

Thalos 170

Chapter 170: Pot Accepted, Crown Promised

Brunhilde's voice, rich with magnetism and authority, rang out once more across the battlefield: "In the name of the God-King Thalos Borson, recognized by the Will of the Celtic World, I hereby proclaim—King Cormac and his sons, in their disregard for the crisis engulfing the world and obsession with petty power struggles, have effectively aided the expansion of the Chaos Giant Army. For this, they have been executed! The entire Áth royal line is now declared enemies of the world—anyone may kill them without consequence!"

This declaration sent shockwaves through both armies.

What the hell was this?

The World Will had... recruited an outsider?

At that moment, thunder boomed across the sky—Thor made his dramatic entrance.

A massive apparition of Thor, towering like a giant, his form crackling with titanic lightning serpents, loomed over the battlefield. Thunderous roars exploded around him.

"I am Thor, God of Thunder! By permission of the Celtic World, I shall purge all chaos from this land! Any who disobey—shall be slain!"

Of course, Thor himself would never say something so eloquent. This was a speech Thalos had forced the big oaf to memorize word-for-word.

Still, the bombastic appearance stunned both armies into silence.

Both sides had already experienced an unnatural surge in strength—gifts from the World Will—but the flames of war still raged, too bitter and too deep to extinguish by mere words.

Even warriors like Fionn and Diarmuid had, in spite of everything, funneled that divine strength into each other's armies, ignoring the World Will's request.

Now? Now the so-called God-King Borson had sent both divine envoys and gods to kill the king's entire family.

The Fianna had no more reason to fight.

Fionn immediately dismounted and declared, "The Fianna Knights heed the Will of the World! We join the holy campaign against Chaos!"

Seeing this, the royal soldiers also lost all will to fight.

To surrender to the Fianna was humiliating. But to submit to the World Will? To a god? That was no shame.

That was duty.

In droves, the royal soldiers knelt and shouted, "We heed the Will of the World!"

A war that could've annihilated an entire kingdom had been dissolved in a single, brutal intervention.

Thalos remembered clearly—in the original myths, both sides fought themselves into mutual destruction. The king's army was wiped out. The Fianna were nearly annihilated. Diarmuid, Oscar, and all the famed heroes fell, leaving only Oisín and Caílte mac Rónáin to survive.

Normally, Thalos wouldn't have cared how many self-destructive idiots died in their own squabble.

But with Odin unleashing chaos, their deaths would have poisoned the world further—boosting entropy and accelerating collapse.

That couldn't be allowed.

Now, with war averted, the Will of the World once again whispered to its strongest champions. This time, they obeyed.

The battlefield began to clear. The surviving leaders stepped toward the center, eyes full of awe as they gazed upon Thor's avatar—sitting casually atop a mound of corpses, lightning writhing around his muscular form, his colossal warhammer exuding primal menace.

Perhaps the royal army's generals couldn't grasp the full weight of it, but Fionn, who had faced sea demons and Scottish giants, paled at once.

He could hear the faint howls of ancient beasts emanating from that hammer—not an illusion, but echoes of real monsters slain by this god.

They all knelt.

"Hail, Lord Thor!"

"Rise," said Thor gruffly. This was his first time playing avatar projection, and though excited, he dared not screw up Thalos' plans. He waved a hand. "Brunhilde, you take it from here."

Brunhilde stepped forward. With a flick of her hand, a glowing 3D map projected into the air.

Even that simple gesture shook the leaders. None of their kingdom's mages could pull off such finesse.

"The situation is dire," Brunhilde began. "The traitor Odin has stolen Chaos power, resurrected the Fomorian clans of Elatha and Balor, and wiped out the main force of the Tuatha Dé Danann. Nearly two-thirds of their gods have fallen. The rest are heavily wounded..."

After the briefing, both factions finally understood why the World Will was so furious.

The world was on the brink of collapse, and they'd been squabbling over petty internal politics.

No wonder the Will had brought in help from the outer realms.

Still, it chafed to think the *Æsir* gods were here to snatch the glory.

But what choice did they have?

They'd been blind—and now the last native pantheon had collapsed.

Fine. Better to serve the *Æsir* than to be devoured by chaos giants.

Fionn, especially, understood what those monsters looked like—extra limbs, too many heads... abominations.

Brunhilde concluded, "Fionn mac Cumhail! If you lead the Fianna Knights to earn war merits equivalent to the former royal army's strength, His Majesty Thalos Borson shall grant you kingship over this land!"

Classic carrot and stick—first crush them, then toss them the crown.

Fionn, despite his divine blood from his mother's side, was only a second-tier demigod. He could never defy a true God-King.

Even if he triumphed in this campaign, once he donned the crown, he would bear the karmic burden of regicide.

No matter what excuses he had—being attacked by the prince, acting in defense of the realm—none of that would matter. A subject had killed his sovereign.

That sin wouldn't fade for three generations.

He'd need Thalos' protection just to keep order.

He knew it. It was a trap. A political one. But he had no choice.

The *Æ*sir were far too powerful. Even the full strength of the Fianna couldn't match them. And Thalos had the World Will's full blessing—he held the mantle of righteous authority.

"I, Fionn mac Cumhaill, heed the command of the World Will. I vow to lead the knights with all my strength in the holy war against Chaos!"

He said it with grace—dignified, despite the cost.

As for Thor? That muscle-bound oaf didn't understand any of these political games.

Didn't matter.

His biceps were bigger than most men's heads. That was all the diplomacy he needed.

Thalos understood. And that was enough.

Second continent... pacified.