

## I Created 253

### Chapter 253: Infiltrate The Demons (part 4)

As the tense exchange unfolded before him, Cambion's thoughts raced. The demon's description of an aura similar to that of a high demon struck a nerve within him. He couldn't help but wonder if the demon was talking about him – his own aura potentially mistaken for that of a high demon.

Though Cambion didn't possess a clear understanding of what a high demon truly was in this world of cultivation, the reactions of the commanders around him indicated that high demons held significant power and status. The possibility of being identified as one, even mistakenly, could either work to his advantage or jeopardize his mission entirely.

As the tense atmosphere in the tent lingered, Cambion's mind churned with a whirlwind of thoughts. Should he reveal himself and act like a superior? Or should he continue to observe quietly, gathering more information while preserving his anonymity? The decision weighed heavily on his shoulders, and he knew that whatever choice he made would shape the course of events moving forward.

Seraphina's calm voice broke through the tension, her otherworldly glow casting a gentle light on the situation. "Very well, the meeting has concluded for now. Let us each reflect on our tasks and continue our preparations."

The commanders nodded in agreement, and with a mixture of wariness, they began to disperse from the tent. Cambion's thoughts are still mired in the dilemma posed by the demon's interruption.

As the commanders began to leave the tent, Cambion's internal turmoil reached a tipping point. A decision crystallized in his mind, a daring gambit that could reveal much more than passive observation ever could. A smirk played on his lips as he swiftly made up his mind.

The five commanders, startled by the sudden appearance of this powerful figure, turned their attention toward Cambion. Their expressions ranged from surprise to suspicion, their senses acutely aware of the overwhelming aura that enveloped him.

Glacius, his frosty demeanor unchanged, took a step forward and addressed Cambion with a hint of caution in his voice. "Who are you?" The question hung in the air, the tension palpable as they awaited his response.

Cambion's smirk widened as he looked at Glacius and the others, his eyes gleaming with a mixture of amusement and superiority. "I am Cambion," he declared, his voice holding an air of authority that matched his powerful presence. "A high demon."

The words hung in the air for a moment, the commanders exchanging glances that conveyed a mixture of disbelief and wariness. To their understanding, high demons were rare and formidable beings, far beyond the reach of their current situation. The audacity of this demon claiming such a status was met with skepticism.

Elysia's ethereal form shimmered as she spoke, her voice a mix of curiosity and caution. "A high demon, you say? And what business does a high demon have with us?"

As Elysia's words left her lips, Cambion's smirk deepened, his aura pulsating with an unseen power. In an instant, the atmosphere in the tent shifted dramatically. The commanders, once standing tall and composed, suddenly found themselves trapped in an oppressive force that seemed to weigh down on them. It was as if they were sinking into an invisible quagmire, their movements hindered and their breaths coming harder.

Hyr's molten eyes widened, his thoughts racing as he felt the immense pressure pressing against him. Fear pulsed through their bloodlines, a primal instinct that acknowledged the overwhelming strength before them. For a brief moment, they were brought face to face with a power that transcended their own, a force that demanded their respect and submission.

As the pressure intensified, Cambion's confidence radiated like an indomitable force. The commanders struggled against the invisible bonds that held them, their movements sluggish and uncoordinated. The realization that they were at the mercy of this enigmatic high demon ignited a primal fear deep within them.

In response to the power that Cambion exerted, Glacius's frosty exterior seemed to crack ever so slightly. His eyes widened imperceptibly, an unspoken recognition passing between the commanders. The intensity of this high demon's aura was unlike anything they had encountered before. The implication of Cambion's true identity sent shockwaves through the group.

In a swift motion, Cambion reached up and removed his cloak, revealing a different appearance beneath it – one that set him apart from the low demons. His features were refined, his form exuding a sense of perfection that was unmistakably different from the commanders'. A low demon's appearance was marked by imperfections, but Cambion's visage was flawless, a telltale sign of a high demon.

With a cold and calculated tone, Cambion's voice sliced through the tense silence. "I don't have business with you. I am ordered to be here."

The commanders, still caught in the grip of his overwhelming presence, exchanged glances that spoke volumes. The truth was becoming undeniable. Cambion's aura, appearance, and demeanor left little room for doubt. He was indeed a high demon, a being of immense power and influence.

Elysia's ethereal form seemed to quiver, a mixture of fear and realization crossing her features. She immediately took a step forward, her voice laced with a blend of awe and apology. "My Lord, please accept our apologies for any disrespect. We did not realize your true identity."

Cambion's smirk returned, a knowing glint in his eyes as he allowed the pressure to ease. The commanders found themselves released from the invisible hold that had bound them moments ago, their movements returning to normal. The tense atmosphere began to dissipate, replaced by a newfound understanding of Cambion's status.

As Elysia's words hung in the air, Cambion's expression remained inscrutable. The power play he had executed had achieved its desired effect. He had asserted himself as a high demon, gained their respect, and paved the way for future interactions.

As the weight of Cambion's presence lifted, a palpable shift occurred in the tent. The tension that had gripped the commanders began to loosen its hold, allowing them to take deeper breaths and regain their composure. Elysia's words of apology lingered in the air, a sincere acknowledgment of their misjudgment.

Hyr, the commander with molten eyes, stepped forward, his gaze fixed respectfully on Cambion. "My Lord," he began, his voice respectful and deferential, "please allow me to guide you within the tent. We are honored by your presence."

A faint smile played on Cambion's lips as he inclined his head in acknowledgment. "En," he responded, his tone carrying a regal authority. "Lead the way."

Hyr's expression held a mixture of awe and admiration. "Right this way, Lord..." he pauses.

"Cambion."

"This way, Lord Cambion." As he gestured toward the entrance of the tent.

Cambion followed Hyr into the tent, his steps measured and confident. As he entered, the atmosphere seemed to shift once more, the other commanders watching with a mixture of curiosity and respect.

Hyr guided Cambion to a seat within the tent, the other commanders watching their interaction with a combination of fascination and deference. As Cambion settled into the seat, his aura seemed to command the room, a silent reminder of his status as a high demon.

Seraphina, her voice gentle yet curious, spoke up from her place within the tent. "Lord Cambion," she began, her ethereal glow casting a soft light on the scene, "if I may inquire, there is something that many of us have wondered about."