

## Thalos 68

### Chapter 68: Omen of Twilight

It truly wasn't Thalos' intention to withhold artifacts from his subordinates. The main reason he kept the magical ship was because it was specifically suited for the seas of Vanaheim.

Now that Njord was dead, this world had no god of the sea.

With no suitable replacement available, Thalos chose to petition the world's Will to temporarily take over the divine role of Sea.

Surprisingly, the Will of the World agreed.

Even as a temporary sea god, Thalos needed at least one artifact to represent that role. Hence, he claimed the ship for himself.

If there was any difference between this magical artifact ship and the one in the epics, it was that Thalos intended to add a cabin.

He was the God-King, after all. Sailing across the ocean with goddesses aboard a Viking-style open-deck ship—with zero privacy—just wouldn't do.

The golden boar Gullinbursti was granted by Thalos to Freyr, the god of sunlight and harvest.

And truly, only Freyr was suited for it.

The moment Freyr saw the artifact boar, he fell in love with it and decided to use it to pull his chariot.

"Such a divine item—is it really for me?" Freyr was genuinely touched.

Ever since he defected from the Vanir to the Aesir, Freyr had worked diligently and faithfully.

He had once been a god of war—hardly his strength—but ever since he bent the knee, he had performed his duties with anxious care, fearing that any mistake of his might bring punishment upon the rest of the Vanir.

Now, finally earning the God-King's approval, Freyr was on the verge of tears.

Thalos encouraged him: "Loyalty to your duties is good. But don't forget to practice your swordsmanship as well."

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Thalos loved gods like Freyr—handsome, sunny, earnest in their work, and most importantly, as a once-subjugated god, loyal to his new master.

To reward such a servant was only right.

After all, should the day come when drastic measures were needed, only gods like Freyr—foreign but faithful—could deal with certain mischievous gods with no qualms.

As for the magical golden bracelet that enhanced charm, Thalos casually gifted it to Freyja.

In this world, Freyja never had the chance to become the famed socialite of the Aesir as she was in the epics.

After so many years of being exclusively favored, even if she hadn't borne children, she had certainly put in enough effort and endured enough hardship to deserve recognition.

Rewarding her appropriately was necessary.

Receiving a beautiful artifact bracelet as a gift, Freyja gleefully threw herself into Thalos' arms and smothered him with kisses—much to the envy of the watching gods.

Everything seemed to return to peace once again.

Years passed.

Just when the Aesir gods began to believe that their rule would last for all eternity, an event sent chills down Thalos' spine.

Loki had a child!

This time, it wasn't a bizarre self-birth—but from a relationship with a female giant.

That year, Angrboda gave birth to a wolf pup and named him Fenrir!

Once again—it must be said: when Chaos chooses to manifest through a single person, all eyes must stay on that person.

There was no scientific theory or evolutionary logic that could explain why two pure-blooded giants would give birth to a wolf child.

Thalos, the God-King who could handle almost every major affair in the Nine Realms with calm precision, completely lost composure upon receiving the news.

He shot to his feet from his throne, stunning both Frigg and Freyja, who sat nearby.

Frigg asked nervously, "Loki gave birth to a wolf? Is that... a problem?"

Thalos cast a glance at the beautiful goddess and sighed internally.

The fact that none of the gods saw this as a problem—that was the biggest problem of all!

These so-called gods were still, at their core, divine barbarians. No matter how much gold armor or fine attire they wore, they remained simple-minded. Their worldview could not fully comprehend Thalos' actions.

"Gods beget gods! Dragons beget dragons! And a rat's son will burrow," Thalos said flatly.

The goddesses around him immediately nodded in agreement—it suddenly made sense.

"Then this is..."

"A huge problem. The World Tree's ability to filter chaos has weakened." Thalos turned and ordered the Valkyries, "Summon Odin to see Me—immediately."

The Bifröst was a marvelous thing. It connected all Nine Realms, and as long as Heimdall could see a person, the rainbow light could bend through space and pull them directly into Asgard.

On the other side, Odin had just slain two frost giants that had emerged from the glacier when Heimdall abruptly summoned him.

"The God-King wants to see me so urgently?" he asked uneasily.

"It's about Chaos," Heimdall answered.

"Oh."

Arriving at the Silver Palace, Odin gave a formal greeting, then asked, "Brother, why have you suddenly—"

He stopped mid-sentence.

Odin realized something was terribly off.

The usually warm and approachable elder brother now sat on the divine throne, eyes hollow and deep, as if detached from all things. His gaze was not on the present, but transcending time and space—seeing far into the future.

Odin knew Thalos held the divine domain of Prophecy.

He had never imagined that something this serious had occurred.

Thalos finally spoke, his voice grand, ethereal, and devoid of emotion:

"I have seen it—"

"I have seen the land frozen for three years, all life withered! Chaos fire spreading across the world, and with it, banners of conquest and destruction rising."

"The earth cries out a universal wail, as beasts and gods clash like unending tsunamis, drowning the final screams of all who suffer."

"The smoke of war blots out the sky—no more sunlight! No more rainbows!"

"From the Three Realms rise hordes of demons, tearing down Asgard's defenses and trampling the glory of the gods!"

"The footfalls of the World-Enders echo like a death knell in the hearts of the divine."

"Even Odin is devoured by its enormous maw."

"I—I saw it—Fenrir, the World-Destroying Wolf!"

At the mention of the final word in Thalos' prophecy, Odin completely lost his composure.

A buzzing filled his ears, his vision blurred—What? Loki's wolf son would one day kill me?

Odin had never been unconcerned about apocalyptic prophecies—but after all, he wasn't the God-King. If the sky fell, Thalos would take the first hit.

But now, if he was the one destined to die—this prophecy was far more terrifying.

Odin's body trembled slightly. "Brother... but Loki is our good brother..."

He's your good brother, not mine.

Thalos sighed inwardly, then spoke the real truth behind the matter: "My foolish brother. Do you know how much trouble Loki caused when he tried to steal the divine horse Svadilfari from Me? Your mount Sleipnir—if I hadn't intervened—would have been a chaotic eight-legged nightmare."



Lies collapse under scrutiny; truth cuts like a blade.

Thalos laid out the "facts"—merely altering their order—and successfully reinforced the legitimacy of the Ragnarok prophecy.

Sure, Odin might be close with Loki now—but if Loki's child was "fated" to kill him...

How would Odin respond then?