

Thalos 185

Chapter 185: Odin Dies Again

"Look! What is that?"

This scene was witnessed by millions of mortals across the Celtic world.

At the moment the sky shattered and collapsed, countless unknowing mortals fainted from sheer terror. But the very next moment, what they saw brought them back from the brink of despair.

The sky had fallen—and yet it was patched again!

In a way beyond mortal comprehension!

This was no illusion. Everyone could feel it: the very laws of the world were shifting violently. An incomprehensibly vast power was descending—one that took over the chaos-ravaged Celtic world in a surprisingly gentle way.

Mortals finally noticed the abnormality in the clouds. The atmosphere was permeated with a sacred presence they had never known.

When their numbed, overwhelmed minds finally processed what they were seeing, they were shocked to discover an enormous pair of golden eyes spanning the entire firmament, gazing deeply at the Celtic world—and at every single person in it!

The roots of the World Tree pierced the ocean, sending out a rippling wave called "Life" across the polluted seas.

Like sonar from a submarine, these waves spread in rings, orderly and precise, scanning every corner of the land, sea, and sky where chaos had taken root.

At the same time, Odin felt his connections to the clusters of chaos energy forcibly severed.

The voices of chaos still echoed, but they no longer responded to him—the self-proclaimed King of Chaos.

It felt like being yanked awake from a nightmare. Odin was horrified. His domain of chaos had not even fully formed before being consumed in reverse by order.

Indeed, the chaotic contamination he had wrought upon the Celtic world was an incurable plague for that world. Trying to purge that amount of chaos would normally risk the world's destruction.

But when you combine the remnants of Celtic's order with the full might of Ginnungagap's order? That level of chaos is nothing.

This was brute-force suppression through sheer scale!

"No! No! No—Brother, you can't do this to me—"

[When you're angry you curse Thalos, but when you're begging you call me brother?] From above Odin's head came Thalos' voice, full of sarcasm and mockery. [Be you man or god, you can't just call me 'brother' when it suits you.]

Odin's face lost all color.

It had happened again!

He realized every scheme he'd ever plotted was a joke. All along, he'd been dancing in the palm of his brother's hand without ever knowing.

That devastating realization broke him.

He watched helplessly as the Celtic world, guided by the roots of the World Tree, was gently merged into Ginnungagap.

What?

The sky over Celtic was broken?

Who cares!

The two worlds were now "brothers"—they could share the same sky!

Even the shattering of the chaotic shell fragments didn't result in disaster, because Thalos had infused the Celtic world with the Laws of the Sky, temporarily stabilizing it until it merged into Ginnungagap's atmosphere.

RUMBLE...

The Celtic world trembled gently as it seamlessly fused with the other world.

The entire process took less than ten minutes.

This was no improvised plan—it was premeditated. Taking advantage of Odin's inability to perceive the outer realms, Thalos had orchestrated negotiations between the two worlds long ago. Ginnungagap had been waiting nearby the whole time.

Odin, unusually, gave up resisting. He issued no commands, allowing the weaker Fomorian giants to be slaughtered by the true giants from Jotunheim.

Erata was hammered to death. The three-legged Lancelot couldn't escape Gawain's pursuit—his legs hacked off, dragged before King Arthur like a dead dog.

Arthur might have once forgiven Lancelot for the love of Guinevere, but he could not forgive a knight who had fallen into chaos. The Sword of Oath and Victory ultimately severed the head of the knight he once trusted most.

The Fomorians, seeing Odin completely give up, scattered in panic.

But their stubby legs were no match for the towering giants of Jotunheim.

Hrungnir and his team strode after them, clubbing them to death one by one.

Thor, Frey, and Tyr's avatars surrounded Odin.

"Odin! Are you ready to atone for the pain you've brought to this world?" Thor spun Mjölnir in his hand, looking eager to strike.

But Frey held him back. "Thor! His Majesty said that, no matter the circumstance, shedding the blood of kin is improper. Allow me."

That left Thor and the others speechless.

Back when Odin was at his peak, it was still considered inappropriate for Thor to kill him. Now? It didn't matter who landed the final blow. Odin, waiting for death in total collapse, was no longer a glorious adversary.

At that moment, a clear female voice entered the conversation.

"If none of you gods want to sully your hands with Odin's blood, then let me—Scathach, native of the Celtic world—deal the final blow, shall I?" Her long violet-red hair fluttered in the wind, and her crimson eyes seemed to see through all of existence.

Especially when she appeared holding a miniaturized version of Gungnir, the gods' expressions turned fascinating.

It made sense!

Odin had devastated the Celtic world—it was only right that a Celt should have their revenge.

The issue was...

For a Celt to slay Odin with his own divine spear? That was vengeance that cut to the soul!

Odin snapped.

All his body hairs stood up like a spiked beast. He swelled grotesquely, grabbed his stolen "Prismatic Cannon" spear, and hurled it at Scathach's head.

"Die, mortal! I am the supreme God-King Odin! Only a true God-King can take my life—"

Brionac flashed brilliantly.

But even its star-crushing energy was, in the end, just a fancy weapon.

Scathach's twin strike was stronger than Brionac.

Odin's specially fortified chest and heart—upgraded after arriving in this world—were no match for the dual attack from the Piercing Death Flight Spear and Gungnir!

Scathach's combo, laced with spatial rupture, could never be withstood by Odin's cobbled-together chaos body.

BOOM!

His broad back exploded into a fan of blood and flesh.

And just like that—Odin, the Chaos King of Celtic...

Was dead again.