

Thalos 95

Chapter 95: Offer Your Loyalty, Jörmungandr

Awkward! Absolutely awkward!

Countless eyes looked at one another, all bewildered and speechless.

Gods, giants, monsters—none of them had expected a situation like this.

The devious Sirens, in their equal-opportunity malice toward all sea travelers, had deliberately lured Thor and his group into Kraken's territory.

Kraken, acting purely on instinct, attempted to hunt its prey—unwittingly scaring a certain giant kidnapper.

The giant tried to flee, and Thor, misunderstanding it as an execution attempt, was forced to go all out in pursuit.

That flashy, lightning-filled flight disturbed Kraken, triggering retaliation from the colossal octopus.

Then, the deafening thunder set off a chain reaction that woke the World Serpent, Jörmungandr, who happened to be sleeping in this part of the ocean.

Grumpy from being woken up, Jörmungandr—without bothering to sort out right from wrong—smashed Kraken first.

And that wasn't even the wildest part.

Thor, elated beyond measure, shouted, "Loki! So it was all part of your plan?!"

Plan? What plan?

I didn't even know my son had grown this big—how could I have planned anything?

Loki was just as dumbfounded. But that didn't stop him from putting on a show. He would have loved to take all the credit, but didn't dare, so he said stiffly, "No! This was all thanks to the divine foresight of His Majesty, the God-King Thalos. Jörmungandr, what are you waiting for? Now's the time to show your loyalty to the Aesir!"

Again, Thor's thought process was completely incompatible with Loki's. The gullible Thor didn't realize Loki was just talking out of his ass. "You predicted this?!"

Predicted what?

Loki stayed confused but played along: "Yes, I predicted it."

Yet Thor's reaction sparked a terrifying thought in Loki's mind: Wait a second! Could this entire chase have been orchestrated by the God-King Thalos from the start?

While Loki was in a daze, so was Jörmungandr.

It hadn't seen its father since being cast into the sea, and now, upon their sudden reunion, before it could even feel joy, it heard Loki say something about "proving loyalty to the Aesir."

Jörmungandr had stayed out of worldly affairs for a long time.

But it vividly remembered how, long ago, it had merely glanced at the God-King Thalos and was instantly captured. That terrifying, helpless scene had haunted its dreams ever since.

Now it seemed... its father was still part of the Aesir? And that Aesir over there was his companion?

Well, then, I guess I'll help!

Jörmungandr, though a specialist in world-ending destruction, had one admirable trait: it was extremely filial.

When Loki spoke, Jörmungandr listened.

No longer hesitating, it surged with strength, hoisting the island-sized Kraken high above the water. This was a sheer victory of scale! With a body over 10 kilometers long, Jörmungandr could easily accomplish such brute feats.

Jörmungandr figured that helping the lightning-wielding god kill Kraken would be a solid contribution.

Who could've expected—it wasn't Thor who struck next!

A sudden celestial phenomenon exploded above, drawing everyone's attention.

Just moments ago, the sky had been blanketed in dark clouds. Now, it blazed with light.

This was literal fire in the sky.

Flames, thousands of degrees Celsius hot, rolled across the clouds in waves.

This was absolutely no natural occurrence.

Loki, who had just been bragging moments ago, stood utterly stunned—

Even Jörmungandr, still wondering why its father was pledging loyalty to the Aesir, instinctively shut its serpent mouth in awe.

From within the blazing clouds, a red line streaked downward from the heavens, slicing Jörmungandr's view of the sky in two.

The fireclouds behind the tip of the red line spun rapidly, channeling fire elementals into its point.

And the tip—it was visibly growing larger.

This wasn't a trick of perspective. The tip was truly expanding.

Loki didn't know who was wielding this power now, but he recognized the weapon at the red line's head—the Sword of Muspelheim!

According to legend, the God-King Thalos forged this divine sword from the sealed, unyielding soul of Surtur, the progenitor of the fire giants, whom he had slain.

Now, after all these years, Loki saw it unleash its power again.

Below, Kraken was seized by an overwhelming sense of dread—so unfamiliar, yet instinctively it knew: if it took that strike, it would be utterly obliterated.

"Awoooo—"

A shrill, wretched scream escaped it as its soft, island-sized body abruptly shrank inward.

Relying on its octopus-like softness, Kraken managed to catch Jörmungandr off-guard, slipping loose before the serpent could tighten its grip.

Just then, the voice that had haunted Jörmungandr's nightmares rang out beside it.

"No matter."

If His Majesty the God-King said so, then of course Jörmungandr immediately released its tail.

The Kraken, feeling like it had been pardoned, tried to flee—but it was already too late.

A massive surge of seawater betrayed it!

The power of the Ocean erupted without warning, pushing Jörmungandr's tail aside and forcing Kraken—who was trying to retreat into the deep—back up to the surface.

Too tragic.

Had it been fighting literally anyone else, Kraken could have escaped even if it lost the fight.

But now it had the World Serpent blocking the path below and the God-King himself attacking from above.

Such "VIP treatment"—Kraken couldn't even begin to fathom what laws of heaven it had violated to deserve such a fate.

The island-sized octopus was forcefully lifted by a massive, slab-like wall of hardened seawater, pushed up in full view of all present.

Then, a searing crimson light descended.

With a deafening boom, successive explosions and flashes of light erupted from Kraken's head, traveling down each of its tentacles.

Those bizarrely colored suction cups, encrusted with barnacles and fish bones, swelled grotesquely and then—bang—exploded one after another in a bloody rain.

From head to tentacles, every part of Kraken's body was blown to bits and launched skyward, turning into a storm of blood mist and meat chunks before raining back down.

Chunks of octopus flesh, soaked in a vile stench of ink, splattered everywhere. This revolting "octopus rain" disgusted every living being who witnessed it.

For most spectators, who wisely kept their distance, it was simply another awe-inspiring testament to the power of God-King Thalos.

But the only one who felt terror deep to its bones was Jörmungandr.

It raised its head reverently, gazing at the deep black eyes projected in the sky. It was so nervous, it didn't even dare flick its tongue, which was second nature.

"Your Majesty the God-King, did... did I do well?" Jörmungandr asked cautiously.

"You did well." God-King Thalos, noticing Jörmungandr's unexpected arrival, couldn't help a twitch in his facial muscles.

This hadn't been part of his plan.

Jörmungandr asked again, "If I offer my loyalty to Your Majesty... will I be allowed to live?"

As the World Serpent, Jörmungandr's humility at that moment could not have been more extreme.

Meanwhile, on the flying goat chariot, Loki had also fallen to his knees, deeply bowing in silent plea on behalf of his son.

In the sky, those divine eyes seemed to sigh.

"You are not like your mad older brother, Fenrir. At the very least, you still possess reason. So long as you cease to grow further and remain untouched by the power of chaos... you may stay in Midgard."