

Thalos 136

Chapter 136: Did You Get Something Wrong?

In a hair's breadth of time, [Böltsteel] thrust between them with a resonant clang, deflecting the massive weapon that outweighed it many times over.

Only then did Ullr realize he'd been ambushed—it was Heimdall who saved him.

"Thanks!"

"No need, brother!" The white Aesir god grinned, flashing his signature mouthful of dazzling golden teeth.

In the epics, Heimdall had pursued Loki to the ends of the world. In this life, with no worthy opponent, he simply teamed up with Ullr—one at range, the other close-up—to pin down the frost giant king Frim.

Farther off, the strongest giant on the surface, Hrungrir, led a unit of Aesir-allied giants—a mixed force of frost and mountain giants—forming a towering wall of flesh that held off the charge from the chaos-aligned frost and fire giants.

Meanwhile, the Valkyries and divine attendants were locked in brutal combat with the wolf packs.

...

Thalos drew his gaze back to the near field.

Ever since Odin turned traitor and joined Chaos, he had shamelessly taken the Winter divinity with him. Skadi, now fully transformed into the Queen of Winter, commanded packs of frost wolves to savage the Chaos-corrupted god of vengeance, Váli.

The Light God Baldur, determined to win glory, had—almost fatefully—matched against the Dark God Höðr, who in the original epics would have been his own younger brother.

Light clashed with shadow. Blow for blow, they fought to a standstill!

Thalos clicked his tongue. After years of meticulous cultivation, he realized that the Aesir of this age had more than enough firepower to handle Ragnarök. Even Frigg—who was fairly formidable herself—had gone off to bully some of Fenrir's descendants.

When Odin finally saw Thalos turn his gaze upon him, the feeling of humiliation surged once more in his chest.

"Thalos, do you really think I'll let you get away with standing idle on the battlefield?"

"Oh, my foolish brother... have I scolded you so many times that you've truly become that stupid?"
Thalos' smile was like a whip, lashing at Odin's pride with every word: "Let me teach you something—

true victory is decided before the battle even begins. To think that you could win just by throwing yourself into the fight? How idiotic."

Every word stabbed deeper than the last.

This high-handed, all-knowing attitude of Thalos' had always enraged Odin. He exploded, "You're the fool! You have no idea how terrifying this Chaos army really is!"

"No! I do! I know it intimately!" Thalos' gaze turned frigid. "Every move you've made, every card you've played, has been within my expectations. On what grounds do you think you can beat me?"

At that moment, Thalos' steed, the divine horse Asgard, snorted loudly—a sound that might as well have been a sneer.

Rebellion!

Even a horse dares laugh at me now?

Odin's face turned crimson with fury.

"No! Impossible! Absolutely not! You're bluffing!" Odin's eight-legged steed stirred uneasily beneath him.

Thalos' venomous tongue twisted deeper like knives: "Heh! Then tell me, with all your so-called cunning, which of your precious beasts and giants have gained the upper hand?"

Indeed, in Odin's imagination, this horde of legendary monsters should have swept the field like a storm. Instead, forget domination—just not losing was already a struggle.

On every front, Chaos forces were locked in stalemates.

Some were even losing ground—like the corrupted dragon Fafnir.

Odin refused to accept it. To do so would invalidate all his efforts. His face darkened. "I only need to kill you, Thalos!"

Thalos laughed even louder. "My foolish brother! Isn't that exactly the condition I gave you before? Defeat me in single combat, and the God-King's throne is yours."

"No! It's different now! The Nine Worlds are in chaos! Your power must be weakened!"

A mysterious, threatening edge crept into Thalos' smile. "Who told you... that all my power comes from these nine swords? Did you forget? Before I ever wielded the [Swords of the Nine Realms], I was already a God-King who ripped two Primordial Giants apart with my bare hands!"

It had been so long.

So very long.

Thalos fighting without swords—one had to look back to before the world of Ginnungagap was reshaped.

A memory long buried—even by Odin—surfaced.

Yes... his older brother had always been a genius at elemental control. Even when slaying the fire giant progenitor Surtr, Thalos could manipulate the forces of heaven and earth in ways that defied imagination.

It wasn't the [Nine Swords] that made Thalos great.

It was Thalos who made the [Nine Swords] famous.

Odin had... gotten everything backwards.

"AAAHHH! IMPOSSIBLE!" Odin finally cracked. His long, powerful right arm lifted high—he was clearly preparing to hurl [Gungnir].

But Thalos moved first.

Just as Odin instinctively focused all eight of his eyes—and those of his eight-legged steed—on Thalos' swords, the God-King, still mounted, threw a punch into the air.

It looked... almost comical. A simple, textbook straight punch.

But when that punch-shaped air blast shot across the battlefield, every muscle in Odin's face froze.

The divine authority of [Sky] was still active!

Under Thalos' will, the frenzied air condensed into a solid mass—harder than steel, almost beyond the laws of physics. A semi-transparent fist of air erupted forward at hypersonic speed.

All Odin could do... was watch.

With his remaining eye—the only one left.

He watched as the air-fist crossed the void...

And smashed directly into the socket that should have been empty.

BLOP—

Six plus one—seven total Chaos Eyes—burst in an instant like overripe berries.

"AAARGH!" Odin screamed. He couldn't even stay on his mount. His left hand instinctively clutched the bloody remains of his eye socket as he was hurled backward, tumbling for over a hundred meters before landing heavily on his rear.

The added impact of his heavy body cratered the ground with jagged fractures.

For a moment, Odin even forgot to throw his [Gungnir].

It wasn't until the thud of his fall drew mocking laughter from some unknown giant in the Chaos ranks that he forced himself upright, throwing the spear belatedly in an attempt to save face.

The spear shot out like a meteor!

No matter the time or place, the casting of this Eternal Spear was always a beautiful sight.

Just as Odin imagined, halfway through its flight, space around the weapon distorted bizarrely. Though still only eight meters long, the divine spear vanished midair...

And reappeared with its point nearly touching Thalos' chestplate.

Odin's heart screamed: Strike him! Kill him! Pierce Thalos through!

This had become his obsession.

But the spear that had once skewered frost giants by the dozen...

Seemed powerless against Thalos.

Thalos' left hand casually reached out—nothing fancy—and caught the spear by the shaft just below the tip.

And stopped it dead.

"What... what?!" Odin's remaining eye widened in disbelief.

"Oh, my foolish brother, I forgot to mention—this world's space? Yeah, I designed it." Thalos' mocking voice struck like a hammer, freezing Odin's soul. "Trying to attack me with [space] magic? In a system I built myself? Did you get something wrong, maybe?"

And with those words, Odin's heart plunged into a hell colder than even Jotunheim.