

Thalos 102

Chapter 102: Even If the Seas Run Dry

Don't be fooled by how ruthlessly the mortals treated their own ships—if they weren't hard on themselves, the God-King would be harder.

At a time like this, if you weren't taking sides—then were you siding with Ægir?

What were they going to do, sneak back to a sea temple later and pray for the God-King to raise the tides so their boats could go back out?

Since the world's creation, the mortal realm had only existed for a few decades. There was no way anyone could've forgotten either the Aesir's grace or their ferocity.

Especially with the public display of the Kraken's corpse still fresh in everyone's memory—it reminded kings and nobles alike that the gods of Asgard were active, watchful, and very hands-on.

Three days were more than enough.

The phrase "Heaven and Earth shall collapse, and the seas shall run dry" was all the priests needed to go into overdrive.

"Move! Everyone who can get to the coast, go now!"

"Bear witness to the unrivaled divine might of our God-King Thalos!"

"O foolish mortals, your faith in His Majesty must be steadfast!"

"Bring all your gold! Yes, the very gold you planned to offer to that damned couple, Ægir and Rán. Now present it to the true lords of fate—the Aesir gods!"

"All others are false gods—only the Aesir are real!"

Three days was tight, but enough for the priests to make it a spectacle.

Along every major road to the sea, Aesir believers acted as guides, leading pilgrims to designated camping zones and distributing flatbread from church supplies.

The hills and cliffs along the shore—perfect for viewing—were divided into neatly squared plots, each one a rest zone for a noble household, complete with servants and guards.

Bards and musicians performed in shifts. The sound of horns and drums rolled through the salt air.

As the time drew near, one priest after another ascended to the grand platform, chanting poetic praises of God-King Thalos.

They did not disappoint the millions gathered.

The divine projection of Hermóðr appeared once again—this time a towering 100 meters tall, clad in white robes trimmed with gold. After today, that look was sure to inspire a whole new fashion craze among priests and nobility.

He swept his left arm across and raised a radiant sword high in his right.

Those with keen eyes would recognize it as the [Sword of Midgard]—a weapon Thalos currently regarded as something of a side dish in his arsenal.

Hermóðr's voice did not travel through air—but straight into the souls of every mortal along the coast.

[The will of God-King Thalos Borson is absolute!]

[He watches over the Nine Realms, ruling them all—striving always to protect mortals from chaos and evil!]

[Yet there are always arrogant fools who trample the grace of the God-King and scorn His kindness!]

[Thus, the God-King proclaims: You want war? You shall have it!]

[Even if the heavens collapse, even if the seas run dry!]

That final line—booming and overwhelming—was the same uncompromising declaration from before.

As the last syllable dropped, a colossal divine image—10 kilometers tall—manifested in the sky above the sea. Gold-helmeted and gold-armored, Thalos himself cast a piercing divine radiance over the world.

He didn't even lift a weapon.

He simply extended his left hand, pointing toward what mortals saw as the infinite expanse of ocean.

A massive rumble from the depths of the earth echoed like thunder.

The ground shook.

The mortals shook.

And then—they prostrated themselves en masse.

Not a single one remained standing.

Some dared glance toward the water's edge—and what they saw made their blood run cold.

The sea was receding.

Not the usual ebb and flow of tides, but a retreat measured in hundreds of meters at a time.

Countless fish, shrimp, and crabs were left writhing on the exposed seabed, having failed to escape with the retreating tide.

Once, this would've triggered a feeding frenzy.

Now?

They were too afraid to move.

Too terrified to even blink.

And still the sea level dropped—vanishing past the visible horizon.

From what had once been the middle of the ocean, sounds of titanic combat rang out—deafening cries, bestial roars, the clash of powers.

The mortals knew: This was the Aesir gods going to war.

They were tense.

They were exhilarated.

This was divine war—the stuff of legend!

Even if they couldn't witness it directly, just hearing it from afar would be enough to tell their grandchildren for generations.

Thalos did not permit the mortals to rise.

His divine majesty was too vast, too unknowable.

Even among the Aesir, savagery and ignorance still lingered—how could Thalos possibly let mortals develop contempt for divinity?

His gaze turned toward the heart of the ocean...

An hour earlier, he had sent a very special messenger to deliver one last ultimatum.

Not Hermóðr—

But the soul of an ordinary mortal man, chosen at random by Hela.

This spirit was weak, and his appearance unpleasant—exactly the kind of offering guaranteed to offend Ægir and Rán.

Truth be told, Thalos had briefly worried that his own divine pressure might scare Ægir into surrendering too easily.

In the old epics, Ægir and Rán, along with their nine daughters, were their own minor god-clan—neither Aesir nor Vanir.

They relied on the deep sea to hide from both factions, treating everyone with equal disdain.

And the most laughable part?

Some bard had written that Odin merely glancing at Ægir had scared him so badly that he collapsed in fear and pledged allegiance.

That line was the one Thalos found hardest to stomach.

Because in those same stories, Ægir only shows up after the Aesir had been forced to make peace with the Vanir, exchanging hostages. Clearly, Ægir's role as [Water God] was crafted to balance out the unruly Njord.

So Odin let this tiny god-clan—a pair of gods and their nine half-divine daughters—act like sovereign vassals, untouched even by Ragnarök, continuing to rob mortals with impunity.

In this lifetime, Njord was already a decorative relief on Thalos's divine sword.

There was no way Thalos would allow these trash deities—who dared infringe on his divine authority—to remain unpunished.

Wise gods were rare.

Reckless, suicidal false gods were everywhere.

As expected, the garbage messenger was destroyed.

And just to be extra spiteful, *Ægir* even had a soul-devouring beast chew up the fragments and return the digested essence.

That was all the confirmation Thalos needed.

Ægir's actions lit a fire under the Aesir and giants alike—everyone wanted blood.

Only after declaring war did Thalos allow Hermóðr to appear to the mortals, announcing the beginning of the Even If the Seas Run Dry plan.

"RUMMMMMMBLE—!"

Of course, the changes in the ocean didn't escape *Ægir*.

As the waters visibly drained from his domain, he froze in disbelief.

The sea, his power, his everything—was vanishing.