

Thalos 151

Chapter 151: Preparing for War

Thalos was idly enjoying Freya's service.

Now that the former Vanir gods had fully integrated into the Aesir, he was well aware that Freya was eyeing the position of Queen of the Gods—all she lacked was a powerful divine child.

Unfortunately, a powerful divine child wasn't something that could be born just because one wanted it.

Ginnungagap had just been ravaged by Chaos, and Odin had created so many chaotic beasts that the world was severely drained.

The world neither had the strength nor the inclination to grant the Aesir more divine slots, so Freya was doomed to be busy in vain.

Thalos didn't intend to tell her the truth; after all, it would only dampen her enthusiasm. He had already fathered a whole generation of fourth-tier gods, and anything further would just make Freya a scapegoat.

Freya had recently even approached her brother Frey, who mocked her for being a "goddess of the desert" who couldn't bear children.

Freya, in turn, worked even harder, to the point that Gullveig had to step aside and assist as a support.

Thalos just lay back and enjoyed it all.

Suddenly, Thalos muttered, "I've struck gold this time."

The two goddesses froze in confusion.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just that there's good news from Odin's side." Thalos smiled mysteriously.

"Really?!" they exclaimed in unison.

"No rush. Let's finish what we're doing now. I'll call the gods together afterward."

"Alright." The two goddesses doubled their efforts.

A new world! A new conquest!

Gods had their own hierarchy too—the more low-tier gods there were, the higher the relative status of the Vanir gods. No matter what, they were native deities, and having joined the Aesir early, once they conquered another world, they'd naturally rank above the newly conquered.

Half a day later in the Silver Palace, those gods already in the know saw the refreshed and glowing Thalos and felt a surge of excitement, though most of the subordinate gods and giants were still unaware of what was going on.

Thalos first made a show of publicly announcing another matter:

"My subordinates failed in their duties, resulting in Odin's remnant soul escaping and fleeing to another world. The remnant itself is of little significance—at most, it's a mortal-grade soul. After all, his core soul has long been absorbed by me and now serves as the sword-spirit of Asgard's Sword. What I want to speak of is the world he entered. Let's call it the Celtic World."

Odin still had a remnant soul left?

And a mortal-level soul managed to escape from a tightly guarded soul prison?

Those with any brains immediately sensed something was off.

Some were baffled by the absurdity.

Others, however, quietly breathed a sigh of relief—if the God-King hadn't completely annihilated his brother's soul and had even secretly let him escape, then he clearly still had a kind heart. If it had been them in Thalos's shoes, they'd never have let their brother off, not even if they were blood. Clearly, Odin was the real madman.

Soon, all attention was focused on the new intelligence.

Thalos had Brunhilde act as narrator, demonstrating the affairs of the other world. The entire great hall soon buzzed with excitement.

Thor was the most impatient of all. "Father! Is there new information?!"

"Indeed! I had previously sent three waves of Einherjar, and none returned. But this time, I threw Odin's remnant soul over, and unexpectedly, I got a surprise in return. I can now confirm that the ruling pantheon of the opposing world is called the Tuatha Dé Danann!"

A stone thrown into a pond caused waves upon waves!

The Aesir and the giants could barely contain their surging excitement.

Among all the gods, those capable of farming could be counted on one hand.

These gods—praised by Vikings and born to charge—were brutes to the bone. For them, pillaging came far easier than tilling soil. They were already discussing what spoils they could take from the new world.

Thalos let them stir for a moment before raising his hand to silence their endless chatter.

"I did indeed say—Ginnungagap has just emerged from the invasion of Chaos and needs to recuperate. But it is the world that needs rest, not us. I believe that if we can facilitate a fusion of the two worlds, Ginnungagap will become stronger." Thalos deliberately chose pleasant phrasing.

Put bluntly, it would be a brutal invasion.

But Thalos's mindset was still too 'lawful.' Those giants, inherently chaotic, didn't care about that at all.

"Your Majesty! When do we get to storm them?!" roared the strongest surface-dwelling giant, Hrungnir, brandishing his massive flint club, inciting cheers from the other giants.

Over here, Frey—who had gotten the inside scoop from his sister Freya—was uncharacteristically belligerent. It had been so long that people almost forgot he used to be a war god!

Frey stepped forward and drew the Sword of Victory with a flourish.

"Your Majesty! We Aesir have been hungry for too long. We long for the next triumph under your leadership!"

His "we Aesir" rolled off the tongue so naturally that even the pure-blooded Aesir gods didn't find anything off. This was the benefit of a common enemy. After defeating a shared mortal foe and taking hits for one another on the battlefield, it was easy to become brothers regardless of lineage.

With him taking the lead, even the Valkyrie goddesses jumped out to request to join the war.

By the end, the whole Silver Hall echoed with cries of "War! War! War!"

Thalos lightly raised his right hand, and the hall instantly fell silent—so quiet that even a needle dropping could be heard.

In a way, this also demonstrated the absolute reverence Thalos commanded among gods and giants alike.

"From the time our previous God-King Bor founded our clan, the new Aesir were defined as an inclusive people. Since inheriting the role of God-King, I have acted with diligence, never forgetting that founding principle. Thus, we welcome new allies—but we also firmly reject chaos-bringers who destroy the world. Therefore, the rules we established must be followed!"

Then Thalos shifted tone: "The Tuatha Dé Danann of the Celtic world have harbored Ginnungagap's traitor Odin. That means they've tacitly permitted the spread of chaos. That is a direct provocation against Ginnungagap's order. Such a grave offense must be punished! However, I will give the Tuatha Dé Danann a chance to defend themselves. If they are willing to repent and submit, we will..."

Thalos went on for a while—in essence, warning his subordinates not to lose their moral compass.

Indulging in plunder was easy, but once the war ended, those who had engaged in unrestrained slaughter would become dangerous elements. In times of peace, Thalos would have a headache dealing with them.

Starting a war was fine—but it had to be a righteous one!

Odin's escape was the perfect *casus belli* for Thalos.

Wrapping up, Thalos declared: "In as little as half a year, or at most a year, this matter will have a resolution—whether war or peace. All of you, return and prepare your armies."

"Yes—" Even those who were still excited knew it was time to follow orders.

Such was the benefit of an ordered world!

No matter what, they now had something new to look forward to.