

## Thalos 166

### Chapter 166: A Display of Wisdom

Teaching a world how to act was like expecting ants in a plastic box to explain to their human keeper how to exterminate cockroaches—it simply didn't make sense.

The Will of a world, most of the time, couldn't even distinguish between the ants and the roaches.

When the Celtic World Will realized it was being brutalized by chaos with no effective countermeasures, true panic finally set in.

Meanwhile, Thalos sat in his palace humming a tune and watching the show, casually listening to two World Wills engage in what was nominally an argument—but functionally a negotiation.

Thalos had rarely communicated directly with the Will of the Ginnungagap World, mainly because he wasn't sure if there were hidden ties between these twin worlds that he hadn't yet discovered.

After all, he was a god-king who had seized the throne by force. While he was now deeply bound to Ginnungagap, he had no intention of offending his host world's Will unnecessarily.

But now? He got to play the "good cop," while the Ginnungagap World Will took on the "bad cop" role.

Whether the act was sincere or not, this play was flawless!

Thalos figured, if he were a little more cold-blooded, he could let Odin completely destroy the Celtic world and then show up later to scoop up the broken remains.

The Celtic world was smaller than Ginnungagap, and even if it were completely corrupted by chaos, Thalos was confident he could subdue it—though the price would be higher.

But there was no need to let it get that bad.

As things stood, it was simply that Ginnungagap wanted to be the greater world, and Celtic was willing to take the subordinate role.

How they negotiated didn't concern Thalos.

He only needed to play the "miracle doctor" who arrives to cure the disease.

The ironic part? The chaos-catalyst Odin remnant had been released by Thalos himself. Yet Odin, in his desperation to regain power, had fused his soul with chaos to such a degree that even his own mother, Bestla, wouldn't recognize him.

And the foolish Celtic World Will, unaware of Thalos's manipulation, was now racked with guilt for failing to control the spread of chaos.

In a way, Thalos was like a man who unleashed a plague, only to turn around and sell the cure.

And he felt zero remorse. Even if he had done nothing, the idiotic Celtic world would've fallen under chaos regardless—the islands were already rife with war and corruption.

"I've accelerated the Celtic world's recovery. They should be thanking me." Thalos swirled the crimson wine in his golden goblet, pleased that not a drop spilled—his control, as always, was impeccable.

After half a day, the two World Wills finally finished their quarrel.

The Ginnungagap Will spoke first: [Thalos! We've reached an agreement. I want you to purge the majority of the chaos energy within the Celtic world.]

The Celtic World, its tone weary and defeated, added: [In exchange, I will recognize you as the God-King of both our worlds. You will have the right to reshape us at will—even to fuse our worlds together.]

"Oh? Now that's... impressive." Thalos was mildly surprised.

This wasn't just metaphorically "losing their shirt." The Celtic world was offering itself up entirely.

Truly decisive.

The Celtic World added: [But first, I need a demonstration.]

"A demonstration of what?"

[Proof that you can change this situation using nothing but wisdom.]

"Wisdom, huh?" A mysterious smile curled Thalos's lips. As expected, the thought processes of World Wills differed fundamentally from mortals. A World Will could empower a hero to rival gods but couldn't directly influence the human heart.

Thalos, however, could. He could flatten the Celtic world by force—or manipulate it into submission.

He smiled. "Very well."

The Celtic world was still salvageable—if things didn't spiral further out of control. For instance, if the remaining three islands could unite their fractured forces.

Reconciliation? Impossible. Every leader had their own selfish motives.

Since the Aesir couldn't interfere directly, Thalos had plenty of pieces left on the board.

Take, for example, Beowulf and Siegfried—two divine retainers who had fought through multiple battles and miraculously survived.

Normally, charging alongside Nuada and Lugh would've gotten them killed. But with Thalos's divine "eyes" guiding their every move—marking optimal attack and retreat paths—they racked up enormous kill counts. They had slain double-digit giants and collected so many heads they had to settle for ears as trophies.

They even gained the trust of the remaining scattered divine retinues of the Tuatha Dé Danann.

Under Thalos's guidance, the pair rescued dozens of scattered divine warriors and freed several key deities:

—Danu, goddess of fertility, wisdom, and wind

—Morrigan, goddess of war

—Angus, god of love and youth, renowned for his magic

All three had been severely wounded. With their power depleted and their followers dead or missing, they had no choice but to rely on these two hulking heroes.

Following Thalos's carefully planned route, Beowulf and Siegfried "luckily" found a fishing boat, smuggled the three gods aboard, and delivered them to the front lines near Ulster.

There, Cú Chulainn and Queen Medb had been locked in a brutal duel for three straight days.

In terms of raw power, Cú Chulainn had the upper hand. But Medb's divine chariot—powered by the World Will—was absurdly overpowered.

The iron chariot flew through the sky, fast and deadly, with both offensive and defensive capabilities. As long as she remained aboard, Cú Chulainn couldn't touch her.

After three days of relentless combat, both sides were utterly exhausted.

A truce was called, with another battle scheduled for three days hence.

That evening, Medb visited a waterfall pool to rest.

"Damn it! Why can't that brute Cú Chulainn just surrender or die already?! Damn, damn, damn!" The famously beautiful queen couldn't stand going three days without a bath.

After her guards checked the area, she rushed to the pool, eager for a luxurious soak.

But her moment of relaxation was shattered.

A burly man surfaced from beneath the water.

"Who are you?!" Medb shrieked, halfway through undressing.

"Queen Medb, we are divine retainers of the Tuatha Dé Danann. We formally request your aid in the war against chaos and the overthrow of King Odin of the Giants!" Beowulf said solemnly.

"Shut up! I don't care about the Tuatha Dé Danann. Your war is none of my concern! But for daring to spy on me, you'll pay with your lives!" Seeing her guards arrive, Queen Medb's confidence surged.