

## Thalos 405

### Chapter 405: The War of Mortals

"This is truly strange." Among the entire pantheon, only Thalos, who was relatively proficient in [space], could remain so relaxed and observant.

"Your Majesty, this is..." Even the famously wise Enki was stunned.

"What's the panic? It's not like our world's been sliced into little bits."

If the laws of the star domain suddenly relocated Thalos's eyes to the soles of his feet or something, that might've startled him.

But this kind of spatial entanglement? It didn't scare him at all.

With just a quick sweep of divine sense, Thalos instantly understood what was going on.

"To put it simply, it's still a king-vs-king, general-vs-general kind of game!"

What lay before them was like a massive continental drift—say, Zhoushan Port of the Great Celestial Empire suddenly crashing into Long Beach Port across the Pacific.

Of course, not every passage led to the Greek world. Some led to places like the Fuso World, used purely as cannon fodder, facing off against a Greek subsidiary world.

However, none of the many portals before them were particularly large, and with the star domain laws strictly limiting the influx of divine power, it was clear these were all meant for mortals.

Thalos casually issued a divine command: "27th Realm Army, send a vanguard across to take a look."

"Yes, sir!"

The six god-kings and the Valkyrie messenger all bowed in unison.

Thanks to the Ginnungagap world's highly developed communication system—

Within half a day, the first wave of vanguard cavalry had already charged into the Greek world.

"In the name of God-Emperor Thalos \*Borson—attack!"

Offshore from Marseilles, the sea began to ripple with a strange spatial distortion.

This place marked the "ends of the earth" for Greek civilization—not even a major city-state.

There was only a colonial settlement here with about 2,000 people.

On that day, the Greek colonists watched in horror as the sea froze into blue-and-white ice steps under the divine power of some mysterious god.

Countless light cavalry soldiers, wielding sharp cloud-pattern sabers, galloped across the frozen sea.

Their equipment was exceptional.

Not only were they fully armed from head to toe, even their horses wore studded, anti-slip steel shoes.

When their blades slashed through the salty spray, fine frost crystals glittered in the air. The beards of these fanatical riders were crusted with grains of salt.

They roared with a soul-shaking battle cry, riding the salty sea breeze as they charged at the panicked Greek heavy infantry scrambling to form up at the docks.

Under normal circumstances, light cavalry charging heavy infantry would be like eggs smashing into rocks.

However, the massive equipment gap completely erased any difference in unit types.

Especially when the Greek heavy infantry discovered that unless they struck perfectly, their bronze-tipped spears couldn't even pierce the scale armor made of metal plates worn by the enemy's horses—the battle instantly turned one-sided.

"We can't break through!"

"Are these barbarians using the legendary forged steel armor?!"

"No—ahhh!"

Greek bronze shields were easily cleaved open by the enemy's steel sabers, and their bronze armor couldn't stand up at all to the piercing power of steel cavalry lances.

Aside from a few unfortunate cavalymen being skewered by the Greeks in the front row, this massive cavalry force easily destroyed the entire hundred-man unit.

And then came the most brutal slaughter.

No justification was needed—any Greek man that appeared in the sight of the Ginnungagap cavalry was cut down.

With short weapons in hand, they stormed every house, looting all valuables and capturing every woman.

Similar scenes played out in Midgard.

Only this time, the roles were reversed. A Spartan force unexpectedly discovered a Midgard town across from their barracks.

Taking advantage of their superior numbers, they defeated the less-than-fifty defenders and began looting and pillaging.

It could be said that the sudden opening of so many mortal-level spatial channels had thrown the rear of both worlds into utter chaos.

At first, Zeus paid it little mind.

He believed that the Greeks under his command—veterans who had conquered twelve worlds—wouldn't possibly lose.

Very quickly, Zeus realized just how wrong he was.

They couldn't win. The Greeks absolutely could not beat the Ginnungagap forces!

It had nothing to do with physique or how much divine power had been bestowed—it was purely a case of being outclassed in equipment.

Even though Athena had reported the sharpness of Ginnungagap's forged steel shortly after Zeus returned, learning steel forging wasn't something one could just pick up overnight.

Even with the forge god Hephaestus stepping in, there was no way the entire Greater Greece could instantly leap to such a level of metallurgy.

First, you had to find iron mines. Then, you needed a full suite of smelting technologies and equipment. Then came the forging techniques. And finally, the large-scale assembly-line production capacity that a slave society could never achieve.

Even if Hephaestus could somehow manage all the techniques upfront, using the Greeks' tiny workshop-style blacksmithing to produce enough steel armor and blades for the front lines—even if you gave them a hundred years, it wouldn't be enough.

Not to mention the Greek world's most fatal weakness: population!

Advanced farming techniques led to higher yields per acre, and more food meant a larger population.

When the laws of the star domain restricted the gods from intervening directly, battles with cold weapons were usually won by the side with better equipment, more people, and superior training.

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Agamemnon stood atop the gates of his capital city, staring out at the exaggerated army in the distance, temporarily speechless.

It was a long moment before he finally choked out a single line: "How can there be so many people?!"

The enemy army was massive.

Their brightly polished armor shone in a dense tide of bodies.

There were so many of them that they filled the entire span of Agamemnon's vision.

From the Aegean Sea on the left to the endless mountain ranges on the right, these cursed soldiers from another world had formed an unbroken, terrifying battlefront.

And this wasn't an ordinary mortal army.

Agamemnon saw enormous black war wolves taller at the shoulder than a man, and giants clad in colossal steel armor, each over four stories tall.

Just among the soldiers visible to the naked eye, their numbers likely exceeded the total population of Agamemnon's kingdom of Mycenae.

This scene alone was enough to drain any Greek warrior of all courage.

If Agamemnon didn't know Olympus was watching him, he might've already staged a full performance of "Why should Your Majesty be the first to surrender?"

"Your Majesty, are we to hold the line?" his general asked with a trembling voice.

"Hold what?" Agamemnon pointed at the giants in the distance.

Not one, not two—but dozens!

Even the shortest among them stood taller than the city gate tower where Agamemnon was standing.

One swing from a giant's club would spell total disaster.



O Great Gods of Olympus, protect Mycenae—

His prayer received no reply. The sky only returned a cold, indifferent gaze.

The King of Mycenae fell into despair.

He knew—he and his nation had been abandoned.