

Thalos 445

Chapter 445: Everything Is Under Our Brothers' Control

"Indeed, everything was part of His Majesty's brother's plan!" Led by Ah Puch, the old guard of the Mayan gods all knelt in unison.

This time, they bowed with true conviction.

"Enough ceremony. Anyone who has endured this long is my trusted comrade—you don't need to be so formal," Odin said, lowering himself to comfort these last surviving god-tier loyalists. "Sigh! My elder brother Thalos gave me many opportunities. Unfortunately, I was young and reckless, obsessed with independence. Only after Lyranca was destroyed did I realize... there's no longer room in this universe for small, independent divine worlds to survive."

The gods around him fell silent, listening closely to Odin's reflection.

He continued, "I know... some of you may still think all this was coincidence. But in this universe, do such coincidences even exist—especially at a time when two supreme pantheons are locked in a peak-level conflict? Every piece of it... was orchestrated by His Majesty Thalos."

Ah Puch and the others bowed again.

They had no room to argue. Odin's words struck too close to undeniable truth.

They had followed Odin into Tartarus because they refused to become slave gods. That alone was already a hard enough pill to swallow. But how had Odin managed to break his divine shackles—and not just escape, but somehow make contact with Cronus, the former King of the Titans, and Zeus's sworn enemy?

And not only that... it was a Pillar of Fate that came next—exactly what was needed to remove the divine constraints.

At that point, Odin could have just used the chaos of the Ginnungagap invasion to release the Titans and land a massive blow against Zeus.

That would've been cathartic.

But it would've meant nothing for the rest of them—Ah Puch and his comrades would still be prisoners, awaiting judgment from Fate. And if Zeus didn't die, and returned, they would be doomed.

For something bigger, they needed more.

Ah Puch never imagined that Thalos had thought so far ahead—that he would actually deliver.

Apart from Ah Puch himself, no other remnant of the Mayan pantheon knew Odin could wield death magic. And apparently, only his elder brother, Thalos, had known that.

Even so, Odin's talent in the Death domain would have been useless. As a foreign god imprisoned in Tartarus, he would never be allowed to compete for that domain.

But wouldn't you know it?

Thanatos, the original Greek god of death, was dead.

With Thanatos gone, Odin and Ah Puch had a real opening.

An opportunity means nothing if you can't convert it into power. But who could've guessed that Zeus would be this stupid—dumping every Greek slave and foreign warrior soul into Tartarus?

And not just any souls—but souls of people who were originally Mayans and Indians.

Of course Odin and Ah Puch would connect the dots.

To them, this wasn't just a hint from Thalos—it was a message in bold.

Even if these Mayans were already third- or fourth-generation descendants, originally enslaved and now turned freemen in Ginnungagap, Ah Puch could still recognize his people's bloodline.

And the Indians? Odin had ruled over the Lyranca world for ages—his followers had been Dalits taken from the Indian subcontinent. He knew them well.

So now, after all these pawns were sent to fight and die in Greece, their souls ended up in Tartarus...

Odin and Ah Puch couldn't help but feel: every one of their struggles had merely been one step in the grand game devised by the glorious God-Emperor Thalos.

Thalos, sentimental as ever, had once given Odin a chance to be a God-King.

Odin, too proud to be anyone's subordinate, had bungled it—and ended up in Greek hell. But Thalos could still pull him out.

And don't underestimate this influx of divine power.

To someone like Cronus—sharp, selfish, and bitter—power made all the difference.

Odin could release Cronus and the Titans, sure—but without power, Cronus would never even acknowledge him.

Just like a man wouldn't negotiate with a tiny shrimp—he'd simply eat it.

The proud Titans wouldn't take a second look at a powerless divine soul.

But if Odin had power—and powerful divine energy at that—then Cronus would be forced to see him differently.

And Odin and Ah Puch didn't just restore their power—they went brutal with it.

They didn't slowly draw power from prayers like traditional gods. They devoured entire souls and converted them straight into divine power—an efficiency on a whole other level.

Living believers might pray daily, but even the most fanatical zealot could never offer the divine output of a single fully absorbed soul.

In a way, what Odin and Ah Puch were doing was the textbook definition of scorched-earth divinity.

Consuming souls was crude and merciless—but insanely effective. Especially when those souls were neither their followers nor alive. These were same-race, same-origin delicacies—ripe for the taking.

Half a century had passed, and the Mayan and Indian slaves had become integrated into the new Ginnungagap world. Thalos didn't care about their deaths—and neither did Odin.

In Odin's eyes, this was his brother's gift—a gift to help him rise again.

And rise he did, with tears of gratitude in his eyes.

Even better, Odin had found a game-breaking exploit.

Despite everything they were doing inside Tartarus—Hades had no idea.

Because Tartarus itself was a primeval deity. Though long silent, it still housed the Titans and had never been part of Hades' dominion. Hades never dared to extend his domain fully into Tartarus.

He could send guards, sure—but the Three Judges of the Underworld wouldn't dare step foot in.

At the end of the day, the real bosses of Tartarus were still the Hundred-Handed Giants.

And those giants didn't give a damn about mortal souls. Their minds were consumed with hatred—focused entirely on Cronus.

If Odin and Ah Puch ever discovered that all this had happened by accident, not design—they wouldn't believe it for a second.

Fate had now reached a strange and wondrous crossroads.

That day, Odin once again visited Cronus's prison.

His presence stunned the former King of the Titans.

"Odin... You've regained your divine power?" Cronus's massive eyes widened in disbelief.

"Of course," Odin replied smugly. "I told you—the entire game is under our brothers' control."

Cronus still couldn't believe it. "Didn't Zeus nail your divine soul to the prison?"

Odin remained calm. "That was my soul from the Lyranca world—one tainted with chaos. But this is my true soul—the soul of an *Æsir* God-King."

"Hisss!" Cronus sucked in a cold breath.

Souls can do that?!

And what the hell—your domain is Death now?!

This foreign God-King... was actually something extraordinary?!