

Marvel Manifestor

Chapter 131 - 131 – San Venganza

From within the cloud of smoke created by the explosions, a blazing chain suddenly whipped out—

striking the Wind Demon—

But it passed straight through his body without leaving the slightest mark.

"Hahahahaha!

Your attacks are useless against me, Ghost Rider!"

The Wind Demon hovered in the air, laughing wildly.

"Today is the day you die.

Your little girlfriend won't be so lucky. Her soul will become food for Hell—nourishment for the young master! Hahahahaha!"

No matter how the Ghost Rider attacked, the chain couldn't even touch him.

The Ghost Rider slowly walked out of the smoke, empty eye sockets fixed on the demon above him.

Suddenly, he retracted the chain—

then snapped his arm forward again.

This time, he didn't aim at the Wind Demon.

Instead, he began to spin the chain in the air, faster and faster.

Whooo—whooo—whooo—

The rotating chain formed a massive vortex of hellfire, a whirlwind of flaming suction.

The Wind Demon was caught off guard.

The pull grabbed him instantly, dragging him toward the center.

By the time he tried to resist, it was too late.

The hellfire scorched his form mercilessly, and the suction prevented him from dissolving into wind.

He could only watch himself burn.

"Spare me! Ghost Rider—spare me!

I—I'll serve you! I'll follow you! I'll be your slave—just don't kill me!"

The Wind Demon begged frantically.

Half his body had already burned away.

The Ghost Rider ignored him completely.

Only when the demon was reduced to ash did he let the vortex dissipate.

The chain slithered back onto his shoulders with a metallic rattle.

He turned toward the swamp.

Deep below the murky surface, Lucas was being dragged down by the Water Demon.

The marsh seemed bottomless.

The pressure on Lucas's lungs grew heavier and heavier—air squeezing out of him.

His limbs were bound, unable to move.

The Water Demon's face appeared before him, grinning mockingly as Lucas sank deeper.

Lucas smiled faintly.

"You afraid of electricity?"

He said it—only mouthed it—but the Water Demon clearly understood.

A flicker of panic crossed the demon's eyes.

"Water conducts electricity."

Lucas mouthed again.

Then purple lightning burst from his body—

and dark clouds gathered above the forest.

CRACK—RUMBLE—

Thunder roared.

Even the Ghost Rider on shore looked up.

Underwater, Lucas's eyes glowed with pure violet light.

Lightning coiled around him like serpents, the Water Demon unable to get anywhere near him.

A bubble formed around Lucas—

a sphere created by the electrolysis of the surrounding water.

"Finally... I can breathe again," he muttered, inhaling deeply.

A few more seconds and he would've suffocated.

Hydrogen and oxygen filled the bubble, large enough for him to survive.

"Now then... are you ready, Water Demon?"

A flash of violet—

and his staff appeared in his hand.

He raised it overhead—

lightning gathering intensely at its tip.

"Judgment Lightning!"

The staff vanished—

becoming a bolt of lightning that shot straight out of the swamp and into the sky.

CRACK—BOOM—!!

A barrage of lightning rained down from the heavens.

All of it concentrated on the marsh.

The Ghost Rider backed up three steps, unwilling to be caught in the purple blast radius.

The swamp churned like boiling water.

Every living creature surfaced—charred black.

Underwater, the Water Demon's body ballooned grotesquely—bubbles swelling under his skin as lightning tore him apart.

With the final thunderstrike, he burst like an overfilled balloon—

his remains dissolving into the filthy water.

Lucas's bubble drifted upward, carrying him back to the surface.

"Damn Water Demon," he muttered, soaked and miserable.

The Ghost Rider approached, letting the heat of his soulfire dry Lucas's clothes instantly—

though he still looked like a drowned rat.

"Whoa—didn't know hellfire could do that," Lucas commented.

Johnny reappeared as the fire receded.

With the Wind Demon and Water Demon gone, the two of them continued toward the ruins of San Venganza without further hindrance.

The town's remnants lay in eerie silence—ruined buildings and swirling black mist.

Lucas and Johnny felt the oppressive aura immediately.

Although the town was dead, countless spirits were trapped beneath it.

Bound by the Contract of San Venganza, none could ever leave.

At the central fountain, Johnny shouted:

"Blackheart! I brought what you wanted!"

He held the contract high.

A violent gust swept through the square.

Blackheart materialized, gripping Roxanne by the throat.

"Ghost Rider. Give me the contract."

"You let her go, and I'll hand it over," Johnny warned.

He flicked open a lighter—close to the parchment.

There was no mistaking the threat.

Blackheart sneered.

"Naïve. You think that pathetic fire can burn the Contract of San Venganza?"

Johnny smiled coldly.

"You sure it's ordinary fire?"

The hand holding the lighter began to transform—

turning skeletal.

Everyone knew a Ghost Rider could imbue hellfire into anything he touched.

This lighter was no exception.

Blackheart's expression changed instantly.

Hellfire could burn anything—

including the contract.

And if the contract was destroyed, every trapped soul would be freed.

Many of those souls belonged not to Heaven...

...but to Hell.

And Hell had slaughtered them unjustly—

through the hands of the Ghost Rider.

Destroying the contract meant Hell lost its claim on them forever.

"If you dare," Blackheart hissed, "I swear your girlfriend will suffer torment beyond eternity."

Johnny lowered the hellfire toward the ancient parchment.

"You can try.

I'll hunt you to the ends of the earth.

You'll never escape me."

It wasn't a bluff.

"Then we let go together," Blackheart said coldly.

He tightened his grip on Roxanne.

"Agreed," Johnny answered.

Meanwhile, Lucas quietly prepared himself.

"I'll count to three.

We release at the same time," Johnny said.

"Three."

"Two."

"One!"

Johnny hurled the contract upward—

and Blackheart threw Roxanne into the air at the same moment.

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### Chapter 132 - 132 – Battle With Blackheart

Johnny leapt upward, catching Roxanne in his arms.

At the same time, Blackheart appeared mid-air, reaching for the Contract.

But just as his claws were about to close around it—

a longsword suddenly swept in from the side and knocked the contract away.

Blackheart grabbed nothing but air.

Lucas caught the flying parchment, flipped smoothly in mid-air, and landed lightly.

"Demons are demons—never bring a brain."

He turned his hand over, and the Contract vanished into his system inventory.

At that exact moment, Mephisto abruptly lost his lock on the Contract again.

But he had already pinpointed the direction, and he was racing toward the town.

"Damn you! Hand over the Contract!"

Blackheart erupted in fury.

It was the first time he had ever been toyed with by a human.

He lunged at Lucas, claws gleaming as they slashed toward Lucas's chest.

Lucas swung up the Ultimate Divine Blade, blocking the strike.

He flipped the sword from his right hand to his left in one smooth motion—  
and counter-thrust.

Rip—!

The blade tore through Blackheart's coat.

He barely dodged, the tip grazing past him.

Enraged, Blackheart slashed again.

Lucas dropped his stance low, avoiding the claw, and swept his sword toward the demon's legs.

The blade passed cleanly through—

but Blackheart had already dissolved into black mist.

He reappeared behind Lucas as a swirling mass of shadow, then expanded outward—

surrounding him.

From the dark fog, countless Blackhearts stepped forth.

"Die!"

Every one of them rushed Lucas simultaneously.

He remained calm.

Sword phantoms multiplied around him.

Waves of blade-aura burst outward in every direction, piercing one Blackheart after another.

Each one struck dissolved into black smoke—

then reformed an instant later, pouncing again.

In moments, a tidal wave of Blackhearts engulfed Lucas completely.

Johnny, alarmed, carried Roxanne to safety.

"Roxanne, I need to help Lucas. Stay here."

He turned to go.

Roxanne seized his hand. "Be careful... I'll be waiting."

Her eyes were red.

She and Johnny had loved each other since childhood.

When he vanished years ago, she'd never been able to let him go.

Now that they were finally reunited, danger rose again—

and she feared losing him a second time.

Johnny embraced her tightly.

"Wait for me. I'm not leaving you ever again."

He kissed her forehead, then ran toward Lucas, flames erupting across his body as he transformed.

At that moment—

A burst of violet energy exploded from within the mass of demons, accompanied by crackling thunder.

BOOM—BOOM—!

Lightning ravaged the area.

Thunder roared.

Bolts shattered every clone, scattering the black fog.

The ground crystallized under the surge of electricity, turning the earth into a blackened lightning field.

Lucas stood in the center, sword in hand, violet energy burning in his eyes.

Blackheart reappeared outside the field, terror written across his face.

The lightning had shaken him deeply.

Before he could react—

a flaming chain wrapped around his body.

The scorching heat and hellfire seared him, forcing a scream from his throat.

He dissolved into black vapor to escape the chain—

But BANG!

A gunshot rang out.

A holy-charged bullet pierced his half-formed body.

His abdomen exploded into a bowl-sized crater, tearing half his waist apart.

The wound burned pitch-black.

Blackheart was immune to attacks only while fully incorporeal.

The instant he formed a body, he was vulnerable—

and Lucas had accidentally shot him at the perfect moment.

The sacred energy prevented him from healing.

As the son of a Hell-lord, Blackheart had never been humiliated like this.

"I'll kill you all!"

He roared.

His body swelled, black mist erupting outward.

He grew to over five meters tall.

His skin turned obsidian, molten lava flowing beneath.

Curved ram horns jutted from his skull.

His muscles bulged like stone, and his scarlet eyes blazed with fire.

Blackheart revealed his true demonic form.

The demonic aura blasted outward, collapsing nearby buildings.

Lucas slashed through the incoming wave of demonic force, unharmed.

The Ghost Rider withstood it as well.

"ROAR!"

Blackheart hammered a fist toward Lucas.

The descending punch unleashed spears of demonic energy like raining lances.

Wind blades gathered around Lucas, firing forward to collide with the demonic aura.

Lucas charged in instead of retreating, thrusting straight for Blackheart's massive fist.

The Ultimate Divine Blade pierced cleanly through his palm.

But the brute force of the demon transferred through the blade, slamming into Lucas's arms.

Gritting his teeth, Lucas held firm—

twisting the sword and gouging out a huge chunk of demonic flesh.

Blackheart recoiled.

At that moment, the Ghost Rider's chain whipped around his arm and held it fast.

The Ghost Rider's strength was formidable—

dragging the demon's arm taut.

Lucas leapt up and swung down—

SHRRK—!

Blackheart's arm was severed.

The giant limb crashed to the ground, lava-like blood spewing everywhere.

"AAAAAHHHH!"

Blackheart clutched the stump, thrashing.

Lava splattered wildly, burning pits into the ground wherever it landed.

His eyes blazed even brighter.

Twin beams of molten heat fired from his gaze—

cutting across the ground toward the Ghost Rider.

The Ghost Rider snapped his chain to block—

but the beams were hotter than hellfire itself.

The chain melted.

The beams pierced through his chest and blasted him backward into a collapsing building.

Debris buried him instantly.

Lucas seized the moment.

He leapt behind the demon and slashed at his neck.

CLANG—!

Blackheart tilted his head.

Lucas's blade struck his horn—sparks flying.

The demon swung a massive hand—

Lucas, still mid-air, couldn't dodge.

The slap sent him flying.

His sword was knocked from his grasp, embedding itself in the ground.

"Cough—! Damn... what does this thing eat to get that strong?"

Lucas staggered up and charged again.

"Atmospheric Burst!"

Wind blades erupted—

merging into a massive tornado.

Inside, green spectral claws flickered in and out.

"Go!"

Lucas pointed, and the tornado shot forward faster than Blackheart could react.

It engulfed him instantly—

shredding his body with countless claw-slashes.

Lava-like blood sprayed in all directions, turning the vortex into a blazing orange inferno.

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The tornado raged for more than ten breaths before finally losing strength.

Blackheart had long been carried high into the air.

When the storm dispersed, his massive body dropped like a meteor.

He crashed to the ground with a thunderous impact.

Deep, bone-revealing wounds covered him.

Lava-colored blood oozed from each gash, and his demonic form looked barely alive.

Lucas raised a hand—

the Ultimate Divine Blade flew back into his palm.

Sword in hand, he walked toward Blackheart, ready to take off his head in a single strike.

"Who goes there?"

Lucas twitched an ear toward a sound.

He instantly raised his gun and aimed in that direction.

From the shadows, an elderly man in a suit stepped out.

His cane tapped rhythmically against the ground—

a refined, old-world gentleman.

"Whatever else he is, he is still my son. Spare his life."

The newcomer was Mephisto—appearing only through soul projection.

"Mephisto?"

Lucas asked coldly, the barrel still trained on him.

"You know me? Let me guess... you were the one who broke the Ghost Rider's memory seal?"

Mephisto's voice dripped with velvety confidence.

Lucas shook his head.

"No. That power wasn't yours."

Mephisto frowned slightly.

Indeed—Lucas carried no trace of that familiar, intimate force he was searching for.

The energy within Lucas was uniquely wild and destructive.

Suddenly, the nearby ruins exploded.

The Ghost Rider strode out of the flames.

The moment he saw Mephisto, he shrieked and charged at him.

"Still struggling after all these years?"

Mephisto lazily lifted a hand.

An invisible force seized the Ghost Rider mid-rush.

"If you had reclaimed your former strength, perhaps you'd intimidate me.

But as you are now... you're nothing more than a slightly larger ant."

He flicked his wrist.

The Ghost Rider was hurled backward, smashing through three buildings before collapsing.

The flames died, revealing Johnny, unconscious.

"Johnny!"

Roxanne sprinted into the rubble, sobbing.

She checked him anxiously, finally relieved to feel a faint pulse.

But she refused to let go—staring daggers at Mephisto.

He paid her glare no mind.

To him, she was simply another soul.

"You possess an unusual power," Mephisto said, turning to Lucas.

"But you are still no match for me.

Hand over my useless son and the Contract of San Venganza, and in return—

I'll spare your soul from torment."

Lucas snorted.

"Are you senile? Even if you came here in your real body, I'd still pound you into the floor so hard your own kid wouldn't recognize you."

Mephisto blinked.

The human dared speak like that to him?

Lucas rolled his eyes.

Please. Acting tough? Anyone can do it.

You wet yourself when you saw the Ancient One, didn't you?

And if Wanda shows up with full Chaos Magic, you'd be kneeling and calling her Auntie.

Mephisto's expression darkened.

"It seems I've been away from Earth too long...

You mortals have forgotten who I am."

A colossal demonic phantom manifested behind him—

Mephisto's true form—red eyes blazing, oppressive power flooding the air.

The crushing aura swept toward Lucas like a storm.

Lucas didn't budge.

Violet energy lit his eyes—

and a gigantic phantom rose behind him as well, matching Mephisto in size.

An elderly figure in a long violet robe, wielding a twisted black staff like an ancient branch.

A beard reaching past his knees.

Eyes glowing like living lightning.

A presence overflowing with world-shattering thunder—

Ramuh, Lucas's second summoned Eidolon.

Mephisto froze.

The power from that apparition...

It was not inferior to his own.

The destructive storm-force reminded him of an ancient rival.

"Hmph. Parlor tricks."

Mephisto slammed his palm to the ground.

Darkness erupted like two massive hands rushing toward Lucas.

Lucas countered—

lightning exploded outward, violet arcs meeting the darkness head-on.

BOOM—!

The earth beneath them shattered.

The clash produced no sound—

only a devastating shockwave ripping through the town.

Mephisto's expression lost its arrogance.

The young human before him possessed strength far beyond expectations.

And clearly—Lucas wasn't even using his full power.

Had Mephisto's true body come, Lucas might not yet be a match—

but this was only a soul projection, barely a tenth of his real strength.

He couldn't win.

"Very well. You have earned my acknowledgment.

Keep the Contract for now.

But sooner or later, I will return for it myself.

I hope when that day comes... you will still be entertaining."

He had no intention of prolonging this.

The Contract of San Venganza could not be recovered today.

With a heavy strike of his palm, darkness surged—

wrapping around his nearly-decapitated son.

In an instant, both vanished.

Lucas raised a middle finger toward the fading darkness.

"Talking big is easy. Try sticking around next time!"

Johnny, knocked out moments earlier, finally stirred awake.

Being the Ghost Rider, he was nearly unkillable; injuries like these were trivial.

Supported by Roxanne, he pushed himself upright.

"Where... where is he?"

"Gone. Spouted a bunch of threats on the way out.

I didn't bother listening."

Lucas shrugged.

"Oh—right. Here."

He pulled out the Contract and tossed it to Johnny.

"You keep it. I'm afraid I'll get curious and open the damn thing."

Johnny pocketed it without hesitation.

Just like Carter Slade had said, the Contract needed to be hidden—permanently.

"What do you plan to do with it?"

Johnny thought for a moment.

"I'm going to the Vatican.

I'll hand it over to them and have it sealed away forever."

"You're not afraid they'll figure out what you are?"

" I'll explain everything."

Lucas shrugged.

"Fine by me."

The Spirit of Vengeance originated from Heaven.

Those Vatican zealots wouldn't throw Johnny in a dungeon... probably.

Soon after, the three parted ways.

Lucas could tell Johnny and Roxanne had several "multi-billion-dollar personal projects" to take care of,

so he hopped onto Onion and took off—

leaving the reunited couple to do whatever they pleased.

On the way back, dawn had just broken.

Lucas slowed down to watch the sunrise wash the world in gold.

The light reflected off him too, warm and brilliant.

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Back at the agency, Lucas placed his newest trophy into the display case—a small section of Blackheart's horn.

The case was bound with special seals.

Anything placed inside would lose all energy and become nothing more than an ordinary object.

Only then did Lucas return to his apartment and collapse into bed, sleeping straight through to midday.

He woke up starving.

After washing up, he wandered lazily back to the agency.

Before he could even warm his seat, Natasha walked in.

He hadn't seen her for a few days—no idea what she had been up to.

She grabbed a cup the moment she entered and chugged water like someone reincarnated from a drought-stricken ghost.

"Seriously? You look like you haven't had water in days."

Lucas muttered.

Natasha slammed the cup down.

"I came straight here from New Mexico without stopping. When did I have time to drink?"

Lucas immediately thought of a certain god who became powerless the moment he lost his hammer.

So the plot was kicking off.

"What's so interesting over there that the great Black Widow had to go personally?"

He acted curious, though he already knew.

A certain hammer had fallen from the sky, that's what.

"You won't believe it—some hammer dropped out of the heavens, and nobody can lift it. Coulson and Barton are on-site right now. I came back because I have a special assignment."

"Special assignment?"

Lucas perked up instantly.

His gossip instincts ignited.

"Yep. Director Egghead himself sent me to invite you to New Mexico."

Natasha said with an amused look.

"What?! Is your one-eyed boss sick? What's that got to do with me? And since when do I go wherever he snaps his fingers? I'm not S.H.I.E.L.D. personnel."

Lucas slapped the table.

That damn black egg was getting out of control.

Time to demolish S.H.I.E.L.D.'s HQ—

and he meant now.

He stood up and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?"

Natasha stared.

What kind of seizure was he having?

"I'm going to blow up your S.H.I.E.L.D. headquarters and erase that black egg from the world."

Lucas growled, face dark.

Nick Fury was really pushing it.

Who did he think Lucas was? His errand boy?

"..Just tell me your conditions."

Natasha sighed. She knew how this went.

Anything involving S.H.I.E.L.D. meant Lucas would fleece them—mercilessly.

"Simple. One Quinjet."

Lucas instantly sat back down, resting his chin on both hands, eyes sparkling innocently.

"No way. That's S.H.I.E.L.D.'s latest aircraft. There is no chance the director will agree."

Natasha didn't even need to think.

Fury would sooner die.

The Quinjet was cutting-edge tech—unique to S.H.I.E.L.D. and nowhere else.

"So there's nothing to discuss then~~"

Lucas shrugged.

Perfect timing—he needed a multi-passenger vehicle anyway.

This opportunity had just delivered itself.

Lucas calling a Quinjet a "transportation tool" would give Fury a stroke.

S.H.I.E.L.D. poured ungodly resources into developing it, only for Lucas to treat it like a taxi.

Natasha's face twitched.

Why did Lucas only ever rob S.H.I.E.L.D. blind?

He never looted Tony Stark like this.

"...I'll report to the director."

She slumped and dialed the phone.

"Hello, Director? Talks failed."

Clean and simple—five words.

"Failed? What did he ask for?"

At S.H.I.E.L.D. HQ, Fury's face darkened.

He knew that brat Lucas wouldn't be easy.

"He wants a Quinjet."

The instant she finished, fury blasted from the phone's speaker so loudly it sounded like a megaphone.

"Mother—!! Why doesn't that brat just rob a bank?! The Quinjet is brand-new cutting-edge tech! I haven't even broken it in yet! How the hell did he even find out about it?! Tell him it's impossible! No chance! He can dream!!!"

Lucas heard everything clearly from where he sat.

His mood soared.

Ah, black egg, black egg...

Look at you losing composure.

Usually you're all poker-faced, but today?

I'll make you rage so hard your other eye pops out.

"Tell him," Lucas said coolly, "no Quinjet, no deal."

Fury's blood pressure skyrocketed.

"I don't need him! I can handle this myself!"

Natasha rubbed her temples.

Only Lucas could make the ever-stoic director break character like this.

She'd never seen Fury scream like an angry housewife.

Until now.

In truth, if it were merely a fallen meteor, S.H.I.E.L.D. would never involve Lucas.

But this object wasn't a meteor—

it was a hammer.

A hammer no one could lift.

Even the ground beneath it had become unnaturally hard.

S.H.I.E.L.D. tried everything but failed.

It was Natasha who casually suggested it might be magical in nature, reminding Fury that S.H.I.E.L.D. knew next to nothing about magic.

That's why they had turned to Lucas—the only "magic-related" guy they knew.

Fury had expected Lucas to demand a fortune.

He was mentally prepared for a massive payout.

He didn't expect Lucas to skip the money and instead demand the most advanced piece of S.H.I.E.L.D. technology in existence.

The Quinjet wasn't big, but it packed their latest systems:

triple-supersonic flight speed,

energy shields for defense,

and it could mount laser weaponry.

Aside from space travel, it was the single most advanced combat aircraft in the world.

Lucas shrugged again.

Honestly, he didn't care about the hammer.

Thor would handle it anyway.

If S.H.I.E.L.D. hadn't bothered him, he wouldn't have gone at all.

So he decided to fleece them for a Quinjet.

"In that case, I'll compromise."

Lucas leaned back theatrically.

"The Quinjet doesn't need any weapons installed. I only want it as a transportation vehicle."

He pretended to be suffering a huge loss.

But this had been his real goal all along.

He knew S.H.I.E.L.D. would never give him a fully armed unit.

The weapons and shields were what made the Quinjet truly terrifying.

Luke only wanted the flying part—

nothing more.

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Lucas only cared about two things when it came to the Quinjet:

its maneuverability and its ability to transport people.

All the fancy weapon systems?

He couldn't care less—they made no difference to him.

Nick Fury was silent for so long after hearing Lucas' "compromise" that Natasha thought he'd hung up.

"...Fine. But I can only give you a prototype Quinjet. Its flight performance is identical to the production model, but everything else—weaponry, shielding—will be removed."

Fury's heart bled.

Even a prototype was top-tier tech, and with a little modification it could easily match the combat-ready version.

The moment Fury agreed, Lucas sprang up and announced to Natasha:

"Let's go already. I can't wait to experience that wild West culture in New Mexico."

He practically skipped to the door and even held it open for her like a gentleman.

Natasha rolled her eyes so hard they nearly touched the ceiling, hung up on Fury, and marched out.

Lucas grinned to himself.

Soon he'd be able to bring Gwen and the others with him on missions without worrying about transportation.

He could even load Onion (the bike) into the Quinjet.

He wasn't worried about flying it either—since the plane was already his, Natasha wouldn't refuse to teach him how.

At the S.H.I.E.L.D. airfield, sure enough, a sleek black Quinjet waited on the tarmac—its matte finish radiating menace and power.

"So this is the one you're giving me? Don't tell me you're trying to dump a used one on me."

Lucas circled it, poking and pointing everywhere.

"Look at this—paint's chipped here. I want a brand-new one. Battle-damaged aesthetic isn't my vibe."

The pilot standing nearby blinked in disbelief.

What do you mean "giving it away"? This is my baby! What about me?!

Natasha's eyes nearly flipped her skull.

She shoved Lucas into a seat inside the plane.

"Dream on. This is the jet taking us to New Mexico. Yours comes afterward."

Wanting to get paid before doing the job?

Not happening.

"Hey—listen, if I get back and don't see my jet, I'm going to flip this whole place upside down. Can't guarantee S.H.I.E.L.D. will survive the day."

Lucas didn't sound even slightly joking.

S.H.I.E.L.D. could run, but they couldn't hide.

If they dared play tricks, he'd march right into their HQ and crack every egg in Fury's nest.

And maybe slice their pet worms in half for good measure.

All the way there, Lucas was unusually excited.

He watched the pilot operate the controls, hoping to learn something.

Unfortunately, he learned fast—and forgot even faster.

By the time they landed, he remembered only how to turn the engine on.

At the landing site, Coulson and Barton were already waiting.

Coulson gave Lucas a big hug.

"Come see the hammer—you're going to love this."

They followed him to the crater where the hammer had landed.

A shallow pit surrounded it, yet the soil directly beneath the hammer was pristine and untouched.

Meanwhile, in a small town nearby, a tall blond man was devouring food like a starving bear.

The fool prince of Asgard, the owner of the Meow-Meow Hammer—Thor.

"Another!!"

Smash!

Thor shattered a mug on the floor and roared for more.

Jane Foster and the others stared at him, mortified.

If they hadn't accidentally hit this large, deranged man with their car last night, they wouldn't be anywhere near him now.

At the table, Darcy Lewis was tapping on her laptop, laughing.

"Hey, check this out—some hammer fell from the sky nearby. No one can lift it. Like, seriously? A meteor-hammer? Wouldn't that have crushed someone? How heavy does it have to be?"

She cackled.

Thor froze mid-chew.

He grabbed Darcy's hand.

"Where is this hammer?!"

He was trembling with excitement.

Finding the hammer meant regaining his strength.

Darcy blinked.

Aside from being tall and handsome, this guy was clearly mentally unstable.

She vaguely pointed in a direction.

Thor followed her finger.

"How far?"

"Uh... two kilometers? I think?"

She wasn't sure at all. "Nearby" was a vague term.

Thor bolted out of the diner.

Jane chased after him, afraid he'd break more things.

Thor burst into a pet store.

"You there! Get me a horse!"

The owner stared at him.

A horse?

This wasn't a ranch.

This was a pet shop.

"Sorry, we don't sell horses."

"What do you have that I can ride?"

The owner's eye twitched.

Buddy, this is a pet shop. The only thing you could ride here is a dog—and you'd tear your pants doing it.

Jane hurried in and dragged Thor away.

"I'll take you to your hammer."

On the drive, Thor revealed his "identity" as the God of Thunder.

Everyone humored him politely—they all thought he was delusional.

Back at the site, Lucas approached the Meow-Meow Hammer, rubbing his hands together.

He wanted to see if he could lift it.

"Bro, be cool. Lots of people are watching. Don't embarrass me. Just let me pick you up—just a little."

He gripped the handle and pulled.

Nothing.

Not even a twitch.

"Come on—!"

He tried again.

Still nothing.

His expression darkened.

"Alright, don't blame me for what happens next."

He summoned the Ultimate Divine Armament, its blade pointed at the hammer.

"I'm giving you one more chance. Let me lift you—or I'm melting you down and handing your scrap to Tony for armor upgrades."

After the threat, he grabbed the handle again and pulled with all his strength.

"Get—UP!"

He shouted.

The hammer did not move an inch.

"Hell no, I don't believe this!"

He dismissed the sword.

Purple energy surged through his eyes, lightning coiling around him, his presence erupting like a storm-bringer.

The sky responded.

Dark clouds spiraled above the camp, purple lightning flickering through them like serpents.

BOOM—

Thunder shattered the sky, illuminating the darkened ground.

Lucas grasped the handle again.

Lightning crackled over his arm, spreading over the hammer's surface.

The engravings began to glow faintly in purple light—  
then vanished.

And this time, without exerting any force at all—

Lucas lifted the hammer effortlessly.

BOOOOOM—!!

A cascade of lightning crashed from the heavens, engulfing the hammer.

Bolts danced around Lucas like jubilant spirits, wrapping him in thunder as if he himself were the God of Thunder.

"Faster! Go faster! I can feel someone lifting my hammer!!"

Thor, in the distance, stared at the raging storm with horror.

His heart sank—

his beloved hammer was slipping away from him.

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"Didn't you say no one but you could lift your hammer?"

So how come someone did lift it?"

Darcy asked from the driver's seat.

"I don't know! On Asgard, only I can lift my hammer! Drive faster!"

Thor was so frantic he looked ready to tear the car apart.

---

Asgard - The Golden Realm

At the peak of the Nine Realms stood the golden palace.

In his Odinsleep, Odin suddenly frowned—

he felt Mjolnir being lifted.

But not by his son.

Through the hammer's imprint, he saw a young man bathed in purple lightning—  
Lucas.

Behind Lucas stood eight titanic entities, towering like giants.

One was a winged female beast; the other, an elderly man with a staff.

Both stared directly into Odin's spiritual sea with icy, violent intent.

The two beings struck simultaneously—

a savage green wind blade and a rampaging purple thunderbolt shot toward Odin.

Odin snorted.

Gungnir, the Eternal Spear, appeared in his hand.

He immediately hurled it.

Gungnir possessed an absurd ability:

any attack made with it cannot miss.

The spear tore through the wind and thunder like a meteor, aiming straight for Garuda and Ramuh.

Garuda raised a shield of wind;

Ramuh countered with lightning.

The blast diverted Gungnir briefly—

but the spear curved and locked onto them again.

This was Gungnir's terrifying trait.

Unless destroyed, it would always hit its target.

Just as it was about to strike—

A burst of black energy exploded.

A warhorse's chilling neigh echoed through Odin's consciousness.

Odin froze—then his expression shifted to disbelief.

He recognized that sound.

A black hand shot from the void, catching Gungnir mid-flight.

The spear struggled for a heartbeat...

then fell still, subdued completely.

A single scarlet eye emerged from the black fog, staring at Odin like a demon king.

The figure lifted Gungnir—

and violently hurled it back at Odin.

The spearhead glowed hotter and hotter, turning bright red.

Odin summoned with a gesture.

Gungnir halted instantly and flew back into his grip, losing all aggression.

Odin's single eye narrowed, full of dread.

Someone had seized control of his spear.

Unthinkable.

The black aura surged again—

and Odin was abruptly forced out of his own spiritual sea.

Even he didn't understand how it happened.

He pondered for a long time.

That being's strength matched his own...

perhaps even surpassed it.

And that familiarity...

He could not place it.

---

Lucas opened his eyes.

Mjolnir no longer resisted him.

Instead, it felt obedient—almost attached.

All of S.H.I.E.L.D. stood frozen.

Wasn't this hammer supposed to be immovable?

Liars. Every one of them.

Lucas twirled Mjolnir just like Thor did in the movies, grabbing the strap and spinning it.

Thunder cracked.

Lucas shot into the air, carried by the hammer.

Right then, Thor and his group arrived—

and saw everything clearly.

"NO! THAT'S MY HAMMER!!"

Thor roared, charging toward the S.H.I.E.L.D. base like a rabid beast.

Jane and the others tried to stop him, but even stripped of his power, Thor was still Thor—

several mortals couldn't restrain him.

"Stop him!"

Coulson shouted as Thor barreled toward the entrance.

At that moment, Lucas descended, swinging the hammer casually.

"Not bad. No wonder Thor couldn't forget this thing."

"THAT'S MY HAMMER! GIVE IT BACK!"

Thor, eyes red, threw aside four or five agents and rushed at Lucas, reaching for Mjolnir.

Lucas sidestepped easily.

Thor was still the same impulsive brute—

and nowhere near worthy.

"Your hammer?" Lucas smirked.

He tossed Mjolnir toward Thor.

Thor joyfully caught it—

only for the hammer to slam him straight to the ground.

It pinned him like a mountain, utterly unmoving.

"Don't kid yourself. You can't even lift it.

How could it possibly be yours?"

Lucas looked down at him.

Thor wasn't just reckless—he was arrogant.

That arrogance was the biggest obstacle to Mjolnir's approval.

"Why...?"

Mjolnir... why?!"

Thor stared at the hammer, heartbroken.

What had once been his closest partner now refused him entirely.

He sprawled on the ground, rain pouring onto his face, shouting at the sky:

"Father! Why did you strip me of my power?!"

Why banish me to Midgard?! Why?!"

Lucas didn't bother with him.

Thor was a child who'd lost his privileges, still clueless about Odin's intentions.

Lucas reached out, and Mjolnir flew back into his hand.

Thor stared blankly, unable to process the sight.

Lucas casually flicked his wrist, and the hammer thudded onto the ground.

"You still claim that's your hammer?"

At this rate, Odin might as well hand the throne to Loki.

You're hopeless."

Lucas even glanced subtly toward a corner—

where Loki was secretly hiding, watching his brother's humiliation.

Upon hearing Lucas' words, Loki nodded in full agreement.

---

BOOM—

The sky darkened.

Thunder roared.

A raindrop struck Thor's brow—

then a torrential downpour followed.

Thor remained lying motionless, staring blankly upward.

Inside the base, Lucas and Coulson sat drinking coffee—

Lucas with plain water, as usual.

Jane and her group had also been brought inside—

though under surveillance.

Jane ranted nonstop about illegal detainment and lawsuits.

S.H.I.E.L.D. agents only chuckled.

As if they feared lawsuits.

If they felt like it, they could flatten the courthouse and claim there were terrorists inside.

And the world would nod politely—

because they had the Security Council behind them.

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Natasha asked, sipping her coffee as she stared at the completely lifeless Thor lying outside in the rain.

"The owner of the hammer.

Thor Odinson, the God of Thunder from Norse mythology."

Lucas drank his hot water calmly; the storm outside didn't affect them at all.

He glanced to the corner of the room—

Loki sat there silently, watching his broken brother through the window.

In Loki's eyes, Lucas saw a mocking smirk...

and also a trace of unwilling pity.

"So Loki does care about his brother after all~"

Lucas smiled faintly.

Thor and Loki had grown up together.

Even if Loki pranked him endlessly—even threatening Thor's life—Thor always laughed it off.

And despite Loki's disdain for affection, family remained his deepest bond.

He simply wanted to prove himself to Odin.

Everyone else present looked stunned.

"That's supposed to be just a myth..."

Coulson muttered. He'd read Norse tales since childhood; he could hardly accept they were real.

"Stories are written by people.

Who knows which parts are fiction and which are actual history?" Lucas replied with a mysterious smile.

"Think of them as aliens and it's easy to accept.

The Nine Realms? Nine planets.

Asgard? One of them."

The others nodded.

If gods were extraterrestrials... it suddenly sounded reasonable.

Maybe ancient miracles were simply advanced alien tech.

After all, flight, long-distance communication, and space travel would be considered miracles in ancient times.

Natasha pointed to Thor.

"So what's he doing on Earth? He doesn't look very god-like..."

"His powers were stripped away."

Lucas gestured toward Mjolnir.

"Odin banished him to Earth. When he understands what he must become, he'll regain his power.

"Everything he has—his divine strength—is inside the hammer now.

Lift it, and he gets it all back."

Coulson's eyes widened.

"Then earlier... did you obtain the power of the Thunder God?"

Lucas shook his head.

"I'm not interested in that. Didn't you see? I tossed the hammer outside. That kind of power is redundant for me."

The group glanced at the hammer lying in the mud.

They'd all seen Lucas's true strength—those summoned monsters that even nuclear weapons might not stop.

He really didn't need Thor's power.

From the corner, Loki's eyes narrowed in irritation.

Not interested?

What did this Midgard insect know?

That was Asgard's divine power—something countless beings coveted!

Loki clicked his tongue, toyed with his dagger, sulking.

Lucas ignored him.

Loki at this stage was still just a child who got angry easily.

---

Midnight

Thor had lain there until nightfall.

The rain finally eased.

Everyone in the base went to sleep; no one was even on guard duty.

A faint shimmer appeared—

Loki emerged from an illusion, standing before his soaked brother.

"My dear brother... how do you enjoy life in Midgard?"

Thor's eyes snapped open.

"Loki?! You're here! Are you taking me home?"

Why doesn't Heimdall answer me?

How is Father?!"

Loki's expression hardened in feigned sorrow.

"Father... is dead.

Before he passed, he named me king."

Thor froze.

"You disappointed him too deeply.

So he decreed your exile to Midgard is permanent.

You will never return to Asgard."

"NO!! Father—!!"

Thor collapsed, howling in despair, face buried in his arms.

Loki sighed.

"Brother, I came only to see you one last time.

Farewell."

He turned toward Mjolnir.

He grabbed the handle and tried to lift it.

Nothing.

He gritted his teeth, trying again and again.

Still nothing.

"Pathetic hammer!"

He kicked it in frustration—then vanished.

From the shadows, Lucas stepped out with Barton and a squad of agents.

"That was Loki? The God of Mischief?"

Barton asked quietly.

Lucas nodded.

"He lied. Odin's alive.

Loki just wants to keep Thor from returning and competing for the throne."

Barton gave a curt nod.

He gestured, and the agents rushed forward to restrain Thor.

Thor didn't resist.

He was lost in grief.

"Lock him in a room. We'll deal with him tomorrow."

Barton ordered.

---

The Next Morning

Coulson and Barton entered Thor's room for questioning.

Since Lucas had already explained Thor's situation, neither of them reacted strangely when Thor identified himself as the God of Thunder.

Thor blinked.

"So... you believe me?"

"Of course," Coulson replied.

"We believe you're Thor, Prince of Asgard.

So, Prince—how do you plan to return home?"

Thor's face dimmed.

"I can't.

I've been exiled here forever."

Meanwhile, back on Asgard—

Loki sat on the throne with Gungnir in hand.

Before him stood the Warriors Three—Thor's loyal friends.

"I said Thor is exiled forever.

No one may contact him.

Will you defy the king's command?"

He slammed Gungnir.

A shockwave rippled through the hall.

Volstagg, hot-tempered as always, was about to protest—

but Sif quickly held him back.

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"Yes, we understand."

Sif lowered her head obediently.

Loki waved impatiently, dismissing the three of them.

"Get out of my sight."

Once outside the palace, Volstagg immediately exploded in anger, nearly ready to challenge Loki to a duel.

"There's something wrong here. I say we go to Midgard."

Sif looked at the bearded warrior and the other one whose combat power was basically zero, wanting to hear their opinions—

Which was pointless.

Neither of them ever used their brains.

They always followed Thor, and Thor usually listened to Sif.

So in reality, who else were they going to listen to?

As Heimdall's sister, Sif could go speak to her brother without raising suspicion.

She quickly led the two toward the Bifröst, hoping to get to Midgard and find Thor.

But Loki had beaten them there.

When the three arrived, they saw Loki already speaking with Heimdall.

There was nowhere to hide on the Bifröst, so they could only retreat and wait.

---

On the Bifröst

Loki stood before Heimdall, Gungnir in hand.

Heimdall bowed with his great sword at his side.

"Heimdall, open the Bifröst to Jotunheim."

"Jotunheim is too dangerous right now. The All-Father ordered all routes sealed, so—"

Heimdall never respected Loki.

He already knew Odin's plan, and with eyes that could perceive all things, he was merely playing along.

"Enough! I am king of the Nine Realms now.

I am the All-Father.

Do as I say!"

Loki snapped.

Heimdall glanced at him but said nothing.

Then he opened the path to Jotunheim.

---

## Jotunheim

A realm of eternal ice and snow—the home of the Frost Giants, ancient enemies of the Aesir.

Long ago, when Odin sought to conquer the Nine Realms, the giants lost their homeland and were forced into this desolate world.

Their leader had been killed by Odin's design.

The one who carried out that order was none other than Thor, earning him the title Giant-Slayer.

The hatred ran deep.

As the Bifröst descended, King Laufey sensed it immediately.

His eyes filled with ancient hatred.

Loki walked up the icy steps with Gungnir in hand.

Laufey frowned—why was it Loki instead of Odin?

"Surprising. Why not Odin?"

Loki smiled lightly.

"Why, disappointed?"

"Odin's little bastard. What do you want?"

Laufey sneered, refusing to even look at him.

"I've come to discuss cooperation.

I can take you to Asgard... to kill Odin."

Laufey raised his gaze, scoffing.

"Ridiculous. What trick is Odin playing now?"

"I'm here with sincerity.

Odin is in the Odinsleep. His power is less than a tenth of what it was.

This is your only chance."

Loki wasn't lying—Odin was in the Odinsleep and was drastically weakened.

"And why should I believe you?"

You're the God of Mischief. Even your name means deception."

Laufey adjusted his posture.

Loki's reputation was known across the Nine Realms.

"Because of this."

Loki's skin turned icy blue.

His eyes burned a deep red.

Frosty breath puffed from his mouth.

The unmistakable traits of a Frost Giant.

Laufey's pupils contracted.

"You... you're a Frost Giant?! Odin's younger son is a Frost Giant?!"

The surrounding giants froze in disbelief.

A Frost Giant among the Aesir?

If this spread, Odin's reputation would crumble.

Laufey burst into laughter.

"Hahahahaha!"

Good. I'll cooperate. What do you want?"

"Kill Odin," Loki said calmly.

"What I want will come naturally afterward."

He didn't need to say it.

Laufey knew—Loki wanted the throne of Asgard.

"Fine. But I reclaim the Casket of Ancient Winters."

"Agreed."

The Casket meant little to Loki's ambitions.

He also had his own plans.

Deal struck, Loki instructed Laufey to wait for his signal.

When the Bifröst opened again, that would be their time.

He then returned to Asgard through the Bifröst.

---

Back in Asgard

"From now on, no one enters or leaves."

Loki ordered Heimdall coldly.

Then he headed straight to the vault and retrieved the Casket of Ancient Winters.

Meanwhile, Sif and the two warriors quietly reached the Bifröst's end, where Heimdall stood.

"Brother, we need to go to Midgard and find Thor."

Sif said.

Heimdall replied, "The King has ordered that no one is to enter or leave Asgard."

He turned and walked away, leaving the three stunned.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Volstagg scratched his head.

Sif immediately understood.

She glanced at Heimdall's sword—the key to activating the Bifröst.

She lifted the massive sword, inserted it into the control mechanism—

"Midgard."

The Bifröst roared to life, its rainbow light bursting forth.

"Who dares activate the Bifröst without permission?!"

Heimdall shouted, charging toward them.

"Go! Now!"

Sif yelled.

The two fools finally snapped out of their daze and rushed over.

The three leapt into the beam and vanished.

Just then, Loki descended from the palace and saw everything.

"Heimdall. What did I say?"

Loki glared.

Heimdall drew his sword.

He no longer cared about pretending.

"Loki, you are no king of Asgard.

None will recognize your throne.

The throne belongs to Thor."

He swung his sword at Loki.

"Annoying."

Loki opened the Casket—

A blast of icy wind surged out, freezing Heimdall solid in an instant.

Then Loki used Gungnir to activate the Bifröst again, bringing Laufey across.

Laufey stepped onto Asgardian soil, gazing at the shining golden palace.

"Asgard... it's been a long time.

I said the day I returned would be the day Odin falls."

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"I need your warriors to go to Midgard and kill Sif and her companions."

Laufey glanced at Loki.

"Fine. Where is the Casket?"

With a wave of his hand, two Frost Giants stepped forward.

Loki produced the Casket of Ancient Winters and handed it to Laufey.

At the same time, he raised Gungnir and summoned Odin's armor—the Destroyer.

"Go to Midgard."

Loki commanded.

The Bifröst opened once more, sending the Destroyer and the two Frost Giants to Earth.

---

Earth

Thor was leaving the S.H.I.E.L.D. facility with Jane Foster and the others.

They'd been detained for three days—during which S.H.I.E.L.D. investigated every detail of their identities.

Only after confirming everything did they release them.

But all of their research equipment and data had been confiscated, leaving them with only their nearly broken-down van.

"Hey! You can't do that! Those are ours!"

Jane and Darcy protested loudly.

They had every right to reclaim their own property.

"That equipment cannot be returned.

If there's nothing else, please vacate the area."

The S.H.I.E.L.D. agents were expressionless—emotionless, even.

"You can't do this! I'm going to sue you!"

Jane yelled.

The agents ignored her and simply blocked the exit.

In the end, the group left the base—along with the now-homeless Thor.

Their research was gone forever.

---

In the van, Darcy asked Thor curiously,

"So... you're really the Thor? The one from Norse mythology?"

"I'm not anymore.

My powers are gone... and even my hammer no longer wants me."

Thor replied, voice heavy with despair.

The car fell silent.

They wanted to comfort him, but none knew how.

---

They reached a nearby small town and entered a diner.

No one had the appetite to eat, so they only ordered coffee.

Suddenly—a beam of rainbow light crashed from the sky.

Right in the center of town.

Sif and the Warriors Three stepped out from the Bifröst.

Their medieval armor and the rainbow pillar stunned the surrounding townspeople.

Phones came out instantly—pictures, videos, livestreams.

"The Bifröst...!"

Thor stood up abruptly, eyes wide, and ran outside.

Everyone in the diner had seen it.

It was impossible not to.

"Sif!"

Thor shouted and sprinted toward them.

"Thor!"

Volstagg roared back, pulling him into a crushing embrace.

"Thor, we finally found you.

Come back to Asgard—Loki has proclaimed himself king.

We need you."

Sif quickly summarized the situation.

Jane brought everyone back inside, where they sat together to discuss.

"Thor, you must return to Asgard.

Loki is no king.

Only you are."

Sif insisted firmly.

Thor shook his head with deep sadness.

"No, Sif.

I caused our father's death.

I can't return.

My power is gone—I'm no longer the God of Thunder."

"What nonsense! The King isn't dead—he's only in his deep sleep.

Who told you he died?"

Sif stared wide-eyed.

"What? My father isn't dead?"

Thor froze.

He realized instantly—

Loki lied to him. Again.

After a lifetime of being tricked, how had he fallen for it once more?

"LOKI!"

Thor roared.

Lightning flickered faintly in his eyes.

In the S.H.I.E.L.D. base, Mjolnir quivered—then went still.

Lucas sensed the disturbance and stepped outside to check.

The hammer was still there.

He had clearly felt Thor calling it—but the seal within the hammer blocked the response.

---

Meanwhile, alarms blared inside the base.

A technician rushed to Coulson.

"Sir—one kilometer east of the base, massive energy activity detected.

Something is descending again."

Coulson immediately mobilized the team.

Five SUVs sped into the desert.

BOOM—

The Bifröst crashed down.

A towering metal figure stepped out, followed by two three-meter-tall blue giants.

"Is that one of Stark's new armors?

And behind it... Hulk?"

The agents stared in confusion.

"That is a restricted area.

Please leave immediately!"

Coulson shouted through a loudspeaker.

BRRRMMM—

A scorching beam blasted from the Destroyer's face, flipping Coulson's car and sending him flying.

"OPEN FIRE!!"

Agents drew their weapons and fired at the Destroyer and the giants.

Useless.

Bullets bounced off harmlessly.

One Frost Giant swung his massive axe, cleaving a vehicle cleanly in half—the cut surface instantly frozen solid despite the desert heat.

"Signal flare! Now!"

A technician fired a flare into the sky.

At the base, Natasha and Barton saw it and immediately mobilized support teams.

---

When they arrived, the scene was horrific.

Everyone except Coulson had been frozen solid—turned into ice statues.

"What happened?"

Natasha helped the barely conscious Coulson.

"They... went toward the town... stop them..."

He passed out.

Natasha and Barton exchanged a grim look and sprinted toward the small town.

---

In the town

Thor introduced Sif and the warriors to Jane and her team.

Things were peaceful enough—aside from Thor and Volstagg constantly breaking glasses while "drinking."

Then—

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Three figures slammed down from the sky.

Windows shattered across the entire main street.

Thor's eyes widened.

"That's the Destroyer!"

The towering armored construct stood in the center of town—

Behind it, two Frost Giants.

"It has to be Loki—he found us.

He sent the Destroyer to eliminate us.

Wait... Frost Giants too?!"

Sif exclaimed.

Even the dimmest of the Warriors Three caught on quickly.

"Frost Giants?

And they're standing with the Destroyer?

This has Loki written all over it.

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"Loki actually colluded with the Frost Giants?! Impossible! He's still an Aesir—son of the All-Father! How could he work with Frost Giants?!"

Sif couldn't accept it.

The Aesir and Frost Giants were sworn enemies—hatred spanning generations.

Only Thor knew the truth:

Loki wasn't Aesir at all, but a Frost Giant by birth.

"Thor, you must regain your strength as soon as possible.

We'll buy you time."

Sif understood clearly—none of them alone could defeat Frost Giants, let alone the Destroyer. Their only option was to stall.

The three rushed out.

The Destroyer instantly locked onto them.

"Kill!!"

With a roar, Volstagg leapt high and brought his axe down toward the Destroyer.

At the same time, Sif and Fandral charged the two Frost Giants.

VMMM—

A blast of energy shot from the Destroyer.

Volstagg, suspended in mid-air, could only cross his axe to block.

He survived the blast—but was knocked flying like a cannonball.

Sif and Fandral were entangled by the Frost Giants and had no chance to help him.

Sif's sword caught the incoming giant axe.

Frost surged along the axe and froze the blade instantly.

Sif channeled divine power into her sword—

the frost evaporated like snow under scorching sun.

A light round shield materialized on her arm.

With a heavy bash, she struck the Frost Giant—

a shockwave rippled outward and forced the giant back several steps.

Sif lunged in pursuit, her sword erupting with dazzling colored radiance—

like a cascade of light in the sky.

The Frost Giant raised his axe, frost power swirling violently along its edge.

The sword's brilliance reflected off the ice, making it shine like stars.

Steel met ice—

the impact unleashed a shockwave like a tidal wave,

dust exploding across the town.

"RAAAH!!"

Volstagg steadied himself and charged the Destroyer again,

uncaring of the pain.

His axe slammed down on the metal armor—

CLANG!

Ripples spread across the Destroyer's body—

but it remained completely unharmed.

It seized Volstagg with one hand and hurled him aside.

Before he even hit the ground, a beam blasted into him mid-air—

sending him crashing tens of meters away like a rag doll.

---

S.H.I.E.L.D. vehicles sped toward town.

Natasha and Barton confirmed their intel inside the truck.

Volstagg lay motionless, life or death uncertain.

The Destroyer approached him.

Its helm unfolded—

the hollow "face" turning bright red as destructive energy accumulated.

RUMBLE—!

A bolt of lightning struck down from the sky—  
slamming the Destroyer and blasting it across several cars.

Another bolt followed—  
detonating both the car and the armor.

BOOM!!

The explosion shook the entire street.

The shockwave jolted Volstagg awake.

As soon as he opened his eyes—

he saw someone descending from the sky, stepping on lightning.

"Thor?!"

Sif and Fandral turned.

Even the Frost Giants paused and looked.

But when the dust cleared, the figure was not Thor.

It was a young man—

his body wreathed in crackling violet lightning.

Lightning serpents danced around him.

In one hand he held a long sword of crystal-blue light.

In the other—

Thor's own hammer, Mjolnir.

"What—?! How is that possible?!"

Everyone was stunned.

Only Thor should be able to lift Mjolnir—

it was his symbol, his faith, his destiny.

Yet this stranger held it effortlessly.

And the lightning around him was even more terrifying than Thor's.

VMMM—

Mjolnir hummed in delight,

as if returning to its rightful battlefield—

as if it had found a kindred spirit.

Lucas flicked his wrist.

Mjolnir shot forward, arcing through the air—

trailing violent lightning serpents.

It struck a Frost Giant head-on.

Lightning tore the giant's body apart.

Thunder serpents devoured flesh and ice alike.

The moment the hammer touched down, the giant's head split in two—

and when the full force of lightning fell,

its entire body shattered into glittering fragments,

like ice smashed upon stone.

Even its massive axe exploded into shards.

One strike.

One kill.

His power surpassed Thor's—

so much that the onlookers suddenly weren't sure who the real God of Thunder was.

Thor stared at Lucas, dumbfounded.

He had never imagined a mortal could wield such terrifying might—  
surpassing even his own strength.

A heaviness settled in Thor's heart.

For the first time, he truly reflected on his arrogance—  
on his recklessness and blind pursuit of conquest.

He realized now what a true king required:  
compassion, wisdom, and the willingness to sacrifice.

He finally understood his father's expectations.

He understood the weight of responsibility.

He understood that war was not the only solution—  
and that reckless slaughter only bred endless suffering.

Watching townspeople fleeing in terror,  
watching Jane's worried face,

Thor's gaze steadied.

His steps grew resolute.

He knew what he had to do.

"Thor—what are you doing?! Don't go!"

Jane grabbed him, trying desperately to stop him.

She knew—if he stepped out there, he would die.

"I must.

This is my duty."

Thor looked at her—

in the past days, he had fallen deeply in love with this mortal woman.

But he was still a prince of Asgard.

He had a responsibility he could not abandon.

He gently removed her hand and walked outside, unwavering.

He approached the Destroyer without fear.

"Loki—I know you're watching.

Take my life in exchange for the lives of these people.

Your target has always been me.

Spare them, and I will not resist."

Thor closed his eyes.

He waited for death.

And for the first time—

his heart was peaceful.

No rage.

No bloodlust.

No hatred.

---

Asgard

On the throne, Loki watched everything unfold.

Thor had changed.

He was no longer the impulsive, foolish boy he once mocked.

He had learned restraint.

Compassion.

The value of peace.

Loki froze.

These were things he had never experienced—  
and for the first time, he felt moved.

Even... happy.

His mind far surpassed Thor's.

In wisdom, he was far more suited to be king.

But his birth made that impossible.

So he envied Thor.

He resented him.

He rebelled—

trying to prove he was the one truly worthy of Asgard.

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