

Thalos 273

Chapter 273: The Rebellion of the World

Were those ghosts, demons, or monsters from another realm?

They were densely packed, entangled together—at once resembling a ball of impaled hedgehogs and a giant centipede whose countless limbs had mutated into human arms, reassembled in a completely chaotic, haphazard fashion.

Countless ghostly shadows were crammed atop an altar of less than ten square meters.

These abominations' bodies intertwined and overlapped, forming an ever-growing heap, like one of those Aztec mass graves where corpses were dumped.

Except here, everything was alive.

Countless faces squeezed together, and eyes—up and down, side to side—stared unblinkingly at the Mayan priests outside. The sheer density of those ghostly, blinking eyes exuded an unbearable creepiness, radiating a ravenous hunger for human life and souls.

Some were cold and emotionless, others cruel and bloodthirsty, while still others showed fear toward the faint divine power clinging to the Mayan priests.

Even so, the situation was still under control.

Because all the fiends atop the altar remained bound by a powerful and mysterious force.

Let's not forget—

The Mayan and Aztec pantheons were of the same bloodline.

Ruthless to their enemies, and even more ruthless to themselves.

The priests looked into each other's eyes and saw reflected the same fear. Then the high priest stepped forward.

"Everyone, have you not seen the Incan world's destruction next door?"

Several priests nodded.

"The sky torn apart, the earth shredded. Every element of that world devoured by that damned Ginnungagap world. That cursed God-King never intended for us to survive. Are you still hesitating at a time like this?"

The high priest's words ignited a flicker of madness and grim resolve in the eyes of every priest present.

"Continue!"

The chants persisted, and in exchange, more sacrifices triggered further mutation—more monstrous fiends emerged!

"Not big enough! Still not big enough!"

"What we need is a catastrophe that pollutes the entire world—something that could even drag the Ginnungagap world down with it! This is far from sufficient!"

These high priests had long since gone mad, and their followers followed them into madness.

Before long, the entire underground altar erupted into chaos.

Today, the Mayan world was completely out of control.

The sun god had fallen—there was no longer any sun.

The wind god had fallen—there was no more wind.

The water god had fallen—living waters no longer flowed.

All natural order was lost, and without divine guidance, the world sank into chaos.

The cruellest irony of all was that the only force still keeping the world functioning was the Slavic gods—those very invaders once looked down upon by both Mayan deities and mortals alike.

The Mayan world refused to accept the domination of these divine villains, yet paradoxically, they were the only ones preventing the world from collapsing into complete chaos ahead of schedule.

The Slavic gods had not signed any divine contract with the world and thus weren't considered native gods. They merely borrowed power from Ginnungagap and used it to maintain a bare minimum of function within the Mayan world.

It was akin to a brain-dead person surviving via machines like ventilators—the biological systems still functioning, but without life.

And the Slavic gods were doing it purely out of malice.

They were keeping the Mayan world barely alive, so it could be better consumed by Ginnungagap.

Aside from them, the only other consistent "natural" force was the roots of the World Tree that had pierced into this world—tentacle-like appendages that indiscriminately hunted any who came too close.

Under these circumstances, a large number of Mayans who had escaped the divine servitors of Ginnungagap and the armies of the mortal world were now hiding in various caves.

On this particular day, in one such cave dimly lit by faint torches, terror descended without warning.

A pack of ghost-like monsters suddenly burst from the shadows. They had twisted, savage appearances and rushed at the Mayan settlement with maniacal grins.

The once relatively peaceful cave instantly became a hellscape.

Some people tried to fight back with bronze weapons, but the fiends tore them apart with ease.

When they realized they had no hope of resisting, the Mayans scattered, screaming in fear and despair.

They had no idea that the source of this nightmare was none other than the Mayan priests they had once worshipped and trusted...

A young woman, moments from death, clutched her infant tightly to her chest, trying to shield the child with her own body.

An elderly man flung himself into the monster horde in a final, hopeless attempt to buy a few more seconds for his family to escape.

There were others... many others...

A thousand people responded in a thousand different ways.

Some with bravery and sacrifice worthy of song; others with cowardice and betrayal as they defected without hesitation.

But it didn't matter—none of it mattered.

Many only fully despaired when they noticed that some of the monsters bore the faces of priests they had revered and worshipped all their lives. At that moment, they shut their eyes in silence.

The Mayan gods had all perished. All that remained was decay. In this world now more brutal than any dark jungle, even the last shreds of tenderness and peace were illusions.

In the cave, despair and madness intertwined. The brilliance and ugliness of humanity coexisted.

The sounds of flesh being torn and spirits screaming—like a parade of a hundred demons—filled the space. Soon, the slaughter spread like wildfire.

Larger and more grotesque monsters began to emerge across the Mayan surface. This development was soon reported to Thalos by Perun.

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In the Silver Palace, while the avatars of the Slavic gods remained in the Mayan world suppressing the sudden uprising, their true bodies were all kneeling here.

No one understood the gravity of the situation better than they did. They had messed up.

Regardless of the God-King's deeper motives, on the surface at least, he had rejected the surrender of the Mayan and other Mesoamerican pantheons to preserve the Slavic gods' position. Then, in the course of consuming those three worlds, he had entrusted them with the task of suppressing potential unrest.

This wasn't just a lapse in decorum—it could jeopardize Thalos's grand strategy and even the future of Ginnungagap itself.

They were trembling, not even daring to breathe too heavily.

The only one not kneeling was the goddess Shiva, who was holding the little princess—the Goddess of Dominion, Yekaterina. It wasn't that she didn't want to kneel; she didn't dare to. If she did, it would seem as though she was trying to force the issue.

That wouldn't be helpful—it would only hurt her fellow Slavic gods.

Somewhat unexpectedly, Thalos didn't fly into a rage. Instead, he turned his gaze toward his core divine officials.

"My beloved ministers, what are your thoughts?"

Now the god of oceans and irrigation, Enki knew at once that he had been called upon. Stepping forward without hesitation, he bowed and said, "Your Majesty, in this minister's view, this situation seems unavoidable."

"Oh?"

"No matter what Your Majesty decides, Ginnungagap must bear the risk. After all, every world has its own will, and the more dire the crisis, the fiercer the backlash. When a world chooses to corrupt itself, it too is a form of resistance."