

## Thalos 108

### Chapter 108: "Borrowing" Is So Tacky—It's a Gift!

She dropped the act. She laid her cards on the table.

All the politeness and patience Hela had just displayed seemed designed for this very moment of explosive release.

Hymir froze on the spot like he'd been struck by lightning, shock and fear written clearly in his emerald-green eyes.

Originally, with his monstrous mother charging in, Hymir—as her son—should have picked up his weapon and followed her into battle.

But a single glance from Hela changed his mind. That corpse-eye of hers was brimming with disdain, silently stating: "Surrender, or die with your mother."

And that wasn't just Hela's message. On the other side, Hrungrir—the strongest giant on the surface—stood holding a massive metal battle axe, watching his fellow giant with amusement. He was hoping Hymir would make a move—any excuse to earn himself some military credit in the Aesir.

The pressure was overwhelming. Hymir wasn't just frozen like a log; he instinctively spread his arms to shield the handful of mediocre warriors behind him, along with his beautiful wife and daughters, as he watched helplessly while his ferocious monster of a mother charged forward.

Honestly, for a creature whose size rivaled that of the primordial giant Ymir, and whose appearance was even more grotesque, anyone would've been terrified.

In terms of raw combat power, she might've been on par with Ymir.

But unfortunately, times had changed!

Her opponent was no longer the primitive, bloodthirsty Aesir gods of old, but a full-fledged death goddess wielding the power of an entire realm.

With a flick of her hand, a longsword wreathed in eerie green-blue flames suddenly appeared at the center of everyone's vision.

The [Sword of Helheim] had arrived!

A shroud of gray death energy enveloped the battlefield in an instant. Within that pulsating dark light, flames of death seemed to flash across Hela's elegant gown. In the blink of an eye, a suit of shadowy armor emitting strange phosphorescence appeared over her beautiful evening dress.

The next moment, Hela raised the death god's sword and pointed it at the 900-headed monster giantess. A bone-chilling death vortex surged toward the old hag.

There were still 500 meters between them, but Hymir could already hear his monstrous mother let out a blood-curdling scream.

For this old creature, elemental attacks of earth, water, fire, or wind could all be partially mitigated by her chaotic energy.

But Hela was using the soul element. The power of [Death] didn't distinguish between Order and Chaos.

In essence, [Death] equaled true damage.

The heads on the giantess's swollen belly—those closest to the incoming death aura—instantly withered as their flesh was drained.

Their skin cracked and dried, muscles stiffened, brain matter shriveled, and even the eyeballs of those heads visibly shrank.

"What is this?!" the monster shrieked, halting like she'd been electrocuted and trying to backpedal—but it was too late.

A hundred or more of the heads and half-bodies on her abdomen had already decayed into skeletal husks.

The aura of death kept spreading across her grotesque form.

"Aah! Aah—aaah—what have you done to me, you monster?!" the old hag howled in panic.

"Monster?" That word touched a nerve in Hela. With a thought, her hellhound Garmr lunged forward in a flash, tackling the giantess to the ground and pinning both her arms under its massive claws.

Hela leapt lightly onto the topmost, largest head on the giantess's body—and drove her sword straight into its forehead.

"Schlick!"

The blade, two meters long, suddenly turned semi-transparent and passed effortlessly into the monster's brow.

In physical terms, the strike didn't penetrate.

But on a soul level—it was the final blow!

Hela clearly sensed she wasn't conquering a single enormous soul, but rather a chaotic amalgamation of countless souls and twisted malice.

The next second, torrents of chaotic energy exploded from the giantess's body.

But before it could spread, the orderly force of death immediately seized it and began purifying it in another form.

The monstrous body began to shrink—but not too much. Once reduced to about 80 meters tall, it stabilized.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes! To the underworld, the dead must return!" Hela transformed back into her sweet-faced goddess form and gave a gentle smile. "Alright, from now on, you're my subordinate—Simira!"

She called out the name of the strongest will among the 900 souls.

From this moment on, the underworld had gained a powerful new enforcer.

Off to the side, the giant Hymir was dumbstruck.

His mother charged, and Hela... annihilated her in seconds.

It all happened so fast that Hymir hadn't even had time to reconsider—his monstrous mother was already gone.

The sight left his whole family stunned.

Before they could respond, Hela approached, riding atop her hellhound—which was taller than Hymir himself.

"Grrrrr..." Garmr bared its teeth and let out a low, threatening growl. Just that warning sound alone made Hymir's family feel as if thunder was rumbling endlessly in their ears.

Standing high on her mount, Hela looked down at these oversized lambs awaiting slaughter.  
"Surrender... or die. Oh, I forgot—even if you die, you'll still surrender. All the dead in this world answer to me."

"We surrender... no, no, we never even fought. We're happy to join the Aesir!" the brutal-looking giant quickly clarified with a crafty grin.

Truth be told, Hela had been fully prepared to kill the dozen or so giants as well.

She could've just claimed that Hymir was complicit with his mother—and wiped them all out.

Just then, she suddenly recalled what her father Loki had told her: "No need for bloodshed, just get the pot."

A shiver ran down Hela's spine.

She didn't know Loki's true intentions behind those words, but she knew her father had done a lot—just to ensure she and Jörmungandr could survive.

Whether out of filial piety or genuine respect, Hela ultimately nodded at Hymir. "So about that pot..."

Sensing the sudden reprieve, Hymir immediately caved. "Borrow it? Sure! Of course you can borrow it!"

His wife Hel—or rather, Little Hel—hurriedly pulled him back and said, "Tch! Borrowing sounds so tacky. Let's gift it to His Majesty the God-King as a congratulatory present."

"How generous of you," Hela said with mock modesty.

"No worries! It's our honor, truly!" the female giant replied, grinning broadly.

Hymir looked nervous. "But if we give away the pot... what do we use to cook meat?"

Little Hel tugged his arm and whispered at a totally unwhisper-like 80 decibels, "Didn't your mother just die? Use hers!"

And so it was that, in the process of "borrowing" a pot, they lost a monstrous mother and pledged allegiance to the Aesir. Whether Hymir's family gained or lost in this deal—it was hard to say.

Regardless, Hela came back with the pot—elegantly and efficiently.

And she didn't even cause that much bloodshed. The whole thing took less than an hour.

Thalos was genuinely surprised by the outcome, and could only sigh: Clearly, "History," that little vixen, had been messed with by him so thoroughly that she was now completely off-script.