

Thalos 85

Chapter 85 - 85 The Strongest Giant on Earth Is Mine

Hrungnir's first sensation was that it felt like a small hill was pressing against his arms. He thought he could handle it.

He even had the leisure to mock Thalos: "Hahaha! Is this the mighty strength of the Aesir God-King? What a joke!"

"Oh? Is that so? Then I'll start using some strength."

Hrungnir's laughter immediately froze.

As Thalos ramped up the pressure, it no longer felt like a hill—it was as if a mountain range had collapsed onto him. Hrungnir had to summon every ounce of strength he possessed just to resist.

"Giant, do you yield?"

"I do not!"

The pressure transmitted through the flintstone club now made every muscle and bone in Hrungnir's body creak and groan audibly.

It no longer felt like just three mountains pressing down.

Even so, even when pushed to this limit, when Thalos asked again if he yielded, Hrungrir still roared defiantly: "I do not yield—!"

Anyone with a discerning eye could see that Hrungrir was already at the end of his rope.

"Shall I add a little more then?" Thalos' calm voice was like a thousand whips, slashing Hrungrir's pride.

The scene was utterly absurd:

A six-meter-tall Thalos suppressing a giant over thirty meters tall until he couldn't move.

It was as ridiculous as a monkey pinning down an elephant with a bamboo stick.

Yet the more one watched, the more it stirred the heart.

At this moment, the entire crowd erupted into frantic cheers for their king.

"His Majesty is amazing!"

"Our King is invincible!"

"Crush him! Shut that rude mouth of his!"

Normally, Hrungrir would have smashed these jeering fools with fists the size of wagons.

But he was genuinely at his limit.

The force pressing down on him felt less like mountains and more like the entire world of Jotunheim.

Even though Thalor was clearly holding back—only increasing the pressure ten tons at a time—Hrungrir still felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness.

The ground shook violently; the floor tiles beneath Hrungrir's feet were pulverized into powder.

His legs sank deep into the earth.

Even the nearby replica Golden Palace groaned and shook, its icy eaves crashing down in shards.

It felt like the fortress and palace could collapse at any moment under the terrifying pressure of their contest.

The terrifying force rippled outward in every direction. Even Odin's mortal retainers were so awed they fell to their knees, loudly chanting praises of the Aesir God-King.

Odin's face darkened terribly:

Could you idiots stop fighting in my house?!

Meanwhile, Hrungrir looked at Thalor's smiling face and felt despair.

The pressure was increasing by the second, and his body could collapse at any moment.

How could he possibly continue fighting?

Without waiting for Thalor to ask a third time, Hrungrir, already forced to one knee, broke down and shouted: "I yield! I yield—!"

The crushing pressure instantly vanished.

The sudden release of force sent Hrungrir sprawling forward in a clumsy fall. He landed on all fours, looking exactly like he was bowing to Thalor.

"OOOOOH—" The crowd erupted.

Well, even if he hadn't meant to kneel, he had knelt.

Realizing he had no other choice, Hrungrir decided to let it all go.

He bowed his massive head, pressing his forehead against the cold ground. "Hrungrir yields! I pledge my life to His Majesty Thalor!"

With those words, the entire place erupted in uproar.

He yielded?

This wild, untamable giant actually submitted?

His Majesty is too powerful!

The crowd's thunderous cheers shook the heavens.

"Hahaha! Yield, yield!"

"As expected, there's no barbarian our king can't conquer!"

"Long live the God-King—!"

All the clamor made Hrungrir uncomfortable, but the situation left him no choice.

At this moment, Thalor walked up to the giant. "Raise your head."

Hrungrir obeyed but dared not rise.

"Hrungrir, you have nothing to be ashamed of. I, too, carry the blood of giants within me.

We share common ancestors.

In the end, you merely lost to another giant.

You need not feel disgrace.

Congratulations—today you have become part of the great legend of the Aesir."

Thalos didn't have to say any of this.

His giant bloodline was real. While pure-blooded Aesir might not celebrate it, for the giants, it was a source of comfort and pride.

After all, the God-King was one of their own.

Hrungnir's eyes filled with tears: "I will fight to the death for His Majesty!"

There was no doubt:

From resigned submission to offering heartfelt loyalty—this was a massive leap in mindset.

Watching Thalos subdue the vanguard he had dreamed of recruiting, Odin's mouth twisted sourly.

He opened his mouth, but no words came out.

What could he say?

He and his sons had failed utterly against this brute.

He had even screamed for help—he could hardly expect Big Brother to leave him anything now.

Forcing a cheerful expression, Odin came forward and congratulated: "Congratulations, Big Brother, on gaining another mighty general!"

Thalos gave him a bland, polite smile. "It is a blessing for all of Asgard, a powerful ally in facing Ragnarok."

The message was clear:

Odin, as long as you're still with us, this is good for everyone.

If you step out of line—this general won't be yours.

Odin nodded, smiling stiffly. "Indeed! We are brothers, after all. What's mine is yours."

Thalos lifted his eyelids slightly: "There may be more frost giants awakening from the glaciers. You, my foolish brother, must stay vigilant. I'll send more giants to assist you."

"Thank you, Big Brother!"

Odin replied with words of gratitude, but inwardly he seethed with envy:

I want warriors like Hrungrir! Not those useless, ordinary giants!

After so many years of fighting, everyone knew:

What determined a giant's true strength wasn't just size and muscle—it was agility and intelligence.

Those dumb, slow frost giants were fit only for cannon fodder.

The real threats were often the giantesses—clever, beautiful, and vastly more powerful.

Take Skadi, for example.

She was already leading a pack of frost wolves—wolves transformed from Fenrir's descendants through the Order Tablets, now loyal beasts under her command.

Their average shoulder height was over two meters, with some reaching four meters.

These wolves alone could fight ordinary frost giants.

But a titan like Hrungrir—both mighty and intelligent—was a rare gem indeed.

Odin was dying of jealousy.

But envy wouldn't change anything.

If he had been able to subdue Hrungrir by force, he would have done it long ago.

He simply didn't have what it took.

Now, he could only watch helplessly as Big Brother snatched away the strongest giant on earth.