

Thalos 143

Chapter 143: A Pathetic Life, A Miserable Death

Feeling the cold, unwavering resolve in Thalos' eyes, Odin wanted to scream insults—but when the words reached his lips, nothing came out.

Instead, he asked bitterly, "If I hadn't betrayed you, what would you have done to me?"

Thalos smiled. "The world doesn't care for 'ifs'. But, alright, I'll entertain you. I would've made you a world-protected waste of space."

World-protected... waste?!

"Like what you did with Vili?" Odin growled, teeth clenched. "I'd rather you kill me!"

A tyrant like Odin could never stomach being beneath anyone—even if that someone was his own older brother.

Thalos shrugged. "The world thrives under my control. You'd only ruin everything. You couldn't even leave me and Vili alone. Odin, you've made things very difficult for your brother."

For the first time in his life, Odin... cried. A single tear welled up in his lone eye—real, heavy, and filled with the pain of knowing the end had come.

"Brother... is there really no chance of forgiveness?"

Thalos slowly shook his head. "I know you too well. You're not crying out of remorse. You're crying because... you know you're about to die."

Odin's eye widened in disbelief. His brother—no, this oracle of a god, this prophet—always saw through him.

"No, wait! Why are there only two Norns instead of three? Where is the one who governs the future? Don't tell me—"

Thalos gave a faint smile. "My foolish little brother... seems like you're not completely stupid."

Odin! You know too much. I'm afraid it's time for you to die.

Thalos slowly raised the [Sword of Asgard]—

But at the very last moment, Odin smirked. "Stupid big brother... you talk too much."

"Hm?"

Out of nowhere, a massive black shadow lunged upward from below.

Sköll.

The sun-chasing demon wolf.

He'd taken a brutal, gut-spilling blow from the hellhound Garmr—yet he still forced himself into the air, straight toward the two godly brothers.

"Bite him, Sköll! Tear him apart!" Odin roared with manic joy.

In his mind, he'd successfully distracted Thalos. Surely, this Chaos beast would give him one last shot at revenge—one final blow against his towering brother.

But fate had other plans.

Sköll did bite.

Just not the person Odin expected.

In front of every witness, to Thalos' surprise and Odin's horror—Sköll lunged not at the God-King, but at Odin himself.

Wait... what?

Why wasn't the wolf attacking Thalos?

The answer came a second later.

"You damned beast! Just because I beat you once when you were a pup, you still can't tell friend from foe?!" Odin shrieked.

His howls were meaningless. Sköll had already clamped down with monstrous force—and ripped Odin's lower body clean off.

Nearby, the death goddess Hela had just arrived with Garmr and finally understood the prophetic dream she had seen: the fragmented soul she felt had indeed belonged to a noble god—Odin, the brother of the God-King.

It all made sense now.

Sköll had bitten off that half.

But then, confusion returned. "Why is there only half a soul?"

If Odin had died, shouldn't there be two soul fragments heading to Hel?

And then came the answer.

"Mad dog... Odin's soul belongs to me!" Thalos declared.

A streak of radiant cold light flashed from his hand. The wide, elegant blade of the [Sword of Asgard] slashed down, glowing with power—and was baptized by the blood of the one who was once destined to be God-King.

With Odin's blood and soul as its core, the sword finally reached completion.

This was the true [Sword of Asgard].

The ultimate blade. The perfect centerpiece of the [Swords of the Nine Realms].

From the depths of the world came a whisper, barely audible:

A sigh.

Even the World Will sighed.

But Thalos had done everything flawlessly—there was no fault to be found.

Until the very end, he had extended an offer based on the laws of Order: a fair duel.

Odin chose to side with Chaos.

Who else could be blamed?

Even if the world had once favored Odin—even if its heart was with him—he had no heart in return.

Against such betrayal, even the World Will was helpless.

Now, with Thalos standing tall and Odin's bleeding head in his left hand, even the World Will had to acknowledge:

The man slain today was not Odin of Order, but Odin, warlord of Chaos.

He had chosen his path. He had severed all ties.

And Thalos had ended the last, heaviest thread of karma between them.

A second later, Sköll was intercepted mid-air by Garmr. The hellhound sank its jaws into the wolf's right leg. The sound of bone snapping echoed for kilometers.

Sköll had finished his revenge just in time.

And he had paid for it.

He didn't care.

As he plummeted from the sky, he cast one final venomous glare at Thalos—the one who had slain his father and brother.

Then, dragging his broken limb, he launched himself once more into battle with Garmr.

In the sky above, the remainder of Odin's corpse exploded into nothing.

Unseen threads of fate unraveled, spreading across the world.

The future that Odin once would have destroyed would now be carried forward by Thalos.

To the observers, all they could see was Odin's divine body being torn apart by a mysterious force—scattered into icy mist, swept away by the wind.

Then, from the roiling Chaos below, Thalos slowly pulled free his glowing sword.

He had won.

"The God-King is victorious!"

"Ha ha! That bastard Odin is dead!"

"Glory to Asgard!"

"Long live the Aesir!"

From the Aesir to the distant mortal armies who had hesitated to join the fight, cheers erupted across the battlefield.

At that moment—aside from the lone, savage struggle between Sköll and the mammoth—the Chaos forces broke.

Complete rout.

One banner, bearing the crude symbol of a giant wooden club—the same banner that, in another life, had been planted on the graves of gods as mockery—this time, it never even reached the treasury of the Golden Palace.

Instead, it was trampled beneath the boots of the pursuing Aesir, crushed into the icy mud.

Across the land, the Aesir surged forward, cutting down every fleeing agent of Chaos.

No matter what glories these rebels may have achieved in the epics—in this world, they would find nothing but ruin.

To most, it was simply another shining victory for the invincible God-King Thalos.

But only Thalos knew—

The world had turned a new page.

"Odin, you pathetic fool. You lived in disgrace... and died in humiliation. But now? You'd better watch closely—and see how I will lead the Aesir into a true golden age!"

Thalos said this calmly—gazing into the lifeless eye of the brother he once called family.