

Thalos 150

Chapter 150: Odin: I've Struck Gold!

Amidst the dazzling rainbow light, Odin set off. Borrowing the power of the Rainbow Bridge, he crossed an unknowably vast void in an incredibly short amount of time, plunging directly into the other world.

It was his first time leaving his homeland, and Odin should have felt nervous. But all he felt was excitement!

No matter how terrible this world might be, as long as he could enter it and find a suitable vessel, he would have a chance to resurrect.

As a god with a certain talent in the domain of Death, Odin firmly believed that, given time to adapt to the laws of the opposing world, he could accomplish the miraculous feat of resurrection—something unimaginable to mortals.

It was a gray, hazy world! Odin had expected it to be filled with the aura of chaos, but he was wrong.

It was disorder, not chaos!

Disorder still meant that everything was within the bounds of order.

Chaos was something else entirely.

As the soul crystal carrying Odin's consciousness pierced the outer shell of the other world, Odin saw a strange, triangular knot!

Interwoven lines with no beginning or end should have symbolized eternity and connection.

But clearly, this representation of the massive cycle between the material and spiritual worlds, and between different stages of life, had been broken by some external force!

The intended symbolism of cycles, spirals, and knots had collapsed inward due to a serious gap in the "knot."

With just one glance, Odin saw through it—chaotic power had been here!

He was practically an expert on the matter.

Odin had already begun imagining his new role: Hah! Can't defeat Chaos?

But as his soul pushed deeper into the world's barrier, he realized that might not be the case.

Chaos had been here, but it had likely been eliminated.

This made Odin both frustrated and a little pleased.

Yes, he had once joined Chaos. But after his defeat, his soul had been fractured by Thalos, and he had lost the power of Chaos. Strictly speaking, this fragment of soul that carried his memories was now an unmistakably Order-aligned soul.

His soul crystal became a dazzling comet, falling from the sky, cleaving the heavens diagonally.

As he plummeted rapidly, he saw the wooden pillars and framework structures of numerous buildings, remnants scorched by fire—dry, decayed, and broken. Fragments of furniture and crude everyday items lay charred and shattered, scattered across the bare soil inside buildings that lacked proper flooring.

On the ground, paths once trodden by people were now overgrown with grass. If not for his aerial perspective, it would've been hard to recognize them as roads at all.

Having once shared a portion of the War domain, Odin clearly recognized this for what it was—the aftermath of war.

Clearly, the world below—composed of several massive islands floating on the sea—had recently experienced a grand war between Order and Chaos.

Evidently, they hadn't been as lucky as Ginnungagap, nor did they seem to have a Chief God strong enough to destroy Chaos. As a result, they had paid a steep price in their battle against chaotic forces.

As Odin fell from the sky, he saw many large corpses tainted with Chaos energy.

Giants?!

There were giants here too?

Just then, pulses of fate transformed into strange fragments of spiritual memory, pouring into Odin's soul.

He saw a man named Bith and another named Fintan, who, along with a group of women, boarded an ark to escape a great flood—eerily similar to the one that had brought down Ymir in Ginnungagap—and came to live on this land before quietly fading from history.

Then, Odin saw a leader named Partholon bring a group of his people to live here, only to encounter the Fomorians, a deep-sea giant tribe tainted by Chaos, who drove them out.

Next, he saw a tribe called the Nemedians occupy the land. But these long-wandering mortals—called the Fir Bolg—soon met another Nemedian offshoot, the Tuatha Dé Danann.

Though the Tuatha Dé Danann recognized them as kin and only asked for half the land, the Fir Bolg's then-king, Eochaid, famously declared: "This is no blessing! Giving half is the same as foolishly handing over all!"

With that, Eochaid led his people into war against a god-tribe that clearly outmatched them in strength, weaponry, and numbers. Unsurprisingly, the gods summoned mountains to hurl boulders at the Fir Bolg and rained down fire from the skies.

Before the magic and extraordinary might of the gods, Eochaid of the Fir Bolg suffered complete defeat, and his mortal tribe vanished from the river of fate.

At that moment, Odin was struck with a sudden realization. Back when he had peered into the fate branches of the goddess Verdandi, wasn't the God-King Odin he had seen just like this King Eochaid?

Thalos, stronger than he was, had offered him half for the sake of their brotherhood—but Odin had refused, just like Eochaid.

And what happened? He, too, had been utterly driven out!

At the thought of this, Odin was consumed with rage.

Ginnungagap is my world! I am the true God-King!

Angry as he was, it didn't stop Odin from continuing to peer into the remaining fragments of fate granted to him by this world.

Soon, he arrived at more recent events.

Unsurprisingly, the gods ruling this land had once again gone to war with the Fomorian giants that rose from the deep sea.

They fought a great battle against the Fomorians at Mag Tuired and defeated them. But the Tuatha Dé Danann paid a price—their god-king Nuada lost an arm in the battle.

In the Tuatha Dé Danann's belief system, a being with a missing limb was unfit to be king.

So Nuada had no choice but to cede the throne to his deputy, Bres.

By now, Odin had a basic understanding of this world—this was a war-ravaged land, plagued by constant regime change. Such instability had left its civilization and power without a continuous inheritance.

"But that's just perfect for me to shine!"

As he thought that, the last of his soul crystal was finally consumed.

He had to thank Hela—the high quality of this soul crystal had spared him from further weakening while penetrating the world's barrier.

He was already weak enough. Any more, and he'd be forced to live as a dog.

The only consolation was that, with the war just recently ended, there were still a few relatively intact corpses on the battlefield suitable for possession.

With little choice, Odin followed his instincts and fused his soul into a body that had just ceased breathing.

"Pfft—hah... hah..."

The sensation of breathing again after so long filled Odin with emotion. Even better, this body belonged to a fairly strong demigod among the Tuatha Dé Danann.

"Huh? Austine? I knew you bastard wasn't dead!" A tall, burly figure ran over and lifted Odin with one hand—causing Odin, who had a massive hole in his stomach, to scream in agony on the spot.

"AAAAHHHHHHH!"

"Oops, I forgot! Lug! Lug! Get over here! Austine's still alive!"

Before Odin blacked out again, he recognized—through the lingering memories of the body's previous owner—that the one lifting him was none other than Bres, the new God-King of the Tuatha Dé Danann!

Odin's final thought was: I've struck gold this time!