

## Thalos 196

### Chapter 196: Allies Are Mortal Enemies

Two streaks of divine light clashed, and the long blade in Arthur's hand traced a brilliant arc, slicing Ninurta's bisected corpse in opposite directions. A spray of divine blood burst from where he had stood.

It happened so fast that the Sumerian gods on the other side fell completely silent. Their morale plummeted into an icy abyss and then froze there.

Even the attending divine retainers instinctively shut their mouths.

They dared not utter curses or shouts—only weak, ineffectual cheers for their own side.

Forget the retainers—even the Sumerian gods themselves began subconsciously backing away from wherever Arthur was.

But Svarlfheim was just that kind of terrain—an enclosed world within an enormous megastone, where the space between its stone caverns was narrow, the paths limited. If you weren't running into this guy, you were bumping into that one.

In a way, they were lucky to run into the former Tuatha Dé Danann gods at all. At least they had a chance to show some final valor before their deaths.

As the God of Knights, Arthur Pendragon held fast to his own chivalric code, refusing to partake in "unjust group beatdowns."

This offered the Sumerian gods a sliver of psychological comfort.

Barely a sliver.

Whenever Arthur finished one duel, those observing could clearly see him bow to the next foe before issuing his challenge.

In truth, there was not a single god among the Sumerians capable of truly withstanding Arthur's sword.

The razor-sharp Excalibur only grew more powerful in the face of hesitant foes. Each swing resembled a passing exchange—one breath, one strike, and the result was final.

Arthur victorious. The enemy slain.

It even reached the point where the absurd spectacle emerged of: "Queue for ten minutes, fight for ten seconds."

Arthur's ridiculous five-kill streak quickly spread like wildfire.

Never mind that four of the five slain were sixth or even seventh-generation Sumerian gods—those who once tilled the earth before humanity was even created as slave labor, just to support the fourth and fifth generations above them.

They were still True Gods, and their strength far surpassed that of most demigods.

The name Arthur Pendragon, God of Knights, would henceforth resound across both the Aesir and Sumerian pantheons on this day of invasion.

Meanwhile, back in Asgard's Silver Palace, Thalos sat upon the divine throne, listening to war reports while projecting real-time visual feeds—gathered from his divine sensors across the world—into the air for all to see.

The Aesir gods and giants who had not yet joined the battle absorbed information through these projections, sharing in the experience as if they were physically present.

Thalos wasn't concerned about how many Aesir gods or giants had fallen in Niflheim.

So long as Helheim hadn't been breached, any battle on home soil came with a ludicrous passive buff: "dying doesn't count."

What did concern Thalos wasn't this probing attack led by second- and third-tier Sumerian gods—it was the possibility that the other side would just recklessly ram their entire world forward.

Because that would be catastrophic.

He couldn't begin to imagine what it would look like for two colossal worlds to collide head-on.

Even after Ginnungagap's expansion, it still fell far short of Earth's scale as Thalos knew it. And he certainly didn't have any fancy physics models on hand to calculate the speed at which a Sumerian world might smash into his—and whether Ginnungagap could take the hit.

This kind of microcosmic "Mars-crashes-into-Earth" scenario was something he absolutely wanted to avoid.

Especially considering Ginnungagap was the larger of the two. If the enemy forced an exchange of small for big, it would be an enormous loss.

He had intentionally kept Ginnungagap gathering power—just in case the other side decided to go berserk.

What Thalos didn't know was that the Sumerian God-King—Enlil, god of wind—was absolutely livid.

"No news yet?" His voice sounded like a hundred tempests howling at once. The resulting hum made the other gods' hearts tremble.

Even though they were used to their god-king's temperament, none felt at ease in his presence now.

Let alone when this invasion was an all-out act of collective Sumerian will.

Moon god Nanna answered quietly, "Goddess of Venus, Ishtar, has failed to observe further details. Our vanguard force was swallowed whole, as if into nothingness."

"Hmph!" Enlil snorted. The resulting divine gust raged through the heavens like a hurricane, scattering items across his opulent palace. His divine attendants and lesser gods instantly dropped to their knees in terror, not daring to move a muscle.

At that moment, a strange god stepped forward—behind him, a solar disc flanked with feathered wings.

This was Ashur, the war god of the sun.

"Almighty Majesty! Clearly, Ninurta and his trash can't break the deadlock. Permit me to lead another force to strike from a different angle into the enemy's world!"

"Approved. Utu—you go as well."

Utu, the sun god—he and Ashur were on good terms. Both were prominent deities in the Sumerian pantheon, and their involvement brought considerable weight.

Before long, a radiant light flared up from the Sumerian world—so brilliant that it instantly drew Thalos's attention.

"Hm? Sun god Utu?" Thalos leaned lazily against his armrest, chin resting on his hand.

His comment caught Freyr's attention.

After all, peers are rivals—and mortal enemies.

Freyr had no problem accepting "sun-blooded" allies from other pantheons, such as Cú Chulainn, the Son of Light.

But when it came to another true sun god... that was a matter of life and death.

And Arthur's resounding success had, to some degree, agitated Freyr's pride.

The fall of the Vanir gods was now a distant tale.

One not even bards cared to retell.

Freyr understood this was something Thalos had deliberately suppressed.

If not for the expansion of the divine realms and the world itself, Freyr would've settled down as a content and modest solar deity.

But the world had expanded—and in this age where devouring another world meant more authority and a higher station, no Aesir god would willingly let a rival step over them to rise.

Freyr's own Sword of Victory—a weapon of similar make to Arthur's—buzzed with anticipation, eager to drink the blood of another sun god.

"Your Majesty! I request to engage the enemy! Let the battlefield be set in Alfheim!"

Freyr was going all in—even willing to use his own domain as the battleground.

There was no helping it. Most major realms, after all this time, already had deities managing or claiming them as their own.

No one wanted their territory turned into a warzone. Better to offer it yourself.

What Freyr didn't expect was for Thalos to chuckle and reply, "We're the defenders, remember? Where the enemy attacks—that's not our decision."