

Thalos 371

Chapter 371: Wash Up and Wait

Honestly, if things had continued with slow attrition, Odin might have suffered, but at least he could've held on.

His entire plan was simple: endure—hold out until Thalos and the Ginnungagap world arrived.

If that took a month, so be it. Two months? He'd wait. Even a year, he could bear it.

As long as he occasionally cut down one or two of the more aggressive Greek demigods, he could contain the bleeding losses.

But fate is unpredictable.

Even gods don't know which will arrive first—an accident or tomorrow.

The two parallel worlds, driven by orderly cosmic currents, suddenly veered.

A massive, continuous rift appeared—something no one had foreseen.

Sensing it through divine perception, Odin couldn't help but cry out, "Not good!"

A vast portion of Lyranca's spatial barrier was suddenly crushed as if struck by a mountain. With the naked eye, one could see a huge depression pushed downward.

Soon, as the one who held dominion over "Sky," Odin immediately felt an overwhelming pressure.

He reacted instantly—but before he could focus on one breach, another pressure wave erupted a hundred kilometers away.

Trying to manage both, Odin realized the cruel truth: it was impossible for even his vast spatial barrier to block multiple Chief-God-level entities from entering the world simultaneously.

The next second—the sky shattered.

Flames poured from the cracks. Four blazing pegasi with flaring manes screamed as they smashed through the clouds, golden bridles scattering meteor-like sparks as they charged.

"I am Helios, Sun God of Greece. False king—prepare to die!"

Helios gripped his reins with white knuckles. As the spokes of his chariot raked across the sky, they sounded like glass shattering. The falling fragments of sapphire sky turned into blinding dawn before they hit the earth.

This was the sun chariot of Helios, pulled by four divine flame steeds—Pyrois, Eos, Aethon, and Phlegon. It could travel directly through the heavens.

Behind him, the sun's wheel thundered and spun, each spoke etching scorched marks in the void. His bronze-colored chest radiated searing waves of heat, and the sweat dripping from the golden seams of his armor ignited the segment of the Indian Ocean carved into this space.

Countless mortals on the ground collapsed to their knees in terror. Even bowing low, their eyes were stung to tears by the reflected divine light.

Only the defeated, trembling New Maya gods dared lift their eyes to the sky, staring at that blazing scar tearing across the heavens—a god-mark fiercer than thunder, a wound that would never heal.

The divine steeds stomped out the last remnants of night. Sparks from their manes turned into a meteor shower, bombarding the Maya temples and clashing violently with their protective barriers.

Though the Maya gods quickly countered the devastating fireburst with their divine power, the lingering shockwave made it feel like the temples themselves were bleeding.

Apche roared up at the sky in fury: "You've gone too far, Greek gods!"

And of course, Helios wasn't alone.

Soon, the other god Odin had barely blocked burst through as well.

The sky cracked like a spiderweb. Golden light spilled through the fractures.

A sacred brilliance twisted into a massive drill, piercing the sky alongside the gentle sound of a lyre.

The fingertip of this elegant god broke through first. The metallic whisper of his gilded armor sounded like drumbeats, while divine light leaked from between his fingers, burning the tainted air and melting the broken clouds into molten gold that splashed across the cracked earth.

As he leaned down and entered Lyranca, his golden chariot seemed to crush Odin's divine barrier.

Though Odin had in fact withdrawn his power the moment he realized he couldn't stop it, to observers, it looked like this radiant god had overpowered him.

"I am Apollo, god of light—"

With his name announced, Apollo casually flicked his golden cape, scattering light motes like miniature suns. They drove off the darkness for hundreds of miles, burning away the night fog and dyeing the sky with pale gray-blue ashes of dawn.

Maya death god Apache looked anxiously at Odin, clearly blaming him for failing to block the invaders at the sky barrier.

Only Odin knew the truth. It wasn't that he didn't want to stop them—he simply couldn't. There were too many powerful enemies.

The spatial bridge connecting the two worlds was now temporarily complete, and more Greek Chief Gods were storming in.

"I am Ares—God of War!"

"I am Athena—Goddess of Wisdom!"

...

One after another, the arrival of the Greek Chief Gods made Odin's scalp tingle.

He wasn't some backward, bumpkin god-king from the South Seas. As a seasoned deity who'd fought in multiple divine wars, Odin could sense their power and gauge their threat level from divine fluctuations alone.

So could Apache and the other elder gods—only the newly resurrected chaos-born gods seemed confused. But even they could sense that things had just gone very wrong.

Leading them, Athena descended in radiant divine light. She stabbed her divine shield into the ground, and instantly countless young olive branches sprouted and grew into a miniature olive grove.

"Foreign King Odin! I, Athena, speak now on behalf of my father—the Supreme God-King Zeus—with a final ultimatum!" Athena paused, then continued, "Surrender, or perish. Choose."

In response, Ares' colossal projection swept the sky clear for a hundred miles. Scarlet-gold flames swelled into blinding white mists.

Helios rode across the sky—despite the differing world laws, he became a second sun in the heavens.

The Greek gods had come in overwhelming fashion—intending to force Odin's surrender by sheer power.

And Odin was furious.

Athena's divine light seemed to match his own power as a God-King. Her presence alone dwarfed every New Maya god beneath her. Even on home turf, the Maya stood no chance. Apart from Apache, not a single New Maya god could rival any of these Greek gods.

This was already a certain death situation.

But Odin refused to yield!

Back then—he, Odin, was a legend!

From birth, the only one who had ever truly humbled him was his bastard brother.

He envied Thalos. He hated him. But he respected his power and brilliance.

And now this little goddess dares speak to him?

Compared to the majesty Thalos had shown—channeling the power of a dozen worlds simultaneously—this Athena was nothing but a mid-tier God-King.

Disdain filled Odin's heart.

Suddenly, he burst into wild laughter. "Hahahaha! A little goddess dares to demand my surrender? Let me tell you—someone as arrogant as you? The last one like that is still licking my big brother Thalos' toes! You may kill me—but you'd best wash up and wait for my brother to take you as a plaything. Hahahahaha!"