

## Thalos 71

### Chapter 71: The Trial of the Demon Wolf Fenrir (Part II)

Loki would rather not understand. "Your Majesty, are you sure you haven't made a mistake?"

"Then see the prophecy for yourself."

A beam of prophetic light entered Loki's brow.

When he finished watching, his heart turned completely cold: My son destroyed Asgard? Killed Odin?

The blurred edges of the vision marked it clearly as a prophetic illusion, a trait common to Thalos' foresight. Everyone knew he held the divine authority of Prophecy, and that his magical throne in the Silver Palace allowed him to glimpse both past and future.

It was also widely believed that this was the key to Thalos' masterful rule over the Nine Realms.

So when a God-King who deeply trusted in prophecy made the decision to execute a child—who could stop him?

The gods and giants had already begun to stir restlessly.

"Loki! Kill it! Worst case, just make another."

"This wolf cub is poison—vicious, ungrateful."

"Wait, you're a giant! Why would your kid be a wolf?"

Their angry jeers became invisible blades stabbing into Loki's chest. He was overwhelmed with pain.

Still, he made a last-ditch effort. "No! Your Majesty! Prophecy is not Destiny! Prophecy reveals a possibility—it doesn't guarantee it will happen! Deciding the life or death of an innocent child on the basis of a vision... that's not justice!"

"If we've already seen the future, then what's the point of talking about justice?" Thor barked, cutting Loki off. He had never liked his uncle. Loki had teased him since he was little, and tormented Sif as an adult. Thor wished Loki would drop dead.

Unexpectedly, Thalos raised a hand and stopped Thor. "Fool! Thor, silence."

"Ugh... yes, Father," Thor grumbled, but obeyed and stepped aside.

Thalos raised one finger, then two, then three.

"Since becoming God-King, I have led gods and giants alike, and I've also taken on the task of guiding mortals. But have you ever wondered why all of you obey Me?"

The divine brutes in the hall froze, their minds grinding to a halt.

Thalos continued, "There is no secret. I follow just three principles—Fairness. Fairness. And goddamn FAIRNESS."

Crude as the words were, the meaning struck true.

To these often dim-witted, godlike barbarians, it made perfect sense.

Thalos made the laws, followed them himself, made everyone follow them, and never broke his word.

That was why they trusted him.

With that one outburst, the hall fell silent, waiting for his judgment.

"Here's what we'll do—an experiment. Let everyone see the truth for themselves. Which Aesir god has a newborn child? I want a giant's child too."

Before long, a newborn Aesir infant and a recently born giant's child were brought into the hall.

Suspended in midair were three pea-sized clusters of chaotic energy, wrapped in the sunlight power of Freyr.

Seated high upon his throne, Thalos' voice rang out like a divine sentence:

"Loki, you choose. Let these three traces of chaos touch one of them. Fear not—if they aren't vessels of chaos, they'll just fall ill for a day or two."

Did Loki have a choice?

Standing behind him, one on each side, Thor gripped Mjölnir while Freyr rested his hand on the hilt of Victoryblade.

Loki was forced to comply.

The three motes of chaotic energy were drawn into the bodies.

As expected—the Aesir baby began coughing violently, screaming and wailing.

The giant child, though sturdier, seemed even more affected—crying out in pain.

But Fenrir...

His response wasn't just a reaction—it was a transformation.

The little wolf pup raised his head and let out a long, haunting howl that resonated through the hall, shaking the very hearts of gods and giants alike.

A series of bone-popping cracks echoed as his body expanded rapidly—within mere breaths, Fenrir had grown from the size of a mid-sized dog to that of a full-grown tiger.

His limbs and claws sharpened like blades, effortlessly tearing through the palace's golden floor tiles.

Valkyrie Herrock, standing nearby, instinctively drew her sword—but before it was halfway unsheathed, Fenrir had already vanished into a blur of black shadow and lunged at her head.

Even with divine blood and a demi-god's body, Herrock couldn't fully dodge.

Her body escaped, but the protective scales between her arm guard and shoulder plate were slashed through by Fenrir's fangs, revealing a bloody arm.

"BEAST! INSOLENCE!" Thor acted fast, smashing Fenrir with a hammer blow that left the pup dazed and sent him tumbling back to Loki's feet.

Dazed and wounded, Fenrir instinctively sought his father's protection, trying to wedge between Loki's legs for safety—ironically, unaware of his new size.

He slammed straight into his five-meter-tall father, sending Loki flying across the hall.

Loki staggered to his feet and looked down at Fenrir's confused, innocent eyes.

He gently stroked his son's lowered head, then turned to Thalos.

In that moment, Thalos saw the grief and despair burning in Loki's eyes.

"Your Majesty... is this what you meant by one of the two lives I owe you?"

Loki was smart.

Too smart.

He had instantly pieced together the truth—Thalos, as the God of Prophecy, must have foreseen this long ago. He had let Loki blunder forward, let him owe two lives...

So the all-powerful God-King had dug a trap—just for him?

The realization was like venom in his soul.

Loki was bitter and furious.

His fists clenched, teeth grinding, yet not one god or giant in the hall spoke up in his defense.

This was the price for all the wrongs he'd done in recent years.

And the one he trusted most—Odin—wasn't even here.

Now he was just a slab of meat on the divine chopping block, at Thalos' mercy.

But to Loki's surprise, Thalos didn't dodge the accusation. He didn't lie or deny.

His voice was calm and heavy:

"I'll use your own words against you—'Prophecy is not Destiny. It's a possibility, not a certainty.'"

The moment Loki heard this, all color drained from his face.

Those were his own words.

No matter how skilled he was at deception, could he openly contradict himself?

His voice was hollow and grief-stricken as he collapsed to his knees.

"If Your Majesty knew all of this... why didn't you do something?"

"I did," Thalos replied. "I failed. I couldn't prevent the chaos from infecting your child... Go back and check the Order Stone beneath your new home. On it is carved the rule: 'A giant's child will always be a giant.'"

Even Loki's brilliant mind went blank.

The God-King had foreseen everything. He had tried to prevent it—all without humiliating Loki. And it still wasn't enough.

Whose fault was that?

Loki bowed his head in defeat, unmoving, as Thor and Freyr walked past him.

He heard his son calling, "Father, save me"—but what could he do?

Nothing.

The guilt, the regret, the pain—all of it tore through him like wildfire.

Then came the crack of thunder—blinding golden light—

—and Fenrir's final, bloodcurdling scream.