

## Thalos 168

### Chapter 168: Medb's Surrender

Well, alright—Medb was actually quite pretty.

Thalos glanced down at the "tiny" beauty trembling before him and, upon seeing the fear in her eyes, suddenly burst into laughter. "Pfft! Pull yourself together—I preferred the proud, defiant version of you."

This threw Queen Medb completely off.

Thalos wanted her to keep acting haughty? How could she?

He was the God-King! He didn't even have to lift a finger to crush her—just send one mortal hero and she'd be done for. In the face of such overwhelming power, she was no more than a doll for others to toy with.

Thalos's teasing only pushed her over the edge. Medb collapsed into sobs.

"I'm sorry! I-I don't have any pride left! I can't control myself... Your Majesty, I didn't mean to offend—wuwuwu!"

Thalos lost interest in an instant. With a snap of his fingers, he said, "Brunhilde, take her away. Teach her some proper manners."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

That was Thalos's initial plan.

But then, something unexpected happened. Queen Medb—strangely—started rubbing her legs together and wriggling slightly.

Thalos raised an eyebrow and changed his mind.

His immense divine form began to shrink under the influence of his godly power.

Still towering at over twice the height of a normal man.

Queen Medb's cheeks flushed a strange, deep pink, and in a barely audible voice she murmured, "Your Majesty... could you be a little smaller?"

Thalos smirked and shrunk again—just a bit taller than an average man.

Medb actually leaned forward.

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Elsewhere, things weren't quite so simple with the coalition between Ulster and Connacht.

There were two problems. First, the men of Connacht were naturally cursed with weakness.

The curse stemmed from an incident involving a prosperous Ulster farmer named Crunnchu and the goddess Macha, who had taken mortal form and become his wife. She became pregnant soon after.

One day, Crunnchu attended a great festival in Ulster. The king's horses had just won every race, and the crowd cheered loudly, proclaiming nothing was faster.

Crunnchu, flushed with pride, claimed his wife was faster.

King Conchobar was furious. He had Crunnchu detained and summoned Macha.

Despite being about to give birth, she was forced to race the king's horses. She begged for mercy, but no one listened. The king threatened to cut her husband into pieces if she refused.

Macha ran the race, outpaced the horses, and collapsed at the finish line, giving birth to twins. With her dying breath, she cursed Ulster:

"From this day on, the shame you brought upon me will bring pain to every man of Ulster during times of invasion—five days of childbirth-like agony. This curse shall last for nine generations."

Thus, the warriors of Ulster were rendered utterly useless in times of crisis—except for the god-born Cú Chulainn, who was immune.

So when the Chaos Giant army invaded, only Connacht's warriors could be counted on.

The problem? Queen Medb had been "sacrificed" by Siegfried.

Without a queen to lead them, the Connacht troops and their allies were in disarray—leaderless and arguing over command.

Neither Siegfried nor Cú Chulainn could earn the trust of these native soldiers.

Just as the generals were locked in a bitter dispute, a golden beam of light descended onto the camp. Out of it limped Queen Medb.

She caught eyes with Cú Chulainn—his gaze fierce—and instinctively took half a step back, eyes glistening with tears.

"I'm sorry, warrior of Ulster," she said meekly.

Cú Chulainn blinked, dumbfounded.

What?

Was this really the same arrogant, chariot-riding queen who had battled him for three days and nights?

Had someone swapped her out?

His eye twitched. So did those of the Connacht and allied generals.

"I was punished by a greater being," Medb explained, her voice quivering. "I've come to understand my errors. I should never have started this unjust war for selfish gain. I swear I'll compensate Ulster after the conflict. For now, let us unite against the Chaos Giants."

Her reappearance immediately stabilized the Connacht-led alliance, giving the larger force a clear center.

Negotiations went smoothly. Medb recommended Beowulf as supreme commander and handed over full military authority. She made no trouble for Cú Chulainn or the Ulstermen.

After the meeting, Cú Chulainn asked to see Medb in private.

She agreed.

Inside the tent, Cú Chulainn got right to the point. "What happened to you?"

Medb blushed. "Our power comes from the World Will."

"I know," Cú Chulainn replied, already aware.

"Because we mortals continued our infighting even with destruction at our door, the World Will summoned an outer-world god-king as reinforcement. I... was summoned and shown the error of my ways."

"An outer-world god-king?" Cú Chulainn's eyes widened.

"Yes. The World Will of Celtic chose him."

Cú Chulainn fell into deep conflict. Of course he didn't want his world taken over by an outsider. But the deaths of his father Lugh and High King Nuada had taught him that his strength alone could not win this war.

After a long silence, he sighed. This proud, fiery Son of Light finally accepted the truth.

"Then you handle army preparations. I'm heading to the Emerald Isle to delay the Chaos Giants."

"Alright," Medb nodded.

Having fought him for so long, she knew full well—Cú Chulainn excelled at solo warfare. Throwing him into massed battles would only waste his incredible agility and mobility.

Guerrilla strikes were his true calling.

After he left, Medb called for her attendants.

"Your Majesty, what's wrong?"

"Help... me up. My legs are jelly. I feel like my whole body's been disassembled."

One of her closest maids, surprised, saw the queen unable to stand or even close her legs properly.  
"Your Majesty... were you... beaten up by a giant?"

Medb's expression was... complicated.

"...You could say that, yes."

The military forces of the northern kingdoms had been unified. But truly welding them into one cohesive army would still take time.