

Thalos 362

Chapter 362: Coronation of the God-Emperor (Final)

Before this moment arrived, not only the gods below, but even Thalos's own children had been speculating how their father would crown himself—some even secretly opened betting pools.

When they saw Thalos bypass all ceremony or divine sanction and directly place the Elemental Crown upon his own head, the siblings all turned to their eldest brother, Thor, giving him a wordless look of resigned defeat.

Thor smugly raised an eyebrow.

Of course—the Crown Prince knew their father best.

Indeed, there was no being in existence worthy of crowning Thalos. Not even the World Will of Ginnungagap itself was qualified.

Everyone knew that the World Will, for all its lofty mystique, was—when it came to communication or cooperation—honestly kind of useless. Without the assistance of gods, the World Will was a sluggish, clumsy wreck.

Unless some external enemy dragged a battle meant to be over quickly into a protracted, years-long war of destruction, the World Will was basically negligible.

In short, it was not Thalos who became great because of Ginnungagap—it was Ginnungagap that became great because of Thalos.

More than once, when the World Will overindulged or failed to suppress the resistance of an invading world's will, it was Thalos who intervened—abandoning or outright destroying the enemy world's core to enable proper assimilation.

This kind of coronation ceremony was utterly unique, completely unlike any before it.

And at the very moment the mortals of the restructured twenty-seven sub-worlds saw Thalos don the Elemental Crown via soul projection, the entire world erupted.

Different races, one voice:

"Praise His Majesty the God-Emperor!"

"Long live Paulson!"

"Glory to the world of Ginnungagap!"

The earthshaking roar transformed into a surge of faith energy so immense it overflowed across the twenty-seven heavens, shaking the very barriers of the world. Even the chaotic energy beyond trembled in response.

Meanwhile, Thalos sat boldly upon his newly-forged, titanic golden throne, receiving tribute from the Crown Prince and six god-kings.

Thor first offered up the Hammer of Thunder, Mjolnir, in a symbolic gesture. Thalos briefly held it before handing it back. Then came the god-kings, each stepping forward. The gesture meant: regardless of birthright or rank, all were willing to offer their lives and might to the God-Emperor.

Next came the twenty-seven World Swords, gliding slowly past the steps of the Imperial Throne—symbolizing Thalos's absolute dominion over all of Ginnungagap's sub-worlds.

And finally, the climactic moment—the World Will itself.

A massive vortex over 100 kilometers wide suddenly formed in the sky. Golden energy gathered, forming a funnel of shimmering light, which condensed into a dazzling golden line.

It spanned heaven and earth.

Under the gaze of billions, the light took shape—a golden tree branch of divine radiance, descending slowly into Thalos's outstretched hand.

Only then did the onlookers realize that the branch's end was shaped like a key.

The Key of the World!

Beneath the steps, the god of poetry, Bragi, was overcome with emotion. "This... this is the World Will's gift to His Majesty—the Key of the World. It signifies the keystone, the gateway, and most of all, it means His Majesty is the true Master of the World!"

Whether the World Will truly meant what Bragi claimed didn't matter.

What mattered was that everyone knew: without Thalos, there would be no Ginnungagap as it now stood. And in return, the Ginnungagap World had given him its unconditional trust—and total authority.

All gods and mortals alike bowed again in unison, thrice chanting Long live the Emperor!

Clutching the key—or rather, the golden scepter—Thalos, too, felt a powerful surge of emotion.

He could now feel with perfect clarity: due to the World Will's boundless trust, the entire Ginnungagap megaworld's power was fully at his command—not just elemental mastery, but also the absolute right to appoint and dismiss divine offices.

If he so wished, he could instantly elevate any mortal—remake their body and soul, awaken divine traits, and grant them elemental powers rivaling a god-king's. This text is hosted at novelfire.net

If he so chose, any enemy entering this world could have their strength instantly stripped by the world's own will—peeled and shattered like brittle shells.

All twenty-seven worlds moved at his will.

No wonder, Thalos thought, all those gods in the novels he read before reincarnating were obsessed with becoming a God-Emperor.

The truth was, you couldn't just claim the title. Unless you united ten or more pantheons and held enough territory, a self-proclaimed god-emperor was just puffing themselves up—nothing more than a hollow name.

But now that he'd reached this position, Thalos finally felt the terrifying weight of true divine supremacy.

If he so chose, he could wield the entire Ginnungagap as a weapon—draining half the worlds to annihilate an enemy. And even then, the World Will wouldn't utter a word of protest.

This was unconditional trust—a faith beyond reason.

Theoretically, Thalos could even merge his own consciousness with the Ginnungagap Will—becoming the world itself.

There were pros and cons.

The upside: he could command every single resource of the megaworld.

The downside: with every new world he assimilated, he would have to absorb and overwrite its World Will. Over time, this could cause his own identity to fragment or dissolve, blurring the boundary between self and world.

But no matter what, in this entire universe, there was perhaps only one being left who could match him.

You know who I mean, right? Zeus!

...

Congratulations poured in. One by one, the gods came forward, offering gifts and pledging loyalty in increasingly ornate and flowery language. Thalos accepted them all with a calm smile and returned gifts in kind.

But his mind had already drifted far away—toward the far shore of the chaotic cosmos...

What Thalos didn't expect was that, countless thousands of kilometers away, on the world of Liranka—

Odin suddenly felt a chill of foreboding.

He had been in the middle of a council meeting when he abruptly stopped speaking.

Death god Apch hissed with concern, "Your Majesty, what's wrong?"

Odin looked awkward.

He had no idea how to explain to his subordinates that at this very moment, his mind was echoing with a name:

"King of Jotunheim."

Yes—that ridiculous title Thalos had once bestowed on him long ago.

So long ago, in fact, that Odin had almost forgotten it.

Now, with this sudden premonition—and as a god with the divine domain of prophecy—he instantly understood:

His elder brother had finally ascended to God-Emperor.

Only that could explain why he suddenly felt the call.

Apparently, Thalos still regarded him as a feudal vassal king under Ginnungagap.

Odin's face twisted into an indescribable expression.