

## Thalos 44

### Chapter 44: God-King Strikes From Behind, Whole Clan Ascends

As Vanir gods, each one had a secret trick or two up their sleeve.

One transformed into a massive, exaggerated blossom, shedding divine petals to survive what should have been a killing blow. Another morphed into a colossal octopus, sacrificing limbs to escape death.

Under normal circumstances, these enemies should've been tough to handle.

But the Aesir? There were too many of them—and they were too damn strong.

Heimdall and Tyr swung their divine swords with brutal precision, cutting down two Vanir who had just narrowly survived. Then they cut them down again.

And again.

At last, one of the Vanir gods fell—no strange clone or beast emerging to take their place. Just a bloodied, humanoid corpse collapsing with a heavy thud.

Loki had struck the blow.

"Whoa? He... really died?" Loki blinked in mock innocence, holding a bloodied giant's axe. His playful expression was that of someone who'd just squashed a bunny, not slain a true god.

"Yes." Standing beside him, Gullveig couldn't hide the sorrow on her face. "Not every Vanir god stores away a library of backup lives like I did."

"Traitor!"

"Wretch!"

"Disgrace!"

Even as they staggered under the pressure, the remaining Vanir still hurled venomous curses at their turncoat.

Gullveig's face turned pale. Her body trembled slightly. She didn't strike back—but she did speak.

"Angr, Maluca. The Vanir cannot defeat the Aesir. Surrender."

Ever the noble soul, Tyr bellowed: "Surrender, and you will be spared!"

"I refuse!" one of the Vanir snapped. Loyal, if not powerful, these rear guard defenders had been hand-picked by Njord for their steadfastness. They triggered signal flares, calling desperately for reinforcements, even as they continued their hopeless resistance.

Far above, locked in high-altitude combat with Thalos and now down to his fourth life, Njord saw the signal—and panicked.

"You Aesir want to wipe us all out?!" he roared, eyes bloodshot.

"Pfft!" Thalos laughed, genuinely amused. "What a joke! You were the ones who clapped your hands and declared war! Sure, you can start it—but when and how it ends? That's not up to you."

"Humph!" Njord fell silent. His body blurred and twisted into a massive, phantom manta ray, summoning a translucent tidal wave hundreds of meters wide to crash down upon Thalos.

Thalos didn't even bother to block.

With a single Z-shaped maneuver through the air, he elegantly sidestepped Njord's grand move.

And right then—the divine sword switched.

The Sword of Jotunheim—element of ice—slashed downward in a glacial arc.

Njord had no time for defense. He met it with the top of his skull.

Life number four—gone.

Thalos pressed the assault relentlessly. Njord, finally catching a breath, was immediately forced back into another high-intensity elemental duel.

Each clash between the two god-kings erupted in dazzling flashes of light in the sky. Shockwaves of chaotic elemental energy rippled across the heavens.

If this were happening over Asgard, the devastation would be unimaginable.

But in the skies, Thalos could unleash his full power without concern.

Njord had no way of diverting attention—no room to respond to what came next.

Which is why, below—

Odin's strike team cleaned up the last Vanir defenders with ease.

"This area's yours now," Odin said solemnly, looking at Heimdall.

The pale Aesir god grinned, flashing his signature row of glittering golden teeth. "Go, Second Uncle. Unless Njord himself comes back, no one's taking Rainbow Bridge from me."

"Good!" Odin nodded. He didn't waste time.

With the god-kings locked in aerial battle, it was the perfect moment for a flanking strike.

Midrealm: Vanaheim.

Vanir Queen and goddess of fertility, Nerthus, clasped her hands anxiously, eyes fixed on the distant lights above—the thunderous flashes erupting from Asgard in the sky.

Since the Aesir homeland had come under attack, the irritating rain of falling stones had finally stopped.

The only thing left for the defenders to do... was wait.

A radiant, sultry blonde goddess in a floor-length golden robe stepped beside her, gently linking arms.

"Mother, will Father win?"

"My precious Freyja," Nerthus said softly, though her brow was creased with worry. "He will. He must."

Two straight defeats had cast a long shadow over the Vanir.

This feeling—being dragged along by the enemy's tempo—was maddening.

There could be no retreat.

In a world cloaked in chaos, there was room for only one supreme god-clan.

Like it or not, there had to be a victor. At the very least, a top king must be crowned.

Otherwise, neither side would ever submit.

And just as the Vanir were praying for salvation—

It happened.

A rainbow exploded through the night, descending with blinding brilliance that lit up the entire world of Vanaheim.

From within the radiant column of light, several colossal figures emerged—and immediately began slaughtering.

"Giants?!" the Vanir screamed, their voices cracking in fear.

Every so often, ancient giants would wake from icy slumber and storm Asgard, trying to kill Aesir gods.

But if these giants had lived long? They were definitely Aesir-aligned.

Their glowing bronze armor said it all.

To the Vanir, these massive beasts were terrifying enough as-is. But armed? Even worse.

Leading the charge were Thalos's aunt and uncle—their whole family, in fact—along with Loki's two brothers, Helblindi and Byleistr.

All four wielded custom spiked iron clubs, and every swing was a bloodbath.

The mortal guards under the Vanir's command looked like stick figures, blasted into the air in clusters. Their bodies twisted in unnatural ways mid-flight. Some were dead before they hit the ground.

"Use magic! Stop them—!" a Vanir god shouted.

He never finished the sentence. A brilliant streak of spear-light pierced the night sky and ended his first life before the last syllable left his lips.

Against a battlefield like this, Gungnir was like an adult wading into a daycare.

"Careful, that one's dangerous—!" another tried to warn—only to feel a sharp pain in his back.

Dead.

Loki, dressed in a flowing green robe, casually adjusted his collar in the wind, flashing a mischievous grin.

"Who, me? Dangerous? Nonsense."



These days, Loki didn't even rank in the Aesir's top five. But here, facing third-rate Vanir defenders, he might as well have been a god of war.

Raising his sword, swinging down, spinning in midair—every strike was a stylized flourish, but each one reaped Vanir lives like wheat.

Their downfall had begun.

And the God-King's flank assault—

Would soon bring an entire pantheon to its knees.