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Chapter 252: Infiltrate The Demons (part 3)

The thought of using brute force to extract information appealed to his combat instincts. He had already scanned the camp with his spiritual aura, and no one here surpassed his strength. The idea of asserting dominance through sheer power was tempting, but it came with risks.

"On the other hand," he contemplated further, "I'll need to gather intel quietly."

His expertise lay in combat ability and strength, but this mission demanded finesse. He envisioned infiltrating the commanders' tent undetected, eavesdropping on their discussions, and extracting vital information without triggering an alarm.

"Using brute force might yield quick answers, but stealth could provide more valuable insights," he acknowledged.

After all, the knowledge he sought was essential for Argon's grand scheme. As he walked, Cambion's decision became clear – he would initially observe stealthily, seeking to gain information before making any decisive moves.

With determination etched into his every step, Cambion navigated the campgrounds. His aura of a fellow demon ensured that no one questioned his presence. His ultimate goal was to reach the command tent, where the answers he sought might lie. The quiet conversations of the demons around him seemed like mere background noise to his purpose-driven mind.

Approaching the command tent, Cambion's heart pounded in anticipation. He could feel the gravity of the situation, the weight of his mission. The eerie silence of the camp was in stark contrast to the turmoil within his thoughts. The gnarled trees and desolate landscape around him seemed to mirror the inner conflict of his mind.

Drawing closer to the tent, Cambion's thoughts steadied. The choice was made – stealth first. He had the strength, but he also possessed the skill to slip through the shadows undetected. It was a calculated risk, one that he believed would yield greater rewards in the end.

The entrance to the command tent loomed ahead, its dark fabric fluttering gently in the breeze. Cambion's form melded with the shadows, his steps soundless on the desolate ground. He paused, his hand resting on the flap of the tent.

With a swift movement, he slipped into the tent, vanishing from sight. Inside, the secrets and plans of the demon commanders awaited him, and Cambion was ready to uncover them, one silent step at a time.

As he entered the tent, Cambion's senses were assaulted by an array of scents – the smoky residue of incense, the tang of metal, and an underlying thread of power that seemed to hum in the air. The interior was dimly lit, shadows dancing across the canvas walls.

His gaze fell upon the figures within – five demons, each radiating an aura of authority and power. They stood gathered around a low table, their heads bent in what appeared to be a serious discussion. Cambion's eyes narrowed as he listened closely, his keen senses absorbing every word.

Hyr, the demon with eyes like molten lava, spoke with authority. "The humans have grown bolder, and our infiltration is progressing smoothly. Elysia and Silvanus have managed to destroy all the villages and towns in the north, causing them to disrupt their resources."

Elysia's ethereal form seemed to shimmer in the dim light as she nodded. "Yes, the humans are becoming more divided. Their leaders are struggling to maintain control, and their unity is weakening."

Silvanus's shadowy form interjected, their voice resonating like a distant whisper. "Our next target should be the eastern city. Their defenses are particularly vulnerable there."

Glacius's frosty presence was palpable as he glanced around the tent. "I still believe we should launch a direct assault. Fear is our ally, and the humans' morale can be crushed if we reveal our true strength."

Seraphina's otherworldly glow illuminated her features as she spoke softly, her voice carrying an air of wisdom. "We must remember our ultimate objective – to prepare the way for the four lords to break through. Subtlety is key."

Cambion stood within the shadows of the command tent, his senses honed in on the conversation unfolding before him. The demons before him were discussing their tactics, their strategies, and their goals – information that was crucial to understanding their intentions.

Hyr's commanding voice resonated through the air, outlining their successes in infiltrating human strongholds and causing disruption. Elysia and Silvanus, in their own unique forms, shared the

results of their efforts in causing divisions and weakening human unity. The north had been destabilized, and the humans' control was slipping through their fingers.

Glacius's icy presence radiated with a desire for a direct confrontation, believing that the display of their true strength could Silvanus's voice, like a whisper carried by the wind, suggested the next target – an eastern city with vulnerabilities in its defenses. Glacius's icy presence radiated with a desire for a direct confrontation, believing that the display of their true strength could crush human morale through fear.

Amidst the various viewpoints, Seraphina's wisdom shone like a guiding light. She reminded them of their ultimate objective – the preparation for the four lords to break through. Her words resonated with Cambion, echoing the significance of their mission.

However, a particular detail caught Cambion's attention – the reference to the "four lords." He immediately took note of this phrase. It suggested the presence of even more powerful demons, lurking in the shadows, waiting for the right time to make their entrance. Cambion's mind raced with questions. Who were these four lords? What role did they play in the demons' grand scheme? And how formidable were they?

The discussion flowed seamlessly, the demons transitioning from their current strategies to a different topic – the space rift. Hyr, his molten eyes flickering with anticipation, turned the conversation toward this mysterious rift.

"Is the space rift ready for another batch of demons?" Hyr inquired, his tone a mix of curiosity and expectation.

Seraphina, her ethereal presence emanating a calm aura, answered with assurance. "It should be ready by next week. The preparations are progressing smoothly."

Hyr's expression held a glimmer of satisfaction. "Good. We need to maintain a steady flow of reinforcements and ensure that our presence on this continent remains formidable."

Cambion's heart quickened at the mention of the space rift. This revelation deepened the intrigue of the situation. The demons had access to a rift, a conduit between dimensions that allowed them to transport their forces. It was a formidable advantage, one that could tip the scales in their favor if not countered effectively.

As Seraphina's words settled, the demons continued their dialogue, the implications of the space rift and the four lords looming over the room like unspoken secrets. Cambion's mind raced, processing the information he had gathered. The situation was more complex than he had initially thought.

The four lords – a term that held an air of mystery and power. They were integral to the demons' plans, and Cambion was determined to uncover their identities and understand their significance. His purpose was clearer than ever – to unravel these four demons' identity.

As Cambion's thoughts churned with questions about the four lords, his attention was abruptly redirected by the entrance of a demon with a nervous expression. The atmosphere in the tent shifted as the demon entered, immediately drawing the attention of the gathered commanders. It was one of the low-ranking demons from the group he had interacted with earlier.

Hyr, the commander with molten eyes, turned his gaze towards the interrupting demon. His voice carried a tone of authority, but also curiosity, "What is it? You interrupted our meeting."

The demon's nervousness was palpable as they spoke, "I apologize, sir, for interrupting your meeting. But I have something to report."

Hyr's eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze fixed on the newcomer. "Speak then," he commanded, his patience tested by the unexpected interruption.

The demon took a deep breath, their words tumbling out in a rush. "Earlier, we encountered a demon who asked us questions. He had an aura... similar to that of high demon."

Hearing the demon's words, Cambion's gaze hardened, and his eyes locked onto the nervous demon with an incensed expression. The demon's description of a high demon crossing the space rift was met with disbelief and anger.

"What are you talking about?" Cambion's voice resonated with a mixture of anger and frustration. "High demons can't cross the space rift to enter here. That's impossible," he stated firmly, his tone challenging the demon's assertion.

Glacius, the frosty presence in the room, interrupted with a cold and dismissive tone, "Did you just interrupt our meeting for that nonsense? Are you asking to die?" His frosty aura seemed to intensify as he spoke, and his eyes bore into the nervous demon.

Glacius's patience seemed to wane as he waved his hand dismissively. In an instant, the low-ranking demon vanished without a trace, as if he had never been there. Glacius's voice cut through the air with finality, "Nonsense."