

Thalos 176

Chapter 176

The once lush and vibrant western coast of Emerald Isle (Ireland) had now become choked with filth and shadow.

Puddles of thick, chaotic fluid dotted the land, directly causing vast swaths of trees to wither and die. The plague known as "Chaos" had already massacred countless living creatures—birds and beasts alike, all the way down to ants and insects.

The fate of life here was binary: either death or transformation into hideous aberrations.

Chaos was clearly beginning to spread across the entire island.

After the island's only organized resistance—the Tuatha Dé Danann—had been wiped out, nothing remained to stop Odin's great chaotic enterprise... or so it should have been.

In recent days, however, a "ghost" had appeared.

Keeping a horde of Fomorian giants fed was no easy task. Only those who had actually led giants would understand the nightmare of their insatiable appetites. Odin had no intention of provisioning these brutes with dedicated supply lines—he simply let them roam freely.

He allowed them to forage in the ocean, as long as at least half of them stayed on the island.

Five giants were lazily wandering when suddenly, a flash of crimson light descended from above.

Under normal circumstances, these giants—each standing nearly twice the height of an average adult human—were virtually impervious to standard human attacks. Arrows were useless against their thick shark-like skin and dense muscles. Even a shot to the eye didn't necessarily carry enough force to penetrate to the brain and kill.

Except from above.

Everything happened so fast. The last giant in the line had already been impaled through the throat by a crimson spear.

"Gah... gurgle..."

Hearing the strange sounds from behind, the second-to-last giant turned his head to look back—exactly what Cú Chulainn had been waiting for.

After piercing the first giant's throat, Cú Chulainn swiftly yanked his spear free. The barbed tip of the Gáe Bolg shredded the creature's windpipe beyond repair—he was already as good as dead. With spring-loaded legs, Cú Chulainn leapt backwards, vaulting the space between them—enough to fit five giants—and landed right in front of the turning giant.

"Pfft!"

Another thrust—straight through the eye, deep into the brain!

This time, the attack was noisy. The giant managed to scream before death took him.

As Cú Chulainn jumped again, a massive spiked club came crashing toward him.

Displaying ridiculous agility, he tapped the club's tip mid-air with his spear, using the impact to vault higher—performing a true double jump. He then twisted midair and slashed the third giant across the face with his crimson spear.

It wasn't quite a lethal blow—until the fourth giant, in an ill-timed assist, swung his club right into his comrade's already wounded head.

"Crack!" The blow was so forceful that the third giant's face turned to pulp.

Using that momentum, Cú Chulainn tapped the fourth giant's arm, lunged forward, and drove another spear into the creature's throat.

This would've been a flawless execution.

But unexpectedly, the fifth Fomorian giant had some mastery over water elements. Just as Cú Chulainn landed his strike, two tendrils of water lashed out from behind the giant's neck and whipped him savagely.

The impact was brutal. Struck in the left ribs, Cú Chulainn knew instantly—at least two were broken.

Yet the fire of defiance within him ignited like oil doused with sparks, making him feel like his entire body was ablaze.

A surge of divine light exploded from within, mending his wounds with divine energy. It didn't just heal—it powered his body and soul, restoring his full mobility.

With a wild roar, he shouted, "Got more tricks, monster?!"

As he raised his head to scream defiantly, he struck forward with his blood-red spear.

The giant hesitated for just a moment. It had never imagined a mere mortal could withstand a full-force elemental strike and still function. In its eyes, a puny human like this should've been dead ten times over.

But there was no time to adjust.

The crimson spear, imbued with strange divine power, responded to Cú Chulainn's will. The Gáe Bolg carved a bizarre V-shaped trajectory through the air, propelled not by physics, but by causality itself—it had already declared the result: hit.

It pierced the giant's heart with unerring precision.

Man and spear moved as one!

Cú Chulainn's movements seemed to accelerate by double. By the time the giant reacted, the strange mortal already stood before him—barely waist-high—and was lifting the red spear high into the air, its tip buried deep in his heart.

"Hah... hah..." Gasping for breath, Cú Chulainn looked down at the fallen giant. "That's number 233!"

Killing giants consumed far more energy than slaying human warriors.

Just then, five dazzling beams of light shot through the forest.

They came so fast that even someone with Cú Chulainn's speed had no time to dodge.

No!

To be precise, he wasn't qualified to dodge.

Because what came was none other than the "Five-Colored Cannon"—Brionac!

"AHHH—" Cú Chulainn let out a scream as he collapsed to the ground, injured.

As he raised his bloodied head in defiance, a towering, terrifying figure emerged from the forest, snapping dead trees like twigs as he advanced.

"Mortal hero... you should feel honored. The one who brings you down is none other than I—Odin, the future ruler of this world!"

"Odin?!" Cú Chulainn coughed up blood, then laughed wildly. "Hah! A lowly mortal like me can attract the attention of the Chaos mastermind? Doesn't that mean you've got no one left?"

Odin's face darkened.

This foul-mouthed bastard had hit the nail on the head!

He had no one left.

Cú Chulainn's unpredictable guerilla tactics had caused Odin immense pain.

Giants weren't weeds that grew by the roadside. With their monstrous appetites, they sat at the top of the food chain and were naturally rare.

Losing so many giants—especially when some were still unaccounted for due to being free-range—hurt Odin deeply.

And he had no decent subordinates to make up for it.

Elatha had to lead the main army. Bres was a military incompetent. Lancelot was too immobile. The captured Tuatha gods hadn't yet been fully corrupted.

Against a guerilla genius like Cú Chulainn, if Odin didn't act himself—no one could.

Odin sneered. "No matter! Once you join me, I will have someone worth using!"

"No! I'd rather die than serve you!" Cú Chulainn tried to kill himself with his spear.

But Brionac knocked the Gáe Bolg flying in an instant!

That was the brutal reality of weapon hierarchies—relics weren't equal.

After all, Brionac had once belonged to Cú Chulainn's father—Lugh.

"This is no longer your choice!" Odin grinned as he raised his massive hand, dragging the wounded Cú Chulainn away.