

Thalos 113

Chapter 113: Odin's Nightmare Omen

Was this really just about a hammer?

You dared lay hands on the God-King's consort?

Have you lost your mind?

If you actually succeeded, wouldn't that mean anyone could just snatch what belonged to the God-King?

If you don't die—who should?

Without wasting another word, Thor raised Mjölner and smashed it down—splattering Solim's arrogant, greedy, despicable head in a single blow.

And it didn't stop there.

Thor moved like a storm, sweeping through Solim's underlings like autumn wind through dry leaves—none survived.

On his way out, he even roasted that dog Togo and ate it.

It didn't take long for word of the incident to spread across all of Asgard.

Spectators laughed at Solim's foolishness, scoffing at his overestimation of himself.

But those with true insight saw far more beneath the surface.

First—Thor had used a plan.

For someone with a bold, brash, and impulsive personality, this was a monumental leap forward.

Second—wasn't this whole spectacle orchestrated by God-King Thalos as a bloodstained warning to any who dared covet what belonged to him?

Third—few gods or giants noticed, but Thalos had issued a reprimand to Odin:

Stop bringing idiots into the Aesir.

The implication was clear—the Aesir would be tightening their standards for admission.

The Aesir were no longer some small, desperate faction in need of allies.

Their dominance was solid.

This meant the days of letting just any "Tom, Dick, or Giant" into the fold were over.

As for the turmoil outside, Thalos couldn't be bothered.

He sat within the Silver Palace, listening to Thor's report—with Tyr and the rest of his sons in attendance.

When Thor proudly finished recounting his "lure and ambush" plan, Thalos turned to Hela and asked:

"So, Hela, during execution—any missteps?"

Hela's face flushed. She stammered, "No... no major problems. Just... the dress didn't quite fit."

Before the plan, they'd gone to Freyja and successfully borrowed one of her signature gowns.

The only issue?

The sizing was... off.

While the waist fit, the bust was at least one full size too big, and Hela had to... improvise.

A little padding. A little illusion. A little deception.

How was Thalos supposed to comment on that?

Was he supposed to say: Don't worry, you'll grow into it?

No good answer.

He could only change the subject.

"You all think it sounds simple, don't you?" he asked, glancing over his sons.

Some hesitated. Others gave reluctant nods.

"Taking a suggestion is easy. There will always be plans that sound clever. But choosing to accept them, that takes judgment."

Thalos emphasized, "Is the one giving the advice trustworthy? Is the idea sound? If the plan fails, is there a fallback? All of this tests your intelligence."

He paused, then delivered the punchline:

"Go think it over. Then each of you write a 500-word reflection and turn it in."

"What?!" a collective groan erupted.

Sure, 500 words was barely elementary school level in some cultures, but in the realm of divine warriors, it was an ordeal.

This wasn't just a writing exercise—it was a test of empathy, strategy, and critical thinking.

No easy feat for these musclebound lunkheads.

Meanwhile, Hela—giggling quietly—earned a rare look of approval from Thalos.

"Hela," he said, "go back and think about what it means that 'war is the continuation of politics.'"

We do not wage war for the sake of war.

We must ask: What happens if we don't fight? And: What do we gain if we do?

Understand that, and you'll be ready to stand on your own."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" Hela replied, smiling sweetly.

Thalos went on with his days—mentoring the next generation, managing the Nine Realms, building a better world.

At times, he even entertained the illusion that Ragnarok—the Twilight of the Gods—might never come.

From his perspective, the true cause of Ragnarok wasn't some grudge between Loki's family and the Aesir.

It was imbalance.

In the ancient epic, Odin's act of creation had made the Nine Realms overly uniform.

When massive climate shifts occurred, the gods were left helpless.

The catastrophe known as Fimbulwinter—the three-year-long winter that heralded Ragnarok—had another trigger: the death of the god of light, Baldur.

Baldur's death appeared to be the work of Loki, abetted by his blind brother, Hodr.

But it was really a culmination of many flaws.

And the greater tragedy?

No god in the entire Aesir pantheon could assume Baldur's role afterward.

Not even Freyr, god of the sun and harvest, took on the mantle of light.

It was laughable.

This was Odin's negligence.

Thalos, on the other hand, was worlds beyond those incompetent barbarian gods who held divine roles but failed to perform their duties.

Before the other gods were even born, Thalos had already been a god.

His divine mental capacity allowed him to operate on multiple levels simultaneously.

More importantly—unlike Odin, Thalos had acquired the divine role of Sky after remaking the world.

After slaying Ægir, he had also inherited the divine role of Water.

Alone, Thalos could summon storms, shift the winds, and regulate the weather across all of Ginnungagap.

And together with Hela, who no longer hoarded souls in Valhalla, they had crafted a new cycle.

Souls, once purified, could return to the world—reborn anew.

A perfect balance.

If after all this, the world was still unstable...

Then this world must carry a flaw that even Thalos couldn't yet perceive.

And if "twilight" must come... then let it come.

With the power he now possessed, Thalos was confident.

Even if Ragnarok arrived, its impact would be limited.

And then it began.

One night, a god had a dream.

Aesir rarely dreamed—so strong was their spirit, their minds rarely needed such subconscious messages.

Only when something deeply personal and dangerous was approaching would fate whisper through a dream.

"AAAAHHH!" Odin awoke, drenched in sweat—soaked as though he'd been plunged into water.

But what truly terrified him... was that the nightmare felt like it had been swallowed by fate itself.

He remembered that it was a nightmare—but not what had happened in it.

"Dearest, what's wrong?" asked Bára of the Wave-Riders gently. She didn't dare provoke his wrath.

"I... I don't know. It's nothing," Odin lied, trying to compose himself.

He convinced himself it was just a fluke.

But then came the second night.

And the third.

He was plunged into the same nightmare each time.

Unlike before, this time he saw more clearly.

In the infinite darkness, a massive blood-red maw came lunging from the void.

It brought searing pain as it bit down—shattering his lower half into pieces.

He couldn't see the attacker.

But from the mist, he felt an overwhelming presence of violence and savagery.

And then... he was devoured.