

## Thalos 323

### Chapter 323: The Yellow Sparrow Watches From Behind

The entire starfield was in upheaval.

Across the two great pantheons of India and Yamatai, tens of thousands who had once fallen into chaos were reborn as people—and at the same time, at least twice as many living beings fell into corruption, becoming chaos monsters and plummeting into the deepest abyss of this starry sea.

This inversion of chaos and order left not only the directly involved Yamatai and Indian gods stunned—even the Aesir, mere observers from afar, were speechless.

This was no longer just a chaotic clash between three divine pantheons—chaos itself had joined the fray with brutal force.

It had become both a battle royale, where only the last survivor would win, and a resurrection match—a last-ditch struggle of the desperate and damned.

Through the advance scout Kraken, Thalos projected an image of Malaya—its space-time membrane now pulsating like a demonic stomach—and the assembled gods were stunned.

"Are the Indian and Yamatai pantheons... doomed?" Thor asked in disbelief.

"If we don't intervene," Thalos answered calmly, "then yes. At best, they'll be crippled. At worst, completely annihilated." Then his voice sharpened. "But if we do act—our price might be birthing a monster strong enough to threaten the world of Ginnungagap itself."

No one knew how many monsters still slumbered beneath that chaotic sea, waiting to be revived.

It was like asking how many patients in an asylum were actually sane people wrongly institutionalized.

Thalos neither wanted nor dared to seek that answer.

Then Loki raised a hypothesis that made everyone go still: "Isn't it possible—if someone sacrifices enough orderly worlds, they could create a fully refined chaos world? A training ground for even stronger and more terrifying chaos demons. After all, that Indian god has so many arms and extra eyes—he already looks corrupted by chaos."

The remark struck a nerve.

Even though the Aesir, Vanir, and Jotnar had larger-than-human forms, they were still human-shaped: one head, two arms, two legs.

The idea of importing four-armed, three-eyed chaos-looking gods into the cosmos might intimidate enemies—but it would certainly destroy any semblance of human aesthetic.

Just imagining that Shiva might be a chaos god made Thalos visibly tense.

Sigh... In this chaotic world, fighting for even a sliver of hope for order is just so difficult.

But regardless of what came next—there was only one thing to do: accelerate Ginnungagap's collision course toward the Malaya world!

At that same moment, the collapse of Malaya continued.

Having seized supreme authority over the world, Angra Mainyu pressed forward with his plan to destroy it—and sacrifice both pantheons along the way.

The sky was no longer a sphere, as if a world-sized invisible hand had twisted it like a pretzel.

The ground split open across vast regions. From the cracks, molten lava shot out wildly, filling the air with a revolting stench of sulfur.

Many earthbound demons found the ground growing hot beneath their feet. Entire stretches suddenly collapsed, revealing craters hundreds of meters deep.

Countless divine attendants and yokai plunged into these abysses.

Even if they survived the fall, a splash of that lava would burn straight through them.

Gravity itself went haywire. Some were crushed flat without warning. Others inexplicably floated upward.

The sky distorted. Illusory remnants of World's Graveyard and other chaotic ruins flickered like mirages overhead.

The entire Malaya world was being crumpled by a colossal force.

The once-dry sea had refilled briefly with vast gushes of groundwater—only for the waters to reverse, spinning into the sky and becoming whirlpools that shredded thousands of Yamatai and Indian soldiers into bloody mist.

The battlefield had become utter chaos.

During such extreme spatial distortion, even keeping a teleportation gate open—or forming a stable emergency exit—became nearly impossible.

The Three Noble Children and Three Aspects had withdrawn from the frontlines to secure escape routes for their most elite followers.

After all, common attendants could be replaced. But if a demigod or lesser deity died, it was a huge loss. Worse still, some divine deaths could cripple their worlds' entire system of operation.

"It's Angra Mainyu! I'm going to kill him—!" cried Tsukuyomi, the most visibly shaken among Yamatai's deities.

Ironically, it was Tsukuyomi who had convinced Amaterasu to summon Angra in the first place.

Even though Amaterasu ultimately gave the order, Tsukuyomi bore the real responsibility—and he now regretted it bitterly.

Susanoo, meanwhile, alternated between rescuing his followers and sobbing uncontrollably. "It's all my fault! All of it!"

Whether it was for failing to save Kushinadahime, or for dragging his sister and brother into this disaster—no one could say.

And just as they scrambled to evacuate, hundreds of thousands of chaos demons burst from all corners of the chaotic universe.

No one knew if they had been summoned by Angra or drawn by the sacrifice.

But as chaos' sworn enemies, the gods of order became instant targets. These monsters didn't need to be strong—just numerous enough to bog down the retreat.

Millions of Yamatai yokai were about to be lost.

Yet no one knew that not far from the Malaya world, in a peculiar pocket of space—something strange was unfolding.

A world turned upside-down.

Below was a beautiful European-style garden. But from this garden, bricks began to rise into the sky in perfect order. The moment they passed a shimmering threshold in midair, they began to rebuild—upside-down—onto the heavens.

Supporting walls rose from bottom to top—then continued top to bottom above.

Columns, roofs, and beams all followed the same mirror logic.

It was a perfect inverted mirror world.

Below, powerful chaos monsters wandered freely.

But once they ascended, carried upward by an unknown force, they passed through the barrier and instantly transformed—into humans.

Or more precisely, human-shaped gods.

One by one, these formidable entities regained their balance midair, flipping effortlessly into upright postures—as if standing atop the sky.

From the side, it looked as though they were upright on an inverted sky-ground.

And from above, a majestic god, whose eyes shone with divine light, watched over them all with a piercing gaze.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said coldly. "I am the Mayan God-King of Wrath—but you may also know me by another name: Odin."