

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 141: The Fall Of Two Primordials - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 141: The Fall Of Two Primordials

Chapter 141: The Fall Of Two Primordials

The mountain roared as though it were alive.

Olympus shook from its roots to its peak, the stone screaming under the weight of gods and Primordials clashing. What had once been the shining heart of the Greek realm now twisted into a battlefield so savage it would never look the same again.

Zeus's storm split the skies open, rivers of lightning pouring down in endless torrents. The marble courtyards crumbled, statues shattered into dust, rivers boiled where thunder fell. Each strike was not just a weapon—it was the rewriting of the land itself.

Erebus's void pushed back, an ocean of shadow rolling over every crack of light. Where his darkness touched, reality bent, marble turning to ash, trees withering to dust, rivers bleeding black. His voice rolled across the battlefield, low and venomous.

"You blind yourselves with sparks, but all flames die in night!"

Zeus answered with no words—only action. He tore through the air, his fist blazing with the storm's full wrath, and when it collided with Erebus's chest, the void shattered in waves that cracked Olympus's very spine. Entire cliffs fell into the sea. Peaks splintered like glass.

And still, the fight raged.

Tiamat's five heads struck in fury, her roars drowning out thunder. One head vomited fire, rolling down the mountainside like molten rivers that swallowed shrines whole. Another spat ice, freezing rivers and shattering them into jagged shards that skewered gods and monsters alike. The venomous head sprayed Olympus's gardens, reducing them to hissing black pools. The thunder-head clashed with Zeus's storm, each roar collapsing clouds into explosions. And the screaming head never stopped—its wail cracked stone, burst eardrums, left minor gods bleeding from eyes and nose.

But the gods held.

Ares was at the front, his sword glowing like a red star, carving through shadows and brood alike. He moved like he was born for this chaos, flames leaping from his blade in arcs that split entire battalions of wraiths. His laughter echoed through Olympus, savage and unstoppable.

"Is this all the night has to offer? Weak!" he roared, his blade cleaving through a serpent three times his size.

Hermes blurred beside him, streaks of gold slashing through the battlefield faster than sight. He darted onto the backs of serpents, cutting wings before they could rise, whispering in Erebus's ears only to vanish before claws could strike. His illusions spread, confusing the Primordial's army until they struck at ghosts while Hermes slit their throats.

Apollo stood higher, his bow drawn so far it hummed like a lyre string about to snap. Each arrow left his fingers as a star—sunfire burning hotter than dawn itself. The sky turned into a rain of meteors, every shot splitting into dozens more, each one detonating against brood or shadow, painting the heavens gold.

Artemis moved in tandem, her arrows silver and sharp, each one following Apollo's fire like a second heartbeat. Where his flame scorched, her shafts pierced, finishing what he began. A serpent that ducked Apollo's blaze found Artemis's arrow in its skull. A shadow that slipped through his barrage was pinned by her silver light. Together, they were harmony—sun and moon, fire and silence.

Below them, Gaia struck with the fury of the world itself. Roots thicker than towers tore through the battlefield, splitting the ground and binding serpents in crushing coils. Her hands lifted and mountains rose in answer, blocking the brood, reshaping Olympus into walls and traps. Each step she took remade the land.

Rhea's Titan light blazed beside her, golden spires erupting into the sky, detonating in bursts that tore holes in Tiamat's wings. Her voice rang like a hymn, commanding even as she fought, each word driving the younger gods forward.

"Olympus does not bow!"

Oceanus surged from the tide, his wave so vast it blanketed the horizon. His trident clashed with Tiamat's heads, each strike shaking the sea. He bound her with currents like chains, each one dragging, twisting, pulling her heads apart. She shrieked in fury, but Oceanus roared back, his body a storming sea made flesh.

And in the center, Themis glowed. Her scales of law bent Erebus's darkness, forcing his void to unravel piece by piece. Each time his shadows surged, they snapped like broken ropes against her authority. Her calm voice rang steady, even as the mountain cracked under her feet.

"You are bound, shadow. Even nothing must obey."

Erebus roared, his form swelling into a towering wound of black, trying to smother her in endless dark. But Athena was already there.

Her spear shone with Zeus's storm, every thrust a command, every strike piercing through the chaos. She held the line, weaving order into the madness. When a serpent broke through, she cut it down herself. When the ranks faltered, her voice steadied them. She was the mind of Olympus, the blade that cut where weakness showed.

"Push forward! Together!" she cried, and the line moved, unyielding.

Zeus struck again, his storm exploding across the battlefield. He drove Erebus back, his fists now weapons of the sky itself. Each punch was thunder, each step lightning, each word silence broken by fury. His storm no longer tore only at the shadows—it tore at Olympus itself. Peaks shattered. Valleys split open. Lakes boiled dry.

The landscape was changing.

Every clash left scars too deep to heal. Mountains cracked, rivers shifted, valleys collapsed into chasms. The perfect marble halls of Olympus fell, replaced by jagged cliffs and rivers of molten stone. The mountain itself was no longer the same Olympus it had been—it was becoming a battlefield carved by gods and Primordials alike.

Tiamat shrieked again, her heads writhing. One struck for Athena, jaws wide. But Ares leapt into its mouth, his blade burning, splitting its skull from the inside. Blood sprayed across the field as he burst free, roaring with laughter.

"More!" he bellowed, drenched in gore. "Give me more!"

Apollo and Artemis loosed together, twin lights spiraling into Tiamat's central head. The blast lit the skies brighter than day, tearing scales apart. Oceanus's wave crashed into the wound, Rhea's spires detonating within it. Tiamat screamed, staggering back as her brood faltered.

Erebus's shadows surged again, striking for Themis. But Hermes darted through, slicing the tendrils apart, his voice mocking. "Missed again, old man!"

Athena thrust her spear through the gap he opened, her strike piercing Erebus's chest. Lightning followed it, Zeus's storm amplifying her thrust until the void itself cracked, fragments of shadow scattering like glass.

Zeus roared, his voice thunder. "This is Olympus!"

His storm erupted, blanketing the battlefield in light so bright it split the skies. Erebus staggered, Tiamat shrieked, the brood wailed. The mountain split down its center, rivers redirected, forests burned and regrew in seconds under Gaia's desperate effort to stabilize the land.

The battlefield was no longer Olympus—it was something new. A scarred land of peaks split by chasms, seas boiling against mountains, skies cracked with endless storm.

And in that chaos, gods and Primordials clashed, neither yielding, each strike a wound not just to each other, but to the world itself.

The first true battle of the Primordial War had ended Olympus as it was known.

And what rose in its place was a scar that would never heal.

A scar the world would remember forever.

Chapter 142: Bonus Objective

The smoke still curled over the ruined mountain when the storm inside Zeus hushed for the first time. His fists lowered, his chest rose and fell heavy, and the silence that followed the clash was heavier than thunder. The battlefield lay in ruin—scorched stone, rivers turned black, chasms splitting Olympus in ways that would never heal. And among the wreckage, two vast forms were undone.

Erebus's void had scattered into ribbons of dying shadow. Tiamat's body had collapsed into the sea, her five heads limp, her brood dissolving into steam. The gods stood battered, bloodied, but breathing.

Then it came.

A ripple in the air. Light written across nothing.

[SYSTEM ALERT]

New Quest Generated

Title: The Primordial Hunt

Description:

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

Objectives:

- Survive the first assault. (1/1)
- Locate and eliminate any Primordial who moves against you. (3/Any)
- Secure power equal to or greater than a Primordial. (1/1)

Rewards:

- Title: Storm Over Creation, Breaker of the First Dawn
- Primordial Authority Assimilation (Passive: gain fragments of a Primordial's dominion upon their defeat)
- Unlock Hidden System Path: [The Throne Beyond the Sky]
- Unknown Reward: ?

Failure Consequences:

- Loss of divine authority.
- Erasure from all realms.
- Olympus will fall.

Zeus's storm pulsed in his veins as the letters seared into his vision. He clenched his jaw and stepped closer to where the air shimmered above the ruins. Floating above the wreck of the battlefield were two prizes—one dark, one radiant.

The essence and the core of Tiamat, swirling like a living sea, scales and silver light still writhing as if her brood had not yet died. And opposite it, the essence and core of Erebus, shadow bleeding from it like smoke, its void still whispering promises of silence. Both hovered in the air, waiting for his hand.

Zeus raised his palm, and the storm bent them closer. They hovered before him, one dripping venom and water, the other leaking night.

He did not keep them.

His eyes swept the battlefield, over his bloodied children. Artemis stood with her bow still drawn, silver hair plastered to her cheek with sweat, her arrows spent, her breath sharp. She had not faltered. She had been the moon in chaos, the hunter who cut the brood's numbers in half.

The essence of Tiamat pulsed brighter in his hand. He turned to Artemis.

"Daughter," he said, his voice low but carrying over the ruin. "This belongs to you."

Her eyes widened as he pressed the swirling core and essence of the Sea-Mother against her chest. It sank into her, burning silver against her skin. Artemis gasped, her bow flaring in light. Scales glimmered briefly along her arms before fading into her skin, her aura exploding outward in a surge of primal power.

The system's voice whispered only to Zeus:

[Primordial Authority: Oceanic Brood — transferred.]

Artemis's eyes snapped open, glowing faint silver-blue. Her bow had changed, the string humming like waves against a shore. She bowed her head slightly, words caught in her throat, before stepping back into formation.

Zeus's gaze turned to Hermes. The god of thieves was still catching his breath, his sandals sparking faint, blood dripping from cuts across his arms. He had darted through shadows and survived where no one else could. His wit and speed had kept the line from collapsing.

The shadow-core of Erebus writhed in Zeus's palm, dark tendrils curling like smoke. He did not hesitate.

"Hermes."

The messenger god looked up sharply as Zeus thrust the void into him. It sank through his chest, and Hermes staggered, his grin faltering for once. Darkness bled across his veins, his sandals glowing black-gold, his blades bending in shape. His body flickered, not just with speed now, but with absence—he stepped forward, and for a heartbeat he wasn't there at all.

The system whispered again:

[Primordial Authority: Abyssal Night — transferred.]

Hermes exhaled sharply, his grin returning, wider and sharper than before. "I think I just stole the dark itself," he muttered, flexing his hands.

The gods murmured at the sight, awe rippling through the battered ranks. Artemis and Hermes—both carrying fragments of Primordials. Olympus had changed in more ways than the mountain's scars.

Zeus's storm pulsed once more, then dimmed. He had given what he could. The fight was not over.

A shout broke through the ruin. It was Thanatos, wings tattered, his face pale as death itself. He dropped before Zeus, bowing low though his breath shook.

"My king," he rasped. "The underworld—" He swallowed, his voice sharp. "It is under attack. Wraiths not of Erebus, but older. They pour from cracks deeper than Styx."

The gods stirred, voices rising in alarm.

And before Zeus could answer, the sea roared.

Poseidon appeared in a surge of water, his trident dark with blood, his hair matted. His voice thundered across the ruin.

"The seas burn!" he bellowed. "Foreign gods walk my depths, not mortals, not Titans. Something older. They rise from trenches that have never opened before. My domain is breached!"

The hall of Olympus trembled. The Primordials had not struck once and retreated. They had split the war. The underworld bled. The seas churned. Olympus had only survived the first storm.

Zeus's storm flared, his jaw set, eyes burning with light. He looked at his children, his siblings, his allies. Their armor was cracked, their blood was fresh, their breaths ragged—but their eyes were fire.

The system whispered once more.

[Quest Updated.]

- Survive the first assault. (1/1)
- Locate and eliminate any Primordial who moves against you. (3/Any)
- Secure power equal to or greater than a Primordial. (1/1)

Bonus Objectives:

- Defend the Underworld. (0/1)
- Defend the Sea. (0/1)

Failure of either will fracture Olympus's authority.

Zeus lifted his hand, lightning hissing across his knuckles. He did not speak long. His words cracked the air like thunder.

"Then we march."

The gods roared as one.

Olympus bled, but Olympus was not broken.

And now the war was spreading.

Chapter 143: Varuna

The air above Olympus still reeked of blood and smoke when Zeus turned from the broken ranks of gods. His storm was steady now, coiled around his shoulders like a cloak, and his eyes burned with decision.

Nyx slipped from the shadows beside him, silver gaze calm, robe spilling stars across the cracked marble. She had not spoken since the battle ended. She did not need to—she was night itself, always present, always watching.

Zeus faced her. "Go to the underworld. Hades bleeds, and he needs your veil more than I do. Wrap his domain in shadow. Hold it until I come."

Nyx tilted her head, lips curving faint. "Ordering night itself is bold."

Zeus's eyes did not soften. "You stood beside me, Nyx. Stand beside my brother now."

The stars in her robe flickered. For a heartbeat, her gaze lingered on him, sharp and curious, as if she weighed whether he was asking or commanding. Then she gave the faintest nod.

"As you wish, Sky King."

The night folded, and she was gone.

Zeus turned to the gods behind him. Their armor was cracked, their faces streaked with blood and ash, but their eyes burned steady. Artemis's bow glowed faint with Tiamat's oceanic essence, Hermes's sandals flickered with Erebus's shadow, Athena's spear dripped sparks from his storm. They were ready.

But Olympus needed guarding.

"You will hold this mountain," Zeus thundered. His voice rolled through every hall, every broken temple. "Guard its heart. Protect the wounded. If Olympus falls, none of this matters."

The gods bowed their heads. Even Ares, still slick with blood, lowered his blade without argument.

Zeus looked once at Metis, who stood calm in the ruins, her eyes sharp, her mind already weaving the next line of defense. He met her gaze, and she gave a single nod. She would think. He would fight.

His hand lifted, lightning flared—and he vanished.

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The sea raged.

Waves crashed higher than mountains, blackened by fire and blood. The trenches split open, vomiting creatures that had not seen light since the first dawn—scaled horrors with too many eyes, teeth like shards of broken coral, wings slick with brine. The waters themselves groaned, boiling and freezing, pulled apart by alien tides.

And in the heart of it, Poseidon fought.

His trident gleamed as he struck, each thrust birthing a whirlpool that swallowed beasts whole. His roar carried like thunder through the sea, summoning walls of water that smashed serpents to pulp. Every stroke of his arm reshaped the ocean floor, collapsing trenches into the creatures that crawled from them.

Yet still they came.

From the largest rift, a glow rose—dark red, burning with hate. A figure stepped from it, his body towering, his crown jagged coral fused with flame. His skin glistened like wet stone, his beard foamed with blood, his eyes deep as trenches. His presence was not mortal, not Titan, not god. He was something older.

Varuna.

King of the deep seas beyond Olympus, ruler of waters never touched by Poseidon's trident. His aura pressed like a crushing tide, bending the ocean itself to his will.

"Brother of the storm," Varuna's voice rumbled, slow and vast. "Your sin is your brother's sin. And for his hubris, you will drown."

Poseidon's grip tightened on his trident. His voice thundered through the currents. "I bow to no tide but mine. If you come for me, then you face the sea itself!"

Varuna raised his arm, and the ocean obeyed. Currents twisted into spears, whirlpools snapped into existence, tearing at Poseidon's legions of sea-spirits. Hundreds of nereids screamed as the water itself crushed them into nothing.

Poseidon bellowed, his trident spinning. He struck once, and the seas split—an entire trench collapsing into a wall of rock and coral that slammed into Varuna's tide. Water exploded into a vortex, shaking the deeps.

The clash began.

Varuna thrust his palm, and a serpent of pure abyss rose, its scales made of drowned cities, its eyes glowing with sunken fire. Poseidon answered with a wave shaped like a god, a colossus of water wielding a spear of coral. The two titans collided, the explosion cracking the seabed, sending geysers erupting to the surface.

"Your storm-brother has torn the balance," Varuna growled, stepping through the chaos. "And balance demands blood."

Poseidon snarled, his trident blazing with green light. "Then take mine, if you can."

They clashed again, and the ocean screamed.

Varuna's dominion pulled the tides themselves into chains, wrapping them around Poseidon's arms, crushing his chest. The sea king roared, his veins bulging, blood spraying into the water.

But Poseidon was no lesser god. He drove his knee upward, breaking the chains, his trident spinning in a circle that birthed a whirlpool vast enough to swallow an island. Varuna was dragged downward, his coral crown shattering as the spiral pulled him into crushing depths.

Yet the god-king of foreign seas only laughed. His body split into water and flame, reforming above the whirlpool. His arm snapped forward, and spears of abyss pierced Poseidon's shoulders, pinning him against the seabed.

The sea boiled crimson.

Poseidon's roar shook the trenches. He wrenched himself free, blood clouding the water, and thrust his trident with both hands. The weapon burned brighter than ever, answering the rage of its master. A tidal wave erupted, blasting Varuna backward through pillars of stone and coral.

Still, the foreign god rose, his eyes endless as the trenches he ruled.

"You cannot win, Olympian. Zeus's storm has brought war upon all realms, and the tide will claim you all."

Poseidon's eyes blazed, his teeth bared. "Then let the tide remember the name Poseidon!"

He surged forward, trident spinning, his body glowing with the fury of the sea itself. Waves followed him like soldiers, hammering into Varuna with every strike. Coral shattered, abyss cracked, the waters howled with their rage.

And above them, the sea split.

Lightning poured downward, spearing through leagues of water, parting the depths as though they were air.

Zeus arrived.

His storm lit the trenches, his fists sparking, his eyes burning. He landed beside Poseidon, the ocean trembling around him, his voice shaking the deep.

"Then let him face us both."

The brothers stood side by side, storm and sea, trident and lightning. The waters churned around them, their fury making the ocean itself quake.

Varuna raised his hand, his abyss surging in answer. "Then drown together."

The clash of gods shook the seas until the surface split, and Olympus itself trembled at the roar below.

Chapter 144: Defeating Varuna

The ocean convulsed like a living beast as the three forces met.

Varuna's abyss flared, swallowing entire trenches into a void of red-black tides. His body loomed like a monolith of drowned flame, each step bending the sea into walls of crushing pressure.

Zeus and Poseidon answered at once.

The storm split the waters, bolts of lightning spearing down in rivers that vaporized whole swarms of abyssal creatures. Each spark carved the sea into blinding light, splitting it open as though sky itself had plunged beneath the waves.

Beside him, Poseidon's trident churned whirlpools into war machines. He drove the shaft forward and entire caverns of water collapsed inward, twisting into spears that pierced Varuna's form, ripping holes through his abyssal shell.

Varuna struck back. His hand swept wide, and the ocean itself obeyed, snapping into serrated currents that sliced trenches apart. Zeus blurred through the crush, his body streaking like lightning across leagues of water. His fist slammed into Varuna's jaw, thunder exploding through the depths.

Poseidon followed with a roar, his trident striking upward from below. The weapon speared through Varuna's ribs, splitting his form into torrents of water and fire. The abyss bled into the sea, but Varuna's shape reformed in an instant, his laugh echoing through the deep.

His counterstrike came like an earthquake. Abyssal spears erupted from every shadow, stabbing through the water with crushing speed. Zeus lifted his hand and the storm burst outward. Lightning arcs formed a barrier around him, each bolt catching a spear and vaporizing it into steam. Poseidon swept his trident in a wide arc, redirecting the spears into whirlpools that swallowed them whole.

Varuna surged forward, his body twisting into a tidal serpent taller than mountains. Its jaws opened, lined with teeth of coral and fire, rushing down to swallow the brothers whole.

Zeus blurred once more, reappearing inside its maw. His body flared white-blue, his fists hammering upward. The serpent's skull cracked in a shuddering blast of light. Poseidon hurled his trident into the wound, the weapon piercing clean through the beast's head. The serpent burst apart in a detonation of abyssal water, fragments of drowned cities scattering through the tide.

Varuna emerged from the ruin, his crown aflame, his body seething with power. He raised both arms and the sea itself twisted into a dome. Pressure crushed the depths, collapsing trenches and reefs alike, squeezing even Olympus's sea-spirits until they bled.

Zeus's storm exploded in answer. His body blazed brighter than dawn, the dome fracturing as lightning screamed in every direction. Bolts carved the ocean floor into glass, shattered pillars of coral, boiled creatures into ash.

Poseidon's fury followed. He summoned a tidal colossus of pure water, its eyes glowing green, its trident a mirror of his own. The colossus charged Varuna, swinging its weapon with enough force to split the seabed.

Varuna did not yield. His abyss surged, his form shifting into molten flame wrapped in black tides. He met the colossus head-on, his fist punching through its chest, detonating the construct into a billion shards of water.

But that gave Zeus his opening. The storm-god flashed into Varuna's blind spot, his hands crackling. He drove both palms into Varuna's back, lightning detonating through his core. The abyss screamed, fragments of drowned fire bursting outward in shockwaves that cracked trenches for miles.

Poseidon followed with his trident, stabbing upward into Varuna's chest. He twisted, the weapon tearing through abyssal veins, bursting them into torrents of black.

The sea convulsed under the clash.

Varuna's form flared crimson, his power surging even higher. He lashed out, fists hammering the brothers apart, each strike like a tidal quake. Zeus was hurled back through leagues of water, crashing into a trench wall that collapsed in a thunderous landslide. Poseidon was slammed into the seabed, the weight of the ocean pressing down as Varuna's abyss closed over him.

But both rose again.

Zeus erupted from the rubble in a flare of stormlight, his fist raised. He struck down, lightning carving through the ocean in a spear that split Varuna's shoulder clean open. Poseidon burst from the abyss at the same time, his trident spiraling upward, shattering Varuna's jaw in a spray of molten water.

The foreign god staggered, his crown cracking, his body seething with leaks of abyssal fire. The ocean trembled under him, cracks running deeper than the trenches themselves.

The brothers pressed the assault.

Zeus blurred across Varuna's chest, his fists striking in a storm of blows, each punch detonating like thunder underwater. Poseidon circled low, whirlpools answering his every step. He slammed his trident into Varuna's legs, splitting the abyss into geysers of dark flame.

Varuna reeled, but his roar shattered the sea. His arm swung wide, his fist hammering into Poseidon's side, blood spraying into the currents. His other hand caught Zeus mid-strike, crushing him in a grip of abyssal pressure that bent the storm.

Zeus's body sparked violently, his veins glowing white. Lightning burst outward, breaking the grip, shattering Varuna's arm into fragments of drowned stone. Poseidon rose from the blood-cloud with a roar, his trident spinning in a spiral that cut through Varuna's ribs, tearing them apart into swirls of black water.

Varuna faltered. His form flickered, his crown splintered, the abyss leaking from every wound. The ocean quaked, entire trenches collapsing, geysers tearing the surface apart in explosions that reached Olympus's coasts.

Zeus and Poseidon did not let him breathe.

The storm and sea surged together. Zeus's lightning coiled around Poseidon's trident, wrapping it in arcs of endless thunder. Poseidon thrust it forward with all his strength, Zeus's storm exploding through it in unison.

The weapon pierced Varuna's chest clean through. Lightning and tide detonated together, a force that split the ocean in half.

Varuna's roar broke into silence. His form burst apart into shards of coral and flame, dissolving into abyssal foam. His crown shattered, his essence scattering into the water like sparks.

The sea calmed in the wake of his fall. The abyss sealed, the rifts closed, silence falling heavy.

Poseidon fell to one knee, blood leaking from his side, his chest heaving. Zeus stood above him, lightning dimming, his eyes steady but burning.

The brothers had won.

But Olympus would never forget the scar it left on the sea.

Chapter 145: Even Nyx Feels Fears

The sea was quiet for the first time in hours. Only the groan of wounded currents and the slow collapse of ruined reefs broke the silence. Poseidon knelt, his trident buried in the seabed to hold himself upright, blood clouding the water around him. Zeus stood near, his shoulders lit faintly with sparks, his breathing heavy but steady.

Then, the ocean itself stirred. From the remnants of Varuna's body rose two lights—one burning deep crimson, the other glowing with the pale gleam of drowned stars. The core and the essence of the fallen god-king. They floated before Zeus, pulsing like hearts, raw and alive with the abyssal dominion they carried.

The storm bent toward them, but Zeus did not claim them. His gaze dropped to his brother. Poseidon's eyes burned even through the exhaustion, his body battered but unbroken. He had fought in his waters, had nearly bled them away to keep Olympus safe. The sea was his, and so too should be the spoils.

Zeus lifted his hand. The currents wrapped the lights and carried them down, pressing the core and essence into Poseidon's chest. The ocean flared bright as they sank into him. The sea itself roared in answer. Poseidon staggered, clutching his trident as a tidal force surged through his veins. His aura exploded outward, the pressure of it crushing the seabed into fissures. His wounds closed, his body steadied, his presence heavier than the ocean itself.

The storm whispered through Zeus's ears, faint but clear.

[Primordial Authority: Abyssal Tides — transferred.]

Poseidon rose slowly, his trident glowing with veins of thunder-blue and abyssal red. His power pressed against the trenches, stabilizing them, binding the waters back into their shape. He looked at his brother, no words spoken, but a silent understanding passing between them.

Zeus gave a single nod, then turned. Lightning gathered around him, brighter and sharper than before. In a heartbeat, he was gone, his storm tearing a path through leagues of water toward Olympus.

The underworld groaned.

The black rivers boiled, Styx herself twisting as if in pain. Mountains cracked, and the halls of the dead trembled. Souls scattered in panic as the deepest caverns split open, vomiting frost and light that did not belong here.

Hades stood at the center of it all, his bident glowing with pale fire, cloak torn and heavy with ash. His face was calm, but his body carried cuts too deep, his shoulders already stooping under the weight of his realm. Every strike he made echoed with the fury of a king who refused to yield.

But against these foes, even the lord of death faltered.

Ymir towered first, a mass of frozen flesh and jagged ice, his single eye glowing like a pale star. Each swing of his hand froze rivers in their flow, turning whole swarms of souls into brittle statues that shattered in the quake of his steps. His breath itself was blizzard, spilling frost storms across the caverns and burying armies of shades beneath glaciers.

Opposite him, Pangu moved with a terrible calm. His axe split reality itself, cutting through walls of shadow and earth as if they were paper. Each swing shook the bedrock of the underworld, splitting the halls into fragments, opening wounds in the very bones of the realm. Where Ymir was brute fury, Pangu was inevitability. His blows were not wild. They were precise. They were final.

Hades stood between them, his cloak of night flaring, his bident catching blow after blow. He redirected Ymir's ice storms into pits of fire, twisted Pangu's swings into the walls, but each defense cracked his realm deeper. Souls screamed as they were dragged into voids, rivers overflowed, mountains collapsed. Even he could not hold this forever.

Then the shadows bent.

Night bled into the halls, soft but endless, swallowing the frost and dulling the light of Pangu's axe. Nyx stepped from the veil, her silver eyes cutting through the dark. Her robe of stars spilled across the broken ground, cloaking it in calm that seemed impossible in the chaos.

She took in the scene with a glance. Hades bleeding, holding by sheer will. Ymir pressing forward, ice creeping across every stone. Pangu lifting his axe for another swing that could split the underworld in half.

Her lips pressed tight. Two Primordials here. Both of them monsters even among the first beings. Together, they were destruction incarnate.

If Zeus did not arrive soon, the underworld would fall.

But Nyx did not wait.

Her hands rose, her voice a whisper that carried through every corner of the dark. The night itself surged, blanketing the halls. Ymir's frost slowed, his blizzard dimmed, his ice cracked beneath the weight of her veil. Pangu's axe met her stars, sparks erupting as lawless power met the oldest silence.

Hades looked once at her, his eyes cold but grateful. He did not speak. He only raised his bident higher, his cloak flaring wider. With Nyx beside him, he pushed forward, his strikes sharper, his dominion steadier.

The clash shook the dead from their graves. The underworld itself cried out.

Nyx knew—this fight was no stall, no small battle. This was war at its sharpest edge. If Zeus did not come quickly, not even she could hold them both.

But until then, night and death stood together.

And the underworld roared.

The underworld cracked like brittle stone under a hammer.

Ymir's roar shook the caverns, a sound so cold it burned. His arm, bigger than towers, swept down and froze half the battlefield in a sheet of ice. Entire rivers solidified, and the wails of trapped souls echoed as they shattered inside their frozen cages.

Pangu's axe came next, cutting the air itself. The swing split a mountain in two, the peak crumbling down into the black rivers like it had never existed. The walls of the underworld bent, reality groaning as though it was about to tear apart completely.

Hades stood his ground. His bident flared, fire the color of dead suns bursting along its prongs. He stabbed forward, breaking Ymir's ice into a thousand shards that rained across the caverns. He twisted, redirecting the force of Pangu's axe into the collapsing mountain instead of his chest. Even so, the shock rattled through him, tearing blood from his lips.

Nyx moved like shadow. She didn't run or strike—she folded through space. Her robe of stars spilled wider, cloaking the battlefield in endless night. Frost storms dulled under her veil, their rage muffled to whispers. The axe met her darkness and slowed, as if even inevitability had to hesitate in front of her.

She raised her hand and the night thickened. A thousand stars flared from her robe, piercing Ymir's chest like lances. Each one burned cold, cutting through his flesh of frost. The giant staggered, snarling, his body repairing in an instant, but his blood—frozen ichor—drifted in chunks through the air.

Hades was there before it could settle. His cloak of death surged outward, swallowing the blood and twisting it into blades. He flung them back into Ymir's eye, spearing the giant's vision into a blinding white wound.

Ymir howled, swinging blind. His arm smashed through cliffs, his icy fist breaking entire mountains into rubble. The cavern shook with the violence, stalactites raining like spears.

Pangu stepped into the chaos, his face calm, his grip on the axe unshaken. He raised it once more, and Nyx felt her stars flicker. This wasn't just a swing—it was creation itself trying to reset, to carve through everything in its way.

She whispered a word, and the night swallowed her. She reappeared behind him, her hand slicing forward. A tide of silver darkness wrapped around Pangu's shoulders, dragging him back, slowing the arc of his axe by a breath.

A breath was all Hades needed.

He surged upward, his bident crashing against the blade with a flare of corpse-fire. The clash detonated, shaking the underworld like an earthquake. Souls screamed as the shockwave tore them from the ground, rivers of Styx boiling.

Hades's arms trembled under the weight. Pangu's strength was unrelenting, pushing him back inch by inch. But Nyx's stars pressed tighter, her night strangling the Primordial's movements, forcing cracks into the flow of his swing.

Together, they stopped it.

The axe froze mid-arc, the underworld quaking but not splitting.

Ymir, blinded and furious, barreled forward. His body smashed through mountains, frost exploding across the battlefield. He bellowed, his cold breath forming storms that devoured everything.

Nyx answered first. She lifted her arms and the stars above her robe flared, creating a dome of black sky. The blizzard hit it, sparks of frost shattering like glass against her veil. Her teeth clenched as cracks spread across the dome, but she held it long enough for Hades to strike.

The lord of death hurled his bident, the weapon glowing with underworld flame. It pierced Ymir's throat, bursting out the back in a geyser of black fire and frozen ichor. The giant staggered again, his howl splitting caverns, his hands clutching at the weapon that burned like rot in his flesh.

Nyx flicked her wrist, and the night tightened around the wound. The fire spread faster, eating deeper, forcing Ymir onto one knee.

But Pangu would not let them finish it.

His axe swung low, cutting through the dome of night, through Hades's cloak, through the very ground they stood on. The cavern floor split open, revealing pits of nothing, bottomless holes that dragged the dead screaming into them.

The swing cut across Hades's chest. He staggered, blood streaming, his cloak torn, his fire dimming. He dropped to one knee, his bident flickering as if the underworld itself cried with him.

Nyx moved instantly, shadows wrapping around him, pulling him back before the next strike fell. Her eyes burned silver as she faced the two Primordials, her robe torn, her stars flickering weak.

She knew it in her bones—this was no fight they could win alone.

Her hand trembled as she pressed it against Hades's wound, stars flowing into him, sealing it just enough to keep him breathing. Her gaze never left Ymir's hulking form rising again, or Pangu's calm march forward, axe dripping with the blood of realms.

Night itself shivered. For the first time in ages, Nyx felt the weight of fear pressing against her ribs.

If Zeus did not come now, the underworld would break.

The dead would have no home.

And Olympus would lose more than just a battlefield.

Chapter 146: Another Threat

The underworld trembled like it was alive, stone ribs splitting as Ymir's frost spread unchecked and Pangu's axe carved through reality itself. Yet in the center of the ruin, two figures still stood. Night draped around one, death's fire around the other.

Nyx moved first. Her robe of stars ripped open above her, constellations spilling down like blades. They cut through the frost, each shard of light spearing into Ymir's chest, forcing the giant back a step. He roared, swinging blind with his massive arm, but she folded into shadow, reappearing behind him. Silver arcs carved across his spine, tearing frozen flesh into splinters.

Pangu's eyes narrowed. He shifted, his axe lifting high, and the air bent under the weight of it. Creation itself tried to reset around him. The swing came down, enough force to split a realm in half. But Hades stepped forward.

His bident flared, black fire pouring from its tips. He caught the blow head-on, sparks screaming where corpse-flame met primal creation. His legs buckled, cracks spiderwebbing through the stone beneath him, but he didn't fall. Instead, he twisted, dragging the axe wide, forcing its momentum into the cavern wall. The strike split an entire mountain behind him, but the underworld itself was spared.

Nyx pressed the advantage. She clapped her hands, and the dome of night collapsed inward. Stars screamed, streaking into Ymir's wound at his throat, exploding from the inside out. The frost giant bellowed in pain, his entire torso cracking, rivers of frozen ichor gushing out.

But the Primordial did not fall. Ymir slammed his fist into the ground, and ice erupted upward in jagged spikes. A forest of glaciers shot toward Nyx, faster than arrows. She blurred into shadow, but some struck her veil, tearing holes in her robe, silver light spilling through the rents.

Before she staggered, Hades was there. His cloak of night-fire swept wide, burning the glaciers into ash before they could reach her. His face was cold, his wounds still fresh, but his presence pressed heavier than it had before.

He lunged. His bident spun, its prongs trailing rivers of pale flame. He hurled it through the cavern, and it tore through Ymir's knee, severing flesh and bone in one stroke. The giant buckled, his massive body smashing into the ground, the quake sending shockwaves across the underworld.

Pangu moved again, calm and deliberate. His axe swung in a wide arc, this time low, cutting toward both Nyx and Hades at once. Nyx folded back into shadow, but Hades didn't retreat. He caught the blade again, corpse-flame flooding from his hands. His fire crawled along the weapon, eating into it, forcing Pangu to recoil for the first time.

The giant of creation's eyes narrowed. He pulled back, his expression no longer calm but edged with something sharper. Respect.

Ymir staggered to his feet, one eye bleeding, his throat cracked, his knee shattered. Even wounded, his presence froze rivers and mountains. Yet his gaze burned hotter now—not just with fury, but wariness.

Nyx and Hades stood side by side, battered but unbroken. Night swirled around her, silver stars glinting like blades. Fire wrapped around him, the underworld itself feeding his strikes. Together, they pressed forward.

Hades surged first. His cloak spread wide, devouring the screams of the dead, twisting them into a storm of spectral blades. They rained against Pangu's axe, each one detonating into bursts of pale fire that forced the Primordial back step by step.

Nyx flanked him, her robe splitting open into rivers of starlight. She flung them across the battlefield, each river swallowing Ymir's frost, bending it into nothing. She leapt, her hand raised, and the stars lanced downward into his skull. The giant's roar broke mountains, but his head cracked open in a spray of frozen light.

The two Primordials regrouped, standing together now. Pangu's axe dripped with creation's power, Ymir's body seething with frost and fury. Their presence crushed the underworld like a mountain pressing against brittle stone.

And still, Nyx and Hades did not break.

Hades raised his bident high, corpse-flame exploding upward, shaping into a pillar that reached the ceiling of the cavern. The underworld shook, rivers of Styx roaring louder as if his realm itself rose in answer. He drew that power in, his aura swelling until even the Primordials hesitated.

Nyx's veil folded tighter, her stars growing sharper, brighter. She wove her darkness around his fire, binding it, sharpening it. Shadow and flame became one storm, pouring outward in a wave that swallowed the battlefield whole.

Ymir tried to block, but his ice shattered the moment it touched the storm. Pangu raised his axe, but even creation itself slowed under the combined weight of night and death. The blast hammered them both backward, forcing the Primordials to dig their heels into the stone to remain standing.

The cavern glowed, fractured, burning. Souls wailed in the storm's wake.

Ymir's single eye narrowed, frost dripping from his wounds. Pangu lowered his axe, his calm gaze flickering for the first time. Together, they had stood against countless wars. Together, they had slain gods and shattered realms.

But together, they now faced something new—night and death wielded with fury sharp enough to make even the first ones hesitate.

Nyx's voice cut through the silence, low and steady. "We are not prey."

Hades's fire flared, his grip on his bident unshaken. His tone was colder, sharper, final. "And the underworld does not bow."

For the first time since stepping into the underworld, Pangu's eyes narrowed with caution. For the first time, Ymir shifted back, frost cracking beneath his feet.

They saw it now. After Zeus, there was another.

Hades, lord of death, no longer just a keeper of souls.

He was a threat.

The underworld quaked like it could collapse at any breath. Frost spread in rivers, mountains cracked, the cries of the dead twisted into storms. Ymir's bulk loomed, chest split, blood frozen, yet his power still pressed like glaciers grinding worlds to dust. Pangu stood beside him, axe in hand, its edge dripping with the weight of creation.

Nyx and Hades stood against them, battered but refusing to bend. Her robe of stars bled light, silver constellations cutting across the dark. His bident flared, corpse-fire crawling along the ground like rivers of molten night. Together they clashed again, the cavern tearing itself apart under their fury.

Then the sky broke.

A roar of thunder tore through the underworld's ceiling. Lightning split the darkness, rivers of white and blue crashing down. The air itself screamed as a storm flooded the cavern, pushing aside frost, burning through shadows.

Zeus arrived.

He did not descend—he struck. His body dropped like a thunderbolt, fists blazing, storm exploding around him. The ground shattered when he landed, rivers of Styx bursting upward in boiling spray. The shockwave hurled even Ymir backward, his massive frame smashing into a mountain of black stone.

Before the frost giant could rise, Zeus was already moving. Lightning coiled around his arms, and he drove his fist into Ymir's chest. The blow detonated, carving a hole through the giant's ribs, sparks bursting out the other side in a storm that lit the cavern brighter than day. Ymir howled, his roar cracking mountains, his frozen blood scattering like shards of glass.

Pangu swung instantly. His axe cut downward, splitting the cavern into two halves, creation itself resetting the stone it touched. Zeus blurred into light, vanishing from the path. He reappeared at Pangu's side, storm wrapping his body. His elbow smashed into the Primordial's jaw, thunder exploding with the strike. The calm titan staggered, his grip on the axe trembling as cracks spiderwebbed across his skin.

Hades surged in behind. His bident speared upward, dragging rivers of fire into the wound Zeus opened. The corpse-flame crawled along Pangu's body, eating into him like rot, forcing the titan back step by step.

Nyx swept her hands outward. Her stars fell in sheets, lances of silver stabbing into Ymir's torn body. Each impact froze him from the inside, then shattered that frost with light, leaving him convulsing under her night.

The battlefield raged.

Ymir rose again, bellowing, frost storms pouring from his mouth. The blizzard tore through the cavern, freezing rivers, sealing mountains in white crystal. Zeus lifted his hands, storm meeting storm. Lightning rivers cascaded down, splitting the ice before it reached Nyx and Hades. Sparks turned glaciers into vapor, thunder smashing the storm apart.

Pangu recovered, his axe lifting. He swung again, horizontal, a cut wide enough to erase all in its path. Hades met him. His bident clashed against the blade, corpse-fire flaring higher. The underworld screamed as the weapons locked, creation against death. Hades snarled, pushing back, his cloak flaring wider, pulling strength from every screaming soul that poured through the realm.

Zeus appeared at Pangu's flank, his fist hammering into the Primordial's ribs. The blow exploded, hurling Pangu sideways into the cavern wall, his axe embedding deep in stone. The entire underworld shook with the impact.

Nyx took the opening. She spread her arms, stars bursting from her robe in a wave. They spiraled into Ymir, piercing through his chest and stomach, exploding into geysers of light. The frost giant stumbled, half his body glowing with cracks, his ichor spilling frozen rivers across the battlefield.

But even wounded, the Primordials fought back.

Ymir slammed both fists into the ground. Ice erupted in towers, glaciers rising higher than mountains, filling the cavern with a forest of jagged frost. Pangu tore his axe free and swung again, splitting that same forest into a rain of shards sharp enough to carve mountains into sand. The shards rained down in waves, blotting out the battlefield.

Zeus surged upward. His storm exploded into a dome of lightning, arcs snapping across the air. Every shard that touched it shattered into dust, every glacier that reached it melted into rivers. He broke the storm apart, his roar carrying across the cavern.

Hades rushed through the storm, his cloak twisting into a swarm of blades. Each one carried the screams of the dead, each strike detonating against Pangu's chest and arms. The titan blocked with his axe, but the blades cut deeper, leaving burning lines across his form.

Nyx folded through shadow, appearing behind Ymir. Her hands pressed forward, silver fire bursting from her palms. It speared into the giant's back, carving through flesh and bone. He staggered, turning to smash her with his fist. But Zeus was already there.

He caught Ymir's hand with both palms, lightning flooding from his grip. The frost melted under his touch, cracks spreading across the giant's arm. With a roar, Zeus ripped the limb free, tearing it from Ymir's body in a blast that drowned the cavern in sparks and steam.

The giant screamed, falling to one knee, his blood freezing into rivers that carved new valleys into the underworld.

Pangu stepped forward, fury flashing across his face. His axe rose once more, creation screaming in its arc. Hades lunged to meet him, their weapons locking again. Nyx bent the night around them, her stars pressing against the axe, slowing it, twisting it. Zeus struck at the same moment, his fist smashing into the blade, his storm detonating across it.

The axe shattered.

The sound echoed across the underworld, louder than thunder. Fragments of creation scattered, each one exploding into bursts of raw power. The cavern itself wailed, mountains collapsing, rivers boiling. Pangu staggered back, his weapon broken, his chest cracked with fractures that spilled light.

Ymir tried to rise again, but Hades's bident was already there. It plunged through his skull, corpse-fire bursting out his eye, devouring his brain in black flame. The giant fell, his body smashing into the ground with a quake that split the underworld for miles.

Pangu roared, his body flickering as creation itself bled from him. Zeus struck one final time, both fists hammering into the titan's chest. The storm exploded outward, ripping through Pangu's body in rivers of light. His form split apart, fragments dissolving into nothing.

The battlefield fell silent.

Only Nyx's robe of stars glowed, faint and steady. Hades leaned on his bident, his chest heaving, blood dripping from his wounds. Zeus stood above them both, sparks crawling across his body, his storm humming low.

The underworld was cracked, bleeding rivers, its halls broken and reshaped. But it stood.

Night, death, and storm had held the line.

And the Primordials had fallen.

Chapter 147: Taking The Fight To Them

The cavern still groaned with the echoes of what had just happened. Ymir's corpse smoked where it had fallen, rivers of frozen ichor spilling into cracks that had split open across the underworld. Pangu was gone, his body torn apart in the storm's last detonation, but the scars of his axe were carved forever into the bones of the realm.

Hades leaned heavy on his bident, the flames licking at its tips guttering low. His cloak was torn and soaked with blood. The Lord of the Dead looked older, as though holding the underworld together had drained centuries out of him in moments. Nyx stood not far off, her star-robles dimmer than before, edges ragged where Ymir's frost and Pangu's swings had cut through. She kept her posture straight, but Zeus could see the exhaustion in her shoulders, the strain in her silver eyes.

Zeus's storm dimmed around him, the sparks fading to a low hum across his skin. He turned, his gaze sweeping over the ruined battlefield. The underworld still stood, but only just. The dead had no songs left in them, only whispers. Even Styx flowed weaker, her waters hissing against the cracks Pangu had left in her path.

He looked first to Nyx. "You gave more than you should have." His tone wasn't soft, but it wasn't cold either. "Rest. Let the night mend itself."

Then his eyes cut to his brother. "And you—hold your ground, but do no more than that. If you keep bleeding for every strike, the underworld will crumble beneath your feet."

Hades straightened a little at that, gripping the bident tighter. His mouth opened like he wanted to argue, but no words came. At last, he dipped his head once, silent agreement in his tired eyes.

Zeus stepped between them. Lightning cracked faintly along his arms, not loud, not wild, but steady. "This ends here. I've held back, I've waited, I've let them bring the war to us. No more." His voice rolled across the cavern, through the dead rivers and broken walls, sharp and final. "I will take the fight to them. To every realm that chose their side. They want blood? I'll make them choke on it."

Neither Nyx nor Hades moved. Both of them only watched him, knowing he meant it. The time for standing guard was over.

Zeus looked to the black ceiling above, where cracks of light still bled faintly through. "When you've recovered, when the dead are steadied and the night stitched back together, follow me. Tell the others. Olympus will not wait in shadows anymore. Not while I breathe."

The storm climbed his body once more. He turned from them, sparks crawling into arcs that bent the cavern around him. For a heartbeat, he lingered—his eyes on his brother, then on the goddess of night. He gave one small nod. Then the storm broke.

Lightning split the underworld. In a flash of white and blue, Zeus vanished.

The void between realms stretched, a place where no mortal breath had ever touched. Here, light was wrong, sound was swallowed, time itself bent in ways that made the air

burn against the skin. It was here that Zeus tore his path, lightning carving through the emptiness. Each strike left scars in the void, cracks that hissed and stitched themselves shut behind him.

Ahead loomed his target.

The realm of Pangu.

It was no shining kingdom, no paradise. It was a place built on endless stone and flame, mountains stacked atop each other like bones piled from creation itself. The sky wasn't sky at all, but a sheet of raw power—crimson light pulsing through every crack, gold veins cutting across it like the world itself was bleeding. The ground shifted with every step, mountains moving like the backs of titans turning in their sleep.

Zeus landed at its edge. The earth split under him, sparks crawling from his feet. He raised his eyes, taking in the weight of it. This was where the titan had drawn his strength, where his axe had carved laws into the bones of reality. Without him, the realm groaned like a body missing its heart—but it was not empty. He could feel them. The echoes of Pangu's will, the remnants of his children, the guardians who had sworn themselves to his axe.

The storm around Zeus steadied, pulsing heavy with every beat of his heart. He stepped forward. Each stride cracked the stone, each breath burned the air.

The realm stirred.

From the mountains crawled figures—giants of stone, their bodies cut from the land itself, veins of magma glowing under their skins. From the rivers rose creatures of molten gold, their eyes blank but their jaws open, screaming as they surged forward. Above, the sky split, and winged shapes dove down, each feather a blade of creation, their screeches splitting the air.

The guardians of Pangu.

Zeus did not wait. He lifted his hand and the storm answered. Lightning cascaded across the land in rivers, vaporizing whole swarms of the molten creatures, splitting the ground wide enough to swallow their bodies. His other hand snapped upward, thunder striking the sky, spearing through the winged shapes. Their bodies burned to ash before they reached him.

The giants charged, their fists mountains in themselves. The first swung down, stone cracking with the weight of it. Zeus blurred into light, reappearing at its shoulder. His fist struck once, and the giant's head shattered into rubble. Sparks tore through the wound, detonating its body into fire and stone.

The second giant caught him mid-strike, both arms wrapping around him, crushing. The pressure split the air, stone groaning as if it would snap his ribs. Zeus's eyes flared white. Lightning erupted outward, spearing through the giant's arms, splitting them apart from the inside. He pulled free, storm pouring from every pore, and punched through its chest. The explosion tore half the mountain away with it.

The guardians poured faster. Rivers of molten gold surged up from the ground, trying to drown him in their tide. Zeus's storm flared brighter, brighter than the false sky above. He raised both arms, and lightning fell like rain. Each bolt split the tide apart, each strike vaporized whole swaths into steam. Thunder rolled until the mountains themselves cracked under the weight of it.

But Zeus didn't stop. He pressed forward, his storm spreading across the realm. The land buckled, the sky rippled, the guardians broke under his fists and lightning. For every strike he threw, the realm screamed louder, as if Pangu's bones themselves remembered the one who had ended him.

This was no longer defense. No wall to hold, no brother to protect.

This was war brought to their doors.

Zeus would burn Pangu's realm to its roots. And every other that thought to stand with the Primordials would know: Olympus was done waiting.

The storm marched forward. And the realms would fall.