

Thalos 70

Chapter 70

On this day, Loki was affectionately gazing at his beloved son Fenrir, alongside his old flame—the female frost giant Angrboda. The warmth in their eyes was sincere, even touching.

Such is the horror of partial understanding.

Neither of the two frost giants found it strange in the slightest that two giants had given birth to a wolf.

Just then, Valkyrie Randgríðr arrived with a command.

"By order of His Majesty the God-King, Loki, you are to bring your child Fenrir to the Golden Palace immediately."

"Huh? Did His Majesty say what it's about?" Loki asked, surprised.

After all, many gods and giants had children, and Thalos didn't go checking on each one. At most, he'd send a Valkyrie with a congratulatory gift if it was someone close to him.

But this Valkyrie came empty-handed. It didn't feel like a celebration.

But bad news? It didn't look like that either.

Only one Valkyrie had come. Thalos hadn't sent Thor, his most trusted son, to arrest him or anything.

Loki didn't know—this was exactly as Thalos had intended.

Thalos had always upheld the image of a fair and impartial king among gods and giants alike.

Loki remembered how last time, even when he bet with the dwarves and faked a divine order, Thalos hadn't taken his life. With that thought, much of his anxiety faded.

He even reassured his lover Angrboda, "It's fine. I don't really like Thalos, but he's always fair. Even when I caused all that trouble before, he didn't punish me. I'll take Fenrir over there, and I'll be back soon."

Loki didn't realize he was walking into a trap called "trust."

All these years, Thalos hadn't laid a finger on him, even tolerating many of his antics despite the complaints of other gods. When Loki crossed the line, Thalos at most gave him a light punishment.

This had left Loki with a degree of admiration for Thalos.

But the moment Loki brought little Fenrir into the Golden Palace, his instincts told him something was wrong.

Gods, giants, subjugated gods—everyone was here.

Even Vili, ruler of Vanaheim, and former Vanir queen Narthes were in attendance.

The air was thick with malice, almost solid in its intensity. Young Fenrir immediately sensed it. The pup bared its teeth and let out a low growl at all those present. Its sharp claws lightly scratched the palace floor, leaving behind deep, terrifying marks.

That scene only deepened the audience's distrust of Fenrir.

The murmurs began:

"His Majesty wasn't lying—this thing is dangerous."

"Vile little wolfspawn!"

"Kill it."

Giants never whispered below 80 decibels. Their brazen murderous intent made Loki's face go pale.

He regretted everything.

Why did I bring Fenrir here like a good boy?

Now I want to run?

Too late!

Thalos' two top enforcers, Thor and Freyr, had clearly already received orders. From the moment Loki entered, their eyes locked on him.

God of War Týr kept his gaze fixed squarely on Fenrir, which made the wolf pup bristle.

It looked around and quickly realized—everyone here could kill it effortlessly. That sense of danger was crushing.

Despite its savage nature, Fenrir was deeply loyal to Loki.

Under such clear threat, the pup whimpered as it tried to wedge itself between Loki's legs for protection.

At this stage, Fenrir was still tiny—only about 60 pounds, with a shoulder height just over half a meter. Compared to the six-meter-tall Aesir and towering giants, it really did look like just a puppy.

Loki knew he couldn't just sit there and wait to die. Forcing himself to stay calm, he barked in a low voice at Fenrir, "Stop growling. Do as I say, or you're dead."

And Fenrir listened. It curled its tail, lowered its body to seem smaller and harmless, and obediently followed Loki to the base of the God-King's throne.

Loki brought Fenrir forward and bowed.

To be exact, he dropped to one knee while pressing down on Fenrir's head with his left hand, forcing it to bow as well.

Fenrir squirmed violently, but as a young pup, it couldn't resist a fully grown frost giant—especially not its own father.

Loki's acting was in his bones. "Supreme Majesty, I've brought Fenrir as requested. Out of loyalty to you, I came without hesitation. But may I ask—why does the hall reek of distrust and intimidation toward my son?"

Thalos gazed at Loki, a wave of tragic inevitability welling in his chest.

If only Loki had used his brilliance for good, the Aesir might have flourished even more.

But alas, the days of Loki creating divine artifacts were already his last moments of glory.

Thalos lowered his eyes, seemingly resting them. After several breaths, he slowly opened them. "Loki, do you remember Sleipnir's offspring?"

Loki's facial muscles twitched. "Of course. They're famous among the Aesir. The gods consider it an honor to have one."

"Do you know where Sleipnir's children came from?"

"I... I'm not quite sure," Loki said, now fully embodying the God of Lies, not even blinking as he fibbed.

"Let's say they were split off from him." Thalos' eyes bore into Loki, radiating a clarity that made Loki deeply uneasy.

It was as if Thalos could see through every scheme, every future rebuttal or deflection—before Loki even thought of them.

Being outclassed in divine power, insight, and intellect made Loki feel like a boulder had been pressed onto his chest—he could barely breathe.

Never before had the grand halls of the Golden Palace felt so oppressive.

"What is Your Majesty trying to say?" Loki forced a smile, still pretending ignorance.

"I'm saying—many beasts lately have begun to show signs of chaos corruption." Thalos raised a hand.

At once, the side doors swung open.

Several Valkyries cautiously wheeled in a massive cage on wheels.

Even though many of the gods and giants had seen it already, they still shuddered in disgust.

In theory, it was a horse.

But it had seven legs, two heads, eight mouths, and a body that looked like two horse torsos fused together.

And it was alive.

As they dragged it in, the abomination chewed relentlessly at the bars of its cage with several of its mouths. Fortunately, the iron bars had been forged by dwarven smiths and were inscribed with runes and Lunath spells, rendering them indestructible.

Finally, Thalos laid his cards on the table and spoke what was either a verdict—or a condemnation.

"Loki, I never wish to judge a child by the worst possible standard. But the world of Ginnungagap is surrounded by chaos. The World Tree's ability to purify it is imperfect. In such conditions, the birth of certain individuals can bring about the most devastating destruction, perhaps even the end of the Aesir gods themselves. Do you understand what I mean?"