

Thalos 310

Chapter 310

Centralized rule is by far the most efficient system for mobilization.

Risk and opportunity are two sides of the same coin.

If the central authority makes a misjudgment, the entire massive organization may plunge into disaster.

But if the judgment is correct, then the war machine will run with unstoppable momentum.

The Aesir Pantheon—possibly the most terrifying combat organization in the entire chaotic universe—sprang into action the moment the God-King gave the order.

As a warrior race, the Aesir had never lacked for weapons or military gear. Over the years, their stockpiles had only grown, all impeccably maintained.

The key issue was mobilization!

True Gods: "Move it, you idiots! If we fight well in this war, I might get crowned a king!"

Kings: "Nationwide mobilization! Do not fear death, do not fear sacrifice! At worst, we go to Valhalla! Even I can serve as a divine warrior!"

Knights: "For a seat in Valhalla! Ready for battle—!"

Commoners: "For more land!"

Slaves: "For a chance to earn our freedom early!"

Back when Thalos wiped out the three Maya pantheons, a vast South American continent was left unclaimed—and that move became his most brilliant strategic masterstroke.

In that campaign, every god who contributed was promoted—except for Thor, who had nowhere left to be promoted to. Even mortal kings had their territories enriched with vast amounts of fertile land conjured from elemental earth, and were gifted millions of slaves. And as for gold—the mortals' favorite prize—it flowed like water.

Everyone knew: the more than ten-million-square-kilometer stretch of fertile land at the bottom of Ginnungagap still belonged to no one.

Thalos had said, "This land shall be granted to mortal warriors who perform outstandingly in the next divine war."

Gods might not care much about land ownership. But for mortals, this was the ultimate temptation.

Unlike conquering a foreign world where one might plunder raw land, this was cultivated earth—tilled by slaves for a decade, fully conditioned—exactly what mortals valued most.

This is the benefit of having a big enough cake. Even in war, Thalos had more than enough to reward his followers—more divine authorities for the gods, more faith and influence; wealth, status, and land for mortals.

Thalos had stirred a powerful war-lust in the minds of all intelligent beings in his world—from top to bottom.

Even Thalos himself, the God-King, could not fully imagine the sight when all of this finally erupted after so much buildup.

While Thalos declared a Level One War Readiness, and set the Ginnungagap world to slowly accelerate toward the two world clusters, a fierce internal debate was breaking out among Yamatai's Three Noble Children.

Takama-ga-hara, the divine realm of the Yamatai gods.

Amaterasu was using the Yata Mirror to converse with Tsukuyomi.

"Big Sister, the pressure at Yomi-no-Kuni is getting heavy. We might need to take some unusual measures," Tsukuyomi said seriously.

Life and death are supposed to be a perfect cycle.

Unfortunately, the boundary between life and death in Yamatai was a little... broken.

Because their gods of creation—Izanagi-no-Mikoto (the male deity) and Izanami-no-Mikoto (the female deity)—had a seriously bad relationship.

Izanami died after being burned while giving birth to the fire god, and departed for the land of the dead.

Izanagi, devastated, pursued her to the underworld, hoping to bring her back. But when he saw her corpse crawling with maggots, her body decaying, surrounded by eight thunder gods—he panicked and fled.

Enraged by his rejection, Izanami pursued him with her army of demons. But in the end, she failed to leave the underworld. Furious, she declared, "If you reject me so, then I will kill 1,000 of your people every day."

To which Izanagi replied, "Then I will build 1,500 birthing houses every day."

And so, every day, 1,000 people die, and 1,500 are born. Izanami became the goddess of Yomi.

Even after Izanagi delegated power to his three divine children, his feud with his wife remained unresolved.

Now, this ancient grudge had to be borne by Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi—a bitter twist of fate.

Amaterasu asked awkwardly, "All the chaos demons that returned to order... were sent to Yomi-no-Kuni?"

Tsukuyomi sighed. "We couldn't just let them enter the Yamatai world directly, could we? That would break all the laws we've set."

No one knew their father's mess better than the two of them.

If the newly redeemed chaos demons were allowed into Yomi—wasn't that just handing a weapon to Izanami, empowering her to overturn the Yamatai system?

Don't forget: when Izanagi returned from the underworld, he washed his left eye and created Amaterasu, washed his right and created Tsukuyomi, and from his nose came the storm god Susanoo.

Classic divine asexual reproduction.

Meaning Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi had no blood ties with Izanami.

Susanoo had already been exiled from Takama-ga-hara. Realistically, Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi were the only two in charge now.

After much discussion, Tsukuyomi came up with a bad idea that was, in fact, their best option.

"In that case... let them all be born from peaches."

"...Fine," Amaterasu agreed indifferently.

In Yamatai lore, peaches hold sacred meaning.

Back when Izanagi was fleeing from Izanami's demon army, he grabbed three peaches from a tree on the slopes of Yomi and hurled them at his pursuers. Miraculously, the demons scattered and fled.

Since then, peaches became symbols of exorcism and protection.

In reality, peaches blessed by the gods of Takama-ga-hara were extremely holy artifacts.

In folklore, Momotaro, the Peach Boy, emerged from a giant peach, ate his adoptive grandma's sweet rice cakes, and rapidly grew into a strong young man.

Undeniably, this was a metaphor for purification, rebirth—and accelerated growth.

Not long after, rivers all across Yamatai inexplicably began carrying enormous, oversized peaches downstream.

Curious onlookers gathered—only to witness the peaches crack open on their own.

From each splitting peach, a streak of divine light emerged, enveloping a curled-up humanoid figure that fell into the stream.

The first youth to surface shook water from his hair. At first glance, his eyes were full of malice—but in a heartbeat, it vanished, leaving only clear, lucid pupils.

What bystanders failed to notice was that a red sigil at the corner of his eye flickered faintly with each breath.

A second figure—a young girl wearing lotus-leaf robes, looking no older than seven or eight—also climbed ashore. Her newly formed eyes sparkled with the brilliance of morning dew.

She whispered, "So... this is rebirth?"