

## Thalos 207

### Chapter 207: Air Won

There are countless reasons that can determine the outcome of a massive war.

Often, some bizarre and overlooked reason ends up playing a pivotal, invisible role.

When Ginnungagap was violently rammed by Sumer, the cataclysmic impact—what could have caused a true world-ending event—naturally demanded full attention.

What Thalos didn't expect was this:

Ginnungagap's air won.

Yes—air won.

Utterly absurd.

Back when Thalos killed the progenitor frost giant Ymir and began reshaping the Ginnungagap world, he casually infused the realm with tons of physics formulas, such as: "The density of air at standard atmospheric pressure and room temperature is 1.225 kilograms per cubic meter."

It was just something a physics-competent transmigrator did when fine-tuning the world's laws.

By the gods—Thalos had never imagined that injecting all these formulas into the world's laws would inadvertently make Ginnungagap ridiculously powerful.

When the borders of the two worlds fused and their atmospheres mixed, an overwhelming phenomenon occurred.

Mortals couldn't perceive it, but gods who governed air—or rather, the element of wind—could see it vividly:

Ginnungagap's air was rapidly absorbing the unregulated atmosphere of Sumer into its own law system.

Sumer, being an extremely primitive realm, had almost no scientific framework since birth.

In that theocratic world, any law not granted by the gods was forbidden to be learned by mortals—or rather, no one dared learn it.

Anything beyond what the Destiny Slates decreed often resulted in divine punishment.

Just like how, in the city of Uruk under Ishtar's rule, people only knew how to breed and fight—anything else, they wouldn't or couldn't do.

The air in Sumer was so primitive that even Thalos found it offensive.

Had Sumer collided with any realm other than Ginnungagap, its air-versus-wind-element battle would've been a chicken fight between weaklings.

But this was a world hand-crafted by Thalos, filled with physical laws!

Air density? Fluid dynamics? Airborne buoyancy?

These formulas, embedded as natural laws into Ginnungagap, began automatically and irresistibly invading Sumer's atmospheric domain—even without Thalos lifting a finger.

And remember—within Ginnungagap, Thalos held dominion over sky, wind, and water.

In Sumer, Enlil had only wind.

It didn't matter.

Both of them could clearly see Ginnungagap's air (and wind elements) streaming into Sumer like ink poured into a fish tank—dying all of Sumer's air with Ginnungagap's law-set.

"No—no! Impossible!" Enlil, fully armored and ready to charge, almost went insane.

Their wind element had surrendered before the battle even began!?

How the hell was he supposed to fight this!?

As a God-King, and one of Sumer's strongest deities, Enlil at his angriest was truly fearsome.

His divine power was boundless—so much so that even his fellow gods could only gaze up at him in awe.

Standing on the edge of his heavenly temple steps, Enlil's entire body vanished into a vortex of storm winds. A massive hand of wind manifested before him.

This giant hand of elemental air was so massive, it could easily palm all of Midgard's Iron Forest.

It pressed down gently—and the fusion point between the two worlds shuddered.

Countless threads of divine power radiated from the fingers of that hand, intertwining and glowing with fierce light—forming a giant net.

Enlil was forcibly pushing back Ginnungagap's invasion of wind element law with his divine will.

Many invading currents of foreign air collided with the net like tangible objects—sparking screaming gusts from law friction.

Despite it all, by subduing these invading "air clusters," Enlil caused the sky above Sumer to shine with an intense cyan glow.

The Sumerian gods stared in disbelief—Enlil had actually halted the invasion with his own might.

They erupted in cheers.

"Hahaha! Our King is mighty!"

"See that, foreign god-king? That's our invincible Lord Enlil!"

"Surrender now! Hahaha—!"

Their noise likely wouldn't have reached the Silver Palace...

But since Thalos had been watching this exact moment with his divine sight, he kindly cast the scene into a live psychic projection above the palace hall.

The Aesir and giants of Asgard—already simmering with fury—exploded.

"That dung-licking god thinks they're winning!?"

"Hah! Their world barrier's been shattered, their top gods are dead or captured—and they still brag like that?"

"Kill them! Idiots like that don't deserve to surrender—they need annihilation!"

Hatred, once ignited, spirals upward infinitely.

Neither pantheon was exactly known for diplomacy to begin with.

The Aesir had only learned to behave after being disciplined by Thalos for more than half a century. Deep down, they were still divine savages.

Now, with the enemy handing them a knife, the gods and giants gladly obliged.

Roaring and howling, they surged toward the Rainbow Bridge, following Thalos into battle.

At the same time, inside the dungeons beneath Valhalla Palace—

Ishtar, still trapped in her swirling water prison, had the privilege of witnessing the live feed of the battle.

It was a psychic projection that Gullveig had personally requested from Thalos.

Compared to crude physical torture, Gullveig knew exactly what broke a headstrong, one-track-minded foreign goddess like Ishtar: psychic defeat.

And as luck would have it, just as the projection displayed the Sumerian gods cackling over Enlil's minor success, Scáthach entered the dungeon.

She was dragging a prisoner, bound in layer upon layer of death sigils.

Holding Gungnir casually in one hand, Scáthach declared, "Goddess Gullveig, I heard from Heimdall that you had Ishtar down here. I thought—why not bring Ereshkigal too, let the sisters reunite?"

Gullveig's eyes gleamed mischievously as the divine sisters came face to face.

Inside her prison, still wriggling with divine vitality, Ishtar locked eyes with Eresh—and her eyes widened with horror.

"Glub glub glub (Why?!)"

Eresh sat down with a listless expression, smiling bitterly.

"What do you think? The death goddess of Ginnungagap, Hel, was stronger. I couldn't withstand her laws. Got beaten up by her and her pet."

Ishtar trembled all over.

She no longer dared imagine what would happen...

if the entire Sumerian pantheon was truly, utterly defeated.