

Thalos 223

Chapter 223: [Ea, the Star of Creation Severance]

Ginnungagap quaked slightly.

Within moments, the will of the world filed an official complaint—delivered directly to Thalos' divine consciousness.

And so it was that the great God-King, seated upon the high throne of the Silver Palace, now sat with a twitching mouth, staring down at three of his supposedly brilliant sons kneeling below the altar steps.

"Father, this is actually my fault," Enkidu, ever the good brother, immediately offered himself up as the scapegoat.

"Shut it. I'm not blind—and neither is your third brother, Vidar," Thalos replied with exasperated irritation, causing Enkidu to shrink back in silence.

His gaze slid past the hulking, uneasy figure of Vidar, finally landing on the unflinching Gilgamesh.

This brat's only eight?

Eight years old and already trying to cleave worlds apart like some divine harbinger of extinction?

Staring down his defiant son—whose eyes refused to break contact—Thalos suddenly let out a bitter laugh. "Do you even know what you've done?"

"I didn't break any of your rules, Father."

"Correct. But there are unspoken rules in this world that are often stricter than written ones."

Gilgamesh remained silent, his expression carved with three bold words: I'm not sorry.

Thalos didn't get angry. Patiently, he explained, "Up until today, the interests of our Aesir pantheon have been perfectly aligned with Ginnungagap's world will. It grows stronger through our conquests; we grow stronger through its blessings and expansion. But what you just did? That was stealing a treat it had already marked as its own."

"..."

"That's right. The Slavic world you targeted was basically a corrupted wasteland. Our world isn't picky—we take what we can. If a slaughterer left behind a half-rotted roast with a bit of flavor left, the world will still want a taste."

Finally, the golden boy lowered his head. "I understand now, Father. I'll go back and destroy the divine sword I planned to forge."

"Destroy it? Why?" Thalos raised an eyebrow with an amused tone.

"Wait... aren't you mad—?"

"I told you not to snatch food out of the world's mouth. I never said you couldn't forge a sword strong enough to destroy a minor world."

Gilgamesh blinked.

"But I did the research... Every time Ginnungagap wins a war, it devours the opposing world."

"That was then. This is now," Thalos smiled knowingly. "What if, in the future, we come across a world we can't devour? Or don't get the chance to devour? Or simply need to destroy outright? Wouldn't your sword be extremely useful then?"

And with that, Gilgamesh understood.

Not every war ends in total victory. Even in mortal battles, crushing the enemy without wiping them out entirely was more common than total annihilation.

Applied to divine wars, in these less-than-perfect outcomes, if his [World-Cleaving Sword] could inflict catastrophic damage, it would still be a massive gain.

"I understand, Father! I'll study this carefully and wait for your command before deploying it."

A teachable child indeed.

Thalos clapped and laughed. "No need to wait for my exact command. Just remember—our interests and the world's are deeply aligned. As long as you don't violate that, you won't make any fatal mistakes. Now then, have you thought of a name for your sword?"

"[Ea, the Star of Creation Severance]!"

"...That's a good name. As long as you like it." Thalos nodded with an ambiguous smile.

"Thank you for your blessing, Father." Gilgamesh bowed with genuine reverence.

That name—Ea—struck Thalos like a nostalgic wave from a past life. It came straight from a mythos that, in his former world, only existed in anime and fantasy.

If he remembered correctly, Ea came from the Enuma Elish and held one of the highest conceptual ranks of any divine weapon. A sword born purely of destruction, its divine power cost was immense—a trump card used only in do-or-die situations.

In its fully realized form, [Ea, the Star of Creation Severance] could easily obliterate a small world—grossly overpowered by any standard. It was only slightly inferior to Thalos' own World Swords, forged with the souls of divine kings, and even stronger than the [Sword of Jotunheim].

Thalos closed his eyes briefly, as if reliving old dreams, then waved his left hand. "Gilgamesh, Enkidu, you may leave."

"Yes, Father." The two brothers replied in unison and respectfully exited the hall.

Only Vidar remained.

"Father."

"Vidar... Do you know why I seemed so lenient with Gilgamesh just now?"

"I have some idea," replied the honest forest god.

"To the eagle, I grant the skies. To the predator, I give the wild. To the cheetah, the plains... You brothers each have your strengths. I'm simply nurturing each according to his nature. Gilgamesh has a talent for administration none of you possess, and an independence far beyond his years. You only need to understand this."

That was Thalos' final word on the matter—and, subtly, a warning to the mothers of his other children.

"Don't worry, Father. We won't envy our younger brother."

"Good. You may go."

"Yes."

Truth be told, Thalos was quite satisfied with the sons he had with the giants—Thor, Tyr, Vidar. They were individually powerful, straightforward in temperament, and—most importantly—supportive of one another. With their solidarity, the younger siblings couldn't stir up any palace intrigue even if they tried.

In any court, it's never good when one maternal faction becomes too powerful.

Thankfully, within the Aesir, no prince's maternal line dominated the others. Even though Thalos hadn't officially made Frigg queen, the pure-blooded Aesir accepted it, especially since Crown Prince Thor's wife, Sif, was also a pure-blooded Aesir.

At present, the internal structure of the Aesir was very stable.

True, as time passed, some gods had started to grow complacent. There hadn't been a war in a while. And now that Bragi—the god of poetry, son of Odin—had joined them and begun composing hymns praising Thalos to expand their faith base, some Aesir had grown a bit too relaxed.

Fortunately, the discovery of the Slavic world provided the perfect wake-up call.

Thalos used it to shake the gods out of their complacency, reminding them that sloppiness leads to extinction.

It worked. He managed to unify their mindset again.

And no, he wasn't exaggerating.

His troops were a bunch of divine barbarians—blunt instruments by nature. They either drank and feasted or drew blades and spilled blood. Especially that gluttonous son of his, Thor—leave him idle for too long, and he'd swell up like a pig.

There was one time when Thalos had spent six months rebuilding the Sumerian continent. Upon returning, he wondered if he'd walked into a pigsty by mistake.

So furious was he that for a whole month, he applied his fatherly "love and care" via three daily sessions of the World Sword Array—a divine fitness plan if ever there was one.

Now, with the fallen Slavic world as a cautionary tale, it was much easier to keep his sons in line.