

## Thalos 55

### Chapter 55: The Ocean Dries Up! A God-King Falls!

Vanaheim was struck by a blizzard without warning.

The sun vanished behind a sudden surge of dark clouds. The last ray of sunlight was wrenched from the sky by a bone-chilling force that descended over the oceanic realm.

In that moment, silence blanketed the Sea Temple and the island of Vanaheim itself. Not a sound—not even from mortals. The Vanir gods stood frozen, stunned, eyes locked skyward.

Sweeping across the sky, the ice and snow unmistakably came from the hand of a True God. The howling northern wind cried like a living thing—its echoes twisted into ghostly afterimages, each one a mirage of the one-eyed Odin.

His gleeful, vengeful laughter blended seamlessly with the shrieking wind.

As the radiant edges of the storm lashed across the sky, not a single Vanir god failed to realize what was happening.

In terror, they discovered that the law-lines they controlled were severed along with the moisture in the air, frozen solid into deadly cold.

Yes!

In the world of Ginnungagap, water is water—but once water freezes, it becomes the domain of another divine authority.

And most Vanir gods... had domains deeply entwined with the ocean.

So, to them, it was as if their divine power had crystallized into snowflakes—cast aside and scattered by the hand of the God of Winter.

Their faces remained locked in expressions of stunned disbelief. Their once-fiery divine hearts froze alongside the evaporating oceans and encroaching frost.

They turned to Njord, their leader, with a final look of desperate hope.

And were given—only deeper despair.

Njord's bald crown reflected the icy hues of a dying Vanaheim.

A deep, helpless dread surged up from within him. A sense of utter impotence.

It was too much.

If it had been that fool Odin, perhaps he still would have had hope—even if defeated, perhaps he could have bartered a compromise that would allow the Vanir to root themselves in Ginnungagap.

But against Thalos?

There was nothing he could do.

Ever since Thalos had rescued Odin's army, every moment, every breath, every heartbeat, Njord had lived in fear and anxiety, like a noose named Despair tightening around his neck. He was barely clinging on, balanced on a ledge of hope.

Now, with the ocean gone, that ledge vanished.

And his heart sank with it.

Regret stabbed at every pore like ten thousand needles.

Truthfully, when Thalos had offered him the third-ranking seat, he had wavered—slightly.

Logic told him it was a good deal.

But his damned god-king pride had refused to yield.

And from the very moment he made that decision, he had regretted it.

Thalos's omnipotence only fed his dread, day after day. All he could do was weakly repeat to his followers, "Thalos is just bluffing."

Bluffing?

Bluffing as hard as Audhumla the divine cow, maybe!

Finally, Njord panicked. "Freyr! Freyr! Contact your sister! Tell her to speak to His Majesty—tell him the Vanir are willing to merge with the Aesir!"

Freyr, holding a second-rate divine sword, opened his mouth blankly: "Father... I think we're too late."

Just a minute ago, from atop the reviewing platform, Thalos had proclaimed: "Njord's fate shall be decided by Odin. As for the other Vanir male gods—except Freyr—those who refuse to surrender... are to be executed!"

Then, several Swords of the Nine Realms were cast down before Odin's sons, their gleaming blades igniting their fiercest devotion.

The Aesir army surged forth like an unstoppable flood, rushing down the Bifrost.

This wasn't war—it was slaughter.

The tide that had once bogged down the Aesir army no longer existed.

The Sea Temple, now devoid of ninety percent of its power, wept under the bombardment of the divine swords.

Its once-mighty shield, which should have been the cornerstone of the Vanir gods' defense, popped like a soap bubble. The great hall, meant to be their last refuge, was nothing more than a fragile relic.

Vanir cries for mercy quickly turned to wails of agony.

So what if they had replacement bodies?

Against overwhelming power, having multiple lives became a curse. The Aesir and giants made sure to finish the job, tearing apart every god's body until they were truly dead—beyond resurrection.

Njord staggered backward, his face ashen. He looked one last time at his goddess-wife and daughters, but couldn't bring himself to kill them.

He finally resolved to flee. To abandon Ginnungagap—hide in the chaotic void if he had to.

But before he could escape, a flash of icy light split the sky.

A strike tore open space and pierced his back, the blade punching straight through his chest.

"AAARGH—!" He didn't need to look. He knew it was Odin.

He tried to split into elemental water clones. With his power drained, he managed a pitiful eighteen.

In the next instant, Gungnir whistled back—dancing through the air like a weaver's needle.

POP. POP. POP.

All eighteen were annihilated.

Njord screamed, collapsed, and writhed in agony—but couldn't move even an inch.

He was nailed to the ground by the divine spear!

A few loyal divine guards threw themselves at Odin to buy time.

Several flashes of icy light later, Odin casually dispatched them with the Sword of Jotunheim.

"Well, well, old turtle," Odin sneered. "Finally crawled out of your shell?"

Njord coughed blood, stretched out a trembling hand: "No! Odin, you can't kill me! I've communicated with the world-will—it needs me! I... I can serve you!"

"Cowards don't deserve to live," Odin replied coldly, cruelty flashing in his single eye.

He had dreamed of this moment—defeating Njord in a fair fight, claiming the Vanir as his own, finally earning the right to stand tall without living in his brother's shadow.

But everything—his ambitions, his future—had been shattered by this greedy, treacherous, arrogant old god.

The disdain of his kin.

The scorn of the giants.

All of it became Odin's wrath.

Odin was never known for his virtue—and now, with righteousness on his side, there was nothing holding him back.

He didn't even want to use his brother's blade to end this.

He sheathed the Sword of Jotunheim and spoke one final line.

Then he stepped on Njord's shoulder, yanked Gungnir free—and drove it straight down through the god-king's skull.

At that moment, the already dried seabed shuddered violently.

And the world of Ginnungagap let out a soundless sigh.



High on the cliffs of Asgard's western edge, Thalos stood in silence, watching two old scheming god-kings tear each other apart.

As he heard the sigh of the world-will, he whispered inwardly:

My foolish little brother... You killed Njord with your own hands. Now, you alone must carry the full weight of that karma.