

Thalos 186

Chapter 186: An Unexpected Enshrinement

Huh?

Why was the phrase "Odin dies again" used?

If this happens one more time, should we start using "double-dead"?

Especially since Scathach used Gungnir—this was truly something to ponder deeply.

The Aesir gods now had a deeper understanding of certain... peculiarities in their divine king's taste.

At that very moment, the chaos beasts of the Celtic world realized their spiritual connection to their king had been completely severed. A shared panic descended upon them all.

From the endless golden radiance in the sky, one rainbow beam after another shot downward, and from each emerged savage and wrathful Aesir gods and giants, delivering thunderous retribution upon the disorganized chaos creatures.

For the mortals of this world, after a brief tremor of apocalyptic upheaval, a brand-new world awaited them.

The sky remained as bright, but now a colossal central structure had emerged: a great tree known as the World Tree, stretching across the entire realm and supporting world after world (continents) upon its branches.

Ireland—or more accurately, the entire British Isles—was peacefully merged into the middle layer of the Ginnungagap world. Thanks to the seamless integration of world consciousness, these vast islands were embedded into the northern ocean of Midgard.

The southernmost island, home to the Kingdom of Camelot, now sat across a narrow sea from the northern continent of Midgard.

For fishermen rowing boats, it would take just half an hour to cross.

The British Isles in the north, and Vanaheim, Midgard, and Jotunheim spread out in a line to the south, formed a massive triangular configuration.

This was a fresh experience for mortals of both worlds.

Having survived calamity, and endured chaos's devastation, both peoples now shared a subtle sense of kinship. Especially after the chaos-ravaged British Isles received shipments of cheap relief grain from Ginnungagap, that kinship quietly deepened.

As for unifying languages, measurements, and other logistical matters—those would be sorted in time.

A subtler drama unfolded in the Golden Palace of Asgard.

Led by Dagda, the Danu remnants officially joined the Aesir pantheon. This grand ceremony also saw the transition of Medb, Cú Chulainn, Scathach, Fionn, Diarmuid, King Arthur, and his knights.

A luxurious red carpet was rolled out upon the avenue before the Golden Palace.

On both sides stood towering giants, each at least twenty men tall. They raised their heads and blew deep-throated horns to welcome these new gods and heroes.

None of them carried weapons, but each had a frozen Fomorian giant's head hanging from their waist—an unmistakable display of pride and intimidation.

These chaotic giant heads, preserved under the magic of the new Goddess of Winter Skadi, did not decay. The ice blocks didn't even radiate cold outward—they were perfect trophies of her divine power.

The cannons roared!

The military band played!

Brilliant fireworks lit the sky!

The Aesir pantheon rolled out the full spectacle for the Danu gods and Celtic heroes.

Especially striking was the contrast in stature. The sheer disparity in height made the display simultaneously overwhelming and reverent, putting the newcomers in a complicated state of mind.

Was this Aesir intimidation?

Their size alone was intimidation enough.

But was there respect?

Undoubtedly. The scale of the ceremony made it clear. Ask anyone: even the Vanaheim gods didn't get this kind of treatment when they joined.

(Side note: the Vanaheim gods were beaten into joining.)

Inside the Golden Palace, as the newcomers looked upon the resplendent figure seated on the divine throne—recalling the scene of the World Tree roots dragging the Celtic world across the stars—they became more reverent.

"We greet the King—"

Led by Dagda, Father of the Danu gods, the human-sized deities and mortals knelt together in the grand hall.

"Rise, my loyal vassals. From this day forward, we are one family. My dear subjects, hear now your rewards..."

Thalos waved his hand, and the chief Valkyrie Brynhildr stepped forward to read the divine decree:

"By the order of the Supreme Aesir God-King Thalos Borson—Dagda is hereby enshrined as the God of Magic!"

"Danu is hereby enshrined as the Goddess of Fertility..."

"Hereby enshrined..."

The Celtic pantheon had always been a small, overlapping system of deities. Many Danu gods held redundant domains. For instance, Dagda was a guardian of both life and death, wielding a peculiar club that could kill at one end and resurrect at the other.

Similarly, the war goddess Morrígan shared her war domain with three others.

But in the Aesir pantheon, core domains like War and Death were already claimed and could not be reassigned.

Thus, all the new roles had been negotiated privately by Thalos with the Danu gods beforehand.

Each Danu god selected domains where they had talent and where the Aesir pantheon had gaps.

Take the God of Magic—the Aesir had never had a dedicated magic god. Gullveig's shadowy arts were laughably amateur in Thalos' eyes.

Danu had to relinquish Fertility, as that was firmly Freyja's realm. However, the Aesir lacked a dedicated Earth Mother, so Thalos named Danu to that post, greatly boosting her divine power.

Fewer domains, yet stronger divinity.

This was no loss for the Danu. Let's face it—they were a ragtag band beaten into oblivion by chaos. Just to be given leftover domains was already a gift. Now, being given expanded authority across the entire Ginnungagap world meant their power and believers more than doubled.

The Danu had truly hit the jackpot.

But the biggest surprise was yet to come.

King Arthur and the other mortals didn't expect much. After all, the declaration only mentioned the Danu gods being enshrined.

Sure, Arthur was allowed to bring his loyal knights—the legendary Twelve Knights of the Round Table. Ten of them were still alive: Gawain, Galahad, Gareth, Bedivere, Agravain, and others. But Arthur never thought he'd get anything out of it.

He figured it would be enough if his mortal kingship was officially recognized.

Thalos hadn't given him any prior notice.

Then, suddenly, his name was called.

Brynhildr declared in a clear voice: "Arthur Pendragon, steadfast and courageous, upholding the chivalric code—an exemplar among mortals. By the name of Supreme God-King Thalos Borson, I ask: would you accept the title of God of Knights, to guide all knights in the world and defend the beauty of the mortal realm?"

Thalos loved the response that came next:

"Huh?!"

It wasn't just Arthur's knights. Even the warriors of the Fianna, kneeling nearby, were dumbfounded. Their leader Fionn's face turned beet red.

This was... apotheosis!