

Thalos 325

Chapter 325 The Grand Entrance of Ginnungagap

India and Fusang, the two major world clusters, had descended into complete chaos.

Both of their homelands were being invaded by tens of millions of resurrected beings. Among these entities who had returned to the plane of order, the clever ones sought a sliver of hope, even begging for submission; the less intelligent ones indulged in wanton slaughter, with some going as far as conquering villages and declaring themselves kings.

The abandoned Malaya world, being the main battlefield, was in the worst state of all.

Both factions had gone insane, frantically trying to evacuate their gods' true bodies and the divine legions under their direct command, to the point that the subordinate monsters and demons weren't even qualified to flee through the narrow space gates. Some out-of-control great demons even broke free from their restraints and turned on their masters, adding to the chaos.

To make matters worse, from above and below, not only was the world collapsing, but some brainless chaos demons had been lured into this world through portals designated by Angra*Mainyu. This only increased the pandemonium.

But the true outbreak of madness came with Susanoo's berserk assault and the loss of control over Vishnu's avatar. The former was an indispensable defensive core of the Fusang world, while the latter was one of the most powerful avatars among the Trimurti gods.

In such a situation, they could neither easily abandon the battlefield nor ignore the current state to continue the pursuit.

This extreme conflict and indecision were driving both the Goddess Amaterasu and the true body of Vishnu to the brink of madness.

Deep within a dark underground palace in Malaya, Angra*Mainyu finally revealed a triumphant smile. He raised his arms fanatically, his deranged voice echoing through the catacombs:

"Yes, that's right, just like this. Whether out of lingering humanity or for the sake of interest, where there is contradiction, there is conflict. When the lofty gods must kneel at my feet just to survive—when they are even willing to fall into chaos of their own accord—that is the true end of this grand play of destruction. Hahahaha!"

At his side, hundreds, if not thousands, of Persian gods and divine attendants returning from the chaos were kneeling.

Most were his old subordinates, though there were quite a few who had once been his mortal enemies.

But after being brutalized by the chaos, in order to return to order, they had no choice but to lower their noble heads to this former nemesis.

The ultimate bait, Kushinadahime, was nailed to the sacrificial altar, as if she had long since perished. Only the tears constantly sliding from the corners of her eyes proved she still held on to her final breath.

Everything seemed to be unfolding according to Angra*Mainyu's script.

The once lofty Trimurti and the Three Noble Children were nothing but clowns he had fooled, clumsily performing on this stage named the War of Gods.

Just then, Angra suddenly sensed something was off.

"Wait! Why has the number of chaos demons dropped drastically?"

Brainless chaos demons harbored absolute hatred for all beings of order.

In theory, with tens of millions of beings of order gathered in this abandoned world, once the world's barrier shattered and released such a massive signal of order, it should have easily attracted over a hundred million chaos demons. Even if most of these demons were trash-level in terms of combat power, the opposing so-called eight million gods and million rakshasas weren't exactly high-quality either.

When everyone is equally terrible, the side with greater numbers usually wins.

Angra didn't expect these brainless chaos demons to achieve any major victories; he simply wanted them to stall the retreat of these ordered beings until Malaya's destruction was complete—that would be enough.

His calculations should have been flawless.

Suddenly, a terrifying possibility crossed his mind: if something could lure away the chaos demons from such a massive order lure, then there could be only one explanation—a far greater being of order had appeared.

Yes!

The Ginnungagap world, fused from sixteen worlds, had finally arrived—late, but with a grand entrance!

The momentum of Ginnungagap's entry into this star region, at full speed, was overwhelming.

It was like a raging bull crashing into a grand, festive ballroom—charging wildly, recklessly.

For a world of such magnitude, luring away all chaos creatures was the natural outcome.

Ginnungagap World, the Palace of Silver.

A group of Valkyries were nervously monitoring psychic projections throughout the grand hall and compiling intelligence from every region.

"The outer world barrier has encountered an immense number of chaos demons. A conservative estimate places it in the tens of millions."

"High God Vidar and his subordinate deities are manipulating the roots of the World Tree to eliminate as many as possible."

"The rock barrier is engaging the enemy! Initial feedback shows a 7.8% penetration rate!"

"The flame barrier's purification rate is at 99%!"

"Reports of large chaos demons breaching in E1 and K9 zones—Einherjar units have been dispatched."

"Battle status in Zone E1 has stabilized. Lord Anubis's avatar has slain the invaders."

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Thalos leaned lazily on the divine throne, quietly observing the busy Valkyries and divine attendants.

Now, with the blessings of various divine arts, Ginnungagap's defense system had taken on the style of a large-scale command center reminiscent of the pre-crossing era.

The world was simply too vast; the old approach of everyone guarding their own territory or a strictly top-down command structure no longer worked.

This new style—relying on high-quality communication, integrating intelligence rapidly, and deploying mobile forces via the Bifröst Bridge—was not something the former Aesir, those god-level barbarians, could comprehend. Even the most intelligent like Enki and Hela could barely grasp it.

All they could do was admire—and worship.

They could barely understand it, let alone learn it.

All the gods knew was that Thalos, with the defense line he had built, using a bunch of third-tier gods, a few demigods, mortal heroes, and inconspicuous divine attendants, had managed to fend off such a massive invasion.

In the past, perhaps the gods would have held up, but the giants would have been exhausted to death by now.

At that moment, Brunhilde reported: "Your Majesty! That Malaya world has entered the attack range of the World Tree's roots."

"Vidar, open two breaches," Thalos instructed through the psychic projection, precisely indicating the size of the two openings.

"Whooooosh—" At Thalos's command, the thick, slender green roots rapidly extended from the "bottom" of Ginnungagap World.

"Impossible!?" Angra*Mainyu was the first deity within Malaya to notice the anomaly.

Had he still been on the side of chaos, he probably would have sensed the arrival of Ginnungagap earlier.

But now that he stood with order, he noticed Ginnungagap's presence not much sooner than the Three Noble Children or the Trimurti.

What followed was pure terror.

A world of indeterminate vastness had inexplicably burst forth from the endless chaos clouds, and upon its arrival, it swung its colossal roots—each easily ten kilometers in length—ripping savagely at Malaya's spatial barrier.

These roots were so massive that the chaos demons clinging to them, attacking the tendrils, looked like suction cups on octopus tentacles...

"Riiip—riiip—" That was the sound of Malaya's chaotic firmament being torn apart.

"No—" Angra*Mainyu howled in sheer rage.