

## Thalos 159

### Chapter 159 - The Second Battle of Mag Tuired

The gods of the Tuatha Dé Danann were elated after driving out Bres. They summoned Dian Cecht's son, the divine physician, to craft Nuada a new hand—a famous artifact known as the Silver Hand.

Though made of silver, this metallic arm radiated strength. Every vein, every inch of "skin," perfectly mimicked Nuada's original limb. It was lifelike and powerful, worthy of a god.

To celebrate, the All-Father Dagda brought out one of the four legendary treasures of the Tuatha Dé Danann: his Cauldron of Plenty, a divine relic from one of the Four Cities of the Sky Realm. The cauldron could conjure food from nothing.

"To honor Nuada's return as our king, let the feast begin!"

The naive gods threw a lavish celebration, announcing seven days of revelry. Not a single one suspected that the disgraced Bres would pose a threat. None—except the two transmigrators...

The next day at noon, Beowulf and Siegfried sought an urgent audience with King Nuada.

"Good day, Your Majesty!"

"Oh, it's you two! Come, have a drink!" Nuada greeted them warmly. These two god-servants had stood by him when he was at his lowest—rallying support and stirring righteous indignation against Bres. He already considered them trusted confidants.

But what they said next made him frown.

"Your Majesty, we urge you to prepare for war," Beowulf said solemnly.

"War? With whom?" Nuada looked baffled.

"Bres," Siegfried answered.

Nuada laughed. "Come on—where would that coward get an army? Do you really think he would challenge all of us alone?"

"What if he allies with the Fomorian giants?" Siegfried asked gravely.

"Impossible! Why would the Chaos giants listen to him?"

No matter how the two pleaded, Nuada wouldn't listen. In fact, their persistence annoyed him to the point that he had them politely removed from the palace.

This was the blindness of a limited worldview.

Under normal logic, yes—why would the Fomorians help a disgraced half-god? But Nuada didn't know the truth: Bres was a half-blood, and his father was one of the Fomorian chieftains!

Nuada had considered the possibility of war. But having just reclaimed the throne, he was more focused on amnesty and reuniting the gods. He figured war could wait until the seven-day feast concluded.

No one expected Bres's revenge to come so quickly.

On the third day after Bres's fall, a massive army of giants landed on the shores of the Emerald Isle—the Tuatha Dé Danann's homeland.

In myth, their first great war with the Fomorians was called the Battle of Mag Tuired.

This... was the second one.

But this time, the Tuatha Dé Danann weren't entirely unprepared.

Two men had seen it coming.

Siegfried, with his followers, had spent three days atop a high mountain near the Emerald Beach—the most likely landing site.

Then, it happened.

"WOOOOOO—"

A long, deep horn echoed from the deep sea. The ocean trembled.

An endless line of giants emerged on the horizon. Their enormous silhouettes formed an unbroken skirmish line that stretched as far as the eye could see.

These were no ordinary giants.

Bound by the primal affinity of Oceanic Chaos, surrounded by foul elemental currents, they appeared like the very embodiment of a sea of chaos—marching onto the land to consume all in their path.

Siegfried's followers panicked. He immediately lit the wolf smoke signal they had prepared.

The beach lay only a few kilometers from the gods' capital. Without this signal, the celebrating Tuatha Dé Danann would've been caught completely unprepared.

Beowulf rushed to the palace to warn Nuada again. The king still thought it a hoax.

"Your Majesty! Why would I lie? If this is false intelligence, you may take my life—I would die without regret!"

Faced with Beowulf's sincere, emotional appeal, Nuada finally relented and dispatched one of his trusted riders to verify the report.

Though some time was wasted, Nuada eventually confirmed the invasion—and was able to hastily mobilize the gods.

"WOOOOOO—"

The emergency horn blared!

Gods and warriors scrambled in confusion. No one had expected war so suddenly.

Thanks to the two transmigrators' warning, the capital wasn't taken by surprise this time—unlike in legend.

But only slightly better.

The Tuatha Dé Danann still reacted like startled chickens in a fox's den—squawking in disarray, utterly lacking discipline.

This entire scene was being watched.

From the skies above, Thalos, through the "Sky Eyes" and projected psychic screens, broadcast the entire scene into the Silver Palace of Asgard.

On the enormous divine projection screen, the gods of the Aesir looked on.

Thor immediately exploded in derision. "Father! These useless Tuatha fools—we could easily steamroll both them and the Chaos giants!"

His remarks drew enthusiastic agreement from others, including Hrungnir, the strongest of the giants.

Even more grounded gods like Freyr and Tyr frowned. These Celtic gods really were... unimpressive.

Hela stepped in to cool the room. "Don't focus only on their flaws. They were ambushed during a celebration. Doesn't that remind you of something? After all, don't you also party like lunatics in the Hall of Joy?"

Her pointed comment made Thor and the others flush with embarrassment.

Loki, unusually cooperative, chimed in: "Praise Heimdall!"

The rest of the gods quickly echoed him: "Praise Heimdall!"

The steadfast defenses of Asgard's Home Guard, led by Heimdall and Ullr, along with valkyries and elite warriors, were the true reason they could afford to relax.

Even though Heimdall was currently on duty at the Rainbow Bridge, he smiled faintly at the praise. He bowed slightly toward the Silver Palace. The gods might not see it—but his father, Thalos, definitely sensed it.

Finally, Thalos spoke from atop the highest divine throne:

"You may look down on the Tuatha Dé Danann—but I remind you: their magic and shapeshifting arts are exactly what we need. And since the Celtic World is now connected to our Ginnungagap, we have no reason to bring excessive destruction upon it."

"Yes, my lord," the gods and giants responded, sobering up and turning their attention back to the vision.