

Thalos 115

Chapter 115: Odin's Ambition

What a glorious image it had been.

So sweet. So intoxicating.

Odin was utterly entranced.

He instinctively cast aside reality and clung to the destiny he saw in that dream.

In that fleeting vision, Odin understood.

He understood everything.

Why had he always felt stifled? Why had he languished in obscurity all these years? Why, despite all his power, was he stuck ruling this gods-forsaken frozen wasteland?

Now he had the answer—Thalos had stolen his rightful throne as God-King.

What was fear compared to the throne?

What was a nightmare next to divine rulership?

As Odin savored this epiphany, a rough hand shattered his illusion.

"No! That's not how it is! Odin, don't let chaos blind you!" shrieked the Fate Goddess Verdandi, her twisted expression contorted with horror.

Odin, briefly disoriented, saw that vivid crimson vision begin to fade. Verdandi's divine intervention had stripped it from him. The chance to ascend—to take the throne—slipped away like mist.

And yet, even as Verdandi forcibly expelled him from that thread of fate, Odin's razor-sharp memory managed to grasp a few key markers along the river of destiny...

His consciousness returned.

Verdandi was furious.

"Odin! Fate is not to be peered into at will! Fate is not reality! That was merely one among countless branches! The path you saw diverges entirely from the present reality of Ginnungagap! If you recklessly try to force it into being, you'll plunge the world into chaos!"

Verdandi's fury was thunderous, but Odin heard none of it.

He had already drifted beyond her reach.

Eyes closed, Odin thought:

What if I had been the one to send my brother as bait? What if I had slain Ymir myself? Would our father have given the throne to me instead?

Such is the way of the world, filled with too many regrets.

If heaven gave him a second chance—what would he choose?

Odin didn't know.

But he did know this much:

He was likely going to seize the throne.

To rule the gods...

Or to be ruled as a lesser brother...

Was there really any choice?

When Odin opened his eyes again, a blazing fire called ambition had been lit within them.

Brother... I once swore we'd rule the Nine Realms together. Now? I'll break that oath.

Verdandi watched Odin walk away in silence, her heart burning with panic.

No matter what she said, he no longer listened.

As a Fate Goddess, she was absolutely forbidden from revealing the destinies of other gods.

And now—she had been thoroughly outmaneuvered.

She hadn't expected Odin to possess any prophetic affinity.

But clearly, he did.

And it had become a disaster.

In her panic, Verdandi rushed to her elder sister, Urd.

To her surprise, Urd simply smiled. "Let him go."

"What?!"

"If you're truly worried, you could always inform His Majesty, the God-King."

"W-what? But we're not allowed to—"

Verdandi stopped mid-sentence.

She and her sister had always held the same silent question:

If fate was composed of past, present, and future, why were only two Norn sisters born?

Now, as they watched God-King Thalos perform miracle after miracle—turning the tides of destiny again and again—they understood.

It wasn't that the world lacked a Fate Goddess of the future.

It was that the future had already been woven into Thalos's prophetic godhood.

When the Fate Goddesses spoke, they needed no evidence—their divine sensing was the evidence.

Verdandi summoned a handmaiden:

"Send word to the Silver Palace. Inform His Majesty that we request his presence."

...

Elsewhere, back in his frostbitten palace, Odin summoned the ancient Wisdom Giant—Mimir.

If he could help it, he wouldn't have.

Back when Loki was still on his side, Odin treated Mimir like an ornament—shoved into some dusty chamber.

But now, Loki was gone.

He had no one else.

"Mimir... if I wanted to seize the throne of the God-King—how would I do it?"

"W-what?!"

Mimir collapsed in shock. "Has the God-King done anything to wrong you?!"

"Of course he has!" Odin snapped. "He stole the throne that should have been mine!"

"When... exactly... did this theft occur?" Mimir's eyes flickered, avoiding Odin's gaze.

"The moment he tricked me and Vili into being bait to kill Ymir!" Odin ranted, laying out Thalor's many 'crimes.'

Mimir went stiff.

The so-called "Seven Deadly Sins of Thalos" Odin described were all built on what ifs, suppositions, and maybes.

That kind of story might fool simple-minded giants—

But a Wisdom Giant?

Please.

Aside from that tiny glimpse of destiny Odin had seen at Verdandi's spring, everything else was nonsense.

Let's be honest, Mimir thought.

This is just you, Odin, lusting for the throne.

Still, he tried to dissuade him.

"Odin, don't let ambition override your reason. If you betray your own blood, no one in this world will ever trust you again."

Mimir wasn't wrong.

Asgard had evolved, sure—new cities, new culture.

But the foundation of the Aesir was still blood and kinship.

Thalos had entrusted two of his brothers with realms.

His sons held all the major divine combat roles.

Gods and giants alike accepted this.

But if Odin murdered his brother and stole the throne—who would ever trust him again?

Odin's face darkened.

"I never said I'd kill him. I'm only saying... perhaps he'll voluntarily step down. Like in that vision. Or... maybe something unexpected will happen to him."

Mimir tried again to speak—

But Odin's gaze turned menacing.

"That's enough. As my servant, you should focus on helping me fulfill this task.

Otherwise, you may end up like I saw in the river of fate—nothing but a head, still whispering me advice."

Mimir shuddered.

Odin's words carried a subtle echo of fate.

He had felt it.

As if, in some alternate timeline, that had already happened.

Mimir no longer resisted.

He bowed his head and gave Odin his first piece of advice:

"The Nine Realms are too stable.

With Thalos's powerful reign, in this kind of peaceful world... Odin, you have no chance.

Only when a catastrophic upheaval strikes—when the world itself is shaken—

will you have even a sliver of opportunity to reach for the throne."