

Thalos 181

Chapter 181: Victory of the Oath

As Thalos' words fell, every Aesir god seated across from his divine throne wore an expression of silent frustration.

Led by Thor, the brawnies of them, the war-hungry gods naturally yearned for a grand battle.

But Thalos was holding them back.

Everyone understood the reasoning—if the Aesir had marched in with overwhelming force from the outset, they could likely have conquered the Celtic world. The cost, however, would've been a brutal occupation and ceaseless resistance. But now, all the disgraceful deeds were attributed to Odin and the Fomorian giants. The Aesir, in contrast, appeared as noble liberators, not invading tyrants.

Still, the battle-thirsty were growing restless.

Thor couldn't hold back any longer. He stood, struck his chest with one fist, and declared, "Father, Odin and his Fomorian army are nothing to fear. Let me go—I swear I'll crush Odin within the hour, or I'll return with my head!"

Thalos rolled his eyes on the spot.

You idiot, Thor—think before you speak!

You're the crown prince! Why would I want your head?

Thor caught the laughter of the gods and felt a kick from Sif at his side. Realization dawning, he scratched the back of his head and gave his signature dopey laugh.

Thalos didn't scold him. He didn't even speak. Instead, he released a visual projection, a hard-won optical image captured through layers of chaotic energy in the cosmos.

"Hiss—"

A chorus of gasps echoed through the grand hall.

It was the outer space surrounding the Celtic world.

As Scathach and her party had seen upon leaving—it was sick.

Masses of chaotic corruption clung to the world's barrier like festering boils or cocoons of repulsive insects. They writhed and festered, an abomination to behold.

"This is Odin's contingency," Thalos said with certainty.

At that very moment, on the eastern coast of Emerald Isle, a massive battle was about to erupt.

Across a vast plateau, more than 100,000 human troops formed three distinct battle lines.

At the center were the forces of Camelot, with King Arthur and his knights anchoring the core—undoubtedly the most dependable force.

On the left flank were the fewer but elite Fiona knights and the conscripted soldiers taken from King Conmac's domain.

On the right was Queen Medb's northern coalition. Though the largest in number, they were the weakest in power. Connacht Kingdom lacked powerful hero units. Still, with Thalos' promised support, Queen Medb was the least concerned.

This battle was the largest in Celtic history.

Bards accompanying the army had already named it the "Battle of Emerald Isle"—an epic destined to be immortalized in song.

The enemy forces appeared chaotic and serpentine, a long winding line of giants that put the allied mortals on edge.

After all, the mighty Tuatha Dé Danann had already fallen to these Fomorian giants—utterly and without resistance.

The Fomorians were too big. And too hideous.

Warped by Chaos, they sported grotesque forms far beyond mortal comprehension—three heads, or massive hands with seven fingers.

It shook the morale of mortal soldiers.

Without the Aesir backing them, the commanders knew their banners—each representing a knightly division—would soon vanish in a sea of monstrous flesh.

No one knew when the God-King high above would send divine warriors to aid them.

Until then, this was a battle for the Celtic world alone.

A bitter truth for the smaller realm—its fate wasn't even its own to decide.

King Arthur raised his radiant holy sword, the Oath of Victory, high into the air.

"His Majesty Thalos Borson has promised us victory! Warriors of Camelot! Let us show him the steel in Celtic spines—fight with all your might!"

"OHHHHH—" roared the warriors of Camelot.

Honestly, Arthur's new rally cry felt a little awkward.

The abrupt shift in allegiance was hard to digest.

But the fact that the Lady of the Lake herself had gifted Arthur the divine sword—and that she now stood beside him in battle—made it easier to accept the new order.

Especially since, at this very moment, the goddess' avatar stood right beside King Arthur, lending divine presence to the formation.

The power granted by a true god was staggering.

Camelot's warriors felt a cool, calming aura surround them. It not only shielded them from Chaos corruption but also healed their wounds instantly and blessed them with divine fortitude.

The knights, in particular, received even greater boons.

Blessings from divine domains such as \\[Kingship], \\[Sky], \\[Water], and \\[Magic] were already formidable, but the one that made them truly fearless was the blessing of \\[Death].

Yes—should they fall in battle, they would rise again as heroic spirits to continue defending Camelot and the Celtic world. This was the ultimate expression of a knight's noble sacrifice.

With that belief, the towering, deformed giants on the horizon no longer seemed so terrifying.

Under Arthur's holy sword, the infantry ranks began advancing in tight formation.

Overhead, with heavy twangs of bowstrings, massive bolts from giant ballistae sliced through the air and slammed into the giants' disorganized front lines hundreds of meters away.

"AHHH—"

"WAAAH—"

"ROOAAAR!"

The grotesque giants took heavy hits and fell one after another.

These bolts, thicker than a grown man's leg, even when they missed vital spots, still nailed their targets to the ground in gruesome fashion.

For a moment, the momentum of the Fomorian giants stalled.

"Attack—!" Odin roared, and Elatha and Lancelot led their forces in a full charge toward the mortal lines.

The giants' heavy footfalls shook the earth.

At this range, nothing in this world was deadlier than human ballistae. Their catapults were still primitive, but the ballistae were their deadliest war machines.

Only once the giants closed within 100 meters could the mortals unleash their flaming spheres into the fray.

"AAAHHHHHH—!"

Some giants were scorched into charcoal. Others convulsed violently and collapsed under electrical blasts.

But many Fomorians, protected by murky elemental water shields, shrugged off the mortal archers' arrows and crashed into the human front lines, swinging massive clubs in devastating arcs.

"CRACK!"

Several mangled corpses flew back in pieces.

Yet under the divine halo's protection, the human soldiers did not flinch. They raised their three-meter-long pikes and drove them hard into the giants' exposed, unprotected flesh.

"PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!"

Giants fell.

But many brave mortals fell with them.

This brutal exchange of lives was ceaseless and merciless.