

Thalos 332

Chapter 332

Angra Mainyu was venomous—truly venomous.

It made one shudder to imagine what he could have turned the Fusang world into if he'd been given another ten years.

For Amaterasu, the only silver lining in all this disaster was that Angra didn't seem to wield any particularly effective power over the four prime elements. His evil was aimed specifically at intelligent beings; he had no way of pulling off large-scale interference with domains like Yomi-no-Kuni or the spiritual underworld.

This proved that he lacked divine domains related to the four elements or death itself. His damage to the world's foundations was ultimately limited.

That was Angra's ceiling.

Thalos clearly felt the moment when Amaterasu, while passing through the world barrier, glanced back at him with a deeply complicated look.

He didn't mind. With a flick of his hand, the 16 World Swords surged again—slicing relentlessly at Angra Mainyu.

Each strike carried the full force of a world.

Every blow left a massive, town-sized through-and-through wound. How could Angra endure that?

By all logic, with so much power being funneled into the Malaya skies, the entire realm should have descended into chaos.

But the opposite was true.

Ginnungagap's world power had begun taking over this abandoned realm. Even ordinary mortals without a hint of divine power could now clearly see 16 distinct elemental streams forming a parallel channel in the sky—endlessly transmitting energy while subtly restoring this world's core structure.

Within the World Sword formation, blades rained down in sequence, forcing Angra to guard his head and neglect his tail.

Finally, after an unknown number of punishing blows, the differently colored World Swords struck all of the captive heads Angra had bound to his pillar form. In an instant, they were pierced through, torn from the central spire, and slammed down onto the earth, nailed in place.

That writhing black pillar at the center of the world finally went still.

Within the dark column—composed of corrupted flesh, shattered souls, and negative spiritual energy—a faint sigh echoed out.

It wasn't rage. It wasn't pain. It was regret.

A sound completely unlike the rest of the groaning, hateful wails within the pillar.

In the blink of an eye, the elemental forces injected by the World Swords exploded simultaneously. Multi-colored light burst from the pillar, and the massive sky-piercing column was torn to shreds—dispersed as half-spiritual, half-material particulates that slowly disintegrated across the realm.

As for Angra Mainyu's true soul? Thalos chose to ignore it. As long as Angra didn't try to infect Ginnungagap, he could flee wherever he wanted—for Thalos, that was just another opportunity elsewhere.

What he didn't ignore were the leftovers.

With a snap of his fingers—

The Sword of Sumer shimmered, and a phantom of Enlil, the Wind God-King, appeared. His vacant, unfocused eyes flared to life as he stirred the skies, summoning powerful winds to blow all those toxic residues and cursed fragments beyond the borders of Malaya.

Observers were stunned to see Thalos begin manipulating the elemental forces he had infused—as if he was restructuring Malaya, preparing to fully integrate it into Ginnungagap.

Upon seeing this, Ishtar yelped, "Sister! Sister! What do we do? Is Thalos actually falling for that Fusang goddess? He let her go, took on Angra himself, and now he's doing cleanup!"

Ereshkigal shot her airheaded sister a long-suffering glance, then sighed. "You're a mother now. Can you not think like a child?"

"I—I can't use my brain, I'm just not good at it..."

Ereshkigal was beyond exasperated. Why was this idiot sister of hers more adored than she was? It defied logic.

She sighed again. "His Majesty is far too composed and brilliant. Do you really think he's the kind of trash god who gets flustered over a pretty face? Haven't you noticed? We were prepared for two, maybe even three battlefronts. But now it's just India."

"Huh?" Ishtar's big, dumb, adorable eyes blinked wide. "Hey, you're right!"

Ereshkigal delivered the finishing blow: "And His Majesty never promised not to destroy Fusang, did he?"

"OOOOH!" Ishtar squealed in delight.

Ereshkigal ignored her rampaging sister and turned her gaze toward the Fusang world. A cold smile formed on her lips. "A little tail thinks it can bite? No... if we go by His Majesty's logic, this 'tail' is probably inserted."

After all these years, the name Conqueror wasn't just for show.

Divide and conquer. Break and rebuild. One combo string after another—every world he touched ended up bowing to him.

Did anyone think the 16 World Swords—ostensibly weapons—weren't also literal instruments of conquest?

Ishtar, finally enlightened, turned and shouted toward Gilgamesh, "My good son! Go get 'em! All your mother's glory rides on you now!"

Gilgamesh—"Golden Boy" himself—nearly lost his composure.

Having such an unreliable mother made him feel deeply ashamed.

Honestly, if that freak Brahma weren't so insanely strong, he'd have already fired off a few snarky remarks back at her.

But Brahma was really strong.

His endless arsenal of bizarre, mysterious techniques had Gilgamesh scrambling non-stop, barely keeping up.

For once, King Flash was truly being taught a lesson.

Their difference in divine combat experience was like heaven and earth.

If Gilgamesh weren't the God of Wealth across 16 worlds—if he didn't have access to the divine power of the World Swords, and if his father weren't Thalos—he'd have had his brains beaten out long ago.

Fortunately, he was very smart, and knew how to leverage his own strengths.

Behind him, countless divine weapons—both authentic and replicas—streamed forth like an unending torrent. Radiating absurd levels of elemental energy, they bombarded Brahma, overwhelming him.

This was the classic case of a wild barrage beating a master. No skill—just pure, raw power (and quantity).

You may move mountains with a feather—

But here, have ten thousand tons. Not enough? Here's a hundred million more. Let's see how many feathers you've got.

Even mild-mannered Brahma was furious: If I had even a fraction of your world resources—hell, even one-quarter—I could wipe that smug little punk's grin clean off his face!

Given enough time, Brahma might have been able to trap Gilgamesh and wound this clearly inexperienced newcomer from the Aesir.

But fate wouldn't allow it.

All three members of the Trimurti gods simultaneously sensed it—the grand, cataclysmic battle in the distance had reached its conclusion.

That once-arrogant Angra Mainyu, who had tried to devour both the Trimurti and the Three Noble Children in one go, had been obliterated under the overwhelming might of a rule-breaking God-King.

Even if it was only temporary—he was gone.

Which meant...

The pressure was now fully on the Indian pantheon.