

Thalos 300

Chapter 300: Batara? Who the Hell Is That Supposed to Be?

Thalos couldn't help but chuckle when he heard the news.

So it turns out that those spatial cavities drifting into his realm really were... delivery packages?

Back when Ginnungagap's world mass was too massive, there was simply no way to notice such subtle changes. It was like throwing a pebble onto a mountain range—who would even notice? Of course the world's overall mass wouldn't register anything measurable.

But things were different now with the deliberately deployed bait-worlds. With Anubis, the master of scales, guest-starring as a "digital precision scale," even decimal-place changes in world mass could be detected.

According to the Shadow Guard's report, after he dealt with that Enra demon, a plot of land—roughly the size of a small farmstead—appeared as a phantom and fused into the small Egyptian world.

Thalos stroked his chin. "If the Aesir's mid-tier warriors keep racking up wins, couldn't we technically accumulate an entire micro-world for free?"

If Thalos were some freshly reincarnated pauper, drifting through space on a wooden raft, this system of winning fights to acquire pocket dimensions might have sounded pretty tempting.

Unfortunately, now that he was the ruler of a vast empire, he had no use for such trifles.

Still, it was perfect for rewarding subordinates.

That Shadow Guard? He received a plot of land on the Ginnungagap's South American continent equal in size to what he'd "earned," along with a commendation.

For the next half-month, both bait-worlds waged increasingly fierce battles—a textbook example of war feeding war.

As the forward positions dug deeper toward Ginnungagap's core, the enemy finally began to reveal itself.

"Report! We've discovered a cluster of large worlds!" Pellen's message initially left Thalos wondering if he'd misheard.

"That's right—a world cluster. It's a loosely connected chain of worlds."

Scouts were sent deeper into the chaos, and against all odds, they uncovered an entire string of strange new worlds in the void.

Why a string?

Because they were literally arranged like prayer beads.

Apparently, some powerful spherical primary world had either conquered or coexisted with several other worlds. They were joined together by narrow dimensional bridges, one segment connected to the next—like train cars.

The revelation left Thalos momentarily speechless.

In his view, the best approach was what Ginnungagap had always practiced: conquer the enemy, consume their gods and mortals alike, and absorb their entire world—including its will, creatures, and elemental essence—into Ginnungagap. Complete fusion. That was the gold standard.

But what was this nonsense?

Some kind of neo-colonial multiverse chain?

A god-alliance economic sphere?

"Keep scouting!"

This time, Thalos dispatched a squad of Ishtar's divine attendants.

Normally, Ishtar wasn't keen on training subordinates, but Thalos had taken a particular interest in her cross-dimensional flight abilities.

Tired of always going himself or sending disposable avatars, he had pushed her to train a group capable of long-distance recon.

Reluctantly, Ishtar had gathered and trained a unit of space-faring warriors: the Venus Angels.

The world was vast, and surely there were enough mortals with innate talent. With rigorous training and divine selection, this elite squad of several hundred became Thalos's premier long-range scouts.

Blessed with fragments of divine power, they flew through the chaos using replica bows modeled after Ishtar's divine weapon, the Ship of Heaven Maanna.

Crafted by Ginnungagap's master dwarves, these replicas weren't nearly as strong as the original—at best, they reached ten percent of its power.

Though they lacked destructive might, their speed and agility—under Ishtar's support—could reach half of the original's capabilities.

And so, the Venus Angels zipped through the chaotic cosmos, dodging chaos demons and ambushes from spatial cavities, expanding their divine perception and executing Thalos's orders.

Three days later, Thalos finally received more information about this bizarre cluster of worlds.

Most of these realms had suffered attacks from chaos demons—severely damaged, but not destroyed.

Whether through mutual defense or other means, they somehow held together. From orbit, it was obvious that many had been ravaged, but their core structures remained intact.

From the floating debris scattered throughout the void, it was clear that these worlds were far from unscathed.

Then, one Venus Angel returned with a name.

During a brutal escape from a spatial cavity, he overheard a divine name—Batara.

"Batara? Who?" Even among the Aesir, with all their ignorance of foreign realms, this one drew blank stares. And even Thalos was baffled.

He scoured the recesses of his memory, and still came up empty.

This god was so obscure that not even a professional transmigrator like Thalos had ever heard of him.

The Venus Angel stood at attention before the throne, reporting dutifully: "According to legend, Batara is a Creator God—a being of infinite power, capable of creating all things. He is the lord of the universe, sky, and earth."

The Aesir gods were left dumbfounded.

They had encountered many types of gods across countless realms.

Some, like the treacherous Bréal of the Tuatha Dé Danann, or the arrogant Sumerian king-god Enlil, were unforgettable in their own ways.

But none of them ever claimed such broad dominion.

In their eyes, Thalos—with his command over sky, wind, water, and fate—was already absurdly powerful.

But the entire universe?

What kind of ego was that?

Batara? Who the hell is that?

Even Thor found his fists twitching with anticipation upon hearing the title.

And just as the Aesir were getting hyped about this mysterious new foe, more news arrived—the Yamatai world had probably been located.

That day, another Venus Angel rushed in with a report.

"Yamatai?" Thalos raised an eyebrow.

"Yes. And it's huge."

"How huge?"

"Roughly on par with the three Mayan worlds combined," answered the veteran scout.

"Oh? Now that's interesting." Thalos scanned the memories of the scout using his divine senses and projected a mind image into the air above the throne room.

Big? Yes.

Janky? Also yes.

The Yamatai world looked like a bloated patchwork monster—massive in size, but obviously cobbled together.

And scouts observed that almost every chaos demon in the vicinity was being drawn toward it.

Every few moments, world fragments blasted out of the Yamatai core, luring massive swarms of chaos demons. Then—somehow—the damaged section seemed to regrow.

The Aesir gods were stunned.

"They're... slicing off their own flesh... and growing it back?"