

## Thalos 402

Chapter 402: That's a Cheat!

Polyphemus had been elevated to godhood.

Even if it was only as a second-rate subordinate god, it was still a divine seat his mother, the sea nymph Thoosa, had fought tooth and nail to win for him by currying favor with Poseidon until he was thoroughly pleased.

By all rights, a deep-sea cyclops holding an earth-god's divine nature was absurd—but that was all his mother could secure.

And as a man-eating cyclops, he was never going to be one of Poseidon's favorites.

Thoosa had told him that as long as he didn't encounter an opponent with overwhelming offensive power, he would be safe.

Giants were notorious for their thick hides.

With his massive size, a mortal could at most trim his toenails.

The calloused skin on his feet alone could withstand most non-divine weapons in existence.

Who could have guessed that the enemy wouldn't come to "trim his nails" at all, but would instead pull out such a devastating weapon?

"No... impossible." Even with his dim wit, Polyphemus panicked the moment he felt the terrifyingly pure, concentrated lightning divine power from that "tube."

He could hardly believe his eyes—how could such a coincidence exist?

For a giant with maxed-out physical defense, only magic—in truth, extremely destructive divine arts—could be his bane.

The only other way was to hit his throat, seven stories off the ground, or his single eye—only then was there a chance to kill him.

As for his heart... his pectorals were stronger than most Greek city gates, and his chest and belly were protected by a thick whale-hide cuirass.

But this time, he was simply unlucky.

Thor, crown prince of the Aesir, had the lightning of all twenty-seven realms of Ginnungagap as his power source!

If Thor struck with all his might, even if he didn't blast apart an entire continent, he'd come close.

A weapon engraved by his own hand and infused with his divine power—against that, not just a half-baked godling like Polyphemus, but even many full gods would struggle to withstand it.

Galahad pulled the trigger, and dazzling lightning roared forth in a blinding flash.

Honestly, had it been an artifact crafted by almost any other god, Polyphemus might have endured a few blows with that hide of his.

Crude, dim-witted, and fond of human flesh he might be, but his divinely infused body was far tougher than that of most Ginnungagap frost giants.

Unfortunately for him—this was Thor's lightning.

The bolt streaked forward, vanishing in an instant.

The raging thunder ripped clean through Polyphemus's massive, solid frame.

The son of Poseidon let out a scream, looking down in disbelief as the feral gleam in his eye faded to shock.

In that one instant, the divine shield guarding his body shattered, and a gaping wound large enough for a carriage to pass through opened in his chest.

"Despicable... cheat—"

The strength drained from him, and the cyclops's knees buckled, sending him crashing forward.

But in his final moment, he still heaved up his massive hemlock club and hurled it at Galahad with hate.

"Hup!"

The colossal weapon churned the air into a violent gale.

Yet despite being clad in heavy forged steel armor, Galahad danced away in a series of nimble hops, avoiding the spinning club as it whirled past.

Before the blinded cyclops could react, a flash of cold steel pierced his lone eye.

"AAARGH—!" Polyphemus howled, thrashing wildly in a desperate attempt to seize his foe.

But the knight, in that instant, could have been mistaken for an assassin—one strike, then a swift retreat of a hundred paces.

From there, he simply watched as the massive godling's struggles burned away the last of his life force.

And then...

Victory.

Once, killing a giant as a mere mortal would have filled Galahad with boundless joy.

Now his face was calm.

He remembered well what his former liege, now the god of knights, Arthur, had told them before they set out: "Thalos Borson is a once-in-a-millennium sovereign. With the lifespan of the Aesir, he could rule the chaotic cosmos for ten thousand years. His will is to scatter the bloodlines of every subject and fuse them completely. Once you ascend, your service to me ends."

At first, the knights found that hard to accept.

Arthur had urged them: "Why do we keep the knight's code? Is it not to give the people a better future? Clearly, Emperor Borson is a greater ruler than I. You may be my vassals, but above all, you are his. Remember that. When you leave my side, I want your oath to be that you will uphold your duty—and never shame me."

"Yes—" Galahad could still hear his own vow echoing in his ears.

He had no doubts.

The God-Emperor had saved the Celtic world from chaos and given its people a better life.

He was Galahad's true sovereign.

Even if he ascended and was assigned under some other god-king, it would still be another form of serving the Emperor.

As the giant breathed his last, Galahad stepped forward and, with his masterful swordsmanship and a half-divine blade, severed Polyphemus's head.

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He was not the only one to slay a god that day. Across the many independent battlefield capsules, more such reports poured in.

Phorcys, god of the deep, and Ceto's daughter—the infamous Medusa—was also slain.

Medusa possessed her dreaded petrifying gaze; anyone who looked into her eyes would be turned to stone.

In the myths, it had been Zeus's son Perseus who, knowing her secret, avoided her gaze and used a mirrored shield to turn her to stone.

In this life, the Medusa—now a pitiful, low-ranked goddess—fell to the strike of the Old Man of the Mountain, Hassan.

This masked assassin, his skull-like visage hiding his face, had once emerged from the assassin's order as an "Assassin."

For reasons unknown, he was reborn into the Akkadian world, styling himself Hassan-i-Sabbah.

To the high heavens, nothing else mattered—what mattered was that he had slain a newly ascended god while still mortal.

Knowing nothing of Medusa's abilities beforehand, he had simply sensed the abnormal magic in her field of vision and instinctively avoided her gaze, ghosting into position behind her.

With a seemingly casual thrust, he drove a short spear—infused with the deathly power of the death goddess Scáthach—into her back.

"Aaaah!" The gorgon's scream split the air. The countless serpents on her head quivered in sheer terror, then went rigid.

Medusa—dead.