

Thalos 129

Chapter 129: Fimbulwinter

Grain in hand, peace of mind.

Even with the fall harvest ruined, no one feared going hungry.

Back when God-King Thalos had decreed that all mortal kingdoms must surrender their grain, the mortal kings had grumbled and submitted, treating it like another tax from Asgard.

Who would have thought His Majesty actually stored that grain for them?

In this era, unprocessed wheat lasting two or three years was already exceptional.

But ground into flour and stored in cool, dry places, it could last much longer.

With this flour, mortals could bake flatbread.

Sure, coarse rye bread didn't taste great, but it was real, solid food.

Hunger breeds fear and selfishness.

But with food—and faith—even the most reckless kings wouldn't dare stir trouble under the eyes of the God-King. Especially now, when His Majesty had once again proven his wisdom.

And so, despite the dreaded Fimbulwinter, not just three years—even five could be endured with current preparations.

Of course, Thalos would not allow this unnatural winter—clearly instigated by some god of frost—to spread unchecked.

He dispatched the North Wind Goddess Skadi, with Tyr as her protector, to the border of Jotunheim.

"My command is simple—this is not punishment from the world's will, but the reckless act of a rogue god. Your task is to reduce the damage as much as possible."

Though they didn't understand why Odin would do such a thing, Skadi and Tyr obeyed without question.

Skadi positioned herself outside Jotunheim and redirected the bitter winds it was spewing into the void beyond Midgard and Vanaheim.

Seated upon the God-King's throne in the Silver Palace, Thalos stared into the frost-laced hall, deep in thought.

Is this truly the Fimbulwinter of the epics?

Yes... and no.

In the Edda, Ragnarök began with Balder's death at Hodr's hands, and Odin poisoning his own son—an act of divine kin-slaying that shattered the order of the gods.

Odin, acting as the God-King and committing such a crime, had unleashed a cosmic-level disaster.

In this life, Odin poisoned Vili. But Vili remained "as if dead," and Odin, being only second-in-command, caused far less destruction than a king's open betrayal would have.

The world had still responded to the fratricide—but at a lower intensity.

The will of the world was always slow to react. Once it finally grasped who had truly broken the cosmic order, it would act decisively.

Thalos estimated this Fimbulwinter would last, at most, a single year.

After all, this time it wasn't the "adopted child" causing problems—it was your own biological son going mad.

Unfortunately, before the world will fully process that fact, the mortal realms had to suffer.

Regardless, once the cold hit two worlds, Thalor immediately felt two of his divine swords weaken by at least 20%.

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Jotunheim — The False Golden Palace

"Not enough! NOT ENOUGH!" Odin howled hysterically. "This level of chaos still isn't enough to close the gap between me and Thalor!"

He smashed everything within reach.

Nearby, the god of poetry Bragi trembled in fear.

Bragi wanted to beg his father to stop. If this continued, the Nine Realms would collapse into pure chaos. Would it really be worth it, claiming the throne of a world left in ruin?

But he didn't dare speak.

Then Vali, god of vengeance, stepped forward. "Father, I can sense them—souls craving revenge. They are stirring."

"Vengeful souls? Whose?"

"The giants'," Vali said with certainty. "If your death spells are strong enough, you can revive them—send them into Helheim and unleash hell."

"Brilliant!" Odin beamed.

No one understood better than the King of Jotunheim how many rebellious frost giants had been slain over the years.

Had Thalos not constantly purged them, the giants could have reestablished their own kingdom here long ago.

Half a day later, deathly clouds rolled over ancient Jotunheim battlefields.

Restless souls stirred among the eternal ice.

Odin had always grasped death magic, but out of deference to the God-King's authority, he had never dared explore it fully.

Now, with everything collapsing, he no longer cared.

Chanting runes aloud, he unleashed necromantic spells—giant corpses cracked the frozen ground and clawed their way up.

Many souls had decayed over time. Some were mere vengeful remnants, having died long before Hela became ruler of the underworld.

Now, they had become unregistered spirits—and an immense problem for Hela.

These ancient, frost-covered revenants stormed into Helheim, throwing the entire underworld into chaos.

At the same time, a massive pack of Fenrir's descendants surged into the heart of Midgard.

Three days later, after untold centuries of silence—the fire giants raised the banner of rebellion.

With that, eight of the Nine Realms—all but Asgard—had fallen into disorder and chaos.

Back in Asgard, Thalos could feel the power of his eight realm swords weakening.

"How fascinating... even weakness comes in levels."

Nine Swords. Nine Realm Anchors.

If the realm falls, so too does the sword.

Normally, as Thalos lost control over a world, its corresponding sword should weaken proportionally.

But to his surprise, swords with sword souls retained at least half their original power—even under duress.

In contrast, the Svartalfheim Sword, which lacked a soul, had dropped to just 20% of its peak.

"Well, I suppose killing all those pests over the years paid off."

Thalos smiled. "The stage named Ragnarök is finally set. My foolish little brother... when will you, our tragic villain, make your entrance?"

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At the same time, in the False Golden Palace—

Odin's mad laughter echoed through the resplendent halls.

"It's done! It's DONE! The anti-Asgard alliance is now real! Hahahaha! My dear brother—how does it feel to lose your power? Don't worry... I'll be paying you a personal visit very soon! Hahahaha!"

Odin now sat on a new throne.

His old one was far too small for a body now bloated with chaotic power.

Mimir shook his head and muttered, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

Odin... even if you succeed, you'll only inherit a world destined to be consumed by Chaos.