

I Created 250

Chapter 250: Infiltrate The Demons (part 1)

Caught in the exchange, Argon's gaze remained fixed on Isadora, his eyes betraying his intrigue. Unfazed by his unabashed admiration, Isadora stopped in front of him and spoke, her voice holding a playful undertone, "My lord, Cambion is waiting for you on the throne."

Argon's focus shifted back to the immediate matter at hand as he blinked and refocused his attention. Clearing his throat slightly, he composed himself and replied, "Okay, I will go there right away. Thank you, Isadora."

Isadora's smile remained as she nodded, her expression a blend of amusement and respect. With a graceful nod, she turned to continue on her way, leaving Argon to continue his journey toward the throne room. The brief interlude had lifted his spirits, a welcome distraction from his deep cultivation endeavors.

Stepping out of his thoughts and back into the present moment, Argon watched as Isadora's form receded down the corridor. With a subtle shake of his head, he refocused his attention on the task at hand. Cambion was waiting for him on the throne, undoubtedly with important news to report.

As he continued his walk through the sect's halls, Argon's thoughts shifted from the intricate laws he had been contemplating to the ongoing conflict between humans and demons. He needs to stay informed about the progress of the war, and he had entrusted Cambion with the responsibility of keeping him updated.

After a few more turns, Argon reached the entrance to the throne room. The imposing double doors stood open, revealing the grand chamber within. The throne at the far end was his seat of power, a symbol of his authority.

He walked purposefully into the chamber, his footsteps echoing against the polished marble floor. Cambion, standing near the throne, turned to greet him with a respectful nod. The air was charged with a sense of anticipation.

"My lord," Cambion began, his voice steady and respectful, "I bring news from the front lines of the war between humans and demons."

Argon took a moment to steady himself, his expression becoming more focused as he prepared to hear the report. "Speak, Cambion. What has transpired?"

Cambion's gaze met Argon's, conveying a mixture of seriousness and determination. "The demons have launched a series of coordinated attacks across multiple human strongholds. Their forces are skilled and relentless, pushing the humans to their limits."

Argon listened intently as Cambion delivered his report, his demeanor contemplative. As the words settled in, Argon sighed.

"Are people in the Azure Continent really this weak?" Argon mused aloud, his voice tinged with a mix of curiosity and derision. He gazed at Cambion, his expression thoughtful. "The Azure Continent is even more backward than I thought."

Inwardly, Argon's thoughts were far from benevolent. His ambition was driven by a hunger for power and control, and he cared little about the lives that would be lost in the process, as long as it was resulting chaos among the human ranks, Argon's thoughts drifted not his people. To him, both humans and demons were pawns in his grand scheme, and their lives were merely a soul coins in his eyes.

As Cambion continued to detail the demons' advances and the resulting chaos among the human ranks, Argon's thoughts drifted to a more sinister place. He envisioned the scenes of the battle of his monsters, the clash of forces, and the suffering that unfolded on the battlefield. Each life lost was another step closer to his ultimate goal.

While Cambion spoke, Argon's mind calculated the potential gains from this war. Every fallen human could become a source of soul coins—precious resources. The notion of harvesting the souls of both humans and demons to enhance his own power sent a thrill through his veins.

As Cambion concluded his report, Argon's gaze remained fixed on the distance, his expression a mask of calculated detachment. He finally turned his attention back to his subordinate, his tone composed yet tinged with a hint of malevolence.

"Continue to monitor the situation closely, Cambion," Argon instructed, his voice low and deliberate. "And ensure that I receive regular updates on the progress of the war. Our plans depend on exploiting every weakness and maximizing our gains."

Cambion nodded in acknowledgment, his loyalty unwavering even in the face of his lord's ominous intentions. "Of course, my lord. I will keep you informed."

"Cambion, aren't you a demon?" Argon asked.

Cambion's brow furrowed in confusion at the unexpected question. "Yes, My Lord. I am a demon, sworn to serve you."

Argon's gaze intensified, his voice lowering as he continued. "Good. I have a task for you, Cambion. Can you infiltrate the demons' base without them noticing?"

Cambion's expression shifted to one of thoughtful consideration. He glanced downward as he pondered the feasibility of the request. "Although we are not of the same appearance, I think I can do it, my lord. Demons do possess a range of appearances, and I have honed my skills in stealth and illusion."

Argon's lips curled into a sinister smile, a glint of anticipation in his eyes. "Excellent. I need you to gather as much information as possible about their plans, their strategies, and any weaknesses they may have. This war is an opportunity, Cambion. An opportunity for us to exploit and ascend."

Cambion nodded, his commitment unwavering. "Consider it done, my lord. I will infiltrate their base and gather the information you seek."

"Excellent," Argon said, his tone carrying a note of approval. "Remember, Cambion, every detail matters."

Cambion's gaze met Argon's, his determination mirrored in his eyes. "I understand, my lord. I will not fail you."

Argon's smile. "I have no doubt that you won't, Cambion. Your loyalty and skills are invaluable to me."

With a final nod of understanding, Cambion turned to leave the chamber, his purpose clear in his stride. As he walked away, his thoughts were consumed by the weight of the mission he had been entrusted with. The grand plan that Argon had set in motion required careful execution.

As Cambion left the chamber to carry out his mission, Argon's thoughts turned back to his own ambitions. The war between humans and demons was a mere backdrop to his grand scheme—a means to an end. He cared not for the lives lost or the suffering endured; all that mattered was the power he could amass.

