

Thalos 179

Chapter 179 Celtic Version of Feint to the East, Strike to the West

It wasn't boarding a ship—it was boarding a vehicle.

Which made the whole thing feel bizarre.

Due to the limitations of the era, King Arthur and his knights had no proper name for something so massive.

The structure looked like an enormous rectangular box—or perhaps a lid. The key detail: it was massive. At least a third the size of Camelot itself.

The surface of this "vessel," forged from solidified seawater, was as hard as stone.

Knight Gawain stepped onto it and casually gave it a kick—only to nearly dent his own metal boot in the process.

"Ah?!" Gawain turned toward King Arthur, visibly embarrassed.

Arthur's lip twitched helplessly.

Unless he were a fool, it was impossible not to realize: this was their God-King flaunting his divine power.

New gods, after all, had to manifest miracles. To awe the masses and win faith, they had to demonstrate divine might.

Arthur himself had already pledged loyalty to Thalos—he had no right to hesitate. He gave the command without delay: "Praise His Majesty the God-King Thalos—All units, board the... vehicle!"

This kind of miracle existed only in legend. Not once since the dawn of the Celtic world, surrounded as it was by sea, had anything like this ever occurred.

When Arthur heard the Tuatha Dé Danann had fallen—gods in name only, perhaps—he'd thought the era of true miracles had passed.

He had been wrong.

With a mere gesture from Thalos, this scene alone would become the most magnificent chapter in the epic poems soon to be sung by bards.

Especially now, with the power of chaos surging across the world—this was a blessing.

Knights and soldiers praised the might of Thalos as they nervously stepped onto the "vehicle." The horses were far more difficult—many refused to set foot on something that felt so unnatural and dangerous. The riders and handlers had to blindfold them just to get them on.

Over thirty thousand soldiers and logistics personnel—more than fifty thousand in total—stood atop this enormous water-crafted platform, yet it still didn't feel crowded.

Once everyone was aboard, this shipless, captainless, helmless vehicle began to accelerate across the sea. No one knew its top speed—they only saw the waves around them rushing backward at breakneck pace.

There wasn't even any ocean wind rushing past to give them a sense of motion. At the prow, a massive elemental wind shield dispersed all approaching gales.

There were no jolts, no waves breaking beneath them.

The sea ahead, saturated with divine power, had become smooth as glass.

No storms.

Because [Sky] was also Thalos's domain.

The troops murmured among themselves.

Gawain whispered, "If this were an ice ship, I think I'd feel a little more at ease."

Unexpectedly, Valkyrie Lota overheard him. She wasn't offended; she smiled. "Apologies! Our God-King holds dominion over [Water], not [Ice]."

"Er... apologies, I shouldn't have doubted His Majesty's divine power."

What was truly absurd was that not half an hour into the voyage, Arthur and his army encountered the east island's Fianna knights.

Another army of tens of thousands, aboard a second water-formed mega-vessel, gliding smoothly across the sea beside them.

They were so close that at the nearest point, only thirty meters separated them—close enough to wave.

Unfortunately, they were moving too fast.

Their shouts were carried off and distorted by the wind. They had to communicate through hand signals.

Not long after, a third ship arrived—carrying the combined forces of Connacht, Ulster, and other kingdoms.

Over a hundred thousand troops sat aboard these three divine sea vessels, reaching the shores of the Emerald Isle in just over an hour—like arrows flying across the ocean.

...

That same day, Odin suddenly felt deeply uneasy.

Since his soul had been damaged, he no longer held the divine role of [Prophecy] or any related abilities. At this point, he was struggling just to maintain a vaguely humanoid giant form. His biggest concern was not sprouting extra heads, arms, or legs.

As for how many twisted hearts or lungs he now carried inside... that was no longer his concern.

What did bother him was the prisoners—barely clinging to life—still fiercely resisting the corrupting influence of chaos upon their bodies and souls.

The Tuatha gods, with divine domains of their own, were one thing. But even Cú Chulainn was resisting, and that was infuriating.

It was as if Cú Chulainn's father had left behind a powerful light-based blessing within him. This divine light protected the so-called Son of Light. Unless Odin killed him outright, he had no choice but to soak him in a pool of chaos water and wait for the light to run out.

At that moment, Lancelot—now sporting three legs—stumbled into the temple awkwardly.

"Lord Odin, bad news. The mortals are coming! Huge numbers—over a hundred thousand! Their armies are landing at Rosslare!"

Rosslare, a flat coastal region on the southeastern shore of the Emerald Isle, was precisely where the chaos giants were weakest. The corruption had started from the west, their original landing point.

"Those insolent mortals!" Odin cursed—then froze. "Wait. I only sent my envoys to offer terms a short while ago. How are those feuding humans reacting this fast?"

Lancelot's voice was bitter. "Your Majesty, I don't know. But the giants say the banners of Camelot, Connacht, and the Fianna knights are all flying!"

Odin's brow twitched wildly.

He was furious.

This meant that all the mortal realms he'd tried to coerce had banded together against him?

He might look down on mortal soldiers—but for the entire world of humans to unite in opposition, likely setting aside their own civil wars the moment they heard his name...

This was an insult. A slap to the face of Odin.

He looked around the grand temple, only to find precious few subordinates he could actually rely on.

Scowling, he made a decision: "Bres, you stay here and guard this place. Elatha, Lancelot—summon the others. You're coming with me."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" they responded in unison.

Soon after, the horns of war began to sound.

It took Odin half a day to gather all the giants scattered across the land in search of food. With great effort, they finally mobilized eastward in a massive march.

What Odin did not know was that three hours after his departure, a graceful female figure slipped quietly into the temple's underground chamber.

"Eternal—"

With a soft call, a shimmering spear of light traced an erratic arc through the air, tearing through the necks of the remaining Fomorian guards.

In an instant, they clutched their throats in agony and fell dead.

In the dungeon, the tortured forest god Suchellus lifted his head in shock.

He had only one thought: Since when did mortal heroes become this powerful?

And where did that divine spear come from?