

Thalos 353

Chapter 353: Your Name

"Rumble—"

The Ginnungagap world was stirring.

The shifting of continental plates sent thunderous echoes reverberating across the entire realm.

Fortunately, His Majesty the God-King showed consideration for mortal labor—the tremors only occurred during daylight hours.

Following the recent war, Midgard, Vanaheim, Jotunheim, and Svartalfheim had all been elevated to the upper levels.

The Ginnungagap world was now devouring, dismantling, and restructuring the elemental composition of the destroyed Fusang world, just as previously planned, in order to restore the heavily damaged Arkad, Egyptian, and Slavic worlds.

These would become new middle-layer continents, positioned alongside the Sumerian and Celtic realms.

As for the lower worlds, in addition to the still-extant realms of Muspelheim (Land of Fire), Niflheim (Land of Mist), and Helheim (Underworld), the three-million-square-kilometer Indian subcontinent was slated for complete deconstruction and reassembly. Portions would be absorbed into Helheim, others

into Niflheim, with the remainder merged with the fragmented South American continent to form three new lower worlds.

Additionally, eight former vassal worlds would be incorporated into the lower realm tier as well.

This kind of geopolitical reconstruction, combined with the aggressive promotion of Runic script, the banning of all dialects, and the standardization of textbooks, would thoroughly erase all traceable histories and cultural memory from the conquered populations.

To top it off, Thalos issued an extremely harsh divine decree: only mortals with pure-blooded Ginnungagap lineage were eligible to become kings or great nobles of the lower worlds. In practice, this meant Midgard's royal descendants, who had ample offspring to inherit those minor thrones.

Just like that, the roots of these small worlds were cut off entirely.

Some voiced objections.

Those who did were executed—along with nine generations of their family—on the very day.

Erase their script, alter their history, sever their inheritance.

Cruel as it sounded, it worked.

Kill all dissenters, and those who remain are loyal subjects.

Put another way, didn't Emperor Qin unify the Seven Warring States by standardizing weights and measures, the writing system, and even the roadways? That, too, was a kind of grand national integration.

Only by such means could a rapid, effective integration of all races under the Ginnungagap banner be achieved—with Thalos' world as the centerpiece.

On the rear terrace of the Silver Palace, Thalos stood listening to the shifting world.

To him, the chaotic rumble was anything but noise. It was the most beautiful symphony imaginable.

Think of it: multiple disparate worlds, forcefully merged by his own hands, reassembled into a new parallel Earth.

This sensation of creative mastery—no mortal could ever comprehend it. Let alone the fact that, as he rewrote the very foundations of reality, there was also a goddess-queen trembling at his feet, nervously tending to him beneath the balustrade.

The bars of the railing weren't even wide—Amaterasu felt as if countless eyes were peering in at them. She was so tense she was nearly hysterical.

Seeing her almost in tears somehow made Thalos want to bully her even more.

After all, what could be more exhilarating than painting freely upon a blank canvas—especially one of god-king quality?

Thalos cast his gaze far into the distance. His divine eyes pierced space itself, as though he could look across millions of kilometers of chaotic cosmos, glimpsing the shores of distant starlit seas.

"Ah... my foolish brother," he muttered, raising a glass of luminous wine in salute. "How have you been lately?"

He chuckled. "Oh, that's right. My Ginnungagap world is devouring yet another realm. During this phase, it's relatively fragile... I wonder, do you have the guts to declare war on the Aesir?"

War?

Not a chance.

Thalos could scarcely imagine how thoroughly Odin had fled.

Amid the darkness of the chaotic cosmos, a single drifting island-world—barely 100,000 square kilometers even after enhancements—was desperately inching forward.

Honestly, you couldn't blame Odin.

The original Liranka World had only 65,600 square kilometers of land. The extra landmass came from earth elements he'd stolen from the Indian coastline, hastily packed together to create makeshift terrain—just enough to house the displaced populations.

The land might be small, but the people were many.

Counting the original inhabitants and the captured Shudra laborers, the total population had swelled to ten million.

Quality aside, they had the numbers.

This time, the exiled Maya gods who had followed Odin finally held their heads high, boldly flying the Maya banner.

The death god Ah Puch and the polar star god Zamná Ek' jointly petitioned Odin to declare himself god-king and establish a new Angry God Dynasty.

To everyone's surprise, Odin refused.

"At last, I can speak the truth. I am not Lau. I am merely a foreign god who inherited the broken body of Lau. My true identity is—Odin Borson, King of Jotunheim, traitor of the Aesir, and younger brother of Thalos, the reigning God-King of Ginnungagap!"

The revelation was so shocking that Ah Puch and Zamná were completely speechless.

Was Odin a spy? A traitor?

Honestly, no.

When the Maya fell, it wasn't because of Odin. The three Maya factions lost decisively in head-on battle—they were simply outmatched. The extinction of their pantheon had been inevitable.

Every former Maya god had cried for vengeance, but all of them knew—even if they fought again, they'd lose again.

Now the Aesir had vanquished Fusang and India in one decisive stroke, securing yet another overwhelming victory. Though the New Maya Pantheon might boast fifty deities, everyone knew they were a ragtag group. It would take at least a century to forge them into a coherent force.

And Liranka's small scale was clear for all to see—their entire pantheon probably couldn't beat Thor alone.

So what vengeance?

They'd be lucky not to get wiped out a second time.

Now that Odin had revealed himself, no one could keep pretending. They had to choose a side.

Ah Puch was the first to crack a fawning smile.

"Your Majesty, what are you saying? I don't care whether you're Lau or Odin. All I know is, I will always be loyal to you. Without you, I'd have died on the Maya Plateau long ago."

"Indeed, Your Majesty. You are the true Polaris, the guiding star lighting our future," added Zamná.

"No matter what path you choose, we will follow." Other Maya deities quickly voiced their support.

If even the old gods of Maya were acting this way, the scattered, newly-recovered gods—already lacking cohesion—had no choice but to follow along.

And just like that, a moment that could have fractured the newly formed pantheon was safely averted.

Odin, the seasoned schemer, naturally took the opportunity to reassure his followers and then held a grand feast for all the gods.

It wasn't until the next morning, as he awoke from his drunken slumber, luxuriating under the service of a beautiful goddess, that Odin gazed toward the direction of Ginnungagap and let out a long, weary sigh.

Only he knew the truth.

Liranka hadn't escaped because of any clever strategy or divine power of his.

The entire world had been bound by some invisible cosmic force, subtly pulling it back toward a final showdown with Ginnungagap.

It was only when Odin turned toward that starry void... and spoke his true name—

Odin Borson—

That the invisible shackles had silently, completely unraveled.