

Thalos 128

Chapter 128: The Prologue of Ragnarök

Just then, Sköll did something Odin never expected—it suddenly crushed the frozen heads of its father and brother in one ferocious bite.

That was hatred.

A seething, bone-deep hatred.

Not just for Thalos—there was hatred for Odin, too.

Only now did Odin realize that Sköll's jaw was permanently open. The divine sword Odin once used to torture it had grown along with the wolf, and now, each time Sköll moved its mouth, the blade pierced its own flesh, causing excruciating pain.

The beastly fury in the great wolf's eyes sent a chill through Odin's heart.

But Odin wasn't about to give up. He roared, "Thalos forced me to do it! He's the mastermind, the real villain! At most, I was just a pawn. Kill me now, and you'll lose your only chance for vengeance. Help me kill Thalos, and I'll lead you to Asgard. Once it's destroyed, do what you want with the rest of the world!"

Sköll stepped forward, and the impact of its massive paw caused a nearby mountain to partially collapse with a thunderous rumble.

Odin did not retreat. His mount—the four-legged pegasus Sleipnir—took one proud step forward to meet its enormous "nephew" head-on.

The giant wolf seemed to consider the proposal. A series of guttural, grinding growls rumbled from its chest.

Odin had the uncanny sense that an agreement had just been reached.

"Good," he muttered. "I'll contact the other great beasts. I don't know if that apocalyptic prophecy—Ragnarök—is real. But if it's not, then we'll make it real. And if it is, then let it be bigger and bloodier than anyone ever imagined!"

Whether Thalos' prophecy of a coming Twilight was truth or manipulation, Odin no longer cared.

With his reputation in ruins and nowhere left to turn, desperation drove him into madness.

After retreating safely from Sköll's domain, Odin was elated. "My brother's unmatched power comes from the Nine Realms Swords. His dominion over the nine realms feeds that power. And the swords' power comes from the realms themselves. If I plunge the nine realms into chaos... only then can I narrow the gap between us!"

What Odin didn't realize was—at the moment he convinced Sköll to align with him, Thalos felt it.

The Niflheim Sword lost its glow at a rate visible to the naked eye. It meant Thalos had temporarily lost control over the realm of mist and frost.

"Heh? Not bad, my foolish little brother. That was fast."

Three days later, a surprising report reached Asgard—the dark elves had rebelled.

The news infuriated Freyr. "Those black maggots! They dare kill my subjects?!"

Few remembered that light elves had also evolved from maggots long ago. But now, anything with black skin and an unsightly face was instinctively labeled a maggot.

Freyr rallied his followers and servants, raising an army and marching on Alfheim, vowing to exterminate the dark elves.

This was no equal battle. The problem was, dark elves had wings too.

When they scattered into guerrilla cells and launched relentless attacks on the light elves, Asgard's rule over Alfheim was cast into doubt.

Thalos could clearly feel it—his Alfheim Sword had weakened by 30%.

"My foolish little brother... your second piece was poorly chosen. Still, not bad."

Thalos wasn't sure if the Edda epics included the dark elf leader Malekith. But even if they did, it wouldn't change much.

The rebellion of the dark elves cast a shadow over Asgard's dominance across the realms.

Several gods called for the extermination of every traitorous dark elf, even wiping out the entire race.

Thalos declined. He intended to let the arrow named Odin fly just a little longer.

Three more days passed.

Trouble flared again—this time in Svartalfheim, the realm of dwarves and gnomes.

The culprit? A terrifying dragon named Fafnir, whose origins were unknown.

The pitch-black monstrosity emerged without warning in the central cavern of Svartalfheim. With wings over 200 meters wide, it hovered above Master Smith Ivaldi's workshop.

Its crimson eyes glowed like blood-soaked orbs, filled with vengeful malice for all living things. It looked down on the dwarf-forged underground city with the cold, cruel gaze of a predator.

Then, with a twisted grin, it began its performance of destruction.

The wind stirred by its massive wings ignited firestorms—tornadoes of flame that ravaged the dwarven city, engulfing it in a blazing inferno.

When the news reached Asgard, the gods were shaken.

"What's going on this year? So many disasters..." Tyr muttered uneasily.

Thor, impulsive as always, sprang from his throne. "Father! I request to lead a small divine squad to slay that damned beast!"

"Go. Choose your team as you wish," Thalos said calmly from the God-King's throne.

He knew he had to make a move—otherwise, it would all seem too fake. He had to maintain appearances, both for the gods and the world's will.

As guardian of world order, he had to be seen opposing chaos.

Thus, Thor set out with Ullr the Bow God and Vidar, God of the Forest.

But it quickly became clear—Thor had underestimated Fafnir.

Yes, Thor could fly. But Fafnir was born to the sky.

And Svartalfheim's geography posed another problem: the dwarves and gnomes lived underground. This made it hard for Thor to summon his usual thunderstorms.

Without the aid of atmospheric pressure, even Thor's flight speed dropped drastically. In a battle of aerial maneuvering, the dragon had the upper hand.

Three days passed again.

And now—a snow disaster.

A terrifying cold front surged from Jotunheim, engulfing Vanaheim and Midgard, the two major mortal realms.

But it was June.

Snowfall in June—an ominous and unnatural sign.

The sudden frost destroyed crops and aquatic life alike.

Grain withered in the fields. Fish died en masse as ocean temperatures plunged.

Sea ice choked off ports, trapping ships and keeping fishermen grounded. Trade routes froze solid.

The mortal kings panicked.

They rushed to the Aesir temples, begging their priests to pray for deliverance.

But this time, Thalos acted swiftly.

He sent his messenger Hermod with a divine edict:

"This is Fimbulwinter! The strongest incursion of chaos ever into our world. A harbinger of the final war. All mortals, follow prior instructions accordingly."

Only then did the kings realize—the bans on brewing, the forced stockpiling of grain, the demand to grind wheat into flour—everything Thalos had ordered over the years now made sense.

And now? Disaster had truly arrived.

The priests rushed to open designated grain storehouses.

The people saw the mountains of flour bags piled inside—and their anxious hearts finally began to settle.