

## Thalos 197

### Chapter 197: Unified Script!

The initial invasion point of the Sumerian pantheon had been a deliberate setup by Thalos. But from there onward, where the enemy chose to attack next was out of his control.

As long as they weren't utterly brain-dead, they'd likely pick a location not far from the fog-covered land of Niflheim as their next breakthrough point.

First, to echo their vanguard forces.

Second, to try widening the "wound" in Ginnungagap's world barrier.

So, when the solar gods led their attendants in a high-speed assault, deftly avoiding Thalos's World Tree tendrils, they ended up diving straight into... the Ironwood Forest in the southeastern region of Midgard's middle layer.

Thalos, seeing this, gave a rather strange look: "Are they really the enemy?"

Ironwood—an old, festering den of filth.

Ever since Ragnarok obliterated the Chaos coalition, the organized presence of chaos creatures across the Nine Realms had vanished. But in such a vast world, some foul remnants always linger.

Ironwood had long been home to the surviving offspring of Fenrir. These chaos demon-wolves hid in every possible nook of the forest—whether hollow trees or deep cave systems.

After wiping out Chaos's main force, Thalos had no reason to completely raze Ironwood. The place was far too large, and overall, it remained under the rule of order. If the Aesir turned the forest upside down, they might not even destroy all the demon-wolves—and doing so might even provoke the world will.

But now, Utu descended and delivered a "map-wide bombardment" on the region most vulnerable to chaos corruption.

The thick cloud cover in the sky was suddenly torn apart by another "sun." The clouds recoiled in terror, scattering in all directions.

When that blazing "sun" plummeted from the heavens and slammed into the earth, more than a third of Ironwood was instantly reduced to charcoal under ultra-high-temperature solar fire.

Birds, beasts, and even worms in the soil were all incinerated alongside the towering trees by the searing sunlight.

Even the massive hole in the world's barrier was locked in place, unable to close under such intense solar power.

Thalos could feel a deep groan echoing through the void.

That agonized rumble from the world will—and the fury that followed—clearly targeted Utu, the reckless Sumerian sun god who had blasted his way in without restraint.

But more than the damage, what fascinated Thalos was something else—within the blink of an eye, countless law-symbols erupted from Utu's body, tearing apart the local laws over Ironwood and turning them into chaotic energy turbulence, dissipating into the air.

"That's a world-class weapon of war!" Thalos exclaimed.

[Get rid of him—quickly!] Ginnungagap's world will raged.

Worlds were supposed to be passive entities. World wills even more so—usually vague and abstract. But Ginnungagap had been trained well by Thalos. Its laws operated smoothly, and its will was unusually active.

Sensing his world's fury, Thalos smiled. "Relax—I know why this is happening."

He focused on the swirling clay tablets rotating around Utu.

These were cuneiform tablets—mud slabs inscribed with wedge-shaped writing, later dried and hardened.

In Mesopotamia's later eras, cuneiform tablets covered a wide range of content—laws, codes, and more.

At this moment, the power affecting Ginnungagap's Ironwood wasn't coming from some random trinket.

Thalos saw it instantly.

"Those are Destiny Tablets!"

The text inscribed on these slabs wasn't just administrative—it represented divine authority.

Any space controlled by a Destiny Tablet was forced to operate under the laws of a specific Sumerian god—or even the Sumerian world itself.

No wonder Ginnungagap reacted like a cat with its tail stepped on.

Meanwhile, seeing Utu and Ashur in action made Freyr hesitate internally.

Unfortunately, there was nowhere for him to run.

The sun was his domain. If he cowered now, he could forget holding any status in the Aesir pantheon ever again. With two solar deities on the field, there was no way he could ask Thalos for help.

Sure, the enemy was being dishonorable—two versus one.

But they were both sun gods!

Freyr's only "ally" was the Son of Light, Cú Chulainn?!

His only hope now was that his sister, Freyja, could persuade the God-King to give him more support.

Well... Freyja, though she hadn't borne Thalos a divine child, had spent many years at his side—through pillow talk and endless deference. It wasn't for nothing.

In the Silver Palace, seeing Freyja's anxious gaze, Thalos smiled—and Ironwood changed immediately.

From the scorched and blackened land, new branches of the World Tree burst forth—growing toward the heavens at astonishing speed.

Utu, noble and radiant in appearance, frowned sharply. "This world's will is... this active?"

Seeing countless roots and vines stretch skyward, Utu and Ashur activated the Destiny Tablets without hesitation.

"I declare—this is the domain of solar brilliance!"

"I declare—this is the sky of the eternal sun!"

If Ginnungagap's will had been acting alone, it would've been caught off guard. Every attack and action would have been instinctive, like a blank sheet thrown at an enemy—whatever the enemy printed on it would be out of the world's control.

But too bad.

It had a perfect partner—Thalos.

Just when Utu and Ashur thought they had succeeded, they were horrified to discover that the emerging branches now bore... other tablets.

Different material!

Stronger structure!

And the writing on them? Completely foreign!

Of course—it was Thalos's own creation: Order Tablets, inscribed with Runes and Runas spell inscriptions.

In truth, Order Tablets and Destiny Tablets were essentially the same thing under different names. Both forcibly defined how laws operated in a given region. Laws not present were banned; similar laws were reinterpreted to match the user's rules.

A classic case of legal authority warfare.

Back in the Silver Palace, Thalos picked up a feathered pen.

This was no ordinary pen—it was a feather from the chaotic Giant Eagle Vedrfolnir!

It embodied the purest chaos!

From chaos, he forged his own order—that was Ginnungagap.

Thalos began writing through space, his strokes forming Runes across reality.

[I, Thalos Borson, elected God-King of Ginnungagap and the Celtic World, hereby declare—]

[Unified Script!]