

Thalos 384

Chapter 384: The Advantage of Intelligence

The war was over—for now.

The clash between the two great pantheons had not yet reached the point of a decisive battle.

This was merely an initial contact.

Whether it was Thalos's imagination or not, it seemed the Greek pantheon hadn't taken the Aesir seriously after "taking out" Odin's broken pantheon.

Even though the Greeks had lost a batch of heroes in the Argo incident—including two sons of Zeus—

As the premier spreader of divine seed, Zeus seemed to treat the loss of those sons as if he'd merely shot his seed against a wall.

In the battles that followed, there was no particularly aggressive reaction from the Greek pantheon.

The mortal heroes of the Aesir mostly reported that they were acting under Athena's orders to intercept the mission.

Everything seemed calm and passed without a ripple.

But was it really that simple?

With the mutated star region cutting off the two world clusters, there were no further opportunities for direct confrontation, and it was only after three days that Thalos stepped out of the rear hall of the Silver Palace for the first time.

The six God-Kings had already been waiting in the side hall.

Yekaterina teased in a calm tone: "It seems Father really likes that mortal woman we captured."

Of the six divine offspring, the towering Baldr showed slight displeasure: "Sister, you shouldn't mock Father like that. Everything he does carries profound meaning."

Baldr's words made Gilgamesh's right eyebrow twitch slightly. Gil never truly believed Thalos was omniscient and omnipotent, but he had to admit—his old man was on a whole different level.

In the end, Gilgamesh said, "Maybe it's just making use of what's available? Like a bonus prize in conquering a world?"

Anubis rumbled in his deep voice, "As his children, we shouldn't speak about our Father behind his back."

Enkidu remained silent as always, while Brigid clicked her tongue but said nothing.

At that moment, Chief Valkyrie Brynhild entered with a group of Valkyries: "The Divine Emperor is about to arrive. Prepare yourselves."

"Yes!" the six God-Kings replied in unison.

Soon after, in the main hall of the Silver Palace, the six God-Kings and the core deities welcomed Thalos, who looked refreshed and energized.

After formal greetings, Gilgamesh stepped forward first: "Father, this time Brother Baldr said you paid so much attention to a mere mortal-level assault—to the cleansing of the Argo. There must be some deeper intent behind it. Your dull-witted son hopes for your guidance."

Frankly, the bold and proud Gilgamesh had always looked down on Baldr's goody-two-shoes personality, thinking that blind faith was unbecoming of a true God-King.

There was always some subtle tension between the two brothers.

Thalos curled his lip, chuckled lightly, and said warmly, "So, you all think I made a big fuss over nothing?"

Thor rubbed his chin. "Father, it did seem a bit like that. My brain says that's the case, but my gut tells me you had a deeper plan."

This time Thalos twitched at the corner of his mouth. Thor was the kind of war god who rarely used his brain, the type who got everything wrong in execution yet somehow always ended up with the right result thanks to sheer dumb luck.

And this time, he'd guessed right.

Thalos swept the room with his divine sight and saw that neither the six God-Kings nor the core deities had figured it out.

So he didn't bother with riddles and began a self-dialogue:

"I ask you all—two vast worlds, two great pantheons of similar strength. In such a situation, what besides our own power can break the stalemate?"

"Everyone, what we're preparing for is the largest war in the history of the chaotic universe."

"To win such a war, the top priority is gathering intelligence—"

"What powerful gods does the enemy have? Are their reputations exaggerated? How deep is their mastery of elements or laws? Do they counter any of our deities? What is their mobility like?"

"If we master all this, we can strategically plan our formations and gain the initiative. Rather than charging in blindly and hoping individual strength wins small-scale victories."

As Divine Emperor, Thalos had no need to explain himself to subordinates.

But as a father, this was his teaching moment.

Yekaterina was the first to realize: "Father, you mean—you gathered massive intel on their core gods through the mortal heroes of the Argo?"

Once she said it, all the divine offspring's eyes lit up.

Thalos snapped his fingers, and projections of mental imprints appeared one by one.

The fifty Argonauts nearly covered all the mainstream offspring of the Greek gods.

By casting Prophecy on each Argonaut's soul, one could retroactively deduce their divine signature.

This divinity was the unique quality that distinguished one god from another in the chaotic universe.

By grasping the divine power fluctuations of enemy God-Kings or Major Gods in advance, they could detect enemies from farther distances and respond accordingly.

In fact, this tactic was inspired by Thalos's memories from before his transmigration—in the Great Celestial Empire, electronic surveillance ships could identify hostile units by monitoring their electronic signals, allowing them to respond quickly at the furthest detectable range. Unlike WWII radars, which could only guess a ship's size but not whether it was a destroyer, cruiser, or battleship.

With intelligence comes initiative.

After Yekaterina spoke, Thalos nodded. "My brother Odin—though foolish—had strength equal to any of you. And yet he still lost. Part of that was because he had no way out. But from another angle, it was because he was too rigid, and was crushed by superior enemy forces. Do you understand now?"

"We understand!" the six God-Kings and the core deities all nodded, then accepted the soul crystals handed out by the Valkyries.

Each soul crystal contained the divine attributes of various Greek gods.

As long as they memorized them, they'd be far less likely to fall into situations where they faced stronger foes with fewer numbers.

This was a total victory in terms of tactical doctrine.

Every deity present had gleaming eyes.

It was clear that in the battles to come, each god would have to operate independently across the vast clusters of enemy worlds. How to advance and retreat, how to achieve the greatest victories without being caught by the enemy's main force—these were the challenges every God-King would have to master.

Thalos had finished his deployment.

What he didn't know was that at that very moment, a small incident was occurring in the rear hall of the Silver Palace.

Atalanta felt like her hip and leg bones were on the verge of shattering. Her long legs had been spun like clock hands who knew how many times.

"Do I... still have any chance to escape this place?" she asked herself in a daze.

"Not very likely," came a gentle voice, followed by a warm towel laid over her arm to wipe it clean.