

Thalos 330

Chapter 330 Judgement: "Not as Good as Odin!"

Now this was getting interesting.

This was the classic "We were just preparing for a glorious last stand—why did Your Majesty surrender first?" moment.

In an instant, the ragged remnants of Amaterasu's forces were thrown into stunned disarray.

So much for dignity—it barely lasted a breath before they were forced to recognize their place.

The world never lacks "clever gods." Plenty are stubborn, even more are smart.

One glance was all it took to see the truth: the Fusang pantheon was finished.

From "Three Noble Children" to "One Noble Child" in the blink of an eye—what was left to fight with?

Before overwhelming power, all ideals, all pride, were nothing but a joke.

Hadn't they seen that a single divine sword from Thalos had just wiped out dozens of their gods without effort?

Vengeance? Righteous fury? That only works if you have the strength to act on it.

This wasn't a mortal feud.

The gap between gods could span entire planes of existence.

No matter how humiliated or bitter the remaining Fusang gods were, they could only grit their teeth and swallow it—just like Enlil's sword had shattered their pride, it also shattered their resistance. From now on, they'd have to tuck their tails between their legs and never show a hint of rebellion again—unless they wanted to offer Thalos a perfect excuse to erase them.

After all, now that this useless goddess Amaterasu had surrendered, what choice did they have as her subordinates? All they could do was curse her quietly while pretending to be aggrieved as they too knelt in submission.

Thalos watched the surviving Fusang gods twist and twitch with frustration, rage, and reluctant obedience—and he found it quite entertaining.

But...

Don't think Thalos would so casually accept the Fusang pantheon just like that.

Amaterasu, whether mad with grief or deluded by her own supposed worth, had placed a condition on her surrender: help her avenge her two brothers.

In other words, until Thalos killed Angra Mainyu, the remaining Fusang gods were not officially his vassals. Likewise, they had temporarily been removed from his "to be eliminated" list.

This, of course, didn't go unnoticed by the other Aesir.

Cú Chulainn whispered, "Man, being a God-King really is sweet."

To his surprise, he was scolded by his own lord Freyr: "He simply wishes to protect his siblings—this is only natural. Back then, my sister Freyja was only spared because she hid beneath Thor's hammer. This is nothing more than His Majesty's rightful due."

Single dog Cú Chulainn: "..."

The situation on the field shifted drastically.

With Fusang backing down and the Indian pantheon being held in place by Thor and the others, only one entity remained who could be considered Thalos' equal: Angra Mainyu.

And ironically, even that was a product of Angra's own desperation.

In his original plan, if he could devour and sacrifice the majority of the Indian and Fusang pantheons through the Malaya world, he would have easily become the most powerful being in the entire star system.

From his perspective, how could he have possibly anticipated the sudden appearance of the supersized Ginnungagap? A world ruled by a God-King with sixteen domains?

That was the thing with tyrants—they would wait for opportunity, but they would never sit still and accept death.

Killing Susanoo and Tsukuyomi was the best Angra could do on short notice.

Now that his identity was fully exposed and Thalos had entered the field, Angra had no more cards to play—he had to gamble everything.

"Foolish Amaterasu! You are only worthy to be my plaything—" one of the massive black heads bellowed, while the others fixed their grotesque gazes on Thalos. Each head spoke on its own, in a maddening chorus:

"You cannot defeat us, Outer God!"

"You know nothing of our pain—and the power forged from that suffering—"

"Flesh is weak. Join us in the glory of the Black Tide!"

One head, one voice.

Enticement. Curses. Flattery. Madness. Ten different heads, ten different psychological attacks—each using different wavelengths and spiritual channels to assault Thalos' mind.

It would've been comical if it weren't so desperate.

This kind of spiritual manipulation? Please—even the Thalos who once drifted through the void wouldn't have fallen for this nonsense.

Why?

Because it was too messy.

One glance told him everything—Angra Mainyu had dragged his entire retinue of evil gods back from the chaos and put them to work again. It was pathetic.

What was worse, most of his so-called elite were jokes. Aside from one decent dragon demon, the rest—Deceit Demon, Sleep Demon, Lust Demon... come on, the names said it all.

Angra knew his faction couldn't win in a direct clash. That's why this monstrous black pillar had been cobbled together using gods from outside the Persian pantheon. You could tell just from the foreign adornments and runes on some of the heads.

This kind of hodgepodge might've fooled a low-grade world-class God-King. After all, the sheer divine energy output and grotesque size could intimidate plenty of lesser deities.

But to Thalos?

There was only one verdict: Not as good as Odin.

Yep. His stupid little brother had now become the yardstick for measuring failure.

"Filthy thing..." Thalos lifted his gaze.

His divine will surged—and in response, the Aztec Sword became a streak of black light, piercing straight through the massive black pillar.

The enormous Angra conglomerate let out a soul-shredding scream. The area around the wound thundered with wind and lightning as its tissues swelled grotesquely, like an overinflated balloon about to burst. Yet, despite the full-power strike of the manifest Feathered Serpent God, this abomination—made from dozens of divine souls and bodies—still lived. It was worthy of the name Angra Mainyu.

Even so, it wasn't dead.

Instead, it went berserk.

A massive black hand burst from the pillar, sweeping toward the sky.

It was absurdly large—a mountain a kilometer high would seem like a marble in its palm.

Of course, it couldn't do anything to Thalos or his Aztec Sword, which simply screamed through the air again and shot through the palm like it was paper.

But what it could do was kill everything still trapped in Malaya.

Thousands of Fusang yokai and gods, unable to evacuate in time, were caught in the sweep.

There was no blasting away—only brutal, total consumption.

Even a fearsome beast like the Tengu only had time to let out a dying shriek before its body vanished in a flash of gray-blue light. No flesh. No soul. Just... absorbed.

Angra's aura surged higher still.

"Crude," Thalos said flatly, pointing a single finger toward the beast. More World Swords flew forth.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM—

The world shook. Sky and earth cracked.

Each World Sword carried the might of an entire realm. Even with the energy traveling through void and distortion, their foundational power was undeniable.

Just a few strikes and Angra couldn't keep up.

Amaterasu's face drained of color.

She had just realized—Angra was trying to flee toward the Fusang world.

