

Thalos 250

Chapter 250: Bow Down in Reverence

Tragic! The Akkad world—so utterly tragic!

Small countries and small worlds alike are doomed to have no say in their fate during an era of war.

Before Thalos deployed the Akkad world to absorb the blow, he had already evacuated almost all mortals and divine beings from it, leaving behind nothing but a shell—and he had promised to restore the world in the future.

Of course, he planned to use the Maya world's elemental resources for the reconstruction.

That was already more than fair to the Akkadian gods and mortals.

Although many of the Akkadian gods inwardly resented the decision, gods who had surrendered had no divine authority. Compared to the sacrificial gods on the Aztec side—gods treated like lambs awaiting slaughter—they were already quite fortunate.

Akkad would have ended up as someone's offering plate either way. At least with Thalos, the devouring was relatively civilized.

All they could do now was follow the Aesir gods closely and unleash their fury on the Aztec gods.

Perhaps by this point, war between worlds had long since transcended notions of justice. In any case, siding with a powerful and somewhat merciful god-king was a hundred times better than being forced to obey a monster who slaughtered even surrendered gods at will.

And so, from macro to micro, the balance of power between the two worlds had undergone a fundamental shift.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Once more, branches of the World Tree stretched out across the void between the two realms, penetrating the Maya–Aztec world with grandeur and inevitability. This time, there was no second sun to come to their rescue.

Komu's face turned dark as the bottom of a pot. He barked, "Hold the line!"

The enemy god-king was too cunning—he had tricked them into wasting the Aztec world's ultimate move.

For the next month, until the Aztec world could recover enough origin energy to reforge the Sun, they were doomed to be on the receiving end.

The tide of war had turned!

As the branches and roots of the World Tree pierced into the Maya world, they immediately initiated the complete life cycle of a plant—from birth to death—on a massive scale.

Roots as thick as sky-piercing pillars dug deep into the earth, brazenly drawing nutrients while reshaping the Maya world's soil and water elements.

The new leaves they produced then enacted a spectacular version of photosynthesis.

To the Maya gods, it was an incomprehensible scene. The only impression they could form was—this is insane! Even plants can feed on solar power now?!

In truth, photosynthesis consumed only a limited amount of solar energy. More than draining elements, it was the psychological blow that hit hardest.

Especially when the Maya–Aztec gods discovered that neither fire nor ice, wind nor earth could stop the rampaging branches and roots—their despair grew thicker than ever.

"What is the Feathered Serpent God doing?!"

He was getting pummeled by Jörmungandr.

"What about King Komu?!"

Komu was desperately trying to communicate with the will of the world, struggling to patch up the increasingly shattered realm!

"Sacrifices! I need more, stronger sacrifices!" That was his answer—and the target was obvious.

But the report he received was—

"Bad news! The Slavic pantheon has rebelled!" a panicked divine envoy rushed in.

"What? Impossible!"

Under normal circumstances, that would be impossible!

Captured foreign gods had part of their divine souls sealed away, cursed with terrifying spells that made betrayal a death sentence.

But what had the front-line observers just seen?

Only one god stood there—a towering, handsome, proud, and enigmatic giant!

As the wind whipped through his flowing black hair, his presence radiated mystery and confidence.

Standing tall with legs apart and hands clasped behind his back, this one god drew dozens of Slavic deities—forced into battle and wracked with agony from the curse—to collapse and kneel before him in unison, shouting:

"Please lead us, Supreme God Loki!"

Yes!

The one sent to accept their surrender was none other than Loki!

Of course, observers could accuse Loki of putting on airs, of parading under the banner of Thalos, the tiger he clung to.

But no one could deny his accomplishment—he had infiltrated the enemy as a clone and successfully turned the entire Slavic pantheon against them!

Loki watched the scene unfold with undisguised delight.

Strangely, he found his thoughts drifting. Amid the frenzy, it was as if his gaze pierced space and time, glimpsing the future—seeing the Aesir pantheon standing atop all others.

Thalos, of course, would become the Supreme Divine Emperor.

And he, Loki, would go down in legend as the god who helped make it happen—he might even lend his name to an entirely new world.

The Slavic gods' cries of loyalty did not cease.

Nor did their fervor—and neither did Loki's satisfaction.

Arms raised, he slowly pressed downward and said solemnly, "This bow is received on behalf of His Majesty the God-King. Rise—for now, you need only stand as neutral until your divine souls are fully restored!"

Perun, foremost among the Slavic gods, felt a wave of emotion—one he hadn't tasted since becoming a god.

They had been repressed for too long. This time, they had made a do-or-die decision.

Submitting to lunatics like the Feathered Serpent meant certain death. Raising the banner of rebellion meant probable death. But at least this way, they could go down fighting—maybe even tear off a chunk of flesh from those damn Aztec gods before they died.

Who could have guessed the Aesir wouldn't even ask them to act as cannon fodder?

Perun stepped forward, bowed deeply once more. "If there is a chance, please allow us to participate in the final campaign against the Aztecs."

"We'll leave a few heads for you," Loki replied offhandedly—but to the Slavic gods, it felt like thunderous approval.

The Aesir pantheon's promises were never empty.

The Sun couldn't kill Ginnungagap. The World Tree had begun to strike back. How long could it be before those damn Aztec gods were overthrown?

The Slavic gods were electrified with hope.

On the other side, the battle trumpet of Ginnungagap finally sounded.

Now, the enemy's world was no longer foreign turf.

The World Tree's invasion had tilted the very laws of the world in Ginnungagap's favor.

And the first region to be counterattacked—was the Aztec heartland.

A streak of resplendent rainbow light flashed across the sky. From within the glow, a towering giant—more than three men tall—emerged, and as he did, thunderclouds suddenly gathered, filling the sky.

"I am Thor, Thunder God of the Aesir! Who dares battle me?!"

As his booming declaration rang out, black storm clouds blanketed the heavens above him.

Wild lightning raged within his divine body, thundering and roaring with untamed force. Yet his heart remained calm—veteran warrior that he was, Thor was carefully selecting his prey, wielding his privileged status as the Aesir's number one enforcer.

In a way, that scrutinizing gaze—as if choosing from among slaves in a market—provoked the Aztec gods even more.

They roared in protest.

"Who do you think you are?!"

Thor grinned. "Thor. The invincible Thor!"

My father plans.

I punch gods.

Truly, we're the perfect father-son duo!