

Thalos 372

Chapter 372: The Picture Is Too Beautiful

Another night.

In the rear palace of the Silver Palace, Asgard, Ginnungagap World.

"Oh?" Thalos was mildly surprised, though not completely, to once again receive a psychic transmission from Odin in a dream.

In the vision:

Death god Apche swept his hand wide, and ghostly light from the underworld surged from the fissures of the earth, coalescing into a colossal skeletal claw that blotted out the sky—only to be shattered and dispersed by the golden shield phantom thrown by Athena.

God of Light Apollo plucked his bowstring, releasing a blazing golden torrent. Twelve golden arrows effortlessly pierced multiple New Maya gods, instantly boiling the verdant plains into a seething platinum broth, purging even the terrified specters and skeletons fleeing from Athena's aura into pure white ash.

Odin's twin eyes erupted with a pale chill, and combined with the power of the sky, he twisted a thousand-mile region into a devastating arctic hurricane.

Using the native divine power of the realm, Odin managed for a time to suppress Athena.

Unfortunately, even though the opposing chief gods clearly displayed visible disdain, they still managed to cooperate—barely.

Their divine might shattered mountains and turned the Indian Ocean upside down, ultimately pounding the Maya gods' temples into powder under billions of tons of crushing weight.

Odin did not lose.

In single combat, he didn't lose to any one of them.

But he lacked adequate support.

None of his New Maya gods could withstand the pressure.

Once Apche was rammed into the ground by Helios' sun chariot, screaming all the way down, Odin was left without a single reliable ally—trapped in a death spiral.

Even though Helios's solar torrent was enough to evaporate the waters of the River Styx and cause thousands of wailing souls to rise in crimson mist, he still couldn't entirely destroy the underworld.

Helios ultimately backed off in frustration.

As the attacking side, to recklessly storm a well-established divine base all on one's own was simply unwise.

Better to join forces with Athena and the others to first take down this prideful god-king.

The spatial barrier of the Lyranca world wasn't just rapidly cracking—it was also repairing itself just as fast. Unfortunately, Odin's strength was limited. Under the aggressive assault of Athena and the other high-tier gods, even after numerous back-and-forths with Helios, the space barrier finally collapsed, revealing the void beyond—less chaotic now, more ordered.

Odin's two greatest sources of divine power—Sky and Winter—were forcibly stripped from him by Helios.

That became the final image passed to Thalos.

"Odin ultimately couldn't escape disaster..." Thalos didn't even realize how complicated his tone had become when he said those words.

The goddesses nearby were momentarily stunned.

Eire cautiously asked, "Odin... has he fallen?"

Thalos shook his head. "I don't know."

And he truly didn't.

With such sparse resources, it was almost impossible for Odin to stand toe-to-toe with Athena and the other Olympian Twelve.

Regardless of Odin's motives in sharing these combat images with Thalos, Thalos knew he had to accept this small gesture of goodwill.

It wouldn't absolve Odin's betrayal, not by a long shot—but getting early intelligence on the enemy's strength was still a significant benefit.

War didn't only depend on your own strength—it depended just as much on what you knew about the enemy.

This time, when Thalos summoned the gods—

The core divine council was no longer surprised.

Unless they'd spent the whole night partying in the Palace of Delight, most gods didn't need sleep at all. When they did sleep, it was out of habit more than necessity.

Silver Palace, Main Hall.

Thalos wasted no time. He bluntly projected the final images Odin had sent him.

These clips threw the gathered god-kings into rare silence.

"The enemy's strength is no joke," Gilgamesh finally said. Though arrogant, he always gave strong foes the respect they deserved.

Truth be told, Athena, Ares, and Apollo's combat performance was on par with Asgard's six god-kings. It was hard to say who would win or lose.

It wouldn't just come down to power—terrain advantage, combat techniques, divine arts, and even elemental affinities could all tip the balance.

But one thing was now clear: this Greek pantheon was the strongest opponent the Aesir had ever faced.

As everyone wore serious expressions, Enki, the god of the seas, was more relaxed. "No need to be so tense. His Majesty already gave us a head start through Odin's Eye—that's an advantage in itself."

Hela disagreed. "The real concern is whether those vagabond Maya gods might leak our intel."

Loki shook his head. "Think about it—when was the last time any of those stray Maya gods had direct contact with us?"

That observation snapped things into perspective for everyone.

The Aesir had clashed with the Maya pantheons nearly a century ago.

Since then, it had been Odin leading his ragtag crew around the Indian world pulling tricks. Their impression of the Aesir likely hadn't updated in a hundred years.

Which was laughable.

Intelligence goes stale.

A weakling of the past doesn't mean a weakling now.

And not all god-kings are created equal. The power gap between god-kings can be as vast as sky and earth.

Look at those so-called kings from the Southeast Asian micro-worlds—now, in the Aesir's system, they couldn't even earn the title of "king." Most were demoted to regular divine positions—not even true chief gods.

So even if Apche and company spilled every secret they knew to the Greeks, it would all be outdated junk.

Today's six god-kings were backed by small worlds whose divine energy output far exceeded those feeble outer realms.

What's more—each of them wielded a World Sword granted by Thalos.

These god-forged swords were embedded with powerful divine souls as sword-spirits. Their might was far beyond anything the Greeks could imagine.

Then Enkidu suddenly pointed out something curious: "Anyone notice the weapons those Greeks were using? Bronze. Or at best, gold."

The faces of the core gods instantly shifted.

Seriously?

Who in this era still used bronze weapons?

The Aesir had upgraded ages ago.

Forget iron—they'd moved on to forged steel.

They had long since proven that although divine power could make bronze terrifyingly strong, if you started with a weapon that was already incredibly durable, divine enhancement made it even more monstrous.

Thor, for once, bragged with pride. "Not to brag, but I feel like I could smash three of their divine weapons with one swing."

And why not?

Even Mjölnir had been upgraded.

Thirty years ago, Thalos had gathered fallen star-iron and commissioned the dwarf smiths to reforge the Hammer of Thunder.

Its divine potency might not have skyrocketed, but its physical durability and hardness had increased tremendously.

Thinking about all this, Thalos couldn't help but feel a little... sorry for the Greeks.

Divine-forged steel artifacts beating the crap out of bronze relics...

That picture was just too beautiful.