

Thalos 271

Chapter 271: [The Treasure of the God of Wealth]

Without a doubt, the actions of Enki—formerly the god of wisdom and water, now the god of oceans and irrigation—were nothing short of home invasion.

Osiris, who had been murdered by Set, was originally the god of water, land, and fertility. He brought blessings to humanity, controlled the Nile's waters, the soil, and plant growth, and had created bountiful harvests for the people of the Nile.

His untimely death resulted in a vacancy in divine office.

In a world dominated by gods, the absence of a single deity causes collapse in their respective domains.

Just like how, in the Sumerian world, when the sun god died, darkness immediately covered the world.

Now with Osiris dead, everything related to water and harvest had fallen apart. To Horus and Set, this was expected.

They hadn't realized that a manifestation of Enki had begun encroaching.

To be fair, if Enki had truly communicated with the will of the Egyptian world and expressed his desire to join as a foreign god, both Horus and Set would likely have raised all five limbs in approval. With Osiris gone, the situation was a nightmare for both Egyptian factions.

As the primary victor in the battle among the three great pantheons, Enki had the clearest understanding of what had befallen the Egyptian world.

If he truly bound himself to this cursed world under an apocalypse-level spell, he too would be doomed.

Large-scale rain-bringing and cloud-moving? Enki absolutely refused. As the god of oceans and irrigation, he acted more like a cunning, newly risen local third-tier god, sneakily diverting all nearby freshwater to his own territory.

This resulted in an absurd situation.

The regions surrounding the kingdom ruled by Gilgamesh enjoyed generally favorable weather, but beyond those few kingdoms or city-states, a terrifying scene of severe drought and total crop failure unfolded.

In a year of great drought, food prices naturally soared.

It was not uncommon for food prices to rise several times a day. As a result, surrounding kingdoms sent people to buy grain at high prices. As the god of wealth, Gilgamesh reaped massive profits.

In contrast, animals were not nearly as perceptive. It was difficult for them to instinctively migrate across hundreds of kilometers of desert to reach Enki's domain.

The mass death of animals indirectly affected the gods of animals.

Originally, the cheetah goddess Seshat wouldn't have been impacted. Aside from being the goddess of cheetahs, she was also the protector of manuscripts and records, using "Shed" tree leaves to record the deeds of pharaohs. Additionally, she governed statistics (especially of war spoils, prisoners, and tributes), architectural design and construction, astronomy, and astrology.

But her symbol—the cheetah—was on the verge of extinction. Once all cheetahs in the Egyptian world were dead, she too would be destroyed.

Helpless, she had to leave Heliopolis (modern-day Cairo) with her guards to save the remaining few cheetah groups.

In a desert, she sensed that many cheetahs were imprisoned in an underground cave?

"What's going on?" Seshat was deeply confused. She could smell thick conspiracy in the air, but had no choice but to investigate. She gave a low command to her divine guards: "Prepare for battle!"

To her surprise, the enemy was not hiding.

When she and her divine guards arrived at a spacious rock cave big enough to fit a temple, she was stunned to find the enemy waiting atop a platform.

There was only one enemy!

He appeared to be a mortal pharaoh dressed in splendid clothing.

Seshat, adorned in her cheetah-skin attire, instantly noticed something was off about this so-called mortal.

"No! You are not a mortal!" Seshat exclaimed.

A strange divine light, like a backdrop, radiated golden brilliance behind the pharaoh. From a distance, the light passed through his hair, making it appear pure gold.

Clearly, he wasn't Egyptian—in fact, his very soul didn't belong to the Egyptian world.

Seshat and her followers looked up as a crevice in the sunless underground space emitted a shaft of divine light, utterly foreign to this world, descending from the void and gently shielding the mysterious man.

As beams of divine light pierced through the space and fell upon him, the golden armor—originally decorative—took on a hazy golden glow. With arms crossed, his crimson cloak trailed on the ground, and the mysterious inscriptions on its hem were clearly not in the ancient Egyptian language.

Even without a weapon in hand, he snapped his left thumb and middle finger, and in the pitch-black air, swirling dimensional rifts suddenly appeared. Surrounded by golden light, countless Egyptian-style bronze weapons emerged from the portals.

They hovered parallel to the ground in a strange and unknown three-dimensional formation.

Weapons forged by mortal kings shouldn't have posed a threat to Seshat. However, infused with an unknown divine power, they radiated an aura so terrifying even she felt dread.

"I am the cheetah goddess Seshat. Who exactly are you?"

The golden-haired man looked down on her arrogantly, his clear eyes full of disdain. "If you survive one of my strikes, then you're worthy of knowing my name!"

Above his shoulder, the oddly shaped weapons suddenly poured down upon Seshat and her followers like a torrential storm.

This method of controlling weapons by thought wasn't uncommon and didn't exceed Seshat's understanding.

The key was the quality of these weapons.

Divine artifacts?

No! These weapons, enhanced by unique artifact spirits, each possessed the quality of at least a low-grade divine artifact.

More than fifty divine artifacts hung in the air, and when they all transformed into sharp arrows targeting Seshat, she was truly stunned.

Were these disposable divine weapons?

This was a true god wantonly displaying his unmatched treasury with overwhelming divine power!

Where had he gotten so many divine artifacts?

Did he slaughter an entire pantheon?

"Watch out—"

Seshat's warning was meaningless, and so was her counterattack.

If the divine spells she hurled through godly runes resembled a curtain of rain, then the enemy's barrage of divine weapons was a crashing tidal wave. The dense divine artifacts converged like waves swallowing the rain. Her divine spells were swept up by the tide and surged back at her.

She immediately saw that her divine shield couldn't possibly withstand so many attacks. She could only transform into her cheetah form, attempting to dodge at the highest speed.

If that was her situation, her guards stood no chance.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!" The violent rain of divine weapons tore through the crowd.

Blood fell like rain.

Flesh burst like pulp.

In one instant, all of Seshat's divine guards were killed. Even she was pierced through the body by three strange weapons.

The cheetah goddess, enduring intense pain, twisted her body and shattered the three weapons.

Thankfully, they weren't original divine artifacts—merely shells containing artifact spirits, lacking the full vessel of a true artifact.

Even so, the strange golden-haired man had inflicted terrifying damage on her.

The young man finally shifted his posture, placing one hand on his hip and speaking in a meaningful tone: "Oh? You actually survived. Fine, you're worthy of knowing my name. I am Gilgamesh Thalson! Son of the great Aesir God-King Thalos Borson."