

Thalos 118

Chapter 118

It's all in chaos!

Everything is utterly out of order!

Thalos clearly remembered how every version of Ragnarök began.

As for that movie where "Odin gave birth to Hela, and due to Loki's betrayal, the aged Odin died, unsealing Hela who then wreaked havoc on Asgard"—forget it. That abomination had been altered beyond recognition long ago.

The versions that aligned more closely with this Ginnungagap world—whether the Poetic Edda or Prose Edda—all began with the god of light, Baldr, having a nightmare that foretold his death.

Odin then sought out Hela for answers and learned that she had foreseen a noble god joining the underworld. In fear, Queen Frigg, desperate to protect her son, forced Odin to order all beings in the world to swear an oath not to harm Baldr.

Odin's army went out to every corner of the world, compelling every creature, every thing, to make a solemn vow. Even the rebellious World Serpent Jörmungandr swore one.

But one thing was left out—a newborn sprig, too young to speak or think: mistletoe. It was so small and insignificant that the gods simply forgot about it.

With all creatures under divine oath, none could harm Baldr anymore. This miracle caused gods and giants to start playing with him—tossing deadly weapons his way, only to watch them bounce harmlessly off his body.

The scene was so incredible that more and more gods and giants joined the game. Baldr himself smiled and spread his arms, unafraid—after all, nothing in existence could hurt him now.

But nearby, the blind god of darkness Höðr, alienated by the festivities, sat quietly. Loki took this chance to hand him a piece of mistletoe—yes, that one.

Höðr, unaware, threw it. His strength was tremendous.

The mistletoe shot through the air like a projectile, piercing Baldr's throat—and killed him.

In the Norse world, bloodline loyalty was everything.

Baldr and Höðr were full brothers. Fratricide was an unforgivable sin.

While it could be blamed on Loki's manipulation, and called an "unfortunate accident fated by destiny," the truth was that this marked the turning point.

Even so, according to the Edda, the world's destiny still hadn't fully unraveled. The divine mandate given to Odin was not yet revoked—because Odin himself hadn't acted.

But then... driven by rage, Odin committed his greatest folly.

He cheated fate.

He forcefully conceived a son, Váli, for the sole purpose of vengeance.

Within one day, Váli grew into a full-grown giant and killed Höðr.

The Aesir abhorred kin-slaying above all.

Odin tried to exploit a technicality: before the newborn was washed and wrapped in his father's cloak—marking formal acknowledgment—he wasn't officially Odin's child. Therefore, Váli's act wasn't technically fratricide.

It was a classic loophole.

Odin thought he could trick Fate.

He failed.

No amount of sly manipulation could fool true destiny. By violating the laws he himself helped forge, Odin earned the wrath of the world's will, triggering the cataclysmic descent into Ragnarök.

That's why Thalos had always placed every ounce of attention on Baldr.

But now—everything was off script.

It was Hela who dreamed, not Baldr.

And what did she dream of? Half of a god descending into the underworld.

Could it have been half of Baldr?

Thalos hesitantly asked, "Did the legs have any distinct traits? An elemental aura? Lightning? Fire? Water? Wind?"

"Ice. Definitely ice!" Hela answered without hesitation.

Thalos froze.

Naturally, he thought of Odin—he was the official god of winter.

But... he couldn't be sure.

Many Aesir bore frost giant blood. Even Baldr was one-quarter frost giant!

He and Hela locked eyes. For a long moment, these two sharp minds couldn't come up with a solid theory.

Thalos, uncharacteristically awkward, rubbed his nose.

"Well, on the bright side... it's only half. Might still be alive, like Mimir..."

"Pfft!" Hela burst into laughter.

Mimir? Alive?

That wasn't life—that was undeath!

Still, it wasn't death either...

Maybe it was what you'd call as-good-as-dead.

Thalos waited until she finished laughing and said solemnly, "No matter what, this incident with Mimir sets a terrible precedent.

When we—three brothers of the Borson line—rebuilt the world, we vowed to rule it with bloodline loyalty as our core.

If someone bound by blood betrays that vow... fate will surely punish them."

At the mention of fate, Hela instinctively straightened her posture.

That force... was too mysterious, too terrifying.

No one knew what punishments fate might deal for breaking an oath—not even gods.

Fortunately, Thalos was a king who valued promises.

He had once vowed to Loki that if it were possible, he would help his children.

That promise gave rise to the integration of Hela and Jörmungandr into the Aesir.

For this, Hela would forever be grateful.

She bowed deeply.

"Your Majesty, if things continue to escalate, it may cause chaos in the world's laws. Danger will follow. I request permission to ready Helheim for war."

"Granted."

Thalos picked up a dragonhide scroll and, with a flick of his wrist, scribbled out a sealed royal edict.

He personally handed it to her.

"All actions are to remain secret. If secrecy fails, show this order to the one known as the Righteous One."

Upon hearing Thalos shift to formal titles, Hela understood—this was official business.

She bowed with utmost respect. "As you command!"

After Hela departed, the heavy cloud between Thalos's brows didn't lift.

As a transmigrator, he knew better than anyone: Odin was never a good guy.

The man was cunning, manipulative, and obsessed with loopholes. He craved the benefits but shunned all responsibility.

But this was the karmic debt that came with joining the Borson lineage.

If brother-killing triggered Ragnarök, then Thalos could not be the one to pull the trigger.

He could not touch that cosmic-level cause and effect—not even slightly.

If Odin wanted to go mad, Thalos wouldn't be following him.

With that in mind, Thalos sighed once more, frustrated.

Conflict, war... these things tended to spiral upward in a loop.

It was like a game of chicken.

Whoever blinked first, lost.

He couldn't be so saintly as to just hand Odin the throne. If he were that foolish, his entire bloodline would be wiped out.

"Oh, my foolish brother. I hope you scare yourself out of this madness..."

Then he summoned Thor.

"My son... your uncle Odin has been having issues with Loki lately.

His mood is unstable. His handling of the frost giants in Jötunheim has been inefficient.

Take my royal edict. Gather your warriors, bring a few Valkyries, and go... help your uncle out."