

Thalos 411

Chapter 411: Father Bites, Son Howls

To put it bluntly, the metal cylinders launched into the Greek world were simply a bootleg version of the Tablet of Fate.

Just how effective they would be? Hard to say.

But one thing was certain—the power of \\[Fate] had been infused into them.

If science could ultimately lead to theology, then why couldn't theology culminate in science?

Or perhaps... the two were fundamentally the same thing all along?

In theory, the physical properties of metals—things like melting points—should fall under the divine domain of Gaia, Mother Earth herself.

What Thalos had done was sneak in a substitution trick right under her nose. While Gaia's awareness was low, he had embedded his own laws into the Greek world's rule system.

Because here's the thing: from the lowest Greek soldier to the loftiest god, 99% of them still used bronze gear.

Sure, a few mortal heroes had discovered that forged steel was far superior and had swapped to looted armor taken from fallen Ginnungagap heroes—but when it came to the gods? Re-equipping took time. A lot of it.

This wasn't a realm Hephaestus, the Greek god of fire and forge, could just leap across at will.

Thalos knew this from personal experience. Even when he granted part of the divine domain of \\[Flame] to the dwarven smith-god Brokk, the guy still couldn't fully shift from ironworking to steel forging.

It wasn't just a difference in metallurgy—it was a difference in divine jurisdiction.

And if Thalos had guessed correctly, Hephaestus only held the sub-domain of \\[Bronzework], not \\[Ironworking], and certainly not \\[Steel Forging].

Even if—big if—Hephaestus was a genius and somehow figured it out...

How many divine weapons of steel could he possibly forge in such a short time?

Attach all the divine enchantments, blessings, and runes?

Give it a hundred years, maybe a thousand—sure, Hephaestus could manage it.

But a month?

Don't make me laugh.

This was a deliberate, open trap.

It took advantage of the fact that the Greek gods were still stuck in the Bronze Age. They hadn't made the leap to the Iron Age, let alone steel.

As for the fate-steel pillars Thalos had launched across the land, all marked with "[Copper Melts at 1083.4°C]?"

Well, that was a casual side play. Great if it worked, no big loss if it didn't.

Either way, as long as it annoyed Gaia and the entire Olympian pantheon, Thalos counted it as a win.

What he didn't expect was this:

In the depths of Tartarus, Odin had returned to the most heavily guarded prison cell.

"...That noise just now... was that you?" a voice from within rumbled in surprise.

A proud, translucent grin spread across Odin's half-transparent face as he revealed a steel rod hidden behind his back.

It was a thick metal spike, about the size of a grown man's arm—pulled from one of the 'coffin bombs' Thalos had sent in.

He slid it through the rune-etched bronze bars and into the cell.

Clang clang clang!

The steel rod clattered across the bronze floor, sending sharp metallic echoes through the prison.

"...What is this?" the voice asked warily.

"This," Odin said with smug satisfaction, "is my brother's reply. The Aesir God-Emperor—Thalos Paulsen—sends his regards."

The ancient being within the cell held its breath, quietly feeling the foreign law radiating from the steel spike.

"...Could it be... could it really be..."

Odin practically beamed with triumph.

"This is the supreme law of physics from the Aesir pantheon. It defines the exact temperature at which copper melts."

Hissss—!

This time, the ancient god inside was genuinely stunned. His eyes locked onto Odin in utter disbelief.

Odin's grin practically reached his ears.

"Give me a few more of these, and the hellfire of Tartarus will melt your bronze cage to slag!

Now then... do you think we can have a nice, equal conversation?"

"...Yes. Of course we can," the ancient god's voice now rang with depth—and complexity.

At first, he had dismissed this frail little soul as just another stray—some desperate conman who had died and still clung to lies. He had been imprisoned in this hellish, lightless cell for so long, he had forgotten everything but his hatred for Zeus and his contempt for the Hundred-Handed Warden.

But now, this little godling—Odin—had given him hope.

Promises?

He didn't care about promises.

As long as he got to kill Zeus, nothing else mattered.

After some intense discussion between the two, the ancient god finally nodded, accepting Odin's plan.

"Your plan is solid. I approve of it. Now... go find my brothers."

Odin's expression turned cautious.

"What should I use to convince them?"

The ancient god smiled darkly.

"Just say this:

In the name of Cronus—

—the Titans shall rise again."

That's right.

The being imprisoned here in Tartarus, guarded by the Hundred-Handed Giant, was none other than Cronus, the second King of the Greek gods—and father of Zeus.

He had left much unsaid.

He gave Odin only vague details about how he had been overthrown.

Only Thalos truly knew: the entire Greek divine lineage was a mess of "Father bites, son howls" drama.

Cronus, leader of the Titans, was the son of Uranus and Gaia—Sky and Earth.

Gaia had originally named Uranus King of the Gods, but over time, his tyranny grew. He became cruel, dictatorial, even dismissive of Gaia herself. Finally fed up, Gaia decided to depose him.

She forged a scythe from the darkest rock at the bottom of the earth, crafted by her son Sekros. As wife and mother, she couldn't do it herself—so she summoned her Titan sons, asking who would dare strike down their father.

They all hesitated—except the youngest, Cronus, who accepted the task.

That night, Gaia threw a grand feast and got Uranus drunk. When he passed out, Cronus crept in and castrated him with the scythe.

Uranus awoke just in time to scream out a final curse:

"You will suffer as I have. One day, your son shall overthrow you, too."

With that, he vanished into the heavens—never to return.

(Because Uranus was the sky, and his fall meant the Greek world would forever lose its original heavens.)

Thus Cronus became the second King of the Gods—the Scythe-Bearer.

But he feared his own strengthless siblings—the Cyclopes and Hecatoncheires (Hundred-Handed Ones)—so he imprisoned them in Tartarus.

Still, even with them gone, Cronus could not rest easy. His father's curse echoed in his ears:

"Your son will overthrow you."

Terrified, Cronus resolved to eat every child born to him.

His wife Rhea bore him five children. Each one, he devoured at birth.

Heartbroken, Rhea finally saved her sixth child, giving him to Cronus's elder sister to raise. She wrapped a stone in swaddling cloth and handed it to Cronus instead.

He swallowed it whole without even looking.

That child would grow up to be... Zeus.

And that is how the next succession war began.