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Chapter 256: Destroy All The Fortress (part 1)

As the moments ticked by, Cambion's mind buzzed with the events that had unfolded in the chamber. The weight of the information he had gathered, the dynamics he had witnessed, it all demanded immediate action. His consciousness reached out through the arcane connections that bound him to another, seeking the presence of the one who held a significant role in this world.

Argon, he projected his thoughts with a sense of urgency, knowing that the recipient would be quick to respond.

In the depths of his meditation, Argon felt the faint echo of Cambion's mental call. The sensation was like a gentle ripple in the fabric of his thoughts, an intrusion that he welcomed as he swiftly adjusted his focus.

"Cambion" Argon's mental voice replied, infused with recognition. "What news do you bring?"

"My Lord." Cambion's mental voice resonated within Argon's mind, the encounter with the four demons has been enlightening. "They stand on the brink of a breakthrough, preparing to transcend Core Formation. Their respect for my presence is evident, and their focus on power and cultivation is unwavering."

"The tale of the Emperor's dismembered hand, an artifact of historical significance, caught them by surprise. They seemed puzzled by my apparent lack of knowledge, but they refrained from questioning me, likely due to my high demon status."

Argon's mental presence remained focused, absorbing the information that Cambion relayed. He recognized the significance of this development, the intricate dance of power and intrigue that unfolded in the cultivation world.

"You've done well, Cambion," Argon responded, his mental tone a mixture of approval and contemplation. "Their reactions are telling. The Emperor's hand holds a key to their past, and your presence has stirred both curiosity and caution among them."

Cambion's mental response was swift, his dedication to his mission evident. "Indeed, my Lord. Their breakthrough could reshape the balance of power between their war with humans. How should we proceed?"

Argon's mental voice carried a sense of determination. "Continue to observe and gather information. Cultivate a connection with them, and when the time is right, offer guidance. But be cautious, for the path ahead is treacherous."

"Understood, my Lord. I will remain vigilant."

Finally, the time had come. In the midst of a palpable anticipation, a surge of energy rippled through the camp, causing the air itself to tremble. It was a phenomenon felt by all, a sign that someone had successfully broken through the barriers of their cultivation stage. Among the demons, Xal'Thur was the first to achieve this pivotal milestone.

Xal'Thur's breakthrough process reverberated through the very fabric of the camp. The ground beneath their feet seemed to pulse in tandem with his transformation. The other demons in the vicinity, whether engaged in their own cultivation or simply going about their tasks, immediately sensed the change. A sense of exhilaration swept through them, and jubilant cheers erupted throughout the camp as the news spread like wildfire.

As Xal'Thur's breakthrough reached its zenith, a burst of brilliance erupted from his form, illuminating the camp with an otherworldly glow. The ground shook, and a shockwave radiated outward, causing the surrounding landscape to shudder. Cheers erupted from the demons as they sensed the successful breakthrough.

In his tent, Cambion felt the upheaval of energy, the unmistakable sign of Xal'Thur's successful advancement. However, he remained composed, his expression unchanged. As a high demon, he exuded an aura of superiority, an entity transcending the realm of those currently celebrating Xal'Thur's feat. He maintained his air of detachment, an embodiment of the hierarchy that defined their world.

While cheers of celebration echoed around him, Cambion's expression remained unchanged. His mind, however, was far from idle. As the cheers reached his ears, he seized the opportunity to reach out to Argon once more, his thoughts carrying a sense of duty and urgency.

"My Lord," Cambion projected his thoughts, his mental presence focused and determined.

Argon's mental focus shifted once again, attuning to Cambion's call. "Cambion, what news do you bring now?"

"Xal'Thur's breakthrough has occurred. The entire camp is celebrating the achievement. Their unity and strength are evident, yet I remain vigilant in my observation. This is a significant step in their cultivation path, one that we must carefully navigate." He said.

Argon's mental voice was contemplative, a reflection of the intricate strategy they were orchestrating. "Indeed, Xal'Thur's breakthrough marks the beginning of a new era for this continent. Your insight is invaluable, Cambion. Continue to assess the situation, and when the time is right, extend your influence in a way that guides their progress."

Cambion's mental presence resonated with understanding and unwavering loyalty. "As you command, my Lord. I shall remain a steady presence in their midst, offering guidance when the opportunity presents itself."

"Good. Their breakthroughs will reshape the course of events in this war, and we must ensure that it aligns with our objectives. Stay vigilant, Cambion. Our plans are in motion."

Cambion's mental response carried the weight of his dedication. "I shall not falter, my Lord."

As their mental exchange concluded, Cambion took a deep breath, his focus returning to the immediate surroundings. Outside his tent, the celebrations continued, and while his presence might be concealed from the eyes of the demons, his influence on the unfolding events was profound.

Amidst the fervor of celebration, Xal'Thur's triumphant aura had barely settled when he strode purposefully toward Cambion's tent. With an air of determination and respect, he approached the high demon who had cast an enigmatic presence over their camp.

"Lord Cambion," Xal'Thur's voice held a blend of excitement and reverence as he spoke the honorific. "I have broken through the barriers of the Soul Strengthening Realm. The energies of this world now course through me with newfound vigor. What are your orders?"

Cambion's mind worked swiftly, aligning Xal'Thur's achievement with the greater strategy at hand. A plan formulated, a directive that would serve both their purposes and Argon's grand scheme. His gaze rested upon Xal'Thur, his expression serene yet commanding.

"Xal'Thur," Cambion's words carried a weight of authority. "Your breakthrough is a testament to your strength and commitment. Your first task as you embrace your elevated power is clear. I want

you to destroy all the fortresses that the humans have constructed at the entrance of this Veild Forest."

Xal"Thur's crimson eyes gleamed with understanding, his resolve unwavering. "As you command, Lord Cambion. The fortresses shall crumble before my might."