

Thalos 139

Chapter 139: Continue Forging the Sword

No matter how desperately it struggled, the great eagle Veðrfölnir, deprived of its aerial superiority, was ultimately unable to withstand the combined strangulation and venom of the World Serpent, Jörmungandr.

After thrashing for a long while, it let out a final, piercing cry before its enormous head slumped down.

At the moment of victory, Thalos sent a message of congratulations. His divine voice echoed from afar: "Jörmungandr, well done! Are you injured?"

The great serpent's icy heart seemed to warm a little at those words. "Some superficial wounds. Nothing serious."

Thalos' divine eyes swept across the battlefield. "I've recorded your merit. You may rest, or choose a new opponent if you wish."

"Thank you, God-King!" the serpent bowed slightly. "I'm a bit drained. I'll rest for a while and return to the fight."

It was genuinely moved.

To bring down a beast of equal power, especially one that dominated the skies, was no easy task—even when holding the advantage, strangling it to death had taken all its strength.

But it was worth it!

At that moment, Jörmungandr knew it had finally redeemed itself. With such a decisive contribution to Ragnarök, it no longer needed to lurk in shadows. It could rightfully stand as a sacred beast of the Aesir. The thought filled it with glee.

And just as Veðrfölnir perished, Odin noticed one of the [Swords of the Nine Realms] suddenly flared with intense light.

It was the sword of Alfheim, the blade of Sky and Light!

On the once-empty golden hilt of this ornate sword, a massive eagle head slowly formed—

A sculpted likeness of Veðrfölnir's severed head.

Thalos smacked his lips. "Technically, Veðrfölnir wasn't a light-aligned being—more like Sky, in the strictest sense. But close enough."

Just as Freyr, not Baldur, was the ruler of Alfheim—associated more with sunlight and fertility than pure light.

The world never dictated that sword souls must be perfect attribute matches.

Similar attributes worked just fine, at the cost of slightly reduced power.

What mattered more was Thalos' new discovery: the souls of the Nine Swords could be replaced.

Unlike typical divine swords, whose power came from a singular, rigid source, the Nine Swords drew their might from the Realms themselves. Who represented the Realm wasn't set in stone.

And with that, the [Sword of Alfheim] was now—complete.

Odin... would serve as the testing dummy.

It was Light.

Blinding Light.

From the tip of the sword radiated an image of a golden eagle with wings outstretched.

As the spirit of Veðrfölnir extended its claw from the blade, Odin instinctively flinched and raised his left arm to block the incoming light slash.

At that very moment, the tip of the sword seemed to phase out of existence.

Before Odin could even react, a razor-thin crimson line appeared on his back—just below the left shoulder blade.

One second later, the cut burst open—not just with blood, but with radiant gold. The wound split wider, flesh peeling back like butchered meat, and brilliant light detonated within.

Holy energy erupted repeatedly within Odin's chaotic body. Wherever the light reached, the corrupted flesh tore open violently.

The wound ran so deep that broken ribs were clearly visible.

"AAARGH!" Odin let out a scream of agony.

To his horror, Thalos didn't seem all that impressed with the sword's performance.

With another flick of divine will, the light sword appeared just beneath Odin's right knee—then swung upward.

Another golden slash burst forth, carving a diagonal line straight through the joint between his toes and foot. In an instant, his toes separated from the rest of his foot.

The slash was so powerful it carved a trench over a hundred meters long into the earth.

No one could tell how deep that scar in the ground truly went.

"AAAH! You... you DARE—!" Odin roared in disbelief.

Time itself seemed to slow.

The instigator of Ragnarök finally wore a look of raw panic on his face. As he screamed, his balance failed—and he toppled over awkwardly.

In that moment, his severed toes, trailing chaotic blood, spun through the air like skipping stones.

To be fair, with the regenerative capabilities of a Chaos creature, Odin could probably just stick the toes back on and recover in time.

Thalos didn't give him the chance.

With a twitch, the World Tree's roots darted out—skewering the loose toes and dragging them deep underground.

"No! No—!"

Some things, once lost, can never be restored.

Toeless, Odin struggled with balance. He flailed several times and still couldn't get up properly.

And just then, another climactic battle concluded.

A few minutes prior, the relentless Thor—though battered from a prolonged brawl—had finally found an opening and shattered Fafnir's right wing.

A dragon's wings aren't just for flight—they're crucial shields protecting the body. The strong, elastic membranes can even deflect large bolts from human ballistas.

Thor's strike snapped the supporting bone near the base of the wing, removing that critical defense.

It laid the groundwork for what came next.

After more clashes, Thor finally smashed Fafnir's head in.

The dragon's corpse crashed heavily to the ground—and in that moment, Thalos' [Sword of Svartalfheim] blazed with brilliance.

Nothing represents the dwarven realm more than a dwarf-turned-feral dragon.

The Edda never spoke too highly of Fafnir. In the poem, he wasn't slain by a god but by a mortal hero named Sigurd (or Siegfried, depending on the translation), using a divine sword.

In this timeline, perhaps it was too early. Sigurd might not have even been born yet.

So this slightly weaker corrupted dragon met its end at the hands of the new-generation divine brute—Thor.

And remarkably, Thor wasn't even seriously injured.

Thalos did a quick scan—29 wounds across his body. All superficial.

Regardless, another divine sword had ascended.

And of course, Thalos wasn't done testing.

Unlike the others, the [Sword of Svartalfheim] was built for raw, crushing power.

When Thalos hurled it forward, even he felt its weight strain his control.

As the God of Sky, he could easily keep objects weighing tons afloat.

But some swords... looked light, yet tipped the scales at thousands of tons.

And this sword, with the spirit of a "dwarf" infused into it, slammed downward—

And Odin... could not withstand it.