

Thalos 130

Chapter 130: The Stage for Twilight Is Set

In less than half a month, a suffocating pressure blanketed all of Asgard.

Natural disasters, ominous phenomena, uprisings—one after another. Every Aesir god and giant still within the realm felt a deep sense of oppression.

Uncharacteristically, Balder the God of Light came to the Silver Palace requesting an audience.

"Father! I request permission to lead my forces to quell the chaos. Any realm will do!"

Balder's eagerness to fight caught Thalos off guard. In the past, such bloody work had always fallen to Thor, Tyr, or at most, Vidar—never Balder, the gentle and cultured one.

"Oh? Did your mother say something to you?"

Balder's face tightened slightly. "She spoke... but I truly want to serve the Aesir."

Thalos stroked his chin. So that's why Balder is so well-liked...

Originally destined to die in the epics, Thalos had never invested much in him, allowing him to grow wild and free. But now, that policy might warrant a change.

"My son, your devotion—I recognize it. But do you truly understand who our real enemy is?"

That question stumped Balder.

Thalos waited. When he saw Balder hesitate for several seconds, he sighed. "From the moment you said 'any realm will do,' I knew—you aren't ready."

"Father, I..."

Thalos' eyes were calm. "You're too kind. You always want to be on good terms with all gods and giants. But have you ever considered—ambition can turn even the closest of blood into monsters?"

Balder's face instantly drained of all color. "Father... you mean..."

"I mean exactly what you think." Thalos' words seemed veiled, but in truth, he was deliberately leaking the truth to the entire pureblood Aesir faction.

Balder's fists clenched with fury, then slowly loosened with bitter sorrow.

Thalos had shattered his illusions.

"He's set a terrible precedent—letting the world see that even blood ties aren't unbreakable. I gave him a full month, hoping he would come to Valhalla and formally challenge me. Had he done that, even if I fell in battle, I would've accepted it gladly. But clearly, he chose another path."

"..." Balder stood trembling, his fists clenched in rage.

"Go prepare. He will come... leading an army forged in Chaos."

War always required mental preparation.

Whether gods or mortals, they needed to accept it in their hearts.

Ever since Thalos and his brothers were nearly poisoned—since Vili had technically died once—the gods had grown suspicious.

Though Thalos never confirmed anything, some had begun to question—why, if he'd promised to investigate, had there been no public outcome?

The more simple-minded giants had long since sharpened their weapons. Their loyalty was primal: just tell us who to hit, and we'll do it.

But now that the God-King had all but named Odin...

The gods exploded.

"What?! Odin betrayed us?!"

"Is he insane? He already had a realm of his own—wasn't that enough?!"

"Him? Where did he even get the guts?"

The gods doubted, but the giants cursed openly while grabbing their weapons.

"Quit joking. Odin's weak!"

"No giant will follow a coward!"

"Bring that traitor here! I'll gut him myself!"

In this life, Odin had no glorious victories to his name. None of the Aesir-aligned giants respected him.

Especially after Thalos revealed that Odin's fratricide had directly led to the breakdown of world order—and might have caused Fimbulwinter. The outrage only grew.

Gods and giants alike were furious.

They surrounded the Silver Palace, clamoring for the army to march on Odin.

But Thalos shut the gates and refused all audiences. Instead, he sent Brynhildr to deliver a royal decree to Jotunheim: Odin was ordered to report to the Silver Palace immediately for questioning.

The mission of the valkyrie was public.

Everyone saw what Thalos was doing and sighed.

"His Majesty is incredible in every way—except he's too soft on family. If it were me, I would've sent the army the moment I got the report."

"Shut up. A God-King who values no kin or loyalty is more terrifying."

"Yeah... sigh. His Majesty's probably the one suffering most. If Odin had just fought harder during the Vanir War—say, if he'd defeated Njord himself—he could've been Vanaheim's king. But no. He waited till the war was won to start scheming. Pathetic."

"Even if you gave Odin Vanaheim, he still wouldn't be satisfied."

As everyone prepared for war, some bloodthirsty gods even hoped the valkyrie would be slain—then war could begin immediately.

But soon, the valkyrie returned.

She didn't even enter the Silver Palace—just shouted her report from the gates:

"Report to His Majesty! Odin, his wife, children, and followers—all missing from the palace in Jotunheim!"

That declaration settled everything.

Odin's rebellion was real.

The gods stationed abroad rushed home.

Thor, Freyr, Skadi—they all stood at the palace doors.

They said nothing, but their presence alone spoke volumes.

Finally, the gates of the Silver Palace opened. Gods and giants flooded in.

Thor, being of highest rank, stepped forward first.

"Father! We can't wait any longer! The chaos across the realms—it's all Odin's doing! We must strike first and crush him!"

Freyr followed: "Are we really going to wait until he destroys the Nine Realms before admitting he's a traitor? And if we keep our forces divided, he can defeat us piece by piece!"

The gods voiced their concerns. The giants—less subtle—just wanted to fight.

Once everyone had spoken, Thalos, master of performance, let out a sorrowful sigh.

"Odin... is still my brother. Until I see him, weapon in hand, standing against me—I cannot truly accept that as reality."

"Your Majesty! You must not be overly merciful!" the gods pleaded.

"Sigh... Very well." Thalos reluctantly relented. "Since that's how it is—because he, too, bears the name Borson—in half a day, I will lower Asgard itself to align with Midgard. There, I shall prepare for this enemy of order... the grandest battlefield of all."

Huh?!

The gods were stunned. The giants just blinked in confusion.

Wait, what? The whole continent... can move?

Regardless of how shocked they were, the order went out.

Half a day later, as the branches of the World Tree twisted and bent, the vast continent of Asgard began to descend... aligning with the world of mortals.