

Thalos 258

Chapter 258: The AoE Spell That Hit the Wrong Map

In the world of fate, sinister, ominous shadows began entering the scene one by one. Some looked like spectral ghost ships, others like apocalyptic ruins, or visions of all life perishing. These were like eerie photos fluttering in the wind, each one tethered by threads of misfortune, crossing the void toward their intended destination.

Through prophetic sight, the space outside the Egyptian world's orbit distorted violently. Within that distortion, these scenes of destruction merged with that world's river of fate—if the ruler of that world did nothing to intervene, such destruction would one day become reality.

It was terrifying.

Too bad it had absolutely nothing to do with Ginnungagap.

You seriously just launched an AoE super-spell on the wrong map.

Even if Thalos had subtly manipulated things behind the scenes, in the end, Kumú had still been too clever for his own good and got himself played.

By now, with the Aesir gods laughing uproariously across the mountains, even the remaining Incan and Maya gods realized—their God-King had completely blown it.

Morale hit rock bottom.

Perhaps even Kumú couldn't accept it, but among his direct subordinates, some gods were already considering surrender.

Messages like "Brothers on the other side, must we really annihilate one another..." were already flying as divine thoughts, crossing the battlefield and slipping into the Aesir gods' minds.

Some Maya gods—those who didn't have the worst relations with the Slavic pantheon—were even attempting to contact Perun and Siva.

Whether it was the so-called exalted Nine Linked Gods or the branch gods of the Inca pantheon, under this overwhelming pressure, self-preserving behavior was becoming the norm.

Can't win head-on. Tried tricks and still got baited. The Maya and Inca gods didn't even know which world Kumú had cursed—but they knew it was the wrong one, and that alone was enough to shatter their loyalty.

By all logic, Thalos could have chosen to punish only the main offenders and spare the minor players to maximize benefits.

But things weren't like before.

Now that the Aesir pantheon was growing more complete, Thalos didn't need more gods.

Deities were not a "the more, the better" kind of resource.

First, their loyalty couldn't be guaranteed.

Second, for political stability, splitting divine authorities across subordinates was necessary—a typical power-balancing tactic.

Third—and most important—Thalos found these human-sacrifice-crazed gods utterly repulsive.

While Perun and the others were still wondering if their new lord would spare a few Maya or Inca gods for the sake of short-term gains, Thalos issued another divine decree:

"Slave masters can never willingly become slaves. A dog that has tasted human flesh is no longer a dog—it's a wolf. By the supreme authority of the God-King of Ginnungagap, I declare: Maya, Inca, and Aztec pantheons shall be exterminated. No prisoners."

The three Indian god-clans were stunned.

What?

You're going harsher than us, and we're the human-sacrificing deities?

Aren't you afraid of our desperate counterattack?

...Oh wait, no, he really isn't.

The entire Maya-Inca-Aztec alliance trembled.

Seeing the terror in their eyes, Thalos smiled with genuine delight.

This was a savage cosmos where there was no such thing as civilized conventions among god-clans. There were no "rules" like in Europe's Middle Ages, where nobles pretended to treat each other with respect, even as they warred. That entire "we don't kill nobles" charade existed only because the whole of European aristocracy was one big incestuous family tree.

In contrast, Thalos couldn't rely on blood ties to rule such a massive pantheon. So he had to build a new set of ideological doctrines—a universal standard to uphold his order.

Since he had chosen order, he could not tolerate chaotic pantheons who slaughtered captives joining the Aesir pantheon.

Plus, it was time to give his subordinates a massive war exercise—a full-scale bloodbath.

Now that Thalos had declared absolute extermination, the Indian gods knew they had no hope of mercy. They burst forth with their brightest divine light, ready to fight the Aesir to the death.

The Inca gods led with a seemingly reckless suicide charge, colliding with the Aesir vanguard in brutal melee.

At the same time, the Maya gods, masters of ranged magic, deployed spell formations in complex three-dimensional layers across both sky and ground. Countless divine arrays rotated like the gates of a demonic prison, unleashing blinding magical light upon the Aesir forces.

Thousands of brilliant arcs—like falling stars—streaked down from the distant sky and rained toward the Aesir ranks.

Even Thor didn't dare face that many divine bolts head-on. They adopted the most effective strategy: taking cover behind the lush branches of the World Tree.

Zzzzap!

Boom boom boom!

What seemed like a simple ranged exchange was in fact the physical manifestation of two worlds' power levels colliding.

Most of the Indian gods' long-range bombardments were either blocked by the massive leaves or passed through only to land harmlessly beyond.

And though the Aesir were the attackers, thanks to the "terrain bonus" from the World Tree's branches and leaves, they bombarded back with divine magic just as fiercely.

Boosted by the elemental amplification from Ginnungagap, Thor's lightning was vastly empowered. He pointed Mjolnir, and a massive streak of violet-blue lightning cut across the heavens like a blade, leaving a lingering arc in everyone's sight.

In a blink, the bolt landed square in the middle of the Maya god-formation and detonated with overwhelming force.

A thunderous bloom of destructive energy blossomed with petals of violence and ruin. A great swath of Maya god-servants were flung into the air, scorched to cinders and scattered as ashes across the battlefield.

"This won't work. We can't outlast them in attrition." Maya god of death Ah Puch quickly called it out.

With the Doom Prophecy having misfired and God-King Kumú now MIA from the backlash, the Maya world was spiritually bankrupt. Ranged exchanges were too costly.

Only melee offered a sliver of hope.

"To battle—!" cried the god of wisdom Ixchel, who finally cracked and led his troops in a frontal charge toward the numerically superior Aesir.

But no one noticed that the war god Lau, who should've been leading the charge, had taken his retinue to a different corner of the Maya world.

"Lau... are we really deserting mid-battle?" his followers asked in tortured hesitation.

Lau looked back—not just over his shoulder, but beyond space itself, his gaze seemingly falling upon Thalos, the Aesir God-King.

"Kumú has failed completely. Even if the others had ten times their current numbers, it wouldn't be enough. It's time we seek a new future."

And in his hands, he held the very same crystal skull Kumú once used.