

Gods Daily 483

Chapter 483: Submit, or Be Destroyed

There was not the slightest hesitation.

The Queen of the Snowbound Kingdom gestured for Alvin, Evelyn, and the others to act immediately.

Alvin merely waved his hand casually.

In an instant, the space beneath the White Lady and that quasi-sage lord began to flow like a mire, dragging them downward.

The quasi-sage lord unleashed dark laws in an attempt to resist, yet they were silently nullified by an enigmatic order of rules.

The White Lady struggled as well, but even as a quasi-sage lord, she felt utterly powerless.

Shock flashed through the eyes of Evelyn and Lora.

Even the Queen of the Snowbound Kingdom was taken aback.

This was the first time Alvin had truly taken action.

A quasi-sage lord had been suppressed so effortlessly—judging by this alone, Alvin was very likely a Sage Master.

Alvin's abilities had always been shrouded in mystery. No one could see through his origins, nor did anyone know why he had chosen to pledge loyalty to the Eternal Winter Divine Empire.

Yet with a single move from Alvin, the White Lady had no ability to resist, and the imperial crisis was resolved with ease.

The Queen of the Snowbound Kingdom looked at her bound elder sister, a delighted smile appearing on her face as she instructed Evelyn:

"Throw her into Frostblade Abyss first."

The words were crisp and decisive—almost impatient.

She had no interest in reminiscing or wasting words.

Because back then, this very sister had just as casually thrown her into that place.

Seeing that the enemies were firmly restrained, Evelyn gave the White Lady no chance to speak. She directly seized both her and the quasi-sage lord and left Apex Icecrystal Lake.

As for the Universal Order Scepter, the Queen of the Snowbound Kingdom was in no hurry.

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Woom—!

Deep within the frozen sea, inside an ice cavern.

A Cursed Sword, bound by holy ice chains, began to tremble violently. The runes on the chains shattered inch by inch.

A ferocious crimson aura erupted from the blade.

Whoosh!

With a piercing shriek, the Cursed Sword tore through the ice cavern, transforming into a world-shaking blood-red arc that ripped through space and shot straight into the heavens.

Across the Snowbound Kingdom, countless streams of mind power swept in to investigate. Upon seeing the sword's true form, every face turned pale with dread.

The Queen of the Snowbound Kingdom, Lora, and the others—who had just dealt with the White Lady— instantly grew cold.

It was unmistakably that mysterious Cursed Sword!

The Queen was about to suppress it personally, but Alvin stopped her.

"Things destined to leave don't need to be forcibly kept."

The Queen looked at him in confusion.

He seemed to know something about the sword's origins.

"Do you know where it comes from?" she asked.

"Hard to say,"

Alvin replied calmly, his gaze following the sword.

The Cursed Sword pierced through space in an instant, flew into the boundless star sea, and vanished without a trace.

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Woom—!

On Eura Continent, within the Supreme Sanctuary.

Amid a convergence of stellar anomalies and resonating laws, Emperor Aurek successfully advanced into the sage lord realm!

At that moment, he gained absolute control over the laws of heaven and earth.

The Eura Continent itself reacted violently—mana surged, laws manifested, and the continent began to expand outward into the surrounding star sea, devouring and enlarging itself.

All citizens of the Crossbridge Empire sensed the transformation of the world, as if a shackle had been removed from their bodies. Large numbers of native God Fire–rank cultivators seized the opportunity to break through into the Divine Cleric realm.

At the same time—

In the Oblivion Wastes, at the center encircled by eighty-one divine peaks, the mysterious Cursed Sword seemed to answer some unseen call and began to vibrate violently.

It released waves of murderous, baleful aura, shattering layer after layer of seals as divine chains snapped one after another.

The extreme killing intent swept across the entire Oblivion Wastes, its tremors even spreading throughout the Eura Continent.

Even the surrounding laws of heaven and earth were tainted with a chilling aura of slaughter.

Within the Imperial Academy, Kaos frowned in confusion.

At the Supreme Sanctuary, sensing the changes in the world's origin, Aurek stepped through the Gold Giant Gate and instantly descended upon the Oblivion Wastes.

He gazed at the Cursed Sword that was about to break free from its sealing chains. His eyes sharpened as the imperial fire-seal insignia suppressed it from above.

Boom—!

The Cursed Sword's resistance intensified.

Aurek could feel it clearly—it was being powerfully summoned, desperately trying to leave the Eura Continent.

Even so, he had no intention of letting it go.

Though this Cursed Sword was inferior to the Golden Sword, its ferocity and killing power made it perfectly suited for Suggwoth.

As for the staggering scheme possibly hidden behind it, Aurek was not concerned.

Seeing the sword's resistance grow fiercer, he directly drew the Golden Sword and slashed down upon the Cursed Sword's body.

Clang—!

The sound of colliding divine metal echoed through heaven and earth.

The Cursed Sword let out a mournful cry.

Several layers of sealing runes shattered on its blade, its killing aura surging violently to the level of a Chaotic Artifact, while the sense of summoning grew ever stronger.

Aurek suppressed it with the Ouros Disc and brought it back to the Supreme Sanctuary.

As for possible backlash—at his current rank, if he found it displeasing, he could simply use the Golden Sword and the Ouros Disc to shatter it completely, regardless of who stood behind it.

"This sword... could it be...?"

Kaos muttered under his breath, as if recalling something.

Back at the Supreme Sanctuary, Aurek sealed the Cursed Sword within the temple and attempted to refine it using sage lord-level mind power.

However, the sword fiercely rejected all external will.

The moment mind power entered it, it was devoured and erased, as if its true master had long ago set restrictions preventing anyone else from controlling it.

Aurek invoked the power of the Cosmic Spirit Scroll, isolating everything and severing the unseen connection. Then he raised the Golden Sword, preparing to cut it down.

If it could not be used—then it would be destroyed!

As if sensing the imminent threat of annihilation, the Cursed Sword instantly ceased its struggle.

Aurek replaced its original seals with ancient divine inscriptions from the Gold Giant Gate.

He could not control its core origin, but he could still impose shallow refinement and control.

Paired with Suggwoth's laws of slaughter, the sword's power would be more than sufficient.

As for the being behind it—Aurek did not care.

Because sooner or later, they would meet.

After dealing with the Cursed Sword, Aurek turned his focus back to strengthening the empire.

In just half a month, the number of Sage King–rank Doomsday Warriors had reached roughly fifty million.

Meanwhile, God King–rank Soul Warlocks, Void Warlocks, and Titans numbered seventy to eighty million.

Aurek fell into contemplation.

His original plan had been to wait until the White Lady reclaimed the throne of the Eternal Winter Divine Empire, then join forces with her peak experts to annihilate Olympian God Mountain in one decisive strike.

However, whether the White Lady could even reclaim the imperial seat remained uncertain.

He did not wish to place all his hopes on that alone.

Moreover, the White Lady herself carried many secrets. From her cursed exile to the Eura Continent to the past she described, there were numerous inconsistencies. It was entirely possible that she harbored ulterior motives.

Therefore, the Crossbridge Empire had to prepare to face Olympian God Mountain on its own.

"Fifty million Sage King–rank Doomsday Warriors... Even if Olympian God Mountain were a wall forged of adamantite, they could still blast a hole straight through it!"

Aurek's thoughts settled upon those fifty million warriors.

Fifty million beams of Silent Extinction divine light.

Fifty million strikes of annihilation...