

Thalos 79

Chapter 79 - 79 Solving Half the Problem

The chaotic wolf Hati was still growing larger!

It was as if the chaos power of the entire world was pouring into its body, causing it to expand without end.

As Hati's size grew, so did its strength.

At this point, the giants had given up trying to restrain it with chains and had switched to launching attacks instead.

Unfortunately, their attacks no longer posed a substantial threat to the wolf, though the pain still made Hati instinctively scratch at the ground, its sharp claws shredding the solid stone tiles as easily as cutting through butter.

Yet Hati ignored them, continuing to devour the blood and flesh of the dead chaotic wolves. No matter how fiercely the giants struck, it kept growing.

After another minute, its size had already reached the point where it could rival the Golden Palace itself.

"Kill!"

Thor, remembering his father's lessons, decisively launched an attack.

The sky suddenly darkened as black clouds gathered in a clockwise spiral. With a fierce tremor, purple-blue lightning shot down from beneath the clouds.

A bolt of lightning over ten meters wide, guided by Mjölnir, struck Hati's head before it could react.

The "Moon-Chasing Wolf" Hati let out a scream that shook all of Asgard.

The blinding lightning exploded across its head, signaling the start of battle.

The Aesir immediately unleashed all their firepower upon the giant wolf.

Tyr's spear of war, Ullr's deadly arrows, Heimdall's bullets forged of Bört Steel—all their weapons, imbued with divine power, unleashed beams of light that riddled Hati's body with countless wounds.

Compared to the superficial injuries caused by the giants, these divine attacks were real and devastating. Even the apocalyptic wolf Fenrir at the peak of his mythological power would have struggled to withstand so many direct hits to his vital points.

Hati shrieked in agony.

Chaos energy surged wildly within its body. Spectators could even feel, through its flesh, the unstable, explosive force inside it—like a giant balloon full of combustible gas ready to burst at any moment.

But the wolf, true to its inherited ferocity and cruelty, refused to fall despite being attacked by a dozen gods. Instead, it grew even more savage.

With a swipe of its paw, it lashed out.

Its massive, furry black paw seemed to cover a quarter of the square.

Even the gods dared not meet it head-on; they rolled and leapt back to dodge.

The giants, slower and larger, were less fortunate.

Three giants were struck directly. The first was decapitated by the wolf's sharp claws. The second was impaled straight through the heart and organs. The third, struck like a billiard ball, flew like a cannonball into a building that housed god-servants.

Seconds later, the sound of collapsing structures echoed from that direction.

Seeing that Hati, though injured, was not dying—and might soon be unstoppable—the thunderclouds above were suddenly scattered by a mysterious force.

Elements of fire, ice, earth, and others began swirling into vortices at different points in the sky, and at the center of each vortex, a dazzling divine sword hovered.

"Boom!"

The first blast created a hole in Hati's chest large enough for a giant to walk through.

The second explosion severed its left forepaw, leaving a horrifyingly clean cut at the shoulder.

With the third thunderous crash, a pillar of fire descended from the heavens—the Sword of Muspelheim, transformed into a hundred-meter-long flaming sword, plunged straight through Hati's forehead, pinning it to the ground.

The once-mad wolf was frozen in place at the heart of the battlefield.

Only then did everyone see that their God-King, Thalos, was floating above the Golden Palace. Behind him, a three-hundred-meter-tall semi-transparent phantom mirrored his every move. His right hand was still outstretched in a pushing motion, and above his shoulder, six more divine swords hovered, charged and ready but not yet released.

"So this so-called apocalyptic wolf can only withstand three of my swords... huh?"

Three swords?

No—it probably didn't even take three!

Realizing this possibility, all of Asgard erupted in cheers.

"Long live His Majesty the God-King!"

"Hahaha! Our king is truly the strongest!"

"What end-of-the-world wolf? It's just a feral pup!"

The gods, giants, and god-servants were all swept up in a frenzy of admiration. They were utterly overwhelmed by the invincible image of their king and spared no effort in praising him.

Only Thalos remained calm amid the frenzy, as if he had merely crushed an ant, not slain a so-called apocalypse beast.

"Congratulations, Father!" Thor and the other god-sons rushed forward to offer their congratulations.

Baldr exclaimed excitedly, "Father, does this mean the threat of Ragnarok is resolved?"

"Resolved?" Thalos's gaze swept lightly over the wolf's corpse. Hati's body, like a deflating balloon, shrank as the immense chaotic energy inside it was purified by the Nine Realms Swords, until it was only the size of four giants stacked together.

"It's not resolved yet?" Thor scratched his head.

"In terms of the wolf calamity, we've only killed Hati; Sköll remains. Among the five great disasters of Ragnarok, killing Hati is only solving half of one," Thalos said. He casually flicked his golden cloak and, as if stepping on invisible stairs, slowly descended from the sky and returned to the Golden Palace balcony.

Thor hurried to meet him. "Father, what do we do next?"

"You will drag Hati's corpse on a tour of the Nine Realms. Finally, in Midgard, dismember it before the eyes of all the kings of the Nine Realms, using the Order Tablet to sanctify the process. That way, the world's will should recognize our cleansing of chaos."

"Understood!"

The Aesir maintained their dominion over the Nine Realms through force and overwhelming divine power. Demonstrating their triumphs was crucial—it would greatly boost the mortals' confidence in resisting Ragnarok.

Thalos extended his left hand and calculated by divine technique—indeed, there were five great disasters.

In the epic, five forces attacked Asgard during Ragnarok:

Fenrir, representing the wild, untamed chaos;

Jörmungandr, the World Serpent, representing the fury of the seas;

Hel, the death goddess, representing the revolt of the underworld;

Surtr, representing the unyielding flame;

And King Hrímr, leader of the Frost Giants, who swore never to be enslaved.

The five monstrous forces overwhelmed Asgard, leading to near-total annihilation of the Aesir.