

Thalos 269

Chapter 269

The Incan world will was far too sluggish.

Back when it failed to awaken, it couldn't stop Thalos' gods from exterminating the Incan pantheon, nor could it preserve the millions of mortal lives that depended on it.

When the moment finally came, the Incan world will discovered—miserably—that even if it wanted to fight back, it no longer had viable vessels to "ignite with divine fury."

It wasn't that all the mortals had been wiped out. There were still survivors hiding in valleys and caves. But how many of them possessed the strength or aptitude to endure the infusion of world power?

The world could forcibly elevate some halfway qualified individuals into heroes, or summon powerful soul remnants to craft new heroic spirits.

But even then, they were leagues weaker than true gods.

Worse yet, it was the Slavic gods who had been assigned to play executioner by Thalos.

A massive amount of wind element was forcefully drawn out by the Ginnungagap world. To the Incan mortals, this presented as an apocalyptic storm sweeping across the land.

Raging winds shredded the earth, kicking up sand and dust into spiraling, flesh-tearing tempests.

First the wind and water; next came the earth.

Once-majestic mountains, towering like giants across barren lands, collapsed violently under the force of trembling tectonics.

The arctic ranges, blanketed in eternal snow and once frigid to the bone, melted under extreme weather. Billions of tons of water burst from the peaks, transforming into torrents that carved through canyons like terrifying waterfalls.

From deep within the earth came the groaning sounds of fracturing stone. Mighty peaks trembled like porcelain on the verge of shattering.

In the lowlands, flora withered and died. The earth cracked, forming deep, yawning fissures.

Unleashed fire elements surged as molten lava erupted from underground rifts, igniting widespread infernos. Once-fertile prairies turned to scorched earth, and the cracking of the ground echoed like the world's final sigh.

The remaining Incan mortals had nowhere to run. As the apocalypse unfolded around them, they were powerless to change anything. A suffocating sense of despair filled the air. Tears streamed down their faces as sorrow overwhelmed their hearts.

What they didn't know was that these final, horrific moments of their lives were being projected above the Incan slave camps on the Sumerian continent. Via divine sight and psychic projection, the Slavic gods had transformed the end of their world into a massive mirage for all Incan captives to witness.

Millions of Incan slaves were forced to watch the complete destruction of their homeland.

Panic and dread spread among them as they stood quietly in the camps, watching their world fall to ruin—thinking silently about their own fate.

By now, they were well aware that it had been their gods who had initiated the invasion of Ginnungagap and who had paid the price.

That guilt, combined with the helplessness they felt before the might of the Ginnungagap gods, tortured their souls.

No matter how they resisted, they could not escape the wrath of the Aesir.

They could do nothing but wait—wait for the embers of the apocalypse to cool, wait for the Incan world to be fully absorbed and transformed into a new continent.

Whether they would go on surviving like ghosts, or fully assimilate under the will of God-King Thalos Paulson, each Incan would eventually make their own choice.

Meanwhile, the Slavic gods were soaking up the spotlight. Their figures appeared frequently in the projection, earning all the hatred and resentment from the Incan captives.

On the other hand, Slavic slaves who had been rescued occasionally met misfortune.

Though the mortals of the three conquered worlds could no longer perform divine magic, that didn't mean they were helpless. Many resorted to ancient curse rituals.

As a result, a large number of Slavs became ill or even died.

In retaliation, numerous curse-users from the three worlds were hunted down—along with sympathizers—and purged ruthlessly by the Slavic gods.

Nearly all sorcerers, shamans, and priests from the conquered civilizations were eliminated.

At last, with Thalos' tacit approval, the unrest among the conquered mortals was violently crushed.

On the terrace of the Silver Palace, Thalos retracted his divine light from the lower realms.

The disassembled earth element from the Incan world had been used to forge a new one-million-square-kilometer continent in the lower world.

It wouldn't be a wasteland, but it was certainly barren. Until full assimilation of the three mortal civilizations was achieved, Thalos had no intention of sweetening this new land.

"Time will take care of everything."

The following year, the Slavic goddess Shiva gave birth to Thalos' daughter—Yekaterina.

The Slavic gods rejoiced.

Curiously, even Thor and the others were extremely enthusiastic.

Why? Because rarity breeds value.

Thalos had sired many children, but they were all sons. A daughter—a princess—was a novelty.

And her attributes? Quite unusual.

Yekaterina was born the Goddess of Domination, her domains including Tyranny, Fear, and Discord.

The girl was practically born to be a slave master.

Her birth left Thalos and his inner circle of gods speechless for quite some time.

Any intelligent god could see what had happened: this was intentional on Ginnungagap's part.

When birthing new gods, unless Thalos actively gave up a divine domain, the newborn god would naturally be assigned the role most needed by the world.

When the world had no use, not even Thalos' divine consorts could conceive no matter how hard he tried.

But when the world had a need, even a casual air kiss could result in a pregnancy.

Thalos was exasperated.

When he learned the news, he held his head in his hand for a long time, alarming Shiva—who grew nervous.

After all, in Aesir tradition, if a father didn't gift at least an old tunic to a newborn, it meant he didn't acknowledge the child.

As God-King, Thalos truly had the authority to deny any offspring.

Fortunately, he didn't disappoint her or the Slavic gods.

He gave the child clothes.

He gave her a title.

Everyone sighed in relief.

But what weighed on Thalos' mind was something else—multicultural integration was clearly not going to be easy.

In the Chaos Universe, madmen were everywhere.

Ignore them, and they'd leap at your face. Not just stepping on your toes—they'd rip out your heart and offer up your whole family in sacrifice.

Control them, and you risked genociding entire populations.

Before full integration was achieved, someone had to keep these people in line.

With that thought, Thalos' mind cleared.

He summoned Perun: "The mortals from the three conquered worlds are yours now. I want them completely subdued within ten years. I'll accept up to twenty percent losses."

Perun immediately understood. "I will fulfill Your Majesty's command."

The assimilation of three enormous worlds would take at least three to five years by rough estimate.

Thalos turned his gaze toward the Egyptian world.

"Gilgamesh, keep stirring the flames over there. I want it as chaotic as possible."

"Understood," said Golden Shimmer.