

Thalos 178

Chapter 178 The Death of Bres

The god-spear, having been launched with terrifying speed, traced a razor-sharp arc through the air before circling back into Scathach's hand. To onlookers, she seemed like the true Goddess of the Spear—deity of the divine domain of "Piercing."

The Forest God wasn't the only one dumbfounded. Even Cú Chulainn, her own disciple, stood there stunned.

"Master? Where did you get that spear?" Cú Chulainn, of course, knew that his master wielded a spear called Gáe Dearg, a magical weapon similar to his own Gáe Bulg.

But the weapon in her hand now radiated a mystery far surpassing anything he'd seen. Its faint aura of space and divinity—compared to the elemental or force-based spears they knew—was overwhelming. Even his father's Brionac seemed a bit inferior in comparison.

After all, magical spears tied to raw elements paled before weapons imbued with conceptual forces like time, space, or fate.

"Shut up, you idiot disciple! I paid a great price to beg this spear from someone! I'm still hoping you'll kill me one day."

The relationship between Scathach and her disciple Cú Chulainn had always been an odd one.

Scathach, who resided year-round in the mystical realm of the Land of Shadows, always seemed cold and aloof. Yet, for heroes she acknowledged, she would teach everything she knew. Often bored from guarding the Gate of Death, she'd casually mention her desire for her pupil to one day end her life.

Cú Chulainn immediately recognized the weapon's origin. "If you want to die so badly, Master, you could've just asked His Majesty the God-King to kill you!"

"Idiot! Shut up!" Scathach brandished her own red spear with her left hand, slicing apart the chaotic tendrils that bound her foolish disciple and hoisting him from the chaos pool.

"There are others," Cú Chulainn said, gesturing toward the imprisoned Tuatha Dé gods.

This put Scathach in a difficult position.

As a demigod beyond humanity and a known god-slayer, Scathach had always stood at the margins of the world's laws. Because of this, she'd acquired a fair bit of "Abyssal Insight."

Naturally, she understood the consequences of her actions.

Rescuing only her disciple likely wouldn't accrue much karmic burden.

But if she rescued the captured Tuatha Dé as well... that would trigger massive cause and effect.

Odin had surely left contingencies in this location. Helping these gods escape might activate those traps.

Scathach glanced down at the divine spear in her hand and sighed quietly. She addressed the Tuatha Dé: "I can let you go. But remember—if you survive today, it is because of the mercy of His Majesty Thalos Borson, the God-King of Asgard."

Asgardian God-King?

The Forest God, Suchellus, and the others were startled.

Where had this god come from?

It was hard to blame them—they had been captured before the world will defected to Thalos. With their divine bodies bound in chaos, their awareness of the outside world had been completely severed.

Scathach continued, delivering the final blow to their pride: "The will of the Celtic world saw your defeat at the hands of chaos. With mortal kings useless, it chose to side with the Asgardians of the Ginnungagap world. The two worlds will likely merge. If you insist on opposing the Asgardians, then forget what I just offered."

The Tuatha Dé gods looked visibly conflicted.

At first, they'd seen the rescue as a favor from Scathach, the mentor of Lugh's son. They thought they'd thank her afterward and send her on her way. After all, Scathach didn't hold a true god's position—she'd be easy to deal with.

But if she was acting as the proxy of a God-King, that changed everything.

They were no longer "gods" to be rescued—they were now subjects.

And if that God-King were truly unscrupulous, he could've let them rot until they fully turned chaotic, then killed them all. The world itself would've thanked him for cleansing the filth.

By giving them a chance to live, he had already shown them immense mercy. As for what "rank" they'd have under Asgard? Better not to ask. Being alive was enough.

The Tuatha Dé all turned toward Dagda, Father of the Gods.

They had already lost two God-Kings in succession. Morale was nonexistent—but dignity had to be maintained. No minor god could be seen pledging fealty first. Dagda, father of most of them, was the perfect scapegoat.

Facing the stares of his many divine children, Dagda couldn't put up much resistance. In their current state, how could they afford to alienate this powerful foreign god?

"We, the remnants of the Tuatha Dé, are willing to unconditionally submit to the will of His Majesty Thalos Borson, the God-King."

The word "remnants" was very tactful.

It implied that the Tuatha Dé had already been annihilated. Thalos would be doing them a favor by accepting them. Dagda didn't even request autonomy.

Scathach secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

But just then, a sharp, shrill voice echoed from the staircase above.

"Who are you?! How dare you lay hands on the servant of the supreme World King Odin?!" The voice made the Tuatha Dé gods recoil in disgust—both physically and mentally.

It was Bres, the great traitor of the Tuatha Dé, poster child of "why did Your Majesty rebel?" The former God-King of the Tuatha Dé.

Behind him, a group of deformed, vicious chaos giants blocked the only exit to the underground chamber.

Scathach gave no verbal reply.

Her response was action.

A red light surged from her palm, coalescing into a glowing orb—not lightning, but the concentrated death-aura of the Shadow Realm.

As if manipulating a tangible object, she pulled and stretched it, infusing both the Gáe Dearg and Gungnir with deathly force.

Then, with a snap of her wrist, she hurled both spears in rapid succession.

If Bres insisted on standing in her way, she would grant him death.

As the Queen of the Land of Shadows—and a woman who had slain countless gods and wraiths—both spears carried a divine approval of the world's anti-god trait.

Against gods of similar power, her attacks were boosted by at least thirty percent.

What she didn't expect was just how weak Bres truly was.

Her first spear, the Gáe Dearg, pierced through his right arm and embedded itself into the very fabric of space behind him—pinning him in place.

Then the second spear, Gungnir, vanished upon release.

When it reappeared, it had already pierced through Bres's heart.

Until his final moment, Bres couldn't believe he'd died in such an absurd, anticlimactic way.

But when he saw the satisfaction and vengeful joy in the eyes of his former peers, he finally felt... a flicker of regret.