

Thalos 263

Chapter 263: The Total Annihilation of the Three Great Pantheons

Among the two encirclements on the battlefield, the first to collapse was naturally the vassal king-level god of wisdom, Skel.

In his final moments, Skel's focus wasn't even on the war god Tyr, who was about to deal the finishing blow.

His hoarse voice echoed like the sounds from hell, and his bloodshot eyes were unfocused, not even glancing in Tyr's direction.

"Lao... damn you, Lao! If it weren't for your cowardly retreat, would we have lost?" Only then did Skel turn his head, grinding his teeth as he roared at Tyr, "You can kill me and claim my head for your reward, but promise me this—make Lao taste the fires of hell one day!"

Tyr had already vaguely guessed Lao's true identity.

In the past, he might have questioned it.

But not now.

His father hadn't destroyed Odin completely—most likely because he was playing a much bigger game, with the entire universe as his chessboard.

Since their father hadn't explained it, none of the sons asked.

As long as the Ginnungagap world grew stronger, as long as the Aesir remained unshaken, and as long as their father stood firmly on the side of order—that was enough for Tyr.

Skel felt Tyr's silence and grew even more furious.

As he raised a divine bronze blade high, a sword light flashed. If his body had been a painting, it now looked subtly misaligned. His head and right shoulder tilted to one side, and a glowing line of divine blood traced from his neck across to his torso.

Visually, it was as if he were a playing card cut diagonally in half.

The blood line extended behind him, slicing through the base of a hill large enough to house a small town.

In the blink of an eye, the top of the hill was lifted more than a hundred meters into the air by an invisible, terrifying force.

With a series of thunderous crashes, the hilltop—no longer supported from below—collapsed under gravity, exploding into a deadly meteor shower of massive boulders.

"BOOM!" The land quaked violently as house-sized rocks smashed into the earth.

Only then did Skel's divine body crumple to the ground.

"I'm... not willing..."

Those were the last words of Skel, vassal king of the Maya pantheon and god of wisdom.

Compared to him, the downfall of the Inca god-king Pachacamac was even more dramatic.

Hel's army of death focused all their firepower on the sole ruler of an entire divine world.

Even with the help of the World Tree, which had nearly reshaped the Inca realm into a Ginnungagap battleground, killing a god-king was no easy feat.

Pure death energy wasn't enough to harm him. The real breakthrough came when Jörmungandr unexpectedly bit Pachacamac's left foot.

The poison's searing pain caused Pachacamac to instinctively chase after the serpent.

Knowing he wasn't built for melee combat, Jörmungandr fled back to Ginnungagap, eventually diving deep beneath the seas of Vanaheim.

The world serpent's shameless escape enraged Pachacamac.

Should he pursue? Doing so would bring immense pressure from the opposing world's laws.

Should he stay? The poison continued spreading—death seemed inevitable.

After some hesitation, Pachacamac decided to give chase, bringing along his most loyal gods.

After all, he wasn't ready to die. Maybe he could force out a cure.

But the moment he and his retinue crossed into Vanaheim's skies...

The ambush struck—just as planned.

Former Sumerian god of wisdom and water, Enki, orchestrated a massive coordinated assault. Using a mirage as cover, over thirty Aesir gods attacked simultaneously.

Countless powerful divine spells shot from their artifacts, catching the Inca gods off-guard. Eight were instantly torn apart.

Compared to the flashy bombardments exchanged earlier in the Inca realm, this carefully targeted strike was truly lethal.

The Inca gods had no home-field advantage and couldn't replenish their divine power. Once their divine bodies were destroyed, they were doomed to fall.

Pachacamac didn't fare much better.

He took an arrow from Ullr, another from Ishtar, a death shockwave from Elé, and eleven more heavy attacks—among them a light cannon blast from Baldur.

No matter how strong he was, even a god-king couldn't withstand such punishment.

After a blinding flash, Pachacamac's divine body was visibly dimmed—no longer radiant, instead bruised and battered. He looked moments away from collapse, even without a finishing blow.

Yet the god-king didn't fall.

Driven to madness, he lashed out, obliterating several overconfident giants who tried to score the kill.

Everyone knew Pachacamac was at his limit. Everyone wanted the glory of slaying a god-king. But no one wanted to die trying.

Then it happened.

The skies above Vanaheim split open.

Ten massive tornadoes tore through the clouds.

Each vortex radiated with a different elemental hue, converging into ten divine pillars. At their core, suspended in the light, descended the World Swords.

"Ah! It's His Majesty Paulson's World Swords!" shouted Arthur, the god of chivalry, in delight.

A true god's power is limited by their divine domain. With a weak domain, even the strongest gods can't surpass the might of a small world.

Thalos chose not to strike personally—but this was his gesture of approval.

Take my swords. Wield the power of a world. Face a god-king head-on.

No more hesitation. Arthur was first to act. Then came Hel, Vidar, Ishtar, Elé, Baldur—even the elderly Enki seized a Vanaheim World Sword.

These battle-hardened Aesir warriors charged in unison, driving their brilliantly glowing World Swords into the Inca god-king.

This time, Pachacamac had no escape.

He might've ruled a great divine realm—second in size only to the Sumerian continent—but he was deep in enemy territory. No amount of power could be drawn to him.

In a flash, his divine shield shattered. Multiple World Swords pierced his body, pinning him to the seafloor of Vanaheim.

And just like that—

The great world war concluded.

With the complete destruction of the Maya, Inca, and Aztec pantheons.