

Thalos 137

Chapter 137: Could You Please Do That Again?

Living under the same sky, most beings rarely feel the urge to question how high the sky is, or how vast the land beneath their feet truly stretches.

They take it all for granted.

Never considering the implications behind the height of the sky, or the breadth of the land.

Without Thalos, if Odin had been left unchecked to tinker with the Ginnungagap World, its overall volume would be at least half of what it is now.

And within this enormous world, what defines a meter in length, or a square meter in area? What sort of air fills seemingly empty space? Every element of it hides behind vast systems of physical principles—or more precisely, laws.

It was Thalos who filled them in.

Ignorant of the truth, Odin and Vili always assumed these things were natural.

But they didn't realize: when Thalos said he designed space itself—he meant it literally. That was the greatest truth of this world.

Had Odin's thrown spear, [Gungnir], relied on a different attribute—say, Fate rather than Space—Thalos might've had a harder time dealing with it.

But space?

Then there's no issue at all!

If a God-King were killed by his own core attribute, that would be the true disgrace.

What made it worse was Odin's instincts. Even after joining Chaos, he still relied on that same spear to attack Thalos!

Seriously, Odin—you've already been corrupted by Chaos. Shouldn't you be throwing punches with that giant, grotesque body of yours? Why are you still clinging to flashy tricks meant for champions of Order?

Thalos nearly laughed his ribs out.

Naturally, he didn't bother reminding Odin.

By choosing to betray all laws of order, Odin had fully severed all karmic bonds with Thalos. In the eyes of the World's Will, Odin was no longer Thalos' brother.

And what did that mean?

It meant it was time for Thalos to beat the hell out of him!

"Pierce this pathetic creature of Chaos—[Swords of the Nine Realms]!"

Normally, Thalos wouldn't have issued such a vague command.

Before his divine swords possessed soul spirits, he would need to pour immense power into them and micromanage their flight paths, impact angles, and trajectories.

But now—with soul-bound swords—they were on an entirely different level.

Thalos raised his right hand and pointed. The first sword to launch was the [Sword of Muspelheim], inhabited by the remnant soul of the Fire Giant progenitor, Surtr.

It blazed forward with a volcanic fury, unleashing a flame surge a hundred meters high—so intense that even Odin instinctively refused to meet it head-on.

His eight-legged steed galloped in a sharp arc midair, narrowly evading the wall of fire.

But Odin didn't realize—distance was what Thalos truly wanted.

Hot on the heels of the first sword came the stealthier [Sword of Helheim], the blade of the underworld. Without warning, it burst out from the shadows between Sleipnir's third and fourth left legs, thrusting upward like a lightning bolt toward Odin's waist.

Even as Odin twisted right in the nick of time, he couldn't avoid a massive ten-meter-long, one-meter-deep gash torn into his left leg.

Then came something far more alarming: his wound wouldn't heal.

Filled with Chaos energy, Odin should have possessed theoretically limitless regeneration.

But the power of Helheim was the force of Death itself.

Death does not care for Order or Chaos—dead is dead.

The wound sat open, as even Odin's own Chaos-infused body mistook it for a lifeless, irretrievable piece of flesh. It didn't even try to heal.

Odin had no time to dwell on it—the third sword arrived.

This one was the straightforward [Sword of Midgard]. Odin reached into his saddlebag and pulled out what looked like a crudely assembled weapon—a spiked mace fashioned from a ring of iron bound to the tip of a giant pine trunk—and swung it hard.

CLANG—he barely managed to knock the sword away.

But in that very instant, the [Sword of Jotunheim] stabbed into Sleipnir's hindquarters.

The pain made the eight-legged steed lock its rear legs and rear up on its front four.

That instinctive reaction only exposed Odin to even more danger—five more divine swords attacked simultaneously from impossible angles.

It was the kind of relentless, multi-directional assault that made Odin lose sight of Thalos himself, completely consumed with fending off the blades.

By the time Odin snapped out of it, Thalos was already a kilometer away.

Not because Thalos had retreated—but because Odin, under pressure, had unknowingly fled that far.

He could try to close the distance again—but easier said than done.

Icebergs. Flame fields. Dense fog. Deathly miasma. Blinding radiance.

Each sword, powered by a different realm and element, harassed him in turns.

Even with his eight-legged mount, every single step forward cost either Odin or his steed a wound.

And every one of those wounds carried divine order energy—something he couldn't just shrug off. It was unbearable!

Odin and his horse both roared, charging in a blood-soaked frenzy.

It looked heroic—but in truth, it was pathetic.

Worst of all, the distance they were charging now had only opened up because Odin had panicked earlier. The irony shredded what was left of his nerves.

"THAAAAA-LOOOOOOS!" Odin screamed.

Judging by the roar alone, one might've thought he had the upper hand.

In reality, the opposite was true.

From the moment the [Sword of Alfheim] cleaved off one of Sleipnir's right legs, the eight divine swords had begun methodically dismembering Odin and his mount.

Once the swords' souls adapted to Odin's attack speed and rhythm, they became bolder and more coordinated.

The swords even started working together:

The Fire Sword would draw Odin's attention, then the Death Sword and Sea Sword would strike from his blind spots. When a blow landed, the Ice Sword and Earth Sword would press the advantage.

Thalos only needed to split a sliver of focus to guide the remaining non-sentient swords.

And ironically, though each sword soul had once been Thalos' mortal enemy, now—with individual will—they perfectly supported his tactics.

Within a few rounds, Sleipnir was no longer an eight-legged steed, but a four-legged one again.

Unfortunately, it was the right four legs that had been severed.

Odin, staggering, tumbled with his collapsing mount and rolled several times before pushing himself up again—only to be met with a new round of divine sword assaults from every angle.

By sheer force of will and Chaos vitality, Odin powered through the blade-storm, closing the gap toward Thalos.

Closer...

Closer...

Ten steps left—just ten!

Odin could already picture it—that smug, hateful face finally struck down by his hammer.

Five steps.

Three steps.

NOW!

Just as he raised his makeshift spiked mace—

A massive air-blast smashed into his chest, flinging him hundreds of meters away.

By the time Odin staggered to his feet, dazed and shaken, Thalos' voice drifted over the wind:

"Odin! That charge just now—so dashing. Probably the bravest charge of your entire life. Say... could you please do that again?"

The cold was too much tonight. I'll publish this together with the evening chapter—no late-night update today.