

## Thalos 122

Chapter 122: The New Goddess Queen Is...

Thalos' arrangement for the duel was also exceptionally fair.

All hybrids were forbidden from participating!

That meant Thor, the widely recognized new-generation powerhouse of the Aesir, was ineligible. Thalos' two sons, Balder and Heimdall, who leaned more toward the Aesir side, were likewise excluded.

This directly avoided the possibility of brother fighting brother, or even bloodshed.

Thalos pulled this move, and the pure-blooded Aesir were stunned on the spot.

Might makes right, sure—but the problem was, the pure-blooded Aesir apparently didn't have the bigger fists!

Their faces went pale in an instant.

Involuntarily, they cast blaming glances at Frigg—this was all her fault. If only she could have bewitched the God-King completely, none of this mess would've happened.

Frigg was bitter too!

She couldn't understand it. Why couldn't her noble, beautiful, and graceful demeanor win over a God-King who came from a barbaric background?

She offered sweetness, but got cannonballs in return.

And now they had to compete with giants in hand-to-hand combat for the seat of Goddess Queen?

If Freyja ended up with it, Frigg would never accept it.

But alas, Freyja's father's head was still hanging on a sword as a decorative carving—it was never going to be her turn.

To be fair, the pure-blooded Aesir side did have some capable "generals."

That's how this world works: just because an enemy looks formidable doesn't mean they really are.

But as comrades, no one would ever go full-force in a friendly fight.

This duel, however, was the kind where—if not to the death—blood would definitely be drawn.

No room for sloppiness.

Thalos and his sons stood together, watching the noisy scene of both sides selecting their champions with a detached and regal air.

Thor, speaking "quietly" at about 80 decibels, muttered, "Thank goodness I'm not one of the picks."

Thalos replied, "This has nothing to do with you! If it weren't for that enemy's incitement, this whole mess wouldn't even exist."

"Who is that enemy?" Thor asked cluelessly.

"Someone I don't want to become my enemy. But some things—just because I want to stop, doesn't mean I can." Thalos showed an expression of helplessness so sincere that even his sons were stunned.

Wait a minute... that enemy sounds like someone from within the family?

Down below, after a round of heated debate, both sides finally chose their fighters. With a glance, Thalos could already tell—the giants had this in the bag.

Vanguard: The strongest giant on the surface, Hrungrir.

Center: [Goddess of the North Wind] Skadi.

Final: [Goddess of Death] Hela!

As for the pure-blooded Aesir side:

Vanguard: Road God A!

Center: Road God B!

Final: [God of the Bow] Ullr!

To be honest, Thalor thought that purely from a competitive standpoint, if they had swapped out Road God A or B for someone like Frigg, it would've made for a more interesting show.

But there was no way Frigg would personally enter the ring. If she stepped in herself, it would be undignified.

On the other hand, Skadi didn't care about appearances in the slightest—she saw nothing wrong with jumping into the fray.

However, this grand duel that would determine the fate of the Aesir soon turned into a one-sided massacre.

Hrungnir, being the strongest giant on the surface, was a being that even Odin and his two sons had trouble subduing.

With a brutally simple charge, the skyscraper-sized titan moved several times faster than expected.

The visual impact he delivered to his Aesir opponent—basically a side character—was beyond terrifying.

In the blink of an eye, the distance closed, and it was like an entire building came crashing down onto him.

The Aesir warrior had grown in size, sure, but his natural limit was only about 18 meters tall. That might suffice against an average giant, but against Hrungnir, it was like a child fighting an adult.

The poor guy barely had time to react. He clumsily tried to raise his weapon and even managed to cast a decently powerful magical arrow.

But Hrungrir, with his unimaginably tough metallic flesh, simply tanked the hit. The elemental brilliance flashed on his body like a mediocre firework.

Then came the violence.

Hrungrir wielded a flint club—half-divine in nature—and combined with his terrifying strength, the blow wasn't quite earth-shattering but was definitely ground-splitting.

The club came down, and if the Aesir warrior hadn't tilted his head at the last second, he would've been finished on the spot. As it was, his left shoulder was pulverized.

In the second bout, even though the opposing Aesir tried to plan strategically, he was still brutally swatted aside by Hrungrir.

The pure-blooded Aesir gods were turning green.

This meant that unless the Bow God Ullr could pull off a three-on-one miracle, they were basically doomed.

Before the third match began, Loki darted around like mad, offering advice to Hrungrir.

"Hrungrir! Ullr's bow is vicious—he can shoot you in the ear or the eyeball from an angle you'd never expect. That's one of your few weak spots."

"So what should I do?"

"Are you any good at blind fighting?"

"Pretty decent! I can fight by instinct in the dark."

"Then wear this!" Loki dramatically pulled out a massive iron bucket—originally used by dwarves to hold molten metal.

Ignoring the fact that this thing offered zero visibility, it basically functioned like a classic full-faced helmet.

Loki didn't stop there—he even wrapped Hrungrir's neck with thick iron chains. The setup was basically a giant-sized chainmail collar.

When the match started, Ullr—fully aware of Hrungrir's steel-like body—fired only one probing shot. It was incredibly precise, looping mid-air and striking from behind Hrungrir's left shoulder, aimed at his relatively vulnerable throat.

Unfortunately for him, the chains stopped the arrow cold.

That would be Ullr's only opportunity to attack.

Having gauged Ullr's position, Hrungrir charged in. Using his invincible steel frame, he physically overwhelmed Ullr in melee combat.

The poor Bow God ended up breaking five ribs during the duel...

The moment the results were announced, all the pure-blooded Aesir were dumbfounded.

"A three-on-one! He actually pulled off a three-on-one!"

"Is there really that big a gap in strength?"

The outcome was so brutal that they didn't even dare imagine how powerful Skadi and Hela—who hadn't even fought—must be.

Both of them had confirmed battle achievements.

Skadi had downed a goddess of Yangbo. And Hela had killed Lan.



The pure-blooded Aesir gods hung their heads in dejection. No matter what, they had to accept this defeat and didn't even dare utter a single word of complaint.

The giant side, of course, erupted in celebration—rejoicing in this glorious victory for the giants.

This is what it means when might makes right!

Thalos stood from the God-King's throne. Under countless expectant gazes, he struck while the iron was hot and announced the Goddess Queen.

"I declare! The goddess queen I have chosen is... Jörð!"

Jörð!

A classic female giant.

Sounded totally reasonable.

Thalos had fulfilled his promise.

The problem was... ten years ago, Jörð had returned to Jotunheim and died in battle during a conflict with rebel giants.