

Thalos 338

Chapter 338

Throughout history, small nations have always been warned: don't provoke the big ones.

That same principle applies in the chaotic cosmos—small worlds shouldn't mess with great ones.

In the bird's-eye view projected by the soul beast Thalos had released, Ginnungagap looked like a massive ellipsoid globe—big enough to hold a full-grown human. In contrast, Nepal was barely the size of a marble.

From that vantage point, even the World Tree's root tendrils looked like toothpicks. But even those were more than a puny little world like Nepal could bear.

When its sky was torn open, something bizarre happened: mortals didn't hear a thing.

It wasn't that the sky shattered silently—it was that all the air capable of transmitting sound had been forcibly blown into the chaotic void under immense pressure.

For a moment, the once-blue sky turned into a writhing field of chaotic energy.

But then, the world's will managed to barely re-seal the breach. A new world barrier formed—thin as gossamer, but it kept the world intact. Whether it could survive another hit... not even the gods could say.

And then came the worst part.

The struck world's sky became infused with a strange green hue.

That color meant one thing: the World Tree's roots had latched on, and they were now forcibly converting or absorbing the world's elemental essence.

"Gulugulugu!"

A sound like a cow chugging water echoed across the sky.

This sound made every local god—and the Indian deities—go pale instantly.

It was happening again.

Not just invasion, but conversion and conquest.

What made the Trimurti truly despair was the realization that Ginnungagap could simultaneously attack multiple sub-worlds.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM!

That infamous "top-spinning whip strike" technique now sent several charging sub-worlds reeling, spinning wildly under massive lateral impact.

Mortals might have experienced earthquakes before.

But never the rotation of their entire planet.

Everything in those worlds—from people to beasts—was caught in a dizzying, apocalyptic spin.

Some thought they were dizzy from stress—when in fact, the land beneath them was literally rotating.

The outrageous centrifugal force became the world's only rhythm, as if a tornado had enveloped the realm and dragged every living thing into a cosmic blender.

Humans, buildings, trees—nothing was spared. All were swept into the relentless spiral.

One man tried to stay upright, staggering ten meters before collapsing into the grass.

He was one of the lucky ones.

Wooden houses shuddered, then crumpled sideways as if crushed by an invisible hand.

"Gods, save us—!"

That horrifying feeling—that the whole world was collapsing—threw the mortals into a waking nightmare.

Whether it was a curse or a blessing, the rotation eventually slowed.

Unbeknownst to the people of Nepal, their world had taken a single, devastating hit—just one.

But that one hit had knocked their realm out of the main combat zone.

Ironically, that was a good thing.

And their local gods, after a moment of panic, quickly reached an agreement.

"Aesir seems to be made up of more than one pantheon."

"Obviously. The pureblood Aesir look like giants."

"God-King Thalos Borson didn't massacre every pantheon that surrendered."

"In that case, maybe we should..."

Even after the Trimurti sent repeated orders to mobilize, these gods ghosted them. And when they did reply, it was always some vague, technically correct nonsense like "Our world is too damaged to communicate with the world will."

The truth? They were hedging their bets.

Nepal may have been whipped, but at least it got flung away from the battle.

And the gods ruling these sub-worlds were gambling that the Indian pantheon would lose. If that happened, they'd be spared—if not, they'd just get purged later.

Still better than dying now.

They had a simple choice: charge in and die instantly, or stay put and maybe die later.

Not much of a choice, right?

This passive rebellion enraged the Trimurti.

Shiva roared, his four arms trembling with fury: "Those fools have forgotten who protected them all these years! I'll remind them—who truly rules this universe!"

Sure, the Trimurti could rage.

But their subordinates were no longer easy to manipulate. Everyone could see just how dire things had become.

If the Indian gods had any hope left of turning the tide, it was the Fusang gods, who had promised to coordinate a pincer strike against Ginnungagap.

And indeed, the Fusang world was creeping up from behind—at least, that's how both Indian and Fusang gods saw it.

Brahma spoke in a low voice: "As planned, once the Fusang gods engage the Aesir, our strike force will launch immediately—to burn the World Tree at its roots."

Vishnu and Shiva nodded. "Understood."

At the moment, India and Ginnungagap were in direct conflict. Though their spatial barriers weren't fully connected, the World Tree's tendrils continued to pierce through the chaotic void, infiltrating the Indian realm and stirring up havoc.

All well and good.

But then—

Over the divine palaces of Takamagahara, a massive projection suddenly materialized.

"Thalos Borson!" Izanagi responded immediately, projecting a phantom even taller than Thalos's towering thousand-meter image. He glared at the intruder with open hostility. "What are you doing here?"

Thalos's sudden appearance made the entire Fusang pantheon deeply uneasy.

After all, for a divine projection to reach their core realm so casually meant one thing: Thalos didn't even acknowledge their world's barrier or will as valid.

But Thalos remained calm, smiling. "That's my line."

Yes—he was fighting India. What was Fusang doing here?

Izanagi's face didn't even twitch. "You're not the master of this chaotic universe. Why shouldn't we be here?"

"If you take another step forward, you'll be declared an enemy of the Aesir." Thalos's gaze drifted past Izanagi's projection and locked onto Amaterasu. He smiled slyly and added, "Also—didn't I already kill Angra Mainyu? Why hasn't Amaterasu been handed over yet?"

The moment he said it, chaos broke out among the Fusang gods.

Many hot-tempered deities were already muttering curses.

To them, Amaterasu-ōmikami was the holiest, most untouchable being in their cosmos.

Even if Thalos was the god-king of a mighty foreign pantheon, the fact that he dared to demand their divine queen enraged them to no end.

Izanagi's forehead visibly bulged with veins. No matter how composed he tried to act, his icy tone betrayed his fury.

"Angra Mainyu—the traitor who harmed my beloved child—may be dead in body, but his divine soul still roams our world. And Amaterasu is my most cherished daughter. Do not mention this again."

His glare bore into Thalos like frost.