

Thalos 251

Chapter 251: They Struck First

Thor had to choose his opponent swiftly and carefully.

He was the crown prince of the Aesir.

The face of his pantheon.

In his own mind, his exalted status often robbed him of the pure joy of battle.

With enemies, he could always pick first—but usually only one. Once he had beaten that one, any others he wanted to pummel would have to wait in line. Otherwise, it would be stealing credit from his comrades.

And by the time he got his second turn, all that would be left were some lackluster leftovers—hardly worth his fists.

Yet who would have thought that no sooner had Thor issued his grand challenge than the other side would treat it like a public taunt?

To put it plainly, the Aztec gods had no sense of honor.

Without warning, two completely different divine spells slammed toward Thor's face:

A radiant beam of golden-red light, pure and blazing like fire—launched by Chantico, goddess of hearth and volcanoes.

At the same time, a blackish-grey dark beam slithered silently like a venomous snake aiming straight for Thor's neck. The one behind it was none other than Xipe Totec, Lord of Flaying, God of Strength, and the Aztec god of the East, equal in rank to the Feathered Serpent God of the West.

What was laughable was that neither the front-facing fiery brilliance nor the sneaky plague-laced curse even reached Thor's body. Both were instantly vaporized by the storm of writhing thunder serpents surrounding him.

The superheated electric aura annihilated every trace of hostile energy.

Thor beamed. He pointed with both hands at the two Aztec gods—well, if the enemy offered themselves up like this, he wasn't going to refuse.

Behind him, however, the other Asgardian warriors groaned—Thor wasn't allowed to pick two targets... but if two picked him, that was fair game.

Freyr picked the Aztec god of the North—Tezcatlipoca, god of darkness and illusion.

Tyr squared off against Huitzilopochtli, god of the South and patron of war.

The names of the Aztec gods were notoriously convoluted—most over twelve characters long.

Initially, the Aesir gods had the patience to listen and announce themselves properly, but eventually, they gave up even trying to remember these absurdly long names.

Whatever. It wasn't important.

What was important was that the moment both sides engaged, they all realized their assumptions were wildly off base.

One side had overestimated, the other had underestimated—by a long shot.

Over here, Thor took on Chantico's provocation.

He raised a square-headed hammer that, in the Aztec world, looked laughably clunky and unremarkable. In response, a bolt of lightning seemingly powerful enough to obliterate a small world split the sky and struck down toward it.

Rather than pouring directly into the hammer, the lightning formed a brilliant orb at the head of the weapon. At that moment, Thor swung the hammer like a baseball bat, launching the lightning orb straight at the volcano goddess.

The lightning orb rapidly stretched into a lance mid-flight due to the sheer speed.

To be honest, Thor would never have chosen Chantico as a target—but as a "bonus," he had no complaints.

In countless primitive worlds, it was lightning striking a tree in a storm that first gave fire to civilization.

In many ancient systems of power, lightning was the ancestor of fire.

Now, the so-called "ancestor" was delivering a death sentence.

Unavoidable. Unstoppable.

Even as a high-level elemental deity, Chantico couldn't block it. She was instantly reduced to ashes from the waist up.

One move. Gone.

The surrounding Aztec gods were shaken to their core.

"What?!"

Xipe Totec recoiled in horror.

Before he could react, the thunder god descended.

Thor surged forward cloaked in crackling purple-blue lightning, cutting through the miasma of curses Xipe Totec hurled at him, his momentum unstoppable.

Spectators could see streams of violet lightning shooting from his eyes, while more power from the Ginnungagap fed into his divine body—endlessly charging him up.

Thor was no longer some half-baked "Hammer God" who summoned a storm and called it a day.

He now commanded the lightning of eleven small worlds.

Keep in mind, the Sumerian continent and Celtic islands were small in name only—they were functionally full-fledged worlds.

He was no longer just the thunder god of Asgard.

He was the Tri-Realm Thunder God.

It wasn't as if Xipe Totec didn't fight back. The flayed god in his pointed hat unleashed a flurry of divine spells.

Under normal conditions, his curse magic would leave enemy gods writhing in agony.

But against Thor's absurdly overpowered physique, they had no effect. The thunderous aura around him deflected the curses effortlessly with wave after wave of repelling force.

Just a simple charge had unleashed might that ordinary gods couldn't begin to comprehend. Thor blasted toward Xipe Totec like a cannonball.

His hammer, roaring with lightning, was like an icebreaker cleaving through a storm.

And when it hit—

Boom!

Right on target.

Xipe Totec, god of the East—dead.

Two enemy deities, slain in the blink of an eye.

The Aztec gods were gripped by panic.

Not a single one dared meet Thor's gaze—not in anger, not in defiance.

They were all terrified of being next.

What they didn't realize was that their cowardice acted like a row of falling dominoes—it helped topple the entire Aztec pantheon.

"That big-bearded lunatic killed Xipe Totec and Chantico?!"

"Who? Who can stop this bastard? Where's the Feathered Serpent God?"

"He charged ahead. He's not coming back."

Every god trembled, afraid of becoming Thor's next prey.

They all forgot that standing in front of them was another hard-hitting Aesir warrior.

The World Tree's constant expansion in this new realm only made it easier for the Aesir gods to unleash their full divine power.

Meanwhile, the Aztec and Maya worlds, though joined in name, weren't actually interconnected.

That meant the Aztecs were using one world's power to fight Ginnungagap's three—they never stood a chance.

The battle had raged for just thirty minutes, and already the tide was overwhelmingly one-sided.

Over on the Maya side, King Komu's face had gone deathly pale. He understood full well what the Aztecs' collapse meant. Forget everything else—all the Slavic gods' divine soul pledges were stored in the Aztec pyramids.

He didn't even dare to imagine the chain reaction about to unfold...