

Thalos 253

Chapter 253: The Fall of the Four Directional Gods

The third to erupt was Tyr.

Which wasn't all that surprising.

As the God of War, Tyr was inherently the most suited for grand-scale battles like this. In the Aesir pantheon, it was only because the war records of God-King Thalos and the thunder god Thor were so dazzling—and because Tyr had, in myth, lost an arm early on to Fenrir in a deception plot—that his strength had been long overshadowed.

Now, however, with the World Tree's aggressive invasion erasing the enemy's home-field advantage, and Thor and Freyr having already slain two of the Aztec quadrant gods, Tyr, the War God, didn't even need Ginnungagap's energy to draw upon. He could gain the power of several top-tier gods simply by being on the battlefield.

In a trance, he sensed one warrior after another roaring as they charged the enemy in desperate attacks.

He felt legions of warhorses and knights weaving through enemy lines, their superb combat techniques and strength harvesting blood and life.

Countless skirmishes fused into one grand war.

An endless stream of divine power, roiling with a thunderous roar only a true war god like Tyr could hear, poured into his divine form like rivers flowing into the sea.

With Thor and Freyr having slain two of the Aztec quadrant rulers, the power Tyr received was akin to a divine flood capable of destroying the world.

His war god's sword pulsed with the might of the entire battlefield. When he swung it down, the proud southern ruler, Huitzilopochtli, was completely unable to withstand even such a "simple" blow.

This was 1% technique and 99% brute-force beauty.

With a single strike, the southern lord Huitzilopochtli fell. God slain.

Ironically, the last of the Aztec Four Directional Gods to die was the first to enter battle: the Feathered Serpent God.

Its battle with the World Serpent Jörmungandr had finally reached its end. In truth, the Feathered Serpent had always been at a disadvantage in size, and in divine power it faced a duo—Jörmungandr and the terrifying Hel, whose strength grew the more death surrounded her. Holding out this long in a two-on-one was a testament to its status as Aztec's fiercest god.

But ultimately, its frailer physique meant Jörmungandr had far more room for error. The Feathered Serpent had no such luxury—one mistake meant death.

It had already taken damage to its left wing, limiting its speed. Only the terrain had allowed it to last this long.

When Jörmungandr flattened the surrounding mountains and lakes, erasing all cover, and the cowardly Incan gods still refused to aid it, the Feathered Serpent suffered a string of brutal blows.

That scene was horrific.

Hel struck first with an underworld shockwave that could kill tens of thousands of mortals in an instant, stunning the Feathered Serpent briefly.

In that fleeting moment, Jörmungandr's massive jaws, capable of swallowing a small city whole, latched onto the serpent's wounded left wing. It tried to resist, but the giant serpent flipped its neck and slammed it down from above.

Then came the coils—Jörmungandr's colossal body finally managed to entangle the Feathered Serpent.

The size difference was grotesque. It looked like a snake strangling a giant mudfish.

With crushing pressure and venom potent enough to kill even true gods, the sound of cracking bones echoed from every part of the Feathered Serpent's body. It managed a single cry of agony.

Not because it wasn't in pain—but because the combined assault of suffocation and poison robbed it of even the strength to scream.

The two massive serpents thrashed and rolled across the earth, flattening an area equal to several human capital cities.

The groaning earth, the cracking terrain—it was like the land itself mourned the Feathered Serpent's fate.

At last, the earth stilled. The fractures stopped spreading.

The Feathered Serpent was crushed, its body shattered, its form melted by venom. It became a long, mucus-like sack, then finally a sack of pus that sank into the deep soil.

Hel was very pleased with the result. "Second Brother, I'm taking this lord god's soul, okay?"

Jörmungandr narrowed its massive eyes into a smiling squint. "Of course, dear sister. We're family—no need for formalities."

With this battle, Jörmungandr's title as the Sacred Beast of the Aesir pantheon was cemented.

With all four of the Aztec quadrant lords slain, the remaining gods collapsed like a line of dominoes.

And yet, the final blow that wiped out the Aztec gods didn't come from the Aesir.

When the frontline pushed to the Aztec divine pyramid region, and the largest pyramid was shattered to dust by Thor, a figure in green, black, and gold stood at the battlefield's edge.

He was charming. He was elegant. He had a unique air. Even his voice carried a bewitching allure.

Loki curled his lips into a smile and raised his right hand, beckoning with one finger.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Aesir have fulfilled our promise. Now, it's your turn to enjoy this feast of vengeance."

"We are eternally grateful!"

Slavic chief god Perun raised his war axe high. The hooves of his divine war goats lifted, then stomped heavily on the ground.

It was like a battle horn had sounded.

Behind him, every Slavic god and divine servant—war gods or life gods—began to beat their weapons.

Their once-muted voices became unified, building into a thunderous war cry that shook the battlefield.

With a crack of thunder that ruptured every Aztec eardrum, the slaughter began.

There would be no survivors.

The Aztec pantheon was in complete chaos. Like ants fleeing a flood, they abandoned their temples and scattered.

But how could mortal-speed legs outrun the divine steeds and godly war machines of the resurgent Slavic gods?

Their pathetic escape attempts only bought them a few extra moments of life.

The first to be culled were the mutant jaguars—beasts infused with faint divine essence, devastating in mortal armies, but now facing gods of vengeance restored to full power.

A storm of ice crystals rained down.

The fastest of the jaguar beasts howled.

One, the size of a lion, had its head sheared clean off by razor-sharp ice shards. Its severed neck opened like a barrel-sized wound, spewing blood and organs.

Among the gore were several clearly human hearts—semi-real and grotesque—spurting out like a fountain, drenching the nearby path.

The headless jaguar staggered a few more steps, then collapsed, becoming a heap of shredded flesh. From each bloody chunk, delicate ice flowers bloomed, burying the cruel beast in frozen silence.