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Chapter 254: Meet The Four Demon (part 1)

Cambion's gaze shifted to Seraphina, his attention fully focused on her. "Please, ask your question," he replied with a sense of measured interest.

Seraphina, her ethereal presence unchanged, took a seat beside Cambion. Her voice carried a calm and composed tone as she addressed him. "Lord Cambion, if you would indulge my curiosity," she began, her gaze meeting his, "I would like to know how you traverse the space rift. It is a topic that has intrigued many of us."

Cambion paused for a moment, his mind racing to formulate an answer that would both satisfy their curiosity and preserve the secrecy of his mission. After a brief contemplation, he spoke with a measured tone. "I must clarify that the one you see before you is not my true self," he explained, his gaze steady. "This is only a clone I have projected for the purpose of this mission."

His words seemed to hang in the air for a moment as the commanders processed his response. Their expressions carried a mix of surprise and realization. Elysia's ethereal form shimmered slightly, her eyes reflecting a newfound understanding.

"A clone?" Seraphina echoed, her voice tinged with curiosity. "Such an ability is truly remarkable."

Cambion nodded in acknowledgment of Seraphina's observation. "Indeed, the art of creating clones is a manifestation of advanced demonic cultivation," he explained, his tone carrying a sense of authority. "It allows us to extend our presence and influence across different locations."

Hyr, his molten eyes bright with curiosity, interjected. "My Lord, if I may add, your ability to create such a convincing clone is a testament to your mastery."

Cambion regarded Hyr with a faint smile, acknowledging the compliment. "Control over one's essence and energy is a fundamental skill. It grants us the advantage of presence without the full commitment of our core."

Seraphina's ethereal form seemed to shimmer with interest. "And this clone, it possesses your knowledge and consciousness?"

"Indeed," Cambion confirmed. "While it lacks the entirety of my consciousness, it carries my intentions, allowing for interaction and communication."

The other commanders exchanged glances, their curiosity clearly piqued. Elysia's voice carried a note of wonder as she spoke. "To think that one can be in multiple places at once, it is truly a remarkable feat."

As the conversation continued, Cambion skillfully navigated their inquiries, shedding light on the complexities of his abilities while maintaining an air of mystery. He spoke of the challenges faced in traversing the space rift and the delicate balance required to manipulate energy to create clones. The commanders listened attentively, their expressions a mix of fascination and respect.

After a brief pause, Cambion's gaze turned thoughtful. "If I may shift the topic," he began, "are the five of you the highest authority overseeing all operations?"

Hyr exchanged a glance with his fellow commanders before responding. "No, my Lord," he replied respectfully. "There are four low demons who hold a higher rank than us. They oversee the broader strategies and decisions."

Cambion's interest was piqued. "Four low demons stronger than you?" he echoed. "Where can I find these four demons?"

Hyr's gaze met Cambion's, a sense of loyalty and respect evident in his eyes. "They are currently within the chamber, my Lord," he explained. "They are working tirelessly to break through to higher realms of power."

Cambion nodded in understanding. "I see. Their dedication is commendable."

Hyr's response carried a sense of pride. "Indeed, my Lord. Their determination serves as an example to us all."

A subtle smile played on Cambion's lips as he acknowledged their commitment. "Very well, then. I would be interested to witness their efforts. Please guide me to the chamber."

Hyr bowed slightly, acknowledging the request. "Of course, my Lord. It would be an honor to accompany you."

As Cambion rose from his seat, the commanders followed suit, their expressions a mix of respect and anticipation. With a regal air, Cambion led the way out of the tent, the commanders falling into formation behind him. The tent's atmosphere seemed to shift once more, the anticipation of Cambion's presence casting a new light on their ongoing endeavors.

As Cambion walked alongside the commanders, his thoughts began to churn, reflecting on the path he had chosen. He couldn't help but feel a sense of validation in his decision to portray himself as a high demon. The aura of authority and power he exuded had garnered respect and curiosity, opening doors to conversations and information that he might not have otherwise obtained.

The curiosity and respect in the commanders' eyes, the way they hung on his every word, all affirmed his intuition. In a world where strength was revered, his identity as a high demon had granted him an advantage that he intended to exploit to its fullest potential.

The art of manipulation was as much a part of this world as the cultivation of energy. Cambion's mastery of both combat and subtlety had allowed him to establish a position of influence and interest. The enigma that surrounded his true intentions would serve as a shield, concealing the true purpose of his mission.

Seraphina's initial curiosity about his abilities had sparked a dialogue that was shaping the course of their interaction. Cambion recognized the significance of each word he chose, each response he crafted. He was playing a delicate game, maneuvering through a maze of expectations and perceptions.

And now, the prospect of meeting the four low demons who held higher ranks intrigued him further. They were the chessmasters in this intricate game, and Cambion was eager to observe their moves, to understand their motivations, and to extract any information that could aid his mission.

As they approached the chamber where the four demons were cultivating, Cambion's thoughts focused on the opportunity before him. The revelation of their breakthrough attempts hinted at their ambition to ascend to higher realms of power. Cambion knew that in such a world, power was both a weapon and a currency. Those who possessed it held the key to shaping destinies.

With each step, Cambion's resolve deepened. His role as a high demon was not just a facade; it was a strategic choice that granted him access to the heart of the demon clan. He was determined to unravel its mysteries, exploit its weaknesses, and ultimately achieve his objective.

Hyr's steps were purposeful as he made his way to the entrance of the chamber. Cambion watched him go, his thoughts drifting to the purpose of Hyr's actions. He surmised that Hyr wanted to ensure that the four higher-ranked demons were prepared and informed about his presence. Given the newfound respect Cambion had garnered, Hyr likely wanted to prevent any potential disrespect or misunderstandings that could arise.

In Hyr's mind, Cambion reasoned, it was a matter of survival. The realization struck him that Hyr understood the precariousness of their situation. Disrespecting a high demon again could lead to dire consequences, consequences that the demons might not survive a second time.

Cambion's lips curved into a faint, contemplative smile. Hyr's actions were a testament to the impact he had made within a short span of time. The choice to present himself as a high demon had granted him authority and influence that extended beyond mere words. Cambion had become a factor that needed to be considered, a force that demanded acknowledgment.