

Thalos 241

Chapter 241: There's Only One Answer

The people of Akkad watched the sky and earth in anxious uncertainty.

It felt like something monumental had changed... yet somehow, nothing had changed at all.

The sun still rose in the east and set in the west.

Some things, once thought lost, even seemed to return.

Rumor had it that a few subordinate gods dispatched by the Aesir were now managing portions of the world's operation.

Strangely, the new gods weren't spreading their faith here. Nor had there been any word of new oppressive policies.

To the mortals of Akkad, it felt as though they'd been both forgotten... and not forgotten at all.

This contradictory feeling left them utterly confused.

Meanwhile, in the Silver Palace, Thalos summoned the Akkadian Moon God—no, now he should be called Nanna.

"You said you'd suffered an attack before? Was it them?" Thalos displayed the footage Loki had captured from the mysterious third world.

Nanna nodded. "I recognize him... and her."

"You recognize their world?"

Nanna shook his head. "I'm sorry, Your Majesty. My understanding of the world ends at Akkad itself. I know nothing beyond it. When we were attacked—both last time and now—our entire pantheon was completely unprepared."

Classic. The ignorance of old gods, utterly clueless about outer space.

In a way, it emphasized just how rare sky deities like Ishtar were—those capable of navigating the chaotic cosmos.

Through Nanna's explanation, Thalos learned that Akkad had been attacked more than two years ago by the Slavic pantheon. It was a minor defeat: one-third of their gods were lost, and nearly a quarter of the population was taken. But they had managed to drive the enemy off.

The timing didn't quite make sense.

At that point in time, the Slavic pantheon should've already been destroyed.

And yet Nanna swore—on his divine name—that it had definitely been the Slavic gods who'd attacked them.

There was only one conclusion:

The Slavic world was very likely truly destroyed. The Aztec pantheon, having captured the Slavic gods, had then driven them to launch a raid on the Akkadian world.

Now that was... extremely interesting.

The three South American pantheons—Maya, Inca, and Aztec—were never considered strong pantheons in the divine hierarchy.

A strong pantheon needed two things:

First, a large world—more elemental resources like earth, water, fire, and air.

Second, a large population—a wide spread of faith among intelligent beings, generating greater divine power.

Thalos wasn't slandering the South American gods. The fact that they were considered obscure by Earth standards had its reasons.

So then—if the Aztec gods were capable of destroying a stronger Slavic world, why did they spare a weaker Akkad?

That couldn't be coincidence.

Take a look at the world-consciousness of Ginnungagap.

Right now, it was like it had a mouth hovering over the Akkadian world. If not for Thalos's repeated warnings—that consuming a world would leave Ginnungagap vulnerable to attack in its weakened state—the world-spirit would've started devouring it already.

The fact that it held back proved just how much trust the Ginnungagap will placed in Thalos and his judgment.

Thalos waved Nanna away.

Leaning back in his radiant throne, his massive godly frame thoughtful, he muttered to himself:

"Well then... there's only one answer."

...

Whether mortal or divine—

All beings are imprisoned by their own shallow assumptions.

They may see twisted lightning in the clouds at the edge of the horizon, but they can't imagine that beyond the spatial barrier, in the chaos-filled void of the cosmos, a cataclysmic collision is brewing—one that could annihilate entire worlds.

Were it not for Thalos's application of Earth's scientific knowledge, using powerful souls like Kraken as relay nodes for divine transmission, and guiding a few space-faring gods across hundreds of thousands of kilometers... they'd never have dared to explore so far.

The "coincidence" that the Aztec world was charging directly toward Ginnungagap—combined with a trident-shaped convergence of cosmic currents—was too perfect to ignore.

Coincidence? Yeah, right.

With most of the opponent's cards revealed, Thalos honestly didn't mind fighting anymore.

Still, as a player who preferred stacking the odds before making a move, he was more than willing to wait for Loki's avatar to bring back some surprises.

In that world...

Loki's avatar was using his best trick: Polymorph.

He'd spotted a high-ranking priest of the enemy's main pantheon, transformed into him, and even adjusted the appearance slightly.

He was confident—unless the actual gods of that pantheon scrutinized him personally—no one would see through it.

That was how it should've gone.

But somehow... he still got exposed.

"You. Come here." A divine voice floated to his ears—light, but carrying absolute authority.

Loki's avatar had only just crept into the bottom level of a trapezoidal temple when he was called out.

Through the moss-covered stone window of a nearby chamber, a goddess with flowing golden curls was glaring at him.

"Oh? Is there anything I can help you with?" Loki smoothly mimicked the ritual gesture used by the local priests.

The goddess, wearing a crown of golden thorns, sighed and sent him a direct divine message:

"Idiot. You blew your cover. Get over here, now."

Loki's face twitched slightly. He decided to comply.

Inside, he quietly watched as a few handmaidens rushed about closing the windows. Two others were already wrapped in each other's arms beside the bed.

Loki's expression grew cold as he turned to face the goddess.

This full-figured beauty was reclining on a luxurious chaise that looked comically out of place in the rough stone room, her half-lidded eyes fixed on him.

"Would you kindly introduce yourself?" she asked with divine speech. "I'm Siva, goddess of fertility in the Slavic pantheon."

"Kiró," Loki replied, offering a polite Aesir-style bow. "Would the goddess be so kind as to tell me where I went wrong?"

"Everything," she said with a laugh. Her full chest trembled, the jewels on it jingling as she chuckled.

After a while, her tone sobered.

"Your disguise was very good—good enough to fool even me. But your biggest mistake was thinking we still matter."

"A real Quetzalcoatl priest would've immediately picked one of my maids at random, ripped her heart out, and judged whether it was 'worthy' as a sacrifice. That's what they do for fun."

Loki felt a wave of nausea. He curled his lip and replied with divine speech:

"I stand corrected."