

Thalos 154

Chapter 154: I'll Let You Try—for Now

Siegfried: "I think so too. And he didn't react at all to my signal."

Beowulf's expression turned serious. "Is the Twilight thing really true?"

Siegfried answered solemnly, "Absolutely. I left after the Twilight. I saw it with my own eyes—His Majesty beheaded Odin!"

Beowulf frowned. "Can't imagine what His Majesty was thinking, actually letting Odin go. But I guess... it's all within His Majesty's calculations."

"Most likely, His Majesty couldn't bring himself to completely erase Odin's soul. Now all we can do is take one step at a time. Who could've guessed this pathetic world doesn't even have a proper bell tower?"

"No—it's fine. More and more of our own are making it here. That proves His Majesty hasn't abandoned us."

"Of course!" Siegfried nodded. "There's no way Odin could've escaped on his own in such a short time. His Majesty must have had a reason. We won't expose ourselves—we'll do our jobs and wait for the signal."

"Alright!"

On the other side, Thalos had sent over so many spies that, while many were lost to the world's barrier at first, he still ended up infiltrating both factions of the Tuatha Dé Danann—supporters and opposition alike.

And that was without even establishing contact yet.

Once that connection was made, it'd be fireworks.

Back in the Aesir, the first to master Divine Descent was Hela.

She had an innate talent for magic and had inherited Loki's teachings. With her powers over death, she became the first to successfully cast a cross-dimensional Divine Descent, projecting her avatar from Helheim to Asgard.

"Not bad. Now... how about this?" From the high throne of the Silver Palace, Thalos slightly expanded his wide-area psychic shield. Instantly, Hela's projection distorted and unraveled—its soul fragment forcibly expelled and hurled back across space to Helheim.

Only after Thalos retracted his shield did Hela nervously summon her avatar again into the Silver Palace.

"As expected of His Majesty!" Hela bowed respectfully.

Thalos, resting his chin on his palm, said, "This is why one-way soul projection is unreliable. What you need is someone utterly devoted to you—willing to burn their soul and body for you. Ideally, someone who actively aligns with your essence."

"And such a person is called...?"

"A Chosen of the God."

For a transmigrator, this was common knowledge among fantasy lovers. But to the divine brutes of Ginnungagap, it was a brand-new concept.

By introducing Divine Descent, Thalos had made the gods start taking mortal believers seriously.

Whether or not they'd ever master Divine Descent, one thing was certain—gathering Chosen aligned with their souls was a must.

Time flew—three months passed.

More Aesir had gradually learned the art of Divine Descent. Even though their technique was still crude, it all depended on the benchmark.

Compared to Thalos, their efforts were pitiful.

But compared to their past selves—or the Tuatha Dé Danann—they were powerful.

After all, many divine arts and spells are created out of necessity. The Tuatha Dé Danann ruled a small island—if this weren't a Celtic world, it would just be a tiny speck on Earth called Ireland. With so few subjects, there had never been any need for long-range divine control like Divine Descent.

In contrast, the Aesir had already leapt far ahead.

But that still wasn't enough.

Even if the Aesir had learned the mechanics of Divine Descent, that didn't guarantee successful projection.

Whether a descent succeeded still depended on the Celtic world's attitude.

After long observation and multiple probing attempts by his subordinates, Thalos finally made his own move on the damaged and dazed Celtic world.

He didn't sneak in like a thief.

That didn't suit a God-King's dignity. And his power was so great that even splitting off one ten-thousandth of it would trigger the world's defense mechanism. So he simply sent a fully-formed avatar and knocked on the door—grandly and openly.

Every independent world instinctively rejects foreign deities.

But context matters.

What would be impossible under normal circumstances might become feasible after a heavy strike from Chaos.

Thalos had studied the Celtic world closely, evaluating its regression, order decay, stability, energy flow, and spatial coordinates—and concluded that it was in terrible shape.

It was dying.

At such moments, the world's will instinctively seeks help from its strongest god.

Clearly, the Celtic world had failed.

Or it wouldn't look this broken.

So Thalos made his entrance.

At the very moment the thought I shall appear formed in his mind, it was like a newborn planet forming—only accelerated ten billion times. A seemingly perfect god (in truth, an avatar) appeared at the boundary of the Celtic world.

"Celtic world! You are wounded! Do you need aid from Order?" Thalos's divine voice echoed through the barriers, shaking the very will of the Celtic realm.

Half an hour passed before a faint reply emerged.

[Who are you?]

"I am Thalos Borson, God-King of Ginnungagap! Not long ago, I purified Chaos and saved my world. Then I saw you, my twin world, ravaged and broken. I mean no harm—this is simply a greeting from Order. If you view this as intrusion, I will leave at once."

As he spoke, the light on the thousand-meter-tall avatar began to fade—clearly preparing to depart.

Thalos was gambling.

Gambling on the Celtic world's innocence.

Gambling on its grievous injuries.

World-wills are predictable.

When all is well, they ignore any call.

But when their very existence is threatened, they panic more than anyone.

Legend has it that when a world faces invasion, it releases vast amounts of origin power to rapidly spawn powerful entities in self-defense.

Thalos's Ginnungagap was still wounded. If possible, he preferred to avoid a full-scale war between worlds.

And fighting Chaos was the best possible excuse.

[Why should I trust you?]

Thalos didn't hesitate. He displayed memory fragments from the Twilight War.

A thunderous voice roared across the void.

"I, Thalos Borson, God-King of Ginnungagap—"

"I am the Creator of Order in Ginnungagap!"

"I carved a land of Order from the Chaos Void!"

"All Chaos in the universe is my enemy—"

"I swear this: Until my end, I shall follow this vow and this path—!"

Almost the moment his words ended, the Celtic world responded.

Different world-laws and orders began to intertwine, and fragments of memory surged into Thalos's spiritual sea—mountains and seas, sun and stars, seasons shifting, day and night passing.

Though it too used the four elements—earth, water, fire, and wind—it did so in a simpler, more primitive fashion.

Before he knew it, the gate to a new world cracked open just a little for Thalos.

[I'll let you try—for now.]