

## Thalos 37

### Chapter 37: The Secret of the Legendary Undying Queen

Getting giants to hurl boulders and actually hit a specific person or god was nearly impossible. But tossing stones onto an island just a hundred kilometers below and dozens of square kilometers wide—if you throw enough, you're bound to hit something.

It was just a matter of probability: the more you throw, the better your chances.

And that disgusted Njord to no end!

As the saying goes: high ground hits low—beating up kids.

The giants, with their endless brute strength, could even take turns in three shifts.

The stones were already prepared—Thalos had set this up at the very start of reshaping the world. He didn't even need to send giants down to gather rocks.

Some giants had asked, "Is this really effective?"

Thalos simply pointed to the occasional pillar-like beams of light shooting up from the ocean. "That's the enemy's helpless counterattack," he told them.

The giants took a closer look and laughed harder, delighted as they kept working.

"Brunhilde!"

"Present, my lord!"

"Prepare fine wine and roasted meat for our giant brothers. And get some campaign beds ready, too."

"Yes!" the Valkyrie answered with joy.

The giants were thrilled. The only one looking a little out of place was Odin—still smarting from his humiliation. But this time, he didn't act rashly. He simply edged over and asked, "Big brother... can we actually defeat the Vanir with just this?"

"No," Thalos shook his head. "But at the very least, we can flush those rats out of their sewers."

Rats? Sewers? The metaphor was too accurate.

The other gods grew excited.

"Big brother, is there something I can do?"

"You really want to contribute?" Thalos gave Odin a sidelong glance.

"Of course!" Odin pounded his chest.

"Then go help guard the Rainbow Bridge."

"Don't worry, big brother—I won't let a single Vanir traitor set foot in Asgard."

"No. This time, I want you to lose. And lose in a way that looks like a hard-fought defeat."

"Huh?!" Not just Odin—everyone nearby looked completely baffled.

Thalos smirked. "Gullveig fell into our hands. Do you think those rats in the sewers dare come charging into Asgard all at once? If we don't give them some sweet wine first, how could they ever work up the courage to come alone? If you drive back their vanguard too easily, it'll only make them more afraid to move."

That strategy left these so-called gods—who could just as easily be described as divine-level barbarians—absolutely dumbfounded.

They didn't quite understand why they were fighting like this, but they instinctively felt their God-King was brilliant.

They all voiced admiration.

"Your Majesty is wise beyond measure!"

Thalos waved a hand dismissively. Putting on airs in front of these muscle-for-brains gods wasn't particularly satisfying.

Odin flushed slightly and muttered, "So... how do I fake losing?"

"Just fight as hard as you can. If you can't win, fall back. That's all. You're allowed to lose all the buildings in District 1 of the Rainbow Bridge area. We'll evacuate the mortal believers in advance—leave only the mortal guard units."

"Oh, okay..." Odin accepted, though his heart still grumbled.

Big brother... what are you saying? Are you implying I can't beat them?

What Odin didn't know was—Thalos actually was thinking that.

Not because he looked down on Odin. But if you reviewed the Edda, Odin's clean and decisive victories were incredibly rare. His most impressive feat was defeating the progenitor of the frost giants, Ymir. But that didn't include the Vanir. If Odin could've handled Njord, he wouldn't have resorted to tricks during the hostage exchange later.

Odin might have looked mighty, but in battle... his track record was famously poor.

Thalos saw right through this foolish little brother.

So Odin was sent to join Heimdall, drinking cold wind while guarding the gates. The second line of defense was handed to Bor. Thalos turned away with Thor and left.

Before long, at the sky prison—

The scene was a bit... odd.

"Careful!"

"Grab the sword hilt!"

"Got it!"

"Aaaah—!"

At one point, Gullveig, who should have been bound in chains, suddenly turned into a plume of black smoke, attempting to escape.

Unfortunately for her, just as she burst free, the Valkyrie Grei leapt into the air and gripped the hilt of Niflheim, the sword lodged in Gullveig's body. The moment she did, Gullveig let out a shrill scream as all the black smoke was yanked back into the chains, reforming into her slender, tattooed, and distinctly cursed figure.

As Thalos and Thor arrived, the guarding Valkyries rushed to kneel and apologize.

"Forgive us, Your Majesty—we almost let her escape."

"Almost? No! You were far from it." Thalos couldn't hide the smile on his lips. His gaze sent a chill down Gullveig's spine.

"You accursed God-King—what did you do to me?!" Gullveig roared, trembling with fury.

Thalos didn't answer. Instead, he turned to Thor. "My son, weren't you curious why I stopped you from attacking her earlier? How many times have you imagined what would've happened if you had struck?"

Thor's eyes widened. "Father, how did you know?"

Thalos sighed. "You're too easy to read. Never mind... you'll understand soon enough."

"Then I won't hold back!" Thor raised Mjölnir and strode toward the strange, wicked goddess.

Things were different now.

The defiance Gullveig had shown in the great hall was long gone. "You... stay away from me!"

Thor didn't listen. With a powerful leap, lightning crackled from his famous hammer, Mjölnir, and with a mighty roar, he brought it down.

CRACK!

It was... brutal.

Not only did the hammer physically smash Gullveig's head to bits, but the thunderous lightning that followed charred her body black.

Thor's eye twitched. His mouth, cheeks, everything spasmed slightly as he looked back at his father in confusion.

Was that... it?

Thalos grinned. "Brunhilde!"

The Valkyrie instantly stepped forward, planting both hands on the hilt of the mist-forged Sword of Niflheim.

Immediately, the quiet prison filled once more with Gullveig's agonizing screams.

"Aaah! AAAAHH—"

The scene looked like it was rewinding in real time.

The blackened flesh on her delicate form rapidly receded. Her shattered, not-unattractive face reassembled itself as if invisible hands were rebuilding every fragment, stuffing every drop of brain matter back into place.

She tried to cast a counterspell—but just as the incantation formed, Niflheim flashed, and the curse was shoved right back into her throat.

Even though everyone had anticipated this, seeing it happen with their own eyes still left Thor and the Valkyries gasping softly.

"This..."

They couldn't hold it in. Even Thalos twitched at the corner of his mouth, silently thinking:

No wonder she was the "Legendary Undying Queen" of the Edda.

Yet in that very Edda, Gullveig was only ever mentioned in this one event—taunting Odin and Thor in Asgard. There were no later appearances.

That could only mean one thing: she was strong, but not too strong.

If she were really that powerful—truly immortal—then the Aesir would've been wiped out long ago.

So she was only the "Undying Queen"—not the Queen of Immortality!

"Thor, try killing her a few more times."

"Gladly!" Thor raised the hammer and struck again.

Before long, Brunhilde let out a startled cry: "Her tattoos—they're fading!"