

Thalos 419

Chapter 419: Fearing Might, Not Virtue

Politics is vile—and ugly.

On Thalos's side, even though Skaha had slain the Greek death god Thanatos and had no desire to mention it, Thalos still held a mid-sized celebration.

Thor found this odd and privately sought Thalos out. "Father God, throwing a celebration for taking down a single principal deity doesn't sound like you. Is it because the Greeks laughably announced a ten-day festival too?"

In the past, Thor would lead the partying, and Thalos wouldn't get involved.

Thalos shook his head. "It has a bit to do with the enemy—and also nothing to do with them."

"Huh?" Thor was a little confused.

"Small pantheons and great pantheons rule in fundamentally different ways. In a small pantheon, the core gods are all your own brothers, sisters, and blood kin. Your interests are basically aligned, so many things can be discussed. A great pantheon is different."

At that, Thor perked up his ears.

This was the God-Emperor teaching!

"In a great pantheon, the newly surrendered foreign gods are destined to have a hard time earning the trust of the old guard. They won't be promoted quickly, nor will they receive benefits matching their former status. Under these conditions, as a leader, your task is to demonstrate force, not to bestow favor." Thalos sighed. "Under my guidance, the Aesir's moral standard is actually too high, to the point that people can't grasp that those without virtue fear might, not virtue."

At this, Thor began to understand.

The Aesir could accept new gods, give them respect, grant them some standing—but whether mortal or divine, there are always those whose power and status don't match.

No one can manage a person like that.

In Thalos's view, some Western countries from before he crossed over were cruel, playing at 'droit du seigneur'—the ultimate trampling of love and ordinary people.

But after a long time in this world, he found that not just people, even many god-kings were shameless.

He slept with the most beautiful goddess among the conquered pantheons, and those guys felt honored rather than ashamed.

Acting like, "Hey! The child of my beloved goddess looks like the conqueror of our world!"

In this chaotic universe where the weak are meat and the strong eat, the fist speaks the loudest truth.

Say nothing of the fact that when he pacified the Egyptian pantheon, he happened to sleep with Hathor. He knew, of course, that in the old myths Hathor and Horus were a pair.

Conquest is exactly that!

They hadn't gotten together in this life yet anyway. As the great conqueror who flattened the Egyptian pantheon, was it excessive for Thalos to sleep with a goddess?

At first, Thalos could still catch a fleeting trace of defiance in Horus's eyes.

But after Thalos wiped out the Fuso and Indian pantheons, how clear did Horus's and those South Asian gods' gazes become? They were practically lovestruck. That convert's fervor was something even a god-king like Thalos couldn't comprehend.

Anubis even ended up with a jackal's head and didn't resemble Thalos; over this, Horus sulked for a long time and quietly urged Hathor to have another child with Thalos.

Politics is that ugly.

Reality is that absurd.

Thalos even showed up at the Hall of Joy tonight.

In the past, the main stage was always reserved for the most beautiful goddesses from conquered pantheons.

Tonight's stars were multiple soul crystals.

Under the drooling stare of the hellhound Garm, the remnants of Thanatos's soul—along with those of his brother and the two sea goddesses—kept twitching and emitting piercing howls.

Led by Thor, the Aesir burst into laughter, loudly mocking the enemy and raising their cups to drink.

Ramses II, Arjuna, and the other newly ascended gods who had made kills also went around toasting under their own god-kings' lead—both to build connections and to show off. After all, they were the god-kings' subordinate gods; with that relationship, they shared honor and disgrace.

Laughter, drinking, curses—every kind of clamor filled the hall.

In the first round of engagements, the Aesir's record was solid. Truth be told, Thanatos's status basically amounted to a Greek Major God; it's only because the original Twelve Olympians were now god-kings that those without core domains and those secondary deities lacked the qualification to carry the "Major God" title.

To those Greek vassal gods, Thanatos was a Major God!

Killing an enemy Major God—no matter how you slice it—was worth boasting about.

Amaterasu had already started the sacred Kagura dance.

Thalos smiled as he watched it all.

For the past half-century, he had focused on internal governance in Ginnungagap; for the sake of stability, he had deliberately suppressed the gods' wildness and fighting spirit for a long time.

Any state requires a period of adjustment.

Now, facing the Olympians, it was time to release the beast in the hearts of the Aesir.

On Mount Olympus, meanwhile, Athena, following Hera's instructions, truly turned a funeral into a feast.

As long as the Olympians didn't bring up Thanatos, and Hades and Hypnos temporarily handled the world's dead to keep the underworld running, the vassal gods might not even know about it.

Among the fallen, only the death god had a big name; as for the Night Goddess's other offspring, many vassal gods didn't even know who they were.

Honestly, if not for the Thanatos affair, this clash would really be hard to call; Hera's little ploy might have passed muster.

At the banquet, goblets clinked, and every god's face shone with confidence in victory.

Well—at least on the surface.

They only knew the Greek pantheon seemed to have rallied once, taking down a bunch of Aesir vassal gods.

That was enough to cool their restlessness.

After all, Zeus had returned—and wiped out an entire pantheon.

What the Aesir brought might not be salvation; what Zeus brought was certainly the butcher's blade.

They could tell the difference in speed.

And then came a bizarre scene.

On one side, Mount Olympus held ten days of celebration, summoning a host of divine attendants and even occasionally beautiful nymphs to sing and dance in the temple; on the other, more Aesir poured into the Greek world and its vassal worlds to keep on slaughtering.

Soon, a bombshell message spread wildly among the Greek vassal pantheons.

"What? Death God Thanatos was slain by the Aesir goddess of death, Skaha?"

"Is that for real?"

"Seems real. Thanatos's residual soul image is being projected onto the sky of the Ginnungagap world—anyone who enters its atmosphere can see it."

Killing gods—and crushing their spirit!

Terrifying.

As another sky god, Thalos did it hard.

If you've slain a god, why keep it low-key?

No. The Greek gods don't understand that language. The only thing they understand is absolute force.

With that move, Thalos instantly turned Olympus's Hera into a clown.