

Thalos 343

Chapter 343: The Fall of Izanagi

Silence.

Stillness.

A deathly silence.

The chaos had vanished from the heavens and the earth. Even the wind dared not stir.

Every being that heard Thalos's voice held their breath, suppressing their own presence, waiting for what would come next.

The once-confident King of the Fusang gods, Izanagi, who had entered this world brandishing his divine spear, now stood trembling, his face full of disbelief and terror.

"W-What?" The mighty god-king could no longer mask his embarrassment. "Your Majesty Borson, I— I didn't quite catch that..."

To show his humility, he knelt again, his divine body shaking uncontrollably.

Thalos didn't even glance at him. Instead, his gaze swept across the ranks of the Fusang gods.

"I do not wish to repeat myself. But as condemned souls awaiting execution, you are entitled to hear your sentence a second time." His voice turned icy, merciless. "The Aesir are a clan founded upon honor and trust. And we loathe nothing more than betrayal. The first time you refused to honor your oath, you exhausted the last of my patience and mercy. Then, taking advantage of the Egyptian pantheon's assault, you ambushed us from behind, without warning or declaration—such shamelessness is beneath contempt..."

Unable to endure another word, Izanagi cried out, cutting him off. "Your Majesty, we can still make amends—"

"Betrayal comes not once but countless times!" Thalos's voice thundered, ironclad and resolute. "Unless you are ground to dust and your soul erased from existence, how will the world understand our zero tolerance for traitors?"

On the Fusang side, from the god-king above to the lowliest mountain spirit, every being with a shred of sanity felt their soul freeze in that instant. Their ability to think flickered out.

Then came Thalos's decree to his own troops—a death knell for their hopes.

"All Aesir forces, hear my command: Spare only the Fusang goddesses. Slaughter the rest to the last. No prisoners. All kills count for 30% bonus merit."

"OHHHHH!!"

Nearly a hundred Aesir gods, a thousand giants, tens of thousands of divine attendants, and uncountable angels erupted in a thunderous cheer.

The Aesir had never lacked courage, nor even brutality. Only the wisdom and order of their mighty king, Thalos, had restrained their bloodlust and held the pantheon in balance for generations.

This order was like unlocking a forbidden gate—their long-repressed hunger for war exploded.

The Aesir's battle fury surged tenfold as they roared into the fray, weapons of radiant divinity crashing down upon the now-cowering Fusang gods.

It was laughable.

Theoretically, the Fusang side had far more troops. But these so-called "millions of gods" looked more like lambs to the slaughter—bleating and flailing, unable to mount any organized resistance.

And Izanagi—his unnaturally pale face now tinted with green—was completely unraveling. His lips quivered uncontrollably. "Y-You bastard, how can you be like this?!"

Thalos sneered. "Don't think I'm unaware of your pathetic little scheme—pretending to submit so that once the Aesir are weakened, you could strike again."

Izanagi's eyes widened in shock. "You—"

He couldn't finish the sentence. How did Thalos know?

He didn't understand that Thalos, who had lived in the chaotic cosmos longer than most, understood the behavior of the Fusang gods better than any living soul.

"Get up," Thalos said coldly. "At least in your final moments, die like a god-king. I refuse to kill a coward."

Even as he spoke, the World Swords beneath his command clearly had minds of their own.

The furious Enlil, once a volatile deity and now merely a blade stripped of reason, still radiated violent instincts. A massive gale stirred—howling like a final war horn.

A wave of dazzling divine light burst forth from the World Swords as they streaked toward Izanagi, acting on instinct alone.

In that moment, driven by primal fear and his desire to survive, Izanagi could no longer keep groveling.

With a shout, he brandished the Heavenly Swamp Spear, parrying sword after sword.

"No! No! NO! It wasn't supposed to be like this!" he screamed in panic, completely losing composure. His neatly-tied hair came undone, flying wildly around him, a pitiful, disheveled sight.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

He blocked seventeen swords purely by instinct, but the onslaught was overwhelming. In mere moments, he was cut in multiple places, his divine body bleeding profusely.

Then—he saw something.

Within one of the incoming swords was the faint soul-image of Batara, the god-king of the Thousand Islands.

Eyes blank, spirit enslaved.

At that moment, Izanagi understood.

He was doomed.

He, too, would be stripped of will, turned into a husk—a soul imprisoned forever inside Thalos's blade.

"No! No! I don't want to be a sword soul!!" he howled.

But Thalos just smiled—calm and cold. "You're right. You won't."

Izanagi's eyes lit up with false hope—he thought he was being forgiven.

But then Thalos finished his sentence:

"Because you, you filthy coward, are unworthy of even becoming one of my swords."

Before Izanagi could react, Thalos snapped his fingers.

The sky split open with seventeen blinding beams of divine light. Each one was backed by the divine energy of an entire world.

There was no fairness in war.

Izanagi, powerful though he was, was just the lord of a single world.

The first blade—ice—pierced his right shoulder. He froze mid-movement. His divine blood crystallized into icy beads before they hit the ground.

The second—mist—stabbed into his left side. Fog wrapped around him, obscuring even the shimmer of his fallen crown.

The fifth—flame—ripped through his throat, gouging into his collarbone. Fire surged from the sword's spine, eating away at his divine body.

His roar of rage died in his throat—trapped inside the seventh sword that impaled his chest.

The eleventh—an earth-imbued greatsword—smashed into his spine like a mountain, sending shards of his divine pupils floating in the blood mist.

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The final five blades pierced his limbs and heart at once.

On the ornate Heavenly Swamp Spear he once carried proudly, every carved image now twisted in agony.

His struggling divine soul was torn apart like falling fireflies, scattered by the seventeen blades.

His divine blood soaked the earth, burning it into scorched wasteland.

The seventeen swords formed a symphony of annihilation, a sword formation so dreadful it could only belong to the chaos cosmos itself. Bells tied to the tassels rang softly—a funeral dirge.

Before all eyes, Izanagi fell.

When the smoke and dust settled, Amaterasu, her heart breaking, saw her father's body kneeling on the cracked, desolate ground.

In front of his fingers—a single cherry blossom.

It had been pinned to him by Izanami before she went to war.

Now, stained dark red by his divine blood.

As his divine soul faded, he used the last of his strength to try and reach it.

But he never made it.

His body and soul—dissolved and vanished.

Perhaps there had been countless grievances between husband and wife, but in that final moment, everything returned to dust.