

Thalos 220

Chapter 220: The Abandoned World

There was nothing to be done. Ginnungagap took full advantage of the Sumerian world's devastation and devoured everything—from the axial god of the heavens to the earth goddess. The fact that none of those deity-level entities, whose wills were akin to minor world consciousnesses, managed to reverse-assimilate Ginnungagap was already a monumental achievement.

As for inheriting the opposing world's fate in minor ways—that was just a footnote.

The real kicker lay in mythology: Gilgamesh's greatest tragedy stemmed from offending the goddess Ishtar. She ran crying to her father and borrowed the Bull of Heaven to attack Gilgamesh and Enkidu.

And then Gilgamesh went and killed the divine bull.

In retaliation, Ishtar cursed Enkidu, the half-man, half-beast divine creation, with a terminal illness. He died soon after.

That death devastated Gilgamesh. He tried everything to bring his dearest friend back, but ultimately failed. Heartbroken and hollow, he spent the rest of his life as a wise but disillusioned king.

In short, Golden Brat lived a life soaked in tragedy and loss.

But not this time.

In this world, the Sumerian pantheon had been effectively wiped clean by Thalos. Gilgamesh and Enkidu weren't just reborn as full-blooded gods—they were also blood brothers. Under the mighty umbrella of the Aesir pantheon, they wouldn't face internal backstabbing or political betrayal.

If any danger loomed, it would have to come from the outside.

But they were still far too young. Even if the sky came crashing down, they had a whole army of absurdly powerful older brothers to catch it long before it touched them.

If there was one thing Thalos hadn't anticipated—it was Ishtar.

After all, "pretty faces are common, but chaotic souls are one in a million." Case in point: when Thalos casually flipped the bird, Ereshkigal shrank back in confusion, but Ishtar? She leapt straight into his lap.

The real headache was her restlessness. If she wasn't making bizarre demands of her dear son Golden Brat, she was busy harassing the rest of Thalos's harem.

Thankfully, most of Thalos's other lovers—like Freyja—were on an entirely different size scale, otherwise things could've gotten worse.

"Well... I guess it adds a bit of spice to life," Thalos muttered to himself.

If every goddess were as obedient as Gullveig, maybe he would've grown bored.

His greatest joy came from educating (i.e. beating) Gilgamesh.

The boy had inherited the same arrogant, insufferable personality from the myths. His tongue was so sharp, it could slice through plate armor. One of his favorite phrases? Starting every sentence with "mongrel."

So Thalos upgraded the Seven Wolves belt into the official Fenrir's Hide Whip.

Low damage, maximum pain.

"You little brat—do you realize most of the Aesir royal family are hybrids of Aesir and giants? You're at most three-quarters god. When you yell 'mongrel,' you're calling yourself one too!"

This time, Thalos didn't go at it alone—Ishtar jumped in too. The pair launched a tag-team disciplinary session.

They had no choice. Gilgamesh's unfiltered mouth was undermining the divine bloodline's legitimacy. That had to be corrected.

Finally, after a brutal beatdown, Gilgamesh behaved himself—at least a little.

At age twelve, Thalos sent him to govern the human city of Uruk, which used to be under Ishtar's direct rule. The goal? Train him to be a king.

This made Frigg incredibly jealous.

Any god with eyes could see it: Thalos clearly favored Gilgamesh.

Even Crown Prince Thor had never been entrusted with internal affairs.

Thalos explained it simply: "You can see at a glance who has a mind for administration and who doesn't. I'm not going to force my muscle-for-brains sons to run the kingdom."

With that, no one dared gossip anymore. Uruk had originally worshipped Ishtar, after all. Having her son take the reins wasn't favoritism—it was strategy.

Later, during a casual chat with Freyja and the others, Thalos revealed the true extent of his woes.

"Out of more than a hundred gods, less than five have any administrative skill. What do you want me to do—hand over this massive world to those oafs who spend all day drinking and brawling in the Hall of Joy?"

Yes, that was the harsh reality.

Frey, Enki, Gilgamesh, Arthur... and maybe half-credit to Enkidu. That was it. After conquering several pantheons, those were the only ones Thalos could trust with actual governance.

If you visualized administrative talent on a 100-point scale, then 90% of the Aesir pantheon would score in the single digits.

It was tragic. Absolutely tragic.

Compared to politics, Gilgamesh actually found himself relieved by the daily beatings and training matches with his older brothers. Sure, it hurt—but it was better than having them lecture him while pounding his face into the ground, all while shouting, "My foolish little brother!"

Still, despite the pain, they never held back—and they never told him to go easy either.

Truth was, none of Gilgamesh's prototype treasure weapons could pierce the ridiculous skin of Thor, Tyr, or Vidar.

In terms of divine energy and mystic resonance, his gear just didn't measure up.

"Father," Gilgamesh once said, "when can I obtain stronger artifacts? I'd like to craft a new set of divine weapons using branches from the World Tree."

Thalos chuckled, resting his cheek on his fist from atop his throne. "First of all, relying too heavily on external tools is a mistake. Your core strength should come from your own combat ability—fists, swordsmanship, and elemental control."

"I understand."

"Second, you must prove you're capable of wielding high-tier artifacts. Here's the deal: if your swordsmanship is approved by Tyr and your elemental magic gains Dagda's recognition, you pass."

"Deal."

"And finally—you need to earn feats of valor worthy of your status. In the Aesir pantheon, strength is everything. A god without battlefield merit can't win respect. Only when you bring back the heads of several enemy warrior gods from the next divine war will you earn that prestige."

"Very reasonable."

Gilgamesh might have a foul mouth and an overbearing attitude—but he respected true strength.

Thalos, rather than denying his dreams or blindly agreeing, laid out a clear, achievable path—one challenge at a time.

This was a parenting style Ishtar could never hope to understand.

Thalos was determined to shape Golden Brat into his next trump card.

At first, he thought he wouldn't have enough time.

But after the Sumerian campaign, twenty years passed in a blink.

And not a single world collided with Ginnungagap. Until...

"BZZZZZZT!" A signal came through first from the forward outpost ship Kraken II, followed by a divine scout report from Venus goddess Ishtar herself.

"Darling, we've got a problem! I found an abandoned world—"