

Thalos 277

Chapter 277: A Parallel World?

Even when compared across all known worlds—including those already devoured or destroyed—Thalos stood apart as the most attentive and compassionate god-king toward mortals.

Unlike the extreme case of the former Sumerian God-King Enlil, who destroyed humanity three times simply because they were "too noisy," many god-kings across various realms had shown complete disregard for human survival, particularly when their divine power didn't rely on humans. Only gods who drew power from specific human domains ever truly cared about the lives of mortals.

Most god-kings were nature-based deities, and the life or death of humans had little bearing on their divine authority.

But Thalos? He personally descended to save tens of millions of mortals. That was something no other god across all worlds could claim.

Everyone understood: a locust plague was a merciless blade. It shredded livelihoods, stripped people of hope. Those without food were doomed to abandon their homes, wandering in despair across the wilderness.

And at that moment—Thalos acted.

A towering golden armored avatar appeared amidst the clouds. None could mistake this divine manifestation of the God-King.

With a single command—"Airspace Seal"—

The sky erupted in a terrifying storm.

Vast wind-elemental energy surged and condensed into razor-sharp blades, slicing through the air. The skies became a meat grinder, shredding tens of millions of locusts into scattered fragments.

A rain of locusts fell from above.

Shattered insect limbs and mandibles poured down like hailstones, pounding the earth below.

At first, the farmers couldn't comprehend what was happening—until the fragments began falling and cutting their skin. Then came the screams.

Insect corpses piled layer upon layer on the ground. The farmers stared, dumbfounded.

When realization hit, they erupted in thunderous cheers.

"Praise the God-King!"

"All glory to you—great god of wind, of sky, of water, protector of the Ginnungagap world!"

They ignored the filth, the blood, the wounds, even the scattered bug remains. Countless mortals wept with gratitude, kowtowing where they stood.

Pain from wounds meant nothing. This was worth it.

For farmers, the truth was simple—bugs were dead, crops were saved, and they wouldn't starve.

A locust swarm too mighty for mortals to resist had ultimately lost to the true 'sky.'

Their god-king wasn't just powerful—he showed up when needed.

In the Silver Palace, on the Supreme Throne—

Thalos retracted his divine vision from the mortal world and turned to Brynhildr and the other Valkyries.

"I grant you temporary dominion over the Wind Element. Purge the locust plague from the mortal realm. This will be a taxing duty."

"For our King and for Ginnungagap—we gladly serve!" the Valkyries cried in unison, dropping to one knee, eyes burning with gratitude.

Even as demigods with lifespans far beyond mortals, they came from noble houses of the human world. They knew the pain of the people.

Now, the Valkyrie corps had grown to 88 members.

Though nominally attendants to Thalos, they functioned as de facto lieutenants—delegated to handle affairs in the mortal realm. In many ways, they operated as full-fledged subordinate gods.

Today, the Ginnungagap world was far stronger than ever before. Its ability to regulate itself had more than doubled. With greater reserves of Earth, Water, Fire, and Wind elements, and Thalos commanding the Water and Wind domains exclusively, he could now direct elemental flows at will. The fabled three-year winter—Fimbulwinter—was no longer a risk.

This was both his personal military accomplishment and a testament to his enhanced divine authority.

The dying struggles of the Mayan and Aztec worlds might disrupt things slightly, but they could not alter the grand momentum.

Times had changed.

Had this been back when Ginnungagap stood alone, the combined mass of the Mayan and Aztec worlds would've dwarfed it. That would've been like a snake trying to swallow a boar—possible, but it might rupture in the attempt.

But now?

Ginnungagap had absorbed Celtic lands, half of Sumer, parts of Akkad, and had already digested the Incan world. It now held the mass of five standard worlds—crushing two godless worlds with ease.

No matter the backlash, no matter the disasters stirred up—the situation was firmly under control.

In fact, it sparked a wave of self-defense fervor among the martial mortals of Ginnungagap.

To 99% of mortals, inter-world wars felt far away. Beyond the occasional draft or wartime tax, most people never traveled more than 30 kilometers from where they were born.

But then—yokai from the Fuso world began popping up everywhere.

And people were actually frightened... for about three days.

Within that brief span, Asgard delivered a shockingly swift response.

Every city with over ten thousand citizens received at least one Aesir giant as a garrison, supported by divine servitors and at least one native-born einherjar.

Towns of over a thousand were each assigned a divine servitor.

Light and dark elves performed regular patrols, with larger sweeps conducted irregularly.

Paired with the mobile strike force stationed at the Bifrost, and divine surveillance from Heimdall and the bow-god Ullr, Asgard implemented a doctrine of "detect and destroy immediately."

At the same time, they scouted for mortal heroes to cultivate as new Einherjar.

Once, Thalos had considered the Einherjar program pointless. These mortal spirits had no role in Ragnarök, and recruiting too many risked disrupting the balance between life and death. The Einherjar population was capped at under 1,000 and subject to brutal elimination rankings.

But after multiple expansions, the Ginnungagap world could now bear much greater weight.

Thalos revised his stance.

With the Aesir pantheon growing, the mid-tier ranks of giants and Einherjar had to scale with it. Now, their number had reached 5,090.

Their presence had greatly reduced the destructive potential of Fuso yokai.

Truthfully, compared to these scattered yokai—who would never amount to a full invasion—Thalos was more interested in how they were getting in.

No Aesir god understood spatial transmission better than he did.

He was absolutely certain: Ginnungagap's world barrier was intact. No massive portals had been opened on its surface.

Which left only one possibility... Ghosts?

To investigate, he summoned the new Triumvirate of Death.

"How are these Fuso spirits and yokai getting in? Any ideas?"

The three goddesses looked at one another. Then, as the only True God among them, Hel stepped forward, bowed deeply, and spoke:

"Your Majesty, we suspect... that within this chaotic cosmos, there exists a parallel universe."

One sentence—

And Thalos was truly caught off guard.