

Thalos 107

Chapter 107: She's Done Pretending

Back in Asgard, Thalos couldn't help but smirk as he watched Hela maintain her poised composure, taking dainty, ladylike steps out of the palace.

Hela still deeply cared about how the other gods saw her. If given the choice, she'd absolutely refuse to reveal her true form within the bounds of Asgard—it might ruin her reputation.

But on the battlefield, that was another matter.

Some warriors who didn't look fierce enough would even paint their faces with savage colors or wear ferocious masks—after all, if a pretty boy charged into battle, the enemy might assume he was weak.

In battle, Hela's transformation into her half-goddess, half-corpse form exuded killing intent.

Watching her take over Thor's mission, Odin grew uncomfortable. Anyone could see that Thalos was cultivating yet another god-level commander capable of standing alone.

Odin couldn't help but feel regret: "She was mine first!"

Even though he knew he couldn't resolve Hela's terrifying condition, he still fantasized: If only Hela served me, obeyed me, marched at the head of my army—what glory that would be...

A foolish dream.

Knowing that Hela and Loki had likely thrown their lot in with Thalos, Odin's resentment only deepened. Secretly, he hoped Hela would fail this time.

Meanwhile, just before reaching the Bifröst, Hela was intercepted by Loki.

"Father," Hela said sweetly, bowing with grace.

Loki hesitated. "This mission... doesn't have to be about fighting. If you just bring the pot back, that alone will make the mission a success. You understand, don't you, my daughter?"

Loki truly loved her. He even imagined her one day marrying some handsome young god. He worried that too much killing would frighten off any decent suitors.

Hela smiled. "You're right, Father. I will uphold His Majesty's will—diplomacy first, violence second."

"That's best."

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In this world, the so-called "end of the world"—Élivágar—was just a barren patch at the northern edge of Jötunheim. It was like the concept of "the ends of the earth" from Thalos's previous life: a myth born of limited understanding.

From Thalos's view, even places beyond Ginnungagap hardly qualified as a true "end."

With a flash of Bifröst, Hela arrived instantly.

What stood before her was a massive but crude fortress. Aside from its roughly shaped stones, its only notable feature was its size. Doors towered 50–60 meters tall, and the three-story structure rose over 300 meters.

Sloppy construction—mud smeared haphazardly between wide stone gaps. After just a few days, light already seeped through the cracks.

As the Bifröst's radiant beam descended, the residents naturally reacted.

Leading the charge from the fortress was a 40-meter-tall, wild-looking brute of a giant named Hymir, along with a group of male and female giants.

He raised a 4-meter "dagger" made from some unknown beast's bone and shouted, "What the hell do you gods want?! You're not welcome here!"

Compared to the massive Hymir, Hela—only 5 meters tall—looked tiny. But from atop her hellhound Garm, she was no small figure.

Hela bent her knees slightly and gracefully lifted her evening gown's hem, offering a curtsy she'd learned from Thalos himself.

"Good day, mighty giant. I am Hela of the Aesir. I mean no harm."

"No harm? Yeah, I don't believe a word of that!" Hymir snapped.

"We Aesir recently destroyed a blasphemous group of false gods and are preparing a grand feast. However, we lack a pot large enough to cook our defeated enemies. So we humbly request to borrow one from you. Not without compensation, of course—we bring gifts."

With a snap of her fingers, her attendants produced an enormous humpback whale carcass and a giant-sized chest of gold coins.

Sincere, by all measures.

But Hymir sneered. "Hmph! I've got nothing to say to you so-called gods."

"Well... truth be told, I am of pure giant blood. I just happened to gain a bit of divine power and joined the Aesir. If you don't mind, His Majesty Thalos Paulson welcomes all giants to join us. He himself has half-giant lineage."

Hela was nothing if not gracious. But some giants were just stubborn idiots who preferred picking fights.

"Hmph! Get lost! That's my meat pot—what'll I eat with if you take it?!"

Hela's pleasant expression was already starting to crack.

Then—an unexpected voice exploded the atmosphere.

"GODS! GODS! I HATE THOSE FILTHY GODS MOST OF ALL!"

A piercing scream that shook the air heralded the arrival of a mountain of heads.

So huge. So disgusting.

At first, Hela had thought Odin's tale of a 900-headed monster was just more of his usual exaggeration.

But it was true.

In the distance stood a towering corn cob thirty stories high.

Only, each "kernel" was a head—a human or giant head, some with long snake-like necks, others with full torsos clutching weapons.

No verification needed—this monstrosity was clearly born of chaos's corruption.

Hymir hadn't even decided whether to fight yet, but his mother had already snapped. Screaming with rage, she wielded two massive clubs—each bigger than Hymir himself—and charged toward Hela with terrifying strides.

"Wait! Mother, that's—"

"DIE, AESIR GOD!!" the old crone shrieked.

"Oh? So that's a declaration of war then." Hela's face showed not a trace of fear. Instead, a battle-hungry aura erupted from her.

Hymir could only gape in shock as the gentle, refined goddess suddenly transformed into a terrifying creature—half radiant deity, half corpse.

Precisely because one half was so beautiful, the contrast made the other half even more ghastly.

"Huff huff! Hahahaha! Kekekekeh!"

Wild laughter rang out in all directions.

She wasn't pretending anymore.