

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 131: Primordial God - Read I Am Zeus

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The hum of the plain still lingered as Zeus drew his hand back from Ouranos's face. The storm inside him raged, louder than it had ever been, but his expression stayed unreadable. Gaia's tired smile followed him as he straightened, lightning faintly snapping around his shoulders.

Then, it happened.

The air before his eyes rippled, as though the fabric of the world had been pierced. Text burned into the void, glowing blue-white, not seen by Gaia, not felt by the earth. Only Zeus.

[Name: Zeus]

[Title: Stormborne King, Son of Fate, Sky Incarnate]

[Divine Tier: 7 → 10 (Primordial Class)]

[Faith Level: Expanding → Ascendant – Recognized in all realms touched by storm]

[Divine Power: 768/1000 → 19,800/∞]

His breath slowed. The numbers were not mortal, not Olympian. They were something else. He didn't move, didn't let Gaia see, but his storm surged in his veins, fighting to break free.

The next line appeared.

Skills Updated

[Lightning Flicker – Lv. 7 (Ascended)] → [Cosmic Flicker – Lv. 1 (Primordial)]

Speed surpasses the fold of space. Each flicker tears the boundaries of dimension. Reflexes elevated beyond light, into causality itself.

[Thunder Shout – Lv. 5] → [Cosmic Roar – Lv. 1]

Unleash the voice of the sky. The roar bends matter, erases sound, collapses divine barriers within kilometers.

[Smite – Lv. 6 (Divine Tier)] → [Cosmic Verdict – Lv. 1 (Primordial Tier)]

Condemns chosen targets in the name of the Storm. Verdicts manifest as bolts that carry authority of creation and destruction. Cannot be resisted by lesser gods.

[Aether Step – Lv. 5] → [Voidstride – Lv. 1]

Chain movements through non-space. Step through existence, collapsing enemy defenses. One stride equals the horizon.

[Stormcaller's Wrath – Lv. 6] → [Cosmic Tempest – Lv. 1]

Summon the original storm of the heavens. The hurricane consumes realms, fueled by lightning, voidfire, and chaosflame inherited from Surtr and Tartarus. Cannot be contained once fully unleashed.

[Divine Presence: Storm Crown – Lv. 3] → [Primordial Authority: Sky Sovereign – Lv. 1]

The field of Zeus no longer disrupts lesser divine magic—it dictates cosmic law. All who walk under sky feel his will. Primordial monsters born of chaos bend instinctively or shatter upon entering his presence.

[WORLD BREAKER STRIKE – Lv. MAX (Primordial Authority)]

Allows the user to channel the totality of their divine authority, fused with the Primordial Sky, Tartarus's abyssal fragments, and Surtr's chaosflame, into a single strike. This attack does not simply wound—it fractures existence itself. Space, time, and causal threads can be torn open, shattering the barriers between realms. Once unleashed, it echoes across eternity. Usage is heavily limited; each strike risks rewriting the wielder's essence and destabilizing entire planes of reality.

Zeus's jaw tightened. The words burned into him like fire. Every pulse of his storm was different now, heavier, older. The lightning no longer felt like lightning—it felt like the very fabric of the sky itself, unbound and infinite.

His hand twitched once, then stilled. He kept his pace even, walking beside Gaia across the endless stone plain. She glanced at him, thinking only of Ouranos still sleeping behind them. She didn't notice the light crawling faintly along his veins, or the pressure of his aura slowly bleeding into the world.

Another ripple appeared.

Inherited Authorities Integrated:

Tartarus's Cosmic Fragments – Authority over confinement, abyss, and decay.

Surtr's Cosmic Flame – Authority over eternal fire and destruction.

Ouranos's Sky Link – Direct connection to the Primordial Sky, amplifying all storm and cosmic-based powers.

Warning: Containment required. Full release may destabilize realms.

[Primordial Access – Tier Ω]

The user no longer merely perceives primordial flows—they stand inside them. Full integration achieved. The Sky Incarnate can influence, redirect, and command the streams of origin energy that underpin creation itself. Current access: 87% and rising.

Effects:

Direct manipulation of cosmic threads (space, time, fire, abyss, storm).

Authority to stabilize or collapse dimensional boundaries.

Passive augmentation: all divine skills now scale infinitely within the primordial layer.

His teeth ground once behind closed lips. He drew a slow breath through his nose, steadying the storm before it bled outward. He couldn't show it now. Not yet.

The notifications did not end.

[System Recognition Updated]

You are no longer merely King of Olympus. You are acknowledged as:

Primordial God of Sky, Storm, and Thunder.

The storm does not answer you. You are the storm.

The last line pulsed once, then faded. Silence returned, leaving only the weight in his veins.

Gaia walked slowly, her roots brushing across the stone as though she were guiding them through a dream. She looked at him once, her eyes tired, searching, but she saw only the calm mask he wore.

"You see now," she murmured, voice quiet but heavy, "why I brought you. Ouranos cannot wake, but he can still reach. You carry him with you now. You are closer to him than any living thing."

Zeus nodded faintly, the storm inside him screaming against his calm face. "I understand."

Gaia's roots coiled tighter, as if reassuring herself. "You must hold that connection. For when the Primordials rise, you will need it more than anything else."

Zeus's gaze drifted back, just for a moment, to the massive form lying across the plain. Ouranos's chest still rose and fell in its slow rhythm. The weight of the sky pressed across his shoulders, not crushing, but binding.

Inside, however, Zeus knew the truth.

The storm had changed.

It was no longer lightning, no longer thunder. It was cosmic law. His veins hummed with it, the authority of fire, abyss, and sky tangled together. The storm inside him wanted to tear free, to show the world what he had become.

But his face didn't change. His steps didn't falter.

"Thank you," Zeus said at last, his voice quiet, level.

Gaia turned to him. "Do not thank me yet. This power comes with a price. Ouranos does not give freely. If he truly rises in you, the world itself may tremble. Olympus may not survive."

Zeus's eyes narrowed, but he didn't answer.

They walked until the plain dimmed. The stone underfoot rippled once, and the swirl of gray sky faded. When the light returned, they were back in Olympus—on the ruined balcony, the night air sharp with the scent of smoke and lightning.

The gods below were still gathered, whispering. Nyx was gone. Rhea lingered near the broken steps, her eyes cautious. Apollo and Ares still glowed faintly from their new flames.

None of them knew what had just changed inside their king.

Zeus stepped forward to the railing again, his hand resting on the cracked marble. The storm in him surged, begging to be seen. He clenched his jaw and pressed it down, hiding it in the cage of his veins.

Lightning sparked faintly along the horizon, but no more.

Gaia stood behind him, her eyes tired but steady.

"Hold it close, child," she whispered. "Do not let them see it yet. Not until the moment comes."

Zeus's eyes burned with stormlight as he looked across the heavens, his face calm, his body still. But inside him, the cosmos itself was awake, pressing against the skin of the world.

And he carried it in silence.

Chapter 132: "Then let it be war."

The ruins of Olympus were silent. Zeus stood at the broken railing, his eyes calm, his storm hidden. Gaia had left him to his thoughts, her roots fading back into the soil of the world. None of the gods below could see what burned in his veins.

But far beyond Olympus, in places where no god dared walk, the news had already spread. Not through whispers, not through messengers. It was felt.

The death of Surtr.

The eternal flame that had burned since the first dawn of fire was gone, snuffed out in silence. It wasn't a wound the world could ignore. It rippled outward, through every realm, across every sky and sea. To mortals it was nothing more than a shift in the wind, a sudden chill, an unfamiliar shadow at the edge of their dreams. But to the Primordials—it was thunder at the gates.

In the Abyss where light was forbidden, Erebus stirred. The shadow thickened until it became a throne, and from it the god of Darkness opened his eyes. The void itself recoiled. His voice cut through the silence like a knife.

"He has slain one of us."

The shadows shivered as countless wraiths bowed in silence. Erebus leaned forward, the shape of his body barely more than a wound in the dark. His thoughts were not calm—they burned with the sharp edge of pride and wrath.

"Surtr was not the strongest," Erebus said, "but he was flame eternal. His fall cannot go unchallenged. We should strike now. I will lead the way and rip the sky-king apart."

The dark around him churned, restless, ready to move. But another voice cut through before the shadows could scatter.

"You speak like a fool."

The words were heavy, carried on ice older than worlds. From the northern void, frost bled into the meeting place. The darkness cracked, and with it, a figure emerged—

colossal, jagged, rimmed with glaciers that burned with cold. Ymir, the first frost, the father of giants.

His single eye glowed pale. His voice was slow, patient, yet merciless.

"You think to face him alone? That is what Surtr thought. That is what Nyx thought. How many more will you waste before you understand?"

Erebus's shadows snapped like whips, but Ymir's cold filled the silence. Neither flinched, but another presence rippled into the gathering before the two could clash.

The air bent, folding inward like paper, then tearing open. From the rent stepped a man taller than mountains, with skin carved like stone and eyes bright as dawn. His breath alone pressed against the others, steady, eternal.

Pangu.

The one who split heaven and earth, whose axe carved the first horizon. He looked at Erebus, then at Ymir. His voice was low, but it carried the weight of both worlds.

"The shadow is right. The frost is right. Both speak truth, but neither carries wisdom."

Erebus hissed, but Pangu raised a hand, and the darkness froze in place.

"You think yourselves endless," Pangu continued. "But one by one, you fall. The storming is not Cronus. He is not a Titan. He is not a god of the new age. He carries something else now."

Ymir's eye narrowed. "You felt it too."

Pangu nodded slowly. "Yes. The sky answered him. I felt it when the wind bent above the chaos-sea. He is not merely Zeus anymore. He has touched the root."

The darkness around Erebus twisted tighter. He did not like the sound of it. "Then you mean to do nothing? Let him walk unchecked, let him take our domains, let him unravel us piece by piece?"

A new laugh echoed across the gathering, sharp and ringing like steel on stone. From the sands of forgotten rivers came another—Tiamat, mother of monsters, coiling in the air like a sea made flesh. Her scales gleamed, her many heads hissing in unison.

"You sound afraid, Erebus," she purred, each head speaking in turn. "You should be. The storm-child has teeth now."

Her laughter rippled through the void, cruel and sweet, until even the shadows recoiled.

"Then what?" Erebus snapped. "Wait for him to hunt us? To climb into our domains one after another? We are being thinned like cattle!"

"No," Ymir rumbled, frost spilling from his breath. "We will no longer go to him."

Tiamat's heads tilted, amused. "Then we make him come to us?"

Pangu shook his head. "No. We make war."

The word hung in the air. It was not spoken lightly. Even the void hesitated at it.

"War," Erebus repeated, his shadows curling tighter, sharper. His eyes burned within the dark.

"Yes," Pangu said. "If we march together, if we descend as one, then even he cannot hold against us. The world will fracture. The skies will break. And the mortals who worship him will see their king fall beneath the weight of what came before."

Ymir's ice cracked like thunder. "Better to shatter Olympus once and for all than to be carved away one at a time."

Tiamat's laughter turned low, dangerous. "Then let the heavens drown."

Across the void, other presences stirred. Primordials who had remained silent until now, watching, weighing.

Anshar, the horizon eternal, whispered agreement.

Anu, first sky of Babylon, watched with cold approval.

Nuwa, the weaver of forms, lifted her head with quiet disdain but did not argue.

Apsu, the endless deep, rumbled in the black.

One by one, the voices rose—not as gods, not as Titans, but as the first ones. They did not bicker, not now. Their numbers were fewer than in the first dawn, but each was heavy enough to drown worlds.

And in that silence, the war was declared.

The void trembled. Reality quivered at the weight of the gathering. The stars themselves dimmed, as if afraid.

Erebus leaned forward, his shadows curling into claws. His voice was soft now, but it cut like a blade.

"Then let it be war."

The decision spread like fire. Across the nine realms, the seas, the rivers, the peaks, the chaos beyond sight—every Primordial stirred. They would not wait. They would not creep one by one into the jaws of the storm. They would descend together.

Olympus would drown beneath them.

And though none of them said it, none of them admitted it, each felt the same quiet thing at the edges of their wrath.

The faint hum of the sky.

The whisper of stormlight they could not see, but felt.

The presence of Zeus, silent and waiting, his storm held behind calm eyes.

The war of gods and primordials had begun.

Chapter 133: Gods

The Greek realm stirred.

It didn't happen all at once. It came in fragments—like cracks appearing in marble before the statue fell.

Ships that sailed the Aegean vanished in fogs that belonged to no sea. The Nile's waters, once calm, surged backward, flooding fields with black silt. The winds that usually obeyed the peaks of Olympus howled out of control, shredding crops, collapsing villages.

And then came the intrusions. Not Titans. Not mortals. Not monsters.

Gods.

Strangers.

From the east, Shinto kami danced across rivers, stealing offerings meant for nymphs. From the north, Norse spirits stirred in the mountains, their axes echoing through passes that had never known them. From the deserts, faint shadows of Devas flickered, their auras so strong that the air split, their presence alone bending worship away from shrines of Olympus.

The realm was being tested, its borders poked and stretched. Olympus itself hadn't yet been attacked, but the message was clear: the Greek gods were no longer untouchable.

On the highest peak, Zeus called his brothers.

Poseidon rose from the sea, trident dripping foam onto the marble. His eyes were storm-dark, his expression set. "The waters of my domain churn with strangers. They fish without fear, they dive where no mortal should. Do you know what that means?"

Hades unfolded from shadow, his cloak trailing faint whispers of the dead. "It means they don't fear us anymore," he said. "Even the rivers of Styx carried a ripple that wasn't mine." His face was unreadable, but the weight in his tone told enough.

The three brothers stood together on the cracked floor of the council chamber. Lightning crawled faintly across Zeus's arms. He said nothing at first, letting the silence tighten. Then he spoke, voice sharp as the storm.

"Call them," Zeus commanded. "All of them. Major gods, minor gods, river gods, wind gods, spirits, muses, even the Titans that still breathe. If they live in the Greek realm, they will stand here now."

Hermes bowed, caduceus humming, and vanished in a golden streak.

The order spread like fire. And Olympus obeyed.

The amphitheater swelled with life. The thrones lit again, not just for the Olympians but for the ancients who had once stood beside them. Oceanus arrived, his form vast and watery, his beard dripping with salt, his voice like waves striking cliffs. Themis appeared, scales in hand, her eyes sharp, judging even as she sat. Beside her came Mnemosyne, calm, thoughtful, her gaze heavy with memory.

Demeter walked in slow, her hand brushing her swollen belly. The scent of wheat clung to her steps, though her eyes were dim with weariness. Leto came after, serene as the night, with a faint moon-glow in her hair. Maia followed, soft-spoken but steady, while Metis stood with cold wisdom, her expression unreadable.

And then Hera.

She stepped into the hall with her chin high, dressed in green. She did not bow. She did not speak. She moved to her seat and sat apart, her presence heavy, her silence louder than words. None forgot her betrayal. Her punishment was still bound by the Styx. But she was still Hera. And so she was present.

When the circle filled, the air thickened. Even the winds outside held still, waiting.

Zeus rose. His storm crown flickered faint above his head, faint enough that only the closest saw. His gaze swept the gathering—family, allies, enemies, betrayers, all here under one sky.

"Olympus," he said. The word cracked like thunder. "Our realm is no longer untouched. Strangers walk our seas, our mountains, our fields. They do not hide. They come openly. Because they know what we know."

He paused. None breathed.

"The Primordials are moving."

The words hit like a hammer. Oceanus leaned forward, his eyes narrowing. Themis's scales tilted faintly. Murmurs rippled through the minor gods, but no one spoke.

"They come not one by one," Zeus continued. "No longer testing us with whispers or shadows. They come as pantheons. As storms. Their children walk into our lands as if they own them." His hand tightened on the railing, lightning sparking once against the marble.

"They will not stop."

His voice lowered, sharp as a blade. "We cannot face this alone. Hermes."

In a streak of gold, Hermes reappeared. He bowed quickly, his sandals skidding against the stone as he stepped into the circle.

"I carried your summons," he said breathlessly. "To every throne. Every god-king. Odin. Amaterasu. Indra. I told them you called for counsel."

The amphitheater leaned forward. Zeus's eyes narrowed. "And?"

Hermes hesitated, his grin absent for once. "Odin came." He stepped aside, and there the All-Father entered—one-eyed, cloak trailing, spear in hand. His presence was heavy, not Primordial, but old enough to demand silence. He took a seat without bowing.

"And the others?" Zeus asked.

Hermes's face hardened. "They refused. Amaterasu said the kami will follow their mother, Izanami, if the time comes. Indra said the Devas walk with their Primordial fires, not with us. They will not come."

The silence was suffocating.

Oceanus's voice broke it, slow and deep. "Then the world is already against us."

Themis's scales clicked faintly. "No. Not the world. The roots. The first ones."

Mnemosyne murmured, her voice like a memory surfacing. "They have declared war. All of them."

Zeus's gaze did not waver. He looked to Odin, who leaned casually, his one eye burning like a storm contained.

"You came," Zeus said.

Odin smirked faintly. "The others hide behind their old ones. I've never been one for hiding." He tapped Gungnir against the floor. "But make no mistake, Sky King. If you fall, my realm will not weep."

Zeus's jaw tightened, but he inclined his head slightly. "Then sit. And watch."

Odin's grin widened faintly.

Poseidon slammed his trident against the floor. "Enough games. We must decide. If war is coming, if strangers walk our seas and skies, then Olympus cannot sit in silence."

Hades's voice was quieter, but it carried. "Then speak, brother. What do you demand of us?"

Zeus lifted his hand. Lightning hummed faintly, not striking, but waiting. His eyes swept the amphitheater again, over gods loyal and gods bitter, over wives past and present, over brothers, sisters, and betrayers.

"All of you," Zeus said. "Every name, every river, every mountain. You will stand under one law. Olympus answers as one. Or Olympus falls as one."

No one moved. Hera's gaze lingered, cold and distant. Demeter's hand brushed her belly, her face unreadable. Oceanus folded his arms, his tide swelling faintly around him.

Themis's scales tilted once more. And then she spoke, voice solemn, sharp.

"Then bind it. By the Styx."

The amphitheater stilled. Every god knew what that meant. Oaths unbreakable. Bonds that cut even gods.

Zeus's storm flickered faintly around his crown. His voice was calm, but the weight of it pressed into every chest.

"Then by the Styx," he said. "Olympus will stand."

The air itself trembled. The river's name whispered across the chamber, invisible but binding.

Far away, in shadows none could see, the Primordials felt the ripple. And they smiled.

Because the war was already moving.

Chapter 134: Preparations

The oath still hummed through Olympus long after the amphitheater had emptied. The Styx did not whisper and fade quickly. It lingered, binding every chest with an invisible hand.

Zeus stood alone for a moment at the broken railing, lightning silent under his skin, before he finally turned away. There was no more time for speeches. War was no longer a storm on the horizon—it was crawling through their seas, their skies, their roots.

And Olympus moved.

Athena

The courtyard was alive with the scrape of bronze, the thud of shields locking, the bark of orders. Athena stood at the center, bronze gleaming against her shoulders, owl perched silent but watchful. With a single wave of her spear, glowing maps unfolded into the air above her—mountains etched in gold, seas shifting in blue light, rivers pulsing faintly.

"Here," she pointed, her voice crisp, "Crete's strait. They'll test the waters first. Poseidon will hold the depths, but we'll place bastions above. Hermes, I want scouts on every island within reach."

Hermes saluted with mock cheer, but his sandals were already sparking, his form blurring into streaks of gold as he zipped across the map.

Athena turned again. "Ida, Hymettus, Parnassus. Pillars. Bastions. Nets woven above and below. Aegis lines powered by the storm."

The lesser gods—river spirits, winds, minor deities—nodded, their voices rising in unison.

She didn't smile. She didn't soften. She simply kept speaking, every order another piece of armor for Olympus.

Ares

Far from the order of her courtyard, Ares paced like a beast in a cage. His armor was half-fastened, his blade glowing faint with Surtr's essence still humming through it. His breath came heavy, his eyes sharp, red, restless.

Every clang of steel, every shouted order in the distance, only made him grind his teeth harder.

"I am war," he muttered, again and again. "And war waits for no one."

He slammed his fist against a pillar, cracking it down the center. "Let me march. Let me cut them first. Let me bleed them before they even step on our soil."

Nike stood nearby, wings folded, her expression steady but cold. "Not yet," she said. "Not until the king calls it."

Ares turned, snarling. "The king binds me like a dog!"

Nike didn't flinch. "No. He saves you for when it matters."

The war god seethed, pacing again, but the truth in her words gnawed at him. His rage burned hotter—but it held. For now.

Hephaestus

In the forge, sparks flew like stars. The air was thick with fire, iron, and sweat. Hephaestus's hammer fell again and again, each strike sending waves of heat into the mountain.

But his brow furrowed deeper with every blow. The weapons he reforged—swords, shields, spears—were strong, yes. They burned bright with divine fire. But he knew. Against what was coming, against what had already moved in the shadows, they would not be enough.

And then the air shifted.

Hephaestus lifted his head, his hammer still glowing in his hand. The flames bent back, quivering.

Zeus stood in the doorway.

"Father," Hephaestus said slowly, voice rough from the heat.

Zeus didn't speak at first. He only looked at the weapons, at the flames, at his son's sweat and labor. Then he stepped forward, placing his hand on Hephaestus's shoulder.

"Not here," Zeus said. "Come."

They descended together, deeper than the forge of Olympus, deeper than the breath of gods. Mount Dikti swallowed them in stone and heat until, at last, the cavern opened.

The World Forge.

Older than the Titanomachy, older than even the thrones of Olympus. Here, the Cyclopes had once shaped the thunderbolt, the trident, the bident—gifts that had crowned Zeus, Poseidon, Hades in the first war.

The forge pulsed. Rivers of molten metal ran like veins across the cavern, feeding into an anvil the size of a temple. Hammers hung in the air, moving without hands, driven by the will of the fire itself.

And the Cyclopes stirred at their entrance. Brontes. Steropes. Arges. One-eyed giants, their skin like stone, their arms thick with raw strength. They bowed—not to Hephaestus, not yet—but to Zeus.

The storm king raised his hand, stilling them. Then he turned to his son.

"Son," Zeus said, his voice steady, carrying over the roar of fire. "This belongs to you now. The forge. The Cyclopes. The beating heart of Olympus's weapons."

Hephaestus froze. His eye burned wide. "Me?"

Zeus nodded once. "You have always carried fire in your veins, but Olympus has only ever seen your limp. That ends now. You are our maker. Our smith. Our shield. These are yours to command. They will follow your hand. Not mine."

The Cyclopes lowered their heads, their one eyes glowing faintly in the firelight.

Zeus gripped Hephaestus's shoulder tighter. His voice softened, but the weight of it pressed harder than the storm.

"Now make me proud."

For the first time in centuries, Hephaestus's throat tightened with something beyond the forge's smoke. He set down his hammer and turned toward the anvil of the world. The fire bent for him. The Cyclopes lifted their tools at his side.

And Olympus gained its master of war's heart.

When he left the forge, when he climbed back toward the mountain's crown, Zeus walked alone.

No gods followed. No Cyclopes bowed. No cheers rose.

Only silence.

And in that silence, his storm turned restless.

Every step, every breath, carried a weight heavier than the sky. The Primordial power clawed at his veins, begging to be freed. His lightning was no longer lightning. It was the roar of the abyss, the fire of Surtr, the breath of Ouranos. Every spark that slipped from his skin bent the world around it, warping stone, cracking marble.

He clenched his fists tighter. He forced it down.

But his temples throbbed. His heart pounded too loud. His veins felt stretched, stretched until they would tear.

Zeus leaned once against the wall of the stair. His jaw tightened.

If they saw him like this—Athena, Poseidon, Hades—they would see weakness. They would see cracks in the sky.

So he straightened. He calmed his breath. His storm hummed quieter, folding back into his chest like a blade sheathed.

But he knew.

The strain was already eating him.

Back above, Athena's voice carried across the maps, Ares's roars echoed in the halls, and Hephaestus's hammers shook the mountain. Olympus braced itself like a warrior tightening armor before the first charge.

And Zeus stood at its heart, calm and silent.

The storm inside him begged to break free.

And he wondered—when the war truly came—if even he could hold it back.

Chapter 135: The War of the First Light

The first strike did not come from Olympus.

It came from the edges of the world.

Mortals called it dawn, but every god knew better. The sky over the eastern seas bled red without a sun. The air thickened, the winds froze, and then the sound came. Not thunder, not flame. Something deeper. Like stone breaking under the skin of the earth.

That was how the Primordial War began.

The War of the First Light.

The Breaking

At first, mortals thought it was an eclipse. Farmers in Attica dropped their plows and stared. Fishermen in Rhodes pulled their nets and prayed. But then the horizon itself cracked.

A jagged line split the morning, running from sea to sky, glowing with pale fire. The waters heaved as if pushed by an unseen hand. From that wound in the world poured shapes—too vast to be mortal, too raw to be divine.

The first army of the Primordials had come.

From the rift spilled Ymir's brood—giants of frost, their limbs mountains, their breath colder than death. They carried glaciers on their shoulders, throwing them like stones into the sea. The water froze in seconds, trapping ships where they floated.

Behind them rose Apsu's children, the Deep Serpents. Each the size of rivers, scales shining black-blue, their eyes glowing like sunken stars. They hissed, and the sea bent to them.

Above, shadows gathered. Erebus himself did not come—but his wraiths did. Cloaked in living dark, they slid across the air, choking out the dawn.

And at their head, a voice split the rift:

"Bring Olympus to its knees."

The war had begun.

The mountain shook long before the armies reached it.

Hermes was the first to see. He blurred through the skies, golden light ripping the clouds as he reappeared in the council hall, chest heaving.

"They're here!" he shouted. "From the east—the frost, the deep, the shadow—they're marching straight for us!"

The thrones flared alive at once. Athena slammed her spear down, her maps flickering bright. Ares leapt to his feet, blade already raised, a feral grin breaking across his face. Poseidon rose, the sea dripping from his shoulders. Hades stood without a word, his cloak flaring shadows.

Zeus did not move at first. His hand rested on the railing, his storm silent. Only his eyes sparked faintly.

"Then Olympus answers," he said.

The council scattered, every god racing to their stations. The muses sang war-hymns to rally the lesser spirits. The winds howled, charging to the skies. Nymphs and river gods armed themselves with blades of their own waters. The mountain itself shuddered as Hephaestus's forge roared awake, sending fire into the sky.

And Zeus lifted his hand.

Lightning spread from his fingers, racing up the heavens, splitting the storm open. His voice rolled like thunder.

"Olympus marches!"

The First Clash

It began at the shores of the Aegean.

The frost giants waded in first, glaciers on their backs. They hurled them toward the islands, shattering entire coasts. Mortals screamed, their temples splintering under ice.

But then the sea rose.

Poseidon surged from the depths, trident blazing. The ocean bent to him, waves towering higher than the giants' heads. With one sweep, he struck a glacier mid-flight, shattering it into shards that rained harmlessly into the water.

"Not my seas," Poseidon growled, his voice shaking the tide.

The Deep Serpents hissed, circling him. They struck, their bodies wrapping around the waves. But from the sea rose chariots of foam, driven by sea-gods, carrying spears tipped with coral fire. They clashed against the serpents, turning the water into a storm of blood and salt.

Above, Athena descended, her bronze shield shining, her owl screaming overhead. She landed at the cliffs, soldiers of Olympus rallying behind her. Her voice cut the chaos like a blade.

"Hold the line!" she cried. "Every step they take is a grave you dig for yourself!"

Her spear flashed, piercing a frost giant's eye. The beast toppled into the sea, waves crashing high. The army of Olympus roared, their morale blazing at her side.

At the front, Ares finally broke free.

He charged across the battlefield, his blade burning with Surtr's essence, fire dripping like blood from the edge. His roar echoed across the war, drowning even the giants.

"COME!" he bellowed. "COME DIE BY MY HAND!"

He crashed into the frost horde, each strike splitting armor, each swing cracking mountains of ice. He laughed as he carved, his face wild, crimson fire dancing in his eyes.

Nike flew above him, wings blazing, cutting arrows into wraiths of Erebus before they reached him.

"You'll burn out!" she shouted.

"I AM WAR!" Ares howled, cleaving a giant in half. "I DO NOT BURN—I BURN OTHERS!"

From Olympus, the sky lit red.

Hephaestus stood at the heart of the World Forge, Cyclopes at his side, their hammers falling in rhythm. Sparks rained like meteors, each strike birthing weapons not seen since the Titan War.

Shields of fire. Spears tipped with lightning. Chains forged from abyssal ore.

The first volley launched—dozens of meteoric weapons raining down on the battlefield, striking giants, binding serpents, searing wraiths into smoke. The ground trembled under the rain of divine steel.

Hephaestus's voice bellowed through the mountain.

"Fight, Olympus! Every blow you strike, I will arm!"

The Cyclopes roared, their one eyes blazing like suns.

And above it all, Zeus moved.

He stood at the peak of Olympus, his crown of storm glowing faint. He raised his hand, and lightning bent around him, but it was not the same lightning as before.

The sky itself quivered when he called.

Bolts rained from the heavens, not sparks but spears—massive lances of storm that tore through giants, splitting them to bone. Each strike carved canyons into the sea. Each roar deafened the world.

Yet even as he struck, his chest tightened. His veins burned, the Primordial power clawing harder. The abyss. The fire. The sky itself. They wanted to rip free.

Zeus forced it down, jaw clenched, sweat on his brow.

If he lost control now, Olympus itself would shatter.

So he struck carefully, precise, never unleashing the full storm. And no one—not Athena, not Poseidon, not even Hades—saw the struggle behind his calm face.

While the skies burned and seas raged, the underworld answered.

Hades rose from the shadow of a broken island, his bident humming with death. He raised it once, and the ground split open. From the cracks poured legions of shades—armies of the dead, called from every age.

They surged at the frost giants, climbing their legs, dragging them down. They poured into the serpents' mouths, choking them from within.

Hades's cloak spread wide, a storm of black feathers swallowing wraiths whole. His voice was cold, steady, but merciless.

"You wanted to trespass," he said. "Then walk my kingdom."

And the battlefield became half graveyard, half ocean.

The Turning Point

For hours, the war raged. The seas boiled, the skies split, the mountains cracked under the weight of gods and giants.

But then—the rift widened.

From the wound in the world, more came. Tiamat's brood, her monstrous children, their wings blotting the sky. Nuwa's weavers, spirits of chaos stitching storms into nets. Anshar's horizon bent, cutting across the battlefield like a blade.

Olympus staggered.

Athena's shield cracked. Poseidon's waves slowed. Even Ares stumbled, blood and fire dripping from his armor.

The Primordials had not come fully—but their shadows were endless. And their numbers grew.

Olympus was drowning.

Zeus's Choice

At the peak, Zeus watched. His storm raged, his chest heaved, his veins burned. He could feel it—the Primordial authority begging to break loose. Cosmic law. Sky Sovereign. World Breaker.

If he released it, the rift itself could close. The armies would burn in an instant. Olympus would win the day.

But the cost—

The mountain might fall. The gods might shatter. The world itself might crack.

He closed his eyes. His hand trembled. Lightning crawled across his veins.

"Not yet," he whispered.

He clenched his fist. Forced it back down. The storm screamed inside him, but he caged it still.

Instead, he raised his voice, his thunder rolling over battlefield and sea.

"Olympus! Stand!"

His words sparked the mountain itself. The earth shook, the sky flared, the seas surged again. Every god heard, every soldier felt it.

And they rose.

The battle did not end that day. It raged into night, into another dawn, the rift spilling more, the gods bleeding but holding. Olympus bent but did not break.

Mortals would remember it forever. The day the seas froze, the skies split, the dead walked, and Olympus itself shook under the weight of the first ones.

They called it the War of the First Light.

Because it began at dawn, with a crack in the sky.

But for the gods, it was something else.

The beginning of the end.

The Primordial War had begun.

A/N

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

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Please

Please

Please

I'm begging for a gift 📺

Thank you

Chapter 136: Nyx And Zeus

The battlefield smoldered long after the clash had quieted. Frost turned to mist, serpents of the deep reduced to drifting carcasses, wraiths scattered back into nothing. Olympus had survived the first blow, but the mountain looked wounded. Stone cracked down its face, seas around it churned black, and the cries of the wounded gods carried faint under the evening sky.

Zeus stood at the peak, alone. His hands rested on the railing of what little remained of the council balcony. From there he could see it all—the shattered islands, the fires still burning, the blood mixed with seawater. The air smelled of iron and smoke, thick enough to choke even divine lungs.

He had not released it. He had kept the storm chained inside him, even when the rift had grown wide enough to spill Tiamat's brood into the skies. His voice had carried them through. His lightning had burned where it needed to. His brothers had stood, his children had answered. Olympus had not fallen.

But his body shook.

He leaned hard on the railing, lightning crawling across his skin like cracks in glass. His veins burned too hot, the Primordial fragments clawing inside him. Surtr's eternal fire. Tartarus's abyss. Ouranos's sky. They were not meant to live together, yet they raged in his blood, fighting, fusing, tearing at him. His chest heaved, his heart hammering too fast.

He dropped to one knee, his hand gripping the stone until it shattered under his palm. His vision blurred. For a moment, he thought he heard the world itself whispering, pulling him in every direction at once.

He almost lost it.

And then the air shifted.

The stars above bent as if the night had leaned closer. A soft laugh echoed across the ruin, too light for the weight in the air.

"You're breaking yourself, Sky King."

Zeus's head lifted slowly. She stood in the shadow of the broken column, silver eyes gleaming against the smoke. Nyx. Night itself. Her robe flowed like a field of stars, her hair trailing into infinity. She stepped forward without sound, and yet every god below, resting or wounded, suddenly shivered. They knew something greater than them had walked.

Zeus forced himself to stand. His hand gripped the broken railing tighter, sparks dripping from his fingers. "You've come to gloat?"

Nyx tilted her head, smiling faint. "If I wanted to gloat, I'd be standing with Erebus and the others, singing dirges about your corpse." She stopped before him, her gaze raking him from crown to chest. "But you're still here. Bleeding. Shaking. Holding a storm that should have destroyed you hours ago. Curious."

He said nothing, only steadied his breath, though every inhale scraped against his ribs like fire.

"You can't keep this up," Nyx said, voice softer now, though it still carried the weight of the void. "Every battle you chain it down, every strike you refuse to unleash, it will eat you alive. Do you know what I see when I look at you?"

Zeus's jaw tightened. "Tell me."

"A god trying to wear a Primordial's skin without letting the bones break first."

He glared at her, stormlight flickering in his eyes. "I am no Primordial. I am Zeus. King of Olympus."

Nyx smiled wider, not cruel but knowing. "And that is your problem. You keep calling yourself 'king.' You still think in thrones and crowns and storms that can be tamed. But the sky itself has already claimed you. Ouranos sleeps, but his veins flow in yours. Surtr's fire burns in your chest. Tartarus breathes in your shadow. You're not one of them anymore." She stepped closer, silver eyes meeting his storm. "You are one of us."

The words pressed harder than any blow. For a moment, the storm in him surged, screaming for release. He gritted his teeth, sparks bleeding from his skin.

"You want me to become what you are?" he growled. "A thing of the first night? A shadow that bends mortals in their sleep?"

Nyx chuckled. "I want you to survive."

Zeus staggered back a step, his hand clutching his chest. The storm inside lashed harder, pulling at the sky, the earth, the air. His knees buckled, and for the first time in centuries, he fell. The king of Olympus crashed to the stone, his breath ragged, lightning burning out of his skin in wild arcs.

The mountain trembled. Gods below looked up in shock, but none dared climb. Only Nyx stayed, crouching low, her hand brushing his cheek. Her touch was cold, but it steadied the chaos for a moment.

"You can't keep being half," she whispered. "Half-Primordial. Half-god. The storm won't stay caged. If you keep refusing it, it will tear you apart and take Olympus with you. Let me teach you. Let me show you how to be what you already are."

Zeus's vision swam, his storm crackling uncontrollably. He stared at her through the glow of his own unraveling skin. "And if I let it go? If I become this thing you call me—what then? Will Olympus even survive me?"

Nyx leaned close, her silver eyes glinting with something sharper than humor now. "Then Olympus will kneel to something it has never seen before. A king who is not just god, but the sky itself. A storm that cannot be chained, not by Titans, not by Primordials, not by fate."

Her hand pressed against his chest. The lightning there sparked against her skin, but she did not flinch. She drew closer, her voice low and velvet.

"Let it in, Zeus. Let it become you. Stop fighting what you already are."

He closed his eyes, his breath ragged, his storm screaming. For a moment, he thought he felt Ouranos again, the weight of endless sky pressing down. He thought he heard Tartarus's whisper, Surtr's roar. He thought he saw the fabric of the world tearing open before his hands.

And yet, he did not break.

The storm pulsed once, hard, rattling the mountain. His veins lit brighter, but he clenched his jaw and forced his voice through the chaos.

"If I become this," he said, every word like thunder. "Then Olympus does not fall. Not while I breathe."

Nyx's smile was sharp and soft at once. "That's the spirit."

She leaned back, her starfield robe brushing against his knees as she stood. The storm around him settled—not gone, not tamed, but balanced. Like a wild beast leashed just enough to follow.

Zeus pushed himself to his feet. His body still shook, but the fire in his chest steadied. The Primordial power no longer clawed blindly; it pulsed, slower, heavier, contained in the rhythm of his heart.

Nyx looked him over, tilting her head. "Better. You'll learn to carry it. Or it'll carry you. Either way, you're done pretending."

Zeus straightened, the storm glowing faintly under his skin, his face calm again. He looked at her, his voice quiet but sure. "If you teach me, then you stand against Erebus."

Nyx laughed, stepping back into the shadow of the broken column. "Erebus is dull. All darkness, no charm. Besides..." She glanced over her shoulder, her grin sly. "You're much more fun."

She vanished into the night, her presence fading like smoke. But the stars above flickered differently, as if they were watching him now, not Olympus.

Zeus stood alone once more. His storm hummed steady, deeper, older. It no longer felt like the lightning he had carried since boyhood. It felt like the sky itself, endless, waiting.

He exhaled slowly. His hand flexed, sparks dripping quietly into the stone. The war had only just begun. The Primordials thought they knew the sky.

But the sky was awake.

And it wore the name Zeus.

Hall Of Olympus

The war hall of Olympus was not made for peace.

It was a chamber cut into the heart of the mountain, lined with stone that hummed faintly with the storm's breath. Long banners of gold and bronze hung from cracked pillars, torn at their edges by the shock of the last battle. The table at the center stretched wide, carved from a single block of marble streaked with veins of lightning ore, glowing faint whenever Zeus's will brushed it.

But tonight, it was Athena's voice that held the room.

She stood at the head of the table, bronze armor polished, helm set aside so that her sharp gaze could cut through every word. A glowing map floated above the table—land and sea etched in shifting light, rivers flowing, mountains rising, cities glowing faintly where mortals still prayed.

Her siblings sat around her, each restless in their own way. Ares leaned forward, elbows on the table, his fingers drumming impatiently against the hilt of his sword. Apollo sat back, his bow across his lap, golden hair dimmed by exhaustion but eyes still sharp. Artemis stood rather than sat, arms folded, her bow slung across her shoulder, owl-feathered arrows ready at her side. Hermes lounged carelessly in his seat, but his sandals twitched, wings fluttering as if he was already halfway gone. Hephaestus leaned heavy on one arm, soot still staining his skin from the forge below. Hestia, quiet, kept her flame steady in the center of the table, grounding the room.

Athena raised her spear and the map shifted. Lines of glowing red light traced across the sea, stabbing toward Greece from every side.

"They are testing our borders," she said. Her voice was calm but edged like steel. "The kami walk our rivers. The Norse hunt in our mountains. The Devas bend prayer away from our shrines. They are not full invasions yet, but they are pushes. Small strikes. The kind that tell us the real assault is coming."

Artemis's eyes narrowed. "They move like predators. Probing for weakness."

"Exactly," Athena said. She gestured to the straits around Crete, where the light glowed brighter. "Here will be their first aim. A narrow pass, easy to choke, easy to collapse. Poseidon can hold the sea. But we will need bastions above. Shields, spears, scouts. If they control the strait, they can divide the Aegean, isolate our islands, cut off prayers flowing from the south."

Ares barked a laugh. "Then we don't defend. We strike first. Burn their camps. Kill their scouts. Spill blood so deep the others think twice before stepping closer."

Athena didn't even look at him. "Your rage blinds you. Strike too soon and we overextend. They want us scattered. We need to hold lines, not chase shadows."

Ares slammed his fist against the table, making the map shiver. "You sound like Father. Always talking. Always planning. War doesn't wait, Athena. War is blood."

She turned on him, her eyes hard. "War is victory. And victory does not come to the loudest roar, but to the sharpest blade."

The two glared across the table, tension crackling like the storm itself.

Apollo's voice cut through, soft but sharp. "She's right, brother. The last time you charged without thought, you nearly lost your head to Surtr's wolf." He tilted his bow, fingers brushing the string. "This time, we can't afford foolishness."

Ares growled but said nothing, sitting back with his arms crossed, eyes still burning.

Hermes lifted his hand lazily. "So, scouts. That's me. I can circle every island in half a day. If anything bigger than a mortal sneezes near the strait, I'll know."

Athena nodded. "Good. I want relay routes woven through every bastion. Iris will carry the heavier messages, but you'll keep the flow alive."

Artemis leaned forward, tapping a finger against the glowing map of the forests. "The woods will be their next target. They know I hunt there. They'll test me, thinking shadows can hide them." Her lips curved faintly. "Let them try."

Hephaestus finally spoke, his voice rough, steady. "The forge is ready. The Cyclopes have bent their fire to my hand. Weapons are being reforged, stronger than before. Shields that can withstand frost and flame alike. But..." He hesitated, his single eye turning toward Athena. "It will not be enough if the Primordials themselves step onto our soil. No blade, no shield, can stop them forever."

The silence that followed was heavy. They all knew it. They all felt it.

Athena let it hang only for a moment before she drove her spear down against the table. The map flared bright.

"Then we make Olympus a fortress," she said. "We cannot stop the storm that's coming. But we can shape where it strikes. Bastions on the straits. Nets woven over mountains. Wards etched into rivers. If they want war, they will bleed for every step they take."

Chapter 137: The Sky Unbound.

The war hall emptied slowly, the gods scattering into corridors and training grounds, each carrying the weight of Athena's words. The map dissolved into sparks, the echo of her spear-strike still humming through the chamber.

Zeus had not spoken once.

He remained still at the far end of the table, the stormlight under his skin faint but restless. His children had looked at him more than once during the debate, waiting for his voice, waiting for the command that always came. It never did.

When the last echo of footsteps faded, he turned away.

The air around him trembled as he walked the silent corridors of Olympus, past broken columns and statues half-scorched from the battle. Every shadow bent faintly toward him, every flame guttered when he passed. He clenched his jaw. They could not see. Not now.

He stepped out onto a high balcony overlooking the night. The seas boiled faintly under the moon, smoke still rose from distant islands, but it was quiet. Quiet enough for him to feel the chaos pressing inside him.

Surtr's fire gnawed at his ribs. Tartarus's abyss pulled at his veins. Ouranos's sky thundered above, as though it wanted to tear free of his chest. He placed his hands against the railing, his knuckles white, sparks dripping from his fingers into the marble.

And then he felt it.

The night folding in, soft but immense.

"Still pretending?"

Her voice slid into the air like silk. Nyx. She leaned against the broken column as if it had been hers all along, her star-strewn robe spilling into infinity, silver eyes calm but sharp.

"You sit there like a king, holding it all in, playing strong for the children. But you're breaking, Sky King." She pushed off the column, stepping closer. "You'll lose everything trying to keep the mask."

Zeus didn't turn. "You came uninvited again."

"I live uninvited," Nyx said lightly. She stopped beside him, her robe brushing faint against his arm. "But tonight I didn't come to laugh. Tonight, I came to teach."

He glanced at her finally, his jaw tight. "Teach?"

Her eyes glimmered. "You can't chain the storm forever. It's not just lightning anymore. It's fire, abyss, sky. If you try to hold it as a god, it will consume you. But if you learn to carry it as a Primordial..." She leaned closer, her whisper brushing against him like night wind. "Then it will kneel to you."

The storm in him pulsed harder at her words, lightning crackling across his arms uncontrolled. Zeus gritted his teeth.

"Show me," he said at last.

Nyx smiled. "Good boy."

She lifted her hand, pressing her palm against his chest. His heart thundered once, loud enough to shake the balcony. The world bent.

And the system awoke.

[Notification: Path Unlocked.]

[Primordial Integration Initiated.]

Zeus's eyes widened slightly, but he didn't flinch. The text burned behind his sight, unseen by Nyx, humming only for him.

[Authority Check: Compatible.]

[Stability: 17% — Critical.]

Nyx's voice flowed over the hum. "First lesson: stop resisting it. Let it move. Right now you fight every spark, every pull. That's why you shake. Stop fighting. Breathe."

He exhaled slowly, his storm clawing at the edges of his skin. Lightning burned into the stone beneath his feet, but he held steady. For once, he did not force it down.

The system pulsed again.

[Containment efficiency rising: 17% → 39%.]

[New Authority Detected: Primordial Night (Fragment).]

His gaze sharpened at the last line. He knew without asking—her aura was bleeding into his storm, steadying it, showing it how to flow instead of thrash.

Nyx smiled faintly. "See? Not so hard. The storm is like the night—it covers everything. It doesn't need to break to rule."

The chaos in him steadied. Not calm, not gentle, but balanced enough that his breath no longer came ragged.

Then another pulse.

[Skill Evolved: Cosmic Flicker → Skystride (Lv.1)]

[You may now move through the folds of existence by will alone. Distance: limitless within sight. Cost: none.]

Zeus's fist clenched as the knowledge sank into him, natural as breathing. He could feel the space around him bending like fabric waiting to be stepped through.

He looked at Nyx. "This is your doing."

She chuckled softly. "No, Sky King. It was always yours. I just opened the door."

The night thickened, her robe spilling farther, constellations shifting faintly as though the stars themselves leaned closer to watch.

"Second lesson," she murmured. "A Primordial does not channel power. They are power. Stop using lightning like a tool. Stop holding fire like a borrowed flame. Be the sky. Be the abyss. Be the fire. Let it answer you because it already belongs to you."

His eyes narrowed, stormlight glowing faint in his veins. He spread his arms.

The air split.

Not lightning, not fire, not shadow—something greater. The abyss roared silently, the flames surged, the sky cracked wide. For a heartbeat, Olympus itself bowed under the weight.

The system screamed.

[Primordial Authority Stabilized.]

[New Title Gained: The Sky Unbound.]

[Divine Tier: 10 → Primordial.]

[Warning: Authority output exceeds containment. Limit release advised.]

Zeus dropped his arms, pulling it back in. His chest heaved, but his body no longer shook. The storm obeyed. For the first time since Tartarus, it obeyed.

He turned to Nyx. Her silver eyes gleamed, her smile softer now.

"You see? You are not a god wearing a Primordial's skin," she said. "You are a Primordial wearing a god's crown."

He stared at her, lightning humming low in his chest. "And you—why help me? Why betray the others?"

Nyx tilted her head, her grin sly. "Because Erebus is boring. Because the old ones think only of endings. And because you, Sky King, are fun." Her robe swirled, fading back into shadow. "Besides..." She looked over her shoulder. "If you fall, the night is dull. And I hate dull."

She vanished, stars folding back into their places.

Zeus stood alone on the balcony, his storm quiet at last, pulsing heavy but steady in his veins. The system flickered one final line.

[Integration Level: 52%.]

[Primordial Evolution: In Progress.]

He exhaled, sparks fading into the night.

The war was far from over. But for the first time, Zeus did not feel chained.

He felt awake.

Chapter 138: "...when you move, the world will remember."

The sky broke before dawn.

It was not thunder, not storm, but a wound. The air tore open above Olympus, a gash spilling blackness across the stars. Out of it came the first wave—shadows thick as tar, writhing like serpents, their whispers loud enough to rattle bone. Behind them came the sea. A tide that had no end, no shore, boiling up into the clouds, carrying with it scales, teeth, and wings.

Erebus had come. And Tiamat with him.

The mountain roared awake. Bells clanged across the courtyards, horns bellowed from the cliffs. Every god, every spirit, every nymph stirred as the sky darkened and the seas rose. The second strike of the Primordial War had begun.

At the front of Olympus's high walls, Athena stood with her helm pulled low and her spear gleaming. Her map had become reality—just as she predicted, the assault came at the straits and through the skies above. She raised her hand, and the formations shifted.

"Ares, hold the vanguard. Keep their claws off the walls. Hermes, move. Break their flanks before they break us. Apollo, Artemis—rake the skies. Don't let the brood swarm unchecked."

Her voice cut through chaos like iron.

The first wave hit.

Ares was already moving. The god of war roared, his blade still humming with Surtr's essence, fire licking along its edge. He leapt down from the wall into the heart of the shadow horde, his strike cleaving a crater through the dark. Wraiths scattered in

shrieks, but he was already swinging again, his every blow a storm of red flame and blood.

"COME!" Ares howled. "COME DIE!"

From the cliffs above, Hermes blurred into gold streaks. His sandals flared as he cut through the battlefield faster than sight, a dozen illusions splitting from him at once. Each phantom carried blades that slashed through shadow, each turn leaving confusion in the ranks of Erebus's spawn. His laughter rang sharp even through the chaos.

"Too slow, too ugly, too predictable!" he taunted as he tore through them, scattering their ranks.

Above, Apollo drew his bow. Golden fire stretched into an arrow that burned brighter than the dawn itself. He let it fly—one shot splitting into a hundred, each piercing a different serpent-brood that spilled from Tiamat's sea. Their bodies burned, falling into ash before they hit the earth.

Artemis's answer came seconds later. Her arrows cut cleaner—moonlit shafts tipped with silver that pierced through scale and wing. Each strike was perfect, each kill silent, her eyes never blinking. She moved like a shadow beside Apollo's blaze, twin arcs of light ripping through the swarm.

And at the wall, Athena's spear danced. Every thrust pierced a shadow, every shield deflected a blow aimed at her siblings. She shouted orders between strikes, her voice steady even as blood splattered her armor.

"Close the gaps! Hold the line! We bleed them here or we bleed everywhere!"

The gods answered her, roaring.

But the ground shook deeper. The sea split wider.

Tiamat rose.

The Mother of Monsters towered above the waves, her five heads hissing and shrieking. Each mouth spewed terror—one breathed fire that scorched the mountain's face, another ice that froze rivers mid-flow. Venom sprayed from a third, thunder cracked from the fourth, and the fifth sang a scream that rattled Olympus's very roots.

And from the black sky, Erebus descended.

Not as a man, but as a wound in existence. His form was a void, edges bleeding shadow. Every step he took erased light. The gods faltered when his eyes opened, pits deeper than death itself.

"Children," Erebus's voice rolled across the battlefield, smooth and cruel. "You fight like sparks. And sparks die."

He raised a hand. The shadows surged, doubling in size, drowning the lower slopes.

But the ground stirred.

Roots split the stone. Vines thicker than columns tore upward, wrapping around serpents, dragging them back into the earth. The mountain itself rose, reshaping into cliffs and barriers.

Gaia had entered the field.

The earth mother stepped from the roots, her form radiant and terrible. "Not while I breathe, old shadow."

Beside her, Rhea emerged, her voice a command that cracked through the storm. The mother of gods raised her arms, and the air rippled with Titan fire. Spires of golden light shot into the sky, tearing through Tiamat's brood in blasts of pure force.

Oceanus rose next, his form a tidal wall of endless water, his roar echoing with the sea itself. He clashed with Tiamat head-on, waves against waves, his trident striking against her scaled hide. The seas boiled and roared, each strike shaking the horizon.

Themis stood calm in the center of it all, her scales glowing. Every time Erebus struck, his shadows unraveled when they neared her, the weight of law bending them into nothing. Her voice was not loud, but it carried.

"Justice binds you, shadow. Even you will break."

The battlefield was chaos, but it was not chaos without direction.

Athena's plans held. The straits burned but did not break. Ares carved swaths of carnage, Hermes split the enemy ranks, Apollo and Artemis thinned the skies, and the Primordials met their match in Gaia, Rhea, Themis, and Oceanus.

Still, Erebus pressed harder. He strode through the battlefield as though nothing could touch him, every step dragging more shadows into the world. Tiamat's five heads lashed against Olympus, her brood endless, her fury unrelenting.

The mountain cracked. Blood ran with the rivers. Fire, ice, shadow, venom, thunder—all crashed together.

And through it all, Zeus did not move.

He stood high on the peak, watching, his storm hidden beneath his skin. His hands clenched the railing, his veins glowing faint. He could see Athena's spear glint, Ares's sword burn, Apollo's arrows blaze, Artemis's shafts cut true. He could see Gaia straining, Rhea's light dimming, Oceanus roaring, Themis's scales trembling.

His storm screamed for release.

The sky itself begged to answer him.

But Zeus held still.

This was their war too. Their proving ground. His children, his siblings, his allies—this was where they had to stand.

So he watched, his chest burning, his storm chained, his eyes endless.

Nyx's voice whispered in his ear, soft, amused.

"Soon, Sky King. Not yet. Let them bleed first. Let them rise. And when you move..."

The stars above flickered faint, like eyes opening.

"...when you move, the world will remember."

Chapter 139: "Stand with Olympus!"

The mountain shook like it wanted to rip itself apart.

Erebus's shadows climbed higher, blotting out the last stars, while Tiamat's five heads tore through the waves and skies at once. Her brood poured without end, snapping, clawing, shrieking. Every time one fell, three more crawled from the tide.

But the gods did not break.

Athena's spear flashed, its bronze head sparking as she split a shadow into two, then turned on her heel to stab through the throat of a serpent that had broken past Ares. Her voice rose above the din, sharp as a trumpet call.

"Shields left! Push together! Do not let them scatter us!"

Her command rippled down the line. River gods and spirits snapped their shields into formation, their auras weaving into a wall of light that stopped a wave of venom spewing from one of Tiamat's heads.

Ares crashed into that same line a heartbeat later, laughing like a beast. His sword burned red, flames trailing behind it like comet tails. Each swing carved ten shadows apart, each strike loud enough to shake the slopes.

"Hold your lines!" he roared, his grin wild. "I'll give them something to fear!"

Hermes darted past him, leaving golden streaks in his wake. He slashed with twin blades, his illusions racing alongside him, confusing Erebus's wraiths. They struck at phantoms while the real Hermes cut their throats and vanished before their claws found flesh. He spun back to Athena mid-dash, grinning.

"Your line's too stiff, sister. Let me loosen it!"

"Do your work and stop talking," Athena snapped, though the faintest smile tugged at her lips.

Above, Apollo's bow thrummed. Golden fire split arrow after arrow, raining like meteors into the sea. Each impact blasted chunks of Tiamat's brood into burning steam, lighting the ocean like a dawn that refused to fade.

"Artemis!" Apollo shouted. "Now!"

She answered in silence. Her arrows whistled into the gaps his fire left, silver shafts piercing the survivors with unerring accuracy. One serpent tried to dive under Apollo's light, only for Artemis's shot to pin its skull to the waves before it reached the shore.

They moved as one—sun and moon, flame and shadow, brother and sister weaving death into the sky.

At the foot of the mountain, Gaia struck. Roots as wide as towers lashed out, spearing through serpent bellies, dragging them down into the earth that swallowed them whole. Each step she took rippled the battlefield, raising cliffs, opening chasms that swallowed shadow hordes by the hundreds.

Rhea's fire blazed beside her, bright and sharp, her arms lifted as golden spires shot into the heavens. Each spire detonated in a wave of Titan-force, knocking whole swaths of the brood from the air. Her voice rang clear, not tired, but commanding.

"Stand with Olympus!" she cried, and her light burned hotter.

Oceanus bellowed from the tide, his roar a tidal wave that clashed with Tiamat's fury. He wrapped the sea itself around her legs, currents tightening like chains, dragging her lower. His trident clashed with her scales in bursts that lit the horizon.

But Tiamat shrieked, her five heads snapping as one. Fire, ice, venom, thunder, and scream hit at once, breaking his wave and throwing him back. Oceanus staggered, but Gaia's roots caught him, steadying him before he fell.

"I will not drown," he growled, and surged forward again, the tide answering his rage.

In the center of it all, Themis stood, her scales glowing brighter with every strike of Erebus's darkness. His shadows bent toward her, but when they neared, they broke apart, stripped to nothing by the law she carried.

"Erebus," she said, her voice calm though her arms trembled. "Your night is bound. Even chaos obeys law."

Erebus's void-form stilled. His eyes—black pits swallowing light—locked on her. His voice rolled low, mocking.

"Law?" He spread his arms. The battlefield around him bled darker. Shadows boiled, ripping spears from the hands of gods, turning light itself into blades. "There is no law in nothing. And nothing is what I am."

His shadows struck, crushing toward Themis like a wave.

But Athena was already there. She thrust her spear into the ground, glowing shields snapping up around Themis in layered rings. Ares burst through the same wave, his sword burning with Surtr's fire, cutting the shadows apart in one savage swing.

"Stay behind me, goddess," he barked at Themis. "I'll show this void what blood looks like."

Themis only lifted her chin, her scales glowing steadier. "Then do it within law."

Erebus laughed, a sound that cracked the air. His form expanded, blotting out half the mountain. The shadows surged again, pressing harder.

Tiamat roared back, her five heads crashing into Oceanus's tide, her brood spilling endlessly from her jaws. Each one different—scaled, winged, horned, clawed—but all shrieking with the same hunger.

Artemis shot three at once, her arrows threading through their throats. Apollo lit the waves in fire again. Hermes darted across their backs, stabbing eyes and slicing wings before vanishing into gold streaks. Ares burned deeper into their numbers, his blade roaring like a forge, while Athena's spear struck wherever the line wavered, stitching it tight again.

Gaia raised a mountain under Oceanus's feet, letting him hurl himself higher, striking at Tiamat's central head. Rhea's spires blasted two of her other heads back, their roars

deafening but weakened. Themis's law pulsed brighter, her scales tilting, bending Erebus's newest strike just enough that Hermes's illusions could scatter it apart.

For a moment, just a moment, Olympus held.

The sky cracked with power. The sea burned and froze. The mountain bled roots and fire. Gods and Primordials clashed, their roars drowning the cries of mortals far below.

Erebus's voice thundered, louder than all.

"You bleed for nothing! You burn for nothing! I will smother your light until Olympus is forgotten!"

Tiamat's heads shrieked with him, her brood swelling again, the waves surging higher.

And still, the gods fought.

Athena's orders cut sharp. Ares's sword carved red arcs. Hermes darted and mocked. Apollo's fire blazed, Artemis's moonlight pierced, Gaia's roots crushed, Rhea's spires burned, Oceanus's tide struck, Themis's law held.

Together, they fought like one body, one storm.

And high above, Zeus stood. His storm clawed at his veins, screaming to be let free. His fingers tightened on the railing until the marble cracked beneath him.

Not yet.

But when he moved, the world would know.

And the world would remember.

Chapter 140: The Storm Moves

The balcony trembled beneath his grip.

Zeus stood motionless, eyes fixed on the battlefield below where his children and elders tore themselves bloody to hold Olympus. His storm screamed inside him, begging for release, but he forced it down. His veins burned, his heart hammered, and the marble cracked under his fingers.

Then a voice broke the silence.

"So this is what the King of Olympus does? Stand on his balcony and watch while his children fight his war?"

Zeus did not turn. The voice was sharp, amused, laced with something older than scorn.

"It is harder than you think," Zeus said quietly, his eyes never leaving the chaos below. "To hold back. To wait. To choose the moment."

The voice chuckled. "Harder? No. Wrong. You are Zeus. You are not a thinker. You are a storm. Your wife thinks, your daughter thinks. That's what you bred them for. You? You fight."

The words cut deep, because they were true.

"You have a wife that thinks all the time," the voice continued. "You made a daughter who thinks the same but still takes action. Athena is both of you—Metis and Zeus in one. But you? You are not the thinker. You are the fist. The thunder. So stop standing there like marble and be what you are. Fight for them. Make them remember why you are their father."

Zeus's jaw tightened. His storm pulsed against his ribs, louder, heavier. He looked down again, this time not at the war as a whole, but at faces.

Athena. She stood at the center, her spear weaving like a loom, stitching order out of madness. Her voice carried through the din, her orders cutting sharper than steel. She was the mind of Olympus, steady, brilliant—just like Metis. But she was also him. She did not only command. She fought, her spear thrusting, cutting, spilling blood with each word. She was thought and thunder fused.

Zeus's chest stirred with pride. She was theirs—his and Metis's.

Then his eyes found Ares. His son roared through the battlefield like wildfire, Surtr's flames still licking from his blade, his laughter shaking the mountains. Reckless, savage, but unbreakable. Ares was the heart of war itself, the ferocity Zeus knew well in his own blood.

He looked further—Apollo's fire blazing, Artemis's silver shafts singing through the night, Hermes scattering Erebus's shadows with speed and wit. They were all fighting with everything they had. Fighting because they believed he was watching. Because they believed when the moment came, he would move.

And they were right.

A soft step came behind him. The voice of another, gentler but no less sharp.

"Lucifer is right."

Zeus turned at last. Metis stood there, her eyes calm, piercing, unshaken even as the mountain shook around them. She reached out, her hand pressing against his chest where the storm burned.

"Go," she said. "I will do the thinking for you. I always have. But you—you are the storm. You are the blade. Let me carry the plan. You carry the fury."

For a moment, Zeus only stared at her. The storm inside him pressed harder, surging, breaking against the cage he had built. Then, slowly, he smiled.

The storm broke.

Lightning tore across the sky, splitting the clouds in veins of white and blue. Thunder rolled so loud it drowned the roars of monsters. Every god on the battlefield froze, heads snapping upward as the heavens themselves opened.

Zeus stepped off the balcony.

He fell like thunder.

The moment his feet struck the ground, the battlefield erupted. The marble cracked, the shadows shrieked, Tiamat's brood faltered. The very air bent under his aura. His children looked up, their eyes wide, and in them he saw the truth. They had been waiting for this. Waiting for him.

He raised his hand. Lightning speared from the heavens, not bolts, but pillars, entire rivers of thunder cascading down into Erebus's shadows. The wraiths screamed as their forms shredded, burned into ash by the sheer weight of his storm.

"Father," Ares roared, his grin feral, "about damn time!"

Zeus only bared his teeth. He surged forward, his body flickering with light, moving faster than Hermes's streaks. He tore through shadow like it was smoke, his fists shattering wraiths apart before their claws could even touch him.

Erebus reeled, his void form rippling under the onslaught. His voice thundered. "So you finally move, storm-king."

Zeus's answer was a blow—his fist crashing into the void, lightning detonating inside Erebus's chest. The darkness shattered outward, waves of black and white colliding, rattling the entire mountain.

Beside him, his children surged. Athena struck with renewed fire, her spear glowing brighter as her father's storm fueled it. Ares roared louder, his blade burning higher, cutting through shadows as if Olympus itself burned in his hand.

Apollo loosed an arrow, his sunfire amplified by the storm above, splitting into a thousand spears of flame. Artemis answered with silver shafts that curved into those same flames, twin lights spiraling through the swarm and detonating together in an explosion of gold and silver across the sky.

Hermes raced into the chaos, his speed doubled by the crackling thunder in the air. He was everywhere at once, blades flashing, his laughter ringing sharp as he cut Erebus's shadows into ribbons.

Behind them, Gaia raised mountains with one sweep of her arm, her roots piercing serpents and pinning them for Ares's blade. Rhea's spires of Titan-fire struck alongside Apollo's arrows, their light joining into one blinding beam that burned through three of Tiamat's heads at once. Oceanus crashed forward in a wave so vast it swallowed the tide whole, his trident spearing into Tiamat's chest as her remaining heads shrieked.

Themis's scales glowed brightest now, her law binding tighter with every strike Zeus landed. Erebus's shadows bent, weakened, scattered, unable to disobey the storm and the law at once.

Tiamat shrieked in fury, her five heads spewing chaos together—fire, ice, venom, thunder, scream. But Zeus raised both hands, and the storm crowned him. The lightning swallowed her screams. Thunder drowned her roar. Her brood faltered, burned, frozen, shattered by the sky itself.

Erebus staggered, his void form shrinking under the storm's endless barrage. "You... are not a god," he hissed, shadows clawing desperately. "You are a mistake."

Zeus's eyes burned like the sky. "I am their father."

He struck again.

The battlefield lit like day. The fury of the gods had entered. Olympus roared alive, their storm unleashed, their blood united.

And the Primordials knew then—they were no longer fighting sparks.

They were fighting the storm.