

## **Thalos 272**

### Chapter 272: The Struggles of the Mayan World

The cheetah and scribe goddess was utterly astonished.

She never imagined that the opponent wasn't even from this world.

Was this an invasion by an external pantheon?

Or some elaborate hoax?

No!

Words could be lies, but the pain in her body couldn't deceive her.

Even with her divine power weakened due to the rapid decline of the cheetah population, no mere mortal could have wounded her.

The cheetah goddess let out a low feline growl, a sound of instinctive intimidation meant to halt the opponent's actions.

It was useless!

Announcing his name was merely Gilgamesh's courtesy toward a being he deemed worthy. It didn't mean he would show mercy.

He raised his right hand again...

"No! Wait! I surrender! Do whatever you want with me, just don't kill me. I can be your slave, your pet, anything," the cheetah goddess said in complete submission, lowering her head and tucking her tail between her legs.

Her pitiful, groveling posture completely threw Gilgamesh off.

His lips twitched.

Thalos had indeed granted him full authority to handle things as he saw fit, but a true god surrendering so readily made him truly unsure how to respond.

"Well, I suppose... it's not impossible." A single drop of water dripped from a hole in the ceiling of the cave, visibly enlarging as it fell, and upon reaching the ground, it transformed into a humanoid elder.

It was, of course, the water god Enki.

Enki appeared, and from a corner deep within the cave, Ishtar also emerged.

"Everyone, come out. Seshat is indeed a bit weak, but her perception is sharp," Enki paused. "Besides, we need first-hand intelligence on the Egyptian pantheon."

Following his words, Ereshkigal and Enkidu also stepped into view.

That's right. Seshat hadn't surrendered to Gilgamesh alone, but rather to this small pantheon as a whole—even though she recognized these deities were all avatars.

But she couldn't even handle one avatar of Gilgamesh, let alone face multiple powerful divine manifestations.

Had she not seen them, it might've been fine. But once she did, Seshat immediately began trembling.

Still, she allowed Enkidu to circle around and contain her from behind, and even let Enki inscribe various divine sigils on her body with what seemed like casual strokes, using divine blood to construct spells that bound her divine soul.

As if trying to encourage herself, the goddess—now in her cheetah form—lowered her head after Enki finished the inscriptions and slowly approached Gilgamesh, licking the golden gauntlet on his right hand in a show of submission.

Gilgamesh's mouth continued to twitch.

"Isn't this great, Gil? You've grown up, made something of yourself," Ishtar said with a mischievous grin, hands on her hips.

"..." Gilgamesh withdrew his gaze speechlessly and stared down at Seshat again. "In short, we support Set. Of course, you can act out and secretly report us. But we're just a bunch of divine avatars. If you really want to play the loyal Egyptian subject and hope we'll trade an avatar for your life, feel free to go tattle to Horus."

"No, no, I wouldn't dare! From this moment on, I am your..."

"Servant," Gilgamesh interrupted.

His words left Seshat with a final shred of dignity as a deity, and she secretly let out a sigh of relief.

Truthfully, Gilgamesh was in no hurry. Thalos had ordered him to collapse or dismantle the Egyptian world over the course of three years.

He suspected he wouldn't even need to lift a hand—just the misfired Mayan apocalypse prophecy might be enough to help him achieve that goal.

Meanwhile, in the Mayan world—

The destruction (consumption) of the neighboring Incan world had still reached the ears of the surviving Mayan priests.

The three major Mesoamerican worlds had once stood united, so the Inca's downfall naturally stirred a chilling sense of shared fate.

Combined with the repeated purges by the Slavic gods, these Mayan priests—now stripped of their own divine patrons—gradually descended into madness...

Thalos's plan was flawless.

He had Ginnungagap bind both the Aztec and Mayan worlds with its roots and devour them one by one—an absolute necessity for the Ginnungagap world.

Thalos's only miscalculation was the Mayan world's will to survive.

No world would willingly allow itself to be fully consumed and have even its will erased.

Originally, the Mayan world's will had been inactive. But after the stimulation from the World Tree's roots, and with all Mayan gods either perishing or fleeing, the Mayan world's will began to awaken rapidly.

Terrified and lost, and unable to locate any surviving deities of its own, it placed all its hopes on mortals.

Atop the Pyramid of the Mayan God of Wrath, a morning mist shrouded the abandoned temple, covering everything near and far in a mysterious atmosphere.

It was a stark contrast to its once-prosperous state. Now the ancient, forsaken pyramid radiated a strange sense of desolation and ruin.

This location wasn't a priority in the searches by the Slavic gods and their divine servitors—after all, the wrath god Lau (Odin) had indeed departed. When Odin left, he had taken the most essential servitors and priests with him. Theoretically, the priests and descendants of the Mayan old gods would not choose this place as a base.

But there are always exceptions.

Guided by the world itself, the chief high priest of the wisdom god Xquic discovered a hidden cave beneath the pyramid.

These priests, following ancient rituals, sacrificed numerous volunteers in hopes of channeling a third force under the world's guidance.

As they chanted their lengthy incantations like a mantra, and blood-soaked the sacrificial rites, hundreds of high priests filled with vengeance reached their emotional peak—and then, a chilling gust of wind swept through the nearly sealed cave.

The chief priest's vision blurred. Suddenly, he felt that the still-beating hearts upon the altar turned ice cold and deathly.

This ghostly chill seemed to pierce their skin and invade their veins directly, freezing their entire circulatory systems.

Then they heard—echoing around them—mysterious murmurs from nowhere.

It was a language none of them had ever heard before.

At first, it sounded like a few dozen people whispering. Then the noise grew louder—hundreds, even thousands of voices.

So densely packed were these voices that the priests felt as though they were standing in the harshest of slave markets, their own bodies displayed as wares on a high platform. The voices of potential slave owners evaluating the goods filled their ears—and their hearts.

Then the priests realized their eyes were bloodshot, throbbing with pain. Before they could instinctively rub them, they discovered with horror that blood-tears were already streaming from their sockets.

On the altar, the still-beating hearts began to sprout eyes—vertical pupils that stared into every living soul in the world with terrifying, spectral intensity.

Next, they saw hands—human hands—emerging from the hearts.

Then came one ghost face. A second. A third.

One after another, translucent, twisted hands and eerie, semi-transparent faces began crawling out from the altar.