

Thalos 337

Chapter 337: Cornering the Tiger

"What? All our sub-worlds are gone?" Brahma frowned deeply as he received the report.

The fall of the vassal worlds had always been part of their worst-case scenario.

But hearing it happen for real still felt surreal.

What made it even more absurd was that the ones delivering the bad news were the god-kings of those very sub-worlds.

"Please, oh Great Ones, save our worlds!"

"Shameless Ginnungagap is devouring everything we have!"

"If you don't help us now, everything will be lost!"

These sub-world rulers were now groveling at the feet of the Trimurti, banging their heads in desperation. In the past, seeing these stubborn subordinates finally bow might've sparked some grim satisfaction.

Not anymore.

India was already struggling to resist the highly active World Tree on its own. Their power had become so strained that they'd had to siphon divine energy from their vassal realms just to hold on.

Now, with those supply lines cut off by Ginnungagap, this was a death sentence in slow motion. Being the smaller world in scale, they were fighting an uphill battle. Eventually, their divine reserves would run dry. And when that happened, there wouldn't even be a battle left to fight—just extinction.

After a long silence, Brahma said, "Send another envoy to the Fusang world. Explain our situation clearly to Izanagi. Tell him this: we're prepared to crash all of our worlds into Ginnungagap in a desperate move to burn its World Tree roots. If they don't help us, once we die, they will be the next target of the Aesir."

Shiva and Vishnu didn't interrupt. They knew—if Izanagi had any rationality left, if he still cared about preserving the independence of the Fusang pantheon—then he'd join the fight. The real question was: how committed would Fusang really be?

Elsewhere, Thalos received a rather exasperating intelligence report—Odin had fled. Again.

That bastard had clearly perfected the art of escape.

He wasn't greedy. After secretly stealing three Indian provinces and outright robbing two sub-worlds, he used the Bhutan world as his launchpad and took off.

Frankly, Thalos had known about the surviving Mayan faction and had intentionally tolerated them—for now. Their goals temporarily aligned, and Odin was stabbing the Trimurti in the back, not Thalos. All good.

Thalos had planned to mop up India and then crush Fusang. After that? Go deal with Odin.

But now his idiot little brother had apparently grown a brain. Odin realized that stealing from Big Brother meant a world of pain—and so he fled preemptively.

Now, Thalos couldn't even catch up if he wanted to.

And he was left wondering: would this starfield even allow Odin to run away?

According to all his calculations, this was a divine elimination game. Until a victor emerged, the universe itself shouldn't let them leave.

That's the logical conclusion.

So how the hell was Odin getting away with his chicken-stealing antics?

Even though Thalos knew Odin's actions wouldn't change the grand scheme of things, it still annoyed him.

"Do you want me to hunt Odin down?" his father Bor finally stepped forward, making a rare appearance.

Sigh. The old man still couldn't bear to see his sons fight.

Thalos felt a bit helpless.

Truth be told, their karmic threads had been severed long ago.

But by letting Odin's shattered divine soul escape and wreak havoc across the cosmos, Thalos had benefited indirectly.

As for what might happen in the future? He honestly couldn't say.

Odin was too crafty. Even if one day he came crawling back to the Aesir seeking forgiveness, Thalos would never accept him.

Under Bor's expectant gaze, Thalos slowly shook his head. "I haven't decided... but this time, let him go."

And just like that, Odin got away with it. Again.

Only after Bhutan had drifted far from the core tri-world cluster did Odin's underlings dare breathe.

Death god Ah-Puch whispered, "The Aesir really didn't chase us..."

Odin replied grimly, "Once Thalos finishes off the other two pantheons... then we'll see."

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To the Mayan elders, Thalos Borson had become a waking nightmare.

As for whether they'd ever escape that nightmare... no one knew.

Meanwhile, the envoy from the Trimurti reached Fusang's Takamagahara.

Izanagi, Izanami, and Amaterasu—the current rulers of the Fusang pantheon—uncharacteristically reached a quick consensus.

Amaterasu was the first to speak. "We must ally with India to strike back at the Aesir!"

Izanami sneered. "I may detest those multi-armed, multi-headed freaks, but once they fall, we're next."

Izanagi sighed. "Then let's prepare for war. At the very least, we must wager as much as India does."

Not long after, Thalos received word.

"Your Majesty," reported Brynhildr, "the India and Fusang world clusters have mobilized. All their main and sub-worlds are moving to crash into Ginnungagap."

"Oh? Impressive. I'll have to give the Trimurti more credit than I thought."

From the Indian and Fusang perspective, their invaded and even wrecked vassal realms were now liabilities. Rather than let Ginnungagap seize them one by one, it was better to slam them all at once into the World Tree, even if they were destroyed in the process.

The goal wasn't destruction—it was disruption. If they could create an elemental chaos, they might cut off the Aesir's divine power supply.

This wasn't desperation. It was a bold gambit—equal parts wisdom and sheer guts.

Not every ruler had the nerve to bet it all.

The more you had to lose, the harder it was to risk everything.

And if dozens of worlds slammed into Ginnungagap at once, even Thalos couldn't guarantee they could withstand the impact.

The outer crust of Ginnungagap's barrier—crafted painstakingly by the temporary Earth god Geb—would be the first to shatter like crackers under pressure.

"Vidar," Thalos called.

"Yes, Father!"

Once, Vidar had merely been the forest god—important, but never a top-three figure.

But ever since the World Tree had become hyperactive, Vidar had become the most vital core god requiring constant protection.

What followed was, to Ginnungagap, just another replay of a past operation.

But for India and Fusang? They had never witnessed such a brutally direct, world-level counterattack.

Several of the thickest World Tree tendrils twisted together like mating vipers, forming monstrous whips over a thousand kilometers long. When these lashes struck the approaching sub-worlds, it recreated the famous "spinning top whipping" moment from ages past.

This universe was chaotic.

Even if the gods ordered their subordinates to monitor the movement of their own realms, the turbulent currents of the chaotic cosmos and their limited perception range meant they couldn't control the battlefield like Thalos could.

Under his watchful eye...

The first to get smacked was the Nepal world.

A tiny sub-world with just 140,000 square kilometers of land and no ocean—one of the smallest of India's vassals.

It took the brunt of the hit.

BOOM— The lash of the World Tree landed with devastating force, and even the sky itself warped inward under the pressure.

The sky caved in.

"What... just happened?"