

Thalos 368

Chapter 368: We Don't Need to Worry About Odin

Odin—and indeed, all the gods of the New Maya pantheon—truly experienced what it meant to be scared shitless.

One moment it was "800,000 versus 600,000, the advantage is ours," and the next it became "Impossible! Absolutely impossible!"

Years of accumulated strength, lost in a single day.

That's the thrill of war.

Odin's eyes were red as a rabbit's, and his clenched fists trembled uncontrollably.

As a God-King who had seen the world, he naturally knew that his Maya gods were nowhere near as strong as the Aesir—not the old Aesir, and not even the new, human-sized Aesir. What he hadn't realized was just how vast the gap was between his New Maya gods and the Greek pantheon's main force.

It's over! Everything's over!

The dream of crushing Greece—

The fantasy of ruling alone—

All burst like a beautiful soap bubble in this one moment.

The entire New Maya pantheon had just over fifty gods, and suddenly, a quarter of them were gone. And don't forget—within a pantheon, even if you count support types like Plague Gods, less than half are typically suited for combat. Most are gods of love, marriage, health, and such.

Pantheons like the Aesir, who were born with twice or thrice the height and physique of mortals, were already freaks of nature.

This time, aside from Odin, nearly all the combat gods were wiped out.

Looking down from his divine throne, his subordinates drooped like frostbitten eggplants, a far cry from their swaggering pride just a few days ago.

As for the recently subjugated gods from Polynesia and the Hittites, they kept their heads bowed low in utmost submission—but the unease in their hearts was practically written on their faces.

Odin knew clearly: if he didn't do something, this pantheon he had worked so hard to build would start falling apart.

"Hmph!" One cold snort from Odin made every god below him tremble.

First fear, then relief!

Because in their god-king's eyes, they saw a gleam of confidence.

That scornful gaze Odin cast over them was like a whip lashing them—but it also gave them a strange sense of hope.

Simple: if Odin had truly lost all confidence, then the New Maya pantheon was finished.

"Can't even handle a mere outer-world war god... Of course I can kill that guy easily. But even if I win, what's the point? You useless trash have already lost all my face."

The more aggressive Odin acted, the more reassured his gods felt—it meant their leader still had cards to play!

"Your Majesty, what now..." Death god Apche looked at him with hopeful eyes.

He'd been wounded too, losing a heavily invested avatar. It hurt. But with enough time, he could recover it. What he feared was having no future left to look forward to.

Odin shot a cold glance at his still-loyal lapdog of a death god. "Hmph! With your pathetic skills, you dare dream of independence? Forget it. From now on, we hold our ground—the rest will be left to the Aesir. As for that Ares? If he dares come, I'll kill him myself!"

The New Maya gods felt both relieved and disheartened.

Relieved that the Aesir would act as their final fallback.

Disheartened that independence was now off the table.

Ah well!

This is the law of the divine realm!

Once you're "kept" by God-Emperor Thalos, forget all dreams of autonomy.

Bow your heads and behave. If you're going to be a dog, be a good dog.

At least their God-King was Thalos' younger brother. That counted for something.

At the very least, it was better than falling under that arrogant Ares' command, right?

But among the old Maya gods, a new worry rose: joining the Aesir meant they'd inevitably run into the Slavic-descended gods like Perun, who had once been enslaved by the Maya. True, it was the Aztecs who had abused Perun and Shiva—but without Maya backing, would the Aztecs have been so bold?

After the meeting, Apche chatted with some old friends and could only sigh: "Sigh... let's hope Lord Odin's relationship with Thalos is solid. Otherwise, we're screwed."

No matter what, Odin had stabilized Lyranca World—for now.

That night, Odin pretended to be calm but anxiously used prophecy magic to send another dream message.

As expected, Thalos received it.

Oh? Let me see...

"Pfft!" Thalos couldn't hold it in.

He thought maybe Odin was finally making a strong move—saving a trump card.

Who knew it was just a steaming pile?

Ares? That guy's impressive?

Honestly, Thalos didn't even consider Ares top ten in the Greek pantheon.

Forget old-timers like Typhon and the Titans—among Zeus' own children, there were plenty who could beat Ares senseless.

So Ares got to show off against a bunch of New Maya scrubs?

That was like watching a lineup of so-called "warriors" claim they could kill lions barehanded—only to get destroyed by a poodle the moment the fight started.

The comedic contrast was simply too much.

Thalos chuckled aloud, prompting Amaterasu—who was gently helping maintain the World Rod—to lift her head for once: "Your Majesty, is something amusing?"

"Heh, actually—yeah."

"Then congratulations, Your Majesty." With that, Amaterasu lowered her head once more.

Through the nearly transparent, gossamer feather robe draped over her, Thalos could appreciate every elegant curve of the Fuso goddess-queen.

Honestly, Thalos had originally kept a watchful eye on her.

But after half a century of gentle, selfless service with no requests or schemes, Thalos had accepted her as the archetype of a loyal daughter-goddess.

Still, as a transmigrator from China, Thalos would never allow the Fuso pantheon to rise again.

Sigh... if only my foolish brother Odin were even one-tenth as easy to deal with.

Right now, Odin was both weak and meddlesome.

He lacked the fate to be a God-King yet insisted on acting like one.

If he had spent his early years stockpiling resources to reach this level, perhaps Odin might have become a hidden rival. But now—it was far too late.

Odin was even willing to act as Thalos' scout, even his errand boy. Frankly? It was just pathetic.

Thalos, having settled their karmic ties, no longer took Odin seriously.

Odin's faith that Thalos would come save him? Pure fantasy.

Maybe it was because Thalos had built up such a perfect "big brother" persona that Odin formed unrealistic delusions—believing Thalos would endlessly tolerate a traitor.

Heh.

After applying Amaterasu's facial mask, Thalos calmly dressed with the help of Maeve and Shiva, then instructed Brynhildr to distribute Odin's report on Lyranca World to the core gods.

A report wasn't an emergency summon. Core gods didn't have to respond. They could read it and ignore it—or skip it entirely until morning.

It wasn't until the next morning's court that the core gods, all looking slightly awkward, gathered in the great hall of the Silver Palace.

Thalos got straight to the point: "We don't need to worry about Odin. We'll continue our preparations at our own pace."