

Thalos 295

Chapter 295: World-Class Bait

Pellen's avatar found it difficult to describe the invading chaos demons with any suitable word.

Each one was grotesquely unique, morphologically bizarre, twisted in their own way.

But there was one common trait.

There were just too many.

The entire sky was filled with chaos demons poking through the spatial barrier, each struggling to be the first to push through.

They writhed, crawled over each other, screeched and forced their way through the air like a torrential downpour, raining down onto the ground.

They shrieked, searching for anything alive to attack.

Even when there was nothing, they seemed content just to drink pure water or breathe clean air in this relatively pure space—it was happiness enough after enduring the foul stench of the chaotic universe.

One mantis-shaped chaos demon even stretched its back and wore a blissful expression, as though saying it had had enough of the disgusting stench of the chaos beyond.

The scene easily conjured the image of a swarm, a hive or anthill teeming with monsters in the millions, a sight sure to trigger anyone's trypophobia.

Pellen suddenly understood why those smaller worlds had been destroyed.

This wasn't even a fair fight.

A single small world had no chance against such sheer volume of chaos monstrosities.

Extinction by exhaustion was the only end for them.

Even in death, their corpses would likely be devoured and converted into fodder for chaos.

He exhaled deeply, then turned to the other commander beside him. "Horus, are you ready?"

The clone of Horus narrowed his eyes with sharp resolve. "We've waited years for this moment."

The gods from the Slavic and Egyptian pantheons had waited ten long years for their chance to rise again through valor and combat.

Their fighting spirit burned hotter than any others'.

Pellen nodded. "Then... let them out!"

"Yes, sir!"

Behind them, from the massive temple structure, dozens of divine avatars emerged in a flash of light.

Then came an overwhelming cascade of spiritual light.

A silver web extended from beneath their feet across the stone tiles, stretching far beyond the temple and connecting every direction. The divine glow formed a massive array, linking together a network of pyramids that looked dormant from the outside.

Each pyramid was a hidden war cache.

As the divine radiance grew stronger, the sky suddenly dimmed.

The shroud of death had descended.

From within the pyramids, waves of heroic spirits poured forth. Their faces were indistinct, yet their eyes burned with a unified, piercing gaze—every pair locked onto the approaching chaos demons.

Some had been born noble and died in glory.

Others had been born humble and died heroically.

But at this moment, they bore a common name:

Spirits of Order.

World fusion had not dulled their spirit; it had only intensified their loathing of chaos.

Thousands upon thousands of heroic spirits flooded into the planned battlefield, filling every corner.

Crowned and armored knight-spirits gripped their weapons and tightened their reins—but all of them turned to look in the same direction.

Pellen's divine hammer and Horus's energy staff blazed with brilliance, illuminating this barren, ruined world.

Pellen raised his hammer high and called out in a ringing voice:

"I swear by this hammer, we shall carry forth our glory—sweeping away all chaos and evil! My comrades, warriors of order! In the name of the oath we swore to Ginnungagap, walk this path of order without hesitation! And if one day we are destroyed and fall, we shall become the firewood of order, paving the way for our descendants!"

"OOOHHHH!"

Spears and blades bristled; spirits surged like a sea.

Before the Slavic world was destroyed, a flag bearing the symbol of an icebear had once flown over the snowy plains.

Now that their world had fallen, that spirit had been transferred to Ginnungagap.

It was Ginnungagap that gave them new life, that allowed their descendants to continue.

These spirits and god-servants had found new purpose.

Compared to them, Horus felt that his own people were somewhat lacking in spirit.

At least in terms of morale, they were clearly outmatched.

Horus raised his staff, its light like the dawn of a new day. "Why do we fight? For victory! For the future! For tomorrow! For our descendants to no longer live under the shadow of chaos and destruction! What we need is not charity! What we demand is—dignity earned through battle!"

"OOOHHHH!"

The Egyptian gods and spirits roared with pent-up rage.

They had endured endless scorn over the years.

But that didn't matter anymore. Their chance had come.

As long as they proved their loyalty to the Aesir, their status would rise.

Every warrior on the field might have had different motives—but that didn't change the fact that the chaos demons before them were now the common enemy.

Their countless wills converged into a thunderous roar, stabbing into the swarm of chaos demons like a blade of spiritual power.

This was a war without retreat.

Even as bait, if they were devoured before the trap was sprung, their sacrifice would be meaningless.

They had to survive the most brutal early stage on their own.

None of the chaos demons noticed that this tiny, desolate world was being reeled in—tugged along an invisible thread faster than it had arrived.

What tethered this world was a thick root of Yggdrasil, the World Tree. But this root didn't exist in physical space—it extended through the subspace tunnels formed by linked spatial cavities.

Over the years, Thalos had collected stray spatial cavities that drifted into Ginnungagap and fixed them in place with divine power, opening up a relatively stable corridor through the void to reach the scouting worlds ahead.

When needed, he could do exactly this—pull the baited world back at high speed.

Of course, there was no actual 500,000-kilometer-long World Tree root.

While Yggdrasil's roots could rapidly proliferate and extend under the influence of Ginnungagap's world will, there was a physical limit.

These disjointed roots functioned more like a stretchable elastic band, or perhaps like Spider-Man's webbing—shooting out, anchoring onto spatial footholds, and then pulling the baited world back rapidly.

For any normal small world, this would be utterly impossible.

Such violent acceleration would scramble the brains of any living beings inside.

But there were no mortals in this trap-world.

When the slingshot acceleration began, the entire ruined Egyptian mini-world was thrown into chaos.

Mountains quaked, valleys collapsed. Skies bent, and space warped.

Not just Pellen and Horus's god-servants and spirits—even the chaos monsters with their endless legs and claws—could barely stabilize their bodies in the rapidly shifting gravity.

Amid a cacophony of screams and wails, the entire world was yanked backward at breakneck speed.