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Chapter 261: Storm Is Coming (part 3)

First among them, Nihilus, with his shadowy form now resonating with newfound strength, was the first to speak. His voice, once a mere whisper, carried a resonance of authority as he respectfully addressed Cambion, "Lord Cambion, we have successfully broken through to the next realm. Our progress is a testament to our dedication to your cause."

Vexoria, her serpentine body shimmering with vibrant scales, added with a hint of reverence, "Your guidance and the prospect of serving under a high demon like yourself have been a driving force in our cultivation journey, Lord Cambion."

Cryonex, his icy-blue presence even more imposing after the breakthrough, joined in, "We recognize the significance of your presence in our lives, Lord Cambion. It is our fervent desire to serve you and contribute to the grand design you and Lord Argon have set in motion."

Cambion regarded the three demons with a measured expression. Their display of respect and their acknowledgment of his role as a high demon were steps in the right direction. He knew that their loyalty and power would be valuable assets as they executed the impending plan.

"I am pleased with your progress," Cambion responded, his crimson eyes gleaming with approval. "Your dedication to our cause does not go unnoticed. Should you prove your loyalty and dedication further, the rewards and status you seek may indeed become yours."

The three demons, Nihilus, Vexoria, and Cryonex, exchanged knowing glances as Cambion acknowledged their achievements and hinted at the potential rewards for their loyalty. They were aware that their journey had reached a pivotal juncture, one that could significantly elevate their status in the demon world.

Xal'Thur arrived at the scene with an air of authority. His arrival marked a significant moment in the demon camp, as he was now the beacon of their progress.

With a nod of recognition towards Nihilus, Vexoria, and Cryonex, Xal'Thur acknowledged their achievements. "You three have finally broken through," he stated, his deep voice carrying a sense of satisfaction. "Your cultivation is a testament to your dedication and your loyalty to our cause."

His crimson gaze then shifted to Cambion, who stood as a high demon and the orchestrator of their grand design. Xal'Thur's words were a declaration of readiness, tinged with an air of anticipation.

"Lord Cambion, we are now ready to destroy the humans. The demons are prepared to unleash their might upon the Azure Continent at your command."

Cambion, in his role as the high demon, regarded Xal'Thur with a hint of intrigue. He considered the words carefully before responding, "Hmm, very well. We will start our attack tomorrow." His decision was made, setting the plan into motion.

As Cambion concluded the meeting with a simple dismissal, the four demons wasted no time. Their preparations for the impending attack were set in motion with remarkable efficiency.

Nihilus, his shadowy form resonating with newfound strength, immediately began organizing groups of lower demons. He communicated orders with precision, ensuring that they understood their roles in the forthcoming assault.

Vexoria, her serpentine grace undeniably captivating, took charge of inspecting the enchanted artifacts and relics that would be crucial in the upcoming battle. Her keen eyes assessed their readiness, and she made meticulous notes for any necessary adjustments.

Hyr, who had been a dedicated aide to Cambion throughout, coordinated logistics and resource allocation. His efficient management ensured that the demons would have everything they needed for the battle.

Amidst this organized frenzy of activity, the cheers of anticipation from the other demons reverberated through the Veiled Forest. Their voices were a symphony of eagerness, echoing their readiness to unleash their full might upon the unsuspecting humans of the Azure Continent.

Among these jubilant demons, Glacius stood out, his anticipation reaching its peak. He had yearned for this moment, preparing tirelessly for the opportunity to engage in the conflict. His muscular form exuded icy determination as he joined in the cheers, his excitement palpable and his eyes reflecting the anticipation of the impending battle. The Veiled Forest resonated with the energy of preparation and eagerness as the demons readied themselves to fulfill their dark purpose.

The next day, the Veiled Forest was shrouded in an eerie silence, a stark contrast to the frenzy of activity that had consumed it the previous day. As the first light of dawn pierced through the thick canopy, hundreds of thousands of demons assembled in a massive formation, their malevolent

presence palpable in the air. They stood in disciplined lines, their anticipation simmering like a cauldron of malevolence, awaiting the arrival of Cambion.

At the heart of this formidable assembly stood Cambion, an imposing figure with his crimson eyes ablaze and his presence commanding attention. The demons, driven by their insatiable thirst for destruction and domination, were prepared to heed his words without question.

Cambion raised his hand, and a hushed stillness fell over the crowd. His voice, infused with the weight of authority and darkness, echoed through the forest, reaching the ears of every demon. "My brethren," he began, his words laced with a sinister charisma that held them all in thrall, "today, we gather not as mere demons, but as instruments of majesty. Our purpose is clear, our mission undeniable. We are the harbingers of chaos, the emissaries of doom, and the architects of despair."

The demons, bound by their malevolent nature, responded with a chorus of hissing and guttural growls, their approval evident.

"For the majesty!"

"Death to the humans!"

"Their suffering will be glorious!"

His crimson eyes bore into the assembled masses, and a sinister smile played upon his lips. "We are the harbingers of chaos, the architects of despair. Our might is unmatched, and our purpose is unwavering. Today, we march for his majesty. We march to claim the Azure Continent as our own."

He continued, "The humans have grown complacent, believing themselves safe within their feeble barriers. Little do they know that we, the true masters of this world, have been biding our time, growing stronger in the shadows."

The demons shifted, their grotesque forms filled with eager anticipation. Cambion's speech was a declaration of their impending reign of terror.

With a sweeping gesture, Cambion concluded, "Today, we unleash our fury upon the Azure Continent. We will burn their cities, crush their armies, and revel in their screams of agony. This is our destiny, demons, and none shall stand in our way."

"We will paint the world red!"

"Their screams will be our symphony!"

"To victory and eternal darkness!"

Cambion raised his hand once more, signaling the impending march. "Today, we claim the Azure Continent as our own. We shall revel in the screams of the weak, bathe in the blood of the innocent, and lay waste to all in our path. Remember, my brethren, that we are the chosen, and our majesty is unrivaled!"

He continues, "Creatures of darkness, minions of the abyss, today we march for the majesty of chaos!"

With a thunderous roar, the demons erupted into a cacophony of cheers and battle cries. The forest trembled under the weight of their malevolence, and the ground seemed to absorb their dark energy.

As they prepared to march, the Veiled Forest echoed with the fervor of evil creatures united in a sinister purpose. The demons, led by Cambion, were ready to unleash their destructive might upon the unsuspecting world, and the Azure Continent would soon bear witness to a calamity unlike any other.