

Thalos 386

Chapter 386: Big Brother, I Finally Understand

Odin's words sounded absurd to Apch on an instinctual level.

But what choice did any of them have? They were the last remaining remnants of the old Mayan pantheon, all thrown into the dungeons of Tartaros. Could things get worse than soul annihilation and complete ruin?

The world of Liranca was gone.

The divine attendants were wiped out.

Their mortal followers had been completely stolen away.

Everything was back to the sorry state they'd been in when they first fled the Maya world.

Had it not been for surviving a previous extermination, Apch might've lost his mind entirely.

Back then was even worse, wasn't it? And they got through that.

It wasn't so much that Apch believed Odin's story—it was more that he and the rest had no other hope to cling to.

And so, things became... delicate.

The boss had to act.

The underlings were happy to play along with the act.

"Your Majesty, you and your elder brother are truly magnificent. For such a grand plan that spans the entire chaotic universe, someone has to make a sacrifice. If you, as a God-King, are willing to take such risks, then we minor gods shall follow you to the death! If there's anything I can do, Your Majesty, just say the word—"

"There's nothing you need to do," Odin replied, already guessing what Apch was thinking. "Just keep hope alive. Don't give anything away."

"Understood, Your Majesty. I'll wait patiently. I'll be right here when you unleash your divine might." Apch, in this regard, had great confidence in Odin.

Hadn't they all been nailed in place, unable to move?

Yet Odin managed to get out.

Wasn't that the clearest sign that Odin and his brother had planned all of this?

Apch began to hypnotize himself with that thought.

Odin didn't waste time. After a few more words of comfort to Apch, he visited a few more cells to check on his other unfortunate subordinates.

Then he retraced his steps.

On the way back, he passed by Ixion—the miserable one.

The guy kept shouting about sleeping with the queen of the gods. Odin couldn't help but be curious.

He couldn't help it. When Liranca's temples fell, that bastard Zeus had taken Odin's divine consort.

Even if Odin hadn't truly loved that goddess, she was still technically part of his harem!

That was a wife stolen—that made it personal.

Odin probed lightly into Ixion's soul, peering into his memories.

He discovered Ixion had once been the king of Thessaly.

He had proposed to a beautiful girl named Dia.

Dia had fallen for him at first sight, but her father, Deioneus, had been unwilling to part with his daughter.

Eventually, only after Ixion swore to give the king access to the royal treasury did Deioneus agree to the marriage.

Ixion, however, took the girl but didn't deliver the dowry. Worse, he burned Deioneus alive.

Zeus, furious, cast him out.

Terrified, Ixion fled to the heavens, begging the Father of the Gods for forgiveness.

Zeus granted it, allowing him to stay for a while in the splendid realm of the gods.

While there, Ixion's lustful gaze fell upon Hera. Her radiant beauty made him lose all sense. He forgot Dia and plotted to elope with Hera.

Zeus, sensing this, tested him by sending a Hera-shaped cloud.

Ixion took the bait and slept with the cloud, which then gave birth to the monstrous half-human, half-horse centaurs.

Outraged, Zeus hurled Ixion into the underworld, strapping him to an ever-spinning fiery wheel that would torment him forever.

Odin read Ixion's memories in silence.

He couldn't help but recall something Thalos had once told him when they were children: Every betrayal is like hammering a nail into a wooden board. Even if you pull out the nail, the hole remains.

Sure, Odin could mock Ixion now.

But wasn't he just another Ixion?

Throwing himself into the chaos, plotting to kill his brother, betraying his elder brother... Odin's deeds made Ixion look like a child.

And yet, Thalos had never tortured his soul.

Escaping from the Golden Palace dungeons?

What a joke.

With how meticulous Thalos was, sending someone like Heimdall to keep an eye on Odin would've been enough to keep him caged forever. There was no real "escape."

Every time Odin acted up afterward, Thalos usually turned a blind eye and let him go.

But whenever Thalos dealt with hostile pantheons, he always crushed opposition without mercy.

If he had truly wanted to be ruthless—during the Celtic campaign, the Maya collapse, or the Indian purge—Odin would never have gotten away.

The only reason Thalos spared him again and again was one thing: he still saw Odin as his younger brother, and couldn't bring himself to kill him.

And yet Odin had the gall to delude himself—thinking his survival came from his cleverness and skill. Thinking he could dodge pursuit from the Aesir pantheon and continue being the drama-king God-King.

Until the Greek pantheon completely shattered that delusion.

That's right.

They weren't his kin. Why the hell would they spare him?

Destroy his people, steal his woman—it was all simple, crude, and brutal.

How could they possibly care about brotherhood and mercy?

Of course they'd go as savage and disgusting as possible.

This universe is vast—physically vast.

But in terms of power and influence, it's small.

When Odin still had his own little world, he could lie to himself, shut the door, and play God-King.

Even if he survived this time—what then?

When the Greek pantheon is destroyed and the Aesir pantheon rises again, new God-Kings will appear—ambitious ones—who'll want to make a name for themselves by hunting down the traitor of the Aesir pantheon.

At that point, even if Thalos wanted to let him go again, it wouldn't be easy to justify sparing him again and again.

He had to do something for the Aesir.

Odin chuckled bitterly: "What cleverness? Even after drinking the Well of Wisdom, I still can't match you, Big Brother. Thalos, I finally understand!"

In a rare moment, Odin's soul form shed genuine tears.

He wiped his face and, staying hidden behind a corner of the bronze wall where the Hundred-Handed Giant couldn't see, silently began to drift deeper into the Tartaros underworld.

"That thing with a hundred hands and fifty heads wasn't designed specifically for me. That means, deeper in this hell, there must be something that even Zeus himself fears. If I can get that thing, or

release it to wreak havoc on the Greek world, that'll be my best shot at... what was the word again?
Oh—pledge of loyalty."

Pledge of loyalty!

An ancient phrase his brother Thalos had personally taught him.

Now, it had become Odin's only motivation for staying alive.

The most ironic thing?

Thalos, Odin's flawless big brother in his eyes, had absolutely no idea what his foolish little brother was planning to do.