

Thalos 350

Chapter 350: A Defeat Well Deserved

Shiva's midair charge unleashed a sea of karmic fire that scorched a hundred miles. The flames were so intense that the already ravaged earth cracked and dried instantly, and the once-drenched, charred forest—still wet from Enki's oceanic deluge—began to smoke as if lit from within.

But unfortunately, Shiva's charge was met head-on by Thor.

"Boom!"

The sound was a thunderclap that shook heaven and earth.

Shiva desperately tried to steady himself, but with his divine power waning, he stumbled. What he thought would be a small misstep turned into him being launched like a cannonball, crashing sideways through a forest reduced to blackened stumps by the earlier godwar.

The force of the impact sent dead trees and sand flying in all directions, sweeping the land into chaos.

What pained Shiva the most, however, was not the blow—it was the golden glow that once swirled around his divine weapon now fading like a dying light.

Thor wasn't done.

He became lightning incarnate, a predator fused with divine storm, chasing Shiva like an unrelenting parasite.

Their weapons clashed again—trident versus Mjolnir—and the clash of top-tier artifacts exploded in a burst of dazzling sparks.

He couldn't take it anymore.

The already-damaged trident began to shatter along the ancient runes engraved on it.

In desperation, Shiva summoned his eight incarnations, each chanting Vedic mantras in guttural harmony, lunging toward Thor. But the Norse god was wrapped in a barrier forged from thunder. His storm-forged aegis repelled them all with ease.

Without sufficient divine power to support them, Shiva's incarnations were nothing more than clawing phantoms—ineffective and weightless in this titanic clash.

In that critical moment, Shiva's third eye opened once more.

From it erupted not just the annihilating flame capable of breaking worlds, but also a terrifying illusion of destruction:

Thor's vision flickered—he saw the roots of the World Tree, Yggdrasil, engulfed in flame. He raised Mjolnir to act, but then Jörmungandr, coiled around the trunk, let out a dying wail. Thor's limbs went numb. He could only watch as countless roots, gnawed by the venomous Nidhogg, twisted helplessly in the void.

It was a terrifying vision—one that could choke the breath out of any witness.

Unfortunately, Thor was no stranger to war. He snapped out of the illusion almost instantly.

He and Shiva clashed again—a second metal-shattering collision rang out.

This time, Shiva's bow was destroyed.

"Why are you—" Shiva started to ask, only to realize the question was pointless.

Shiva was not a god known for illusion. The vision he'd just shown Thor hadn't been to confuse him; it had been a manifestation of his own yearning—his burning desire to see Yggdrasil destroyed.

Thor's hammer glowed.

"A will worth respecting," he said. "But you know nothing of Ginnungagap's strength, or of my father's power!"

Mjolnir fell once more.

Shiva's arms, caught mid-hand sign, bent in unnatural directions. What poured from between his fingers was not flame, but divine blood laced with fire.

The blinding thunder illuminated Shiva's pale face. Within the once-feared third eye—an eye that had shaken the heavens and realms—there was only Thor's towering figure now.

And then, the final strike landed.

At that moment, a wave of heart-pounding dread rippled through every Indian deity.

They turned instinctively—

Only to see one of their own, a Trimurti, Shiva, fall!

Shiva was the first of the Triad to fall—but he would not be the last.

Beneath Brahma, the thousand-petal lotus swirled chaotically as violent winds stirred by countless World Swords tore through it.

He no longer recited the Rigveda.

Because in the face of overwhelming violence, knowledge no longer mattered.

And perhaps that was the deepest tragedy of all.

War is the simplest and most brutal way to destroy culture.

"You stopped chanting? Finally. That crap was getting on my nerves," Gilgamesh said proudly, arms akimbo, while unleashing an endless barrage of noble phantasms and divine artifacts at Brahma.

"Does it bring you joy to erase other cultures? This was all knowledge, you know. Knowledge!" Brahma sighed, voice heavy.

Gilgamesh shook his head. "No. Inferior cultures aren't necessarily wiped out by stronger ones. But weaker worlds always are."

Brahma's tone softened, as if pleading, "Even as a show of dominance... wouldn't you consider preserving at least a record of our divine heritage?"

Gilgamesh refused: "Preserving the history of conquered worlds—that's my father's business. I only make sure you become history."

"Ah..."

Brahma's divine energy was completely depleted. He no longer resisted. He let the World Swords pierce through him—severing arms, decapitating heads.

As his blood and lotus petals fell together, Brahma's long lashes cast a shadow of compassion over his cheeks.

Brahma fell with his peacock steed—but from the scorched soil where his soul dispersed, countless red spider lilies bloomed. Each petal bore the myths of creation—myths that might soon be forgotten by the cosmos.

It was his final attempt to preserve something of a dying pantheon.

But it was in vain.

With a single divine thought, Thalos summoned a tidal wave of divine energy and erased every last flower from the earth.

He had promised to rebuild this world for his subordinates. He could not leave any loose ends.

One after another, the once-glorious Indian gods fell.

Vayu, god of wind. Soma, god of wine. Surya, god of the sun. Agni, god of fire...

If they had stayed in their home world, perhaps they could have clung to survival a bit longer.

But with their divine powers dwindling, they were like moths flying into flame—named and slain one by one by the Aesir's mighty gods.

Hela gazed at Vishnu with admiration.

She was still in good shape. Her brother Jörmungandr, however, whose enormous body bore countless wounds, had already retreated to the second line.

Now, Hela alone faced Vishnu.

Behind her stood two goddesses of death—Ereshkigal and Scáthach, both coldly observing.

"Your followers are still praying," Hela said with divine sight. "But it's useless."

She saw it clearly—countless Indian worshipers chanting mantras, their voices turning into radiant belief, shooting toward this world.

Only to be bounced back by the world barrier under Thalos' control, scattering into the empty void of the chaotic cosmos—never to be heard again.

Vishnu clenched his weapon, shook his head. "That's no reason to give up. If you pity me... then give me a magnificent death!"

"Very well."

Hela unleashed a raging death-tide from Helheim, a sea full of dread and memory. In its depths floated the faces of gods who had perished in battle—forever frozen in terror.

Faces of the divine.

Vishnu smiled. "The Aesir... conquerors of countless pantheons. We... we can't even say this loss is unfair."

He laughed aloud as the sea of death swallowed him whole.