

Thalos 121

Chapter 121: Might Makes Right!

The disturbance caused by the Aesir gods being incited shocked even Bor and Bestla out of retirement. Mother Bestla's thinking was simple: "Son, it's really not a good look to keep the position of the goddess queen vacant all the time. Why don't you just pick a good day and settle it once and for all?"

Thalos shook his head. "Mother, you don't understand. This isn't a matter of appointing a goddess queen or not. This is the pure-blooded Aesir gods trying to force me to marry a pure-blooded Aesir goddess so they can seize power. Even if these idiots were egged on by some scoundrel, what they're trying to take is my kingship, and that is absolutely unacceptable."

Bestla was dumbfounded. She was a simple-minded giantess and had no clue about all these twists and turns.

Thalos then turned to Bor. "Father, let me ask you a very simple question. We—father and son—along with all the giants fought and won the world of Ginnungagap. So why should we share it with a bunch of latecomers who did nothing? Just because some pure-blooded Aesir goddesses are pretty? That's laughable. Isn't Freyja prettier than Frigg?"

Bor was left speechless. He wanted to say their roots were Aesir, but then remembered—Thalos himself was half-Aesir. And his most beloved grandsons, Thor, Tyr, Vidar—they all had three-quarters giant blood!

In that moment, he realized his thinking had been too naive.

In this regard, his son Thalos was far more mature and capable than he ever was.

Bor sighed deeply. "Thalos, since I passed the title of God-King to you, the rightful inheritance of the Aesir is now in your hands. Handle it yourself. Bestla and I fully support you."

With the support of his parents, the greatest potential obstacle Thalos faced disappeared.

The next day, he directly summoned all the gods and giants under Asgard's direct command. He left out Vanaheim and Jotunheim, as those were external vassals.

This news left Odin conflicted. He didn't know what his big brother was up to, but his brother moved so quickly that the rumors hadn't even had a chance to ferment.

Inside the vast main hall of the Golden Palace, giants with more massive physiques filled the right side, while pure-blooded Aesir gods sat uniformly on the left.

Most of the pure-blooded Aesir gods cast displeased looks at the giants. They had been stirred up to believe that giant blood had tainted the noble bloodline of the Aesir. Believing themselves to be smarter and more eloquent, they were planning to use the upcoming meeting to press their agenda.

Amusingly, the simple-minded giants still had no idea what was going on, curiously eyeing the Aesir gods who used to drink with them daily.

The loud murmuring had not stopped since both parties entered the hall.

"Silence!" Thor, having received prior instruction, suddenly stood up and slammed his hammer onto the armrest of his divine throne, producing a loud, ringing clang.

"Clang—"

At last, silence fell over the hall!

Thalos sat with his right hand clenched in a fist, the back of his fingers pressing against his temple, wearing a half-smile.

"Lately, I've heard a lot of rumors around Asgard... I just want to say—you so-called clever folks have all been fooled by the enemy! This goddess queen dispute? It's nothing more than a ploy to ignite conflict between the Aesir and the giants. You idiots let yourselves be led by the nose. It's hilarious."

From the get-go, Thalos shifted the blame to an unnamed rumor-monger—Odin, in fact—effectively diverting the main conflict.

Whether they were Aesir gods or giants, any ensuing anger would now be directed at the rumor-spreader.

"Rumors? How can that be?"

"No, I found it strange too. Why did my servant bring up this topic in the first place?"

Among the pure-blooded Aesir, there were some with sharper minds. With Thalos' explanation, the light suddenly dawned on them.

At this point, the greatest crisis could be considered temporarily resolved.

But the core conflict still remained!

Once the crowd below quieted down a bit, Thalos spoke again, this time with great rhetorical finesse. He refrained from using self-honorifics, subtly closing the distance between himself and his subordinates:

"Why did the Aesir become rulers of the world of Ginnungagap? It was because back in the day, the Aesir gods joined forces with the enlightened giants and destroyed the tyrannical rule of the primordial giants Ymir and Surtr. That's how we ushered in a new era! So I've been hesitating—should I make a pure-blooded Aesir goddess or a giantess the goddess queen?"

Damn that Thalos, he's stringing us along on purpose!

The pure-blooded Aesir gods were grinding their teeth in frustration!

How could they ever accept giants, with their generally lower intellect?

But they held in their fury and waited for Thalos to continue.

At that moment, divine swords behind Thalos suddenly shot forward.

One after another, four divine swords pierced the hard floor with immense force. Even after embedding themselves, the swords continued to quiver for a while before settling.

Thalos suddenly stood up, sweeping his gaze across the hall with overwhelming authority. Not a single subordinate dared meet his burning stare!

"Look at the faces engraved on the guards of these divine swords! Ymir! Surtr! Njord! Aegir!"

"The Aesir gods are a warrior race! Our glory! Our power! Our status! They were never granted or handed to us—they were earned through our own strength, paid in blood and fire!"

"Losers submit to everything. Victors dominate everything!"

"Tell me—does this reasoning hold or not?!"

Thalos' words were deeply rousing—perfect for this bunch of brutes. For a moment, both the Aesir and the giants were inflamed by Thalos' bold declaration.

"OOOH!"

"Yes! Absolutely right!"

"Long live His Majesty!"

They shouted excitedly, pounding on nearby weapons, producing a chorus of metallic clangs.

Thalos seized the moment: "Everyone knows, I am the hybrid of Aesir and giant. Two mighty bloodlines combined in me to forge the strongest being across the Nine Realms! So if I casually choose a pure-blooded Aesir goddess or a giantess as the goddess queen, it would be unfair to one side. I've decided—both sides will select three champions each for a three-on-three duel. I will choose from the winning side to receive the honor of becoming goddess queen!"

"Whaaaat—"

The whole hall exploded!

At first glance, Thalos' move seemed outrageous.

But on closer thought—this was the most reasonable outcome!

Choosing the stronger side—now that was the proper way!

Thalos pushed the responsibility downward and let them fight it out.

Letting him choose? Talking about democracy? All nonsense.

To a bunch of savages—and god-level savages at that—might makes right.

Besides, this was a duel, not a war.

If you got your ass kicked, you'd have to suck it up!

Still not convinced? Then ascend to become a sword spirit!

Those four divine swords, those four kings—their engravings were the ultimate proof!