

Thalos 28

Chapter 28: The True Damage of “Fate”

Until the moment Thalos grasped the sword with his right hand, everyone in the hall—gods and giants alike—instinctively believed this was merely a ceremonial sword, more symbolic than practical.

It was simple logic: for an Aesir god with a height of six meters, a sword only two meters long was more like an oversized dagger than a proper weapon.

But when the floating Sword of Jotunheim landed in Thalos's palm, the ice covering the blade suddenly shattered—and the sword began to transform.

"Huh?"

"What?"

"What is this—?"

A chorus of gasps rippled through the Golden Palace. Every pair of eyes was filled with shock and disbelief.

What they had thought was the blade was actually just the hilt.

Odin had proudly thought his spear Gungnir, made from a World Tree branch, was a brilliant innovation. But who could've imagined that his older brother had taken that same concept even further—using a branch of the World Tree merely as the grip, embedding into it a sharpened fang from Ymir, the progenitor of all frost giants, as the sword's ridge, and finally forming the four-meter-long blade and cross-guard from condensed ice.

This was a full-sized two-handed greatsword, matching the God-King's own height.

Yet it wasn't the design that truly stunned everyone—it was the aura it exuded.

Thalos's eyes were calm.

But in that moment, every presence in the hall felt the elemental forces around them being banished in fear, replaced by the rising dominance of ice. An entire frost world was descending—seizing control of all elemental balance in the chamber.

Instinctively, many looked around—only to see faint, ugly phantoms of male frost giants emerging from nothing. Shuddering, they all fell to their knees before the wielder of the Sword of Jotunheim.

No—not just them.

The air was filled with a primal presence that all frost giants knew well, as if they were back beneath Ymir's feet, kneeling in reverence before their progenitor.

And then—

A shrunken specter of Ymir himself appeared. His gaze was deep and silent, sweeping across all his disobedient descendants. There was no anger, no madness, no grief—not even disappointment.

Only surrender.

Inevitable surrender to a shared destiny.

Then Ymir, too, knelt before Thalos.

And the giants in the hall—all of them—followed in solemn unison.

Thus—

The sword was complete.

Jor, the newly recruited bow god, alongside his fellow kin, finally understood what The Nine Realms Sword meant.

It didn't just represent Thalos's dominion over the Nine Realms.

It didn't merely affirm his legitimacy as king.

It was the declaration of absolute conquest.

So long as Thalos held this blade, he could draw upon the power of Jotunheim's endless frost at will.

And the same applied to the other eight swords.

Each was constructed with a World Tree branch as the hilt—symbolizing the Tree bearing that realm. The blade, made from condensed elemental essence, was the true core.

The Sword of Muspelheim, for example, was a sword of fire, and its sword spirit was none other than Surtr, the progenitor of fire giants!

Unlike Ymir, Surtr wasn't the type to submit. Even after death, he was explosive by nature.

With just a flick of the hilt, flames blasted thirty meters across the hall. The heat alone was overwhelming, and Surtr's furious roar echoed from within the fire.

Thalos couldn't help but wonder: in mythology, it was Surtr who wielded the flame sword that destroyed Asgard during Ragnarök. Now that Thalos had claimed Surtr, would another fire giant rise to take his place?

Regardless—the fact that two primeval giant souls had been forged into sword spirits made these weapons on a whole other level.

Then came the Sword of Asgard, representing Thalos's rightful divine inheritance. This sword was forged of metal, crafted using the same technique as Mjöltnir, and inscribed with countless runes down the spine. Thalos kept it mostly hidden, and no one dared ask too many questions.

These three were undoubtedly the strongest of the nine.

The rest followed as expected.

The Sword of Alfheim represented light, though it was noticeably smaller. Its hilt was barely half a meter—just right for a single Aesir hand.

But for an elf or a human, it would be a perfect two-handed grip.

Everyone guessed that, if needed, Thalos would bestow these smaller swords to his most trusted subordinates.

No need to go into every sword in detail.

Only one stood out as strange—the "Sea Sword," the Sword of Vanaheim.

It lacked not just a blade, but the hilt was dim and dull, unlike the other eight. Its presence was disproportionate to the rest of the set.

In truth, everyone had long held questions about why Thalos had preserved Vanaheim as a middle-tier world during his initial shaping of the cosmos.

Odin couldn't help but ask, "Brother... what's going on with the Sword of Vanaheim? Don't we already control that world?"

Thalos simply smiled.

Pressed by Odin's repeated questioning, he finally gave a cryptic reply: "The time hasn't come."

He didn't know that, at that very moment—across space and time, the two infant goddesses of fate, nestled in their cradles, both clenched their tiny fists in unison.

Only Thalos, the transmigrator, knew the real reason he wanted nine swords.

He wanted Nine Cauldrons.

And the final cauldron was still missing—for the Vanir gods had not yet arrived.

But this wasn't even the deepest secret hidden in The Nine Realms Sword.

Casually picking up the Sword of Muspelheim, Thalos traced his finger across the blade. It bore a rune shaped like the character "木" (wood), but missing its top horizontal stroke. This rune, in ancient tradition, meant clarity, flame, inner light, and divine fire wisdom.

Did Thalos need this to cast fire?

Not at all.

He had inscribed the rune for one purpose only—to make sure fire functioned correctly and inexorably.

Anyone who's cooked knows—just because you apply fire doesn't mean something cooks. Moisture, density, ignition point—there are many things that can prevent heat from doing what it should.

But a rune like this?

It made fire inevitably correct.

In practical terms, once the nine swords were inscribed with Runes of Fate, they gained a terrifying effect:

If they hit the target—they would deal 100% unavoidable, "fate-destined" true damage.

This was the real horror of the Nine Realms Sword.

The power of Fate was true damage.

As Thalos looked over the nine blades, he couldn't help but feel guilty toward Odin. They'd both studied the runes, both drank from the Well of Wisdom.

Odin had hung upside-down, gouged out an eye... and all he got was a space-type spear.

Thalos?

He did practically nothing, and somehow inherited a portion of Odin's destined Fate.

My foolish brother... I've wronged you.

But what could he do?

The world believed he was smarter—and so Fate had been handed to him.

Could he reject it?

He'd even considered forging a weapon that combined space for guaranteed hit and fate for true damage.

But Ginnungagap's world-will refused.

Why?

Because Fate was still more suitable to deal with the Vanir gods, renowned for their "legendary tankiness and refusal to die."

After everyone had left the hall and the room stood silent once more, Thalos finally spoke in a low murmur:

"Vanir gods, huh? Come soon. I'm starting to get impatient."