

Thalos 203

Chapter 203: The Main Force Arrives

The Sumerian gods who had braved the chaotic cosmos, narrowly avoided the interception of the massive World Tree roots, and managed to pass through Ginnungagap's world barrier without getting sliced to ribbons by Thalos's aerial wind blades... had no idea what awaited them once they landed in the Ten Realms.

What did await them? A series of insane, berserk forests.

As everyone knew, all ten worlds were upheld by the World Tree. Its branches and roots pierced the foundation of each realm.

Whether the Sumerians landed in desolate wilderness or densely populated cities, the moment their feet touched ground, the earth began to roar, and countless vines and roots, like the limbs of a colossal octopus, lashed out in a frenzy.

Whip!

Whip hard!

Whip them to death!

Normal treants couldn't possibly possess the terrifying power of the World Tree's branches and roots. Each strike was equivalent to a blow from a high-tier god. To destroy these roots, one had to first break through the law-level suppression.

If they couldn't deal with it, even an 800-degree fire attack would only carry 100 degrees of damage.

This form of law-based suppression left the invaders under extreme pressure from the moment they arrived.

Some Sumerian gods did bring their Fate Slabs.

But the moment one of those showed up, it would instantly draw Thalos's personal attention.

He was the type to focus on the big threats and ignore the small fry.

Anything related to world-level or law-level phenomena, he handled himself.

As for the rest—the lower-tier gods—he left to Vidar, the forest god, to handle in the first round of interception.

It was like a divine power filter.

Any god who survived the World Tree's first wave of root-lashings qualified to witness the first rainbow of their divine life—that's right, the Rainbow Bridge.

The moment its rainbow light flashed across the sky, at least one Aesir bearded war god would arrive with a squad of divine warriors to violently beat the intruders to pulp.

Thor, Arthur, Tyr, Freyr, and other powerhouses, even if not on active duty, lay in wait at the Rainbow Bridge terminus. The moment Thalos gave the word, they would arrive like stars rushing to the stage and unleash cyclonic slaughter upon the invaders.

For these Sumerian gods, who didn't even bother declaring war, Thor and his comrades offered no basic courtesy whatsoever.

If they could kill in one strike, they wouldn't waste a single word—just crush them and toss their divine souls into the Underworld for Hel to play with.

Even when Sumerian gods begged for mercy, they were given none.

This relentless war of attrition lasted three full days and nights.

At the world level, Ginnungagap maintained its suppression of the Sumerian world. Thalos stuck to his principles: "Advance when the enemy retreats, harass when they advance, chase when they fall back."

He never directly engaged the enemy world, but also never let it disengage.

After all, it was the enemy world that suffered damage. As long as the sky god Anu had no chance to repair the outer world shell, chaotic energy would continue pouring into Sumer, and with internal unrest among their mortals, Sumer faced collapse from both inside and out.

Day by day, the tug-of-war continued. By the seventh day, Sumerian God-King Enlil could no longer endure it—he prepared to deploy the main force.

When a dazzling phantom planet emerged from the Sumerian world, Thalos sensed it immediately.

To say he didn't notice it would be a lie.

That star-sized illusion, equivalent in size to ten mortal capital cities, radiated light that rivaled the sun.

Its inner divine power was even more ferocious than that of the solar god.

The violent divine energy cleared hundreds of miles of chaotic energy in all directions, forming a wide passage wide enough for an entire city to pass through.

In his divine sight, Thalos gazed upon this being and smirked. "Such... vigorous power."

Even if he didn't want to admit it, Thalos had to acknowledge her strength.

Strong—truly strong.

The figure was hidden within the illusionary "Venus," divine energy swirling around her like a furious storm, so intense that even a World Tree root was snapped in half under its force.

The goddess, naturally, was the Goddess of Venus, Love, and War: Ishtar.

To her left, a massive storm cluster obscured another figure. Thalos stroked his chin—likely Marduk, god of storm and rain. Farther left was a soft moonlight glow, symbolizing the Moon God Nanna. To Ishtar's right was her sister, the underworld goddess Ereshkigal.

These four lead the charge, and behind them hovered a massive formation of Sumerian gods.

Clearly, this was the full-force assault.

At that moment, in the Palace of Silver, the Aesir gods and giants were already cracking their knuckles. Though their numbers were far fewer, their string of recent victories gave them no fear.

"So, it's finally the decisive battle?" Freyja, clad in divine armor, asked with rare excitement.

"Decisive battle? No, this is just the main force. The final battle is still far off," Thalos replied casually.

"Still not our turn?"

"Nope." Thalos's answer was blunt and succinct.

What the Aesir couldn't see—thanks to the viewpoint restrictions—was that Thalos had more in store than just the World Tree roots.

If Enlil thought slow-moving roots were the only weapon Ginnungagap had, he was dead wrong.

Just as Ishtar broke one massive root with a divine arrow, she screamed in fury: "You cowardly scum!"

Because what the World Tree flung at them next wasn't a vine—it was a heavily chaos-contaminated world fragment!

After Ginnungagap absorbed the Celtic world, Thalos didn't purge every piece of corrupted land, water, or space. Instead, he sealed a few islands of chaos, the size of mortal cities, using orderly energy—saving them for a rainy day.

And today... was that day.

With a burst of power from the World Tree, one of these chaos-infused islands was hurled straight into the midst of the Sumerian gods.

None of them wanted to take it head-on.

First—it was too damn big.

Second—blowing it up wouldn't help.

Third—it self-detonated midair.

BOOOOM!

No one knew how Thalos triggered it, but the explosion released a massive burst of chaotic energy—a nightmare for gods of order.

Even the light surrounding the explosion distorted wildly.

When the Sumerian gods struck that warped space, they heard sharp, shrieking cries—and out came hordes of grotesque chaos beasts, drawn by the divine attacks.

"Damn it! The Ginnungagap gods are still keeping Sea of Salt monsters?!"

The once-unified Sumerian forces plunged into chaos. Some gods lashed out in panic, hitting the chaos creatures hard. Others simply barreled through, divine shields smashing through the beasts as they continued their charge toward Ginnungagap.

The real war had just begun.