

Thalos 183

Chapter 183: Odin! Shocked, Aren't You?

Shocked? Surprised?

There's no greater emotional whiplash in a god's life than this.

Until this very moment, Odin had thought this was his grand opportunity—to seize a minor world while his damned elder brother wasn't paying attention, gradually plunge all of Celtic into chaos, then hurl the entire corrupted world into Ginnungagap.

Odin had been involved in Ginnungagap's creation, so he knew very well: no matter how many hidden tricks Thalos had buried in the world's laws, no world could endure being rammed by another with 60% of its mass consumed by chaos.

All he needed was to punch a massive hole in Ginnungagap's protective shell, unleash rampant corruption, and rapidly nullify the power of the Sword of Nine Realms. Once the situation devolved into a chaotic free-for-all, Odin actually had a good shot at flipping the board.

As for what would become of the two worlds after they were both swallowed by chaos? Please. Odin had already embraced chaos—what did he care?

It was about revenge. About releasing the bitter fury bottled up in the shattered fragments of his soul. Everything else could wait.

That was Odin's grand plan.

Pathetic, then, that all his dreams were popped like a soap bubble—brutally punctured by his own family.

At the front was Thor, raising Mjölnir with a laugh that sounded more like a threat than joy, his tone violent enough to suggest he planned to ram the hammer down Odin's throat. "Odin! You bastard! You still haven't learned after all this time! You don't even realize we've been waiting for this moment so long our asses nearly molded to our thrones!"

Frey twirled his Sword of Victory, its radiant glow nearly blinding Odin. "It's all within the God-King's calculations! Odin, you're nothing but a clown dancing in a sewer!"

The corner of Odin's mouth split into three twitching chunks, wriggling like octopus tentacles. His grotesquely inflated chaos-form was beginning to show signs of collapse.

He trembled all over, fists clenching and loosening over and over again, his mind spinning into chaos: After everything—finally making progress in my revenge—and you're telling me this was all part of Thalos' plan from the start?!

The brutal reality broke him, stunning him so completely that the Fomorian Chaos Giant army lost their top commander on the spot.

Luckily, Erata, Lancelot, and other mid-tier giant commanders still held the front together.

A blessing and a curse.

A blessing because the army didn't instantly collapse.

A curse because Odin would've preferred if they had—if they scattered quickly, and he could at least drag 50-60% of them back into the deep sea. That would've left him a chance to return someday.

But the mortal alliance would never give them that chance.

Arthur and the others, who had braced themselves to die for their world, now saw divine reinforcements descend at just the right moment—and with just the right amount of force.

If this wasn't a miracle, then what was?

Arthur raised his enhanced Sword of Oath and Victory high and shouted, "The God-King Thalos has promised us victory! For the Celtic world! For the God-King—charge!"

With that, he spurred his horse into the charge.

The royal banner surged forward, and the Camelot knights charged with war cries that shook the sky.

"Follow our king! Charge!"

"For victory!"

Both wings—Finn's troops, Diarmuid's men, Queen Medb's army, and even the returning Scathach—launched a total assault on the Fomorian army.

Had the mortal forces charged a well-formed line of giants, they might've won, but at great cost.

Those absurdly long clubs the giants wielded could wipe out whole rows of soldiers with a single swing.

But not this time. The Fomorians were in disarray—and to their despair, from the rainbow light poured an army of golden-armored, even larger giants.

At the head was Hrungrir. Compared to him, the Fomorians looked like toddlers.

Hrungrir didn't even bother using his flint war club. He simply raised one foot and—

SPLAT!

A Fomorian the height of two men was squashed like an overripe pumpkin.

Having been repeatedly warned by Thalos, Hrungrir even kindly shouted while marching forward,
"Mortals, stay clear of our path! Don't blame us if you get stepped on!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Understood!"

"At once, Your Excellency!"

These giants of the Aesir only targeted the chaos-infested rock monsters and the tallest Fomorian giants.
If a Fomorian happened to be in the way, they'd swat them down without hesitation.

How the mortals finished them off afterward wasn't their concern.

They didn't really understand why Thalos valued the mortals so much—but since it was their world,
might as well let them feel included.

In fact, both knight orders and Medb's forces were ecstatic.

Whenever a Fomorian was knocked down and staggered, the mortal soldiers would swarm in, raining down arrows and spells, stabbing with spears, and finally, the bravest knights would dash forward or even leap onto the giants to deliver the killing blow.

Meanwhile, Odin was losing his mind on the main battlefield.

After a stunned silence, he erupted: "Why?! Why are you forcing me into this?! Thalos already took most of my soul—why can't you leave me alone?!"

This "Thor" didn't answer.

The Asgardian juggernaut charged Odin with thunderous strikes and overwhelming power.

Any giant, chaos beast, or stone creature that stood in his path was obliterated in a single blow.

Odin's pupils shrank in terror.

He realized—this was Thor, and yet not Thor.

It was something akin to Loki's preferred projection technique.

No—stronger than a projection.

Odin could sense it clearly: this "Thor" contained part of the true Thor's divine soul.

Just like Odin had filled his broken soul with chaos fragments, Thor had infused this divine avatar with thunder and lightning.

In a way, they were equals.

But the key difference: Odin's chaos-stitched body was everything he had. Thor's avatar was merely a divine incarnation.

Even if Odin went berserk and flooded the entire Emerald Isle with chaos, he wouldn't so much as scratch the real Thor.

And as for the battlefield—Odin knew full well: Thalos, his dear brother, had never truly favored the giants like he claimed. To Thalos, they were expendable.

Thalos had planned for everything.

Even the possibility of Odin flipping the board—dropping corrupted fragments of the world's shell onto the battlefield to wipe out the Asgardian reinforcements.

That level of calculation chilled Odin to the bone.