

## Thalos 243

Chapter 243: Chain Scheme

"Mercy?"

Siva thought she had just heard the funniest joke in the entire divine realm.

A God-King claiming to be merciful?

It was undoubtedly the most laughable thing any god could say.

In this cruel universe, any world truly built on mercy would have been devoured and erased long before reaching this point.

Still, the entire Slavic pantheon had placed their hopes on this mysterious Kiro. That left Siva in a miserable position—no matter how ridiculous his words sounded, she dared not laugh.

No matter how hypocritical this hidden pantheon might be, she and her people had no other choice.

Just think about it: their current master slaughtered half their relatives, then invited them inside with a blade at their necks, only to "treat them well" by digging into their chests (literally). How could anyone not be terrified?

Such extreme brutality and bloodshed had long pushed Siva and her fellow gods past the brink of endurance.

It didn't matter whether this new God-King was truly merciful. Even if they knew the wine offered to them was poisoned, they would drink it.

If they didn't, they would die immediately. If they did—there might still be hope.

While Siva was pouring her heart out to Loki's avatar, Thalos appeared calm on the other end as he received the report.

In the rear hall of the Silver Palace, he was embraced quietly by Elé.

"Your Majesty, do you not believe what Siva said?"

"It's not that I don't believe her. I believe her—but only her side of the story."

"What do you mean?" Ishtar, having just lifted her head from her work, curiously asked.

Thalos spoke meaningfully, "Whether human or god, everyone's field of vision is limited. They can only see what lies in their line of sight. Like staring at an iceberg on the sea—we only see its tip, and often ignore the massive structure hidden beneath the waves."

"...Huh?" The sisters looked slightly startled.

Thalos had a feeling—even the betrayal of the Slavic gods might already be part of the enemy's calculations.

This sense of meeting an opponent who was truly a match for him—this was the first time he had felt it since founding the world of Ginnungagap.

The Aztec pantheon's every move seemed rational when taken alone.

But when viewed as a whole, the inconsistencies became overwhelming.

And yet, all together, it formed a chain of traps—one linked to the next, hitting straight at the face.

Sinister. Malicious. Unbelievably calculated.

It wasn't hard to imagine: if Ginnungagap had arrived early at the convergence point, crashing headfirst into either the Egyptian or Akkadian world, they would have been caught in a pincer attack—or worse, surrounded and crushed.

The damage or destruction of the Ginnungagap world would've directly crippled the Aesir pantheon's entire strength.

Such a systematic, layered trap—it was clearly beyond the capability of any Aztec god.

According to Aztec mythology, all creation myths start from "a world that did not exist." In their lore, everything began from a void—before the world existed, a single god came into being.

This god was Ometeotl, whose name in Nahuatl meant "Two Gods" or "Dual Lord."

He was both male and female, heaven and earth, light and darkness, fire and water, order and chaos.

He gave birth to four children—including the feathered serpent Quetzalcoatl—but none of them had a singular, simple form.

Such gods, caught in transition between chaos and order, were inherently unstable.

And their actions—confused, chaotic, and violent—reflected that.

The Aztec pantheon itself was a reflection of that origin: cruel, violent, and chaotic.

Pure chaotic beings rarely possessed the capacity for deep thought.

Let alone the strategic brilliance required for a scheme this elaborate.

The name "Ometeotl" was too much of a mouthful for Thalos, so he simply called him "Ome."

Bottom line: Thalos didn't believe Ome had the brains for this.

Nor did he believe the pure Aztec pantheon had the strength to:

Completely devour the formidable Slavic pantheon,

Crush the Akkadian pantheon,

And swallow a whole African pantheon for dessert.

There was a far deeper conspiracy at play.

But Thalos didn't explain too much to Elé and her sister—it wouldn't help them.

Their status was simply not high enough to handle this level of information.

After rising from his seat, Thalos issued a strict command to Gilgamesh:

For the next three months—preferably for a year—ensure that the Egyptian pantheon remains divided.

Honestly, this would test the cunning of his golden boy.

With this command, "Golden Sparkles" would be unable to act recklessly.

Thalos had made up his mind—if Gilgamesh pulled this off well, he would elevate his status and grant him more real power.

The territory was simply too large now. If Thalos had to micromanage everything himself, he'd be driven mad.

He needed to start delegating.

With the Egyptian world temporarily stabilized, Thalos turned his full attention to the Aztec world.

He began with a small test.

He ordered Ginnungagap to accelerate.

Given the boost from the faster cosmic current, it was much easier to increase velocity.

In just three days, Ginnungagap had completed its acceleration and reached its highest speed.

At this rate, the Aztec world wouldn't even be able to catch its exhaust fumes.

It would crash straight into the Egyptian world instead—putting itself in the middle of a pincer attack.

The Aztecs responded quickly.

Just one day after Ginnungagap sped up, they too began accelerating.

As a result, Ginnungagap was now on a collision course from a diagonal angle—impact expected in two weeks.

Thalos rested his chin in one hand.

"Interesting. The Aztecs clearly detected our movements and adjusted accordingly."

Again, if the Aesir gods lacked the ability to survey the cosmic battlefield, they would've ended up like the Akkadians—realizing they were under attack only after the enemy hit them.

At this point, Thalos could've doubled down and burned Ginnungagap's world essence to accelerate beyond limits.

But he had no intention of doing that.

On the opposing side, both divine and mortal rights were treated as worthless.

A pantheon that practiced large-scale blood sacrifices had no moral baseline.

If they were to compete in sheer resource consumption, the Aztecs—unbound by ethical constraints—would outlast them.

Instead, Thalos ordered Ginnungagap to put on a show.

It acted as if it had just now "discovered" the Egyptian world, adjusting its course to intersect it diagonally.

The Aztec world took the bait, burning even more world essence to increase speed—clearly aiming to hit Ginnungagap from behind the moment it crashed into Egypt.

But Ginnungagap then began to travel parallel to Egypt's trajectory—for nearly a full month—looking as if it were simply "waiting" for something.

At first, the Aztecs kept their distance.

Then they grew impatient—and lunged.

Thalos finally smiled in satisfaction.

Of course the Aztecs couldn't wait. If they stalled too long and allowed Ginnungagap to fully digest the Akkadian world it had just consumed, they'd be strengthening their enemy.

This was the shared trait of all warlords:

They could wait—but they would never passively accept death.

And so, on the 1st of April, Ginnungagap time, the Aztec world breached the alert perimeter of 50,000 kilometers.