

Thalos 111

Chapter 111: Hela's Plan

The other Aesir gods could never fully understand what the still-underage Hela was up against.

Externally, she had to assemble an undead army and lead them in campaigns against hostile factions.

Internally, she had to rely on her own judgment to adjudicate the souls arriving in Helheim.

Let's not forget—Hela was technically not of age. It was only because she had inherited her giant bloodline that she appeared physically mature. In reality, she was still a minor among the gods.

Every time she encountered a case too complex to resolve, she had no choice but to consult Thalos. More often than not, her father Loki's advice turned out... less than reliable.

In a way, Hela was the one who had most thoroughly inherited Thalos's ideals within the Aesir pantheon.

The only pity was that she wasn't Thalos's daughter, and so, unlike certain films, she had no formal claim to the royal lineage of Asgard.

"Thor, in the event of a theft, the first thing to do is protect the scene."

No sooner had Hela finished speaking than Thor smacked his forehead.

He and the other muscleheads had already turned the entire Palace of Revelry upside down while checking their belongings.

Hela didn't lose her composure. Instead, she pivoted calmly. "Since the scene's already been compromised, we move to the next step. Gather all the servants who worked last night. I want to question them personally."

Hela didn't have the authority to summon them herself—that had to come from Thor.

The Palace of Revelry was massive. During a banquet, it required no fewer than 500 mortal servants to keep things running.

Hela began by eliminating the early-exiting bards and cooks from her list, then methodically questioned the attendants responsible for caring for the drunken gods and giants.

After a full round of inquiries, Hela began to piece things together. "So you're saying that after 4 a.m., most of the gods and giants had passed out?"

"Yes!" one blushing light elf attendant replied. "By around 5, only a few particularly energetic couples were still... going at it. But by 6 a.m., it was just snores across the board."

Hela narrowed her eyes. "After 6 a.m., who was still active? I need names."

Soon enough, Hela and Thor locked onto a potential suspect—a recently accepted giant named Solim, who owned a ferocious two-man-tall hunting hound named Togo.

"Let's go. Maybe it's all just a misunderstanding," Thor said, trying to stay optimistic.

But Hela didn't move. "No, Thor. You should go talk to him yourself. It's your hammer. If I go with you, it might not go well."

"Why? What's the problem?"

Hela brushed her silken hair from her temple and thought aloud. "I don't want to assume the worst about our comrades. But... some things are best seen by you first."

There were many things Hela still didn't understand.

Why were most male giants so dull-witted? Why did she have a wolf brother and a giant serpent for a second brother?

But she was right—Thor also felt this was his responsibility.

He traveled to a somewhat remote forested part of Asgard, where Solim's home was located.

Solim was clearly a formidable giant. His residence overflowed with gold and silver treasure. In his stables were bulls with golden horns and pure-black, glossy cows—clearly bred with care.

The sight made Thor's heart skip a beat. He'd originally hoped to ransom his hammer with some gold, but this guy clearly wasn't short on wealth.

When Thor arrived and explained his purpose, the ugly-faced Solim casually picked his teeth with a golden toothpick and replied bluntly, "I saw the hammer glowing with lightning, just sitting there in the hall. Thought it was ownerless, so I took it."

Thor's expression darkened. "That's the Thunder God's hammer—Mjölnir. All of Asgard knows it's mine!"

"I didn't know. Is that a crime?" Solim scoffed. His massive hound, Togo, immediately growled threateningly at Thor.

At this point, Thor was truly fed up.

On any other day, he would've smashed the old fool's face in with one punch to remind him who not to mess with.

But then he remembered Thalos's warning—until the hammer was recovered, no violence.

Thor clenched his fists and forced a smile. "Of course it's not a crime... as long as you return the hammer, we can call it even."

Solim gave him a mocking look. "Then I'll be frank—I woke up from the ice, and it's just me and my old dog. It's lonely. I only joined the Aesir because Odin lied and said there were lots of female giants I could choose from. Turns out the lady giants would rather sleep with you Aesir bastards than even glance at us."

Thor forced a grin, barely containing his rage. "Then what kind of companion would you prefer, Solim? An elf? A Valkyrie? Or—"

"No! I don't want just anyone. I want the best. I've got my eye on your Freyja!"

Thor shot to his feet, no longer able to contain himself. "Are you messing with me? She's my father's consort!"

"Not my problem! That hammer of yours is legendary. Without it, you're nothing. So either Freyja marries me, or you can say goodbye to your hammer forever!"

Thor's fists trembled.

This was classic giant behavior.

See a beautiful woman? Try to steal her. Can't get her? Resort to theft.

Just like Thjazi, who once kidnapped Idunn, the goddess of youth.

Barbaric, lecherous, and arrogant—giant males were all the same!

The only language they respected was the hard end of a fist.

If it weren't for Thalos's warning, Thor would've exploded already.

Seeing Thor's bulging veins and restrained fury, Solim mistakenly believed the thunder god was afraid of his strength—and his dog.

"Hahaha! Thor, my boy! Next time, you better bring Freyja to me in person. Otherwise, I'll toss your hammer into the void and let you find it yourself!"

At his command, the giant hound Togo stepped forward, baring its teeth and dripping saliva in challenge.

Thor turned and walked away, dejected.

Not far from Solim's home, he found Hela waiting, and relayed everything that had happened.

"A giant, huh? Figures. Too many of them have no sense of boundaries," Hela said, rubbing her brow.

"So what now?"

Getting Freyja involved was off the table. Thor knew perfectly well—even though Thalos had never officially appointed a queen, his favoritism was clear: Freyja was at the top of his list, followed by Frigg and Gullveig.

Thor didn't even dare think about asking.

Besides, Solim was clearly in the wrong from the start.

As Thor racked his brain, Hela asked him to repeat Thalos's instructions.

After he did, Hela finally spoke. "Thor, I think His Majesty is trying to teach you what it means to endure humiliation for the greater good."

"Oh, yeah... I think I heard that phrase once as a kid."

"..." Hela was speechless for a moment. "His Majesty taught even me. How could he not have taught you?"

"Uh, probably... yeah..." Thor scratched his head awkwardly.

"I get it now. His Majesty's sick of you charging in without thinking. He's forcing you to come up with your own solution. Fine—I'll teach you a trick. Just do exactly as I say..."

And with that, Hela leaned in and whispered her plan into Thor's ear.