

Thalos 199

Chapter 199 - He's Panicking! He's Panicking!

When all is said and done, the so-called "War God of the Sun Wheel" was never truly a god of war. His [War] domain was something he had to share with the rest of the Sumerian pantheon.

Calling it "sharing" sounded noble—truthfully, he was just picking at leftovers.

The real powerhouse in the Sumerian war domain was the goddess of Venus—Ishtar, that greedy madwoman. She was both goddess of war and of love and lust. In her city of Uruk, the people had long practiced a life of primitive frenzy—by day, warriors trained by furiously hacking each other with wooden weapons; by night, they indulged in wild carnal rites.

So when it came to someone like Ashur, a half-baked god, Cú Chulainn wasn't even remotely worried.

He came in hot with a shot from his "rainbow cannon"!

Yes, it was none other than Brionac, the divine spear originally belonging to his father Lugh, passed through Odin's hands, and finally bestowed upon him.

However, Thalos wasn't fond of this weapon, so he had the dwarven master-smith Ivaldi extensively reforge it.

No longer was it the berserk spear that needed to be soothed with opium to remain calm. After erasing half of the spear's soul, its aggressive will was heavily subdued. In some ways, this reduced its raw power, but made it far more controllable.

Cú Chulainn opened with a five-elemental assault, which left Ashur completely stunned.

Once the Sun Wheel God's light attribute was reduced to flashlight-level, "light" became a matter of whoever invoked it best.

As five beams of elemental radiance slammed into Ashur, he looked completely at a loss.

He might not have feared little Cú Chulainn, but he had to factor in the support behind him—Freyr, and that aloof but terrifying God-King who could disrupt battles at will with an invisible hand.

The longer he fought, the more hesitant he became.

Finally, Cú Chulainn seized the opportunity and ended this arrogant solar deity's life with a clean thrust of the Crimson Thorn of Piercing Death.

Unlike other Sumerian gods, Utu had previously blown open the Ginnungagap world's barrier by force and had maintained the opening with divine energy. As a result, both Utu and Ashur's deaths were witnessed directly from the chaotic void—by none other than Ishtar.

When this news made it back to the Sumerian world, the gods who had yet to act erupted into chaos.

There was no hiding this.

Utu, as the god of the sun, held a central pillar of divine authority. The aftershocks of his fall were immediate. The Sumerian sun emitted a sharp hum, followed by a piercing wave of shock that reverberated across the entire world—inside the massive stone-shell cosmos formed by the sky god Anu's incarnation.

And in the heavens—the eternal sun... went out.

Granted, the sun wasn't the only light source in the Sumerian world.

Granted, the Sumerian gods were born from chaos—they could live without a sun.

But no one knew better than the Sumerian gods what the sun truly meant.

Without the sun, mankind could not plant crops, could not feed themselves—or the gods.

Without mankind, there would be no worship.

No worship meant the gods themselves would grow weak.

Those sixth-generation gods, once retired and haughty, would be forced to take up the burden of servitude again—digging in the dirt to feed the higher-tier gods.

That was the greatest blow to the Sumerian pantheon.

"Damn it! How dare that bastard!"

"That was Utu!"

"So what? Are we supposed to go easy on their sun god next time?!"

Losing a sun god wasn't the end of the world—just conquer the enemy pantheon and steal theirs.

But that assumed you could actually steal him.

The double failure of their two vanguard teams left the Sumerian God-King Enlil in a rage.

His thunderous roar shook the heavens: "The attempt to forcibly alter the enemy's laws using [Destiny Tablets] has failed. In that case, we will charge in with our entire world!"

Honestly, this move was insane.

A textbook case of "mutually assured destruction."

The energies and law-storms unleashed when two worlds collide would terrify any observer.

If neither side's world laws could fully assimilate the other, then the resulting chaos would be completely unpredictable.

It would be like trying to merge two universes—one where water flows downhill, and another where water flows uphill. The result could only be catastrophic.

What made it worse: the Sumerian world was clearly smaller than Ginnungagap by a whole tier.

To charge forward blindly, despite knowing the enemy's world laws were stronger and had anti-invasion properties...

[Enlil, are you insane?!] the voice of Sky God Anu boomed through the divine hall.

One couldn't blame Anu for losing his composure. When it came to full-world collisions, Anu was bound to suffer the most. The world tree's invasive roots had already caused him immense pain.

Now Enlil, his own son, wanted to ram Anu straight into the opposing world?

No wonder Anu was the first to speak out.

Enlil, unmoved, stood tall, wind god energy rippling around him as his shaggy beard whipped in the gale.

"The enemy's world barrier is just a layer of gas. Father, you're tougher than they are!"

Anu's projected avatar practically blew a gasket.

He was livid.

[This isn't about brute force! I'm worried about being flooded with opposing laws and powers!] he shouted hoarsely, but Enlil—already half-mad with obsession—ignored him.

Enlil snorted and rose from his throne. "Those damned [Salt Waters] have weakened us enough. If we can't gain new world essence, then our world will shrink! And when that happens, you won't be spared either!"

The goddess Tiamat's chaotic rampage had left the Sumerian world in ruins.

If Enlil hadn't been forced to the brink, he never would have dared launch this war.

He swept his arm across the temple, conjuring a gale that knocked gods to the floor, then pointed furiously at them:

"No one can sit this out! Either we destroy the enemy—or be destroyed by them! There is no third option! All prepare for world collision!"

On the other side, sensing the Sumerian world accelerating toward them, Thalos' lips curled into a faint smile:

"He's panicking! He's panicking!"

He didn't even bother to explain to the Aesir. With a simple backward gesture—

The will of Ginnungagap responded instantly, and the entire world began to recede at a speed equal to or faster than the Sumerian charge.

Between the two worlds, Ginnungagap was clearly in better shape, having already absorbed the Celtic realm.

The world tree's roots shot outward like towing lines, pulling the whole world backward at tremendous speed.

The result: Ginnungagap's retreat was actually faster than Sumer's advance!

This time, Sumer's God-King Enlil truly lost his mind.