

Thalos 112

Chapter 112

Look at her! Just look at her!

Hela was only eight years old and already this clever!

Compared to her, Thor wanted nothing more than to bash his own two dimwitted children—Modi and Thrud—into the floor.

One was the God of Courage, the other of Strength, and together they were like the perfect golden duo of "No Brain" and "Perpetual Pout."

Suddenly, Thor understood the painstaking efforts his father Thalos had put into raising him.

Surely, this was exactly how frustrated his father must have felt back when he was the reckless one.

Thor rubbed his temples. "Hela, great idea. Let's do it."

Thor may have liked to charge in headfirst, solving everything with brute force, but that didn't mean he lacked the wisdom to recognize a good plan when he saw one.

His decisive approval made Hela quietly breathe a sigh of relief.

Half a day later, Solim—the lecherous old giant—was thrilled when one of his underlings came running with news.

"Freyja! It's really Freyja!" he shouted from the second-story terrace of his house.

There, he saw Thor riding his beloved goat-drawn chariot. On the backseat sat a goddess of irresistible allure.

Solim recognized her immediately—the goddess he had long lusted after.

Dressed in a gold-trimmed gown, her curvaceous figure and captivating beauty were enough to make gods and giants alike fall head over heels. Her ample chest and seductive aura only added to her stunning charm.

Solim was practically drooling.

She held a dainty parasol, her face as frosty as her mood. Clearly, she wasn't happy to be there.

But that didn't matter to Solim.

He thought that if he could just kiss the goddess, he'd die a happy man.

He hurriedly ordered his giants to open the gates so Thor's chariot could enter.

The welcome party was an absolute mess—filthy, ugly giants running around trying to organize a wedding.

Everything about it screamed farce.

Thor brought the chariot to a stop and, with a scowl barely contained, barked at Solim, "I brought Freyja, as promised. Where's my hammer?"

Solim, still drooling, muttered, "Why the rush? Once the wedding's done, you'll get your little hammer back."

Veins bulged in Thor's neck and arms.

If it weren't for Thalos's orders, he would've already pulverized this guy.

Meanwhile, the goddess "Freyja" sat in the chariot, her expression frigid and her gaze dripping with undisguised disgust.

Solim didn't care. He didn't want Freyja's heart—just her body.

Most male giants were like this—primitive, lust-driven creatures ruled by impulse.

The grand feast began.

Thor had to admit: as awful as Solim's taste was in women and manners, the food at his house was legitimately delicious. A mountain of wild delicacies, served in obscene abundance.

The best ingredients required the simplest preparation to create transcendent flavors.

Thor didn't hold back—he dove right in.

A famously massive eater even among the gods, Thor devoured food like a whirlwind.

One bite, and all that remained of an ox leg was a clean bone. Smaller bones were crushed effortlessly and swallowed like cartilage.

He alone consumed the equivalent of eight gods' portions, channeling all his rage into his appetite—as if trying to bankrupt Solim through sheer hunger.

Fortunately for Solim, his pantry was stocked for a giant of his own size, or Thor might've gone unfed.

At last, once his stomach was full—

Thor wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and growled, "The wedding's over. Time to return my hammer, you bastard."

"Sure, sure!" Solim turned and headed inside. When he reemerged, he was holding Mjölnir.

At that moment, the tone-deaf band of giant musicians reached their crescendo.

Whether they played well or not didn't matter—the volume certainly matched the occasion.

As the crowd jeered, chanting "Kiss her! Kiss her!"

Solim eagerly lumbered toward Freyja, who, next to his massive frame, looked dainty.

"My love," he murmured, "you wouldn't want me to get rough and hurt you, would you? I know you Aesir gods can grow. Go on, transform for me."

Freyja smiled mysteriously. "Well then... make sure you look closely."

A normal dress would've torn to shreds during such a transformation, but her magical outfit expanded effortlessly.

Freyja grew to a height of 20 meters—perfectly matching Solim's size.

Solim was overjoyed. He pouted his disgusting, foul-smelling mouth—reeking like an open sewer—and leaned in.

Then came the unexpectedly expected moment.

Just as his lips neared hers, and her flawless, enchanting face drew closer...

That lovely face suddenly twisted into a horror show.

No skin.

Withered muscle.

No eyelids—just a dead, sunken eye locked on his soul.

"AAAAHHHHHHH—!!"

Solim shrieked in terror.

He didn't just scream—he peeled himself, then collapsed onto the floor in pure, abject horror.

What seduction? What goddess?

All of it vanished in an instant.

How had the beautiful Freyja turned into a grotesque, corpse-like ghost?!

Worse—this horrific vision was inching closer, her dead eye fixed on him, her voice a chilling whisper:

"Hehehe... You said you liked me, didn't you?

Then come on—kiss me."

The flirtatious tone, combined with a face horrific enough to scare even giants to death, created a stomach-turning contrast.

"AAHHHHH—"

Solim scrambled backward, dragging a long yellow-white streak across the floor behind him.

Even Hela, who had seen her fair share of ghosts and ghouls in Helheim, found the sight disgusting.

She'd vented her rage, but Thor hadn't had his chance yet.

Then came the lightning.

Flashes of thunder and violent electric crackles lit the room—reminding Solim that he wasn't alone.

Thor's face was grim, eyes filled with killing intent.

He marched forward, murder in his stride.

"Protect me, To—Togo?" Solim cried out to his monstrous hound.

But it was too late.

The massive beast leapt... and got hammered mid-air.

BOOM!

Mjölnir struck with a deafening crack.

The dog's head spun like a top, its whole body crashing down, dazed and unmoving.

Thor sneered, "Don't worry. I'll eat it clean and send it down to keep you company."

"No! Don't do that to him!"

"Heh. Take a guess—do you think I'll kill you?"

"No! I just... I just stole your hammer, that's all! Do you have to go this far?!"

Thor could only stare at this utter lack of awareness.

Typical giant logic.