

Thalos 331

Chapter 331: The “House Sparrow” from Persia

The sky was thick with clouds, and the earth below had long been twisted into a sludgy, tangled mess.

Each strike from the various World Swords unleashed devastating elemental vortexes, converging toward a single point and then erupting in dazzling apocalyptic bursts.

Watching those differently colored beams of divine light descend from the heavens—like blades plunging into a tender slab of meat—left the Goddess Amaterasu with an overwhelming sense of surrealism.

Every god with a sliver of common sense knew: a single strike from a World Sword could easily annihilate a small world—piercing its atmosphere, obliterating its crust. Even sky-piercing titans could be impaled and pinned to the earth in an instant.

Thalos was overwhelmingly powerful—but Angra Mainyu wasn't weak, either.

That wretched, cunning god of absolute evil—every time he was struck by Thalos, he used the life force of some other deity as a buffer.

For example, after one sword pierced him, a massive tide of black sea surged from his body; the next strike hit, and the response changed completely—now it was a black moon.

Shameless Angra was using his victims' life essence as meat shields, desperately absorbing the blows from Thalos' relentless assault.

"Hoh? Interesting. I'd like to see how many more substitutes you've got." Thalos' calm tone filled Angra with dread.

Retaliation? Out of the question. Any time he extended one of his black claws, it was immediately chopped off by a World Sword.

Thalos' mastery over the long-domesticated World Swords had reached perfection. Angra's control didn't even come close.

Angra's entire combat model revolved around tricking gods into stepping into traps and killing them. When it came to direct combat? He wasn't even in the same league as Thalos, who had been on the frontlines since the day of his divine birth.

Worse still, not only was Angra inferior in quality—he was outmatched in quantity, too.

Against most God-Kings, Angra's bloated mass could have exhausted them into defeat.

But not Thalos—his divine energy pool was utterly absurd. From the beginning of the battle until now, he hadn't even touched his core divine essence—he was using only the power of the World Swords.

He was damaging gods without spending a drop of his own blood.

How was Angra supposed to fight that?

He couldn't.

So he did the only thing he could—retreat, or as he would claim, "improving his tactical position."

"No—" Amaterasu screamed.

She wouldn't care if Malaya was reduced to ash. But if this indiscriminate, carnivorous God-King monstrosity were to enter Fusang, she could already imagine what would happen with her toes.

But what truly horrified her was Thalos' reaction.

He made no attempt to stop Angra.

Instinctively, Amaterasu wanted to yell at Thalos—but suddenly, she felt dozens of cold, hostile gazes fall upon her.

They came from wing-helmed, white-peg-a-mounted Valkyries—and by their positions, clearly Thalos' personal guard.

And their attitude... reflected his.

Amaterasu shuddered.

She finally realized her mistake—she hadn't surrendered yet. At this very moment, she was still in a neutral state toward the Aesir. She hadn't joined them. So how could she dare to command Thalos?

Just as she was racking her brain to find a way to plead with Thalos to protect Fusang, something happened that made her realize—it was already too late.

Just like the Inunai-suzume, a malicious sparrow yokai of Fusang folklore, she hadn't expected that Angra Mainyu himself was Fusang's true "house sparrow."

Before the torii, beside the shrines, between the rice paddies...

Be they yokai, mortals, or minor gods—suddenly, thousands upon thousands of victims clutched their mouths in agony. In wide-eyed horror, they watched their own flesh tear apart for no discernible reason. Even a single pore could rupture into a gaping, fist-sized wound.

From those holes crawled black, grotesque monsters.

"AAAAHHHH!"

Agonized screams echoed across every corner of Fusang.

Countless victims died on the spot. The monsters that burst from their bodies devoured their flesh and blood, and grew rapidly—some ballooning to the size of giants within seconds.

It was hard to define these twisted beings as true Chaos Demons. They emitted both chaotic auras and distinct order-based forces like Lies, Deceit, and Betrayal.

Not only were they slaughtering indiscriminately, some were releasing strange, alluring scents—subtly infecting the minds of warriors and divine attendants sent to stop them. The possessed turned their blades on allies, leading to further chaos.

"What is this?!"

"XX-san... you've betrayed us too?!"

Bloodshed was everywhere. Betrayal was rampant. The Fusang world had collapsed into utter pandemonium.

At this moment, aside from elemental-type gods like Amaterasu who were powered by pure elements, all faith-based gods felt a sudden, overwhelming weakness.

Their homeland was being ransacked.

Ordinarily, the deaths of mortals wouldn't impact a god's essence this severely.

But Angra Mainyu was dirty.

As the god who once brought darkness into the heart of light, he wielded a divine technique called Displacement. Even with negative elements he didn't directly control, he could redirect and weaponize them.

He had constructed unseen elemental conduits, secretly importing massive amounts of chaos and darkness from across the star system into Fusang.

If not for Thalos' arrival, Angra might very well have succeeded in killing Amaterasu herself—then occupied Fusang entirely and turned it into his nest.

But due to the Aesir's overwhelming arrival, Angra had been forced to launch early.

He had no choice. Thalos was terrifying. Every strike from his World Sword formation felt like it was claiming a life.

Never mind Angra's fancy substitute tricks—even a hundred spare lives weren't enough.

Now, the world barrier that had just sealed reopened toward Fusang—but what rushed out wasn't salvation.

It was annihilation.

It was chaos.

Amaterasu's face went pale.

"You wretched beast! How dare you reduce Fusang to this?!" she roared, unable to contain herself any longer.

She rushed through the spatial rift and soared back into Fusang's sky.

The next moment—she became the sun.

From the firmament exploded a blast of light ten thousand meters wide. The sunlight, laced with divine flame, surged with righteous fury to dispel the black night. Over three hundred thousand square kilometers were forcibly dragged back into daylight.

Amaterasu's eyes blazed golden. Her divine mirror, Yata-no-Kagami, radiated judgment across the land—seeking out every person, yokai, or corrupted god tainted by Angra's evil.

And when it found one—

A brilliant arrow of sunlight would pierce down from above, vaporizing its head in a single shot.

At the same time, her subordinate gods formed mudras in the sky, casting layer upon layer of lethal divine spells in an attempt to hold back the tide—

—to stop the Fusang world from falling completely into Angra's clutches.