

Thalos 321

Chapter 321

The thoughts of the Trimurti were simple and straightforward: We know we're innocent. We know Susanoo is pitiful and tragic. We even know there's a hidden hand stirring the pot. But none of that stops us from going for the kill.

Fairness?

In this chaotic universe, what even is fairness?

To the Trimurti, the greatest form of fairness was that, after subjugating the Yamatai pantheon, they'd fairly turn them all into slaves.

Vishnu and Brahma refrained from interfering directly—Vishnu was stationed with another force, watching out for the hidden enemy. From their perspective, Shiva alone was more than enough to deal with Susanoo, especially in this dried-up Malaya world devoid of ocean.

Above, Shiva's monstrous army of demons and divine beasts spread across the sky, their dark clouds blotting out the heavens. On the ground, countless Indian monsters marched steadily toward Susanoo and his men.

Though Susanoo's side didn't appear outnumbered, this was a world of ruin, the very stage of Destruction. They could all sense it—a dangerous, oppressive force enveloping them.

A voice rang out through the wind—the command issued by Shiva's elephant-headed son.

"All units—form up!"

"Target: Yamatai!"

"Attack—!"

The very heavens trembled.

It was as if the entire sky had exploded. Waves upon waves of monsters burst forward, charging so fast that Susanoo's sea-born warriors were reminded of one word: overwhelm.

Tens of thousands of demons surged forth under the lead of Shiva's avatars, crashing directly into Susanoo's ranks.

"AAHHH—!" The anguished screams of sea-creatures echoed through the battlefield.

Because of his wife's abduction, Susanoo had lost all reason. Now, he was paying the price for that recklessness.

There was no chance to regret it.

Shiva came hurtling toward him, four arms swinging with divine might.

In the very next instant, a phantom wave rose behind Shiva. At its crest, several sharp spikes of water formed, as pointed as siege bolts, shooting straight for Shiva's back.

But even that wasn't enough to catch him off guard—not even the serpent coiled around Shiva's neck was fooled.

The cobra hissed deeply, and one of Shiva's four arms reversed its grip on his trident and stabbed back. From nothing, he conjured a flame of annihilation.

The clash of ice and fire exploded outward, shattering a mountain of ash dozens of miles away.

Shiva's two left arms drew a bow and loosed an arrow of obliteration, striking a summoned wave from Susanoo and instantly heating it hundreds of degrees—turning it near boiling.

Susanoo called upon the divine might of Yamatai. His Ten-Fist Sword absorbed the oceanic power, becoming a blade of water stretching across the heavens as he slashed toward Shiva.

Yet, the rotating black hole at the trident's tip swallowed the entire attack.

Neither Shiva nor Susanoo was a true god-king—but as top-tier deities of major worlds, they were stronger than any god-king from minor realms.

Every clash of theirs tore mountains down, ripping holes in the atmosphere.

Everyone knew—they were drawing on the divine power of their worlds. The balance clearly tilted against Susanoo. Worse yet, he hadn't rescued his wife. And Shiva didn't even seem like the culprit. That uncertainty sapped Susanoo's spirit; he was fighting at maybe 70% of his power.

All around them, from sky to ground, a chaotic melee raged. Every passing second, countless beasts and divine soldiers fell to their deaths.

And far away, hidden in the ruins, a pair of cold eyes watched everything unfold through the void.

Angra Mainyu.

He glanced at the dying figure ravaged by chaos beasts beside him, then sneered cruelly.

"Don't worry. Once your idiot husband draws in Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi, I'll let you go back and be with him."

And sure enough, after Susanoo and Shiva's forces went all in, Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi finally received the news.

Amaterasu was stunned.

She knew her brother was reckless, willful. She had warned him, told him not to leave Yamatai. But she hadn't expected the enemy to use such a vile trick to lure him out.

"What should we do?" she asked urgently through divine communication.

Tsukuyomi hesitated, torn, before gritting his teeth. "We have to save him! Without Susanoo, we won't be able to defend Yamatai either!"

The traditionally serene Amaterasu showed a rarely seen determination. Her eyes gleamed with a steel no outsider could have imagined.

"Even if it costs us half of our eight million kami—we'll bring Susanoo back alive!"

"Agreed!"

Soon after, on both flanks of Malaya, two massive spatial gates opened simultaneously.

Tens of thousands of divine warriors from both sides flooded into the desolate neutral zone, driving monsters before them. Willing or not, these creatures fought by instinct against enemies not of their pantheon.

With the Trimurti and Yamatai's Three Noble Children all entering the battlefield, the conflict reached a fever pitch.

A great tengu soared low over the earth, smashing its sacred hammer onto the shoulder of a rakshasa, eliciting a piercing howl.

That cry drew the attention of an Airavata—a creature formed from lion, elephant, and horse. One might simply call it a beast of chaos.

With a lunge, it clamped its jaws around the tengu's leg before the latter could react.

"Get off!" the tengu bellowed, swinging its feather fan. A wave of hellfire surged into Airavata's mouth.

The fireball detonated inside its body, lighting its chest cavity like a lantern—a balloon ready to burst.

Yet, this beast was one of the Indian pantheon's elite monsters. Even with a critical hit, it didn't die. Enraged, it lifted both mighty lion claws and ripped the tengu's leg clean off.

The injured tengu flapped upward, but his weakened form drew hostile eyes.

What finally killed him wasn't the Airavata—but an arrow.

No one knew where it came from—until the shaft pierced the tengu's chest.

Just moments before impact, his mystical barrier flickered a faint green, only to be instantly shattered by the arrow's radiant gold energy. His enormous body fell like a kite with cut strings, swept away by the wind.

If he had known who shot him, perhaps he'd have died content.

The one who slew him was Arjuna.

As the battle expanded, both sides grew increasingly furious. This was no longer a fight that could be paused—or stopped.

Without elite troops covering the retreat, the Yamatai monsters—known for their poor discipline—were on the verge of total collapse.

Amaterasu gritted her teeth. She knew: these unruly yokai, if not bled now, would become liabilities during any withdrawal.

What she didn't know was that every one of her moves had already been predicted by Angra Mainyu...