

Thalos 46

Chapter 46: Feast, Beheadings, and Accepting Them as Dogs

The laughter never disappears—it simply shifts from one pantheon's faces to another's.

When the Aesir gods and giants saw Odin and his men return triumphant from Vanaheim, an earthshaking cheer erupted through the ruined golden palace.

"HAHAHA! What Vanir gods? Just a bunch of rats!"

"Those idiots—every one of their moves was within His Majesty's expectations!"

"I really want to see what kind of face that Njord is making right now!"

Countless jabs and mocking jeers turned into invisible arrows, piercing deep into the hearts of the captured Vanir goddesses. The unrestrained, predatory stares from the Aesir gods and giants chilled them to the bone, freezing even their divine souls.

When they lowered their eyes, they saw the severed heads of Vanir gods hanging from the Aesir's belts.

This... was the hell of cold terror and despair.

The Vanir goddesses tried to shrink in on themselves. Their beauty and seductive figures had become their worst curse.

Only Freyja, among them all, stood with her back straight and head held high, shielding her two sisters behind her with trembling arms.

Thalos didn't even spare her a glance.

Instead, he strode warmly toward Odin and pulled him into a tight bear hug.

"Big brother, I'm not your 'foolish little brother' anymore, am I?" Odin said deliberately.

"If you had refused to withdraw, insisted on fighting Njord to the death, and cost our strike team valuable lives, then yes—you'd still be that foolish brother." Thalos chuckled. "But this time... you did great."

Praise from the God-King himself made Odin feel like his soul was floating in honey. His grin nearly split his face.

Just as he was about to proudly present their spoils, a sudden thunderclap from the distance drew everyone's attention.

Odin raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Thor still hasn't wrapped things up? Shall we go take a look?"

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Elsewhere, Thor was growing frustrated.

Unlike Odin, who struggled to finish off Njord, Thor had always held the upper hand against Frey—his counterpart among the Vanir.

As always: Vanir excelled in magic and tricks; Aesir dominated in brute strength and close combat.

Initially, Frey had used his magic and divine weapon Victory Sword to keep Thor at bay, kiting him around the battlefield. Without a retreat order from Njord, he couldn't fall back.

The plan worked... at first.

But when Frey's subordinates were killed one by one by Vidar and the bow god Ullr, it quickly turned into a one-sided beatdown. And even though the other Aesir gods didn't join in, their mere presence loomed heavily over Frey, further weakening him.

Even with Vidar declaring, "We're doing this one-on-one. No tricks," the pressure was unbearable.

With lower raw power, Frey quickly lost his first life.

He tried to flee, only to be blocked again by Vidar.

That was bad enough... and then, disaster struck. Njord lost.

Which meant: Frey had nowhere left to run.

Before long, the rest of the Aesir came to watch the final duel.

Despair consumed Frey.

"AAAAAH!" The divine radiance of the Victory Sword clashed wildly with Thor's thunder hammer, sparks scattering in all directions.

Though it looked like Thor was being pushed back, his gear was terrifying.

He wore a set of silver scale armor forged by dwarves—practically a divine artifact. Had Frey not wielded a first-rate sword, that armor alone would've made Thor completely unscathed.

Loki grinned mischievously. "Getting tired, Thor? Want me to step in and finish him?"

"Shut up, Loki!" Thor roared. "I've already killed him once. Stay there and watch as I finish the job!"

At this stage, Thor was still the textbook God of the Hammer, relying heavily on his giant blood. His strength and stamina were unmatched.

When it came to slugfests, Thor feared no one.

The Aesir gods burst into a round of rowdy laughter.

Everyone knew—Vanir gods were absurdly hard to kill.

Anyone who could take even one of their lives was already considered powerful.

Soon enough, Frey slipped again, and Thor took his second life.

But Frey didn't give up.

Bloodied, gritting his teeth, he fought on desperately.

His resilience actually earned him a measure of respect among the Aesir.

But everyone knew—the outcome was sealed.

At that moment, a calm yet resolute female voice rang out:

"Your Majesty, I beg you to spare Frey."

Everyone turned in unison.

Freyja, the most beautiful goddess of the Vanir, stepped forward from among the prisoners. Under countless eyes, she walked with unwavering steps until she reached Thalos and gave a respectful bow.

"And why should I spare him?" Thalos asked, gazing down at her.

He had to admit—Freyja had reason to be proud.

If Frigg was regal and elegant, Freyja was pure seduction.

With a sharp, alluring face, almond-shaped eyes, fiery crimson curls, porcelain skin, flawless makeup, and impossibly voluptuous curves paired with a fragile waist—she was the embodiment of desire in Norse myth.

Even Odin, who had captured her, kept sneaking glances at her.

The surrounding Aesir gods didn't even try to hide their stares.

But Freyja didn't flinch under Thalos's question. She answered firmly:

"Your Majesty may take me."

Thalos's expression didn't change. "You already belong to the Aesir."

Freyja said clearly, "I offer not just my body—but my heart. All of me. Spare Frey, and I will fight for the Aesir. I will slay every Vanir I meet on the battlefield."

Before Thalos could answer, Frey finally snapped.

"No! Sister! Don't kneel to that devil for my sake!"

"SHUT UP!" Thor barked, slamming Frey with a barrage of hammer strikes, leaving him unable to speak.

Many Aesir gods were far more... straightforward.

They didn't see anything wrong with Freyja's offer. In fact, they thought it was a great deal.

After all, ever since Borson's time, the Aesir had embraced the "marriage-by-capture" tradition.

Giantess or goddess—it didn't matter. Take them home, claim them, and soon they'd settle into daily life.

Even Odin sneered with amusement.

Only Thalos remained silent.

He scanned the crowd, then announced in a loud voice:

"I actually think this boy has potential. He might just fit in well with the Aesir."

The entire hall went into an uproar.

That's right—Thalos's play was simple:

Feast, Beheadings, and Take Them In as Dogs.