

## Thalos 249

### Chapter 249

"Die! Die! Die!"

Every Aztec and Maya god, whenever they had a moment, fixated on the trajectory of the blood-red sun with wild excitement.

This was their ultimate world-class weapon.

Just as Ginnungagap wielded the World Tree, this blood-drenched sun, fueled by sacrifice, was their deadliest trump card.

Perun, the Slavic thunder god, watched with deep conflict. He and all the Slavic gods would never forget how, in the last divine war, their world—originally holding the upper hand—was shattered by this very thing.

He still remembered the permafrost, unmelted for ten thousand years, disintegrating like crushed coffee beans.

He remembered the glaciers, once unyielding and immense, vanishing in an instant.

Their divine realm, their mortal cities, the mountains and skies—all turned to cinders beneath that accursed sun.

Even their memories had been tainted blood-red.

With their world destroyed, there was no longer enough power to support the gods.

It wasn't that they didn't fight hard enough, or lacked martial prowess—their defeat had been nothing short of tragic.

Later, they learned the truth: this "sun" was created with the hearts of millions of mortals, or even the heart of a True God, and combined with the essence of an entire world. They fell silent for a long time.

The Aztecs were merciless to their enemies—and even crueler to their own.

Back in the Maya divine court, Komu cried out gleefully, "Bullseye!"

The opposing god-king's strength had exceeded all expectations.

Perhaps only a god who could command such vast amounts of water-elemental divine power could nourish a World Tree of that magnitude.

Skel clapped in delight. "Your world is indeed mighty—but it just happens to be countered by our sun."

Lau's expression grew complex. At first he was shocked by how well Ginnungagap resisted, but on reflection, it made sense—after all, fire naturally counters a World Tree. Could a mere water-based world really resist an attack that consumed a quarter of the combined Maya–Aztec world's origin essence?

Even though he couldn't see what was happening in the opposing world, he could estimate the devastation from past results. Even if Ginnungagap was larger, with fire from the Fifth Sun searing through, at least a third of it would be destroyed, and the rest heavily damaged—assuming the flames of the World Tree didn't spread further.

"In that case, even with a top-tier divine weapon like the World Tree, their god-king's power must have dropped dramatically," Skel remarked.

He turned his gaze toward Komu, who was now shrouded in layers of profound divine light. With both hands gripping the massive crystal skull, he used unimaginable means to peer into the enemy world.

"They're still resisting... That's a fine water-element god-king. He's drawn more water than I expected to block our sun... But it's useless. That's no pure water world. Their water can't possibly surpass our sunlight."

Komu's words were a death sentence for the Ginnungagap world.

Lau sighed deeply. "Phew... So many years of enmity, finally brought to an end. A world-class weapon can't just be 'endured' by willpower alone..."

His tone suggested there was more he wasn't saying.

Skel eyed him suspiciously. Is this really the rage-god I once knew?

Then again, Lau had been strange ever since his resurrection. Perhaps it wasn't surprising.

Skel had no time to dwell on it, as the real fight was about to begin.

The enemy world was massive—at least the size of their combined Maya–Aztec realm. To have reached this point, it must have devoured two smaller worlds to grow.

Such a juicy chunk of world-source would catapult their side into ascendance. Komu was particularly intrigued by those octopus-like tendrils Ginnungagap used in battle. Even if they couldn't replicate them exactly, the idea of a World Tree-powered "solar inferno" weapon was extremely tempting.

Komu declared, "A wounded beast is most dangerous. Send in all the slave gods."

It was a tried-and-true tactic.

After wounding an enemy world, the fiercest retaliation was always imminent. That's when slave gods were used as cannon fodder.

On the flip side, if they survived—and willingly joined the glory of the blood-sacrificial army—they'd be welcomed into the Aztec pantheon, especially if they helped sacrifice new slaves in turn.

The order was given.

Now it was time for Ginnungagap's counterattack.

RUMBLE—

The Ginnungagap world began to morph violently, especially at its "head" end, swelling like a massive blister.

The Maya gods weren't surprised—every world that had been heavily damaged responded this way.

But what happened next, they couldn't make sense of—this massive world suddenly tore off part of itself.

The swelling section split off from the main body, forming two worlds—one large, one small—right before Komu's eyes.

When the crystal skull projected this image, Komu, Skel, and Lau were all stunned.

"What is this?" Komu whispered, almost in a trance.

"I... don't know," Skel admitted blankly.

Only Lau's face changed drastically. "No! We've been tricked by Thalos! Ginnungagap never absorbed the Akkad world at all! He used the Akkad world to tank our Sun!"

Lau had guessed the truth—but there was no prize for that.

Back in Asgard's Silver Palace, the gods stared at Thalos in amazement.

Some were surprised, some admired him, some sighed in awe—but most wore expressions of fervent, almost worshipful devotion.

Freyr asked, "Your Majesty... You planned this all along?"

Thalos stood proud. "Of course. Corpses can speak. The destroyed Slavic world spoke quite clearly."

As he spoke, a psychic projection appeared above the throne—a ruined Slavic wasteland. A closer look revealed countless radial scorch marks. Only light-based attacks could have done that.

To obliterate thousands—tens of thousands—of square kilometers like this wasn't the work of any one god.

No, this was a world-class weapon. And in Thalos's memory, only one world used a sun as a weapon.

Later, Loki's clone had infiltrated the Aztec–Maya world and confirmed the target weapon.

Then it was time to set the stage.

The Aztec Fifth Sun was no joke. Taking it head-on could very well mean the destruction of Ginnungagap.

That's when the Akkad world—offered up earlier by the enemy as a poisoned gift—became the perfect shield to absorb the blow.

To sell the act, Thalos had even burned divine power to "save" the Akkad world.

But the truth? It couldn't be saved.

The massive Akkad world... ended up blasted into the sky like a shattered dog bowl by a firecracker—utterly and pitifully annihilated.