

## Thalos 131

### Chapter 131: The Beasts Assemble

Not just for the people of Asgard—even for someone from Earth, the concept of a continent descending from the sky was unfathomable.

Yet in the world of Ginnungagap, such things could be real.

Ever since the day he reshaped the world, Thalos had been preparing for the coming of Ragnarök.

In the original timeline, Asgard's inability to unleash its full might was largely due to the World-Ending Wolf Fenrir and the World Serpent Jörmungandr—brothers—biting off Asgard from the top of the World Tree with their combined jaws.

The continent plummeted from the heavens and crashed into Midgard, killing nearly all Aesir-allied giants and divine servants. Had they survived, they might've helped stall the Jotun invasion.

In this life, Thalos guessed that Odin and his ilk had delayed action precisely because they lacked a means to storm Asgard.

Most of the Chaos alliance couldn't fly. If their vanguard crossed the Rainbow Bridge and Heimdall cut the connection mid-assault, it would turn into a bloodbath.

Odin had been forced into rebellion. Probably even after drinking from Mimir's Well, the best strategy he could think of only dawned on him after the betrayal.

Unlike the original story, Fenrir was dead, Jörmungandr had defected to Thalos, and Odin couldn't simply bite Asgard out of the sky using Sköll alone.

Fortunately, Thalos had no intention of letting Odin continue to spread Chaos across the Nine Realms. And so—he had lowered Asgard himself.

This was done with the permission of the World Will itself!

...

The continent descended slowly and smoothly.

Even Thalos had assumed such a descent would be turbulent. But the massive branches of the World Tree took turns gently cradling Asgard, making the entire process absurdly calm.

In earthquake terms, it might've registered as a Level 1 or 2 tremor.

Apart from a few ripples on filled water cups, the motion was barely perceptible.

This was a continent of 90,000 square kilometers.

Not small by any standard.

As this massive landmass slowly descended like a looming stormcloud, the mortals of northern Midgard were utterly paralyzed with fear. Had Valkyries not arrived to deliver messages in time, they might've believed Asgard had come to destroy them.

Which... wasn't entirely false.

"Due to the rebellion of Odin, King of Jotunheim, His Majesty the God-King has decreed the descent of Asgard. The nearby wilderness shall serve as the battlefield for the divine war. All civilians are ordered to evacuate immediately."

Brynhildr announced this decree.

The mortals were dumbstruck.

Classic case of "gods fight, mortals suffer."

No one wants armies clashing in their backyard.

But mortals had no say.

Would the Aesir fight on their own land and risk destroying sacred ground? No. And besides, northern Midgard was already harsh and sparsely populated—flat and cold. It was, all things considered, the most "considerate" place Thalos could choose.

And he had warned them in advance.

If it were Odin, he wouldn't care about mortal casualties—he might even manipulate the war to harvest more Einherjar souls.

While mortals scrambled to flee, the first report came in—from Jotunheim.

Heimdall relayed the news: "Your Majesty, we've discovered a massive army of frost giants moving out from Jotunheim. Over 2,000 strong—and fully armed!"

Don't scoff at the number.

These were giants—averaging fifteen meters tall. Thick-skinned and muscle-bound. Just standing there, they were walking tanks. Any god other than Thalos would need half a day to take one down.

"I understand," Thalos replied calmly, offering no orders. Heimdall could only withdraw.

Now that the edges of Asgard connected to Midgard, the Rainbow Bridge was no longer the strategic chokepoint it once was. Heimdall had become more of a glorified scout.

Thor was restless. "Why aren't we destroying those damned giants first?"

Thalos shook his head. "Because if we do, your cowardly uncle won't show himself."

If Odin didn't publicly rebel, the World Will would never truly abandon him.

And so, the Aesir gods stood by and watched the enormous army of giants march from frozen Jotunheim, through the Ironwood, and northward.

In the midst of their journey, another force joined them.

The descendants of Fenrir.

Each of these wolves, now touched by Chaos, had grown into monstrous beasts the size of buffalo. Shadowy and spectral, they scattered wide, howling and dashing through the biting wind of Fimbulwinter.

Enhanced by chaos, they were impossibly fast and strong. Their silhouettes alone radiated terror.

"Still not enough," Thalos murmured, evaluating the scene.

As night fell, another army emerged from the forest flanks—black-clad, black-armored warriors whose very skin was black.

Dark elves, twisted by Chaos.

Each stood taller than a normal man by half. Their armor was stained with drying blood—some from dwarves, some their own. The blood crusted on their armor like grotesque medals. The air around them reeked of malice and gore.

They said nothing as they joined the frost giants, marching in parallel.

From afar, they were two black rivers of destruction.

At dawn the next day, their ragtag coalition gained a towering new leader:

Sköll, the Sun-Chasing Wolf.

As Fenrir's child, Sköll didn't reach its father's peak—but it was still a monstrous beast, over 300 meters tall at the shoulder.

When it walked, it felt like a moving mountain.

Its appearance sent a wave of unease through Asgard's defenders.

Just by size alone, not even the underworld's hound Garm could match it. Their power levels clearly weren't in the same league.

At dusk, another unit joined the legion—the undead giants that had once stormed Helheim.

Thor could no longer stay quiet. "Father!"

But Thalos only shook his head again. "You're focusing on the wrong targets. Strike the root, not the branches. These aren't Odin's real trump cards. Destroy them ten thousand times, and he'll summon ten thousand more. If it's to be a final battle—learn to wait."

On the third day, as the sun rose again...

The final players appeared.

The skies echoed with dragon roars.

And at the forefront of this massive army from the end of the world—

Odin.

Gigantic. Mounted on Sleipnir, the Eight-Legged Pegasus.

The villain of this tale... had finally entered the stage.