

Thalos 30

Chapter 30: Odin's Hope

Truth be told, Thalos did feel a little sorry for Odin.

Having grown up among only female giants, Odin was no stranger to their rough allure—but aside from them, all he'd ever seen were the mortal beings they created. If the first woman he ever chased after ended up being a mortal, well... Odin's dignity would've taken a hit.

Now finally, for the first time, he laid eyes on true kindred spirits—Aesir goddesses—and what happened? He was utterly steamrolled by Frigg's overwhelming presence.

The beautiful and noble Frigg came equipped with a passive charm aura. This was a nearly permanent charm effect, not dark magic—no malicious intent, no mind control, just raw allure. Even if a deity wasn't susceptible to the charm, it could still lower hostility just by proximity.

And Frigg's base stats were already off the charts. Add in the aura, and the pure-hearted Odin stood no chance.

Oh, my dear foolish little brother... don't say I, your big brother, never gave you a shot.

Turning toward Odin with a sly expression, Thalos spoke in a casual tone:

"Odin, is there a goddess who's caught your eye? If so, go confess to her. As long as any goddess is willing to hold your hand, I won't interfere—and I'll even offer you my blessing."

Odin's heart nearly burst from joy. He couldn't control the grin that spread across his face. "Really, Brother?! You're not messing with me?!"

"Why would I lie? That's a promise from the God-King." Thalos's tone was solemn, but he didn't forget to tack on one final line: "But if she does turn you down, well... I might have to make a move."

"No worries, Brother! I'm confident!" Odin beamed.

Thalos watched his excited, dopey grin and sighed inwardly: Ah, foolish brother... you're still too young.

Everyone watched Odin bounce out of the golden hall, heading back to his own palace to prepare for the evening banquet.

Bor suddenly asked Thalos, "Son... do you think Odin's got his eye on that Frigg girl?"

"Most likely," Bestla answered before Thalos could. She'd caught the reactions of all three sons clearly: Thalos had been poised and impartial, showing no excess interest in any of the goddesses; Odin couldn't take his eyes off Frigg; and Willy... well, forget it. That boy could act cool all day, but his emotional responses were so nonexistent he might as well be a slab of ice.

Bor frowned. "I'm worried she won't fancy Odin."

Thalos sighed. "Before she entered the Golden Hall, her eyes only lingered on it. She glanced at the Silver Hall and Valhalla just once. That says a lot."

Bor shook his head. "Well, then... let's leave it to fate."

Just like in the Edda epics.

The legendary queen of the gods, Frigg, had two very famous flaws:

First, she had an absolutely terrible memory. Say something to her here, and she'd forget it five minutes later. Yet, sometimes this flaw was useful—Odin had a magical throne that allowed him to see the past and future, and Frigg was the only other being allowed to sit in it. Perhaps he let her because... she'd forget everything she saw the moment she turned away.

Second, Frigg was vain to an extreme. She loved jewels, treasures, and precious artifacts, constantly adorning her palace in absurd luxury and never feeling satisfied. This, in part, led Odin to intensify wealth plundering across the Nine Realms, laying the groundwork for their eventual rebellion.

Thalos could tolerate her poor memory.

But her bottomless greed?

Absolutely not.

She wants to be queen? Ha. Keep dreaming.

Meanwhile, the goddesses were escorted to their private chambers.

A group of slim, graceful female light elves flitted in, their golden wings shimmering as they prepared to serve the goddesses.

So beautiful... the goddesses thought in awe.

One lead elf traced an elegant arc in the air before bowing deeply.

"Tonight, His Majesty the God-King will host a banquet at the Palace of Joy, Valaskjalf, to honor you, our esteemed goddesses. You may now choose to rest—or begin selecting your gowns for the evening. We have the finest tailors who can craft an exquisite dress in just half a day, tailored precisely to your vision."

The goddesses were pleasantly surprised as they were led into private dressing chambers. There, elf attendants presented lifelike wooden mannequins dressed in a wide variety of "lower realm fashion."

The goddesses gasped in delight. These styles were far beyond anything they remembered!

In truth, these "lower realm styles" were Thalos's personal imports.

What could he do? Surrounded by female giants and savage gods, the aesthetic of dirty, unwashed animal hides had driven him nearly insane. Ten years ago, everyone still dressed like primitive hunters, and once the furs were dirty, washing them ruined them—and Bestla was certainly no seamstress.

So when he had the chance to reshape the Nine Realms, Thalos used humanity's fashion from Midgard to raise Asgard's style level by at least five millennia.

Where did the clothes come from? Divine revelation. Heavenly intuition. Don't ask.

Naturally, the goddesses began agonizing over their choices.

Should they go full-on Victoria's Secret runway?

Or maybe medieval Earth royal court?

Or even Lolita-style?

Ultimately, regardless of the theme—they all chose deep V-cuts.

Light elves danced around them like butterflies in a flower field, leaving trails of golden light as they worked. Just watching them was an aesthetic delight.

And then—night fell.

Valaskjalf's 18 towering, 50-meter-high archways swung open in unison. Even with the doors wide, the eternal inner light poured onto stained glass windows and marble floors, making everything sparkle with color.

Joyous dwarf songs echoed throughout the palace, accompanied by the Nikuharpa and harps.

"HEY—YO—!"

"In the biting winds of the north—!"

"Our mighty God-King, Thalos!"

"Fearlessly struck down Ymir!"

"The progenitor stood tall as a mountain, swallowing rivers and skies!"

"And the God-King leveled that mountain, and split those skies—!"

...

To the rousing melody, Odin strode in clad in a white-and-gold-trimmed warrior's robe, radiating power and poise. Nervously, he turned to Loki beside him.

"How do I look?"

"Like a god of dreams," Loki said, playing wingman. "If I were a goddess, I'd fall for you. And hey—Thalos is dressed super casually tonight. Just a hide wrap."

Odin felt warm inside. His brother... still cared.

Finally, the goddesses arrived—riding sacred deer.

Not just any deer—these were divine beasts like Dáinn and Dvalinn, who fed on World Tree leaves and drank its dew. Their sleek forms, four-meter shoulder height, and elegant prance far outshone mortal steeds.

One by one, the goddesses stepped down in full splendor, their gowns dazzling, their movements graceful.

Especially Frigg—a radiant vision of divine beauty.

But as they passed through the grand entry...

Not a single one even glanced at Odin.

Odin's heart sank like a stone.