

Thalos 342

Chapter 342: Traditional Art — The Sumi-Masen Kneel

This wasn't a clash between equals.

The so-called "eight million Fusang gods" were like moths drawn to flame, plunging headlong into the raging blaze of divine wrath and falling by the thousands.

Compared to the already dismal loss ratios in the mortal realm, the exchange rates among the gods were even more ridiculous: so far, not a single Aesir god had fallen.

Yes—zero.

And dividing anything by zero? Meaningless.

This wasn't a fight. It wasn't even proportional.

Watching this one-sided slaughter, the Sun Goddess Amaterasu grew more and more anxious.

"Father! Father! Please—make a decision!"

No matter how urgently Amaterasu cried out, Izanagi stood frozen like a man possessed. His eyes were lifeless, unfocused. He blocked and parried the countless World Swords flying at him from all directions purely on instinct, muttering to himself:

"This... this can't be right. It wasn't supposed to be like this. Has Thalos gone mad? He's completely ignoring the Trimurti?!"

You almost couldn't blame him.

He thought he'd found a thigh to cling to—only to discover he'd become the thigh being clung to.

A speculator turned into a major shareholder.

The disparity was too absurd for his withered mind to handle.

Just like back in the myth, when he rushed into Yomi, filled with love to retrieve his wife, only to find she'd turned into a maggot-infested corpse. The contrast had broken him.

Whenever things exceeded his expectations, Izanagi simply lost the ability to think.

Truthfully, it had been a disastrous move for Amaterasu to bring out this spineless father after the deaths of her two brothers.

But there was no undoing it—and Amaterasu had her own problems.

Unlike Skadi, who struck to kill the moment she appeared, her opponent—Freyr, the Giant of Light—was at least holding back.

That didn't make it any less hopeless.

Compared to Freyr's magnificent solar energy, Amaterasu's divine light felt like a weak flickering ember.

Like she was merely pretending to be a sun goddess in the presence of the real thing.

"All Fusang gods—ret—" she tried to issue the retreat order, but before the words could finish, Freyr's solar flare-like divine power blasted her back, choking off her command.

"Give up," Freyr said softly. "His Majesty Borson despises nothing more than betrayal and broken oaths. Every single traitor who's stood before him—be they kin, friend, even god-kings—has met the same fate: destruction."

His gentle tone only made the words more terrifying.

Amaterasu didn't know what kind of betrayal Thalos had suffered. She only knew one thing now: he wasn't going to let the Fusang gods live.

Retreat?

Even without her command, the total collapse of the front lines had already sparked a mass rout among the so-called "eight million gods."

Tragically, they discovered there was no way back.

The desert beneath their feet—this micro-Egyptian world—had somehow disconnected from the Fusang world.

Normally, it was very hard to sever world links like this. Unless a higher-order force was interfering...

Well, Ginnungagap was precisely such a force—capable of dimensional suppression.

Tens of thousands of World Tree roots brute-forced their way in, twisting and severing the space channel between the worlds.

From that moment on, the Fusang gods could no longer receive any divine power from home.

Some low-level spirits or monsters could still fight using their own meager reserves. But for true gods expending vast amounts of energy in high-intensity battles, this was an absolute death sentence.

One after another, divine thrones fell. The explosions of their divine souls looked like dazzling fireworks.

Only—from the Fusang side, those "fireworks" were more like a horror film with personal consequences.

Izanagi was now utterly disheveled.

His divine armor had been shredded by World Swords, his robe in tatters, his divine body covered in gruesome, multi-elemental slashes.

And yet, not one wound was fatal.

Every cut was shallow, aimed at flesh—not internal organs or the divine soul core.

It was like a cat toying with a mouse—refusing to kill, dragging it out.

To Izanagi, this was deliberate torture.

"Why? WHY?! Why are you so calm?! Isn't the Trimurti attacking you fiercely?!" he shrieked, eyes bloodshot and wild.

Above, Thalos stood in golden armor without a single speck of dust. To an outsider, he looked not like a warrior in war, but a god out for a royal hunt.

Hands on his hip, he smirked. "The Trimurti are a mild annoyance. Nothing more."

What Izanagi didn't know was that just moments earlier, Enki, god of the sea, had summoned the entire ocean of the Thousand Islands World to come "visit" the Indian pantheon.

That apocalyptic-level flood had taught those rampaging Indian gods a hard lesson.

The Thousand Islands were made of water. The Indian gods were weakest against water.

To deal with Shiva, Enki hadn't even needed to use water from Vanaheim or the British Isles—just a fraction of what he had was enough to force Shiva to "drink" a tidal wave.

It wasn't fatal, but it stalled their advance hard.

The Trimurti had to reroute massive amounts of earth elements from the Indian world to try and balance out the overwhelming water—creating a sandstorm-style countermeasure to absorb and anchor the deluge.

In short, the Indian assault was stalled.

And that gave Thalos more than enough time to deal with the Fusang gods.

Izanagi saw Thalos's certainty and lost all confidence.

His troops were dead or dying. His forces were overrun.

Even his ego couldn't save him now.

His squinty little eyes flicked about, like a rat plotting an escape. Then, from atop the towering waves, in full view of all—

Izanagi activated Fusang's ultimate secret technique: THE SLIDING-KNEEL APOLOGY.

"Sumimasen deshita—!!!"

The iron-boned King of the Fusang Gods dropped to his knees, his voice booming across the Egyptian sky with divine resonance.

All the Aesir gods froze.

Every single one, mid-slaughter, paused. Their eyes reflexively flicked toward Thalos.

Izanagi shouted, "It is all the fault of the Fusang pantheon! From this day forth, we offer our allegiance to the Aesir! My daughter shall dress herself tonight and humbly present herself to the most exalted Lord Borson..."

He went on and on.

The tone was groveling, the words were groveling—everything was groveling. Even Amaterasu, half mad with fury and shame, was mortified.

Sell your daughter like that? Really?

Just as everyone thought this bloody war would end with a surrender...

Thalos, calm and measured, finally spoke:

"I reject your surrender. So—please, all of you, go and die."