

Thalos 280

Chapter 280: The Return of the Thunder-Duo

The concept of a parallel world wasn't unfamiliar to Thalos.

After all, his very arrival in this universe had been a case of dimensional travel into a parallel reality.

But the fact that this mysterious realm had bypassed Ginnungagap's world barrier? That pissed him off.

So after all that trouble—defeating the Sumerian pantheon, building up a massive "turtle shell" defense—was it all for nothing?

His frustration was real, though he maintained an expression of stoic calm.

"Explain," he said.

Hel elaborated in detail:

The theory itself wasn't especially exotic.

In most worlds across the cosmos, divine realms existed within the material plane—Asgard had once been one of the Nine Worlds, after all.

But this newly emerged so-called "parallel world" was different. It was like how ordinary humans couldn't touch ghosts.

Thalos turned his gaze to Scáthach, now the goddess overseeing Death, and the wielder of the space-elemental weapon Gungnir. She had the most say on the subject.

But the cold, composed Scáthach shook her head.

"Your Majesty, this is where I differ from Hel. I lean toward the idea that the Mayan world temporarily opened an unstable spatial corridor, linking our world to that of this Fuso realm. That's what allowed all those yokai to flood in."

"Fuso world, huh?" Thalos murmured, rubbing his chin.

He didn't mind devouring a Fuso world. That realm, despite its boasts of having eight million gods, treated any spirit with slightly more power than a mortal as a deity. Their god-counting methods were like America's gold reserve accounting—counting one bar fifty times to say they had fifty bars. And aside from a small group at the top, those eight million gods were laughably weak.

By that logic, his own 30,000 light elves could be marketed as 5 million "gods of light."

Thinking it over, he summoned Thor.

"My son, I have a task for you. It may be risky."

The word risky made Thor's eyes double in brightness.

"Risky? I like risky—uh, I mean, I live to serve you, Father."

He barely held back his giddy excitement. It was as if a tail were wagging behind him fast enough to create a breeze.

His reaction left the onlookers speechless.

The crown prince of the Aesir looked nothing like his father.

The wisdom, foresight, and peerless statesmanship of God-King Thalos? Thor hadn't inherited a drop.

Perhaps that was the downside of having a giantess for a mother—great physical strength and power, yes. But intellect and nuance? Forget it.

Thankfully, Thalos was a once-in-an-eternity emperor. If he weren't both wise and powerful, the Aesir under Thor would nosedive within a generation.

Thalos wasn't aware of the onlookers' silent judgments. He simply wanted to leverage Thor's infamous good fortune.

Except for his canonical death at the hands of Jörmungandr in myth, Thor had never once faced a genuine life-threatening crisis. Since surviving that destined death, his luck had only improved.

With Gilgamesh stirring up chaos in the Egyptian world, Thor wasn't needed there. Rather than let him lounge around drinking and causing trouble across Ginnungagap, why not throw him into battle against some yokai?

And if Thor was going, of course Loki had to go too.

The legendary duo—inseparable and always good for chaos.

Thalos summoned Loki and explained the situation.

"Well, Loki, interested in poking around? No pressure—if you don't want to deal with a bunch of third-rate monsters, I can send Sigurd or Cú Chulainn instead."

Since helping recruit the Slavic pantheon, Loki's standing among the Aesir had improved again.

Never one to sit idle, Loki gave Thor a look and grinned.

"No problem. Thor and I go way back. I'm happy to lend a hand."

Thalos nodded.

"You may use whatever means you prefer. If you wish to investigate the new continent's Aztec or Mayan slave camps, Perun will assist."

"Of course—!" Perun hurriedly agreed.

Still new to his position, he didn't quite understand why the God-King was personally dispatching the crown prince and the renowned trickster god over some minor yokai business.

But ever since his days as a former slave god, Perun had learned to act with caution and humility.

Once Thor and Loki departed, Thalos turned his gaze back to the lower world.

There, a massive world-rebuilding process—reminiscent of Minecraft—was underway.

Every second, tens of thousands of tons of stone and soil were extracted from the collapsing Mayan and Aztec worlds. Under the control of forest god Vidar, the branches of the World Tree molded these materials like clay, attaching them to the lower layer's expanding landmass.

Unlike the full devouring of Sumer and Akkad, the intense resistance of the Mayan and Aztec world-wills required complete disassembly and remapping of their earth-elemental structures. Only this way could those will imprints be thoroughly erased.

Accepting the original continents wholesale would be a disaster—they'd become cursed, barren lands, toxic to the entire Ginnungagap world.

This method avoided long-term side effects. Its only downside?

It burned a ton of time.

Fortunately, Gilgamesh and Arthur had done excellent work, giving Thalos all the buffer he needed.

Meanwhile, Thor and Loki—the iconic thunder duo—made their move.

"Loki, the world's huge. Where do we even start?" Thor asked.

Loki thought for a moment.

"Let's begin with the Mayan slave camps."

Old habits never died—Loki borrowed a divine artifact from Freyja, transformed into an eagle, and circled silently above the camps under cover of night.

This particular camp was newly built on the Sumerian continent, near the city-state of Uruk.

Once the basic housing was in place, tens of thousands of slaves had been forced into land reclamation.

The terrain retained much of its raw, Sumerian-era appearance.

And the site was scarred by deep gashes—ten or more—left by the former god-king Enlil's rampaging wind blades. Each trench spanned dozens of meters in width and hundreds in length, obstacles that had long hindered travel and trade between Uruk and neighboring cities.

In the past, civilians had either made massive detours or risked climbing down and scaling back up on foot.

Now, with a slave population in the millions, the solution was simple: fill the trenches.

An exhausting task. Most slaves suffered terribly.

But a few caught Loki's eye.

Their skin was smooth and unmarred. They carried no dirt. They didn't work. Other slaves seemed to do their labor for them. And the Sumerian overseers? They acted like those few didn't exist.

Loki called Thor over.

"Those are our targets?"

"These guys?" Thor squinted, unconvinced. "They don't look like much."