

Thalos 62

Chapter 62

When Thalos heard the news that Odin was desperately trying to create more gods, he couldn't help but chuckle.

Who would've thought that the Odin—mighty, world-dominating figure in the Edda—would have such a simple and straightforward side?

But thinking about it, it wasn't really surprising. For a divine barbarian like Odin, this path was inevitable. If he could truly expand his bloodline and surpass Thalos in the number of divine descendants, he might actually pose a threat to Thalos' rule.

Unfortunately for him, it was impossible.

As a transmigrator, Thalos knew very well that the total number of gods in Ginnungagap had a hard cap.

The World Will didn't care who birthed a god. It only released fragments of its origin based on internal needs, and these fragments spontaneously manifested divine entities.

The world acted on chaos; Thalos, with his Order Tablets, could correct its nonsense.

One day, he summoned Odin.

Odin came, grumbling inside, unsure of what this was about.

Like a true schemer, he habitually assumed the worst from anyone who might threaten his power.

Still, he showed up—with Loki.

As soon as Loki stepped into the Golden Palace and caught sight of Svaðilfari, his expression instantly froze.

Odin didn't notice, and bowed respectfully.

Thalos, having glanced at the "Lohorse," nearly burst into laughter inside but maintained his regal expression, channeling his inner actor. Leisurely, he said to Odin, "My dear brother, how have things been in Jotunheim?"

Hearing that his brother didn't begin with "My foolish brother...", Odin let out a sigh of relief. Every time Thalos said that, it meant Odin had committed some colossal, unforgivable blunder.

Since it wasn't starting that way, it must not be bad news.

Playing his cards well in front of their parents, gods, and giants, Odin began the pity game: "Those wicked frost giants pouring out of the glaciers are so troublesome. They're attacking my territory like madmen. I have to repair my castle every week. Ah, Brother, I've been suffering..."

No one among the gods or giants really cared.

In the Asgardian culture of strength above all, most believed Odin should be suffering. After all, he was crowned to deal with the frost giants' madness. Why else would he get such a title?

Even Bestla, their mother, found Odin's complaints completely within expectations.

Odin didn't care about that. He had noticed Svaðilfari the moment he walked in and suspected what was coming.

Thalos spoke gently, "My brother, I know you've had it rough. Let me introduce you—this is the divine horse Svaðilfari. Stronger than any of us, capable of lifting mountains. Take it, and let it help you build a solid castle."

"Thank... thank you, Brother!" Even if he'd guessed it, Odin couldn't help but be thrilled.

"You'll return it later. I still plan to use it to build walls and fortresses around Asgard. But your need is more urgent, so take it first."

"Yes, Brother!"

"Right, Odin, you previously reported a mutated frost giant."

"I did."

"I suspect it's due to chaotic energy seeping into the world. I've created some Order Tablets—when you build, embed these into your walls. They might help."

With a gesture, a Valkyrie stepped forward and handed Odin a thick stack of stone tablets.

He glanced at the engraved runes, thoughtful.

[Giants should have humanoid forms.]

[Giants' skin should be soft.]

[Giants' hearts should be soft.]

...

A hundred or so definitions of what "giants" should be. At first glance, they seemed basic. But as Odin pondered, he realized their genius—Thalos was systematically erasing every mutation possibility from the law itself.

Take the "soft heart" one—if that became law, even massive giants could be killed instantly by a single Gungnir strike.

Odin had studied rune magic for so long, yet never imagined it could be used this way.

"Thank you, Brother. These will save me a lot of trouble," Odin said sincerely, his single eye gleaming with complex emotion. "Brother... may I ask if I can try crafting my own Order Tablets?"

It was a calculated test.

Odin wanted to see whether his brother would allow him to share jurisdiction over world law.

With his growing ambitions, such a question was inevitable.

Thalos, inwardly sighing, thought, My foolish brother... Had you not killed Njörðr, perhaps the World Will might've considered it. What a shame...

Outwardly, Thalos gave a calm nod. "My brother, you are free to try."

"Thank you, Brother!" Odin was overjoyed. To be granted this crucial legislative power so casually—his brother was truly sentimental and easy to talk to!

"One more thing. It seems Svaðilfari occasionally gives birth to foals. But sometimes, it produces chaos-tainted monsters. When using it, remember to bury some Order Tablets in the stable."

Making good use of everything, Thalos ordered the Valkyries to bring out another hundred or so tablets.

Odin was ecstatic. If I'd known Brother would gift me this horse, I wouldn't have needed to be so grateful to Loki...

At that moment, no one but Thalos and the actual "Lohorse" suspected a thing.

This was Ginnungagap, after all.

Ymir, progenitor of frost giants, birthed them from his armpits. Búri, the first Aesir, split into Bor. So a divine horse giving birth on its own? Totally normal.

Only when a Valkyrie led Svaðilfari out did something feel... off.

The horse trotted right up to Loki, extended its half-meter-long tongue, and gave him one long lick from chin to forehead.

Loki froze solid.

Stiff as stone.

Odin burst out laughing. "Loki, looks like this horse really likes you. You don't do much anyway—why not supervise its work on our new fortress?"

"Uh, I... that is..." Loki was in total disarray, fumbling for words.

"Come on, man up! Stop being so wishy-washy. It's settled." Odin clapped his shoulder jovially, sealing the deal.

At that moment, it looked as if Loki might actually crumble into dust if a breeze passed by.

Soon after Odin left with Loki and the horse, word spread: Jotunheim now had a few new divine foals.

Then came news that Loki had fallen gravely ill and was bedridden.

That alone was bizarre.

A frost giant—sick?

Unheard of. Disease was almost nonexistent for gods and giants; that was a mortal problem.

So naturally, this became the latest punchline among the Aesir.