

Thalos 339

Chapter 339: The Aesir's Destruction Begins Today!

"Heh! So you're going to pretend nothing was promised? Fine. You've got the narrative power anyway." Thalos let it go with a chuckle, though his divine gaze sliced across the void and pierced through the protective barriers of the temple, sweeping over Amaterasu—making the sun goddess shiver instinctively.

Then Thalos turned to another matter. "We are currently at war with the Indian pantheon. If your side dares to approach—"

"Where we go is our own business!" Izanagi snapped coldly.

Thalos wasn't the least bit upset. From the beginning, he knew that whether it was the Fusang gods or the Indian fools, they all lived in a fantasy. They truly believed they controlled everything—that the universe and all its pantheons should operate according to their logic. And yet, when it came to actual war, they lost every time. What a joke.

They had already signed their precious alliance pact, scheming to stab him in the back, and still they tried to act innocent?

Thalos sneered inside. In a calm, deliberate voice, he said, "There are places in the chaotic cosmos where you don't come and go as you please. Cross another five thousand li forward—and there'll be no turning back. Don't say I didn't warn you."

With that, Thalos's massive projection vanished from outside Takamagahara.

Inside the Fusang divine palace, the gods stared at one another in uneasy silence.

Izanami said, dripping with sarcasm, "Darling, it seems Thalos Borson has seen through our little plan."

"So what?" Izanagi shot back stiffly. "This was never meant to be a solo operation. The pact clearly states India engages first."

If India didn't move, Fusang would just sit and watch.

No fault there.

Izanami raised a brow. "And until then, we're spectators?"

"Unless you have a better idea?"

Even if it was all according to plan, Amaterasu couldn't shake the sense that something was deeply wrong.

Back in Asgard's Silver Palace, the conversation between Thalos and Izanagi was broadcast via spiritual projection for all the Aesir gods to see.

A storm of curses followed.

"Bastard!"

"Just say you're planning a sneak attack!"

"Can't they fight like men and declare war outright?"

"Bah! I have no respect for trash gods like that!"

Every Aesir god with even a drop of giant blood was fuming. The other gods who had joined later were quieter, muttering in faint agreement. After all, not every deity had the guts to face overwhelming threats without flinching.

It was common to hesitate before a stronger foe.

But none of that stopped Thalos from looking down on Izanagi.

The man was the embodiment of Fusang arrogance—ambitions as high as the heavens, but as fragile as rice paper.

He put on a show of dignity, but when things got real, he ran faster than anyone.

Still, Thalos rather hoped Izanagi would take the bait. It'd be the perfect chance to rip off that hypocritical mask.

He waved his hand. "Ignore them. Prepare for full engagement with the Indian pantheon."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" the gods roared in unison.

On the other side, now that the Fusang forces were in place, the Trimurti no longer hesitated.

Brahma gave the order: "O my world! This is our final battle against a mighty enemy. Let us drive our world forward with all our strength—crash into Ginnungagap!"

His connection with the world will was smooth.

The recent World Tree invasions had left the Indian world will bitter and furious.

Now fully activated, it couldn't match the World Tree's liveliness, but it could still maneuver.

Hummm—

The world trembled violently.

A strange earthy-yellow light bloomed beyond India's world barrier. A powerful propulsion force began to push the vast world—three million square kilometers of landmass—straight toward Ginnungagap.

The tremors were transmitted via the World Tree's roots. Vidar sensed it immediately.

"Father, the Indian world is moving—charging at full speed toward us!"

"I know. Proceed with Plan One."

"Understood!"

You can't catch the wolf without risking your lamb.

Unless the Indian world made contact with Ginnungagap, the Fusang gods would never bite.

As Fusang watched from the sidelines, the two colossal worlds drew closer.

Even as the World Tree's roots lashed at the Indian world's spatial barrier, unlike the smaller worlds, this titan could endure the blows. Bruised and battered, it still staggered ever forward.

One day later, their world barriers finally touched.

"Exterminate the Aesir!" roared Shiva.

As the God of Destruction, he possessed the highest offensive power in the Indian pantheon. Swinging his four arms, he led the charge through the spatial rift.

The moment he emerged, a sea of fire the size of an entire sub-world erupted behind him.

The searing flames twisted space itself into a nightmarish vortex. The heat was so intense that the very air evaporated, and even fragments of Ginnungagap's rocky crust crumbled into floating, weightless ash.

A towering World Tree root clashed with Shiva's infernal blaze—and let out a sizzling scream of pain.

In the next second, Shiva spotted his old nemesis—Thor.

No words were needed. These two old foes knew each other too well.

They immediately clashed in midair, their battle an apocalyptic display of divine power.

Elsewhere, Vishnu led a massive force of minor gods and Shiva's demon troops, charging deeper into Ginnungagap. Their objective: find the true root of the World Tree and destroy it.

Despite fierce resistance from Hela and Jörmungandr, their aggressive tactics remained wild and high-impact.

Vishnu wore his royal attire—yellow silk robes, dark blue skin like polished stone, a face round as the moon, eyes like blooming lotus petals, and chest adorned with the Kaustubha jewel (won from churning the Milk Ocean) and sacred garlands.

In one of his four hands, the Kaumodaki mace suddenly expanded into a thousand-meter-long warhammer, slamming down with titanic force.

At the moment of impact, the earth beneath let out a wail of agony.

Aesir gods caught in the blast screamed in torment—their blood vaporizing mid-air, their broken divine fragments scattered into the sky.

From afar, it looked like a dazzling river of stars.

Behind Vishnu, in the air, Brahma also struck—pinning Gilgamesh under a single devastating move.

The Trimurti, as veteran gods, showed their true strength when they held nothing back. Their unleashed divine force was genuinely overwhelming.

Though the Aesir possessed greater divine reserves overall, in terms of short-term burst power, the Indian gods had the upper hand.

The shockwaves from their clash were impossible to conceal.

The turbulence traveled across the fused world barriers—and was immediately sensed by the Fusang gods.

Izanagi's eyes lit up. "Now's the time! The Aesir will fall—today!"