

Thalos 383

Chapter 383: Artemis's Nightmare

Orpheus was somewhat important, yet not that important.

After dealing with him, the only thing of any value left was the so-called Golden Fleece!

That thing was basically just the leftover scraps from the golden ram that had been sacrificed to Zeus. It was great for mortals, sure—an entire country had grown prosperous because of it.

It was more like a lucky charm.

But money meant nothing to Thalos.

Gold? Wasn't that the stuff mortals offered him by the ton?

Keep it as a wig?

Ridiculous! Thalos liked blonde hair and big waves, but that didn't mean he wanted to turn into a golden milk dragon himself.

What was he going to do with that thing?

He casually tossed it to Freya—she was into those superficial things anyway.

After taking inventory of the Argo's spoils, Thalos had Brynhild distribute rewards to the lesser contributors among the heroes, while he returned directly to the rear hall.

Thalos was speechless.

He had just forgotten to give orders, and the Valkyrie had already packed up Atalanta and delivered her to the rear hall. Even Queen Maeve was there, holding a little whip, teasing Atalanta in various ways.

"Your Majesty, I didn't damage your trophy or anything," Maeve reported, trying to take credit.

Thalos let out a muted chuckle.

How to put it—when it came to savage girls like Atalanta, Thalos had an attitude of complete indifference.

He looked at her, restrained by divine power, forced into an orz position, her head turned defiantly, eyes filled with fear and a hint of anger as she stared at him—it was quite amusing.

"False emperor from another world! You will never win! Artemis... Even if the great Artemis cannot bring you down, Lord Zeus will deliver righteous destruction upon you!" Atalanta was truly panicked. She had originally thrown out the name of her patron goddess, but mid-sentence realized that the Huntress was just a god-king level deity—no threat to Thalos—so she hastily changed her wording.

Atalanta's tone was fierce and intimidating, but her resistance was utterly useless.

It was an incredibly entertaining sight.

Hmm, those long legs... must be over a meter?

She was about 1.75 meters tall overall.

For a mortal, her body proportions were absolutely stunning.

Honestly, Thalos hadn't been interested at first, but her defiant words had piqued his curiosity: "Oh? Your mistress is a virgin goddess, right?"

Looking up at Thalos, who stood nearly three times taller than a mortal, Atalanta's wild and alluring face filled with terror. "No... you mustn't do this to me..."

Her voice trailed off at the end, softening into a plea.

Sure, any woman could be a pressure-resistant warrior—that didn't mean it worked against a giant god!

If he truly pressed down, Atalanta would probably remember the sound of each of her bones breaking right before death.

Thalos curled his lips and casually flicked his hand, drawing out bubble-like projections of thought—this was the power of Prophecy. "I just want to use your body to say hello to your mistress."

Despair filled Atalanta.

She could clearly feel the overwhelming divine power emanating from Thalos—utterly irresistible, far beyond even that of the great Artemis she served. Perhaps only Zeus could match him. Faced with coercion from such a supreme god-king, what could she possibly do?

Especially when Thalos's enormous divine form moved closer, completely terrifying her.

"S-Shrink a bit... could you shrink a bit?"

"Please, can you go smaller?"

"I'm begging you..."

Maeve found this all too amusing—this was practically a repeat of her own past experience.

That night, as moonlight swept across the summit of Mount Olympus, a silver bow slipped from Artemis's lap. She leaned against a laurel tree, her knuckles clenching suddenly, peeling bark from the trunk under her unconscious divine pressure. Her moon-bright eyes lost their focus, clouded over with mist, and her lashes trembled rhythmically. Even the callused spot on her thumb from years of archery had begun to sweat, soaking the suede laces of her quiver darker.

Her ragged breathing startled her slumbering hounds, their silver-gray fur rippling under the moonlight. The goddess's lips, usually pressed in a firm line, parted slightly now, releasing faint whimpers like a doe pierced through the heart by a divine arrow.

She seemed awake, but was deeply asleep.

In the depths of her dream, searing fingers like hooks clutched at her waist—a place no one but herself had ever touched—raising a flush of goosebumps. The laurel wreath tangled in her hair slipped down onto her trembling chest.

The goddess of the hunt, Artemis, was having a nightmare—one where her missing chosen, Atalanta, appeared.

"Goddess, save me—" In a haze of misty blue light, Atalanta cried out, her body about to be swallowed by the light, but she managed to stretch her right shoulder out of it, reaching her right hand toward her with a desperate plea.

Artemis instinctively tried to grab her chosen, this mortal heroine who was supposed to become her attendant.

But she grasped only air.

And that made her realize immediately—this was a dream realm connected by divine consciousness.

Atalanta...

A majestic figure seized Atalanta firmly. The blazing divine aura was so intense Artemis could barely look at it directly. The only detail that etched itself into her memory was the other's fiercely invasive black eyes, filled with an overbearing gaze that could not be surpassed.

Artemis suddenly jolted.

To her horror, she dreamed that she had somehow switched places with her chosen—and then, an overwhelming sense of shared sensation pierced her body with excruciating pain, forcing her divine form into a tight arch.

A surge of immense divine power burst from Artemis's very soul, finally shattering the dream's connection!

Ah—! Her broken murmurs scattered the night mist. When Artemis's eyes flew open, they shattered the dew frozen on her lashes. She pressed her fingertips to her trembling lower back—she could still feel the terrifying imprint of the giant god's crushing grip.

Harsh, ragged breathing echoed in her ears, like the mocking laughter of the Fates.

The holy silver bow reflected her still-flushed face—a color no virgin goddess should ever wear.

The mountain wind, carrying remnants of the broken dream, swept past her nose. Suddenly, she collapsed to the ground and dry-heaved, her nails digging deep into the earth.

Her hounds whimpered and backed away, watching their mistress press her forehead hard against the trunk of the laurel tree.

Biting down on her lip until golden-red divine blood trickled out, Artemis cursed furiously, "Thalos Borson, was it? You stole my chosen? I will repay this a hundred, no, a thousandfold! From this moment on, you are my prey!"

What she didn't know was that across the starry sky, Thalos was smirking: "The finest hunters often appear in the form of prey."

Meanwhile, Athena was deep in thought inside her own temple.

"The opposing God-Emperor sent mortal heroes to attack the Argo... but why? Revenge? A show of force? It just doesn't seem that shallow."

And Athena was right.

The Greek pantheon had lost a batch of divine offspring—that was unfortunate.

But not a disaster.

After all, they were just mortals. Maybe a few demigods at best.

It wasn't nearly enough to cripple the Greek gods.

Seven days and nights passed quickly. After that, the Greek pantheon would have at least a month to regroup and prepare for the next clash between the two world clusters.