

## Thalos 162

### Chapter 162 - Cú Chulainn's Revenge!

Those mindless giants aside, the Aesir gods truly couldn't understand it—how could even a remnant soul of Odin be so terrifying? A sense of "raising a tiger only to be devoured" hovered ominously over the heart of every Aesir god.

The gods' discussions, carried by the Valkyries, eventually reached Thalos's ears, prompting him to reveal a rare, enigmatic expression.

This incarnation of Odin had been severely underestimated.

True, Odin had made many strategic errors in the epic Edda—from killing Ymir and inadvertently allowing a pair of frost giants to survive the ensuing flood and found the Frost Giant Kingdom, his rule and military endeavors had long been plagued by setbacks.

The Aesir had failed to destroy the Frost Giant Kingdom and couldn't defeat the Vanir either, which sowed the seeds of perpetual multi-front warfare.

Even so, one could not deny Odin's abilities. Take the time he commissioned the building of the wall and then had Loki default on the payment—another perspective would see that as Odin making the most of limited resources, a quintessential case of "getting the most from the least" when the Aesir were short on supplies.

He balanced the interests and tensions between pureblood Aesir and the giants, and even amidst the chaos of the Nine Realms, he diplomatically cowed the deep-sea god Ægir—who, at least by the time of Ragnarök, remained neutral.

His capabilities in domestic governance and foreign affairs were grossly underestimated.

In this life, none of that had a chance to shine.

It wasn't until his remnant soul slipped into the neighboring Celtic world that Odin's talent as a scheming overlord could fully flourish.

It was a classic case of asymmetric information.

To those unfamiliar, a transmigrator who knew too much would look like a multi-world "God of Fate."

Thalos would never admit to such a thing, of course—nor would he deny it.

Maintaining mystery and letting others speculate—this was the proper bearing of one in a position of power.

The Aesir gods and giants were already sharpening their blades in preparation for war. The weakness of enemies in this new world had made them practically drool. Think about it—the enemy was Odin,

someone they had defeated before, leading a bunch of chaos giants clearly smaller and weaker than the original frost giant legions.

Walking war merit, weren't they?

Now that the Nine Realms were stable, no one had enough accomplishments to be named a king. But conquering a new world? Surely someone ought to be elevated.

Frankly, if Thalos hadn't kept a firm lid on things—telling them the time wasn't right—they would have found some excuse to start killing already.

But Thalos was still waiting.

Whether it was humans or gods, you couldn't teach a world how to behave—its Will would not obey.

The Celtic world knew all too well what Thalos wanted. And even though it understood that what it was about to do was likely futile, it had no choice but to try.

So, just after Odin sent his pressure-filled edicts of surrender to the neighboring nations, the Will of the Celtic world realized the Tuatha Dé Danann were nearly entirely wiped out.

It had no choice but to empower those heroes who already possessed uncommon talent.

War had already broken out across the islands surrounding the Emerald Isle, as described by the Tuatha Dé Danann.

To the north lay "Ireland," composed of several kingdoms. The current so-called "High King of Ireland" was Óchu, a ruler positioned nominally above all others.

Óchu had six daughters. To preserve unity across Ireland, he married them off to various ambitious kings.

But his daughter Medb, rebellious since youth, was dissatisfied with her arranged political marriage. In this life, Medb pulled a move that stunned the world: she kicked her fiancé in the groin and returned to her father's house.

To appease the furious, injured king, King Óchu had to offer him another daughter as compensation.

As for Medb, Óchu figured marrying her off somewhere else would likely yield the same result. "A grown daughter cannot be kept at home," he thought, and thus granted her dominion over the Kingdom of Connacht, letting her become queen and choose her own husband.

Likely due to the chaos infecting the Celtic world, fate skewed dramatically at this point.

The Queen Medb, known for her rampant lust, did not find an ideal husband. Instead, she became infatuated with a divine artifact—

The brown bull of Cooley from neighboring Ulster.

Legend said the bull could sire fifty calves in one day, carry fifty children on its back, and conceal one hundred warriors beneath its massive form.

So Medb sent envoys to borrow the bull for a year, offering generous rewards in return.

At first, her request was warmly received. That night, the hosts held a feast for the envoys. But after a few drinks, the envoys began to boast arrogantly, threatening that if the bull wasn't lent, Medb would send her army to seize it.

Angered by the threats, the hosts rescinded the offer.

When her envoys returned and explained what had happened, Medb didn't blame them. Instead, she formed a triple alliance with two other kingdoms and launched a full-scale war against Ulster.

Thus began a war over a divine bull.

Truthfully, this was a war of pure selfishness—a ruler stirring up chaos for personal gain, devoid of any justice.

Had it been one-sided, the world—struggling under the invasion of chaos—might've accepted a quick end to conflict.

But Ulster had a young hero: Cú Chulainn.

At seven years old, he had killed a vicious hound with his bare hands. Declaring he would replace the slain dog in guarding its master, the blacksmith Culann, he earned the name Cú Chulainn ("Hound of Culann").

Having only recently returned from training in the mysterious Land of Shadows, he was at his most impetuous and explosive.

Armed with a crimson cursed spear, he darted unseen through forests, always striking at the weakest point of enemy formations, slaying dozens—sometimes hundreds—before vanishing like the wind before Queen Medb's army could retaliate.

Originally, this would've played out like an epic siege—an excruciating back-and-forth struggle.

But the fall of the Tuatha Dé Danann changed everything.

The instant Odin killed the God of Light, Lugh, Cú Chulainn was gripped by a terrifying sense of dread.

As the so-called "Son of Light," he was the child of Lugh and Deichtire, sister of mortal King Conchobar.

Having just slain a battalion of Connacht warriors, he suddenly erupted—as if without cause.

Tears streamed down his face, and a look of deep sorrow overtook his normally fierce features. Crimson lines of divine law coiled around his red spear, the cursed weapon Gáe Bolg.

Already terrifying in its own right, Gáe Bolg bore thirty backward-facing barbs that tore open anything it pierced. Its wounds resembled jagged saw gashes, and no matter how deep the stab, it could always be withdrawn with ease.

Clearly, the death of Lugh, combined with the Will of the World's blessing, had triggered a massive surge in Cú Chulainn's power.