

Thalos 84

Chapter 84 - 84 Physical Subjugation

Odin had formally roared "requesting support," but by the time the words reached Heimdall, stationed at the Rainbow Bridge, only the first part remained: "Big Brother, save me!"

Although Thalos had agreed, when appointing Odin as King of Jotunheim, that Asgard would support him if he faced overwhelming enemies, Heimdall couldn't help feeling a bit disgusted by the scene.

You invited the guy into your palace as a guest, and now you're asking for reinforcements?

You're embarrassing the entire Aesir!

Still, duty was duty. Heimdall quickly sent out the signal.

"What's going on?" Thor, flying in with Mjölnir, was the first to arrive.

After hearing Heimdall's report, Thor immediately pulled a face like he was constipated.

He really didn't like this second uncle of his.

Odin, you shamelessly started a gang beating, and now you're being soloed by a single guy?

Have you no shame?

But like it or not, Thor had to help.

In the end, this was Odin's attempt to recruit a giant that had gone horribly wrong, resulting in an attack. Officially, the frost giant was now an enemy of Asgard. No procedural issues.

Soon, Thor brought Tyr and Vidar across the Rainbow Bridge into the lower world.

"Humm humm humm!"

Accompanied by dazzling rainbow light, several Aesir gods charged into battle.

As they stormed through the palace gates, they saw Hodr—the dark god—coiling dark energy around the giant, yet it failed to penetrate him. Meanwhile, Odin's spear was stuck in the giant's chest, and he was reduced to scraping futile sparks off the giant's armor with a third-rate sword.

Seeing the reinforcements, Hrungrir's face darkened and he roared, "Odin, you shameless bastard! You dare call yourself a god? You invited me for a drink, only to try to kill me?!"

The rebuke made Thor and the others halt, casting disdainful glances at Odin—

Wait, seriously?

You lured him into a trap like a dog and then tried to murder him? Was that necessary?

Feeling the scorn from the younger gods, Odin's face turned as dark as thunder.

Hrungnir, clearly smarter than the average giant, seeing Thor and the others armed with divine weapons, knew there was no way he could win today. Still, he continued to curse loudly:

"You Aesir can kill me with tricks, but kill me and there will be countless frost giants avenging me! I do not yield! I do not accept this!"

Thor, ever the hothead, immediately bristled: "Step aside, I'll handle him!"

Odin was waiting for exactly that—he immediately stepped back a few paces.

As Thor spoke, the air began to tremble, and dark clouds gathered above, ready to unleash lightning.

Hrungnir jeered again: "Using divine weapons against my mortal club? You gods have no shame!"

Thor hesitated, then put away Mjölfnir and darkened his face. "Fine. I'll fight you barehanded and make you admit defeat!"

Thor began to grow: ten meters, twenty meters, twenty-five meters—at full size, though still a head shorter than Hrungnir, he was at least within the same weight class.

The giant bellowed in return and charged at Thor, launching a fierce grapple.

A god and a giant clashed outside the replica palace, sparking a wrestling match worthy of a titan's brawl.

"BOOM! BOOM! BOOM—"

The ground shook, cracked, and groaned under the colossal impacts.

The sheer primal force of the battle was wild and awe-inspiring.

After a dozen fierce rounds, Thor, who prided himself on being the world's strongest, was shocked to realize he couldn't overpower this giant.

Not only was Hrungrir stronger, but Thor's wrestling technique wasn't clearly superior either.

Thor grew increasingly embarrassed.

Just then, a voice echoed from the sky.

"Step aside, Thor. You can't win this. With your strength alone, he will never submit."

The two fighters immediately separated. Thor looked up, stunned: "Father..."

Yes.

Thalos had arrived.

To Thalos, Hrungrir's appearance wasn't entirely unexpected. This so-called "strongest giant on earth" was the frost giants' frontline general during Ragnarok.

Why had he appeared now?

Thalos realized: the epic's original timeline had already been completely altered by his presence.

In the old tales, by the time Hrungrir appeared, the frost giants had already established a kingdom, signing treaties with the Aesir after building the great walls around Asgard.

In this life, things were very different.

A giant kingdom?

Since remaking the world, Thalos had eradicated every rebellious giant without mercy.

Any giant that resisted was either killed or bent the knee.

Thus, when Hrungrir awoke from the ice, he found no nation, no allies—his confidence crippled.

Seeing him looking torn between fight and flight, Thalos had an idea.

"I am Thalos Borson, King of the Aesir!"

Bathed in glorious light, Thalos slowly descended, his overwhelming aura tinged with a subtle killing intent, locking eyes with Hrungrir.

"Hrungrir! I admire your valor. Here's the deal: if you can withstand a single pure-power strike from me, you are free to go. Build your kingdom, seek independence—whatever you wish. But if you fail?"

Hrungrir looked up at the small figure hovering in the sky, his heart pounding with unease.

If he couldn't withstand it...

He would have to surrender—or die.

Just dying like this was too bitter to accept. Odin and the other Aesir were scum, yes—but their mead was truly divine.

But his pride in his own strength would not allow him to show weakness.

He shouted, "I cannot lose!"

"Oh? Is that so?"

Thalos descended to the ground. Without enlarging himself, he reached toward a nearby forty-meter-tall tree.

"CRACK—"

A tree as thick as five men linking arms was ripped from the ground, stripped bare of its branches by an invisible force until it was just a smooth trunk.

Remaining at his modest six-meter height, Thalos wielded this massive trunk and swung it directly at Hrungrir's head.

"You're looking down on me—" Hrungrir roared, swinging his mighty flintstone club to counter the blow.

If Thalos had used one of his floating divine swords, Hrungrir might have hesitated. But seeing a mundane tree trunk, he believed his half-divine flint club would easily crush it.

The shocking scene unfolded:

Of course, the tree trunk wasn't a divine weapon—upon impact, the club smashed through the crude wood.

But as the two weapons clashed and entered a momentary stalemate, an immense, boundless force erupted from Thalos.