

Thalos 252

Chapter 252: Just in Time!

The counterattack from Ginnungagap was not a single-front operation. Aside from the lower realm where Jörmungandr was still relentlessly hunting the Feathered Serpent God without a decisive outcome, and the upper realm where Thor was pummeling the remaining Aztec gods, the mid-level world had also begun to clash.

Same old tactic—the Forest God Vidar opened the path with the branches and roots of the World Tree, followed closely by the gods surging forward. Only this time, the leader of the charge was the God of Knights, Arthur.

Compared to the somewhat depleted Sumerian gods, the Celtic lineage had finally caught their breath. The old gods of Danu had come to accept that they were no longer the mighty beings they once were. In this era of divine bloodlines, no matter how powerful or benevolent Thalos was to them, they were neither pureblood Aesir nor giants. This drove them to rally around Arthur, a hero of mortal origins from the Celtic world.

Thus, the Celtic Aesir formed a formidable divine vanguard and launched an offensive into the Aztec world.

This was yet another strategic card played by Thalos.

At this very moment, Thalos sat atop the High Throne of the Silver Palace. His elbow rested on the armrest, right fist gently propping his cheek as he smiled faintly. "Komu, King of the Maya... I've returned two of your cards. Can you catch them?"

On the other side, Komu's expression darkened even further.

Clearly, splitting the Aztec gods into two forces and making them simultaneously withstand attacks from Ginnungagap's upper and lower realms had not been a good idea.

Both fronts showed signs of collapse.

If the Aztec gods couldn't hold, then the Maya gods would have to step in. That was how it was supposed to go.

But Komu only sighed and signaled to Skye: "Send them to attack Ginnungagap's lower realm."

The Feathered Serpent God was in bad shape—his small frame had just taken a tail-whip from Jörmungandr that almost scattered his divine form completely.

Komu couldn't let the Aztec pantheon's top enforcer fall just like that.

So, a new wave of gods appeared in the caverns of Ginnungagap's lower layer.

"New enemies?" Gilgamesh stood upon a cliff not far from the cavern's mouth, his sharp gaze assessing the newcomers.

The goddess of Venus, Ishtar, gently descended on her divine flying bow, smiling sweetly. "Just as my darling predicted!"

'Goldie' completely ignored her saccharine words, smirking. "Is there anything in this world that Dad hasn't accounted for?"

"Apparently not," Ereshkigal said calmly.

Gilgamesh scratched his head. "Having a god-king father this absurdly brilliant really kills a son's sense of achievement."

"Quit whining," Enkidu chided his brother. "If we fight well, we'll get double credit."

Indeed, the old gods of Sumer had their clones stirring trouble in the Egyptian world while their true forms held the line in Ginnungagap. If they succeeded, their contributions would be massive—perhaps even surpassing the Celts.

This kind of healthy competition was exactly what Thalos wanted to see.

"Go," Gilgamesh commanded with a wave.

Behind him, both the ancient Sumerian gods and their newly allied Akkadian brethren transformed into hundreds of streaks of brilliant divine light and shot toward the newly arrived enemy gods.

Biubiubi!

Rumble!

Countless dazzling beams streaked across the sky like fireworks, flooding the enemy front.

Each divine spell exploded around a god's body, radiating outward in spectacular blooms of color and destruction.

Behind this spectacle, gods once renowned in their own worlds were being wounded or killed outright.

Meanwhile, Komu received word that their offensive had stalled. He was stunned. "What? Even the Incan gods were stopped?"

Only Lau's eyes were unfocused, mumbling to himself: "He foresaw it all again?"

Lau was right.

To Thalos, the Maya, Inca, and Aztec pantheons were all of the same root and branch.

Since the Aztecs had spearheaded the invasion, why wouldn't the Maya and Inca follow?

From the start, neither Thalos nor Komu had cared about the conscripted slave gods.

Slavery guaranteed they'd have little fighting spirit. If they could slack off, they would. Even if bound by divine curses, they'd fight only for survival, never with full aggression. Their inconsistent loyalty and mismatched motivations made for pitiful coordination.

The real main forces on both sides were their core pantheons: Maya-Inca-Aztec versus Aesir-Celtic-Sumerian.

At that point, it all came down to which side had the stronger average divine strength and the more decisive breakthroughs by top gods.

A trembling, unsteady balance had formed.

For a time, it was unclear who held the advantage.

All three theaters—upper, middle, and lower—had fallen into a tense stalemate.

Until...

"Thor, stop playing around," came a simple order from the distant sky.

Thor's eyes lit up. That wasn't so much a command as a release.

It meant Father had lifted the final restraint from his mind.

This was permission to go all-out—to smash the enemies in front of him with no more holding back.

The rest of the Aesir gods grew frantic.

Divine ultimates flew at the enemy like they cost nothing.

The first victim: Tezcatlipoca, Lord of the North.

Seeing Thor charge, he knew there was no point in dodging. This was a crushing blow delivered by a god wielding superior power. And against a thunder god, evasion was a fantasy.

It was either Thor or him.

There was no third option.

"Raaahh!" Tezcatlipoca roared, launching a barrage of dark beams like blades at Thor.

He miscalculated.

His divine power couldn't even pierce the lightning field surrounding Thor.

Meanwhile, Freyr, no longer content to let his kill be stolen, unleashed a burst of divine radiance that lit up the sky like a "mini-Sun."

It wasn't as vile as the Aztecs' Fifth Sun, but Freyr's solar energy was still terrifyingly lethal.

Caught between two threats, Tezcatlipoca was forced to divert his focus—and in that fatal instant, Freyr's solar light pierced through him.

The once-noble Lord of the North was reduced to a wretched state.

His majestic black robes burned to ash, his obsidian skin blistered and turned gold, peeling away. Even his hair caught fire. With Thor advancing step by step, Tezcatlipoca couldn't even fully retaliate against Freyr.

He made another mistake—he spent his final attack on Thor.

It was pointless.

Thor advanced like a giant striding from darkness toward the light, nothing could stop him.

One step. Two. Five. Ten...

By the time he reached what had once been Freyr's prey, Tezcatlipoca was already dead.

Thor had never lifted a hand.

He had preserved Freyr's honor perfectly—his foe was slain entirely by Freyr's sunlight.

Did Thor interfere?

Just in time!