

I Created 251

Chapter 251: Infiltrate The Demons (part 2)

With the details of his mission clear in his mind, Cambion left the throne room, his steps purposeful and unwavering. His heart beat with a sense of anticipation, and a shroud of determination surrounded him like an aura. His loyalty to Argon was unshakable, and he would execute his orders with precision.

The weight of his mission bore down on him, a mixture of excitement and tension coursing through his veins. The hood he wore cast shadows over his features, concealing his true appearance. His aura, that of a demon, blended seamlessly with the cultivation energy that permeated the surroundings, rendering him inconspicuous.

Cambion's mind was focused solely on his mission. He had spent years honing his skills in stealth, illusion, and manipulation, and now was the time to put them to the test. His loyalty to Argon was unwavering, and he was determined to fulfill his lord's orders without hesitation.

As Cambion ventured deeper into the Veiled Forest, the air grew thicker, carrying with it the scent of earth and foliage. The forest itself seemed to be holding its breath, as if aware of the danger lurking within its depths. The dead trees cast elongated shadows in the fading light.

The once vibrant and lush landscape of the Veiled Forest began to transform around Cambion as he ventured deeper into its heart. The very essence of life seemed to wither away, leaving in its wake a desolate and eerie atmosphere. The trees, once adorned with green leaves, now stood skeletal and barren, their branches reaching out like twisted fingers against the gray sky.

Cambion's steps stirred up a layer of dry, brittle leaves that crumbled beneath his feet. The ground itself appeared cracked and parched, as though it had been drained of its vitality. The air grew heavy with a sense of foreboding, as if the very land mourned the loss of its life force.

The once melodious songs of birds had fallen silent, replaced by an unsettling stillness broken only by the distant rustle of dead leaves in the wind. Even the creatures that once called this forest home seemed to have abandoned it, leaving behind an emptiness that echoed in the depths of Cambion's heart.

As Cambion moved forward, the transformation of the landscape became more pronounced. The gnarled and twisted tree trunks seemed to groan with an otherworldly lament, their branches clawing at the sky like bony fingers seeking refuge from the desolation.

He paused, casting his gaze around the lifeless expanse before him. It was as though an invisible force had sapped the vitality from this land, leaving behind a haunting and surreal tableau. Cambion's heart beat steadily, a steady rhythm that defied the eerie silence surrounding him.

Cambion's thoughts were interrupted by the distant sight of the demon's camp.

Approaching the camp, Cambion's steps were deliberate and measured. The lack of guards at the entrance seemed to reflect the demons' unwavering confidence in their superiority. It was a display of arrogance, an assumption that no human would dare set foot in their domain. Little did they know that a demon among them was about to unravel their secrets.

Without missing a beat, Cambion's hooded figure moved with practiced ease, his presence unassuming amidst the eerie stillness of the camp's surroundings. The desolation of the forest had prepared him well for the atmosphere he now encountered—a place where life and vitality had been drained away.

As he walked deeper into the camp, the demon's faces around him bore expressions of indifference and concentration. Their attention was fixated on the ongoing conflict with the humans, their voices carrying a mixture of battle strategies and disdain for their opponents. Cambion's steps remained unchallenged, his aura of a fellow demon keeping suspicion at bay.

Drawing closer to the center of the camp, Cambion's ears caught snippets of conversations—discussions about tactics, plans for future attacks, and the perceived weakness of the humans. It was a world of cruelty and calculation, where lives were mere pawns in a grander scheme. To Cambion, it was all part of the game, a means to an end that he had no personal investment in.

Amidst the hubbub of the camp, Cambion's gaze fixated on a group of low-ranking demons huddled together. Their conversations were a mix of boasting and speculation, the usual discourse of those consumed by their own desires for power. It was among this group that Cambion saw an opportunity to gather more information.

With his aura of a fellow demon intact, Cambion approached the group, his strides steady and his gaze focused. His cultivation energy, although restrained to the Golden Core Realm, was enough to exude an air of authority that demanded respect. In the demon clan, strength was the currency of influence, and Cambion intended to use it to his advantage.

As he neared the group, their voices tapered off, and their eyes shifted toward him with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension. Cambion's cold, calculating eyes met theirs, his voice low and commanding as he spoke, "Where are the commanders located?"

His words hung in the air, carrying an undertone that brooked no dissent. The low-ranking demons exchanged hesitant glances, their earlier confidence waning in the face of this imposing figure. Cambion's aura spoke of power, and the instinctual respect that demons had for those stronger than them resonated in the tense silence.

One of the lower demons, a burly figure with leathery skin, stepped forward hesitantly. His voice quivered slightly as he responded, "The commanders... are at the command tent, further into the camp." His words held a mix of apprehension and respect, a clear acknowledgment of Cambion's superior strength.

The group of low demons exchanged relieved looks, their chatter resuming as Cambion continued on his path toward the designated tent. The atmosphere had shifted, a testament to the hierarchy ingrained within the demon clan. Respect for strength was paramount, and Cambion had made it clear that he was not to be trifled with.

As Cambion moved away from the group of low demons, he couldn't help but catch fragments of their continued conversation as it drifted through the air. Their words held a mixture of uncertainty and curiosity, revolving around a newfound realization that had shaken their previous nonchalance.

"Hey, isn't that guy's aura similar to that of a high demon?" one of the demons murmured, his voice tinged with both surprise and wariness.

Another demon chimed in, his tone hushed, "You're right. I've only felt this level of fear from a high demon or above."

The revelation had clearly stirred unease among the gathered demons, their certainty shaken by the unexpected presence of someone potentially of higher rank than they had initially assumed. The notion of a high demon crossing the space rift to reach their camp was met with skepticism and disbelief.

"That's impossible. High demons can't cross the space rift to get here," one of the demons interjected, his voice carrying a trace of disbelief.

As the demons deliberated among themselves, one of them suggested a course of action. "What about we tell the commanders about this? They should be informed."

However, not all were eager to take the initiative. Another demon responded with a hint of caution, "You do it then. If that's really a high demon, then the commanders will already know about it. I just don't want to get involved in this. It's too risky."

The sense of uncertainty was palpable as they weighed the potential consequences of alerting the higher-ranking demons. The hierarchy of the demon clan dictated that those of greater strength were to be respected and, in some cases, feared. The realization that someone with superior power might be among them had created a ripple of apprehension, altering the atmosphere in the camp.

Amidst the whispers and shifting glances, Cambion's presence remained enigmatic, his aura of authority and strength serving as a reminder of the hierarchy that governed their world. Unbeknownst to the gathered demons, Cambion's true identity and intentions were far more complex than they could have ever imagined.

As Cambion made his way through the camp, his thoughts swirled with the possibilities that lay before him. Should he storm the commanders' tent and demand answers through force, or should he gather information stealthily? The dichotomy of his options played out in his mind, each carrying its own set of risks and potential rewards.

He pondered his options as he walked, the desolate landscape around him a stark contrast to the decisions he had to make. Should he storm into the commanders' tent, using his overwhelming strength to intimidate and force information out of them? It was a tempting thought, a direct approach that would leave no room for ambiguity.