

## **Thalos 189**

### Chapter 189

Exile was a fine civilization.

If an issue could be resolved simply by removing it from one's sphere of influence—rather than exhausting oneself to death trying to eliminate it—then indeed, that was convenient.

But Thalos wasn't the sort to be irresponsible.

He believed in cause and effect. The chaotic forces he could resolve within the twin worlds, he handled completely—purging them and converting the resulting orderly energy into reinforcements for the world's barrier.

As for Odin's exile, that was just an add-on.

By now, whether Odin went off to a third world and built another massive army of chaos was no longer Thalos's concern.

Their shared bloodline forged a strong destiny tether between them. Thalos could easily sense any world Odin stumbled into next.

And Odin surely knew this too.

But it didn't matter.

This was what one called an "open conspiracy"—impossible to prevent.

If Odin truly lay low in another world, Thalos, as the avatar of order, would never pursue him. That wasn't in line with his principles, nor the code he himself had established.

If, however, Odin stirred up chaos again—then Thalos would come, as any good brother would, to cleanse the realm of its enemy.

As he enjoyed the service of Scathach and Medb, lazily swirling a golden goblet of blood-red wine, Thalos knew this was fate.

And fate was never calm.

Whenever you thought your path was tranquil, the next tidal wave may already be forming just over the horizon, ready to crash upon you.

By seizing the opportunity to absorb the Celtic world, Thalos had boosted his new world's world origin by at least 50%!

And that was after accounting for all the damage and shrinkage caused by chaos.

In addition, the fusion of Celtic world's damaged barrier with Ginnungagap's had resulted in a dual-layered defense system.

The inner core was Ginnungagap's barrier, now reinforced by 30%. The outer layer was made of fragmented pieces of the Celtic barrier—like reactive armor on a tank, designed to detonate outward under impact, absorbing enemy forces with counter-shock.

On the defensive front, they had leveled up.

Internally, elemental energy saw dramatic increases: water up 78%, earth up 34%, wind up 81%, fire up 29%. How to balance and wield these elements had become a feast for the four elemental gods.

Naturally, as the god overseeing Sky and Water, Thalos reaped the most benefit.

Incidentally, the Celtic fire god Belenus nearly became the biggest winner—at least until Thalos appointed Loki to temporarily oversee the fire element, with Belenus as his assistant.

One, Belenus wasn't qualified.

Two, Thalos owed Loki a favor—for aiding Odin's "escape" back then.

Still, Loki couldn't sit still, and Thalos wasn't about to entrust him with one of the four core elements long term.

With all that settled, to outside observers Thalos now seemed like a king at leisure—flirting with his new mortal consorts, drinking merrily at the Palace of Revelry.

Only those who dealt with him directly knew the truth: their god-king was still relentlessly working behind the scenes on matters far beyond the comprehension of mortals—or even most gods.

For instance, Freyr received a task:

"Can you construct an object that continuously emits light signals? I want to launch it into the void beyond our world. After all, light is the most penetrative energy in the chaotic cosmos."

Freyr frowned. "It's possible, but Your Majesty should know—light can still be eroded by chaos. And if we can see it, so might potential enemies."

Thalos shook his head. "That's the point—I want friend and foe alike to see it."

"Hm?"

"The existence of the Celtic world proves Ginnungagap is not the only civilization in the chaotic universe. If there's one, there may well be others. We cannot peer through chaos to see far. But at least, with a beacon, we can detect incoming threats early—and buy time for war preparations."

Freyr bowed deeply. "Your foresight humbles us all, my liege."

Thalos waved him off. "Go. I want results within one quarter."

"Yes, my king!"

As for the divine cow Audumbla, she had vanished.

After Ragnarök, this troublesome creature had simply disappeared—without fanfare or explanation.

No one knew where she came from. No one knew where she went.

She had brought with her legacies of past civilizations and countless ancients. But who ruled Ginnungagap had never been her concern.

From now on, fate would be guided by Thalos alone.

Over decades of observation, Thalos concluded: the Ginnungagap twin worlds were not stationary in this chaotic cosmos.

They drifted—ever so slowly—with the current of a vast cosmic tide.

Thus, a soul forged by order was sent forward to "swim" at the vanguard.

It was the soul of Kraken, one of the ancient Ten Behemoths.

Now, transformed into a translucent, semi-tangible form, it writhed ahead—eight massive tendrils stretching thousands of meters, groping through the void.

A distance of 100,000 kilometers.

That was Thalos's current safe limit for controlling Kraken's soul—not the absolute range of his control, but the most cost-effective.

Too far, and it would consume excessive divine and mental power.

Too close, and it defeated the purpose of scouting.

This was the best balance for now.

Alongside all of this, Thalos was equally focused on public messaging for the mortals.

Soon, under his directive, catchy "ancient legends" began spreading across the lands:

"In the beginning, the twin worlds were one. When chaos shattered the harmony, the world was torn in two.

Two wills emerged—sisters, never forgetting each other.

One day, both sisters faced the tide of chaos.

Elder sister Ginnungagap, under the wise and mighty King Thalos Borson, triumphed first.

But she never forgot her sister.

Seeking help far and wide, her prayers reached Thalos.

And the God-King declared:

'If this is the will of the worlds—then so shall it be.'"