

Thalos 373

Chapter 373: A Promise of Divine Thrones

Unfortunately, this world will likely never see Thor's [Storm Battleaxe].

Otherwise, things could have been even more spectacular!

After a brief moment of banter, the discussion naturally turned back to the matter of preparations for war.

Starting from the rank of God-King, each core deity reported their respective states of readiness.

Fortunately, this was a world where divine authority reigned supreme. Otherwise, if the various mortal kingdoms beneath them had entered systemic corruption, even billions in resources could vanish without so much as a ripple.

For some truly unscrupulous people, the death of their patron god wouldn't even matter.

The god fell?

Just worship a new one.

As long as there's a deity to protect them, who cares if the divine realm collapses or the world is engulfed by a great flood?

After hearing all the reports, Thalos finally nodded in satisfaction. "I will dispatch the Valkyries to verify the reports."

After another month of sailing, the Ginnungagap World, carried along by the currents of the cosmic ocean, finally arrived at the former location of the Lyranca World.

"Oh... this is truly... tragic."

Once home to twenty million people, the Lyranca World was now a desolate land soaked in despair.

The sun and moon gods of the New Maya pantheon had fallen.

The world no longer had day and night.

The water god was dead, and most bodies of water had begun to rot. The only saving grace was that the spatial barrier seemed to still retain partial function, allowing a limited exchange of gases with the ordered outer cosmos—this had generated wind.

The wind drove ocean water to lap against the shores.

After filtering through gravel, seawater formed a few drinkable wells along the coast.

This allowed a fraction of the mortals to survive.

Brunhilde and the other Valkyries swiftly scouted the barren world and returned to report.

"Your Majesty, a great divine battle broke out here a month ago. The mortals witnessed extreme displays of light and power, and many eyewitnesses claim to have seen the fall of the New Maya gods. Then, it seems... Odin was either killed or captured. The brutal Greek gods took him away. Afterward, they spent two weeks dispatching hundreds of thousands of troops, plundering the entire world. Around half the mortals were killed, and the rest were mostly enslaved and taken away."

"Oh," Thalos responded blandly.

It was all within his expectations.

After all, before his transmigration, the much-lauded Greek civilization was the archetype of a slave society.

The Greeks were only able to focus on poetry, science, and other pursuits requiring full-time dedication because they had ten times their population in slaves to carry the burden.

All that talk of poetry and faraway lands was made possible only because someone else bore the weight.

Perhaps due to the anomalous starfield's obstruction, the Greek pantheon had been unable to fully pillage the realm. Even though large portions of the Lyranca continent showed signs of collapse and erosion, around 50,000 square kilometers of land still remained.

A territory devoid of gods but with land and mortals still intact—this was exactly the kind of place Thalos liked most.

"Very well. Tow this small world next to Ginnungagap for future use."

"Yes!"

Thalos turned to Ishtar. "How goes your end?"

The goddess of Venus nodded. "My avatar has scouted far ahead and already picked up traces of the Greek world. For now, we can confirm that if we follow the cosmic currents, we'll pass through several anomalous starfields. The gaps between them can only be traversed via small spatial cavities."

"Understood." Thalos activated his divine thought, and his colossal projection appeared within Valhalla.

There, he not only saw the training einherjar, but also the vast square outside the palace filled with eager mortal heroes sharpening their weapons and stretching their limbs.

At the sight of Thalos's image, all mortals immediately halted their activities and knelt deeply.

"Glory to the God-King!"

"Rise," Thalos said directly. "Your long training will now be put to use. The drums of the [Ultimate War] have begun to sound! Warriors—are you ready?"

"Always ready—!"

It was a voice that pierced the heavens!

An aura that could swallow mountains and rivers!

Each einherjar, every hero, had undisguised passion burning in their eyes.

"Excellent! Such spirit!" Thalos said, clearly satisfied. "Go, warriors of the Aesir! Meet the Greek heroes in battle upon that land. The three with the greatest battle records among you—I shall personally ignite their divine flames and grant them seats as official gods of the Aesir. And of course, if more of you prove your valor with the blood of your enemies, I will not be stingy."

That simple declaration from Thalos instantly whipped the atmosphere into a feverish frenzy.

"Oooohhh!"

"Long live His Majesty the God-King!"

Everyone knew the Aesir had always built their strength through war and had never shunned outsiders.

This kind of merit-based promotion, where background didn't matter—only results—was the most thrilling incentive for mortal heroes.

Cheers, debates, praises, and raucous shouting filled the air.

Thalos was quite satisfied with the response from the thousand-plus mortal elites. He gave a great wave of his hand, flicked his cloak, and vanished, leaving them buzzing with excitement.

Indian heroes Karna and Arjuna exchanged a look.

Karna: "This might be our last chance."

Arjuna: "Right! In this cosmos, there aren't many pantheons that can match the Aesir. Just look at how much the God-King is willing to invest."

Not far off, Beowulf said to Siegfried, "I believe this is the first time His Majesty has promised divine thrones."

Siegfried was unfazed. "That just means the opponents this time are no joke."

In a Celtic-style temple in Asgard, Arthur scanned the knights who had followed him for nearly a century.

"Back then, I turned all of you into demigods, barely staving off the erosion of time. Even with divine power to support you, the signs of aging can't be stopped. This is your last chance, you hear?"

"We hear!" the knights, led by Gawain, replied, their eyes blazing with excitement, nearly howling with eagerness.

Not far from there, in the Celtic quarter, Finn and Diarmuid clenched their fists.

Among the Celtic factions that had submitted to the Aesir, the Fianna knights had rebelled due to disputes with the king and were the least favored. Arthur had long since been deified. Queen Medb had used her beauty to become one of the God-King's consorts. Only the Fianna's demigods had been completely forgotten.

With the Aesir poised to unify the chaotic cosmos, Finn and his men knew better than to even think of jumping ship now.

Their top priority was finding a way to rise to prominence.

Now that Thalos had opened the door to deification, they couldn't afford to miss out.

These were three openly offered divine thrones. If they missed this shot, they might never get another in their lifetime.

Ahem—

Not just them—even the great wizard Merlin was tempted.

Let's not forget, over the past century of conquests, Thalos had gathered an astonishing number of legendary heroes, thanks to his near-hoarding obsession.

Now that he had thrown such a spark into the mix—no one could predict what kind of spectacular showdown would unfold between these heroes and the Greek champions.