

## I Created 255

### Chapter 255: Meet The Four Demon (part 2)

As Cambion waited, he took a moment to gaze around the corridor. The intricate patterns carved into the walls, the soft glow of the crystals embedded in the stone.

His thoughts shifted back to the present as he saw Hyr returning. There was a sense of purpose in Hyr's steps, a determination that told Cambion the demons were being properly informed. As Hyr approached, Cambion could sense a newfound undercurrent of respect in his demeanor.

"They are ready to receive you, my Lord," Hyr announced, his voice steady. "Please, allow me to guide you to them."

Cambion nodded, appreciating Hyr's diligence. As he followed Hyr back to the chamber, he couldn't help but feel a growing sense of anticipation. The encounter with the four demons promised to be a pivotal moment in his mission. Their reactions, their words, and their presence would offer insights that could shape his next steps.

As Cambion stepped into the chamber, a subtle shift in the atmosphere was immediately noticeable. Xal'Thur, Cryonex, Nihilus, and Vexoria, the four formidable peak-stage Core Formation demons, turned their attention toward him. Their expressions, once indifferent, morphed into something different—a mix of respect and acknowledgement. This was the demeanor of beings who recognized the presence of someone of greater power.

Xal'Thur's deep voice, which had held a note of amusement earlier, now carried a subtle reverence. "Greetings," he said, his crimson eyes gleaming as he addressed Cambion. "We welcome your presence, esteemed Lord Cambion."

Cambion's gaze met theirs, his demeanor radiating an air of authority. He inclined his head ever so slightly, acknowledging their respect. "It is only fitting that you recognize the power that stands before you," he responded, his voice carrying a deep resonance that filled the chamber. "Your response is not unexpected. After all, the sight of a high demon is a rarity, especially for beings of your stature."

Cryonex's icy-blue gaze held a mixture of awe and caution. "Indeed, the presence of a high demon commands our attention."

Nihilus's unsettling whisper seemed to acknowledge Cambion's dominance. "To think that we stand in the presence of a high demon, it is humbling. We understand the hierarchy, and we shall not forget our place."

Vexoria's indifference seemed to waver slightly, replaced by a hint of deference. "Our realm of cultivation has taught us the significance of power. Your presence reinforces the lessons we have learned."

Cambion's lips curled into a faint smile, his posture exuding confidence. "You grasp the essence of your position well. Remember that as you continue on your path of cultivation. The road ahead is one that demands reverence for those who stand above."

Xal'Thur's voice held a subtle urgency. "We are on the cusp of our own breakthrough, preparing to transcend the limitations of Core Formation. Your arrival marks a turning point in our journey."

Cambion's gaze swept over the assembled demons, a sense of superiority underlying his words. "Indeed, the timing of my arrival is significant. It serves as a reminder that power is not stagnant—it evolves and ascends. Embrace this lesson, and perhaps you too will attain greater heights."

A couple of hours later, Cambion emerged from the chamber with an elated expression that he quickly concealed behind his mask of authority. The mission had been a success; he had managed to extract a wealth of information, particularly about the ancient hand

—an artifact that held a deep historical significance.

This hand was none other than the severed appendage of the Emperor, the very individual who had once held dominion over the demon world. It harkened back to a time of turmoil, a holy war that had raged fifty millennia ago. In the face of an indestructible Emperor, his foes had resorted to the unthinkable—dismembering his body and scattering its parts, sealing them away in disparate locations to ensure his defeat.

Despite the importance of this tale within demon lore, the expressions on Xal'Thur, Cryonex, Nihilus, and Vexoria's faces were a mixture of confusion and surprise. Their glances exchanged in brief moments of uncertainty, yet none dared to question Cambion's apparent lack of familiarity with this piece of history. After all, he was a high demon—a figure of immense power who was assumed to be privy to such ancient narratives.

In a realm where hierarchy and power dictated interactions, the four demons opted to suppress their inquiries and instead maintained their respectful and deferential demeanor. Cambion's stature, reinforced by his performance during the meeting, had established an undeniable presence—one that overshadowed any lingering doubts. The dynamics in the chamber had been subtly but distinctly altered, leaving the demons both curious and cautious in the face of Cambion's undeniable influence.

Hyr's voice broke through the silent tension that lingered in the air. "Follow me, Lord Cambion," he spoke, his tone carrying a mixture of deference and guidance. Cambion followed Hyr's lead, stepping out of the chamber and into the corridor. As they moved, Cambion's gaze flickered across the intricate patterns carved into the walls, and he couldn't help but be impressed by the craftsmanship that adorned this place. The soft glow of the embedded crystals bathed the corridor in an ethereal light, creating an otherworldly ambiance.

Hyr led Cambion to a large tent that stood as a prominent structure within the desolate expanse. The fabric of the tent fluttered gently in the wind, and there was an air of anticipation surrounding it.

"This way, Lord Cambion," Hyr said with a respectful nod, gesturing towards the entrance of the tent.

Cambion's gaze shifted from the tent to Hyr. "Okay," he replied in a measured tone, his anticipation hidden behind a mask of controlled curiosity.

He stepped towards the entrance of the tent. As he passed through the entrance, he found himself in a space that was surprisingly spacious and well-appointed. The interior was adorned with intricate tapestries, ancient artifacts, and symbols of power—

testaments to the influence of those who resided within.

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Inside the chamber, the silence was punctuated by Vexoria's low voice, laced with curiosity and skepticism. "How is it that a high demon didn't possess knowledge of that history?" Her words hung in the air, a question wrapped in intrigue.

Xal'Thur's crimson eyes flickered, a mixture of caution and urgency entering his gaze. He raised his hand in a subtle gesture, an unspoken command for her to halt. "Hold your tongue," he admonished quietly, his tone carrying a note of warning. "Remember that Lord Cambion is a clone."

Cryonex interjected, his icy-blue gaze thoughtful. "It's plausible that not all memories of the original body would seamlessly transfer to the clone," he mused, his words dripping with speculation. "We cannot dismiss the complexities of such a process."

Xal'Thur's words were laced with agreement. "Let's not delve into this matter further for now. Our focus should be on our cultivation. We need to break through faster. We can't afford to keep Lord Cambion waiting, and who knows how he might react if he's kept waiting for too long. We can't risk invoking his wrath."

The demons exchanged understanding glances, silently acknowledging the point. In this world where power determined every facet of existence, it was unwise to provoke the ire of a high demon.

Everyone's skepticism yielded to a cautious nod, acknowledging the wisdom of Xal'Thur's words. Their focus shifted back to their individual contemplations, the weight of their tasks heavy upon them.