

Thalos 285

Chapter 285: The Fall of the Ennead

No one in their right mind would believe those colossal sword projections falling from the sky were harmless illusions.

The first was a sword of frost—as it pierced through the ionosphere, the freezing current it carried condensed into trails of hexagonal ice crystals in the stratosphere. The blade itself, composed of transparent prisms, refracted an aurora-like shimmer of shifting blue and violet.

The second was a sword of lava—it tore apart the ozone layer as crimson fissures pulsed along its spine. The molten shards it shed set the clouds ablaze, as though the firmament were weeping blood.

The third was a sword of storm—its body coiled in spiraling windstreams, and wherever its tip struck, atmospheric ripples burst forth. The clouds were shredded, then reassembled and shattered again in turbulent bursts, ultimately forming a swirling vortex ten kilometers across.

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Each one of these divine sword projections brought cataclysms that spanned no less than ten kilometers in diameter.

Fifteen swords in total tore the Egyptian sky to shreds.

No wonder the sky goddess Nut had collapsed in an instant.

Even the world's spatial barrier couldn't withstand the descent of these weapons—how could a single sky goddess be expected to hold the line?

Again, it came down to one thing: had Egypt been a united pantheon, with an active world will and a reigning god-king, it might have stood a chance at resisting.

But now, torn by civil war and infighting, they had nothing.

In truth, just this kind of divine intrusion wasn't immediately fatal. Thalos's avatar hadn't come with intent to kill—only to deliver a warning.

What ruined everything was the "Prophecy of Destruction" laid upon Egypt.

"No—Destruction... it's arrived—!" Nut suddenly let out a bone-chilling scream, clutching her pale face as she uttered words that made Set's heart pound in dread: "The curse! It's the Maya world's curse! Damn it, what kind of mad god-king uses an entire world's power to curse another?!"

"Maya world?" Set was dumbfounded.

He swore—this was the first time he had ever heard the name of this world.

Or rather, it was the first time he realized there even were other worlds beyond Egypt.

He and Horus had long been alarmed by the abnormalities plaguing the realm. But the mysterious, world-level curse—like a parasitic maggot buried deep in Egypt's bones—had been steadily gnawing away, eroding it in secret.

What Set never imagined was that learning this name would cost him not one, but two of his Ennead allies.

After all, the Egyptian Ennead were all blood relatives.

The sun god Ra begat Shu, god of wind and air, and Tefnut, goddess of rain and moisture. These twin siblings—through elemental fusion (i.e., incest)—bore Nut, goddess of the sky, and Geb, god of the earth. The incest continued, and from Nut and Geb came Set and Osiris.

Even though Set murdered his own brother Osiris, he dared not press the other Ennead members too hard—they were all either wives, sisters, or elders.

Nut was Set's own mother. Though enraged by his fratricide, she could not abandon him completely. Technically speaking, Nut leaned toward Set's side—she just refused to get involved in his war with Horus.

Shu, her father, was similar.

At first, Thalos's avatar had only come to make a statement.

Truthfully, Thalos had never intended to kill any of the Ennead right away.

But then came the twist—

As his avatar began radiating divine might and, by borrowing Ginnungagap's power, attempted to seize control of Egypt's sky, he inadvertently clashed with Shu, the elemental master of wind.

And that's when the curse of destruction activated—like a venomous seed buried deep within each elemental god's soul, waiting for this exact moment to bloom.

The pale blue dome of the sky cracked under the pressure of an outer god's intrusion. Not far from Set, Shu collapsed onto one knee amid a swirling vortex of chaos. The azure divine markings etched into his stern brow peeled off one by one.

Once proud and upright like a cedar, his spine now bent in agony. The teal scepter he clutched, gripped so hard his knuckles turned white, leaked streams of dissipating wind. His long black hair whipped wildly, shredded by the chaotic winds into fragments of shadow.

As the right to control wind was rapidly and forcibly stripped away, Shu—deprived of his last divine reservoir—felt his pupils contract sharply. A final sigh escaped his throat, tinged with the fading breath of the wind: "The opposing god-king also commands wind... This is bad."

"Shu? Nut?!" Set's voice quivered.

The sky over Egypt was falling apart. Even the stars seemed to be crashing down.

Nut reached out, longing to reclaim the sky that had once belonged to her.

But fate is cruellest to the already damned. The weaker the god, the more susceptible to the Prophecy of Destruction.

That deep, dark force of annihilation had only been waiting for an excuse—and now, Thalos's arrival gave it one.

The ruby on Nut's forehead, once a source of immense divine power, shattered, sending amber divine blood cascading down her fair cheeks.

Around her body, a phantasmal image of the sky appeared—then abruptly burst into flames.

Her eyelashes trembled. What fell from her eyes were not tears, but stars.

Nut beckoned to Set. He stumbled forward in a daze.

She looked at him with complicated emotions. "My son... Though I die by the hands of that descending god-king, remember this—it was not he who killed me, but the god-king of the Maya world!"

Set was stunned.

Not only Nut and Shu—but on the opposite side, Geb (god of the earth) and Tefnut (goddess of rain) were suffering the same fate.

The descent of the god-king's avatar had become a catalyst, triggering a chain reaction. The curse of destruction, this world-devouring poison, used the opportunity of sky replacement to explode through the sky, wind, water, and earth.

Every corner of Egypt cried out in ruin.

Nut was the first to break.

Ancient god-words spilled from her lips, becoming a faint trace of breath in the newborn heavens.

Then came Shu.

The winds howling across the world suddenly fell silent.

The divine bodies of both gods burst into brilliant light.

Shu's golden armor dissipated into a thin mist.

Nut's moonstone-covered gown shattered into cosmic dust.

When the last thread of divine wind disappeared, the cyan dome of heaven collapsed, bringing with it stars and wreckage. Amid the silver rain, streaked with fallen stardust, only a broken scepter remained on the ground—its shattered tip still flickering with stubborn starlight.

Two members of the Ennead had fallen—as if struck down by some nonsensical, arbitrary force.

The booming collapse of the earth followed, signaling that Geb's divine body was now also on the brink.

Not far off, Tefnut was suffering the same fate.