

## Thalos 42

### Chapter 42: The Times Have Changed!

Thalos eyed the Mediterranean-style god-king across from him with mild curiosity.

Even after all this time since his transmigration, he still didn't quite understand why Njord, clearly caught in a trap, could maintain that arrogant "victory is within my grasp" expression.

This is an age of strength. Schemes? Just decoration.

If you can't win in a head-on fight, everything else is worth nothing. Absolutely nothing.

And against pirates? Best not to hold out any hope.

They'd exchanged pleasantries—now it was time for the Aesir to show their famed hospitality.

As golden radiance flared from Thalos's body, a vast golden network of light formed beneath his feet—and above his head. Made entirely of countless rune symbols, the glowing lattice spread in all directions and, in the blink of an eye, blanketed the entire battlefield.

Not just the Vanir, but even the Aesir gods on his side were stunned. Their vision was completely filled with this brilliant web of light.

The sky, once shrouded in night, was now illuminated. It was as if the world had leapt from the frozen darkness of an ancient age into the glowing radiance of a rising dawn.

This was Thalos unleashing the divine power of his [Sky] domain.

Across from him, Njord met this divine display with one of his own. A water-blue network extended from his feet, quickly spreading across the battlefield ruins and even seeping into parts of Asgard's ground.

Fountains and pools that Thalos had once painstakingly designed, and even damaged water pipelines, were suddenly activated by Njord's divine presence. As if linked directly to the ocean world of Vanaheim, waves of translucent phantom seawater gushed forth, threatening to flood the land.

Unfortunately... it was all show.

This world—the earth beneath their feet—had been shaped by Thalos's own will, using the World Will as a foundation. It was coded, layered, and bound by laws Njord, an ancient brute of a god with no concept of "physics," could never casually alter.

Before his attempt to turn the land into an ocean could gain traction, it was already crumbling.

Thalos chuckled. "A world created by my will—and you think you can just walk in and rewrite it?"

Njord held his ground, his words bolder than his position.

"Your world is well-crafted, I'll give you that. But the times have changed. From now on, this land belongs to the Vanir! We woke from our frozen slumber to find a home—this is where we sleep, where we rise, where we thrive. Why not surrender now? End the war before more blood is spilled—"

Whether by malice or fate, two god-king wills now clashed atop the highest continent of Yggdrasil.

Thalos could feel it clearly: by infusing Asgard with more elements than the Edda had originally described, he had inadvertently allowed water to gain a faint resonance here too.

That was the price.

By not restricting the world to a single elemental domain, other gods could also gain minor advantages. This, perhaps, was why Njord had dared barge into the Aesir homeland and throw his weight around.

Even the World Will was faintly welcoming Njord's presence. After all, the "world" needed a god to oversee oceans and the shaping of life.

But—

That tiny advantage was far from enough to secure victory.

"Yes, the times have changed!" Thalos declared, golden longblade raised high. "Maybe the future of Yggdrasil no longer belongs to the Aesir alone—but no one ever said a clan like the Vanir could stand above us!"

As the Aesir God-King spoke, golden brilliance broke through the darkness of the heavens, dazzling like the first rays of dawn.

That moment was engraved in the minds of every witness—an unforgettable scene destined to become legend. Someday, bards and believers would recite it as epic tale, passed down for generations.

Far away, many mortal followers of the Aesir—those who had grown up hearing stories of Thalos and his brothers creating the world—watched in awe. They had dreamed of one day witnessing the God-King's glory with their own eyes.

Now, that wish had finally been granted.

Thalos swung his right arm downward—this time wielding the radiant [Sword of Alfheim], symbol of Light.

In his eyes, holy golden flames burned. His gaze pierced through space itself to see into the neighboring realm of Alfheim, the realm of the Light Elves.

That realm heard his call.

From high above, beams of light curved through the void in a colossal arc, descending into Asgard's First District. A divine rain of light fell through the night sky and struck the battlefield with godly fury.

Half the battlefield was instantly engulfed.

Njord's expression changed. He raised his right hand, fingers spread upward.

Opposite the falling light—

An entire water-element army emerged from the phantom sea at his feet. Condensed from divine water power, they took all forms—some looked like fish-men, others like seahorses, and countless others were shaped as oceanic beasts.

With a deafening surge of water, tens of thousands of elemental creatures soared skyward to intercept the falling light.

Fwoosh! Fwoosh! Fwoosh!

BOOM! BOOM!

One after another, water elementals were blasted apart midair, bursting into inert water that rained down on the battlefield like a torrential storm.

More continued their suicidal charge upward, bravely confronting the rain of holy fire.

Until—at last—there were no more swords of light.

And no more water elementals left to rise.

This was a textbook clash of God-Kings.

Not a contest of victory or defeat—more like a spectacle far beyond the reach of ordinary gods.

Unknowingly, both armies had cleared the central battlefield. Now, the Aesir and Vanir let their kings duel while they fought one-on-one at the outskirts.

Then—Njord taunted first.

"Is that all the mighty God-King of the Aesir has?"

Thalos laughed. "Heh. That was just an appetizer. Light isn't even my specialty."

Of course Njord knew that.

Despite Thalos's colossal display, his divine aura hadn't weakened in the slightest.

Njord, on the other hand, had paid a steep price—his massive water-elemental army had cost him true divine essence.

Realizing brute force wasn't working, Njord began preparing a more intricate magical counter.

But Thalos didn't fight by the book.

"Warm-up's over, Njord!"

Warm-up?!

That was a warm-up?

Just as Njord summoned a new wave of divine sea guardians, Thalos calmly swapped to another sword—this time, the one representing Midgard, the realm of mankind: [Sword of Midgard].

In the blink of an eye—

A massive legion of spectral Einherjar warriors appeared—each one larger, fiercer, and more numerous than Njord's sea guardians.

They surged forward in a tide of steel and wrath—

And drowned Njord's army in the fury of mortals reborn.