

Thalos 216

Chapter 216 - As Long As I Reach That Place

The black elemental giant of wind let out a thunderous roar.

Compressing a swirling mass of wind to its absolute limit, Enlil finally broke free, and with that one roar, he declared his return.

Storming forward, Enlil stirred up such violent gales that the shattered coral of the seafloor was ground to powder and swept back into the depths.

He surged along the newly parted seabed, rushing to the final battlefield—an uninhabited coral island.

From the outside, he appeared unchanged, still the same formidable God of Wind.

No—his roar now was louder than ever, more furious than ever.

In the past, when he assumed this terrifying battle-ready form, it would be enough to make all Sumerian gods tremble in reverence.

Now, seeing him through the mind projection, Enki's shoulders trembled slightly.

Still imprisoned in the dungeons of Valhalla, Ishtar wore an expression on the verge of tears.

Ereshkigal said nothing, simply leaning closer and taking her sister's hand through the watery sphere.

Enlil was still that rage-filled old god.

Even knowing full well that this was likely a trap, that Thalos had let him out on purpose, he still clung to denial with every breath.

"Thalos! You finally dare face me?!"

Within the tornado that encased him, Enlil's eyes still crackled with seemingly sharp lightning.

At the center of his vision, seated upon a throne formed of sky and sea, was that enormous golden figure—Thalos.

The sea beneath Thalos had seemingly turned to solid matter, forming a divine seat of water nine stories high. The throne had stairs, carved detail, and ten symbolic engravings, each representing one of the Ten Realms—identical to his divine seat in the Palace of Silver.

Above him, the sky served as a living backdrop—a screen of light recording his past battles: the slaying of the primordial frost giant Ymir, the destruction of the Vanir King Njord, the killing of Aegir, the suppression of Odin, and even the second slaying of Odin.

No—that wasn't the latest entry.

Enlil's eyes locked onto a new scene, freshly playing on the right-hand panel of Thalos's divine display.

It was this moment.

He—the mighty King of the Sumerian gods—was about to become yet another notch on Thalos's legendary record?

No!

Never!

The prideful Enlil could never accept that.

"Don't underestimate me!" Enlil shouted in protest.

His voice seemed to provoke the blades hovering above Thalos's shoulders.

Anyone with a sharp eye would recognize those swords for what they were—terrifying beyond reason.

Each sword represented a world under Thalos's command.

The Sumerian gods didn't recognize most of them, but one immediately struck fear into their hearts. A sword shrouded in mist—was that not the embodiment of Niflheim, the world beneath their feet?

Enki looked up and, through the layers of the World Tree, caught glimpses of other lands from the middle and upper realms.

There was no longer any need to ask what these ten swords represented.

"AAAAARRRGHH!"

The mighty Enlil launched his final charge.

Howling wind carried him forward like a divine missile.

He was fast—but the swords were faster.

Pierced!

Before he could react, the first blade—the Sword of Midgard—had already pierced his whirlwind armor and stabbed into his left shoulder.

As he instinctively reached to pull it out, the second—the Sword of Alfheim—came at him like blinding starlight.

Then the third, fourth, fifth...

One after another, the divine blades cleaved through the God of Wind's form.

In the blink of an eye, the mighty Enlil was battered and bloodied.

Each sword, representing a different world, severed his limbs, split his head, stabbed his heart.

Yet even so, the wind god did not die easily.

He was an elemental god.

His body didn't have human weaknesses—no vital organs to be struck.

What others considered fatal blows were merely a drain on his divine energy.

So long as his divine soul remained intact, he could fill the gaps with fresh wind elements and reconstitute his body.

To minimize the damage per strike, he even fully elementalized, transforming into a giant ten-story whirlwind as he charged Thalos's throne.

In the dungeons, Ishtar had long lost count of how many times Enlil had been blasted apart.

Sealed off from all external wind by Ginnungagap's Sky and Sea, Enlil couldn't replenish his energy. His defeat was now merely a question of time.

Just as she suspected, this was not a battle—it was an execution of a shameful invader.

No matter how many times his body was shattered, Enlil pressed forward.

Across from him, Thalos sat calmly, one leg over the other, fingers interlaced over his stomach, watching coldly as the enemy struggled in vain.

This wasn't a battle—it was a carefully choreographed stage of repeated slaughter.

Enlil couldn't even get close.

Each time he advanced a few dozen meters, the divine blades would hammer him backward.

"How is this possible?!"

Enlil tried to destroy the swords.

He failed.

With all his might, he couldn't even snap one of them.

Ridiculous.

Even when other swords came crashing into him and sent him flying again, his gaze never left the Sword of Midgard in his hands.

Thalos, of course, said nothing.

He wouldn't explain that each of the Ten Realm Swords was a manifestation of a world itself.

Trying to snap such a sword would be like trying to break an entire continent between your fingers.

Enlil could never fathom that his incorporeal divine body and god-king strength were still not enough.

He was devastated.

Yet even as he was hurled back again, he never retreated.

"DAMN YOU! JUST YOU WAIT! I'LL RIP YOU OFF THAT DAMNED THRONE MYSELF!"

His scream was more like a dying wail.

But he continued forward—torn body and all.

Pierced through, split open, burned, slashed—still he marched.

When he grew larger, taking the form of a massive cyclone, the damage even seemed to lessen.

But it was only wishful thinking.

Each divine sword spun around him like a gear, circling once and then returning for another blow.

Each strike not only tore away his body, but shaved away his divine soul.

His blind charge made him the perfect target.

Even the speed of wind was no match for Thalos's divine blades.

The notion of "If I can just reach him, I can win..."

—a sad illusion.

He could never reach.

And for a god-king, that unreachable reality was the cruelest punishment of all.

This brutal execution dragged on for a full half-hour.

And when the battlefield could no longer raise even a single breeze...

Enlil's divine soul vanished from the world.

The King of the Sumerian Gods—Enlil—is dead.