

Thalos 140

Chapter 140: The Mammoth

"Ugh—" Odin let out a low groan.

His remaining eye bulged in its socket.

It was like a repeat of that day nearly a month ago, when Thalos came knocking. Once again, a massive greatsword pinned him in place. Under the crushing force of the sword, Odin couldn't move an inch.

Even as he pushed with all his might, trying to unleash overwhelming strength to throw off the impossibly heavy blade, the harder he strained, the heavier the sword pressed down.

Absurd.

Before turning to Chaos, he'd been crushed by this sword.

After turning to Chaos, he was still being crushed by it.

What had he gained from betraying Order?

"Im... possible..." Odin's neck veins bulged, but he still couldn't break free. To make matters worse, damnable World Tree roots were crawling into his flesh and draining his blood.

"Father—!" It was then that the Dark God Höðr rushed to his side.

Despite being blind, and one of the most introverted gods, Höðr's loyalty to Odin was absolute.

He, too, had embraced Chaos. His body had grown immense. Without hesitation, he used his thick, muscular back to take a heavy blow from the Light God Baldur, then launched a dark-imbued strike toward Odin's location.

Whoosh— A dark storm swept in, corroding the World Tree's roots, making them recoil as if electrocuted. It even slightly disrupted Thalos' telepathic control over them.

That gave Odin a brief window to counterattack.

"AAARGH!" With a furious roar, Odin surged with power. His grotesquely enlarged biceps swelled like hills as he heaved with all his might, managing to throw the [Sword of Svartalfheim] aside with a wrestler's toss.

"Bring everything you've got, Thalos!" he bellowed.

"Good! Love the energy," Thalos replied casually, while directing his other divine swords to continue pounding Odin. He spared a glance at the wider battlefield.

Sure enough—not every fight was going their way.

Jörmungandr and Thor had secured victories. But in the duel between the hellhound Garmr and the sun-chasing wolf Sköll, Garmr was on the back foot, its body torn in several places by Sköll's faster, fiercer attacks.

If not for Hela's interventions—using necromantic spells to regenerate Garmr's flesh and restore his stamina—he might've already lost.

Meanwhile, the battle between Tyr, Víðarr, and Nidhogg had reached a deadlock. No clear outcome there anytime soon.

These stalemates meant Thalos still couldn't obtain the final sword soul for the [Sword of Niflheim].

Either Sköll or Nidhogg—both apex chaos beasts—could serve as the soul for that blade.

Thalos' gaze traveled further, to the great battlefield that resembled more of a mortal war than divine combat. There, the Order coalition had gained the upper hand.

The frost giant king, Frim, had just been shot in the thigh by a recovering Ullr and fallen from his mount. Forced into melee, Frim engaged in a brief but violent duel with Heimdall.

In the end, Heimdall paid a price—taking a hammer blow to the abdomen—but managed to decapitate the frost giant king.

What followed was unexpected: instead of being demoralized, the rebel frost giants became enraged, launching a tidal wave assault on the Aesir lines.

Amid the chaos, a peculiar scene unfolded:

"Idunn?!"

"Bragi?!"

This married pair of gods had chosen opposing sides.

When Bragi, the god of poetry, whose body showed no signs of Chaos, saw Idunn on the battlefield clad in full armor, he froze. "Idunn! You're... you're here too?"

"Idiot! All thanks to your lunatic father! As an Aesir, battle is my honor!"

"I..."

"If you stand in front of me, then prepare to face my wrath!" Idunn raised her divine sword and slashed at him.

The usually timid god of poetry tried an awkward defense, raising his shield to block and clumsily attempting to disarm her.

Too slow.

He had no concept of how strong his always-gentle wife actually was. With a flick of her wrist, Idunn knocked his sword away effortlessly.

And then—she went off.

With her left hand, she grabbed the front of Bragi's armor and slammed her right hand's palm across his face repeatedly—after planting her sword in the ground.

Smack smack smack!

"Idiot! Bastard! Moron! You think turning into a monster is so great?! Why don't you go turn me into some six-headed freak next?!"

For once, the gentle goddess was terrifying. Bragi was completely stunned.

"Stop! Dear, stop hitting me!"

"Shut up! Who's your 'dear'?!"

"I... I surrender!"

"Where's your Chaos power, huh? Why aren't you growing bigger?!"

"I... I can't handle Chaos power. I puked after absorbing a little. Even Father's given up on me..." Bragi's face was full of despair.

"Good! Then stand up, pick up your sword, and follow me to slay some chaos giants! I'll plead with His Majesty Thalos to spare your life afterward!"

"Ah... uh..."

"IDIOT! You really think your crazy father can still win?!" Idunn pointed.

Bragi turned, dazed.

The mighty beasts Odin had bragged so much about? Two were already dead. And Odin himself? He was getting brutally wrecked by his so-called "good brother."

Seven, eight divine swords danced through the sky, tearing into Odin's body with every strike. Huge chunks of chaos-infused flesh were being sliced off constantly.

If it weren't for his outrageous regenerative ability, Odin would've already lost the duel of kings.

Bragi's heart sank. He finally nodded and muttered, "Alright."

Idunn beamed and shouted:

"The traitor god of poetry, Bragi, has realized his mistake and returned to the banner of God-King Thalos!"

Everyone nearby did a double-take.

It all felt absurd—until they saw Bragi's bruised, tear-streaked face... and Idunn glowing with righteous fury.

Then, everything made sense.

Especially when Bragi, trying to prove himself, rushed forward and took down a rebel frost giant. From that moment, no one questioned his return.

Overall, the Aesir side had fewer giants—but they were far better equipped.

Their giants were armored to the teeth, with full-body plating. The rebel giants? Half were practically naked, wearing little more than scraps of beast-hide loincloths.

So in terms of exchange ratio? No contest.

Both sides wielded heavy weapons, but one side would explode like a melon from a single strike—while the other could tank a few hits before going down.

In practice, the Aesir were trading at a 4:1 kill ratio.

If the rebels' clubs weren't capable of at least causing blunt trauma through armor, that ratio would've been even worse.

Just as victory began tipping toward the Aesir, a heavy rumble rolled across the distant plains.

A mammoth—absurdly large—charged onto the field.

The sight made Thalos' pupils contract sharply.