

# **I Am Zeus**

## **#Chapter 111: Break the Chains - Read I Am Zeus**

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The days passed like slow thunder.

Lucifer made himself at home in Olympus in a way only he could—without permission, without shame, and without the faintest concern for the rules. By the third day, half the palace staff knew his face. By the fifth, they knew the smirk that came before he said something that would either make you blush or throw a plate at him.

He wandered the gardens, lingered in the libraries he wasn't supposed to enter, and spent far too much time in the training grounds—never to fight, but to lean against the fence and watch. The women noticed. So did the men.

Zeus noticed most of all.

He didn't trust Lucifer. Not yet. Not enough. Which was why Hermes had been given the job of keeping eyes on him at all times. The messenger god didn't like the assignment, but Zeus knew Hermes was the only one fast enough to keep up.

Zeus made it clear—if Lucifer even looked like he was about to start trouble, Hermes was to tell him before the first spark hit the air.

Lucifer seemed to know he was being watched. He never acknowledged it, never looked at Hermes directly, but Zeus caught the small glances—sideways smirks, like a man who knew exactly how many steps ahead he was.

On the seventh day, Zeus left Olympus without telling anyone where.

He stepped through a crack of stormlight, vanishing from the mortal skies into the Thundervoid.

The realm stretched forever in every direction—an endless ocean of black stormclouds lit from within by bolts of white-blue fire. Each thunderclap here could split a mountain. Each wind gust could strip flesh from bone.

Zeus walked on nothing, his boots pressing down on solid air as arcs of lightning curled around his arms and shoulders. The Thundervoid was his domain, his crucible.

He didn't come here to relax.

He came to think.

Lucifer's arrival had shifted the air around Olympus. Not openly, not enough for the gods to talk about it yet, but Zeus could feel it. A change in the weight of the game. And then there was the big one—the "old man" Lucifer called his father. The presence Zeus remembered from his other life.

The system's main quest still burned in his head. Unite or conquer all pantheons. It was insane on paper, impossible if you counted that one.

Lightning struck the space around him in a circle, grounding his thoughts in the raw pull of power. He'd have to think in steps, not leaps.

He flexed his fingers, calling more lightning to his palms, letting it bite into the skin. The arcs danced between his hands like wild beasts on chains. This was how he calmed his mind—through raw force and repetition.

Then he remembered.

After the fight with Tartarus—when he and Hades had dragged that pit back into silence—the system had chimed. He'd ignored it in the chaos. He hadn't checked it since.

Now seemed like a good time.

"System," he muttered. "Show me the last notification."

The air in front of him warped. Blue-white runes spiraled out, forming a solid screen of light.

[HIDDEN QUEST COMPLETED]

Quest: Break the Chains

Objective: Defeat a primordial being without external divine army support.

Status: Completed.

Summary: You faced Tartarus in open conflict and emerged victorious with the aid of one ally. You have demonstrated strength above the expected limits of a reigning god. This action has altered the balance of fear among primordial entities.

Rewards:

– Title Unlocked: "Breaker of Depths" – Passive intimidation against all primordial and abyssal beings. 35% decrease in hostility chance.

- Ability Unlocked: "Chainrender" – Once per lunar cycle, instantly break any binding, seal, or divine shackle, regardless of origin. Cannot be countered below Overlord-Class authority.
- Divine Stat Boost: +25% to Authority, +15% to Endurance, +10% to Dominion Control.
- Hidden Reputation Unlocked: Your name has entered the whispers of the Deep Ones. Beings beneath creation now recognize you.

Zeus narrowed his eyes at the last line. That one was new.

The whispers of the Deep Ones.

He could already guess that wasn't a good thing.

Lightning rippled harder through the Thundervoid, as if the realm itself was listening. He dismissed the screen with a flick of his hand, letting the light dissolve back into the void.

The title was useful. The ability, even more. But the reputation? That meant he was now on someone's map, and it wasn't just the old man's.

His mind moved to strategy—what the next months would have to look like, which pantheons he could reach out to first, which ones he'd need to break before they saw him coming.

And always, the image of Lucifer at the back of his thoughts. A wild card. A danger. Or maybe... an edge.

A flash of gold cut through the black storm ahead. Hermes who is the only one with access to this realm.

The messenger landed lightly on the empty air, looking unbothered by the lightning snarling around them. "You said to tell you if he started anything. He hasn't. Unless you count driving Aphrodite's attendants insane by existing."

Zeus gave him a look. "Nothing serious?"

Hermes shrugged. "Not unless flirting counts as a crime now. Though I did see him slip into the north archives yesterday. Can't say what he took—if anything."

Zeus didn't answer. He just let the lightning wrap tighter around him, thinking.

Lucifer wasn't here for no reason. That much was certain. And Zeus couldn't decide yet if the man was waiting for the right time to act... or if he was already acting in ways no one could see.

He dismissed Hermes with a nod and turned back into the void, letting the lightning roar louder, filling his head with white noise.

When he finally left the Thundervoid and stepped back into Olympus, the sun was setting. The marble caught the orange-red light, throwing long shadows across the courtyards. Somewhere in the gardens, he heard laughter—the low, familiar sound that could only belong to one man.

Lucifer.

Zeus didn't change course. Not yet. He'd watch. He'd wait.

The game had only just begun.

## **Chapter 112: "Because he's cute."**

In a place older than Olympus, older than the Titans, older than the memory of men.

It was not a hall, nor a mountain, nor any place mortals could name—it was a hollow cut from the skin of reality itself.

Darkness bled in from all sides, yet it wasn't empty. Stars hung motionless in the air, close enough to touch, each one pulsing faintly with a rhythm that wasn't light but life. Beneath them, a black ocean stretched without waves, its surface so still it looked like glass.

Here, the Primordials gathered.

Nyx, night made flesh, stepped from a column of shadow as if it were a doorway. The air dimmed around her, the stars bending toward her presence. Her dress was stitched from the deep void itself, and her eyes held no pupils—only endless black.

Across from her, Erebus stood like a cliff of pure darkness, broad and unmoving, his form absorbing every glimmer of light that dared to approach. His voice, when it came, was low and cold.

"Tartarus has fallen."

The words rippled through the still ocean, each one like a drop of black ink spreading in water.

More figures emerged—Ananke, the coil of inevitability, her form shifting between woman and serpent; Eros, radiant and terrible, with beauty sharp enough to draw blood; and finally, Gaia.

Gaia did not walk—she rose. The glassy ocean swelled upward, turning into a great mound of living green beneath her feet, trees and flowers blooming instantly in her wake. Her presence was grounding, unshakable, yet her expression was unreadable.

None spoke for a long moment. Then Ananke's voice slithered through the air.

"It is no small thing to kill one of us. No god of sky or sea should be able to do such a thing. And yet... Zeus has done it."

Erebus's head tilted slightly, the movement slow and deliberate. "This is what happens when we ignore the storm until it strikes the shore. The boy was given reign over Olympus, and now he thinks himself our equal."

Nyx gave a small, amused hum. "Equal? No... not yet. But he moves in that direction." Her lips curled into a faint grin. "And that makes him interesting."

Eros's eyes gleamed, sharp with disdain. "Interesting? He is dangerous. And not just to us. Word will spread beyond our own—into other pantheons. The ones who already view him as a threat will now see proof. Soon, they will move."

Ananke nodded slowly. "The first ripples are already forming. The old beings from the east, the watchers beneath the frozen void, even the sun-bearers of the south—they will see this as a chance to strike before he grows too strong."

Erebus's tone deepened, heavy as a collapsing mountain. "Then we should do it first. Strike before they do. Tear Olympus down, scatter its seats, and end him before he becomes what we all know he can become."

The stars in the air seemed to dim further, as if the suggestion itself sucked the light out of them.

That was when Gaia spoke. Her voice was not loud, but it rolled through the ocean and the air like a heartbeat.

"No."

All eyes turned to her.

"You would attack my blood," she said, her tone even. "The son of Cronus is my grandson, and I will not raise a hand against him."

Erebus's darkness stirred, faint tendrils coiling at the edges of his form. "Blood has never stopped war."

"It will now," Gaia said simply. Her gaze swept across them all, steady, rooted. "You speak as if he is a storm you cannot control. But you forget—storms can be guided. I

have watched him grow. I have seen his victories, his mistakes. He is not perfect, but he is not our enemy. Not unless we force him to be."

Ananke's head tilted, serpentine eyes narrowing. "You would defend him? Even if it means opposing us?"

"I would," Gaia said without hesitation. "Even if it costs me my life."

The words hung heavy. This was no threat, no bluff—just truth, spoken plainly.

Then, unexpectedly, Nyx laughed. It was not a cruel sound—low, warm, edged with mischief.

"Well," she said, stepping closer to Gaia's side, "if you're going to make such a bold stand, I suppose I'll have to join you."

Erebus's gaze cut toward her. "And why would you do that?"

Nyx's grin widened, eyes glinting like midnight stars. "Because he's cute."

The silence that followed was sharp enough to break.

Ananke's brow twitched. "That's your reason?"

"Do I need another?" Nyx's voice was soft but certain. "You all see threats. I see a boy who wrestled a Primordial into the dirt and lived to talk about it. That deserves my attention... and my protection."

Gaia didn't react to the remark, though there was the faintest pull at the corner of her mouth, as if suppressing a smile.

Eros exhaled slowly, the air shimmering faintly with his presence. "So you both would shield him. That puts the rest of us in an awkward position."

"It puts you in a dangerous one," Gaia corrected, her gaze cutting toward him. "Think carefully before you decide which side of this line you stand on."

Erebus's form rippled like smoke caught in wind, but he didn't push further. "So be it. But do not expect me to protect him when the others come for him. And they will."

"They can come," Nyx said lightly. "I'll be watching."

The meeting did not end with a resolution. It ended with currents pulling in different directions, the ocean of black beneath them still unbroken, but the air above sharp with unspoken challenge.

As the Primordials began to fade back into the spaces between reality, Gaia and Nyx remained a moment longer.

"You mean what you said," Nyx remarked, her grin softer now. "About defending him."

"I do," Gaia said. "But I also mean what I didn't say. He will need to be ready. If he is not, not even I can save him."

Nyx tilted her head, the darkness around her folding closer. "Then we'll just have to make sure he's ready."

And with that, the two vanished—leaving only the still ocean and the faint hum of the stars.

Far above, in Olympus, Zeus stood on the highest balcony, unaware of the meeting but feeling the strange shift in the air, as if the world itself had just turned to watch him.

### **Chapter 113: "Then don't let me go."**

The sun was slipping low over Olympus, spilling its last gold over marble columns and winding gardens.

Zeus had just left the training grounds after checking in on Ares—his usual routine. The war god was in a foul mood, muttering about being bored. Zeus had given him a few short words before leaving; Ares didn't need handholding, just something to keep his fire burning.

He decided to walk the long way back to his chambers, letting the cooler evening air run over his skin. The halls of Olympus were quieter at this hour, the echo of footsteps stretching ahead of him. He turned down one of the garden paths, following the sound of a fountain somewhere deeper inside.

That's when he saw her.

Demeter sat alone on a stone bench, the folds of her pale green dress spilling over the side. Her hair—golden and loose—caught the faint light like strands of sunlight trapped in silk. A single cup of wine rested beside her, untouched. Her gaze was fixed on the ground, as though she was watching something only she could see.

She didn't notice him at first.

Zeus slowed his steps, his boots quiet against the stone. "Demeter."

Her head lifted, and there was a flicker of surprise before she gave a small smile. "Zeus. I didn't expect you out here."

"I could say the same." He glanced at the untouched wine, then at her face. "You look... somewhere else."

She gave a quiet laugh that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Maybe I am."

He came closer, the evening breeze shifting the folds of his robe. "What's wrong?"

Demeter shook her head lightly. "Nothing you need to concern yourself with. Just... thinking."

"About what?" he pressed, voice softer now.

Her eyes moved away, toward the fountain, where the water caught the fading sun. "It's strange, isn't it? We fought the same war. We bled for the same cause. But sometimes, I feel like I'm still... alone in all this."

Zeus's brow lowered slightly. "You're not alone."

"Am I not?" She looked at him again, and in her eyes there was something deeper—tiredness, maybe, or something that had been kept locked away too long. "It's different for you. You've always been... surrounded. People follow you. They need you. But me... I've always been the one who gives, who heals, who grows. And when that's done... there's no one left to ask if I'm alright."

Her words were steady, but Zeus caught the faint crack beneath them.

He stepped closer, his shadow falling across her. "Then I'll ask. Are you alright?"

Demeter's lips curved into a small smile, but it was a fragile one. "No. Not always."

He sat beside her, the bench cool under his hand. The scent of flowers drifted between them, and for a moment, neither spoke. The quiet was not uncomfortable—it was simply full.

"I've seen you carry more than anyone should," he said after a while. "You were there when the earth was broken, and you made it bloom again. You've always been there. Even when no one noticed."

Her eyes softened, but there was still a guarded edge to her. "And yet... I'm still here alone."

Zeus turned to face her fully, his gaze steady. "Not tonight."

Something shifted in her expression then—a flicker of hesitation, then decision. She leaned closer, her hand brushing lightly against his on the bench. "Zeus... there's something I've never told you."



He didn't move. "Say it."

Her voice lowered, almost a whisper. "I've been hiding it for years. Since before the war. I thought it would fade. I told myself it would." She hesitated, searching his face. "It didn't."

"What is it you've been hiding?"

Demeter's lips pressed together for a breath before she finally said it. "I love you."

The air between them felt still. He didn't look shocked.

"I know," Zeus said simply.

Her eyes widened slightly, the faintest flush coloring her cheeks. "You... knew?"

He gave a faint smile. "I'm not blind, Demeter. I've seen it in the way you look at me. The way you stay close, even when you pretend not to."

Her breath caught, the smallest laugh breaking from her. "And you never said anything?"

"I didn't want to speak for you," he said. "I wanted you to tell me when you were ready."

The last of the sunlight caught her hair as she leaned in, closing the space between them. Her lips met his, soft at first—testing, almost uncertain—until his hand came up to cup her cheek. He kissed her back, slow and deliberate, as if neither of them were in any hurry.

When they finally pulled apart, her eyes searched his. "So... what now?"

Zeus brushed a strand of hair from her face, his thumb lingering just below her ear. "Now? We stop pretending."

For a moment, she just looked at him, the tension in her shoulders easing. Then she smiled—not the fragile one from before, but something warmer, something real.

The fountain kept its gentle rhythm beside them, the world beyond the garden hushed. For tonight, there were no councils, no wars, no shifting alliances—just the two of them, sitting close on a stone bench as night settled over Olympus.

And for the first time in a long time, Demeter didn't feel alone.

The air between them was warm now, charged with something unspoken but understood.

Zeus held her gaze for a moment longer, then let his hand slide down to take hers.

"Come with me," he said quietly.

Demeter blinked, a hint of surprise touching her face. "Where?"

He didn't answer with words. The lightning in his eyes flashed just enough for her to catch it—then the air around them shifted, pulling like a tide. In the next heartbeat, the garden, the fountain, and the fading light were gone.

They stood in his chambers.

The room was wide and high, its walls carved from white stone streaked faintly with gold. Tall windows stood open to the night, the breeze carrying in the scent of rain from far below the mountain. The floor was cool marble underfoot, but a thick rug of deep crimson stretched before the bed—a vast thing of dark wood and layered sheets.

Demeter's eyes flicked around, her voice low. "You didn't give me much time to think about this."

"You've had years to think," he said simply, still holding her hand. "Now you're here."

She looked back at him, the faintest smile playing at her lips. "And what happens now?"

Zeus stepped closer, close enough that the air between them grew thin. His free hand came up to rest at the small of her back, drawing her nearer. "Now," he said, "we stop pretending there's distance between us."

Her breath caught when he leaned in again, his lips brushing hers with more certainty than before. This time the kiss wasn't hesitant—it was slow but deep, his hand firm against her back, keeping her close. She melted into it, her arms rising to rest against his shoulders.

When they parted, just enough to look at each other, his gaze softened. "You've been alone too long," he murmured. "Not tonight."

Demeter searched his eyes, as if looking for any trace of doubt. She didn't find it. Her fingers trailed lightly down his arm before she nodded once. "Then don't let me go."

## **Chapter 114: Demeter\***

The air in Zeus's chambers felt heavy with a quiet kind of magic, the kind that hums just beneath the skin. The moonlight spilled through the tall windows, painting silver streaks across the crimson rug and the dark wooden bed. Demeter stood there, her pale green dress catching the faint glow, her golden hair a soft halo in the dim light. Her heart was pounding—she could feel it in her chest, like a drum echoing through the silence. Zeus's

hand was still on hers, warm and steady, grounding her even as everything else felt like it was spinning. He looked at her, his eyes sharp but kind, the storm in them softened for once. "You don't have to be nervous," he said, voice low and smooth, like distant thunder. "I've got you." Demeter swallowed, her lips parting to say something, but the words didn't come. Instead, she gave a small nod, her fingers tightening around his. She'd never been here before—not just in his chambers, but in this moment, this close, with anyone. The thought made her stomach twist, but not in a bad way. It was more like... anticipation, mixed with trust. Zeus stepped closer, closing the small gap between them. His hand slid from hers to rest on her waist, the warmth of his touch seeping through the thin fabric of her dress. He leaned down, brushing his lips against her forehead first, soft and slow, before trailing kisses along her jawline. Her breath hitched as he reached her neck, his lips firm yet gentle, sending little sparks skittering across her skin. "You've never done this before, have you?" he murmured against her ear, his voice sending shivers down her spine. She shook her head slightly, her cheeks flushing. "No," she admitted, barely above a whisper. "... I don't know what I'm doing." He pulled back just enough to look at her, a small smirk playing on his lips. "That's alright. I'll show you. Just follow my lead." His hands moved to the straps of her dress, fingers brushing against her shoulders as he slowly slid them down. The fabric fell away with a soft rustle, pooling at her feet and leaving her bare except for the thin undergarment clinging to her curves. Her breath caught again as his eyes roamed over her, dark with hunger but still patient. She felt exposed, vulnerable—but safe under his gaze. "You're beautiful," he said simply, and there was no lie in it. His hands found her waist again, pulling her close as he kissed her deeply this time, his tongue teasing hers in a way that made her knees weak. She clung to him, fingers digging into the fabric of his robe as she tried to keep up. He guided her backward until her legs hit the edge of the bed, and she sat down instinctively, looking up at him with wide eyes. Zeus shed his robe with one fluid motion, revealing the hard lines of muscle beneath—broad shoulders, sculpted chest, and powerful thighs. Her gaze dropped lower for just a moment before darting back up, her face burning. He chuckled softly at her reaction, stepping closer until he stood between her legs. "Don't look away," he teased, tilting her chin up to meet his eyes. "I want you to see everything." Her heart raced as he knelt down in front of her, strong hands sliding up her thighs. He parted them gently, pressing kisses along the inside of her leg, moving higher and higher until she was trembling under his touch. When he reached the thin fabric covering her core, he hooked his fingers under it and pulled it down slowly, leaving her completely bare to him. "Zeus..." she breathed out, half-nervous, half-desperate, as he looked up at her with that intense gaze. "Relax," he murmured before lowering his head between her thighs. His tongue flicked against her most sensitive spot—her pussy—and she gasped loudly, hands gripping the sheets beneath her. The sensation was unlike anything she'd ever felt; warm and wet and overwhelming in the best way. He licked slow circles at first, teasing her clit before sucking it gently into his mouth. Her hips bucked involuntarily, a soft moan escaping her lips. "That's it," he growled against her skin, the vibration making her whimper. "Let me hear you." He kept going, alternating between licking and sucking, his hands holding her thighs open so she couldn't close them even if she wanted to. Pleasure built inside her like a wave, growing stronger with every stroke of his tongue until she was panting, head thrown back against the bed. Her fingers tangled in his hair without thinking,

pulling him closer as she felt something tight coil deep in her belly. When he slipped two fingers inside her soaked entrance while still working her clit with his mouth, that coil snapped. She cried out—a sharp, broken sound—as ecstasy crashed over her like lightning splitting through clouds on Mount Olympus itself. Her body shook beneath him while he worked through every shudder until finally slowing to soft kisses along her inner thigh again. Breathing heavily now—and dazed—she looked down at him only to see those stormy eyes glinting wickedly back up at hers from between spread legs glistening wetly from what they'd just shared together there moments ago already...

"Good girl," Zeus purred approvingly before standing tall once more over where Demeter lay sprawled helplessly atop silken sheets rumpled by their passion thus far tonight alone already yet still craving so much further beyond these initial explorations too soon enough probably anyway given how things were progressing rapidly right then currently indeed... He moved upward next though rather than continuing directly downwards immediately afterward instead somehow surprisingly perhaps; kissing trails across stomach tautness till reaching twin peaks capped pinkly perfect waiting eagerly apparently judging by hardened tips straining skywards almost pleadingly towards any attention whatsoever.

A/N

Thanks for reading my work, drop power stones, golden tickets and gifts to support me.

Please

Please

Please

Please

I'm begging for a gift 🎁

Thank you

### **Chapter 115: "You're sure about this?"\***

Moonlight poured through the arched windows, bathing the room in a silver glow that danced across the crimson rug and the massive, dark-wood bed carved with swirling patterns of storms and stars. Demeter stood near the center of the room, her pale green dress clinging to her curves, catching the light like a forest kissed by dawn. Her golden hair fell in soft waves, framing her face, and her emerald eyes flickered with a mix of nerves and something hotter, something alive. Her chest rose and fell quickly, her heartbeat a wild rhythm she couldn't hide.

Zeus stood close, his presence overwhelming, like a storm about to break. His white robe hung loose, hinting at the powerful body beneath—broad shoulders, chiseled chest, and a strength that seemed to hum in the air around him. His eyes, sharp and stormy, softened as they locked onto hers. "You're sure about this?" he asked, his voice low, a rumble that seemed to vibrate through the stone floor.

Demeter's lips parted, but words caught in her throat. She nodded, her fingers twisting in the fabric of her dress. "I trust you," she whispered, her voice barely audible but steady. That was enough.

Zeus stepped closer, closing the distance between them. His hand found her waist, warm and firm, pulling her gently against him. The heat of his body seeped through her dress, and she shivered as his lips brushed her forehead, soft at first, then trailing down to her jaw, her neck. Each kiss was a spark, igniting something deep inside her. Her breath hitched, a soft sound escaping as his lips pressed harder, teasing the sensitive skin just below her ear.

"You're trembling," he murmured, his breath hot against her skin. "Don't be. I've got you."

Her hands found his shoulders, gripping the fabric of his robe as she leaned into him, her body responding before her mind could catch up. He kissed her then, deep and hungry, his tongue sliding against hers in a slow, deliberate dance. She melted into it, her fingers digging into his shoulders, her body pressing closer as heat pooled low in her belly.

Zeus's hands moved to the straps of her dress, his fingers brushing her shoulders as he slid them down. The fabric fell away, pooling at her feet in a whisper of silk, leaving her in nothing but a thin, white undergarment that hugged her curves. Her cheeks flushed as his eyes roamed over her, dark with desire but patient, like he was savoring every inch. She felt exposed, raw, but the way he looked at her—like she was the only thing in the world—made her feel powerful too.

"Beautiful," he said, voice rough with want. He pulled her close again, kissing her harder this time, his hands sliding up her sides, thumbs brushing the curve of her breasts through the thin fabric. She gasped into his mouth, her body arching toward him instinctively.

He guided her backward until her thighs hit the edge of the bed. She sat, her eyes wide as she looked up at him. Zeus shrugged off his robe in one fluid motion, revealing the hard planes of his body—muscles taut, skin bronzed by the sun, and a trail of dark hair leading down to where his cock hung heavy, already half-hard. Demeter's gaze flickered downward, then snapped back up, her face burning. He chuckled, a low, warm sound, and stepped between her legs, tilting her chin up to meet his eyes.

"Don't look away," he teased, his voice a velvet command. "I want you to see me."

Her heart pounded as he knelt before her, his hands sliding up her thighs, parting them with a gentle but firm touch. His fingers hooked under the edge of her undergarment, pulling it down slowly, exposing her pussy to the cool air. She was already wet, her folds glistening under the moonlight, and she felt a rush of heat as his gaze locked onto her core. "Zeus..." she breathed, her voice trembling with nerves and need.

"Relax," he murmured, his lips brushing the inside of her thigh. He kissed his way higher, slow and deliberate, until his mouth hovered over her pussy. When his tongue finally flicked against her clit, she gasped, her hands fisting the sheets. The sensation was electric—warm, wet, and overwhelming. He licked slow, teasing circles, his tongue swirling over her sensitive bud before sucking it gently between his lips. Her hips bucked, a soft moan spilling from her throat.

"Fuck, you taste good," he growled against her, the vibration sending a jolt through her body. She whimpered, her fingers tangling in his hair as he worked her, alternating between long, slow licks and quick flicks of his tongue. Her pussy throbbed under his touch, slick and swollen, responding to every movement. When he slid two fingers inside her, curling them against her tight walls, she cried out, her body arching off the bed.

"Oh gods!" Her voice broke as pleasure coiled tight in her core, building fast. His fingers pumped steadily, slick with her arousal, while his mouth never left her clit. The wet sounds of his fingers sliding in and out filled the room, mingling with her gasps and his low grunts of approval. The coil snapped, and she screamed, her pussy clenching around his fingers as waves of ecstasy crashed through her. Her thighs trembled, her vision blurring as she rode out the orgasm, Zeus's tongue slowing to soft, soothing licks as she shuddered beneath him.

He rose, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, his eyes glinting with hunger. "Good girl," he said, voice rough and proud. Demeter lay sprawled on the bed, chest heaving, her pussy still pulsing from the aftershocks. But Zeus wasn't done. He climbed onto the bed, his cock now fully hard, thick and veined, the tip glistening with precum. He positioned himself between her legs, guiding her thighs apart as he leaned over her.

"Ready for me?" he asked, his voice low, almost a growl. She nodded, her eyes wide, her body aching for more despite the intensity of what she'd just felt. He gripped his cock, rubbing the head against her slick folds, coating himself in her wetness. The sensation made her moan softly, her hips lifting toward him.

He pushed forward, the thick head of his cock stretching her entrance. She gasped, her nails digging into his arms as he slid in slowly, inch by inch, her pussy gripping him tightly. "Fuck, you're tight," he groaned, his voice strained as he buried himself deeper. Her walls fluttered around him, adjusting to his size, the stretch a mix of pleasure and slight pain that made her breath catch.



When he was fully inside, he paused, letting her feel every inch of him. Her pussy pulsed around his cock, slick and hot, coating him in her arousal. He started to move, slow at first, sliding in and out with deliberate thrusts. Each movement sent sparks through her body, her moans growing louder as he picked up the pace. "Zeus!" she cried, her voice raw as he fucked her harder, his hips slamming against hers.

He shifted, pulling her legs up to rest on his shoulders, the new angle letting him thrust deeper. Her pussy clenched around him, the wet slap of their bodies echoing in the room. His cock glistened with her juices, sliding in and out with a rhythm that drove her wild. "Fuck, you feel so good," he grunted, his hands gripping her hips hard enough to leave marks.

She screamed again, her body trembling as another orgasm built. He flipped her over suddenly, pulling her onto her hands and knees. In the doggy-style position, he entered her again, his cock slamming into her pussy with a force that made her gasp. Her walls tightened around him, slick and swollen, as he fucked her relentlessly, his balls slapping against her clit with every thrust.

"Gods, yes!" she moaned, her voice breaking as pleasure overwhelmed her. His grunts grew louder, primal, as he pounded into her, his cock coated in her creamy arousal. The bed creaked under them, the air thick with the scent of sex and sweat. Her pussy spasmed, another orgasm ripping through her, and she screamed his name, her body shaking as she came hard around him.

Zeus groaned, his thrusts growing erratic as he chased his own release. With a final, deep thrust, he came, his cock pulsing inside her, filling her with hot spurts of cum. They collapsed together, panting, their bodies slick with sweat and desire, the moonlight casting soft shadows over their tangled limbs.

## **Chapter 116: "Ready for more?"\***

Demeter lay sprawled across the bed, her golden hair fanned out on the crimson sheets, her chest rising and falling as she caught her breath. Her skin glistened, flushed from the intensity of their first round, her pussy still tingling with the aftershocks of her orgasms. Zeus lay beside her, one arm draped lazily over her waist, his own breathing heavy but steady. His cock, softening but still impressive, rested against his thigh, slick with their combined arousal. The room was quiet except for the soft crackle of the fire in the corner, but the tension between them hadn't faded—it simmered, ready to ignite again.

Demeter turned her head, catching Zeus's stormy eyes watching her. A smirk played on his lips, and she felt a fresh wave of heat curl in her belly. "You good?" he asked, his voice a low rumble, teasing but warm.

She nodded, a shy smile breaking through her exhaustion. "More than good," she murmured, her voice hoarse from screaming his name. Her thighs ached, her pussy still

sensitive, but the way he looked at her—like he wasn't done—made her pulse quicken again.

Zeus chuckled, rolling onto his side to face her. His hand slid up her thigh, fingers tracing lazy circles on her skin. "You're tougher than you look," he said, his tone approving. "Ready for more?"

Her breath hitched, but she didn't hesitate. "Show me," she whispered, her eyes locking onto his, a challenge in her gaze.

That was all he needed. Zeus moved with a predator's grace, climbing over her until he was straddling her hips. His cock was already hardening again, the sight making her mouth water. He leaned down, capturing her lips in a searing kiss, his tongue plunging deep, tasting her moans as she arched beneath him. His hands roamed her body, cupping her breasts, thumbs brushing over her hardened nipples until she gasped into his mouth.

"Fuck, you're perfect," he growled, breaking the kiss to trail his lips down her neck, nipping at her collarbone. Her skin prickled under his touch, her body waking up again, craving him despite the ache. He shifted lower, kissing the valley between her breasts before taking one nipple into his mouth, sucking hard. Demeter moaned, her fingers tangling in his dark hair, pulling him closer as sparks shot straight to her core.

He didn't linger long. With a wicked grin, he grabbed her hips and flipped her onto her stomach, pulling her up onto her knees. "Let's see how much you can take," he said, his voice rough with hunger. Her heart pounded as she felt him position himself behind her, his hands spreading her thighs wide. Her pussy was still slick from their first round, her folds swollen and glistening, and she shivered as the cool air brushed against her exposed core.

Zeus gripped his cock, now fully hard again, and rubbed the thick head against her entrance, coating himself in her wetness. "So fucking wet for me," he muttered, his voice dripping with approval. He teased her for a moment, sliding his cock along her folds, brushing her clit until she whimpered, her hips pushing back toward him. "Patient, aren't you?" he teased, before thrusting into her in one smooth, deep stroke.

Demeter cried out, her hands clutching the sheets as her pussy stretched around him, the sudden fullness overwhelming. Her walls gripped him tightly, still sensitive from before, and the sensation of his cock sliding in, thick and hard, sent a jolt through her entire body. "Zeus!" she gasped, her voice breaking as he started to move, his hips snapping against hers with a steady, relentless rhythm.

"Fuck, you feel so good," he grunted, his hands digging into her hips as he fucked her hard, each thrust driving deeper. Her pussy pulsed around him, slick and hot, coating his cock in her arousal as he slammed into her. The wet, rhythmic slap of their bodies filled the room, mingling with her moans and his low, primal grunts. Her breasts



bounced with each thrust, her nipples grazing the sheets, adding to the sensory overload.

He shifted the angle slightly, hitting a spot deep inside her that made her scream, her pussy clenching around him like a vise. "That's it," he growled, his voice strained as he felt her tighten. "Scream for me." He reached around, his fingers finding her clit, rubbing it in quick, firm circles as he pounded into her from behind. The dual sensation was too much—her body trembled, pleasure building fast and fierce, her moans turning into desperate cries.

"Oh gods, Zeus!" she screamed, her pussy spasming as another orgasm tore through her. Her walls fluttered wildly around his cock, her juices dripping down her thighs, soaking the sheets beneath them. He didn't stop, fucking her through the climax, his thrusts growing harder, more erratic, as he chased his own release.

But he wasn't done yet. With a low growl, he pulled out, his cock glistening with her cum, and flipped her onto her back. "I want to see your face," he said, his voice rough with need. He spread her legs wide, hooking them over his shoulders as he positioned himself at her entrance again. Her pussy was red, swollen, and dripping, and she whimpered as he teased her with the tip of his cock, rubbing it against her sensitive clit.

"Please," she begged, her voice raw, her body aching for him despite the intensity. He grinned, dark and hungry, and thrust into her again, filling her completely. Her head fell back, a loud moan tearing from her throat as he fucked her in the missionary position, his cock sliding in and out with deep, powerful strokes. Her pussy gripped him tightly, the wet sounds of their bodies moving together echoing in the chamber.

"Fuck, Demeter," he groaned, his eyes locked on hers as he pounded into her. Her breasts bounced with each thrust, her face flushed with pleasure, her lips parted as she gasped and moaned. He leaned down, capturing her mouth in a bruising kiss, swallowing her cries as he fucked her harder, his cock coated in her slick arousal.

She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper, her nails raking down his back as another orgasm built. "I'm gonna—oh gods!" she cried, her pussy clenching around him as she came again, her body shaking beneath him. The sight of her falling apart, her pussy pulsing around his cock, pushed him over the edge. With a deep, guttural grunt, he thrust hard, his cock pulsing as he spilled inside her, hot cum filling her pussy.

They didn't stop. Zeus pulled out, his cock still hard, slick with their combined release, and rolled her onto her side. He slid in behind her, spooning her as he entered her again, his thrusts slower now but no less intense. Her pussy was hypersensitive, every movement sending shivers through her, and she moaned softly, her body pliant in his arms. He fucked her like that for what felt like hours, switching positions—her riding him, him taking her against the wall, her bent over the edge of the bed—each one pushing

them both to new heights of pleasure, their bodies slick with sweat, their moans and grunts filling the air.

By the time they collapsed, exhausted, the moonlight had faded, and the first hints of dawn crept through the windows. Demeter's pussy was sore, dripping with their combined cum, her body trembling with aftershocks. Zeus pulled her close, his chest heaving, his cock finally softening as he kissed her forehead. "You're incredible," he murmured, and she smiled, her heart full, her body spent but sated.

## **Chapter 117: "She's glowing,"\***

The dawn light crept through the tall windows of Zeus's room, casting a soft golden glow over the tangled mess of crimson sheets. Demeter lay curled against Zeus, her golden hair spilling across his chest, her body still humming from their relentless passion. Her skin was flushed, her thighs sticky with their combined release, her pussy tender but sated. Zeus's arm rested possessively around her, his breathing deep and steady, his cock now soft against his thigh, glistening faintly in the early light. The air was heavy with the musky scent of sex, the fire in the corner reduced to glowing embers, but the heat between them lingered, a quiet promise of more.

A soft creak broke the silence—the heavy wooden door swinging open. Demeter's eyes fluttered open, her heart jumping as two figures stepped into the room: Metis, with her sleek raven hair and piercing blue eyes, and Leto, her auburn curls catching the dawn light, her expression a mix of surprise and amusement. Both goddesses froze for a moment, their gazes sweeping over the scene—Demeter's flushed, naked body pressed against Zeus, the rumpled sheets, the unmistakable evidence of their marathon of pleasure.

"Well," Metis said, her voice smooth but laced with a teasing edge, "looks like we missed quite the feast." She crossed her arms, her flowing silver gown shimmering as she leaned against the doorframe, her lips curling into a knowing smirk.

Leto laughed softly, her green eyes sparkling as she stepped closer, her own golden dress swaying with her hips. "Didn't expect to find this when we came to check on you, Zeus," she said, her tone playful but warm. "Demeter, you look... thoroughly claimed."

Demeter's cheeks burned, and she tugged the sheet up to cover herself, though it did little to hide the flush on her skin or the way her thighs pressed together instinctively. "I—uh—" she stammered, glancing at Zeus, who just grinned, unbothered by the intrusion.

"Relax, both of you," Zeus said, his voice a low rumble, still thick with satisfaction. He sat up, the sheet sliding down to reveal the hard lines of his chest and the trail of dark hair leading lower. "No need to act shy now. You're here, so you might as well join the party."

Metis raised an eyebrow, her smirk widening as she stepped closer, her gaze flicking to Demeter. "You sure about that? Looks like Demeter's had you all to herself for a while."

Demeter's blush deepened, but she didn't look away, her curiosity outweighing her embarrassment. Leto moved to the edge of the bed, her fingers brushing the sheets as she looked at Zeus, then Demeter. "She's glowing," Leto said softly, almost to herself. "You've done well, Zeus."

Zeus chuckled, his hand sliding down Demeter's back, making her shiver. "She's tougher than she looks," he said, echoing his earlier words. "But I'm not done yet. Plenty to go around."

The air shifted, charged with a new kind of tension. Metis and Leto exchanged a glance, a silent agreement passing between them. Without a word, Metis reached for the clasp of her gown, letting the silver fabric slide off her shoulders to pool on the floor. Her body was lean and graceful, her breasts full, nipples already hardening in the cool air. Leto followed, her golden dress falling away to reveal soft curves and pale skin kissed by freckles. Both goddesses stood bare, their eyes locked on Zeus, their confidence electric.

Demeter's breath caught, her eyes darting between them, unsure but intrigued. Zeus's cock twitched, already stirring again as he took in the sight of the two goddesses. "Come here," he said, his voice a low command, and they obeyed, moving with a feline grace toward the bed.

Metis knelt first, her dark hair spilling over her shoulders as she leaned down, her lips brushing the inside of Zeus's thigh. Leto joined her, her auburn curls falling forward as she positioned herself on his other side. Demeter watched, her heart pounding, as the two goddesses worked in tandem, their mouths inching closer to Zeus's cock, which was now hardening rapidly, thick and veined, still slick from his time with Demeter.

Metis's tongue flicked out, teasing the base of his cock, while Leto's lips closed around one of his balls, sucking gently. Zeus groaned, a deep, guttural sound that sent a fresh wave of heat through Demeter's core. "Fuck," he muttered, his head tipping back, his hands fisting the sheets. Metis's tongue traced slow, deliberate circles around his shaft, lapping at the lingering taste of Demeter's arousal, while Leto's mouth worked his balls with a soft, rhythmic suction, her tongue swirling over the sensitive skin.

Demeter's pussy throbbed, her body responding despite its exhaustion. She shifted, sitting up slightly, her eyes glued to the scene. Metis glanced up, catching her gaze, and winked. "Enjoying the show?" she murmured, before taking Zeus's cock into her mouth, her lips stretching around his thickness as she sucked him deep. Leto hummed in approval, her mouth still on his balls, the vibrations drawing another groan from Zeus.

The sight was overwhelming—Metis's head bobbing, her cheeks hollowing as she worked his cock, Leto's lips and tongue teasing his balls, their movements perfectly

synchronized. Zeus's hips bucked slightly, his cock glistening with Metis's saliva, the head flushed and swollen. "Gods, you two," he growled, his voice rough with pleasure.

Demeter's hand drifted between her thighs, her fingers brushing her still-sensitive pussy, slick with Zeus's cum. She moaned softly, unable to look away as Metis and Leto worshipped him, their mouths relentless. Zeus's eyes flicked to her, dark with hunger. "Come here," he said, reaching for her.

She hesitated for a moment, then crawled closer, her body trembling with anticipation. Zeus pulled her into a deep kiss, his tongue claiming her mouth as Metis and Leto continued below. The wet sounds of their sucking filled the room, mingling with Zeus's grunts and Demeter's soft gasps. His hand slid down her body, finding her pussy and slipping two fingers inside, curling them against her sensitive walls. She cried out into his mouth, her hips rocking against his hand as pleasure sparked through her again.

Metis pulled back, her lips glistening, and guided Zeus's cock toward Demeter. "Your turn," she said, her voice husky. Demeter's eyes widened, but she leaned down, her lips brushing the tip of his cock, tasting the mix of her own arousal and Metis's saliva. She took him into her mouth, her tongue swirling around the head, and Zeus groaned, his hand tangling in her hair.

Leto moved up, kissing along Zeus's chest, her fingers teasing his nipples as Demeter sucked him deeper, her pussy clenching at the sound of his pleasure. Metis's fingers joined Zeus's, slipping inside Demeter's dripping pussy, pumping slowly as Demeter moaned around his cock. The room was a symphony of sounds—wet slurps, low grunts, and desperate moans—as the four of them moved together, lost in a haze of lust.

Zeus pulled Demeter up, his cock slipping from her mouth with a wet pop. "I need you again," he growled, flipping her onto her back. Metis and Leto watched, their hands roaming each other's bodies but focused on Zeus as he spread Demeter's legs wide. Her pussy was red, swollen, and dripping with cum, and she whimpered as he thrust into her, filling her completely. "Fuck!" she screamed, her nails digging into his shoulders as he fucked her hard, his cock sliding in and out with relentless force.

Metis and Leto knelt beside them, their hands teasing Demeter's breasts, their lips brushing her skin as Zeus pounded into her. Her pussy clenched around him, her orgasms coming faster now, each one ripping through her with a scream. Zeus's grunts grew louder, his thrusts erratic, until he came again, his cock pulsing inside her, filling her with more cum.

They didn't stop. The night blurred into a frenzy of positions—Demeter riding Zeus while Metis kissed her neck, Leto bent over the bed as Zeus took her from behind, their bodies slick with sweat and cum, their moans echoing until the dawn burned bright.

**Chapter 118: "Still hungry, are we?"\***

Demeter lay sprawled across the crimson sheets, her golden hair a tangled halo, her body flushed and slick from their earlier rounds. Her pussy throbbed, tender from Zeus's relentless thrusts, yet still pulsing with want. Beside her, Metis and Leto lounged, their naked forms glowing in the soft light—Metis's lean, lithe body and Leto's softer curves, both goddesses radiating a mix of satisfaction and hunger. Zeus stood at the foot of the bed, his muscular frame towering, his cock already stirring again, thick and veined, glistening with the remnants of their passion. His stormy eyes burned with a primal intensity, darting between the three women, each one a feast he wasn't done devouring.

"Still hungry, are we?" Zeus said, his voice a low growl, laced with amusement and desire. He stepped closer, his cock hardening fully as he took in the sight of them—Demeter's flushed cheeks, Metis's sly smirk, Leto's half-lidded gaze. The tension in the room crackled, a storm brewing in the quiet.

Metis stretched languidly, her raven hair spilling over her shoulders as she crawled toward him. "You're not the only one," she purred, her fingers trailing down his chest, teasing the hard lines of muscle. Leto followed, her auburn curls bouncing as she knelt beside Metis, her lips brushing Zeus's hip. Demeter watched, her breath hitching, her pussy clenching at the sight. She sat up, her breasts swaying, drawn into the magnetic pull of their shared desire.

Zeus's hand found Metis's hair, guiding her closer. She didn't hesitate, her tongue flicking out to trace the length of his cock, lapping at the slick mix of cum and arousal coating him. Leto joined in, her lips closing around the head, sucking softly, her tongue swirling over the sensitive tip. Zeus groaned, a deep, rumbling sound that sent a shiver through Demeter's core. "Fuck, you two know how to work me," he muttered, his hips twitching as their mouths moved in tandem, wet and eager.

Demeter's fingers drifted between her thighs, brushing her swollen, dripping pussy as she watched. Metis's lips slid down Zeus's shaft, taking him deep, her throat constricting around him, while Leto's tongue teased his balls, sucking one gently into her mouth. The wet slurps and Zeus's low grunts filled the room, a primal symphony that made Demeter's heart race. She crawled closer, unable to resist, and Zeus's eyes locked onto hers, dark with lust. "Join them," he commanded, his voice rough.

She obeyed, her lips brushing the base of his cock as Metis pulled back, sharing him. Demeter's tongue traced the veins along his shaft, tasting the salty mix of their earlier passion. Leto's mouth moved to his balls, her tongue swirling, while Metis kissed the tip, their lips occasionally brushing but focused solely on Zeus. His groans grew louder, his hands tangling in their hair, guiding their movements as they worshipped him, their mouths relentless.

But Zeus wasn't one to stay passive for long. With a growl, he pulled back, his cock glistening with their saliva. "Enough," he said, his voice thick with need. He grabbed Metis first, pulling her to her feet and bending her over the edge of the bed. Her pussy was already wet, her folds pink and swollen, and she moaned as he rubbed the head of

his cock against her entrance, coating himself in her slickness. "You ready?" he asked, but didn't wait for an answer, thrusting into her with a single, deep stroke.

Metis cried out, her hands gripping the sheets as her pussy stretched around him, her walls clenching tightly. "Fuck, Zeus!" she gasped, her voice raw as he fucked her hard, his hips slamming against her ass. The wet slap of their bodies echoed, her pussy dripping around his cock, coating him in her arousal. Demeter and Leto watched, their fingers teasing their own clits, their moans soft but desperate as they watched Metis's body rock under Zeus's relentless thrusts.

He didn't let up, his cock sliding in and out of Metis's tight pussy, her walls fluttering as she neared climax. "Cum for me," he growled, his fingers digging into her hips. She screamed, her pussy spasming around him, her juices soaking his cock as she came hard. Zeus groaned, pulling out just as his own release hit, his cock pulsing as he shot thick ropes of cum across Metis's face, painting her cheeks and lips. She licked her lips, savoring the taste, her eyes half-closed with satisfaction.

Zeus turned to Leto next, his cock still hard, slick with Metis's cum. He pulled her onto the bed, positioning her on her back with her legs spread wide. Her pussy was glistening, her clit swollen, and she whimpered as he teased her with the tip of his cock, rubbing it against her folds. "Please," she begged, her voice trembling. He thrust into her, filling her completely, and she moaned, her hands clutching his shoulders as he fucked her in missionary, slow at first, then harder, deeper.

Her pussy gripped him tightly, the wet sounds of his cock sliding in and out driving Demeter wild. She leaned over, kissing Leto's neck, her fingers teasing Leto's nipples as Zeus pounded into her. Leto's moans turned into cries, her pussy clenching as she came, her body shaking beneath him. Zeus grunted, his thrusts growing erratic, and he pulled out, his cock erupting with hot cum that spilled over Leto's pussy and thighs, dripping down her folds.

Demeter was next. Zeus grabbed her, pulling her into a reverse cowgirl position, her back against his chest as she straddled him. Her pussy was sore but aching for more, and she moaned as he guided his cock inside her, her walls stretching around his thickness. "Fuck, you're still so tight," he growled, his hands gripping her hips as she rode him, her pussy sliding up and down his shaft, slick with their combined arousal. Metis and Leto watched, their fingers teasing each other's bodies, their eyes locked on the sight of Demeter's pussy swallowing Zeus's cock.

He thrust up into her, hitting a spot that made her scream, her pussy clenching as pleasure built fast. "Zeus!" she cried, her body trembling as she came, her juices soaking his cock. He didn't stop, flipping her onto her hands and knees, fucking her doggy-style with brutal intensity. Her pussy pulsed around him, dripping with cum, as he pounded into her, his grunts mixing with her screams. He pulled out just as he came, his cum splashing across her face, dripping down her chin.



The four of them didn't pause. Zeus took them again and again—Metis against the wall, her legs wrapped around him as he fucked her to another creampie; Leto riding him, her pussy gripping him as she came; Demeter bent over the bed, his cum filling her pussy once more. Their bodies were slick with sweat and cum, their moans and grunts a constant chorus as they moved through positions, each one more intense than the last, until the dawn burned bright and they collapsed, spent, in a tangle of limbs, their bodies sated but forever bound by the storm of their passion.

## **Chapter 119: The Threat**

The night on Olympus was clear, but the air felt strange—charged, as if something far away had just shifted.

Zeus stood at his balcony, leaning lightly on the carved railing, watching the gardens below.

Lucifer was down there, surrounded by the Muses. They laughed as they circled him, teasing him into playing a tune on the lyre. Even from here, Zeus could see that faint smirk on Lucifer's face—the one that showed he was humoring them but secretly enjoying it. His children darted between the pillars, weaving in and out of the torchlight, chasing each other with wooden swords.

It was a quiet, almost domestic scene. Something Olympus rarely gave him.

The sound of wings broke it.

A raven cut across the moonlight, gliding down to land on the stone ledge beside him. Its feathers shifted, lengthened, and folded in on themselves until Hera stood there, dressed in deep green, eyes sharp as ever.

"Why do you still keep him in the realm?" she asked, no greeting, no softness.

Zeus didn't look at her right away. His gaze stayed on the garden. "Unlike you," he said slowly, "I don't betray those I call friends or family. Right now, I'm that friend."

Hera's lips twitched—not quite a smile. "If you don't want me betraying you, then stop chasing your other women and make me the official Queen of Olympus instead of Metis."

That made him turn to her, brows lifting in disbelief. Then, suddenly, he laughed. Not kindly. "In your dreams."

Her expression didn't change, though her eyes narrowed just a fraction. "Figures." She folded her arms. "Ares is awake. That's what I came to tell you."

Zeus let out a short breath. "You can leave now. I'll go see my son whenever you're not with him."

The words were cold. No weight of a husband chastising a wife. No attempt to bridge the space. Just dismissal.

Hera felt it immediately. In the past, when she pushed too far, he'd still talk to her like a man trying to pull his wife back to his side. But now? Nothing. Just the wall.

And the same wall was between him and Ares. That much she could tell. He was treating her like she wasn't worth the trouble anymore.

But she wasn't going to shoulder the blame for that. She'd been robbed of her throne, and she would do anything to take it back.

Her gaze lingered on him, searching for something—maybe doubt, maybe regret. But Zeus's eyes were already drifting back toward the gardens below, to Lucifer and the Muses.

With one last look, she shifted again. Feathers erupted in a rush of black, and the raven leapt from the balcony, wings beating against the cool night air. She didn't look back.

Zeus stayed where he was, leaning on the railing, watching the flicker of torches far below. His jaw was set, his thoughts unreadable, the quiet around him thicker now that she was gone.

Far in the garden, Lucifer caught his eye for a brief second, as if he could feel the weight in the air above. But then he turned back to the Muses, laughing at something one of them had said, and the night went on.

Zeus didn't move from the balcony. The air was still heavy from Hera's visit when the torches lining the garden flickered—not from wind, but from something deeper, older.

The scent of fresh earth rolled through the marble halls, faint but impossible to miss.

A voice came from behind him, calm and steady.

"Come with me, grandson."

Zeus turned. Gaia stood in the doorway to the balcony, her hair flowing like strands of green and gold, her bare feet leaving small blooms where she stepped. Even here, in the heart of Olympus, her presence carried the weight of the first dawn.

He didn't question her. In silence, he followed her through the winding halls until they reached the throne room. The great doors swung open without a touch, and the chamber filled with the faint sound of running water, though no fountain was in sight.



Gaia walked to the center and turned to face him. Her eyes—deep, ancient—studied him in a way that made even Zeus feel young.

"They spoke of you," she said.

"Who?" His tone was level, but his hand gripped the side of the throne.

"The Primordials," Gaia answered. "Nyx, Erebus, Ananke... Eros. I was there."

Zeus raised a brow, leaning back slightly. "And what did they decide?"

"That you are now a threat." Her words were plain, with no attempt to soften them. "Tartarus was one of them. You defeated him. That alone has shifted the balance. They think you're climbing toward their level."

Zeus gave a faint smirk. "And?"

"And they are not of one mind," Gaia continued. "Some want to act. Erebus spoke of striking first—of tearing Olympus down before you grow stronger. Others will wait and watch. But when the old powers see a storm, they prepare for it."

He tilted his head, studying her. "And you?"

"I stood for you," she said without hesitation. "Nyx did too. But do not think that means the others will hesitate forever. The ones outside our world will hear of this—beings older than even them. When they see a young god killing a Primordial, they will see a danger that must be removed."

For a long moment, Zeus said nothing. His eyes wandered over the empty thrones around him, each one a symbol of power, of claim.

Finally, he asked, "Why tell me this now?"

Gaia stepped closer, the air between them carrying the faint scent of rain. "Because you need to be ready. This is not a war you can win with lightning alone. They will test you, probe you, try to see where you break."

Zeus's gaze sharpened. "Let them try."

Her lips curved—not quite a smile, not quite a warning. "Pride is a blade, grandson. Sharp in both directions. I tell you this so you understand what is coming, not so you run toward it."

He straightened, his voice calm but edged. "And what would you have me do? Hide? Bow my head?"

Gaia shook her head slowly. "No. Rule. Build. Make Olympus so strong that even the oldest powers think twice before touching it."

The quiet between them stretched, thick and heavy.

Then, without another word, she turned toward the doors. As she walked, the marble beneath her bare feet sprouted small vines that withered the moment she passed.

Just before leaving, she looked back. "They will come, Zeus. But not yet. And when they do... you will have to choose what kind of god you are."

And then she was gone, leaving the throne room filled with that faint, fading scent of earth after rain.

Zeus stood alone, his eyes fixed on the place she had been, the weight of her words settling over him like a storm cloud waiting to break.

## **Chapter 120: The Primordial Hunt**

The throne room was still, only the echo of Gaia's last words hanging in the air.

Zeus stood with one hand on the armrest, staring at nothing, thoughts running like silent lightning behind his eyes.

The great doors didn't creak. They just eased open, slow and deliberate.

Lucifer stepped through like he owned the place—hands in his pockets, boots clicking against the marble. His black coat trailed slightly behind him, and that sly grin of his was already fixed in place.

"I could not help," he began, voice smooth, "but overhear what you and your granny just discussed."

Zeus didn't turn right away. His eyes flicked over just enough to acknowledge him.

Lucifer kept walking, stopping a few steps short of the throne. "I can help," he said plainly. "I have an army. I have siblings who fell with me. And I'm freakishly strong." That grin sharpened. "So what do you say we take the fight to them before they even have a battle plan?"

Zeus finally turned fully toward him. His face was unreadable, but there was a weight in his stare.

Then he sighed, slow and heavy, and shook his head. "I don't need your help."

Lucifer's brow arched. "You sure? Because from where I'm standing—"

"I can handle it myself," Zeus cut in, his tone calm but firm. "I just need to get stronger."

Lucifer tilted his head, almost amused. "And how exactly are you planning to do that? Last time I checked, gods get their power from the fate and beliefs people have in them. You planning on spreading your name across the mortal world?" His grin widened into something more dangerous. "Because if you do, you're going to alert your old man... and that guy is one helluva jealous God."

Zeus's eyes narrowed. "I know who you are, Lucifer. And I know why you were cast out. Not because of the human stories bullshit you told me, but because you wanted your father's throne. I know all of it."

Lucifer's smirk froze for half a second, then returned—smaller, sharper.

"And I also know this," Zeus went on, stepping down from the throne with slow, deliberate steps. "I am here because of me. Not because anyone helped me. Not because anyone allowed me to rise."

The air in the throne room shifted—thin sparks starting to snap in the space between them.

"I am the sky," Zeus said, his voice carrying deeper now, echoing off the marble walls. A faint rumble of thunder rolled somewhere distant, though the night outside was still clear.

A faint light began to creep from under his skin, veins glowing like molten gold as the power built.

"I am the lightning," he said, the glow intensifying until arcs of electricity snapped across his arms and shoulders.

Lucifer's grin returned, more genuine now.

"I am the thunder," Zeus continued, his voice deepening, the rumble outside swelling into a low roar that made the torches flicker.

The marble beneath his bare feet began to spiderweb with thin cracks, small sparks leaping into them like fire running through veins of stone.

"I am the storm," he said, and now the lightning exploded from him in a sudden flare—brief but blinding, casting huge shadows on the walls before pulling back into him like a breath being drawn in.

He stopped right in front of Lucifer, the air between them sharp and hot from the static.

"I am Zeus," he said, calm again but with a weight that settled in the bones. "The king of gods. And not just any gods."

The air pressure in the throne room shifted, heavy enough that the torches bent slightly toward him. The faint hum of divine energy rattled the golden ornaments on the walls.

"I will be the king of all gods," Zeus said, each word deliberate. "And I will step on whoever stands in my way... starting with the Primordials."

As the last word left him, a single bolt of lightning cracked in the center of the room—not from the sky, but from the air itself, stabbing the marble floor and leaving a glowing scorch mark at their feet.

Lucifer just looked at him for a long second, taking in the display.

Then his grin grew wider, slow and wolfish. "I knew why I liked you."

He leaned back slightly, hands still in his pockets, and chuckled under his breath. "Alright then, Sky King. I'll stay out of your way. For now."

Zeus didn't answer. He was still, the faint blue-white light under his skin fading as the storm within settled—for now.

But the room still smelled faintly of ozone, and the scorch mark at their feet kept smoking long after the moment had passed.

A sharp, clear ding cut through the silence.

Zeus's head tilted slightly—not because the sound was loud, but because it was inside his ear.

A faint, translucent light bloomed in front of his eyes. Letters carved themselves into the air, edged in gold, shifting like molten metal.

Lucifer noticed the way Zeus's gaze sharpened. "What is it?"

Zeus didn't answer immediately. His focus was on the panel forming in front of him.

[SYSTEM ALERT]

New Quest Generated

Title: The Primordial Hunt

Description:

Your victory over Tartarus has broken the ancient balance. The Primordials have deemed you a threat to their existence. Their eyes are on you. Some will strike soon, others will wait, but they will come.

Objectives:

Survive the first assault. (0/1)

Locate and eliminate any Primordial who moves against you. (0/Any)

Secure power equal to or greater than a Primordial. (0/1)

Rewards:

Title: Storm Over Creation, Breaker of the First Dawn

Primordial Authority Assimilation (Passive: gain fragments of a Primordial's dominion upon their defeat)

Unlock Hidden System Path: [The Throne Beyond the Sky]

Unknown Reward: ?

Failure Consequences:

Loss of divine authority.

Erasure from all realms.

Olympus will fall.

The golden letters hovered for a moment, then faded slowly into the air like dust carried on wind.

Zeus's jaw tightened.

Outside the wide windows, Olympus was calm—lanterns swaying, laughter from the lower halls faint against the night.

Only Zeus knew that from this moment on, every star above him might be an eye watching.

And he was fine with that.

Because if the Primordials wanted to come for him, they would find that the storm they feared was already here.

