

Thalos 278

Chapter 278: Spatial Cavities

As the greatest shapeshifter in all of Ginnungagap, Loki's transformation ability might still be seen through—by someone like Thalos or other gods with exceptional perception—but certainly not by a mere Mayan priest. As long as Thor behaved himself and played the part of a quiet, stoic man, Loki's intelligence guaranteed their cover wouldn't be blown.

Thor blinked a few times, dumbfounded, as he watched Loki casually approach their contact and start chatting.

Loki opened strong: "Ugh, that damn Ginnungagap God-King again—he got another few of my servants killed."

That line, to any modern Mayan, was absolute gospel.

Anyone who didn't curse Thalos wasn't a real Mayan.

From a different angle, this was also a form of identification.

The people of Ginnungagap revered their God-King completely. No overseer from their realm would ever dare insult him.

The man, named Quecos, had initially been a little suspicious, but this erased all doubts.

You really couldn't blame him.

In a world where the gods regularly manifested, faith was a terrifying force. Ginnungagap was packed with temples of all sizes, and every one of them featured a statue of Thalos. Worshiping any god had to begin with him.

Lack of proper devotion was tantamount to heresy.

In Ginnungagap, that alone was reason enough to punish any mortal.

All slaves were forcibly converted to worship one of the Aesir gods.

Of course, this didn't happen overnight. Most mortals from the three conquered worlds were only casual believers at best.

On the other hand, outside of those slaves, it was virtually unthinkable for any real Ginnungagap citizen to blaspheme their God-King.

But who would have expected someone like Loki—a god with a uniquely ambiguous status?

He had already gotten Thalos' permission beforehand. And frankly, Thalos couldn't have cared less.

After the verbal exchange passed the "loyalty test," Quecos cheerfully led the two "brothers" upstairs to the ritual chamber.

As they crossed the black wooden doors, the reek of rot and blood hit them like a sledgehammer.

Inside a large, roughly 200-square-meter hall connected to four side rooms, more than a hundred priests from the three conquered worlds were gathered.

They were all up to their own madness, each using different methods.

The Mayan priests had set up around a glowing dark-red crystal. Several bronze bowls were flipped over in a pool of blackened blood, their engraved edges seamlessly blended with the congealed plasma. They seemed to be performing some strange form of spatial location, attempting to fish something from the void.

The Aztec priests were sticking with their classics—blood-soaked gladiatorial pits. A group of volunteer Aztec slaves fought to the death. Winners got to fight again. Losers? Straight to the altar.

That crimson altar had clearly been used for countless sacrificial rituals. The wooden floor beneath it squelched with every step, soaked with blood. The cracks in the wood weren't just dark—they were packed with coagulated plasma and broken fingernails.

The Mayans, meanwhile, were trying to recreate crystal skulls—using the heads of dead priests as raw materials.

The grotesque, demonic chaos made Thor frown deeply.

Quecos said, "Aztec brothers, if you're planning on holding your own sacrificial rites, you'll need to talk to your kin or find your own room."

Loki, ever observant, glanced at the others and snorted, "Hmph! We serve the Feathered Serpent. We don't mix with Tlaloc's priests."

Quecos rolled his eyes and pointed to a small room off to the side. "Suit yourselves. That one's yours. Do whatever. If you need materials, just ask. As long as we're summoning stuff from the chaos universe and giving those damned Ginnungagap gods a headache, it's all good."

Loki's lips curled into a sly smile. "No problem."

Once the door was shut, Loki fiddled with the room briefly, then turned to Thor and made a throat-slitting gesture.

Thor, bored out of his mind until now, finally broke into a grin.

It was his time to shine.

This wasn't a battle worth bragging about—Thor waded into the fray with the casual brutality of a whirlwind, smashing through enemies like a man swatting flies.

Only at the final moment did a Mayan priest summon a formidable Hundred-Eyed Demon, finally giving Thor a little resistance.

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The next morning, Thalos saw his two good sons, Thor and Loki, standing before him.

"Already got results?"

"Of course. Come on, Your Majesty—you know who you sent." Loki stood with hands behind his back, chin up, unable to hide his smugness.

Thalos didn't mind. These two were like the perfect storm: one had brains and trickery but lacked brute strength; the other had overwhelming muscle and zero strategy. Together, they produced surprising results.

"Let's hear it."

Loki launched into his rapid-fire report, detailing everything they'd discovered...

After some time, Thalos digested it. "Spatial cavities, huh?"

A spatial cavity is an unstable dimensional rift, maintained by a special force and connected to a parallel world. It drifts through the chaos universe like a burrowing insect.

Due to its instability, everything inside is essentially a blind box: it might be a building, a hill, a lake, or a forest—complete with the creatures and spirits that lived there. Or it might be nothing but a wrecked void, crushed during its unstable travel.

Put simply, it was like slicing a world into countless fragments. These fragments might not be devoured by chaos energy, but they were always on the verge of collapse.

This conclusion gave Thalos a bit of a headache.

It was like standing guard over a river: upstream, floods were sending all kinds of debris hurtling downstream. Thalos and his people were at the mouth, catching whatever floated by—never knowing if it'd be harmless, or another damn headache.

What made it worse? The stubborn, rebellious priests from the three conquered worlds were working overtime as deep-sea fishermen—constantly hauling dangerous junk from these cosmic "loot boxes" into Ginnungagap.

The only certainty was this: somewhere far upstream in the currents of the chaos universe, there was almost certainly a Fuso world.

That world could be dealt with later. First, he had to stop these saboteurs.

Thalos paused for a moment, then issued the order: "No need to hold back anymore—pass it down. Among all slaves from the three worlds, anyone whose fingernails aren't stained with black soil—clean them out. Let Heimdall supervise."

There were no demons or shapeshifters who could escape Heimdall's god-sight.

And dirty fingernails were the giveaway—only laborers had them.

The pampered elites, the comfortable manipulators—their skin and nails were clean, a world apart from the working class.

As it turned out, Thalos had been too merciful toward the mortals of the three worlds.

After a thorough purge, the rate of supernatural events and yokai incursions across Ginnungagap dropped by a full 90%.