

## Thalos 238

### Chapter 238: Nearly Ambushed

This was somewhat unexpected by the gods of Akkad.

After killing Ninurta and wiping out all the city-state guardian deities, the Aesir gods had actually accepted the surrender of the remaining Akkadian gods.

Thalos's vast voice echoed throughout the entire Akkadian world:

\[Hear this, gods of Akkad—your lord Ninurta has fallen! Resistance is meaningless! Lay down your weapons and surrender! I may permit you to serve as minor subordinate gods in the world of Ginnungagap. This is your final warning—defy me, and die!]

Simple. Brutal. Overwhelmingly domineering.

Such was the awe that came with absolute power.

Of course, being a chief god in a smaller world was sweet—but if you couldn't even survive, it was better to be a subordinate deity in a greater world.

This wasn't a matter of comfort or pride. The Akkadian gods had no real choice.

"He's really not going to kill us?" The moon god Sin had fully prepared to fall in battle, and now that the enemy had suddenly stopped their attack and withdrawn, he and the remaining Akkadian gods were left completely baffled.

Across from him, Scáthach carried her divine spear over her shoulder and scoffed. "I am Scáthach of the Celts. Since the dawn of creation, my lord has never broken his word."

Sin shivered slightly, suddenly recalling Thalos's self-introduction, where he had rattled off a long list of titles—including the Celtic world.

"You Celts... you're doing...?"

"Not bad. Could be better, could be worse. Only the gods who haven't yet proven their loyalty to the Aesir go through a rough patch," Scáthach answered honestly.

That settled it. The remaining Akkadian gods didn't hesitate any longer. They laid down their weapons and knelt in the direction of Thalos's voice, declaring their surrender.

Just like that, a battle that seemed utterly colossal to mortals—a war of the ages—had ended in less than half a day.

Such astonishing efficiency and speed would undoubtedly become the subject of new tales sung by Aesir priests and bards.

After that came the usual rituals:

Victory parades, prisoners offered, surrender formalized.

First they passed through the central square of Uruk, then to Midgard's largest city, then out from the Bifrost, through the Asgard plaza, all the way to the Golden Palace—every step along a crimson carpet.

The defeated Akkadian gods, heads hung low, marched in silence under heavy escort by gold-armored warriors. Before the eyes of countless mortals and divine attendants, they arrived before the towering golden throne.

Sin the moon god, Nisaba the goddess of agriculture and scholarship, Sumuqan the god of livestock—one after another, they knelt at the steps of the radiant throne and pledged their allegiance to the Supreme God-King Thalos.

Thalos surveyed the assembly. Aside from the fire god Gibil, none of them were particularly combat-capable.

But the Aesir didn't lack warriors anymore. What they needed were gods skilled in internal governance.

So Thalos didn't make things difficult. He simply split the Akkadian gods up and assigned them as subordinates to the deities who had distinguished themselves in the campaign.

For example, Arthur received the woodcraft god Lugalkisa.

Don't underestimate a god of carpentry. This one could forge bronze divine artifacts. Given a little authority, he could become Arthur's personal divine artisan.

In truth, which god Arthur received wasn't the point.

The real significance lay in this gesture: a sign of trust from the God-King to the Celtic lineage.

And that message made the Celtic gods—especially the surviving Danann—genuinely joyful.

Freyr's influence within the Aesir was well-established, and since none of the Danann were particularly useful, putting Arthur forward was an acceptable solution for the Celtic faction.

Elsewhere, Sin was assigned to serve under Gilgamesh, which likewise sent a powerful signal to the Sumerian deities.

The political message was clear: the status of various pantheons had been reshuffled.

And the ones now clearly heading toward the bottom... were the pitiful Egyptian gods.

That evening, as usual, the gods threw a raucous party in the Palace of Joy. But only the inner circle was summoned to the Palace of Silver.

The moment they entered, they froze.

Projected in the heart of the palace's divine scrying array was a massive image—an even larger world.

"...What is this?" Enki asked, visibly unsettled.

A mysterious smile tugged at the corner of Thalos's lips. "Yes, this is the third incoming world. This is the real threat."

The projected overhead map, drawn from an omniscient viewpoint, made every attending god's scalp tingle.

In the image, Egypt was positioned to the left, Akkad and Ginnungagap in the center, and on the right—that rapidly approaching mysterious world.

If the Aesir hadn't deliberately ignored the Egyptian front, and hadn't blitzed through Akkad with lightning speed, then by the normal pace of warfare, they would have still been locked in combat when this third world came barreling in from behind.

A sneak attack in the making.

"How big is it?" Freyr quickly asked.

"Large," Thalos replied. "Larger than we were before absorbing the Sumerian world. I asked the Akkadian moon god Sin—this is most likely the so-called Slavic world that recently attacked Akkad."

Those words sent a chill through every core god present.

No one understood better than them—the real Slavic world had long since been destroyed.

Clearly, this mysterious world had disguised itself in Slavic skin and raided the Akkadian pantheon.

Perhaps, sensing Ginnungagap's advance, they retreated in time.

Regardless, this was a textbook example of a world-class trap.

Hela let out a long sigh. "Thankfully, they didn't expect us to bypass Egypt and blitz through Akkad so fast."

Thalos nodded. "I've already instructed Ginnungagap's world-will: do not consume the Akkadian world just yet."

Devouring a world consumes massive origin power. While digesting it would ultimately strengthen Ginnungagap, doing so mid-campaign would leave the world in a weakened, vulnerable state—exactly when a hostile invasion would be most dangerous.

But now that they were aware, they could take precautions.

Ginnungagap could just use the World Tree's roots to "grapple" the now godless Akkadian world, creating the illusion of being locked in a protracted battle.

Hearing that, the gods all grinned.

The previous situation had truly been dangerous. Had the triple-front assault unfolded, they'd have been forced into a battle of attrition—easy to be flanked, hard to coordinate.

That encirclement strategy had been shattered. What remained now was a clean, one-on-one world war.

Enki pondered aloud: "Their plan was sharp... but they didn't expect Sumer and Akkad to be so closely linked. And they certainly didn't expect us to break Akkad so fast."

Think about it—even Gilgamesh had managed to blend into Egypt and become a pharaoh. A hybrid pantheon like Akkad was naturally more compatible with the Sumerians.

As long as Thalos broke them up and didn't push too hard, absorbing this pantheon would be far easier than dealing with others.

On his golden throne, Thalos rested his cheek on one hand and said, "The one thing I still don't understand... is how they precisely located Ginnungagap's position in the chaos."

"Uh..." This time, not a single god had an answer.

Something about this whole thing just didn't feel right.