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Chapter 58 58: Chaos In The Capital (Part 1)

Inside an inn, a person was looking in the direction of the palace district.

It was Cambion, he was thinking about how to infiltrate it, especially their palace. He's been observing the palace for a few days now, and he saw at least five late-stage Qi Gathering powerhouses in the palace district. Which was enough to stop him.

Argon's last order for him, was to gather information about the strongest person in the Oland Kingdom.

There were only two ways he can think of, the first was to infiltrate the palace silently, second was to attack the palace in the open.

Cambion knew that infiltrating the palace silently was the safer option, but it would require a lot of planning and preparation. On the other hand, attacking the palace openly would be risky, but it would allow him to showcase his strength and strike fear into the hearts of the people of Oland Kingdom.

As a demon, he loves to see people suffer and fear him. Furthermore, killing was what he loves to do the most, and now the opportunity was being presented to him, he will gladly take it.

Cambion smirked as he made his decision. He would attack the palace openly and show everyone the true power of a demon.

He wanted to cause chaos and destruction, and he knew that an open attack would achieve that.

He stood up from his seat in the inn and walked out onto the bustling streets of the capital. As he walked, people quickly moved out of his way, sensing the dangerous aura emanating from him. Cambion made his way to the palace district, his eyes gleaming with excitement at the thought of the chaos and destruction he was about to unleash.

He approached the entrance to the palace district, where two guards stood watch. They eyed him suspiciously as he approached, but Cambion didn't slow down. Without warning, he launched himself at the guards, his body transformed into a blur of motion as he attacked.

The guards didn't stand a chance, as Cambion's claws tore through their armor and flesh, leaving them dead on the ground. The sound of their screams echoed through the district, alerting the other guards and cultivators to the danger.

Cambion grinned as he felt the rush of battle coursing through his veins. He had no plan, no strategy, just pure instinct and bloodlust driving him forward. He charged towards the palace, his eyes fixed on his target.

The palace gates loomed ahead, guarded by the soldiers. They were armed and ready, but Cambion didn't care. He launched himself at them, his claws slicing through their weapons and armor as if they were made of paper.

As Cambion fought, he could feel the thrill of battle coursing through his veins. His movements were fluid and deadly, his strikes precise and lethal. He was a one-man army, cutting through the soldiers like a hot knife through butter.

The soldiers fought back, but they were no match for Cambion's strength and skill. They fell one by one, their bodies littering the ground. Cambion laughed as he continued his rampage, relishing in the fear and chaos he was causing.

Soon, the palace was in sight. Cambion could see the guards lining the walls, their weapons at the ready. He didn't care. He charged towards the walls, leaping into the air with a roar.

He soared over the walls, his body twisting and turning as he evaded the arrows and spells being launched at him. He landed on the other side, his feet slamming into the ground with a thunderous impact.

The guards were waiting for him, their weapons at the ready. But Cambion was too fast for them. He moved like a blur, his claws tearing through their ranks. They fell like wheat before the scythe, their bodies tumbling to the ground in a bloody heap.

Suddenly, a voice boomed over the chaos.

"STOP!"

The soldiers paused, turning to face the source of the voice. A man had emerged from the palace gates, his robes billowing in the wind. It was one of the five commanders of the kingdom, a late-stage Qi Gathering cultivator.

"Who are you, and what is the meaning of this?" the commander demanded, his eyes scanning the carnage around them.

Cambion smirked, his eyes narrowing in anticipation of a real challenge.

"I am Cambion, and I am here..." Cambion stopped for a moment, but he looked at the general with manic eyes "I'm here to kill," he growled, his body tensing for battle.

The commander's eyes widened in surprise, but he quickly composed himself. He stepped forward, his hand glowing with a fierce aura.

"You dare to challenge the might of the kingdom? You will pay for your insolence," he spat.

With a flick of his wrist, the commander unleashed a torrent of energy, sending waves of force crashing toward Cambion. But the demon was ready. He dodged and weaved, his body moving like a serpent as he closed the distance between them.

The two clashed in a blur of fists and kicks, their movements too fast for the human eye to follow. The ground shook with each blow, and the air crackled with energy. Sparks flew as their attacks met, the sound echoing across the palace grounds.

For a moment, it seemed like the commander might have the upper hand. But Cambion was no ordinary opponent. He was a demon, a being of pure power and malice. With a snarl, he unleashed a burst of dark energy, sending the general flying backwards.

The commander landed hard, his body skidding across the ground. He groaned in pain, struggling to get back to his feet. But Cambion was already on top of him. He raised his claws, preparing to strike the killing blow.

But before Cambion could deliver the final blow, the other four commanders arrived on the scene. They had been alerted to the commotion and had rushed to the palace to defend it.

The four commanders were shocked at the sight of the demon, but they didn't hesitate to attack.