

Thalos 77

Chapter 77 - 77 Odin's 'Compromise'

Odin cursed inwardly: Sköll and Hati, these two beasts, of all the traits they could have inherited, they had to inherit their father Fenrir's rebelliousness and savage ferocity.

When they were young, no matter how much goodwill Odin showed them, they would only respond with biting.

Odin decided to treat them like dogs, suppressing them with force to show that he, Odin, was the alpha.

Unfortunately, the two never acknowledged him and would attempt to maul him at every opportunity.

Odin had to try restraining them with a magical iron chain called Leidinn, but as they grew older, they easily broke it.

Had it not been for Vali and his brother, the dark god Hodr, quickly subduing them, the two wolves would have escaped.

Then Odin tried binding them again, this time using a magical chain named Dromi, but within two months, they broke free once more.

Odin had no choice but to secretly seek help from the dwarves, masters of weapon crafting. Using six rare materials—the footfalls of a cat, the beard of a woman, the roots of a mountain, the breath of a fish, the sinews of a bear, and the saliva of a bird—they created a cursed chain called Gleipnir.

Though Gleipnir looked as soft and smooth as a ribbon, its binding power was anything but weak.

To prevent a third escape, Odin added another rope called Gelgja, further tightening the bond by threading it through a great stone slab named Gjoll.

After that, Odin and his two sons used a massive boulder called Thviti as the foundation of the ice cavern prison, deeply embedding it into the ground beneath the ice to anchor the restraints.

Yet none of these bindings diminished the wolves' ferocity in the slightest.

Their attitude toward Odin and his sons remained vicious, extremely vicious, and absolutely vicious!

"Beasts!" Odin sneered, glaring at Sköll.

Sköll reacted fiercely, opening his great jaws in an attempt to attack Odin again.

Unfortunately for Sköll, Odin had recently performed a "small surgery" on him.

Now standing as tall as a five-story building at the shoulder, Sköll's body had grown massive, comparable to some giants.

His gaping jaws nearly touched the cavern's ceiling and floor at the same time.

Realizing that he would never be able to tame these beasts, Odin, seeing Sköll's biting motion, had swiftly hurled a divine sword into his mouth.

The sword was crafted precisely so that its hilt lodged against Sköll's lower jaw while its tip pierced his upper jaw.

When Sköll tried to close his mouth, intense pain caused him to emit a fearsome roar. The sword kept his jaws permanently open, causing drool to constantly drip from his mouth, melting the ice beneath him and even forming a sizeable, poisonous underground river that did not freeze despite Jotunheim's frigid temperatures.

The friendly giants of Jotunheim had even named this poisonous river Ván.

Listening now to Sköll's broken, painful howls, Odin felt a rare, wicked satisfaction.

"Beasts, even now you refuse to submit to me?"

Odin mocked them coldly, unsure if he was mocking the wolves or himself.

He had once believed that the beasts would remain imprisoned until they either pledged loyalty or the dreaded Ragnarok prophecy came true.

Until this moment, Odin had never seriously considered killing them.

First, because he didn't want to stain his hands with the blood of these evil wolves. Second, killing them would only push Loki further away.

But now, it seemed he had no choice.

He was certain that his all-knowing elder brother was aware of what was happening here. Even though he had plastered the cavern with rune sigils and runic wards, supposedly preventing the magical throne's power from peeking inside, it was useless.

After all, his elder brother was a God-King who possessed the divine authority of Prophecy; even if he couldn't see directly, he could still know through foresight.

Prophecy pierced through appearances straight to the truth.

The power of Prophecy was that unreasonable.

Even when Odin tried to mask things by infecting common wolves with the wolves' power, hoping the mutated giant wolves would obscure his brother's vision, it had failed.

Odin now knew that his brother was forcing him to make a choice.

Being manipulated like a puppet by another god filled Odin with disgust.

He raged internally, cursing everything, and Loki's act of giving up on his grandsons left Odin feeling utterly helpless.

There was no more time!

Odin's eyes widened in fury, radiating an immensely threatening, terrifying aura. He summoned the full extent of his power as the King of Ice. Pointing at the suffering Sköll, he coldly addressed the still-howling Hati, "Beast! I'm giving you one last chance. Swear loyalty to me, or your brother's fate will be your own!"

The only answer was a feral, enraged howl.

In their blood-red wolf eyes, Odin's figure was seared in hatred.

Odin knew now that his plan to tame these powerful chaotic wolves had completely failed.

He sneered repeatedly, "Hmph! You chose destruction yourselves. Don't blame me."

Vali stepped forward and bowed slightly, "Father, what shall we do?"

"Make preparations. Find a scapegoat. Tomorrow, when the Valkyrie comes, we'll hand over Hati and the scapegoat to Asgard."

Vali was slightly surprised, "And Sköll?"

Odin coldly glanced at Sköll, who was still growling lowly at him, "We'll throw this beast through the hidden passage into the Iron Forest. No, that's too risky. Send him straight to Niflheim instead. Consider it a keepsake for Loki."

His words caused the two wolves to react even more violently.

Odin wasn't blind to the potential consequences of letting Sköll go. But he neither trusted nor fully believed in the Ragnarok prophecy. To him, Fenrir, who was supposed to kill him, was already dead. He had broken fate—why should he fear Fenrir's offspring?

Others might view Odin's actions as laughable.

But this too revealed Odin's absolute arrogance!

He genuinely didn't believe that a mere wolf pup could ever kill him!

Sure enough, on the third day, the Valkyrie Brynhildr personally led a team to him, carrying none other than the Sword of Jotunheim, one of the legendary Swords of the Nine Realms.

"Lord Odin! I have come to deliver a message from His Majesty the God-King Thalos—" Brynhildr lowered her voice, imitating Thalos's tone as much as she could, "Stop playing around! Hand over Sköll and Hati immediately."

Odin's whole body trembled, "So it really was prophecy..."

Sköll and Hati—those were names given by Loki, and no third party had ever overheard them. Yet Thalos ignored the false names Odin had made up and called them out directly.

This left Odin no room to maneuver.

If he handed them over, they were still brothers.

If he refused, Odin would be helping Loki shoulder the wrath of the God-King and the other gods.

Odin was notorious for being self-serving in minor matters and self-preserving in major ones—there was no way he would risk himself for Loki.

As expected, Odin "confessed": "Sigh! His Majesty knows that I've always had a good relationship with Loki since childhood. Loki begged me in tears to protect his grandsons. That's the only reason I reluctantly agreed. But I've found these two wolves wild and untamable, impossible to train. Since it is His Majesty's command, I naturally must obey. I will now take you to see the beasts and arrange for the handover."