

## Thalos 167

### Chapter 167: Unifying the Northern Kingdoms

Beowulf sighed, spreading his hands. "So there's nothing more to say?"

"Die, you insolent brute!" Queen Medb, her bath interrupted at the height of her rage, snapped her fingers. "Guards, kill him!"

What happened next shocked her to the core.

Her elite personal guards—each of them capable of taking on ten men—charged forward like tigers. But they were effortlessly sidestepped and had their necks snapped like twigs. Their corpses were tossed aside like sacks of garbage.

Queen Medb could no longer conceal her astonishment. She now realized she had provoked a hero with power equal to or beyond Cú Chulainn.

"Damn it!" she leapt gracefully onto her steel war chariot parked by the pool.

Just as she took the reins, she saw the man give her a look—not one of contempt, but pity.

What the hell does that mean?

Before she could urge her horses to take flight, a fully armored, burly warrior appeared in front of her chariot out of thin air.

A flash of cold light—

The heads of her two white steeds spun into the air.

Before she could even scream, the massive man grabbed her by the neck and yanked her from the chariot like a rag doll, slamming her hard into the ground.

The jagged rocks pierced her flesh, sending waves of pain through her body. But what frightened her more were the man's eyes—resolute, emotionless. He didn't see her as a woman at all.

All her charm, all her allure, was useless now. Just like that, she was a prisoner.

In some ways, any bathhouse was Queen Medb's Achilles' heel.

According to the *Táin Bó Cúailnge*, she was once ambushed by Fergus mac Róich's son Furbai while bathing and killed with a slingshot to the head.

Her guards were utterly stunned by this turn of events.

They screamed and rushed the man—Siegfried—but no matter how many came, Beowulf slaughtered them all.

And so, the terrified survivors watched a mighty man stride into their war camp carrying their queen like luggage.

With no fear in his eyes, the great hero Siegfried stepped onto the command platform and declared to tens of thousands of soldiers:

"The King of the Chaos Giants, Odin, has defeated the Tuatha Dé Danann and is now demanding the surrender of the surrounding islands. Your queen not only refused to join the Order Coalition—she ignored the looming extinction of the world! By the will of my god, I declare Medb guilty. She shall be sacrificed!"

Then, before the stunned army, Siegfried drew a magical circle unknown to anyone present. Medb's body turned into a beam of light and shot skyward!

At that moment, Beowulf arrived with the three rescued gods and several other divine retainers, publicly revealing their identities.

Faced with the radiant figures of Danu, Morrigan, and Angus, the Connacht soldiers were utterly at a loss.

Beowulf raised a massive giant's head and roared, "Look at this! This is what we're fighting—monsters that could wipe us out! We fought and failed. Now it's your turn. Or would you rather wait until these beasts massacre you all?"

Their queen had been "executed."

Giant heads were the proof of war.

Even the densest soldier now understood the tides had turned.

They asked only one thing: "What if Ulster refuses the alliance?"

"Impossible!" Siegfried shouted. "Because Odin has just slain Cú Chulainn's father—Lugh, the God of Light!"

A father's murder is an unpardonable offense.

As expected, when Siegfried arrived bearing Medb's "remains" and Lugh's token, Cú Chulainn immediately agreed to join forces.

In a single day, the fractured island of Ireland—with its many kingdoms—was completely unified. All remaining opposition forces pledged themselves to the anti-Chaos coalition.

The speed of this transformation stunned not only the kings of Ireland—

It stunned the Will of the Celtic World.

[What? You unified the mortal nations that easily?!]

Thalos sat upon the High Throne of the Silver Palace and chuckled softly. "And that, dear Will, is why you need me. You, for all your might, do not understand human hearts."

[Sigh... I have no more objections. Do as you will.]

The voice of the Celtic World fell silent.

Thalos could feel it—the world he had long set his sights on had finally opened its gates to him.

Just like Queen Medb... now lying tied up on his bedroom table.

Queen Medb was terrified.

She had never seen a real giant before—not even the scaled-down versions on the Emerald Isle. And now, after being transported, the first thing she saw upon opening her eyes was a towering giantess ten times her size.

In that enormous hand, her petite frame felt like a doll.

Her only comfort was that this massive palace—magnificent beyond reason—at least contained some human women.

Several of them, clad in splendid armor and winged white helmets, hoisted her onto a table clearly sized for giants.

There, the female warriors tied her up in red silk ribbons like a gift.

To be honest, the ribbons weren't very tight—she could break free if she wanted to.

But then what?

Even ignoring the literal giants, the divine aura radiating from the female warriors made it clear she wouldn't stand a chance.

Without her enchanted chariot, she was powerless.

So she chose to obey.

"Ladies... who are you? And where am I?"

"This is Asgard, the palace of His Divine Majesty, Thalos Borson. We are mortal women chosen and empowered to serve as his semi-divine attendants. You may call us Valkyries. My name is Róta."

"Lady Róta... what will happen to me?" Medb asked timidly.

"I don't know. That depends entirely on His Majesty's will."

Moments later, Medb saw the being who would decide her fate—

He was handsome, radiant, and impossibly powerful. His black eyes seemed to pierce through her soul, past and future alike.

There was only one problem...

He was enormous.

Taller than three men stacked together.

If he... pressed down on me... I'd die, right?

Despite the dread curling in her heart, Medb forced a smile—her most charming one yet.

Thalos's eye twitched.

He honestly had no idea Beowulf and Siegfried would pull something like this.

Yes, he had given the order for Medb to "disappear."

But he hadn't meant "disappear onto his bedroom table!"