

Thalos 219

Chapter 219: Divine Battle Royale?

Strictly speaking, Thalos shouldn't have been this anxious.

But Fate kept sending him vague warnings—something was off in this chaotic universe.

Everything felt like it was running on fast-forward.

Especially when he heard from Enki, now the God of Irrigation, that the Sumerian world had three human extinction events in just three centuries. That only heightened his unease.

The Sumerians had a high reproductive rate, and the first-generation humans Enki created were designed not to age or die—just like the Anunnaki gods. This oversight in their creation led to a population explosion, which in turn "disturbed" the late god-king Enlil's sleep. Hence the "purging plans" that wiped out humanity multiple times.

On average, every six to seven generations of humans, Enlil would perform another "cleansing."

Such a high extinction frequency didn't match the epic nature expected of mythological timelines.

Even on Earth, classical slave societies like Greece and Rome lasted nearly 4,000 years.

Yet this grand pantheon had only existed for about five centuries?

That didn't feel right.

The most suspicious part was how two entire worlds had met within the chaotic void.

This was supposed to be an unobservable universe of pure chaos.

How far apart were celestial bodies in a universe like this?

Distances between two astral bodies often stretched over tens of thousands of kilometers.

Even Earth's moon was nearly 400,000 kilometers away. Earth and Mars? Over 200 million kilometers.

So how did two enormous worlds just happen to collide in the middle of the void?

Let's say the Ginnungagap and Celtic worlds lacked fixed orbits—still too implausible. The odds of two equally massive worlds crashing into each other? Like Mars suddenly going rogue and crashing into Earth.

That ridiculous.

And then a bizarre memory hit Thalos—of a classic battle royale game.

A brutal, competitive setup where an invisible force kept shrinking the safe zone, forcing all "players" toward a central battlefield. As the area shrank, players scavenged gear and eliminated each other until only one remained.

"Don't tell me this is... some divine elimination match?" Thalos chuckled grimly. "Let's hope I'm just being paranoid..."

But it wasn't that crazy. Having just absorbed two massive pantheons, Thalos had to consider the growing likelihood of future confrontations.

"The worst-case scenario," he thought, "is an all-out war against multiple pantheons—Greek included."

With that in mind, Thalos once again returned to the heart of the World Tree. This was the place where he and Odin had once harvested a sapling to forge the Nine Realms Sword and Gungnir.

But now the chaotic aura here had changed.

The tree still extended its roots into the void to absorb chaotic energy, but there was none of the past turbulence.

The chaotic essence was still there—but far thinner.

Not because the absorption had weakened, but because the world's will had taken Thalos's advice and implemented a multi-layered filtering system.

The first layer used material reclaimed from the Sumerian world: Luludannitu stone, derived from the god Anu. This rocky layer served as a physical sieve, removing the solidified chaotic particles right at the source.

The second layer of chaotic energy was funneled into a massive 10,000-square-kilometer seawater basin. The world could easily track its clarity—once it grew too murky, the World Tree would cease absorption.

Contaminated water would settle, allowing the densest chaotic crystals to precipitate out and be expelled beyond the world's barriers. After that, root tendrils would perform a secondary filtration, cycling clean water back into the system.

The third and final layer relied on the World Tree's main root, purifying the chaos into usable world essence.

Compared to the old method—directly absorbing chaos—this setup was far safer.

Now Thalos no longer had to worry about another chaotic civil war erupting inside his world.

When he arrived at the roots, the tree's will greeted him:

\\[The root you requested is ready.]

Like flexible tentacles, the smaller roots peeled away in layers, revealing a piece about the size of Thalos's hand.

He gently picked it up, and it instantly separated from the main body.

The moment he touched it, a powerful roar of wind filled his ears.

"Oh? That's very Enlil," he smirked.

Immediately, he slipped into a vision.

He experienced the full might of the Sumerian god-king Enlil at his peak.

This was no mere breeze—it was apocalyptic storm.

Even the outer edge of a tornado that reached from sea to sky could rip out every towering tree in an endless forest.

It swept away rivers, shattered mountains, reshaped entire continents.

Mountains became plains. Plains turned to ravines. Coasts were relocated. Winds redirected.

No exaggeration: at full power, Enlil had been truly top-tier.

Had Thalos not dismantled half the Sumerian world, lured Enlil in, and then used the entire Ginnungagap's elemental forces to torture him into defeat, it would've been a tough fight.

"Whew... But now," Thalos murmured, "you're mine."

As he fitted the segment of sapling into a new sword hilt, a wind-element divine sword began forming in his hand.

The silver crossguard was engraved with ancient cuneiform—runes symbolizing Sumerian gales.

The sword's throat featured Enlil's face, his open mouth forming the blade's base.

The blade itself was etched with swirling cloud motifs, representing relentless stormwinds.

By Thalos's design, the blade forked into two prongs halfway up—not for stabbing, but for something more specific.

Only Thalos knew the true purpose behind the fork.

It wasn't designed to pierce hearts—it was, in truth, a divine-grade railgun conductor.

In elemental terms, wind and lightning were inseparable.

"Oh yeah... truth lies within the range of a cannon."

Thalos was more than pleased.

In terms of raw power, this new blade—crafted from Enlil's divine soul—outclassed any of the Ten Realms Swords. The Sumerian world had simply been that vast, and Enlil that powerful in this era.

In a great mood, Thalos returned to the Silver Palace... only to immediately lose his composure.

Hovering midair across the hall, waves of water-like light shimmered. From within these spatial ripples, one dazzling weapon after another emerged, glowing with impressive radiance.

Before he could even enter the palace, a furious voice rang out—

"You little brat, you've got some nerve!" yelled Ishtar.