

Thalos 218

Chapter 218

The Sumerians had once surrendered nearly everything they produced to the Anunnaki gods—keeping only enough to avoid starving.

And every job they held was tied to serving their deities.

Yes, the Sumerians had been that abject.

So now, when Thalos declared they would only pay up to half their earnings as tax, he was hailed as the greatest god-king in history.

It turns out—just like in any other profession—being a god is all about outshining your peers.

At first, Thalos thought it might take considerable effort to subdue the millions of Sumerians as an outsider god-king.

But in the end?

Even if he held 1% of the blame for the collapse of the Sumerian world, didn't Enlil bear the other 99%?

The satisfaction of taking the fruit after someone else's labor—so simple, so pure.

Nowadays, the Aesir gods had long since evolved from mere divine brutes into complex entities—world-gods and faith-fueled gods.

The power of the world itself was immense, but divine energy was something no god ever felt was "enough." When chaotic forces invaded a realm, faith from mortals served as a vital supplemental energy source.

Meanwhile, Thalos personally despised slavery.

As a transmigrator, no one understood better than he did just how backward slavery was in terms of productivity.

Forced labor could never build a thriving world. Only a degree of private ownership and incentive structures could drive real growth.

On the flip side, he was the god-king—a highly centralized figure in control of the world.

He had even tried implementing a feudal system before. But after failing to grant power to his two brothers, Odin and Vili, he realized that with Bifröst connecting all the realms, vertical rule wasn't particularly inefficient.

So it evolved into a realm-admin model: each world had a supervisor, but no one bore the title of "king."

For example, Freyr oversaw Alfheim, the land of light, but he was not its king.

And really, aside from Thalos's own brothers, no other god was qualified to be a king. The other gods wouldn't accept it.

Perhaps when Thor eventually took over as god-king, he'd start granting his own brothers titles.

Or perhaps if the Ginnungagap world grew so large that Thalos could no longer handle everything personally, then he'd begin knighting his sons.

But therein lay the dilemma.

As a transmigrator-god-king, Thalos was too competent. It was clear he hadn't even reached his full potential.

And that was without using his clones.

The soul-infused clones he had could govern autonomously, even as the main body flirted with women or lazed about. Some managed statecraft while others read reports.

That was the absurd part.

And now, with the Sumerian gods absorbed, Thalos found an exceptional new tool in Enki.

The domain of Water was far too vast to entrust to a god who surrendered.

So Enki's new divine role became God of Irrigation. Not even a god of agriculture—he simply inherited a portion of Fertility from Freyr.

A typical grunt role. Freyr, of course, was happy to be rid of the responsibility.

Ereshkigal, meanwhile, received a death-aligned divine role: Eternal Sleep—becoming Hel's assistant. This freed Hel significantly, cutting her workweek to five hours a day.

As for Ishtar, her former role as goddess of War was off-limits—Týr's domain.

Originally classified under Love and Beauty, she tried claiming that area, but Freyja refused to yield it.

So Ishtar became a glorified star goddess—Venus—linked to a planetary celestial body providing her with divine energy. She continued her duties as a cosmic scout.

Time passed.

Ten months later, Ishtar and Ereshkigal gave birth on the same day.

When Thalos felt the call of the world and sensed the divine names preordained for the children, he nearly lost it.

In Ginnungagap, you couldn't simply "decide" to have a god-child. The world itself had to open a divine slot. Who gave birth didn't matter—it could be a goddess or a mortal, so long as the world made room.

Thalos originally assumed Ereshkigal's child would be Namtar or Ninazu.

But no.

When both goddesses, faces pale and arms trembling, held up their wrinkly newborns and bashfully asked what names he'd like to give them, Thalos—exhausted—muttered:

"Just name them Gilgamesh and Enkidu."

Chaos. Utter chaos.

Everything was out of order now!

Ishtar and Ereshkigal couldn't understand why His Majesty had that windswept, broken expression on his face.

Always blunt, Ishtar asked outright, "What, don't you like the kids?"

"No. I've got the Prophecy divine role. I've already seen it: Gilgamesh will be ridiculously arrogant. So if he ever disobeys, just use this belt on him."

"Huh?" Ishtar blinked in confusion.

"This belt's made from the pelts of seven Fenrir spawn—extremely durable. It's called 'Seven Wolves'. A divine tool, perfect for taming unruly children!" Thalos lied through his teeth with the utmost sincerity.

At this point, anything that passed through his hands could become a divine artifact if he injected a little godly power.

Ishtar looked skeptical. Ereshkigal, however, bought it completely.

No one knew better than Ereshkigal just how chaotic her sister could be. A child from such chaos would, naturally, be chaotic as well.

Ishtar's heart suddenly skipped a beat. She felt a wave of fate wash over her.

For reasons she couldn't explain, she sensed an odd mix of love and resentment toward her son. A strange, predestined knot.

And thus, Gilgamesh, who Thalos had known in his past life as "King Shiny" and "the one with all the treasure," was reborn with a new beginning.

This legendary demigod—rich beyond measure, the archetype of all treasures—was now a pureblood god, the son of Thalos and Ishtar.

For the Anunnaki, it was a huge relief: the god-king had produced a child with one of their own. This meant there would be no purge.

On the other hand, Freyja and Gullveig felt a touch of bitterness.

As Vanir survivors, neither had borne a divine child yet. If anything happened, their entire clan would be at a disadvantage.

Fortunately, the crown prince Thor was an earnest, straightforward god whose cheerfulness had earned the respect of all.

The only issue? Thor's political and administrative abilities were nowhere near Thalos's level.

On the other hand, pureblood Aesir gods had lifespans exceeding 5,000 years, with some reaching 10,000 if not killed.

So really, Thalos—flawless in internal affairs, diplomacy, and warfare—could easily rule for tens of thousands of years.

As for the rest? Thalos didn't bother micromanaging.

He fulfilled the promise made to the world's will and began forging his eleventh divine sword.