

# **I Am Zeus**

## **#Chapter 151: Realm War - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 151: Realm War Online - All Page - Novel Bin**

### **Chapter 151: Realm War**

The heavens broke into war.

No speeches, no parley—only power unleashed. The sky ripped open as storms, suns, moons, and fire clashed all at once. The ground of the Shinto realm was nothing but splinters of stone and burning cloud, temples shattered into drifting rubble. Lightning laced every horizon, thunder shook rivers of starlight into ash, and divine fire poured like molten rain.

Zeus and Odin pressed at the front, their presence turning the battlefield into chaos itself. Gungnir carved arcs through the air, runes bursting from its edge like living fire. Every spin of Odin's spear split the sky into threads, unraveling charms and nets that the kami had cast to bind them. Beside him, Zeus moved as storm incarnate, fists burning with the primordial sky. His strikes turned valleys into craters, clouds into oceans of sparks. When he roared, it was not sound but thunder rolling through creation.

The kami met them with fury. Amaterasu's light blazed across the horizon, her radiance pressing over the storm until it seared the eyes of all who looked. Susanoo's blade surged with endless waves, carving whirlwinds into walls of water that split apart mountains. Tsukuyomi's moonlight rained like silver blades, each one sharp enough to cut lightning mid-strike. Their force together was relentless, and behind them stood Izanagi and Izanami, power steady and immense. Creation bent at Izanagi's gesture; death whispered at Izanami's breath. Every move they made weighed on the field like a hand crushing the world.

The armies of gods blurred together, their powers colliding without pause. Raijin's drums pounded until the air itself was a storm of hammers. Fūjin's winds screamed, pulling even lightning into their whirls. Kagutsuchi dropped rivers of flame, each one rising high enough to set the broken heavens ablaze. Inari's foxes poured forward, snapping and tearing in swarms of fire and smoke. Bishamonten's blade cut wide arcs of justice, his armor glowing with righteous fury.

The Norse answered in kind. Thor's hammer whirled until the skies were a wall of thunder, each strike silencing Raijin's rhythm with sheer force. Baldur's light spilled into Amaterasu's fire, matching brilliance with brilliance, burning brighter until even the stars dimmed. Vidar's boot crushed storms of foxes into mist, his fists striking with a weight that sent shockwaves ripping through the clouds. Loki's illusions darted everywhere—

some whispering in ears, some stabbing unseen, others bursting in green flame that turned waves into smoke.

The clash was no longer lines or duels—it was flood and fire, storm and quake.

Zeus and Odin moved together, Godkings in unison. Odin's spear carved threads of fate, each spin undoing the bonds of creation as they were made. Zeus's fists struck those openings, lightning flooding through, tearing holes in nets that Izanagi wove. Izanami's breath curled across them, shadows thick and choking, but Odin's cloak flared with runes that caught the death and bound it. When Susanoo's blade dropped like a tidal wall, Zeus met it with his storm head-on, the clash exploding into white fire that burned the sea itself into steam.

Amaterasu pressed harder, her sun flaring brighter, waves of fire so vast they painted the sky into a second dawn. But Baldur's glow matched it, each flare countered by his radiance until neither yielded ground. Tsukuyomi darted through their clash, his moonlight slicing, but Thor's hammer met his arcs, scattering them into sparks. Fūjin and Raijin battered the heavens, winds and drums striking with endless fury, but Zeus's storm devoured their chaos, lightning running across their tempests, breaking them into silence with every strike.

The field convulsed under their fury. Torii gates cracked, rivers of prayer shattered, shrines exploded into drifting dust. Every clash scarred the realm deeper, until the heavens themselves bent under the weight of gods.

But the longer the battle burned, the clearer it became.

Zeus and Odin did not falter. Their storm and spear pressed heavier with each breath, their rhythm steady, their blows sharper. The Shinto host matched them in number, but the weight of two Godkings tore holes into their defense that even Amaterasu's fire could not seal.

The siblings fought together, light, storm, and sea clashing as one, but cracks showed. Susanoo's blade chipped, his waves scattered wider with each strike. Tsukuyomi's moonlight dimmed under the constant hammer of thunder. Amaterasu's fire burned hotter, desperate, until her body shook with the strain of holding the heavens aloft against lightning that would not die.

The turning came when Zeus struck low. His fist hammered into Susanoo's chest, the storm detonating through the sea god's ribs. The clash hurled him across the shattered clouds, his blade flickering. Tsukuyomi leapt to cover, his moon arcs sharp, but Odin's spear caught him mid-strike, runes bursting, scattering the light into shards that fell like broken glass. Amaterasu screamed, her fire flaring so bright it seared through the storm for a breath, pushing Zeus back. But Thor and Baldur struck at once—hammer and light together—tearing her sun into fragments. She fell to her knees, her glow dimming, her fire sputtering under the weight of thunder and brilliance combined.

The three siblings staggered together, their bodies scorched, their powers faltering. Susanoo's blade drooped, his sea bled into steam. Tsukuyomi's moonlight flickered weak across the ruins. Amaterasu's fire burned only faint, her sun dim over the shattered heavens.

And Zeus stood above them, storm still blazing. His chest heaved, sparks dripping from his fists, but his eyes burned steady.

The Norse pressed close, Odin's spear spinning, Thor's hammer roaring, Baldur's light blazing, Vidar silent but unmoving, Loki's laughter sharp in the smoke. The siblings could rise no longer, their strength burned out against storm and spear.

The clash stilled, the battlefield shaking under the silence of gods catching their breath.

The siblings lay broken, unable to rise, their glow faded.

Zeus's gaze lifted, sparks crawling brighter across his skin. He turned his head to Odin, then back to the Primordials watching from the shadows of the realm. His storm flared louder, heavier, hungry.

Amaterasu, Susanoo, and Tsukuyomi were done.

Their next quarry waited.

Izanagi and Izanami.

## **Chapter 152: Creation And Destruction**

The battlefield was scorched ruin.

The light of Amaterasu had guttered out, Susanoo's seas boiled to mist, Tsukuyomi's moonlight broken into shards. Only their breaths lingered, weak and faint in the shattered clouds. But the air did not ease, nor did the heavens relax.

Two shadows moved forward, steady as tides, heavier than mountains.

Izanagi and Izanami.

The father and mother of the Shinto cosmos.

One hand shaping, the other unmaking. Creation and death side by side.

The weight of them pressed until the broken clouds sagged, until rivers of prayer hissed into silence, until even Zeus's storm faltered for a breath. Odin's single eye narrowed. Zeus rolled his shoulders, sparks crawling across his chest, and the air snapped back alive.

No words. Not needed.

They collided.

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The first strike came from Izanagi. His palm opened, and the ground obeyed. Shattered torii gates stitched back together, mountains reared upward again, clouds turned sharp as blades. Creation itself bent in his grasp. He swung, not with weapon but with law itself, the fabric of the realm twisting into a hammer meant to crush all.

Odin met it. Gungnir spun, runes spilling like fireflies across the sky. His spear stabbed through the hammer of law, unraveling the fabric as it fell. The blast cracked heavens and split the land again, lightning spilling through the wound as Zeus hurled his storm into the gap. Bolts lanced outward in rivers, frying the new mountains to ash, tearing Izanagi's order into sparks.

Izanami followed. Her breath spilled like smoke, slow, curling, but everything it touched dimmed. Flame sputtered, sparks dulled, stone turned brittle. The breath of endings crept into Zeus's storm, seeking to smother it. For a heartbeat, the arcs flickered weak.

But Odin's cloak flared, roots of Yggdrasil glowing, runes binding death into stillness. Zeus roared, his fists blazing, lightning bursting out brighter, tearing the death breath into tatters. He leapt forward, his fist crashing against Izanami's chest, thunder detonating the air. She staggered but did not fall, shadows wreathing her body as the wound sealed itself into silence.

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They fought in pairs.

Izanagi swept his arms, and the heavens rewrote themselves—skies folding, seas rising, air sharpening into countless spears. Odin cut into it, his spear tracing lines across the sky, runes unraveling the new laws before they fully took shape. Each clash sent shockwaves that tore open holes in the firmament, void spilling in flashes before sealing back.

Zeus pressed Izanami, his fists raining down in storms. Each strike cracked valleys, boiled rivers, shattered shrines already broken. She answered with whispers of silence—his thunder dimming when her hand raised, his sparks turning cold when her gaze fixed. Again and again he forced her back, again and again she absorbed the blows, ending them before they bloomed.

Creation and death together—unstoppable unless broken apart.

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The fight grew heavier.

Izanagi summoned whole worlds from the air—rivers of molten stone, forests of spears, skies of burning stars. They fell as armies. Odin's runes flared, his voice muttering spells older than Midgard, and one by one the creations unraveled, stars dissolving into sparks, forests turning back into mist. But it cost him. His cloak burned at the edges, his arm bled where a mountain struck through his guard.

Izanami spread her veil wider. Darkness poured, chilling the realm until even Zeus's storm hissed in pain. Lightning cracked slower, thunder muffled, the storm groaning under her pull. She reached out, her hand brushing Zeus's chest, and his body lurched—the breath of death pulling at his core, at his spark.

Zeus bellowed. His storm exploded outward, arcs bursting so wide they split the heavens again. His fist came down like the weight of the sky itself, smashing her back into the earth, the impact tearing valleys into endless canyons. For the first time, she faltered, coughing black smoke instead of words.

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The clash did not stop.

Zeus and Odin pressed, moving like storm and spear together. Odin's strikes tore Izanagi's creations apart, Zeus's fists punished Izanami's silence, and together they drove the pair of Primordials back step by step. But neither fell.

Izanagi's eyes burned, his next swing pulling not just land but memory into shape—gods long dead, spirits long buried rising from the ground, weapons in hand. Phantoms of their own history, made flesh again. They rushed the field in countless numbers.

Zeus's storm surged, arcs exploding through them, but for every phantom burned ten more rose. Odin's runes flared, binding dozens at once, shattering them into dust, but they poured without end. The field became drowning chaos.

And through it all Izanami walked, her veil spreading wider, covering even phantoms, their deaths feeding her strength. Each ghost shattered returned as fuel for her breath, heavier, stronger, thicker with silence.

For a heartbeat, even Zeus's thunder dimmed again.

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Then the Godkings rose higher.

Odin hurled Gungnir skyward, his runes following, and the spear split into nine lights, each one stabbing down into the battlefield. Each light carried a curse, binding Izanagi's

creations into stasis, locking them, freezing their borrowed flesh. The phantoms cracked apart, crumbling into fragments that scattered into the storm.

Zeus opened himself fully. His storm climbed into the void, dragging the sky wide open. Lightning poured in rivers, endless and roaring, splitting the heavens from horizon to horizon. He dropped both fists together, the arcs crashing down like judgment. The blow hammered Izanami and Izanagi at once, detonating the ground into flame and storm, the explosion visible across realms.

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Silence, for a breath.

When the smoke cleared, both Primordials still stood. But their shoulders bent. Izanami's veil frayed, pieces torn by thunder, her breath shallower, her steps heavier. Izanagi's hand still shaped, but slower now, his creations fewer, each one cracking at the edges as Odin's runes unraveled them faster than before.

The Godkings had forced them back.

The Shinto heavens groaned under the weight of it. Clouds broke, rivers boiled, mountains toppled. Amaterasu and her siblings lay unconscious in the ruins, unable to rise, their glow dim. The kami armies scattered or fallen.

Now only the two remained—creators turned destroyers, Primordials holding their ground.

Zeus stood with sparks dripping from his fists, Odin's spear humming steady in his grip. Both bloodied, both heaving, but their eyes burned unbroken.

The realm waited, trembling.

The storm and the spear would not stop until Izanagi and Izanami broke.

### **Chapter 153: "Let us end this arrogant storm."**

The Shinto heavens lay in ruin.

Ash and sparks drifted where rivers of prayer had once flowed. The temples that had hung in the skies were rubble scattered into endless clouds. The great torii gates snapped and toppled, their red beams drifting like bones in a broken sea.

And at the heart of it all, two bodies sprawled.

Izanagi and Izanami—creators of islands, parents of gods, the first spark and the last breath—now corpses. Their forms, vast and endless, slumped across mountains that

they themselves had once shaped. One hand that had raised worlds now hung limp. One mouth that had spoken death now lay silent. The realm trembled still from their fall.

Upon them sat two figures.

Zeus, his chest bare, sparks still crawling faint across his shoulders though his fists were quiet. Odin, his cloak burned and torn, one eye dark and the other glowing, Gungnir resting across his knees. Both sat without grandeur, their bodies cut and bruised, their breathing steady but heavy.

For a time there was no sound, only the faint hiss of smoke rising from the wounds they had left in the Primordials.

Then Odin spoke. His voice was low, rasped by the fight, but clear.

"This was a mistake."

Zeus tilted his head, sparks flashing faint along his jaw. "You mean the battle?"

"I mean my choice," Odin answered. His single eye turned across the ruin, across the kami broken and scattered, across the corpses of the father and mother of this land. "This isn't mine. I came because you called. Because I thought perhaps the old order could stand together against what rises. But this... this is not my war. And I will not fight beside you again."

Zeus's storm flickered faint, but he only gave a small nod. He did not argue, did not press. His voice came calm, quieter than his thunder had ever been.

"You have done enough. You stood when I asked, when no other Godking would. That is more than I could have asked for. For that, I am grateful."

Odin's mouth twitched, not quite a smile. "Then take that gratitude with you. You will need it. Every realm you step into will bleed for it. And eventually, you will stand alone."

Zeus exhaled, lightning sighing through his breath. "Alone is fine."

Silence stretched between them again. Not of tension, but of warriors who had seen the end of one battle, knowing another waited beyond the horizon.

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The silence did not last.

A ripple of power stirred across the ruined skies. The smoke bent, the ash scattered, the ground trembled. Then light flared—some bright, some dark, some burning, some silver.



One by one they arrived.

Hades, his cloak torn, pale fire clinging to his bident. Poseidon, blood still staining his trident, the sea echoing faint behind his eyes. Athena, spear still gleaming despite the blood that streaked her helm. Ares, sword dripping red flame, his grin sharp even in exhaustion. Apollo and Artemis, one glowing with sunfire, the other with moonlight touched now by Tiamat's sea. Hermes, sandals flickering shadow and gold, eyes too sharp for how battered he looked. Nyx, her starry veil dim but steady, silver gaze unblinking. Gaia, the oldest of them all, her roots still bleeding from where they had been torn, her body heavy with the weight of the earth itself.

They gathered like a storm made flesh, their presence bending the air of the broken realm.

Zeus rose from the corpse he had been sitting on. Sparks dripped from his shoulders, his eyes turning to the host of his kin. For the first time since the battle began, the faintest smile crossed his lips.

"This," he said, voice carrying like thunder across the silence, "is my cue."

And before any could answer, his storm flared bright. Lightning wrapped around them all—brother, sister, child, mother, night, earth. The flash split the ruins in white.

When it cleared, they were gone.

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Odin remained.

He stayed seated upon Izanagi's still chest, his one eye watching the last sparks fade. Around him, the kami who had survived stirred weakly—Amaterasu among them, her body dim, her fire guttering, her once radiant light now barely a glow in the broken skies. Susanoo groaned somewhere in the rubble, Tsukuyomi's silver cracked into pale shards.

Odin's gaze fixed on Amaterasu.

When he spoke, it was not cruel, but heavy, sharp as a truth that could not be softened.

"Next time a Godking calls for aid," he said, voice like iron, "do not forsake them. Forget the ancients who sired us. Forget the Primordials who shaped our bones. They do not care for us. Not until the storm breaks against their own halls. You saw it now. You felt it."

Amaterasu's glow flickered, her lips parting but no words leaving.



Odin leaned forward, his eye burning gold. "Learn from this. If you do not, your sun will gutter out forever."

He rose then, Gungnir in hand, his cloak flaring faint with runes. His body was battered, his soul heavy, but his stride steady as ever.

The Shinto heavens groaned under the ruin of their gods, the corpses of their creators sprawled across the land. Odin walked into the broken horizon, leaving the silence heavier than any thunder Zeus had brought.

Elsewhere

The storm cut across the void like a scar.

Its light cracked through nothingness until it touched a horizon painted gold.

The Realm of Ra.

Where the sun never set.

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Zeus stepped into it, his storm dim but steady, arcs whispering across his chest. His kin followed in silence, their bodies bruised, their weapons scarred, their breaths heavy but unbroken. Hades's cloak of pale fire dragged against the sand, Poseidon's trident still wet with Varuna's blood. Athena walked straight-backed, spear gleaming, while Ares rested his sword on his shoulder, grin faint under the ash. Apollo and Artemis came together, one carrying dawn, the other moonlight, both dimmed but alive. Hermes flickered at the edges, sandals sparking. Nyx trailed last, stars dripping from her torn veil, Gaia beside her, the ground trembling under every step.

They appeared on sand that stretched endless, dunes rolling like a sea of fire, pyramids rising in the distance, rivers of molten light cutting through the horizon. Above, the sun glared—too close, too heavy, bleeding heat that crushed the air.

Waiting for them, lined against the golden horizon, were gods.

An army, their auras blinding, their bodies towering.

Ra stood at the center, his crown a blazing disc, his eyes two suns. His staff burned like the first dawn, light searing the ground beneath his feet. Beside him loomed Horus, wings folded tight but sharp as blades, his falcon gaze steady. Osiris stood rooted, his crook and flail humming with the weight of afterlives, the green of the Nile glowing faint around him. Isis hovered close, her palms radiant, her power weaving like silk through the air, steadying her kin.

Anubis stepped forward, black-jackal head gleaming, his scales in hand, his gaze cold as graves. Sekhmet roared, mane aflame, her claws dripping blood before the fight even began. Thoth raised his scroll, the ibis head bent low, his pen already scratching laws that bent the battlefield. Sobek rumbled, crocodile jaw grinning wide, spear dripping river water onto the sand. Bastet crouched, her body sleek, her smile sharper than knives.

Behind them, more: Hathor with her music spilling through the air, Set with his storm eyes and cruel smirk, Khonsu glowing pale with moonlight, Ptah steady with hammer and chisel, Geb crouched heavy as earth itself, Nut spread wide like the night sky.

And around them, the Primordials.

Shu was the first to move, god of air, shoulders broad, his breath steady as winds that held up the heavens. He opened his eyes, the sand stirring, the sun dimming for a moment. His gaze swept the storm that had arrived.

He sighed.

"They've fallen, then," he murmured, voice like the shifting desert. He felt it in his bones—Erebus, Ymir, Pangu, Izanagi, Izanami. Gone. Their echoes silent.

Tefnut appeared beside him, her lion face grim, her body dripping with the water of chaos, steam hissing where it struck the sand. Geb rose, his body a mountain, skin cracked stone, eyes glowing deep green. Nut unfurled above, her body the night itself, arms stretching across the sky, stars spilling from her skin.

The four stood together, the Egyptian Primordials, parents of gods, older than the pyramids, older than prayer. Shu lifted his head, his air sweeping wide, carrying his call.

"Ra."

The sun flared brighter in answer.

He was already watching. Already burning.

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Zeus's storm flickered higher, sparks snapping across the desert. His kin shifted behind him, weapons raising, their eyes hard. They knew what waited.

The horizon bent as Ra stepped forward, his body a tower of flame, his gaze endless. His light scorched the sand into glass beneath his feet, his presence enough to make even Ares still his grin.

His voice rolled like the first dawn rising.

"It ends here, storm-born."

Shu spread his arms, air pressing heavier. Tefnut's waters boiled, Geb's chest shook the ground, Nut's stars dimmed the sun itself. The gods around Ra braced, weapons glowing, eyes fixed.

The desert waited, heavy with silence, burning with heat.

Zeus exhaled, thunder whispering through his breath. His fists closed, sparks dripping to the sand.

The storm was ready.

And the war of Egypt was about to begin.

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Shu turned to the others, his face stern, voice tight with warning.

"The others have fallen. We are all that remains. Do not underestimate him. He is not just thunder anymore. He carries pieces of those he has slain. If he is not stopped here, the Nile itself will dry."

Geb growled deep, his body quaking like quakes beneath pyramids. "Then we bury him."

Tefnut hissed, steam spilling from her claws. "Or drown him."

Nut's stars flared above, her voice a whisper across the sky. "And if he breaks us, the heavens themselves will fall."

Shu's gaze stayed on Ra. "Then let us not fall."

Ra's crown burned brighter, his hand lifting his staff. His eyes locked on Zeus, his flame rising until even Apollo's glow dimmed beside him.

"Let us end this arrogant storm."

## **Chapter 154: Sand vs. the Storm 1**

The desert broke into war.

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The first blow fell from Ra. His staff flared, and the sun itself screamed. Fire rolled across the sky in waves, rivers of molten gold pouring onto the battlefield. The sands turned to glass where it touched, the air itself seared.

Zeus raised his hands. The storm bellowed out of him, thunder ripping through the fire. Lightning split the flood of flame, sparks and embers bursting into storms of their own. The clash blinded the horizon, heat and storm locked in one endless scream.

All at once the armies collided.

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Ares leapt forward with a roar, his sword dripping fire as he crashed into Sekhmet. Claws met blade, blood spraying at the first strike. Her roar tore the sand apart, but Ares only laughed, teeth bared, his body blazing with warlust.

Athena moved precise, her spear darting into the lines of jackal-headed warriors raised by Anubis. Her strikes were clean, her shield unbreaking, each thrust piercing black armor and scattering souls back into sand. Anubis himself closed, scales glowing, his eyes cold. Athena braced, their weapons clashing, sparks and death flashing at once.

Poseidon roared from the center, his trident raised. The desert answered not with waves, but with rivers bursting from nowhere. His waters churned across the sand, swallowing Sobek whole. The crocodile god rose from the tide with a hiss, jaws snapping wide, dragging Poseidon under. The Nile itself seemed to fight Poseidon with Sobek's fury, river and sea tearing at one another in madness.

Hades moved colder, quieter. His cloak spread across the battlefield, turning sand into graves, dunes into pits of shadow. Isis lifted her hands to unravel his darkness, her light weaving through the dead. They clashed in silence—his fire of corpses against her radiant song, neither giving ground.

Apollo's bow sang, arrows blazing like suns. Each shot tore into lines of falcon warriors behind Horus, their bodies falling in smoke. Horus dove from above, his wings sharp enough to split stone, his talons carving sparks against Apollo's golden shield. The sky burned with their duel, sunfire and falcon cries echoing together.

Artemis's arrows fell cold and silver, her aim never wavering. She loosed into Bastet's dancers, her shafts breaking their illusions. Bastet smiled, sleek and cruel, weaving through them, claws darting. Artemis spun away, the moon and the cat god circling, each strike faster than breath.

Hermes flickered at the edges, too fast for the eye. He struck at Hathor's musicians, stealing their rhythm before it could bind the battlefield. His blades flashed into Thoth's scrolls, cutting lines of law before they could settle. Thoth snapped his pen through the

air, writing new bindings, trapping Hermes in chains of ink. But Hermes grinned, vanished, and the god of wisdom felt the knife nick his side.

Nyx spread her veil over the field, stars dripping into the chaos. Set surged to meet her, storm-eyes wild, his blade sharp with desert winds. He cut through her night with roars, his storms raging, but her stars refused to die. They clashed above, shadow and sandstorm twisting the sky into madness.

Gaia's hands pressed into the earth. Roots erupted beneath Geb, cracking his mountain body, dragging him down. He bellowed, his fists smashing valleys into dust, his weight crushing the desert. Gaia did not yield, her body bleeding stone, her roots binding tighter. Earth itself tore as the two pressed, mother and mountain in war.

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At the center, Zeus and Ra tore the heavens apart.

Every strike burned a horizon. Ra's staff split into a thousand suns, each one screaming fire across the sands. Zeus's fists met them, lightning spearing through suns, detonating them into storms of light. Their roars cracked the desert wide open, dunes collapsing into molten rivers.

Nut bent overhead, her star-body spreading wide, trying to smother Zeus's storm beneath her night. He raised his arms, thunder bursting upward, ripping holes into her skin of constellations. Shu's winds wrapped tighter, his breath crushing Zeus's storm, trying to choke it out. But thunder did not bow. The storm erupted, tearing Shu's winds into tatters, blasting Nut's stars apart.

Tefnut surged forward, her body a torrent of steaming water. She struck, her claws ripping across Zeus's chest, steam boiling against lightning. He staggered, blood hissing from his skin. His fist answered, thunder splitting her water body apart, scattering her into clouds of steam across the battlefield.

Still Ra pressed. His fire burned hotter, his crown blazing until the desert itself screamed. The sun bent closer, crushing all beneath its heat.

Zeus stood bare-chested, bloodied, fists clenched. His storm howled, arcs brighter than day, thunder heavier than the Nile's flood. The sky split under their duel, heaven and desert collapsing under their wrath.

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The field turned red.

Sand drank blood, rivers boiled, air burned. Greek and Egyptian gods shredded one another, their roars echoing beyond realms. Ares and Sekhmet tore wounds into each

other's flesh until they were both dripping, neither willing to fall. Athena's spear cracked against Anubis's scales, her shield catching his claws, the dead screaming at every clash.

Poseidon and Sobek drowned the desert, their waters twisting into whirlpools of blood. Hades's pale fire spread, corpses rising from sand, only to be unraveled by Isis's glow. Apollo and Horus raged in the sky, their light blinding, their wings and arrows breaking the clouds. Artemis and Bastet spun, silver and shadow clashing, blood dripping across their dance.

Hermes laughed in Thoth's face even as chains bound him, his knife always finding escape. Nyx's stars flared even as Set's storm shredded them. Gaia and Geb split the desert into canyons, roots and stone cracking one another apart.

Everywhere was blood, smoke, ruin.

And through it all, Ra and Zeus burned.

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The war had only begun.

Their gods bled, their realms shook, but neither side yielded. The desert screamed with their fury, the sun dimmed, the storm refused to fade.

Egypt would not bow.

And Zeus would not stop.

A/N

Thanks For Reading

## **Chapter 155: Sand vs. the Storm 2**

Every dune shook. Every grain of sand hissed from the weight of powers clashing above it. The gods tore the horizon into a battlefield no mortal tongue could ever describe.

At the center stood Zeus, his storm flaring brighter than ever, his chest streaked with blood, his knuckles raw but steady. Around him loomed the Egyptian Primordials—the first breaths of this land, the bones that held its sky. Shu's winds roared, Nut's stars spread wide, Tefnut's waters boiled, and Geb's mountain-body bent the very earth beneath them. Ra hovered like a burning crown above it all, his staff glowing like a second sun.

Zeus inhaled, lightning rattling in his lungs. He clenched his fists, sparks dripping onto the glassed sand. He was outnumbered, outflanked, but not alone.

Nyx rose beside him, her robe shredded from Set's storm yet her silver eyes steady. Stars spilled from her skin, constellations forming weapons sharper than any forged by hand. Gaia stood at his other side, her roots cracking through the sand, her body heavy as the earth itself. Her face was streaked with stone dust and blood, but her arms were unyielding.

The three of them together faced the Primordials. Storm, night, and earth.

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The first strike came from Shu. His breath bent into gales that howled like armies, the air crushing downward, aiming to pin Zeus to the ground. The desert howled like a hurricane had been dropped from the sky.

Zeus roared back. His storm erupted upward, lightning ripping the air apart. The winds turned jagged, torn into shards of pressure that screamed across the battlefield. Where Shu's breath had tried to bind, Zeus's thunder scattered it into wild currents, explosions ringing like artillery.

Tefnut surged through the chaos. Her body a rushing torrent, her claws dripping with boiling water, she struck like a wall of flood. Zeus twisted aside, but her wave clipped his shoulder, steam searing his flesh. He staggered, blood and water mixing down his arm.

Before she could crush him, Gaia moved. Roots the size of pillars exploded from the ground, wrapping around Tefnut's waist. The flood goddess screamed, tearing at the bindings, steam burning holes through bark, but Gaia forced deeper, the roots glowing red as they held.

Nut spread wide above, her body the night itself. Stars cascaded down like bombs, whole constellations shattering into fire upon the desert. The sky was falling. Nyx answered her directly. She raised both hands, and her veil stretched across Nut's stars. The falling heavens dimmed, bent, and broke against her night. Star struck star, constellations colliding in silence so bright it burned shadows into the sand.

Geb struck next. His mountain-body lurched forward, fists of stone smashing into the battlefield. Every strike cracked the earth, canyons ripping open beneath Zeus's feet. Entire dunes collapsed into trenches that bled lava. Zeus leapt onto one of the collapsing cliffs, his fists raised, lightning pouring down into Geb's skull. The mountain god reeled, his skin glowing white where the thunder had burned. But his hand swung back, a slab of stone the size of a temple, and Zeus caught it with both arms. The weight drove him to his knees, his muscles straining, sparks screaming around him.



Nyx's stars rained across Geb's shoulders, cracking the stone further. Gaia thrust her roots deep into the cracks, splitting them wider, forcing his body apart. Together, storm, night, and earth drove the mountain down.

But Ra was not still.

The sun flared until the world turned white. His staff swung, arcs of fire sweeping like artillery strikes. One struck Zeus directly, flames detonating across his chest. He roared in pain, his body crashing into the sand. Glass shattered beneath him, the desert breaking under the heat.

Nyx blurred over him, her veil snapping shut, absorbing the next wave of fire. Her stars dimmed from the strain, sparks burning holes through her robe, but she stood. Gaia lifted her arms, stone walls rising from the sand, molten heat rolling down their sides as they shielded them for a heartbeat.

Ra's voice boomed like dawn itself. "Storm ends. The sun remains."

Zeus spat blood into the glassed sand and rose again. His fists sparked brighter, arcs lashing out like whips across the field. He pointed one finger upward, his voice rolling like cannon fire. "Not today."

He unleashed everything.

The desert turned into war-fire. Lightning erupted in rivers, storms clawing at the sun itself. The arcs tore Shu's winds into rags, blasted holes through Nut's star-body, and split Geb's stone skin wider. Even Ra's fire wavered, the brilliance dimming as thunder drowned it.

---

Nyx pressed harder, constellations sharpening into blades that sliced through Nut's falling stars. Her silver eyes locked with Nut's night-body above, and for every galaxy that fell, Nyx flung another back. The sky itself was bleeding.

Gaia gritted her teeth, her roots spreading wider, mountains forcing themselves upward against Geb's collapsing weight. Stone cracked against stone, roots split his body into fragments. Every quake shook her to the bone, but she did not falter.

Zeus surged forward. His fists smashed into Tefnut's chest, lightning boiling her water body until steam burst upward in towers. Shu's gale caught him from the side, slamming him into a dune. Sand collapsed, glass slicing his arms, but he clawed back out, his storm burning hotter than pain.

He burst upward, fists raised, and struck Shu square in the jaw. The wind-god staggered, his breath breaking, the desert suddenly still. A second strike followed, arcs

tearing through his body, shattering his form into screaming gusts that scattered across the horizon. Shu was undone.

Ra bellowed, his staff blazing, the sun itself shoving closer, heat hammering down until the dunes melted into rivers of glass. Zeus screamed back, his lightning ripping upward, spearing the sun's edge, cracks spreading across its glare.

Nut screamed from above, her body fracturing where Nyx's stars ripped through her skin of constellations. Entire galaxies shattered, falling as burning fragments across the battlefield. Nyx raised both arms, silver light flaring, and the fallen stars froze in place. With a twist, she hurled them back upward, tearing holes straight through Nut's body. The goddess of sky split in two, her scream fading into the void as her stars went dark.

Gaia drove her roots into Geb's chest, lightning from Zeus pouring through them. The storm fused with the earth, exploding outward in a quake that split mountains apart. Geb collapsed, his stone body shattering into rubble, his roar fading into the sandstorm.

Tefnut rose one last time, her form boiling, waves screaming across the desert. Zeus leapt forward, thunder roaring from his fists, Nyx's stars spearing her flanks, Gaia's roots tangling her limbs. They crushed her in unison, lightning boiling her body dry until her roar ended in silence.

---

Only Ra remained.

He hovered above, his crown still blazing, but his fire dimmer, his breath heavier. Below him, Zeus stood with blood dripping down his side, Nyx swaying on her feet, Gaia bleeding stone dust from her arms.

Ra raised his staff one last time. The sun itself bent closer, filling the entire sky with fire. The desert screamed, pyramids melted, rivers of molten light rolled in every direction.

Zeus planted his feet, his fists raised, his storm burning brighter than it had in any realm before. Nyx's stars gathered around him, Gaia's roots coiled into his legs, grounding him deeper. Together they braced.

Zeus roared, and his storm erupted.

Lightning speared the sun. Thunder shattered the fire. The blast cracked the desert wide open, the horizon glowing white. Ra screamed as his crown split, his staff snapping in his hands. The sun behind him burst, fragments raining like meteors.

When the light cleared, Ra lay broken on the sand, his fire sputtering, his eyes dim.

Zeus stood over him, chest heaving, sparks still crawling across his skin. Nyx stood at his side, veil torn but glowing. Gaia braced behind them, her roots trembling, her body bleeding stone.

The Primordials of Egypt had fallen.

The desert groaned in silence, broken and burned.

And Zeus lifted his fist once more, his storm still hungry for the next realm.

## **Chapter 156: Khonsu**

The desert was still shaking from Ra's fall.

Ash and fire drifted across the dunes like snow, pyramids cracked into molten ribs, the Nile itself boiling in the distance. The Olympians stood together, battered and scarred, but alive. Their breaths came heavy, their weapons dripping blood and sand, their eyes hard as stone.

Zeus stepped forward. His storm dimmed, but sparks still crawled across his shoulders, his chest rising and falling like thunder trying to calm itself. He looked at Nyx, at Gaia, at his kin spread across the battlefield.

"It's done," he said. His voice was rough, low. "We move."

Hades turned his pale eyes across the dunes. Poseidon leaned heavy on his trident, his waters still clinging to him in waves. Athena's face was streaked with blood, but her spear was steady. Apollo and Artemis looked worn, their glow thin. Ares grinned despite the torn gash across his ribs. Hermes flickered nervously, sandals sparking in the sand. Nyx's stars trembled faintly around her veil, Gaia's roots bleeding stone dust into the air.

They were ready to leave, ready to vanish into the storm.

But a voice cut across the ruin.

Calm. Cold.

"Going so soon?"

—

The Olympians froze.

Zeus turned.

And there he stood.

Khonsu.

The god of the moon.

His form was tall, lean, his skin glowing with pale silver. His head was falcon-shaped but smooth, not like Horus's hawk but carved sleek, crowned with a disc of moonlight set upon a crescent. His eyes glowed faint, steady, holding neither rage nor fear but something heavier: patience. His robes were wrapped tight, banded like a priest's, but glowing faint blue with runes of starlight. In his hand he held a crook, silver curved and dripping with lunar glow, its surface etched with ancient marks that shimmered with cold power.

The battlefield's silence bent toward him.

Zeus's eyes narrowed. Sparks flickered across his jaw. "And what's this? You sat in the shadows while your kin died. While Ra burned. While the Primordials fell. You watched."

Khonsu chuckled softly, the sound low and bitter. "That's what you think?" He stepped forward, his glow brushing across the broken sand. "I wasn't hiding. I was imprisoned. Shackled by those same ancients you call Primordials. They feared me. Feared what I carry. And I suppose, in their desperation, they freed me at the last moment." His eyes, cold silver, swept the corpses of Shu, Geb, Tefnut, Nut, and Ra. "But I was too late to matter."

Zeus tilted his head. "Too late. Or too afraid?"

Khonsu's smile sharpened, but it did not reach his eyes. "You mistake calm for fear, thunderer. I don't like the old ones. Never did. But there were some here I respected. And you... you killed them all." He lifted his crook, the crescent flaring bright. "So what about we settle this ourselves?"

—

The air snapped.

The Olympians shifted. Ares grinned wider, leaning on his blade. Athena raised her spear slightly. Hades's eyes darkened, Poseidon's trident hummed. But none of them moved.

This was between Zeus and Khonsu.

Zeus's storm sparked louder, his fists curling tight. His chest bled, his shoulders trembled, but his eyes burned steady. "You want a fight? You'll have it."

—

Khonsu moved first.

The desert bent.

Moonlight spilled across the dunes, drowning the battlefield in pale glow. The sun's ruin dimmed, the stars overhead silenced. Only the moon remained, full and heavy, casting light sharp as blades. The sand turned silver, every grain reflecting cold light until the world itself became a mirror of his will.

He struck.

The crook swept forward, arcs of lunar glow slicing through the battlefield. Zeus raised his arms, his storm erupting to meet it. Lightning clashed against moonlight, thunder detonating across silver beams. The blast tore dunes into glass, the ground splitting in jagged cracks.

Zeus roared, his fists hammering down. Lightning speared across the battlefield, a thousand bolts raining down. Khonsu's glow bent them, curving arcs around him, twisting storm into crescents that shattered against the sand. He stepped forward, crook slashing upward, moonlight carving into Zeus's chest. Blood sprayed, silver-lit, sizzling against the glass.

Zeus staggered, sparks flashing, then surged forward. His fist smashed into Khonsu's jaw, thunder exploding outward. The moon god flew back across the battlefield, his body smashing through dunes, silver dust scattering like shattered glass.

But he rose again.

—

Khonsu lifted his hand. The moon above glowed brighter, pulling the battlefield upward. Gravity shifted. The Olympians stumbled as the sand lifted, dunes breaking apart, rivers of molten light bending skyward. Zeus himself felt the pull, his storm dragged upward, arcs tearing loose into the void.

Khonsu struck again, his crook slashing in arcs of pale silver. The beams cut trenches across the battlefield, splitting dunes in half. One nearly cleaved Zeus's shoulder, grazing him deep, blood spilling down his arm.

Zeus gritted his teeth. He planted his feet, lightning grounding into the shattered desert. His storm flared, arcs chaining down his legs into Gaia's roots still buried deep. The earth answered him, grounding his storm tighter. He pulled himself free from the moon's pull with a roar, and hurled himself forward.

His fists hammered Khonsu's chest, thunder detonating in bursts. The crook caught the third strike, sparks scattering, but the fourth blow drove straight through his guard. Lightning carved across Khonsu's ribs, burning his flesh silver.

The moon god hissed, but his eyes did not waver. He thrust his crook forward, its crescent biting deep into Zeus's side. Sparks burst, thunder cracked, but blood poured heavier now.

Both staggered back, panting, their bodies cracked and glowing.

---

The battle grew bloodier.

Khonsu lifted his arms, the moon shattering into fragments above him. Each shard fell as a blade, silver scythes raining down. Zeus's storm burst upward, lightning spearing into the shards, shattering them into dust. But some struck. Blades cut across his arms, his chest, his legs, slicing sparks from his skin.

Zeus roared through the pain. His storm pulsed brighter, arcs surging wider. He raised both fists high, thunder gathering into a single spear. He hurled it forward, lightning tearing the battlefield apart as it struck Khonsu square in the chest.

The explosion lit the desert white.

When the smoke cleared, Khonsu was on one knee, his crook cracked, his chest scorched black where the thunder had burned. His glow flickered faint, but his silver eyes still stared steady at Zeus.

He rose again.

---

The Olympians watched in silence. Athena's grip whitened on her spear. Ares's grin had thinned, his eyes sharper. Nyx's veil trembled faintly, her stars watching. Gaia pressed her hand deeper into the sand, her roots ready. But none moved.

This was Zeus's fight.

---

Khonsu stepped forward. His body was broken, his crook cracked, but his presence heavier than before. The moon above flared brighter, bleeding silver across the battlefield.

"You are strong," he said softly, his voice calm even through blood. "But strength burns. Storms pass. The moon remains."

Zeus's eyes flared, sparks crawling down his face. His storm answered, arcs tearing open the horizon. "We'll see."

They clashed again.

Zeus's fists hammered like cannons, thunder exploding with every strike. Khonsu's crook cut in crescent arcs, silver slicing through storm. Each blow tore sand into glass, each strike shattered dunes into rivers. Blood sprayed, sparks burned, glass shattered.

Zeus drove his fist into Khonsu's face, lightning burning his jaw. Khonsu's crook slammed into Zeus's chest, cracking ribs. Both staggered, then surged forward again, their blows shaking the desert into ruin.

---

The final clash came.

Khonsu raised his crook high, the moon itself bending lower, its silver glow crushing the desert. Zeus raised both fists, lightning boiling around him, thunder louder than worlds.

They struck at once.

Moonlight and storm collided.

The blast swallowed the battlefield in white.

---

When the light cleared, Zeus stood, his chest heaving, blood dripping, sparks crawling faint but steady. His fists were cracked, his body battered, but his storm still burned.

Khonsu lay in the sand, his crook shattered, his body broken. His silver glow flickered once, twice, then dimmed.

But his lips still curved faint, calm even in defeat. "Strong... too strong... but storms always fade."

His eyes closed. The moon above dimmed, fading into the black sky.

The desert still hissed with heat. Glass cracked under every step, and the smell of burnt stone clung to the air. Zeus stood over Khonsu's broken body, chest rising heavy, sparks crawling faint along his arms. His storm still burned, but it wavered—like a flame clinging to its last breath. Blood streaked his ribs, his fists trembled.



Sand shifted behind him. A pale fire flickered low and steady, brushing across the ruined dunes. Hades stepped out of the smoke. His cloak dragged shadows with it, heavy but calm, his bident glowing with a sickly light that pulsed from its tips. His eyes—cold, unreadable—rested on his brother.

"You've done enough," Hades said, his voice quieter than thunder, but sharper. He stopped at Zeus's side, his gaze steady on him. "Rest. You've carried this storm farther than any should. Let us take it from here."

Zeus turned, sparks flickering faint at his jaw. "And if I don't?" His voice cracked, not from defiance, but exhaustion.

Hades lifted his hand, fingers brushing across the shaft of his bident. For a moment, the air warped. The dunes quivered, shadows crawling like veins beneath the glass. "Then you'll fall before the next strike," Hades answered. "And you know it."

Silence stretched. The Olympians behind them said nothing, their eyes watching, their bodies battered but still holding. Nyx's stars shimmered dim, Gaia's roots twitched faint through the cracked sand. All waited.

Hades shifted closer, his pale fire spilling wider. "I've... changed," he said at last. The words came heavy, slow, as though even he was still measuring them. "The abyss that chained Tartarus no longer resists me. It breathes in me now. I am not what I was when this began." His eyes glowed faint red, shadows deepening at his feet. "This weight... I can carry it. For once, let me be the one to step forward while you stand still."

Zeus's shoulders rose, sparks crawling brighter. He exhaled, thunder whispering in his breath. His fists loosened, the arcs fading slower than before.

"You think you can hold it?" Zeus asked. His tone was not mocking, not even doubtful—just tired, the weight of too many battles pressing into each word.

"I know I can," Hades said simply. His voice did not rise, did not waver. "The void listens to me now. And the next war will not be won by storm or sea. It will be won in the silence below."

The desert wind whistled faint, carrying smoke and ash.

Zeus studied him a long moment. Sparks crawled up his neck, then dimmed again. Finally, he gave a slow nod. "Then it's yours," he said. His tone was flat, but there was something softer at its edge. "Don't waste it."

Hades turned his eyes back toward the broken horizon, where the heat shimmered and something darker stirred beyond. His cloak billowed faint, shadows spilling thicker as if the underworld itself was answering his call.

"Rest, brother," he said without looking back.

Zeus lowered his fists, his storm finally quiet. The sparks faded into the smoke, leaving only the faint hum of thunder behind.

And for the first time since the war began, he let his body ease, his shoulders sink, and the weight slip from him.

The desert groaned, waiting for the next storm.

## **Chapter 157: The African Gods**

The desert had gone quiet.

The heat still shimmered over the dunes, glass still cracked underfoot, but the battle was finished. Ra's fire had been buried in the sand, Khonsu's silver glow snuffed out, and the corpses of Egypt's Primordials lay heavy as mountains. The Olympians did not cheer. There was no victory in it, only silence and the sound of their breathing.

Zeus sat apart from them, his back resting against the melted bones of a broken pyramid. His storm had dimmed down to faint sparks rolling lazily across his arms, more like restless embers than fury. His fists, cracked and raw, finally lay still at his sides. For the first time since this war began, he let himself close his eyes.

The ground trembled nearby as Poseidon adjusted his trident in the sand, his chest heaving. Athena stood rigid, blood streaking her cheek but her spear still upright. Ares laughed under his breath at nothing, the sound more madness than joy. Hermes sat low, sandals sparking faint as if he couldn't keep still even in exhaustion. Apollo and Artemis leaned on each other, their glow faded thin, like dawn and dusk caught between storms. Nyx's veil hung torn but steady, Gaia's roots cracked and bleeding stone dust into the earth.

Hades stood apart, pale fire dripping from his bident, his cloak dragging shadows across the sand. His presence was heavier than before, darker, the abyss whispering through him. When he finally spoke, all of them turned.

"It's time," he said. His voice was low, unshaken. "The next step isn't here. It's in the east. The Hindu realm."

The name alone carried weight. Everyone knew what it meant. That realm was not like the Shinto, not like Egypt. Its gods were countless, its Primordials ancient, its stories stretching back longer than most remembered. A harder fight waited there.

Nyx tilted her head, silver eyes unblinking. "They'll not bow easily."

Gaia's hand pressed into the ground. "Their Primordials are bound deep. But when they rise, they rise with fire and rivers. It will be war."

Athena spoke sharp, her voice steady despite the streak of blood down her armor. "Then we'll meet it. Strategy holds even against the vast. They can bleed like the rest."

Ares grinned wider, blood dripping down his ribs. "Good. Let's see what their war looks like."

Apollo exhaled, his bow humming faint with light. "They will burn brighter than we've seen. But light burns out." Artemis nodded at his side, her arrow resting against her bowstring.

Hades looked at all of them once. His pale fire spread wider. "You've seen me now. You've seen what the abyss has made of me. I'll lead this. Nyx, Gaia—you'll stand with me against their roots. Athena, Ares, Hermes, Apollo, Artemis—you'll cut down the host. Poseidon, you've bled enough. Rest here. And Zeus—"

He paused, his pale eyes locking with his brother's.

"—you stay."

The words hung in the heat.

Zeus opened his eyes. Sparks crawled faint across his jaw, but he did not rise. His body was broken, his storm burned hollow. He wanted to argue, to stand, but the weight pressed him down. And he knew Hades was right. He had carried the storm far. It was time another carried the silence.

He exhaled, the sound like a tired thunder rolling through cracked stone. "Very well," he said. "Go. Break them. Leave nothing standing."

Hades gave a single nod.

One by one, they gathered around him. Nyx's stars flared dim but sharp. Gaia's roots coiled tight through the glass. Athena's spear gleamed faint in the smoke. Ares dragged his sword across the sand, its edge dripping sparks. Apollo's light grew steady, Artemis's silver bow drawn. Hermes flickered once, sandals sparking gold. Together they stood with Hades, a storm of their own, pale fire and shadow wrapping them.

The air warped. The dunes shook. In one surge of abyss and star, they vanished.

—

The silence after was heavy. Only Poseidon remained near, his trident buried in the sand, his eyes on the Nile's faint shimmer far away. Zeus stayed seated, shoulders

slumped, sparks whispering around him. He let himself breathe for once, the storm inside quiet.

But rest did not mean stillness. His thoughts carried forward, beyond the desert, beyond the east.

The Hindu realm would bleed under his kin. He trusted them. Nyx and Gaia could bind the Primordials. Hades had grown into something darker, heavier, ready to lead. Athena's mind, Ares's fury, Hermes's speed, Apollo and Artemis's light—they could tear through armies. They would manage.

But Zeus had another path.

His eyes turned toward the horizon of the west, toward lands most gods overlooked. Lands where the sky was not filled with temples or torii or suns, but with drums, fires, rivers, and ancestors' names whispered into the air.

Africa.

In another life, before Olympus, before storms and crowns, he had been born in those lands. Nigeria. He still remembered the scent of rain-soaked soil, the hum of markets, the rhythm of voices that moved like rivers. That memory lived deep in him, buried but unbroken. Now he wondered: what did those gods look like? The ones mortals rarely named outside their own lands. The pantheons that the world called "minor," though their blood ran just as old.

Would they stand with him? Or against him?

He leaned forward, sparks flickering across his knuckles. His lips curved into the faintest shadow of a smile.

He didn't plan to ask.

He planned to topple them.

The Primordials of Africa—the ones who had shaped rivers, forests, skies—he would face them as he had faced Ymir, Pangu, Izanagi, Ra. He would lay their pantheon flat. He would prove that fame meant nothing. Power alone decided who stood and who fell.

Zeus tilted his head back, looking at the broken Egyptian sky. His storm hummed faint, but it no longer pressed to break free. He would wait. He would heal. His kin would cut through the east. And then, when the time came, he would walk into Africa not as a stranger, but as the storm that no one could ignore.

The desert wind carried ash across his skin. He let it pass, his eyes closing once more.

"Soon," he whispered to himself. The word was low, lost in the crackle of glass under the heat.

His sparks dimmed.

And for the first time in ages, Zeus allowed himself rest.

The storm would rise again.

## **Chapter 158: The Prophecy Of Chaos**

The Heraion was quiet.

Not the kind of quiet that brings peace, but the kind that tastes like chains.

Columns rose high around her, marble pale, carved with stories of a throne she no longer held. The air smelled faint of burnt incense, though no fire had burned there in years. Hera sat at the altar, her wrists bound by invisible cords. They weren't chains of iron but oaths—the punishment Zeus had chosen. She could not step beyond the threshold of the temple that bore her name. Queen of Olympus once, now a prisoner of her own hall.

Her eyes were sharp still. Age had not softened them, nor exile dulled them. The weight of her pride pressed against the silence like a blade unsheathed.

The silence broke when another figure stepped inside.

The sound of her footsteps was soft, measured, yet Hera stiffened at once. She didn't need to turn to know who dared cross into her prison.

Metis.

She walked with that same poise that had stolen Hera's place. Her robe shimmered faint like woven dawn, her hair tied in a crown that mocked with its simplicity. Her eyes held calm, but not coldness—an endless well of patience, as if she lived always one step ahead of everyone.

Hera's jaw tightened. "You."

Metis stopped before her, folding her hands. "Hera."

The name sounded too soft in her mouth. Hera's lips curled. "Come to gloat again? To remind me what was mine?"

Metis shook her head slowly. "No. I came because there is something you must hear."

Hera laughed bitterly. "I care for nothing from your lips."

"You will care for this," Metis said. Her tone was calm, but her eyes pressed with weight.

---

Hera leaned back against the altar, her chains humming faint with the movement. "Say it, then. Waste no more of my time."

Metis stepped closer. "I've seen threads of what is to come. A child not yet born. He will carry Zeus's blood."

Hera's eyes narrowed. "Another bastard? That's hardly news."

Metis didn't flinch. "Not like the others. This boy will be born of a woman whose bloodline traces back to one you wronged long ago." She paused, watching Hera's reaction. "Kratos."

The name sliced the air.

Hera's breath hitched, though her face remained hard. "Kratos is dead. By my hand. His line should have ended."

"It did not," Metis replied softly. "You struck him down, but his descendants endured. They carried his name in whispers, in blood, hidden among mortals. They never forgot. And when the mark appeared on one of their children, they remembered their oath."

"What mark?" Hera demanded, though her voice had dropped lower, wary.

"A shard of Chaos," Metis said. "Etched into his flesh before he could walk. Not born of accident. Born of curse, of fate. A fragment of the first void clings to him. They have raised him not as a son, but as a weapon. To them, he is vengeance given form. They will name him after the one you killed. They will call him Kratos."

---

For the first time in years, Hera felt the chain around her wrist bite like iron. Her mind surged with memory—the day she struck Kratos down, the defiance in his eyes, the way his blood had spilled across Olympus's steps. She had called it justice then. Punishment for defiance. Now the echo of that moment returned like a shadow at her throat.

She bared her teeth. "Let him come. Zeus will break him."

Metis's gaze softened, though it carried no pity. "He will. But not without cost. I have seen it—father and son tearing the world apart. The boy wielding Chaos against the

storm, Zeus forced to strike down his own blood. The earth itself shattering beneath them. The damage will scar more than gods. Mortals will bleed. Cities will fall."

Hera spat on the floor. "And this is meant to soften me? To make me weep for him? I despise Zeus's bastards. Let them all die. Let the world burn if it must."

Metis tilted her head. "This is not only Zeus's burden. You are the root of it. It was your hand that killed Kratos. Your wrath that seeded this vengeance. Without that act, there would be no boy to rise against Olympus."

Hera's chains rattled as she surged against them, eyes blazing. "Do not put this at my feet! He was insolent. He defied me. I did what a queen must do."

"You were no queen," Metis said quietly.

The words struck sharper than any blade.

Hera's face twisted, rage trembling through her. "You stole it! My throne, my crown, my place at his side—you took it from me! And now you come here, to preach? To tell me what I caused?"

Metis didn't step back. Her calm held steady even before Hera's fury. "I came because I still remember when you were more than rage. When you carried Olympus with your strength. But hatred blinded you. You let jealousy write your legacy. And now it may doom us all."

Hera's chest heaved, her breath sharp, her pride clawing at her throat.

—

For a long moment, silence pressed between them again. The chains hummed faint, the temple heavy with stillness.

Hera's voice, when it came, was low and raw. "So what would you have me do? Beg forgiveness? Pray that this boy never rises? Curse Zeus again for his endless spawn?"

Metis shook her head. "I do not ask you to beg. I ask you to see. To understand. This is not about thrones, Hera. It is about what is coming. You can hate me until the end of days—I do not care. But remember this: when the boy comes, when the mark glows on his skin and Chaos breathes through him, it will not matter what you wanted. What you hated. It will matter only that you made it possible."

Hera looked away. Her eyes fixed on the carved walls, on the stories of her past glory etched in marble. A queen once. Bound now. Her pride screamed at her to spit in Metis's face, to curse her name, to let the world burn if it meant Zeus suffered.



But beneath it, buried deep where even she hated to look, there was something colder. Something that whispered of what Metis had said. The thought of Zeus clashing against his own blood. The thought of Olympus cracking under it.

Her jaw tightened. "Leave me," she said.

Metis lingered a moment, her silver eyes steady. Then she turned, her steps fading across the temple floor.

Before she vanished through the doorway, she spoke once more, her voice carrying back like a shadow.

"They will call him Kratos. And when the day comes, Hera, remember—this began with you."

---

Hera sat alone. The chains hummed against her wrists. Her breath trembled faint, though her eyes burned still.

She hated Metis. Hated her calm, her patience, her stolen crown. Hated her words most of all—because they lingered.

In the silence of the Heraion, Hera whispered to herself, the words sharp and bitter.

"Let him come. Let the boy rise. If he bears Chaos, then let him drown in it. Zeus will face him. And I will watch."

But her chest did not feel steady. For the first time in centuries, a shadow of doubt curled against her pride.

And the temple felt colder than before.

## **Chapter 159: The Dharma**

The world shifted.

One moment the Olympians and their allies stood in the wreck of Egypt, the smell of glassed sand and burnt gods still clinging to them. The next, shadow and star folded over them, and the air itself pulled sideways. Hades's cloak spread like an abyss, Nyx's veil stitched the gaps with threads of silver, and Gaia's roots burrowed through the void. Together they cut a path.

When they emerged, the light was different.

---

The Hindu realm was not desert, not mountain, not sky. It was everything at once.

Lotus lakes spread as far as the eye could see, their petals glowing with colors no mortal tongue could name. Rivers of milk and fire ran side by side, neither drowning the other. Palaces of gold and crystal floated above, anchored by chains of sound—the hymns of countless mortals echoing upward, forming bridges of prayer.

Above it all rose a tree, vast beyond measure, its roots drinking from seas of eternity, its branches brushing the edge of the void. It was not Yggdrasil, nor Gaia's flesh, but something older, something deeper: the pillar that held dharma itself.

The Olympians staggered at the weight pressing into their bones. Even Ares's grin faltered. Hermes's sandals sparked nervously on the lotus water. Athena's eyes narrowed, already measuring lines of battle.

Nyx whispered under her breath, her stars dimming in respect. "This realm is awake."

Hades stepped forward, his pale fire casting shadows across the glowing river. His voice carried low. "And it knows we're here."

---

The first to rise was not a god but a Primordial.

From the roots of the great tree, a figure uncoiled—massive, endless, clothed in ash and fire. His eyes burned with suns long dead. His skin shimmered with sparks of creation undone. He carried no weapon, yet his presence itself bent the rivers, made the palaces above tremble.

Kala. Time given flesh.

Beside him bloomed another, her form shifting with every breath—one moment a woman crowned with stars, the next a sea that held galaxies, the next a darkness filled with the hum of creation. Her eyes glowed with mercy, her arms endless, each hand holding a different flame.

Prakriti. Nature unbound, mother of movement and form.

The air shook when they stepped forward together.

Athena tightened her grip on her spear. "Two Primordials at once."

Nyx's eyes shimmered faint. "Stronger than the Shinto. Stronger than Ra."

Hades only planted his bident into the lotus water. The ripples hissed black, spreading outward. "Then we meet them head-on."

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The Hindu gods answered next.

From the horizon of fire strode Shiva, ash on his skin, a serpent coiled at his throat, his trident dragging sparks with every step. His dance echoed faintly in the air, a rhythm that shook even Ares's bones.

From the river of light came Vishnu, blue skin gleaming, lotus in one hand, discus spinning in the other, his gaze calm yet endless. Beside him walked Lakshmi, her radiance soft but steady, grounding the storm around him.

From the peak of a golden palace stepped Brahma, four heads turning in all directions, each speaking a different truth. His words bent the hymns around him, songs breaking into new forms.

Behind them surged others: Durga astride her lion, weapons gleaming in every hand. Kali with her necklace of skulls, tongue sharp as any blade. Ganesha with his axe, calm and terrible. Indra, thunder already pounding in his palm. Agni, his body fire given shape. Hanuman, strength rippling through his fur, mace ready. Parvati with her quiet storm. Saraswati with her rivers of song.

The horizon drowned in their presence.

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Hermes's voice cracked faintly. "There's... too many."

Apollo's glow faltered, Artemis drew her bow but did not loose. Even Ares, for all his madness, clenched his jaw.

Athena's eyes darted across the field. "They're not scattered like the others. They stand as one. This... this will be different."

Nyx's stars flared brighter, her veil tightening. Gaia pressed her roots deeper into the lotus water, her face carved in stone.

And Hades... Hades only stared at the Primordials, his fire rising. "This is what we came for."

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The battle did not wait.

Kala moved first. He raised his hand, and the world slowed. Rivers halted, stars froze, breath itself caught in lungs. The Olympians staggered as if drowning in syrup, their strikes weighed down.

But Hades stepped forward, his cloak splitting the stillness. The abyss whispered, older than time, and Kala's grip cracked. Shadows coiled into the frozen air, tearing holes into the timeline.

"Time rots in the grave," Hades said, his voice cold.

Prakriti surged with him, her arms blooming, her forms shifting into endless faces. She hurled oceans, forests, skies all at once. Gaia rose to meet her, roots thick as mountains, stone fists hammering. The two collided, nature against nature, creation against earth.

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The gods slammed together like storms.

Shiva's trident met Ares's sword, sparks flooding the air, each strike echoing like drums of war. Ares laughed through blood, but Shiva's rhythm did not falter.

Vishnu's discus spun, carving the air, but Athena's shield caught its edge, her spear darting like lightning. His calm eyes met her sharp ones, both refusing to bend.

Brahma spoke words that cracked reality, rewriting space with syllables. Hermes darted through them, cutting threads with his blade, his grin sharp but strained.

Durga's lion roared, charging through Apollo's arrows of light, her many arms scattering them like sparks. Artemis's arrows met Kali's blades, silver against shadow, each strike painting the sky with streaks.

Indra hurled thunder at Nyx, but her veil swallowed it into stars. Agni's flames wrapped around Gaia's roots, but her earth smothered the fire. Hanuman's mace struck against Poseidon's trident, river and strength clashing in sprays of power.

The battlefield drowned in color, sound, fury.

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And through it all, Kala and Prakriti pressed harder.

Kala's steps shattered centuries, turning sand into fossils, water into dust. Every motion aged the world around him. Apollo's bow cracked in his hands just from standing too close. Artemis's hair turned silver-white in moments before Nyx's veil shielded her.

Prakriti spread her arms wider, birthing storms of form—armies of animals, forests of steel, rivers of fire. Gaia tore through them, but every root she broke birthed ten more. Her stone body cracked, blood of dust running down her arms.

Nyx flung her stars across the sky, trying to stitch holes into Kala's time, but his hand crushed them into silence. Hades's shadows rose to cover her, clashing with Kala's flames of ages.

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The Olympians strained.

Ares's laughter turned ragged as Shiva's trident pierced his shoulder. Hermes stumbled as Brahma's word nearly erased him. Artemis's arrows broke against Durga's blades. Apollo's glow dimmed beneath Kali's scream. Poseidon bled from Hanuman's strike, his trident shaking.

Athena called out, her spear glowing. "Hold! We break them by standing, not falling!"

But the line buckled.

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Then Hades struck.

He lifted his bident, and the abyss roared. Shadows poured outward, not like smoke but like oceans of night. Kala staggered as the weight of death pressed against him. For every century he conjured, Hades hurled the silence of graves.

Nyx's stars exploded in rivers, sewing light into the abyss, forming constellations that speared Kala's chest. Gaia's roots burst upward, wrapping Prakriti's arms, dragging her forms back into the soil.

The Primordials groaned, their power heavy but strained.

Hades stepped forward, pale fire burning hotter, his cloak whipping in the storm. "You face death itself. And death does not bow."

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The Hindu realm shook.

Lotus lakes boiled, palaces cracked, the tree above shuddered. The clash of Primordials and gods turned the horizon into chaos. Blood fell into the rivers of milk and fire. Ash drifted into prayer-chains above.

And still, no side yielded.

The war had begun.

The Olympians had arrived in the Hindu realm.

And the realm itself screamed in answer.

## **Chapter 160: Hades Might**

The lotus lakes shook with every strike, waves of fire and milk scattering into the air like storms breaking through worlds. The Olympians fought hard, every god pressed to their limits, but all eyes were drawn again and again to one figure—the one who refused to falter.

Hades.

He moved like a shadow given weight, every step spilling darkness across the glowing rivers. His pale fire no longer clung only to his bident—it pulsed out of his skin, out of his cloak, as though the abyss itself had chosen him as its vessel.

Kala, the Primordial of Time, advanced, his body bending centuries with each motion. The hymns in the air cracked as if they'd aged into ruin, Apollo's bowstring snapped as though it had been strung for a thousand years. Every strike of Kala's hand was not just an attack—it was decay, centuries forced in a blink.

But Hades did not wither.

He pressed forward, his cloak dragging behind him like a sea of coffins. Where Kala's hand tried to age him, the abyss pulled the years into itself, devouring them whole. His eyes, once cold, now burned red, his skin blackened by the fire that crawled from within.

"Time has no hold on the grave," Hades said, voice low and heavy.

He thrust his bident forward. Shadows erupted in pillars, crashing into Kala's chest. For the first time since his rising, the Primordial of Time staggered. The tree above groaned, its branches shuddering as though it felt its own roots being torn.

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Prakriti moved to cover him, her endless arms flaring with new forms. Mountains rose from her hands, forests bled into existence, oceans split open like veins. Gaia met her with roots thicker than temples, stone fists tearing through the false forests, but Prakriti was endless, and Gaia faltered.

Hades turned, his cloak snapping like wings. Shadows spilled outward, weaving into Nyx's stars. Together, their powers cut into Prakriti's creations, turning her animals into bones, her rivers into dust, her skies into silence.

The goddess screamed, her forms flickering, her endless shape unraveling.

Hades did not slow. He was not satisfied with stalemates.

He pressed closer, bident carving through her veil of forms, until he drove its tips deep into her chest. The pale fire burst outward, shadows flooding into her body, dragging her creations back into him. For a moment, Prakriti convulsed, galaxies dimming in her eyes, her countless hands clawing in panic.

He was consuming her.

He was taking a Primordial into the abyss.

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The Hindu gods felt it. Vishnu's calm cracked, his discus spinning faster. Brahma's heads turned frantic, words falling too fast to stitch reality. Durga screamed, Kali's tongue hissed, Indra threw thunder wild. The balance shook, their realm on the verge of losing one of its oldest.

And then Shiva moved.

He had been still, his eyes half-lidded, his trident humming faintly as if waiting for a song only he could hear. But now the beat rose. His dance began.

Ash shook from his skin, his serpent hissed, and the ground cracked under the rhythm of his steps. Every strike of his foot was a drumbeat, every sway of his body a storm. The air itself bowed to his dance.

He spun forward, his trident flashing, striking across Hades's bident just as it began to tear Prakriti apart. The clash detonated across the lotus lakes, waves bursting miles high, palaces cracking into shards.

Hades staggered back, his cloak tearing open in shreds of shadow. His eyes flared redder, his teeth bared in a snarl. Shiva's dance carried him closer, every step spilling power that wrapped the battlefield.

"You step too far, Lord of the Dead," Shiva said, his voice calm but heavy, every syllable thundering in rhythm. "This realm will not fall to your hunger."

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Hades laughed—low, rough, but steady. "You dance to stop me? Then dance until the abyss swallows your steps."

He surged forward, pale fire raging, his cloak exploding outward in rivers of black flame. His bident spun with both hands, shadows carving arcs through the air. Shiva's trident met it, the rhythm of his dance never faltering. Sparks screamed at every strike, rivers boiling beneath their feet.

Each clash shook the sky. Nyx staggered, her stars dimming under the pressure. Gaia pressed deeper into the ground, roots cracking to hold the battlefield steady. Athena's voice was drowned out, Ares's laughter silenced.

The fight was no longer gods against gods—it was Shiva and Hades tearing the realm apart.

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Hades grew sharper, heavier. His cloak was no longer cloth—it was wings of shadow, stretching wide, blotting out the lotuses, blotting out even Vishnu's light. His fire burned white at its edges, no longer pale, as if Tartarus itself was straining to pour through him.

Every strike he dealt bent reality inward, like gravity crushing itself into black holes. Kala staggered to stand again, but even Time itself shivered under Hades's blows.

"You are no god," Kala rasped, his voice cracked. "You... are becoming..."

"A Primordial," Hades finished, his voice booming, his fire bursting into the sky. "And I will not stop."

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Shiva pressed harder, his dance faster now, his trident cutting arcs that broke shadows apart. But Hades's strikes were no longer those of a god—each one bent light, bent fire, bent time. He struck into Shiva's chest, his pale fire burning through the ash, leaving scars that glowed red.

The Hindu gods rushed to aid him. Vishnu hurled his discus, Brahma's words rewrote space, Kali shrieked, Durga's lion pounced, Indra's thunder cracked.

But Hades's cloak expanded, swallowing their strikes into his abyss. Their powers vanished into silence, their fury eaten whole.

Shiva's trident caught Hades's bident again, both locked, shadows screaming against rhythm. The serpent at Shiva's throat hissed and lunged, sinking its fangs into Hades's arm. Blood spilled—black, not red. It hissed against the lotus water, burning holes through it.



Still Hades did not slow. He pressed harder, his face twisted with a fury that was not just his own.

He was close. So close.

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Prakriti staggered, her forms shredded, her countless arms dripping into dust. Kala bent, centuries leaking from his chest. The Primordials, ancient as they were, could not stand unbroken against this new abyss Hades carried.

Nyx whispered, her silver eyes wide. "He's changing... he's not ours anymore."

Gaia clenched her fists, stone cracking in her palms. "He's beyond gods."

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Shiva roared. His dance turned wild, no longer graceful, but furious. He drove his trident into Hades's chest, through his fire, through his cloak. The strike pierced, the rhythm collapsing the abyss for a heartbeat. Hades coughed black flame, shadows tearing free of him.

But he only laughed, his hand grabbing the trident's shaft, pulling it deeper. His eyes burned red, his voice rolling like the void itself.

"You cannot kill what is already death."

He thrust his bident upward, pale fire exploding across the battlefield, swallowing palaces, burning rivers dry, shaking the tree itself until its roots screamed.

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The Hindu realm bent, screaming, shaking, breaking under the clash.

The Olympians could only watch. Their battles paused, their wounds forgotten, as they saw their brother teetering on the edge—not a god anymore, but something more, something darker.

Shiva staggered, his chest glowing with scars, his rhythm broken. Kala and Prakriti bled essence into the lotus lakes.

And Hades stood at the center, bident blazing, cloak spread wide, pale fire climbing the tree of dharma itself.

On the edge of becoming a Primordial.

And no one knew if he would stop.