

Thalos 408

Chapter 408: A Glimpse of the World

No one knew exactly what Thalos had prepared for the Greek pantheon.

Everyone simply had the instinctive feeling that any doomsday weapon personally crafted by the God-Emperor had to be unimaginably terrifying.

Interestingly, Thalos didn't even bother to keep it a secret—he never gave Thor a gag order.

Everyone knew: Thor could keep a secret—if you told him to shut up. Otherwise, after two drinks in the Hall of Joy, this guy would start spilling everything he knew.

It was part of why gods and giants alike loved Thor.

"You guys know? My Father God has prepared a big weapon—can totally collapse the Greek gods!" Thor slurred proudly, drunk and boasting with bleary eyes.

"What? What?!" The surface's strongest giant, Hrungnir, leaned in eagerly, and with just that shout, everyone gathered around.

"Even if I told you, you wouldn't understand!" Thor wobbled as he gestured wildly. "It's this big, this thick—a tube!"

Given Thor's size, his gestures implied the object was around four meters long.

In truth, the casing was modeled by Thalos after the [Thunderbolt-15] from his pre-transmigration memories.

Old tech, honestly.

That said, the payload inside was also outdated—but the moment it launched, it could still set off a catastrophic bloodbath!

The moment the gods heard this, they were buzzing with excitement.

Especially the newly ascended deities who had recently slain enemy gods using disposable divine artifacts—they were the most thrilled of all. Even though they knew this new batch of "divine tools" probably had nothing to do with them, that didn't stop them from cheering louder than anyone else.

No matter how the crowd tried to pry for more info, Thor—tongue thick and speech slurred—couldn't offer more than vague hype.

"All I'm saying... all I'm saying is—it's awesome! So awesome it'll make their Major Gods kneel and surrender!"

He said a lot—but revealed nothing.

And yet no one dared not to believe him.

First, because Thor was as straightforward as they came—he never lied.

Second, because the God-Emperor's reputation was unquestionable. It wasn't up for debate.

Either way, the party's atmosphere kept heating up.

Ramesses II raised his goblet high: "Let us toast to His Majesty's wisdom!"

"Cheers—!"

Very few realized: Thalos had already made his move.

In the Greek world, even though contact with Ginnungagap had once again been severed by a mutating starfield, outside the main Greek city-states—in regions like Asia Minor and the subsidiary worlds—mirages began appearing.

On vast heavenly screens, scene after scene played out of noble Greeks reduced to slaves.

Previously invincible Greek warriors—now wearing their signature Corinthian helmets, bare-chested and sweating in fields—were forced into hard labor.

Beyond them, Greek civilians, whether clad in luxurious robes of the nobility or simple chitons and himations, no longer bore the proud arrogance or cruel ferocity of their former master class. All that remained on their faces was humiliation, submission... and numbness.

The ethnic groups once enslaved by the Greeks stared in stunned disbelief at the scenes unfolding in the clouds.

"Is this real?"

"Has to be fake, right?"

"No—wait, I recognize that crest. That's Sparta's!"

"Ah! That's Mycenae's!"

"Didn't you hear? Greek homeland was attacked last week. A bunch of city-states were overrun, and lots of Greeks were captured."

"So... these scenes are real?"

All across the slave nations, sharp-eyed viewers began to notice: the overseers whipping Greek slaves in the fields were none other than former slaves—their own people.

The slaves had become the masters?!

To flip the tables on their longtime oppressors—who had trampled and defiled them for generations—and now turn that abuse back on them, this excitement, this mad euphoria, was something the once-dominant Greeks could never comprehend.

"Ahhhhhhhh—!"

"Tell me this is real!"

"I can't take it anymore!"

"Screw the gods of Olympus!"

"Should we rebel?"

"Uh... I don't dare. But I sure as hell won't be praying to Mount Olympus again."

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In the subsidiary worlds, Athena had already noticed the growing unrest among the enslaved peoples.

But she was powerless to stop it.

Domination and oppression succeed only when backed by absolute force.

When the Greek gods reigned supreme, all dissenting voices could be erased instantly.

But the moment they faltered, the moment even a hint of defeat appeared, those subjugated peoples—and their subjugated deities—would naturally begin to consider rebellion.

And of course, Ares—always helpful—muttered, pouring fuel on the fire: "Should've slaughtered them all in the first place!"

Theoretically, Ares wasn't wrong.

Wiping them out would indeed have secured stability for the Greek world. But not now.

Issuing threats now would only deepen the unrest among the vassal gods.

Maybe they couldn't defy Olympus outright—yet—but that wouldn't stop them from sabotaging operations or simply doing the bare minimum.

At this point, even Athena had had enough. She dragged out several vassal gods who were publicly slandering Olympus and executed them.

At least brutal killings could silence the noise for now.

But Athena knew—whether the vassal gods would behave again depended entirely on the next battle among the Major Gods.

Yet, while the Olympians were too distracted to notice...

In Tartarus—deep in hell—Odin was still making moves.

Inside a massive bronze-barred cage, the tiny Odin had found a huge, powerful god.

Odin knew: he'd struck gold.

Lifting his chin, he asked, "What are you hesitating for?"

In the shadows, the mountain-sized humanoid grinned, revealing a mouth full of rotting teeth: "Tiny soul! Even if you were once a god-king, so what? This damned prison was built for god-kings!"

Odin didn't back down. "I'm not alone. My brother—God-Emperor Thalos *Borson—will cooperate with me!"

"Cooperate? How? This is Tartarus! Even if I stepped out of this cursed anti-god cage, those monsters with fifty heads and a hundred arms would be on me in seconds!"

Odin knew—the being wasn't unmoved. This royally imprisoned god was waiting for Odin to prove his worth.

"You'll see. Just answer me—are you in or not?!"

The giant in the darkness let out a vicious laugh, his booming voice shaking the entire prison until rocks and dust began raining from the ceiling, a cacophony of echoing debris falling all around: "If you really pull it off, I'll go mad with you—why not? But only if you actually do it. When?"

"When?" Odin gave a deliberately vague reply. "Soon."

"Doesn't matter. I've got all the time in the world... Just don't take too long."

"Times have changed," Odin said coldly. "I'll make sure you get a good look at the new world."