

Thalos 50

Chapter 50: Isn't a 50-50 Chance Still a Chance?

Thalos followed up smoothly, "Odin! You know that we Aesir revere strength above all. I'm the strongest, so naturally, I deserve the best goddess, the most luxurious palace, and the finest spoils. If you can win the Vanir over by force, that's ideal. If you can't, then I'll have no choice but to annihilate the Vanir and send Vili to replace you as chieftain, to declare our dominance over the Vanir. Understood?"

Odin slapped his chest firmly and answered without hesitation, "Understood!"

This was a high-stakes gamble—with the god-king's authority as the wager!

If he won, he'd be crowned king in a single step.

If he lost, he'd be sent packing to some backwater!

Odin gazed at the tall figure of his elder brother Thalos with boundless resolve in his heart: If big brother could do it, so can I!

That night, during the latter half's private revelry, Freyja's head swung back and forth nonstop, her long wavy red hair rippling like a jellyfish, trembling with each movement. Her head and waist bent backward to the extreme, her seductive voice cried out until it cracked and broke. Immediately after, Gullveig followed suit, to the point that Frigg was urgently summoned to the palace.

That night, the Hall of Joy truly lived up to its name.

As the saying goes: Laughing now doesn't mean you'll laugh last.

Smiles don't disappear; they just move from one god's face to another's.

The next day, those who partied all night couldn't even get out of bed.

That forced Odin, who had planned to strike the Vanir while the iron was hot, to abandon his plan.

On the third day, Odin rallied nearly all the Aesir's elite forces to prepare for the offensive.

Thalos kept his word, magnanimously allowing Odin full freedom to pick his troops.

Bor, Bestla, and Thalos himself were off-limits—if they moved, it would be tantamount to the god-king personally leading the war. The valkyries Odin felt embarrassed to take.

In the end, Odin left behind Heimdall and a bunch of useless gods like those of wine, and aside from the goddesses, he essentially took every noteworthy warrior of the Aesir.

That day, the horns sounded long and loud, golden helms and armor glittered everywhere, and the air was heavy with a killing aura.

From mortal armies to the towering giants, every soldier was armed to the teeth.

The massive army filled the enormous plaza in front of the Bifrost, wide enough for a hundred giants to stand shoulder to shoulder.

Thor the Thunder God, Loki the Trickster, Tyr the God of War, Balder the God of Light, Vali the God of Vengeance, Vidar the God of the Forest, Ullr the God of Archery, plus a host of giants—Odin had brought out the big guns.

The scale of the army made giants like Tiaz look down on him a bit.

"His Majesty Thalos didn't need half these people to smack down that Njord guy," big-mouthed Tiaz said, earning nods of agreement from several giants.

From atop the towering golden command platform, Odin heard them and a vein bulged on his forehead.

He endured it.

Today marked the start of his legendary journey. He would shut the mouths of gods and giants alike with undeniable merit in battle.

Odin turned to glance back toward the golden palace. His beloved big brother truly honored his promise, staying out of the deployment ceremony and leaving the stage entirely to him.

Odin was deeply grateful—aside from one small blemish. He saw Freyja and Frigg leaning against his brother on the terrace, with Bor and Bestla seated beside them. Perhaps that would always be a source of pain for him.

Composing himself, Odin raised his divine spear, Gungnir, and declared boldly, "Full advance! Let us utterly conquer the Vanir, who dared defy the dignity of the Aesir!"

The divine spear resonated with Odin's will, blazing brilliantly at its tip.

Below the platform, the gods, giants, and mortal soldiers roared in unison, "Aesir, invincible!"

Their ambition was sky-high. They fancied themselves capable of flattening mountains and filling seas—nothing could stand in their way.

Amid the stirring war horns, they marched in relatively neat ranks toward the Bifrost.

It was a golden tide composed of gods, surging from the golden palace toward the enemy.

Countless mortal elites in golden armor gleamed in the morning sun, their full helmets adorned with bright red plumes that rippled like waves in unison.

Bestla was both excited and nervous. "My son, do you think Odin will win?"

Thalos replied mildly, "If it were me, I'd definitely win. As for Odin... odds aren't bad."

Isn't a 50-50 shot a decent chance?

Bor, proud of his eldest son's confidence, found it perfectly natural. He also sensed his second son Odin's ambition. That his eldest could give the second such an opportunity was truly rare.

Frigg, intentionally or not, added a jab: "With an army like that, even a dog tied to the commander's seat could win."

Thalos: "..."

Theoretically—

The Vanir had just lost, their troops were depleted, gods heavily wounded, arms and armor in short supply.

The Aesir had just won, with plenty of soldiers and high morale, fully equipped and eager for battle.

By all accounts, this should be a sure win for the Aesir.

But...

As the saying goes: everything before a "but" is basically nonsense.

Njord, after getting his ass kicked by Thalos three times in a row, had three full days to prepare. Would he do nothing?

On that little island of Vanaheim, the skies buzzed with a sudden hum, and a dazzling rainbow glow burst forth.

When countless Aesir gods and mortal soldiers surged forth from the rainbow light, the poor Vanir barely had time to activate the Sea Temple's protective shield.

Odin played it safe. He split the army into four groups, descending from the Bifrost onto the Sea Temple from the east, west, south, and north. The gods and soldiers were deployed with intention—strongest on the east, weakest on the west.

This was to exploit the shield's structural weakness. Uneven attacks could break it faster.

What Odin didn't expect was that just after the airborne landings were completed, the sea behind them suddenly surged up with waves thirty to forty meters high.

If it had been a kilometer-tall world-ending wave, Odin would've been less afraid. If the Vanir threw everything into a counterattack, he could just retreat back through the Bifrost to wait it out. A hundred-meter wave—he could grit his teeth and endure.

But these "small" sub-30-meter waves? That meant Njord could use them as regular attacks.

Unlike the illusory waves from their fight in Asgard, these waves were completely real. And don't underestimate them—30-meter waves could easily sink a 10,000-ton warship.

"Hmph!" Odin slammed Gungnir into the ground, clapped his hands together with a loud smack.

"Vmmmm—"

With a strange hum, a massive polar storm spread out from Odin's feet.

This was a crossroads of fate.

In this life, since Thalos had already claimed the divine authorities of Sky, War, and Death, Odin had to choose alternative domains.

One of his domains now was Winter!

As a descendant of the primordial frost giant Ymir, Odin had a profound grasp of cold. Tangible ice-element mana surged from the seams of his armor, pure divine energy manifesting as dazzling white.

The mist-like aura coiled around his hands. Then, in the next moment, a complex tri-layered magic formation locked into place over Odin's left forearm, directing the power outward toward the outer edges of the attack formation.