

Thalos 106

Chapter 106: The Monster Giant with 900 Heads

The cheers of mortals had no effect on the Aesir gods.

After all, Aesir gods did not ascend to godhood through the power of faith.

Thalos was generous this time as a test—to see whether increasing mortal trust might somehow enhance the power of the [Sword of Midgard].

But that was a matter for later.

The Aesir and the giants were the sort to hold small feasts every three days and grand feasts every five.

The Palace of Revelry was open every day; the only difference was whether the celebration was wild or mild.

Though the *Ægir* faction was much smaller than the Vanir gods, they were still an independent godly race.

With this pretext, it was only natural to throw a grand party.

The descended gods like Gullveig were already looking forward to seeing the expressions of the nine wave-riding goddesses—obviously unwilling but having to abandon their dignity and dance for the victors just to survive.

Coincidentally, they'd slaughtered many sea creatures today, and out of nowhere, an Aesir god suggested:

"Why don't we get a big pot and boil up all these tasty-looking enemies?"

The suggestion was immediately met with enthusiastic approval by almost all the Aesir and giants.

That's how things go—someone talks big, gets everyone excited, and only afterward does everyone realize the idea's completely impractical.

"These enemies" referred to tens of thousands of sea monster corpses.

Forget about the Palace of Revelry's chefs—you could search all of Asgard and still not find a pot big enough for that.

But this was a day of glorious victory!

If they couldn't fulfill even this little wish, wouldn't that be a buzzkill?

Even Loki shrank into a corner upon hearing this absurd idea.

Thalos rolled his eyes and pretended not to hear.

Whoever made the suggestion should go handle it—what, did they expect the God-King to do it?

Just then, Odin stepped forward: "I've heard of such a pot. In fact, not long ago in Jotunheim, something happened—a tremendously powerful giant awoke from the glaciers. He happens to have such a pot and took it to the far northern end of Jotunheim, to Elvagar. You should know, that guy can eat three adult whales in a single meal!"

"Hiss—" several giants gasped in shock.

Whales in the Ginnungagap world weren't mutated.

One whale could be 30 to 40 meters long—already bigger than most giants.

If what Odin said was true, then that giant's size must rival that of the primordial giant Ymir.

Thor glared at Odin. "Uncle! You know the rules. Why didn't you report the appearance of such a giant?"

Odin spread his hands. "Didn't His Majesty just decide to campaign against *Ægir*? I couldn't risk opening another front when facing a major enemy. His Majesty himself said such situations should be avoided."

Odin's explanation sounded reasonable, but Thalos remained cold and observant.

Thalos knew: Odin was up to something.

Sigh. After decades of brotherhood, it turned out to be a mistake after all!

But now wasn't the time to deal with Odin.

Odin continued, "It's not that I don't want to go after this giant named Hymir. The problem is, he's not alone. He has a beautiful giantess for a wife, and a monstrous giantess for a mother."

"A monstrous giantess?" Thor's interest was piqued.

"Yes! A giant monster as big as a mountain, with 900 heads growing from her body! She's so massive and bizarre that I couldn't even aim at her heart with \\[Gungnir]—because I couldn't sense where her heart was."

As soon as Odin finished, Thalos's pupils contracted sharply.

At that moment, Thalos was certain—Odin had planned this. Even the pure-blooded Aesir god who just suggested boiling their enemies was probably Odin's plant.

Odin, the old schemer, must have thought—since he couldn't claim war merit this time and get his domain reassigned, he might as well take a shot at embarrassing the God-King.

By fanning the flames like this, Odin was putting Thalos on the spot.

If they couldn't bring back this legendary pot, the gods and giants would think the victory incomplete.

But fetching this pot? Not so simple.

First, Thalos couldn't go himself—the God-King couldn't personally run errands. Even sending Thor was already stretching things.

Second, the enemies weren't pushovers.

Despite Odin's nonchalant tone, only Thalos knew—Hymir, in the epic tales, wasn't just a formidable fighter. He was also, nominally, the father of the war god Tyr. After all, back in those days, there was no DNA testing or blood verification—Odin had slept with Hymir's wife and produced Tyr with one shot.

That kind of tangled fate meant retrieving the pot would trigger serious karmic entanglement.

And finally—Hymir's mother: the monster giantess with 900 heads!

Just hearing that description made it clear she was a terrifying chaotic giant!

In this life, Tyr was born of Thalos, breaking the bloodline connection between Hymir and Tyr. If Thor went, he'd likely end up fighting immediately. Whether Thor could defeat that monstrous giantess was an open question.

After all, Thor's record against giants in the epics wasn't exactly stellar—he had a history of getting beaten up by them.

Odin, with his talk of difficult matters and asking for reinforcements, was really just trying to undermine Thor's prestige as Crown Prince!

As expected, Odin's scheming nature had surfaced again.

Thalos narrowed his eyes, looking at his eager glutton of a son, and said, "Is preparing kitchenware your job, Thor? If you've got that much energy, why don't you help chop the meat instead?"

Thalos's words instantly shut Thor up.

Within the Aesir pantheon, male gods indeed didn't cook. If they ever did, it was out of dire necessity and done alone.

Now that the topic was out there, someone had to go.

Thalos turned his head and looked at Hela, who was in the form of a stunning beauty from head to toe.

"Hela! I'm counting on you to make the trip and bring the pot back."

He said "bring it back," but when Thalos flicked the \\[Sword of Helheim] to her, Hela immediately understood.

This underworld sword had just been reborn.

A true divine sword required a sword soul.

And who better than Lan, freshly slain, who once usurped the souls of the drowned and held partial dominion over \\[Death], to serve as that soul?

Conveniently, the 900-headed old hag likely had ties to death and chaos as well.

Having Hela handle it was actually quite fitting.

Hela understood and smiled with a nod. "Your Majesty, I'll do my best to go and return quickly."

As Hela's figure disappeared among the gods, Loki fell into thought.

He knew that with Jörmungandr and Hela now leaning toward Thalos, his friendship with Odin was as good as over.

This was about choosing sides.

But Loki had no choice.

Thalos was the God-King—the one who controlled the fate of Loki's entire family!

Loki couldn't resist even if he wanted to.

And Odin's repeated betrayals had completely chilled Loki's heart.

So when Odin cast a meaningful glance his way, Loki just pretended not to notice, giving a silly smile and trying to bluff his way through.

But he immediately felt that Odin's one remaining eye had grown even colder...