

Thalos 34

Chapter 34: "The Legendary Undying Queen"

By rights, Odin should not have made a move.

Declaring war against an equal-level divine race was a privilege reserved for the God-King.

But Odin couldn't endure it—none of the gods or giants present could.

Gullveig's very first words had fundamentally challenged the legitimacy of the Aesir's rule, insulting the entire Aesir pantheon. That in itself was a declaration of war.

In this era, only recently removed from barbarism, there was no such concept as "don't kill the envoy." People handled things in a straightforward and brutal manner.

Odin's action wasn't wrong!

There was no doubt that when he hurled Gungnir, what he unleashed was a world-shaking, breathtaking strike!

The thrown divine spear looked like a morning star streaking through the heavens, its radiance easily outshining the golden walls behind it. It tore through the void, aimed straight for Gullveig's heart!

The Vanir goddess on the opposite side did try to dodge.

She couldn't!

There was simply no way to dodge!

Her field of vision suddenly and subtly shifted, reality seeming to stutter—one moment, the gleam of the spear was still fifty meters away, and in the next, it was already at her chest.

That jarring perceptual split caused her to panic slightly.

Then, a horrific bloody hole appeared in her chest.

It wasn't until Gungnir traced a grand arc through the air and flew back into Odin's hand that Gullveig finally saw clearly how Odin had attacked.

And then—she fell!

"Die, you blasphemous bitch!" Odin spat bitterly at the end.

Having spoken, Odin turned with pride, with the unshakable aura of a true male god who never looks back at the explosion, striding back toward his divine throne.

Just then, a mocking chuckle, "kekekeke," rang out behind him.

Odin froze as if under a binding spell. His entire body tensed, and even his eyes filled with blood. His bull-like neck strained as he turned his head.

Not just him—the entire hall of gods and giants stared in stunned disbelief as Gullveig slowly rose from the ground with an eerie, unnatural presence.

"So this is the might of the Aesir? What a joke," she said flippantly. Her voice dripped with contempt, as if slapping Odin's pale face repeatedly with invisible hands.

Next to him, the ever-temperamental Thor lost it. He grabbed Mjölnir and charged forward.

Just then, Thalos's unhurried voice rang out: "Thor, halt!"

Thor stopped dead in his tracks, turning back in frustration to cast a confused look at his father, Thalos.

Not just him—the gods and giants in the hall were all bewildered.

Had the God-King gone soft?

Was he really conceding? Then how could he still sit proudly on the sacred throne of the God-King?

Several Aesir goddesses openly showed their disappointment.

Gullveig laughed harder, even more brazenly!

"Ahh, yes, now that's more like it!" A swirl of black mist rushed toward the wicked goddess. As the mist churned, the horrific hole in her chest vanished completely.

The gods gasped in unison—what kind of devilry was this?

Gullveig's taunting became completely unrestrained: "You muscle-brained barbaric idiots actually dare call yourselves gods? Hand over control of the Ginnungagap world, and His Majesty our glorious God-King Njord might grant you a little corner of land where you can shut yourselves in and play your little divine games!"

Such humiliation—how could the gods and giants endure it?!

Their fists had long since clenched into iron.

Just then, Thalos spoke slowly, "My foolish brother... why do you still never learn to observe your enemy before striking?"

Odin's neck shrank back on the spot.

He was so miserable! He'd painstakingly forged a divine spear, and yet it failed in its first battle—and now he had to be scolded by his big brother.

Thalos then turned sharply and berated Thor: "You're an idiot too! Odin already failed, and you still think using the same method will work? Step back! Watch and learn!"

Gullveig burst into crazed laughter. "Hahaha! So the so-called supreme God-King of the Aesir is finally making a move? Come on, I'm right here! Let's see if you can kill me!"

The wicked, wild goddess spread her arms wide. The hole in her clothes from Gungnir's strike still hadn't been mended, revealing a tattooed chest.

In the hall, nearly everyone aligned with the Aesir was seething with rage.

If not for the fact that the God-King Thalos still looked calm and confident, they might've exploded from fury.

"To deal with you, do I even need to act personally?" This time, Thalos let out a mocking laugh.
"Brunhilde! Take my divine sword and show this trickster of a so-called goddess the true might of the Aesir!"

"Yes!" Valkyrie Brunhilde stepped forth at once.

She was not of divine blood—in this life, she was merely the daughter of a mortal king in the lower realms. But she had earned Thalos's great favor and thus held the title of Valkyrie.

As a mortal, her stature was tiny compared to the gods.

At 1.79 meters tall, she couldn't even reach most gods' waists—let alone the towering giants, who stood more than ten meters tall.

If Gullveig's challenge had been a disgrace to the Aesir gods, then Thalos now sending out Brunhilde was, in a way, a counter-disgrace to the Vanir gods.

If Brunhilde succeeded, Odin's failure would be instantly wiped clean.

If this mortal woman failed, then Thalos would be guilty of overconfidence. Even if he later made up for it somehow, his prestige would take a heavy blow.

But entrusting the God-King's reputation to a mortal woman—was that appropriate?

Was the so-called Valkyrie really just an ornamental name, as rumors said?

The gods didn't know. Brunhilde herself didn't know.

She only knew to grip the divine sword that had descended from the heavens and, without hesitation, launch an attack at the opposing goddess—who stood more than twice her height.

Out of extreme provocation toward the Aesir, Gullveig didn't dodge at all. The divine sword pierced straight into her abdomen from below.

Apologies, but due to Brunhilde's height and the length of the Sword of Niflheim, that was the optimal calculated angle. Theoretically, piercing through the abdomen could also strike the heart and lungs!

In—out—Brunhilde's movements were smooth and precise.

At once, the seductive goddess before her was shrouded in black mist, and all eyes watched as cold fog seeped into her body through the wound.

A second later, Gullveig's scream of agony shook the heavens.

"No! What's happening? What did you do?!" She stared at Thalos on the divine throne with incredulity, her eyes filled with disbelief. She wanted to spew more venomous mockery—but when she opened her mouth again, she was horrified to find that her lips, throat, lungs, stomach, intestines, and every orifice were filled with icy mist.

When her divine body knelt uncontrollably toward the throne, the hall erupted in shock.

At the corner of Thalos's mouth curled a charming smile.

Heh.

No wonder she was called the "Legendary Undying Queen" in the epic Edda—someone even Odin and Thor couldn't kill after three tries.

Too bad... true damage is the most real damage in this world!