

Thalos 393

Chapter 393: Comparison Brings Discontent

In just a few sentences, Thalos had shaken Tyr again and again.

Thalos smiled. "Accepting every god's request and rejecting every god's request are actually the same thing—you're offending them all equally. Tyr, my child, remember this: we Aesir are the conquerors. Those coming to beg you are the conquered, the ones who lost in divine war. We have no obligation to let every descended god rise to high office."

Tyr: "..."

"If they can fight, they can fight; if they can't, promoting them only means they'll die quickly in the god-war—and waste Ginnungagap's resources. You're not the 'god of fairness.' You're the god of war. A war god providing support for war is proper—playing nanny for every god is shameful. Understand this, and you'll know what to do."

Tyr bowed deeply. "Thank you for Father's guidance!"

"Go. From now on, act by this principle. And don't bring me this sort of trouble again."

"Yes, Father!"

This was a world of chaos far more ruthless than any dark forest. If you couldn't beat the Aesir and had been conquered, then act like the conquered.

Climb to power by flattery? Keep dreaming.

What followed exceeded Tyr's expectations. When he publicly refused all petitioning gods, he could feel their disappointment—even secret resentment. But when he then announced he would randomly allow ten gods at a time to borrow his power, those same resentful faces suddenly became the most fervent worshippers at his side.

The ridiculous part was that every single god in the front-plaza crowd thought they were the lucky one Tyr had chosen.

They were gods, for heaven's sake!

Tyr almost felt these people had cheapened the very word "god."

But being the honest soul he was, he didn't dwell on it—only felt relief at shedding a massive headache.

Across from the Aesir's war fever, the Ashanti world—from gods down to mortals—was sunk in despair.

The stench of doom hung over it.

Tano, god of rivers, gloomily asked Nyame, "Can't we do something?"

Kwaku Ananse, god of trickery, went further: "What if we fool Athena, pretend to fight, or... just contact the other side directly?"

The suggestion tempted Nyame, but after much thought he shook his head heavily. "Our souls are bound by divine curses. And if the Aesir are too strong, they won't need us—if we can't win, we'll just surrender. The real danger is if their true gods can't beat Olympus's."

The Ashanti gods fell silent.

In truth, Athena already sensed the unease among her subjugated pantheons.

Not long after she ordered the Ashanti forward, an unexpected report came: Ares—probably fresh from dallying with Aphrodite—had brutally beaten the god-king of the subordinate Konkuru pantheon, accusing him of withholding divine power owed.

It happened right in Zeus's great hall on Mount Olympus; with the faintest focus of her divine mind, Athena could watch it clearly.

"I wouldn't dare, Lord Ares! I truly wouldn't dare! How could I withhold your power?"

Still seething, Ares lifted something like a cudgel and kept beating the poor god-king bloody. "Then tell me—why is there so much missing?!"

"The mortals have lost the will to fight..."

Athena withdrew her gaze.

She understood.

The losses in the mortal-hero duels had finally spread their effect to every subordinate pantheon.

These enslaved gods and mortals had never possessed much will to fight in the first place.

When you have no rights, only obligations, low morale is only natural.

They were merely pitiful wretches driven by the Olympians.

If they won, not a single copper coin's worth of benefit would reach them—their status wouldn't improve at all.

If they lost, at worst they'd die. And to expect them to risk their lives defending the property and position of their masters?

No. Way.

A master's authority can only be upheld by victory and violence. Once the master loses that deterrence, backlash comes quickly.

The prosperity of the Greek world rested on the unpaid labor of slaves.

Without millions of them working tirelessly, where would Greek citizens get the resources to spend their days idle, debating, making art, and discussing philosophy?

Without vast offerings of divine power from subjugated worlds, how could the Twelve Olympian god-kings sustain themselves?

Athena knew this truth perfectly well.

But as a beneficiary of the system, she could only choose to maintain Olympus's dignity.

"In the coming battle, I must kill several Aesir gods—to use their divine blood to remind those fools to work harder," she murmured to herself.

Still, Athena couldn't help wondering: why were Thalos's vassal races so willing to die for him?

A mortal hero fighting for his life and one holding back—it was obvious at a glance.

The Olympians were also giants by nature—Zeus's father was a full Titan.

They were all Titans, all rulers of enslaved mortals and gods—so why could Thalos make his slaves fight to the death?

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Three days later, the Hittite world's collapse finally ended. A vast realm was now nothing but a mountain range, heavily compressed.

Its earth, water, fire, and air elements had been violently fused in chaotic form.

The elements still held great value—

But to separate them properly and extract each type was a colossal task only Zeus himself could accomplish.

Athena could only ask Helios and other gods to pool their power and push this massive lump elsewhere.

The Ashanti world moved up.

In that moment, this miserable realm became the true front line.

And across the spatial rift still waited an old acquaintance: the Liranca world.

The difference now was that as the rift widened, the permitted level of power in the spatial cavities increased.

The Greeks assumed the Aesir would still send mortal heroes first—unaware that the other side would simply send in a true god's avatar.

In this strange, self-contained miniature world, a blood-red sun still hung in the sky, scorching the clouds into molten gold.

As the spatial barrier shuddered, from the web-like cracks a god's avatar strode forth, blood-colored spear in hand.

His rare indigo armor shimmered with elemental currents, the thorned spear in his grip ripping through the murky air under a halo of dazzling light.

Ear-length hair stood wildly upright in the wind, and his pupils surged with violent brilliance.

"Child of Light—no. I am Cú Chulainn, God of the Spear, come to seek instruction!"