

Thalos 404

Chapter 404: Total “Face”-Off War

Zeus raised his hand, and a soft electric glow—seemingly powerful but actually harmless—enveloped the tube that shared the same divine attribute as himself.

Zeus extended his divine sense, and even his white hair and beard fluttered wildly in the storm of unleashed divine power.

His deep eyes were filled with lightning.

After carefully analyzing the tube, Zeus felt a slight conflict, then casually tossed it aside.

Clang clang clang!

A series of crisp metallic clatters echoed throughout the vast temple.

None of the deities stepped forward to pick it up.

With a simple divine scan, one could understand what the tube was about.

Its appearance and method of use were irrelevant.

In essence, it was a disposable divine power talisman—crafted by a god-king-level figure on the other side "for fun"—that was strong enough to threaten even a True God.

The absurdity lay in this: a god-king had actually lowered themselves to create such a thing.

The requirements were extremely high. First, you had to be a god-king; second, you had to be willing to invest a portion of divine power that would make any subordinate god green with envy; and finally, you needed the divine spell formation to direct elemental power precisely.

Each of these was crude and straightforward, but the real difficulty was this—how could a god-king possibly go so far to empower a mortal?

Let alone an unrelated mortal hero—most god-kings wouldn't even do that for their own sons.

Even Poseidon, madly obsessed with his children, felt a pang just looking at the thing.

And yet Thor actually went and made it?

Unknowingly, names like Thor and Anubis were firmly etched into Zeus's mind.

In the room, among the twelve god-kings, only Artemis didn't care about this. The goddess of the hunt was wholly preoccupied with the colossal jerk god Thalos, who had shaken her to her core by borrowing her Chosen's identity.

Artemis longed for revenge, but she knew it wasn't yet her time to act.

The two great world clusters were currently attacking each other across a narrow spatial rift. Though it was already feasible to dispatch divine avatars or even ninth-tier gods, the conditions still didn't support battles at the god-king level—let alone a divine emperor.

"I must endure! One day, I'll trample you beneath my feet! Thalos *Borson!" Artemis cursed venomously.

In the days that followed, it could be said this was both the best and worst time for mortal heroes to transcend the mundane and step into the realm of gods.

Even with the support of three one-time divine artifacts granted by Aesir god-kings, the gap in domain-level power still caused many would-be ascending mortal heroes to fall on the spot.

This was a stage for the strong!

A graveyard for the weak!

A paradise for the lucky!

A final resting place for the unfortunate!

In the world of Ginnungagap, following the previous batch of five gods' ascension, a second round of apotheosis had freshly emerged.

It now included Galahad, Borus, Bedivere, Hassan, and Tutankhamun—eleven new gods in total.

Undisputedly, Arthur, the God of Knights, had become the biggest winner, as five of those ascending were his knights.

Even though, due to his origin, it was unlikely he would ever become a god-king, the fact that so many True Gods had risen under him earned him a strange divine identity—like "principal" or "mentor."

For a time, the congratulatory voices directed at him were endless!

The five knights were split among different god-king factions, which led to a peculiar scene of five god-kings (including Thor) offering him their congratulations.

Just by virtue of this identity as a divine mentor, Arthur could strut around the god realm as he pleased—as long as he didn't commit treason and the Aesir continued to thrive.

Unfortunately, only a small number achieved apotheosis.

As the saying goes, "A general's success is built on a thousand bones." In the divine realm, the ratio was no different.

Except for a few who had a clear understanding of their own abilities and decided to retreat while ahead—choosing to return home and live as wealthy landowners—most mortal heroes perished during this warm-up phase of the divine war. The lowest-tier heroes, those with merely the strength to slay lions, had a staggering casualty rate of 99.9%.

Sadly, most mortal heroes lacked the wisdom to realize that.

Time and time again, they threw themselves into the spatial chambers, launching desperate attacks against unknown fated enemies. But how many could actually break their fate, escape the prison called the mortal world, and ascend to a higher dimension?

Not many at all.

On the other hand, given the massive population of the Ginnungagap world and the abundance of elemental energy permeating it, mortals mastering supernatural power continued to emerge like mushrooms after the rain. This largely compensated for those who had died in battle.

This was Thalos's doing.

Simply put, he told the Ginnungagap world's consciousness, "This is our decisive battle. If you don't release your world origin now to support extraordinary individuals, are you planning to wait until a crisis hits before summoning mortal heroes in a panic?"

The world consciousness wholeheartedly agreed.

It had seen too many other worlds react too slowly, and by the time Thalos and his gods swept through their pantheons like thunderbolts, it was already too late for those worlds to launch any self-rescue.

This was why, lately, the Ginnungagap world seemed to be producing an endless stream of talent.

Regardless, now that the Greek gods had entered the field, even though the world of Cuxitic had been torn and riddled with holes by the spatial chambers, it still fared a tiny bit better than the three previous subsidiary worlds.

At least, it didn't collapse.

With the fighting momentarily paused, Athena let out a long breath. "At least we held the line!"

In the temples on Mount Olympus, the other god-kings reacted with mixed feelings.

After several small-scale skirmishes, the Greek pantheon had been on the losing side each time, which left kind-hearted deities like Hestia feeling uneasy.

Of course, simple-minded brutes like Ares were exceptions. Until disaster truly struck, he remained blissfully confident, yelling things like "Once I step in personally, I'll chop off that so-called God-Emperor's head and use it as a chamber pot!"

Even though they were both Zeus's children, the intellectual gap between them embarrassed Athena deeply.

This star region didn't seem to allow time for either of the two great world clusters to heal or regroup. Right after this round of battles ended, something mutated.

Inside the Silver Palace.

"Your Majesty! Something's wrong!" Ishtar was the first to notice the issue.

The view outside the world was entirely different from what previous scouting had reported.

It seemed that the space in this part of the universe had become distorted.

With anomalous star regions acting as barriers, the points of contact between the two sides had once been extremely limited.

As long as a small world stood in the way, there was almost no chance of a direct strike on the opposing main world.

As both sides continued fighting, it started to feel like a proxy war.

Each sent out their underlings to fight, and regardless of victory or defeat, the top brass remained untouched.

But now?

Looking upward from Asgard, the uppermost layer of Ginnungagap, they suddenly saw the sky of the Greek world. Meanwhile, looking down from Helheim on the lower levels, they could see Tartarus, the underworld of Greece. Looking east, west, south, or north, they could also see the corresponding directions of the Greek world.

It was as if the two square-shaped worlds had shifted from three dimensions to two, and now their up-down-left-right-front-back aligned directly with the enemy's.