

Thalos 98

Chapter 98: Freyr Chooses a Bride

In the old epics, when Thor and Loki set out to rescue the goddess of youth, Idunn, they endured many hardships. After shaking off Kraken's pursuit, Thor even traveled to the land of giants, where he was mocked and challenged by the then-giant king, Útgarða-Loki, and had to compete against a group of uniquely skilled giants. Thor got thoroughly beaten—miserably so.

But in this life, where's the land of giants?

Ever since reshaping the world, Thalos had made it a priority to purge giants who opposed the Aesir.

A purge every three days, a massacre every seven.

If giants refused to submit to Aesir rule, they were simply put to death.

As Thalos had always said: Any race has the right to wage war against me. But once war begins, the way it ends is no longer in your hands.

At this point, the anti-Aesir giants could hardly even form a dozen-man warband, let alone establish a kingdom.

Coincidentally, Odin had recently come to report that he had slain a rather troublesome giant—apparently named Útgarða-something.

Thalos was amused, rewarding Odin handsomely for once—with everything from gold to mortal servants.

This rare act of generosity moved Odin a little. To him, it felt like his elder brother still cared about him.

Of course, with Odin's "take all the credit, dodge all the blame" attitude, any gratitude was fleeting—he'd soon go back to complaining about Thalos again.

Odin, no matter how you raised him, was just not dependable.

Given that, Thalos naturally focused on nurturing those who were loyal.

Recently, he had a small but pressing issue—Freyr.

This widely acknowledged most handsome of the Aesir refused to take a wife, refused to have children, and wasn't even interested in women.

This vexed Thalos deeply.

Some of the gossip-loving pureblood Aesir had already begun spreading rumors: that Freyr was Thalos's male lover.

Thalos could barely keep his composure.

Seriously? I've bedded giantesses, romanced Valkyries, practically swept through every single Aesir goddess—and you people still have the nerve to spread that rumor?

And Freyr wasn't Loki—his orientation was perfectly normal. He just hadn't found the right woman yet.

Thalos hadn't cared much at first. But remembering Freyr's notoriously stupid move in the epics left him speechless.

Can you believe it? Freyr, trying to court a woman, gave away his own [Sword of Victory] to a random messenger?!

The sword, feeling abandoned, lost its sword soul and became an ordinary object.

Later in Ragnarök, Freyr fought Surtur with a deer antler, and died from exhaustion.

What a prime target for exploitation!

If you don't want the [Sword of Victory], give it to me!

Luckily, in this life, Freyr had no father—and no messenger to scam his divine sword away.

Thalos, being Freyr's liege and something like a brother-in-law, was determined to help his young in-law out.

One day, Thalos summoned Freyr directly.

Freyr bowed respectfully, still that same calm and elegant figure. "I wonder what business brings Your Majesty to summon me?"

Thalos chatted for a while, asking after Freyr's health and affairs. After circling around for a bit, he finally got to the point. "I heard many Aesir goddesses have been courting you lately?"

"I wouldn't dare aim so high," Freyr said honestly. As a descended god, the smartest thing he could do was marry into his liege's family.

Freya had already become Thalos's consort. For Freyr, marrying one of Thalos's daughters would be ideal.

The problem? Thalos didn't have any daughters—only sons.

From Freyr's careful observations over the years, he'd realized that Thalos didn't truly trust the pureblood Aesir. Among the children Thalos had with Aesir goddesses, Heimdall was tolerable, tasked with guarding Asgard's gate. Balder, meanwhile, was more like a living mascot. The ones Thalos truly trusted were Thor, Tyr, and Vidar.

Even Freyr, no fool, understood he couldn't marry a pureblood Aesir goddess—or any goddess from his own Vanir background.

Which left him with very limited options.

Thalos, knowing all this and recalling Freyr's idiotic move in the epics, still couldn't help but press: "So many beautiful light elves—none caught your eye?"

Handsome man with beautiful elves—just imagining it felt like a fantasy come true.

Freyr met Thalos's gaze and gave an apologetic smile. He bowed slightly. "Forgive me, Your Majesty, but I feel no affection for the light elves. Perhaps... Your Majesty could choose a partner for me?"

Sigh! Looks like Freyr still couldn't escape the fate of tree-climbing.

Thalos stopped pretending.

He still didn't understand why, in the epics, Freyr had been so adored by Odin that he could sneak onto the Silver Palace's High Throne and go unpunished.

In any case, he wouldn't allow that.

But if Thalos himself orchestrated the matter—then there'd be no issue.

He pretended to ponder for a few seconds. Then, from beneath his High Throne rose a shimmer of magical light unique to divinity.

"Very well, Freyr. I'll lend you the High Throne's power to gaze across the Nine Realms. Survey them all—and if you see someone you like, I'll propose the match for you."

"T-That might not be appropriate..." Freyr was cautious by nature. Even though it was a gift from the God-King, he feared the pureblood Aesir would accuse him of trying to seize divine power.

Before he could refuse, Thalos pointed his right index finger, and a dazzling seven-colored beam shot out, striking Freyr right between the brows.

"Ah?!" Freyr gasped in surprise. Suddenly, his vision expanded infinitely—he could now see all eight worlds beyond Asgard.

Look freely. Pick anyone you like, and I'll make the match.

"Then... thank you, Your Majesty."

With such enthusiasm from the God-King, Freyr could only accept.

Based on the conditions—no pureblood Aesir, Thalos has no daughters—he was left with just one real option: Thalos's maternal race, the giants.

There had been a pretty good candidate: Urd, one of the twin Norn goddesses. Her father, Mimir, was Thalos's maternal uncle. But unfortunately, Urd had no interest in Freyr, and marrying a goddess of fate involved many taboos.

With no better choice, and considering the Vanir also had size-shifting abilities, physical differences weren't a problem for Freyr's kind.

He would have to marry a female giant.

Still, if he had to choose—he'd at least pick a beautiful one.

Even gods had preferences.

Freyr began carefully scanning the Nine Realms.

His gaze crossed worlds, sweeping quickly over the frozen lands of Jotunheim, pausing from time to time on the faces of beautiful giantesses.

And then, he saw her.

A striking beauty from the land of giants—just as she raised both arms, a ray of sunlight fell upon her. The reflection from her pale arms lit up the sky and ocean for a vast distance.

Freyr's heart suddenly raced.

This was partly a political marriage, true—but at least he would be marrying based on his own taste and choice.

Thalos heard the sudden hitch in Freyr's breath and, pretending to follow Freyr's line of sight, said, "Oh? That's Gerðr, daughter of Gymir. You like that type?"