

Thalos 324

Chapter 324: Who Is the Yellow Sparrow?

The gods who had returned from chaos were clearly from many different pantheons, with only a few sharing the same origins.

The world they found themselves in felt wrong—on the surface, it seemed like a domain of order, yet it was enveloped in a space barrier reeking of chaos. Strange faces, fragmented memories, and varied backgrounds made it impossible for these gods to form a unified front. With Odin backed by a strong and numerous retinue, command quickly and unknowingly fell into his hands.

At that moment, one of the newly resurrected gods asked, "Odin, is it? You saved us because you want us to serve you? What if we refuse?"

He stood up, lifting his arm with bold defiance, clearly attempting to sway the other resurrected gods.

But in the next instant, his answer came not with words—but with a furious divine spear.

DONG—

The strange twin-pronged spear was infused with both order and chaos, its two tips radiating opposite attributes.

How could anyone defend against such a thing?

He couldn't. The god was immediately impaled through the chest, pinned where he stood. The spear trembled as if venting its master's rage.

"Don't get it twisted," Odin said coldly. "I didn't pull you trash out of the abyss of chaos because I'm kind. I demand loyalty, not questions. And don't say I'm being too harsh—if you won't give me your allegiance..." He raised one finger toward the chaos-bathed 'ground' below. "Then go crawl back to your filthy chaos pit."

That was Odin's version of mercy.

In the end, aside from the one who'd been slain, all twenty-something newly awakened gods pledged allegiance to him.

When Odin finished his induction speech, the death god Ah Puch stepped forward. "Your Majesty, is this handful of gods really enough?"

Odin gave him a sharp look. "What, did you forget? Ginnungagap still hasn't joined the game. No one knows Thalos Borson better than I do. That two-faced hypocrite is definitely lurking in the shadows, waiting to swoop in at the last possible moment and reap the spoils."

"So then we..."

"We march on the Indian pantheon!"

"Wait, what? But—"

"Without our command, no amount of chaos demons or returned gods can defeat the Indian pantheon. Within three months, they'll be wiped out."

"But even if the Indian gods were nearly destroyed by Angra Mainyu, what good would fighting them do us?"

"Don't worry. Thalos will send his people to draw their attention head-on."

With that, Odin dismissed Ah Puch and returned to his so-called "God-King's Palace"—which, though opulent in appearance, was no larger than a countryside manor. Once alone, he spat on the ground.

"My damned brother. So this is all still part of your plan, isn't it? You won't kill me, but you'll force me into the vanguard? Fine! Since I have to do your dirty work, I think I've earned the right to gather some followers and take a small world for myself!"

Odin was no fool.

If the Odin of the Celtic world had once been blind, the Odin of the Mayan world had long since awakened. His bastard brother was a God-King-class hypocrite who didn't want the guilt of fratricide, but also refused to let Odin live in peace. He toyed with him like a monkey, using him to blaze the trail so he could swoop in and claim the final prize.

Gathering a group of gods to rival the Aesir was only step one.

Odin needed his own world—a territory not as vast as Ginnungagap, perhaps, but large enough to make Thalos hesitate.

That was no small task.

He'd noticed Angra Mainyu's schemes early and used his deep understanding of chaos to construct a temporary ordered space within a salvaged world-ruin, consuming great divine power in the process. Then he hijacked the reincarnated chaos gods before Thalos could reach them—his move to flip the table.

Now he had to find a way to survive in the cracks and steal a few smaller worlds if he wanted to grow.

"Damn you, brother. I'll do the dirty work this time. But will you finally let me go?" This was Odin's last trial of faith. He was a true schemer, yes—but every time he tried to rise, his brother crushed him. And yet, never destroyed him completely.

If he lost hope entirely... who knew what he might become?

"Thalos won't destroy my soul anyway. So if I surrender, he'll accept it... right?"

With that realization as his safety net, Odin could afford to play hard. But deep down, frustration gnawed at him day by day.

No one understood better than him: with sixteen worlds and over a hundred gods, Ginnungagap was terrifyingly powerful.

Even Odin felt the fire in his heart fading...

Meanwhile, the evacuation of the Indian and Yamatai pantheons continued.

And then came the next unexpected twist.

Just when they thought Angra Mainyu had reached his limit—turning Malaya into a demonic meat grinder—they realized they had still underestimated him.

Deep within the earth, in a hidden chamber, Angra kept casting.

"Dance! Dance! Like jesters in a tragic play, dance!" The glow beneath his feet grew even more intense.

This was no ordinary space manipulation.

The ritual had begun transforming order into chaos, and vice versa.

The world had become an unbalanced scale—offering up countless orderly souls to redeem the surviving chaos demons and fallen gods.

It was also a mirror—reflecting the dual nature of this chaotic cosmos.

One side of the mirror was order. The other, chaos.

But what god could claim that their divine power, born from chaos, contained no chaos at all?

"Appear! Appear! The evil in your hearts! The darkness in your souls! The chaos within your very essence—!"

An immense, invisible force of soul energy surged through the Malaya world.

At first, Vishnu and the others noticed nothing.

But then... something was wrong.

"Rama?!" Vishnu gasped.

In the Mahabharata, when Vishnu descended, he split his essence into two: the stronger became Krishna, the weaker became the mighty warrior Rama.

Now, he watched in horror as his Rama avatar broke away from his soul, gradually becoming an independent being.

Angra had used an entire world as the price—to forcibly sever the avatar and drag it into chaos.

It wasn't just Vishnu.

Brahma and Shiva suffered similar ruptures.

As for Yamatai—Angra had an even easier time.

When he merely showed Susanoo the location of his wife Kushinadahime, the impulsive sea god once again lost all control.