

Thalos 375

Chapter 375: No Comment

Hyllos was dead.

His death felt a little unfair.

And yet, not really.

After all, in this divine universe—where a single suit of armor could be worth as much as an entire house back in Thalos's pre-transmigration Earth—equipment was a vital part of one's power.

There were always heirlooms... and then there were heirlooms that were just plain superior.

The weaker a demigod or mortal was, the more crushing this equipment gap became—and the less suspense there was in the duel's outcome.

Hyllos wasn't an isolated case. Almost every Greek hero who got pulled into a [spatial cavity] duel found themselves at a brutal disadvantage in gear.

It had to be said—bronze swords were inherently flawed because bronze was simply too soft. That's why Greek short swords had to be wide and short; make them too long or apply too much force, and they would literally snap mid-strike.

That was the absurdity of bronze weapons.

And now, the heroes from Ginnungagap were showing no mercy, stepping directly onto the battlefield with forged steel weapons. It was nothing short of dimensional warfare.

Any hero who could wield even basic divine spells—or, better yet, had traces of Aesir giant blood—could easily perform one-hit kills.

It wasn't just Greek warriors getting cut down—it was their weapons, armor, and shields being cleaved clean through by Aesir blades.

Only a handful of stronger Greek heroes could even manage to hold their own against the Aesir warriors.

"Damn it!" cursed the Greek hero Odysseus as he fought furiously.

This wasn't just any hero. As the King of Ithaca, Odysseus was famed for conceiving the wooden horse during the sack of Troy. A veteran who had survived a war that killed many sons of gods, he was a top-tier mortal by Greek mythological standards.

At this point in the timeline, he hadn't yet offended Poseidon, and a faint trace of the sea god's blessing still lingered on him.

Yet even he found himself dodging for his life, constantly forced into near-fatal evasions.

He had just dodged a long spear when a second, shorter one came from a blinding angle.

His opponent, who introduced himself as Diarmuid, was a twin-lance knight whose ferocity and precision seemed almost supernatural. His attacks came like a raging storm.

Odysseus had no idea how such a monster of a hero had come from that pathetic Lyranca world.

And the kicker? Diarmuid didn't even look like one of those dark-skinned Dalits! His complexion was entirely different!

Their weapons clashed—Odysseus's war spear met Diarmuid's long lance in an explosion of white light, collapsing the ground in a 30-meter radius.

The emerald gem embedded below the head of Odysseus's spear flared suddenly, releasing waves of divine power just strong enough to prevent the wooden shaft from snapping against the steel point of the opposing weapon.

He couldn't take it anymore.

Throwing aside his shattered shield, Odysseus yanked off a shell necklace from his neck—instantly summoning a colossal tidal phantom that surged out of the void.

Salt-heavy mist and divine flame twisted midair into an oceanic fog bank that darkened the skies.

That wave, imbued with Poseidon's power, was finally enough to force Diarmuid to retreat.

"Tch." Diarmuid spat.

His opponent was clearly fighting dirty.

Using external powers like that? Disgraceful.

Out of loyalty, Diarmuid refused to switch sides and serve King Arthur, or throw in with the Tuatha Dé Danann. A knight with no real backing, Diarmuid was stuck scraping by on grit alone.

That lucky break let Odysseus escape death.

The duel ended in a draw.

When he exited the spatial cavity arena, Odysseus was stunned.

The entire environment around his camp had changed—as if several space-devouring demon dogs had chewed up the earth itself.

Two-thirds of the massive camp palisade was gone, the remaining wooden planks sheared cleanly in crescent arcs.

The nearby pond had vanished. In its place was a bottomless pit.

The surrounding forest looked like a dragon had torched it—half the trees were gone, leaving behind nothing but dry, lifeless yellow soil.

The moment he appeared, Greek soldiers rushed over to him like drowning men grabbing a rope.

Calling it a report would've been generous—it was more like a collective wailing.

"Lord Hyllus is dead."

"Nerotes and Lord Amapes are missing."

"And..."

The names spilled out endlessly—every one of them a named hero in the Greek coalition.

Some had played major roles in mythology, others were footnotes barely remembered. But they were all real, and they were all gone.

Odysseus wasn't unfamiliar with the concept of using [spatial cavity] combat to seize land. They'd used it themselves—deploying swarms of mortal heroes to overwhelm the enemy, killing them quickly in arena duels, and stealing elements and mortal slaves in the process.

That was exactly how they had crushed the new Mayan pantheon led by Odin.

"I can't believe... those fallen gods were telling the truth," he muttered.

As a mortal king closely tied to the Olympians, Odysseus had access to more insider knowledge than most.

He had helped crush the new Mayan gods of Lyranca and had later learned from fallen Mayan deities that Odin had allies far stronger behind him—an entire divine system just waiting to strike.

Some Mayan gods dismissed this as a lie—that Odin was bluffing, and no such Aesir rescue would ever come.

But now... it was clear.

Odysseus had personally helped sweep through the Lyranca world. He knew the local mortal heroes used bronze weapons just like the Greeks.

But after asking a few lucky survivors, he realized that these newcomers—armed to the teeth and clearly not Dalits—were something else entirely.

In morale, in skill, in weapons, in divine power—they outclassed the original inhabitants by at least two levels.

"This is bad."

Just the first wave of engagement had left the Greek coalition deeply shaken.

The news of mortal-level losses was quickly delivered to the Greek gods via their various priests.

Ares, the war god, scoffed at the reports.

But Athena immediately raised the threat level to maximum.

Her avatar descended into the dark and bloody Tartarus, the Greek underworld, braving the baleful stares of the Hecatoncheires, pushing through layer after layer of massive bronze walls and divine gates—each forged personally by Poseidon himself.

In the past, Athena wouldn't have had permission to even enter.

This was where the defeated Titans were kept—those who lost the original Titanomachy. This was where Cronus, the dethroned second-generation King of the Gods, still lay imprisoned.

Luckily, Athena had no business in the deepest levels.

She stopped at a secondary tier of cells—where she finally stood, face to face with the former god-king of another realm, now shackled in divine chains: Odin.

The air was thick with the stench of blood and madness.

Odin, battered and bruised, blinked at her from within the cell—and smiled, half in pleasure, half in mockery.

"Let me guess... the 'invincible' Greek pantheon has run into a little trouble. Are your mortal heroes getting slapped around? Or perhaps... some of your gods have already been killed?"

Athena was silent for a moment. "..."

Odin's grin widened.

"Oh, I see. Just some unlucky Greek mortals getting wrecked. What a shame."

"Tell me about that divine emperor brother of yours," Athena demanded.

Odin's eyes gleamed with mischief.

"No comment."