

Thalos 52

Chapter 52: My Vassal Shall Receive My Favor

Odin couldn't help but roar, "Njord! Are you insane?! Modifying Vanaheim like this—aren't you afraid the spatial collapse will destroy this entire micro-world?!"

A sinister voice echoed from within the Sea Temple: "You Aesir won't let us Vanir live. So what if I destroy this world? Especially if I can take the Aesir god-king's brother and a bunch of divine sons down with me..."

Madman!

That bastard is completely insane!

At this moment, Odin finally understood why his elder brother took in Freyja and Gullveig. Some things simply must not be done to the extreme. Ruthlessness without overwhelming power to back it—and without the ability to absorb the consequences—is suicide.

Whether Odin admitted it or not, the Vanir were worthy of being called a god clan.

He could be ruthless. So could Njord.

Odin no longer cared about ruling the Vanir or appointing himself king. He only wanted to prevent the destruction of the army he'd brought with him.

Right now, many of the Aesir's mortal soldiers had already fallen into the water in panic. Wearing heavy armor, they struggled to stay afloat. Most of them sank, and the few who managed to keep their heads above water had to rely on the help of giants. Tragically, at this rate, even the giants wouldn't last much longer.

Only Thor, who could fly with Mjölnir, fared a little better—but he couldn't carry many with him.

The giant Tiaz bellowed without restraint, "Odin! You idiot, do something!"

"Shut up, I'm doing it!" Odin roared back as he frantically drew on his divine power, attempting to unleash a freezing blizzard of Winter to lock down the massive flood.

Crack—crack—CRACK!

A polar windstorm erupted from him, instantly forming glistening crystalline ice in the deep blue sea, flickering like glowing shards. These rapidly merged into massive ice barriers, surging against the torrents of incoming water.

It seemed—for a moment—as if the barriers might hold, like before.

But Odin quickly fell into despair.

Just as Njord had been beaten like a dog when he recklessly invaded Asgard and faced Thalos...

Odin, too, did not belong to Vanaheim. Even if he had world-level authority over Jotunheim like his brother Thalos, his output of divine power was simply too low.

If the frost energy he could summon per unit time was "1," then Njord—fighting on home turf—could summon at least "5" from the ocean.

That efficiency gap made it impossible for him to gain the upper hand in this sea-dominated world!

Then, a despairing sound shattered his last hope.

Crack—crack—CRAAASH!

The ice wall... shattered!

The explosion sent countless jagged chunks of ice hurtling into the Aesir army like an avalanche.

"Aaahhh!"

"Help—glug glug—!"

"Odin, you bastard—!"

"Useless! I never should've trusted you!"

Amid the chaos, the gods and giants vented their fury without restraint. Three months of frustration poured out in full, raw emotion.

Odin had never been so overwhelmed in his life. As the apocalyptic scene unfolded before him, he stood frozen in place. Suddenly, his eyes caught sight of Loki.

He plunged through the raging currents, seized Loki's breastplate, and shouted, "Loki! If you've got any ideas, say it NOW!"

"We're out of options! Really! Really!" Loki wailed, half-crying.

"Really?!" Odin made no attempt to hide his despair.

Then Loki, true to form, only finished half a sentence. He suddenly pointed skyward with his index finger. "But he does! His Majesty Thalos definitely has a way!"

"He..." Odin's lone eye filled with confusion.

Three months of battle, and he had nothing to show for it—now he was supposed to run home to his brother in shame?

No. He couldn't even face the gods, much less the giants allied to him by marriage.

The thought of his parents' disappointed faces tore at his heart.

But compared to losing his entire army—or worse, allowing his brother's children to perish—his pride meant nothing.

No, maybe his brother had foreseen all this from the beginning... and was watching coldly from above.

Odin's gaze turned increasingly grim.

But he dared not hesitate any longer. If the losses mounted too high and Thalos refused to protect him, the Aesir would rip him to pieces.

"My king! Save us—!" Odin shouted, his voice thick with shame.

The stunned gods and giants around him quickly snapped back to their senses and joined in the desperate chorus.

"My king! Save us—!"

In truth, they didn't need to shout. Thalos didn't need to "sense" anything. The moment strange anomalies appeared in Vanaheim, Heimdall—ever dutiful—had already sent a distress signal.

Under the anxious gazes of Bor and Bestla, along with the many goddesses, Thalos emerged from their midst, flanked by his valkyries, and arrived at the western edge of Asgard.

Vanaheim, far below, looked like a crumpled, glowing-blue sheet. The surrounding seas had been drained dry, and the exposed seabed showed signs of collapse.

All the water had been drawn to the Sea Temple island.

Thalos stood silently, the surreal reflections of the massive water structure casting a strange cerulean hue across his face.

In his right hand, he gripped the Sword of Midgard. Its tip pointed downward, a faint earthen line stretching from the hilt's guard to the tip, flickering with countless shadowy images.

This divine sword, the embodiment of the human world, trembled slightly in his grasp—responding to the call of Thalos, the Creator God who had once given birth to humanity.

At this moment, it was gathering energy from across all of Midgard, resonating with the vast divine will of its wielder.

"My foolish little brother... The price I'm about to pay to save you all is steep."

By Thalos's rough estimate, using this move would cause the birth rate of living beings in Midgard to drop by at least one-quarter for years to come.

And such internal resource drain would definitely displease the world-will of Ginnungagap.

But he had no choice.

Not when he'd drawn such an ambitious and surprisingly capable little brother.

At the core of the World Tree, a faint spark of light suddenly ignited.

So faint—no brighter than a firefly.

And then, the next instant, it burst forth like a prairie wildfire, surging from the heart of Yggdrasil and crossing the realms—entering the divine sword in Thalos's hand.

The sword suddenly became heavier.

Its weight grew exponentially!

Even with the inherited strength of the frost giant progenitor Ymir, Thalos could no longer hold it.

He let go of the Sword of Midgard.

It was just a sword falling.

But the thunderous crash that followed—the shattering, mountainous roar—made it seem like Thalos had hurled down an entire range of peaks.

The blade effortlessly pierced through the spatial barrier above the Sea Temple, tearing through the hundred-meter-thick wall of ocean, and slammed directly into the temple's main gate.

The entire micro-ocean, carefully constructed by Njord from the essence of Vanaheim, was split cleanly in two by the sword.

No—

It wasn't just the ocean that was split.

It was the very fabric of this world.

The vertical path carved by the falling divine sword etched itself into the soul of every living being present—like a new thread of destiny written into their eyes and carved into their spirits.

From the heavens, the divine presence of Thalos descended with a deafening impact.

It was vast and majestic, solemn and boundless. It didn't sound like a voice, but more like a narrator's divine monologue added to the epic of eternity.

He spoke only one sentence.

A truth.

A truth not to be defied or challenged.

"My vassal shall receive my favor."