

Thalos 24

Chapter 24: Gungnir

A violent wind swept across three thousand miles!

An arrow shot forth with such incredible speed that it was as if the space between the bow and the target shattered like glass. In the blink of an eye, it had already crossed 300 meters. By the time the emerald-green arrow revealed its true form, it was already inches from the pupil of a frost giant.

To most observers, it seemed like a tiny arrow had merely brushed past the grotesque, massive head. But only those with keen eyesight noticed the back of the giant's skull had arced into a grotesque line—that was a string of foul, dark blood droplets.

As the giant, who had just been shouting about killing every last Aesir, collapsed dead to the ground, Jor finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Returning to the Bifrost, Jor was utterly baffled.

"My power hasn't declined!"

Ever since awakening from his frozen stasis, his memories had been incomplete—but at the very least, he still remembered his skills.

He was still that powerful bow god.

So why?

Why had he lost like that?

Staring at the silver gate at the end of the Bifrost, its surface smooth as a mirror, Jor touched the black eye-shaped bruise on his face and cursed through gritted teeth, "Three little bastards!"

Ever since he'd been demoted to Bifrost gatekeeper, Jor had become the Aesir's unofficial "combat benchmark."

The three fourth-generation gods came to challenge him in turns—or more accurately, to beat the hell out of him.

If you asked Jor how he told the three brats apart, he'd say:

The one who came swinging without a word was Thor.

The one who bowed first before charging was Tyr.

The one who bowed, beat him up, and then clung to him to learn archery was Víðarr.

Jor was so full of resentment that he didn't even notice a guest approaching from the direction of Asgard.

"Sorry about those three, Jor. They don't know how to hold back."

The voice alone told Jor it was Bor, the former God-King. Inwardly, Jor spat venom: Two-faced old bastard! Keep your fake sympathy! Your whole family's full of phonies!

He raged in silence, but still plastered on a smile and turned to respond—only to freeze.

Four panda eyes locked.

They blinked simultaneously, and in the other's gaze, they each saw one giant word: Awkward.

Suddenly, all of Jor's bitterness vanished. The two old gods broke into hearty, if slightly embarrassed, laughter, then embraced and clapped each other on the back.

A smile was enough to settle old grudges.

Bor raised a mead-filled bottle with a laugh. "I've got wine, and I've got stories. My brother, how about hearing this old man ramble a bit?"

"Sure!"

Bor wasn't one for scheming. As he chatted with Jor, he mostly reminisced about the old days.

"Kids these days, one's stronger than the next. Back in the day, when I stood alone against a hundred giants, I thought I'd hit my limit..."

Of course, Bor conveniently forgot that it was his own plan that got him facing so many giants in the first place, instead of being surrounded and mauled. But hey, it was the only real feat he could brag about to the younger generation and outsiders.

His story might've had some exaggeration, but in Jor's ears, it formed another narrative entirely: the whole family Buri gave rise to were divine warriors—Bor had fought off a hundred giants solo, Thalos and his two brothers had taken down Ymir together, and Thalos later killed Surt single-handedly by drawing on the forces of heaven and earth. Now, even those three grandsons could beat Jor black and blue.

Jor had fully accepted his place.

"It's alright, Bor. If I run into any of our kin later, I'll talk some sense into them."

Hmph! If they can't even beat me, Jor, they've got no business challenging the God-King's family!

Little did he know he'd completely misunderstood the situation.

When Bor later reported this to Thalos, the God-King couldn't help but smile wryly. Jor had fallen into a logical trap.

In reality, Jor's power wasn't weak at all. Just think—who were the ones beating him up? Thor, Tyr, and Odin were the original three war gods of Norse myth. Víðarr was one of the few gods who survived Ragnarök. Remember, during the Twilight of the Gods, nearly all the gods, including Odin, as well as the Valkyries and the einherjar, were wiped out. Víðarr's survival alone said everything about his value.

And then there was Thalos, the current God-King—no need to say more.

If one had to rank it, Jor could probably go toe-to-toe with Bor. The only one he could definitely beat was Vili.

In any case, Jor was at least a barely usable combat-type deity.

Thalos kept Jor around as a prime example for future Aesir who awakened from the ice. Otherwise, every time one of them woke up, they'd immediately come challenge him. That would get annoying real fast.

Jor's awakening was a signal: something big was on the way.

To Thalos, another significant signal came when Odin approached him—asking for a divine weapon.

The worldline of this realm had subtly shifted.

The hammer Mjölner had been born early, and despite Loki's pranks, its handle still ended up too short.

But with the frost giant threat growing, Odin could no longer sit still.

"Brother! I think I need to forge a divine weapon to prepare for future enemies." Odin laid out his thoughts before Thalos in the Golden Palace.

"I..." Thalos had barely said a word when Odin flinched inside. He was really scared of hearing the word "foolish." But luckily, Thalos said instead, "My dear brother, you finally have a good idea."

"Yes! And not just me—brother, you should have a weapon worthy of your station too!"

Feigning curiosity, Thalos asked, "What kind of weapon do you have in mind? What materials? What should it do?"

"I want to make a divine spear!" Odin gestured with his hands. "One that can be thrown and returns to my hand. And if possible—I want it to always hit its mark!"

"Not a bad idea. But how would you make that happen?" Thalos asked with a smile.

Unexpectedly, Odin flipped the script. "I don't know! That's why I came to ask you! You're the wisest among us. You understand the laws of the world better than anyone. If I don't ask you, who else would I ask?"

Thalos's mouth twitched slightly. "Odin, that makes so much sense I almost want to agree with you."

Feigning deep thought, Thalos stayed quiet for over ten seconds before replying, "I can't give you a direct answer. What you're envisioning already exceeds the domain of elements—it's touching upon Fate. So I suggest you go to the center of the World Tree and seek your answer there. As for everything else, I'll take care of it."

"Thank you, Brother."

If everything went as expected, Odin would soon begin crafting the weapon later known as the eternal spear—Gungnir. In the epics, when the Aesir and Vanir gods went to war, it was Odin who cast the first spear, and that spear was Gungnir. It's said that Viking commanders used to hurl a spear at the start of a battle to honor this very tradition.

Back to the point—Gungnir was absolutely a cheat-level weapon.

A normal weapon's chance to hit its target depended on factors like length, speed, distance, and whether the enemy blocked or dodged. Basically, it was like a game: a system of interaction between attacker and defender.

But Gungnir existed to break that rule entirely. Its attacks followed laws beyond physics—beyond logic.

It was as if someone said $1 + 1 = 100$, and the world not only agreed, but also reshaped reality to match that result.