

Thalos 346

Chapter 346: The Consequence of Forcing a Seat Without Cards

Angra Mainyu's voice was soaked in arrogance and petty venom, the smug gloating of a villain thinking himself clever.

Even Thalos didn't need to respond—Amaterasu standing beside him got goosebumps just hearing it, a nausea rising in her throat.

Her porcelain-like, dignified face rarely revealed emotion—but now, it did.

She looked ashen.

Thalos raised an eyebrow slightly.

No need for him to speak—his loyal mouthpiece, the valkyrie Brynhildr, barked sharply: "You shameless wretch! You think you're worthy of speaking to His Majesty? You're nothing but a mangy cur!"

If Thalos had insulted Angra, that would've been acceptable—after all, his reputation and achievements warranted it.

But being rebuked by a mere demigod like Brynhildr? That was pure humiliation.

For once, Angra was at a loss for words. After a few seconds, he hissed coldly, "You think you can speak for His Majesty Paulson?!"

Thalos simply smirked, saying nothing.

Brynhildr didn't stop: "Say what you came to say, Angra Mainyu!"

Seeing Thalos standing calmly, hands behind his back, seemingly unconcerned even with Amaterasu, Angra became visibly restless.

"Your Majesty Paulson," he began, "you desire the Fusang world, do you not? Yet that world is now under my control. Every sentient being in it could be hosting a fragment of my divine soul. If you want that world, you can't avoid dealing with me!"

Amaterasu clenched her teeth, lowering her head, saying nothing.

This was precisely why the Fusang gods had never been able to kill Angra Mainyu.

The freak had shattered his divine soul into who knows how many pieces. As long as any extraordinary being harbored even a speck of evil thought, he could use them as a host.

This decentralized strategy was horrifyingly effective.

Angra was like a cockroach—killing one didn't mean the infestation was over. If even one "divine egg" survived, nestled in the warm rot of negative emotions, another Angra Mainyu could hatch.

Such tactics didn't raise his power ceiling, but they made sure his minimum survivability was nightmarishly high. In essence, he was nearly unkillable.

A complete contrast to the Aesir, whose gods had overwhelmingly powerful divine bodies—but injuries took great effort to heal.

Angra? He was the other extreme.

Brynhildr saw Thalos remained silent, so she pressed further: "What do you want?"

"Simple," Angra replied, oozing charm and deceit. "Your Majesty Paulson, surely you've noticed—your pantheon lacks a god of evil. Where there is light, there must be shadow. Where there is order, chaos must follow. Allow me to offer the Fusang world to you as a gift. Let me join the Aesir and serve as the keeper of Ginnungagap's evil..."

This "proposal" was so absurd it might as well have had the words "LET THE WOLF INTO THE FOLD" stamped on it in flashing neon.

"Pfft... hahaha! Ahahahaha!" Thalos burst into unrestrained laughter. "Angra, you really think highly of yourself! After ruining the Fusang world, now you want to leech off my Ginnungagap? This is your big plan? This crap wouldn't last two chapters in a children's book from my world!"

Honestly, if this were a Three Kingdoms scenario, would this guy even score a 60 in strategy?

Sure, he was vile to the core, but he lacked any finesse or cunning.

Compared to him, Loki looked like a damned genius.

And just like that, Thalos connected the dots in his mind.

He waited, letting Angra dig his own grave.

Predictably, Angra grew more agitated but still hesitated to provoke Thalos directly: "You're not afraid I'll raise my own pantheon here? I was a god-king once!"

That line made Amaterasu's fists tighten in silent fury.

Former god-king.

That title had misled many. It was why she had once traded her brother, Susanoo, to him.

She raised her pale face, slender neck stretched, trying to read the golden god-king beside her.

Thalos now smiled—but it was a cruel smile. "Oh, I would never be so foolish. Why would I allow a poisoned world to keep existing?"

Amaterasu's face instantly went pale.

Angra, across the void, also went stiff with shock. After a moment of stunned silence, he shrieked, "You—are you saying you'll wipe out the entire Fusang population?! Do you understand what kind of karmic backlash that would bring?!"

Thalos' grin deepened. "Karma? You're so afraid to die, I wouldn't be surprised if over half the Fusang people already host your soul fragments. That makes them enemies."

There was karmic weight to slaughtering the innocent.

But killing parasite hosts of a god of evil? No burden at all.

And that's how you deal with a spiritual cockroach like Angra Mainyu—ruthlessly and completely.

"No, wait!" Angra tried to weasel out, but Thalos was done listening.

With a wave of his hand, their avatars vanished from Takamagahara.

No need for explanations. Just action.

Angra was a hard-to-kill god whose power relied entirely on parasitic hosts and faith-based divinity.

Take away the hosts, and he was finished.

Under the shocked stares of Amaterasu and the remaining Fusang goddesses, thousands of World Tree roots tore through the sky of Fusang.

At the junction of the world barriers, Thalos unleashed a doomsday-tier tornado.

WHOOOOSH—

The colossal phantom of the Sword of Sumer shimmered across the heavens.

The ghost of Wind God-King Enlil howled from within, shouting unintelligible phrases—seemingly reliving the glory of his past world-ending disasters.

This time, the victims weren't Sumerian mortals, but Fusang's population.

Left to himself, Enlil might've obliterated the world with sheer chaos.

But Thalos had a more efficient method: vacuum extraction.

Under normal circumstances, this would be impossible—after all, the Fusang world had over 300,000 square kilometers of land and over a million square kilometers of ocean.

But with the Fusang gods wiped out, the world's will was too weak to resist.

Deprived of oxygen, millions upon millions of living beings fell lifeless to the ground.

Only now did Angra Mainyu truly panic.

"No! You can't! I just rejoined the side of order—Thalos, you bastard, you can't do this to me!"

"Please—don't kill me, I'll do anything!"

"Damn you—!"

"I curse you! I curse your people to be filled with betray—"

His divine voice faded rapidly, from thunderous roars to faint mosquito-whines.

And finally, this chaos-sowing, ever-surviving god of pure evil—met his end.

Thalos looked down at the ruined Fusang world, shrugged, and said:

"This is what happens when you force your way to the table with no cards to play."