

## Thalos 302

### Chapter 302: Both Sides Were Shocked

After the diminished, battered versions of the Egyptian and Akkadian worlds entered this chaotic starfield, they inevitably drew attention.

As it turned out, some of the worlds did possess the ability to detect external intrusion—especially that long string of worlds.

And it made sense. You couldn't assume every opponent was blind.

Viewed from a wide-angle, star-map perspective, it became clear: the last world in that beaded chain—though smaller than the rest—began executing its bizarre "slice-and-regenerate" routine while drifting toward the Akkadian world.

The way it moved was surreal, like a massive pendulum, tethered by a long cord to the rest of the bead-like world chain. It remained loosely connected to the main Yamatai cluster but steadily closed the 10,000-kilometer gap separating it from Akkad.

In terms of size, it wasn't small. It was actually slightly larger than the old Celtic Three Isles after their torment under chaos.

Even with recent elemental injections and accelerated expansion, Akkad's landmass hadn't surpassed 20,000 square kilometers. It was bloated in appearance, but hollow—no mortals, no cities, a paper tiger.

From any outsider's view, this was a textbook case of big fish bullying small fish.

Thalos didn't care. These were cannon fodder worlds, sent to test enemy reactions.

Both he and Pellen's avatar, who managed the area, had already resigned themselves to potentially losing divine avatars. After all, with both major world clusters watching, one wrong step could trigger a pincer attack.

They'd sent in some Einherjar scouts, but unless they risked another divine avatar, they wouldn't get quick intel.

This operation? Pure test run.

And then—both sides were stunned.

The aggressor, emboldened by their overwhelming size advantage—tenfold, in fact—clearly thought they had this in the bag.

A size disparity that large usually translated into a massive gap in divine power. Even if the smaller world resisted, the response would be nothing more than a laughable struggle.

There were no warning shots. The bigger world lunged straight in.

Akkad, whose defenses hadn't even been reinforced, had its barrier torn open like wet paper.

A massive, airy, illusory hand reached down to tear apart the sky—and that's when things went wrong for the attacker.

Because from within Akkad's shell, another giant hand surged upward, wreathed in blue-gray lightning, and clamped around the throat of the invader's sky giant.

This wasn't a creature—it was the divine projection of the opposing god.

But so was Pellen's.

There were no gimmicks in this clash—just raw divine power. Pure might, nothing else.

Quality and quantity, head-to-head.

Two transparent, massive divine avatars locked in a crushing grapple at the border of the world. Though only three seconds passed, for the gods involved, it felt like three centuries.

And then—came the shock.

Within that volatile swirl of divine overflow, an unthinkable outcome emerged: Pellen's avatar won.

"WHAT?!" came the simultaneous outcry from both sides.

Maybe the enemy had more divine power—but \\\Pellen's power was stronger in quality.

No mistake: the current stand-in god of lightning for Ginnungagap had just outpowered a full-fledged enemy chief deity.

Then came a scene so absurd it felt surreal.

Pellen's avatar lifted the enemy's, and with a move resembling a shoulder throw, hurled the intruder's godly form straight into the Akkadian world.

The divine avatar slammed down with cataclysmic force.

BOOM!

A crater the size of a town exploded into existence. Fissures split the earth like shattered glass.

Fortunately, Akkad was a throwaway world, so Pellen could fight without restraint.

At the bottom of the crater, the enemy god—dressed in swirling cloud-patterned armor—lay sprawled and disoriented.

Pellen didn't hesitate. His avatar erupted with a deluge of lightning, chasing down his fallen opponent.

Some of the enemy's subordinate gods tried to intervene—but were held off by Slavic god avatars, who forcibly ensured a one-on-one duel.

The old principle held true: "It's better to sever one finger than to wound all ten."

Pellen's avatar, just an expendable clone, had already done more than enough by gathering data. If he could actually kill a proper god, that was a monumental victory.

He wasn't about to let up.

CRACK!

A thunderstorm of divine rage slammed down.

The enemy barely raised an earthen shield before Pellen's lightning hammer crushed it like glass.

Then came the final blow—straight to the god's skull.

WHAM!

Shards of his divine stone armor exploded, raining down across the land like a meteor shower.

The ground beneath him gave way; his divine body plunged deeper into the crater.

Pellen was puzzled. His opponent clearly wielded multiple divine attributes. But which was the primary?

He didn't stop to wonder for long.

The thunder hammer kept crashing down.

With every strike, his golden armor glowed with runes of ancient lightning. Each shattered fragment of the enemy's armor glinted with those same ancient etchings.

The enemy's resistance finally broke.

He fell to one knee.

The divine light once surging in his deep black eyes was now dim, flickering like a dying candle.

His right arm—once shielded in swirling air—had been burned to charcoal. Cracks spread across his once-regal face, and the crown of emerald petals atop his head withered.

When Pellen's hammer shattered his final divine shield, the enemy tried to raise his earth scepter with his left hand—

Only to watch, wide-eyed, as the divine metal melted into slag under the lightning.

Then came the final strike.

The god's crumbling body dissolved into a multicolored cloud of divine dust, fading into the massive crater hundreds of meters deep.

It was done.

Pellen was ecstatic.

Back in Ginnungagap's Silver Palace, both his true self and Thalos were watching—

And even they, along with the enemy's gods, were stunned by what came next.

A panicked cacophony erupted from the opposing pantheon.

But one cry echoed above all:

"His Majesty Batara has fallen!"