

Thalos 75

Chapter 75

The Iron Forest—on the borderlands of Midgard, the middle realm.

Snow-cloaked treetops of the black woods swayed in the howling winds, resembling waves rolling across a vast sea of shadows, stretching endlessly from the far left to the far right of the horizon.

From every darkened corner came deep, feral howls—wolves signaling each other in a haunting symphony of bloodlust and slaughter.

The cries grew louder, closer. The wind carried the gnashing of teeth, guttural growls, and the bone-chilling snarls of Chaos-touched beasts.

In the distance, massive, bull-sized shadows darted between towering ironwood trees.

Here and there, the alphas of smaller wolf packs halted, their blood-red eyes burning with rage as they glared toward the enemy's colossal figures in the distance.

Despite instinctively sensing danger, these alphas still raised their muzzles and howled out the command to attack.

And so the tide came—an endless black surge of Chaos wolves. Beneath the shadowy forest canopy where no sunlight penetrated, thousands upon thousands of crimson eyes gleamed in the dark like a sea of bioluminescent krill, enough to stir terror in even the bravest hearts.

Across the ridge stood 200,000 mortal soldiers, drawn from every kingdom.

Under fluttering banners, they craned their necks, eyes wide with dread.

In any normal battle, they would've broken ranks before a single blow was struck.

But now, they looked down the hill at the line of 20-meter-tall giants standing like a living wall in front of the mortal troops, and beyond that, they saw the 5-meter-tall Aesir, each glowing with divine radiance.

And in their fear, courage was born.

"Prepare for battle!" shouted Thor, raising Mjölnir high overhead.

Thunder cracked across the heavens.

Its boom shook the Iron Forest so violently that birds took flight in panicked flocks from the rear woods.

The horn of war blew, its deep, ancient tone echoing through the mountains like the call of some primeval beast.

The Valkyries, mounted on horses descended from the divine steed Sleipnir, raised their spears in unison and bellowed, "ORDER SHALL PREVAIL!"

And the army roared in return:

"ORDER SHALL PREVAIL!"

The wolves surged forward.

Closer. Closer.

The pack leader—an enormous Chaos beast with a shoulder height exceeding ten meters—charged at the head of the horde.

If it stood upright, it would dwarf even the giants.

And then—lightning fell.

From within the clouds came a rain of thunderbolts, serpents of blue-white fury streaking toward the forest floor.

Thousands of bolts rained down on the alpha wolf and the densest parts of the pack.

The scale of Thor's strike was outrageous—hundreds of meters across, flattening a swath of forest larger than several football fields.

BOOM!

An overwhelming cascade of divine lightning blasted into the trees.

The supposedly indestructible ironwood cracked and turned to ash.

Branches, bark, and beast alike were flung into the air in flaming pieces.

The smell of burned flesh wafted even upwind.

A gruesome stench that spoke of obliteration.

For the Order army, it was glorious.

For the wolves—it was hell.

Howls of agony shook the forest.

Many wolves still racing toward the front slowed, their tails tucked in fear.

But the lead alpha's brutal roar forced them onward.

They came, wave after wave, pouring from the woods and crashing into the giants' line.

The giants, armored in iron plates thicker than a man's torso, stood firm.

Each wielded monstrous iron-bound tree-trunks as clubs. A single sweep sent bull-sized Chaos wolves flying through the air like toys.

The giants crushed the largest of the beasts, leaving the smaller ones to reach the humans.

But the mortals weren't alone.

From above, the beautiful light elves hovered in midair, unleashing a relentless storm of arrows upon the advancing pack.

The wolves at the bottom of the food chain were first torn apart by arrowfire and bolt barrages.

Then they had to climb a sloped hill.

And only then did they reach the human shield walls and spears.

Few ever made it that far.

Those that did were met by phantom warriors—translucent souls wielding spectral blades, striking down beast after beast with flawless precision.

Their presence was more inspiring to mortals than even the gods themselves.

These warriors had died once—and returned to fight again.

They reminded the living of a vital truth:

Death is not the end. Chaos is.

In the end, less than a quarter of the wolves even reached the front lines.

The rest were slaughtered on the slopes, leaving the land soaked in gore.

Once the wolves slowed, the humans parted ranks—and from those openings charged dwarven warriors in heavy plate, axes swinging in brutal arcs, carving the Chaos beasts into ribbons.

At the flanks, the dark elves descended—long-limbed, black-skinned blurs dancing through the enemy, blades flickering like shadows under moonlight.

The battle raged from dawn till noon.

When it finally ended, the wolf horde lay in ruin.

The slopes of Iron Forest echoed with the victorious cries of the allied army.

The Valkyries descended, as per custom, to collect the souls of the bravest fallen, lifting them up to Valhalla as new heroes.

Yet amid all the cheering, Thor stood in silence, drenched in blood, his face grim.

They had won.

But what was the cost?

Fandral, the recently knighted "Hero of the Golden Hall," approached, noticing the thunder god's foul mood.

"Your Highness, you don't look pleased."

"I am," Thor admitted bluntly, "just not that pleased."

"Why?"

"Because something's wrong. Last time the wolves attacked, it was nothing like this. And according to Father, Ragnarök was never supposed to be this easy."

Fandral frowned. "I've noticed the numbers too. We killed Fenrir early, and yet these offspring just keep coming—as if they're weeds sprouting from the earth."

Thor growled, eyes darkening.

"Then Fenrir must've had children hiding somewhere. If we don't wipe them out, it's only a matter of time before the mortals fall."