

Thalos 348

Chapter 348: Twilight of the Gods, But Only for India (Part II)

There was never any such thing as fairness in war between worlds.

Even if two worlds were similar in size, differences in elemental composition, population numbers, and the quality of those populations would cause massive discrepancies in divine combat effectiveness depending on each god's domain.

No one understood the opposing god-king's intent better than Brahma. If Paulson were truly bogged down by the Fusang front, there was no way he could still send this many World Swords to support Gilgamesh and Thor.

Which left only one conclusion: the exalted Indian Trimurti had been reduced to nothing more than whetstones for the enemy's princelings.

A conclusion both laughable and pathetic.

Breakthrough?

There never was one.

After fighting for so long, they hadn't even glimpsed the heart of the enemy's realm—let alone the trunk or roots of the World Tree.

This meant that despite giving it their all, the Indian gods had merely penetrated the outer shell of the Ginnungagap.

Shiva's enraged roars still shook the heavens, and yet Thor's divine power remained undiminished.

But the most glaring issue was Hela—her divine power had more than doubled.

And for a true god of death, such a spike in divine strength could only mean one thing: a catastrophic scale of death.

It felt as if she had sacrificed an entire world, converting it into divine energy, then unleashed it in an endless barrage against Vishnu.

"The death of a world... is it?" Brahma muttered bitterly.

Caught off guard, a blade—the Egyptian Sword—sliced through his defenses and left a shallow wound on his shoulder.

For a god with four arms, that was not normal.

The blow landed on his front-left arm.

Gilgamesh wasted no time with mockery. "O mighty 'Supreme Creator God of India'! You're not looking so supreme now. What's wrong? Scared? Where's your confidence?"

Brahma fell silent.

What stunned him most was... Gil had hit the nail on the head.

As a god with four heads and four arms, Brahma's defenses should have been airtight, watching every direction.

His arms represented the four cardinal directions: East, West, South, North. And symbolically: Emotion (rear-right), Wisdom (rear-left), Ego (front-right)—and Confidence (front-left).

Was this a simple mistake... or divine fate?

Hard to say.

At his feet, Brahma's peacock mount screeched loudly, seemingly urging him onward.

The three faces of Brahma continued chanting the Vedas, but one of his white beards began to show black streaks.

His white beard symbolized his eternal nature. The appearance of black—was not a good sign.

Despite the blinding flashes and deafening thunder of divine spells exploding around them, Brahma suddenly asked, "Gilgamesh, is your father really that strong?"

"Of course!" Gilgamesh said without hesitation. "He's the only one in the whole chaotic cosmos I completely submit to. My father, Paulson, is a thousand times stronger than me!"

That had been meant as simple, habitual sonly boasting. But to Gil's surprise, Brahma seemed to take it seriously.

"Oh? So His Majesty Paulson is truly that powerful..." The face of Brahma directly facing Gil actually showed a hint of longing. "To never witness such a mighty god-king with my own eyes... what a regret."

That left Gilgamesh momentarily speechless.

Just then, the sea god Enki, who had been standing nearby to provide cover, suddenly shouted, "Gilgamesh! Don't get distracted! He has four brains, you only have one! Believe him, and you're dead!"

He had a point. Gil flinched, then growled, "Old monster! Shameless trickster!"

Brahma's four eyes turned to stare at Enki, as if silently asking, "Do you really think I'm that kind of being?"

Enki didn't dare meet his gaze.

The truth? This was just an excuse.

Before the battle even began, Thalos had already told Enki and the others—he didn't want the Indian pantheon joining the Aesir.

Why?

Well, as noble and mighty as they seemed, the very appearance of the Indian gods—their many heads and arms—was viscerally repulsive to Thalos and most of the Aesir.

Anubis, with his jackal head and human body, was already pushing Thalos's limit.

Sure, this form might symbolize strength and divinity to the mortals of India.

But to Thalos and his kind, it reeked of chaos.

What decent god has that many heads and arms?

If that isn't chaotic, what is?

"Guardians of Order do not consort with Chaos." That one sentence was enough to shut any argument down.

The Aesir were long past the stage of needing to absorb new gods to bolster their pantheon.

Their key divine domains were all filled. Even if their "cake" of power got bigger in the future, recklessly redistributing those domains would only breed internal conflict.

Every powerful combat god had a core domain supporting them.

If Thalos were to accept Shiva as a subordinate, would he have to give him Ginnungagap's Fire domain? Or sacrifice parts of his world periodically to feed Shiva's need for destruction?

Not acceptable. And not sustainable.

Thus, from the start, the fate of the Indian pantheon had already been sealed.

The Trimurti weren't fools.

After a short exchange of divine telepathy, the entire Indian pantheon suddenly chose to retreat.

Their decapitation strike had utterly failed. All they could do now was fall back to their own world and wait for a miracle.

Wasn't this a paradox?

They had launched this reckless charge precisely because they couldn't defend their homeland. Why give up now?

Because it was all about timing.

If they couldn't break through, and Fusang had likely fallen, then at least retreating to their own world ensured their supply lines stayed intact. Perhaps hunkering down was its own form of resistance.

And who knew—maybe a fourth divine world cluster would suddenly arrive and flip the power balance again?

One must always keep hope.

The Indian gods moved quickly.

They unleashed a series of devastating divine spells—shattering the earth, tearing the skies, twisting space itself.

Had Thalos not suddenly led the Aesir in a divine charge, the Trimurti might have successfully withdrawn from battle.

As thousands of wind blades ripped through space, the battlefield—this sacrificial world—began to groan with the sound of bones breaking.

The golden-armored god-king Thalos burst forth, riding his divine steed Asgard, hooves pounding through space and kicking up clouds of mist—which weren't clouds at all, but tidal waves and hurricane winds.

A massive water tornado pierced the heavens, swirling like it had swallowed the entire North Sea of the Celtic world.

Thalos, appearing with all his gods behind him, made one thing clear:

He had come to personally crush the last shred of hope the Indian pantheon had left.

