

Thalos 132

Chapter 132: The Wrath of the World

Was this the malice of fate—or the cycle of destiny?

After all the effort Thalos had spent—scheming against Loki, creating the Tablets of Order—even Sleipnir couldn't escape the fate of becoming an eight-legged beast.

His massively enlarged horse now bore a grotesquely asymmetrical form, with an extra pair of legs on each side, totaling eight. Standing thirty meters tall at the shoulder, Sleipnir now dwarfed every giant in Thalos's army.

And his rider, Odin, had reached nearly half the height of Ymir, the ancient progenitor of the frost giants. Even seated on horseback, it was clear—Odin now exceeded forty meters in height, and that was without using any growth magic.

His newfound size made all his former armor obsolete.

He now wore what looked like patched-together pelts of unknown beasts. Compared to Thalos's gleaming golden armor, Odin's attire seemed downright shabby. Yet, his massive and savage form radiated a primal, barbaric oppression that Thalos's refined grandeur could never replicate.

And still, amidst all the monstrous beasts he had gathered, Odin did not appear out of place.

To the west, a massive black dragon flapped its grotesque wings—Nidhogg. With every beat, chunks of human remains tumbled from its grotesquely spined back.

Nidhogg, the Corpse-Eater, gnawed on the roots of the World Tree and haunted the poisoned rivers of the underworld, devouring oathbreakers and murderers.

It had been foretold that it would rise during Ragnarök, and here it was—bearing corpses as trophies.

Its wingspan stretched over 200 meters, enough to cast a chilling shadow over Midgard's northern skies—and enough to stir panic even among the gods and giants.

But it wasn't the largest beast in the air.

That title belonged to the giant eagle Hræsvelgr, who had once nested at the very top of the World Tree. Its wingspan alone stretched beyond 400 meters.

Fortunately, it seemed less combat-ready than the dragons—its feathers, no matter how terrifying in flight, lacked the defense of scales.

As these three beasts wheeled in the sky, screeching with glee, even the frost giants below began to falter, fear gnawing at their resolve.

If the beasts had been allies, they might've held back out of respect.

But no—they dove and twisted through the air with mockery and disdain, their screeches like jeers. They even swept low in mock attacks—harassing not just the gods but their own "allies".

Even the descendants of Fenrir—those great black wolves—began to suffer their intimidation.

Sköll, the Sun-Chasing Wolf, snarled furiously and bared his fangs at the sky, issuing a guttural warning.

But the beasts responded only with mischief.

Nidhogg even pecked at Sköll's tail—prompting the massive wolf to lunge furiously at Fafnir, missing by a hair.

The absurdity of it all triggered uproarious laughter from the Aesir ranks.

From afar, Thalos's voice boomed like thunder across the land, resounding like the tolling of a heavenly bell.

"Odin, is this your mighty army? This rabble is what you bring to overthrow my rule of the Nine Realms? Pathetic!"

His divine voice pressed down on the frost giants like a physical weight, as if a god's palm were squeezing their hearts.

Odin's face darkened, but he barked a reply: "These supreme beasts prove how laughable your reign truly is—they are the true harbingers of this world's future!"

"Oh, how it pains me," Thalos said mockingly, "that you no longer call me brother."

At six meters tall, mounted on his relatively 'small' horse, Thalos looked tiny compared to the mountainous Odin. Yet his presence didn't shrink—he commanded the battlefield with every word.

"Spare me your false sorrow, Thalos!" Odin snapped. "Fate itself has spoken—I alone am the rightful God-King of Ginnungagap. You are nothing but a usurper!"

Thalos was ready for this.

"You fool," he sneered, "You think your interpretation of a fate too sacred for even the Norns to whisper is proof? Did Fate also tell you that wielding Chaos will destroy the world? Or is it that you want all of creation to look as ugly as you?"

Ugly.

The word hit like a whip.

At first, even Odin didn't register it.

Then, Thalos snapped his fingers.

Snap!

Odin's black leather eye-patch—always worn to cover his missing eye—exploded into shreds.

It was a minor divine trick, nothing more than a bit of sky-magic. But what it revealed stunned every witness into horrified silence.

Instead of an empty socket or a solemn scar...

There were eyes.

Seven of them. Six large, one small—all crammed grotesquely into that single socket like a cluster of leeches.

The eyes moved, blinking independently, gazing in different directions.

There was no divine majesty—only revulsion.

The gods reeled.

"Disgusting! That's just sick!"

"Is he trying to turn us into monsters like that?!"

"So this is what Chaos does? I'd rather die than become like him!"

If Odin had any delusions of wooing the goddesses of Asgard to his side—this was the nail in that coffin.

And then, to make matters worse, his son Hodr, born blind, suddenly ripped off his blindfold—revealing a mutated eye cluster of his own.

No longer pretending, Odin raised his arms high in manic triumph.

"No, Thalos—you are the fool! You don't understand the glory of Chaos! All of Ginnungagap should embrace its power!"

But in that very moment...

The World Will stirred—and it was angry.

The god who had been born of its soil, fed by its roots, raised to lead the realms—had betrayed it utterly.

In that instant, something ancient and vast and boundless began to rise.