

Thalos 47

Chapter 47: We Will Win...

Even though Thalos had already mentally prepared for parts of Asgard to be destroyed and sacrificed as part of the greater plan, actually seeing the realm in such devastation made every one of his subordinates boil with suppressed fury.

But things were different now.

Njord had lost three of his lives. Nearly ten Vanir gods had died completely—beheaded. On top of that, Odin's stealth strike had captured a whole group of Vanir goddesses and slain even more Vanir gods. Every ounce of pent-up resentment had been unleashed.

This grand victory had propelled Thalos's prestige as God-King to an all-new height.

When he voiced his next thoughts, his followers all broke into knowing smiles. Back when he had killed two of the primordial Frost Giant ancestors, Thalos hadn't eradicated them. Instead, he recruited many frost giants into his fold.

That was conquest.

And now? If the Vanir were toppled and forced to surrender...

That too would be conquest.

Thor, for all his fiery temperament and obsession with battlefield glory, had one particularly admirable trait—he was very filial.

Maybe it was because he knew his intelligence couldn't compare to his father's, but no one obeyed Thalos's words more than Thor.

And since the God-King had spoken, none of the other gods or giants had any objections.

The only one who objected... was Frey himself.

"No! Freyja! Don't submit!" Broken in both mind and spirit, Frey made a desperate attempt to rush toward his sister—only for Thor to seize the moment.

Above them, the dark clouds churned into a vortex directly overhead, and in less than a second, lightning flashed at the center.

BOOM!

A thunderous bolt the width of ten meters roared down from the heavens, surging into the head of Mjölnir, and with brutal force, it smashed directly into Frey's shoulder, collapsing half of his upper body in an instant.

His famed Victory Sword clanged to the ground.

"Ah!" Even though she had already braced herself for the worst, the ferocity of that attack still made Freyja reel in horror.

"He still has more than one life, doesn't he?" Thalos commented coldly.

"...Yes." Freyja bowed her head in resignation once more.

Over there, as Frey fell into a near-death state, Thor very casually delivered a Spartan-style front kick.

THUD!

Frey shot off like a cannonball.

Mid-flight, he glared back at Thalos, hatred boiling in his eyes. He tried to curse him... but only coughed up blood.

"Blegh!"

Far away, Thalos gazed silently at the broken and anguished Frey.

Then, without warning, he pulled Freyja into his embrace, his hand snaking around her soft waist, and said with a leisurely tone:

"There's no such thing as impossible—only things you're unwilling to give up. Don't worry. I look forward to the day you return to Asgard... either as an enemy, or kneeling at the foot of my throne."

Frey was launched farther and farther, until he passed beyond the boundaries of Asgard like a shooting star, falling into the lower realms.

He was filled with hate. The wind was cold.

More than that—he was powerless.

Eventually, his godly body couldn't take it anymore and exploded in midair in a burst of light. By the time he regained consciousness, it was with another of his divine lives.

For a true god who wielded powerful magic, such a fall wouldn't kill him.

A pair of glowing wings unfurled from his back, halting his plummet and letting him regain control.

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Before long, back in Vanaheim at the Sea God's Temple—

"Look! Frey!" Goddess Nerthus beamed in joy upon seeing her son return alive.

There was no time for warmth or greetings. Tears already streaming down his face, Frey rushed to his father Njord, gripping his shoulders in desperation.

"Father! We'll strike back at Asgard, right? We'll take back Freyja and the others, right? We'll win, right?!"

Njord's expression twisted in irritation as he brushed his son's hands away.

In the past, he wouldn't have minded.

But not today.

Today, in every sense, he had to uphold his dignity as a god-king.

His lips twitched for a long while before he finally forced out the words:

"...We... we'll win. Of course we'll win. We just need more time to gather the gods."

Even Njord didn't sound confident. What morale could remain among the Vanir gods and their followers?

Just one battle, and the Aesir had nearly shattered the Vanir's spirit.

Frey's heart went cold on the spot.

"Gather more?"

That meant even Njord was admitting he was inferior to Thalos...

Besides, who knew when that massive cow would lick out another sibling god?

More Aesir gods could awaken next.

The gods and this world itself were giant blind boxes—no one retained a full memory of pre-freeze history. No one knew how many allies or enemies were still buried beneath the glaciers, waiting for the great cow to uncover them.

One thing was certain: there probably wouldn't be another attack tonight.

But tomorrow?

Those damn giants would probably start hurling stones again.

Njord gritted his teeth and barked:

"I'll greatly reinforce the island's protective barrier."

At what cost?

It was easy to predict—the sea level would continue to fall.

He didn't know if the ocean would completely dry out, but he knew one thing:

He had no better options.

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On the other side, under the night sky, the mood in Asgard couldn't have been more joyful.

With Heimdall and a handful of vigilant gods and valkyries standing guard, the rest of the gods and giants gathered in the Palace of Joy.

Thalos was ready to hand out rewards.

Amidst rousing, festive music, Thor took the stage with excitement, standing in for his father to announce the honors.

"First! To our greatest contributor—His Majesty the God-King!

He brilliantly ambushed the damn Vanir and struck down their leader Njord three times.

To honor his glory, we offer him the most beautiful goddess of the Vanir—Freyja!"

With a grin, Thor banged his hammer against a golden shield, letting out a resonant clang.

All the gods and giants around followed suit, slamming their weapons against whatever nearby metal they could find, unleashing a wild metallic chorus.

Whistles and cheers filled the air.

As the dwarven musicians picked up tempo, the great doors of the Palace of Joy swung open.

Accompanied by a sword dance performed by several beautiful valkyries, Freyja entered the hall wearing silver armor on her upper body and a plated war skirt on her lower half. She strode forward with majestic grace.

Barefoot, she danced down the red carpet like a butterfly flitting through flowers. Her flowing sword dance dazzled every spectator.

With the music rising to a dramatic crescendo, her whirling steps grew even faster. Her skirt ribbons and bells twirled alongside her, mesmerizing the crowd.

Finally, she spun up to the steps before Thalos's throne, then sat with one graceful motion. Her smooth, fair legs extended elegantly as she raised her ceremonial, unopened sword high above her head.

She was no longer a delicate prisoner.

In that moment, she was the Vanir Goddess of War, surrendering to the Aesir God-King.

"OOOHHHH!"

The gods and giants roared in exhilaration.

Thalos descended the steps, took the sword from her, and casually passed it to a valkyrie beside him.

Then, lifting her delicate chin, he met her bewitching gaze.

"Very good. From this day forth, you are mine alone."

"I obey, my Lord God-King."

He pulled her into his arms with a single motion, letting her rest against him in a princess carry.

Thalos smiled and nodded to Thor: "Go on."