

Thalos 291

Chapter 291: The Dog-Headed Guillotine

Looking at the newborn with the head of a jackal and the body of a man, Thalos fell into silence: "..."

His thoughts on Anubis were... complicated. According to Egyptian myth, one version claimed Anubis was the child of Set and Nephthys, another that he was the illegitimate son of the underworld king Osiris among the Ennead.

His silence scared Hathor, who wiped away tears in secret.

She felt wronged—weren't there plenty of Egyptian gods with animal heads and human bodies? If this jackal-headed deity couldn't serve as a bridge between the Egyptian and Aesir pantheons, and worse, if the God-King himself disliked the child, wouldn't that be a disaster?

Thalos crouched down and looked Anubis in the eye. "Son, since you've got a dog's head, why don't we call you 'Doggie' as a nickname?"

The newborn god, clearly with a will of his own, responded via divine thought: "[Jackal!]"

Hathor quickly interjected, "The child means his head is that of a jackal, not a dog."

"Alright, Doggie. No problem, Doggie."

"..."

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Ignoring the silent protests of the infant deity, Thalos patted the jackal head, wrapped the baby in an old leather coat he had worn himself, gave his rear a gentle pat, and walked off.

The scene left Hathor terrified.

Luckily, Brynhildr came forward to reassure her. "Goddess Hathor, don't worry. Giving a child one of the father's old garments is a traditional gesture in the Aesir—it means he's being accepted as part of the family."

"Really?" Hathor asked in delight.

"Of course it's true. His Highness Anubis Thalson is now officially a prince of the Aesir." Brynhildr said gently.

There were some things she didn't add—like how Thalos seemed to favor children with strong personalities. Take Thor, with both glaring strengths and flaws—he had always been valued by Thalos. More recently, even the famously arrogant Gilgamesh was being looked upon more favorably.

Meanwhile, model sons like Balder and Tyr, adored by all the gods, didn't seem to get the same attention. Not that Thalos mistreated them—he just applied responsibility and reward equally.

Either way, the one now humorously nicknamed "Dog-Head" by the God-King had proudly become a divine prince.

Unlike his mythological counterpart, Anubis had not inherited the godhood of death.

That was non-negotiable. The Death domain, recognized as one of the most powerful across all pantheons, wasn't something Thalos would hand over lightly—even to his own son.

Recently, Hela had already been weakened significantly. Though the growing world meant more souls and thus more power for her, reducing her role any further would be impolite, even unacceptable.

Even if the world-will of Ginnungagap occasionally entertained the idea, Thalos had firmly extinguished those thoughts.

Instead, Anubis was given the domain of Guardian and Protector of Royal Authority.

Compared to Egyptian myth, this was a massive downgrade. Yet within Ginnungagap, where all royal guards were his followers and every elite kingdom regiment honored him, Doggie wasn't weak at all.

Once he matured, Thalos figured he'd be perfect as the gatekeeper of the Golden Palace.

What he didn't expect was that at age three, Anubis would already comprehend avatar projection and send an incarnation into the mortal world.

When Brynhildr arrived with her Valkyries and Einherjar to investigate, what she saw left her stunned.

In her vision, Anubis' projection stood as tall as an eight-story building, holding a massive golden scale in his right hand.

On the scale's left pan sat a bizarre tree with human faces embedded in its bark, while the right pan held what looked like a light, drifting feather.

When Thalos received the divine message and projected his divine vision to observe, even he couldn't help but gasp.

For years, spatial fragments from the Fusang World had been appearing. Despite having forces in place to intercept them, not all could be caught.

And that face-tree was one such freak anomaly.

It reminded him of a story from Konjaku Hyakki Shūi: a man, grieving over his lost love, was deceived by a demon. He buried her head in his backyard. After 49 days, a tree sprouted. After 100 days, it flowered. A year later, its fruits bore the woman's face.

That was the kind of eerie evil this thing embodied.

And Anubis... had the power to weigh its sins?

Not just the tree—the man who erred and the demon that misled him were all captured and placed upon the scales.

Humans have hearts. So do trees. So do demons.

Three distinctly colored hearts were painlessly extracted and placed under judgment.

Then, Anubis' voice rang out—majestic, yet still with a hint of childishness: "Doni, you have erred but bear no guilt. You may go."

A pause. "As for the two of you... you do not belong in this world. I, as prince of the Aesir and just arbiter, Anubis Thalson, hereby pronounce: You are granted equal destruction!"

A massive semi-transparent beast materialized.

Two quivering hearts were devoured by the beast—a chimera with a crocodile head, lion's torso, and hippopotamus hindquarters—named Ammit.

This creature didn't belong to the physical world or the Aesir.

If anything, it was a manifestation of divine wrath.

Conjured purely from Anubis' imagination, it served to punish beings that defied cosmic order.

Witnessing all of this from beside Thalos, Hathor was visibly anxious. She didn't know if Anubis' actions would be seen as a challenge to the Aesir's divine hierarchy.

After all, the boy had exercised a godly function and power not formally granted.

She never expected that once Anubis recalled his projection, Thalos summoned him to the Silver Palace.

"Son," Thalos began, "do you know what you did wrong?"

What you did wrong—not what you did badly. The difference in wording meant a world of nuance.

"I do not, Father," Anubis answered in his muffled, jackal-toned voice.

"In the Aesir, we uphold justice in the open. We never advocate for torture or terror when punishing our enemies or the guilty. I have only one request for you—don't conjure that monster again. Justice doesn't need fear."

Anubis paused, then asked thoughtfully, "Then what should I manifest instead?"

"A guillotine. Clean, efficient, universally approved."

With a snap of his fingers, Thalos projected an image into the air above the hall.

"I understand now."

"Good. You may go. I'll grant you the domain of Demon Slayer soon."

"Thank you, Father!" Anubis bowed deeply in respect.

When his mother Hathor arrived later, he grumbled, "Does Father have something against me?"

"Why would you think that?" she asked.

"He gave me a dog-head guillotine as the design."

"..." Hathor paused a long while. Then said awkwardly, "Maybe... probably... that's just your father's... twisted sense of humor."