

## Thalos 226

Chapter 226: [Solo Move]

Not a single soul within the Ginnungagap world knew the true nature of this chaotic universe.

Even after devouring two and a half worlds and gaining a tremendous increase in divine power, Thalos still couldn't sense what was happening ten thousand kilometers away with any precision.

The swirling chaotic energy blocked all optical detection. The only somewhat reliable method came from using soul-anchored entities—like the remnants of Kraken—as probes.

Building upon these particularly powerful souls, Thalos crafted large "kites" designed specifically for the chaotic universe. Take for instance the monster Humbaba from Sumerian mythology, slain by Gilgamesh, or the Bull of Heaven, which perished during the previous world clash—Thalos had captured both of their souls.

These formidable souls were repurposed into octopus-like soul-constructs.

They deployed fragmented, low-density soul projections in all directions ahead of Ginnungagap's path, probing the chaos as far as possible.

Then, one of Humbaba's soul projections detected something strange—a unique current.

"How odd." Thalos grimaced.

By all rights, even other worlds would struggle to detect the presence of such a chaotic current.

The opposing current was shaped like a flute: every few thousand kilometers, there would be an intersection with Ginnungagap's own current.

If Thalos hadn't sent those soul probes, it was entirely possible that both worlds would have paralleled each other for decades or even centuries without ever knowing the other existed.

But now—Thalos had finally sensed an orderly energy fluctuation.

Without a resupply of order, beings aligned with it couldn't survive long in the chaotic sea.

Even in his past life as a True God, Thalos could only compress his power consumption to survive for a time—but not indefinitely. Only a complete and sufficiently massive world could transform chaotic energy into usable order and thus sustain ordered life.

When Thalos once again announced the discovery of a new world, an excited murmur rippled through the vast main hall of the Golden Palace.

"Haha! Finally some action!"

"My bones were starting to mold!"

"My axe is getting rusty. Time to sharpen it on someone's skull."

They were all used to this by now.

The brutes would bellow and boast, while those with actual brains would gather around the God-King to devise strategy. Those with the word "BRAWN" stamped on their chests would just wait for the command to charge.

The real urgency stirred within Valhalla.

Skadi stood solemnly at the selection platform, leaning on her divine spear. She was the will of Thalos incarnate for this operation. Beside her stood the heroic figures of Siegfried and Beowulf.

With a single gesture, Skadi's razor-sharp voice rang across the hall.

"Warriors of Valhalla! Your long training is about to be tested in the fire of reality!"

"An unknown hostile world lies parallel to our own."

"Just as you've trained for all these years—find an opening, infiltrate that world, and return with any information you can gather."

"Then lie in wait. When the worlds align, return in glory!"

"Understood?"

The specially trained souls of these operatives were brimming with excitement, fists raised high.

"Understood! For the glory of Ginnungagap—!"

Compared to the early days, these soul-agents were far more capable.

Back then, Thalos's tactic was basically "scatter soul beans and pray."

Now, with several iterations of improvement, these agents had advanced insertion tools.

They were hidden inside seemingly common chaotic stones—massive rocks the size of small villas, commonly found floating in the chaotic void.

Their outer layers radiated the usual chaotic aura. But beneath that surface lay shards of the Luludanitu strata, which were excellent at isolating chaos and preserving orderly energies inside.

The soul-agents rested safely within.

But even that wasn't enough.

Large worlds had their own world barriers. Charging in blindly would almost certainly end in complete annihilation.

That's where Ishtar came in—Goddess of Venus and Thalos's newly recruited super-tool.

With her tremendous aerial combat potential, and thanks to the Sky and Wind domains that Thalos had shared with her, her mobility and reconnaissance ability had at least doubled—though her combat prowess may have diminished slightly.

Naturally, she was chosen to lead this infiltration mission.

Three days after departure, Ishtar finally found her chance. Through one of those "flute-hole" intersections, she entered the parallel current.

[Ishtar, status? Have you sensed the size of the other world?] Thalos inquired through the Humbaba soul-relay.

[I have. It's not small. If I circle around it once, I might map out the whole thing.]

[No. Too dangerous. There's no need for you to take that risk.]

[Aw, honey, you're worried about me? I'm so touched.]

[...]

Thalos wasn't thrilled about relying on this ditzy, occasionally brain-dead goddess. But aerial combat aptitude wasn't something you could simply train—it required the right divine domains.

If she didn't go, what then? Would Thalos or Thor do the recon themselves?

That would mean going all-in—no plan B.

Ishtar expanded her senses, pushing closer to the unknown world.

Clearly, the other side didn't have the same kind of detection infrastructure Ginnungagap did. If it were a person, it'd be a swimmer in murky water, head down, oblivious to everything around.

Ishtar's eyes were no joke.

She easily spotted a breach in their world's barrier—a massive chaotic boulder, roughly the size of a mountain, had smashed into the slowly advancing unknown world, creating intense ripples and opening a rare gap.

Without hesitation, Ishtar channeled her divine power and drew back the string of her massive Venus Godbow.

"Twang! Twang! Twang!" Three bursts of bowstring echoed through the void as several "soul-agent transports" shot straight through the breach and into the opposing world.

[Mission accomplished. All units delivered.]

Having completed the delivery, Ishtar immediately turned back, using the same flute-hole intersection to zip homeward at full speed.

Under normal circumstances, it would be time to wait for the agents to send back intel.

If they failed, a second wave could be deployed.

Unless, of course, the unexpected happened—which it did.

Upon returning, Ishtar was greeted by the sight of a panicked Enkidu running straight toward her.

"Auntie! Gilgamesh's soul fragment was inside one of the spy-stones!"

"AAAAAAHHHH! YOU IDIOT BRAT! If your soul gets damaged, I won't be able to live—!" Her shrill wail echoed through the Silver Palace.

Thalos suddenly found himself overcome with a familiar, pounding toothache.