

## Thalos 172

### Chapter 172 Lancelot

In truth, the operations involving Queen Medb and the Fianna Knights were unfolding almost in parallel. Unfortunately, rallying mortal armies was an inherently time-consuming endeavor. No matter which faction was involved, some degree of logistical integration and preparation was unavoidable.

Thalos could simply have the *Æsir* gods descend en masse into the Celtic world, smash Odin's second-rate army, and end the matter swiftly.

But then he noticed something important—while he had an abundance of top-tier divine power, what he truly lacked were demigod-level mid-tier units.

Even True Gods of the *Æsir* would suffer significant power loss if they forced their way into another world, suppressed by foreign world laws. Worse, it might provoke a backlash from the very World Will he was trying to win over—turning him from guest to invader.

Thus, sending in brute-force options like Thor was less effective than deploying demigods and heroic spirits.

Valkyries were hard to deploy. They were created by Thalos himself through direct divine empowerment, inherently marked with the imprint of a God-King. The more he deployed them, the more likely the target world would overreact. And besides, they were symbols of the *Æsir*'s prestige. Losing too many would damage the pantheon's image.

Running the numbers, it was almost laughable—such a vast Ginnungagap, and excluding the Valkyries, Thalos had only two noteworthy demigod champions: Beowulf and Siegfried.

Once he devoured the Celtic world, though, his options for disposable hero units would multiply. There was 'Dog Bro' Cú Chulainn, various heroes from the Fianna Knights, and of course, Arthur's famous knights.

This was why Thalos had invested so much effort in untangling the inter-kingdom conflicts within the Celtic world. His goal was to recruit these legendary figures under his banner.

He'd been a bit worried that Odin, drunk on recent victories, might immediately push into the remaining two continents.

But after observing for a few days, Thalos realized Odin wasn't in much better shape. He, too, needed time—time to consolidate the Fomorian giants under his command. And that was even harder than unifying feudal human armies. Chaos was, by nature, unruly and unstable.

On top of that, Thalos had caught a glimpse of Odin's next move—using chaos to corrupt captured members of the Tuatha Dé Danann.

Fascinating.

In what had once been the magnificent temple of the Tuatha Dé Danann—now defiled by chaos—Odin sat arrogantly atop the former throne of Bres, surrounded by the corpses of fallen gods and divine servants. These corpses, arranged in a grotesque ritual circle, served to amplify the chaotic spellwork drawn by the Fomorian chieftain Elatha, pouring chaos directly into the remaining prisoners.

Among the victims were none other than the All-Father Dagda, the horse goddess Epona, and the thunder god Taranis.

And the biggest joke? Bres himself, former king of the gods, now held even less status than before. Since his father Elatha had become Odin's flunky, that made Bres—by extension—just the son of a servant.

He was losing rank by generations!

Bres was torn up inside. His lackluster divine role as a harvest god hadn't helped. Though he now bore the taint of chaos—complete with a second head—Odin found his combat performance utterly lacking.

If given a choice, Odin would've much preferred Nuada or Lugh as a subordinate.

Still, Odin's strategy of prioritizing the subjugation of the Tuatha Dé Danann made sense. He had already inquired and knew that the other three continents were mostly inhabited by demigods and godspawn.

He became complacent. Understandably so.

What he didn't expect was that his "big brother" Thalos was playing such a sly hand—not intervening directly, but waging a proxy war.

Had Odin known the Æsir were deploying en masse, he would've gone berserk—mobilizing his troops across the world to accelerate chaos's spread and strengthen his power.

But lacking intel, he made the wrong call.

And then... a new variable appeared.

In the corrupted grandeur of the once-holy Tuatha temple, Odin lounged upon Bres' throne, eyes surveying the world with disdain. Before him knelt a disheveled couple.

"Raise your heads," Odin said casually.

Before him stood a knight and a lady. The man was handsome and bright, the woman refined and beautiful. Unfortunately, both looked like they'd just been dragged through a swamp—his ornate armor and her finely tailored riding habit were muddied and torn.

"I, Lancelot, offer my loyalty to His Majesty Odin!" the knight declared.

"Oh? And your condition?" Odin didn't even bother to look up. He knew his own reputation—loyalty never came for free.

"Shelter—for both of us," Lancelot replied, gently taking the woman's hand.

"If you serve me, then you are mine," Odin said indifferently. "Who is she?"

Her attire marked her as someone of noble birth—no gold, but her silver pins and intricate accessories bespoke wealth and status.

The woman hesitated, then looked up, revealing a delicate, seemingly pure face. "Lancelot is a knight of the Round Table. I am Guinevere, Queen of Camelot in Britain."

Odin instantly understood.

This guy was scum.

A knight sworn to his king, who seduced the queen behind his back?

Utterly disgraceful.

Odin almost burst out laughing from sheer disgust.

Who were these clowns? Did they think his court was a trash heap for society's filth?

He nearly ordered their immediate execution.

Then Bres—double-headed and twitchy—spoke up.

"Your Majesty Odin! Camelot isn't as simple as it looks."

"Oh?" Odin raised a brow.

"Camelot is under the protection of the Lady of the Lake. She is one of the rare gods with power to counter and cleanse chaos."

And with that, Bres shut up.

Say what you will about his incompetence as a ruler—when it came to his domain of knowledge, he could be surprisingly reliable.

Odin thought it over... then nodded.

"Fine. I accept you. But you—Lancelot—must undergo chaotic transformation."

Lancelot looked stunned.

He had expected to fight in return for protection—but become a chaos mutant?

No way! He'd seen what chaos did—extra limbs, twisted heads—grotesque transformations.

He might've been shunned for the Guinevere affair, but he was still famous. No sane king would have welcomed him. That's why he'd fled to the Isle of Erin in the first place!

Now Odin wanted him to corrupt himself?

"No!" he shouted.

"You gave up your right to refuse the moment you came here," Odin said coldly.