

Thalos 65

Chapter 65

"Beowulf?" Thalos' pupils involuntarily contracted when he heard the name. A sense of absurd destiny overwhelmed him.

How many years had it been since he and his brother reshaped the world? It had only been fifty years since he personally created humanity in this world. That was nothing for the Aesir gods, who often lived for tens of thousands of years. But how could Beowulf—a hero from the late stages of Norse mythology—have shown up already?

Beowulf was a Geat. In Midgard, the demon Grendel was wreaking havoc, and King Hrothgar resolved to offer a reward for the demon's elimination.

The Geat Beowulf, coming from Geatland, stepped forward with fourteen warriors. During a banquet, they set a trap for Grendel, and with sheer brute strength, Beowulf tore off one of Grendel's arms. Grendel fled to his lair deep in the forest, where he eventually collapsed and died.

Grendel's mother sought vengeance, bringing chaos to the human realm once more. In the lake leading to her lair, Beowulf encountered and fought countless venomous sea serpents. In the end, he used an ancient enchanted sword found in the witch's lair (in this life, it had been swapped with a dwarven-forged scrap weapon) to sever the witch's head, putting an end to the evil.

For his deeds, Beowulf became a king among mortals.

Unexpectedly, in the second year of his reign, a runaway slave greedily stole his favorite possession—a golden goblet—from a fire dragon dwelling in a cave. When the dragon awoke and discovered the theft, it roared with fury and sought revenge, burning villages and rampaging through the land.

Ultimately, the dragon destroyed Beowulf's hall, and the two perished together.

Having kept a close watch on him, Brynhildr immediately seized his soul.

Now, the weak and helpless soul of Beowulf knelt beneath the steps of the divine throne in the Hall of Heroes.

Looking at Beowulf, Thalos found it both amusing and slightly exciting.

No other reason.

It seemed the Ginnungagap world had heard his wishes and went ahead and delivered this mortal hero early.

Bad news: Ginnungagap was a stitched-together chimera.

Good news: It stitched everything in.

Ironically, the twin goddesses of fate seemed completely unaware, letting Thalos do as he pleased.

Thalos used his divine sight to observe Beowulf below, and naturally, the legendary hero became even more reverent.

That was normal—at two meters tall, he was undoubtedly imposing among mortals.

But compared to an Aesir god standing six meters tall, he was insignificant, not to mention the elemental energy leaking effortlessly from His Majesty the God-King, which to Beowulf felt like a raging storm.

Every breath Thalos took caused elemental upheaval.

The nine divine swords that hovered around him, each one could leave Beowulf awestruck and worshipful.

"Beowulf greets the Supreme God-King, Your Majesty!"

"Rise. Look Me in the eye."

"Yes—"

Should he be called a true hero?

Though shaken to his core, he at least had the courage to meet Thalos' gaze.

His eyes showed admiration—but also determination!

"Not bad. Brynhildr should have already explained everything to you."

"Yes, Your Majesty." Beowulf's translucent, ghostly figure seemed to solidify slightly.

"I can grant you a second life. It may succeed, or it may fail. If you succeed in reaching the other world, I need you to ring a bell regularly each month in a remote, uninhabited place. Report everything you see and hear there—the identity of rulers, and so on—as detailed as possible."

"Yes."

Beowulf agreed to each instruction and was soon led away by another Valkyrie.

"My Lord, is the bell-ringing part... easy?" Brynhildr couldn't help but ask.

"Both easy and not easy," Thalos replied, his gaze transcending space, leaving the Ginnungagap world, and settling upon that other world, which was clearly larger in volume.

Due to the interference of chaotic forces, even with the vision of a God-King, he still couldn't see clearly.

The only thing Thalos could think of was Morse code—but in runic form.

As long as Beowulf could hammer out each symbolic letter, Thalos might be able to passively receive the message.

This way, Thalos could avoid directly using force to intrude upon the other world, which would otherwise alert its rulers and the will of that world.

He didn't expect instant results, but this was the safest method of probing.

This time, including Beowulf, the Valkyries had prepared thirty-six Einherjar.

Three days later, in the Silver Palace, Thalos sat upon the divine throne that amplified his godly power, gazing at the faintly perceptible thread between the two worlds.

Thalos waited.

He waited for the moment when chaotic disorder was at its thinnest.

And he waited for a full twenty-three hours. Just before midnight, he unleashed the gathered Einherjar like a volley from his hand.

This was the outer world. No being could observe what happened within the chaotic turbulence.

Thirty-six brilliant spirit-lights entered the chaotic current. Even though they were wrapped in the power of a God-King, from afar, they still looked like insignificant fireflies.

"Shhh!" The first unlucky soul appeared.

Thalos had given each Einherjar a set amount of divine power, enough to keep them safe for a certain period or under a certain degree of chaotic assault.

Anything beyond that, he couldn't help them.

That unlucky one was suddenly dragged off-course by a rogue chaotic current—

And silently disintegrated within the chaos.

Next came the second, the third... the tenth...

Ten carefully chosen Einherjar were thus utterly wiped out in the seam between the two worlds.

The remaining spirits pressed on. Soon, they struck the barrier of the other world.

It felt like raindrops hitting an umbrella—splashing a beautiful little spray, and then... nothing.

Don't forget, when it rains hard enough, umbrellas can sometimes leak.

With just this one test, Thalos realized the other world clearly hadn't reinforced its outer barrier or atmosphere.

It reeked of a typical brute's handiwork.

Or maybe the sky god over there was just slacking off?

Thalos was intrigued.

The faint traces of consciousness he had attached to the Einherjar vanished the moment they crossed the world barrier.

"Five," Thalos said calmly, announcing the result.

It was far better than he had expected.

He didn't know what the Einherjar would encounter in the other world.

If they were lucky, they might immediately seize excellent physical vessels.

If unlucky, they might possess pigs or dogs.

Or maybe, just like Thalos himself in the past, they'd end up in the womb of someone critical—like Bestla?