

## Thalos 303

### Chapter 303: Snake Swallows Elephant? No, This Is Dimensional Domination

The Aesir gods were utterly dumbfounded.

The title "Your Majesty" wasn't something tossed around lightly within a pantheon. Anyone addressed this way had to be at least of king-tier status. Usually, only pantheons controlling multiple realms used the plural form of that title.

Which meant this guy—this Bathala—was without a doubt a legitimate God-King of at least one complete world.

And he lost?

Lost to nothing more than Pellen's avatar?

The fight had been so brief and so one-sided, the gods watching it were left dazed.

More than a few of them began to think, "If it were me out there... I could've done it too, right?"

Let's be clear: in the current Aesir hierarchy, Pellen was a third-tier god.

Outside of the unmatched God-King Thalos, the top tier included battle-hardened giants like Thor, Hela, Frey, and Tyr—gods with vast war experience, titan bodies, and supreme divine domains.

Second-tier included heavy-hitters like Arthur, Enki, Gilgamesh, and Scathach. Their divine domains were formidable, and they drew power from one of Ginnungagap's sixteen realms. Only their lack of inherent divine lineage kept them from the top.

Then came third-tier gods like Pellen and Horus—once formidable, but now hampered by limited trust from Thalos and underpowered domains.

And yet... a third-tier god's avatar had just killed a foreign God-King?

Was this real life?

You couldn't even pretend Bathala wasn't the real deal. His pantheon, while perhaps lacking in quality, had quantity and divine domain diversity. Just a glance at his retinue revealed goddesses of the moon, gods of wind, fire, death—an array complete enough to rival the old Akkadian pantheon.

Only now did it dawn on the gods watching: it wasn't that the enemy was weak—

It was that they themselves had become too strong.

Sixteen worlds of Ginnungagap.

Pick any one, and it could match or outdo Bathala's.

Which meant even a third-tier avatar from the Aesir could match a foreign god's full divine body.

Pellen's victory was further bolstered by his elite warrior instincts, forged as a former war god. That edge couldn't be denied.

Still... damn, talk about luck.

Inside the palace hall, countless gods cast Pellen jealous glances.

Pellen practically had an invisible tail wagging behind him from pride. To his credit, he managed to hold a serious expression and replied humbly, "A mere wilderness pantheon's God-King—not much of an accomplishment."

But his eyes were glowing.

As the commotion settled, Thalos saw that the Slavic gods' avatars had already broken the enemy's ranks. Decapitation reports were flooding in. Spirits were high.

This was momentum!

Thalos couldn't help but recall the voyages of Zheng He, the great admiral of China's Ming dynasty. Though history books barely mentioned it, his logs casually recorded encounters like: "In such and such year, such and such location, eradicated a band of barbarian pirates or mountain bandits."

Meanwhile, records from those small South Asian nations described the same incidents as: "Our glorious empire was extinguished by the Celestial Kingdom's naval forces."

Perspective made all the difference.

With more battle reports and captured prisoners pouring in, Thalos finally understood—

Damn!

It was a non-Hou pantheon!

No wonder the name Bathala hadn't rung a bell earlier.

What descendant of Huaxia would remember the name of a Filipino god?

Tch!

A mix of relief and contempt colored Thalos's gaze as he gave Pellen a rare nod of approval.

With a voice full of majesty yet warm undertones, Thalos spoke in the gleaming Silver Palace:

"Ha! A wilderness pantheon is still a pantheon. Since he was a legitimate God-King, the merit stands. Congratulations, God of Lightning, Pellen! Your reward shall be calculated after the campaign. For now, proceed with Plan Nine."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" Pellen dropped to one knee in elation.

In truth, "God of Lightning" was merely a subsidiary title under the Wind domain—nowhere near as strong as "God of Thunder."

But no one, not even Pellen himself, cared about that.

What mattered was that by leading the Slavic faction in conquering a new pantheon and absorbing its world, the Aesir had formally accepted them as their own.

That was the real prize.

Years ago, Pellen and his kind had labored under the Aztec gods, enduring cruelty and war. Thalos had freed them from slavery, and they'd worked tirelessly to repay that debt ever since.

From slave gods to full-fledged members of the Aesir—they'd come a long, hard way.

And thankfully, Thalos was a generous ruler. If you were loyal and earned merit, he'd genuinely let you ascend.

Thanks to the vast empire he'd carved out, there was still enough pie left for newcomers to get a slice.

At that moment, aside from Thor, every prince's eyes gleamed.

Since Odin's betrayal and Vili's retreat into slumber (and more recent retirement), Thalos hadn't granted any new royal titles.

But times were changing.

As enemy pantheons multiplied, not even Thalos could hold every front alone.

Whoever could prove themselves now would likely be named king in the future.

Anyone with confidence in their abilities wasn't going to miss that shot.

This healthy competition was precisely the environment Thalos had hoped to foster.

Meanwhile, the brutal pursuit lasted three days and two nights.

The delay wasn't due to resistance—rather, these gods from the Filipino pantheon were all talk and no guts, relying on home-field advantage to flee and hide.

It took everything the Slavic gods had to hunt them down.

And when they did, they butchered anyone who dared resist—or didn't surrender immediately. The male gods were culled down to three completely useless ones. The goddesses? A fair number remained.

But this wasn't the old Ginnungagap anymore. With divine positions nearly saturated, there was little space for new gods to ascend.

The Sumerian, Slavic, and Egyptian gods were all still eagerly waiting for promotions. They weren't about to leave enemy gods alive out of mercy.

And since Thalos hadn't specifically ordered leniency, they followed strictest protocol when accepting surrender—meaning: don't.

After wiping the enemy divine realm clean, the Slavic avatars moved on to the next step of the plan: dispatching specialist gods to sever the Thousand-Island World's only remaining link to the Yamatai superworld—

A bizarre spatial corridor.

On the surface, it appeared to be a Sky-domain pathway connecting to a subordinate world.

In reality, it was a cursed chain of massive proportions—infused with Bathala's divine soul core. Had he ever tried to sever it himself, his very essence would have been obliterated.

But now that the fool was dead?

That curse meant nothing to the Aesir.

Slice!

And so, before the Yamatai world—still dazed from the chaos demon onslaught—could even respond, the tiny Akkad decoy realm turned around and ran off...



carrying the entire Thousand-Island World with it.