

Thalos 247

Chapter 247: Little Serpent vs. Big Serpent

Calling the world of Ginnungagap a giant octopus was a misperception from the Aztec gods.

It shouldn't have been likened to an octopus—at this moment, the underside of the Ginnungagap world more closely resembled a dense colony of coral polyps, each one extending "tentacles" through rocky crevices to snatch up passing Aztec gods and beat them senseless.

In truth, Forest God Vidar couldn't possibly control so many intruders at once. He could only focus his attention on three specific areas. Beyond that, he'd be overwhelmed.

Following Thalos's recommendation, Vidar had programmed the World Tree's roots with three distinct movement patterns—all designed with one goal in mind: to strangle hostile deities, ultimately emulating the hunting method of a constricting python.

This three-move combo might seem simple if you survived a round, but the problem was—many of them couldn't even survive the first.

The Aztec Salt Goddess, Huixtocihuatl, was one such unfortunate soul.

The first attack pattern of the World Tree's roots was to lure the target into the space between two rock layers, subtly reducing their room for evasive maneuvers. Then came a simultaneous top-and-bottom double-root stimulation to paralyze the enemy, followed by a swift final twist—filling every crevice between the rocks with thick roots, leaving the target nowhere to escape, turning them into the cream filling in a cookie.

She walked right into it.

"Aaaahhh—"

To be fair, this goddess wasn't weak. But tragically, she tried to brute-force the root trap using raw divine power—like trying to stop a chariot with your bare hands. If she didn't die, it would've defied logic.

She was the first to be mashed into meat paste. Following close behind were the gods of Fishing and Bird Hunting, Opochtli, and the Corn God Centeotl.

Clearly, it wasn't always the strongest gods who earned the most battle accolades—it was often the ones operating the divine murder machine who got the highest body counts.

Originally a frontline melee powerhouse, Vidar was now forced into such a long-distance role that Thalos had effectively transformed him into the "God of Tentacles."

Even so, the World Tree's roots were ultimately too slow, and many Aztec gods managed to breach Ginnungagap's world barrier. There, they ran straight into the defenders of the lower five realms—led by Hela and Elle, backed by the death army, Jörmungandr the World Serpent, Garm the hellhound, and a host of Sumerian deities.

The battlefield was one they had designated long in advance.

Despite the Aztec gods surging in like a plague of locusts, seemingly able to fly off into other sub-worlds through gaps between the World Tree's roots, the converging barriers of Ginnungagap and the cylindrical contraction of the roots guided them all to a single continent—the Sumerian lands.

Their only exit point was a deep crater, five kilometers in diameter, hidden among the mountains.

Even though it was a designated route, only elite Aztec gods made it through.

Unlike previous worlds they had invaded, this one was actively and aggressively hostile toward them.

In the past, they could rely on the sheer durability of their divine bodies to resist changes in local divine laws. That wasn't the case in Ginnungagap.

The sky seemed the same—

But their most exalted sky gods (mostly elementals) found it incredibly difficult to manipulate elements even a kilometer away.

This revelation stunned them.

Was the opposing Sky God truly this powerful?

They were half-right. Of the four primary elements, wind and water were tightly controlled by Thalos; earth and fire were not. But what they had encountered first were Thalos's domains of wind and sky—and naturally, they got wrecked.

Despite this overwhelming suppression, these battle-mad deities still charged forward without hesitation—worthy of a backhanded compliment.

The first one to reach the pit's rim was the Feathered Serpent God.

Just as his head emerged, a cold snort echoed from the surrounding mountains.

A towering mountain suddenly opened a pair of gleaming, feral golden eyes?!

The Feathered Serpent God froze in shock—that wasn't a mountain at all. It was a massive white tongue, part of an unimaginably gigantic serpent.

The jagged, bony ridges covering the serpent's head made it look like a mountain. When it flicked its tongue habitually, the Feathered Serpent finally realized this "mountain" was the snake itself.

The creature was simply colossal—like a continent unto itself.

The moment it revealed itself, its massive tail lashed out toward the Feathered Serpent God's head.

So enormous and long was the serpent that it gave the impression it could tear the sky apart. Its tail's shadow swept across the earth, plunging the entire pit into darkness.

The Feathered Serpent roared in fury!

As the Aztec gods' number-one enforcer, it wasn't about to retreat just because its opponent was big.

A beam of storm-infused divine power—wind and rain fused into a vortex of destruction—shot straight for Jörmungandr's head.

The Feathered Serpent had chosen its target well: the head seemed like one of the few vulnerable points.

Unfortunately, just as the attack neared its mark, a veil of black death-energy materialized out of nowhere.

This sudden burst of necrotic divine power completely nullified the Feathered Serpent's assault.

Hela's presence was easy to miss—compared to Jörmungandr, she was minuscule. No wonder the Feathered Serpent hadn't noticed her.

A powerful goddess?

The Feathered Serpent was stunned.

It couldn't understand the relationship between this death goddess and the giant serpent. Their powers didn't align at all. It didn't believe for a second that this proud, arrogant snake would let some random necromancer ride its head like a mount.

It would never guess that this massive serpent and Hela were actually siblings...

Since the Feathered Serpent had failed to blow off Jörmungandr's head, now it was time to eat the counterattack.

BOOM—

A tail, at least a kilometer long, struck downward with unimaginable force, breaking through clouds, ripping the sky, and descending like a divine whip.

This vertical strike packed the kind of absolute violence that mortals couldn't even fathom.

The Feathered Serpent had no choice but to dodge.

Its speed let it evade the attack—but that spelled disaster for the death god Xolotl, who was following right behind.

This god, who guided the sun through the underworld at night and also wielded lightning, wasn't weak. He was, after all, the Feathered Serpent's twin.

But he was caught completely off guard by the World Serpent's descending tail, and got blasted like a missile straight back from where he came—twice as fast as he'd arrived.

WHAM—

He became a falling star, pathetically slamming into Ginnungagap's freshly built stone barrier.

His death may have looked ridiculous, but against a foe like Jörmungandr—who excelled at obliterating gods that relied solely on their physical forms—his odds were always slim.

Don't forget, in Norse myth, it was Jörmungandr who brought down Thor.

The World Serpent's brutality was now on full display.