

Thalos 307

Chapter 307: "My Dad Got the MVP"

Thalos really couldn't wrap his head around it.

Logically speaking, if your side gets sneak-attacked and a whole world gets abducted, shouldn't the first reaction be to investigate who did it?

At the very least, figure out whether it was internal betrayal or a third-party force like the chaos demons. Get the facts straight.

But instead, this mantis-like force just charged in without asking a single question, face-checking the enemy. That kind of recklessness completely ruined the satisfaction of playing the lurking sparrow!

For a while, Thalos did feel a little uneasy.

As a seasoned god-war veteran who always kept the "full map view" on and prioritized total battlefield awareness, Thalos even kicked Ishtar out of bed to go scout. The Venus goddess stared at him for a good ten seconds with mournful eyes before puffing her cheeks and flying off on her mission.

With the Aesir pantheon acting like war was imminent, they spent the next few days on high alert.

"Detected divine telepathy traffic among the opposing worlds, now rebroadcasting."

"Keywords like 'Shiva' and 'Brahma' appear repeatedly in their dialogue."

Upon hearing this, Thalos decisively labeled the group as the Indian Pantheon.

Even then, Thalos still thought it might be a feint.

After all, the history of warfare is full of brilliant strategists pulling off complex misdirection. It's always safer to assume the worst.

But every report, from every source, pointed to one conclusion: that Indian-looking world cluster was going all-in with a ferocious assault on the Yamatai world group.

Maybe it started as a limited strike. But reality's messy—when tensions are already high, even a single spark can ignite total war. And from the looks of it, a major god personally led the charge.

When you've got war gods with god-king tier authority moving at the front, your entire pantheon can get dragged along for the ride.

At the Silver Palace of the Aesir, the gods erupted with excitement.

"Haha! As expected, His Majesty predicted everything!"

"His Majesty's grasp of fate truly is unmatched in the cosmos!"

Honestly, you couldn't blame them for laying on the flattery—it was just that uncanny. Even Thalos himself hadn't expected things to escalate this fast.

He considered the possibilities: maybe those two world clusters had long been mortal enemies, and the Indian pantheon had just been waiting for the right trigger. Or maybe the fate of the Thousand-Island World no longer mattered—what mattered was that its fall had exposed Yamatai's weakness.

That's god-war for you. Some worlds look tough on paper... but once battle begins, you realize it's all just bloated stats and no substance.

Hidden cards?

What hidden cards?

When even your underwear is showing, that's when a full-blown war breaks out.

And so, the Indian pantheon's worlds surged forward in a pyramid formation, slamming straight into the Yamatai worlds' long snake-like line.

BOOM.

There's no sound in a vacuum... but in the chaotic universe, there is.

Even if muffled, the enormous shockwave of clashing world-barriers could be felt clearly—even by the Kraken, located over 100,000 kilometers away.

The Kraken, Thalos' direct soul-scout, allowed him to receive all transmitted signals directly.

"World clusters have begun contact."

"'Feoh' and 'Ur' just collided."

"I can hear the impact of the world-barriers."

"Confirmed. Engagement has begun."

Thalos sighed inwardly. Among the Aesir, not a single divine mind could match even a tenth of his perception.

Thus, the mighty God-King himself had to act like a radio commentator, providing play-by-play updates in the throne hall. The runes "Feoh" and "Ur" were like saying Alpha and Beta had started brawling.

As he spoke, he used a mental projection to display a full 3D tactical map above the Silver Palace.

Ah... the burdens of command.

Of course, his updates didn't last long—once the battlefield bogged down in a chaotic stalemate, there wasn't much more to say.

This was a chaos-infested warzone.

Aside from Ishtar, Thalos regularly received distress reports of lost Venus angels. Her mobility was superb, but her sensing skills? Nowhere near Thalos' god-tier perception, which allowed him to oversee entire world clusters.

Ultimately, the big picture still rested on his shoulders.

After three days of brutal fighting, one Yamatai-aligned world suddenly began shaking violently. The divine energy it emitted abruptly shifted—put simply, it now reeked of the Indian pantheon.

Had one of Yamatai's vassal worlds been broken... and then defected?

Ever thoughtful, Thalos updated his mental map: he recolored that world and marked it with a question mark, indicating "contested" and "pending confirmation."

And then... Thor cheered.

"Father is truly a prophet!"

"Long live the wise God-King!" the other gods joined in jubilantly.

And now Thalos felt... awkward. He hadn't planted discord, hadn't lured anyone into conflict, and now suddenly he was being praised like the MVP of the war?

It was all very strange.

Yet as the supreme God-King, Thalos couldn't just scold his dopey son for flapping his mouth. Gotta maintain the image.

Sigh... sometimes you couldn't blame the lower gods for developing borderline cult-like worship of him. After all, luck is a kind of power too.

But this war was far from over. The loss of a single vassal world wasn't decisive—it was just that Shiva's personal power was too overwhelming, and he'd obliterated one Yamatai sub-world almost single-handedly.

When it came to deep foundations, Yamatai was no slouch either.

This kind of "little bro got wrecked" event was something Amaterasu had seen plenty of times. With a wave of her hand, she deployed swarms of Yamatai yokai into the battlefield.

Just as Thalos had read in Yamatai lore—bizarre scenarios like "rebels defending the capital" weren't uncommon.

Sometimes, when the main army was rotting from corruption and complacency, it was the starry-eyed vassal legions—still under the illusion of the "greatness of the main clan"—that fought the hardest.

Thousands of fearless, unpaid, borderline-suicidal yokai surged into the frontlines, blunting Shiva's advance.

Shiva's most terrifying power lay in his third eye.

When the Eye of Destruction opened, Shiva became a world-burning god of annihilation—one blast could reduce a royal capital to ashes.

But don't forget—Shiva was fighting away from home. Replenishing divine power wasn't so easy.

Not willing to spend the juice to open the third eye, Shiva still proved an elite melee juggernaut with his four-armed form.

He could hold his own—but his demon legions couldn't.

Shiva had the ability to conquer demons and bind them into his service, but unwilling soldiers never fight well—especially when forced to work with the wild, egotistical yokai of Yamatai.

Inevitably, clashes erupted between Shiva's troops and the locals.

To Shiva's disbelief, his previously unstoppable army had been bogged down by a ragtag swarm of chaotic monsters.