

## Thalos 87

### Chapter 87 - 87 Hela's Decision

On the other side, when Loki keenly sensed Odin's disgust and aversion, he remained silent, his heart sinking like a stone to the coldest, deepest abyss of Jotunheim.

Loki didn't even bother asking Odin whether he would accept his newly born daughter Hela as a subordinate god. He merely asked three words, plain and cold: "What now?"

What now?!

Every time you birth a monster, you ask me what now?

Odin's face flushed red, his single eye spinning in agitation.

Although the wisdom he had gained from Mimir's Well screamed at him—Accept her. She will be one of your greatest warriors—Odin simply could not suppress his visceral revulsion toward Hela.

Barely a second of "careful deliberation" later, he made the same decision as in the sagas: exile.

Oh, no, not "exile"—he dressed it up more elegantly.

"A heavenly portent! She is no ordinary Aesir. Her destiny likely concerns the Ragnarok prophecy. I have no authority to make this decision alone. I must inform my brother, Thalos."

How amusing.

For the Aesir, every single word Odin said was technically true.

Yet to Loki, every syllable pierced his heart like a steel needle.

How many times had it been now?

Loki nearly failed to hide his raging hatred and fury:

My firstborn, Sleipnir, looked normal—you happily took him to ride.

My second son, Fenrir—you ignored him, left him to be killed by Thalos.

My grandson, Hati—you sold him out without blinking.

Now you see my daughter Hela and you scorn her again?

You only take the good, discard the bad!

All the benefits you snatch; all the burdens you wash your hands of!

Even though they were cousins and childhood friends, the repeated betrayals by Odin had completely eroded Loki's trust and loyalty.

All that remained was anger and resentment.

Despite the raging fury boiling inside him, Loki's face remained that of a man whose heart had died.

He said flatly, "Oh, that's true. Hela must be reported to His Majesty the God-King for judgment."

In that moment, Loki prepared for the worst:

The girl might be killed.

The best outcome would be exile.

At this point, he no longer cared what Odin thought or did.

Instead, a tiny sliver of hope blossomed for Thalos.

Though Thalos had always kept Loki at arm's length—even during their youth—he had never once betrayed or harmed Loki.

As God-King, Thalos was renowned for fairness.

That gave Loki a glimmer of hope.

Soon after Odin's report, the Valkyries arrived.

Leading them was Hermod, Thalos' most trusted divine envoy.

His presence made the summons feel profoundly official.

"Odin, Loki, His Majesty God-King Thalos requests that you bring Lady Angrboda and Lady Hela to the Palace of Silver."

To soothe nerves, he added, "Fear not. His Majesty said this may not be a bad thing."

Had these words come from Odin's mouth, Loki would not have believed a single punctuation mark.

He had seen too often how Odin twisted words to break promises.

But coming from Hermod, Loki actually found himself believing it a little.

"Lead the way."

The Palace of Silver, with its shimmering snowy brilliance, appeared pure and sacred.

At its heart stood the Supreme Throne—only the God-King could sit there—imbued with the power to glimpse past and future, adding a layer of legend to the palace.

Loki always suspected Thalos had long since foreseen the paths of fate.

But this raised another unsettling question:

Was there no price to pay for freely gazing into the future?

Loki, Angrboda, and Hela knelt humbly at the foot of the throne, awaiting the expected judgment.

Angrboda was already sobbing softly.

Loki remained silent.

There were few others present:

Only Thor, Tyr, and Gullveig.

Against all expectations, Thalos immediately rose, slowly descending the steps while drawing a black-bladed divine sword.

He approached the stone altar where little Hela lay.

"No..." Angrboda cried out, her voice breaking, but Loki swiftly clamped his hand over her mouth and gripped her shoulder.

Even though she was a giantess far stronger than Loki, his grip rooted her in place.

Loki's extraordinary senses told him something surprising:

Thalos had no intent to harm their daughter!

Standing before the altar, Hela opened her eyes.

One was a clear, beautiful eye; the other a clouded, lifeless corpse-eye—both staring straight at Thalos.

Logically, it should have been a terrifying, horrifying scene.

Even Odin turned away, unable to bear the sight.

Only Thalos remained utterly calm.

"Rest assured. I will not harm you."

Shockingly, Hela actually nodded slightly and let out a soft, raspy chuckle.

The Aesir, born as a warrior race, matured mentally and physically at an astonishing pace.

Most could wield weapons competently by age three or four.

Yet even among them, someone like Hela—so clearly understanding her situation immediately—was exceedingly rare.

Angrboda gasped, covering her mouth in astonishment.

Thalos' lips curved faintly.

"Being tormented by Death's power... it hurts, doesn't it? Though I would say it is your destiny, if you truly wish, you may transfer a portion of that power into this sword.

From this day forward, every time you ask, I will answer: it will indeed steal some of the strength that rightfully belongs to you.

In exchange, you will gain the beauty a goddess deserves.

The choice is yours."

His words stirred a storm of astonishment among the listeners.

None had imagined the famed Nine Swords of the Nine Worlds in Thalos' possession had such capabilities!

He spoke true:

Though he had nine swords, their power levels were far from equal.

The strongest were, of course, the Sword of Jotunheim and the Sword of Muspelheim, each forged from the souls of two primordial giants.

Next was his personal weapon, the Sword of Asgard.

The remaining six swords, while still potent, lacked that divine soul boost—powerful but not on the same level.

The sword he now offered—Sword of Helheim—was an incomplete one.

However, if imbued with Hela's origin power, it would soar from second-rate to a top-tier divine sword.

Hela's two mismatched eyes swiveled thoughtfully.

It took her only a few seconds to decide.

Her withered, skeletal hand slowly reached out and gripped the blade of the Sword of Helheim.