

Thalos 427

Chapter 427: Like the Old Me

The scariest thing is when the atmosphere suddenly turns awkward! Heimdall has guarded the Rainbow Bridge for so many years.

Ever since Ragnarok, this guardian god has hardly had any chance to earn merit.

He's a closed gourd by nature, barely says half a word in half a day. None of the old Aesir dare look down on him, and the later descended gods have no right to. New gods are often curious about what Heimdall's true strength is—in the end, he's simply too low-key, and unlike Thor, he won't run off to Valhalla to brawl for fun whenever his hands itch.

To this day, not to mention foreign gods breaking into the Rainbow Bridge terminus—even the likes of the Fuso and Indian pantheons couldn't breach the outer layer of Ginnungagap.

So much time has passed that most deities have forgotten the Rainbow Bridge can transport friend and foe alike.

That beam of rainbow just now was originally Heimdall's, who, heart aching for his little sister Brigid, intentionally sent the rainbow light to fish her out.

A new god like Brigid with a mortal-sized body can't take punishment the way those Aesir with giant blood can. As for Thor, toss him into the void for a few years and he still won't die. Of course, what he might do when he's starving, vicious, and ravenous is another story.

Artemis moved too fast and actually beat Brigid and her subordinates to it, colliding with the rainbow midstream.

The result was that, inside the "mere" 30,000 square meters and 100 meters high new Rainbow Bridge Hall, Heimdall with a group of sub-gods tasked with holding the line, together with Brigid and her sub-gods who arrived right after, sandwiched the intruding Artemis and her few in the middle.

Brigid and the others were at most startled; the Greek gods were out-and-out terrified.

Heavens!

What is this place? So terrifying!

One after another unknown chaotic behemoth head had been made into specimens and embedded on the walls beside the great hall. Even though they'd been dead for many years, the savage chaotic aura lingering on those heads still burned like little chaotic suns that could not be ignored.

If not for the strange tender green twigs drawing in the chaotic aura that overflowed from them without cease, if you claimed they were still alive, perhaps even a nymph goddess would believe you.

Besides those, there were giant eyeballs from giants, and taxidermied remains of ferocious divine beasts from unknown pantheons.

How is this a transport hub?

This was clearly the Aesir's military museum for flaunting war merits!

No wonder the nymph goddesses were all shivering in fright.

The corner of Artemis's mouth twitched. She truly hadn't expected to dodge Thor's killing strike only to mistakenly break into the enemy's lair!

This time... maybe... she was done for!

Artemis was a bit surprised to find that the white-skinned, gold-armored giant god not far ahead, nearly three times her height, didn't seem inclined to attack. He did draw the sword from a fixed sword mount, but he only pointed the keen blade at the floor instead of raising it high.

"I am Heimdall! The guardian god in charge of the gate of Asgard. By rights I should attack you. But you are the goddess-king named by Our Emperor as his, so as long as you do not make an attacking move, I will not attack you or your followers." Heimdall showed a mouthful of strange big gold teeth, but Artemis was certain that was not a smile.

No attack?

Then will he let us go back?

Within a few seconds she knew it was wishful thinking, as she quickly realized that when Heimdall pulled his divine sword from the fixed sword mount, the seven-colored rainbow light that had brought her here also faded.

Was Heimdall's divine sword the key to controlling this cross-space transport artifact?

Artemis felt immensely troubled.

To get back, she would at least have to, while enduring harassment from Brigid behind her, subdue the white-skinned, gold-toothed giant god before her—and this was in the enemy's divine realm.

Soon, she didn't have to agonize anymore.

The enemy God-Emperor arrived far, far faster than she imagined.

That vast, boundless divine power was so overwhelming that for an instant, she almost felt as if the sun in the sky had plummeted before her.

It was a divine steed far larger than any mortal warhorse.

Perhaps only such a terrifying, noble stallion, with a shoulder taller than three men, could bear the golden-armored giant god astride it.

Even without sensing his absurdly mighty divine power, just at the sight of the Valkyries filling the sky and the dozen or so attendant goddesses at his side—such a spectacle... who could he be but God-Emperor Thalos Borson?

Most crucial of all, a familiar figure leapt into Artemis's view.

"Atalanta?!"

At her own goddess-king's cry of astonishment, the former heroine suddenly burned all over like fire—that was shame.

Atalanta struggled to wrap herself tighter in the diaphanous white gauze of her maid's dress, trying her best to hide behind Brunhilde. She truly didn't know what expression to wear when facing the goddess-king she respected most.

She felt that her weakness and submission were shameless betrayals of Artemis.

On the other hand, she felt more and more unable to resist Thalos.

Many times, when Thalos merely glanced at her, she would flush hot all over and become very, very yielding.

Instinctively, Artemis flared with anger. "Thalos Borson! What did you do to my chosen one?!"

Her god-powered, wrathful shout carried far, and the surroundings fell momentarily still.

Heh!

Bold indeed!

Who would have thought a god would still dare be disrespectful to the God-Emperor nowadays?

At the far end of the God-Emperor's Grand Avenue, divine attendants already kneeling all over the place curiously spread their senses. They were puzzled—why would anyone dare to court death like this anymore?

Unexpectedly, the heartless Ishtar actually snorted with laughter.

"Like! Truly just like," she said, out of nowhere.

"Like what?" Artemis snapped.

"Like the old me!" Ishtar sat on the body of her Venus divine bow, which was taller than a person. She swung her legs gleefully, and as she laughed, her smile grew more wicked. "I rather cherish you, so unruly now! I'll remember you. In a bit I'll watch the whole thing and see how you cry."

Artemis could certainly feel Ishtar's power.

Honestly, every inch of her divine soul blared a warning to her, telling her she was already in a desperate situation.

But she just couldn't swallow it!

At that moment, Thalos smiled lazily. "What did I do to Atalanta? I'll let her tell you herself in a moment."

Thalos's half-smiling gaze was, in itself, the greatest desecration to a virgin goddess like Artemis.

If a mortal dared look at her like that, she would inevitably have her divine attendants gouge out his eyes.

Unfortunately, this opponent was not someone she could toy with.

So, Artemis raised her divine bow at Thalos...