

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 12: The Call Of The Titans - Read I Am Zeus

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Mount Othrys – Hall of Echoes

The sky above the Titan mountain was no longer just stormy. It was fractured—clouds torn apart by wrath, lightning crawling across them like broken veins. The mountain groaned like something ancient and angry had been stirred beneath it.

Inside the dark halls of Othrys, torches flickered back to life on their own. One by one. Dim. Cold.

They weren't lit by flame.

They were called by command.

And deep in the mountain's heart, the chamber known as the Hall of Echoes—where the first Titan treaties were made and broken—awoke once more.

Its round stone table, etched with names older than nations, lit from below with dull gold. The ceiling above it spun slowly, a map of the cosmos shaped by Cronus's will. Entire constellations hovered and shifted in slow arcs of light. They dimmed as he entered.

Cronus.

No crown. No robes.

Only power.

The King of the Titans stepped into the center, his sickle dragging behind him, leaving a faint glowing cut in the stone. His eyes glowed like dying suns.

And one by one, they appeared.

The Twelve Titans of Elder Days:

1. Hyperion – The Titan of Light and Sun.

Broad-shouldered and stern, his skin shimmered like molten gold. His eyes were two miniature suns burning behind a calm face. Armor of polished obsidian wrapped his form, reflecting nothing but fire.

2. Theia – Goddess of Sight and Brilliance.

Cloaked in translucent silver robes, her eyes were lenses of endless galaxies. Light bent around her even when she didn't move.

3. Coeus – Titan of Intellect and the North.

Thin, tall, face lined with cracks of knowledge. His voice was calm, but his thoughts whispered behind him, visible as swirling glyphs.

4. Phoebe – Titaness of Prophecy and Memory.

She floated in, her hair made of drifting stars, her gaze always fixed on something behind the veil. She spoke only when it mattered. And she never repeated herself.

5. Crius – The Forgotten Pillar.

Built like a war statue. Covered in chains forged by himself, by choice. His body was etched with runes that shook when he breathed.

6. Iapetus – Titan of Mortality and Craft.

Wiry, intense, hands always twitching like they were forging invisible blades. His mouth was scarred shut—he spoke through the hammer strikes of his heart.

7. Mnemosyne – Titaness of Memory.

Calm, eyes like deep wells of time. Her very presence made people remember things they tried to forget. She rarely showed emotion.

8. Tethys – Wife of Oceanus.

Her form was fluid, robes flowing like rivers, eyes calm like the surface of a sea that could drown cities if stirred.

9. Oceanus – The Old Flow.

He appeared last among them, seated, wrapped in robes that shimmered like the horizon line of all waters. His face was unreadable, beard flowing endlessly into water that looped back into itself. Neutral. Watching.

10. Rhea – Absent.

11. Themis – Titaness of Divine Law.

Wearing a blindfold of woven starlight, her voice was always level, never raised. Her staff hovered beside her, a scale balanced in eternal sway.

12. Cronus – At the center. Not a guest. Not a voice. But the judge.

Around them, their children gathered too—some proud, some reluctant, some trembling.

Atlas – Son of Iapetus. Towering. The weight of the sky already starting to bend his back.

Prometheus – Quiet. Lean. Sharp-eyed. Watching everyone, especially Cronus.

Epimetheus – Nervous, small next to his brother, constantly biting his thumb.

Helios – Golden and fierce, a solar flame humming around him like a heartbeat.

Selene – Graceful, with hair like moonlight and footsteps that made no sound.

Eos – The dawn goddess, restless, light flickering across her fingers like flares.

Astraeus, Pallas, Perses — others among them, holding their breath.

Cronus stood before all of them.

And he didn't shout.

He didn't need to.

When he spoke, the table shook.

"You all felt it."

His voice was deep, slow, heavy.

"My son—Zeus—has declared war."

The word war lingered like poison.

Hyperion stood, arms crossed.

"He wounded you?"

Cronus's eyes narrowed.

"He freed his siblings. In my court. With her help."

They all knew who "her" was.

Theia's voice was soft. "So it begins."

Coeus looked at Oceanus. "Will you speak?"

Oceanus didn't answer at first.

Then he opened one eye.

"I did not support Cronus when he overthrew Ouranos. I only flowed with the tide."

A pause.

"And I will do the same now."

Cronus's jaw clenched, but he said nothing.

Neutral.

Tethys, beside him, bowed her head. A shared decision.

Prometheus stepped forward.

"Perhaps... perhaps this isn't rebellion. Perhaps this is renewal."

Cronus turned his gaze slowly.

"Say that again."

Prometheus didn't blink.

"Zeus has done what no one else could. Maybe he's not here to destroy us... but to push us forward."

"Forward?" Cronus stepped closer.

"Is that what you call betrayal?"

Prometheus didn't move.

"I call it evolution."

The room tensed.

Atlas shifted his weight.

"If this becomes war... who stands with Olympus?"

Silence.

Helios looked down.

Selene vanished into moonlight, already unsure.

Astraeus stepped back.

And then...

Themis spoke.

"Some of us were born to end cycles. Others to start them."

She turned her blindfolded gaze toward Cronus.

"Which are you?"

Cronus didn't answer.

He looked across the room.

Half of the old gods... silent.

A few, nodding in support.

But more still—hesitating.

He raised his sickle, lightning-shaped and jagged.

"Then let them hesitate."

He turned from the table.

"And let the rest of us prepare for war."

As he walked out, the air behind him twisted.

Time fractured in his wake.

And across the world, gods began to choose.

Mount Dikti

The wind whispered across the peak, dragging clouds across the sky like war banners waiting to be raised. The sun hadn't yet risen—but lightning danced gently behind the horizon, as if nature itself sensed what was coming.

Zeus stood alone, cape billowing behind him, hair swept back by the cold mountain air. He looked up—not at the stars, not at the moon—but at the vast space between.

That space now belonged to him.

He had done it. Freed his siblings. Faced his father. Started a war with gods older than time.

And it was only the beginning.

He exhaled through his nose, smiling faintly.

"We'll talk about destiny later."

His hand twitched.

"Right now... let's see what the system thinks."

He held out his palm.

[DING!]

A bright golden light shimmered before him as the OLYMPIAN CODEX bloomed into view. The air around it pulsed with quiet power, each line of glowing script dancing with divine weight.

QUEST COMPLETE

Quest: Free the Forgotten Gods

Objective: Rescue your divine siblings from the stomach of Cronus

Status: ✔ Complete

Rewards:

Title Unlocked: Liberator of Olympus

Your name now echoes through divine winds. Loyalty gain with Olympians: +25%

Skill Upgrade: Smite Lv. 4 ► Lv. 5 (MAX)

Final form unlocked: Sky Judgement – A concentrated bolt capable of piercing divine barriers and destabilizing Titans.

System Perk: Divine Leadership Protocol (Passive)

Allies within 500m gain +10% to divine energy output and resistance. You lead, and the storm follows.

Faith Increase:

Local ► Regional

New believers: Nymph Clans of Thessaly, Flame Sprites of the Eastern Vale, Hidden Spirits of Delphos

Zeus raised a brow.

"Not bad."

As he reached to close the interface—

[DING!]

Another screen flashed open, this time rimmed with red lightning. The air around it crackled. The tone was heavier. Colder.

NEW MAIN QUEST UNLOCKED

Quest: The Titanomachy Begins

Objective: Defeat the Twelve Titans and overthrow the rule of Cronus.

Requirements:

Rally the Olympians (6/6 gathered)

Secure Divine Stronghold

Gain Realm Recognition (1/3)

First Blood Drawn (✓)

Win Conditions:

Cronus must fall

Throne of Olympus must rise

A new age must begin

Failure Condition:

Death or submission of all Olympians

Return of the World to Titan Rule

Reward:

Complete System Ascension

World Authority Access

Seat of the Sky

Zeus stared at the screen, the red glow reflecting in his eyes.

"So it's official..."

He lowered his hand, the screen fading.

The storm above him began to stir again.

He could feel Cronus gathering power. Titans waking. War drums in the bones of the world.

But he wasn't afraid.

He cracked his neck, lightning trailing behind his shoulders like a cape made of stars.

"Titanomachy, huh?"

His smile sharpened.

"Let's make history."

He turned, stepping down the mountain trail—toward his siblings, his allies, and a war that would change the heavens forever.

Chapter 13 - Planning

Twilight Vale

The air here always felt like a held breath. The trees stood frozen, their branches gently humming with faint starlight, and the river below flowed in reverse—up toward the clouds instead of down toward the sea. Time was different in this place. Quiet. Unbothered by the outside world.

Prometheus stood near the riverbank, arms crossed over his chest, his silhouette outlined by the drifting glow of constellations overhead. His cloak hung low over one shoulder, a small forge crystal embedded in his belt flickering with every breath he took.

Before him stood Metis, cloaked in deep green and blue, her hair woven with symbols of water and wisdom. She looked as calm as ever, but her eyes burned like stormlight trapped behind glass.

Prometheus let out a small scoff and tilted his head.

"You want me to side with the son of Cronus?"

He raised an eyebrow, his voice dry and sharp.

"And oppose the Titan King himself?"

He looked away, toward the river that flowed up.

"Well... I had that in mind. Eventually."

His mouth curved faintly.

"Just didn't think you'd be the one asking."

Metis didn't blink. She stepped closer.

"Then you know why I came."

He glanced at her, something flickering behind his eyes. "I know why. I just want to hear you say it."

Metis nodded once, slow and controlled.

Her voice dropped.

"Because this isn't just about overthrowing Cronus. It's about rewriting the order. The old world is cracking. I saw it. You've seen it too."

Prometheus didn't speak.

"Zeus didn't come back to start a rebellion," she said. "He came to end a legacy built on fear. One you and I were born into. One we were meant to serve without question."

Prometheus clenched his jaw, the crystal at his belt glowing hotter.

"And you believe he's the one to do it?"

Metis smiled faintly.

"He's not polished. Not wise yet. But he's brave. Reckless. Unapologetically alive. And most of all—he's not Cronus."

Prometheus chuckled softly. "Low bar."

She didn't laugh.

"He has the support of the Olympians now. Hestia. Hera. Demeter. Hades. Poseidon. They've joined him. You know what that means."

Prometheus looked away again.

"It means the old blood is waking up."

Metis continued.

"Styx has pledged her rivers to him. Eidyia has warded the caves beneath Dikti. Doris is rallying the sea spirits. Even Rhea stands behind him now—openly."

That made Prometheus freeze.

He turned slowly.

"Rhea broke silence?"

"With her whole voice," Metis said. "She watched Cronus devour her children, and now she's watching her last-born tear him off the throne."

Prometheus exhaled through his nose, muttering,

"Old gods falling. New ones rising."

"Not just rising," Metis whispered.

She took a step closer, her voice lower now, almost like a secret.

"Forging a new world. One we don't have to chain ourselves to."

Prometheus looked down at his hand—burned and scarred from centuries of forging.

He saw the cuffs that had long since broken.

He remembered fire.

He looked up.

"Does he even understand what he's about to start?"

"Not fully," Metis said. "But he will. That's why I came to you."

A beat of silence passed.

A wind rolled through the vale, carrying sparks and stardust with it.

Prometheus finally turned to her completely.

"You have allies. You have power. You even have thunder."

He raised a brow.

"But do you have a plan?"

Metis's eyes flashed.

"The moment Zeus strikes again, Cronus will call the Titans into formation. It'll become a war of realms—land, sea, sky, and underworld."

She opened her palm, a shimmering scroll appearing in her hand.

"We don't just fight them head-on. We outthink them."

Prometheus smirked.

"Now that sounds like you."

She handed him the scroll.

He opened it. His eyes scanned quickly.

And for the first time in ages, a smile cracked across his face.

"You really think we can steal that from Iapetus?"

"With you helping?" she said. "Yes."

Prometheus rolled the scroll shut.

He looked toward the sky, where the stars had begun to pulse like they were counting down.

"Then let's light a fire under the old world and see who burns."

Metis smiled.

And the river behind them shifted its current—for the first time in centuries.

Mount Dikti

The chamber was quiet now, but it pulsed with something deeper—purpose. Light flickered from glowing stones overhead, casting shadows that danced across the cavern walls. Thunder rumbled softly in the distance, as if the mountain itself was holding its breath.

Zeus stood at the center, one hand resting on a map carved into stone—etched by Metis herself, enchanted to shift with every change in the world's balance. The Olympians surrounded him, each one watching, listening, thinking.

Hera, arms crossed, lightning still flickering softly along her fingers.

Poseidon, seated against a stone pillar, water dripping steadily from his skin, pooling beneath him.

Hades, leaning in the corner, eyes half-lidded, shadow curling lazily around his boots.

Demeter, her hands glowing faintly green, fresh leaves sprouting at her feet.

Hestia, calm, centered, a warm flame floating just above her palm.

All of them—awake now. Gods again.

But the air was heavy with more than just war.

"There's more than just Cronus," Zeus said, voice low.

He looked up at them, serious now.

"More than just his throne."

He pointed at the far corner of the map—a pit etched in black, pulsing faintly with chains and screams.

Tartarus.

"That's where they keep them," Zeus said. "The others. Gaia's children. The ones Cronus locked away. The ones that helped him win the first war and were betrayed after."

Hera's eyes narrowed.

"The Hecatoncheires. The Cyclopes."

Hades spoke next, colder.

"Monsters, some say."

Zeus turned to him.

"They're weapons. Forgotten, discarded. And they hate Cronus more than we ever could."

Poseidon pushed off the pillar.

"You want to free them?"

Zeus nodded.

"They helped Cronus overthrow Ouranos. We help them now. Not because we're saints—"

He looked at each of them.

"But because we need every blade we can find."

Demeter stepped forward.

"And if they turn on us?"

"Then we deal with it," Zeus said simply. "But they deserve freedom. We all do."

Hestia finally spoke, her voice soft but strong.

"How do we even get to Tartarus?"

Zeus looked back at the map.

The deep black pit glowed brighter.

"That's where the plan starts."

He looked up.

"We go through the old passage beneath the Temple of Shadows. It hasn't been touched since Cronus sealed it after the war. It'll lead us down the Styx and into the deeper rings."

Hades raised an eyebrow.

"You're planning to take us through the underworld?"

Zeus shrugged.

"You're the expert."

Hades gave a dry chuckle.

"Fair."

Hera sighed.

"We're really doing this..."

Zeus nodded.

"Yeah."

He clenched his fist.

"Cronus took everything from us. Now we take back what he buried—
—and bring it to the surface."

Later – At the Mouth of the Temple of Shadows

The Olympians stood before a towering, half-buried ruin wrapped in dead vines and silence. The entrance was sealed with chains, old magic, and forgotten curses.

Zeus stepped forward.

He raised his hand.

Lightning crawled across the seal.

"Let's wake the rest of the world."

With a crash of thunder, the gate cracked open.

Chapter 14 - "Let them scream for war."

The Mouth of the Deep — Entrance to Tartarus

The wind around the chasm didn't blow.

It pulled.

Like something at the bottom of the world was hungry and tired of waiting.

The sky above had lost its color—no clouds, no sun, just a faded gray dome stretched endlessly over them. The kind of stillness that made your bones want to run before your mind caught up. The only sound was that low, unnatural hum. Deep. Endless. It buzzed in the chest like a warning whispered from the bones of the earth.

Zeus stood at the very edge of the abyss, boots planted on fractured stone that cracked and groaned with every gust of pressureless air. His cloak whipped behind him. His silver-white hair snapped with stray currents of divine static. He didn't move. He didn't blink.

Behind him, the others gathered.

Hades was already by his side, shrouded in mist that curled around his body like living shadows. His eyes were unreadable, but his stance was calm. Confident. "You say that like it's a problem," he said softly, responding to Zeus's words.

Poseidon cracked his knuckles. "Let's just hope whatever's inside isn't too ugly," he muttered, forcing a grin.

Hera rolled her eyes. "Speak for yourself. Some of Gaia's kids in there are the reason nightmares were invented. Even Father wouldn't walk in there unless he had no choice."

Demeter stood near Hestia, fingers coiled in green vines that looped around her forearms like protective serpents. She looked pale. "We need them," she whispered. "If we're going to stand a chance in this war, we need their strength."

Hestia nodded once, small flames hovering above her palm. The fire didn't flicker like usual—it trembled, as if it, too, understood where they were going.

Metis appeared beside them, stepping lightly across the stone ledge like she didn't feel the weight in the air. Her Oceanid cloak fluttered around her ankles, and her eyes—always sharp—never stopped scanning.

"This won't be like walking into a fortress," she said, her voice cool and clear. "Tartarus is not just a prison. It's a place. A being. It will react to you. Try to trick you. Feed on your thoughts. If you don't focus, you will lose yourself."

"And yet we go anyway," said Hera.

"Because no one else will," Zeus replied.

A ripple echoed through the windless air.

They turned as Styx approached, her presence unmistakable. The river goddess wore black, her hair bound behind her in tight braids like coiled ropes. Her armor wasn't metal—it was something older. Something woven from the veil between life and death.

"You're all insane," she said. "And brave. But mostly insane."

"Is that your way of saying you're in?" asked Zeus.

"I already said I'd guide you to the entrance of the underworld. Tartarus is just... lower than that. Much lower." She smirked. "I'll show you the way. But you'll be walking the rest."

Zeus turned back toward the chasm.

His voice rang out, low and serious.

"If you feel fear—feel it. But don't let it lead."

The others said nothing.

He stepped forward.

And fell.

No sound. Just a straight drop into black.

Hades followed, coat billowing.

Poseidon next, diving like he was leaping into the sea.

Hera, calm-faced but jaw tight.

Demeter hesitated—but only for a breath—and then stepped after them.

Hestia whispered a blessing and dropped, flame trailing in her wake.

Metis nodded to Styx once. "Don't let them get lost in the dark."

Styx smirked. "I'm the river of oaths. I don't do lost."

They stepped in together—and the void swallowed them whole.

Descent into Tartarus

At first, there was nothing.

Just windless falling.

Then—colors.

Not normal ones. Shifting lights, like memories bleeding across your eyes. Screams in the wind. Laughter that wasn't human. A heartbeat beneath them, impossibly large, pounding like a war drum.

Then the walls appeared.

Vast towers of stone and root, spiraling down like the inside of a throat. The descent slowed.

They weren't falling anymore.

They were being dragged.

Their bodies landed softly—but not gently. Tartarus didn't believe in grace.

The stone floor beneath their feet pulsed. Like skin.

Zeus stood first, lightning flickering at his fingertips.

The others followed, adjusting to the oppressive weight of the place. It wasn't just dark—it was thick. Alive.

"Welcome to Tartarus," Styx said, stepping forward. "Where the land hates you... and the air would eat your lungs if it could."

Metis narrowed her eyes. "We should move. The longer we linger, the more the realm will push back."

Zeus nodded.

The path ahead was long. Twisting.

Chains hung from the air. Floating stones held cursed runes. Whispers crawled along the walls—some sounded like their own voices.

No guards.

No creatures yet.

But something was watching.

"You said Cronus used the Hecatoncheires and the Cyclopes," Hera said. "But why not kill them?"

"Because even Cronus feared what they were," Hades answered. "Their death might bring something worse. Something... louder."

Zeus looked back at his siblings.

"We free them."

He turned toward the deepest part of the tunnel.

"And then we remind the world that the Titans aren't the only things that can rule the sky."

They pressed forward into the deep, where even gods hesitate to breathe.

And Tartarus watched.

Because gods were coming to wake the monsters.

Mount Othrys

The throne room was dead silent.

The wind outside had stopped. The world outside had stopped.

Only the slow, rhythmic sound of breathing filled the obsidian hall. Heavy. Controlled. Barely.

Cronus sat unmoving, draped in a black and gold robe stained from his last outburst. The jagged sickle of time leaned against the base of his throne. His eyes glowed faintly—two burning coals in a cracked mountain. The room was dim, lit only by dying torches and the flicker of crumbling runes on the stone walls.

The Titan King sat... thinking.

No. Calculating.

His face was stone. But his fingers twitched. His jaw flexed. A man, a god, a thing older than memory—and right now, he was drowning in fury.

Until—

The doors creaked.

Not open.

They peeled apart.

And from the shadows beyond the black pillars came a figure cloaked in death-mist, gliding across the floor like a spirit torn from the River Lethe.

A soul-watcher. One of the dead's whisper-keepers. From below.

He dropped to a single knee before the throne and bowed his head low.

"My king," the whisper came. "Forgive the intrusion, but the silence of the underworld has been broken."

Cronus didn't blink. "Speak."

"There are... trespassers in Tartarus."

The room chilled.

Cronus tilted his head slightly, the motion slow. Purposeful. "Who."

The whisper-keeper raised his head just enough to speak again. "The children. The ones you swallowed. The ones... you lost."

A long silence stretched like a blade across the floor.

Cronus's grip curled around the arm of his throne. It cracked under his fingers.

"Zeus."

The name was poison. A scar. A mistake. A prophecy.

He stood.

The room shifted around him, the very stones groaning beneath the pressure of rising wrath.

"You're telling me my blood walks the depths of Tartarus? That they now wander the same pit their grandfather sealed shut?"

The soul-watcher nodded, his body trembling.

"They go to awaken the Hecatoncheires... and the Cyclopes. The sons of Gaia. The forgotten ones."

A loud crack echoed as Cronus's foot slammed down onto the steps before his throne.

"Then let them wake the beasts," he spat.

"Let them rip the seals open, and tear the gates from their hinges."

His voice dropped lower, darker, sharper than steel.

"Because when they crawl back into the light... I'll be waiting."

He turned his burning eyes toward the open air, his gaze rising toward the ceiling like it could pierce through the clouds and see every movement in the land.

"Let them build their army."

"Let them scream for war."

His hand lifted. The sickle snapped to it, drawn by pure will. The moment it touched his palm, the light in the room twisted. Time shook.

Cronus narrowed his eyes.

"I am not afraid of storms."

He turned to the shadows behind the throne and raised his voice.

"Call Hyperion. Bring Coeus. Summon Crius and Iapetus. Wake Theia, Phoebe, and Rhea's sister—Mnemosyne. And if Oceanus still dares to call himself neutral, then let him watch while the world drowns."

He strode forward, each step shaking the chamber.

"And bring me my armor. The war begins now."

Chapter 15 - Freeing The Forsaken Children Of The Earth

The Depths of Tartarus – Far Below the Mortal World

The path narrowed.

Twisted rock arched overhead like broken ribs, and the floor pulsed with a slow rhythm—like a sleeping thing breathing beneath the stone. There were no stars. No horizon. Just shifting shadows and distant echoes that didn't match the steps they made.

Zeus walked in front, a faint crackle of lightning dancing between his fingertips. Not enough to light the path—just enough to keep the dark from crawling into his head.

Behind him, his siblings followed in silence.

Hades moved like he belonged here. The shadows didn't cling to him—they made space for him. His eyes scanned every wall, every corner.

Poseidon grumbled softly, the air around him dampening, droplets of seawater trailing from his skin like a warning. "This place smells like the end of the world."

"No," Hera said, watching a shape twitch in the distance. "It smells like what the world left behind."

Demeter walked slowly, hand brushing the walls, green vines trying to grow from her touch—but they withered just as fast. "It hates life here..."

"And yet it holds it," Hestia said, her flame hovering low in her palm, a flickering heartbeat. "Even in this place."

Metis walked behind them, her cloak drawn tightly around her, voice low. "We're close. The chains are older here. You'll feel it."

Then, they heard it.

Not a roar.

Not a scream.

But a breath.

A single, massive exhale from far below.

The walls trembled slightly. Dust fell from unseen cracks above.

Zeus stopped. "That's not Tartarus reacting."

Metis nodded. "That's them. The Hecatoncheires are stirring."

Styx stepped forward, her black eyes steady. "They've been asleep for so long... their dreams are loud."

A new path opened—sloped downward and lined with cracked pillars that stretched impossibly high, carved with names in a language that burned if you tried to read them.

Zeus led the way.

The deeper they went, the more the air changed. Time slowed. Not because of magic. But because Tartarus wanted it to. It pulled at their thoughts, made memories stretch.

Poseidon suddenly stumbled, clutching his head. "I just saw myself... as a child. In Cronus's hand. Why...?"

"It's showing you things to weaken you," Hades said, helping him up. "Ignore it. Remember why we're here."

A moment later, Hera paused, eyes distant.

Then she blinked sharply. "It tried to make me forget Zeus."

He turned back toward her. "Couldn't if you tried."

She smirked faintly. "Don't flatter yourself, baby brother."

Further in now, the path opened.

And there, chained to pillars of obsidian taller than mountains... were the Hecatoncheires.

Three of them.

Each one larger than a fortress. Bodies shaped like men, but with fifty arms sprawled and nailed across the black stone. Faces that looked like war had sculpted them. Eyes closed. Chests slowly rising.

They didn't look dead.

They looked waiting.

Chains thicker than trees bound them. The metal glowed faintly with divine inscriptions—Oath Seals. Curse Runes. Fading, but not yet broken.

"They're still bound," Metis whispered. "Even in sleep, they're kept in place by Titan blood magic."

"And the Cyclopes?" Hestia asked.

"They're deeper," Styx said. "Held in stone prisons. Muffled so their cries don't reach the surface."

Zeus stepped forward.

The chains hissed at his presence.

One of the Hecatoncheires twitched.

Zeus raised his voice.

"I'm Zeus. Son of Cronus. But not his ally."

No response.

"I've come to free you."

Stillness.

Then... a voice.

It came from everywhere and nowhere at once. Deep. Rumbling. Tired.

"Another son of the Sky... Come to use us?"

Zeus clenched his fists.

"No. I came to fight the ones who put you here."

The chains trembled.

Another voice—different tone, a whisper behind thunder. "Cronus promised freedom... then locked us deeper."

Zeus stepped forward. His aura flared. Thunder cracked in the stillness.

"I'm not him. I'm not Uranus. I'm not Cronus. I came to end them. And I want you to stand with me."

Slowly, one eye opened.

Golden. Massive. Staring directly into Zeus's soul.

"You would free monsters?"

"No," Zeus said. "I would free brothers."

Silence.

Then the chains shook. Violently.

Poseidon stepped back. "Uh, is that good or bad?"

Metis's eyes narrowed. "It's working."

The runes began to crack. The old seals pulsed red, then blue, then burned to ash in the air.

One of the arms moved.

Then another.

The scream that followed wasn't pain—it was release.

The cavern split. The Hecatoncheires moved for the first time in ages, shaking the whole of Tartarus.

And yet, behind them...

A new vibration.

A growl.

Something else had woken up.

Zeus turned. "The Cyclopes."

"They're near," Hades said. "I feel them—like forges gone cold."

They ran.

Down twisted tunnels where heat rose from cracks, where iron still glowed faintly on anvils untouched for centuries.

There they were.

Three Cyclopes.

Massive. Muscled. One eye each. Trapped behind glowing walls of locked stone. Beards of soot. Hands too big for their prisons.

Zeus reached out.

The one in the center opened his eye and spoke in a rough voice.

"You're not Cronus."

"No."

"Are you here to kill us?"

"No."

"Then who are you?"

Zeus smiled. "Your future."

He punched the stone barrier.

Nothing.

Then Poseidon stepped up and grinned. "Let me try."

He summoned a vortex of condensed water pressure, firing it like a cannon.

The stone cracked.

Hera followed, forming a blast of divine light that shattered the upper seal.

Demeter threw vines laced with divine aether.

Hestia's fire melted the lock core.

Zeus stepped forward, divine lightning building around him. He summoned all the divine charge in his body—and slammed his fist against the final seal.

BOOM.

The stone exploded outward. The Cyclopes roared.

And were free.

The others followed. All three standing tall, stretching like titans of flame and metal.

"Who are you?" one asked.

"Zeus."

The tallest Cyclops grinned, eye gleaming like molten silver.

"Then we owe you weapons."

Zeus grinned.

"We'll take them."

The group turned.

Behind them, the freed Hecatoncheires were already moving, arms flexing, voices rising in low, shaking war songs.

Zeus looked at his siblings. "We go now. To the surface."

Poseidon cracked his neck. "About time."

Hera smirked. "Let's see how Father likes his old enemies coming home."

They walked toward the way back.

Tartarus didn't try to stop them.

It watched.

Because gods were walking out with monsters behind them.

And the storm was only just beginning.

Chapter 16 - Brothers Clash

Dark clouds swirled over the ruined hills at the edge of the world, where stone cracked under the weight of forgotten battles. The entrance to the underworld stood like a wound in the land—wide, jagged, and humming with a deathless silence.

Atlas stood at its mouth.

Massive. Unmoving.

His armor was forged from the crust of the earth, runes etched into the plates pulsing faintly with ancient might. The air around him shimmered—not with heat, but with pressure. The weight he carried wasn't just physical—it was cosmic. The burden of holding up the sky had shaped him into something terrifying.

He raised one hand, fingers outstretched toward his soldiers—Titan enforcers armored in volcanic iron and wielding spears of crystallized time.

"Cover all exits," Atlas growled, his voice like tectonic plates grinding. "When those bastards crawl out, you end them immediately."

The ground trembled under his boots.

The Titans fanned out, taking positions. Eyes glowing. Blades ready.

Silence.

Then—

A soft laugh from behind the broken pillars near the slope.

Atlas turned his head slowly.

Two figures stepped into the dying light.

Prometheus walked calmly, arms folded. His hair was short and dark, his expression cool—almost amused. His cloak billowed lazily in the wind, but the flame in his eyes was far from lazy.

Beside him, Epimetheus strolled forward with a lazy smirk and a crooked blade across his shoulder. A little shorter than his brother, messier, but with the same glint of danger under his grin.

"Well, isn't this dramatic?" Prometheus said, surveying the scene. "Soldiers stationed like statues, the gate surrounded. You waiting for ghosts or something?"

Atlas narrowed his eyes.

"Prometheus. Traitor."

"I prefer 'visionary.'" Prometheus shrugged.

"And Epimetheus," Atlas sneered, "I thought you'd be too stupid to pick a side."

Epimetheus snorted. "Funny. I was gonna say the same about you."

Atlas took a step forward, and the stone beneath cracked.

"I won't warn you again. Move aside or be crushed."

Prometheus's eyes lit up, soft flames dancing across his fingertips. "Crushed? No. Tested? Definitely."

In one swift motion, Atlas hurled his hand forward—sending a shockwave through the air like a thunderclap.

The battle began.

—The Fight—

Atlas lunged forward like a mountain given motion, fist cocked, eyes blazing. His knuckles glowed with spatial gravity—the same force he once used to bear the heavens. One hit, and the earth itself buckled.

Prometheus slid backward, trails of fire lighting beneath his boots as he moved. He raised both arms, summoning twin circles of blazing energy that caught Atlas's strike mid-air—heat and force clashing like twin storms.

Epimetheus was already in motion. He darted between Titan soldiers like a streak of chaos, blade swinging low. With a yell, he flipped over a spear-thrust and slashed downward—cutting through a soldier's knee joint, toppling the giant with a howl.

"You guys got slower since the last century!" Epimetheus laughed, dodging another swing. "Or maybe I got cooler!"

A blast of golden flame erupted behind him—Prometheus, with a hand pointed straight at the ground. Pillars of flame burst upward, throwing three Titan guards into the air.

"Focus, Epi!" Prometheus shouted.

"I am focused!" Epimetheus called back, ducking a massive hammer and stabbing upward into a Titan's ribs. "Focused on ruining their day!"

Atlas roared and slammed both fists into the ground.

A shockwave exploded outward. Stone shattered, wind howled, the battlefield shook like it wanted to break apart. Both brothers were sent flying, but Prometheus twisted in mid-air, landing in a crouch, sliding across molten cracks.

He raised his hand—

A blazing spear of flame appeared.

Prometheus hurled it at Atlas.

Atlas raised a stone wall, the spear collided and burst into a dome of fire. The flash lit up the entire field, casting giant shadows that danced like angry spirits.

But Atlas didn't wait.

He leapt through the flames, right fist cocked back—glowing with the gravitational pull of the stars.

Prometheus met him mid-air.

BOOM!!

A shockwave tore through the sky. The clouds above were shredded in an instant, revealing a hole of blinding light.

Atlas and Prometheus were locked—punch against punch, flame against force.

Prometheus gritted his teeth. "You think just because you are strong you understand the weight of consequence?"

Atlas growled. "You think fire makes you a god?"

With a roar, he slammed Prometheus into the mountain wall.

The cliff cracked.

Prometheus coughed blood—but he smiled.

"I'm not done yet."

Flames surged from his body in all directions.

The wall behind him exploded.

Prometheus flew out of the smoke with a trail of living fire wrapping around his body—an aura of pure invention, raw and relentless.

Below, Epimetheus had stolen a Titan's own hammer and was using it to send his enemies flying like broken toys.

He smashed one soldier across the chest, then spun around to crush another's shoulder with a shout. The hammer vibrated with chaotic energy—it fed on unpredictability, just like him.

"You okay up there, bro?!" he shouted mid-swing.

Prometheus twisted mid-flight, caught Atlas's wrist, and flipped over him in one clean arc—landing behind with a blast of heat.

"Working on it!"

Atlas turned to strike again—but something shifted.

Prometheus's flames flickered blue.

The fire condensed.

Focused.

He raised both hands.

"Solar Forge: Eternal Spark!"

A beam of condensed flame burst out from his palms, straight into Atlas's chest. The force sent the Titan crashing backward into the hill, dust and debris flying.

But even then—Atlas rose.

Bruised. Burned.

Still raging.

"You can't stop me," he snarled. "I am the bearer of the sky."

Epimetheus flipped down beside his brother.

He smirked.

Prometheus raised a brow.

"Ready?"

"Always."

They both charged.

Prometheus let out a battle cry, flames roaring behind him.

Epimetheus grinned wildly, blade dancing with red sparks.

Atlas met them head-on.

The clash lit the whole battlefield in red and gold.

Sparks flew. Stone melted. Roars echoed like thunder. The two brothers moved like lightning, fire, and madness combined—one a calculated storm, the other pure chaos with a blade.

Titan soldiers tried to intervene—but were overwhelmed.

Epimetheus kicked one into a crater with a laugh.

Prometheus incinerated two more with a flick of his wrist.

And then—both together.

Prometheus shouted, "Twin Spark!"

Epimetheus roared, "Wild Bolt!"

Their combined attack—spiraling flame and chaotic lightning—crashed into Atlas and threw him backward with a thunderous crash.

The ground cracked under his weight. Smoke covered the sky.

Silence.

The battlefield lay broken.

Atlas didn't rise.

His soldiers, seeing their commander defeated, began to retreat.

Prometheus and Epimetheus stood back to back, catching their breath.

Prometheus wiped sweat from his brow. "We did it."

Epimetheus grinned. "That... was awesome."

Then, he winced. "Also, I think I broke my shoulder."

Prometheus chuckled. "Told you not to steal hammers."

The wind changed.

The entrance to the underworld pulsed again.

Something was coming.

Something divine.

They turned, ready to greet their allies.

Chapter 17 - The World Forge

The winds howled across the rocky slopes, but not with menace.

With momentum.

Zeus stepped out from the mouth of the underworld, his cloak fluttering behind him like a torn banner of rebellion. Sparks of lightning still clung to his shoulders, echoing the fight that had just taken place deep in Tartarus. Behind him, his siblings emerged one by one—Hades, Poseidon, Hera, Demeter, Hestia—each carrying the weight of survival and purpose.

And what they saw before them?

Made them stop.

The ground was scorched. Titan soldiers lay unconscious or groaning in the dirt. Craters smoked. Rubble steamed. And at the center of the destruction...

Atlas.

Laid out flat, face-first in a ditch, massive arms chained with glowing binds of divine energy.

Standing over him were Prometheus and Epimetheus—both bruised, scorched, and completely unfazed.

Prometheus looked up, tossing a nod toward Zeus. "You took your sweet time."

Epimetheus waved. "Miss anything?"

Zeus couldn't help but chuckle. "No. You handled it."

Poseidon whistled as he stepped over a cracked helmet. "Looks like you two threw a party and didn't invite us."

"Next time, bring drinks," Epimetheus replied with a wink.

Zeus walked over to Atlas's massive form and stared down at the Titan who once held the sky on his back. "Tie him tighter. I want him to wake up knowing who took him down."

Prometheus nodded, extending his palm. The chains pulsed brighter, wrapping tighter with fire-wrought locks. Epimetheus kicked the base of the chains for extra measure.

With a flash of golden light, the two brothers vanished—taking Atlas to a special prison at Mount Dikti, the gods' growing base of operations.

The others stood in silence for a moment.

Hera crossed her arms. "One by one, they'll fall."

Zeus stared at the horizon, his smile fading.

"Not yet," he said. "One has yet to fall."

Mount Othrys

The air was wrong.

Even the shadows avoided the Titan throne room. The ceiling seemed lower. The walls pulsed with unease. And at the center of it all, Cronus sat frozen.

Still.

Seething.

A Titan general knelt before him, forehead pressed to the cracked obsidian floor. His voice trembled.

"My king... Atlas has been captured."

Silence.

The words echoed like curses.

Cronus didn't blink.

The general swallowed and continued. "He was overpowered at the entrance of the underworld. Prometheus and Epimetheus fought him... and won."

Still silence.

Then—

Crack.

The armrest beneath Cronus's grip split in half. His fingers clenched until the throne itself moaned in pain. Divine energy spilled from his body in waves, distorting the space around him. The stone at his feet began to melt.

"I forged him in storms," Cronus muttered, eyes twitching. "I raised him to carry the sky. And you tell me... he was captured?"

The general dared not move.

Cronus stood slowly, every motion sending tremors through the chamber. His cloak dragged behind him like night itself. The air thickened with raw time magic—blades of light slicing through the dust as if the room couldn't decide which moment it belonged to.

"Zeus..." he whispered.

Then, louder—

"ZEUS!!!"

His voice split the hall like thunder cracking the world. Columns shattered. Statues crumbled. A gust of ancient wind tore through the chamber, ripping through banners and peeling stone from the walls.

"He dares take MY son?" Cronus hissed, eyes glowing brighter now. "He dares free the monsters of Tartarus? He thinks the world will bow to a child born in a cave?!"

He stepped forward.

And with each step, time warped around him.

One footstep—flowers bloomed and died in seconds.

Another—iron rusted, rebuilt itself, and collapsed again.

He clenched his hand, summoning his sickle, its edge dripping with liquid time. Visions of broken futures flickered behind him—Olympus in flames, gods on their knees.

"I will end him," Cronus snarled. "Not just his body... but his name. His echo."

He turned to the other Titans gathered behind him—Hyperion, Iapetus, Coeus, Crius... and the younger titanic children of destruction.

"My kin," Cronus said darkly. "They want war..."

He raised the sickle.

"Then let them drown in it."

With a single sweep of his blade, the air tore apart—revealing a rift in the sky itself. A swirling portal opened, leading to a gathering storm unlike anything the world had ever seen.

"Summon the full host. Let Oceanus hide. Let Themis watch from her seat. I will crush them all."

And through that portal, the Titan King marched.

Not like a ruler.

Like a cataclysm.

Because the age of waiting was over.

And now...

The true Titanomachy had begun.

The Mountain Forge – Deep Beneath Mount Dikti

The cave was hot. Not just from heat—but power. The kind that hummed in the walls and rumbled underfoot like a sleeping giant. Magma veins glowed across the obsidian stone, casting a dim orange light across the chamber.

Three towering figures stood before Zeus. Their eyes burned like furnace coals, their arms thick with muscle and soot. Each one had only a single eye, glowing bright and wide in the middle of their foreheads.

The Cyclopes.

Brontes.

Steropes.

Arges.

Gods of forge and fury.

Zeus stood before them, arms folded behind his back, expression steady.

"I want you to forge weapons. For me. For my siblings,"

his voice was clear, calm—no hesitation.

"My father and the Titans on his side won't wait for us to gather strength. They'll attack. We can't be caught off guard."

Brontes, the largest of the three, stepped forward. His chest was scarred, his hammer slung across his back like a mountain.

"You freed us,"

he rumbled.

"From darkness. From chains. That debt is not small."

Steropes grunted, gripping the handle of his forge-hammer tighter.

"We will craft your weapons, child of storm. Not for payment. For war."

Arges tilted his head, his voice softer but sharper.

"But we will need what was taken from us. The ancient forges. The old tools. The sacred fire."

Zeus smirked.

"That won't be a problem."

He turned, lightning crackling faintly at his heels as he walked. The Cyclopes followed, the ground trembling under their steps.

Mount Dikti — The Hidden Heart

Zeus led them through a winding path carved from silverstone and volcanic glass. The deeper they went, the thicker the air became—warmer, charged. Finally, the tunnel widened, and they stepped into a massive underground chamber.

It wasn't natural.

It pulsed.

Massive gearworks spun slowly in the walls, powered by streams of glowing magma. Anvils floated above molten rivers. Chains hung from the ceiling like iron vines. Crystal pillars rose from the ground, humming with divine resonance.

This wasn't a forge.

It was a forgotten god's workshop.

Arges gasped.

"This is—"

Brontes's voice cut in, low and full of awe.

"The World-Forge..."

Steropes knelt, running a thick finger along one of the etched anvils. Symbols danced to life beneath his touch.

"No Titan could enter here," he muttered.

"This place rejects them. It's older than them. Maybe older than gods."

Zeus walked into the center of the forge, then turned around, cloak flicking like a thundercloud behind him.

"I found this place when I was training. I didn't know what it was at first."

The Cyclopes looked at each other.

Brontes grinned, baring jagged teeth.

"Then let's wake it up."

Chapter 18 - Divine Weapons

The forge awakened like an ancient beast breathing for the first time in eons.

Pillars of obsidian split open with a roar as molten streams flowed freely across the floor, spiraling into complex runic channels. The chains hanging from above began to sway, not from wind, but from the thrum of divine energy pulsing through the chamber. Gears turned slowly, grinding with weight, their echoes like thunder in a storm cave.

Brontes, Steropes, and Arges stood at the center, each of them now shirtless—revealing torsos marked by burn scars, hammer strikes, and veins that pulsed with light instead of blood.

Brontes stepped forward, dragging a massive block of celestial iron across the floor. It was star-iron—harvested from a fallen comet, said to be the bone of the cosmos itself. He slammed it onto the center anvil.

Steropes swung his hammer once. A single hit cracked the block into five shards—one for each of the Olympian gods. Each shard screamed as it split, releasing a burst of energy that shook the chamber.

Arges brought forth the Sacred Fire, an ember stolen from the first flame that birthed the stars. It hovered in his palm, then flared violently as he tossed it into the forge pit. The flames rose like a phoenix, golden and alive, crackling with power.

"We begin with the Blade of the Sky," Brontes said, his voice like rock tearing through cloud.

⚡ ZEUS'S WEAPON — KERAUNOS, THE STORMFORGED BLADE

From the first shard, Steropes forged a long, jagged blade. It wasn't just metal—it was shaped from frozen lightning, the edges still crackling with raw storm energy. As Steropes hammered it, thunder boomed with every strike. The blade pulsed in sync with his heartbeat.

Arges poured molten electrum into the hilt, carving runes with a whisper that guided the storm spirits into the weapon.

Brontes breathed into the weapon, imbuing it with the will of the skies.

The finished product: a godblade that shimmered with bolts running through its veins. Keraunos, the weapon of Zeus, could call storms with a whisper and split mountains with a single arc of lightning.

🔱 POSEIDON'S WEAPON — TRIENA, THE TIDEPIERCER TRIDENT

The second shard was cooled in a basin of divine sea water collected from Oceanus's outer rim.

Steropes forged the three-pronged trident head with gentle, precise strikes, shaping each tine to hold and release pressure like tidal waves. Each hammer blow sang like a crashing wave.

Brontes molded the shaft from coral-diamond, a fusion of deep-sea minerals that shimmered blue-green.

Arges bound it with sea-souls—essences of creatures long extinct, giving it intelligence and instinct.

Triena could part oceans, create tsunamis, and command every drop of water as if it were an extension of Poseidon's hand.

🔥 HESTIA'S WEAPON — PYRALITHOS, THE ETERNAL FLAMECORE

The third shard was forged not into a weapon of war—but a core, a living ember.

Steropes shaped it into a floating orb encased in transparent flame-stone, ever-burning yet gentle. It hovered above the forge, pulsing with warmth.

Arges whispered the First Hearth Prayer into it—a forgotten incantation that made fire protective and nurturing.

Brontes added a piece of his own heartflame, causing the core to glow brighter than a sunstone.

Pyralthos would allow Hestia to summon purifying fire, heal with warmth, and ignite hope in the darkest places. A sacred weapon of peace that could turn infernal when needed.

🌿 DEMETER'S WEAPON — GAIOS, THE LIFE-SEED SCYTHE

The fourth shard was forged from a rare metal called chloriteium, a living alloy that grew vines when fed sunlight.

Steropes shaped it into a long, curved blade resembling a crescent moon. He let vines coil naturally into the hilt.

Brontes fed the blade soil from Gaia's womb, smuggled from the far corners of the world.

Arges bound it with the spirit of a fallen seasonal spirit—a being that embodied spring and autumn both.

Gaios could birth forests in seconds, cause plagues with a swipe, or entangle legions in thorns thicker than iron. It was both creation and decay.

🦂 HERA'S WEAPON — NEMEIA, THE WRATHFANG SPEAR

The final shard screamed when touched.

It was volatile, unstable, wild. Steropes grinned.

He beat the shard into the shape of a long, slender spear, more ceremonial than practical—until it ignited with white flame.

Brontes forged a spearhead from serpentbone, one of the last hydra fangs, coated in divine poison.

Arges added a ring of blood-forged steel around the shaft—a conductor of will and rage.

Nemeia fed on pride, blossomed in fury, and answered only to Hera's command. The spear could pierce divinity and corrupt loyalty in those it wounded.

The weapons were laid in a circle.

In the center, Arges chanted in the old tongue, awakening the souls within each weapon. Each one rose—hovering slightly, glowing with their own light.

Brontes slammed his hammer down once.

Steropes followed.

Arges joined last.

Three strikes—reverberating through the World-Forge like the heartbeat of creation.

The forge went silent.

Then the weapons slowly descended, each one sliding into its own celestial sheath.

They were ready.

Inside the newly built summit hall—massive, circular, carved straight into the upper ribs of Mount Dikti—six gods stood in a half-circle, their faces lit by the glow of magma-lined walls.

Zeus. Poseidon. Hades. Hera. Demeter. Hestia.

Each of them scarred from battles. Changed from Tartarus.

Each of them silent now.

At the far end of the hall, the Cyclopes entered.

Brontes. Steropes. Arges.

They carried nothing in their hands—yet thunder echoed behind every step. The weapons moved on their own, floating behind them, cloaked in shrouds of lightning, water vapor, flame, poison mist, and pulsing vines.

Brontes stepped forward and banged his war hammer once into the marble floor. The sound cracked across the mountain.

"The weapons are done," he said. "Born from the World-Forge. Awakened with your names. They are not gifts."

He looked at each god.

"They are burdens."

The Cyclopes moved aside. One by one, the weapons floated to their destined owners.

Zeus looked at his lightening bolt that was his weapon and smirked as he grabbed it.

[DING]

Chapter 19 - War Start

The moment Zeus's fingers wrapped around the hilt of the stormblade—

[DING]

The world froze.

No sound. No movement.

Just static hanging in the air.

A faint pulse echoed in his skull—low, clean, and familiar.

Before his eyes, flickering like lightning caught in glass, a translucent screen appeared.

[Divine Weapon Acquired]

- Name: KERAUNOS
- Type: Godblade – One-Handed
- Rank: ∞ (Primordial Tier)
- Bound To: ZEUS
- Attributes:

Channeler of True Storms

Soul-Linked Conduit

Skybreaker Class Weapon

Conducts divine mana + atmospheric energy

Ignores conventional durability

Bonds with wielder's emotion

Grows with the user

Passive Effect: Lightning surrounds the user, increasing reaction time and speed by +300% during combat

Special Skill: [Heaven Splitter] – Call forth a continental bolt of lightning. Instant.
Cooldown: 3 Days.

Special Skill: [Thunder Echo] – Redirect all physical projectiles using magnetic arcs.
Passive.

Special Skill: [Skylord's Will] – Temporarily seize control of the sky. Weather becomes a weapon. Duration: 10 minutes.

Would you like to designate this as your Main Weapon?

▸ [YES]

▸ [NO]

(This action is irreversible until the next Divine Awakening Phase.)

Zeus blinked slowly.

He looked down at the blade.

It hummed.

Like it knew.

He glanced sideways—his siblings were still there, watching, unaware. Their weapons hovered in front of them, and the Cyclopes had stepped back.

The system pulsed again—waiting.

Zeus gave the faintest smirk.

"You're damn right."

He focused on the screen.

[YES]

[KERAUNOS has been equipped as Main Weapon]

Weapon Slot 1 – Locked.

Storm Authority has increased.

New Path: Storm Monarch Tier – Activated.

All Sky-type skills boosted by 40%.

The screen vanished in a blink—like mist breaking under sunlight.

The forge rumbled faintly beneath his feet, as if acknowledging his decision.

Zeus raised Keraunos, letting its blade catch the firelight.

The lightning arced once—clean, smooth, radiant. It coiled around his arm like a serpent of light.

Poseidon raised a brow.

"Feeling dramatic today?"

Zeus tilted the blade just enough for sparks to flick against the ground.

"Feels like it missed me."

He turned and faced the others.

"Let's get to work."

Mount Othrys

At the edge of the storm

The sky boiled above like a sea of black fire. Thunder cracked, not from Zeus, but from the sheer pressure of war building on the peaks of Mount Othrys. Lightning arced across the clouds, but it didn't fall. It circled. It watched.

Cronus stood at the front of the gathered Titans.

Hyperion. Coeus. Crius. Iapetus. Klymene. Perses. Astraeus. The younger ones too—brutal, hungry, half-wrapped in armor and chaos. They lined the mountain edge in tight rows, weapons gripped, eyes sharp, their breath rising like steam.

Behind them, the Titan Host stretched for miles. Legion upon legion. Creatures older than myths. Beasts forged in stars and storms.

Cronus wore no helmet. No armor. Just his cloak—black, shredded at the edges—and the sickle in his hand. The same one that cut the sky. The same one that felled Uranus. Its blade glinted with time itself—dripping slow, golden light that reversed everything it touched. Grass grew and died beneath it. Rocks cracked and healed. The air warped.

He stepped forward. No wind dared move. The world... listened.

"You've seen it," he said, voice deep, cold. "The world shifting. The cracks forming. A new name whispered like a disease through the stars—Zeus."

His eyes burned. No metaphor. Burned.

"My son. My mistake."

"He thinks because he crawled out of a cave, freed a few beasts, and lifted a blade, he can challenge the throne of the Titans."

Cronus paced slowly, sickle dragging against stone, leaving no scratch—only age. The stone aged where it touched, turning to ash.

"He calls gods to his side—children, infants who've barely lived a century. They cheer like they've already won."

"But we... we are the ones who shaped this world. We are the ones who bled to tame the stars. They stand on our bones. On our laws."

He stopped. Looked across them all.

"This is not a battle."

"It is not a rebellion."

"This... is a correction."

He lifted the sickle high. Storm clouds recoiled. The sky twisted, howling like something had been wounded just by the sight of the weapon.

"When they come," Cronus said, "let them come with blades, with names, with pride."

"We will bury it all."

His voice sharpened, words cracking like stone.

"Let them know the age of Titans never ended."

"It only... paused."

The ground shook. Not from Cronus. From the legions. From the fury behind their chests. A sound like a god waking.

He pointed the sickle toward the horizon. Toward Mount Dikti. Toward the new gods who dared rise.

"March."

"Take back the sky."

The Titans roared.

And the war began.

Mount Dikti – The Summit Ridge

Moments before the war

Screech.

Wings sliced the wind as a massive black bird descended from the clouds, landing with a thud at Zeus's feet. Its feathers shimmered with storm-light, and its eyes glowed with flashes of lightning.

It gave a single call. Low. Grim.

Zeus stood at the front—his cloak torn at the edges, boots planted deep into the stone. Behind him, the gods stood ready. Hades. Poseidon. Hera. Demeter. Hestia. And the army they'd gathered: nymphs, giants, spirits of wind and flame.

And the Kouretes. The ancient warriors. The guardians who danced and clashed blades to mask his infant cries from Cronus. The ones who trained him with no pity and no mercy. They now stood silent, armored in celestial bronze, their weapons resting across their shoulders, waiting for the command.

Zeus looked to the horizon. The sky itself was darkening—no longer stormclouds, but something worse.

The Titans were marching.

Thunder cracked in the distance like a heartbeat made of war.

Zeus slowly stepped forward, then turned. His eyes scanned his siblings. His allies. His protectors.

Then—

He spoke.

"They're coming."

His voice wasn't loud. But it didn't need to be. Every god, every soldier, every flame that danced in the wind listened.

"The ones who ruled before us."

"The ones who call us mistakes. Children. Nothing."

The wind picked up. His hair sparked with flickers of lightning. His grip on Keraunos tightened.

"Cronus thinks the world belongs to him because he ripped it from his father."

"Now he wants to rip it from us."

He paused. Looked over his shoulder toward the direction of the coming storm.

"Let him try."

He faced them again—his brothers, his sisters, his people.

"He ruled with fear. With silence. We were born in that silence."

"But look at us now. Standing. Breathing. Armed."

He raised his blade to the sky. Lightning danced down its edge and kissed the ground like fire.

"This isn't just a war."

"This is the end of an age."

The Kouretes banged their weapons together, the clang echoing through the air like the forge of gods ringing across mountains.

"We fight not to survive... but to replace."

He turned fully to face the field of gods behind him, voice rising.

"When they fall, the world changes."

"We are not echoes of the past. We are the start of something new."

He looked at each sibling. His voice dropped low, sharp.

"We were born running."

"Now we stand."

Then louder, lightning now storming in the sky around him—

"And when they break against us, when Cronus sees the truth he buried rise again..."

"He'll know."

Zeus spun his blade and pointed it forward—toward the storm of Titans that now darkened the valley.

"The gods have arrived."

And the earth itself shook with their roar.

Chapter 20 - Titanomachy

Mount Dikti — Battlefield Below the Gods

The Titans came like a storm that didn't wait for permission.

From the horizon, they surged—massive, towering, crackling with raw power. Coeus with his star-forged armor gleaming like a shattered nebula. Iapetus dragging a greatblade longer than most trees. Hyperion burning like a living sun. Crius breathing clouds of frost that snapped the ground into frozen plains beneath his steps.

And Cronus... walking like time itself obeyed him.

The sky didn't just go dark—it folded, like the world was trying to hide from what was coming.

Zeus stood still. Lightning ran across his blade, curling around his forearm like a living serpent. The moment the Titans crossed the last ridge, he raised Keraunos.

No signal. No trumpet.

Just the storm answering his call.

And then—

The clash.

Poseidon struck first, slamming Triena into the ground. A tidal shockwave burst from the mountainside, ripping trees from the earth and sending a wall of sea-force crashing into the frontlines of the Titan army. Creatures of chaos went flying—slammed into rocks, tossed off cliffs, dissolved by the pressure alone.

Iapetus charged through it, roaring. His blade cleaved the water in half, and he threw it into the sky like a wall. It froze midair, and then shattered—raining glass-like shards of sea down across both sides.

Demeter swung Gaia once, and vines erupted like spears, snapping up from the soil. They wrapped around Titan beasts, squeezing with divine force. Some screamed. Some just exploded in bursts of pollen and blood.

Hera sprinted forward, Nemeia in hand. The spear glowed with a venomous light, and with every thrust, it sent out pulses of corrupting energy that turned Titan foot soldiers against each other. Brothers stabbed brothers. Eyes rolled white. They dropped in chaos.

Hestia hovered, hands glowing, Pyralithos pulsing like a second heart in her chest. With every pulse, golden fire swept across the battlefield—not burning flesh, but burning fear. Her allies stood straighter. Wounds closed. Screams stopped. She was the flame they leaned into.

Hades descended like smoke through the ranks—his body flickering with deathlight. He slipped behind Crius, whispered something in his ear, and stabbed him through the back with a blade of cold soulsteel. Crius howled, spinning, but Hades was already gone—mist, shadows, a blink of pressure and hate.

And then—

Zeus moved.

One blink, he was still.

The next—

He was above the battlefield.

Keraunos lit up.

[Skill Activated: Heaven Splitter]

He dropped the blade.

A bolt of lightning the size of a mountain tore through the clouds and slammed into the Titans' second line. The ground exploded. Bodies vaporized. The sky itself cracked and bled white.

Cronus lifted his sickle and pointed it toward the heavens. The bolt struck him—

And stopped.

Time slowed.

The lightning unraveled like silk, and Cronus stepped through it untouched. Behind him, his army roared.

"You think that's power?" he growled.

He slashed with his sickle.

Reality bent. A wave of age washed forward, and every tree in its path shriveled into ash. Even gods had to dive aside. Hera gritted her teeth as she blocked it with Nemeia—the blast still burned her hair gray at the edges.

The Kouretes charged. They danced in unison, spinning, flipping, blades singing through air and flesh. They carved down Titan after Titan—not with brute force, but speed, precision, rhythm. Their dance was war, and their enemies were simply out of tune.

Hyperion rose, flames billowing from his body like a sun losing control. He reached for the sky and pulled it downward. Fire rained in spirals. Whole rows of demi-gods burned screaming.

Poseidon hurled Triena.

The trident pierced the storm and struck Hyperion's chest with a blast of white-blue power that turned the air to steam. Hyperion roared, stumbled, dropped to one knee—but he wasn't done.

He looked up, grinning, skin melting off but flames licking stronger underneath.

"You'll have to do more than that, water god."

Poseidon caught his weapon and grinned right back.

"I plan to."

Elsewhere, Demeter faced off against Perses—a younger Titan, wild and jagged, wielding a war-scythe made of obsidian teeth. He swung it, and rot exploded in a radius around him. Demeter struck Gaios into the ground—and grass bloomed beneath her. Flowers opened with blood-red petals. From them came screams and seedling soldiers, clawing at Perses's legs.

They dragged him down screaming.

In the center of it all, Zeus clashed with Cronus.

Father vs son.

Lightning vs Time.

Keraunos crackled and pulsed with divine speed. Every swing bent the sky. But Cronus was faster in a way that didn't make sense. One moment, he was there—then suddenly, he'd already dodged. Already struck. Already countered.

They didn't speak.

They didn't need to.

This wasn't about who ruled.

This was about who the world would belong to.

Zeus swung—Cronus stepped inside the blow, slashed, and reversed time for just a moment. Blood sprayed from Zeus's side.

But Zeus grinned.

"You should've aimed higher."

He snapped his fingers.

Thunder detonated inside Cronus's ears.

[Skill Activated: Skylord's Will]

The sky itself answered.

Winds howled. Lightning came down not in bolts—but in walls. Cronus was buried under a dome of stormlight so bright it blinded even the gods.

Silence.

Then—Cronus rose, skin cracked, cloak in tatters.

He was laughing.

"I made you strong," he said. "But not strong enough."

Zeus lowered Keraunos.

"We'll see."

And then the battlefield ignited again—Titans screaming, gods roaring, blades clashing, the storm swallowing the sky as Olympus and Othrys collided with no mercy, no second chances.

This was not a battle.

It was history breaking.

And the gods were writing the new page in blood.