

Thalos 385

Chapter 385: Everything Is Within Our Brothers' Plan

So warm. So comfortable.

For a brief moment, Atalanta was dazed before her eyes flew open. She saw a black-haired goddess bathed in a weakened version of solar corona radiance.

"You are..."

"My name is Amaterasu. His Majesty Borson's war trophy. I used to be a God-King..."

A former God-King?!

Why would a former goddess-king be wiping me down?!

Atalanta's eyes widened in disbelief. She couldn't believe her ears.

She tried to sit up, but her bones felt like they'd fallen apart. A wave of pain made her frown and collapse back down, leaving her to be gently tended by the beautiful, soft-voiced black-haired goddess-king.

"Why is it you and not one of the Valkyries?"

"Well, I'm nothing more than a slave god now. My status is far lower than the esteemed Valkyries. Likely even lower than yours, Lady Atalanta. If you find it uncomfortable, let's consider ourselves equals. Just call me Amaterasu."

Atalanta didn't know what to say. Her head was full of questions—why would a dignified God-King degrade herself to this point?

After a long pause, she finally asked, "...Amaterasu. What about your world?"

"In its prime, my world claimed to have eight million deities," Amaterasu replied, a flicker of emotion finally surfacing on her otherwise gentle expression. "But we were utterly destroyed by a damned traitor. Every living being was poisoned at the soul level. His Majesty Borson had no choice but to annihilate all life in my world, dismantle the realm, and purify all the elements."

"Wha—?"

"Let's not talk about that." Amaterasu continued her task. "His Majesty asked me to look after you. Most likely to tell you not to think too much—just wait here obediently for your goddess, Artemis, to come to the Silver Palace and give up."

"..."

"I know what you're thinking. Yes, I once hated His Majesty Thalos Borson. But I lack the power of creation. If I want to one day restore the Fusang world, it will only be after I've served His Majesty for hundreds or thousands of years, proven my loyalty, and eventually borne a divine child for him..." As Amaterasu spoke, her cheeks flushed with a soft blush of happiness.

Looking at Amaterasu, Atalanta felt like the sky had fallen.

If even a God-King couldn't hold out, how long could she last relying only on her one-sided loyalty to Lady Artemis?

She silently prayed: My Lady Artemis—please, hurry and join Lord Zeus in defeating Thalos...

Meanwhile, in the Tartaros of the Greek world—

Odin's prison had long since fallen into a dead silence.

Clearly, no one cared about Odin.

As the warden of this underworld, the hundred-armed giant—larger than a mountain—occasionally swept past Odin's immense bronze cage, powered by divine energy. Of the giant's fifty heads, maybe only one or two occasionally glanced at Odin. The flames of rage burning in their eyes could seemingly ignite the air at any moment, but that rage was directed at the more "important" prisoners deeper within Tartaros.

No one cared about Odin.

This neglect, ironically, hurt Odin more deeply.

His prison was terrifying—specifically designed for divine beings.

But what if Odin wasn't a god?

This absurd scenario had never been considered by the prison's designers.

And yet, that very absurdity was about to occur.

The godly body Odin now inhabited wasn't originally his—it had once belonged to the dismembered and deceased wrath god Lao.

But after centuries of fusion, Odin's soul—a composite of many chaotic spirits—had merged so seamlessly with the divine body that it seemed inseparable.

Seemed.

Odin had never been one to sit and wait for death!

Strange divine energies began to seep from the cracks in his colossal body, slowly dyeing the entire prison chamber a murky red.

The divine bronze chains piercing through his body still performed their horrific duty—each time Odin struggled, the chains sprouted new barbs, shredding the rotted flesh around his wounds before sealing them back up. The powerful sigils engraved upon the restraints tightly locked onto the soul known as "New Mayan God-King Odin."

But then—

Those strange energies began to leave his divine body and condensed into a human-sized, solidified spirit form in front of him.

Just like that, a miniature Odin strolled right through a gap between the thick bronze bars designed to hold a titan god.

Ironically, no one noticed.

He had glitched the system.

In this prison built for god-level beings and super-criminals, no normal souls should even exist.

Tartaros's extreme heat and the meteor-like lava falling at random intervals would evaporate any ordinary soul instantly.

Yet right now, the prison's sole warden—the Hundred-Handed Giant—had all fifty of his heads fixed on their respective targets.

Odin? That giant Odin was still suffering in his cage, wasn't he?

So Odin's spirit form simply walked through the prison.

He first came to a cell marked [Ixion]. Inside was a pitiful human soul tied to a burning wheel, constantly rolling and crushing him. The soul was endlessly charred and mangled, only to regenerate again and again under cruel divine spells.

For a brief moment, Odin almost felt sympathy.

Until he heard—

"I just slept with Queen Hera! Did I really deserve this?! Aaaaah—!"

...Okay then.

Odin clenched his fist.

He kept walking. The ground was littered with obsidian shards. If he had a living body, his feet would be torn to ribbons by now—but fortunately, he didn't.

Not far ahead, Odin found his first target.

"Oh, isn't this my most trusted retainer Apch? What a state you're in now."

Odin's sarcastic voice made the death god Apch inside the cell snap his eyes wide open in disbelief. "Your Majesty... is that really you?"

"It's me!"

Apch's usually stone-cold expression lit up with rare emotion. "Your Majesty! Your Majesty! Your Majesty—!"

He was truly moved to tears.

He had thought that even if they lost, at worst he could become a dog for Zeus. Who would have thought—he wasn't even qualified for that. Forget Zeus—Athena alone had tossed all of them into Tartaros.

Maybe it was because Odin refused to surrender that even his subordinates were deemed untrustworthy.

It seemed Zeus's strategy was to force the entire pantheon into submission—not to absorb a few useful gods.

If surrender wasn't even an option, how could Apch not be bitter?

Now, seeing Odin again, Apch suddenly thought of something. "Your Majesty... could it be... was all this within your expectations?"

Apch really didn't know how to act like a proper god. What was Odin supposed to say to that?

Admit his divine power wasn't enough and that Athena and her team had wrecked him?

Odin, inwardly cursing Thalos a thousand times, could only maintain his godlike façade. In a deep voice, he replied, "Everything is within our brothers' plan. He is the spearhead. I am the infiltrator, working to unite the dissidents within the Greek pantheon."