

Thalos 414

Chapter 414: Olympus' Fatal Weakness

At that very moment, the two sea goddesses still had a chance to escape. After all, this was Atlantis, the great ocean ruled by Poseidon. They could draw divine power endlessly from this vast body of water spanning 76 million square kilometers.

But then, the steel tube Ramses II had tossed earlier became the decisive factor.

A strange divine energy radiating from it disrupted their control over the ocean.

That seemingly insignificant fraction of a difference—was the line between life and death.

Just as Ramses pinned them in place, Arjuna's divine arrow arrived.

This time, there were no towering waves or crushing deep-sea pressure to interfere with his shot.

It was as if the ocean surrendered, parting itself with cries of fear to allow a clean, wide channel for the arrow's flight.

The blazing divine arrow struck Doto's divine shield.

The resulting clash between divine forces shook the seabed violently, collapsing the crust and revealing a molten, lava-filled abyss below.

Doto's trident failed to intercept the shot—the arrow pierced her chest cleanly, silver-white divine blood pouring from the wound.

She might have survived.

After all, this was Atlantis—she could continuously pull divine power from it to heal.

But what she didn't know was that hanging from the arrow's tail was another of those strange metal tubes.

It burrowed into her divine body through the arrow wound.

Clearly, it contained the laws of a higher-ranked water deity—elemental water of such purity that it rejected the ocean ruled by Poseidon.

"No—!" Doto watched in horror as the divine sigils across her body began fading, unraveling under Arjuna's law-infused assault—and there was nothing she could do.

Then, as Arjuna's bowstring rang again with a dragon-like twang, the next arrow soared thousands of meters and exploded the head of Nisaea, who had tried to flee.

"Hm? Was that her true body or just a projection?"

The reversal had come so easily that Ramses II found himself momentarily dazed.

"True body," Arjuna replied coolly.

Even as a mortal, Arjuna had possessed abilities like Eagle Eye—now as a god, his divine sight was sharper than ever.

"Whew—finally done. With the mission complete, we should pull back. The ocean was never our battlefield of choice."

"Agreed."

Their victory was merely a microcosm of the grand war at large.

Across the Greek world, even though many Aesir gods faced unfavorable terrain and conditions, they still carved bloody paths forward with their raw divine power and individual prowess.

Gods were falling on both sides—but the overall casualty ratio had settled at 2 to 8.

The attacking Aesir gods held the clear advantage.

Back in the divine temple on Mount Olympus, the Olympian gods were furious.

"This is impossible!" roared Ares, smashing things in a rage. "That filthy false emperor must be using some vile trick!"

"Tricks?" said Athena, motioning with her hand. Servants carried in several Fate Steel Pillars.

"What are these...?" Artemis narrowed her eyes sharply.

"Consider them elemental intrusions—they're stealing control over our elemental domains from our own gods."

Poseidon and Zeus had the darkest expressions of all.

Even though they couldn't read Runic or Lunas Script, it didn't matter. Some things, you could feel without understanding.

These objects were attacking domain authority—the right to define a divine concept.

From defining a domain, they would then fight for control over it.

And the enemy god-emperor was clearly trying to seize parts of Greece's authority over the sea and the sky.

The most humiliating part?

Poseidon and Zeus couldn't even tell exactly what had been stolen.

It was like knowing you'd been robbed—but not knowing what was missing.

That made it nearly impossible to counter.

"That bastard! If I catch him, I'll rip him apart myself—and roast his soul in the flames of Tartarus for eternity!"

Zeus, usually composed, was now completely unhinged.

To mortals, he may seem like just the god of thunder, but in truth, his true dominions were the sky and authority itself.

Oh—and everything else, if you let him tell it.

The enemy had brazenly thrown fate-altering artifacts into Greek soil to overwrite their cosmic laws.

How could Zeus endure that kind of blatant provocation?

Lightning crackled violently throughout the temple, mingling with Poseidon's tidal shadows.

Once the two explosive old men finished venting, Athena took the lead to bring the conversation back on track.

"That false emperor, Thalos Paulson, is as cunning as ever. But the question is—how do we respond and fight back?"

Responding meant defense.

Fighting back meant attacking.

Both were crucial. One protected the foundation of their world, the other meant striking at Kinnunga.

"Father! Why don't you make some Fate Copper Plates and send them into their world?" blurted Ares, not thinking.

The moment he said it, Zeus's face darkened even more.

Every god-system has its own limitations.

It's not that Zeus didn't want to—he couldn't.

His domain of Sky came from his grandfather Uranus, the original Sky God.

Uranus was the sky. His defeat allowed Zeus to inherit control—but not absolute authority.

Meanwhile, Poseidon's domain of Ocean had its own issues.

Atlantis was far too large—he had delegated massive amounts of low-level authority to others, creating an army of sea goddesses, monsters, and more.

It made life easier for him—but now?

Neither Zeus nor Poseidon had deep enough control over their own domains to make counter-artifacts like Thalos had.

And let's be honest—they didn't understand the logic anyway.

In this chaotic universe, most gods wield their divine domains through instinct.

It's like breathing or eating—natural, unthinking.

But ask them why or how it all works?

These divine illiterates wouldn't have a clue.

Which is why Ares now stood awkwardly, watching as his father and uncle turned red-faced and couldn't utter a single word.

Seeing this, Athena sighed deeply.

"In that case, dispatch our angels. Collect all defiled steel pillars, bring them back to Olympus, and destroy them."

Collecting them?

It wouldn't be that easy.

Those scattered on the ground might be doable. But the ones that fell into the ocean or were embedded deep in mountain cores?

They had no idea how to retrieve them.

Throughout all this, Athena never once mentioned Gaia's name.

Because ultimately, whether it was Gaia or the first Mountain God Uria, they were part of the Old Gods.

And they were all overthrown by Zeus when he rose to power.

If those earth-controlling deities refused to help now—it would be tantamount to a stab in the back for Olympus and the Twelve Olympians.