

## Thalos 245

### Chapter 245: Duel Between Two Worlds

As for the gods within the Aesir pantheon, they too were joyfully awaiting the arrival of divine war.

Don't be fooled by the fact that the established gods hadn't changed their domains and had even split off some of their divine duties to subordinate deities—thanks to the vast expansion of their world, their maximum divine power had skyrocketed. And no one knew this better than the gods themselves.

On the other hand, during Thalos' conquest of other pantheons, he had shown no mercy in executing troublemakers. The remaining descended gods, even though their domains had largely been stripped away, also found their maximum power capacity increased.

As the saying goes: when the cake gets bigger, everyone gets a larger slice.

The only caveat was that Thalos kept a firm grip on all natural domains—reserving them exclusively for his own gods—and drove the descended gods toward domains rooted in mortal faith. These roles, deeply intertwined with mortals, meant their rise or fall would depend entirely on the mortal realm.

And really, who understands mortal needs better than Thalos Borson, a transmigrator who was once human himself?

By tightly controlling mortal power, he essentially chained these descended gods to the Aesir war chariot. Even if they wanted to run, they had nowhere to go.

This dual integration of divine and mortal power was something the Aztec pantheon couldn't even dream of competing with.

Thalos' gaze stretched fifty thousand kilometers across space and fell upon the colossal and unfamiliar Aztec world. A smile curled at the corner of his lips.

"Come on. I've been waiting for this."

From a divine view projected onto the uppermost sky, one could see the entire theater of war clearly:

The Ginnungagap world, which had been advancing along its original course, suddenly "noticed" the approaching Aztec world and began slowly turning, as if trying to present the most reinforced part of itself to absorb the incoming impact.

Meanwhile, the Aztec world, having "discovered" its prey, appeared delighted and began accelerating further—chasing after what it thought was the trailing end of its quarry.

Thus, the two massive worlds began a dramatic game of turning and pursuit.

What Thalos didn't know was that deep in the heart of this Aztec world, there floated a golden, resplendent pyramid suspended in the sky.

This massive temple spanned more than ten square kilometers, existing both within the mortal realm and separate from it—shielded by space-time barriers.

Compared to this divine temple, the mortals' own pyramids built directly beneath it—though grand in their own right—looked like mere scale models.

Inside the heavenly temple, the gods were in the midst of a fierce debate. Waves of divine power rippled with every word, causing the elaborate and abstract golden ornaments to emit strange, dancing lights.

All around the hall were golden reliefs depicting primal worship of natural forces.

These were the gods worshiped by mortals, now arguing endlessly within the temple.

At the center stood a massive crystal skull the size of a barrel, whose eye sockets projected beams of radiant light forming a 3D image.

That image showed the Ginnungagap and Aztec worlds locked in their celestial maneuver.

The god of wisdom, Skel, stepped forward and addressed the supreme god-king, Comu Kamempus:

"Great King of the Gods! The enemy has noticed us and is foolishly trying to turn around. We should accelerate and ram them directly—cut them in half!"

Before he could finish, a towering five-meter-tall war god named Lau immediately retorted:

"Foolish Skel. You know nothing about the Aesir. The middle section of Ginnungagap consists of three insignificant sub-worlds. Attacking the center won't destroy their divine realm of Asgard, nor sever their control over other sub-realms. Worse, we'll be attacked from both flanks and fall into a pincer trap!"

Skel was momentarily speechless.

He couldn't understand how his long-time rival Lau had suddenly gotten so clever since being resurrected. It felt like he was the one with rage issues, and Lau was the new god of wisdom.

God-King Comu glanced at the two. Though they were his aides, each actually led a major faction within the Maya pantheon and had been at odds since the world's creation. They'd even fought a bloody civil war twenty years prior.

Lau had seemingly won, having literally ripped out Skel's heart, only to be slain in turn when Skel unexpectedly resurrected and struck back.

The strange part? Lau had been utterly dismembered and thrown into the sacred lake, where even the elves had fed on his remains.

Yet somehow, Lau had resurrected himself through sheer force of will.

Since then, his temperament had changed drastically. Not only did he make peace with Skel, he'd also orchestrated brilliant strategies—first subjugating the Aztec gods, then using them as front-line shock troops while leading campaigns to conquer other worlds.

Most astonishingly, while the core of this world remained Maya, it wore an "Aztec" skin.

Let the Aztec gods take the bad reputation. The Maya gods, nominally their allies, actually ran everything from the shadows.

Now, the Maya world was the brain of this massive new realm, while the Aztec portion served as its claws and fangs.

If someone had told Comu twenty years ago that such tactics would come from a brute like Lau, he wouldn't have believed it.

Now that Lau had provided intelligence on the Aesir, and Skel knew nothing about the enemy, Comu had no choice but to ask: "Lau, what's your recommendation?"

The giant god raised his head, eyes glowing with divine fury.

"We must strike the rear of Ginnungagap immediately. That's where Asgard is. With so little time, their god-king can't relocate it. Even if he does, he can't move Alfheim, the land of light—home of the sun

god. They can't afford to lose it. But expect fierce resistance; the Aesir won't yield their core without a fight."

Comu was surprised by Lau's clarity but, remembering that Lau was the god of rage, found it oddly fitting.

He glanced at Skel.

Skel sighed and admitted, "I did foresee a central world at that location."

Comu made his decision.

"Very well. Have the Feathered Serpent god lead his troops to strike the rear of Ginnungagap. Assign the slave pantheons to attack the middle. We'll remain in reserve and strike where needed."

What happened next proved Lau right.

Ginnungagap did indeed show signs of trying to protect its rear—making every effort to turn and present a stronger side.

From the stellar perspective, Ginnungagap now looked like a figure 8: large on both ends, narrow in the middle.

As the Aztec (Maya) world closed in, it truly felt like they'd found the enemy's weak spot.

Closer...

Even closer...

Just when they were about to celebrate—an abrupt change occurred.

The "weak point" they were targeting suddenly sprouted countless long, thick roots...