

Thalos 81

Chapter 81 - 81 Continuing to Defuse the Bomb

Unfortunately, Loki and Angrboda's little schemes couldn't fool Thalos in the slightest.

Seated on the Supreme Throne, Thalos's lips curled into a slight smile. "Jörmungandr!"

In the epics, Odin had come up with a terrible plan to suppress this world-destroying serpent: he threw the young Jörmungandr into the bottomless sea encircling the mortal world, trapping it beneath its own weight and the pressure of the ocean.

The serpent's body grew so immense that it stretched across the deep sea until it met its own tail. Thus, unable to break free, Jörmungandr coiled tightly around Midgard, earning the names "World Serpent" and "Midgard's Encircler."

By the time Jörmungandr had grown so massive and hidden deep beneath the sea, even if the Aesir wanted to kill it, it had become nearly impossible.

Later, Thor had once tried fishing up Jörmungandr using a giant ox head as bait. When the serpent was dragged to the surface, it became enraged, spraying poison and blood and engaging in a fierce tug-of-war with Thor. In the end, the giant Hymir cut the fishing line, allowing Jörmungandr to escape.

This event sealed the deadly feud between Jörmungandr and Thor, and in Ragnarok, they would kill each other.

But in this life, Thalos didn't need such complications.

As a "Creator God" reshaping the world, when he had first crafted Midgard, he had deliberately made it so there were no continuous oceans. The seas were mainly concentrated in the west, divided into three bodies of water, separated by hundreds of kilometers of continental land.

The ingenious part was that these seas connected to Vanaheim's waters through a kind of "plug."

Yes!

The same plug that had caused the downfall of Njord.

If Thalos wanted, he could drain any sea he pleased.

Thus came the question: could Jörmungandr, limited to living in a small, isolated sea, ever become the colossal World Serpent of legend?

Thalos found himself genuinely curious.

So, very simply, the next day he boarded the magical ship Skidbladnir, which Loki had helped him acquire.

In mortal eyes, this ship was about the size of a small island; for the Aesir, who averaged five meters in height, it was merely a spacious vessel.

Melodious music echoed across the deck.

Gullveig danced gracefully to the dwarven musicians' performance.

Once awkward and stiff, Gullveig had, over the years, truly mastered singing and dancing.

Her supple movements, swaying like willow branches in the wind, combined with her semi-transparent silk gown, made her appearance thoroughly enchanting.

Knowing she could never match Freyja's beauty, she had poured her efforts into perfecting her performance arts. One day, overhearing a secret technique called the "Eighteen Deadly Dances" from the God-King himself, she had trained diligently until she became unstoppable.

Today, seeing Thalos in such a fine mood for a pleasure cruise, she naturally seized the opportunity to impress.

Even as Thalos tenderly embraced Freyja, Gullveig showed no displeasure.

After finishing her dance and eagerly awaiting what might come next, Thalos suddenly turned toward the starboard side and smiled.

"Well now, little thing! Since you're here, why not come aboard?"

With that, Thalos extended his hand, grasping the air lightly.

Everyone on the ship witnessed a spectacular sight.

A massive white vortex opened on the nearby sea surface. White waves parted to either side, forming a dramatic waterfall that stretched from the surface down into the ocean depths.

Within this giant water tunnel, a slender sea serpent, about ten meters long, writhed madly in midair, restrained by an invisible force.

Even knowing it was no match for the god before it, the serpent defiantly opened its mouth and spat venom.

Unfortunately, with a mere flick of Thalos's finger, a towering wall of water, over a hundred meters high, rose from the sea, firmly blocking the venom.

It must be admitted—the venom was extremely toxic.

The seawater tainted by the venom turned a murky black and emitted sizzling white smoke, releasing heat so intense it surprised Thalos.

In that moment, he began to understand how Thor, even after smashing Jörmungandr's head during the final battle, had still been poisoned to death.

Jörmungandr, not realizing it had done anything wrong, had merely tried to sense from afar—almost passively—the terrifying enemy its father had warned it about.

Even so, it had been instantly captured.

At this moment, despair filled Jörmungandr's golden slit-pupil eyes.

It hissed fiercely in terror, though its feeble attempts to intimidate were laughably ineffective against a true God-King.

Dropping the water curtain, Thalos gazed at the juvenile "World Serpent" and chuckled mercilessly. Though it had a fierce-looking head and terrifying fangs, it was still too immature.

"You are Jörmungandr?"

"Hissss!" was its answer, trying to sound menacing.

"How boring!" Feeling its fear and weakness, Thalos found it all rather dull.

Had Jörmungandr been as aggressive and defiant as its elder brother Fenrir, trying to bite the heavens and the gods, Thalos might have been more inclined to crush it out of hatred.

But this tiny "serpent," barely longer than ten meters, was no threat at all—barely fit to be a giant's snack.

Crucially, this underdeveloped chaos serpent could only carry a limited amount of chaotic power. Killing it now would not meaningfully weaken Ragnarok.

After a moment of consideration, Thalos laughed softly, "Jörmungandr, you are too weak. Only when you grow large enough to encircle Midgard will you qualify to challenge me."

"Hisss hisss hisss!" Jörmungandr twisted its body angrily, hissing and flicking its tongue.

With a wave of his hand, Thalos conjured two "Divine Hands" formed from wind elements. The elemental hands forced Jörmungandr's jaws open and began expertly squeezing its venom glands.

Unwillingly, Jörmungandr began violently spewing venom, extracted against its will...

At that moment, the serpent felt like a helpless lamb being cruelly harvested by a method it could not even comprehend.

Again and again, black venom was squeezed out by Thalor, forming suspended blobs in midair. Only after the serpent's jaws could no longer produce even a drop did the terrifying elemental hands finally release it.

Gaining its freedom, Jörmungandr immediately dove downward, desperate to reach the seafloor and get as far away from the terrifying Aesir god as possible.

Meanwhile, Thalor floated one blob of venom over to Gullveig.

"Study this venom carefully. If you can create a corresponding antidote, you will be a hero of the Aesir."