

## Thalos 248

### Chapter 248: Rebellion

"What is that monster?" the Feathered Serpent God shrieked.

A monster calling another creature a monster—such irony would've been hilarious, if only the Aztec gods were in any mood to laugh.

Looking across the battlefield, it was clear they had gained no advantage whatsoever.

The suppressive force of the Ginnungagap world went far beyond what their imaginations could comprehend. Every movement felt like it was dragging through thick glue—slow and sluggish.

Worse still, whenever they finally managed to bring in an Ek-Tel god as reinforcements, a brilliant rainbow would streak across the sky, and yet another enemy god would descend with a squad of divine warriors, immediately clashing with the new arrivals.

The Feathered Serpent God was desperate to break through, but the World Serpent was far more agile than expected—too fast, too fierce. Once locked onto a target, there was no escaping it.

Crack! The colossal serpent barreled through mountains, flattened lakes, and—despite its tremendous size—managed not to crash into its allies, displaying agility that utterly defied its bulk.

The Feathered Serpent God was losing his mind. Not only was his opponent faster, it was more nimble too. If not for his ability to fly and weave through the chaos at high speeds, he'd already be dead.

And it wasn't just the one giant serpent—there was also a death-aspected hellhound wreaking havoc, already killing two Aztec gods in just a few skirmishes.

Frustrated, the Feathered Serpent God thought: If so much of their strength is focused here, the rest of their world must be poorly defended.

He wasn't the only one to reach that conclusion—Skel and Lau of the Maya pantheon thought the same.

Skel frowned. "The Feathered Serpent and his lot are being pinned down by a giant snake and a death hound? That's not surprising. With a world this massive, monstrous beasts are to be expected. What worries me is—we still haven't seen their God-King."

Lau added sourly, "We probably haven't even seen their war god yet."

"The war god, huh?"

In most pantheons, the war god was the top general—it was a reasonable assumption.

But Lau added cryptically, "The strongest one isn't always the god of war."

God-King Komu furrowed his brow.

Fortunately, the Maya pantheon had a deep bench. Plenty more cards to play.

If you zoomed out to see the two worlds from above, you'd be shocked to find the so-called Aztec world rapidly deforming into the shape of a pea pod. It began to arc toward Ginnungagap in a bizarre maneuver: head to head, tail to tail—forming a distorted "D" shape against the Ginnungagap world.

This time, the strangely mutable Ginnungagap world didn't grow any more roots. Instead, it sprouted lush branches.

Those branches brutally stabbed into the Aztec world, triggering violent tremors once again.

Skel roared, "Does this thing ever stop?!"

Lau immediately proposed, "Their entire world revolves around a World Tree. Unless we burn that thing down, they'll keep invading our world without end. Use that."

Komu's eyes narrowed. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. If you don't believe me, look for yourself. But we're running out of time."

Komu expanded his divine awareness—and sure enough, he saw what Lau had described. Wherever those colossal branches pierced into their world, they began shedding leaves.

These weren't ordinary leaves—they were the size of ships. Once fallen, they rapidly decayed into the earth. And from those points, the land began to flourish—teeming with vegetation and unnatural vitality.

Komu's face turned ashen.

This wasn't just the enemy feeding their allies—it was a hostile seizure of their elemental domain of Earth. If left unchecked, it would eventually spread across the entire Aztec world.

Now it made sense how Ginnungagap had grown to such a size.

No more hesitation. Komu snarled, "Deploy the Sun."

Ugly acts, dirty work—those were the Aztec gods' responsibility. That was the agreement: they were the Maya gods' black-gloved hand. And the Aztecs relished their role.

A ripple of unrest spread through the slave god formations stationed at the world's front line.

A muscular man with a bronze head, riding a two-wheeled chariot drawn by rams, held a war axe in hand. Though his divine aura was dimmed and his armor cracked, his gaze remained sharp. He had been staring into the distance, ready to enter battle—until the commotion in the rear caught his attention.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"Lord Perun, those damned Aztec gods say they're going to sacrifice Rado and the twins."

The Slavic God of Thunder and War, Perun, exploded with rage. "They dare break their word?!"

He stormed toward the scene—only to find the twin goddesses of Harmony bound tightly in divine chains, being dragged away by several Aztec sub-gods.

His eyes blazed. "You're violating divine law!"

Across from him, the Aztec goddess of death and rebirth, Chimalma, sneered, "To be sacrificed to the Sun is an honor. Oblivion is not the end. They will become part of the great Sun."

Perun wanted to resist—but suddenly a searing pain surged from the depths of his soul, dropping him to the ground.

This towering war god writhed like a shrimp, curled into a trembling ball. No tears came—he had long since run dry. If he could, he would burn his own divine soul just to fight these lunatics.

He and the other Slavic gods could only stand in silent witness as the Harmony Twins were dragged away.

Then came another herald, commanding them to go to battle.

Their faces were blank masks of numbness. But when they glanced at one another, they saw the same fire behind each other's eyes.

Whether the message from Shiva was true or not—they had all decided: this time, they would rebel.

They were just waiting for the right moment.

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This was how Aztec sacrifices went—utterly insane.

Their rituals were so blood-soaked and brutal that describing them in detail would traumatize children.

This extreme savagery had continued unabated ever since other pantheons had surrendered. It began with their followers, then their divine attendants, then envoys, and finally the gods themselves.

Some dark gods abandoned their convictions and joined the Aztecs, delighting in carving out the hearts of the conquered.

Others endured in silence.

Before long, a blazing scarlet sun began to rise from the central pyramid of the Aztec divine realm. Were it not for the eerie golden-red divine aura cloaking it, the sheer light and heat radiating from that terrifying sun might have incinerated everything visible to the naked eye.

The Sun slowly ascended—then flew beyond the bounds of its own world to reach another.

This wasn't poetic—it was literal.

The moment it left the Aztec world, a violent burst of light and heat exploded outward.

The rocky outer layer of Ginnungagap's world barrier was pulverized into dust. Its magnificent branches withered instantly into ash. Even the second layer, saturated with vast quantities of wind-element energy, didn't last long.

Ginnungagap's water element surged forward—an ocean-sized force—but even that was boiled away, only managing to reduce the Sun's destructive power by a third.

Lau stared at the scene, elated. "Hahaha! Let's see how you survive this!?"