

## Thalos 235

### Chapter 235

The emergence of a third world instantly made Thalos abandon any thought of ramming Ginnungagap into the Egyptian world.

Inside the Palace of Silver, he urgently summoned only the most intelligent core deities.

He didn't hold a full council meeting because he knew full well that the brainless, charge-first types would drag everyone into disaster. They might charge ahead with great joy, living and dying by the blade—but win or lose, Thalos, as the God-King, would be the one shouldering the consequences.

Winning was fine. But if they lost, it would be Thalos who took the fall.

Only a handful of deities were present, making the grand hall feel unusually empty.

Thalos first had Brynhildr give a briefing.

"That's the current situation. In the worst-case scenario, we could be fighting on two or even three fronts. I'd like to hear your thoughts."

Those whose minds were all muscle would've immediately shouted "Kill them all!"

The ones with at least some brains stayed silent.

Thalos didn't rush them.

Then, as usual, he went around the room, calling on each in turn.

First up, naturally, was Enki, the god of irrigation. This poor Sumerian elder was in a miserable position—his avatar was working under Gilgamesh in the Egyptian world, and his true body was working under Thalos in Ginnungagap.

"Your Majesty," said Enki, "I believe we can put the Egyptian world on hold. With the civil war between Set and Horus, reconciliation is out of the question. As long as we don't attack them, they won't turn on us until one side wins. If Gilgamesh manages things properly, that should buy us at least a few years. In the meantime, we can explore the new world and make a decision later."

Hela, being younger and more aggressive, chimed in: "We can conduct a quick probe of the third world's size. If it's smaller than us by one-third or more, I propose we strike immediately."

Compared to Hela, Freyr was more cautious—though still leaning offensive: "Whether we choose diplomacy or war, contact or infiltration, we must move quickly regarding the third world."

Thor, for once, gave a thoughtful reply: "What if... another powerful world shows up now?"

His words sent the room into deep contemplation.

It was a gamble.

In a universe with such poor visibility between worlds, no one could guarantee there weren't other worlds silently drifting nearby.

The ideal case, of course, was devour one, then go after the next.

The worst case? Fail to take the first, only to get surrounded and gang-attacked by the second, third, or more external worlds—crushing Ginnungagap in the process.

If they couldn't overwhelm an enemy pantheon outright, they'd likely be dragged into a grinding war of attrition.

Then again, delaying wasn't without risks either.

No one in the Aesir could promise that a fourth or fifth world wouldn't suddenly show up and interrupt a critical operation.

At this point, strategy was no longer the key factor. Luck seemed to matter more.

Sensing the intense gazes of his high officials, Thalos revealed a confident smile.

"The world has never been black and white. There's no such thing as an absolutely right or wrong decision. Historians may judge with the benefit of hindsight, but we act inside the fog. So instead of regretting what we didn't do, I'd rather take action—even if I regret it later. Prepare for war."

With Thalos setting the tone, the senior gods exchanged knowing smiles.

Yes! This was right!

This was the Aesir God-King Thalos Borson they were proud to serve—a bold, brilliant ruler!

Thor and Freyr bowed. "We will quickly determine the size of the second unknown world."

Hela and Enki followed with bows. "We'll prepare for all necessary support."

Ever since the founding of the Aesir, Thalos had often taken a seemingly defensive posture. But in reality, defense was what these brutes were worst at.

If attacking the Egyptian world would likely lead to an ambush from the unknown world and force Ginnungagap into passivity, then better to neutralize the second world first.

The reconnaissance didn't take long. After dispatching every available scouting soul probe and space-faring deity, Thalos got his answer.

It was a world roughly the size of the damaged Celtic realm.

Perhaps it had suffered chaotic invasions in the past. That didn't matter. What mattered was—it still leaned toward Order, and that was enough.

This time, Thalos uncharacteristically ordered Ginnungagap to accelerate and charge straight at the opposing world.

During the charge, countless chaotic boulders collided with Ginnungagap due to differing relative velocities.

Thanks to Thalos and Vidar working together to control the World Tree's roots, most of the larger chaotic stones were either blasted away or smashed into pieces.

Fragments of chaos rock clattered violently against the vanguard of Ginnungagap's [Luludanitum] armored crust, sparking bright flashes with every impact—like strings of firecrackers bursting in the dark.

Soon, the opposing world reacted instinctively.

The leading tendrils of the World Tree, reaching out like octopus arms, made contact with the enemy's world barrier and were instantly countered by various elemental defenses.

Some roots were scorched and curled, others froze and shattered, and still others were sliced deep by wind blades. But Ginnungagap continued pressing forward, like an octopus tearing open a crab's shell.

It would rip and gut this world—invade and devour it whole.

Nothing could stop Ginnungagap's march toward greatness!

Back on Sumeria, armies of giants and mortals stood ready in mixed formations, while the gods themselves were fully armed, just waiting for the portal to open so they could charge through as one.

At the same time, Thalos sent a divine message through the thickest World Tree root toward the enemy world.

With Ginnungagap's will cooperating, his divine message became vast and terrifying in power.

The moment Thalos's divine voice reached the opposing world, every domain he governed—including but not limited to Sky, Wind, Water, and Kingship—suddenly distorted within that world.

If the enemy had gods in those domains, they would be horrified to discover that their divine authority was being forcibly disrupted—perhaps even stripped away. Their familiar divine power was screaming in rebellion, spiraling out of control.

Clearly, a far greater being was descending upon their realm—one who was overpowering their elemental laws and seizing their divine rights.

"This is impossible!" the gods of the enemy heavens cried out in terror.

And then, across time and space, Thalos's godly voice sounded directly in their ears.

[This is Thalos Borson, God-King of Ginnungagap! I am the Destroyer of Chaos! Supreme conqueror of the Vanir, the Celts, and the Sumerians! Sovereign of three realms! To the gods of the opposing world—I grant you one sunset to decide whether you will surrender. If you foolishly believe your pitiful strength can defy the Aesir, then I shall witness your valor firsthand—on the battlefield!]