

Thalos 233

Chapter 233: Gilgamesh's Ambition

When playing shooting games, if you're a lone wolf, there's nothing you can do, but if it involves team operations, then it's inevitable to send people to cover the flanks and conduct regular scouting.

Scouting without thoroughness is equivalent to not scouting at all.

Thalos definitely didn't want to be busy dealing with the Egyptian world in front only to have the rear get stabbed right in Ginnungagap.

Before he transmigrated, he never wanted to believe that the character for "state" could be a pictogram.

If he had a choice, he'd rather it be the character for "lust."

Unfortunately, the world itself doesn't distinguish between male and female.

Ahem, digressing.

While that bastard Ishtar was busy attacking the Egyptian world, Thalos had no intention of letting the rest of his gods with flying abilities sit idle.

He immediately dispatched space-faring gods like Thor the Thunder God, Baldur the God of Light, and Freyr the Sun God.

Of course, only their avatars were sent out.

Not only that, he also extracted the souls of flying beasts from the "Sword of the World," modified them a bit, and launched them as flying reconnaissance tools. For example, poison dragons like Nidhogg.

Through such means, he barely managed to extend his reconnaissance range to 300,000 kilometers both before and after the cosmic current corridor leading to the Ginnungagap world.

This was already the absolute limit of what he could think of and achieve.

Thalos had a suspicion—perhaps his opponent didn't even possess cross-world reconnaissance capabilities.

No! Maybe they hadn't even considered the idea.

Valuing intelligence work—this was a mindset only someone like a transmigrator would have.

Most people, even gods, if their own territory was attacked, would be considered quite prompt if they received news within three days. Unless their high priest or similar figure was killed, triggering divine perception, getting first-hand intelligence was rare. That was the norm.

As for wanting "full map visibility," that's a modern transmigrator's way of thinking.

The more ancient the era, the harder it is to see the whole picture of events.

So the vast majority of people in the world are unfit to act as commanders. Any excellent commander must be able to deduce the true nature of events from extremely fragmented—even false—information and make the right decisions.

Even gods aren't exempt from this. In this universe filled with chaotic energy and poor visibility, Thalos believed he was absolutely the pinnacle among his peers at the God-King level.

"This is all I can do for now," Thalos sighed.

When it came to the Egyptian world, Thalos still didn't dare to commit all of his gods recklessly.

Due to the constraints of spatial channels, without the ability to directly press the Ginnungagap world onto theirs, launching a full-scale divine assault on foreign territory didn't give him much of an advantage.

No matter how rotten the Egyptian pantheon was, they could still pull out a hundred gods.

Moreover, Horus and Set were currently fighting each other like mad dogs. If Thalos brought the Aesir gods in carelessly, they might unite against him instead.

Not worth it in any way!

Of course, Thalos had also considered the possibility: what if this entire Egyptian expeditionary force was wiped out?

His answer: it would certainly hurt, but it wouldn't cripple him.

This force was composed mainly of avatars from the old Sumerian gods, plus the real body of Cú Chulainn. As for the other warriors, Thalos could afford to lose them.

Ultimately, the Sumerian gods were the bottom tier within the Aesir. For them to climb up, taking risks was a must.

Let alone avatars—even if their main bodies perished, it wouldn't shake the foundations of the Aesir pantheon.

Thalos's order to Gilgamesh was—lie low, maintain the disguise of a mortal, pretend to follow Horus's command, wait for the Egyptian pantheon's civil war to escalate, then seize the opportunity to act.

When this order reached Gilgamesh, he quickly passed the directive to Enki and Ishtar.

Ishtar muttered, "What? Gil gets to be the commander? I thought I'd finally get a taste of holding military authority again."

No sooner had she spoken than the other gods gave her side-eyes full of distrust.

"Sis! Can't you have some self-awareness?" Ereshkigal sighed.

Since the Sumerian era, Ishtar had been notorious for acting recklessly, doing whatever she pleased just because she was strong.

If she hadn't fallen into Thalos's hands, her personality probably wouldn't have improved at all.

Now that she received Thalos's imperial order, she only grumbled a little. Over the years, she had been beaten down by Thalos enough.

Gilgamesh turned to Enki. "Wise God of Irrigation, what do you think we should do?"

The wrinkles on Enki's face smoothed out once more. "Your Highness, don't you already have your answer?"

"I'd still like to hear a concrete suggestion from your lips."

"Of course... it's to attack the neighboring city-states."

This Egyptian world was currently undergoing a transformation.

Just like in real history, the earliest Egypt was a city-state civilization. Only in the mid-to-late stages did it become an empire.

Right now, the body Gilgamesh had possessed was the Pharaoh of a Lower Egyptian city-state.

The most brilliant part was, different city-states worshipped different deities. Originally, this region was under the protection of the hippopotamus goddess Taweret. However, in a recent war, the hippo goddess—who supported Horus—fought the scorpion goddess Serket—who supported Set—and both sides suffered heavy losses.

Taweret fell on the spot, and Serket didn't come out unscathed either—likely seriously injured.

Both armies were decimated and unable to continue fighting, so they retreated separately.

The Pharaoh whom Gilgamesh had possessed was mortally wounded in that battle, dying and thus conveniently giving Gilgamesh his new identity.

Now, upon hearing Enki's suggestion, Gilgamesh burst into laughter.

"Very well! We shall raise the war banner of the hippopotamus goddess and unify Lower Egypt!"

Shameless!

So shameless!

The hippopotamus goddess had already fallen.

If they won, there'd be no credit—Taweret would still take the blame.

If they lost, it didn't matter—Taweret would still take the blame.

The key point was, the opposing side would have no idea that, in just one month, the entire regime here had been swapped out!

The deceased Pharaoh's former subordinates, upon hearing that Gilgamesh wanted to launch another war so soon, all came out to dissuade him—nearly threatening to smash their heads into walls.

But when they saw the so-called "divine envoys" sent by the hippopotamus goddess, they were all dumbfounded.

They were giants!

Each giant was as tall as a dozen men.

Just standing there, they exerted an indescribable aura of terror upon the mortals.

They wore full bronze helmets and mantles unmistakably patterned after the goddess Taweret.

Without any hesitation, these ignorant mortal soldiers knelt in reverence, prostrating themselves, tears and snot flowing freely in awe.

Upon seeing these divine constructs, all the soldiers immediately became fired up like they'd been injected with adrenaline.

"See! The rumor of the goddess's fall was a filthy lie!"

"She never fell! She's here! She's always been behind us!"

"Praise the goddess Taweret!"

"The Pharaoh is invincible!"

"Kill all the blasphemers—"

Honestly, this damned city-state could only muster about 5,000 able-bodied men. Forget armor—they didn't even have enough weapons.

But with giants leading the charge, none of that mattered!