

Thalos 367

Chapter 367: As Expected, the Unexpected Arrived

Thalos casually shared Odin's intel once again with his core gods.

Only Loki sighed, "Odin... he might be finished this time."

No one who could become a core deity was some muscle-brained fool.

It only took a moment of thought for everyone to understand what was happening.

Sure, the Aesir had managed to send divine avatars to plunder an entire archipelago world—but that had only worked because the other side hadn't reacted in time.

No qualified God-King would sit idly by while their underlings were senselessly wiped out.

Odin probably knew this too.

Loki, being the one who understood Odin best, knew clearly that Odin had a gambler's soul—always seeking to gain the most with the least cost. That was his fatal flaw.

Though Odin and Thalos were brothers, Odin had never learned Thalos' ability to remain calm and detached when facing major crises.

Loki was right.

Odin had truly lost his head.

Days of overwhelming victories had intoxicated his entire pantheon in a wave of fervor, leaving them feeling that the Greek pantheon's world cluster was nothing special.

After flattening both the Polynesian and Hittite god systems in one swoop, their world's overall mass had surged by 55%. This result left Odin's subordinate gods euphoric.

"Haha! Your Majesty, the enemy's complete garbage."

"If this is the so-called Greek pantheon's level, then we could really..."

They froze the moment they caught Odin's eye, giving sheepish expressions.

Odin's heart sank.

No matter what, he was still an outsider God-King. Even though these old Maya gods followed him, that didn't mean they had truly forgotten that it was the Aesir who had destroyed their pantheon. They might not have the guts to attack Ginnungagap, but that didn't mean they wanted to serve Thalos either.

If they could grow strong enough by defeating the Greek pantheon to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Ginnungagap—or at least deter it from war—that would be ideal.

Odin, wise as he was, knew perfectly well that the further they pushed, the greater the risk.

But as a foreign God-King, not everything was entirely under his control.

All he could do was warn them bitterly: "It's natural you all have ideas. So do I. But endless greed will only lead us to ruin..."

The gods all nodded and muttered obediently, but who among them truly listened? That was a big question mark.

As the saying goes: every gift from the heavens already has its price marked in the book of fate.

Despite Odin's repeated caution, his subordinates were simply too reckless.

"Bring the true body. The more you grab, the better. Everything in this world is illusion—only what can generate divine power is real currency." Driven by this mindset, when they saw that the next spatial rift was large enough, some gods ignored Odin's prohibition and, along with a group, descended into the Hittite world with their true bodies.

If nothing unexpected happened, then the unexpected was about to arrive.

What should have been a joyful hunt turned into a disaster. Maya god Yume*Kaks was in hot pursuit when the sky suddenly darkened.

The moment he looked up, a massive bronze sword over a hundred meters long tore through the chaotic vortex.

Golden-helmed and armored, a titanic Ares shattered the clouds beneath his war boots as he thundered down.

He was so blindingly radiant that even the gaps in his armor burst with molten light.

With an earth-shaking roar, his terrifying greatsword slashed down.

Contained within its absolute and pure might were countless phantoms of ancient battlefields, emerging above the blade.

Such a bloodcurdling, dreadful killing aura made the unfortunate Maya god instantly recall the terror of being suppressed by the Aesir in the past.

Used to easy victories, Yume panicked when confronted with a top-tier war god like Ares.

As a cloud god, he lacked combat strength. Caught off guard, he barely raised his divine shield before Ares' reverse strike cleaved his neck in one blow. Golden divine blood rained down, drenching the battlefield.

Rain god Chaac, enraged, unleashed an emerald deluge that slammed into Ares' left arm shield. But the seemingly ordinary golden shield radiated divine light and easily neutralized Chaac's spell.

Without pause, after beheading Yume, Ares twisted and spun, his sword slicing through triple water barriers and the heavens themselves, slashing directly into Chaac's divine body. The high-concentration divine rain clouds around him exploded into a scarlet mist.

At death's door, Chaac tried to detonate his divine essence, but Ares violently drove his left hand—those claw-like, steel-hard fingers plunged into Chaac's wound. Divine light burst from his palm, and an overwhelming force shattered his spine and obliterated his divine soul on the spot.

Just then, a black obsidian dagger pierced Ares' armor below the left rib.

Feeling a sudden resistance in his strike, death god Apache's pupils shrank—his sure-kill stab meant for the heart had been stopped cold by those knotted muscles.

Terrifying!

The strength of the enemy's divine body was, for Maya gods, like an unbreachable wall!

"This level of toughness..."

It rivaled those damnable Aesir gods!

Over on Ares' side, Apache's ambush clearly enraged him.

The Greek war god let out a guttural snarl like a chaotic beast. Bloodied left hand twisted and crushed Apache's wrist bones. With his right hand, he tossed aside his sword and used his giant hand to clamp down on the attacker's skull—and most of his upper body—and slammed him brutally into the ground.

But Apache wasn't a Maya death god for nothing.

As the chief god overseeing the deaths of 20 million Lyranca mortals, he still had a few tricks.

During the fall, Apache managed to bypass Ares' divine force lock, and at the last moment substituted his true body with a death avatar.

BOOM!

The ground shattered, stones blasting skyward. As the dust settled, Ares realized his cunning opponent had narrowly escaped death.

"Tch."

Ares' rampage delivered a psychological shock to the entire New Maya pantheon.

In just a few breaths, three major gods had fallen—two dead, one severely injured.

Not to mention the former chaos gods who had resurrected from the void.

Some of the weaker ones began self-immolating merely from a glance from Ares.

One hurled a spear at him, only for Ares to catch it midair and hurl it back. It pierced the attacker's throat and pinned him to a shattered cliff.

"Hoho! Hahaha! WAAHAHAHAHA! This is it? You call this trash capable of declaring war on the mighty Greek pantheon?!"

Ares' manic laughter echoed endlessly through the ruins of the Hittite world.

Beneath his feet lay the still-warm corpses of several New Maya gods.

That day, the New Maya pantheon lost eight True Gods and had five avatars obliterated—a devastating blow.

When Odin received the news, his entire mind went blank.