

Thalos 208

Chapter 208: The Great Collision of Worlds

To hold the throne of a God-King is to hold power—glory, reverence, and... hesitation.

Those who act without restraint are often not noble, but rather simply unburdened by consequences.

Don't be fooled by how tyrannical the Sumerian God-King Enlil seemed—crushing humans at will. Against other deities, he was far less bold. In fact, when it came to divine combat, Enlil's track record was unimpressive. Compared to a certain war-hardened Asgardian God-King who clawed his way from obscurity through countless brutal battles to still stand tall, Enlil was leagues behind.

But even so—how long can a god, after ascending to the highest seat of power, continue to hold onto their original convictions? How long before they lose their edge?

Absolute power corrupts absolutely. And gods are no exception.

Inside his crumbling Temple of the Wind, Enlil roared in fury, "Anu! The enemy refuses to let us go! Do as I say! At the very least, the legacy of the Anunnaki gods can survive—"

Anunnaki—a word that stung.

The children of Anu and Ki.

And now? Enlil was proposing to Anu, the Sky God himself, that they burn him—yes, ignite the very essence of the Sky God—along with what remained of Utu's solar power, to force the Sumerian world into a desperate acceleration. A final charge. A last gamble for the entire pantheon.

Under normal circumstances, Anu would never agree to such madness.

But now, with ruin closing in, perhaps this was no longer unthinkable.

[...]Anu was silent.

"What are you hesitating for?! We've already lost too many! If we all die, do you think you'll somehow be spared?" Enlil's fury echoed so violently through the Sumerian heavens that the entire realm fell into an oppressive silence. Only the endless rumble of shattering sky-rock layers remained.

The wise water god Enki whispered meekly, "Couldn't we just negotiate with their God-King?"

"Negotiate what?! Turn the Anunnaki into their slaves?! What we did to humanity—they'll do to us!" Enlil screamed, rabid and bitter.

Crude, yes. But not wrong.

Negotiation only works when powers are evenly matched.

If the enemy can take everything, why bargain with the defeated?

Enlil had made up his mind—at least bloody the enemy. Only then could any negotiation hold weight.

Anu hesitated for a long time, then finally sighed, "Very well. I'll do as you ask. Let my sacrifice be the seed of the Anunnaki's future."

"Your greatness will be remembered forever by the Anunnaki," Enlil responded, his tone suddenly solemn. He led the remaining gods of the heavens in a unified, reverent bow toward the sky.

It was a moment of tragedy and grandeur.

In that instant, the last remaining sky-layer of their world—the Luludānītu, the wall of rock that had protected Sumer for eons—gave a sorrowful groan. One by one, the layers began to fracture and collapse, destruction fanning outward in every direction. The mighty world-barrier was shattering.

The crumbling stone erupted into flames, jetting long trails of fire in the opposite direction of Ginnungagap.

Without the world-shield, the celestial realm's buildings became fragile in the face of the surging tide of Chaos.

Beautiful divine palaces in the path of their forward charge collapsed like sandcastles before a tsunami.

Enlil's plan was madness—burn Anu and the Sun to force the world into acceleration. If necessary, Ki, the Earth Goddess, would be sacrificed too. Even their primordial ancestors, Lahmu and Lahamu, could be offered up.

On the other side, upon sensing Sumer accelerating again, Thalos sighed deeply. "They're going all in..."

Even Ginnungagap's world-consciousness grew nervous: [Thalos?]

"Listen to me carefully. Attacking them with the roots won't work this time."

[...]

Ultimately, even if Thalos directly controlled the roots of Yggdrasil, worlds were too massive to be swift. Movement came slowly. And if Sumer was charging ahead with suicidal resolve to initiate direct contact—a boarding-style collision—it would be almost impossible to avoid mutual damage.

"Ginnungagap, do exactly as I say."

[Understood.]

...

From a bird's eye view, once Sumer began accelerating through self-destruction, Ginnungagap could no longer flee—unless it too self-destructed to match their speed.

In theory, its greater size meant Ginnungagap could outlast its rival.

But by then, Sumer would be rubble—and Thalos didn't come here to break even.

A war fought for no gain is a war wasted.

And with the threat of even larger realms, like the Greek world, looming in the future, Thalos was determined to devour the Sumerian world—to expand the Aesir and Ginnungagap itself.

Thus, after a 24-hour chase, and countless root-lashings that stripped away swathes of Chaos-infected regions from Sumer, the two worlds finally collided—gently.

Thalos had prepared a "safety airbag" of sorts. Not quite accurate to call it that, though.

He ordered Yggdrasil's roots to spiral together into a horn-shaped shock absorber.

The immense tendrils braced against Sumer's celestial realm, slowing the impact significantly.

RUMBLE—

This was a cosmic upheaval.

Mortals across Ginnungagap looked southward in sheer horror. There, a vast object beyond all comprehension loomed, entangled in Yggdrasil's roots and branches, crashing into their sky.

The sacrificial victim—Niflheim—was nearly shattered on the spot.

Black specks burst from the mist-shrouded realm as it crumbled.

Too distant for mortals to see clearly, each of those "specks" was a palace-sized boulder.

Ginnungagap came within a hair's breadth of reverting from Ten Realms back to Nine.

But the world tree's sprawling roots and branches saved Niflheim in the end. The continent—spanning hundreds of thousands of square kilometers—tilted violently, losing about a third of its mass, but ultimately held together through sheer bulk.

The concussive shockwave traveled up Yggdrasil's trunk, spreading to all connected realms.

The Lower Four Realms suffered the worst—each landmass endured quakes akin to magnitude 5 earthquakes.

Further up, the Middle Realms got off with magnitude 3 tremors.

As for Asgard and Alfheim atop the tree? Their shakes were so mild, most didn't even notice.

"Phew..." Thalos exhaled slowly, relieved.

You can handle the brave, you can handle the wise—but those who charge in recklessly? They're terrifying.

He'd genuinely feared that Enlil might snap and slam the two worlds into oblivion.

But now, the worlds had made contact.

And at the point of collision... the colors shifted.

The laws of each realm had begun to invade and erode one another.