

Thalos 155

Chapter 155: "Can't Save You—Just Wait to Die!"

The Celtic World's condition was far worse than a simple "wounded and bleeding" scenario.

If one were to liken it to a human, it was in a state where the wounds had already festered and maggots were wriggling in the rot.

It could no longer take care of itself.

That's precisely why it chose to tentatively trust Thalos.

First, it had no choice—it was already at its limit; second, Thalos's track record was exceptional—he had saved its sibling world, Ginnungagap.

Thalos understood this well. The unfortunate Celtic World had once been far grander, but after repeated genocides of its native peoples, the few remaining islands floating in its ocean were barely holding together.

Without intelligent beings to assist, a primitive and instinct-driven world lacked the capacity to rebuild its own governing laws. This is why, once the primary sapient species of an order-aligned world is devastated by Chaos, the world itself collapses.

In some sense, Thalos was definitely taking advantage of the situation.

As "Doctor Thalos," he was here to save the Celtic World—and conveniently take it under his wing.

At that moment, Thalos sensed a crack forming in the gate to this new world in his spiritual sea. Unsurprisingly, the Celtic World was still unwilling to let Thalos and the Aesir gods directly enter.

Then, a booming voice thundered from the Celtic World:

[If you save me, I will offer one-tenth of my world's origin!]

"In principle, I accept your offer, Celtic World. But I must first investigate the chaotic energy within you before we discuss the details," Thalos replied, deliberately leaving his wording open.

As a God-King aligned with Order, making false promises or backing out of a deal would have severe consequences.

If the sibling world were to bear a grudge, even the entirety of Ginnungagap would have a hard time resolving it.

Still, Thalos took the Celtic World's promise with a grain of salt.

"One-tenth of its world's origin" might very well be the portion that had already been corrupted by Chaos. Without a strong divine core to lead it, the Celtic World would likely need a painful purification.

Of course, even a corrupted mixture of Chaos and Order would be immensely nourishing to Ginnungagap—it would save them a ton of time.

Thalos smiled and accepted, "Pleasure doing business."

Beginnings are always the hardest.

The Celtic World was the desperate gambler; Thalos, the patient creditor. In a situation bound to deteriorate, Thalos had no shortage of ways to make the Celtic World willingly offer itself up.

Now, with the world will's permission, Thalos sent his divine sense forward—openly and majestically.

What he saw was a shattered bronze-colored web, suspended above a brightly glowing space.

At first glance, it resembled a woven straw mat that had been burned to cinders.

It was meant to be a Celtic Knot, a symbol of endless cycles—but large portions of it had been melted and distorted by Chaos into a twisted, indescribable mess mixed with broken fragments of Order laws.

Ignoring the ruined sections, Thalos peered deeper into his divine sight and saw several irregularly shaped continents—the so-called "British Isles."

Calling them that was being generous.

Even two identical twin worlds, when shaped by different events, could evolve in drastically different ways.

In this case, the continent resembling Ireland—home to the Tuatha Dé Danann—was the largest, while the other "islands" were significantly smaller.

This completely subverted Thalos's Earth-based memory of the British Isles.

But that didn't matter.

As his vision descended, he pierced through clouds tainted with chaotic auras and saw the main continent—shriveled and pockmarked, like a deflated strawberry.

Chaotic energy from the west gnawed away at its coasts. Fish washing ashore looked disturbingly unnatural—Thalos even spotted one with three legs, the third protruding from its right gill.

The corrupted glow along the beach shimmered like someone had poured gasoline on a perfectly normal dish—swirling with nauseating, iridescent hues.

To the west, under the seabed, Thalos could no longer extend his divine sense. The Chaos there was too thick—like an endless swamp of sludge.

Turning his attention to the center of the continent, Thalos saw a group of humans with strong elemental resonance building a massive wall.

They were commanding earth elementals to stack gigantic stones into a rough, five-person-tall "great wall."

Their use of magic was stylish, full of the mysterious flair one would expect from mages.

Unfortunately, Thalos noted that after manipulating the elementals for a short while, they'd have to stop and rest.

Most likely, they were exhausting their spiritual energy.

Thalos's verdict: inferior to Svaldfari—that mythical stallion who built Asgard's entire fortification single-hoofedly and still had enough vigor left to sire a brood of divine horses with Loki.

These Tuatha Dé Danann were quite feeble.

What was even more laughable: none of them noticed Thalos's probing presence.

In their defense, it was understandable.

Who could have guessed that the world's will would invite a foreign god?

Rather than forcefully peering in, Thalos had cloaked his divine sense as a cloud, absorbing ambient light and energy. This passive method allowed him to scan the entire archipelago undetected.

The main island's gods were playing at soldier, building fortifications.

And the mortals on the other islands?

The northern nation of Ulster and the western nation of Connacht were preparing for a major war.

In the south, the Fianna Knights were battling giants from a region resembling Scotland.

To the east, on the Lesser Britannic Isles, Thalos glimpsed a bearded king leading a band of so-called knights in a desperate fight against chaos-mutated savages resembling orcs.

Seeing all this, Thalos could only smile bitterly. The Celtic World truly was in chaos.

Four continents—and all four were at war.

Its people were far more primitive than those of Ginnungagap.

Many still wore furs, smearing their faces and bodies with warpaint laden with heavy metals.

They flaunted their barbarism without shame.

The levels of metallurgy and civilization varied from island to island. And now, with everyone killing each other, what Order could possibly take root?

War is the ultimate destroyer of Order.

Thalos withdrew his gaze and promptly contacted the world's will, striking with strategic intent.

"I'm sorry, world will. But if I must follow your method, I'm afraid... I can't save you."

[What?!] The will of the Celtic World panicked.