

Thalos 211

Chapter 211: Heaven-Piercing Stomp

"Face me, bastard! Stop using those low-level parlor tricks!" Enlil roared with rage. As he spread his arms, the sky trembled violently, and his body shot forward like an arrow, charging directly at Thalos.

The wind pressure from Enlil's charge swept up half the sky in a violent storm. Even though the gods from both worlds had long since cleared the area to avoid the two god-kings' clash, the aftershock of the windstorm still sent many divine attendants stumbling.

Thankfully, this wasn't a populated region—otherwise, entire towns would've been obliterated.

Though the area was nearly lifeless, the thick fog that had lingered over Niflheim since the dawn of its existence was forcibly blown away by the sheer force of Enlil's advance. Hills and ridges were flattened, boulders were shattered into fragments, and stone debris flew like rain in a thunderstorm.

Enlil's attack was undeniably spectacular in terms of sheer momentum.

But that was all it had—momentum.

He attacked using violent wind, while Thalos answered with nothing more than a wall of air.

The two seemingly similar—but fundamentally distinct—types of wind clashed midair, and in that instant, the sky lit up with the blinding brilliance of colliding divine laws.

Within the unseen turbulence of wind and air, only top-level elemental gods could faintly perceive the tangled threads of divine law.

Unfortunately, most gods on both sides were too busy fighting their own opponents—or avoiding the shockwaves of this titanic duel—to pay attention.

"Die! Die! Why won't you just DIE?!" Enlil screamed in furious desperation. The man was the textbook definition of an angry old god.

Oddly enough, Thalos found himself understanding the guy.

This was a classic elemental deity.

Gods who ruled over wind and fire often acted like this—impulsive, aggressive, unstable.

In contrast, Thalos and Thor had always been seen as unusually "human" gods. In truth, they were the outliers.

Thalos glanced at Enlil and fired off several more divine laws—but none worked.

Enlil was a textbook elemental god. His existence, his power, and even his life force were thoroughly bound to the Sumerian world.

As long as there was wind, he could not die.

He was the living embodiment of wind.

There weren't many reliable ways to kill someone like that.

Tricking him twice at the start had already pushed the limits of what Thalos could do through law manipulation.

What remained now was a good, old-fashioned brawl.

"THALOS, DIEEEEEEEE!" Enlil screamed in a frenzy, his gale-force aura blowing the clouds apart and creating a gaping void in the heavens.

In his imagination, Thalos should've long since been drowned in his endless wind.

But no matter how much power he unleashed, Thalos's immense divine body remained unmoved. Not a single breeze could penetrate the one-mile zone around him.

Soon, Enlil realized something terrifying: it was getting harder and harder to extract wind elements.

"What is this...?" He finally noticed that during his high-speed pursuit, Thalos had slowly drawn him farther away from the boundary between the two worlds—deeper and deeper into Ginnungagap's territory. They were no longer above that mist-shrouded continent. They were now hovering above a vast ocean.

"You finally noticed, idiot?" Thalos smirked.

"What...?" Enlil fell silent.

He had chased too far. This wasn't Sumer anymore—it was the core of the enemy world.

The air here felt foreign to him.

It was still "wind" in a sense—but not the wind he could control.

Trying to draw divine power from this alien atmosphere was like squeezing oil from stone.

For the first time in his existence, Enlil felt a suffocating helplessness—as if his limbs were bound and his face smothered in soaked leather sheets. He gasped for breath, but no air would enter.

"No! What have you done?!" he screamed in desperation at the soaring Thalos ahead of him.

"The appetizers are over," Thalos answered, arms raised. "Now comes the main course."

The sea below—calm moments ago—suddenly surged with waves thousands of meters high.

"Thousands of meters" might've been poetic exaggeration.

What Thalos truly did was far more devastating—he used gravity and law manipulation to crush a god.

Enlil suddenly realized something horrifying: the sky was getting lower.

More accurately—the distance between sea and sky had shrunk dramatically.

Thalos wasn't a mere wind god—he was the God of the Sky.

Just like Anu of Sumer, Thalos held dominion over the sky itself.

What he had done was lower the atmospheric ceiling over this region of Ginnungagap—bringing down the upper boundary of the world.

Don't be fooled by appearances. That "sky barrier" might look like a thin veil anyone could fly through.

But beyond it lay the endless, corrupting chaos of the outer void.

Thalos had essentially pulled a massive sheet of "sky skin" down over Enlil—like a dumpling wrapper closing around a plump ball of meat.

Now Enlil faced two poison choices:

Escape upward, break through the atmosphere into chaotic space, risking Thalos chasing him into the void.

Stay, and be sealed beneath the collapsing sky—trapped in an unfamiliar ocean.

"DAMN YOU!" Enlil chose to break upward.

Of course, Thalos didn't plan to let him escape.

The heavens twisted violently. Just as Enlil gathered all his strength to punch through the sky, the very atmosphere of Ginnungagap hardened—and transformed into a colossal foot, forged of air itself, descending from the heavens.

"AAAAARRRGHHHHH!"

It didn't do much damage—but the humiliation was crushing.

Even though Enlil's divine body was protected by a swirling cocoon of wind, that airborne foot clearly stomped, then twisted like someone wiping mud off their sole.

"Y-you... how DARE you treat me like this?! I am the supreme, almighty God-King!"

His shrieking rants echoed across the skies—a portrait of impotent rage.

The "mighty God-King" could no longer hold his altitude. That massive air-foot kicked him hundreds of meters down before he could stabilize.

That's when he realized—his body was now underwater.

He was stunned.

Weren't we fighting an aerial battle?

How did this turn into an underwater brawl?

Thalos's divine voice rolled in across the waves:

"Welcome to my other divine domain—Water."