

Thalos 204

Chapter 204: Ishtar's Reckless Charge

"How ugly," Thalos remarked coldly of the Sumerian gods.

At the same time, he commanded Ginnungagap to begin drifting diagonally backward to the right.

World movement was slow, of course. If the Sumerian gods wanted to chase, they could. But by shifting the world itself, he could further scatter their forces—making them arrive piecemeal, one by one.

After arranging all this, Thalos exited his mental synchronization with the world consciousness.

Inside the Palace of Silver, he gave a brief rundown of the four most dangerous enemy deities and then left the rest of the tactical decisions to his subordinates.

Since the Sumerian God-King Enlil remained holed up in his celestial domain and showed no signs of emerging, Thalos had no intention of leaving Asgard himself.

This meant the four most powerful enemy gods would have to be handled by his sons and trusted warriors.

Surprisingly, the first Sumerian god to enter Ginnungagap wasn't Ishtar—it was the Moon God Nanna, who crashed directly into Vanaheim. That caught Thalos off guard.

"Freyr."

"Yes!"

Having a Sun God fight a Moon God—if not a perfect matchup, at least it was better than others handling it.

The second was Marduk, destined in Sumerian epics to be the next king of the gods. As such, this powerful opponent was handed to Thor. Their battlefield would be northern Midgard, the same lands where Ragnarök once erupted.

The third, Underworld Goddess Ereshkigal, dutifully chose Helheim, heading straight for her counterpart and eternal rival—Hel.

In Thalos's original prediction, Ishtar—the Venus Goddess—should've been the first to storm in. Instead, she was the last to arrive.

At first, Thalos was puzzled. But when he saw the direction she entered from, it all made sense.

"Hahaha! So the great God-King of Ginnungagap is just a rat hiding in the gutter? You buried your divine realm all the way back here—so cowardly!"

Her clear yet sharp mocking laughter echoed across the sky.

The moment her proclamation rang out, every Aesir and giant still waiting in the Palace of Silver or near the Rainbow Bridge—hardened.

Their fists clenched.

"CRACK!"—Countless giants suddenly stood up, smashing whatever they were holding, snapping chair arms with their bare hands.

Honestly, if Ishtar had mocked anyone else in the Aesir pantheon, she wouldn't have caused such universal outrage.

But Thalos, their god-king, had fought side-by-side with Aesir and giants alike through countless world wars. His authority was not inherited by blood—it was forged through endless battle. His prestige far surpassed what Ishtar could even imagine.

True, Ginnungagap's lower realms did indeed face the Sumerian world directly. Naturally, Sumerian gods would break through the shortest path—via the lower realms.

And yes, Thalos had positioned Asgard farther back, partly to preserve it.

But to call Thalos cowardly? That crossed the line.

Her taunt immediately ignited the fury of all Asgard.

In a flash, brilliant divine lights surged skyward.

"Wench! Get down here!"

"Let me face her!"

"No—let me tear that foul mouth apart!"

Even new gods like Arthur responded, their divine lights blazing in righteous fury.

Ishtar had no self-awareness at all. She had no idea she'd just kicked a divine beehive.

Covering half her mouth, she let out an airy giggle. "Oh? Did I strike a nerve? How pitiful you all are."

She didn't see it, but deep in the Palace of Silver, an old Vanir goddess sighed.

Gullveig murmured, "Is it just me, or does she remind me of... myself?"

Freyja nodded solemnly. "It's not just you."

Outside, an Aesir god had already fired the first shot at Ishtar.

A thunderous bowstring twang echoed across the sky!

Next moment, half of Asgard saw a massive, crimson arrow soaring high, bathing the Palace of Silver's outer walls in blood-red light. The projectile seemed to pierce straight through the world barrier itself before rebounding, splitting into thousands of mortal-sized arrows, raining down on Ishtar.

This was the divine archer Ullr's masterpiece—and he had gone all out.

But every single arrow met an unexpected defense: the phantom of a planet.

As they neared it, the arrows rapidly disintegrated as if ground into dust by some invisible grinder—reduced to powder in mere moments.

A grand barrage was utterly nullified.

Ullr's face turned pale with rage.

"Heh heh heh... anyone else?" Ishtar's mocking voice spread across Asgard like wildfire.

What she didn't expect was the sudden arrival of a resounding, majestic voice:

"I hereby declare: FLIGHT IS FORBIDDEN!"

The effect was immediate.

Ishtar suddenly felt the laws of the sky warp around her.

Wind?

No—even the very air seemed to flee in terror from her presence.

A crushing pressure descended like a vast, invisible hand and ripped her from the sky.

"AHHHHHH—!!"

All of Asgard heard the Venus goddess's terrified scream.

A second later—

THUD! With a massive crash, the beautiful goddess plummeted from several hundred meters high, landing face-down in a dramatic starfish sprawl across the plaza facing the Rainbow Bridge.

As Valkyries and Asgardian guards surged in, the crater erupted with dust and debris—and from it, a slender figure shot upward like a missile, charging straight for the Palace of Silver.

"You—YOU DARE do that to ME?!" Ishtar shrieked in divine wrath, wielding a floating, ornamented greatbow as she stormed the palace.

No one noticed: her ornate leather boots were gone.

"Stop her!" Valkyrie Koss shouted.

Light god Baldur rushed forward but underestimated the Sumerian goddess's speed. A blur of beauty streaked past, and just as she vanished from his field of vision—a perfect leg kick hammered into his chest plate.

"ARGH!" Baldur screamed as he was launched backward.

Next victim: giant strongman Hrungnir, who tried to block her and got slammed point-blank with a massive arrow, sending him flying hundreds of meters.

Ishtar was like a hurricane, cutting through half a boulevard and barreling through the palace's main gates.

And then—the grand voice returned.

"I hereby declare: THE FALSE STAR DOES NOT EXIST!"

Next second, the glowing phantom of Venus behind her popped like a soap bubble and vanished. Gone too was the divine bow floating behind her.

Any ordinary god would start doubting themselves at this point.

But not Ishtar—her skull was thick.

She kept charging forward.

"I hereby declare: YOUR WARFARE IS A CHILD'S GAME!"

And in an instant, all her armor shattered—even her clothes disintegrated into powder...