

Thalos 103

Chapter 103: Surrender? Too Late!

Though it was still broad daylight, it felt as if an ominous star had already risen in the sky.

The retreating sea had brought with it shrieking winds and layered storm clouds.

No matter how turbulent the sky became, it couldn't drown out the thunderous rumbling rising from the depths of the sea.

This had once been a pitch-black abyss where not even the faintest light could reach. In such a place, even a glimmer could mean mortal peril.

Now, Ægir only had to raise his head slightly to see the horizon—to see the sunrise, something he previously could only glimpse when surfacing.

Massive sea beasts and deep-sea creatures scattered in panicked confusion. If they failed to follow the draining tides toward the great whirlpool that had emptied the ocean, they got trapped in some trench or coral crevice and were forced upward, gasping with gills not made for air—dying in agony and despair.

Within seconds, white streaks of death crisscrossed the uneven seabed.

It was a ridiculous, surreal spectacle.

But it was happening.

If Ægir and Rán felt anything now, it was regret.

Overwhelming, soul-crushing regret.

If they were given a second chance, without knowing the future—sure, they still might not have bowed to that ugly, awkward soul envoy.

But now?

That envoy may have been pitiful, but the god behind him... was anything but.

That God-King was real. And terrifying.

Ægir and his entire household were shaking with fear.

Water doesn't just disappear—but divine power drawn from water has its own rules.

If the water turned to snow or ice, then by the world's logic, it was no longer "water." It no longer fell under Ægir's divine authority.

Likewise, if water left Midgard—whether it went to the heavens or to the void—it no longer belonged to him.

The entire ocean had been his power reservoir. Now it had been emptied.

All Ægir could do was react quickly and lock down a portion of the water using his power.

Thanks to centuries of tectonic shifts, the funnel-shaped sea floor had warped slightly. The only water Ægir managed to preserve formed a small lake, about ten square kilometers in size, three to four meters deep.

Under normal circumstances, that might be just enough to fight off mortals.

But the opponent this time? Wasn't mortal.

"Krrrrk!"

"Sssshhhhh!"

A strange sound grew closer—something enormous was grinding stone and sediment beneath it, possibly crushing unlucky sea beasts that hadn't escaped in time.

Ægir couldn't see it at first—the thing was approaching from a lower, darker section of the trench.

Then he saw it.

A massive gray-white serpent.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but the serpent should have been even larger. Though its current size was no joke—over three kilometers long—it somehow felt... reduced.

Ægir himself stood a proud hundred meters tall. With his eel-like face, four muscular arms, and body covered in armor-like scales, he looked like a true war god.

Too bad he was bite-sized compared to the serpent.

The serpent reared up just a little—but even that lifted its head over 400 meters above the lake's surface. A forked crimson tongue flicked through the air as it looked down on the "little god."

It spoke.

"Pitiful false god! You know nothing of the greatness of God-King Thalos Borson—yet you dared to infringe upon His divine domain, dared to slay His envoy? You are the most laughable creature I've ever seen!"

Ægir immediately folded.

"Wait! I can explain!"

"Too late!" laughed Jörmungandr, and began to move—his tail.

No way was he going to pass this up. After going through the ordeal of cleansing chaos from his body, having runes carved into his scales, and losing 70% of his mass to become a lawful divine being—it was time to repay the God-King's grace.

If Ægir didn't die, where would Jörmungandr's merit come from?

He pulled his head back. Though his fangs were deadly, biting a full god was always risky—not to mention, Thalos had given him different orders.

His tail—over a kilometer long—rose like a massive coiled spring.

Had this been land, it would have looked like it pierced the heavens.

The compressed tail suddenly snapped forward like a divine whip.

Ægir instinctively countered with a barrage of water blasts—each one strong enough to level a human mansion—but against Jörmungandr's hundred-meter-thick body, it was nothing more than tickling.

Then the tail hit.

"BOOM—!"

A thunderous shockwave buried all other sounds.

Stone and sand exploded in a physical storm of pure force.

Had the strike aimed at Ægir's palace, he might have withstood it.

But it didn't.

The tail was aimed at Ægir's last lifeline—the lake.

With a single impact, it blasted a hole over 300 meters wide, of unknown depth, into the lakebed.

The last remaining water was instantly sucked down into the void.

And with the water went Ægir's power source.

Sure, he had divine energy stored in his palace. But how long would that last?

Realizing this far too late, Ægir lost it.

"MONSTER! I'LL KILL YOU—!"

As the epics once said, even Jörmungandr had a weakness—his head.

His massive body could soak up any damage... but his skull could still be broken, his fangs shattered.

Ægir leapt in fury.

What he didn't expect was just how cunning the serpent was.

One tail strike, mission accomplished—and Jörmungandr was already retreating.

Ægir had only taken a dozen steps when a radiant arc of rainbow light suddenly cut through the sea.

He had never seen Bifrost used in combat deployment before.

Then came a bolt of lightning.

A thunder giant, thirty meters tall, burst forth—Thor.

"BOOM!"

The thunder god swung Mjölhnir without hesitation.

His lightning was so blinding that Ægir made a critical mistake—he raised one right arm to block and used the other to shield his eyes from the flash.

It was the worst choice he could have made.