

Thalos 329

Chapter 329: Anger Is the Strongest Emotion in the World

"Ahhhhh—"

Unexpectedly yet not unexpectedly, the dying scream of Susanoo echoed up from deep beneath the earth.

The Three Noble Children of Fusang were deeply connected by blood and soul. The resonance between them allowed Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi to instantly sense that their beloved younger brother was finished.

Tears fell from the corners of their eyes at that very moment.

Without their rescue, the simple-minded but immensely powerful Susanoo was always destined to be toyed to death by Angra Mainyu—it was only a matter of time.

As the supreme god of evil, Angra had once brought darkness beside the light on purpose. He had deliberately encouraged every king to be the first to betray the gods. He had created serpents, wicked dragons, and other unclean things.

For such an ultimate evil god to reshape the pure-as-a-white-sheet Susanoo into his own form was... unsurprising.

A strange fissure opened in the ground—if one had sufficient knowledge of ancient Persian, they'd recognize it as the cuneiform character for "Evil."

And from that shattered, hundred-li-wide maw in the earth, the broken remains of Fusang's sea god were lifted piece by piece to the surface by pitch-black sludge as thick as tar.

But it wasn't sludge—it was the purest, fully materialized essence of evil intent.

A mere mortal—no, even a saint—would lose their mind upon simply smelling this stuff. In an instant, they would fall into depravity and become a villain beyond redemption.

And at the very center of this massive mire pit, the once-kind Kushinadahime—now a wailing banshee—clung lovingly to Susanoo's severed head, forming a sight that chilled every onlooker to their core.

The once virtuous and dignified goddess now resembled Lilith, the demonic mother of all evils, branded with shameful sigils across her nude body.

Susanoo, whose only wish had been to save his wife, now bore a singular horn sprouting from his forehead, and paired with the curved horns on his head, he already looked more demon than god.

The scene was horrifying enough without any eerie sound effects or creepy music. It was simply sickening to behold.

Once one of the exalted Three Noble Children, Susanoo had been reduced to an empty shell—used up, hollowed out, discarded.

Losing a brother was already more than enough to shatter Amaterasu's heart—but to lose both in a single day?

"Ah—"

The event happened suddenly, but it wasn't that Amaterasu failed to react—it was that she had misjudged.

In her mind, Tsukuyomi had at least a hundred ways to survive: he could dodge, raise shields, cast divine counterspells...

But Tsukuyomi did nothing at all. He simply allowed his true body to be swallowed by a black geyser erupting from deep underground, vanishing into the abyss below.

"Tsukuyomi?!" Amaterasu's eyes widened in disbelief as she watched it all unfold.

Only Thalos, suspended high above by the support of wind elements, looked on with a gaze full of pity.

Tsukuyomi was still too green.

Thalos could guess what had happened—most likely, Tsukuyomi had foolishly signed a divine contract with Angra Mainyu.

It made sense. One of Angra's key subordinates was Dregg, the Deceiver Demon—a devil who was the very embodiment of falsehood and lies.

Angra had a hundred million ways to alter a contract—or leave hidden loopholes within a divine pact.

Whatever Angra managed to "do," he would "gain" something from Fusang.

It was worse than borrowing from a predatory lender. Interest rates and penalties were child's play compared to what Angra demanded. While Amaterasu and Tsukuyomi thought they were forcing Angra into servitude, it was Angra who had actually claimed their lives.

At the final moment, Amaterasu tried to cast a divine spell—but failed. A heavy, unprecedented sluggishness invaded her soul and dulled her reactions.

A powerless, crushing sense of insignificance welled up from deep within her.

She stood frozen, watching with trembling limbs as a titanic presence emerged from the ruined earth below—

On the cracked and parched ground...

In the sky polluted by both chaotic power and Ginnungagap's order...

A cluster of immense black heads—dozens of them, each composed of materialized evil spirit energy—burst through the cloud layer and descended slowly, one by one, each more terrifying than the last.

This black pillar reaching to the heavens, crowned with massive heads, stood upon shattered earth, rooted in a lake of viscous, black tide—evil incarnate. The lake, large enough to hold Jörmungandr himself, looked like nothing more than a rug at its feet, or perhaps a napkin tied around its neck.

To Thalos, the thing looked eerily like an alternate World Tree.

A World Tree composed entirely of the malevolence of all realms.

Like its counterpart, it had easily claimed the center of this ruined world. And with each passing moment, it expanded its roots and branches by devouring and absorbing chaos demons.

Amaterasu stared at the nightmarish, world-sized black creature that mirrored the World Tree across from it. Her breathing became difficult.

Was this the true body of Angra Mainyu?

Could such a thing really be born of an order-aligned world?

Everything about it screamed Abyssal Devourer, some god-tier apocalyptic monster.

Each mountain-sized head on this grotesque tree continually opened and closed its jaws, spewing despairing wails and the most venomous curses.

Even if it was difficult to make out now, Thalos still managed to recognize within those heads the twisted remnants of former Persian evil gods—Apush, the Drought Demon; Azhi Dahaka, the Dragon Demon; Astovidhat, the Plague Demon—and more.

Oh, and there was Susanoo, Tsukuyomi... and even Rama?

This abominable mix made Thalos genuinely question whether Angra had really returned to the order side at all.

Why was everything he did so absurdly chaotic?

For the first time in a long while, Thalos felt a flicker of excitement. He thought—finally! A battle he wouldn't have to leave to his subordinates.

Meanwhile, beside him, the trembling Goddess Amaterasu shook uncontrollably—perhaps from overwhelming sorrow, perhaps from boundless rage, or perhaps both.

Suddenly, she made a desperate, reckless decision and screamed at him:

"Thalos Borson, Your Majesty! If you help me slay Angra Mainyu, that traitorous monster—I am willing to offer you everything I have—!"

Oh?

Now that got my attention.

Thalos had never had a good impression of Fusang.

His usual policy was simple: "Kill all the male gods and monsters. Female gods... case by case."

And now, unexpectedly, Amaterasu was offering herself? Well, this was a small surprise.

He had already wiped out the three Mayan pantheons.

He didn't plan on leaving the Indian one intact either.

If he also exterminated the Fusang pantheon completely, another problem would arise—if he was too ruthless with every enemy faction, he might scare off any potential surrender candidates and force everyone to fight to the bitter end.

Thalos cast a glance at the proud daughter of Fusang standing before him.

Indeed—anger truly was the strongest emotion in the world.

With a lazy smile, Thalos replied softly:

"Heh. Fine."