

## Thalos 215

### Chapter 215 Post-War Settlement

With Enlil's fall, it could be said that there was no longer any battle-worthy god left in the Sumerian world. Of course, Sumer still had many deities—like the Earth Goddess Ki, the muddy second-generation gods Lahmu and Lahamu, and the cosmic axis gods Anshar and Kishar, who represented spatial anchors.

The problem was, these "gods" were more accurately described as embodiments of the world's will, rather than conscious divine beings.

In truth, apart from the somewhat active Anu, most of these gods had long since lost sentience. After the defeat and departure of the primeval Chaos Goddess Tiamat, these beings were heavily damaged and fell into deep slumber.

"Long live His Majesty Borson!"

"Hahaha! As expected, His Majesty is invincible!"

"That Enlil guy? Nothing special—"

"Waaaaahhh—!"

Some gods laughed hysterically. Others wept.

The reactions from the opposing factions of gods were painfully real.

But what followed was even more soul-crushing: when Thalos returned to the battlefield—he brought Enlil back... as a sword soul.

Right on the spot, Thalos used a branch of the World Tree to pierce into the Sumerian world, beginning the forging of his eleventh world-class divine sword.

The only little hiccup was the name.

"Ten Realm Swords" sounded fine. But "Eleven Realm Swords"? That sounded a bit clunky.

Still, if one day he absorbed more worlds and changed the terminology from "realm" to "state," perhaps he could declare:

"Sword light sweeps across thirty thousand miles, a single blade chills all nineteen states."

Descending once again, Thalos looked upon Enki and the remaining Sumerian gods, who now knelt quietly, awaiting judgment.

His gaze held neither contempt nor hostility—on the contrary, it radiated a sense of calm and serenity.

He spoke loudly: "The Aesir have never been an isolationist or xenophobic pantheon. My father, Borson, founded our people after marrying the giantess Bestla. We welcome all gods willing to contribute to our cause. But we will also severely punish those who raise arms against us. Stand—so long as you prove your loyalty in the next great war, you will be recognized as brethren of our divine tribe."

"Thank you for Your Majesty's generosity and mercy!" Enki bowed deeply, leading what remained of their broken forces.

Defeated gods held no divine authority.

The fact that Thalos spared them, even lightly, at the end was already the greatest possible mercy.

Enki only needed to ask around to realize: the Aesir were shockingly lenient toward the conquered.

They slayed the god-kings, exterminated the defiant, and absorbed only those who were cooperative or too powerless to resist—especially the goddesses.

Knowing that the Vanir gods had set the precedent, Enki finally let out a sigh of relief.

As long as they did their jobs, they wouldn't be purged.

And for a divine faction that had initiated the war, this was already the best possible outcome.

As for losing their world—that couldn't be helped.

Thalos personally led a team to inspect the ruined Sumerian heavens and found that, indeed, the Sumerians had been driven to desperation.

Their world had been smashed into a wreck by Tiamat. If they didn't strike out, they wouldn't have survived either.

They just happened to gamble—and lose.

Thalos reached out to Ginnungagap's world consciousness:

\\[Ginnungagap! Can you consume the enemy world and remove its will?]

\\[Of course!]

Previously, Ginnungagap and the Celtic world had merged because they were originally twin worlds, born of the same primordial will. Their fusion was natural and seamless.

The Sumerian world, however, was different.

It contained the wills of several ancient primordial gods. Their "frequency" didn't match Ginnungagap's at all—let alone the fact that Ginnungagap had won.

Thalos and Ginnungagap quickly agreed: remove the opposing world's will, extract its divine soil and origin, and it would be done.

According to the plan, the Sumerian world would be inserted beneath the World Tree's lower layer.

Its vast lands would become the strongest foundation, supporting the deeper expansion of the World Tree's roots.

And the Sumerian world was huge.

Just one continent alone dwarfed the sum total of the previous four lower realms.

After discussion, it was decided:

The Sumerian continent would become the new center of the lower realms.

To the south would be the misty land of Niflheim,

To the west, the deathly realm of Helheim,

To the north, the fiery world of Muspelheim,

And to the east—left for the dwarves and gnomes of Svartalfheim.

Except for Helheim, the other three realms would directly connect to the Sumerian continent.

World integration couldn't be completed in ten days or half a month.

The world-wills would take care of that themselves. Thalos didn't need to interfere.

Once everything was set, Thalos declared loudly:

"Aesir Gods—TRIUMPHANT!"

"WOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Led by Thor, the party-loving maniacs erupted in deafening cheers.

Another brilliant victory!

As Thalos led them from one triumph to another, the pride and satisfaction were unparalleled.

What could be said?

These were gods worshipped by the Vikings.

For them, there was no such thing as too much winning—or too much celebration.

The moment they returned to Asgard, Thor and company stormed the Hall of Merriment.

Meanwhile, the surviving Sumerian gods finally regrouped. They held each other and wept.

"Wahhh... what will happen to us now?" the once-arrogant Ishtar finally understood that the glory of Sumer was over.

From today on, they'd have to live as gods with their tails between their legs.

Enki comforted her: "There shouldn't be any overly harsh punishments. If the Aesir make demands, agree as much as you can."

They had already prepared themselves for the worst.

The Sumerian pantheon had always practiced slavery.

Even if the Aesir didn't do the same, unspoken hierarchies still existed.

No way would they instantly be treated as equals just because they were absorbed.

Just then, Gullveig entered—three times their height.

"Ishtar, Ereshkigal. Come with me."

The sisters flinched.

Ereshkigal stayed calm and asked quietly: "May we ask... what for?"

"Nothing serious. You're going to perform a dance for the gods in the Hall of Merriment."

"...Huh?" Ishtar gasped quietly.

Gullveig gave her a sidelong glance and sneered, "Count your blessings. Aside from His Majesty, none of the old Aesir gods are interested in you. We've become much more civilized now. Twenty years ago? You'd have been caged."

Faced with Gullveig's intimidation, the two goddesses instinctively gripped each other's hands and shivered.

Perhaps it was fortunate that the Sumerian gods were only human-sized.

This meant the larger Aesir and Vanir gods had little physical interest in the Sumerian goddesses.

When the Ereshkigal sisters finally danced in the enormous Hall of Merriment, it truly turned out to be just dancing.

The towering gods and giants were certainly excited—but only about the conquest of the Sumerian pantheon.

Not them personally.

The only one "picked" was the spring goddess Nanshe, daughter of Enki.

She was gifted by Thalos to the Knight God—Arthur.

After the celebrations, Ereshkigal and the others were taken into the inner hall.