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Chapter 59 59: Chaos In The Capital (Part 2)

They spread out, surrounding Cambion and launching their attacks from all directions.

Cambion laughed as he faced his new opponents. He relished the challenge, his body moving with an almost inhuman grace as he fought off their attacks. He was a whirlwind of destruction, his claws tearing through armor and flesh alike.

The four commanders fought valiantly, their attacks coordinated and precise. They worked together to keep Cambion off balance, striking from different angles and trying to wear him down. But the demon was too powerful. His strength seemed almost limitless, and his attacks never wavered.

The battle raged on, each side trading blows in a deadly dance. The palace grounds were torn apart by their fighting, the once-pristine gardens now a bloody battlefield.

The palace district was as big as Tver City. So the commotion that happened here wasn't heard in another district.

However, everyone was alarmed and confused when they saw soldiers hurrying towards the palace district.

They knew that something terrible must have happened.

The battle between Cambion and the five generals had now reached its climax. The commanders had been fighting for what seemed like hours, but they were beginning to tire. Cambion, on the other hand, seemed to be getting stronger with every passing moment.

Suddenly, one of the generals fell to the ground, his body limp and lifeless. Cambion had struck the killing blow, his claws piercing through the commander's heart.

Cambion tore the commander's heart out, closing his eyes, and feeling the beating of the heart slowly fading.

He turned his head at the remaining four commanders who was looking at him in fear and anger.

"You guys... are too weak."

"I didn't even need to use my spear, I overestimated the humans here," Cambion said lowly.

Even though the subordinates were made by the system, that doesn't mean they don't have their own backstory.

In the case of Cambion, he was one of the many captains of the army under the Demon King. Furthermore, in the ranks of captains, he was in the top five in strength.

"I will use my spear to attack. So, try your best to survive."

In the next moment, an ominous spear appeared in his hand. A thick killing intent pervaded everyone, the weaker soldiers started to go crazy, and attack their comrades.

The spear was a thing of beauty, crafted from the finest materials and imbued with powerful magic. It glowed with an otherworldly light, and as Cambion wielded it, the air around him crackled with dark energy.

The four commanders backed away, fear etched on their faces as they saw the spear in Cambion's hand. They knew they were in trouble.

But they were not going to give up. They may have been afraid, but they were still warriors of the kingdom, and they would not go down without a fight.

With a fierce cry, the commanders charged forward, their weapons raised high. They attacked with everything they had, hoping to catch Cambion off guard.

But Cambion was ready. He spun his spear, the blade slicing through the air with a deadly hiss. He parried their attacks effortlessly, his movements smooth and precise.

Cambion attacked with fury, his spear darting in and out with lightning-fast speed. He struck with deadly accuracy, his blade tearing through armor and flesh alike.

The commanders fought back, but they were no match for Cambion's skill. They fell one by one, their bodies hitting the ground with a sickening thud.

They were not dead yet, but barely breathing, they are heavily injured. If they won't get treatment right away, they will surely die.

Cambion stood over their bodies, his spear dripping with blood. He had won, but he was not satisfied. He wanted more. He looked up, his eyes scanning the palace walls. He could sense the presence of a powerful cultivator inside flying in great speed to his location, its aura pulsing with energy.

When suddenly Cambion used his spear to block in front.

"DDIIINNGG"

Cambion stood his ground, the ground beneath him cracked because of the huge force.

What hit him was a flying fiery sword.

"Evil bastard, how dare you to wreak havoc here in the capital?"

Looking up, Cambion saw a middle-aged man adorned with fancy armor and a fiery sword that fly back to his hand like a sentient being.

The man's aura was formidable, and Cambion could tell he was a peak-stage Qi Gathering cultivator, which was one stage higher than him. However, he was not afraid. He smirked, twirling his spear in his hand.

The man's eyes blazed with fury. "I am the general of this kingdom, and I will not let you harm our people any longer!"

"Ha! I was wondering when you would show up," Cambion sneered, his grip tightening on his spear. "You humans are so predictable."

The man said nothing, but his sword glowed brighter, the flames dancing along its length. He charged forward, his movements swift and graceful. Cambion met him head-on, his spear darting out to meet the fiery blade.

The two combatants moved with lightning-fast speed, their weapons clanging against each other.

Their attacks were powerful and precise, each strike leaving behind a trail of energy. The air around them crackled with power as they battled, sending shockwaves rippling across the palace walls.

As the fight went on, the man realized that Cambion was a skilled fighter, perhaps one of the best he had ever faced. But he refused to give up, fueled by his determination to protect the kingdom.

"Flame Strike."

A burst of flames shot out from the general's sword, wanting to engulf Cambion.

Seeing the attack Cambion also use his skill.

"Hellfire Strike"

Cambion imbued his spear with demonic fire, unleashing a devastating strike.

When met by the Hellfire Strike, the attack of the enemy immediately evaporated upon contact, it was swallowed.

The attack of Cambion didn't disappear, instead, it became slightly bigger upon swallowing the enemy's attack.

The general was caught off guard, and the flames engulfed him completely. He screamed in agony as the demonic fire burned his body, searing his flesh and soul. But the general was not one to give up so easily.