

Thalos 403

Chapter 403: "New Gods"

In the Silver Palace of Asgard, inside the grand hall.

Hundreds upon hundreds of spiritual projections flickered like screens, broadcasting the state of the battle.

Real-time war updates didn't truly exist; only when the spatial chamber returned and the victor raised the enemy's severed head high would it be officially counted as a win.

There were always those who disappeared without a trace after going to the other side. If someone didn't show up for a day, they were considered defeated and dead. Rarely would anyone get stuck in a prolonged battle lasting three days and nights.

"Hm?" Thalos gave a soft hum, immediately drawing the attention of all the core deities.

Ekaterina asked, "Father God, did you discover something?"

Thalos didn't answer directly. "Did anyone else notice?"

Loki was the first to raise his hand, followed by Enki, Hela, and Gilgamesh.

Loki spoke first: "There are a lot more 'new gods' on the Greek side."

This was a shared observation.

A massive number of divine beings resembling monsters had appeared in the opposing battle formations. If not for the extremely condensed divine power or fragments of divinity, under normal circumstances, they'd merely be seen as monsters who had plundered divinity, or at best, higher-tier divine abominations.

Enki nodded. "Their divinity is beyond doubt. They're real gods—just a bit off."

Indeed, beings like the deep-sea giant Polyphemus, whose attributes had shifted from water to earth, made one reluctant to even call them gods.

Hela rested her chin on her hand, thoughtful. "Could it be that the other side has also realized the importance of backup forces? That doesn't seem like the work of the previous commander."

Thalos confirmed it, putting the matter to rest: "Most likely... Zeus has returned."

And Thalos was right.

No matter how wise or discerning Athena might be, she was ultimately not the true leader.

She couldn't issue absolute commands to gods of the same rank, let alone touch their core interests.

Only the Divine Emperor Zeus could pass down decrees without hesitation and casually annihilate an entire subsidiary pantheon.

The Temple of Zeus on Olympus.

Between every pair of enormous vertical columns—each nine stories tall—an exaggerated divine power flowed forth.

Though silent, one could sense countless bolts of lightning flickering, generating intense rumbling.

The Twelve Olympian Gods had rarely gathered in full, and they had done so now solely for the rugged, white-haired deity sitting on the Supreme God Emperor's throne.

At first glance, Zeus didn't look much different from an ordinary Greek elder. Only the white robe draped diagonally from his shoulder to his waist exposed large patches of powerful muscles, giving him an imposing appearance.

Only the vast divine power surging from him—enough to easily destroy a world—told all present that his authority was absolute and could not be defied or desecrated.

At this moment, he too was paying attention to the frontline battles.

The rumbling of thunder merged with his voice, making every syllable sound thunderous and awe-inspiring.

Zeus remarked, "That so-called Aesir pantheon seems to have quite a lot of gods."

Ares scoffed. "They're nothing but foam atop crashing waves. Let me strike, and I'll slaughter those savage gods."

Athena shot Ares a look. In the past, she would've verbally destroyed him without mercy. Ares had never once won a war of words against her.

Unfortunately, she hadn't done a great job recently as acting Divine Emperor.

She'd lost three entire subsidiary worlds—a battle record she couldn't possibly be proud of.

The fact that Zeus hadn't stripped her of some of her divine roles as punishment was already a merciful gesture.

Athena remained silent.

Instead, Poseidon appeared slightly agitated. "Those despicable mortals actually ambushed my children with artifacts."

Zeus and Poseidon were the ultimate womanizers of the divine realm. The two brothers had... tastes that were hard to describe. Generally speaking, Zeus's preferences were a little more "normal," and at least his children turned out fairly attractive. Poseidon, however, wasn't picky—he didn't care about gender or species.

When Zeus's children were harmed, he remained unmoved.

When Poseidon's children were in trouble, he would go on a rampage in person.

The problem was, his divine power only worked within Greece and its twelve affiliated worlds.

Outside that range, who would take Poseidon seriously?

Yet when Zeus returned after going missing while philandering in foreign realms—brought back by Hermes—the first thing he did was mobilize every available force to fight the war with full strength.

He didn't blame Athena even once; he merely nodded and said, "From now on, it's the Divine Emperor's duty."

That was Zeus!

He could be unreliable 99% of the time in his life, but when it came to critical moments, he always knew what needed to be done.

Just like back in the day, when he led his brothers and a group of third-generation gods to launch the Titanomachy—the war against their father's generation of second-generation gods—which changed the fate of the entire Greek world. In that war, Zeus nearly lost it all. But he still unleashed the three Hecatoncheires, who deeply hated his father Cronus, and used the power of thunder to defeat the twelve Titans.

His keen instinct for war was one of the reasons the gods followed him.

Now, he quickly noticed Thalos was using mortals to infiltrate and undermine the foundations of Greek world domination.

Sensing Poseidon's anger, Zeus calmly said, "Getting anxious won't help. This is a war between two worlds. Save your divine power for their god-king."

"Hmph!"

Many of the third-tier Greek deities had already been thrown into the frontlines this time.

Most were direct descendants!

In addition to Polyphemus—who had just been killed by Galahad—many of Poseidon's daughters had also joined the battle.

Given how Poseidon was crazy protective of his sons and daughters, of course he was on edge.

In an ideal world, the third-tier Greek deities would go wild, crushing and obliterating the incoming divine avatars and heroes from the other side.

Ideals are beautiful. Reality is harsh.

As one familiar divine aura after another disappeared from Poseidon's senses, and as he saw the world of Cuxitic gradually turn into a honeycomb, even a fool could guess what had happened!

The Twelve Olympians had a remarkably unanimous first reaction—Impossible! Absolutely impossible!

But every terminally ill patient reacts the same when a doctor delivers the diagnosis.

First, disbelief—desperately using emotion to try to convince their rational mind.

Then, they start to accept reality.

Finally, emotional breakdown...

Before long, a new piece of intel was delivered.

Athena stared blankly at the tube, then handed it to Zeus.

"Father God, you'd better take a look at this."

"What is it?"

"Sent by Doris."

Doris was one of the so-called Three Thousand Ocean Nymphs. That's how divine roles worked—when too many deities shared the same divine role, divine power inevitably got diluted.

As the lowest-tier goddesses, the sea nymphs weren't much different in status from the nymph goddesses.

As such, the opponents they encountered were often mortal warriors from the Aesir side.

What was being handed up now was, naturally, a tube personally forged by Thor.