

Thalos 283

Chapter 283: Centralized Elimination

This was a massive and bloody purge spanning several small worlds and affecting hundreds of thousands of individuals. Some might call it cruel, but in truth, it was merciful.

True cruelty would have been wiping out all life in the three conquered worlds and extracting only the four elemental essences.

Instead, this operation simply erased the ruling class of the former regimes.

In the end, it was an act of "punishment for the present, benefit for the future." There were still Mayans who might mourn their old gods and priesthood, but as time passed, as their lives improved under new rule, those once-enslaved masses would stop romanticizing the days when their fellow people were casually sacrificed.

This incident taught Thalos a hard truth: any successful conquest must be marked with blood. He had long treated hostile gods harshly while extending leniency to mortals. Reality had shown him that mad, fanatical mortals were just as dangerous and had no place in the new world.

Still, none of this would appear in Ginnungagap's official history.

If it was written down at all, it would be by official scribes and bards: "The great God-King Thalos Borson, in his divine mercy, gave the priesthood of the Mayan order one final chance. But they scorned it, continuing to sow chaos and invite outside forces. In his reluctant wisdom, the God-King delivered unto them their just punishment."

With that, the matter was considered closed.

However, the invasion of yokai from the Fuso world via spatial cavities had not ceased—it had merely diminished in frequency and intensity.

This gave Thalos some frustration.

Over the past month, he had repeatedly sent Thor into these cavities, hoping to trace them back and locate the Fuso world.

Thor failed.

These spatial cavities were not continuous.

Several times, Thor had entered only to find the mini-worlds so unstable—lacking a proper world barrier—that they began collapsing on their own even before the Mayan priests could summon anything from them. Several times, Thor found himself trapped in dimensional seams.

With his immense physical toughness, Thor wasn't in any danger of dying—but he suffered.

Fortunately, Thalos had left a trace of divine consciousness on his son. As long as Thor wasn't too far out, Thalos could retrieve him within an hour or so.

Thor didn't mind. Thalos, however, was concerned. The core problem remained unresolved.

There were too many spatial cavities and only a few gods capable of navigating the chaos safely.

Ginnungagap still had a long road ahead in digesting the Mayan and Aztec worlds. Thalos knew he had to act.

Militarizing the entire population could raise combat effectiveness, but it came at a cost. Perpetual fear between regions would drastically reduce interaction. The yokai's indiscriminate attacks on humans would drive logistics costs through the roof and hinder the integration of cultures and races across the worlds.

Something had to be done.

Once again, Thalos convened his council in the Silver Palace and laid out the situation: "That's where things stand. Anyone with ideas—speak freely."

The Aesir and Vanir were the first to draw blanks. These warlike gods were simply ill-equipped to deal with such dimensional guerilla warfare.

The Sumerian gods were too busy dealing with Egypt.

The Slavic gods were preoccupied with keeping order in the three conquered worlds.

Ultimately, it was the Celtic gods who stepped forward.

Dagda took a step forward and gave a deep bow. "I would be honored to take on this task, Your Majesty."

"Oh? What's your plan? Let's hear it."

"These spatial cavities may have mysterious origins," Dagda said, "but if they can be summoned to Ginnungagap through rituals, then we can reverse-engineer that method. I propose constructing a designated area filled with summoning arrays and defended by legions. Let's draw in all future spatial cavities and deal with them in one place."

Thalos scrutinized Dagda, then looked past him to the rest of the former Tuatha Dé Danann gods. "Very well. Anything divine-class or above is yours to handle. Choose your team freely—those without current missions must assist. As for enemies below god level... Merlin, you'll take care of them."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Merlin said, stepping forward with a deep bow.

In Celtic myth, Merlin may have held a revered status, but here among the gods, he was essentially a glorified support unit.

Dagda was no powerhouse—he was a third-tier god—but in magic, he was a top contender even among the Aesir.

He knew Thalos was pushing for integration between the pantheons, deliberately downplaying the differences in origin. This time, Dagda didn't ask for Arthur or his knights. Instead, he went straight to Hela.

Hela thought for a moment. "With so many dead flooding Helheim lately, I can't leave. How about I send Scáthach in my place?"

"That's acceptable," Dagda nodded.

After all, with millions recently purged from the three worlds, Hela's excuse was valid.

Scáthach, with her unique role and lineage, was a natural choice. Along with her came several hundred einherjar and an equal number of underworld jailers.

Dagda then turned to the Akkadian gods and recruited a few of them, forming a mixed divine strike team.

Once assembled, Dagda headed to the northwestern corner of the newly formed South American continent.

This region was composed mostly of solid greenstone. In Thalos' original plans, it wasn't meant to be a thriving homeland—it was just a dumping ground for excess earth element.

Perfect for this purpose.

With a word of command, divine attendants and mages began setting up magic arrays under Dagda's supervision.

With no strong opposition expected, and with Dagda personally overseeing the process, the setup went quickly.

Soon, a test array was complete.

Merlin presided over the ritual.

Celtic mages differed from Western mages as Thalos knew them. The widespread influence of Druidic tradition made them seem more like tribal shamans than arcane scholars.

Take Merlin now, for example.

Far from the elegant white-haired youth popular in modern retellings, this Merlin looked like a classic, unkempt old man.

Not quite slovenly, but the ribbon in his braided hair glowed faintly with runes. His weathered wooden staff, which seemed to have moss growing on it, ended in a chunk of amethyst the size of a baby's fist, pulsing with mysterious light.

He raised his left hand, covered in deep blue tattoos. His irises turned amber, and his pupils constricted into pinpoints.

As his shamanic incantations echoed across the field, the array reacted.

From its center came the creaking sound of old wood. A translucent female spirit emerged, floating atop a rustic wooden bridge.

The ghost was stunningly beautiful—if not for the green-blue flames burning in her eye sockets, one might mistake her for a living human.

Viewing it through divine sight, Thalos suddenly understood.

This must be the Hashihime, a bridge spirit from Fuso ghost lore.