

Thalos 29

Chapter 29: The Arrival of Frigg

The emergence of the ten divine weapons stirred heated discussions throughout Asgard, and even among the many races living under Aesir rule.

Particularly when it became clear that Thalos most often only wore the Sword of Asgard at his waist—at most keeping the frost and fire swords hovering nearby like bodyguards—people began speculating: Would they one day receive the God-King's recognition and be granted one of the swords? Perhaps... as a symbol of ruling an entire realm?

But then, just as the news of the Nine Realms Sword was spreading far and wide, Thalos made a new declaration: he would implement a writing system based on Runes.

It was a simplified, practical version of the runes—Runic Script, designed for mortals to use in writing.

On Earth, runes had long been extinct, surviving only in academic texts. But in Ginnungagap, this was the first true written language. Though clunky and difficult to learn, it matched the Aesir tongue perfectly.

The arrival of writing marked the end of primitive life for mortals—it meant knowledge could now be recorded, taught, and passed on.

To Thalos, it had just been a casual afterthought. If he felt like it, he might even have introduced pinyin and Chinese characters to this world. But with the Vanir gods still absent, he preferred to rely on the inertia of fate and quietly dig a deeper trap for his greatest enemies.

As time passed, the colossal cow Auðumbla finally licked a massive hole into the glacier.

Not because it had kept licking endlessly—rather, she'd accidentally uncovered a long, narrow ice cavern over a hundred meters deep, made of glowing blue crystal ice. Realizing there was nothing left to lick, the cow wandered off.

With the return of spring, the warm sun cast golden light into the ice cavern. Refracted in all directions, it bathed the interior in a dazzling brilliance.

And within...

Dozens of beautiful female figures, frozen in ice, began to melt.

More Aesir goddesses were awakening from their long slumber. Following the pull of fate, they made their way toward the Bifrost—and met their fellow god, Jor the Bow-God.

Jor swallowed nervously—but quickly composed himself. "Ladies, fair goddesses, the Aesir are now ruled by our kin, Thalos Borson, son of Bor. He is the God-King."

Among the group, one goddess stood out—she had brilliant golden hair, long and flowing over her shoulders, her posture graceful, her beauty radiant. She was like a ray of divine sunlight, so dazzling that even the rainbow bridge seemed dim beneath her feet.

"Dear brother," she said, "we have no objection to joining our kin's kingdom. But tell us honestly—what do you think of this new God-King? Can he protect us?"

Jor, now fully in his element, straightened and answered solemnly: "There is no need to doubt His Majesty Thalos's power. His achievements are plain to see—"

He pointed behind him. At the end of the Bifrost, flanking the massive metal fortress, stood four enormous, bloodshot giant eyes—a silent but terrifying warning to all newcomers.

The goddesses were not frightened, but impressed. They nodded solemnly in approval.

Then the golden-haired goddess asked again, "And when we meet the God-King... is there anything we should know?"

Jor thought for a moment—then added a hint of personal bias: "This is purely my opinion... but although the God-King already has a few powerful children, they are all born of giantesses. The position of Queen of Asgard remains unclaimed. In fact, there isn't a single goddess currently residing in the palace."

That wasn't subtle at all—it was an obvious hint.

Jor had never liked the fact that the current divine heirs carried giant blood. Especially Thor—while undoubtedly powerful, his boorish behavior was repulsive to Jor, who blamed it entirely on the bloodline from his mother.

As they crossed the bridge, the goddesses were amazed by the prosperity and order of Asgard.

The streets were wide and bright. The Holy Road, the central artery of the realm, left a lasting impression. The middle lanes were enormous—enough for four 20-meter giants to walk side by side without issue.

To the sides were beast lanes, where dwarves and elves rode various mounts, darting to and fro.

At the very edges were pedestrian paths—where the so-called "short" mortal races walked in orderly fashion.

At every turn, mortals bowed in respectful greeting.

The goddesses noticed that even the horse droppings in the beast lanes were swiftly cleaned—winged light elves would swoop down with shovels and brooms, clearing everything within seconds.

Above, other elves flitted past, scrubbing the outer walls of buildings.

It all made the city shine with cleanliness and holiness.

At the edge of a mountain, they looked up and saw a towering, golden palace.

Their light-elf guide gestured upward: "This is the Golden Hall, where His Majesty Thalos Borson meets with the gods and receives newly awakened deities."

Staring at the palace, its grand radiance washing over them, the golden-haired goddess made a silent vow:

I will become the queen of this hall.

The heavy palace doors swung open, pushed by gold-armored mortal guards.

Holy music poured from within.

After the herald called their names, the goddesses proudly stepped onto the red carpet and entered the hall to meet their God-King.

And there he was—

Thalos, tall and magnificent, powerful and radiant.

The goddesses' hearts fluttered.

Each introduced herself with excitement.

Thalos responded with polite formality, accepting their praise and blessings. Then he gestured toward the side and said, "You've traveled far. Rest for now—tonight, I will hold a grand banquet in your honor."

After sending the goddesses off, Thalos noticed his parents buzzing with excitement—and Odin, visibly restless.

His parents were excited because Thalos had once said: If I marry, I will only wed a goddess worthy of my status.

Bor fidgeted, not daring to speak, but Bestla didn't hold back at all. "Thalos, that one named Frigg—she seems like a fine match!"

Odin's face immediately fell.

He had always respected his brother's strength. The strongest always claimed the best—this was nature's law. He had no argument.

But this time?

He was truly moved.

Yet he couldn't say a word.

The right to choose first was the God-King's privilege.

Thalos, sensing Odin's turmoil, hid a grin.

He could've let Odin suffer in silence. He could've touched Frigg and left Odin with nothing.

But come on—what serious goddess gets married these days?

Frigg was the goddess of marriage and family. Technically, touching her meant you had to marry her.

But Thalos was the God-King.

What was the point of being king if you couldn't do as you pleased?

After all, the Aesir's cultural motto was: "Don't waste a giantess, don't miss a good goddess."

Thalos didn't look at Odin's puppy-dog eyes. Instead, he turned to his mother and said:

"She's too delicate for me. I'm afraid I'd roll over in my sleep and accidentally crush her."

That absurd line actually worked.

Bestla nodded in agreement. "True. These Aesir goddesses are so fragile—not like us giant women!"

With one ridiculous excuse, Thalos pulled off the ultimate emotional bait, sending Odin's heart soaring—then plunging again. Would Thalos claim Frigg, or not?

Should he... or shouldn't he?