

## Thalos 232

### Chapter 232: Stealing Divine Power

Thousands versus thousands, and on top of that, the soldiers lacked complete armor and weapons. In the context of the Celestial Empire, this was basically just a village skirmish.

Add five giants into the mix, and everything changes.

It becomes a full-blown war of annihilation—nation-ending level!

Brutal beyond belief!

Legend had it that the massive statues outside the temples of the Nine Pillar Gods were all alive.

The gods had commanded their divine attendants to create these colossi and would bring them to life in times of need to unleash devastating attacks on their enemies.

It had been too long since anyone had seen these colossi move. Even in the previous wars between neighboring city-states, there had been no reports about them. As a result, most mortals believed they were merely rumors spread by priests or poetic embellishments.

Still, the legends surrounding the colossi hadn't vanished from history.

Stories about their strength and power had long been passed down amid the raging desert winds of Egypt.

Their might was still spoken of, exaggerated and distorted, across the land.

And today, they reappeared before the world.

The warriors of the Faiyum city-state were utterly stunned.

This wasn't a matter of courage.

These giants, each seemingly a third the height of a pyramid, were not something mere mortals could possibly contend with.

Especially the one leading them, wearing a full-coverage helmet styled like a hippopotamus—his agility shattered all mortal expectations that colossi must be slow and clumsy.

He was ten times taller, a hundred times stronger, and to top it off, faster than anyone. How could anyone fight that?

This was the terrifying power of Hrungrir, the strongest giant on the surface.

He thundered forward in great strides, each step covering more than ten meters with ease. From the enemy's point of view, it was like a mountain racing toward their faces.

At this level, every step he took made the ground shake, leaving mortals unable to even stand straight, much less flee.

Even worse, after being held back for so long, Hrungrir didn't mind this type of "bully-the-kids, kick-down-a-kindergarten" style of fighting at all.

"In the name of the hippopotamus goddess Taweret—I sentence you all to annihilation!" With a massive flint club as wide as a tree trunk, he delivered a sweeping horizontal blow.

A literal army-sweeping strike!

With one swing, the club was instantly drenched in mangled flesh and bone fragments.

The dusty yellow wasteland was left awash with blood and gore, mangled limbs and torn bodies flung across the field.

It was a scene of such carnage, it was nearly impossible to bear.

With a single attack, Hrungrir made thousands of enemies wet themselves in terror.

And yes, sometimes "wetting yourself" isn't just an expression.

It was yellow and white—gushing down their legs.

Even the bravest Faiyum warriors could only turn and try to flee.

Flee?

Could they even escape?

In front of giants who could leap twenty meters with each step and whose footfalls caused earthquakes, fleeing was a luxury mortals couldn't afford.

By the time Hrungrir and his fellow giants cut off the enemy's retreat, their own mortal infantry hadn't even reached the enemy's formation yet.

In other words, Gilgamesh's several-thousand-man mortal army was really just for show.

Well, not entirely.

At least they were good for guarding prisoners.

Seeing how easy the battle was, the puppet pharaoh Gilgamesh waved his hand from atop his palanquin and ordered an immediate attack on Faiyum city.

This wasn't a battle between equal forces.

Faiyum's walls weren't exactly short—being a typical early Egyptian city-state, its walls stood about three stories high.

But in front of Hrungrir, the tallest giant, they couldn't even reach his crotch.

The defending soldiers were scared stiff.

By all logic, they should've surrendered right then.

And just at that moment—

A piercing screech ripped through the night sky, changing the expressions of both armies on the battlefield.

A massive, strange black figure turned into a black whirlwind, leaping from behind the city walls, soaring a hundred meters through the air, and landing with tremendous force directly in front of Hrungnir.

As the billowing dust settled, a massive figure emerged from the swirling black mist, radiating evil and ominous energy.

It stood upright in the wasteland, its towering black chitinous tail with a pitch-black venomous stinger rising even higher than Hrungnir's head. Each of its pincers was as large as an anchor, imbued with a bizarre metallic sheen. Its hardened carapace was many times thicker than the front armor of any war chariot.

As this enormous scorpion, glowing faintly with divine light, appeared, Gilgamesh and the others finally understood—this was the so-called scorpion goddess, Serket.

Whether she qualified as a "goddess" remained questionable—but "scorpion god" definitely fit.

However, she looked quite pitiful—her left side was missing a leg, and nearly a quarter of her carapace was gone. The parts that remained were mostly cracked wide enough for an adult human to shove a whole leg inside.

Serket spoke with human language as soon as she landed, shrieking: "Impossible! That ugly hippo was poisoned to death by me! If she really had the power to summon giants, she wouldn't have died! Who the hell are you?"

That question nearly made Gilgamesh and his group burst out laughing.

Seriously? A beast that could talk was automatically considered a god?

If their Midgard Serpent, Jörmungandr, came to Egypt, would he be considered a Major God?

Poor Jörmungandr was only classified as a sacred beast in the Aesir pantheon.

Honestly, were Egyptian gods always this casual?

The gods from Sumer found this hard to accept.

Cú Chulainn, on the other hand, didn't seem to care either way. Carrying his magic spear, he stepped forward. "Wanna let me handle this?"

Gilgamesh smiled. "Sure."

"Deal." Cú Chulainn stepped up, and as agreed in their earlier script, he shouted loudly, "I am Cú Chulainn, subordinate god under the hippopotamus goddess—the God of the Long Spear! For injuring my master, you shall atone with your divine body!"

"Dog-bro" Cú Chulainn never liked wasting words. He didn't care if the enemy responded and immediately charged.

"What? That bitch could still afford to keep a subordinate god?" The scorpion goddess couldn't tell if she was shocked or confused. After all, everyone on the enemy side looked suspiciously mysterious.

Before she could study them any further, one of the enemy "gods" was already charging at her.

"No, wait..."

Fast!

Serket wasn't slow. Her massive black pincers smashed into the ground before her, releasing a shockwave that blasted rubble in all directions like a mini firework.

But the counterattack was meaningless. Even her instinctive dodge after sensing the magic spear activate was futile.



The "Gáe Bolg" (Piercing Death Thorn Spear) could only be blocked by artifacts of a higher mystic level or absurdly impossible luck that miraculously dodged a vital point.

Rather than dodging in vain, she should've countered and killed Cú Chulainn before he could strike.

But clearly, she wasn't used to this kind of all-or-nothing attack style.

Even knowing something felt off, she still relied on her thick carapace to block the magic spear.

That was the inherent flaw of animal gods—they overly trusted their strong divine bodies.

And now it was over. The crimson spearhead danced nimbly past her armor, slipped into a wounded gap, and pierced her heart clean through.

"AAHHH—"

A blood-curdling scream!

The scorpion goddess Serket, slain!

The first unfortunate deity in the Egyptian world to have her divinity stolen by an outer god had appeared.