

Thalos 259

Chapter 259

Lau's words sent a chill down the spines of his subordinate gods.

They wanted to refute him with passion, with the Maya pantheon's glorious history. But their reason told them—Lau was right.

This war was over. Victory and defeat had been decided. What remained was nothing but a brutal massacre.

If they stayed, they would end up like the fallen Aztec gods—skinned, torn limb from limb, their souls shattered, and all their treasures stolen.

So-called resistance or resolve would amount to nothing more than providing the Aesir pantheon with extra loot—not even managing a last bite back.

Lau looked around at the 'old comrades' who had followed him for nearly thirty years. His eyes swept over them with calm appraisal before he said, "Those willing to give their last for the glory of Maya may remain. If you come with me—you follow my orders."

For reasons they couldn't quite explain, all those present thought of that day—when Lau had miraculously returned from death after being dismembered.

One after another, they responded, "We follow the will of our God-King."

Yes, they quietly raised his status by a rank.

Previously, Lau and Skyel had been local rulers, powerful warlords within the Maya world. Now, by calling Lau "God-King," they not only expressed support—they also painted a target on his back. After all, enemy god-kings never let rival god-kings escape. Any real leader knew that eliminating threats at the root was part of the job.

Lau glanced at the flatterers who had pushed him to that rank—but allowed the title to stand.

He turned away, leapt into a deep crevice of a massive, chaos-infused stone, and gestured for them to follow.

Silently, one by one, they went after him.

Many gods and divine servants, just before boarding this 'Ark of the End Times,' glanced back at their homeworld.

They may have been savage and cruel—but that was to their enemies. The Maya world was their birthplace, their cradle.

Knowing that their beautiful world would now fall to the Aesir pantheon's control—to be ravaged and restructured—left them feeling deeply bitter.

But there was no time to mourn.

Upon passing through the barrier of the Maya world, they were stunned by what they saw—a clear glimpse of just how far ahead and ruthless the Aesir god-king truly was.

What did they see?

Tens of thousands of World Tree roots, of varying lengths and sizes.

The tree-based Ginnungagap world was like a colossal octopus, with countless tendrils spreading, twining, penetrating the Maya, Inca, and Aztec realms. Just like before, they were forcibly reconfiguring the elements of earth, water, fire, and air to match their own system.

The World Tree roots expanded madly, wrapping the three Indian god-worlds layer by layer. The gaps between roots grew smaller and smaller.

Had Lau hesitated even an hour longer, they'd have needed to burn through layers of roots just to escape.

This realization filled the fleeing Maya gods with fear—and increased their respect and trust in Lau.

In response to their praise, Lau muttered, "This isn't my wisdom. It's our enemy's arrogance."

To him, Thalos easily could've placed an elite team along their escape route. He wouldn't even need to kill them outright—just stall them long enough for the roots to close in and crush them through sheer scale.

But Thalos didn't.

Which could only mean one thing.

"That bastard did it on purpose!" Lau spat bitterly.

All his cleverness—exposed. Even the very act of escaping with his followers had been Thalos's "gift." It left Lau furious.

Now seated inside a massive rocky cavern in the void, surrounded by a divine formation that blocked chaotic energies, Lau stood.

The gods turned to him, waiting.

He raised his hands slowly and declared: "It's time to change."

Change?

Change what?

Lau continued: "We escaped—but not completely. If we continue to use our old divine names, Thalos can locate us through curses and rituals. We'll have nowhere to run."

A ripple of unease swept through the gods.

"What do we do, God-King?" they asked.

"Change our names." Lau's tone left no room for argument. "Our names are tied to the Maya world. That world is finished. Not only will it no longer provide us divine power, it'll become a beacon for the Aesir to track us down. So renaming ourselves is essential. I'll go first—my new name is Odin."

Odin's done pretending. He's showing his hand.

Formally declaring himself Odin.

On the surface, it was a new name. In truth, he was simply taking back his old one.

Because if that damn older brother Thalos wasn't planning to exterminate him, it meant Thalos still found him useful. Sure, it was Odin who encouraged Kumú to chase down Ginnungagap. But on the flip side, how could anyone say Thalos didn't use Odin's hand to bait his trap?

They stood on opposite sides.

Odin wanted Thalos and all his divine offspring dead.

And yet, they had played out a twisted mutual pursuit—a double-edged dance.

Ironic to the extreme.

Odin gritted his teeth, cursing inwardly:

"Brother, enjoy your victory while it lasts. One day, I will take your glory. Your throne. Your lands. Everything."

—

Meanwhile, the battle raged on.

Though the Aztecs had been decimated, more than sixty gods were still active across the enemy ranks. The Inca gods had the Creator God Pachacamac, and though the Maya God-King Kumú had vanished after casting the Doom Prophecy, the powerful vassal-lord Skyel still led the gods in battle.

"Where the hell is Lau? That bastard calls himself the God of Wrath? I'm the one who's furious!" Skyel roared, incandescent with rage.

Across the field, Thalos's lips curled in amusement.

By this point, there were no secrets left between the two sides.

Had Thalos not known who the God of Wrath was, he might have been confused by the retreat of a high-ranking warlord with twenty-plus gods under his command. But with just a flicker of divine instinct, he immediately sensed Odin's escape.

Just as Odin had guessed, Thalos didn't really care.

Odin was a perfect god-bait, one that could automatically recharge using his bottomless rage.

So he took twenty gods. So what?

Without a world backing them, those "true gods" were just highly advanced demigods with an understanding of divine law. They would need to find a new world to restore their divine fires before they could reclaim their full strength.

In the past, Thalos would have been worried—he'd have "helped" Odin by cutting his numbers down to single digits.

Now?

Thalos didn't care anymore.