

Thalos 254

Chapter 254: The God of Suicide

The Aztecs had completely collapsed. Once, in the city of Tenochtitlan, the proud battle songs of eagles would resound. Now, all that could be heard amid the chaos were terrified screams—and even weeping. Faced with the vengeance of the Slavic gods, countless Aztecs were cut down like wheat in a field. More lay injured, dragging frostbitten limbs as they struggled to stand again.

Their gods had fallen. No divine response came anymore.

The bloody world built by them and their gods had shattered. In the end, extreme violence and cruelty were met with reckoning. In this moment of carnage, none of the seemingly pitiful Aztecs were truly innocent.

The injured staggered upright, trying to huddle together, hoping to flee into the realm of the Maya.

After all, that was a world of kindred gods.

But there was no chance.

The destruction of the Aztec temples of the Four Directions had unshackled all the slave gods. With their power and freedom restored, they sought to return the torment and sacrifices inflicted by the Aztecs a hundredfold.

Among them, the "black uncle" gods were the most brutal. They had even begun forcing the captured Aztec mortals to slaughter one another.

Twisted creatures.

Perun looked at them with open disgust. These gods had long since fallen into depravity. Those who had sided with the Aztecs were purged immediately. Even those who hadn't were not spared much—twisted in soul, they had become pure evil.

"We must not become like them. To punish devils, we need not use the devil's ways. Granting them utter destruction is enough."

"Ohhh!" The long-tormented Slavic gods still responded loudly.

Their world had been destroyed. Now they had to live under the favor of the Aesir. From their recent negotiations with Loki, they already knew the Aesir way: While they retained a basic form of divine hierarchy, they were not overly harsh. As long as one was willing to serve the Aesir, to fight and win honor, life could still be decent.

Providing a path to ascend for lower gods and defectors—that was the clearest testament to God-King Thalos's wisdom and benevolence.

It wasn't that the Slavic gods didn't want to take revenge to the fullest, but for the sake of the future, they had to choose between vengeance and order.

Mortals had boundaries, and gods needed them even more.

Without them, a stronger power would erase them.

That was Thalos's law—no exceptions.

Loki had made this clear: he was both the king's envoy and his overseer.

Should the Slavic gods lose control, Loki would not intervene. He knew Thalos had mercy, but not much. Those who overstepped would be purged.

Sure enough, the Maya gods hidden in the depths of the world finally made their move.

Similar to the Ennead in Egyptian mythology, the Maya had the revered Nine Linked Gods—known as the Maya Nine. These gods represented the ancient Maya reverence for nine aspects of nature, comprising both benevolent and malevolent powers, each wielding immense strength.

There was the sky god Itzamna, the rain god Chaac, the cloud god Yum Kaax—common elementals, and strong, yes, but still within the realm of divine comprehension.

Among the Nine, however, was a rare one—the God of Suicide, Ixtab. To the ancient Maya, death was the path to paradise, and thus Ixtab was also called the guide.

The moment he acted, the crumbling Aztec front stabilized.

Because—

Ixtab had made his move. With a cold sweep of his gaze across the battlefield, he swung his hand sharply to the right, seeing the "rampaging" African gods bouncing around gleefully, now turning their cruelty upon Aztec mortals and divine attendants.

A hidden divine power spread from him like a mist over the pitch-black battlefield, silently covering the front lines—precisely where those dark-skinned gods raged.

He adjusted his sleeve, smoothing the prized dragon feathers in one direction before pressing them flat.

"Despicable creatures. You fail to understand—offering yourselves to us is your greatest honor."

He extended his slender fingers. From each ring he wore, dozens of translucent black threads stretched outward.

At the end of those threads? The "rebellious" African and Slavic gods.

Yes, their divine souls had been returned—but divine curses were not so easily broken. Even without one trigger, Ixtab was another.

In his vision, the light surrounding the slave gods dimmed rapidly, like candles burning down to the wick—still alight, but only with the last flickers of life.

A deep black net extended from his feet across the earth, passing his fellow gods and reaching forward. Waves of death pulsed outward, layer upon layer, rippling across the field until the entire grid of eerie black light ensnared all those he deemed traitors.

"In the name of the Maya—kill yourselves!"

The declaration of death from Ixtab echoed across the battlefield.

Moments ago, the African gods had been basking in their revenge. Now, each one's eyes exploded outward.

They struggled desperately, trying to scoop up their eyeballs with pink fingers and shove them back in before blindness took them.

But it was futile.

Their hands betrayed them—gripping their own throats tightly.

Their bulging eyes now stared backward at themselves as they "were made" to commit suicide.

It wasn't just their arms. Their weapons too stabbed into their divine bodies repeatedly, their foul blood spurting uncontrollably.

Their mouths, out of their own control, chanted: "Glory to the Maya!"

One by one, these absurdly cruel avengers perished before the eyes of the stunned Slavic gods.

Perun was horrified.

They too bore the curse of death.

There were only two ways to deal with such divine death curses. One, dismantle it completely—its source of power, its structure, the caster—all must be destroyed. Two, offset it by sacrificing immense life force, negating death's claim on flesh and soul.

Perun fell to his knees before the World Tree in the distance.

"Thalos Borson, Your Majesty! The Slavic gods beg your aid and mercy. If we survive this, we shall serve you unto death, our loyalty eternal!"

Truthfully, Perun did not hold out much hope.

They were just wandering gods without a homeland, cursed to the core. Thalos had his pick of who to save—helping them would be a loss in divine power and resources.

But...

He did save them.

"Your prayers and vows—I hear them. I accept."

With those words that echoed across the heavens, a branch of the World Tree stretched over, releasing a drop of life-giving water upon each of the Slavic gods.