

## Thalos 257

Chapter 257: The World Chosen for Doom...

Ordinarily, when a God-King ventures into another world for war, the small world he links to would surely be the one he's most closely bonded with—his core domain.

Otherwise, when it comes time to dispatch divine power or manipulate elemental forces, even minor disruptions could throw the entire battle out of balance.

And in duels between top-tier deities, a 1% disparity can lead to instant collapse, let alone a difference of several dozen percent.

By all logic, Thalos should never have used any secondary small world as his primary connection. Definitely not his first, second, or even third choice.

But Thalos... never plays by the rules.

In fact, precisely because he knew his opponent was a curse specialist, there was no way he'd bring his real assets into the field.

That imposing projection of his in this world? Full of supreme divine might?

A light projection. His voice transmitted. Even his divine presence had been rerouted—first through Niflheim, then Akkad, and finally the Slavic world. By the time it reached this battlefield, over 40% of the divine energy had been lost in transmission.

If he had to directly clash divine might with Kumú here, he'd be at a massive disadvantage.

But when it comes to resisting a curse like this?

It couldn't be more perfect.

The moment Thalos uttered those cunning, almost teasing words, Kumú's first reaction was disbelief.

Was this some kind of bluff?

But when the Doom Prophecy actually landed, Kumú finally realized—he was doomed.

In his prophetic sight, he saw it:

Countless corpses floated in a weightless void. The final ember of fire element couldn't even imitate the light of a dying sun. The air was thick and heavy, and only a few scattered wisps of water element hovered above this desolate land. The last of the living clung to fading resources, while the shattered ground drifted apart, disintegrating into the chaotic cosmos.

This was the most "core" small world connected to Thalos.

The Slavic world.

Kumú knew it well. And instantly, all color drained from his face.

He'd just stepped into Thalos's trap.

But he couldn't accept it—not yet. Not like this.

A curse of this magnitude was like an out-of-control war chariot; once activated, there was no stopping it.

In order to prophesy the destruction of a thriving world, Kumú had reversed an entire world's worth of causality, sacrificing countless souls and elemental resources. If he couldn't redirect the Doom Prophecy to a proper target, the backlash alone would annihilate him.

"No!" Kumú shrieked in despair as even more Maya souls disintegrated and vanished.

He had to believe—had no choice but to believe—that Thalos was lying.

"There's no way he'd bring some trash-tier world into a battle like this. He set this up to bait my ultimate move!"

That thought was less a conclusion and more a desperate self-delusion.

"Thalos must be linked to a powerful small world—something strong enough to serve as his conduit back to Ginnungagap. Find it! Find it now!"

Unknowingly, Kumú's divine eyes had gone blind.

Still, through Prophetic Sight, he reached beyond reality and into imagined futures. He sought Thalos's weakness—Maya's last chance at survival.

The difficulty of such a task was astronomical, even for him.

It felt like piloting a raptor at full speed, just to pluck a single fresh leaf from the tip of a tree.

"Find it!!" Kumú howled.

With every second, the price paid by the Maya world skyrocketed. The longer he took, the harder it would be to redirect the prophecy.

Soon, he stumbled into Thalos's second trap.

There it was—a world that still pulsed with life, thick with the aura of the Sun Flame.

Kumú couldn't mistake it.

That bastard God-King Thalos had shoved the Akkad world in front of the blast?

No!

He had to be connected to some small world—otherwise he wouldn't be so arrogant.

There had to be one.

Kumú didn't realize—or maybe he did—that his head was now transforming into a crystal skull.

The cursed power of the prophecy was already devouring him from within.

If he didn't find a destruction target soon, he'd become the second skull.

Just then, he spotted a world shrouded in fog and confusion.

Even though Kumú felt an inexplicable connection between that place and Thalos, having already been fooled twice, his instincts told him to skip it.

"Liar! There are no direct disciples of yours stationed in that world."

He moved on.

In that moment of extreme urgency, Kumú finally peeled back the threads of fate and uncovered the world that Thalos's divine power truly controlled...

A place of endless yellow sand.

A place where long rivers nurtured ancient civilizations.

A place occupied by Thalos's own son and his favored goddess.

Thick, tightly woven threads of fate confirmed the deep connection.

"Yes! This is it!" Unable to wait a moment longer, Kumú poured every last ounce of the Doom Prophecy into that target, hurling it toward the far reaches of the cosmos.

For once, Thalos's expression cracked.

"Kumú, you... you actually..."

Even Thalos, who prided himself on being a master strategist, couldn't help but blush slightly.

Who would've thought?

When Kumú uncovered the third decoy target—Niflheim—Thalos had already flinched from sympathetic pain. Niflheim wasn't a heavily populated world, nor one Thalos had personally cultivated, but still—one of the Nine Realms. It had value. Especially considering how the Niflheim Worldblade had helped suppress so many enemies.

If that got destroyed, Thalos would definitely be pissed.

And yet... Kumú, the brilliant fool, had perfectly avoided the only correct answer.

Who could he blame?

And then—Kumú went all in.

"Hahahaha! Wahahahaha—!!"

Kumú howled with laughter, tears turning to indigo blood as he convulsed in ecstasy and despair.

"Thalos! You greedy bastard! You show no mercy!

If you refuse to spare the Maya, then I'll destroy your most beloved world!"

A God-King-class crystal skull was now inevitable.

The seed of a world's destruction had been planted.

In that moment, Kumú felt it was all worth it.

His laughter—wild, desperate, unhinged—echoed across countless small worlds.

Even the Aesir gods began to waver.

Not just the newcomers—even honest, reliable gods like Týr turned to glance nervously at Thalos.

Sire... (Father)...

Did you actually get hit?!

Under the gaze of all, Thalos showed an expression like he was... constipated.

"That genius Kumú just cursed the world Gilgamesh recently caused trouble in..."

Pfft—!!

A hundred Aesir gods burst out laughing on the spot.