

## Thalos 317

### Chapter 317: True “Ying” Strategy

India's weakness in naval warfare?

What a joke. Thalos had never heard something so ridiculous.

As a transmigrator, however, he had come across an amusing comment in the forum of a novel: apparently, the Trimurti believed that contact with polluted sea water could lower one's caste, so they disdained the ocean.

If even the Trimurti weren't adept at dealing with water deities, then as a water-element God-King, Thalos had nothing to fear.

The essence of true “Ying” Strategy wasn't about arbitrarily redefining victory and then declaring yourself the winner. It was about gathering as many victory conditions as possible before battle—so that the outcome was already determined in your favor before the first blow landed.

That's why a hundred minor tactical victories could never compare to one strategic triumph.

Divine wars and national wars were no different at their core: whoever had more survivors and more territory at the end was the winner.

In truth, you could say it was just a tower-pushing game.

Thalos glanced toward the water-rich worlds of Vanaheim and the Celtic pantheon, then thought of Yamatai. His expression grew thoughtful...

As for whether the Aesir gods were skilled in naval warfare—don't joke. Which god worshiped by Viking pirates wasn't seaworthy?

Maybe it was just a hallucination, but it really did feel like sea power was bullying land power.

Clearly, only a transmigrator from a nation with both naval and land supremacy could navigate such an advanced hybrid strategy.

"Father, should we slow Ginnungagap's approach to the battlefield?" Thalos was a little surprised—the one who asked was Thor.

To even suggest that meant Thor had used his brain!

Thalos was happy to guide his excellent son. "Different strengths require different approaches. When you're weak, it's best to rely on alliances to resist stronger foes. But when you're the strong one, there's no need for risky tricks. Managing your own forces properly is what matters most. If we have no weaknesses, and the enemy does, then just hammer that one point until they break."

"Understood!"

Ginnungagap's world was massive—sixteen great worlds fused into one superworld. Even in this chaos-infused starfield, it wouldn't be long before every participating force noticed its presence.

It was like hiding a black cat in a dark room—easy. But try hiding an adult elephant?

Not happening.

So if you were going to crush the enemy head-on, stealth was pointless.

Thalos stared at Thor and asked, seemingly out of nowhere, "My son, you've been crown prince for over a hundred years now, haven't you?"

"Huh? Has it been that long?" Thor looked flustered, unsure why his father was asking this. But he still responded instinctively, "You're in your prime, Father..."

Thalos couldn't help but laugh.

Pass on the throne?

Without subduing the Greek pantheon, how could he possibly rest?

He scolded affectionately, "What I mean is—it's time you carried more weight and tried handling matters on your own."

"...What?" Thor was stunned.

The other gods stirred slightly.

No one knew how the Aesir God-King intended to train his heir.

They only knew that Thor was clearly not meant to be a passive successor. What kind of crown prince always led the vanguard in every divine war?

Ahem. The gods still didn't know how Thor would fare as a ruler, but in terms of valor and heirs, he was certainly top-tier.

Thalos' sudden declaration that Thor would be leading a campaign on his own meant entrusting him with an entire world cluster.

After a moment of shock, Thor stepped forward and bowed deeply. "I'm willing to share Father's burdens—but I'll need some helpers."

Oh?

Even if Thor hadn't asked, Thalos would've assigned top gods to assist him. But the fact that Thor asked for them showed that he was no longer the reckless brute the gods once thought he was.

Thalos smiled broadly. "You'll be facing the Indian pantheon, which is no pushover. Each of the Trimurti has power equal to yours and commands legions. Let me test you—choose your team. You may select half of the gods present."

Thor paused, then named his first pick: "I want Loki."

Loki grinned ear to ear. "Good nephew! Our years of teamwork weren't in vain!"

Thalos nodded. "Hela, take Jormungandr and Garm with your Death Legion and join them."

"Yes." Hela stepped forward, graceful and composed.

Thor was slightly surprised. He hadn't expected to lead an entire legion and multiple major gods. But thinking it over—it made sense. He was going up against a powerful pantheon.

Thalos turned. "Your second pick?"

Thor answered without hesitation: "Enki and my brother Gilgamesh."

"Good. Well-considered." Thalos approved. "Let Enki guide you in overall strategy. If things go sideways, turn to Loki."

Enki chuckled.

Once upon a time, the Sumerian water god of wisdom had many brilliant ideas. But compared to Loki's tricks and audacity, Enki was clearly the more grounded one. Enki as the core, Loki as the wild card—that was a sound combination.

As for Gilgamesh, Thalos had long said that among all his children, Gilgamesh had the makings of a true general. Thor needed another commanding officer by his side.

Thor's third pick was one of Arthur's knights.

Arthur, the knight-god, had excellent strength and virtue. In a homeland campaign like this, Thor didn't need Arthur to lead charges—just to hold the line.

A solid choice.

Soon, the chosen gods stood behind Thor, ready for orders.

Judging by godly quality alone, Thor was taking away some of the best fighters and leaders from the whole hall. It seemed excessive—but on closer inspection, it was just the right level of caution.

After all, Thalos himself was the strongest of gods. With his unmatched command ability, even if he just brought a bunch of Third-tier gods, everyone believed he could roll an entire pantheon solo.

Besides, aside from powerful gods like Tyr, there were whole minor pantheons in reserve: Pellen's Slavic gods, and Horus' Egyptian gods.

Thalos himself would lead them. Not only to supervise Pellen and Horus, but also to give them a chance to prove themselves.

With more territory, you had to assign subordinates to govern it. And you needed to evaluate their character and ability.

No structure stays fixed forever. No method is eternally unchanged.

Only by adjusting organizational structure at the right times could one prevent ossification and corruption.

After finalizing this structure, the gods began preparing for battle.

At this moment, the battlefield between the two world clusters was only 300,000 kilometers away!

And just as Thalos braced himself for a worst-case scenario—facing both enemy clusters simultaneously—an unexpected event gave him an advantage.

As predicted, the god of ultimate evil, Angra Mainyu, began to stir up trouble.