

Thalos 180

Chapter 180: Audience

A former God-King, slain in such a seemingly "nonsensical" instant by a mortal—it would have shattered the morale of any normal army.

But these were Chaos Giants. They had never listened to Bres anyway, so they simply continued their frenzied charge, roaring as they went.

There was no mercy.

With a radiant burst of light, the Eternal Spear tore effortlessly through their skulls, causing their massive heads to explode in succession like firecrackers...

After slaughtering the giants with ease, Scathach deftly hurled the Eternal Spear once more. In a flicker of flowing light, every chaotic shackle binding the Tuatha Dé gods shattered into fragments.

They staggered from the corrupted pool, helping one another as they followed Scathach back to the surface.

Outside the Chaos-tainted temple, no Chaos Giant remained alive.

The All-Father Dagda looked at the extraordinarily powerful demigoddess Scathach with a complex expression and asked, "What do we do now?"

Scathach's expression was... complicated.

What to do?

She had no idea.

She'd only come to save her foolish disciple. Now she had a dozen corrupted and enfeebled Tuatha Dé gods on her hands—crippled remnants of divinity. How was she supposed to take care of them?

"Don't worry. His Majesty the God-King has already made arrangements!" she said, though she had no confidence whatsoever.

Just as she spoke, a wide rainbow beam of light descended from the sky with a thunderous boom.

That gentle radiance was a wordless invitation.

Scathach let out a long breath and gestured forward. "Please—His Majesty awaits you."

Nervous and uneasy, she led her disciple and the Tuatha Dé gods into the rainbow light.

What followed was a journey none of them had ever experienced.

Countless streams of light streaked past the corners of their vision.

With her exceptional dynamic sight, Scathach clearly saw: the group was being drawn by this mysterious, overwhelming power. The four great Celtic islands she knew quickly shrank into a dot, and then they breached the world's barrier, exiting the Celtic realm entirely.

Before they could even register the chaotic pustules marring the outer shell of their world, the rainbow current pulled them into a far vaster realm.

When they came to, they found themselves standing in a golden divine palace of incomprehensible scale.

There was no doubt—it was a palace built for giants.

Standing before them was a golden-armored colossus, three times the height of an average man.

He radiated divine light more potent than any Tuatha Dé god had ever wielded, even in their prime.

With a slightly stiff smile that revealed a gleaming set of golden teeth, he said, "Welcome to Asgard, realm of the Aesir! I am Heimdall, the guardian god. My divine father, His Majesty Thalos Borson, instructed me to welcome you. Now that you're here, we are brothers. You've had a long journey—please, board the chariot. His Majesty awaits in the Golden Palace."

This gesture of friendship from the Aesir eased Dagda and the other Tuatha Dé gods a little.

At least they weren't going to be wiped out completely.

But the disparity in size and divine power between the two pantheons was striking. "Integration" wasn't even a strong enough word—it felt outright alien.

Still, there was a silver lining. The Aesir clearly maintained a large number of mortal divine retainers. Along the way, the group passed Valkyries clad in armor, and even human towns near the exit of the Bifröst. As they traveled along the God-King's Road, mortal retainers bowed respectfully as they passed.

At last, they arrived at the resplendent golden palace visible the moment they emerged from the rainbow bridge. Inside sat the God-King himself upon a grand throne.

Dagda, fully aware of his subordinate status, led the Tuatha Dé gods in kneeling.

"We lesser gods of the lower realm pay our respects to our Lord!"

Establishing the master-servant relationship from the outset—wise move.

Thalos Borson's lips curled into a faint smile. "As my subordinate deities, you shall enjoy my protection. Dagda, your divine seat is there."

Following the God-King's pointing finger, Dagda looked over and was caught by surprise.

To his right sat a group of giants, each over ten meters tall. To his left were clearly the core Aesir.

His own divine seat was tiny by comparison. But it sat atop a dozen steps, raising its top to match the height of the other gods' thrones.

A nearby Valkyrie explained that his seat ranked just below Prince Thor and the former Vanir god Freyr—third in precedence.

Whether this was a performance or genuine courtesy, the God-King's overture was clear enough.

Dagda and the other Tuatha Dé gods quietly relaxed.

For a defeated pantheon, not being stripped of power was already a blessing. What happened next—they would take it one step at a time.

Once the Tuatha Dé were settled, Thalos turned his gaze to Scathach.

Feeling his gaze, Scathach lightly kicked Cú Chulainn's leg. The two immediately dropped to their knees.

Cú Chulainn shouted, "Thank you for your grace, God-King!"

Scathach raised the Gungnir with both hands. "I offer my gratitude for your gift, and now return this divine spear."

Thalos studied her for a moment. "Among the Aesir, no god excels with the spear. You may keep it for now."

Scathach's lovely face filled with disbelief. She couldn't understand why none of the powerful Aesir wanted such a mighty divine weapon.

Her sharp senses picked up on it, even without looking up. The gods truly had no interest in this spear.

"This spear is temporarily yours because its previous owner was my brother—the great traitor Odin, once of the Aesir."

That revelation left Scathach and the Tuatha Dé with wonderfully rich expressions.

Thalos signaled to Brynhildr, the chief Valkyrie, who stepped forward and briefly recounted Odin's disgraceful actions in the Ginnungagap world.

Everything made sense now.

All the chaos that had plagued the Celtic world—it had stemmed from the remnant soul of one fallen god.

Sure, the local Chaos faction was strong. But for a whole world to be upturned by a single defeated god's lingering soul? It was absurd.

Clearly, the Tuatha Dé had fallen so far that Odin found a crack and slipped right in.

When Brynhildr finished, Scathach rose and requested, "Your servant requests permission to use this divine spear to hunt down the great traitor Odin!"

Thalos nodded. "Granted—but not yet."