

Thalos 191

Chapter 191 New Guest

The myths and history of Ginnungagap were essentially passed on to the British Isles unchanged by various priests and bards.

However, the story of the Celtic War was cleverly altered using the "Ginnungagap narrative style": the greatest evil god was turned into Bres. On one hand, he exploited Nuada's embarrassment over his severed hand to harshly oppress the Tuatha Dé Danann, and on the other, he colluded with Elatha, the Fomorian chaos giant chieftain, since Bres was actually Elatha's son.

After using the chaos giants to seize control of the Emerald Isle, Bres, afraid of another mortal uprising, threw the nominal throne to the exiled remnant soul of Odin in the Celtic lands.

The treacherous Bres propped Odin up as a puppet and manipulated everything from behind the scenes.

Unfortunately for him, the collusion between Odin and Bres was discovered by His Majesty the wise and valiant God-King, which led to the Aesir gods supporting the mortal coalition of the three major islands at a critical moment, defeating chaos in one strike and reclaiming control over the world.

To be honest, the story was brilliantly crafted.

At least from the perspective of mortals, there were no flaws to be heard.

What a tale—the benevolent God-King couldn't bear to harm his own brother, so he exiled the rebellious soul, only for it to be exploited by the evil God-King Bres.

Ahem!

In any case, Bres's divine soul had already been refined by a certain God-King into a sword spirit, fused with the newly forged "Sword of the Celts," and it was a fact that Bres had once tormented the Tuatha Dé Danann.

When the God-King ordered this tale to be spread among mortals, the Tuatha Dé Danann, who benefited greatly from it, unanimously agreed—yes! It was all Bres's damn fault!

The envoys of the Tuatha Dé Danann even had their divine emissaries vividly describe to their followers how shameless Bres had been back then, forcing the gods to build city walls while levying heavy taxes to pay tribute to his father Elatha.

Everything was Bres's fault!

In contrast, the mere remnant of Odin's soul hadn't accomplished much of anything.

The mortals of Ginnungagap were left baffled after hearing this: that guy Odin stirred up a Ragnarok in Ginnungagap and then did nothing but that in the Celtic world?

Since the various mortal races of Ginnungagap hadn't experienced the battle for the Emerald Isle, they could only believe what they were told.

Thus, this artistically refined version of events was recorded into history books.

Very few beings knew that Thalos had repeatedly indulged Odin simply as bait.

Even fewer knew that Thalos was using a "former God-King" as the bait.

Most of the time, it wasn't about whether Odin wanted to continue rebelling or not—it was that he had to. His very existence served as the best excuse for others to target Ginnungagap.

Unless Odin became absolutely resolute and could completely hide his origins and whereabouts...

On the other hand, Odin still didn't know that he was actually Thalos's true vanguard.

Thalos received visions of fate through Odin while steadily completing the integration of the Celtic world.

Years passed in the blink of an eye.

The Celts lived in peace and prosperity, while the Tuatha Dé Danann and the new gods recently promoted by Thalos had completely integrated into the Aesir pantheon.

For the new members, Thalos offered some policy advantages, but when it came to resolving conflicts among them, he truly treated everyone equally, addressing issues without bias toward any specific god.

Of course, these Tuatha Dé Danann and new gods remained at the very bottom of the divine hierarchy.

As always, they needed a war to prove their loyalty to the Aesir gods.

Thalos would flirt with girls when he had nothing better to do and occasionally shrink his body to spar with Scáthach.

Most of his time was still spent expanding his God-King perception, exploring the environment ahead of the world.

In the chaotic cosmos, it was hard to speak of direction or order; most of the time, the world felt like it was drifting through a mass of paste.

Thalos once suspected that the Ginnungagap world was just going in circles.

He had dispatched many small stones containing seeds of order to the outside of the world, especially wrapped in chaos. With their ultra-high order energy density, they could persist in the chaotic universe for a hundred years.

This was the standard he established during his lonely drifting days before entering Ginnungagap.

Since then, Thalos had never recovered any of the order beacons he released.

This could only mean one thing—either the Ginnungagap world wasn't in a closed loop, or the loop was so massive that a single cycle took hundreds of years.

The muddy yellow chaotic universe felt infinite and boundless. Whether it was nebulae or floating asteroids, everything seemed thoroughly permeated by chaotic power, exuding a putrid and twisted stench.

Occasionally, the exploratory Krakens or the world barrier of Ginnungagap would encounter some small or medium-sized chaos monsters. These creatures didn't necessarily appear as giants—they came in all grotesque shapes. They floated in the void, sometimes clashing when they encountered each other, with the victor devouring the loser to grow stronger.

However, these beings were far too small, like moths flying into a flame. Once encountered, they would be instantly vaporized, not even registering on Thalos's divine sense.

But today was different.

Several kilometers ahead of the Kraken, a golden "small" celestial body appeared. It emitted a golden radiance that dispersed the chaotic mist in a radius of hundreds of kilometers, illuminating the surrounding cosmic space.

Seeing this scene through his divine sense, Thalos was both stunned and delighted.

"Finally, a guest?" Thalos felt a long-lost sense of novelty.

Even though the fusion of worlds brought endless problems large and small for him to handle every day, after such prolonged peace, boredom was inevitable.

Now things had changed. The forward Kraken's soul had been struck head-on.

A long arrow tore through the void, and a dramatic divine light cannon spanned the cosmos.

As a manifestation of the opposing divine power, a massive light arrow shot toward the Kraken's soul at a velocity akin to a cannon shell.

Had this strike occurred within the Ginnungagap world, it would have been enough to collapse mountains, sink the lands of a minor world, and even shake the world's barrier.

But this was the chaotic universe, and the chaotic cloud masses floating in the void were enough to contain the unrestrained spread of this order energy.

In fact, this also served to shield the Ginnungagap world, trailing a hundred thousand kilometers behind.

Thalos immediately contacted the world's will: \\[Ginnungagap! The monster soul I sent ahead has been attacked by order energy. I estimate there's another world not far ahead waiting for us. Can you halt the drift immediately?]

\\[Affirmative.]

The Ginnungagap world began to "brake" in the void.

This was no simple feat. Although the world's movement through the chaotic cosmos was extremely slow, stopping such a massive body from drifting to becoming relatively stationary felt like a mild magnitude 1 or 2 earthquake to the intelligent lifeforms inside.

"What happened?" The Aesir gods rushed to the Golden Palace to ask.

"We have a new guest!"

This news sent Asgard into a frenzy of excitement.