he followed was one of the passageways his mind had found while walking up the podium.

It was just at the right angle and using his perception ability that let him know the large expanse of the place and passages to follow, he was right on track.

Never stopping for even a single second.

He even activated his ability WILL.

WILL allowed him to move with incredible precision and aim for the target.

Every cell of his body working towards his speed and efficiency to the goal.

Even when Momosa spread out his Aura and presence, Lenny's body automatically activated his white flame that burned lowly about his body.

Momosa might have been a Great demon, but Lenny had the inheritance of the Morningstar.

Pressure from presence was not enough to quench the white flames.

All of this was in effort to get to the Hanger as fast as possible.

Lenny knew better than anyone what he was attempting.

This was rebellion against everything those demons in the Arena stood for.

But worse of all, this was Rebellion against Cuban.

Lenny was swift with his moves.

Where he needed to hide because of the number of the guards, he did.

Where he needed to or found an opportunity to kill, he also did.

Displaying the vast blessings that being a part of the shadow world had to offer.

Most of his kills were not of the fancy type.

They were very straight to the point.

By now, he already knew a fair bit about the inner anatomy of demons.

Of course, this differed from demon to demon, it was still easy to use his perception ability on them and predict the most effective murder point.

Their deaths were as quiet as the silent steps of a cat's walk.

This Arena was huge, but that would not be an excuse.

Since he had already gone against them all, then he was going to continue onward until the very end.

This job would have been easier if he was on full strength.

Unfortunately, he was not, and that was why he used WILL.

In fact, he thought of also using Rabid Dog, but he dismissed the idea immediately.

That ability was better suited for fighting.

Finally, he reached the exit.

He was elated.

Things had gone better than he had hoped.

Behind the Arena was the Hanger.

It was very large.

This was the place Cuban and Basit had first made their deal, and where Lenny had skinned a gladiator like he was peeling out sticky gum from the ground.

Just as they had planned, the Magistri was already here.

He stood besides the aircraft they had come with.

The moment he saw Lenny he smiled.

Lenny too had a smile on his face, however, he noticed the Magistri's smile was a bit too much.

"Incredible," the Magistri commented, "you actually managed to make it with just that distraction? I see that I really underestimated you."

Those words made Lenny pause a bit, "wait a minute. What do you mean by 'Actually'?"

Lenny's quick mind made calculations in his head.

"Wait! Was that Guy with the wings and oppressive might not your partner or something?"

"Which guy?" The Magistri looked at him with a brow up, "all I did was the fireworks."

Chapter 203 I Am YOUR God!

"Fireworks! Which Fireworks!? You guys have fireworks in the apocalypse too?"

Lenny threw out a bunch of confusing questions and the Magistri did not just understand what was going on.

As far as he was concerned, the fireworks were supposed to go off immediately Lenny collected the Bronze box.

During which Lenny would have taken the opportunity to get lost.

However, what he did not know was that, it was at the point Lenny collected the Bronze box that Momosa had appeared.

It was only after the Great Demon had held back his Presence and Pressure that the person assigned to the fireworks had the opportunity to set them off.

"What do you mean? What guy with wings?" The Magistri had a raised brow.

"You know, big guy, brown snake hair, looks a bit like the others from the Governor's family." Lenny tried to describe who he saw.

He was really shitty at it, but even his shitty description was of some use, and the Magistri's expression suddenly morphed into that of both surprise and fear.

"Fuck!" The Magistri cursed. Having a faint realization of who it might be.

"Hurry! we have to get the fuck out of here."

The Magistri got Into the aircraft and so did Lenny.

He hurried to the cockpit.

The pilot, a demon as well, was also sitted and ready.

He had two horns on either side, poking out of his face cap.

The Magistri hurried forward, and patted the pilot on the shoulder, "hurry up, and get us out of here."

"Yes sir, but where to, sir?" The pilot replied.

"What do you mean 'where to'? I told you before. We are going back to the..."

The Magistri's words were suddenly stuck in his throat as the familiarity of that voice registered in his head.

At that point, the Pilot turned about and a face neither Lenny nor the Magistri were expecting to see appeared before them.

Both of them froze in shock, unable to move.

A drop of sweat trailed down both men's faces.

How couldn't it?

The person before them was none other than Cuban himself.

He had a broad smile on his face.

"Hey boys, Were you planning to leave without this Daddy? Hmmm! No good byes. Nothing!?"

As he talked, he stood to his feet and approached them.

Both of them subconsciously backed off, one step at a time.

However, Cuban suddenly released his pressure and both could move no further.

This was pressure of a Demon at the Deep Demon rank.

Cuban was already rank three.

Lenny was just a lesser demon of rank 3, and even now, his strength had dropped to that of a Rank 2.

Even before the Magistri, Lenny was but an ant.

Before Cuban, his existence was like allowing dust to remain settled on a glass frame.

He was practically none existent.

Cuban could erase him at any time with a wave of the hand.

Cuban walked up to both of them.

With a finger each to the head, he flicked.

BOOM!

Both of them were blasted through the body of the air craft.

The blast appeared little, and it was obvious that Cuban was holding back by a lot.

However, both of them, screeched on the runway with their backs, digging two long stretches of trenches.

Lenny felt as if he had tried to head boot a speeding truck head on, and had obviously lost the fight.

But it was not over yet.

Before they even came to a stop, Cuban was already on the other side.

It was his hands that stopped their forward momentum.

He lifted both of them in the air and crashed their faces to the ground.

BAM!

For this punishment, there was no seniority between Lenny and the Magistri.

He treated both of them like the ignorant trash they were.

Afterwards, he flipped both of them over, just like a chef making pancakes would do.

BAM!

Yet again, another solid hit to the ground.

It was only two hits, but by now, their appearances had become miserable.

Blood on the ground like their veins and arteries rejected its flow in their bodies.

Lenny had lost a few of his teeth. His joints, broken. He even had femur sticking out of one leg and an elbow bone out one hand.

Nearly the same conditions could be said of the Magistri.

Cuban grabbed the Magistri by the neck, "I can understand that the little one did not know better. After all, they know nothing of true power, but you," he pulled the Magistri to his face as he spoke.

"You stupid thing. You have my blood in your very veins, and I, the meal of your heart. From that very moment, your entire being was BONDED to me."

BAM!

Another strike with their heads to the ground, and their faces were disfigured even more.

Even the flesh on one side of the face had been scraped off.

"Don't you know, or have you forgotten who I, what I am?" Cuban asked the Magistri with an obviously disfigured face, too bad to answer.

"There is no thought you have that I don't know. No secret that I don't see. No infatuation I am not aware of. I feel it in my head every second you even open your lungs for air. I AM YOUR GOD!"

He smashed the Magistri's head once more into the ground.

Smashing his skull into bits, with brain matter spilling everywhere.

Lenny only had one more functional eye at the moment.

The other was swollen from the inhumane beating he had just enjoyed.

However, he could clearly see that Cuban had just killed the Magistri.

However, the most ridiculous thing he had ever seen in his life happened.

Cuban took his bloodied hand to his mouth, and took a bite from it.

A few drops of blood fell from his hands into the bashed Magistri's head.

And then a sight Lenny would never believe happened.

It redefined everything Lenny had ever known about death.

It also made Lenny look at Cuban in a new light.

This was the moment Lenny understood a bit of the kind of power that the Royal families possessed and why Cuban was called a Blood Demon.

Cuban was not lying, he was the Magistri's god.

Chapter 204 What A Terrible Waste

Proxy Connection Failed!

Lenny knew that Cuban was a blood demon. However, what that entailed was very new to him.

In fact, he was not aware of the fraction of the endless possibilities a Blood demon was capable of.

But right here and now, he saw a bit. He saw a very significant bit.

A few drops of blood left Cuban's fingers.

Tip tap

There fell right on the bashed head.

Those drops of blood were like summons as the blood and brain matter that had scattered on the ground slowly receded back into to their original location.

Every cut, tear, or chunk of flesh was sent back the way it was.

Even the blood flowing on the ground all went back into the Magistri's body.

It was like rewinding a movie.

Everything, including the slightest of cuts was healed.

The Magistri looked at Cuban with primal fear in his eyes.

That look made Lenny realize how truly weak he was.

The Magistri was strong enough to squash him, and even he, looked at Cuban with such fear.

Cuban grabbed the Magistri by the horns on his head and pulled him closer, as he whispered into his ears.

"Every Itsy bitsy part of your body EXIST because I give it life. You have you Dreams because I craft them. You have your thoughts cause I water them. Do not think for a fucking instant that you LIVE. I am YOUR god!"

And in that moment as Lenny looked at the Magistri.

He could clearly see it. Even with his one good eye, he could clearly see it.

The little remaining Hope that the Magistri carried for so long in his soul was extinguished on the spot. Snuffed out like a wet blanket on a little lit candle.

All of it was gone.

That little remaining definite proof of his humanity was killed on the spot.

Lenny looked at the Magistri as his hands fell loosely by the side.

A pain like no other filled Lenny's heart.

After all, Cuban did not even let the man die.

He killed him, and then brought him back just to prove a point.

Lenny had seen pain and suffering, but this right here. This was a fate that even the worse humans back in his former world did not deserve.

After all, death was a kind of payment or remittance of sin.

But the Magistri was not even granted the opportunity to get this baptism from nature herself.

Such a fate was truly worse than death.

Since Lenny came to this world, this was the first time he had felt immerse sadness for another person.

His eyes could not help but water.

This was a different kind of suffering occurring right before his own eyes.

His mind suddenly remembered the reason for his coming into this world.

He came to aveng Lucifer, true. But he also came to relief such souls of these kind of burdens.

Cuban seeing that he had broken the Magistri's resolve turned to Lenny.

As far as he was concerned, Lenny was crying because of the amount of pain he was feeling.

"And you, I hear you are capable of killing even a rank 2 Lesser demon. Good! That's good!!"

He nodded his head.

"Soon, you will be like him, and then you'll also understand..."

"What a terrible waste!" A light enchanting voice came from behind him.

Cuban turned about only to see Lady Vinegar advancing.

Lady Vinegar was not yet in the Great Demon ranks and therefore, had not yet gotten her wings.

Of course, they were demons born with these, but for her specie, wings were a sign that one had entered the Great Demon ranks.

She was carried over by Momosa, her father.

"That will be such a terrible waste," Lady Vinegar repeated herself.

Cuban let go of Lenny as he turned to her.

Lenny on the other hand, fell limply on the ground.

"What do you mean?" He asked her with a brow up.

Momosa landed and Lady Vinegar advanced forward.

As she did, the other Arena masters sooner arrived.

"You watched the tournament like any of us, and yet you want to waste such a rare resource. Aside from his battle strength, this gladiator can even unlock Darkline magic like it is nothing and the only thing you can think of is turning him into one of your useless puppets."

Momosa on the other hand watched his daughter with a very surprising look.

He knew her well, and he had to say that something was different about her right now.

It didn't take long for him to notice what was wrong. she was talking. But not just that. She that rarely spoke, was talking too much.

"I have seen what you do to your Half-born that graduate. Because of your Bloodline technique, you do not give them a True name."

"There is no need to," Cuban responded, "my blood carries all the power they need."

"True," Lady Vinegar nodded, "the blood of a Deep level demon is really a blessing to carry. However," she paused.

Her fingers traced her jawline, and she looked as if she was in deep thought as she looked at the Magistri before looking back at Lenny on the ground.

"But is it not true that once you Harvest their hearts, they lose their individual abilities? After all, that seems to always be true."

Cuban raised a brow at this.

This part, he had not thought about.

"This gladiator has the capability to unlocking the Darkline magic even in babies and you just want to waste him?"

Cuban could not see her eyes, but he could tell that she, and not just her but also the other gladiators were looking at him like they were looking at a fool.

This was an aspect he had really not thought about.

His blood in any half born permanently limits their growth and use of abilities.

This meant that if he was to convert Lenny to a Magistri, all the wonderful abilities he had would be gone...

Chapter 205 When You Are Ready, Find Me

"I have a better suggestion," Lady Vinegar suddenly spoke up, now that she knew her words had changed his mind.

"Why don't you sell him to me, I'll pay a very pretty price for his head. How about 5000 Branded marked Human skin, all aged."

"Huh!" Not just Cuban and the Arena masters but even Momosa was surprised by the amount she casually spat out.

All because of a half born trash?

It made Momosa look once more at Lenny.

He really did not see what was so special about him.

It was true that Lenny was well fit, but he was nothing compared to the other gladiators out there.

All he had for him going was his very pretty skin that almost lustered under the sun and his pretty face.

For a second there, he was starting to think that his daughter was interested in taking Lenny as a boy toy.

That would not have been surprising, after all, Demons did this kind of thing regularly.

However, to the best of his knowledge, she had never even taken a liking to sexual depravity.

Now, he had developed an interest in Lenny.

Cuban heard the price, and was speechless. That was a lot of money.

That could help him run his Arena for an entire year plus additional maintenance expenses.

It was a really tempting offer.

Cuban turned back at Lenny.

He suddenly remembered when Lenny unlocked Darkline magic for C888.

It had happened so easily and flawlessly that it was obvious he could do more.

A beautiful thought bloomed like a flower in his head.

He did not wish to either sell Lenny nor Turn him no more.

Luckily, because of fear of his back ground, Even Momosa would not dare force him to sell.

"Thank you for the offer Lady Vinegar, but I'll rather keep this one."

Vinegar seemed to sigh at her loss. However, she suddenly walked up to Lenny.

He was beaten and broken on the ground.

She leaned in.

This was an action that surprised every one.

"When you are ready, find me." She whispered lightly in his ears.

Then she stood up and walked back to her father.

Meanwhile Cuban looked at her weirdly.

He suddenly waved his hand in the direction of the plane, motioning for an object to come to him.

Instantly, the bronze box rushed to him.

Cuban walked over to Momosa and handed him the bronze box.

"Hahahaha!!!" The Great Demon chuckled loudly.

It was so loud that Lenny on the ground felt as if the earth vibrated a little.

"You have done well for an abandoned son. You have even done better than my sons. How About about this, why don't you come join my house?"

"HUH!"

Every one could not believe what they were hearing.

Currently, in this world, Great Were the peak.

An invitation like this from one was like a god asking a mortal to ascend.

The distance between the Third rank of the Deep demon rank and the fourth was like an insurmountable chasm.

Every rank the higher one went in power only became more difficult to climb.

This meant that from the Deep demon level to the peak of the Great Demon level was like a fairy tale only told in dreams within dreams.

Such an invitation amongst demons was an incredible honor.

It meant that Momosa had seen some sort of value in Cuban, value worthy enough that he could call h his son.

However, Cuban was no fool. Everything had a price, expecially amongst demons.

Cuban knew that the only reason Momosa wanted him to join his family was because of his royal background.

Even as an abandoned son, being from one of the nine royal families of the Underworld had its perks.

It was not Cuban that Momosa was after, it was them. The Asmodeus Family behind him.

After all, even Momosa knew.

In this world, he might be great and all, but down there, he was nothing in comparison.

Besides, Cuban had seen how Momosa treated his own blood sons.

Harvesting their lives like wheat for his personal gains.

No person unless blinded by benefits would be that foolish.

Momosa chuckled again, "don't worry it's no problem. There is still a lot of time to think about it. For the meantime, why don't I leave you with a present...hmmm."

Cuban suddenly looked around, and then his eyes settled on a person.

"Yes, you will do."

Cuban motioned with his hand and an Arena master was suddenly pulled to him.

Just like gravity pulled everything to earth, it was irresistible.

It was Basit.

"If I am not mistaking, this one has caused you a deal of trouble. Even though he lost to you again and again."

As he spoke, he grappled the dumfounded Basit by the head with two fingers and squeezed lightly.

"Wait! Wait!! LORD MOMOSA!!! Please don't..."

Boom!

His head explored like a watermelon.

Blood, skull bits and brain matter splashed everywhere.

Just like that, a Deep Level Demon had died.

Like a squashed cockroach nevertheless.

Even though Momosa was the one that killed him, not one drop of blood stained his body.

Momosa turned to the other Arena masters. His face was stern, as well his tone.

"None Shall use Chaos magic again. From now hence forth, Devil pills are a contraband in the Arenas. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Governor." They all bowed their heads.

Momosa turned to Cuban resuming his smile, "for retrieving the Pheonix heart back to me, allow me to gift you something in return."

He threw Basit's corpse to Cuban with a wave of the hand.

"His Arena and assets are now yours."

Yet again, another gasp from the crowd.

Such favour was bound to be envied, and these Arena masters envied Cuban alot.

With the bet they lost to him, he was now the riches Demon aside the Governor's family in the city.

After all, Basit was known to be a very rich demon...

Chapter 206 You Stole My Kill!

They were unspoken rules guiding demon societies.

Of course, these rules were aside the written guidelines for societies.

One of which was the issue with Chaos magic, as it could spell the end of the demon community.

However, every Arena master here knew that Momosa had only done what he did because he wanted to please Cuban.

Basit was just the excuse to have an abandoned son of one of the nine royal families pulled to his side.

After all, although Cuban was mostly shunned by the Arena masters, in secret they envied him.

Regardless of his banishment from his family, he was still doing well.

Prove of that was the variety of abilities his stock possessed.

Aside the usual method of forcing sexual reproduction relations on human females and Half-borns, they was also the artificially insemination process.

Just like how humans cross breed cows and other life stock to produce better offsprings, Half-borns were also created in this manner.

Rumours have it that many of Cuban's stock were never produced the natural way.

When he arrived, he came with vials containing different high level bloodlines from his family.

With the little number of slaves that had been banished with him, he grew so much.

Of course, this was still just a rumour.

A rumour that had its facts rooted in the incredible display his stocks always managed to put out in the Arena.

Cuban Thanked Momosa properly, bowing a bit, but not too much to show his appreciation.

Momosa had a tummy of laugh and just when he turned to walk away, the most absurd thing happened.

"Huh!?" Momosa's eyes caught a person not worth more than trash before him point at his person.

With how focused Lenny's eye was on Momosa, it was no wonder that he instantly drew everyone's attention.

Lenny had been beaten badly, and had watched a singular display of power where Momosa crushed Basit like he was a chicken's egg.

And yet, this Half-born trash had the guts to point at him?

As Momosa's eyes were drawn to Lenny, so were the other Arena masters.

The mere pressure from the state of Momosa alone froze the movement of blood in his body.

However, Lenny in his infinite madness cum stupidity, ignored every screaming pain his mortal body sent to his common sense of reasoning, and the most absurd words, very none expected proceeded from his mouth.

They were slow, not loud, but with attention focused on him, they were audible enough for anyone to hear.

Even with blood leaking steadily from his mouth, and the finger he pointed broken, he still mentioned the words his heart desired.

"You.... Stole *cough* my kill!" And then Lenny's fingers pointed to the corpse of the headless Basit in Cuban's hands.

Lenny's eyes with much difficulty to his physical person and excruciating pain to his soul, forcefully raised his eyes to meet with Momosa's.

"I'll come... for... payment!"

Lenny had promised Basit a beating on this same hanger when he skinned D445.

Unfortunately, Basit won't be getting this reward anymore.

Lenny had the pettiness of an assassin.

It was an unspoken rule to never steal a kill.

After all, a kill could only be paid back with a kill.

Those were the last words Lenny spoke before his eyes got lost in his sockets and he passed out from the sheer excruciating torment of Momosa's pressure.

This particular show of disrespect by Lenny angered Cuban a lot.

He was very tempted to walk over and crush Lenny's skull.

However, there was a sudden loud laughter.

This was from Momosa.

"Good! Good!! Very Good!!! Such bold words. Congratulations Cuban, you really do have the best stocks."

He turned and walked away. As he did, Momosa waved a finger, and Butler Basket face instantly materialized from seemingly no where.

"Prepare a portal for Cuban to go back home. His plane has been met with an unfortunate accident."

"Of course, Lord Momosa." Butler Basket face bowed and motioned for Cuban to follow him.

The remaining Arena masters could do nothing but look on at Cuban as he walked away, following behind the Butler.

They were looks of obvious envy all on him.

How could they not?

It was a written rule that portal travel within the city was absolutely forbidden.

It was for this reason that Cuban and the others used aircrafts.

This was not just because of the cost of portal travel that increased with the distance, but because it was a show of disrespect to randomly show up in someone else's house.

This entire City was Momosa's.

Even when the rumours went out that he was sick with chaos magic, no one was so foolish enough to disobey this rule.

Momosa allowing Cuban to use a Portal to return home was obviously a show of favour.

The Magistri picked up Lenny, slung him like a sack of potato on his shoulder and followed behind his master.

That hope he had for his freedom had completely died.

It had quenched like it was never there to begin with.

In this manner, Lady Vinegar's birthday celebration ended.

The things that had happened in the Arena would be the talk of the city and towns, but the major topic was not on any of the gladiator fights.

No!

Even though they were supposed the focus of the show, it did not matter.

What the demons were going to talk about would be the end of the show.

They would talk about the Governor's entrance and the massacre of his own family members.

Once more proving to the entire world that it did not matter to him who it was that crossed him.

Whether friend or foe would meet the kiss of his ferocity.

Another topic that would be the talk for a couple of days would be the death of Deep level demon, Basit.

Demon ranks were not so easy to climb.

This added a lot more respect and fear for one's superiors.

Basit died because Momosa wanted to please Cuban.

Although everyone knew it was true, no one was that stupid to say it in day light.

For the threat Lenny gave at the end, it was considered to be nothing but a pass time joke.

Unknown to them, this casual joke would one day see the dawn of reality...

Chapter 207 How Is This Half-Born Still Alive?

While Lenny was taken away by the Magistri and all attention was now on Cuban, somewhere else outside the city, back at the Devil's dungeon, a particular fellow walked through the ruins of his once wonderful dungeon he once ruled over.

As he took his stroll, he whistled lightly.

Surprisingly, it was the same tune Lenny loved so much.

The same tune he whistled whenever he was working on the anatomy of a person, just like he had done on Manta.

After hearing this tune one time, Coco had developed a love for it, and with his excellent devil memory, he remembered every note of it.

He walked through the not so dark caves.

The smell of blood was still fresh in the air, and the feel of the many battles that resulted to the end of this dungeon still echoed through the lingering mixture of Darkline and chaos magic in the atmosphere.

Sometimes, they would even result to whispers of the past battles.

Such was the clash of power that had happened in this place.

However, Coco could care less about it as he enjoyed his stroll.

He still wore his plain white shirt, opened at the neck to reveal a bit of his chest, and folded at the sleeves all the way to his elbows that were locked behind his back.

He had on plain black trousers that were very long and fitted right.

With his demeanor and well fined walking steps, anyone would have taken him for a normal person.

However, that very red skin, horns and tail were convincing evidence of his race.

As a Boss Devil that had lost his home, he surprisingly did not look at all bothered.

In fact, he walked through the rumble like it concerned him not.

Organs of both man and devil were littered as far as the eyes could see.

However, as he approached, the corpses as if with lingering life of their own would move to the side, out of his way.

This was the same thing for rocks.

From the looks of things, he was headed in a particular direction as his long pointy ears jerked once in a while to the attraction of a particular sound.

·c0m He did not rush, taking his time until he reached the first level of the dungeon.

He arrived here and looked around.

At a corner was a crude but meticulously crafted torture chair Lenny had designed himself.

And not far from it was a heap of sand.

From the looks of this heap of sand, it was dug earth.

But that was not the most unique thing about it.

What made it truly incredible was the fact that that blood seemed to flow towards it.

Even though it was a high hill, blood seemed to be attracted to it.

Coco looked all around. The blood that flow towards the grave only seemed to be from the male dead bodies.

Those from the females soaked gently into the earth.

Coco waves a hand and a wide comfortable cushion appeared.

He sat on it, and as he waved his hand again, a bottle of wine appeared with two glasses suspended in the air.

The wine poured itself into the glasses and Coco took one, while the other remained suspended.

Like a gentleman, he swirled the red liquid content in the glass, enjoying the sight of the little whirlpool within it, as the fragrance drifted into his nose.

It was strong enough that it seemed to drive away the pungent smell of blood, guts and in general rotting flesh, all at once.

Coco inclined into his couch.

He took a little sip from his glass.

There was no need to rush, the person he was waiting for would take her time before she rose again.

.....

Although, Cuban did not get the reward for Wining the tournament, neither he nor anyone came forward to question Momosa.

Besides, he now had another Arena with all its stock.

Some say he left with the biggest win in the entire tournament.

Aside from Basit's wealth which was not small, he also got the Governor's favor.

For a long time, he was going to be the talk of the city and its towns.

Nevertheless, his newly found wealth rose a need for reorganization.

Besides, he would need to fully integrate Basit's wealth and assets with his own.

There was also the trouble that Basit's Arena was in a different city.

Lastly, there was the assigning of new order to the demons formerly under Basit.

There was truly a lot of work to be done.

However, for three days straight, Cuban did not leave Spring town.

As far as he was concerned, there were more important things he needed to do.

After all, two Half-borns under him had attempted an escape.

The Magistri's punishment had happened, but since Lenny did not have Cuban's blood in his veins, a different kind of Punishment approach was to be taken for him.

Besides, there was also the fact that Lenny regardless of the beating Cuban had given him still had the divine 'balls' to threaten the governor.

Cuban took this as a serious issue on his part.

He believed that this meant that he had been a bad Arena master.

As such, he needed to properly discipline his stock.

This discipline began with Lenny.

For Lenny's realignment, Cuban dedicated a full three days of no sleep, food or water to his torture.

He swore that he was going to tame that wildness inside Lenny.

Lenny had gone through torture before, but a demon's ways were not to be underestimated.

After all, they were the pillars of true evil.

This was a practical definition that Cuban hammered into Lenny's head for three straight days.

The torture was so intense that a Demon came into the torture room one time to give Cuban a most recent report and only the assorted display of torture weapons on the table made the demon's voice shake as he read the report.

All the while, he could not help but wonder one thing.

How was this Half-born still alive?

Chapter 208 The Reward Of The Winner

The demon that brought the report was Lenny's former instructor, Instructor Bodat.

He had heard that Lenny and the rest had an incredible win.

Four of them even managed to come back.

For this Arena, that was fabulous news.

The spring town, comprising of only demons celebrated joyously to this good news.

In fact, the order for human meat had sky rocketed to a defining point.

According to the Magistri's orders, they had to slaughter some Half-borns to satisfy the needs of the demons.

These included any one that was sick, or had any disability across all gladiator classes.

Like any celebration, the presence of food was just too vital.

What's more, the demons were aware that their Arena master had acquired a new Arena to his name in another town.

Since that was the case, they did not mind helping themselves out with more meat.

However, in the midst of all the celebrations, two things had changed.

Firstly, the Arena had now become a little more Stricter with its rules.

The back doors that half Borns explored to have certain privileges was suddenly cut off.

The contracts with the demons taking care of the stocks were all reviewed.

Some adjustments were made.

Such as, : No acceptance of flesh or bone of any kind from a Half-born.

If there was no more acceptance of such small, cheap bribery, then Half Borns could no longer leave their cells to have sexual relations with the opposite sex.

The Order of Gladiators was also dissolved fully.

All hope for gladiators planning to escape was extinguished like gallons of water poured on a small candle.

The Arena had entered a state of semi alertness.

Any gladiator that escaped and was caught now was no longer punished, but butchered piece by piece while still alive and meat fed to the demons.

Secondly, the Arena master that truly won in the entire event was locked up in the torture chamber with the Half-born that won the event in his name.

By right that Lenny brought them that much honor, he was supposed to be given some rewards, like; women, a private space or actual animal meat to eat.

However, what he got in return was a punishment.

For three days straight, Cuban had asked not to be disturbed as he tortured Lenny without mercy.

The demons would have stayed away, however, this report was an important one.

Before Cuban entered this torture seclusion, he had instructed that they send word to Basit's former Arena to gather all the newly born Half Born children between month one and month five.

Bodat entered with the report.

The first thing that reached his nose on entering was the smell of flesh.

However, his very sensitive demon nose could tell that this flesh was burnt in some parts, salted in others and even grilled in others.

The room was large and not so dark.

It was as wide as half a football field.

However, a full half of this place was filled with all sorts of torture equipments spread on a very long and wide table.

This room was rarely used as it belonged solely to Cuban for torturing Lesser Demons that crossed his path.

A lot of these equipments were supposed to still be new and unused.

But right not, things were different.

Bodat had come into the room through the one entrance that was available.

This room was made in such a way that escape was not a possibility if at all it even happened.

From beginning, his eyes laid on the torture equipments.

Half-borns, because of their unique bodies had blood that could remain wet for a very long time.

One look at the equipments and Bodat could instantly tell that from the first torture equipment all the way as he walked to the last, every single thing in one way or the other had been used, as Lenny's blood stained it all.

Even as he entered, he could see Lenny hug against a wall but his flesh nailed in place by hooks through his flesh that looked like anchors.

Three went through each arm, leg and a big one at the center of his body.

He was as naked as can be, but with what had happened to him, he looked like he was wearing red skin as cloth.

His skin and white hair at the moment had lost that faint beautiful luster they had.

It was now red all over, some parts revealing bone, some others messily squeezed flesh like fork twisted in a bowl of noodles.

Other parts were burnt and some bones even broken.

But that was not all, Lenny was suspended over a furnace.

This furnace was so hot that it made Bodat feel thirsty on just entering the torture chamber.

He really wondered how Lenny had survived it for three straight days.

With all this torture, it was an absolute surprise that Lenny had not for even a moment screamed or begged for death.

Bodat presented the report to Cuban after shakily reading it. This was a side of Bodat Lenny had never seen before.

After all, the Demon instructor seem to always be in control.

Apparently, the fear if Cuban was etched deep in his bones.

The Arena master collected the report with his messy hands, still bloody from torturing Lenny.

He read through it once and nodded his head.

"Bring him down and follow me."

Bodat nodded, he released Lenny from his binds, and pulled him along on the ground out of the room.

He was taken to a nursery.

Here, there were children ranging from those still crawling to those that had just been birthed.

This room was filled with them.

They were at least five hundred of them.

Lenny was brought before the first baby.

Lenny knew what Cuban wanted him to do. However, he still turned to him.

The word came out of his mouth with a lot of effort, "No!"

Chapter 209 Let's Play A Little Russian Roulette

The moment Lenny said that word, Bodat shived right from his spine.

It was as if the sky had suddenly decided to shine green instead of the yellow ray of the sun.

It was practically unbelievable, yet he was seeing it.

He was seeing it right before his eyes.

The kind of torture Lenny had gone through could have made any 'Organic' lesser demon repent of their ways.

Cuban was a descendent of a royal family. He was also a blood demon to add to that equation.

This meant that the things he had done to Lenny were practically out of this world, and yet, in all these things, the first word that came from Lenny's mouth was NO!?

Cuban walked forward.

His hooves stamping hard at the ground as he advanced towards Lenny in obvious anger.

Cuban grabbed Lenny by the chest, fingers sinking into his breast as he lifted him up by the skin of his burnt chest.

If one did not look properly, it would have been easy to believe that Cuban was lifting Lenny up by a red skin-tight T-shirt.

However the drops of blood escaping the wounds would prove otherwise.

Cuban looked Lenny in the eyes, and then surprisingly, he smiled.

Cuban let him go.

"Bring them in," he ordered.

Bodat immediately hurried outside, and when he came back in, he ushered a small group of people into the room.

This group of people that had been ushered in caught Lenny's attention.

Cuban was a demon.

When it came to having what they wanted, demons used any and every means to their disposal.

There was no restriction on instruments, whether such methods were inhumane or not was not their business.

Before Lenny, was any person he had so much as remotely shown favour or had any sort of relationship with.

His mother from the F class was here, E701, who was the old-half-rat man from the E class was here, A222, A123 and lastly, C888 was also here.

They were all brought before him, and made to kneel on the ground.

Lenny sighed at this.

Cuban walked before them.

As he did, their breathing was heavy, and they all bowed their heads, not making eye contact with him.

Cuban did not rush, and took his time gently.

One step at a time, walking back and forth before them.

Any time he would linger too long before any of them, their breathing would accelerate.

Cuban was not just their Arena master.

For people that were born, and lived here all their lives in service to this Demon, he was practically their god.

"I heard that in the old world, there was a game amongst the most daring of humans," Cuban stretched his hand over their heads.

His long fingers only slightly brushing against their hair.

He turned to Lenny, "not that you would know it, but it was called Russian roulette."

Lenny frowned.

Cuban did not know, but Lenny was well aware of the Daring game that involved pointing a revolver with one bullet at the chance of fate to one's own head and pulling the trigger.

Lenny himself having a knack for the exciting thrill against death it brought had played this game once or twice before.

However, he was also aware of the dangers of it.

Cuban signalled to Bodat and the demon hurried forward with a hand gun.

On first sight, Lenny recognized the gun.

This was a Classic Peace Maker 45.

It had a very long barrel of 7½ inches, made of iron which led to a iron cylinder, and down a wood pistol grip.

It had obviously been kept in good conditions. They was no rust and even the customized markings on its body were still intact.

It was a typical old model gun, however considering the current times, this was an antique weapon.

This, Lenny had to admit was a show of incredible taste.

Cuban was obviously a person that liked to keep Human Antiquity.

Then again, this was not the time to admire.

As a person that had used several methods on torturing people, he could tell that Cuban was trying to figure him out.

He had already tried torture, but Lenny had the Pain and Pleasure technique from his past life.

That was as useless as claiming to tickle him with a massage to death.

Now, Cuban was trying out another method of persuasion.

Lenny knew exactly what he wanted from him.

Cuban wanted him to activate the Darkline magic in these babies.

Lenny refused to do this.

Cuban was therefore looking for a means of control.

After all, every man had a weak spot.

Cuban remembered that Lenny had good relationship with his teammates from the dungeon and sort to use this against him.

Cuban took the pistol from Bodat's hands.

He turned to Lenny explaining the rules as he opened the chamber and placed just a bullet in the barrel.

The first person he pointed it to was E701's skull.

"The bullet in this gun as been modified. It is nothing like the lousy bullets your feeble ancestors used. Observe!"

BAM!

E701's head explored like a watermelon.

Lenny frowned harder as he watched the headless corpse fall to the ground.

Truly, this was not the normal bullet he knew.

After all, Half-borns were half demons.

Normal bullets will at most tickle their skin.

This was some special bullet specifically designed for killing demons.

As the blood from E791's head bathed the place in it's disgusting red, the babies in the room frightened by what the loud sound of the shot started crying.

However, Cuban waved his hand and their mouths were all shut.

Once more displaying the vastness of his power.

Cuban placed another bullet inside the barrel. This time around, he spinned the chamber once.

Then he pointed it at C888's head.

Cuban turned to Lenny, "Do it!"

"No!"

Immediately, Cuban pressed the trigger.

Meanwhile, C888 shut his eyes tight in expectancy.

Click!

Fortunately, nothing happened.

Cuban smiled. Apparently, C888 had some good luck.

He then walked around a bit, not rushing, and nothing being too fast either.

He looked at Lenny's mother.

"Hmmm, if I remember currently, you were willing to go against one of my demons for this one. Your mother, if I remember, right?"

He spun the chamber once more and pointed it at her head....

Chapter 210 Do You Want To F**k Out Of This Place?

The moment the Chamber was pointed at her head, Lenny's mother began to beg Lenny.

She had clearly seen as E701's head was blasted away like he was vegetable.

She did not want such a fate for herself.

The sheer fear of seeing that headless corpse and imagining it was her own body sent cold shivers down her spine.

She turned to Lenny.

"D999, my dear son. Please, do what the Arena master wants. If you don't do it, your mother that you love so much will..." She paused swallowing hard saliva as she forced her drying mouth to continue talking.

"Leave this world. And I know you don't want that now, do you? So please just do what the master wants. Please..." Her voice suddenly cracked a little, and she broke down in tears.

"Please, do it for me. Do it for your loving mother."

Lenny raised his head at her.

If there was not so much blood on his face, she could have easily seen his questioning look.

"Does this bitch think I give two fucks about her useless ass?" Lenny thought to himself.

Unlike the first time with E701, Cuban did not shoot Lenny's mother.

He just let her beg Lenny. After all, mother's were known to have that magical touch.

Lenny or rather 'D999' at one time in his life, was willing to sacrifice himself for his mother.

Cuban believed that her voice and the threat of her death would do the trick.

However, When he saw Lenny's eyes, he instantly knew that it was hopeless.

Meanwhile, Lenny's mother's move had evolved from begging her son to praising him, and lastly, when she saw all that was not working, she began to Curse him.

She Cursed wild and hard.

She cursed her womb for carrying him.

She cursed the artificial insemination process she had willingly joined to get more food, she cursed which ever random demon in the world was his father.

She cursed the day he was born, she cursed his life, she kept on cursing.

Cursing so hard, that saliva sprayed all over the place as her mouth rained down all that it could think of.

Next, she turned to Cuban, begging for her life and vehemently denying Lenny ever came from her loins.

Lenny could not believe that this was the woman the former owner of this body had risked his life for.

Truly, things were much different in the apocalypse. But even him was not expecting the woman would switch sides so much, like flipping a coin.

If Lenny was not lacking a lot of strength at the moment, he would have rushed forward to push that trigger himself.

Cuban too was starting to get annoyed.

He pressed the trigger.

Click

Lenny's mother closed her eyes tight in expectancy of what was to happen. However, nothing happened.

Fortunately for her, it was another empty slot.

She suddenly took sharp breaths of release.

Although Cuban moved to the next person, deep down, he too had wished the woman was shot.

Lenny's mother bowed on the ground thanking Cuban for his mercy on her life.

The next person, was none other than A222.

The moment the Barrel was moved to her, Lenny had a faint feeling in his heart. It was a sure one of what was going to happen.

Amongst the many blessings that his profession as an assassin had given him, one of them was the extreme sensitivity to weapons.

He was so sensitive to weapons, their shape, weight, design, and how to use them for maximum efficiency.

This was a gift that even Cuban with his wide range of abilities did not have.

Just from the way the chamber had spun, Lenny's eyes and ears, very sensitive to his environment had clearly discovered it.

This time around, the slot had a bullet in it.

If Cuban were to push that trigger then her head was going to go splat on the ground.

Cuban turned to Lenny.

He could see Lenny's body language had changed the moment the Barrel was pointed to A222.

This for him, was good news.

Obviously, this woman before him had value.

"I'll count to three." Cuban stated clearly.

"One, two..."

"Wait!" Lenny gave in.

He turned to the child in front of him and placed a hand on him.

In barely three seconds, a dark hue went about the body of the child.

Cuban smiled.

Even he could sense it.

This child now had Darkline magic.

"Good! Now you will get some food and rest. Afterwards, I want you to do the same for all the babies in this room. I'll leave these ones here as motivation." Cuban instructed then he turned and left the room.

He had matters that needed his attention.

As he did, so did Bodat.

A222 breathed heavy air of relief.

However, it was not just her. A123 also felt relieved.

He hugged A222 tightly, and as he placed a kiss on her forehead, he turned to Lenny, "thank you."

Lenny nodded, and then he suddenly smiled.

"Do you guys want to fuck out of this place?"

That question had come from nowhere, and it was a shock that even in their present circumstances, Lenny was thinking about escaping.

Instantly, A123 tried to inform him of the things happening outside and why having such thoughts was a bad idea.

However, before he could finish his long unprepared speech, Lenny waved his hand.

SLASH!

A katana had appeared in his hand, and a head rolled on the ground.

Everyone looked at it, and was surprised to see that it was his mother's.

Lenny had decapitated her in one fell swoop.

He waved his fingers again and the katana disappeared.

He turned to his teammates once more, "DO YOU WANT TO FUCK OUT OF THIS PLACE?"

A123 still had a lot to say. However, he could tell that it was not going to help.

Then again, only moments ago, he nearly lost the love of his life.

He turned to A222.

He could tell that even though she was maintaining a composed demeanor at the moment, she was actually shaken from what had just happened.