

I Am Zeus

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#Chapter 148: The Fall Of A Realm - Read I Am Zeus

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The ground of Pangu's realm shifted like it was alive. Each step Zeus took rattled mountains into avalanches, each breath made rivers surge like they were afraid. His storm coiled around him, but it was no ordinary lightning anymore. This was the storm that had swallowed Tartarus, split Ymir's skull, burned through Erebus, and drowned Tiamat's brood.

The guardians of Pangu poured without end. Giants of stone, taller than city walls, tore themselves out of cliffs. Creatures of gold crawled up from rivers, their bodies flowing like molten metal, reshaping with every wound. Winged beasts dropped from the red sky, their wings sharper than swords, feathers raining down like endless blades.

And then, the gods came.

From the highest ridge walked Fuxi, serpent-bodied and human-faced, carrying a long staff etched with the runes of order. His eyes glowed steady, his presence old as the first laws. Behind him stepped Nuwa, her form radiant, hair falling like streams of living silk. She carried clay in her palms, shaping life with every gesture, her power pressing like creation itself.

To their sides came Shennong, his body wreathed in green flame, herbs burning in his grasp, the lord of agriculture turned warrior when his realm was threatened. And behind them strode Di Jun, crowned with sunfire, each step blazing the earth beneath him. His light made the false sky above flare, challenging Zeus's storm with its own brilliance.

They were not mortals, nor minor gods. These were pillars of the old Chinese heavens, legends sung before Sun Wukong would even dream of rebellion. And now, they stood in Pangu's absence, ready to defend his realm.

The air bent with their presence.

Fuxi's voice carried first, low and deep. "You do not belong here, thunderer."

Zeus didn't answer. His storm was already climbing his skin.

They struck together.

Di Jun hurled suns. Blazing spheres of fire cascaded from his hands, each one brighter than Apollo's arrows, hotter than Hephaestus's forge. They fell like meteors, scorching mountains into glass. Zeus lifted his arm and the lightning answered. Bolts screamed from his palm, each one splitting a sun apart before it reached him. Explosions swallowed valleys, thunder and fire shaking the land in unison.

Nuwa's hands molded clay, and from it rose warriors—armies of living statues, each wielding spears of hardened earth. They surged forward in waves, thousands strong, their weapons glowing with primordial life. Zeus blurred, his body flickering into streaks of storm. His fists shattered statues by the dozens, lightning arcs tearing through their ranks. But for every one that fell, Nuwa shaped another, her clay burning bright as she reforged them endlessly.

Fuxi raised his staff. Symbols flared across the sky—trigrams of power, ancient runes of order and destiny. They bound Zeus's storm, weaving nets that tried to lock his lightning into stillness. For a breath, the storm faltered, caught in lines older than Olympus itself. Fuxi struck, his staff crashing into Zeus's chest, the runes detonating into chains of light.

Zeus staggered—but only for a breath. His veins flared white-blue, the Primordial storm roaring out of him. The chains shattered like brittle twigs, and his fist met Fuxi's chest. The serpent-bodied god was hurled across a valley, smashing through mountains, his runes scattering like broken glass.

Shennong roared, his green flame bursting. He crushed herbs in his palm, his fire reshaping into smoke that slithered like serpents. Each tendril bit into Zeus's skin, spreading poison through the storm itself. Zeus's vision blurred, his veins burning black for an instant. Shennong charged, his fists wrapped in green fire, striking again and again into Zeus's ribs.

But the storm did not bow. Zeus grabbed his arm mid-strike, sparks bursting through his grip. Lightning swallowed the poison, burning it into steam. His other fist swung upward, catching Shennong's jaw. The crack echoed across the land, the herbal flames scattering into ash.

The four gods regrouped. Di Jun's suns hovered at his shoulders, Nuwa's clay warriors swarmed in thousands, Fuxi's staff burned brighter with new runes, and Shennong's fire gathered once more. Their combined aura pressed so heavy that mountains buckled and rivers dried under the weight.

They came at once.

Di Jun's suns rained like a storm. Nuwa's army surged, their spears glowing. Fuxi's trigrams stitched into the air again, forming a cage of light. Shennong's green fire surged into a wave, poison and flame mixed into a storm of death.

For a moment, it seemed even Zeus's storm might drown.

Then he showed them why he was feared above all.

The storm erupted.

Not just lightning, not just thunder—everything. Surtr's fire blazed in his veins. Tartarus's abyss coiled in his shadow. Ouranos's sky split wide above him. The Primordial Storm unleashed itself.

The suns shattered before they touched him, torn apart by a wall of lightning that split the sky in half. Nuwa's warriors melted into dust, their clay boiling away in a flood of sparks. Fuxi's trigrams screamed as Zeus's storm bent through them, the lines unraveling under the weight of his power. Shennong's fire surged forward, only to be swallowed by abyssal night, smothered into nothing.

Zeus moved.

One step, and he was behind Di Jun. His fist struck, thunder exploding through the sun god's chest. Di Jun roared as his body blazed brighter, his crown cracking under the blow. He fell back, fire spilling across the ground.

Zeus blurred again, appearing in front of Nuwa. His hand caught her wrist mid-gesture, lightning bursting into her clay. The warriors she had shaped cracked apart, collapsing into lifeless dirt. She gasped, her power sputtering as he hurled her across the battlefield, her body smashing into a mountain that collapsed over her.

Fuxi tried to bind him again, his staff glowing, runes bleeding into the air. Zeus's storm surged brighter, arcs tearing through the patterns, corrupting them into sparks. He slammed his fist into the staff itself, and it snapped, breaking into fragments of burning light. Fuxi reeled back, ichor spilling from his mouth.

Shennong was the last, his fire surging into one final wave. He screamed as he poured everything into it, green flame bursting across the valley like a sea of poison. Zeus walked into it. The storm burned hotter, brighter, cleaner. Each flame that touched him was swallowed, consumed, erased. His fist struck once, and Shennong's body was thrown into the air, smashing into the fractured sky itself.

Silence fell for a moment. The four lay scattered across the battlefield, their power broken, their bodies battered. The mountains groaned, the rivers boiled, the false sky cracked under the storm's weight.

Zeus stood at the center, his body wrapped in lightning that refused to dim. His storm did not just fill the land. It rewrote it. The ground split, the air burned, the sky itself bent to his will.

Every realm had its thunder gods, its sky lords, its sun bearers. But here, in the bones of Pangu's domain, they learned why the name Zeus carried farther than all of them.

He was not simply a god of thunder.

He was the storm that broke creation itself.

And Pangu's realm would be the first to fall.

Chapter 149: The Shinto Realm

The bones of Pangu's realm lay scattered in silence. The giants of stone were rubble, rivers of molten gold cooled into black scars, mountains leveled into flat wastelands. The false crimson sky flickered weak above, broken where Zeus's storm had burned through.

He stood at the center, lightning still licking across his shoulders, though dimmer now. The Primordial storm hummed in his blood, but he kept it chained. Around him, a few gods crawled out of the ruins—minor kami who had not dared strike. They trembled, their voices low with grief. Zeus did not end them. They were not his war, not yet. His eyes turned to the horizon.

His storm split the void once more.

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The Shinto Realm greeted him not with silence, but with blinding light.

He emerged into skies painted red and gold, a sun too close burning over seas of rolling clouds. Temples hung in the air like islands, their torii gates stretching from one to another, glowing with power. Rivers of starlight cut between them, carrying the prayers of mortals. This was no dead land like Pangu's. It was alive, overflowing with divinity.

And waiting for him were gods.

Hundreds.

At their center stood Amaterasu, her radiance spilling brighter than day. Beside her loomed Izanagi and Izanami, creators of this world, their forms vast and heavy with power older than Olympus itself. Around them gathered the host: Susanoo gripping his storm blade, Tsukuyomi's silver glow steady as a second sky, Raijin pounding his drums, Fūjin's bag of winds howling like hurricanes. Ryūjin coiled above, a dragon god vast enough to wrap around mountains. Hachiman's bow gleamed, Benzaiten's music rippled through the air, Bishamonten's armor burned with justice. Inari's fox spirits snarled, Ebisu's laughter turned sharp, Kagutsuchi's fire seethed like a living star.

The sky bent with their presence. The air thickened with power.

Zeus stood alone before them.

Raijin struck first. His drums thundered, each beat birthing bolts that split the heavens. Clouds tore open, storms roared, the skies themselves turning against Zeus.

But he was the storm. His body flared, arcs brighter, sharper, heavier. He met Raijin's thunder with his own, his lightning swallowing the drums' echoes, turning them into ash in the air.

Susanoo leapt forward, his blade cleaving down in a storm surge. The strike split the ground, a wave of sea and wind smashing against Zeus's chest. He slid back, sparks burning the soil, then roared and drove his fist forward. Lightning crashed into the wave, splitting it apart, detonating the sea into steam. Susanoo staggered, his blade shuddering.

Amaterasu's light cut next. A sun flared above her palm, brighter than Di Jun's, radiant with divine fire that sought to burn shadows, storms, even gods. She hurled it, and the air itself screamed.

Zeus raised both hands. His storm coiled, then unleashed in one vast strike. The sun split in two, thunder detonating through its heart. Fire and lightning rained together, scorching the temples, splitting rivers of starlight into sparks.

Izanagi moved without sound. His hand lifted, and creation bent. The ground rippled, the sky folded, Zeus's storm dimmed under weight older than Olympus. Izanami followed, her breath spilling death, the winds of endings crawling across the battlefield. Together, they pressed, one shaping, one unraveling.

Zeus's chest tightened. The storm fought, but even it trembled against their combined weight. His body flared, his veins searing. He let go—lightning erupted in rivers, abyss shadowed his steps, Surtr's fire roared in his fists. He tore free, the blast cracking Izanagi's bindings, scattering Izanami's death winds into mist.

The other gods surged.

Hachiman's arrows rained, each one carrying a warrior's oath. Zeus blurred, each bolt of lightning a step, scattering the arrows before they touched him. Tsukuyomi's moonlight carved down, silver arcs bending his path. He raised his arm, sparks catching the blade of light, shattering it into glittering dust.

Fūjin's winds howled, tearing mountains into the sky, ripping at Zeus's storm. He braced, fists clenched, lightning roots grounding him against the gale. He stepped forward through it, each step bending the storm tighter, sharper, until it punched through Fūjin's wind, cracking the bag wide open.

Ryūjin descended, the ocean itself with him. His body coiled around Zeus, jaws snapping with the fury of a thousand storms at sea. Zeus's fists blazed, thunder crashing into scales harder than any shield. Sparks detonated, dragon blood spilling into the sky like falling stars. The beast roared but tightened further, coils crushing. Zeus let his storm burst outward. The dragon screamed, coils tearing, lightning burning through its hide until it fell thrashing into the clouds below.

Still, the host pressed. Kagutsuchi's fire fell like meteors. Bishamonten's blade struck with divine justice. Benzaiten's music twisted the air into blades. Inari's fox spirits snapped at his heels.

Everywhere he turned, another god.

Every strike he landed, another came.

Even his storm strained.

Zeus knew he could not break them all here. Not in one clash. Not without burning Olympus itself into ash.

His storm bent, not outward, but inward. A spark crawled down his arm, weaving into the void, carrying with it a name. Across realms, across the weave of war, it reached.

Odin.

A message, sharp and final: Come.

The fight raged still.

Zeus roared, his storm cracking open the false heavens. He drove his fists into Raijin's drums, splitting them apart. He hurled Susanoo into a shattered shrine, sparks tearing through his blade. He clashed with Amaterasu again, lightning burning against her fire, each collision shattering the sky into fragments.

But Izanagi and Izanami remained. Their presence loomed heavier than all the others, shaping, unraveling, pressing. Their eyes locked on him, calm and unyielding.

The Shinto Realm shook.

The clouds split.

And still, Zeus stood.

Waiting.

Stalling.

His storm burning not just to survive, but to hold the field until the All-Father's spear cut the skies beside him.

The gods of Japan had gathered. The Primordials had moved. Olympus had struck.

A/N

Thanks for reading my work.

Chapter 150: Odin's Arrival

The Shinto heavens shook under the weight of war.

Zeus's storm split skies into shards, but even he felt the pressure building. Amaterasu's fire blazed brighter with each strike. Izanagi's hand reshaped creation itself, dragging the storm into knots. Izanami's death winds gnawed at his chest, his blood growing heavy. Susanoo circled like a shark in a storm, his blade hissing, while Raijin and Fūjin beat their drums and loosed their winds until the very air tried to strangle him.

The sun glared, the moon cut, the sea dragon writhed back from the depths. Everywhere, there were blades, fire, and claws. Everywhere, there were gods.

For the first time, Zeus's boots dragged against the broken clouds.

He clenched his fists, sparks crawling across his knuckles. The storm still roared in him, but it strained. His vision blurred as Izanami's breath swept over him again, a reminder that even thunder could fade into silence.

Then the sky cracked.

It wasn't lightning this time. It was a spear.

From the void split above came a shaft of power so sharp it cut the red-gold heavens in two. It struck between Zeus and Amaterasu, the shockwave scattering fox spirits and shattering half of Susanoo's summoned waves. The ground buckled under it, torii gates trembling, rivers of starlight exploding into sparks.

A voice followed, deep and cold as the roots of Yggdrasil.

"Enough."

Odin stepped through.

The All-Father's cloak billowed with runes burning down its length, one eye blazing gold, the other dark as the void between stars. Gungnir hummed in his grip, already spinning, already ready to split the world again.

Behind him came his brood.

Thor, hammer swinging, storm already snarling to answer Zeus's. The sound of Mjolnir rolling thunder across the battlefield split even Raijin's rhythm. Baldur followed, light dripping from his skin, every step carrying warmth so sharp it blinded the fox spirits until they howled. Vidar was silent, his great boot crushing stone, his strength pressed low but certain.

And last—Loki.

The trickster strolled with a grin sharp enough to cut glass, his hands glowing green, flames licking between his fingers. He looked at the host of Shinto gods as though they were pieces on a board already waiting to be moved.

The battlefield paused for a heartbeat.

Amaterasu's fire dimmed slightly, her eyes narrowing as she measured this new host. Izanagi's head tilted, calm but sharp. Izanami's death winds slowed, curling tighter around her like a veil. Susanoo snarled and raised his blade higher.

And Zeus, blood in his mouth, lifted his head and smirked faintly.

"Odin," he said, voice cracked but firm. "Took your time."

The All-Father only glanced at him, then raised his spear. "Let us see if the Shinto heavens burn as well as they shine."

The storm shifted.

Thor was first, Mjolnir screaming as it smashed into Raijin's drums. The thunder god staggered, his eyes wide as his own storm was ripped apart by another's. The hammer came down again, breaking the sky into jagged arcs of lightning. Raijin's roar was drowned out by Thor's laughter.

Baldur's light collided with Amaterasu's sun. Her flames met his radiance head-on, filling the realm with a brilliance that blinded mortals for miles. Amaterasu hurled a burning orb, Baldur caught it in his palm, crushed it into sparks, then rushed through the flare, his blade of light clashing with her burning hands.

Vidar met Susanoo. The war god's blade swung, waves surging with it, but Vidar planted his boot. The strike stopped cold, the ocean recoiling as though it had slammed against a wall. Vidar's fist followed, smashing into Susanoo's chest, sending him skidding across the broken clouds.

Loki was nowhere—and everywhere. His green flames split into a dozen illusions, each taunting, each darting between Bishamonten, Benzaiten, Inari's foxes. They struck at him, but every time they touched one of his forms, it dissolved into laughter. The real Loki stepped behind Bishamonten, whispered something venomous into his ear, then drove a blade of fire into his side.

Odin himself faced Izanagi and Izanami. Gungnir spun, runes flaring, cutting through creation and death both. Izanagi's palm closed, trying to bind the spear, but Odin's voice thundered a word of old magic, and the chains of creation snapped. Izanami's death wind wrapped his chest, but Odin's cloak flared with Yggdrasil's roots, holding the breath of endings at bay.

Zeus moved again, his storm surging with new life now that the battlefield no longer pressed solely on him. He drove himself upward, his fist crashing into Ryūjin's jaw. The dragon screamed as thunder detonated through its skull. Lightning carved across its coils, tearing scales away in storms of sparks. Zeus roared with him, driving blow after blow until the beast writhed back into the sea below.

The heavens convulsed.

Thor and Raijin's storms tore each other apart. Baldur and Amaterasu's lights burned so bright the temples split. Vidar and Susanoo broke shrines with every strike. Loki's laughter echoed through fox cries and broken songs. Odin's spear clashed with Izanagi's hand again and again, every impact shaking the fabric of this realm.

And Zeus—Zeus stood beside them, his storm crashing with Thor's, his blows breaking where his brother gods pressed.

The Shinto host fought harder.

Tsukuyomi's moonlight fell in arcs sharp enough to split mountains. Kagutsuchi's fire burned hotter, meteors raining until the skies were flame. Inari's foxes multiplied, snapping at Loki from every side. Bishamonten, bleeding, raised his blade again, punishing strikes still finding their mark. Amaterasu burned hotter, Izanagi and Izanami pressed heavier, Susanoo's blade sang with rage.

But now the field was even.

Zeus's storm no longer strained alone.

The All-Father had come.

The clash became legend in the span of breaths.

Lightning tangled with sunfire. Creation cracked against spear runes. Death winds shredded illusions of green flame. Moonlight split against Mjolnir's hammer. Dragon screams echoed from below.

Each strike scarred the Shinto heavens.

Temples shattered. Torii gates fell into rivers of sparks. The air itself burned with light, thunder, fire, and storm.

Still neither side bent.

Zeus's chest heaved, his fists dripping sparks. Odin's single eye burned. Thor roared, hammer still spinning. Loki laughed with blood on his hands. Baldur glowed bright even with cuts across his face. Vidar stood silent, unmoving as mountains.

Across from them, Amaterasu blazed, Susanoo snarled, Izanagi and Izanami loomed, Tsukuyomi's moonlight sharpened, Raijin beat his broken drums, Fūjin's winds howled, Kagutsuchi's fire seethed, and the host of kami stood unyielding.

The Shinto heavens shook.