

Thalos 134

Chapter 134

To be honest, rewind time just a little—if the Aesir gods and the giants were told to charge straight into battle with those chaotic monstrosities, there'd definitely have been uncertainty in their hearts. The real problem was those three massive flying beasts.

Among all the Aesir, there were only a handful who could actually fly. Even the most famous of them, Thor, wasn't exactly a master of aerial combat.

Those three feathered beasts darted up and down in the sky, often covering one another and swooping down with deadly claws. Don't be fooled by how they'd just been messing around and even quarreling amongst themselves while toying with Sköll—if the Aesir had stepped up in their place, the result likely wouldn't have been much different.

The Aesir were completely at a disadvantage. Who wouldn't panic facing such a battle?

But now, all was well. Their God-King had proven once again to be overwhelmingly powerful—he suppressed all three flying monstrosities in an instant, pinning them to the ground.

And if it came to ground combat, the Aesir and giants were far from helpless. At least they had rich experience in land warfare and a chance at surrounding and killing these beasts.

More importantly, they didn't have to carry the burden alone!

Just like in the epic Edda, it was the World Serpent Jörmungandr who struck first. What was intriguing was that in this lifetime, the serpent stood with Order.

Sensing where the eagle and two dragons had fallen, it didn't go after the more troublesome corrupted dragons, Fafnir or Nidhogg. It chose as its opponent the giant eagle Veðrfölnir.

In fact, as Jörmungandr approached, the earth had already begun to behave abnormally. On the previously flat plains, enormous mounds began rising one after another. Even an idiot would have realized that something massive and terrifying was approaching from underground.

Everyone knows that when an eagle's on the ground, even if it's not being restrained, its movement becomes awkward and bouncy—almost laughable to watch.

It's not that an eagle has no combat power on land, but at least eighty percent of its strength is gone! Aside from pecking with its beak, its sharp talons can't even rise high enough to be used effectively. Compared to a dragon whose entire body is a weapon, even the much larger Veðrfölnir saw its combat ability plummet.

Veðrfölnir was terrified, but the Sky, disgusted by the chaotic power within it, refused to give it even a sliver of lift, no matter how violently it flapped its wings.

Honestly, this scene defied aerodynamics. But then again, the laws of this world had all been set by Thalos back in the day!

The [Seal] technique—terrifying beyond measure!

And so, with the serpent closing in from below, Veðrfölnir, just as the rising ground was about to make contact with its body, lashed out with a massive claw in a lightning-fast strike.

That claw was enormous!

If the mound had been a small human town, it would have been shredded to pieces in an instant.

But the serpent, having anticipated everything, executed a masterful end-turn—twisting at a sharp right angle—causing the giant eagle's terrifying swipe to grab nothing but a huge clump of surface soil.

Seizing this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, Jörmungandr lunged from behind and bit down hard into the back of Veðrfölnir's neck.

Pain!

And then—numbness.

That rapid transition terrified Veðrfölnir even more.

Because snakes are venomous!

It struggled to twist its neck and peck at the serpent, but its body structure betrayed it—the bite was too close to its head, leaving almost no room for it to maneuver.

Worse still, those sharp talons, capable of shredding anything, were utterly useless.

The moment the bite landed, Jörmungandr's massive body coiled tightly around Veðrfölnir's ankles. The eagle's claws reflexively opened and closed multiple times—but caught nothing but air.

Even its wings, powerful enough to shatter mountains, were bound tightly by the serpent's coils. All they could do was twitch and spasm in tiny, restricted arcs.

Little did it know—this kind of close-quarters wrestling was exactly the favored combat style of all large constrictor snakes.

And Jörmungandr? It was both venomous and a constrictor!

To ensure total victory, it even tried to drag Veðrfölnir into the hole it had emerged from. Though not entirely feasible, half of the eagle's body was already buried below the horizon.

Their brutal struggle had created a massive crater in the earth.

If another monster had jumped in to help at that moment, maybe Veðrfölnir could've survived.

But chaos was chaos.

Even if they shared a common enemy in Order, it didn't mean they'd die to save their comrades.

From the perspective of the Order Coalition, not a single creature approached the savage brawl taking place on the left flank of the battlefield.

On the right, driven by Hela's death magic, the hellhound Garm suddenly grew larger—within a few breaths, it was roughly the same size as the sun-chasing demon wolf Sköll.

And so, the two beasts—wolf and hound—launched into a frenzied brawl on the vast plains, their movements swift and their destruction immense.

Thankfully, the battlefield was a frozen tundra. Had it been a city teeming with mortals, their clash would've destroyed half of it in moments. Decades of human construction would've been reduced to less than rubble—obliterated like toy blocks.

Jörmungandr and Garm were the only two beasts the Aesir could field.

Watching Garm fight Sköll, Loki couldn't help but feel a pang in his heart. "That kid is such a fool, actually trusting that bastard Odin! If I had a chance to talk him down, maybe I could've brought Sköll back to the right path!"

The ones listening were his three children—not including his grandson, Sköll.

After all, Sköll had the blood feud of patricide and fratricide hanging over him. With a mind as simple and ferocious as his, the sun-chasing wolf couldn't possibly understand why his "grandfather" would so pathetically continue serving his enemies.

No one paid Loki any mind!

His terrible reputation was plain for all to see.

If it weren't for Thalos openly and secretly supporting Loki over the years—even publicly suppressing the pure-blooded Aesir, making people believe the God-King was using Loki to discipline the Aesir—then no one would've been surprised if Loki ended up stabbed by someone mid-battle.

In truth, anyone with eyes could see: Loki had managed to bring over two extremely powerful children—Hela and Jörmungandr—to support the Aesir. His contributions after the war would be undeniable.

With no more beasts left on the Aesir's side, only the gods themselves could step forward.

Thor, in this lifetime, had never had the chance to become mortal enemies with Jörmungandr—but judging by his personality, he probably just had a grudge against all large beasts.

His chosen opponent was naturally the corrupted dragon Fafnir, whom he had failed to defeat in Svartalfheim.

Seeing Fafnir grounded and unable to fly, Thor burst into hearty laughter as he charged forward.

"Hahaha! Bastard! Let's see you try flying away now!"

He started with a full-power attack—as a sign of respect!

Given how domineering his father Thalos' divine authority over the [Sky] was, Thor had no qualms borrowing from it.

He raised his hand, and storm clouds large enough to blanket an entire human city rumbled ominously. Thunder roared, and lightning surged, converging toward the mighty hammer in his hand.

P.S. This is a makeup chapter—wait, no! Not a makeup chapter!!!

My goal has always been a minimum of two 4k chapters per day. Anything extra is just a bonus when I can manage it.

I did promise to hit 10k daily for a good stretch and have been working hard toward that. But the sudden drop in temperature these past two days gave me a slight cold. My writing speed and stamina have been a bit off. Apologies.

Uh, there'll still be two more chapters before midnight tonight. After midnight—don't wait up.