

## Thalos 127

### Chapter 127: Forcing Odin to Rebel!

Gullveig had to be loyal.

She was the first defector from the Vanir to pledge herself to Thalos. Her every ounce of glory, her very life and soul, were bound to him alone.

As a traitor, there would be no second benefactor in the cosmos willing to shelter her. Only Thalos.

If Thalos' divine authority suffered, she'd be the first to fall.

So her warning was absolutely sincere.

But what she didn't know was—killing an Odin who barely had a chance to resist was never Thalos' true intention. Forcing Odin to publicly pledge himself to Chaos—that was Thalos' real objective.

Because ultimately, Thalos was not a native god of the Ginnungagap world.

Yes, he had reshaped the world with his own hands and built an effective new order. But no matter how brilliant an adopted child may be, he will never outshine the blood-born fool in the eyes of his mother.

The world will of Ginnungagap—though dimwitted—could still distinguish between its own and an outsider.

It wouldn't know that Thalos had stolen the throne from Odin. But it could tell who was a true child of this world... and who wasn't.

As long as there was even the faintest hope, the world will would always choose Odin over Thalos to be God-King.

But what if one of the two contenders for the throne turned to Chaos?

By forcing Odin to rebel, Thalos was leaving the world will with no choice. It would finally have to open its full authority to him—not merely that one-time privilege to reshape the world.

Odin could be stubborn—but only when he had no path of retreat.

As long as there was an easier way, Odin would always choose the path of least risk, least consequence, and preferably no effort.

Thalos' dramatic, violent visit to Odin's palace was a message—give up on your dreams of a duel.

And from there, Odin's next move became predictable.

That one month—that was the time Thalos deliberately left for Odin.

Too little time, and Odin might panic, potentially even flee to a neighboring world if he discovered one.

Too much time, and the "Ragnarök" Odin could trigger would be far more devastating—not worth the risk.

This was the open strategy Thalos had spent nearly half a century building since entering this world:

From the beginning, he knew that Odin, this shadowy manipulator, would never truly submit.

He couldn't even be relied upon to offer genuine loyalty in exchange for peace.

Odin was the embodiment of opportunism in petty gains and cowardice in great trials.

To follow him would be to walk straight into doom.

But Thalos couldn't just force Odin to rebel. Someone of his magnitude—one who so deeply influenced the world—would have every move amplified by the world will. If he deliberately provoked rebellion, the karmic backlash would explode in his face.

At best, he'd be crippled by the world's rejection. At worst, the world will would destroy him—or banish him from Ginnungagap entirely.

So for decades, Thalos played the long game.

Publicly, he governed with integrity and extraordinary administrative skill—far superior to Odin's—to run the world.

Privately, he honored his parents, loved his brothers, and cherished his children.

All of this was to avoid karmic backlash.

Thalos understood: Odin may seem clever, but his greed, cowardice, and ambition would eventually destroy him.

He stared coldly at Gullveig and Heimdall. "No matter what blood-stained acts Odin commits—he still bears the name Borson. As long as he formally challenges me to a duel, everything that happened today... you never saw. Bury it with your souls, even if it costs your lives. Understand?"

"Understood."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Thalos returned to the Silver Palace. That day, uncharacteristically, he demanded that both Frigg and Freyja serve him together.

The two goddesses didn't understand what had happened. Instinctively, they wanted to refuse—but one look at Thalos' smoldering eyes, and they obeyed in silence.

Only Thalos knew—Odin's prophecy of a "stolen wife and lover" was real.

Odin, oh Odin. Even if I let you be God-King, you'd still drag this world into ruin—drag these beautiful goddesses into death. Rather than let you turn Ginnungagap into a disaster and let the neighboring worlds reap the spoils... I'll take it higher than it's ever been.

As Thalos listened to the goddesses' sweet whispers—

—Odin, far away, was nearly sickened by the cold mist around him.

If he had a choice, he'd rather die than come to this place.

But he had no choice.

Word had gotten out about the poisoning of his brother. He thought he'd been subtle, but it still leaked.

As far as Odin was concerned, his elder brother must have ironclad proof.

After all, Vili's soul had reached the threshold for entry into Helheim. Odin could never survive that charge.

He could poison—but he couldn't be caught.

If the world learned that Odin was willing to kill his own kin, no one would ever serve him again.

Even his three sons might no longer follow him.

Just as Thalos had predicted—given enough time, Odin would pin his last hopes on inciting all the great beasts and monsters to trigger an incomplete version of Ragnarök.

Odin eventually found the sun-chasing demon wolf Sköll. It wasn't difficult.

So much time had passed. The little wolf who once refused to submit even after savage beatings had grown enormous—truly monstrous in size.

The icy mists seemed to recoil as the hulking creature charged, its massive body shaking the earth.

In the faint light, Sköll's black mane bristled as it stomped forward, each step rumbling like thunder.

Even with all that time passed, the sun-chasing wolf hadn't forgotten the beatings and humiliation.

As it opened its massive jaws—wide enough to swallow a blue whale whole—two special objects stopped it.

Fenrir's small frozen head.

Hati's slightly larger frozen head.

Sköll froze. Then its rage surged even higher.

Odin shouted, "Stop! Sköll! Stop! It was Thalos, King of the Aesir, who killed your father Fenrir and your brother Hati! If you kill me, you'll be trapped in this cold, foggy world forever—never reaching Asgard for your revenge!"

Sköll was fierce and unruly, but not lacking in intelligence or obsession.

It growled deeply, threateningly, but did not strike.

That alone was Odin's greatest fortune.

"Grrrrr—" Sköll bared its fangs, lifting its upper jaw slightly.

Odin released the two frozen heads.

The giant and small wolf heads clattered to the damp ground as Sköll gently crunched the ice with its teeth.

It sniffed them.

Its face showed a strangely human sadness.

Then—Sköll howled to the sky.

"Awoooooo—!"



The mournful cry echoed far and wide.

Soon, countless howls answered from deep within the mists.

The offspring of Fenrir.

Odin knew—these were the very wolf cubs that once ravaged the Ironwood between Midgard and Jotunheim.

And now, to his surprise, Sköll had bred a whole army of wolves here.

Odin's heart surged with excitement.