

## Thalos 256

Chapter 256: [Doom Prophecy]

His body projected a thousandfold, every tiny facial expression of Thalos was magnified for all to see—scrutinized and overanalyzed by hundreds of gods and millions of beings.

That charming, confident smile of his... In that moment, it sent the hearts of countless goddesses fluttering, their divine affections stirred like wind in a spring meadow.

After all, this was a Doom Prophecy capable of annihilating an entire world!

And yet—

How could he possibly know all this?

The answer was simple:

Because he had transmigrated.

Before crossing into this universe, the most famous Maya prophecy was about Earth's destruction in the year 2012. Maybe because many other Maya predictions had proven eerily accurate, that apocalyptic 2012 prophecy had once spread like wildfire across the globe.

In the scientific world, this could be dismissed as nothing more than primitive miscalculations in astronomy and calendar-making.

But in this realm of chaos, where gods walked the land, there could be only one explanation: theology and energy.

The question was:

How much energy does it take to curse a world into destruction?

The answer could be inferred from the death curse that had wiped out the African gods.

If a small world's cyclical functions were disrupted by a sufficiently complex curse and lacked the power to resist, collapse was inevitable.

That much wasn't even surprising.

But once a world reached a certain size... it was a different matter altogether.

After all, the "almighty" 2012 prophecy from the Maya never managed to wipe out Earth, did it?

So clearly, the destructive power of the Maya's Doom Prophecy had a ceiling—and activating it must come at an enormous cost.

And even if a small world were struck, what if that small world were part of a vast interlinked system—where water, fire, wind, and life could be shared and balanced among its parts?

In most universes, Thalos wouldn't dare make such guarantees.

But this was Ginnungagap, a rare world whose core was formed by a living tree.

Using the world's Life to neutralize Death?

Not even unusual.

A brute-force approach that ignored all clever tricks and simply overpowered everything with raw metaphysical strength—

This was what completely stunned Kumú.

In Kumú's mind, if he could bait Thalos into debating the philosophical and metaphysical intricacies of prophecy, he could eventually twist the narrative and cloud the minds of Thalos's gods.

But Thalos understood the weapon's full capabilities—and still chose to eat the blow head-on.

What could Kumú even do?

Yes, it's better to cripple one finger than scratch ten.

But against an opponent like Thalos, if you tried to break a finger, there was a real chance you'd just mildly bruise all ten—and then they'd heal immediately.

Worse still, if Thalos chose to continue the war, whatever damage the prophecy inflicted could be repaired by devouring the Maya world's very source.

That was the real kicker.

Even now, Kumú refused to back down.

He bellowed one last threat:

"What if the target of this doom... is you alone, Thalos Borson?!"

At his words, the crystal skull exploded with a thousand malevolent rays of light—each filled with the wailing of countless dead souls, as if ten billion curses were screamed at once toward Thalos.

Little did he know...

"I am Thalos Borson, God-King of Ginnungagap.

I am the world."

Indeed. After years of cultivation, all of Thalos's power flowed from the World Tree, and the world, in turn, responded to him without question.

Their bond was absolute.

He was no longer a mere individual.

He was now a part of Ginnungagap itself.

And when those impossible words—"I am the world"—were spoken aloud, if this were a chess match, Kumú had just been checkmated.

"You... you lunatic?!" Kumú snapped, his composure shattered.

His reaction revealed something critical:

He had no such bond with his world.

To him, the Maya world was a tool, not a partner. There was no deep-rooted symbiosis.

How could such a mindset ever rival Thalos?

You couldn't even blame Kumú for breaking down.

Tyrants never submit until forced.

If they have even a sliver of choice, they'll cling to it.

It was Thalos who had left him with none.

And so Kumú shouted his last vow:

"If you want to destroy the Maya—then first pay the price!"

On the sacred slopes of the holy mountain and lake, Kumú's true body stood within the Great Temple. He struck the base of his golden staff against the stone floor, sending cracks spiderwebbing through the slabs beneath him.

From those cracks spilled purple-black mist, seeping like smoke as ancient Maya glyphs ignited with eerie light. Kumú's once-lush fingers shriveled, turning skeletal.

With trembling hands, he clutched a talisman scroll.

Each one turned into invisible blades, slashing through his palms, while blood oozed from his fingertips—every drop splashing onto the skull's forehead.

At the same moment, green fire ignited within his pupils, and in their reflection—Thalos's divine projection shone clearly.

Above the Maya world, clouds were torn asunder by an invisible force. From the void emerged thousands of spectral tendrils, like withered vines, wrapping around Kumú's temple.

Inside the Great Temple, the air solidified into a viscous stench of decay.

Twenty steps away, Kumú's most loyal divine guards ripped off the golden talismans around their necks. In that instant, their veins bulged like writhing worms. Their flesh withered and desiccated as if instantly boiled dry.

At the same time, hundreds of Maya priests bit through their tongues, spitting their final bloodied syllables into the air.

Across the Maya world, the slaves screamed first.

Then the commoners.

Finally, every animal in the land joined in a chorus of agony.

The ground rumbled.

Fissures split open across the land.

From these cracks burst tar-like sludge, which quickly solidified into inverted thorns.

A world-scale vortex of purple-black energy formed.



Its center? Kumú's Great Temple.

By now, Kumú had fully fused with the crystal skull.

His seven orifices bled silver-purple ichor, and when he spoke, pieces of internal organs were expelled from his mouth.

This was no longer prophecy.

This was a curse in its purest, most apocalyptic form.

"With the blood, flesh, and souls of millions of Maya—

I offer up the Doom of my enemy's world!"

The moment the final curse-word left Kumú's lips, it was as if the Maya world exploded.

An indescribable surge of power poured into the crystal skull, causing it to expand in size. Then—two beams of ultimate, corrupted light fired from its sockets, shooting directly at Thalos's celestial projection.

Kumú's reasoning was simple:

He didn't know which world Thalos cherished most.

But Thalos's divine avatar would surely be linked to one of them.

And if Thalos refused to yield—then at least one of his worlds would perish.

"At least... let me destroy one of your worlds!"

That was Kumú's truest, vilest wish.

And yet—

Thalos only smiled wider.

"Why don't you guess," he said, grinning.

"Guess which of my worlds... you just tried to destroy?"