

Thalos 276

Chapter 276: The World That Resisted to the End

"Kappa, Zashiki-warashi, Jorogumo..." Thalos casually recited a string of monster names. Below him, the assembled gods couldn't help but rejoice inwardly.

Whatever they were, the unknown was always the most terrifying.

They didn't need to know what these creatures were—if their great leader knew, that was enough.

A hundred years was more than sufficient for them to understand their God-King's temperament inside and out.

Every monarch who expands the borders is a supreme ruler—let alone Thalos, who was effectively the founding patriarch of their pantheon.

Words like "wise" and "mighty" were far too meager to capture his greatness.

His power lay not only in being the strongest force in the chaotic cosmos, but also in his transcendent foresight that crossed time and space.

Perhaps a mysterious world might confuse him briefly, but it wouldn't be long before every card in that world's hand lay fully exposed beneath his gaze.

When the prepared confront the unprepared, the God-King never lost.

Perun, still waiting nervously for punishment, sensed the shifting mood around him and realized—this incident might not be such a big deal after all.

The ever-honest Enki leaned forward like a perfect straight man, using his own wisdom to highlight Thalos's brilliance: "Your Majesty, you recognize the origins of these inferior monsters?"

"I more or less do." Thalos withdrew his gaze from the group of Fuso monsters. "Rather than concern ourselves with the damage these lesser creatures might cause, I'm more interested in where they're coming from—and how many more there are."

Perun lowered his head. "My men discovered numerous cross-dimensional summoning arrays in the Mayan world. Likely the work of surviving Mayan priests. The troubling part is that their methods seem to have been absorbed by the Mayan world's own will. It's now using similar techniques to fiercely resist the Ginnungagap's devouring."

At those words, the entire hall of core gods fell silent.

Their own Ginnungagap world was on the verge of devouring its enemy—could they truly expect that enemy not to flip the table before dying?

Draining the wind element had simply cut off the Mayan world's ability to stir up new mischief using mortals—but it didn't stop the world itself from resisting to its final breath.

And the Mayan world was resilient—insanely so. It had transformed itself into a massive broadcast tower within the chaotic cosmos, endlessly transmitting one message: "Come here! Free souls! Rich rewards! Easy prey!"

To this day, Thalos didn't fully understand the mechanisms behind this kind of interworld summoning, but what he did know was this: it had attracted the damnable so-called "Fuso World" with its "eight million gods."

Perhaps the divine entities of that world hadn't meant to intervene. But with their relatively low intelligence, hordes of yokai had been lured into a dimensional crossing by the Mayan world using itself as bait—just to clog up the gears of Ginnungagap.

Sigh... why couldn't they have learned from the Sumerians? They'd lost, laid down, and waited to be absorbed.

A world dies, and that's that. Peaceful. Clean.

Ahem—of course, that was just Thalos's wishful thinking. The Sumerian world didn't resist much because its will wasn't strong in the first place. Structurally, the Sumerian world had always been a patchwork of gods. Once the corresponding deities fell, there was no unified world-will left.

"If that's the case, then we must take a calculated risk."

Naturally, the Mayan world would struggle until its very consciousness dissolved. It would've loved nothing more than for Ginnungagap to give up and release it—hell, it would've gladly sold out the Aztec world too. "Better them than me."

But could Thalos—or Ginnungagap—ever allow such a thing?

If released, the Mayan world would only spread further destruction.

Truth be told, Thalos didn't want to do what came next. It went against his preference for steady, deliberate action.

Still, he communicated with the will of the Ginnungagap world.

Thus began the final doom of the Mayan and Aztec worlds.

Rumble... rumble... rumble...

The roots of the World Tree stretched endlessly, black-green tendrils that spanned from heaven to earth. They plunged into the airless voids of dead worlds, twisting as they crushed the land, pulverized mountains, and drained every drop of water from oceans and rivers alike.

Both worlds roared and thrashed in defiance, unleashing magma from their deepest layers in a desperate attempt to burn the roots of the World Tree, to halt or at least slow Ginnungagap's consumption.

But clearly, it was all in vain.

They hadn't been able to resist even when their gods stood united. The devastating power of the [Sun of Ruin] and [Apocalyptic Prophecy] had both misfired.

Now, with all weapons spent, these worlds—so closely linked by blood and myth—were nothing more than crabs tossed into a boiling pot.

All the thunderous resistance amounted to nothing more than an annoyance to Thalos and his court.

Truth be told, Ginnungagap had always wanted to devour all three worlds in one go. It was Thalos who had held it back.

A world lacks absolute rationality. It acts on instinct.

Now that Thalos had removed the leash, Ginnungagap feasted greedily.

Crack... crack... crack...

The Mayan and Aztec worlds were ground like meat in a planetary blender. Earth, sky, water, and flame—every component bonded to their world-will—was chewed into dust by the gaping maw of Ginnungagap.

Life was no more.

The two worlds were deconstructed into the four base elements: earth, water, fire, and air. Categorized, processed, and then absorbed into the Ginnungagap, where they would be used—under the will of Thalos and the Aesir—to construct a brand-new mega-continent on the lower levels of the world.

Of course, things never went smoothly.

Reports came in from every realm except the mighty Asgard, detailing waves of Fuso yokai attacks.

These otherworldly creatures had truly embraced their role as saboteurs.

For instance, in a coastal delta, sightings of the [Nure-onna] were confirmed.

This snake-faced, human-bodied yokai had a tail so long it could wrap three times around the largest iron tree in the Ironwood Forest. Its curved claws were so sharp they could pierce even the iron armor of giants under the Aesir banner.

Dealing with such mid-tier yokai often required Valkyries—or even divine subordinates of the major gods.

All of Ginnungagap was now in a state of turmoil.

And then—the locusts came.

The earth split open, and from the cracks emerged a black insect king. Following behind it was a swarm of locusts so vast they blotted out the sky. Like razor-sharp thorns, they pierced through the calm.

Their vibrating wings let out a deafening hum, drilling into the ears of every mortal soul.

Terror gripped the entire South American land. Despair and helplessness filled the eyes of the people. In their memories, resistance was always futile. All they could do was watch as these demonic locusts consumed their homes.

They remembered—the endless green wheat fields, flooded by swarms of locusts like a tidal wave, stripping everything down to lifeless ruin.

But this time... something was different.

From the sky came a voice—vast, sacred, and divine.

"Airspace Seal!"