

## Thalos 341

### Chapter 341: The Fall of Izanami

What looked even worse than the battlefield was the expression on Izanagi's face.

In countless internal meetings with the Fusang gods, he had repeatedly emphasized—had even promised—that they were just there to play a supporting role, to carry out a sneaky backstab. The Aesir's full attention would be focused on the invading Indian Trimurti. That was the only way to quell the gods' unease.

He had no choice. The Fusang world, plus its few attached sub-worlds, was tiny in scale.

While Izanami thought that a daily thousand mortal deaths could threaten her husband, Ginnungagap was racking up natural and unnatural deaths measured in tens of thousands per day.

That's the difference that sheer world size brings to divine power.

If they tried to fight head-on, the Fusang gods were almost certain to lose against Ginnungagap.

In raw elemental quantity alone, the two worlds differed by dozens of times; population likely tenfold. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say Fusang was trying to swallow an elephant.

What made it absurd was that no one knew why Izanagi had made this decision to betray in the first place.

Thalos didn't care why. Long before he ever crossed into this universe, he'd already given up trying to understand the Japanese mindset.

He had only one thing to do.

"Kill—!"

His voice, sonorous and clear, rang throughout the skies of the Egyptian world.

From beside him—or rather, from beneath his very feet—countless towering Aesir gods surged forth, leading vast ranks of minor deities, divine attendants, and angels. Together they charged, a divine torrent crashing into the Fusang forces with unstoppable momentum.

Among them were mountainous soul-beasts, towering like cliffs, thundering alongside the Aesir ranks. Their countercharge smashed straight into the stunned Fusang gods.

Fusang's so-called "eight million gods" had already lost over half during their previous engagements with the Indian pantheon.

Worse yet, 99% of these "gods" were mere forest and mountain spirits—beings that might frighten a superstitious farmer, but were helpless against any true extraordinary being.

The Aesir, in contrast, were battle-hardened to the core. They held countless martial tournaments every year. Their god-king, Thalos, had released untold amounts of free-floating elements into Ginnungagap's world to help mortals ascend.

This dual superiority—in quality and quantity—meant the battle was one-sided from the very beginning.

If even the mortal realm was this overwhelming, the elite Aesir gods were simply on another level.

Perrun's golden warhammer, wreathed in lightning, slammed down—momentarily halted by the naginata of the mountain god Ōyamatsumi. But where their divine weapons clashed, their opposing laws exploded into a deafening shockwave. Despite his supposed power, Ōyamatsumi was the one to suffer: the naginata shattered on impact, divine sap oozing from the broken sacred wood.

If given time—perhaps centuries—he might've reforged the weapon. But Perrun gave no such opportunity. With a reverse swing, he crushed Ōyamatsumi outright.

That was Izanagi's own son.

If he was one-shot, what hope did the lesser gods have?

Amenokagami, god of dark mist, was instantly melted by the Ankh sigil of Horus, radiant with life force.

The bird-god Kusanofune swooped in to strike at Tyr's back, slicing off three radiant strands of divine hair. But Tyr blocked it with his armored arm. Roaring with fury, he countered with a single sword strike.

Kusanofune was bisected on the spot. The desert beneath split for miles, a yawning ravine devouring his corpse—leaving not even a trace behind.

Very few Fusang gods could even stand against the Aesir.

Izanami might've counted as one—barely.

Her deathly energy silently snaked toward a calm, elegant goddess with long, violet hair. Just as Izanami believed her subtle magic had reached the goddess's throat, she saw a string of dark rune symbols crystallize on the woman's skin.

Izanami's heart sank. No... she's one of us.

Skadi gave a faint, cold smile. To Izanami, it looked like a demon grinning before it fed. What emanated from her wasn't just underworld power—it was enough to make a million vengeful spirits from Yomi tremble.

As Izanami's spectral Yellow Springs illusion tried to open, Skadi's wine-red eyes snapped wide with divine force—whispering to it: "No. You don't want to do this."

Before Izanami could even unleash her ghosts, Skadi had already sealed them.

The image of Yomi, holding a hundred thousand tormented souls, now looked like a living sand painting. They screamed, but couldn't break the seal. They couldn't escape—let alone shred the violet-haired goddess before them.

"No—!" Izanami screamed, thrusting her palm toward Skadi. A torrent of acidic, decaying hell-matter spewed forth, accompanied by a mountainous mass of bones and skulls.

Skadi frowned. With a flick of her left hand, the grotesque tide was squeezed inward. The mountain of death compressed into a twisted black spire.

"Impossible!" Izanami shrieked. Her words and the deathly fog swirling in her eyes froze in unison.

She stared at the spear protruding from her chest—shocked.

She hadn't even seen it coming.

"No, no, no!" She screamed, sending the hell-maggots that dwelled in her body to gnaw at the divine weapon's shaft.

"Pathetic. That's Gungnir, you know." Skadi sneered.

Even when it belonged to Odin, Gungnir had been a legendary god-spear—immune to such filth. And now, under Skadi, it was far stronger.

She twisted her right hand across the air. Ethereal silver light, representing the power of space, exploded from within Izanami's body. Seven hundred twenty radiant spear projections pierced through her decaying frame.

"Beloved... save me—!"

In her final moments, despite the hatred that had long torn her and Izanagi apart, Izanami cried out for her husband.

But as expected, she was disappointed.

Not because Izanagi didn't want to save her—he simply couldn't.

He himself was being swallowed by an onslaught of divine swords, their radiant brilliance washing over his form like a tsunami.

As Izanami's pinned body writhed in the laws of space, Skadi sighed quietly. "Perish, foul underworld goddess from another realm."

With a divine gesture, she ripped Gungnir out.

Instantly, every inch of Izanami's body triggered localized space collapses.

From the fragmented divine corpse and the murky vortex of the underworld within, the faint echoes of her last thousand worshippers' prayers could still be heard.