

Thalos 345

Chapter 345: Interested in Making a Deal?

When dealing with Outer Gods, nothing beats the classic combo of carrot and stick.

Now that the Aesir had almost completely wiped out the Fusang pantheon, what pride did the minor realms still have?

As long as the Aesir didn't turn their blades on them, they were willing to do anything.

Such was the sorrow and helplessness of gods from small worlds.

Become strong? Grow into power?

That was never even an option.

When facing world-class pantheons at their zenith, surviving long enough to become someone's lackey was already the best outcome. The worst was not even being worthy of that—killed and devoured like meat animals. Now that was true injustice.

Having cleaned up the treacherous Fusang pantheon, Thalos still had the leisure to turn his attention to the battle with the Trimurti.

And after watching for a while, he had to admit—those three were truly strong.

In full-force desperation, they had squeezed the core of the Indian world itself to forcibly break through the Thousand Islands World.

The island of New Sumatra had been shattered into fragments, with more than a third of its landmass submerged.

Left with no better option, the Aesir's resistance forces had fallen back to their \\\second line of defense—\\the Arcadia World.

That bait-and-switch tactic left Shiva livid.

They'd wanted to storm right into Ginnungagap's heart. Instead, they hadn't even touched the true world barrier of Ginnungagap.

How many sub-worlds are layered within that place's outer shell?!

"Thor! Look into my eyes and answer me—how can your conscience not ache when you keep using other people's worlds as your battlegrounds?!" Shiva shouted in fury.

Thor stared back at Shiva's three glaring eyes without fear, his expression oddly amused. "The worlds the Aesir conquered with our fists—we'll use them however we please."

One was an ascetic god with obsessive tendencies; the other, a born conqueror. The two were like parallel lines—utterly incompatible, unable to see eye to eye.

Shiva was just that type—fanatical by nature. The other two in the Trimurti were the ones truly growing uneasy as the battle dragged on.

Vishnu was increasingly alarmed to find that the duo of Hela and Jörmungandr seemed to grow stronger the longer the battle lasted.

Especially Hela.

Even as Vishnu pushed her back, he could clearly sense her divine power rising—and fast. It felt like she gained enough power every hour to rival a whole Amaterasu.

That kind of power growth was simply cheating.

Vishnu soon realized the horrifying truth—the Fusang pantheon had been annihilated. Only their total destruction could explain this sudden and extreme growth in a Death Goddess's power.

Vishnu desperately tried to disrupt Hela's attention, preventing her from fully absorbing that energy.

And with every clash, he became more certain: Hela must have powerful subordinate gods, working behind the scenes to process and convert the fallen gods' souls into raw divine power.

It was the only explanation for such a terrifying increase in strength.

And Vishnu wasn't the only one shaken—Brahma was far from calm either.

Even the aloof and pacifistic Creator God couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy toward Gilgamesh.

Brahma knew the golden-haired youth was neither skilled in divine arts nor refined in technique.

But it didn't matter. Gil had the strongest God-King in the Chaos Universe for a father.

Unlimited divine power supply aside, even when Brahma completely outmatched him in tactics and magic, he found himself in this frustrating state of having the upper hand, but unable to land a finishing blow.

Brahma had the advantage in energy exchange efficiency—but Gilgamesh simply had more energy.

Every time he was on the verge of defeat, he would call down at least one World-Sword to aid him.

When entire worlds came crashing down behind every strike, how the hell was Brahma supposed to keep up?

As long as you didn't land a killing blow, that damn golden brat would just tank through it with his ridiculous family fortune.

Brahma was beyond speechless from the sheer unfairness of it.

Despite the long battle, the Indian gods had only managed to slay a few Aesir god-servants, a handful of giants, and some minor gods.

The core strength of the Aesir remained untouched.

\\[Vishnu! We can't keep going like this! Thalos isn't even here—I fear the Fusang pantheon has already collapsed!] Brahma's divine thought rang in Vishnu's mind.

\\[I know!] Vishnu responded through gritted teeth.

He was at his wit's end too.

They had exhausted nearly all their divine resources.

Right now, they were basically draining the essence of the Indian world like it was a dying reservoir just to maintain their advantage.

Every god knew this couldn't last.

Even if the Indian world cooperated, the divine channels could be cut at any moment—and if that happened, the Indian gods were doomed.

But with things having gone this far, there was no turning back. The Trimurti had only one path left—forward into the dark.

Meanwhile, Thor, Hela, and Gilgamesh received Thalos' divine message:

\\[The Fusang gods are exterminated. I can arrive at any time. How are you holding up?]

\\[Bit of a challenge,] said Thor, his tone filled with excitement—after all, Shiva was a rare and worthy opponent.

Hela responded more cautiously: \\[My brother and I are holding, but if possible, send Scáthach here secretly to support us.]

And proud Gilgamesh refused to admit he was struggling: "[Father, I'm still holding strong.]

Thalos didn't call out the golden brat's pride.

Instead, he quietly instructed Enki and Ishtar to provide support, then stopped interfering.

After all—true swords are forged on the grindstone.

These three were his most promising young generals. Letting the Trimurti serve as their whetstones was the best way to hone their abilities.

Now that the major outcome had been secured, Thalos had no intention of stealing his son and protégés' hard-earned glory.

At this point, Thalos, along with Arthur, Freyr, and a thoroughly broken Amaterasu (who looked like a battered housewife), arrived at Takamagahara—the sacred land of the Fusang gods.

And before Amaterasu could even speak, she witnessed a betrayal that made her blood run cold:

Ame-no-Tokotachi, whom she had entrusted with the task of defending the realm, had defected.

He wasn't at the temple. He wasn't anywhere.

There were no signs of battle, which meant—he had left willingly.

In his place were thousands of bottom-tier monsters, now occupying Amaterasu's temple, swaggering about like lords, even capturing some of her shrine maidens for defilement rituals.

"This can't be happening!" Amaterasu's fury erupted on the spot.

If she were still the supreme goddess she once was, she would have slaughtered these beasts on the spot.

Thalos, for his part, wasn't surprised at all.

Freyr frowned deeply. "Could it be... Angra Mainyu?"

"Bingo. No prize, though."

There was likely no one in the entire universe more adept at home invasion than Angra Mainyu.

All of his divine power was tailored to manipulating sentient minds.

He couldn't do a damn thing to mindless beings or the four primary elements.

But when it came to hearts and minds—gods or mortals—he was the ultimate evil.

Just as Amaterasu bit her lip and spread her divine senses to search for Angra Mainyu's presence...

That sinister, oily voice echoed across Takamagahara:

"Well, well, well... The supreme King Thalos! Would Your Majesty... be interested in making a deal?"