

Thalos 406

Chapter 406: Snatching People

According to the Homeric epics, during its peak, Mycenae was a "city rich in gold," renowned throughout the world for its gold and silver craftsmanship.

The Mycenaean citadel stood atop the mountains between Mount Zara and Mount Erias, roughly triangular in layout. Its walls, built with massive stone blocks, encircled the mountain, standing 8 meters high and up to 5 meters thick. On the northwest side was a grand gate adorned with a triangular stone relief depicting two rearing lions. Because of this, the main gate of the Mycenaean citadel was known as the Lion Gate.

Unfortunately, what seemed immensely grand and majestic to mortal eyes was, in the eyes of a true giant, nothing more than a kitten's toy.

Thud—

With a sideways sweep of a massive club, a frost giant sent the lion head above the Lion Gate flying effortlessly.

"Fire! Fire!" Agamemnon roared, urging his men to launch the ballistae.

The crisp clang that followed crushed his last hope.

The bronze spearhead, dazzling like gold, slammed into the giant's forged steel breastplate—and bounced off in a glimmering arc, leaving only a distinct gray mark.

It couldn't pierce the armor!

"I don't believe this!" Agamemnon personally manned a ballista and aimed a shot at a giant's face.

This time, the thick bolt managed to shoot through the T-shaped eye slit of the giant's full-helm forged steel visor.

Just when Agamemnon thought he'd finally scored a glorious kill, he never expected the giant to be far more alert than he'd assumed. At the last second, the giant tilted his head and dodged the fatal blow.

"Raaaargh!" The giant's cheek was pierced through, exposing a gory maw of bloody teeth—but not dead was still not dead.

Agamemnon's attack had ignited the giant's fury. Shielding most of his face with his gauntleted left hand, the giant charged forward with a terrifying stride of ten meters per step. He raised a horrific spiked club over ten meters long and swung it down at the city wall.

Agamemnon's grandfather Tantalus may have been Zeus's son, but by Agamemnon's generation, that divine blood had long thinned. Unlike Achilles—a true divine son with notable divine power and a chance at apotheosis—Agamemnon's physique was, at best, twice that of a normal mortal. He was far from invincible.

Though he dodged a direct hit, the massive impact shattered the wall, and flying stone debris slammed into him violently.

"Ah?!" Amid searing pain, he vaguely heard the sickening crack of his own bones. The sound made his skin crawl, and the intense dizziness turned everything black as he lost consciousness.

When Agamemnon awoke, he was shocked to find himself inside a vast palace. The hall, towering dozens of stories high, was clearly not designed for mortals.

Its owner was obviously a giant.

"You're awake? The surgery was a success." The speaker was none other than Agamemnon's brother—Menelaus, the future "King of Cuckolds" of Sparta. In this version of the Greek world, the Trojan War hadn't yet broken out, and Helen was still his newlywed wife.

"Surgery?" Agamemnon was baffled.

"An Aesir healer. You were seriously wounded. Without their divine techniques and wound treatment, you'd be dead," said the Cuckold King with a sigh.

"Where are we...?"

"Sparta and Mycenae have both fallen," Menelaus said bitterly.

In a painful recollection, he described what he had seen—the brutal Aesir mortal army had effortlessly crushed Sparta's walls. Though the Spartan warriors had fought valiantly, it had been meaningless.

Their bronze shortswords couldn't pierce or slash the enemy's armor, while the enemy's forged steel sabers sliced through their bronze-faced round shields with ease. Such a gross disparity in equipment couldn't be overcome with mere skill or tactics.

What humiliated Menelaus most was that the enemy had even developed Y-shaped steel forks to better capture prisoners—pinning Spartan warriors to the ground to disarm and subdue them.

"And what about Helen?" Agamemnon suddenly remembered something extremely important.

Menelaus replied bitterly, "She's here."

Following his brother's gaze, Agamemnon saw a golden-armored god entering the grand hall, towering three men tall, with Helen trailing behind him in a servant's outfit.

Thalos entered the hall of Valhalla, gazing at the Greek mortal heroes who had been captured and brought before him. Brunhilde was reporting on each of their identities.

Thalos gave a casual glance. Even releasing a sliver of his divine presence could cause these mortals to instantly explode.

Thankfully, Thalos's control over his power was perfect.

He glanced briefly at Menelaus—who looked like he wanted to be furious but didn't dare—then looked away.

He had absolutely no interest in seducing Helen.

He was far too powerful—if a woman didn't even possess a demi-god's body, a mere trickle of leaked divine power from him would kill her instantly.

Though Helen was the daughter of Zeus and Queen Leda of Tyndareus, aside from her beauty, she had little divinity and was physically just a mortal.

Taking her as a handmaiden was purely for decoration.

Besides, Thalos had no intention of recruiting the Cuckold King as a subordinate, so there was no need to care about his feelings.

At Thalos's level, unless a legendary figure possessed top-tier divine power, the most they could hope for was to be added to his collection—purely to fulfill a completionist urge.

As for actually using them? Please—he had enough heroes of his own. Why would he need to use the ones he snatched?

Thalos glanced at the kneeling mortal kings awaiting his reward and lightly said, "Well done." And nothing more.

Brunhilde understood and stepped forward. "Withdraw. The rewards will be distributed shortly."

"Thank you, great God-Emperor!"

One word of praise was the highest honor a mortal king could receive.

With that single sentence from Thalos, their family's legacy was secured for the next century.

Ginnungagap was a classic "Divine Right of Kings" world!

All under heaven belongs to the gods!

In an era where the Aesir gods truly influenced the world, royal authority was an illusion. Only divine recognition made a king's rule legitimate. With a single word, a god could change dynasties.

Thus, compared to sending mortal armies into Greece and massacring all the Greeks, this method—capturing Greeks and offering them directly to the God-Emperor—was far more profitable for mortal kings.

A full month of mortal warfare had resulted in half of Greece's population being taken.

The ravaged city-states included Mycenae, Sparta, Syracuse, Megara, and three others—seven in total. 110,000 were killed, and 1.5 million were captured.

This was by no means the limit of Ginnungagap's mortal armies—but it was the limit of the Greek city-states.