

Thalos 69

Chapter 69: The Prophecy of Odin's Fall

When three men gather, there's always one who becomes the idea guy.

And when one of those three men is a god, the destruction he brings can be world-ending.

Unfortunately for Odin, in this life, he could never complete that trio.

In the epics, Odin was the ruthless God-King, always striking when least expected, pocketing all the benefits while dodging the consequences. Loki was the schemer, the "idea king," and the dim but powerful Thor was the battering ram on the front lines.

But in this lifetime, thanks to the World Will's reassignment of divine roles, Thor was now Thalos' devoted son—distant and cold toward his second uncle Odin.

As long as Thalos kept Odin and Loki apart, any shady maneuvering by Odin would be severely limited in its reach.

Odin was well aware of this. That's why, when he was made King of Jotunheim, he took Loki with him without hesitation. He desperately needed a cunning advisor.

Now, Thalos shattered that illusion without mercy.

With a simple raise of his right hand, Thalos sent a divine thought—sharp as a blade—straight from his middle finger into Odin's brow.

It was a prophetic vision crafted through Thalos' Prophecy divinity and the magical throne he sat upon. Odin stood stunned as he beheld a wolf whose back alone was the height of a mountain—

Fenrir!

A brute who roamed the world unchecked.

With one bite, he could swallow an entire forest or drink an entire lake.

He feared no god, his nature terrifyingly savage. When he opened his maw, its upper and lower jaws—each spanning thousands of meters—seemed to reach the limits of heaven and earth.

His roar could shake the earth, crushing the courage of any mortal warrior.

In the war that ended the reign of the Aesir—Ragnarök—Fenrir's vertical pupils blazed with madness and fury. His long howl echoed through the cosmos as he and a massive serpent dragged Asgard down from the branches of Yggdrasil, crashing it onto Midgard below.

It was a cataclysm.

Asgard's mountains, rivers, and earth were all destroyed. Giants and divine servants perished in this unprecedented apocalypse.

Then came the final moment—Odin met Fenrir on the battlefield.

The cruel irony: Odin rode Sleipnir, the eight-legged steed that, technically, was Fenrir's older brother.

"Odin! I will tear you apart!" the colossal wolf declared.

Odin, wielding the eternal spear Gungnir, urged his divine horse forward and charged Fenrir head-on.

He hurled his spear, but Fenrir unexpectedly spat forth a flame sword from its jaws. The two divine weapons clashed in midair and flew off in opposite directions.

In the very next moment, Odin saw Fenrir's maw—a gaping black void large enough to crush mountains.

A sudden vertigo seized him. Pain exploded in his waist. Fenrir's dagger-like fangs, as hard as steel, had pierced straight through.

The wolf shook its head violently—Odin's lower body went numb. He looked down—

His legs were gone.

The last thing he saw was the nightmarish scene of half his body disappearing into the monster's mouth.

...

"AAAHHHH!" Odin's scream was so loud that it startled the Valkyries standing guard outside the Silver Palace.

Had the God-King not forbidden any being from interrupting this private meeting between brothers, they would've burst in to protect him.

Inside, Odin kept howling until, finally, he broke free of the vision.

Even though the sun outside the Silver Palace shone warmly, Odin was drenched in a cold, sticky sweat.

He collapsed onto the marble floor and instinctively patted his lower body.

Waist—still there. Thighs—still there. Legs—thank the gods!

So it was just a vision?

Odin breathed heavily, still reeling, and noticed his hands trembling uncontrollably.

Eventually, he calmed down, lifted his head, and asked his brother: "Brother, was that a prophecy... or fate?"

Thalos sat calmly on the God-King's throne. The golden light from outside filtered through the windows and reflected off his radiant armor.

The dazzling, divine aura around him made Thalos seem almost otherworldly—transcending the mortal coil.

Even before he spoke, Odin already believed what was coming next.

"My foolish brother," Thalos said. "You and I both know that the world of Ginnungagap has no true god of fate representing the future. That was merely a branch of prophecy—one possibility. Like the roots of Yggdrasil, there is a main trunk, but also countless offshoots. No one can say with certainty that your fate must head in that direction."

"You're right, Brother!" Odin replied instantly.

Odin had always held a complicated mix of love and hate toward Thalos—grateful for his brother's guidance, yet resentful that Thalos' existence prevented him from ever reaching the pinnacle of power.

That duality tore at him.

In secret, he envied and resented Thalos.

But whenever his brother gave him an order or advice, Odin would always obey.

This inner contradiction left him mentally split.

But now that his brother had said it—the prophecy might not come true—how could Odin just sit around and wait to die?

With a sharp breath, Odin slammed the butt of Gungnir against the floor. The sturdy shaft struck the silver tiles with a crisp clang.

"Brother! No need for you to lift a hand. I'll go kill that dog of Loki's myself!"

Thalos slowly shook his head. "You and Loki are closest. If you act, it'll put you in an impossible position. Let me handle this wicked god. After all, Loki owes me two lives for forging My divine orders."

Odin's nose tingled. His eyes misted.

What a great brother I have.

Even now, he was still looking out for me!

And wasn't it true?

I, Odin, am King of Jotunheim.

Vili is King of Vanaheim.

Big Brother has never slighted us.

It was I who foolishly trusted Loki and his crooked schemes.

What a fool I was.

And if push came to shove, Odin wasn't the kind to hesitate—even with blood ties.

He had once thrown Vili to Vanaheim as a hostage, along with the wise giant Mimir. Gave away his slow-witted brother and the giant he disliked, and in return snatched Freyr and Freyja. Was that not a calculated power play in disguise?

The Vanir gods only managed to kill Mimir. Vili got off easy.

Now, with Thalos—the "foolish" big brother—stepping in as his shield, Odin was more than happy to stay in the shadows.

In just a few words, Odin and Thalos reached an agreement.

As Odin turned to leave, Thalos silently sighed:

Foolish brother... You think that if you hide away, Loki won't see through your thoughts?

As long as you don't fight tooth and nail to protect his son, you too... are Loki's enemy.