

## Thalos 210

### Chapter 210

Enlil, of course, knew full well that he was now completely on the back foot.

But he was the God-King!

Lose the fight if you must—but never lose face.

If he cowered now, this war would be over before it began.

With a pulse of divine thought, torrents of wind element surged into his body. In mere breaths, Enlil's figure ballooned into a colossal titan over a kilometer tall.

Of course, to Thalos, he looked more like a balloon giant.

After Sumer's repeated setbacks, the divine power within Enlil had thinned dramatically.

That bloated, semi-transparent body?

Who was that supposed to intimidate?

"Thalos, is it? Remember my name—I am Enlil, Supreme God-King destined to conquer your world! Your head will serve as my bathtub, your goddesses shall be shackled to pull my chariot, and your palace shall be the arena for Anunnaki sport! Everything you have—will belong to me!"

Enlil's fanatical declaration reverberated across both worlds, amplified by rolling thunder and swirling gales.

Perhaps no other god could make himself heard so clearly.

At least as a wind god of god-king rank, the man had volume.

After he spoke, a few scattered cheers rose from Sumer's side.

He had ruled for ages, his divine authority deeply entrenched. Many of his fanatics still followed him blindly.

But to the gods and mortals of Ginnungagap, his words were the punchline to a joke.

"Hahaha! Is this guy drunk? Who the hell does he think he is?"

"Typical trash from a tiny world—gets a little power and thinks he's a real god-king?"

"Just wait! His Majesty Thalos is going to wipe the floor with this idiot!"

As always, unlike Enlil—who only knew how to crush the weak—Thalos had clawed his way to the top through countless cataclysmic battles.

The sheer gap in reputation was visible to the naked eye.

As whispers of laughter and mocking remarks drifted in on the wind from the Ten Realms of Ginnungagap, Enlil's face darkened further.

"Ginnungagap worms—your mouths are all that's strong!"

Thalos cast a look of sympathy toward the Sumerian gods. He completely ignored Enlil's tirade, instead directing his gaze toward the distant Water God Enki, who floated behind Enlil.

"Well, well. To end up with a god-king like this... you all really drew the short straw."

Enki's facial muscles twitched.

What could he say?

Anything he said would be wrong.

No matter how awful Enlil was, he was still Enki's brother.

And no matter how sensible Thalos sounded, he was still the enemy.

Even if Thalos had perfectly voiced what the Anunnaki were secretly thinking, none of them dared speak up.

Especially not in this face-off between divine pantheons.

The nearby Enlil was already cursing in crude rage.

Thalos simply waved it all away and turned to Dagda.

"You handle Enki. Don't kill him—just keep him occupied."

"Yes, my king."

"As for the rest of the Sumerian gods—any who don't surrender, kill them."

Naturally, this order was met with thunderous approval from the Aesir gods and giants.

On the other side, Enlil couldn't wait to charge in, eager to deliver a decisive opening blow.

WIND!

GALES!

WORLD-ENDING STORMS!

The howling wind surged like a colossal, sky-scraping lion—roaring, lashing out, tearing across reality to vent its fury and unleash its destruction.

Truthfully, Enlil had the strength to challenge any god-king—except Thalos.

It was a shame. From the start, he'd picked the wrong enemy.

Sumer versus Ginnungagap?

This was a tragedy in the making.

Thalos parted his lips slightly and uttered a few calm words:

"I declare—INCREASE AIR DENSITY."

If Thalos had wished, he could've added a new trait to the air itself: Imprisonment.

He could've halted the movement of air molecules in a targeted area, effectively freezing wind itself.

Such divine manipulation of world-level laws was the ultimate weapon.

At maximum output, this could lock down entire regions—not just physical matter, but also spells, divine magic, even energy and elemental flow.

But such power came at a steep cost:

The burden on the caster—and on the world—was immense.

Enlil, by contrast, was like a reckless gambler—always doubling down, even willing to stake his entire world on one wild play.

His every move screamed, "As long as I take the enemy world, nothing else matters!"

Never once had he stopped to ask, "What if I lose?"

This level of irresponsibility was not only a tragedy for his world, but a royal headache for Thalos as well.

To forcibly bind Enlil would require massive amounts of Order.

Worse still, what if Enlil pulled an Odin-style move and rejected his Order godhood entirely?

That could complicate everything.

So Thalos chose the simpler route:

Just crank up the air density.

Let the wind god waste himself dry.

And in just a few breaths, Enlil noticed something was wrong.

The enemy wasn't blown to dust, as he'd expected.

Instead, the air between their worlds had become thick, heavy—glue-like.

This was no longer a battle of wind versus wind.

It was like trying to spin a fan in molasses.

Enlil froze.

What kind of divine art was this?!

For the first time, a flicker of terror appeared in Enlil's eyes as he looked at Thalos.

If he'd had real experience in law-based warfare, he might have tried lowering air density, reshaping the battlefield to suit his strengths.

But he didn't know how.

Like most primitive gods, Enlil relied entirely on instinct.

His first thought was:

"Maybe I can just engrave a new law into the nearby fate tablets..."

One misstep leads to another.

For a foe this easy to lead around, Thalos nearly laughed aloud.

Without pause, Thalos raised his hands and activated the next rule change:

"I declare—Sky and Sea As One."

This was pure mockery at the law level.

Originally, "sky and sea as one" was just a poetic phrase—describing how, at distant horizons, it's hard to tell sea from sky.

But Thalos made it literal.

For any being unable to resolve this law, it became impossible to distinguish between wind and water elements.

And just like that...

Enlil tried to call on wind—only to realize that half of his divine power was being channeled straight into the ocean.

And the sea? That wasn't even his domain.

Which meant that half his power was being utterly wasted.

Even Enki looked stunned.

"Your Majesty... why are you in my element?!"

Thalos had just used a tiny little misdirection—

—and crippled what remained of Enlil's already-strained divine power.