

Thalos 335

Chapter 335: "To Secure the Outside, One Must First Stabilize Within"

Odin's blunt refusal nearly made Benzaiten cough up blood.

"Lord Lau—how can you say such things?" she protested, attempting once again to persuade him with both emotion and reason.

But Odin, ever the straight-shooter, simply laid his cards on the table: "Soon enough, the origins of the Mayan pantheon won't be a secret. My Mayan pantheon once stood atop the Maya, Aztec, and Inca divine alliances. We conquered countless minor pantheons. The ones who personally destroyed our world were the Aesir."

Benzaiten froze.

She hadn't expected such cowardly words from a former god-king. But then she noticed the expressions on the surrounding Mayan gods.

Resentment. Bitterness. Resignation.

Their silence said everything—a living testament to the Aesir's overwhelming might.

Benzaiten's divine form trembled slightly. She realized: these gods had been utterly subjugated by Thalos and his forces.

Still unwilling to give up, she raised her voice. "In this chaotic universe, there is no future in mere evasion!"

Cowardice may be shameful—but it works.

Odin flushed red. "We have our own goals."

Benzaiten dropped the act and sneered, "Like looting resources from the Indian world?"

"If the Trimurti have a problem with us, they're welcome to bring an army and fight." Odin, long since hardened from countless beatings by Thalos, felt nothing anymore. But outside of Thalos? He still feared no one.

Faced with such shamelessness, Benzaiten was furious. In the past, impulsive Shiva and iron-willed Vishnu would've long since led forces to crush such dogs. But now? They had no spare military resources to waste on a pantheon that was neither strong nor weak, just stubborn and annoying.

"You'll regret this decision," Benzaiten growled before storming off.

As the Indian envoy departed, the Mayan death god Ah-Puch leaned in. "Your Majesty, shall we proceed with our operation?"

"Continue." Odin shot his bootlicker a cold glance.

As long as my wretched elder brother is holding down the fort, I don't fear any of you dogshit gods coming for me.

Odin, as usual, was brash and brazen. First, he had stealthily stolen resources from the Indian core world. After being discovered, he simply moved to open robbery—pillaging one Indian province today, another vassal world tomorrow.

People, animals, plants, even the four elements—nothing was off the menu.

They were indiscriminate gluttons, taking everything they could chew.

Meanwhile, when the Indian envoy reached Takamagahara in the Fusang world, they found the power structure had drastically changed.

Where once the well-known Amaterasu sat at the head of the council, now she had been relegated to a secondary throne. Seated in the highest position were two unfamiliar deities—a man and a woman.

The Fusang pantheon flatly rejected the Trimurti's proposal.

Izanagi-no-Mikoto wore a look of deep disgust. "You invaded our world without even a declaration of war. There is nothing to discuss. We lack even the basic trust required to form an alliance."

The Indian envoy was at a loss for words.

They couldn't deny it—this was their fault.

The Indian gods had attacked purely out of opportunism. They'd noticed the Fusang world was weak and struck immediately, without warning. It had been dishonorable.

So of course the Fusang gods would reject them.

What? You expect to sign a pact today, break it tomorrow, then shamelessly show up again later asking for eternal alliance?

That kind of selfish, opportunistic diplomacy destroys trust.

To Izanagi, the Indian pantheon was less trustworthy than the Aesir.

At least Thalos had promised to help Amaterasu fight Angra—and he actually delivered.

After sending the Indian envoy away, Izanagi turned to his subordinates. "Have we determined how large this Ginnungagap world truly is?"

"Not yet..." a divine attendant replied meekly.

The answer left both Izanagi and Amaterasu fuming.

The gap in scouting ability between pantheons was enormous.

The Aesir might look clumsy while "mapping the stars," but in reality, Thalos's intelligence-gathering was unrivaled across the region. For most pantheons, they could only detect another world's presence if it came extremely close.

Their senses were like blind men groping an elephant—or someone using a tiny oil lamp to measure the size of a mountain of ice in the dark.

Absurd? Yes. But real.

In this chaotic universe, exploration required divine talents and apt god-roles.

Gods without dominion over the sky, wind, or flight couldn't even leave their own world's barrier, let alone navigate their way back solo.

To expand their perception into chaos required exceptional gifts.

Worse, Ginnungagap had now entered its combat configuration. With tens of thousands of moving root tendrils swaying outside its world barrier, it further disrupted the ambient energy of the universe, making it nearly impossible to investigate from the outside.

All the Fusang gods knew was that Ginnungagap was big. Bigger than Fusang, certainly.

But how much bigger? No one knew.

The difference in world scale was too great.

And it wasn't like every scout was good at perceiving space, had an accurate memory, or could even conceptualize three-dimensional volume.

Asking them to calculate Ginnungagap's total size was... honestly, unfair.

Izanagi glanced sideways at his wife, Izanami, who pretended to smile amicably while secretly hating his guts. He sighed quietly in his heart.

"With such a powerful enemy before us, we must set aside our internal strife and cooperate sincerely. Our top priority is to track down Angra Mainyu's divine soul."

"Yes!" The Fusang gods below bowed in unison.

After the gods dispersed, Izanagi turned to his daughter. "Only by uniting every bit of power in our world can we face outward effectively. As for you—make sure to negotiate well with Borson. Ensure the Aesir don't take this opportunity to attack us."

Clearly, Izanagi had embraced the ancient principle: "To repel foreign enemies, one must first stabilize the home."

Smart move.

"Yes, Father," Amaterasu replied, though her mouth was bitter. She knew exactly what her father was asking—use your charm to reel Thalos in.

She still couldn't figure out why Thalos had helped her in the first place.

The rest of the Fusang gods attributed it to her beauty. But Amaterasu suspected otherwise.

Only Izanami offered a sharp interjection: "And what if the Aesir destroy the Indian pantheon first?"

Izanagi shot a glare at the wife who would love nothing more than to see him dead. "Then I shall personally lead our army and join forces with India to strike the Aesir from both sides."

Meanwhile, in Asgard's Silver Palace—

Thalos listened to a series of reports from various gods. After they finished, he stood and addressed the gathered divinities.

"Everyone, we must be prepared for multi-front warfare. The enemy's stupidity may be to our benefit, yes—but we cannot base our plans on that. If we do, then the true fools will be us."

"Understood!" the gods replied in unison.