

Thalos 161

Chapter 161: The Defeat of the Tuatha Dé Danann

If Thalos were to crudely occupy and assimilate the Celtic world, it wouldn't be impossible—but the issue remains: causality. As a transmigrator, his perspective was inevitably above that of the simple-minded Aesir gods. Since the Celtic world exists, doesn't that imply that across the void and sea of primordial chaos, there might be other pantheons and worlds?

If the distances between worlds in this chaotic universe are comparable to those between regions in Europa on Earth, then it's entirely possible that Thalos might one day face Sumerian gods, ancient Roman deities, Greek gods, Egyptian pantheons, or even the 72 Demons of Solomon within this cosmic chaos.

Looking further ahead, if Thalos wished to conquer the Celtic world, excessive slaughter would be unwise.

This is why, even now, Thalos continues to put on an appearance of respecting the will of the Celtic world.

Among savage worlds, justice holds little value.

There are only interests.

What benefits the world of Ginnungagap and the Aesir gods the most is Thalos's top priority.

Thalos and his subordinates turned their attention once more to the 'Emerald Isle' of the Celtic world. In truth, this tiny place was about the same size as Ireland on Earth.

When not personally involved in the battle, watching others fight as a spectator was still quite a thrilling experience.

In the visual field, the western and southern coastlines of the 'Emerald Isle' were jagged and undulating, with many natural harbors. Due to the high mountain ranges in the north and south, with only a central plain, the battlefield was predetermined.

No other place had a large enough area for the chaos giant army to deploy its forces.

Coincidentally, the 'Great Wall' previously built by the Tuatha Dé Danann was also here, constructed in a north-south orientation.

It had to be admitted that Bress wasn't entirely useless. If the wall had been completed, it could have significantly reduced the chaos giants' advantages.

Unfortunately, his methods were too crude. Had he been able to soothe the Tuatha Dé Danann gods into continuing the wall's construction with relatively gentle methods, while appeasing the Fomorian giants with tributes—only to turn on them once the wall was finished—he might have actually succeeded.

It was truly a pity.

But having an idiot god-king as an opponent was a blessing for the Aesir gods. Thalos didn't mind if every adversary was that kind of fool.

The two armies were now deploying their formations on this land, about to engage in a life-or-death battle.

It had to be acknowledged that the Tuatha Dé Danann's wall was of some use—ten meters tall, it allowed many mortal divine guards wielding massive longbows to stand atop it.

The real fierce fighting was destined to erupt in the southern plains, which lacked the protection of the wall.

There was a massive gap there, five kilometers wide.

The Tuatha Dé Danann had no choice but to station their main forces there.

Among them, the summoners had called forth many stone golems and giant treants, serving as meat shields at the front lines. In the center stood the Tuatha Dé Danann gods, led by \[Silver Hand] Nuada, forming a relatively solid battle line alongside mortal divine guards.

On the small hills behind them, the mages and longbowmen stood packed together.

Then came the attack of the Fomorian giants—giants surrounded by water spheres, with bizarre and grotesque mutations covering their bodies. They let out deafening roars and surged forward like a tidal wave toward the Tuatha Dé Danann.

Their howls, combined with the chanting of the Tuatha Dé Danann gods, echoed through the battlefield, pounding in the ears of every combatant.

The magical attacks from the divine mages, coupled with the volleys from the archers, effectively weakened the giants at the front.

These poorly equipped deep-sea giants still died if struck in vital areas by the enormous arrows.

The arrows, as long as a human arm, were enough to inflict real damage on the giants.

But the ranged firepower wasn't enough to break the Fomorian giant formation.

Soon, the melee forces of both sides clashed violently.

Due to the vast size difference, the Tuatha Dé Danann had a hard time maintaining a coherent battle line. After a brief collision, the fight quickly devolved into a chaotic melee.

The warriors were packed tightly together—giants with rough clubs, and Tuatha Dé Danann soldiers with light, sharp weapons—filling every inch of space around them.

From above, they looked like two different species of marching ants, savagely clashing together, consuming each other's lives with weapons and magic.

The Tuatha Dé Danann's numbers weren't small. Normally, defending their home ground gave them an advantage. The wall partially restricted the chaos giants, forcing them into a relatively narrow battlefield, allowing the rear attackers to strike with ease.

But they were up against a bug-like existence—\\[Evil Eye] Balor, the chieftain of the deep-sea giants!

This guy was a true cyclops, and his height nearly matched the average height of the frost giants from the Ginnungagap world.

The key was the massive eye on his oversized head—roughly the size of a carriage compartment.

Amusingly, behind him was something like a saddle, upon which five humans clung awkwardly. These human slaves pulled on several chains connected to his massive eyelid.

"One, two, three—pull!"

With their coordinated effort, they finally pried Balor's eyelid open, and a thick crimson beam blasted out from his evil eye.

The scene resembled the firing of a laser cannon.

Thanks to his height, Balor could fire over his giant subordinates and strike the front lines of the Tuatha Dé Danann without obstruction.

In truth, he wasn't without opposition—some Tuatha Dé Danann had attacked him during his approach, but all their attacks were absorbed by his thick skin and resilient muscles.

That evil eye beam struck Nuada head-on.

The silver divine shield on Nuada flared for a brief instant, like a balloon engulfed in flame, flashing brightly before exploding.

He instinctively raised his silver hand, only to watch helplessly as it melted rapidly under the scorching light.

"Ahhhh—!"

Screaming, Nuada was blasted backward. In truth, he was one of the luckier ones. The warriors on either side of him were reduced to ash on the spot.

Unable to resist the evil eye's power, Nuada was sent flying, crashing into several ranks of soldiers behind him, his body rolling across the ground in a gruesome trail before finally coming to a halt.

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty!" Beowulf rushed over and cradled Nuada, whose body was now only half intact, his eyes filled with tears.

Nuada cried out in anguish, "I... I've failed everyone... We can't win... Retreat, quickly!"

With that, he handed the horn slung on his back to Beowulf.

"Bwooo—bwooo bwooo—"

The horn's uniquely rhythmic sound signaled the call to retreat.