

## Thalos 221

### Chapter 221: God of Wealth and Treasures

A radiant golden figure darted through the halls ahead of Goddess Ishtar, who was in hot pursuit. As he fled, the youth mentally launched floating weapons at her like a rain of divine relics.

They were artifacts glowing with divine light—maybe not top-tier, but enough that any one of them, if dropped in the mortal realm, would spark a war between heroes.

Of course, he wasn't going for lethal damage. Most of these relics struck with blunt force, using rounded edges to clumsily try and slow down the elegant goddess behind him.

But Ishtar was fierce.

Despite her dainty appearance, she batted away a flying war hammer with one hand like it was nothing more than a chopstick.

In her right hand, she wielded a glowing divine whip—a belt, technically—while chasing and cackling like a madwoman. "Gilgamesh! Heeheehee! You can't run from me! Be a good boy or I'll beat you with Seven Wolves!"

Their chase was so loud that no one in the Silver Palace could pretend not to hear.

The Valkyries were at a loss: should they intervene or pretend not to see?

Even poor Enkidu wanted to help Gilgamesh, but who could possibly stand against his stepmother Ishtar?

Up ahead, the young god zigzagged wildly, dodging the divine belt while shouting furiously, "Crazy woman! If you showed me any respect, maybe I'd still call you 'mother.' But don't go too far!"

"Darling, how am I going too far?" Ishtar cooed sweetly, still swinging the enchanted belt. This thing, woven from the pelts of seven Fenrir cubs and imbued with Thalos's supreme divine will, could smack down even mid-tier Aesir gods. Gilgamesh didn't stand a chance.

He refused to surrender. "I'm five years old already! My older brothers were killing monsters by this age!"

"Fi—ve—ye—ars—old?" Ishtar teased, dragging out each syllable in an eerie tone.

Meanwhile, Thalos had only just arrived when Brunhilde stealthily flew up on her winged horse to report: "Your Majesty, the incident began when Goddess Ishtar claimed every part of Gilgamesh belonged to her and kept playing with his butt. The divine child said he's grown up now and his mother shouldn't touch him like that."

Thalos's face immediately dropped.

What the hell was this nonsense?

Was Ishtar mentally unwell?

Sure, Thalos had plenty of lovers—but none had this kind of twisted logic. Hell, across all pantheons, no one matched Ishtar's unfiltered insanity.

But she wasn't entirely wrong either. The boy was growing up. He deserved privacy and respect.

Then Thalos realized something serious: his harem lacked a true matriarch. Technically, all his lovers were equals.

Which meant when Ishtar acted out, no one had the standing to discipline her.

And considering the myth where Gilgamesh had rejected Ishtar's advances... Thalos suspected that, in this lifetime, her complex feelings toward her son were still acting up.

With a sigh, Thalos blurred into a streak of divine light and appeared right between Gilgamesh and Ishtar.

"Father!" Gilgamesh gasped in joy.

"D-Darling?!" Ishtar stammered, startled.

Especially since Thalos, in his divine form, stood more than three times her height.

Thalos ignored his son and fixed his sharp gaze on Ishtar. "Idiot. Learn how to be a proper mother."

Then, just like a parent snatching a misbehaving toddler, he grabbed Ishtar by the scruff of her neck.

"Son! Your father's going to beat me! Help me! Save me!" she shrieked, reaching toward Gilgamesh like they were being torn apart by fate, complete with magical tear effects.

Was she truly afraid or just being dramatic? Hard to say.

Gilgamesh could only stare, completely mortified.

Thalos glanced back at him. "My son, you did well. In the future, if this foolish woman goes off the rails again, just whisper my name in your heart."

"Yes, Father!" For once, 'Golden Brat' didn't try to act tough.

After all, none of his battle-hardened older brothers ever gave him a break. In close combat, his mortal-sized body was at a clear disadvantage. He often got thrashed black and blue.

The worst part? Grandpa Bor would just laugh merrily the whole time.

Thalos, honestly, was the most reasonable member of the family.

Inside the palace, the sound of divine belt strikes echoed through the hall.

Gilgamesh and Enkidu—half-brothers—exchanged glances, neither knowing what to say.

After the beating, Ishtar emerged with a tear-streaked face and sobbed while hugging Gilgamesh. "Your father whipped me! Son, you must grow up and avenge your poor mother!"

Gilgamesh: "..."

Maybe the world should just end already.

...

Time passed.

Gilgamesh grew up.

Thalos was surprised—but not too surprised—by how powerful his youngest son had become.

When Gilgamesh unleashed his signature technique, Gate of Babylon, even Thor would struggle to hold his ground.

After all, Gilgamesh theoretically possessed all of Sumeria's legendary artifacts—or at least their prototypical forms.

What made it even more surreal was that the boy himself firmly believed, "I learned this from Father's World Sword Array!"

Thalos: "..."

From the moment he forged the Ten Realms Swords, Thalos had specialized in sword projection, using divine will to command them across space—a divine-style version of the flying sword cultivator archetype.

He was the originator of this style in the Aesir pantheon. In fact, many gods had previously joked: why hadn't any of Thalos's sons learned this?

Now? Gilgamesh had mastered it.

"Truly worthy of being his father's son," the gods exclaimed.

Thalos could only sigh at fate's wicked sense of humor.

Even better? The world had assigned Gilgamesh the divine role of God of Wealth and Treasures.

Absurd? Maybe. Fitting? ...Somehow, yes.

A rich god who could fight like hell? That tracked.

After all, what kind of treasure god would survive if he couldn't defend his hoard?

By comparison, Enkidu had been designated the God of Savages—protector of all uncivilized tribes and wild humans.

A strange title to outsiders.

No one could understand how the world's will decided these roles.

But Thalos understood.

In the Epic of Gilgamesh, Enkidu had been a hairy, wild man with curly hair, once Gilgamesh's mortal enemy. The two had fought a legendary duel, then made peace and ruled Uruk together as equals.

So, it made sense that Ginnungagap's world will, now partially fused with Sumeria's fate, had assigned those roles.