

Thalos 387

Chapter 387: Not Born Noble

A month—neither too long nor too short.

To a god, it might pass in the span of a nap.

But for mortals, it was more than enough for full-scale war mobilization.

The clashes between mortal heroes on both sides were bloody—but fruitful.

The lower the level of the battle, the more important equipment became.

Armed with forged steel gear, the mortal warriors of the Aesir side managed to achieve impressive kill ratios.

Watching victorious warriors return home in glory, or seeing wanderers recruited to pioneer new lands granted by the Aesir gods and rise through the ranks, countless mortals were swept up in waves of excitement and fervor.

The vast lands Thalos had previously reserved now came into play.

The lands were ready—many had already been cultivated by Mayan or Indian slave labor. All the new lords needed to do was bring a group of free citizens to take over.

Many mortal heroes lacked the qualifications to rise further—but to return and live as a wealthy noble or minor lord? That was a dream life.

They became living propaganda.

If Thalos had data to quantify mortal morale at this point, he'd be thrilled to see the [War Support] stat at an astonishing 99%.

Silver Palace.

"Report! A vast region of chaotic elemental fog has been found along the forward route. And beyond the ocean current, a medium-scale rift in a mutated star zone has been detected." Ishtar's divine projection brought back the intel and reported it immediately.

A medium rift!

Since the campaign against the Egyptian pantheon, the Ginnungagap world had gained plenty of experience with these.

The mighty Venus goddess Ishtar had now become a seasoned divine scout, having taken on this "miserable job" enough times to do it expertly.

When she called it medium, it meant it was big enough for true gods to traverse.

Of course, sending a full divine body through was impossible—the rift wasn't that big.

But sending a divine projection through? Entirely doable.

A divine projection—an extension of a god's soul—had high mobility and, depending on the god's nature, varying degrees of stealth.

No one in existence could guarantee they'd block every enemy divine projection.

Which meant there was a high probability of "you fight your battles, I fight mine," with each world tanking their own damage.

Conversely, if one successfully intercepted and killed an enemy projection, acquiring divine fragments or godly essence, they could bring it back to exchange with one of the six Aesir God-Kings to ascend as a True God.

This method wasn't bound by the limited remaining promotion slots.

It was dangerous—but it was also an opportunity.

When Thalos relayed this news to the lower realms, nearly every mortal hero and demigod howled with excitement.

"Hahaha! I've waited so long for this!" roared Hrungrir, the mightiest giant on the surface, pounding his rock-hard chest with joy.

As a giant, he had long hit his power ceiling.

After witnessing the vastness of the universe, he too developed a burning hunger for strength.

If he could master some form of earth-related divine power and break through his limits, it would be his only chance.

In the Celtic faction, Arthur stood solemnly before the knights who had followed him their whole lives.

"Gawain, Geraint, Galahad, Gareth..." Though a high-tier god now, Arthur showed none of the usual arrogance of deities. Just like when he was a mortal king a hundred years ago, he personally toured his knights, calling them by name one by one.

He now had over 3,000 knights who had ascended to divine status under him.

But Arthur still cherished the original 150 the most.

Just that alone was enough to move the "Round Table" knights to tears.

"We all fought against the Egyptian pantheon," Arthur said. "You know how these rifts work—they only get bigger. When the large-scale portals appear, it'll be god-war territory. I won't have the resources to lend you anymore. I don't know if this fight with the Greek pantheon will be the last, but I do know—opportunities like this are rare."

"A mortal body will always decay. I can preserve your souls forever—but once you die, your potential can no longer be transformed into power."

"Go forth, my knights!"

Arthur's heartfelt blessing brought tears to their eyes.

"To serve Your Majesty—now and forever!"

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Scenes like this unfolded across the Sumerian, Egyptian, Slavic, and other pantheon factions.

No matter if they were mortal heroes, divine offspring, or powerful demigods—they were all eager, hungry for battle.

By contrast, in the Greek pantheon, mortal heroes showed a clear and subtle shift in mood.

Overall, polarization had begun.

Take Achilles, Heracles, and other true god-blooded heroes—they were chomping at the bit.

But on the other hand, mortal heroes without strong divine bloodlines were clearly hesitant.

And it all stemmed from the fallout of the Argo incident.

Even if Jason had been a disappointment, he had still gathered a crew of heroes from all across Greece.

People followed the herd.

From childhood, many had grown up listening to the tales of these legendary heroes—and they longed to follow in those footsteps, to go on great adventures.

If just one or two of those heroes fell, it would barely dent morale.

But when an entire ship of famous heroes was wiped out—that told a very different story.

Even the bravest hearts start to falter.

Fortunately, the number of mortal heroes on the Argo was small.

Now imagine if, as Thalos knew from history, all the Greek heroes from the Trojan Horse campaign were wiped out—that would be catastrophic.

After all, heroes like Agamemnon and Achilles weren't just symbols—they were kings and warlords. Wiping them all out would devastate the confidence of the Greek mortal forces.

Human resolve can be strong—but it's also fragile.

Everything has its breaking point...

One month later, in the Hittite world, the Greek pantheon and its subordinate realms once again faced a new challenge.

In the Silver Palace, the six God-Kings and core deities gathered around Emperor Thalos, watching a stream of projected soul images and discussing animatedly.

Everyone glanced occasionally at the mortal projections—but most of their attention was fixed on Thalos's hands.

He was performing a mystical divine technique.

He called it [Fate]!

Clusters of radiant light flowed between the two world clusters. Thalos used divine power to conjure a phantom golden scale.

The pans of the scale held the souls of mortal heroes.

It looked a bit like Anubis's judgment.

But it was something different entirely.

Thalos called out warmly to his "children": "You might be wondering why I care so much about mortals. In truth, I've always believed—gods are not born noble. Gods are noble because their worlds are strong!"