

Thalos 212

Chapter 212: The More They Fight, the More Despair Sets In

"Aaahhh! Let me go! Dare to fight me fair and square?" Even after being kicked to the bottom of the sea, Enlil still had energy to scream. His cursing and ranting never stopped.

After all, spiritual speech couldn't be blocked by seawater.

Being stomped all the way to the ocean's depths meant he was now completely severed from the wind element. If this were still his world, Enlil would likely have summoned divine power in vast quantities to continue clashing with Thalos.

Even here, in the seas of Vanaheim, he could manage to gather a bit of wind element—but it simply wasn't enough.

It was like owing an astronomical debt but being unable to pay even the interest. The only possible ending was a full-scale collapse.

Thalos switched feet. Now it was a giant foot of water that repeatedly stomped on Enlil. Each time the wind god tried to surge back up to around a kilometer below the surface, he'd get kicked straight back down to the bottom.

To be fair, as a proper god-king, Enlil wasn't entirely brainless. At one point, he even tried to smash open the ocean floor of Vanaheim to escape in another direction.

Too bad his wind element skills were severely lacking in anything involving the ground.

No matter how violent the gales around him seemed—swirling tornadoes and screaming tempests—his power over this vast ocean amounted to little more than a slight ripple. He didn't even manage to disturb the fishing boats bobbing on the surface.

Still, compared to the Celtic god-king Nuada "Silverhand," Enlil was far more formidable.

At least he could still put up a fight.

If Thalos got careless, Enlil might really break free. Catching him again would be a headache.

Thalos suddenly realized—he had a real knack for playing the torturer.

Wasn't this just enhanced waterboarding?

What he didn't know was that his performance was being perfectly broadcasted by his mind-projection back in Valhalla.

The goddesses remaining behind, led by Freyja, were squealing with excitement.

"Your Majesty is amazing!"

"Keep going!"

"Kill that fake king Enlil!"

This scene was also being projected into Valhalla's dungeon.

Ishtar and Ereshkigal turned pale.

Ishtar suddenly requested, "Gullveig, can you let my head out of the water? I promise I won't try to escape!"

Gullveig nodded. Thalos had long since handed her control over the binding waters.

So now, the Venus goddess bobbed in place like she was in a pool, her soaked hair floating as she stared upward, both stunned and silent.

The two sisters watched as the god-king Enlil—who had once seemed invincible in their eyes—was now being abused like a wet dog, unable to resist at all.

Ereshkigal sighed, "Your god-king... is very powerful."

Gullveig proudly puffed out her chest. "Of course! No being has yet tested the true limits of His Majesty's strength. No enemy has ever escaped his grasp. It's either submission—or destruction!"

Then she silently added in her heart: Except Odin.

Meanwhile, Thalos remained methodical in grinding down Enlil's divine power.

After all, this was a real god-king. One-hit kills against such opponents were a fantasy. Thalos had never even aimed for that.

Truth be told, the power gap between them wasn't all that astronomical. Even with his law-based tricks weakening Enlil's strength, Thalos didn't want to spend massive amounts of his own power to finish the guy off.

Utu was already dead, and Sumer had lost its sun.

If Enlil fell, it was quite possible that the Sumerian wind element would be permanently depleted.

Thalos had long viewed the Sumerian world as his own eventual spoils of war—he had no desire to see it wrecked before he could claim it.

This piecemeal dismantling was the most efficient solution.

With the overall situation secured, Thalos took a moment to check the main battlefield.

What he didn't realize was that when his divine eye appeared in the sky, the Aesir and Jotun warriors below erupted into thunderous cheers.

"Haha! His Majesty has the upper hand!"

"Stupid Sumerians, your god-king's done for!"

Of course, the Sumerian gods wouldn't accept that. They yelled back in fury:

"Never!"

"Our king is invincible!"

"Lord Enlil will destroy your world with his storm!"

But words meant nothing now.

Only facts spoke the truth.

And just then, someone entirely unexpected arrived at the battlefield via the Rainbow Bridge.

Thor.

He was holding the severed head of the Sumerian storm god Marduk.

The two sides reacted very differently.

On the Aesir side, cheers erupted—even if many of them didn't know who Marduk was.

Didn't matter. The look on the Sumerians' faces—like they'd just lost their fathers—told them all they needed to know.

The water god Enki nearly collapsed on the spot. "My son—!"

Marduk had truly been powerful. Once the god of storms and thunder, he held divine authority over both war and magic. He had real qualifications to be a god-king.

In Sumerian myth, it was Marduk who defeated the primordial chaos dragon Tiamat during the divine civil war. That victory had earned him the throne of the pantheon.

Frankly, if this fight hadn't taken place in Ginnungagap's homeland, it wasn't clear whether Thor could have beaten him at all.

As it stood, Thor was wounded—his left pauldron shattered, his right side bleeding from a clear arrow wound.

Still, a win was a win.

Having barely slain Marduk, Thor hurried back via Heimdall's Rainbow Bridge, worried about the front lines. But upon arrival, he was surprised to find... he wasn't needed.

Staring at the massive divine eye floating in the sky, Thor called out loudly, "Father! I'm here now—"

Thalos's voice echoed grandly across the heavens: "My son, rest. Or wait for someone to be defeated, and then step in."

"Huh? But—"

Thalos chuckled. "What, you want to take credit from the others?"

Thor fell silent.

The gods below laughed boisterously:

"Your Highness, don't steal our thunder!"

"You're injured—rest up!"

"Haha! I've got a good fight going. Don't ruin it for me!"

Thor was left standing there awkwardly.

Looking around, he realized that the Aesir and the giants had completely seized the upper hand.

Despite the furious god-spells still flying, the Aesir gods clearly had physical superiority—taller, stronger, and more durable. The Sumerian gods, in contrast, were generally the size of mortals.

When magic duels ended in a stalemate, those with longer HP bars always came out on top.

In sky and on land, the two worlds' energies clashed furiously as divine powers ravaged the battlefield. Dozens of brilliant colors collided and corroded one another.

On the surface, it looked like an even match.

But in truth—the Sumerian gods were fighting with growing despair.