

## Thalos 160

### Chapter 160 Giant Odin

At first, the giant leader at the center didn't even acknowledge Odin.

This deformed giant—left shoulder boasting two arms, right shoulder a single withered limb—had facial features that, while vaguely human, were asymmetrically twisted. His crooked mouth and skewed eyes made his mocking sneer toward the timid, retreating Bres all the more menacing.

"Well, well! Isn't this the 'Spineless Bres'? You blew the conch early—what is it? Bringing tribute in advance for your pathetic kin?"

This hulking, monstrous giant exuded a natural aura of oppression that left Bres utterly tongue-tied.

"Os... Austine? You speak to Elatha," Bres stammered, panicking and pushing Odin to the front.

Odin was speechless.

How in the nine hells did someone like this become a god-king?

Clenching his fists, Odin stepped forward boldly. "There will be no tribute! The gods of the Tuatha Dé Danann have just overthrown Bres's rule. They plan to wage a new war against you!"

"You fucking failure, Bres! Those pathetic Tuatha pretenders—how dare they?!" Elatha roared, and the waters around him surged violently, generating crashing shockwaves that shattered the surrounding reef.

To Odin, a former king of Jotunheim, it was laughable.

Unstable power, pitiful volume—

You're not even worthy of sitting at the frost giants' table.

He endured the idiocy, listening as the chaos giant bellowed a string of guttural insults in a dialect of Giant-tongue Odin no longer cared to decipher.

Bres, of course, was already cowering even farther back.

Then Odin spoke loudly, his tone ringing out over the surf. "Finished venting? The deed is done. If the Fomorians sit idle, you'll lose a major tribute source—and everyone will say you feared the Tuatha Dé Danann!"

Precision strike. Odin was a master at finding and striking psychological weak points.

Thalos might call him "my foolish brother," but Odin next to these single-track-minded chaos giants? He was a sage.

As expected, Elatha's giants howled in outrage.

"What did you say?!"

"A mere mortal dares question the mighty Fomorians?"

"No one—no one—defies Fomorian power!"

The giants surged forward, about to tear Odin limb from limb, when—

Bres actually stepped up for once, raising a glittering artifact—not a bracelet, as it first appeared, but a ring.

Elatha stopped cold. "Where did you get that ring?"

Bres hesitated. "...My mother gave it to me."

Elatha burst into thunderous laughter. "Hahaha! So you are my son, worthless as you may be. Speak, what do you want?"

There was no tearful father-son reunion. Bres's social skills were so abysmal even onlookers cringed.

Realizing Elatha acknowledged him, Bres barked, "Father! Give me soldiers! I'll destroy that bastard Nuada and make him pay for his betrayal!"

But Elatha shot back a soul-piercing question: "My idiotic son—how did your own people kick you off the throne?"

Bres stomped his foot, incensed. "What do you mean how?! Those primitive gods don't understand taxation! They called me greedy! All I ever did was for the Tuatha Dé Danann—and they betrayed me!"

Elatha shook his head. "You lack the wisdom to command my people. But as your father, I'll point you to someone else—seek Balor the Evil-Eye, another Fomorian chieftain. He may be more interested in attacking the Tuatha."

Within a single day, Bres had been betrayed by his followers and humiliated by his father. Unable to endure the shame, he turned and stormed off.

He was stunned to see Austine—Odin—not following.

"Austine? Let's go!" Bres called angrily.

But Odin shook his head. "No. One tribe is not enough. I'll stay and properly persuade Lord Elatha."

No longer the one-eyed god, both of Odin's eyes gleamed with something unnatural.

"...Fine." Bres didn't argue, more worried about Tuatha pursuers. He fled with his retinue.

Elatha loomed above Odin, sneering. "You puny mortal! You think you can persuade me?"

The Fomorians didn't even acknowledge the Tuatha as "gods," let alone equals. The mutual disdain between them was ancient and profound.

Then Odin said something absurd: "The power of Chaos."

"...What?"

"Give me a seed of Chaos—and I'll show you why I can persuade you."

A silence.

Then the Fomorians burst into raucous laughter.

"This mortal says he can withstand Chaos! Hahaha!"

"He's joking, right? Isn't he one of those 'noble' Tuatha who despise Chaos?"

"What a freak!"

Amid the uproar, Elatha raised a hand and silenced them. "Fine. It's rare for a Tuatha to be so 'reasonable.' I'll give you a chance."

From the tip of his finger, he shot out a murky, sludge-like orb of light—it slammed into Odin's chest.

Odin drew a deep breath—then let the Chaos power meld with his soul.

For anyone else, this would have been a horrifying experience. Most mortals who touch Chaos are twisted into monsters.

But not Odin.

He had wielded Chaos before. He knew exactly how to control it.

First came the crackle of shattering bones.

He guided the Chaos power inward—rapidly restructuring his organs.

In just a few breaths, Odin's chest swelled massively, transforming his innards until he had three hearts and four lungs.

Then his muscles and skin stretched.

His entire body bulked up.

Finally—his soul and the Chaos power became one.

It all happened in under a minute.

The mortals and giants alike watched in stunned disbelief as Austine—a mere human—absorbed Chaos as if it were nothing.

Before their very eyes, he transformed into a towering figure—taller than any of them, a muscular colossus over three men high.

"Impossible..." Elatha murmured, as if in a dream.

Not even every Fomorian could control Chaos. Many were born deformed—sacrifices to the power they craved.

But this man? He was perfect.

Odin stepped forward, placing a heavy hand on Elatha's shoulder. The gesture was less a handshake and more a father pressing down a disobedient child.

"The power of Chaos," Odin said coldly, "do you have any more?"