

Thalos 157

Chapter 157: Odin Can't Take It Anymore

If it were just a couple of demigod-level divine attendants rebelling, it wouldn't have made much of a ripple within the divine hierarchy. But they had one uncontrollable variable: God-King Bres himself.

First, he imposed a flat 50% tax on everyone—no matter their status.

That's right: for every two coins earned, one went straight to him.

Now, if that crushing tax came with stellar public services, it might still have been tolerable. With proper redistribution, it could've even worked in theory.

The kicker? Bres didn't offer any welfare.

Even the former God-King Nuada and nearly all other gods and their followers were forced into endless forced labor.

In short: not only did they work for free, but they also had to pay for the privilege.

Any person with the slightest understanding of economics would see this as a disaster in the making.

But Bres—this tall, handsome idiot—did it anyway.

You'd think such an idiotic ruler wouldn't possibly ascend to God-King of the Tuatha Dé Danann.

In reality, the Tuatha Dé Danann, much like the old Aesir before Thalos, followed one simple rule: the strongest fighter leads.

The problem is, someone who's both a brute and a skilled administrator? That's astronomically rare.

Only someone like Thalos, a transmigrator with five thousand years of accumulated wisdom, could lead the Aesir to administrative greatness in under fifty years, governing nine realms with flawless order.

Bres's relentless string of moronic decisions had already infuriated most of the Tuatha Dé Danann gods.

Siegfried's outburst merely pulled the trigger on a long-primed powder keg—just as coincidentally all four of the Celtic World's continents plunged into war.

None of the enraged gods realized that starting a civil war at such a moment would place an unbearable burden on their dying world.

They were too blinded by rage at Bres's outrageous governance.

Truthfully, Siegfried and Beowulf alone wouldn't have been enough to spark full-scale rebellion. The real decision always rested with the gods.

For example, Dagda, the Tuatha Dé Danann's All-Father, wielded a magical harp capable of calming emotions—even altering the seasons. With a single strum, he could've pacified both warriors in an instant.

But even the gods couldn't stomach Bres anymore.

Lies couldn't deceive the gods. The truths Siegfried and Beowulf revealed were razor-sharp.

When they laid it all bare—even Odin was stunned.

What?

They were taxing their own people—just to give it away to the enemy?

What kind of logic was that?

Odin considered himself plenty greedy and ambitious—but even he had never thought to loot his own side just to give it to the enemy. That was insanity.

The gods' silence was the clearest sign: they were letting the rebellion brew.

More divine attendants joined in, publicly denouncing "Austine"—and by extension, Bres.

"What?! You've got us building walls while handing our wealth to the Fomorians?!"

"Is that true?!"

"Probably is. I saw Dallás delivering crates of taxed goods to the coast..."

With facts lining up, the fury of gods and followers alike was about to explode—and Odin, who had merely pretended to wield authority under Bres, was in no position to stop it.

Sensing the volatile atmosphere, Odin quietly slipped away and rushed to find Bres.

Truth be told, Siegfried and Beowulf had a chance to stop him. But they remembered Thalos's instructions: stick to your cover and push Nuada to rise against tyranny.

"My lord, we can't let Bres keep destroying everything!"

"He'll ruin the Tuatha Dé Danann!"

They rallied the divine attendants around them and appealed to the deposed God-King Nuada.

Nuada clearly hesitated, but exchanged glances with several other gods present—receiving subtle nods of approval. He turned to them and sighed. "But my arm..."

Beowulf, the more seasoned transmigrator, suggested quickly, "Then perhaps... you should visit Dian Cecht, the god of healing?"

"We may as well try."

Rules were rules: only a complete god could lead the Tuatha Dé Danann. Nuada couldn't defy tradition—his only option was to restore his body.

Meanwhile, Odin arrived at Bres's temple.

He scorned the building—it was a crude mix of brick and wood, not a trace of gold anywhere. The mere sight of it filled Odin with contempt.

But his current power and position all came from this fool. He was trapped.

Odin knew: if he didn't act now, when the Tuatha Dé Danann started purging Bres's faction, he'd go down with him.

"Your Majesty Bres!" Odin forced himself to look worried, urgently reporting the revolt at the construction site.

Bres flew into a rage of helpless fury.

"They... they dare defy my authority?! I'm the God-King!"

His voice cracked in hysteria. He clawed at his hair, bloodshot eyes bulging and darting around in panic.

"What do I do? What do I do?! What the hell am I supposed to do?!"

This panicked display made Odin's heart sink.

Seriously?!

This guy is the God-King?!

As someone who had personally witnessed true god-kings, Odin had the right to judge.

He hated Thalos to the bone—but compared to Bres or the ever-placating Nuada, his brother was on a completely different level. Not even the same dimension.

Forget Thalos—Odin now felt even he would be a better god-king than either of them.

He couldn't take it anymore.

"The gods say you've got Fomorian blood. Is that true?" Odin asked coldly.

"Uh..." Bres visibly shrank.

His reaction confirmed the rumor.

Odin was done.

Were the Tuatha Dé Danann all idiots? Letting a half-blood from an enemy race lead them? Selling themselves out and counting the coins afterward? Pathetic!

And Odin couldn't even switch sides—his current body bound him to Bres's faction.

He grabbed Bres's shoulder tightly. "Your Majesty Bres! If you can't control the gods, you'd better pray that Fomorian blood of yours is good for something—because when the reckoning comes, your head's going to end up nailed to the city gate!"

"Austine... Are you saying I should ally with the Fomorians against my own people?"

"Your people?" Odin laughed bitterly. "Those so-called people of yours? They've already mobilized to come and kill you."