

## Thalos 361

### Chapter 361: The Coronation of the God-Emperor (Part II)

The second procession was made up of the Valkyries.

These beautiful demigoddesses, adorned with winged helms and riding flying steeds, glided slowly above the Grand Avenue at a near-hovering pace.

By now, Valkyries were no longer selected solely from the kingdoms of Midgard. Across all the sub-worlds, powerful mortal women had been chosen to serve the God-Emperor as handmaidens, blessed with divine power and granted demigod bodies.

Moreover, the number had been deliberately fixed at 108!

The third unit was led by Ullr, god of archery, and consisted of the pure-blood Aesir gods.

Proudly claiming themselves as the very cornerstone of the Aesir, they had since spread and proliferated, producing many highly capable demigods.

Next came the Vanir and Celtic divisions...

Troops from different worlds and elements, each led by their respective god-kings, marched in turn down the avenue, their armor and styles utterly distinct.

"Ah! That's His Majesty Gilgamesh!"

"There's Her Majesty Yekaterina!"

Every formation evoked waves of fervent cheering and devoted worship from the spectators.

Even though they had been informed that these were merely the avatars of the god-kings, for these mortals—who saw themselves as humble and insignificant—this was without question the closest they would ever get to the divine.

After today, it would become their greatest story, a tale to be passed down through their descendants and retold by friends for generations to come.

In fact, whether gods should appear directly before mortals had been a topic of fierce debate.

Some gods believed that their nobility should remain aloof, their majesty and mystery preserved from mortal eyes.

Others argued that these were carefully selected fanatics, and it was only right to grant their fervent wish, as it would help spread divine faith.

Ultimately, Thalos made the decision—the Aesir weren't all elemental gods. Since most deities relied on faith-based power, all should be equally visible and accessible. The age of "gods who must not be looked upon" was a stale, outdated notion.

As a result, mortals were blessed to witness the true forms of the gods.

To ensure clarity, the god-kings refrained from hiding behind divine radiance and even restrained their divine energy to avoid harming the viewers.

Countless mortals were so overwhelmed by this sudden surge of joy and awe that they fainted on the spot with blissful smiles.

Prayers, shrieks of worship, cries of repentance—the chaotic but sincere chorus of mortal voices became the background music to this epic parade.

Once the god-kings and their armies had passed, it was time for the World Swords to make their grand appearance.

Even though Heimdall had long since erected a divine barrier between the platforms and the God-Emperor's Road, mortals could still feel the overwhelming elemental surges radiating from the swords as they glided through the sky.

And it wasn't just the raw power—they could even glimpse, through the spiritual overflow of each sword's soul, vivid visions of past events.

When the Sword of Jotunheim passed overhead, all saw the fall of Ymir, progenitor of the frost giants, and the moment fate itself crowned a young, beast-hide-clad Thalos with a crown of ice crystal.

It was in that moment, when Thalos cleaved the eternal night with elemental flame, that the Aesir name was carved into Ginnungagap's history in runic script.

As the Sword of Muspelheim flew by, it showed Surtr, progenitor of fire giants, slicing the world's border with his flame-blazing sword.

The Sword of Vanaheim carried rippling psychic echoes of the Aesir gods clashing in golden armor against the Vanir, the clang of weapons resonating in the visions of the watchers.

Yet for all their divine glory and history, these swords—each symbolizing one of Thalos's victories—were now nothing more than stepping stones on his path to ultimate triumph.

Not one sword's radiance could rival the brilliance of the soon-to-be-crowned God-Emperor.

All of their histories merged into the luminous script of runes, intertwined with projections of the worlds pierced through by Yggdrasil's roots.

It was both a chronicle of glory and a record of unflinching brutality.

Only the most observant noticed that the Avenue of Triumph bore a faint crimson glow, hinting at the blood it had absorbed.

Then, the air stirred.

The entire Ginnungagap realm echoed with the most resonant world-song, heralding the arrival of the God-Emperor.

The sky itself split in two, pouring golden radiance down upon the intersection of the Rainbow Bridge and the God-Emperor's Road.

There, a towering figure of radiant gold, standing as tall as three men, emerged atop a colossal divine steed!

A long crimson cloak trimmed with golden runes flowed from the giant's pauldrons down to the golden bricks of the avenue.

Runes from countless worlds danced around him, each lighting up with the unique glow of a different sub-world.

Two branches of the World Tree extended beside him like a divine honor guard, crawling along the pedestrian edges of the avenue.

In the sky, Valkyries on silver pegasi and three thousand Einherjar warriors slammed their weapons on their shields, unleashing a thunderous battle cry to welcome their supreme God-Emperor.

Celestial phenomena bloomed endlessly, and every element, every sub-world of Ginnungagap, joined in to express their celebration.

Then came the voice of the divine herald Hermóðr:

"Ruler of the twenty-seven worlds of Ginnungagap, Destroyer and Conqueror of all realms, Creator of life, soul, culture, and civilization—His Majesty the God-Emperor Thalos Paulson has arrived!"

As if commanded by instinct, from the humblest mortal to the loftiest god, even the most honored god-kings—like waves in a crashing tide—prostrated themselves, performing full five-point kowtows in unison.

Thalos rode atop his divine steed Asgard, and as he gazed upon the sea of kneeling subjects and children, a sudden wave of emotion washed over him.

"I've finally reached this point!"

There was only forward—never back.

If I don't become Emperor, then my enemies will.

Ever since his reincarnation into Ginnungagap, Thalos had known this path would never end with retreat.

Looking back now, a swift hundred years had passed.

Perhaps... I've done well?

A faint smirk tugged at the corner of his lips.

His divine steed marched forward with deliberate weight, each step echoing like a thunderclap across worlds.

Each step was a giant stride for the universe itself.

Maybe in another century, he'd implement new things in this world.

Perhaps the dawn of the steam age, or a future where gods and technology coexist.

There was still so much left to do.

But without legitimacy, without a proper title—how could I ever stand face-to-face against "that one"?

The mere thought made Thalos chuckle.

Clop. Clop. Clop!

At last, the divine steed halted before the towering Golden Platform of the Imperial Palace.

Thalos dismounted, ascending the nine-tiered platform step by step.

Along the way, he passed his ministers, passed every divine pantheon he had conquered, passed the six kneeling god-kings—until he stood before the altar.

There, he reached for the Elemental Crown, forged from Earth, Water, Fire, and Wind.

Lifting it high, he placed it upon his own brow.