

## Thalos 365

### Chapter 365: The Universe is Vast

In the past, within the chaotic universe, only a handful of gods possessed combat capability.

Most deities had extremely poor perception in areas with high chaotic energy, especially those associated with the earth attribute. In such environments, they were completely blind—besides being able to take a hit, they were entirely useless.

Now, things were different.

This clean space zone was practically the perfect battlefield for gods of order.

Not only did their divine spells fly true without being wildly distorted or dispersed by chaotic interference, but they could also continuously draw divine power from their home world and fight to their hearts' content.

Even the seemingly sluggish earth-type deities could brawl freely in this star region thanks to their relatively strong divine bodies.

Lyranca clashing with this small god system resulted in a complete sweep, whether in terms of number of gods, their quality, or the backing world. It was a total rout.

Almost upon contact, the avatars of the Polynesian gods were wiped out.

What they hadn't expected was that the enemy's divine avatars stormed straight into their world, without hesitation.

What shocked them most of all: even their true forms couldn't beat the avatars of the other side.

In less than two hours, a new speedrun record was set.

Odin watched as Apche and the others captured all eleven members of the opposing small god clan using only their avatars.

"Your Majesty, we even got ourselves a haul," Apche said gleefully.

Pillaging elements and such—it seemed this had become their standard practice.

This scene made Odin's lips twitch slightly. Back when he had led them to plunder the Indian world, they had all become seasoned veterans. Before he even gave the order, these guys had calculated the size of the passage between the mutated star zones and managed to extract several small islands—along with their surrounding water and atmospheric barriers—back with them.

It wasn't a huge amount, but it still increased Lyranca World's overall mass by at least 7%.

In any case, their first battle was a resounding success.

"Your Majesty, what should we do with these surrendering gods?" Apche asked, a cruel glint in his eye.

No god who came out of the Maya was ever a benevolent one.

Odin feigned decorum: "Interrogate them for intelligence about the enemy's main god system. See whether they cooperate. If they don't, I'll allow up to half of them to be... lost."

When it came to torture and enslavement, the death god Apche was an expert.

Since Odin gave them a limit of fifty percent, their methods would surely be precise—just enough to find excuses to kill half the surrendering gods.

Torturing prisoners? That was the easy part.

You won't talk? Death!

You mumble when you talk? That's an attempt to lie—death!

Your intel on Zeus is too vague? That's disrespect toward our God-King Odin—death!

Not long after, a 300-page confession was placed on Odin's desk.

The contents were so detailed that even the deepest, most personal secrets between the surrendering gods had been pried out.

Odin was very pleased.

That night, he went straight to sleep.

And then...

Thalos dreamed.

He woke with a start, startling Shiva and Maeve who had been serving at his side.

"Your Majesty, what's wrong?"

Thalos' lips curled involuntarily. "Nothing, I just 'prophesied' something good."

In recent years, there had been no cases of calling a divine meeting in the dead of night.

Even though Thalos only summoned his core gods and the six God-Kings, the commotion still alarmed many deities, who began inquiring about what had happened.

"Have we finally found the enemy?" In the brilliantly lit Silver Palace, Thor voiced the question on everyone's mind.

"That's right." Thalos activated his divine mind, projecting a mental image.

Suspended in the air of the great hall appeared a stellar map of several million kilometers ahead, along with the structure of the enemy's world and even the composition of their pantheon.

Such intelligence, normally regarded as a treasure of worlds, was now laid out openly before the gods—so effortlessly that any observer would instinctively assume it was fake.

Hela stepped forward and bowed deeply. "Your Majesty, was this obtained through prophecy? Or...?"

Everyone knew that Kraken, serving as their forward post, was only ten thousand kilometers ahead of the decoy world Fuso, and still five hundred thousand kilometers away from their home world. Under

normal circumstances, it was impossible to know what was happening a million kilometers out—let alone to fully uncover the structure of the opposing pantheon.

Thalos didn't hide the truth: "Perhaps some veteran gods know, I have a thread of fate still faintly tied to my foolish brother Odin. Though it's been ages and I had almost forgotten, this time, I received intel from Odin—whether or not it was intentional on his part."

The first time Thalos used Odin as a map-scouting vanguard dated all the way back to when they were spying on the Celtic world.

It was so long ago that the deities currently present had either not yet joined the Aesir or hadn't even been born.

Only the earliest gods would remember.

Loki, rarely serious, frowned. "Did Odin do it accidentally? Or on purpose?"

Thalos rested his chin in his hand. "He was accidentally on purpose."

That phrase was rich with implications.

The hall fell silent.

Even the newer gods had likely heard of Odin's role in the nearly world-shattering "Ragnarök" rebellion that almost overturned Aesir rule.

Though Thalos had never intentionally covered up that history—he hadn't erased Odin's legacy, such as the records of the Borson brothers toppling the frost primordial giant Ymir—it still remained a taboo subject. At most, a new god might quietly ask an older one after a few drinks.

After all, the topic involved fratricide—too scandalous.

Most had expected Thalos to laugh it off and change the subject. To their surprise, Thor stepped forward. "Father. Do you still trust Uncle?"

His unspoken message: Dad, don't you dare forgive Odin.

Thalos didn't take offense. He replied directly, "If rebellion goes unpunished, then anyone can rebel. The depth of Odin's sins—I have no intention of pardoning them."

At those words, many gods quietly sighed in relief.

But then Thalos changed tone: "I have already killed Odin once. Even his soul core was sealed inside my Sword of Asgard. What escaped was less than a quarter of his remnant soul, which later fused with multiple other soul fragments. That Odin is no longer my divine brother. Of course, if he shows sufficient goodwill and value, I wouldn't be opposed to sparing him and his pitiful little god system."

"This..." Arthur, righteous to the core, instinctively stepped forward but withdrew, realizing his stance might be out of place.

Thalos calmly swept his gaze across the gods. "The universe is vast. Even after ten thousand years, one may not finish exploring it. In this boundless void, unless forced into war, there is absolutely enough space for multiple god systems to coexist. Especially now, with a great enemy before us—we must learn to identify the primary contradiction, to understand who is truly a threat to us."