

## Thalos 334

### Chapter 334: Odin — Join Forces to Fight Thalos?

Taking risks is something only the weak resort to when the disparity is too vast.

When one side can simply crush the other with overwhelming force, any sort of schemes or ploys become redundant.

Even in unfavorable trades, the side with greater mass often emerges as the final victor.

Though the Trimurti had successfully retreated to the Indian world, Ginnungagap's invasion was relentless—like flesh-eating maggots—relentlessly pursuing and invading.

Those World Tree roots, each measuring in kilometers, easily tore through the barriers of the Indian world, intruding to wreak havoc. The Trimurti were at their wits' end.

Brahma shouted, pointing skyward at the living, squirming roots: "Shiva! Can you do something about those disgusting things?"

"I can, but it's not very effective!"

The roots of Ginnungagap's World Tree had evolved again.

With sixteen worlds as its nourishment, this upgraded version of the root system was vastly thicker and stronger.

Everyone knows plants are usually weak to fire. But now, thanks to the cooperation of Enki, god of the sea, these invading roots were coated in a thick layer of water element.

This high-density water wasn't passive either—it was like a living film, managed by Enki's angels and emissaries. Whenever a section of water came under heavy attack, reinforcements would be drawn from other places to quickly patch the breach.

And since this water originated from multiple allied worlds, only high-tier Indian deities could even begin to damage the roots.

This was a nightmare for the Indian gods.

Even counting the subordinate gods from their vassal worlds, the greater Indian pantheon barely hit triple digits.

And only that number—roughly a hundred—could deal actual damage to the World Tree's roots.

Not every Indian deity was named Shiva.

When barely a hundred capable gods had to defend over three million square kilometers of land, sky, and sea... their numbers were laughably insufficient.

This was an invasion by overwhelming force—a campaign designed to crush gods with scale alone.

Even the mortals could see it clearly: those massive roots tearing through the heavens.

The squirming tentacle-like roots, even without directly harming people, were terrifying enough just by existing. Mere mortals nearly collapsed in fear upon seeing them descend from the sky.

"Great Brahma, please protect us..."

Prayers like these echoed across the mortal world.

Were they effective?

Yes.

The faithful truly witnessed their gods fighting to destroy the demonic "tentacles" descending from the sky.

But the tendrils were too many, too vast.

And it wasn't just the roots—branches and leaves also pierced the Indian world, blooming radiantly. They greedily bathed in the sunlight, photosynthesizing and absorbing water through deep roots, converting it rapidly into wind, water, even soil—all aligned with Ginnungagap's world-nature.

This wasn't subterfuge.

This was open conquest.

Ginnungagap was using raw scale to crush the Indian world.

If you don't like it, come burn the World Tree's roots at the source.

The Trimurti and their gods fought tooth and nail at the world's edge for half a month.

To their horror, the area of invasion didn't shrink—it had expanded by more than tenfold.

The World Tree hadn't even directly engaged the Indian gods. The roots and branches just kept their heads down, growing and expanding, tanking the Trimurti's attacks with relentless proliferation.

At last, the Trimurti understood why the Aesir hadn't invaded directly.

Because even if the Aesir did nothing, the ongoing world assimilation would eventually convert the Indian world into Ginnungagap's home turf.

A world no longer controlled by the Indian gods, where the deities could no longer draw even a drop of divine power from it.

At that point, even if the gods survived, they'd already be dead.

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Outside Shiva's once-majestic temple, creepers had taken over his statues, green vines crawling everywhere. The courtyard, once solemn and austere, now looked like spring had bloomed early. Moss oozed from the temple steps, like something long neglected.

Yes, Shiva was a god of destruction, but also rebirth and creation. Yet this riotous vegetation was an insult to his power—it meant his divine influence had weakened.

Inside the temple, the Trimurti were locked in a grim council.

Brahma said, "What now? The opposing world consciousness is some kind of hyperactive sentient plant, and the enemy world is much larger than ours. If this drags on, we're finished."

Vishnu added, "And besides the Aesir, there's another major divine faction slowly gnawing away at our world."

He then projected a mental image of a strange pantheon clearly distinct from the Aesir in style—text, attire, and divine signature all different.

The Mayan pantheon.

The image showed Mayan gods rounding up slaves, herding them into small worlds they'd seized—infuriating to witness.

Shiva clenched all four fists. "Hold the line for a week. I'll go slaughter these thieves myself!"

But Brahma slowly shook his head. "These so-called 'Maya' gods are numerous. They've taken over the world of Apol as their base. I sent a hidden avatar to probe their leader, 'Lau'. His power is significant. Wiping them out would require at least half our total strength."

Shiva was stunned.

And if they really did redeploy half their forces, the Aesir would tear through their defenses and devour them alive.

Vishnu said, "Let the subordinate worlds handle them."

Again, Brahma shook his head. "If we can... we should ally with the Mayan and Fusang pantheons. Together, we might stand a chance against the Aesir."

His suggestion made Shiva reel with frustration.

Since his creation, he had never suffered such indignity.

But he couldn't deny it—Brahma's proposal was logical and prudent.

The only way a weaker side could overturn fate was to join forces.

Even knowing the Mayan gods weren't that powerful individually, their numbers gave them weight. As long as they agreed to join India's "pirate ship," the Trimurti were more than willing to tolerate a little theft.

Brahma's statement left both Vishnu and Shiva in heavy silence.

Vishnu said at last, "Very well. I agree."

Shiva, finally, gave tacit consent.

And for him, that was already a monumental concession.

Soon, when the goddess of wisdom and eloquence, Benzaiten (Saraswati), sent a projection of herself to Odin, explaining their request, his internal reaction was... complicated.

You want me to help you fight my jackass older brother? Are you serious?

Benzaiten launched into a passionate speech about the Aesir's brutality and danger, emphasizing how all weaker pantheons would suffer unless they united.

Only Odin, however, sighed repeatedly in his heart.

"You people... have no true grasp of Thalos Borson's power or cruelty. Therefore... I refuse to cooperate."