

Thalos 315

Chapter 315: Single-Minded Becomes Double Blocked

The moment the name Angra Mainyu appeared, a terrifying sense of dread gripped the divine souls of both Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi.

They'd been deceived.

No doubt about it.

By now, Amaterasu could no longer deny it.

This level of highly intelligent deception—completely bypassing Yamatai's top-tier divine contracts—was carried out as naturally as breathing or drinking water.

That being was no god of light, nor a corrupted deity fallen from grace. Before falling to chaos, he had already been a supreme evil god.

"Tsukuyomi!" Amaterasu's true form, still in Takamagahara, cried out urgently to her younger brother.

Tsukuyomi was just as distraught. He spoke a single sentence that served as both explanation and a way to shift the blame: "Sister! The price has already been paid to this star domain!"

Amaterasu trembled violently.

Yes—the price was paid.

To redeem a god-king-level fallen being, the cost wasn't just a single god-king's soul.

With Shiva's tacit approval—or at least tolerance—Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi had launched a joint strike and barely managed to kill one subordinate god-king of a small Indian-affiliated pantheon. That particular pantheon only had thirteen proper gods.

It had been Yamatai's greatest military victory in days.

Vassals in distress? Their suzerains stood unmoved.

But how many vassals did they have left?

Those who knew their suzerains were selling them out either resisted desperately or scrambled to survive—no one wanted to be devoured by the enemy.

The "meaty" targets were all eaten up in the first two weeks of war.

What remained were the tough bones.

And once the Indian pantheon, led by the Shiva Trinity, began actively defending their remaining vassals, further kills would become nearly impossible. Any proper god-war lasted years by nature. No side could claim victory until the other had exhausted all of its war potential.

Could the much smaller Yamatai world hold out that long?

And don't forget—they'd had to sacrifice the entire god-king and divine souls of that small pantheon to buy just one redemption opportunity.

Even if Angra Mainyu was a liar, it was a moral issue—not one of power.

Feeling the divine power radiating from him, Amaterasu hesitated once again.

Sigh...

Maybe this was what people meant by going from single-minded to double-blocked.

"Brother, can we truly control this Angra Mainyu?"

Tsukuyomi was determined now. Gritting his teeth, he swore viciously, "We must! Otherwise, Yamatai has no future! If he dares to defy us, I'll destroy him again, even at the cost of my own divine fall!"

So, as two of the Three Noble Children wavered like gamblers too sunk into their losses to stop, the resurrection of Angra Mainyu entered an irreversible stage.

As he crossed the boundary of life and death, tearing through the divide between chaos and order, the very moment he tore open the spiritual rift and entered Yamatai's world, the air itself seemed to be strangled, silenced into suffocation.

Three pairs of amber vertical pupils opened one after another in the mists of the spirit realm. Every glance made the kneecaps of the priestesses crack under pressure.

His bronze-hued flesh greedily drank in moonlight. His bare torso was scrawled with blasphemous cuneiform runes that were rapidly absorbing the laws of Yamatai's world.

The once-twisted limbs—symbols of a fallen chaos god—shriveled and contracted like the binding straps on a violent lunatic, becoming cursed iron chains wrapped around a massive divine form.

Seventy-two columns of black smoke spiraled up from the depths of chaos, coalescing behind him into a fractured solar halo.

The malformed limbs of chaos, rejected by the laws of Yamatai, fluttered down like paper scraps—only to be instantly incinerated by the dying sunlight like ashes in the wind.

But Amaterasu could not console the terrified priestesses.

One stumbled back, accidentally crushing a skull underfoot.

That skull had no place in this world—it was a phantom relic.

And yet something sticky began to climb up her bare foot.

The moment her protective charm shattered into dust against her chest, he reached into this world with a distorted right hand and grasped the setting sun.

Maybe it was an illusion, but that blood-red sun seemed to shatter into grains of sand in his hand, trickling between his fingers and falling to earth—each speck swelling into a fireball infused with chaos.

Tsukuyomi's divine power surged. With a wave of his hand, the polluted fireballs were consumed by the power of night.

The priestesses desperately hoped their goddess would appear and banish this blasphemous being named Angra Mainyu.

But under the pressure of his divine malevolence, they broke down, screaming in panic—only to be immediately silenced by a drumbeat from his chest.

That drum was cursed with the final heartbeats of one hundred thousand people whose hearts were ripped out while alive.

No one knew how long it lasted, but by the time the last ray of sunlight disappeared, his twisted, profane divine body had fully manifested—standing atop what the priestesses once believed was the holiest of lands.

His amber pupils had turned crimson.

And the priestesses saw their own warped reflections burning in those blood-colored eyes.

All their memories of worshiping Amaterasu, of loving the light, were being overwritten by a thick, sticky darkness.

When he lifted a scaled, bare foot, the priestesses heard their knees strike the bronze altar with a heavy thud.

Yes.

Right in front of Amaterasu, the goddess they had pledged eternal service to, those once-pure priestesses knelt before the newly descended God-King of Evil, moaning with delirious ecstasy.

The sight nearly drove Amaterasu into a fit of divine madness.

"Sister! Let me—" Tsukuyomi, too, recognized this creature as a walking disaster. But his greatest confidence lay in the fact that Yamatai's core elemental domains were still controlled by him and his sister. As long as they controlled the divine power source, they didn't fear betrayal.

Just as Angra Mainyu's sinister might began to permeate Yamatai's night sky—

From afar, moss fell from the ritual pillars, shaken loose by a chilling, invisible aura.

The sky shimmered like water. The reflected crescent moon began to melt.

The priestesses—who had just wet themselves in fear—looked up in astonishment as the lunar halo transformed into countless silver arrows, piercing the evil canopy overhead, restoring the cold brilliance of night to its rightful place.

Farther away, night crows startled by the divine backlash tried to take flight, only to freeze into ice crystals before they could spread their wings, crashing to the ground in brittle clinks.

Moonlight descended, laden with stardust, and in its glow, a hundreds-meter-tall translucent humanoid figure swiftly took shape.

The priestesses immediately recognized the newcomer—Tsukuyomi, one of the Three Noble Children.

His colossal voice thundered through the night:

"Angra Mainyu! Don't go too far!

Remember who pulled you out of that damned chaos hell.

You'd better learn some gratitude—"