

Thalos 364

Chapter 364: First Contact

Time flew by.

Fifty years had passed since the last battle among the three great world clusters.

Although he wasn't completely certain, Odin vaguely felt that his Lyranca World seemed to have entered a massive, illusory revolving orbit, endlessly spinning around.

Odin had no proof, but he trusted his instincts more.

Until this day, as if it had received some sort of signal, Lyranca World began passively accelerating, arcing into a massive curve and heading in a certain direction.

Odin cast out his divine sight and saw the chaotic ocean currents of the universe sweeping forward in dark-purple vortexes, grinding down fragments of stellar remains or pieces of planar continents into powder.

The temperature outside the world began to rise—it was unclear whether it was due to the heat generated by the world's high-speed movement or simply the high temperature of this star region.

Odin sensed that if a mortal were to stand just inside the world's barrier, their skin might be scorched to the point of seeping tiny beads of blood from the intense heat radiating from the other side.

His divine sense extended farther, and he could "see" shattered clouds of ice crystals floating in the distant chaotic void.

Odin found them tempting.

Only someone who had truly been a World Lord would know how scarce water elements were in this chaotic universe.

After all, the ocean currents of the chaotic universe were filled with the debris of billions of stardust fragments. As the controller of this world's skies—which also acted as its spatial barrier—Odin could, if he wished, filter suitable earth elements from among the fragments to serve as the foundation for the world's landmass.

But water and fire elements were truly rare.

For a moment, Odin considered redirecting the world to pass through that area.

He quickly abandoned the idea, because he suddenly realized that those ice crystal clouds were not pure; rather, they were manifestations of shattered laws. Within each cluster of water element crystals likely lingered remnants of some fallen ancient god.

As the world continued forward, Odin was astonished to discover that this was likely the core region of the chaotic universe. This chapter is updated by N0v3l.Fire.net

Completely different from what he had imagined—he had expected terrifying space-time vortexes strong enough to rip apart small worlds, or countless void mayflies erupting from rifts to launch crazed attacks on his world, or perhaps a giant sun-like stellar body exploding into tens of thousands of screaming liquid fireballs to assault his world.

But there was nothing of the sort!

Only gradually systematized energy tides weaving a dense silver net between stellar remains.

This was a very rudimentary net of laws.

Odin felt that given enough divine power and time, he could even transform these energy webs into law threads, reshaping the entire star region to suit his desires.

The key was, as the chaotic turbulence dissipated, the perceptual range of this star region increased dramatically.

With just a casual sweep of divine sense, one could perceive scenes tens of thousands of miles away. This drastic change in perception left Odin and his subordinate gods feeling quite uncomfortable.

"Your Majesty, this is..." Apache asked.

"This is probably the final battleground—the end of the Gods' Struggle."

Odin wasn't wrong. Unless a certain God-King possessed unique counter-surveillance abilities, with no concealment between the two sides, the party with the smaller world was bound to suffer a massive disadvantage.

It was extremely awkward.

After all his aggressive warmongering, Odin's Lyranca World could still hold its own against an ordinary major world.

But against a massive god system, there was no hope at all.

The worst part was that with such a wide-open field of view, there was simply nowhere to hide.

Fortunately, Odin made a surprising discovery—something he hadn't noticed from afar became apparent once they got closer: what lay ahead were huge grids.

Just like what they had encountered on the way here, where several currents had converged, and before that convergence, large impassable stellar regions had prevented different worlds from directly interacting.

Now it appeared that a similar situation lay ahead—a large star region that normal worlds could not pass through. Sending avatars or demi-god level beings might work, but dispatching a god's true form would be a definite loss.

Odin quickly ordered, "Let's move over there and wait to see what shows up from the 'other side.'"

He didn't have to wait long—about a week later, he encountered a significantly massive world cluster.

"This..." Odin didn't even speak, but his subordinates were already shrinking back a little.

You couldn't blame Apache and the others.

The size difference between the two worlds was simply too great.

The enemy's main world was likely no smaller than the Ginnungagap World they had last seen.

That overwhelming sense of powerlessness was exactly how they had felt when they first broke away from the Maya!

"Your Majesty, what do we do now?"

Odin pulled Apache close and said solemnly, "My surname is Borson!"

In an instant, the gods calmed down.

Time could indeed make people forget many things.

Apache and the others still harbored some resentment against the Aesir, who had destroyed the Indian Tri-God System.

But the past was the past.

The present was the present.

If their own God-King now bore the surname Borson, then what was there to dwell on?

Bowing to Thalos was no disgrace at all.

Apache explained to his old friends, and everyone settled down.

In the new god system, the core Old Mayan gods were unfazed, so the newly revived gods who had won their way back from the chaos had nothing to fear either.

With a gesture from Odin, the gods understood.

In the empty universe, with no more murky chaotic currents to interfere with perception or visibility, the rapidly approaching Lyranca World naturally drew the attention of the opposite side.

In one of the small worlds opposite, the Ocean God Kanaloa was surrounded by massive ocean currents that coiled around him like spiritual serpents, constantly flowing.

He frowned. "Only a medium-sized world on the other side? If this is what's called the final match, then it's laughable."

The Human God Tanna said seriously, "No matter what, that is the enemy. Send an envoy to demand surrender, and notify His Majesty, God-Emperor Zeus!"

"Yes, sir—"

Even though this small god system was separated by an impassable, mutated cosmic star region, it still managed to send envoys through the gaps.

Two divine avatars met in the void of space.

"I am the vanguard officer of the supreme Aesir—Cloud God Yume*Kaks!"

"I am the ruler of the universe—Kanaloa of the Polynesian pantheon, a subordinate of the Greek god system!"

After a brief self-introduction, both sides spoke similar declarations in different tongues:

"By the name of God-Emperor Thalos (Zeus), I command you! Surrender to us at once, or be annihilated—"

After speaking, both sides froze briefly.

Negotiations failed?

Then fight!

Whoever had the bigger fist was the boss!

The divine power shockwaves unleashed when the envoys clashed immediately drew the attention of both leaders.

Odin didn't hesitate: "Kill them—"

In this universe, Polynesia was just a third-rate small world. For some unknown reason, it had the misfortune of running into the Greek world early on, and without any means of resistance, was quickly solo-cleared by the War God Ares and annexed.

In Thalos' memory, Polynesia referred to the myths of island clusters in the South Pacific, like Hawaii and New Zealand—minor-league stuff.

How could they possibly withstand Odin's elite, battle-hardened forces?

The Polynesian world was decisively and tragically wiped out.