

Thalos 174

Chapter 174: There Is No Rebellion, Only Traitors!

Souls do not require breath.

Yet in this moment, Arthur felt as though he had forgotten what breathing was.

The god before him was at least three times his own height. His massive frame radiated unfathomable divine might, and somewhere deep in his spirit, Arthur sensed an intricate and inextricable connection to this divine King.

He was the progenitor.

He was the origin.

He was the end.

Arthur seemed to witness two vast worlds being fused together in the great hands of Thalos.

Only he could rescue the Celtic world—already slipping into infinite chaos—from its despair, cleansing it with a blazing light of order that would banish all darkness and evil.

Almost by instinct, Arthur bent the knees he once thought too noble to ever lower.

"Arthur Pendragon... pays homage to His Majesty the God-King!"

"Very well. Henceforth, you shall serve as my divine attendant. Do you accept?"

"Arthur... accepts the command!" To Arthur's surprise, he felt very little resistance in his heart.

Partly because it was the Lady of the Lake who had guided him here. Without her, there would've been no twelve victorious battles, no mighty kingdom of Camelot.

Partly because his personality—true to myth—was such that once his territory had grown large enough, he naturally yearned for higher realms and deeper mysteries.

There was no Holy Grail in this world.

Thalos's emergence as a god-king neatly filled that void.

Rather than say Thalos subjugated Arthur through the Lady of the Lake, it would be more accurate to call this a mutual convergence of fate.

And honestly, if Thalos couldn't subdue a red dragon-blooded extraordinary like Arthur, then he'd be unworthy of the title God-King.

"Arthur, you are now my direct divine attendant," Thalos declared, nodding in satisfaction. His vast voice rumbled through the silver palace like thunder, proclaiming Arthur's new divine status to all the heavens.

Arthur was about to speak when the scenery around him suddenly stretched and blurred. In the blink of an eye, he found himself back on his campaign bed.

He, like his knights, could only gape in astonishment.

Above their heads, the sun blazed with radiant light, while Arthur himself stood like the dawn incarnate, illuminating the entire camp.

Thalos's sacred and resounding voice echoed clearly in every soldier's ears:

"You, Arthur Pendragon, are now My divine servant!"

"Wield royal authority! Cleanse the disloyal! Banish the chaos!"

"I grant you freedom from all magical affliction—freedom from darkness, from drought! You and your knights shall transcend death, guardians eternal of order!"

These three simple proclamations carried divine might so vast it shook the army to its core.

The trembling sky turned into roaring thunder. Even the atmosphere bowed to Arthur's will.

Dry wells along the road burst forth with fresh springs, quenching the soldiers' thirst.

Mystic radiance clung to each knight's armor, transforming their mundane iron into gleaming suits of enchanted wargear.

All of nature itself responded in harmony to the God-King's edict, offering Arthur its unreserved support.

This was no longer merely a military suppression.

It was a world-encompassing purge of rebellion and chaos.

Arthur climbed atop a large stone, lifted his sacred sword high, and pointed it toward Camelot.

"By the will of the Celtic world! By the decree of His Majesty Thalos Borson! The army advances! Our destination—Camelot! Let traitor Mordred be destroyed!"

"Yes—Your Majesty!"

Originally, Arthur had planned to negotiate with his illegitimate son. If possible, he'd never choose to kill his own blood.

But he would never know just how deeply Morgan had twisted Mordred's mind with hatred.

Nor would he know how warped Morgan's own hatred of him had become.

Once, she had loved him. But when Arthur became King of Camelot, she believed he had stolen the throne that should have been hers.

She incited Mordred constantly, secretly bribing and bewitching many of Arthur's knights.

Ironically, with Arthur's death, that hatred always dissolved, and Morgan would return to being the sister who once loved him—so much so that she would go to great lengths to try and revive him after his passing.

Without Thalos's intervention, this story would have ended in a typical tragic stalemate of mutual destruction.

But Thalos spared no one—not even Odin—so why would he spare Morgan?

This deranged sorceress had never been on Thalos's preservation list.

Arthur knew this too. In accepting Thalos's divine power, he also accepted the pain that came with it.

This was the price of Royal Authority.

True royal authority could not be defiled!

And so Arthur, compelled by duty and destiny, led his mighty army toward Camelot.

But when they reached Swordbarrow Hill—a place destined to become legendary—Arthur and his knights were stunned.

Where were the rebels?

Before them, tens of thousands of Camelot's soldiers knelt on the ground, hands raised, weapons offered across their arms.

They wept and confessed with trembling voices.

"We shouldn't have listened to Mordred and Morgan's lies!"

"Arthur Pendragon, Your Majesty, you are the true King of Camelot!"

"Let us atone!"

"I would rather die fighting the Fomorian chaos giants!"

Arthur lifted his gaze in confusion and looked skyward—he thought he saw the sharp, commanding eyes of the God-King who now ruled the Celtic world.

He understood: this was the power of Thalos's Royal Authority in action!

This divine force of legitimacy was cleansing the hearts of his former subordinates.

At the center of the field, only one person remained standing, bewildered and screaming—Mordred. He roared at the kneeling soldiers, trying to whip them into rising, into fighting against Arthur once more.

But it was too late.

Not one soldier dared to lift their head to face Arthur's shining sacred sword.

That holy light melted away the last of their darkness—and all treasonous thoughts.

Each of them felt it deep in their hearts: We have always been the King's soldiers! Obeying him is truth itself!

Mordred? Morgan?

Their schemes meant nothing now.

To the thousands of men watching, this mother and son were nothing more than clowns, acting out a pitiful farce of betrayal.

"Go! Mordred!" Morgan shrieked, her twisted expression like that of a banshee.

"Go where?!"

"To Emerald Isle! We'll join that Odin! With the chaos giants' help, we'll destroy Camelot!"

Go?

Could they still flee at this point?

Just as Morgan tried to conjure magic to shroud Mordred in black feathers and fly him away—

She froze.

Sweat poured down her face. Her magic had vanished, devoured.

The mystic world itself was closing its gates on her.

Without her power, both she and her "beloved son" fell headfirst into a shared nightmare.