

Thalos 141

Chapter 141: So Who's the Last Sword Soul?

One of the Three Warriors of Asgard, Volstagg, couldn't help but comment as he laid eyes on the titanic beast in the distance. With its long, upward-curving tusks and its mountainous form so enormous its back could reach the lowest-hanging clouds, he gasped, "By the gods... it's huge!"

And he wasn't wrong.

That mammoth towered so high, its shoulder height easily exceeded half a kilometer. With just a casual tilt of its head, those two scythe-like tusks could pierce clouds five or six hundred meters in the sky without even trying.

The arrival of the tenth and final monstrous beast was unexpected—and yet, somehow, inevitable.

Thalos couldn't help but facepalm. Wasn't it supposed to be a Behemoth, according to the epics? How did it turn into a mammoth?

So chaotic—such was Norse mythology.

Besides the Poetic and Prose Eddas, there were sagas like *Völsunga Saga*, which adapted the tales, and even re-imagined German operas like *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, where Fafnir kept his name but was rebranded as a giant.

It was like a game of telephone. After ten retellings, who knows what the original story was?

This mammoth had many different depictions across versions. The most absurd said it "consumed a thousand verdant mountains a day."

Whatever the truth, this beast was brimming with Chaos—and if no one stopped it, it could obliterate the Aesir's entire formation in a single charge.

Thalos didn't need to give the order. Thor had already flown to Jörmungandr's side.

"Jörmungandr! I'll slow it down—you bind it!"

"Understood!" Jörmungandr had no choice but to accept. A main combatant like him wouldn't be left idle for long.

Neither of them knew it, but at that moment, Thalos was utterly speechless.

These two—mortal enemies in the original epics, destined to perish together in Ragnarok—were now fighting side by side. Can you believe it?

Thor didn't overthink it. He acted.

The mammoth was beyond colossal. Saying a mountain was galloping at them wouldn't be an exaggeration.

Even a simple step from this beast sent seismic shockwaves rippling out, hurling twenty-meter giants into the air like rag dolls.

Thor couldn't allow such a rule-breaking creature to shatter the fragile momentum the Aesir had worked so hard to gain.

Amid a thunderclap, Thor hurled himself forward—spinning Mjölfnir like a comet falling from the heavens, diving at an angle from the sky.

It wasn't hyperbole to say only Thor—built like a demigod juggernaut—dared try this. Swap in another god, and it'd be like an egg hitting a boulder. The yolk wouldn't stand a chance.

God and beast collided mid-air in a shattering explosion of light. Half the sky lit up with blinding thunder.

Mjölfnir, now massive, smashed into the mammoth's skull with incomprehensible force. Just the shockwave alone felt like a bomb had gone off.

"ROAR!" The mammoth bellowed in pain and—for once—actually sat its massive rear down, stunned.

Thor didn't walk away unscathed. Even at thirty meters tall, his frame looked laughably small against the beast. The recoil launched him several kilometers away.

But Jörmungandr didn't waste the opportunity.

Though its body had shrunk somewhat through repeated purification, Jörmungandr remained one of the deadliest predators alive. When it coiled around the mammoth, it wasn't to finish it quickly—the brute refused to fall.

Dragging Jörmungandr's massive form like a cloak, the maddened mammoth rampaged across the land.

It wasn't like the fragile eagle—it couldn't be strangled that easily. Thick tumor-like flesh around its neck, formed from chaotic mutations, dulled Jörmungandr's venom.

The poison entered, yes—but it would take time to act.

With no better option, Jörmungandr began tightening its coils in rhythm with the mammoth's breath, aiming for a lethal chokehold.

Thor returned, but their coordination was... less than perfect. Several times, his reckless charges got him knocked around—by either the mammoth's tusks or even Jörmungandr's own writhing body.

Regardless, their clash created a catastrophic earthquake across the northern plains of Midgard.

The shockwaves from their struggle bowled over giants for miles.

Even brushing up against the fight's outskirts meant broken bones at best. Some poor souls, stomped by the mammoth, were instantly pancaked—flattened from three dimensions to two.

As Thalos watched this clash of titans, he saw countless foes fall... but also, familiar faces stop breathing forever.

Angru, Markson, Ponti, Kars—nameless Aesir and giants, frequent guests of the Hall of Joy over the past thirty years.

Thalos had been a god for too long. He knew most of them were destined to die in Ragnarok, so he kept his distance.

Still, seeing them go—one by one—stirred a flicker of sorrow in him.

At that moment, in another part of the battlefield, Tyr finally fulfilled his grim destiny. Maybe it was fate: once again, he sacrificed his right arm—taking a full blast of Nidhogg's venom to the limb.

But he did it.

Tyr beheaded Nidhogg.

And thus—the [Sword of Niflheim] had its soul.

Eight swords, eight souls.

Thalos withdrew his gaze, looking back at the bloodied, battered Odin—who still, again and again, charged at him in vain.

It wasn't that Odin didn't want to break the stalemate with a better plan.

But corrupted by Chaos and hated by the World Will, too many of his weapons were gone.

Thalos gently ran his hand over the divine spear [Gungnir], which still trembled in his grasp. "A pity, truly. If your master had stayed with Order, you wouldn't have been captured so easily."

The spear shuddered violently. Whether in protest or reluctant agreement—it wasn't clear.

Unlike the Nine Swords, crafted primarily from metal, Gungnir's shaft was made from a branch of the World Tree. Nourished by the blood of giants and Odin's divine will, it had developed the intellect of a child.

What a waste.

Thalos stared calmly at Odin. "Odin... you know, I never originally planned to collect all the sword souls of the [Swords of the Nine Realms]. But it seems—today, guided by fate—I just might complete this legendary feat."

Nine swords. Nine souls.

Now, eight swords had their souls.

So who... would be the soul of the ninth and final sword—the [Sword of Asgard]?

Hard to guess, isn't it...?