

The Unstoppable Nature of Chaos Magic

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

After dispatching of Thor, the Scarlet Witch believed that her troubles would be over for a short while. There was still the matter of getting her hands on America Chavez so that she could be reunited with her children but at least she could be certain that there would be one less Avenger standing in her way. It had been so easy to remove Thor as an obstacle that Wanda had actually laughed when she saw her creation. To think that somebody who claimed to be almighty had been defeated so easily! *Oh if only Pietro could see me now*, she thought wistfully. That was just another reminder of the losses that fuelled her on this new path, with the destination being a point where she could finally settle down and be happy without being disturbed by the rest of the world.

While her status as the Scarlet Witch (something it seemed that had been a birthright) meant that Wanda had always been destined to hold great power, she hadn't been able to unlock her true potential until she'd gotten her hands on the Darkhold. The ancient book of spells was also known as the Book of the Damned and was infamous for how it corrupted those who read its pages. Although Wanda was by far the strongest magical being to ever have the Darkhold in her grasp, even she wasn't immune to its corruption.



Over the space of the two years that she had been learning its spells, the dark power contained within the book further manifested itself within Wanda. The Scarlet Witch may have believed that the book was hers to control, but she was sorely mistaken. All that time, *she* had been the one falling under *its* spell!

Casting the spell that had transformed Thor from the muscular God of Thunder to a weakling nerd had allowed the Darkhold to finally siphon enough power from the Scarlet Witch to put its plan into action. The triumphant smirk slowly slipped off of Wanda's face as she began to experience a sharp pain through every part of her body. Given the traumatic life she'd led, Wanda was no stranger to pain but this was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before. All of a sudden she felt so incredibly weak and was forced to drop down onto her knees and focus on just breathing. To her great alarm, when she looked down at her hands she discovered that they had become somewhat transparent, with her flesh having turned into red wisps of chaos magic - the magic that she was supposed to be able to control!

Within moments the Scarlet Witch had been completely transformed into pure chaos magic, with Wanda only realizing at the last moment just how badly she had been tricked, before ceasing to exist entirely. The chaos magic was pulled right into the sentient spellbook which now lay on the ground of the corrupted orchard with wisps of magic circulating around it. Seconds later and the book itself had abandoned its physical form, adding to the stormy cloud of chaos magic that was starting to grow larger and larger. This had been the Darkhold's plan all along and it had worked precisely as intended, although there had been some adaptations along the way. Thor's confrontation of the Scarlet Witch had given the sentient book an even more enticing idea, one that was being put into play at that very moment...

The cloud of chaos magic slowly but steadily expanded, ascending up from the ground like a column of fire that reached ten feet into the air. From this unnatural column, two offshoots formed near the top, while the base of the column split into two. As seconds passed, these offshoots started to resemble a pair of muscular arms, while the split base of the column more clearly became a pair of thick legs. At the very bottom of these legs, large feet began to form - much too large to fit into any regular shoes that might be found in a store. These huge oversized feet were necessary to support the rest of the overblown proportions of the body that the chaos magic was constructing, as the legs were each as thick as tree trunks and the quads were as large as boulders.

Further up the magically constructed body that was creeping towards a more solid state, a thick appendage emerged in the crotch area. It grew and grew until it was twelve inches, hanging halfway down the being's massive thighs. This enormous cock was accompanied by a set of testicles the size of tennis balls, packed full of magically enhanced virility that would spread the Darkhold's influence to any of its future lovers!

Above this jaw-dropping display, the being's chest began to form. A pair of mountainous pecs rose, claiming almighty dominance, and these juicy mounds were soon joined by a full eight-pack of sharply defined and perfectly symmetrical abdominals. The wide lats of the figure's back gave it an even more impressive appearance, with the muscles sloping down from broad shoulders to a tight waist in a manner that was considered highly desirable among mortal men. The muscular expanse of the being's back was a piece of art in itself, with the various muscles tensing and flexing as the chaos magic adopted a solid form and became flesh colored.

Given the humongous size of the rest of the body, it was hardly surprising that the being's arms were incredibly sculpted, so much so that the combination of biceps and triceps formed upper arms that were as large as watermelons. If anybody was to find themselves trapped in their powerful arms, it would be a miracle if that individual escaped without being completely crushed or at least nursing multiple broken bones! The hairy forearms were similarly broad, as were the being's huge hands, with their

thick digits and impressively wide span. At the top of the powerful cannons that were the newly constructed arms, the chaos magic formed a pair of broad boulder shoulders, with the deltoid muscles bulging underneath the surface. Highly pronounced trap muscles rose up from these shoulders towards a thick neck, above which a head with a square jawline and a heavy brow was finally beginning to form.

Within moments it became clear that facial features forming upon the giant's head were a perfect replica of those of Thor Odinson: the eyes were a piercing blue, the nose prominent and straight, the lips plump and kissable. Thick stubble protruded from the lower half of the face, only stopping once it had formed a cropped beard along his strong jawline and around his smirking lips. Dark blond hair burst from the giant's scalp, although it remained short and spiky rather than adopting the long locks that Thor was so famous for. Still, absolutely anybody who might look upon the giant would immediately identify him as the Asgardian Avenger. They would have questions as to how the God of Thunder had grown to become ten foot tall, of course, but there was surely no mistaking who this absolute hunk of a man was!

With its transformation into a physical being finally complete, the Darkhold rolled its broad shoulders and lifted its hands towards the sky. The roar of thunder was heard for miles and forks of lightning began to dramatically tear across the dark red sky. The Darkhold watched this spectacle with a triumphant smirk upon its face. By using the power of the Darkhold to transform the real Thor into a weakling nerd, the Scarlet Witch had unknowingly allowed the sentient spellbook to consume the God of Thunder's power. Now not even Thor's trusty hammer Mjolnir would be able to tell the difference, deeming the Darkhold worthy of it, even if the giant had destructive intentions in mind - although when held within the giant's grasp, the hammer appeared absolutely pitiful, like it was nothing more than a child's toy!

Although it had always been one of the most powerful objects in the multiverse, taking on this new form made the Darkhold even more unstoppable than ever before. Not only was it made of pure chaos magic (which allowed for the influencing and controlling of other minds) but it also had the power of lightning and raw strength on its side. In no time at all it would best the remaining Avengers and claim its place as the new god of this reality, forcing every living being to fall down and worship it as they rightfully should!



Reflecting on the events of the past hour, the Darkhold laughed wickedly to itself. It was endlessly amused by the irony that its rise to power had been brought about by none other than two Avengers! This would be their legacy from then on and the Darkhold would make sure they were always remembered for the part they played in its rise to power. It had great thanks for Thor in particular, as the Asgardian had obviously been the inspiration behind the almighty form that it now possessed. Perhaps once it had established its domination over the world, the Darkhold would seek out the real Thor and allow the diminished hero to worship the body he had inspired.

Until then though, the Darkhold had a lot of chaos to stir up and there was really no time like the present to get started...