

Thalos 289

Chapter 289: Egypt's Elegy

If this truly was the finger of a world-sized giant, then perhaps it was just ever so slightly... thicker than it needed to be.

The flaming "finger," measured in kilometers, radiated searing light like a blazing sun, effortlessly piercing the heavens. Below, sand and dust caught in the swirling winds melted midair from the unimaginable heat.

Grains of coarse sand fused into semi-transparent molten droplets. When two such droplets collided in the air, they were drawn out by the whirlwind into long, distorted strands, forming bizarre curving patterns.

From a divine perspective, one could see Set's divine power—infused into his massive sandstorm—disintegrating by the thousands.

The storm valiantly tried to bear the weight of that giant, sun-extinguishing finger.

But Set was using the power of a shattered world, a single divine domain, to resist the full, unrestrained might of an entire realm of fire.

And not just the original Muspelheim from the old days—this was its upgraded form, after Ginnungagap had devoured multiple other worlds and merged their surplus fire elements into it.

The wrath of its flame was at least three times stronger than in Surtur's prime.

From the side of the sandstorm, violent fire gouts exploded outward—clear signs of Set losing control over the situation.

A firestorm from an entire world surged downward and backlashed through the sandstorm, tearing into Set's divine body in a horrifying display.

His golden shoulder armor spontaneously exploded. Then came a geyser of dark-red divine blood mixed with red sand erupting from his shoulder. His raised arms burned with gaping blackened holes, and between his fingers leaked unfamiliar crimson fire.

Around him, the phantom image of a desert empire he had condensed from divine power—one built up over tens of thousands of years—began to crumble.

Even Horus stood stunned. The gods on Set's side were equally speechless.

Their divine powers weren't compatible—trying to help would only make things worse.

Up above, the colossal flame sword continued descending like a giant finger pressing down upon an overgrown ant capable only of wind and sand.

Set's sandstorm shrank visibly. The sword's edge pierced the clouds and crushed down through the dissipating whirlwind.

At some point, Set had only one arm left raised, straining desperately. The fingers of his right hand clenched into the scorched sand, veins bulging across his burned body.

The dunes for a thousand kilometers writhed and howled like living things. The desert became a boiling sea of sand.

All the desert and storm energies of this world surged into Set's body like rivers to the ocean.

A foolish move, really. Unrefined natural forces lacked the purity required for divine use. But Set no longer cared.

"AAAHHHHH!" He roared and fought back, but there was no stopping the sword of Muspelheim.

Then came a hum—a shudder of sorrow from the world itself.

A chorus of lamentation from Set's remaining followers.

Within a radius of hundreds of kilometers, the sand-filled winds froze in place.

Before all eyes, the sky blazed with the alien flame of another world. The descending sword of fire consumed the entire horizon.

And then it landed—pinning the god of sandstorms into the very ground.

A glassy scar, kilometers long and hundreds of meters deep, split the earth.

Set wasn't dead. Not yet.

Like a beast skewered on a spit, he still convulsed and struggled, helpless to change his fate.

His remaining followers looked on in horror and backed away.

None dared go near. None moved to save him. They watched in silence as the god of storms and deserts met his doom.

Set's divine aura dimmed rapidly, the ochre light fading from his body. Still, he cursed with venom:

"I am the supreme god of Egypt! Mine! It's all mine... Anyone who opposes me shall DIE—Osiris! Thalos! Horus! You all deserve to DIE! I curse you—in the name of this desert, may your children and followers be devoured by sand—"

Gilgamesh's brow twitched at the poisonous outburst. With a flick of his wrist, the towering fire sword twisted sharply, and a torrent of world-scorching flame erupted, devouring Set's final curses whole.

A soft, mournful whisper echoed across heaven and earth.

The god of desert and storms—Set—was dead.

High above, Gilgamesh lowered his sword, letting its remaining flames die out. Holding the blade horizontally in both hands, he bowed deeply.

"Father, I have determined that the following gods under Set are unfit to join the Aesir Pantheon. They include..."

He listed several names—all collaborators in Set's wicked schemes.

Each name was a death sentence.

Enkidu, Ishtar, and several other former Akkadian gods under Gilgamesh's command charged forward like enraged war gods, executing those marked as enemies.

"No, I—"

"Don't kill me!"

"I surrender!"

"You bastards won't even accept surrender?!"

"Then die with me!"

Waves of elemental energy surged across the battlefield. Bursts of light. Screams of agony.

The named gods of Egypt met their ends one after another. Those not named dared not intervene—nor did they dare speak. They simply stood frozen, casting hopeful, pleading glances toward Gilgamesh.

Soon, the world fell silent once more.

It was over. All of it.

Since the war between Set and Horus began—through all the betrayals and disasters—only about one-third of Egypt's gods remained.

Horus's long-awaited vengeance was finally complete. He should have felt victorious.

Instead, he felt hollow.

His father was avenged, but he had lost his claim to the throne.

To say Horus wasn't disheartened would be a lie.

As he spiraled in thought, Isis, his mother, nudged him.

Horus looked up to find the Aesir gods—and even his own subordinates—all watching him.

He suddenly remembered: he had pledged allegiance to the Aesir Pantheon.

He stepped forward without delay and bowed toward the towering figure looming in the sky.

"I, Horus, pay homage to my lord—Thalos Paulson!"

One sentence. One title.

The matter was sealed.

With the last god who had any hope of resisting Thalos breaking his own spine and bending his sacred knee to an outsider, the final flicker of hope for Egypt was utterly extinguished.

A strange wind whispered through the land.

It was the elegy of Egypt.

The requiem of destruction.