

Thalos 392

Chapter 392: Tyr's Confusion

"We've won!"

"OHHHH—!"

When Thalos ordered the live psychic projection of the Hittite world's collapse to be broadcast to the central squares of towns across the Ginnungagap world, more than half the realm erupted into a frenzy.

Thunderous cheers rolled in waves, crowds surging like tides—hands raised, lowered, and raised again.

Thalos had long prepared the populace for this war with the Greek pantheon.

In earlier god-wars, smaller in scale, the Aesir giants could simply storm the front and seize all the spoils themselves. But times had changed; with wars growing larger, that method wasn't impossible, but far riskier.

He had opened certain upward paths, allowing mortals who had endured blood-and-fire trials to ascend. That policy was now paying off.

Support for the war among mortals surged visibly, and every war-linked god in the Aesir pantheon felt their divine power swelling—"surging and raging" were the only words for it.

With the Hittite world collapsing, its surrounding space was dangerously unstable. Even with star-domain protection, sending more spatial cavities risked wasting mortal heroes' lives. Thalos simply halted the offensive briefly, letting the relevant gods distribute war rewards.

"Artum—two enemy hero heads taken, two bronze armors captured. On behalf of His Majesty the God-King, I recognize your deeds and grant you the title of Two-Star Hero. You may claim one plot of fertile land and a thousand slaves. If assigned nearby, the land will be smaller; if on the South American continent, its size will double. The rewards granted by His Majesty may be inherited by the descendant of your choosing!"

Scenes like this played out across the realm.

Taking enemy heads and banners—since ancient times, such feats were great merit.

Thalos kept his word, rewarding lavishly, and public enthusiasm for the war spiked even higher.

Seeing their comrades return in glory, every youth's eyes burned with a hunger for battle.

War always demanded sacrifices, but if many returned alive and even more profited, the risks were easy to overlook.

Even the South Asian gods who had once joined the Aesir after the destruction of their Indian and Fusang pantheons eyed the "newly born" continent with envy.

Reports could lie—battle lines could not.

This newly claimed "Hittite world" was now the latest front.

Grains of sand became a tower—each mortal hero's captured earth, water, fire, and wind elements might be small, but enough grains built a fortress.

From afar, it looked like a child playing with mud: the air-giant hand conjured by the God-King Thalos, each knuckle more than ten kilometers long, kneading the stolen elements into a single landmass over two hundred thousand square kilometers, matched with the necessary water, fire, and wind, and fusing it to the edge of the South American continent.

This was the "new pie" in Aesir tongues.

Who would get a slice?

Simple—trade it for war merit.

The only complaint was that all gods granted new territorial offices would be fully reassigned under an Aesir god-king's command.

Even the former kings of the South Asian micro-worlds, knowing this was Thalos's open stratagem, could do nothing.

For their lesser gods, once their king surrendered his title and knelt to Thalos, their formal allegiance shifted to him. "Changing employers" was no breach of loyalty.

The new divine economic chains would bind these lesser gods to their new Aesir masters completely.

This was conquest. This was fusion and annexation.

An open secret.

As always, when the pie grew, even with more mouths to share it, strife was minimized.

And with the goddess Ishtar's advance warning that "the enemy's front-space opening is widening," the Aesir world boiled with excitement.

Anyone confident in their martial power wanted to take a shot at glory.

Non-combat life-aspect gods hurried to place their bets, attaching themselves to whichever war gods looked strongest.

Of all, the scene at the temple of Tyr, god of war, was the most exaggerated.

As one of Thalos's most capable and trusted sons, Tyr held immense prestige. Though Thor was acknowledged as the mightiest under the God-King, no one overlooked this low-key war god.

Thor's strength was his own—his thunder could not be freely shared beyond wind-aspect allies.

A war god was different. In theory, anything related to war could channel divine power to Tyr, and he could grant abundant battle miracles to mortals and even true gods.

Normally, divine visits were a matter of etiquette: send an envoy with a formal card, await the host's consent, then call.

But with the tides turning in Aesir's favor, decorum was forgotten—every god was scrambling to Tyr's door.

His temple's front plaza was vast enough for a hundred giants to hold a feast, yet now it was packed with divine chariots.

The righteous, good-natured Tyr was in utter distress.

So much so, he fled to hide in Thalos's Silver Palace.

"..." Tyr stared wordlessly at his "young father," who had lately enjoyed appearing in human size, now instructing Atalanta in tea ceremony—hands wandering freely.

His father clearly had... leisure.

"Father, please teach me what to do."

"Sigh! You're over a hundred years old—how have you still not learned the ways of dealing with gods?"

In his deep voice, Tyr explained, "I just feel I can't carry the weight of all these gods' hopes. That's why I don't dare to promise lightly."

Thalos nearly choked.

No wonder in the myths of his previous life, when the gods tricked Fenrir, Tyr had still willingly placed his arm in the wolf's mouth as collateral—only to have it bitten off, falling from top-tier to second-tier warrior.

This straightforwardness—he'd be an "honest man" even back on Earth before the crossing.

"You're just too honest. There are basically two types of gods in this world: non-human gods, like giants and elemental deities, who are direct and simple—you can deal with them however you like. Then there are the human gods. Remember this—never let those ones be satisfied too easily."

"Huh?"

"Like now—how many true gods can you fully empower with your war-aspect strength at once?"

Tyr thought a moment. "Thirty? No, maybe fifty."

Thalos shook his head. "Then announce you can only handle ten at a time—not a single more. Let them fight each other for it."

"Huh?"