

Thalos 165

Chapter 165

[Sétanta!] The World Will called out Cú Chulainn's true name.

"Huh? Who are you?" Cú Chulainn's eyes, once blood-red, instantly regained clarity upon hearing the voice.

[I am the Will of the World!]

Cú Chulainn instinctively doubted it. But the overwhelming sense of resonance with the world surpassed even his imagination. In that moment, his vision transcended the battlefield, soaring into the sky and reaching the very edges of this chaos-shrouded world.

The voice of the world, like a resounding bell, echoed unceasingly in his ears: [The Chaos Demon-God Odin has slain two successive High Kings of the Tuatha Dé Danann—among them, your father Lugh! Odin intends to pollute the entire world with chaotic power. Go, Cú Chulainn, take up your weapon, and join all heroes of Order in resisting the wicked Odin—]

But Cú Chulainn hesitated. "But... but... my country is being invaded by the evil Queen Medb."

[I shall persuade her to set aside her hatred... Huh? She refused!]

Just as confusion swelled in Cú Chulainn's mind, a thunderous boom erupted from the sky.

"Whoa!"

A strange, whirling wind!

A chariot with distinct Irish characteristics appeared midair in Cú Chulainn's field of vision—floating.

Two immaculate white horses, without a single blemish in their coats, drew the chariot—not divine beasts themselves, but divinely infused by the power saturating the vehicle. The chariot itself radiated sacred power, elevating even its steeds.

A light drizzle fell from the sky, yet no rain touched the chariot. The turbulent wind swirling around it blew away each droplet, returning them to mist and folding them back into the curtain of rain.

Cú Chulainn said nothing, merely fixed a fierce stare on the woman who had launched a war over her greed.

The elegant blonde woman standing atop the chariot was, of course, his archenemy—Queen Medb of Connacht.

Dressed in a white, lace-trimmed gown radiating ethereal charm, her left hand gripped the reins while her right held a riding crop. She stood tall upon the chariot, gazing down at Cú Chulainn through veils of rain with proud arrogance.

Her eyes, emboldened by divine power, reflected the silver rain and also locked directly onto Cú Chulainn, who stood amidst a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood. Within her eyes, too, burned a roaring flame of anger.

"Cú Chulainn! I'll give you a chance. Drop your cursed spear and surrender now, and I'll spare your life. I will even lead you in the conquest of the Emerald Isle, annihilate the chaos giants, and grant you supreme glory—"

Though Queen Medb's voice was soft, it carried the weight of divinity and spread clearly across the bloody battlefield to reach his ears.

Cú Chulainn was instantly enraged!

He saw it clearly: this wicked woman had also acquired divine power and had utterly rejected the World's plea, persisting in this unjust war.

On the other hand, the World's message—and the death of his father—had shaken Cú Chulainn's heart to its core.

"Madwoman! Don't you realize the world is on the brink of collapse?" Cú Chulainn snapped, shaking the blood from his crimson spear. The blood struck a tree trunk nearby with a sharp, cracking "splat."

That small motion only further offended Queen Medb.

That was Connacht warrior blood he had flung.

"So what if I know? Even if that truly is the Will of the World, I will not cooperate with my enemy!"

Words failed.

Combat commenced immediately.

They were mortal enemies to begin with—and now, empowered by divine intervention, their battle only grew more ferocious.

Queen Medb's divine chariot suddenly launched into motion. The wind bolstered its charge, tearing through the atmosphere with such force that even birds in the distant forest fled in panic.

With both the force of gales and the crushing mass of metal, her chariot accelerated like a falling comet. Its mere presence carried the feeling of impending apocalypse.

Without hesitation, Cú Chulainn unleashed the Gáe Bolg!

But shockingly, his cursed spear was deflected by one of Medb's divine treasures...

This was undoubtedly a battle between demi-gods—but absolutely not what the World Will had wanted.

Odin, the greatest threat to the Celtic world, had already launched his mad campaign of conquest, and the world stood on the verge of being consumed by chaos. Yet the hero it had empowered was still caught in internal conflict.

The World Will was filled with profound helplessness and dread.

And Medb versus Cú Chulainn wasn't the only case.

In the Fianna Knights, Commander Fionn had a falling out with King Cormac. After Princess Gráinne's marriage alliance with Fionn failed—and with the Fianna's growing power—Cormac saw them as a threat to his throne. He ordered Crown Prince Cairbre to send assassins against Fionn.

That assassination was thwarted by Fianna hero Diarmuid Ua Duibhne, but it ignited a civil war between the knights and the royal faction.

In Britain, King Arthur's most trusted knight, Lancelot, had betrayed him—running off with Queen Guinevere. Just as Arthur prepared for a punitive expedition, another knight, Mordred, rebelled, forcing Arthur to abandon the campaign and return to suppress the uprising.

Before the World Will's eyes, all the nations that might have once united to overthrow Odin's reign of darkness had instead descended into brutal infighting.

The Will of the Celtic World grew cold with despair.

These are the elites among the intelligent mortals I placed my hope in?

They use my granted strength... to fight each other?

What a joke!

At last, the Celtic World Will could no longer endure it.

A wisp of its consciousness crossed the not-so-vast chaotic starfield, arriving at the outer barrier of the Ginnungagap World.

What a splendid world!

Clear borders between order and chaos. That eggshell-like barrier shielded the realm from chaotic incursion. Any traces of chaos that did seep in were swiftly purified by Yggdrasil.

Bright skies, stable lands, and a lattice of fundamental laws—unlike anything in the Celtic world—structured the Ginnungagap World's flawless cycles of matter and energy.

The Celtic World burned with envy.

Finally, it spoke:

[Thalos Borson! This is a war between the World of Order and Chaos. No one who upholds Order can remain uninvolved. Let us... talk!]

It never imagined that even after humbling itself, it would be shut out completely.

Not by Thalos—but by the Ginnungagap World itself:

[GET LOST, CELTIC! Thalos Borson is MY God-King! He has no obligation to clean up your mess!]

[I am willing to offer my World Essence!]

[I DON'T WANT IT!] Ginnungagap's response was unexpectedly firm.

For reasons he couldn't explain, as Thalos listened to two worlds bicker in the void, he couldn't help but feel a strange sense of satisfaction...

Almost like two women fighting over a husband.