

## Thalos 274

### Chapter 274

Enki's words deeply resonated with Thalos.

Never mind an entire world—even small animals could poison themselves so thoroughly that predators dared not eat them. Often, such toxic creatures would also make themselves vividly colorful to warn off potential predators and prevent misjudgment.

This "spiky defense strategy" wasn't new to Thalos, a transmigrator.

But in the eyes of the assembled gods, it was a world-shaking first.

After all, none of them had ever experienced devouring multiple worlds in one go.

Frey frowned after hearing this and asked Enki, "Then what if we had devoured all three worlds at the same time right from the start?"

Enki cast a glance at Thalos, unmoved upon the High Throne: "His Majesty likely considered the digestive capacity of the Ginnungagap world, which is why he chose to consume them one by one."

Ah, so Ginnungagap might choke—or suffer from indigestion.

Thor raised another possibility: "What would happen if we simply destroyed the Mayan world now?"

Gilgamesh brushed back his striking golden hair with his right hand. "Probably a massive drop in total elemental quantities."

He went on to explain what had happened in the Egyptian world—the world had entered a state of destruction, its water element drastically depleted. This directly ruined vegetation, triggered an ecological collapse, and in turn affected the survival of humans—who serve as a vital source of divine power—thus breaking the cycle of belief and godhood.

The core gods fell silent.

Unconsciously, they all turned the judgment of this "world dilemma" back over to Thalos.

In the Silver Palace, every god turned their gaze toward Thalos with anticipation.

Thalos's expression remained calm, and he spoke in a detached tone that verged on apathy, "We are gods—the leaders of worlds. Yes, from the perspective of the mortals involved, this situation is undeniably cruel. But this is the confrontation brought upon us by the chaotic universe. We cannot be attacked and not strike back, nor can we generously spare a world that is likely to give birth to countless evil gods simply because it resists."

At that, Thalos paused, letting his gaze fall upon the face of each of his sons one by one.

"This is the dilemma of leadership. More often than not, there is no perfect solution. Of course I wish the Ginnungagap world could devour other worlds effortlessly and smoothly. Ultimately, I want the Aesir to emerge victorious in this chaotic universe—to stand at the apex among all divine pantheons. But in reality, we are often forced to choose between two bad options—and pick the less bad one, then follow through without hesitation."

Thor, Tyr, Vidar, Gilgamesh, and the rest of his sons nodded solemnly.

At that moment, Thalos turned his gaze to Perun. "Perun, a world's will is slow—dull. To mount an effective resistance, it requires the cooperation of high-intelligence life forms."

Thalos's words stopped just short of direct instruction, but Perun understood immediately.

The entire Slavic pantheon had become both executioners and scapegoats.

From another perspective, this too was causality.

The Aesir had chosen to integrate the more orderly Slavic gods rather than accept the surrender of the more chaotic and brutal Mayan triad. This decision bore immense causal weight.

Now that the Mayan world was cornered and fighting like a beast in a cage, it was the Slavic gods' duty to deliver the final blow.

Soon, Perun was handed the Sword of Sumer.

Though the world-slaying sword belonged to God-King Thalos, it mustn't be forgotten that its spirit once belonged to the former Sumerian God-King—the wind god Enlil.

Shifting the viewpoint to an ultra-high altitude overlooking both the Ginnungagap and Mayan worlds, one could see that in this boundless, chaotic universe, a massive spherical object—like a chocolate ball studded with crushed peanuts—hovered in space, glowing like the brightest celestial body.

Attached to its side, fine strands wrapped around a small bubble-like world.

Suddenly, a deafening crash shattered the stillness. The barrier connecting the chocolate sphere to the small bubble was pierced by an enormous, translucent blue-green sword stretching from the heavens to the earth.

The spatial barrier of the Mayan world ruptured, and it began to "leak."

Under normal circumstances, if the atmospheric pressure of two worlds were equal, there would be no one-way flow of elemental forces.

However, under the immense wind-elemental power of the Sword of Sumer, a one-way elemental tunnel formed.

As the rupture widened, sharp cracking sounds echoed like apocalyptic alarms.

It should have been a brutal clash between foreign divine power and native wind elements.

But sadly, the Mayan god who once governed wind had long since fallen, and the Mayan world was too slow to respond. It failed to prevent the massive outflow of its wind element.

Air pressure plummeted inside the Mayan world. Humans and countless other living creatures suffered in unison.

Lighter beings, along with debris and tree branches, were swept into the sky by the sudden gusts. Powerless, they were hurled and tumbled like lifeless puppets, like leaves caught in a storm, and sucked into the chaotic gale.

They tried to resist in midair, but it was far too late.

The Mayan world plunged rapidly into chaos.

Gases deep within the earth were drawn out by the leaking wind elements, and in some places, the phenomenon of fire tornadoes could be seen.

The shrieking winds and apocalyptic whirlpools in the sky didn't last long. The world's wind element was soon utterly drained.

With the air gone, all animal life perished, and even most of the demons and monsters that fed on human souls died as well.

The mad Mayan priests had hoped to summon external forces through the power of their world—to strike a final blow at the Aesir. But in the end, all they faced was an eternal, endless darkness.

The once lively Mayan world now emanated only an endless cold and desolation. It was difficult to call it an "orderly" world anymore. It resembled a frozen tomb.

Without Ginnungagap's devouring, it would forever remain in darkness and silence.

High in the sky, Perun—the one who had personally directed this annihilation—stood speechless for a long time.

At last, he sighed quietly. "To think... that destroying a world would be so easy, once its gods are gone."

Chernobog, former Slavic god of darkness and mourning, also sighed. "My friend, do not mourn! The three Mayan worlds destroyed our own. We simply did to them what they did to us. Do you not hear the satisfied whispers of our Slavic homeland? If this is causality, then it is only the evil fruit of their evil seeds. None of this falls upon our lord, Thalos Borsom."