

Thalos 290

Chapter 290: The Usual Custom After Victory

Under normal circumstances, the original Nine Realms of Ginnungagap could not compare in size with other formal and fully developed worlds.

However, every time Thalos annexed a world, he would extract and redistribute that world's elemental forces.

Take a continent with multiple active volcanoes, for example—those were buried time bombs. When Thalos, with his divine power as a God-King, extracted those excess fire elements and transferred them to Muspelheim, the result was a net improvement to both the original continent and Muspelheim's environment.

Siphoning a bit of fire element here, diverting some wind element there, or extracting half the oceanic water elements from the over-saturated Celtic World to flatten and reshape the British Isles into a more livable terrain—this act of world-shaping in the name of worlds received unanimous praise from the Old Gods of all pantheons.

Treating the entire great world as one chessboard allowed its flaws to be compensated, and its strengths maximized.

Through such restructuring and balancing, the original Nine Realms of Ginnungagap had essentially expanded by an entire tier, and though still slightly smaller than the massive Sumerian Continent, they were now at least within the same order of magnitude. Several of the smaller worlds had even surpassed the former Akkadian Domain, now absorbed into the Sumerian realm.

Thus, speaking of Sixteen Realms was hardly an exaggeration.

The key, of course, was that after Thalos 'mercilessly' purged the gods of the Mayan Three Realms, the cake known as "the world" just kept growing bigger. Every Aesir god received a divine power boost as a result.

What's more, the South American Continent, reforged using the Mayan Three Realms' earth elements, reached a staggering ten million square kilometers in size—an area so vast, even gods were amazed.

Even though reconstruction wasn't yet complete, the black soil and red loam clearly marked it as land fit for countless intelligent species to thrive.

Once ethnic and cultural integration was finished, those gods whose power stemmed from faith would see a dramatic surge in strength.

On the other side of things, per tradition, a grand celebration was held in the Palace of Revelry following Egypt's incorporation into the Aesir Pantheon.

That palace had undergone three expansions by now.

Especially the main hall—spacious enough to host a thousand giants with ease. Its majestic wings connected to over a hundred smaller chambers. When the heavy wooden partitions were opened, the entire palace merged into one massive venue. When closed, each space became a private suite—ideal for, well, any sort of revelry.

Clusters of Eternal Flame from Muspelheim dotted the hall, their light combining with luminous pearls dredged from the deep seas of Vanaheim to illuminate the entire palace as if it were broad daylight.

In earlier days, the palace's music would have been played by dwarven bards.

But tonight—tonight belonged to Egypt.

A great number of Egyptian divine attendants passionately played instruments like the five-string Simsimiyya and the ancient Egyptian harp.

That, however, was just the background music. The main attraction was the serpent dance.

According to legend, the snake dance was a means for mortals to commune with the serpent goddess.

In Thalos' distant memory, such performances usually involved a turbaned old fool blowing into a flute-like instrument while a cobra swayed from a pot, its forked tongue flickering, locking eyes with the musician.

But this was a night of celebration—that old cliché just wouldn't do.

And besides, the pot at the center of the great hall tonight was way too big.

Amid eerie, seductive flute notes, the massive vessel—large enough to fit a full-grown cow—began to stir.

A troupe of beautiful divine attendants, carrying a flat-bottomed boat adorned in Egyptian style (upon which sat the pot), danced rhythmically through the hall, eventually placing the whole contraption before Thalos.

As the flute grew ever more otherworldly, the pot began to ripple ominously.

From within emerged two entwined goddesses, their seductive beauty half-concealed beneath semi-transparent, gold-trimmed veils. Their exquisitely poised bodies looked more like two serpents mating than mere dancers.

Mortals once danced for the serpent goddess. But who ever imagined that from the pot would emerge actual serpent goddesses?

Meretseger, the cobra goddess, and Hathor, goddess of beauty and love, jointly performed an intense, sensuous dance.

Despite the identical choreography, each goddess interpreted the movements in her own unique way.

Meretseger's long tongue could lick her own chin. When she flicked it out, it truly resembled a golden serpent spitting venom. Mid-dance, she even pulled off a party trick—pulling a long red ribbon from her

mouth and, with a flick of her head, producing a chain of delicate bowknots. Her animated, serpent-like hair seemed perfect for a sensual scalp massage.

Her entire body moved as though boneless, her slithering form reminiscent of the legendary Snake Beauty.

By contrast, Hathor embodied every ideal of a love and beauty goddess.

Compared to any other goddess of the same domain, her skill in dance was unmatched.

Spinning gracefully onto the lip of the massive pot—barely wide enough to stand on—she danced upon it like it was a balance beam, an awe-inspiring feat.

The silver bells on her ankles sent phantom flower petals fluttering with every step. Beneath her soft black curls, a phantom crescent moon seemed to rise with each twist of her waist. Her peach blossom eyes sparkled with allure, filled with the entire world—and fixed solely upon Thalos.

Every swirling gesture, every fluttering wrist, seemed to pour moonlight from her fingertips—each movement plucking at Thalos' heartstrings.

At this moment, cheers from the Aesir gods grew louder and louder.

Even Thor joined in with a whistle.

Thalos smiled faintly. Amidst the thunderous applause, his towering form shrank down to human size.

The two goddesses took the cue and pressed themselves intimately against him.

With a graceful lift, Thalos scooped them both up, one in each arm, and headed toward the rear palace—drawing out soft, flirtatious giggles from both.

It was a well-established tradition by now.

No god system ever believed a conqueror's promise to spare the defeated.

Horus had "surrendered," but it was clearly a forced capitulation. He—and every other god who had once submitted to the Aesir—never trusted in vague, hollow words.

Only through political marriage could an entire pantheon feel secure.

Since the Aesir God-King had no official queen, it was customary for other pantheons to offer their most beautiful goddesses as tribute. If such a union produced a divine child, it would become a living bond between the two pantheons.

Thalos had long grown accustomed to all of this.

What he didn't expect, though, was that one year later, he and Hathor would give birth to...

Anubis.

What the actual hell.