

Thalos 152

Chapter 152: Everyone, Go Learn Divine Descent!

After dismissing the others, Thalos casually had the core gods and giant representative Hrungnir remain behind.

First, Heimdall, as the one in charge of the Rainbow Bridge, presented the data from that night:

"Based on multiple tests with the Rainbow Bridge, the barrier of the opposing Celtic World is currently in a state of instability. We can deploy combat forces there more easily than before. Since Odin's soul crossed over, we've successfully transported a two-digit number of living divine attendants. However, when we tried to send a Valkyrie, it seems to have triggered resistance from the world's will."

The one used for testing was the Valkyrie Olrun. She stepped forward to explain the Celtic World's reaction in detail.

"It was like a three-leaf windmill. It scanned my soul, then summoned a powerful energy to attack me. Fortunately, Lord Heimdall acted quickly and reversed the Rainbow Bridge to pull me back—otherwise, I'd be gone."

Her testimony made everyone frown.

Hela spoke up: "If the barrier rejects all Aesir, isn't that going to be a problem?"

Thalos decided: "It's troublesome, but not impossible. A world's will is always wary of entities that don't originate from it. However, it's less hostile toward those without an obvious marker—such as beings that have appeared in the Celtic World before. I'm talking about chaotic giants!"

"What?" The room erupted into a commotion.

That was insane.

Just to test it, His Majesty actually sent a chaotic giant across?

Loki spoke: "Your Majesty, does this mean we could potentially send orderly giants too?"

Thalos glanced at Hrungnir. "I need a volunteer giant. Of course, it can't be you, as the greatest warrior among them."

"Ugh..." The strongest surface giant was clearly frustrated—he'd wanted to be the first to charge in. He lowered his head in resignation. "Fine..."

Thalos turned away, the corners of his mouth curling into a slightly mocking smile. "The Celtic World was heavily ravaged by Chaos. It desperately needs a true God-King to stabilize its broken laws. The funny thing is—it doesn't seem to have such a figure."

Laughter broke out among the gods.

"Of course! Not every so-called 'God-King' is as powerful as Lord Borson!"

"Pfft! They're not even real God-Kings, just pretenders."

"That the Celtic World is being offered to His Majesty is their greatest blessing!"

These were the more cunning members of the pantheon—flattery came naturally to them.

Thalos gestured downward with one hand, and silence returned. "Next, I'll continue searching for weaknesses in the other world. Ideally, we'll gain remote recognition from its will. But if that fails, then it's time for you all to learn what Divine Descent really means."

"Divine Descent?" The unfamiliar term left the warlike gods completely baffled.

"Loki! Show them what a clone is," Thalos ordered.

Loki obeyed.

His vividly lifelike illusion clones appeared—nothing new for the group.

Just as some of them began to understand, Thalos demonstrated himself.

Suddenly, two identical Thalos clones appeared beside Gullveig.

"Gullveig, look over here!"

"No! Look this way instead!"

In the next instant, both Thalos figures reached out simultaneously, each grabbing one of her hands, chatting with the same voice as they swung her arms.

The scene left the war-gods utterly dumbfounded.

"Ah! This..."

"Three of His Majesty?!"

"How is this even possible?"

Everyone began murmuring, except for Hela, who quickly grasped the truth: "Ah! His Majesty infused each illusion clone with divine power—and a small piece of his soul?"

"Correct!" Thalos dismissed both clones. "First, learn from Loki, Gullveig, and Hela how to make illusionary clones. Then learn from Hela how to split off a fragment of your own soul and insert it into either a clone or a devoted believer's body. Finally, master the skill of long-distance soul projection—allowing the clone to possess one-third of your main body's strength. That is true Divine Descent!"

This concept was a true challenge for these warlike gods.

Most of them had been born with the strength granted by their giant bloodlines and were used to charging headfirst into battle. Now asking them to play tricks like this was a genuine struggle.

But the skill of Divine Descent was something they had to learn.

Their physical bodies were certainly powerful, but sending their true forms to fight in another world was far too risky. Under the opposing world's laws, a True God from Ginnungagap might end up being no stronger than a glorified foot soldier.

And if they died over there, the loss would be catastrophic.

Worse, if they died in the other world, their soul would likely be unrecoverable!

Only by adapting to and penetrating the other world's barrier with soul projections could they act with relative safety.

At worst, they'd suffer a minor soul injury. That was far better than having their true bodies perish.

The appearance of the Celtic World sparked even greater thoughts in Thalos's mind.

As a transmigrator, he naturally understood the implications.

If the Celtic World existed, then other divine pantheons probably existed too.

To some extent, Thalos was relieved that the world Ginnungagap connected with was the Celtic one. It made sense—after all, the Celts were one of the three great "barbarian" tribes during Europe's Dark Ages. The Vikings, who worshipped the Aesir, were geographically adjacent to Celtic lands.

Historically, Viking pirates raided the Celts countless times. They had fought for centuries over the British Isles.

Waging war against the Celtic World now felt like destiny itself.

The other Aesir gods might know nothing about the Celtic World, but Thalos, the transmigrator, was a different story.

He knew that on the British Isles, besides the Tuatha Dé Danann of Ireland, there might very well be the famed King Arthur and the Knights of Fionn on the neighboring main island.

Currently, intelligence was lacking.

But Thalos was very curious—if this world truly had a King Arthur, would he be a bearded old man? Or perhaps a petite and adorable blonde swordswoman?

Curious as he was, Thalos already had a pretty strong guess.

It was unlikely to be a female version of Arthur.

After all, Ginnungagap's world closely resembled the original mythological state of the Edda, so its twin world—the Celtic one—was likely to be equally authentic.

This meant that even if Arthur existed, there'd probably be no Holy Grail or Round Table—those were later Christian inventions.

Such is the cruelty of history. Though many descendants of the Celts survived into later generations, their mythologies—originally passed down orally—were lost or heavily rewritten by the victors after the Celts were largely exterminated as "barbarians."