

## Thalos 227

### Chapter 227: A World in Civil War

Beneath the calm of the world's spatial barrier lay a vast expanse of endless yellow sand—a jarring shift that took some adjusting to.

The world barrier was constantly threatened by the impact of chaotic rock fragments. A keen-eyed native might spot faint flashes of light in the deepest parts of the sky.

But to the common folk, those lights were just like distant thunderclouds or celestial fire—a normal part of life, nothing to fear.

For transcendents or deities, though, this was nothing short of a meteor storm from the heavens—an ominous sign indeed.

And yet...

The world was vast.

A god could perceive every corner of it, but that didn't mean they did, not constantly.

From the heavens descended a crimson glow, invisible to mortal eyes, which slammed into the ground with a thunderous impact, blasting out a massive crater in the sand.

From the center of that crater, Cú Chulainn burst upward in a leap, dressed in a tight-fitting warrior's outfit. His left hand instinctively shielded his face to prevent the swirling sand from stinging his eyes.

"Damn it! I can feel the suppression from this world. Thirty percent? No—at least forty percent of my strength is gone, and there's zero divine energy to replenish it," he muttered grimly. Then, after a pause, "But... Gilgamesh pulled me in? He's here too? Our dear God-King really let the prince lead the charge?"

Looking around warily, Cú Chulainn—who had returned from the Land of Shadows—easily detected the scattered presence of concealed souls in the air. That was no surprise; he was, after all, one of the key leads in this infiltration.

"I just hope the others find suitable bodies to possess."

Meanwhile, in a lavish royal palace, the sound of quiet sobbing echoed through the corridors.

Servants scurried nervously through its halls, moving from room to room.

In the inner chamber, physicians worked frantically, soaked in sweat, desperately trying to save a blood-drenched nobleman dressed in finery. His breathing grew weaker by the second, and none of them had any idea what to do.

They were terrified—shaking from head to toe—because if they failed to save this man, they would almost certainly be buried with him.

And then, miraculously, the noble's breathing suddenly stabilized.

His wounds began healing at an incredible pace, right before their eyes.

"He's alive?!" one of the physicians gasped in disbelief.

But before they could celebrate, the noble's appearance began to change rapidly—his dark skin lightened to an almost translucent white, and his stately black curls turned brilliant gold within moments.

One doctor, trembling, reached out to touch him—only to be met with a furious roar.

"Filth! Don't lay your dirty hands on me—"

In the next instant, a dazzling golden bronze scimitar appeared out of thin air and slashed the surrounding physicians into pieces, scattering their remains like dust.

Panting heavily, Gilgamesh sat up in bed, momentarily stunned at the bloody scene before him. After a beat, he adjusted his form, returning to the original owner's dark-brownish skin and black hair.

The commotion quickly drew in the guards from outside. They rushed into the room and froze in horror at the sight of the carnage surrounding their Pharaoh.

"Great Pharaoh Amenhotep, what happened here?" the captain of the guard asked, visibly shaken.

Gilgamesh, no fool, instantly understood that his soul fragment had possessed a man of significant status—likely royalty. As he rapidly scanned the memories of his new host, he spoke fluently in the local tongue:

"The mighty god of death weighed my deeds and granted me a second life. These fools dared defile my sacred body... I gave them what they deserved."

He transitioned into his role with unnerving ease.

"Your Majesty, your recovery is a blessing to all the people."

Elsewhere, Cú Chulainn was facing a dire crisis.

He was out of food and water.

This infiltration was done with his real body, not just a soul projection.

That meant Cú Chulainn was no different from the earliest Aesir gods—he still had some divine energy, but mostly he relied on his physical form.

Which meant: like the sixth- or seventh-generation Anunnaki gods who weren't tied to elemental domains, if he went without food or drink long enough, he could die.

And he had no idea where he was.

Coming from the lush, forested Celtic world, he'd never seen a desert before.

After wandering lost in the dunes for three days, he finally stumbled upon a caravan. Otherwise, he figured he might actually die of thirst here—what a disgraceful end for a full-fledged Ginnungagap divine subordinate.

After chasing two mirages, Cú Chulainn wasn't inclined to trust any oasis he saw anymore.

Driven by instinct, he moved like a phantom, gliding swiftly over the soft sands, heading straight for the caravan.

There were quite a few people—mostly mortals. Cú Chulainn was confident: if he could kill the ostentatious peacock sitting in the oversized sedan chair, the whole group would crumble, and he could survive.

Closer!

Closer still!

Under the cover of darkness, his agile movement allowed him to dart dozens of meters at a time. He closed the gap swiftly, only being noticed after leaping past two camel riders.

Tch. Too late for you.

His Barbed Spear of Death was already thrust forward.

Unless the target had incredibly high divinity or absurd luck, they were dead—no escaping a heart-piercing strike like that.

And yet, just as he was about to strike, he froze.

He recognized that face.

That arrogant, smug bastard, with a look that screamed "the whole world is beneath me."

"Gilgamesh—?"

[Shut up, Cú Chulainn. Put your spear away and get over here!]

A divine voice crashed into his mind, making him blink in disbelief.

At the last second, he retracted his weapon and responded telepathically with what little divine power he had left:

[Wait—how are you not being suppressed by this world's laws?]

[You think I'm as stupid as you?]

Cú Chulainn's face twitched uncontrollably. If it were anyone else, he'd have fired back immediately.

But this was Gilgamesh, the beloved youngest son of the God-King himself.

Even if he was the youngest, Cú Chulainn had no business disrespecting someone of that rank.

"...Your Majesty," he muttered, retracting his spear and dropping to one knee beside the sedan chair.

His sudden appearance alarmed the guards. They drew their bronze scimitars and muttered nervously among themselves.

"Stand down! He is my spy," Gilgamesh snapped, instantly calming them. Though the guards didn't know where this strange-looking warrior had come from, they knew better than to question their Pharaoh.

Seated high above, Gilgamesh gestured toward him: "Report."

Cú Chulainn complied, speaking in hushed tones as if whispering, while transmitting divine thoughts telepathically:

[What the hell is going on here?]

[No idea. My soul fragment landed in the body of some Pharaoh or king. But I've already gathered a decent amount of intel.]

[Let's hear it.]

[This world... seems to be in the middle of a civil war.]