

Thalos 51

Chapter 51: Njord's Counterattack

Crashhh!

As the waves surged forward, they were instantly frozen into massive walls of ice, encasing the entire attacking force. The Aesir troops, their morale soaring, launched a fierce assault on the Sea Temple.

From within, torrents of seawater gushed forth, trying to halt their advance.

This time, Odin finally had the opportunity to strike first, hurling Gungnir ahead of everyone else.

The spear's brilliant flash didn't disappoint—piercing cleanly through the leading figure of Njord... only to find it was a water clone.

"Tch! Cowardly trickster!" Retrieving his divine spear, Odin was forced to battle Njord's doppelgängers in a melee.

Njord was fighting on home ground and insisted on hiding inside the Sea Temple, refusing to come out. For now, there was nothing Odin could do to draw him into direct confrontation.

Meanwhile, the other Aesir gods unleashed their divine powers against the Vanir.

Thor, ever direct, tried to evaporate the water with thunder and lightning. Balder, the god of light, swung his radiant sword, searing the sea into steam. Vidar, the god of the forest, summoned a massive magical mangrove, draining vast amounts of seawater and redirecting it outside Odin's ice walls.

As for the giants, they could only struggle through the deep waters, stumbling awkwardly as they charged forward—fighting at a clear disadvantage.

In contrast, the Vanir gods surged from the waves like fish in water, striking swiftly and gracefully at the Aesir forces.

The Aesir gods began to question their very godhood in this battle.

Were these really the same weak Vanir from two days ago?

Had they been swapped out for an entirely new set of gods?

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As the lower world waged war, Thalos, the god-king of Asgard, uncharacteristically found a moment of leisure.

After finishing a pile of official paperwork, he walked to the spring beside the golden palace. This was a primitive mountain spring he'd intentionally left untouched. The deep pool was large enough to accommodate thirty giants, and within it swam fish collected from the mortal world.

Glancing at the sign by the spring gate, carved in runes and labeled "Air Force Base," the transmigrator smiled knowingly.

A valkyrie handed him a fishing rod. Thalos chose one with a barbless, baitless hook.

"Mother... I guess you want to ask if Odin will win? Well, maybe this is the answer."

He spent half the day fishing and, as expected, caught absolutely nothing.

Just like the expeditionary force.

As the sun set, light from the direction of the Bifrost flickered repeatedly—revealing the unlucky return of Odin and his troops.

They arrived at Valhalla.

Thor punched a wooden training dummy, smashing it into splinters. "Damn it! Those rats just won't come out!"

Odin cast a sheepish glance at Thalos. Seeing his brother silent and expressionless, he finally scowled and said, "Tomorrow we attack again!"

Thankfully, Odin wasn't completely brainless. He didn't camp in front of the Sea Temple but used the Bifrost's mobility to retreat.

They'd spent an entire day bombarding the Sea Temple. Other than killing a few overly reckless Vanir gods once, they made no real progress.

For three consecutive days, the Aesir expedition bombarded the Sea Temple relentlessly. But Njord refused to emerge, and the other Vanir gods, having learned their lesson from the first day, simply hid inside casting spells, driving Thor and the others mad with rage.

The Sea Temple was powered by all the oceans of Vanaheim. Unless the Aesir dismantled the entire sea realm, defeating it was theoretically impossible.

Odin was about to go insane. He never imagined Njord, that bald bastard, would be this cowardly.

Then Loki came up with a suggestion: "If they won't come out, we can't do much. But what if we go to the surrounding islands and seas, and hunt down Njord's cherished mortal believers or some powerful sea beasts?"

Hearing that, Thalos nearly applauded Loki.

Among the muscle-for-brains Aesir, Loki was like a breath of fresh air.

They acted immediately.

On the fourth day, Odin and the main force stayed to watch the Sea Temple, while Thor led a team to begin their sweep.

Thor had no interest in bullying mortals.

But Odin's son Váli, the god of vengeance, had no such qualms. As Njord listened to the dying prayers and screams of his believers, his hatred for Odin deepened.

Even so, Njord still did not retaliate.

Until Thor killed a massive swordfish, finally crossing the line. That sea beast had been handpicked by Njord as his next reincarnation vessel—a potential Sea King-class creature.

At last, the Vanir's top fighter came out to face the Aesir's number two.

Odin's divine spear Gungnir struck Njord many times, true—but it only dispersed his water-elemental body. Although Odin, still young, seemed to gain the upper hand visually, he was slightly at a disadvantage overall.

The whole battle began to resemble the bladder-busting stalemate described in the Edda.

Ten days. A month. Two months. Three months.

As the deadline drew near, Odin grew more and more frantic.

Over these three months, he tried every tactic imaginable—even had a group of giants in Asgard work together to push down a ten-thousand-ton boulder.

Still useless!

The Sea Temple launched a 300-meter-high tsunami that formed monstrous water hands. Even with Odin blocking them with Gungnir, the massive boulder was shattered midair by the temple's defense.

As the promised day drew near, Odin's attacks became increasingly reckless—until the ninetieth day, when Njord finally dropped the act.

"What is that...?" Thor and the others stared in confusion at the sea around the island.

A vast blue mesh hovered mid-air, suspended from nothing. Each square contained a giant-sized water portal spewing torrents of water toward the island.

The mesh extended upward, covering even the sky with a cerulean dome.

A glowing blue circular barrier wrapped the entire island, trapping all that water inside.

Only now did the Aesir truly begin to panic.

Loki shouted, "Odin! We can't see the Bifrost anymore!"

The Aesir's ability to recklessly strike on all fronts depended on Heimdall. If any part of the force encountered ambushes or setbacks, Heimdall's "weakened farsight" would let him activate the Bifrost in time to extract them.

Now, the Sea Temple's massive spatial array had even blocked out the sky.

There was only one explanation: Njord intended to wipe them all out!

"You'll never succeed!"

Odin hurled Gungnir with all his might.

The divine spear did not disappoint. It streaked through the sky like a silver line, smashing one of the portals to bits.

But what Odin saw next made his blood run cold—behind that destroyed portal was another layer.

This was a multi-layered composite water-element array with space attributes!

Every second, tens of thousands of tons of seawater poured in from all directions, centered on the Sea Temple, turning the area into a colossal, cylindrical "underwater world" several kilometers in diameter.

If the Aesir expeditionary force were just floating in water, they might survive. These gods had strong enough bodies to survive even in a vacuum.

But the giants and mortal attendants Odin had brought? They were doomed.

Odin's face instantly went pale.