

Thalos 333

Chapter 333: The Master Angler

Years of cooperation meant that the Trimurti didn't even need to look at each other to know exactly what to do next.

"Rahh!"

"Hoh—!"

"In the name of destruction—!"

The three gods erupted with divine brilliance that lit up half the world.

They were unleashing their ultimate moves, intent on pushing their enemies back.

In that moment, countless incarnations burst forth.

Shiva unleashed his eight avatars—earth, water, fire, wind, void, sun, moon, and ritual—each manifesting in a savage and terrifying form, surging toward Thor with tidal force.

Thor grinned. "Good! Come at me!"

If he had been just a lightning god, facing such a diverse barrage of elemental attacks might've been tough.

But people forgot—he was the crown prince of the Aesir.

He held full authority over the World Swords, second only to the God-King.

With a single divine thought, eight World Swords responded, clashing with equal force against the elemental fury. The collision of elements and divine power tore the skies into a vortex of chaos, turning a thousand-mile-wide battlefield into total disorder.

As Shiva felt the surging world-level divine power from his opponent, he suddenly understood the frustration Angra Mainyu had experienced earlier.

This wasn't a fight between equals.

Even with divine power pouring in from the Indian world, Shiva found himself a tier below.

His one hope was that his opponent, the God of Thunder, wasn't adept with all elements.

With a snap, Shiva opened his third eye. The beam of destructive light it released couldn't entirely disperse the torrent of energy, but it successfully muddled the glow of several World Swords.

He could even feel conflict among the sword souls themselves.

Shiva thought to himself, As expected—Thor is not the master of the World Swords. His elemental control isn't perfect. There's an opening here.

What Shiva failed to account for was Thor's sheer physical ferocity.

"RAHHH—!"

The silver-armored giant let out a deafening roar, shattering the infernal flames around him. The lightning swirling around him served both as a cage of thunder and as armor of the storm.

When Thor chose to tank Shiva's infernal fire with raw godforce, Shiva was momentarily pleased. But then, the very next instant—he realized he had made a huge mistake.

His destructive energy clashing with the World Swords had drained him, and now, not only was it insufficient to suppress Thor's lightning—it had become unstable.

The moment his flames shattered, Shiva lost his composure.

Help—

Was it even possible?

To his shock, all eight of his avatars were being pinned down by the sword souls of the eight World Swords. A few unlucky ones were even slain outright by those sword souls driving the blades with deadly precision.

"Ahh—!" The collapse of his avatars sent a powerful backlash through Shiva's divine essence.

Seizing the opportunity, Thor's right arm visibly swelled to three times its normal size, and with a surge of primordial divine thunder, Mjölnir shattered the shaft of Shiva's trident.

Duang!

Shiva watched in agony as his divine weapon cracked open wide enough to fit a finger through the middle. The splintered edges and strained bindings made it clear that one more strike would completely destroy the high-tier artifact that had accompanied him across countless battles.

In desperation, he triggered his conch and war drum to erupt in Thor's ears.

The sharp, concentrated divine soul shock did manage to briefly stun Thor—just long enough for Shiva to retreat.

But the damage had been done. It was like losing an arm.

"Humph!" Overhead, Brahma wasn't faring any better.

When Gilgamesh—this royal spoiled brat—started hurling World Swords as projectiles, even Brahma found himself slashed deep in the ribs, exposing bone.

Among the Trimurti, only Vishnu remained unharmed.

As the guardian deity, his natural defenses were superior. Moreover, Hela—his opponent—only wielded three World Swords, including the Sword of Helheim.

And so, the grand war finally came to an end, with the Indian pantheon, the Fusang gods, and Angra Mainyu all suffering defeats.

The sole victor: the Aesir.

Watching the Indian gods flee back to their own realm in disarray, Thor raised his hammer and shouted with divine power: "Cease pursuit!"

"Cease pursuit!" the command echoed among the gods, spreading outward like a wave.

Before long, Thor, Hela, and Gilgamesh awkwardly returned to report to Thalos.

"Apologies, Father. I failed to capture the enemy's principal god." Thor was surprisingly humble.

"My original order was to hold back the Indian pantheon. You've fulfilled your duty well. There's no need to apologize." Thalos cast a glance at his son and shifted the tone: "Besides, didn't we just gain a new world?"

The Malaya world, though ravaged and tainted by Angra, was still vast. Even if it wasn't used as a forward base, it could be reforged into a war world for future campaigns.

No one wants their own homeland to be attacked all the time. Destruction is far easier than creation. If you can block chaos before it reaches your doorstep, that's always ideal.

"Yes!" The ever-optimistic Thor immediately perked up.

Hela had little to say. As Thalos had instructed, she and Jörmungandr had successfully held off Vishnu—she considered that good enough. Battle glory or not, she was content.

The real winner was Gilgamesh.

"My son," Thalos asked, "How was it—facing a top-tier God-King?"

"Exquisite! I look forward to our next match." Gilgamesh was never modest. He would mock the unworthy mercilessly, but praise a worthy opponent when due.

"Excellent!" Thalos patted his son's shoulder. "The day you can face Brahma without relying on the World Swords will be the day you can stand on your own."

"Yes." Not only Gilgamesh, but the Sumerian gods behind him were visibly excited.

They had finally made it. With a few more military merits, Gilgamesh might even become the first outsider to be officially granted the title of Prince.

After some congratulations, Freyr asked, "Your Majesty, what's our next target?"

"The Indian world."

As expected—they were going to stomp the Trimurti hard.

The Fusang pantheon was already half-crippled. Given Angra Mainyu's blood feud with the Three Noble Children, neither Amaterasu nor even the long-hidden Izanagi could ever reconcile with him.

This meant that the deeply infiltrated Fusang world was doomed to a long period of internal strife.

In this scenario, the still-defiant Indian pantheon was the ideal target.

What's more...

A charming smile curled at Thalos's lips. "I seem to sense that my foolish brother is making a move."

His foolish brother?

The eyes of the Aesir gods lit up.

In the past, a rogue royal-blood god was a major threat.

But now—with Ginnungagap's growing dominance—Odin was no longer a concern.

In fact, many suspected that this bizarre pattern of "exile, pursuit, repeat" might be part of some grand fishing plan all along.