

Thalos 192

Chapter 192: A Barrage of Wild Punches

No!

Just how massive would a god have to be?

Thalos instinctively associated the idea with those sky gods who used their own bodies to become the heavens, then quickly dismissed most of them—because in his understanding, only one being used stone as their sky...

"Is it possible that this barrier was constructed recently?"

Thalos wasn't entirely sure, but he cautiously used his divine power to throw a massive chunk of chaos-forged stone.

Before long, that chaos stone—launched at high speed with the currents—crashed into the rocky barrier with a sharp, resounding crack.

In the next instant, a boundless wave of divine power slowly spread out from this colossal world, enveloping a hundred-kilometer radius of chaotic cosmos.

Thalos once again relied on passive sensing to feel this divine power.

While he conducted his scans, the gods and giants gathered below the divine throne were growing anxious.

Their expressions shifted along with Thalos's own, collectively sharing his ups and downs.

Of course, Thor was the most impatient of them all. "Father, any news?"

"There's something, I suppose," Thalos replied, prompting a chorus of excited howls from the floor.

He then mentally projected what he had seen through long-distance sensing onto the great hall as a psychic image.

"This is the enemy's world. A world with a rocky exterior. From what I can tell, it looks like a planet."

"A planet?" Freyr asked dumbly.

Thalos facepalmed. He'd been here so long, he'd nearly forgotten—this world's people only knew the model of a flat earth beneath a dome of sky. In their minds, continents were lifted on a flat plane, with a shell-like firmament above.

He conjured another projection, this time of a spherical planet. "This is a planet. It has a rotating landmass at the center—"

"Wouldn't mortals be flung off it while it spins?" someone quickly interjected.

Thalos had to spend quite a bit of effort to barely explain that worlds didn't necessarily have to follow the flat-earth model.

"In any case, the enemy has a god—either of the sky or the earth—who's wrapped their entire world in their massive body. But we might be in luck. There's a noticeable breach in their barrier."

He highlighted the location in the mind projection.

"Could it be a trap?" Tyr asked.

Thalos shook his head. "Unlikely. I can sense heavy traces of chaotic corruption in that area."

This was the third world now. It seemed that multiple worlds had been invaded by chaos at roughly the same time.

"Your Majesty, should we continue to wait?" Loki voiced the question on everyone's mind—both gods and giants alike.

"We probably should wait... wait—what?!"

A chill ran down Thalos's spine.

He had just sensed that the enemy world had started moving—in reverse—charging directly toward Ginnungagap.

This...

Thalos was genuinely stunned.

He always preferred to plan before acting.

But clearly, the enemy belonged to the "punch-first-think-later" school of thought.

This guy really had the kind of energy you'd expect from a wild brawler knocking out a grandmaster with sheer brute force.

Thalos was almost thrown off completely.

A distance of 100,000 kilometers might seem far, but before his transmigration, Earth and the Moon were just over 380,000 kilometers apart.

For two massive worlds, this was actually a very close range.

True, even combined, neither world could compare in size to Earth, but Thalos had overlooked one thing—worlds could sense each other.

\\[Thalos! The enemy world has detected us. It's accelerating toward us!] The will of Ginnungagap suddenly transmitted the message.

What could Thalos do but smile wryly as he made the announcement: "The enemy world has found us. It's accelerating this way. Estimated contact in three days."

"What?"

"Nice!"

"Hurray!"

"Prepare for war! Immediate battle preparations!"

"Sound the alarm! All ten worlds enter wartime status immediately!"

First, the Golden Palace exploded into a frenzy, and soon the news spread throughout Asgard and the ten major worlds, including the British Isles.

"DONG—DONG—DONG!" Within half a day, the piercing sound of war bells rang out across every mortal kingdom.

Countless couriers rode out from capital cities across the realms, relaying the war warning to every province, then to every town and village.

The entire Ginnungagap world was boiling over!

And the enemy world? Equally ablaze.

In the second layer of sky within their realm—a divine kingdom forged of Saggilmuttu stone—a powerful voice thundered across the heavens:

"O Anunnaki gods—I have detected a completely new and unknown world approaching! Prepare for battle—!"

"No warning! No mercy!"

"What awaits them is nothing but our merciless destruction—!"

"Let my storm winds destroy all that they are."

"Let their gods become our slaves! Let their mortals become our sacrifices!"

"Go—Anunnaki gods—!"

The enemy god-king's reaction left Thalos utterly speechless.

He had assumed, however cautiously, that the other side might be willing to talk.

Who would've thought they'd open with pure physics?

The massive enemy world charged forward without hesitation. For a moment, Thalos truly thought they were about to collide head-on with the new Ginnungagap world and perish together in mutual destruction.

Fortunately, the enemy began to decelerate once the distance closed to within 10,000 kilometers.

"Oh? Planning a boarding action? Now this is getting interesting."

For most worlds, their physical bodies weren't especially effective as weapons.

Firstly, a world's will was an incredibly sluggish entity. Secondly, most world-wills didn't even understand the concept of "attack." They could only entrust their strongest intelligent beings to protect them.

What made Ginnungagap an extraordinary exception was its rare fusion of a conquered chaotic force with the will of a God-King.

As the enemy world slowly drew nearer, roots of the World Tree extended outward beyond the Ginnungagap barrier.

"What is that?" the enemy God-King exclaimed in alarm.

Sure, he could summon devastating apocalyptic storms—but all his wind-based attacks were rooted in elemental forces. And trying to use wind elements in a chaotic universe? That was a joke.

No matter how much wind energy you poured in, it probably wouldn't matter!

That limitation meant aerial combat was a privilege reserved for only a handful of deities.

Sure enough, the mysterious female deity with the great bow reappeared. She loosed massive golden arrows of divine light, trying to intercept the advancing roots of the World Tree.

Her interception wasn't exactly effective—but it was better than nothing.

Thanks to differing world laws, her attacks were like waves striking the sea.

Yes, they stirred up massive swells—

But how much damage could that really do to World Tree roots encased in a different set of laws, behind a world's protective barrier?

The roots of Yggdrasil did not move fast—barely a hundred meters per second—but to a sluggish, colossal world, that speed was absolutely astonishing.