

Thalos 110

Chapter 110: The Hammer Is Missing—Don't You Dare Ask Loki

Not just any stray soul could serve as a sword soul for one of the Nine Realms Swords.

These were "Nine-Pillar Swords," representing a miniature continent, a miniature world.

Without the acknowledgment of that world's will, a soul simply couldn't qualify to be bound to one of the swords.

After acquiring five sword souls, Thalos had begun to piece together the rules.

The pattern was either: one, like Surtr—the fire giant progenitor—whose nature directly aligned with the fiery realm of Muspelheim;

Or two, like Ægir, whose dominion over Midgard had effectively fused his divine power with the realm itself.

And in case anyone wondered why Ægir, a god of water, represented Midgard—well, Thalos had essentially rebuilt Midgard in the image of Earth, where water covered 71% of the world.

So having a god of the deep sea represent Midgard? Perfectly reasonable.

But after securing five of the Nine Realms Swords with proper souls, Thalos was stuck.

The "bucket theory" was well known: the capacity of a bucket is limited not by its longest plank, but by the shortest.

He was already God-King. If he wanted to raise his combat power even slightly, the best route was to complete the Nine Realms set with all fully qualified sword souls.

And really, who could represent Asgard?

Surely he wouldn't be so cruel as to sacrifice Odin?

Thalos already usurped the throne—what, was he supposed to go full tyrant and commit fratricide now?

He couldn't stomach that level of karmic backlash.

Think about it: Odin had already earned the ire of the world will for killing Njord after the Vanir had surrendered. That single act had gotten him exiled to the frozen wasteland of Jotunheim, under the veneer of being "crowned king."

Thalos sighed inwardly: My foolish brother, unless you do something so heinous that even the heavens can't tolerate it, I won't move against you.

And then—

Within days, Thalos received a secret report from the Valkyries:

Odin had snuck off to bed Little Hel, the wife of the giant Hymir.

Giant women, it seemed, still hadn't developed any resistance to handsome Aesir gods. Some things never changed.

"...", " Thalos held his forehead, at a loss for words.

Guess the Edda was pretty faithful to the source material after all.

Odin, you absolute bastard—you really believe in "the wife's never as good as the mistress, and the mistress never as good as someone else's," don't you?

Too bad for him: Tyr had already been born in this timeline, and Odin had nothing to do with it.

The divine capacity of the world was already nearing saturation. Odin probably couldn't produce another god even if he tried.

But Odin didn't know that.

What followed was a spree of chaos as Odin became Stud-Horse Supreme, sowing his wild oats all over the realms, even dabbling in the mortal world.

Short of targeting already-married women, Odin's antics could only be described as universal pollination.

Suddenly, Thalos understood why dynasties in ancient China collapsed under the weight of overabundant aristocracy.

When there was no more room for advancement, nobles turned their energy to reproducing—children born with royal blood had to be raised lavishly, draining the state dry.

Odin was being so outrageous that even Frey came to complain, in secret.

And what could Thalos do?

Pretend he didn't see it, of course.

But then something unexpected happened.

After one of the Palace of Revelry's all-night ragers, the next morning, a hungover Thor woke up to find—

His hammer was gone.

"HUH? My hammer! MY HAMMER IS MISSING!"

This was inside Asgard! There shouldn't have been any outside intruders!

The gods and giants who had partied all night scrambled to check their own belongings. Only Thor's hammer had vanished.

And don't think for a second that only Thor could lift it.

That was a story cooked up for mortals.

Sure, humans in the lower realms couldn't budge it—but powerful Aesir gods and giants could absolutely take it.

Besides, Mjölfnir didn't have a weapon soul. It couldn't recognize its master.

If someone managed to walk off with it, Thor would be completely powerless to stop them.

After searching high and low, Thor could only drag himself, sulking, to the Silver Palace to beg Thalos for help.

Even though Thalos knew this was fated, he couldn't help laughing in exasperation.

First, because of how freakishly accurate fate was—

In the epic, Thor had lost his hammer during a feast at Ægir's hall.

Second...

"How many times have I told you?! Keep your things in order! Important items must be kept at a designated spot near you!"

The massive Thor, taller even than Thalos, was now being scolded like a misbehaving grandson.

Head hung low, he didn't even dare look Thalos in the eye.

"Father, I was wrong... Please, help me find it," he mumbled, eyes flickering toward Thalos's supreme throne. Clearly, he wanted his father to use magic to trace the hammer's whereabouts.

Thor, you lazy brat. You've picked up bad habits.

Thalos was genuinely annoyed now.

For a moment, he seriously considered not helping.

But he couldn't ignore it.

Not just Thor—most Aesir gods were like this: more muscle than brains.

And the worst part? Once they lost their signature artifact, even their command of their own divine domain weakened dramatically.

Thalos's expression hardened. "No."

"Ah?!" Thor's face collapsed like a kicked puppy.

"Not only will I not help you, I forbid you from using force until you get your hammer back."

"Nooo—" Thor wailed.

"You are my firstborn. You're destined to lead your own division. Yet you do everything recklessly, solving all problems with brute strength. How can I trust you to command a legion? How can I entrust an entire realm to you?"

Thor wanted to argue: Dad, that's your decision to make. If even our dimwit uncle can rule a realm, then I should be fine without thinking too much.

But he didn't dare say it out loud.

And just when he decided to secretly ask Loki for help—Thalos dropped the finishing blow:

"And you're not allowed to ask Loki either!"

"WHAT?!" Thor's wail echoed throughout the palace.

To make matters worse, the Valkyries were snickering as they watched the crown prince get kicked out of the Silver Palace with a miserable look on his face.

Sigh... "If in doubt, ask Loki."

But now? Father said no Loki.

How the hell am I supposed to survive?

Thor felt like his entire divine core had crumbled.

He looked so pitiful, you'd think a mortal could just walk up and take his head clean off.

It wasn't that he was stupid. He'd just grown up with a father who was too capable.

No matter how hard he tried, he could never come up with a better solution than Thalos.

So eventually, he stopped trying.

If Father said "charge," he charged.

He'd rarely faced opponents that could truly withstand his innate power anyway.

But this time? This time he was really in trouble.

Thor wandered outside the Palace of Revelry like a lost soul—until he unexpectedly ran into a certain goddess of death.

Hela.

Thor latched onto her like a drowning man grabbing a lifeline, grabbing both her hands in desperation.
"Hela, help me!"

After hearing his story, Hela burst into uncharacteristic laughter.

"Hehehe! Kekekeke!"

Thor's face darkened. "You're happy I'm suffering?"

"No, no, no! Cousin Thor, I'm just... happy. Leave this to me," Hela said, patting her chest confidently.

Unlike Thor, Hela was the legendary "Eight-Hours-a-Day Death Goddess."

All the messes in the underworld had already honed her into a master of handling chaos.