

Thalos 94

Chapter 94: Huh? Father?

Rescue the "divine hostage"? That kind of professional work—Thor, that brute, has no idea how to do it!

Things were quite chaotic at the moment.

Out in the sea was a deep-sea behemoth the size of a small island.

Atop the beast's head, a 20-meter-tall giant held a red tree tightly in one hand, and the terrified Goddess Idunn in the other.

Due to the height difference, Idunn could do nothing but scream—she looked just like a battered doll, her body swaying back and forth violently from the tremors.

In this kind of situation, whether to charge in or not carried enormous risk.

If Loki had to make the choice, he would most likely pretend to miss his chance and fail to save the goddess. Not because Loki wanted Idunn dead, of course—he just wanted her to return to Asgard a little later.

Loki saw Thor preparing to throw his hammer with his right hand and immediately knew that Thor was about to fly over to rescue Idunn, so he decisively pressed down on Thor's hand. "Don't be reckless just yet."

"Huh?!"

"If you fly over now with Mjölnir, the commotion will be too great, and that monster will see it as a provocation."

"This..."

"Trust me, if that damned kidnapper doesn't want to die, he'll run with Idunn." As an accomplice, no one knew better than Loki that this giant named Thjazi had a shapeshifting eagle form.

Once Thjazi couldn't bear it anymore and tried to flee, Thor—being a simpleton—would certainly chase after him using Mjölnir. At that point, Thor would be tangled up with the sea monster, and since he had thick skin and wouldn't die easily even if he got beaten up, Thjazi would continue escaping with Idunn. That way, those pure-blooded old geezers in Asgard would get too anxious to sit still.

Everyone would get their happy ending!

The plan was perfect!

Loki felt brilliant.

For once, Thor was somewhat convinced by how confidently Loki explained it.

Thor thought: if only Loki could be this reliable all the time, that would be great.

Poor Thor. He didn't know that his and Loki's modes of thinking would never overlap.

Sure enough, at this critical moment, events developed exactly as Loki predicted—

A panicked Thjazi finally lost control and instantly transformed into a super giant eagle with a 30-meter wingspan. He snatched Idunn with one claw and flew eastward.

Thor quickly snapped the reins and urged his two goats to chase after them.

The goats tried hard, but one of them had a limp. While midair galloping was manageable at low speed, once they sped up, the flying goat chariot veered noticeably to the right.

"Left! Left! I told you to go left—!" Thor was nearly driven mad.

But the more he whipped them, the more chaotic the goats became, almost spinning around in midair.

Finally reaching the end of his patience, Thor threw the reins to his servant Roskva, swung his hammer, and transformed into a bolt of lightning, shooting straight toward the giant-eagle form of Thjazi.

"Boom!"

Transformed into a "Thunder Man," Thor's speed instantly peaked, streaking through the air with dazzling lightning and thunderous booms as he charged at the eagle flapping frantically in midair.

Clearly, his actions startled both sides present.

Sure enough, the sea monster below reacted.

"Splashhh!"

With tens of thousands of tons of seawater surging upward, three massive black columns shot out of the ocean at high speed, directly targeting Thjazi and Thor in the air.

Only those with sharp vision could clearly see that these were no mere pillars. The uneven lumps on their surfaces were not barnacles or rocks—they were enormous suction cups.

That's right!

These were octopus tentacles!

And their owner was none other than one of the ten great sea monsters of Norse mythology—Kraken of the Northern Seas.

It was as massive as an island. Even its excrement would attract fish from dozens of nautical miles around to feed. Desperate fishermen would often sail into Kraken's territory to fish. Legend had it that just one dragnet in these waters could yield fish of incredible market value—enough to feed a family for an entire year without needing to go back out to sea.

Of course, reward always came with risk.

Fishing near Kraken was just as reckless as the fish consuming its waste—both were gambling with their lives.

One wrong move and they would become Kraken's prey.

Clearly, Thor's rash charge had angered Kraken. The colossal sea monster launched an attack at the thunder god who disturbed it.

Startled, Thor instinctively swung Mjölnir at the tentacle about to strike him.

Thunderclouds gathered rapidly in the sky, and a roar of thunder louder than any natural storm exploded across the heavens.

"BOOM—"

Thanks to seawater's excellent conductivity, the lightning instantly charred about a quarter of the tentacle's tip into visible blackened remains.

"Awoo—" An ancient, echoing roar sounded from deep beneath the sea. Kraken was clearly enraged by Thor's strike. More tentacles, each measuring hundreds of meters, shot out of the depths, pursuing Thor in the sky.

Thjazi, terrified, flapped his wings even harder, trying to escape with Idunn as quickly as possible.

Honestly, up until this second, everything was still going exactly according to Loki's script.

Watching the scene unfold, Loki nearly burst out laughing.

Fate was just that marvelous—Loki had calculated everything to perfection, except for one thing: in these waters, there was another uninvited guest just as massive.

"Splashhh!" An enormous surge of seawater erupted from the depths again.

No one expected that this time, the one pushed to the ocean surface was Kraken itself.

Atop its twisted octopus head grew a large patch of deceptively natural-looking red mangroves. Below that, its two massive black eyes—each large enough to fit two giants—flashed with visible fury. Its many tentacles, each capable of anchoring a ten-thousand-ton ship, thrashed in a panic.

As the tentacles broke through the surface, they turned from ink-black to bright red, revealing their true form. Only then did onlookers realize that Kraken was being lifted out of the water by a massive, differently colored tail.

A snake's tail?

A furious voice echoed from beneath the sea, sharp and grating like nails on glass.

"Hiss! Hiss! Who's making thunder and waking me?!"

If Kraken could speak, it would probably have screamed its innocence: the one making thunder was Thor—what the hell did it have to do with Kraken?

Kraken's body was already enormous, and now that it was being hoisted to the surface by a white snake tail, its full size—head and tentacles included—spanned well over two thousand meters.

And this colossal creature was now being tightly coiled and bound at the midsection by the long snake tail, its head and tentacles squeezed together as if it might be torn in half at any moment. Kraken's proud limbs tried to coil back in retaliation, only to find there was no grip—the snake's tail was smooth and covered in scales, impervious to its suction cups.

Then, as a massive white serpent head—bearing a strong resemblance to a Jörmungandr-like dragon—rose from the water, the World Serpent, Jörmungandr, who had been ready to unleash its fury, suddenly froze in place. Staring at Loki, it said in disbelief, "Huh? Father?"