

Thalos 320

Chapter 320: The Opportunistic Gods of India

Ah... so it was Angra Mainyu...

Well, that explains everything.

Thalos instantly understood what someone known as the "Evil of This World" might be up to.

Even the mythical Pandora's Box was only half as vile—at least that had "hope" at the bottom. Angra Mainyu? He had nothing of the sort.

Despicable, shameless, vile, loathsome... you could throw every negative term in existence at that guy, and it still wouldn't be enough.

Hela grew curious. "Your Majesty, is there something special about this Angra?"

"Oh yes," Thalos replied. "He's arguably the most poisonous evil god in this entire chaotic cosmos."

"Huh?"

No one knew where Thalos got his intel. But since he possessed the divine authority of Prophecy, no one found it strange that he'd have outrageous or classified knowledge.

Thalos swept his gaze over the Sumerian and Akkadian gods. That glance made their skin crawl, as if they'd been shot while lying down—utterly confused yet deeply uneasy.

And rightly so.

Angra Mainyu belonged to the Persian pantheon, whose divine age came after the Sumerians and Akkadians. But crucially, it was from the same region.

Lucky for them they didn't know the full story—if they did, they'd have distanced themselves from Angra faster than lightning.

Then Thalos looked over at Loki. That alone made Loki break out in a cold sweat.

Loki chuckled awkwardly. "Your Majesty, that look's making my spine tingle!"

Thalos smiled faintly. "No, I was just thinking... compared to him, you're practically a saint."

"..." Loki didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Was that praise... or an insult?

Seeing Thalos' conflicted expression, the gods didn't quite know how to react.

But could you blame Thalos? He was already imagining a twisted scene straight out of an NTR adult film from Japan.

The problem was, it felt entirely plausible.

He couldn't even voice the possibility aloud—it was too vulgar.

"Sigh..." Thalos let out a long sigh. "Another open conspiracy. This time, we have to accelerate Ginnungagap's advance."

"Your Majesty, what's going on exactly?" Enki asked.

"My guess," Thalos said solemnly, "is that Angra Mainyu is using some base, underhanded scheme to pit the Yamatai and Indian pantheons against each other—and he's going to screw them both over."

He briefly described what he had "glimpsed" from the high throne.

"Wha—?!" The gods stirred in disbelief.

Their first instinct was to doubt it.

Frey frowned. "How could a legitimate Yamatai god-king make such a foolish move? To summon and entrust someone like that from the Chaos?"

Enki sighed. "Not every god-king is named Thalos Borson."

Most of the gods had lived through multiple divine wars. Names like Burel, Enlil, Set... when you thought about them, it all made sense. Not to mention the current ruler of Yamatai was a female god-king.

Lacking proper intelligence, the gods couldn't draw any concrete conclusions from debate alone.

So the final word came from Thalos.

"Enough discussion. Beings from the Chaos can be used—but only sparingly. Let them fully loose, and you bring about the end of order itself. We can let the Trimurti and Yamatai's three noble children slaughter each other—but we must not let Angra Mainyu win. Let's beat every chaotic abomination back into the pit they crawled out from!"

"Yes—!" the gods answered in unison.

With that command, the previously arranged battle units were reorganized once more...

Meanwhile, in the Malaya World—

Pale gray cracks crept across a dark-purple sky like jagged tears in a child's paper craft.

With no native sky god to protect it, the sun and moon cast patchy, broken shadows, leaving the land in perpetual twilight.

The flickering light painted the scorched ground like a rotting scab.

Susanoo led his troops into a ruined coastal city, stepping across the sticky, glassy surface. The basalt tiles, melted by intense heat, still bore the ripple marks of their final, explosive moment—like countless frozen masks of terror.

In the distance, the sea had vanished. Only a broken canoe lay skewered in the cracked riverbed, its bow still tangled in a shredded net that fluttered weakly in the chaos-infused winds. The wooden docks, once bustling with life, had shattered into splinters. Only two support posts remained, jutting skyward like rotten fangs, leaking dark green ooze that sizzled into acidic steam as it hit the ground.

This was what a world looked like after its ruling god was slain—on the brink of collapse.

The Yamatai gods had failed to protect their subordinates, and so their vassal worlds inevitably decayed.

With Yamatai's main world still intact, the Indian pantheon hadn't bothered finishing the conquest—they'd merely broken Malaya's gods and moved on, leaving the place a useless wasteland.

Thus it became a buffer zone.

Susanoo gazed silently at the desolate landscape, the wrath in his heart burning even hotter.

"My lord, please, let's go back. At least inform Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi!" his subordinates begged.

"No! I want Shiva to answer me—personally! Did he or didn't he?!"

Susanoo had always been wild and willful. His slaying of Yamata-no-Orochi had forced gods and mortals alike to respect him, but he hadn't changed.

A leopard doesn't change its spots.

His rash and headstrong nature meant he was impossible to manage.

At that moment, his divine attendants and yokai noticed something in the sky ahead.

They froze, eyes wide, staring upward.

A storm of flame-clouds had formed.

From the roiling blaze, massive figures emerged.

A host of Indian gods, both avatars and true forms, stepped out from the void—each towering like multi-story buildings, radiating terrifying divine pressure.

More monsters—Shiva's demonic army—materialized on the plain below: rakshasas, ghouls, churels... every type of grotesque under his command.

This demon legion was Shiva's calling card.

Susanoo knew their scent well.

And then—another figure appeared beside Shiva: a god riding a golden bird, with four arms wielding a discus, conch shell, mace, and bow.

Though Susanoo had never seen him, he recognized the description from prisoner testimonies—

This was Vishnu, one of the Trimurti.

Even if only one of them was present in full, the sight of both Trimurti members—Vishnu and Shiva—set Susanoo's forces on edge.

They nervously looked skyward at these uninvited titans.

Oddly, even the Indian monsters looked toward Vishnu in silence.

The Yamatai side braced for slaughter—but instead of giving the kill order, Vishnu said:

"Susanoo—whether you believe it or not, Shiva did not abduct your beloved. We would never stoop so low!"

Susanoo blinked. Then, dumb as ever, he asked:

"If it wasn't you—why did you accept my duel?"

Vishnu replied in an old Indian dialect.

Most gods possessed Tongues or similar abilities.

A polite translation: "You want war? Fine—we accept."

A less polite version: "You've come all this way to die. What kind of fool doesn't take a free kill?"

The battlefield fell utterly silent.