

## Thalos 194

### Chapter 194: Thunder God vs. Storm God

Imagination limits combat power.

Even for gods, those who had never experienced warfare on a world-to-world scale suffered from glaring gaps in common sense.

When Thalos, through the will of the world, "saw" the enemy gods flying out of that rocky turtle-shell-like world, propelling themselves toward Ginnungagap using various elemental powers, he was left speechless.

Although the scene was remarkably similar to medieval ship-to-ship boarding battles back on Earth, Thalos wanted to ask—had they forgotten the World Tree's tendril attacks?

Under Thalos's control, the roots of the World Tree were arranged into an array of dazzling, root-based ambushes designed to trap the Sumerian gods.

Don't forget, this wasn't an empty void. The area was filled with chaotic energy—what the Sumerians called "salty sea water" and "sweet sea water." It not only impaired visibility but significantly weakened perception.

Many of the Sumerian gods thus foolishly charged straight into Thalos's root traps.

A pocket formation of several thick roots closed in.

"Snap!"

Just like that, a True God fell.

His divine power alone couldn't resist the crushing force of the world's barrier emanating from the roots. To pit the strength of a single god against the relentless, origin-based pressure of an entire world? It was a joke.

Of course, these pocket traps weren't invincible.

The World Tree's roots moved relatively slowly—far less agile than the Kraken's tentacles.

Even so, if Thalos could intercept 10 to 20 percent, he'd be more than satisfied.

And so, more than a dozen Sumerian gods were quietly slain in the void, their deaths unnoticed by their comrades. Even their divine corpses were dragged back by the World Tree's roots.

For entities composed of such complex divine laws, the World Tree couldn't digest them. But for an expert like Thalos, they were invaluable resources.

Soon, a wave of Sumerian gods broke through Ginnungagap's seemingly fragile barrier and plunged into Niflheim.

These ambitious Sumerian deities were blindsided the moment they entered.

First came the gravity.

"Ah! My body feels so light!"

"What's going on?!"

Not every world had the same gravity— $G$  wasn't universal, and certainly not always 9.8 meters per second squared!

This gravitational mismatch was a natural punishment for outsiders.

The Sumerian world was most likely one with extremely strong gravity. Dropping into the relatively lighter Ginnungagap, they found themselves physically disoriented and unstable.

Given time, they might have adapted to it like the Celtic gods and mortals had.

But Thalos had no intention of giving them that time.

A massive black shadow silently approached them...

"Ah! What is that?" One Sumerian god fired off multiple divine blasts—most missed entirely, and only one or two barely nicked the target.

But when the enormous serpentine body slithered in close, the disoriented god didn't even have time to dodge before being viciously constricted by the massive serpent.

"Aaaaaargh—!"

Within seconds, most of his bones had been crushed.

And it wasn't over. A gaping serpent's maw lunged forward and swallowed his body whole.

In the nearby mist, another gaping mouth emerged.

It all happened faster than the eye could see. In a flash, that god's head and right arm were simply gone—his mutilated body collapsed to the ground, spurting divine blood like a fountain.

Another god was likewise ambushed—this time, a crimson divine spear, The Thorn of Piercing Death, skewered him through the chest.

The Sumerian gods weren't defenseless.

Soon, once the legendary divine spear Gungnir, formerly wielded by the previous God-King, entered the fray, the Sumerian pantheon began suffering casualties at a rate of nearly one god per minute.

"Something's wrong! There's an ambush in the mist!" Sumerian Storm God Adad was one of the more alert ones. Realizing how the fog severely hindered their effectiveness, he burned massive amounts of divine power to ascend skyward, creating a huge thunderstorm cloud.

A piercing thunderclap shook the entire mist realm. Lightning cracked through the endless fog. Torrential rain finally began to break apart some of the mist, and the bright flashes of lightning gave the Sumerian gods something to orient toward, preventing total annihilation in the haze.

The gods began converging on Adad's position.

Adad might've been the one to change the fate of the Sumerian invasion force.

Unfortunately, Thalos would never allow that.

A rainbow beam descended—Asgard's official Thunder God, Thor, made a flashy entrance.

"Haha! You're a thunder god? So am I! Let's see who's the real deal!" Thor, who had been repressed for far too long, was like a starving beast freed from its cage. His eyes locked on Adad with bloodlust. Without a word, he hurled Mjöltnir straight at him.

Two thunder deities clashed mid-air in an explosive collision, unleashing a torrent of lightning that lit up the skies above Niflheim. The blast of energy even reflected off the edges of the world's barrier.

Runes representing the laws of lightning filled the sky, forming dense magical inscriptions. The rune network overwhelmed Adad's storm-law structure.

Two completely different law systems collided, and the chaotic turbulence from their clash nearly blanketed a quarter of Niflheim.

To be honest, if the battle had continued, more Sumerian gods would've surely come to Adad's aid. But what seemed a dead-even match to outside observers ended with a jaw-dropping outcome.

After a brief standoff, Adad was horrified to realize that his storm laws were being utterly crushed.

Desperately, he tried to rely on his sturdy divine body to brawl it out with the bearded thunder god.

Big mistake.

Thor didn't just have stronger thunder power—his divine physique was on a completely different level.

One hammer swing—

BOOM—

Skull shattered. Brain matter splattered.

Sumerian Storm God Adad—fallen!

Adad's death wasn't quiet.

He wasn't a low-tier god—he was of Major God rank, at least.

Yes, thunder deities were notoriously brutal and never held back—but seeing their own major god fall in a direct one-on-one clash still deeply shook the Sumerian pantheon.

The news of Adad's instantaneous demise spread rapidly in all directions.

"Adad is dead!"

"Watch out! Their thunder god is vicious!"

"Damn it, I feel like my divine power is being suppressed!"

"This world is evil!"

After struggling and forcing their way through Niflheim, some Sumerian gods finally escaped the mist— only to find waiting for them... a terrifying realm of death.