

Thalos 158

Chapter 158: These Are Supposed to Be Giants?

From Odin's perspective, any power struggle within a divine pantheon was destined to be bloody. His own elder brother, Thalos, treated him well, but when he fully turned traitor and joined Chaos, Thalos still had no choice but to kill him—only sparing his remnant soul at best.

So, Odin believed the same principle should apply to the Tuatha Dé Danann: under normal circumstances, the gods wouldn't possibly spare Bres.

This was Odin's personal judgment, as someone directly involved.

Only Thalos, the transmigrator, knew the truth: in the actual Celtic mythos, the gods did spare Bres. They imprisoned him for a time and later even let him and his wife resume their duties as gods of agriculture.

It was precisely this indecisive softness that caused the Tuatha Dé Danann to fracture from within. Internal strife weakened them significantly, allowing the southern Milesians to overthrow them. The surviving gods were forced to flee and live beneath the sea.

As Thalos always said: When betrayal has no consequences, anyone will betray.

That said, Odin's current actions weren't entirely wrong.

His only mistake was once again choosing the wrong side. By advising Bres to contact his Fomorian kin, Odin effectively tied himself to the resulting civil war—once again standing on the razor's edge between Order and Chaos.

High in the sky, Thalos passively observed the scene unfold—and nearly burst out laughing.

"Oh, my foolish brother... How do you keep making the same mistake over and over? You're beyond saving."

Weaker than his own people, yet too proud to admit defeat, Odin's solution? Call in outside help—from Chaos, no less!

Wasn't that just begging the world's will to target him with everything it had?

Thalos pinched his forehead. "My dear brother never fails... to disappoint."

And indeed, dropping Odin's remnant soul into the Celtic World had paid off spectacularly.

As a transmigrator, Thalos knew how devastating the second war between the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Fomorians had been. Both sides' leaders perished in the battle. The Tuatha Dé Danann only managed a pyrrhic victory.

But now, Thalos suddenly sensed a ripple in fate.

A new prophetic vision revealed itself—and it was tied to Odin.

"How delightful! Fascinating! Absolutely fascinating!"

The butterfly effect, after all, was a blend of inevitability and randomness.

In Celtic mythology, the Fomorians never truly defeated the Tuatha Dé Danann.

But if they gained a god-king-class tactician like Odin?

What then?

Suddenly, Thalos understood why Loki found chaos so exhilarating.

If he shouted, "Let the rivers of blood flow!" right now, he might shift alignment halfway toward Chaos.

But things were already evolving perfectly—and in a way that objectively favored the Aesir of another world. So Thalos, as the shadowy mastermind, decided not to interfere further.

Meanwhile, Nuada was likely preparing to forge his legendary Silver Hand—a magical prosthetic combining metal and flesh, fit for a god. With it, he could rally the Tuatha Dé Danann and reclaim his throne.

This arm was a complete loophole in tradition.

The ancient rule that a king must be physically whole? Suddenly everyone was fine calling Nuada "complete" once he strapped on a prosthetic, just because Bres was that bad.

It was hilarious.

Forging the arm would take time. While waiting, Thalos focused on Odin's next moves...

Dusk fell.

The sky, choked by thick chaotic clouds, looked like the final embers of Order fading from this world—murky and dark.

A troop of mounted riders galloped toward the coast in panic. Some "stragglers" conveniently turned back—reportedly to fetch supplies, but in truth to defect to Nuada's side.

In the end, Bres was nothing more than a nominal king with no real support.

To everyone's surprise, the most resolute follower wasn't one of Bres's original supporters—it was Austine, the divine attendant.

It was like their roles were reversed.

Instead of the king leading, he was being pushed forward by a mere attendant.

"But Austine... Nuada lost his arm. He can't be king," Bres stammered.

"Don't underestimate divine magic, Your Majesty! If Nuada finds a way to become 'whole' again, the gods will immediately rally behind him—and your downfall will be swift and brutal," Odin growled, barely restraining his fury at this coward.

"...That's true..." Bres admitted.

The reversal was so jarring that even passive observers would find it unsettling.

"Your Majesty, you do have a way to contact the Fomorians, right?"

"Y-Yes, of course."

"Good." Odin didn't want to be the one pushing war, but once you've tasted Chaos, you develop a dependence on it.

He knew that with just a remnant soul—even in a strong demigod body—he couldn't reclaim his peak powers.

But with Chaos?

By merging with other soul fragments, he could boost his total power back to something rivaling the gods.

Whether merging would destroy his personality or turn him into a monster?

Odin didn't care.

The pain of being weak—of feeling powerless—was worse than any potential cost.

Once upon a time, he'd had the strength to challenge for the god-king throne.

Now he was a glorified errand boy in a half-divine body.

For the ambitious and prideful Odin, this was unbearable.

Maybe if he'd been imprisoned in the soul cage for ten or twenty years, he'd have mellowed out.

But it had only been a few days since his failed rebellion.

He was still burning with resentment.

If Odin wasn't stirring up trouble, he wouldn't be Odin.

And then came the farce.

When Bres finally blew the conch that signaled the Fomorian giants, it didn't take long for the ocean to stir.

Waves the size of seven to eight men surged toward the shore. The massive triangular waves seemed terrifying to Bres and his retinue.

To them, such waves could crush seaside cliffs to rubble.

But to Odin?

Unimpressive.

Then came the so-called "chaotic giants."

Odin had only one thought:

These are supposed to be giants?

The Aesir were already three men tall, and the true giants Odin had fought were easily ten.

He had always hated looking up at enemies—but at least when he had to, they were worthy opponents.

Not like this.

The stage was set.

Bres, terrified, stumbled backward multiple times. In contrast, the unassuming Austine—Odin—stood his ground as the waves crashed at his feet, calmly staring down at the so-called "giants" who barely stood twice the height of a man.