

Thalos 135

Chapter 135: Duel to the Death

Fafnir was in utter disarray.

Under normal circumstances, it had a hundred ways to tear Thor apart. The difference in their aerial combat ability wasn't even in the same league. As a flying dragon, it could utterly dominate Thor.

Back in Svartalfheim, if it hadn't been for the low ceilings of that underground world, it would've turned the tables on him.

But this time, things were even worse.

Thalos, the God of Sky, was far too overbearing. He had directly banned flight, which meant there was no longer any lift in the air at all. Even Fafnir's vaunted draconic flight-enhancing magic was rendered completely useless.

Seeing what happened to the giant eagle Veðrfölnir was all the warning Fafnir needed. It knew very well that letting the highly dangerous thunder god Thor get close was extremely disadvantageous.

So it struck first!

Even half a second of hesitation would have been an insult to the thunder god!

Its long neck whipped forward, and from deep within its chest, a violent cone of scarlet flame erupted.

That long-range, wide-sweeping breath attack could easily devastate several blocks of a human city.

Thor didn't take it head-on. Swinging Mjölnir, he drew his comparatively tiny body into a wide arc through the air. Even though Fafnir tried to track Thor's movement with its neck, the breath always lagged just a moment behind, as if it were intentionally painting a grand, fiery trail behind the god's flight.

But all breath must end eventually. The immense force contained in it caused residual fire to spread across the land, carried further by the icy mists of the Fimbulwinter.

Still, a miss is a miss!

Whoever wastes their ultimate move first pays the price.

Thor, trailing in the crackling brilliance of lightning, zipped in close. At the final moment, he executed a beautiful Z-shaped maneuver to dodge a sweeping blow from Fafnir's wing and finally struck.

BOOM!

Thor, already second only to the mighty Manni in raw divine strength, now added a tremendous charge of thunder power to the mix. The attack's force was pushed to the absolute limit.

His hammer crashed into Fafnir's chest. Aside from the explosion of lightning, the true horror came from the sheer impact.

With the strength of a primordial giant and a body tougher than most Aesir, Thor's destructive force wasn't far off from a plummeting comet.

Fafnir let out a blood-curdling scream as its entire massive body was sent hurtling backward. It carved a deep, jagged trench through the icy ground, flinging layers of earth aside like shattered waves.

Even more visually shocking was the wound on Fafnir's chest—a grotesque dent large enough to fit a small seafaring vessel. Its once-impenetrable scales had exploded on impact, fragmenting and embedding themselves deep into its own flesh.

Could this really have been done by a god barely a few meters tall?

It was more like the handiwork of a hundred-meter-tall primordial giant!

Strike while it's down—take its life.

Thor mercilessly launched into pursuit.

But Thor was too impatient. He underestimated how ferocious a wounded corrupted dragon could be. Focused entirely on finishing the fight, he was caught off guard when Fafnir's tail exploded outward with shocking speed and smacked him hard.

"Son of a—!" Thor only managed to curse halfway before being sent flying by the tail strike. He tumbled dozens of meters through the air, then crashed down and rolled across the ground a dozen more times before stabilizing.

No sooner had he landed than another half-baked breath attack came roaring toward him.

Though Thor barely managed to dodge, the explosive shockwave still blasted him off his feet again, sending him into yet more rolling somersaults.

"Come on!" Thor's hair was scorched in a few places, which only fired up his fighting spirit even more.

In the next second, his divine body rebounded like a compressed spring and launched himself back into battle with Fafnir.

This was Thor.

The toughest, most damage-resistant god of them all.

His physical durability was maxed out, and elemental attacks barely fazed him. The only thing that could truly threaten him was poison.

And wouldn't you know it?

Fafnir wasn't poisonous!

While Thor fought Fafnir, the poisonous dragon Nidhogg faced off against the brothers Tyr and Víðarr, the God of War and the God of Forests.

In the epics, Tyr had sacrificed one of his arms to deceive Fenrir into accepting a divine chain, drastically lowering his combat power and eventually leading to his heroic death during Ragnarök.

But in this lifetime, Tyr was whole and uninjured.

At his peak, Tyr was on par with Thor in power—and now, he had the help of Víðarr, who in the epics successfully ascended and personally slew Fenrir.

Nidhogg's putrid, deathly breath was fearsome, but Víðarr's summoned furious sea of trees held it at bay.

His [Indestructible Power of Nature] was terrifying. Every time Nidhogg released poisonous mists strong enough to instantly kill a living mortal, Víðarr conjured towering tree walls to block it.

These rapidly-grown trees reached thirty meters tall in mere seconds. Even a mundane plant like windgrass, under divine power, shot up to five meters, forming a solid natural barricade.

Though these trees withered instantly upon contact with Nidhogg's breath—bark cracking and disintegrating to dust—they did their job: absorbing the poison and buying Tyr the chance to strike.

Every time Nidhogg exhausted a move, Tyr would suddenly emerge from the dying forest and carve a deep, soul-searing scar into the dragon's body.

With all four great beasts now engaged in battle, the next phase was obvious: king versus king, general versus general.

This time, there was no Surtr. Leading the fire giants was an unknown warrior absent from the original epics: Magla. Facing him were Freyr, wielder of the [Sword of Victory], and his sister Freyja.

Freyr, at full power, needed no introduction. Every swing of his sword raised a sea of light, dousing the flames on Magla's body. Freyja, as if reverting to a past self, donned her long-lost battle armor and wielded a divine sword to fend off elite fire giants threatening her brother's position.

Around them, swarms of airborne light spirits fired piercing light arrows, keeping the fire giants from reaching the central battlefield.

Elsewhere, Ullr, the god of the bow, was harvesting frost giants with ruthless efficiency. His overwhelming firepower eventually drew the attention of Frim, the king of the frost giants, who had just awoken from the glaciers.

Riding his floating dolphin mount, Frim nearly teleported behind Ullr in an instant.

Barring a miracle, Ullr would meet the same fate he did in the epic Edda—killed beneath Frim's massive spiked club.