

## Thalos 326

Chapter 326 Because I Feel Like It!

Ginnungagap was simply too massive, and its arrival made such an overwhelming impact that the Indian and Fusang world clusters scattered like startled lambs—or at least, that was the illusion. In truth, it was the result of Ginnungagap charging forward at extreme speed, displacing massive amounts of chaotic energy like a surging tidal wave. The shock even affected the relative stability of these "small worlds" within the star region.

The commotion was so great that even Odin, who was sneaking around the Indian world like a thief, sensed it instantly.

"Damn it! I knew it! I freaking knew this would happen!" Odin cursed furiously, completely losing his composure.

His direct subordinates, including the death god Apuchai and others, exchanged awkward glances, unsure of what to say.

Should they comment on how well their boss Odin understood that devil Thalos? Or should they marvel at the uncanny precision of Odin's orders? It was hard to say.

The only thing certain was that their exiled Mayan pantheon branch stood no chance against Ginnungagap in a direct confrontation.

Despite the cursing, Odin's sense of action remained formidable.

"What are you idiots waiting for? Stick to the plan! Get all the stolen population and unfortunates into the target world—now! Once Ginnungagap leaves Malaya, we get the hell out of here!"

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Such was the survival strategy of a minor faction. They couldn't fight, couldn't afford to offend, and couldn't grovel. All they could do was find a way to survive in the cracks between giants.

A military group made up of over forty gods—regardless of their divine power—was still tremendously formidable in the absence of the Trimurti gods.

Especially Odin. As a counterfeit god-king who could freely define his divine domains, he had natural talent in areas like sky, death, kingship, and ice. He aggressively expanded his divine domain without restraint. Once he entered the battlefield, second- or third-tier gods couldn't possibly compete with him in a domain clash.

With the Trimurti absent, the Indian gods were fighting in classic disunity. As long as these bandits didn't target them directly, most gods just turned a blind eye.

This appeasement policy greatly benefited Odin's faction. They spared no divine power: Odin and the core gods forcibly seized the elemental domains of earth, water, fire, and wind from the Indian world. The newly returned gods on the order side were used as labor, specifically to snatch up mortals.

All high-caste Kshatriyas and Brahmins were executed, leaving only the lower-class Vaishyas (mostly merchants) as the managerial class to oversee the vast number of Shudras (mostly conquered natives).

While Odin was nervously stealing from the vast Indian world, he also projected his divine vision across space, keeping an eye on the unfolding battle at Ginnungagap.

"You bastard big brother! You'd better stall for time this time!"

Odin was praying to the wrong person.

The ones who truly needed more time weren't Thalos—but the three factions currently battling in the Malaya plane.

The Three Noble Children of Fusang were the most conflicted. Susanoo's berserk rampage had once again driven Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi into a paralyzing deadlock.

Helping him was risky. Not helping him was equally dangerous.

Now facing the risk of total annihilation, they no longer had the luxury of weighing options.

The brother and sister exchanged a glance, and without hesitation, dispatched avatars to assist Susanoo.

It wasn't that they were heartless—it was just that if their true bodies didn't leave soon, they'd probably be wiped out along with all their subordinates.

To lose one core main god versus losing an entire pantheon—they could do the math themselves.

In a way, they were also lucky. With one of the Three Noble Children missing, the Fusang gods became a lower-priority target.

Thalos took one glance and gave a cold order: "All forces, prioritize attacks on the Indian pantheon."

A simple command became the cruelest judgment.

Crack-crack-crack! The roots of the World Tree, capable of infinite growth, resembled octopus tentacles prying open a crab shell to feast on the meat inside. These roots, often measured in kilometers, were a nightmare for most small units.

Can fly?

Doesn't matter.

When the area of attack is absurdly massive, even flying monsters can't escape. Just a single root branch could easily cover over 10,000 square meters.

Boom!

A root tore through Malaya's twisted world barrier and, upon entry, instantly sent four-digit numbers of Indian demons and divine attendants straight to the underworld—specifically, to Helheim.

Blue ghostly flames spread with the root's rapid growth, flooding into the world.

Led by Hela, the trio of death gods unleashed their ocean-like divine power. From the point of root entry, hundreds of square kilometers began to visibly transform into an extension of Helheim's domain.

The sky turned an ashen gray, and even the earth's original magma rapidly cooled, becoming a desolate wasteland.

This was madness!

This was an independent world—one already corrupted by chaos! For it to be instantly converted into a death domain, turned into an "Undead Canopy" and "Underworld Land," would require an astronomical amount of death energy. If it were Fusang, they'd probably have to drain the entire Yomi-no-Kuni to pull it off.

And yet Hela had done it!

Her long black hair whipped wildly in the storm of death energy billowing from behind her.

She spread her arms wide, gazing coldly yet heroically over all she surveyed, claiming it as her own.

She said nothing, but the alluring curl at the corner of her mouth told all who looked—she was smiling.

From this moment onward, any being who died in this realm would have their soul claimed by the death trio of Ginnungagap.

Yes.

Not India's.

Not Chaos's.

Not the native world's.

Only Helheim's.

This move turned the faces of all the Indian gods pale.

"You're insane! You're investing so much divine power into this doomed world?!" shouted Agni, the god of fire and lightning, in disbelief.

Hela's eyes sparkled. Her smile was cold, amused: "Because I feel like it."

"You crazy goddess!"

Hela didn't reply. She simply waved her left hand.

Behind her, countless death nobles surged forward, flying past her.

They were prisoners of the underworld—once lofty gods from many worlds.

Stripped of life and divinity, even their minds had been wiped clean. They were now nothing but enforcers of the underworld.

Perhaps their lack of intelligence and inability to replenish divine power drastically weakened their combat ability.

But Hela didn't care.

With control over the death power of sixteen worlds, she had wealth enough to do whatever she pleased!

Watching Agni get effortlessly obliterated by her "collectibles," his divine soul shackled at the neck, dragged like a dead dog to her feet by two of them, Hela casually flicked her hair, looking at this bizarre three-legged, seven-armed, three-headed god with a sneer: "Welcome to Helheim, Collection Item No. 218."

Agni's divine soul trembled. He couldn't speak, but not because he lacked strength.

It was the last shred of pride he held as a god.