

Thalos 237

Chapter 237: Encirclement and Annihilation

What kind of divine joke was this?!

A few puny city-state guardian gods thinking they could play both sides in front of the Aesir pantheon—home to over a hundred deities—while Thalos's army stood at their doorstep?

Had they groveled early and pledged loyalty to Thalos, maybe he would have spared them something.

But to straddle the fence at this point—wasn't that just begging to die?

Even if they hadn't acted so stupidly, even a minor misstep would've given Thalos reason enough to crush them without mercy.

The Aesir had built their house on martial merit. Countless lesser gods were sharpening their blades, eager to make a name for themselves in battle.

If Thalos didn't let them fight, those same gods would start quietly resenting him.

And while that was manageable in the short term, after a few more wars, if the lower ranks realized the path to promotion was blocked, they'd become ticking time bombs.

Thalos had no reason—and absolutely no intention—to dismantle his smoothly running merit-based system just for a bunch of idiotic city-state gods.

His words were a death sentence.

Almost the instant he spoke, the Bifröst was activated.

A razor-sharp rainbow beam tore through the Akkadian world, blazing into its divine realm in a dazzling streak of brilliance.

With its radiant light came the Danann gods, led by the Knight God Arthur, charging directly toward the temples guarded by the city-state gods.

"In the name of God-King Thalos Borson—I declare: Surrender and you shall be spared!" Arthur, holding aloft the Sword of Promised Victory, shone with divine brilliance. One swing of that blade left Sudd utterly dumbfounded.

This was what it looked like when a backwater "small god" saw the real world for the first time.

When that magnificent golden sword beam cleaved the heavens and struck Sudd's temple, he initially felt nothing.

His temple's divine shield was still up, after all.

This was his domain. Backed by years of accumulated divine power, he had full confidence he could outlast the enemy.

And, as always, the unexpected happened.

Suddenly, a cracking sound echoed from the ceiling above—like something fracturing.

Sudd looked up in shock. With a deafening crash, the majestic triangular roof of his temple—painstakingly crafted over decades by divine artisans—was turning from a blunt angle to a sharp one.

A massive slab of roofing tilted along a fresh diagonal fracture and thundered downward toward the earth.

In a blink, the entire temple shrank by several meters.

It wasn't just cracked walls. The temple's shield had been shattered, and the destruction was rippling out from that gash, extending into the heavenly floor and continuing all the way to a secondary shrine behind the main structure.

Sudd was utterly stupefied.

While he stood there dazed, his divine attendants gathered at the temple gates were already lying in rivers of blood.

Arthur's knights had formed a terrifying wedge formation. With a single charge, they split Sudd's army straight down the middle.

Worst of all, Sudd couldn't even help his men—because Arthur was already bearing down on him, divine sword flashing in a relentless flurry of strikes.

In less than five rounds, Sudd, the once-proud patron deity of a city-state, was cut down by Arthur's blade.

With that temple as the starting point, the entire district of temples began to collapse.

The city-state gods of Akkad had made one fatal mistake.

Their divine potential was forever limited by the scope of a single city-state. No matter what domain they represented, their ceiling was bounded by their own little patch of land.

Arthur, by contrast, wasn't just a Celtic god—he was the Knight God of eleven entire worlds under Ginnungagap.

Every mortal who honored the code of chivalry was a conduit of his divine power.

From the start, the ceiling of their divinity wasn't even close.

Even if Sudd guarded his little corner with all his might, he was just a rooster protecting a chicken coop—utterly incapable of withstanding Arthur's assault.

With Arthur leading the charge, the resurgent Danann gods tore through the fragmented defenses, surrounding and eliminating the city-state gods one by one.

Elsewhere, Ninurta led the few loyal gods who still followed him in a desperate counterattack toward the junction of the two worlds.

"Thalos Borson! Come out! Face me!"

To be fair, Ninurta—the war god and chief deity of Akkad—wasn't weak.

His combat skill and divine power were top-tier within the Akkadian world.

Unfortunately, the one standing in his way was Thor.

"I am Prince Thor Thalson! Defeat me, and you'll have earned the right to challenge my father!"

Already massive in stature, Thor now wielded the Hammer of Thunder with supreme confidence, channeling the raging lightning within his divine body.

He was no longer the reckless brute of the past.

Vast elemental power surged into him from the Ginnungagap world behind him. He was now one with his home realm, entwined in power. Every move he made echoed with the boundless thunderous might of that enormous world.

With a casual swing, Thor unleashed a lightning strike hundreds of meters long and dozens wide.

To the enemy, that level of attack was a god-tier finisher.

Explosions of relentless lightning erupted before Ninurta, shattering his divine shield over and over, until he finally realized the horrifying gulf between them—it was as vast as heaven and earth.

"No! This can't be! Why is the gap so huge?!" he screamed.

Thor bellowed with laughter. "If we're not using divine power and just comparing physical strength, I don't mind!"

Ninurta nearly choked.

This was bullying, plain and simple.

The Akkadian pantheon, descended from the Sumerians, had gods of human scale.

And you, Thor, were three times his size.

Who the hell would wrestle you?

Ninurta was in absolute despair.

He refused to surrender—but he couldn't win.

So he clenched his teeth and chose to fight to the death.

What he didn't know was that Thor had already received Thalos's order—Ninurta must die.

It was simple logic. Thalos didn't know whether the Sumerian and Akkadian worlds were totally separate or had a legacy connection.

Either way, since a Ninurta had existed in the Sumerian world—and had already been slain—even if this one had become a war god, Thalos would never allow him to live.

He had to die.

Soon, Ninurta realized there was no dodging Thor's lightning. The thunder god's attacks were far too fast. It was pointless to evade.

So instead of struggling in vain, he chose to risk everything—charging forward, hoping to land a fatal blow even at the cost of his divine body.

And that was the end of it...

After so many battles, Thor was vastly experienced in divine combat.

One clean hammer strike to the head—simple, brutal, and the greatest show of respect to a worthy foe.

With the death of Ninurta—the war god and chief deity—the downfall of the Akkadian pantheon was complete.