

Thalos 105

Chapter 105: Another Glorious Victory

"No—!" Several of the Wave Maidens, already pinned beneath Aesir gods, let out cries of despair.

Some begged for mercy, but their captors remained unmoved.

Only Víðarr said quietly, "Rán violated Hela's divine domain."

Once a divine office had been encroached upon—unless the trespasser was family—there was no room for negotiation.

Especially not when the domain in question was Death.

If even Hela were expected to forgive such an offense, how could she continue to hold her place as goddess of the underworld?

Sitting proudly atop the broad, solid back of her hellhound Garmr, Hela watched as Rán was chewed apart, bit by bit, with barely concealed delight.

Her mummified half-body, bathed in cold green fire, seemed more ghostly—more terrible—than ever.

Among all the Aesir present, Hela felt she had shown restraint. Had she dared to let out even a small chuckle, she was certain that by nightfall, not a single male god in Hall of Joy would ask her to dance again.

But even in silence, her commanding presence was burned into many gods' memories.

Ahem! That's just how it was.

A goddess who could fight... always had a way of scaring off the less confident gods.

Elsewhere, Ægir howled in desperation and rage.

"Enough! Enough! I surrender! Don't kill me, please—!"

"No," Thor said coldly.

"I'll give you all my gold! My wife! My daughters! Just—just don't kill me—!"

"If we don't kill you," Odin said with murderous glee, "how will the world know that the Aesir are the only rightful gods?"

The truth was, if Ægir didn't die, Odin wouldn't get promoted.

And what a sorry state Ægir was in. His divine blood poured like cursed paint, spraying without restraint. He could feel his power slipping away with every heartbeat—and since he was newly awakened, he hadn't even had time to store divine energy in his palace.

With his home field advantage gone, even getting an audience with Thalos was now a luxury beyond his reach.

"No! You can't kill me! Only a god-king can slay a god-king! You're not worthy—!"

He shouldn't have said that.

The moment the words left his mouth, Odin's fury ignited.

He'd already had enough of this during the war with the Vanir. Back then, he killed Njord, only for it to backfire politically. This time, Thalos had publicly said he wouldn't interfere—letting Thor and Odin fight for the kill.

And now this fool had the audacity to say Odin wasn't qualified?

"Shut your mouth!" Odin roared. "A blasphemer like you doesn't get to choose how he dies!"

Thor bellowed, "You foul-mouthed scum, I'll smash your teeth in—!"

Even Freyr stepped in with a solemn slash: "In the name of God-King Thalos... perish, false god!"

The three titans struck simultaneously.

Freyr sliced through Ægir's kidney with the [Victory Sword].

Gungnir, Odin's divine spear, spun through the air like a shooting star, veering in from Ægir's blind spot. It tore into his carotid artery with brutal precision.

Technically, the killing blow should've gone to Odin.

But Thor was just too brutal.

He wrapped Mjölhnir in a gargantuan electric orb, magnifying its size a hundredfold. The condensed might of half a world's storms screamed with power.

To those watching, it wasn't just effective—it was terrifying.

With Ægir already teetering on the edge of death, Thor's final strike came crashing down...

In the lightning's blinding glare, it was as if the dry seabed itself sighed.

Then—

A fountain of blue blood and shattered divine flesh exploded from Ægir's skull. His entire upper torso disintegrated into a mist of gore and ichor.

From a distance, it looked like Thor had blasted half of Ægir's body into bloody mist.

As the broken sea god fell to his knees, lifeless, the lopsided but epic god-war came to a dramatic close.

Only when Ægir was dead did Thalos's colossal figure descend in a beam of rainbow light.

"Victory!"

"Long live the God-King!"

"Glory to the Aesir!"

The gods, giants, and newly arrived Valkyries raised their weapons high and roared their triumph.

No one dared say Thalos had stolen credit. After all, when he dried the oceans, the battle's outcome had already been decided.

Everyone else was just cleaning up.

Standing before Ægir's remains, Thalos raised his left hand from afar.

Sea, ocean, water—it mattered not.

From this moment forward, whether the waters of the Nine Realms liked it or not, Thalos's divine office had risen from "Ocean" to the higher authority of "Water."

As long as there was even one drop of water in the Nine Realms, it would feed Thalos's power endlessly.

A thought struck him.

His domain over "Sky" already included the elemental aspect of "Wind."

So didn't that make him... a Wind and Water God-King?

Cough cough.

Luckily, the brainless muscle-bound gods around him had no concept of feng shui, sparing him a bit of awkwardness.

Thalos turned away from Ægir's broken body and looked toward the sea god's underwater palace. A strange feeling stirred in his chest.

Different myths gave Ægir different origins.

In the Poetic Edda, he was his own sea god clan, and Odin had to hold his nose and grant him a title.

In the Prose Edda, he was the grandson of Ymir, the first frost giant. Every winter, he supposedly held feasts for the gods in a golden-lit underwater hall.

But in this lifetime?

Thalos would never again be bound by this thieving scum.

With a snap of his fingers, Ægir's palace roof shattered, revealing mountains of gold inside.

As expected—greedy to the core.

Thalos issued orders: "Brynhildr, take one-tenth of this for our mortal priests. Let them distribute it to the people. Consider it a reward for the most devout believers. The rest... shall be divided as spoils."

"Ooooh!" The troops erupted in cheers.

Seated atop her pegasus, Brynhildr placed one hand on her breastplate and bowed: "Your Majesty, your generosity shines across all Nine Realms."

Another glorious victory!

When the Valkyries had giants haul Ægir and Rán's colossal corpses to the shores of Midgard—and announced the God-King's gifts—the mortal nations erupted in celebration.

Their sea trade and fishing had suffered long enough.

They'd prayed merely for the gods to stop the enemy.

Compensation? That was more than they'd ever dreamed.

As they danced and cheered, another miracle appeared—

The sea water began to flow back in.

The ocean's surface rose at a speed visible to the naked eye...