

Thalos 138

Chapter 138

Very few people noticed how Thalos actually sent Odin flying. Most only saw what looked like a gigantic foot—far too massive to belong to anything but a clan-tier giant—appear out of thin air and then vanish just as mysteriously, as if it were an illusion.

And just like that, Odin was hurled backward.

In reality, that too was a sword soul—crafted from Ymir's spirit, and launched with the divine authority of Sky as a spectral soul-kick.

It didn't deal much damage—

But the insult was off the charts.

That one act made it abundantly clear to Odin: everything you just tried was for nothing.

And as Thalos delivered that line, he used the [Sword of Midgard] to finish off the wretched, agonized "four-legged pegasus" Sleipnir.

In truth, he had caught a glimpse of Loki's conflicted expression. After seeing Thalos mercifully put the suffering beast down, Loki showed a subtle look of relief.

But outwardly, Thalos continued his mockery of Odin with unshaken poise:

"Oh—sorry! Since you've fallen into Chaos, you don't have a horse anymore. Guess you'll have to run now."

The taunt made Odin's blood pressure spike into the heavens. Eyes burning red, he clenched his teeth and roared:

"THALOS—what I HATE most—is that arrogant face of yours—!"

"A God-King is supposed to be above all, isn't he?" Thalos said coolly, gently stroking the mane of his divine steed, Asgard. "If you don't like it, I'll just beat you until you do."

"Shut up! SHUT UP! All of you SHUT UP—!" The divine blood spilling from Odin's wounds had taken on an unsettling tone—part gold, part sludge-thick chaos essence. It made his now-corrupted form look utterly monstrous.

Fate had already strayed far beyond what the Edda had ever foretold.

At this stage, even Thalos no longer knew which way the world would tip. Nor did he know what other cards Odin might be hiding.

But Thalos wasn't in a rush. As a God-King, he was fated to be the one challenged. He had cards of his own—enough to see what Odin had left to play.

Sure enough, Odin exploded with fury.

As he spewed curses at Thalos, he also manipulated his own spilled blood.

Thalos could clearly see Odin's chaos-tainted divine blood thickening into a murky mist.

Turbulent and swirling, the fog climbed and expanded, finally coalescing into something with the rough shape of a mammoth—though what kind of mammoth floats in midair?

Without a doubt, it was another nightmare beast, spun from the energies of Chaos.

And this one was still growing, drawing corpses and flesh from the surrounding battlefield into itself.

It was horrifying to imagine: if Odin actually managed to stitch that monstrous fog full of flesh and blood together—what kind of devastation would such a creature unleash upon this World-Tree-centered world?

"Trying to sew together a super-chaotic beast?" Thalos muttered grimly.

He didn't hesitate.

He called directly on the World Will of Ginnungagap.

World! Are you going to do something about this—or not?

...

The World Will's biggest flaw was usually its sluggish response. But this time, it was in perfect sync with Thalos' thoughts.

Thalos snapped his fingers—and deep beneath the earth, massive roots began to surge upward.

A closer look revealed they weren't just roots, but roots of the World Tree itself.

Countless tendrils burst from the ground, reaching into the air. As they neared the monstrous fog of chaos, it instantly began to dissipate. The blood-soaked flesh it had drawn in shattered into fragments, raining down to the ground like dismembered gore.

"No—!" Odin was stunned. He never imagined that Thalos could actually command the World Tree itself.

Since the formation of the Ginnungagap World, the World Tree had been tasked with absorbing, purifying, and transforming Chaos energy.

There was no greater force for purging Chaos.

It was a strike directly to Odin's jugular.

"No! No! No—!" he roared, abandoning the idea of forming a new chaos beast outside his body.

But he hadn't given up.

His next move: become the beast.

As massive quantities of muddy, yellow-brown Chaos energy poured into him, Odin's body swelled rapidly. In the blink of an eye, he grew past 100 meters tall—but the size fluctuated wildly. As he expanded, his awareness dulled—and that's exactly when Thalos and the World Tree took hold.

The earth sprouted even more roots, coiling like vines around Odin's limbs. With his senses dulled, the roots easily pierced into his flesh from all directions.

Though the tendrils looked blunt, the moment they sank into Odin's corrupted skin, they released visible rings of green waves.

These ripples spread outward across his flesh, dissolving any Chaos-bound meat they touched. Within seconds, huge chunks of flesh began breaking apart.

Once disintegrated by Order, the flesh could no longer be reconstituted with Chaos.

Which only enraged Odin further.

"THALOS! Do you dare let me use my power at full strength?!"

Thalos smirked playfully: "Pfft! Oh, foolish Odin... You're basically asking if I'll let you tear down my palace. The answer, of course—is no."

Why would he let Odin finish casting an ultimate when he could interrupt it? What—was Odin's destruction level not high enough already?

Odin's rage became unhinged. He fought to destroy the World Tree roots, but for every one he severed, more burrowed into his body—shredding the chaotic tissue from within. He was swelling so grotesquely he could no longer maintain a humanoid form.

But Odin noticed something.

The World Tree's roots couldn't kill him. They could prevent him from growing further, yes—but not finish him off.

"Thalos! You can't kill me! Just wait—I'll kill you soon—!"

And Odin was right—barely.

The roots alone wouldn't be enough to end him.

But Thalos wasn't the least bit concerned. Still mounted atop his steed, he had time to calmly survey the rest of the battlefield.

With serene confidence, Thalos admitted: "Yeah... the World Tree can't finish you."

"Then let me go! Let us settle this fair and square!"

That childish plea made Thalos laugh out loud—a rare sound for him.

"Tyrant or king, they all share one trait: they don't sit still and wait to die. Sure, I admit—I'm waiting."

"But I'm waiting for my sword to be completed. What about you?"

Waiting for his sword...?

Odin's expression shifted through a dozen shades in an instant.

He finally understood Thalos' true plan.

Not far from where they stood, one of the beast-versus-beast battles had just come to a dramatic end.