

Thalos 99

Chapter 99

Female giants were often wild, athletic, and carried a fierce, untamed energy. In Thalos's eyes, this giantess Gerðr was above average in beauty—her only notable feature being her exceptionally fair skin.

Then again, fair skin conceals many flaws—it's understandable.

Just like among the Aesir, many gods considered Frigg more beautiful than Freyja, simply because Frigg's skin was lighter.

There were plenty of female giants living in Asgard as well. Freyr just happened to prefer that type—so be it.

Right now, Freyr was blushing like a boy experiencing his first crush.

Come on, you're a god, for heaven's sake!

You're even a ruler of a realm—show some confidence!

"You've decided on her? That's it?"

Thalos paused, recalling some details. He remembered that when Freyr sent a messenger to propose, the first attempt had actually been flatly rejected.

"This might be a bit tricky."

"Huh?"

"If I remember correctly, the son of Gymir awakened from the glaciers and immediately launched an assault on Asgard—and the one who killed him... was you."

Freyr felt as if lightning had struck him.

He'd finally fallen in love for once, hadn't even confessed yet, and the whole thing was already doomed before it began?

His expression visibly collapsed. "I... uh..."

Thalos chuckled. "So, what are you willing to give for the chance to marry this woman?"

"Anything I have!" Freyr stammered, too excited to speak clearly. He even unsheathed his [Sword of Victory].

Thalos cursed him in his mind—This damn spendthrift. "Even the [Sword of Victory]?"

"Yes! It's a symbol of my resolve!" Freyr thumped his chest and handed the sword to a nearby Valkyrie to present it to Thalos.

"Very well. I accept your sincerity. Maybe this will be useful someday," Thalos said casually, brushing his hand along the scabbard. The [Sword of Victory] let out a protesting hum.

The divine sword wanted to object—but alas, its master had already offered it up.

A small divine rule was etched into the sword—a tiny backdoor, courtesy of Thalos.

But that was just a small aside. Thalos didn't believe any opponent in the Nine Realms right now could even warrant him borrowing Freyr's power to unleash the [Sword of the Nine Realms] at full strength.

He returned the sword to Freyr. "There might be a bit of trouble with the proposal, but it's nothing serious. Go home and wait three days."

"Oh! Understood. I leave everything to Your Majesty."

Once Freyr was dismissed, Thalos summoned Loki.

"Your Majesty called for me?" Loki's loyalty had recently skyrocketed.

Loki was unpredictable—no one ever knew what madness he might unleash. But the fact remained: his brain worked brilliantly, and he didn't mind getting his hands dirty.

Thalos briefed him on Freyr's situation and added, "If I recall correctly, Lady Gerðr seems quite averse to Freyr. A normal proposal won't work."

"Er... Your Majesty means...?"

"I may need you to step in, Lord Loki. Play the role of a wicked god. Give Lady Gerðr a little scare."

"Huh?" Loki, who'd been bored out of his mind lately, instantly perked up.

A wicked god? *I am a wicked god! Just... not quite wicked enough.

Outwardly, Loki spoke righteously, "To carry out Your Majesty's will, a little damage to my reputation is nothing."

Thalos's eye twitched: You still think you have a reputation? Yours has been in the negative for ages.

But as God-King, he couldn't just say that out loud.

"Go. If you succeed, I won't treat you unfairly."

Just thinking of the time Thalos had forced the other gods to bow to him, Loki practically swooned with joy. He eagerly accepted the matchmaking mission and skipped away.

Watching him go, Thalos gave a faint smile.

Why choose Loki to play the villain, when any male giant could've done the job?

To needle Odin, of course.

Even though Thalos always notified Odin in advance when assigning Loki tasks, Odin—with his needle-sized capacity for trust—was never going to fully trust Loki again.

Hadn't he been clinging more tightly to his sons Váli and Bragi lately?

Two birds, one stone.

Sure enough, when Odin heard Loki had once again run errands for Thalos, his expression looked like he'd swallowed half a fly.

This time, Loki's matchmaking mission was much easier than in the epics. In those tales, Jotunheim was enemy territory. But now, all Loki had to do was borrow Freyja's [Eagle Feather Cloak] and fly over from his palace in Jotunheim.

And as expected—exactly as expected!

The moment Gerðr heard that Freyr was proposing, she outright refused—even rejecting the ten golden apples Loki had brought as a gift.

But Loki, the god of mischief and father of three world-ending creatures, didn't need to act much to play a terrifying villain—he was the real deal.

With just a subtle adjustment to his facial muscles, he could instantly go from pleasant to sinister.

Half-lidded eyes, a thin smile that didn't reach his eyes, a hint of sharp, predatory fangs poking from his mouth—Loki said with a chilling calm:

"Freyr is a trusted lieutenant of His Majesty the God-King, ruler of the Nine Realms. If Freyr is disturbed, then Alfheim and Vanaheim are both in peril. Lady Gerðr, can you shoulder the consequences of destabilizing two realms?"

Gerðr was struck silent with fear.

Loki kept pressing. "His Majesty the God-King is magnanimous. I'm sure he won't hold a mere giantess accountable. But me—I'm different. I gave my word that I'd succeed in this task. Make me lose face, and I won't be so forgiving.

Oh, and my daughter, the death goddess Hela, has been saying she needs a nimble-fingered handmaid lately..."

Loki's reputation wasn't exactly fragrant—at best, it was notorious. Even giants were ashamed to be associated with him.

Yet no one could deny—Loki got things done. He was a master of chaos and manipulation.

Anyone entangled with him might survive, but they'd definitely lose a layer of skin.

From an outsider's perspective: Loki wasn't just a seated Aesir god—he was personally sent by the God-King. His best friend was Odin, King of Jotunheim. His daughter ruled the underworld. And rumor had it that the giant serpent circling the seas of Jotunheim, Jörmungandr, was also his child.

With that kind of backing—who dared defy him?

When Loki began alternating sweet talk with threats, no one with even slightly weak nerves could stand their ground.

In fact, compared to the envoy Njord sent in the epics, Loki was downright polite. That guy threatened Gerðr with a wand curse, saying that if she refused, she'd be "voluntarily" married off to a hideous demon in hell.

Disgraceful tactics—but sadly typical of both original divine clans.

Having been pushed this far, Gerðr resigned herself to fate.

Thus, the pair began their relationship with a truly terrible start. However, when they later met in the forest of Barri in Jotunheim, things developed surprisingly well.

Freyr, being a kind-hearted god and hopeless romantic, poured his heart out—and Gerðr was stunned to find herself falling for the radiant, handsome deity.

Even if there had been a thousand misunderstandings before—well, they could all blame Loki!

In any case, their marriage turned out joyful and fulfilling.

The following year, they had a son: Fjölur.