

Thalos 340

Chapter 340: For Whom the Bell Tolls

The Fusang world had begun its advance. Given the scale of this world cluster's movement, it was impossible to hide from anyone.

Not just Thalos—even the Aesir gods still stationed in the Silver Palace, awaiting orders, saw it clearly.

"Shameless Fusang gods! Do they even understand the concepts of honor or keeping one's word?"

"Heard they think a bow and a half-assed apology can fix anything."

"What a joke!"

"Might as well slaughter them too."

Yes, that word—too—was very much the soul of it.

Seeing the righteous fury of his warriors, Thalos actually smiled.

In myths, the Aesir gods had long been infamous for their lack of morals. Odin tricking giants with unpaid construction contracts, Loki seducing stallions...

With such leaders, it was no wonder the Aesir's reputation had once collapsed.

Diplomatically, when the previous leader breaks a promise and the next pretends it never happened, it might seem invincible—but it utterly ruins the credibility of the whole group.

What Izanagi didn't realize was that this exact move had earned Fusang the collective label from the Aesir gods of: "fickle, untrustworthy backstabbers."

If Fusang loses this war, they won't get a second chance.

What's interesting is that under Thalos's century-long leadership, the Aesir had become known as paragons of reliability—what they promised, they delivered. The contrast could not be more stark.

Thalos didn't suppress his gods' desire to fight. Slowly rising, he drew the Asgardian Sword from his waist and pointed it across the void—toward the oncoming Fusang world.

"Send the order: slaughter the unrighteous!"

Until now, Thalos had deliberately kept the warlust of his pantheon in check.

Sometimes, restraint only makes the eventual release more powerful—his warriors were about to erupt with joy on the battlefield.

While the Indian Trimurti remained unaware, the Aesir had already begun repositioning themselves.

On the surface, India still seemed to hold the upper hand.

For example, Vishnu's hammer had just shattered a quarter of Melanesia.

Nearly 20,000 square kilometers of land collapsed and sank beneath the muddy ocean. Countless mortals, fields, and buildings were drowned. From the sky, it looked like pure devastation.

But since this wasn't his world, Vishnu didn't care.

Coincidentally, neither did Hela.

After all, this world had been stolen from the monkeys. Destroy it? So be it. All deaths here would still be absorbed by Helheim, empowering Hela further.

Truth be told, the Indian pantheon's full-scale assault—led by the Trimurti—was almost too much to handle.

Thor and Shiva were evenly matched. Hela's group was slightly on the back foot. Only Gilgamesh... was in serious trouble.

The arrogant golden king was being beaten back by Brahma's endless barrage of mystical techniques.

If not for the fact that he was a god-king's son, with full access to Ginnungagap's authority—including the ability to draw on divine power across roles—he would've been finished already.

Still, Gilgamesh couldn't help but feel humiliated.

Even though Thalos had warned him in advance that his role today was to absorb pressure, he had hoped to distinguish himself.

Now, the best he could hope for was not to lose.

The Indian gods were euphoric. Even if they knew these weren't the Aesir's main forces—Thalos himself wasn't even on the field—it didn't matter!

This was a two-front assault!

Their number of gods vastly outmatched the Aesir!

So—advantage: India!

If they could break through the enemy's line, they could march straight into Ginnungagap's core, burn the World Tree, and even steal the Four Elements—seizing the strategic upper hand!

Given how much more India had committed to this fight, it was clear the Aesir lines were gradually retreating.

Just then, a massive tremor shook the heavens and the earth. It seemed like the Fusang world had collided with Ginnungagap.

How laughable.

They had it all wrong.

A mere Fusang world crashing in? It wouldn't even shake all of Ginnungagap—not even the lower layer, the South American continent.

The quake had another cause entirely.

Had they known Ginnungagap better, they would've realized they didn't hit the main body—but the newly annexed Thousand Islands World, which was currently in the process of being released...

Meanwhile, the first spatial rift appeared in the Egyptian world.

From it emerged a colossal spear with a distinct Fusang flair—its head alone spanned 300 meters. It tore through the fragile space barrier, carving out a massive tunnel ten kilometers long and two kilometers wide.

The next instant, a wave of sky-blue starlit water poured in, bringing vast quantities of sea into the desert's scorching sands—filling the air with a thick, humid haze.

Across a divine bridge floating atop the flood stood Izanagi, resplendent in a golden cloud-pattern robe, armored in Orochi-scale cuirass, wielding the legendary Ame-no-Nuboko.

In Fusang myth, the land was once a chaotic ocean. The gods ordered Izanagi and Izanami to stabilize it. Standing on the heavenly floating bridge, they stirred the sea with the Ame-no-Nuboko. Drops from its tip formed the first island—Onogoro-jima.

"Do not worry! The Aesir's main force has been tied down by India!" Izanagi shouted, then surged forward with a million 'gods' at his back.

And indeed, it looked like he was right. Blocking their path were just a few hundred thousand ragged skeleton soldiers.

The lowest tier of cannon fodder—summoned purely from death energy, clawing their way up from the sands.

Most had bones completely dried out, barely a shred of soul, not even weapons.

A brave peasant could probably knock down ten.

Izanagi didn't hesitate. With the full might of Fusang's pantheon, he charged toward the World Tree's core.

But then—only halfway across the Egyptian world, and well before they reached the inner world barrier—a chilling surprise awaited them.

They saw a towering figure clad in golden armor, standing at the head of a massive, terrifying army.

Behind Izanagi, Amaterasu felt her divine blood freeze. The sunlight coiled around her fingertips began to ice over—from pure fear.

From the heavens, divine swords began raining down like shattered stars, each glowing with power beyond divine punishment.

They slammed into Izanagi's shield of divine energy—again and again.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Each clash was like the tolling of a funeral bell.