

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 161: New Form - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 161: New Form

Chapter 161: New Form

The tree of dharma shook as if it might tear itself from the roots. The lotus lakes churned, the rivers of milk boiled black, and the hymns of mortals twisted into screams. The Hindu realm was no longer a sanctuary of prayer—it was a battlefield of gods and something greater.

Hades stood at the center, wings spread like night itself, his crimson eyes burning holes into the sky. Across from him, Shiva, Kala, and Prakriti gathered their strength, their bodies battered but their fury sharper than before. Around them the Hindu gods steadied themselves, their weapons raised, though fear flickered across even the calmest of faces.

Kala moved first. Time itself cracked as he lifted his hand, the air around Hades splintering into fragments of centuries. Grass grew and withered in heartbeats, rivers dried and returned in flashes. He sought to bury the abyss under the weight of ages.

Hades stepped forward, his bident raised. The cracks in reality folded toward him, sucked into the abyss that bled from his chest. The centuries that should have crushed him instead bent and died at his feet, swallowed whole.

Then Prakriti surged, her arms multiplying into forests of limbs, each hand birthing oceans, beasts, and storms. They poured down like avalanches.

Hades slammed his wings together. The creations withered mid-air—rivers turning to ash, beasts rotting into bone, storms collapsing into silence. His voice rolled like a pit opening. "Creation ends in me."

Shiva struck.

His dance resumed, every step shaking the battlefield, every strike of his trident dragging rhythm back into the chaos. He spun through smoke and flame, his weapon carving arcs that hummed with destruction. Hades met him head-on, bident catching trident, their clash louder than worlds breaking.

For a moment, silence and rhythm fought for dominance.

Hades shoved, white fire flaring through his veins, his wings slicing downward like blades. Shiva spun, the serpent at his throat hissing, his rhythm unbroken. Sparks poured between them, painting the lotus lakes in red and silver.

Vishnu moved next, his discus burning across the battlefield, cutting through shadow like a sun trapped in steel. Athena raised her shield to intercept, sparks spraying across her arm, but the strike still bent her knees. Artemis's arrows followed, silver streaks cracking against Durga's lion, forcing the beast back.

Indra hurled his thunder at Nyx, but her veil stretched wider, swallowing it into starlight. Poseidon's trident ripped rivers across the lotus lake, smashing into Hanuman's mace, waves exploding like cannons.

Everywhere gods clashed—chaos layered on chaos.

But all eyes returned to the center, where Hades was no longer fighting like a god at war. He fought like a void eating the world.

Kala lunged, his hand pressing centuries onto Hades's spine, bending his form into fractures. Hades staggered for the first time, blood dripping black and white from his mouth.

Prakriti closed in, her arms wrapping around him, trying to crush him in infinite forms. Shiva's trident struck from the front, spearing into his chest.

The three pressed together, voices rising in unison. "Fall!"

Hades roared, wings tearing wide, fire exploding across his body. The trident sank deeper, centuries cracked louder, Prakriti's forms bound tighter.

And then the lotus lake split apart.

From the explosion stepped Hades reborn again.

His wings had doubled in span, feathers sharpened into jagged blades glowing white at the tips. His bident no longer fused into one arm but into both, his body a cross of bone and abyss, rivers of molten light pulsing through him. His face was shadow and stone, but his eyes glowed like stars collapsing inward.

He exhaled, and rivers died.

The Primordials staggered back, even Shiva's rhythm faltering. Kala's centuries unraveled into dust. Prakriti's arms snapped into pieces.

Hades raised his weapon, and for the first time, he showed them what primordial power truly was.

He swung, and the battlefield bent inward. Rivers curved into nothing, palaces folded in on themselves, stars above cracked like glass. The tree of dharma groaned as white fire licked its roots.

Kala screamed, his skin splitting wider. "He is not taking power—he is feeding on us!"

Prakriti's eyes darted across the Olympians, her voice shaking. "Look at them! Their light burns deeper than gods. This is no war of thrones—Zeus is seeding Primordials from our corpses!"

Her words cracked the battlefield heavier than thunder.

The Olympians froze mid-battle. Ares's grin faltered, Apollo's hands shook on his bow, Artemis's eyes widened. Athena's knuckles tightened on her spear as she looked to Hades—and remembered Zeus's silence when they left Egypt.

Shiva spat blood, his dance turning savage. "Then you are not gods. You are thieves. Parasites. Pretenders!"

Hades tilted his head, his crimson eyes glowing brighter. "Names do not matter. Gods. Primordials. Parasites. In the end, all of you fall into me."

The fight resumed with new fury.

Shiva struck with his trident, rhythm breaking mountains, his serpent lunging with venom bright as suns. Kala hurled centuries like blades, turning weapons to rust mid-swing. Prakriti poured herself into storms of creation, rivers and beasts and skies clawing all at once.

Hades met them blow for blow. His wings shredded storms into ash, his fire devoured centuries into silence, his bident swallowed rhythm until Shiva himself faltered.

The Hindu gods screamed and fought harder, but even their fury dissolved into the void.

The lotus lakes no longer held shape. They boiled black and red, swallowing palaces, burning prayers into smoke. The tree above bled light, its roots cracking under the weight of war.

Nyx whispered, voice trembling though her eyes stayed fixed. "If he takes another step, he won't stop. Not even Zeus will stop him."

Gaia's roots dug deeper, stone cracking under her fists. "And then the world itself won't hold."

Hades spread his wings, fire dripping from their edges. He raised his weapon, and the battlefield bent once more, silence crawling into the marrow of every god present.

"Now," he said, his voice low, terrible, endless. "Now you will see what it means when death becomes eternal."

And he struck.

The Hindu realm screamed. The war roared on.

Every strike from Hades tore deeper into the fabric of their world. Rivers that once carried hymns boiled into tar. Palaces of crystal and prayer folded into dust. Even the tree of dharma, rooted in eternity, groaned as though it might snap in half.

At the center of it, Hades towered—wings spread, fire dripping, crimson eyes burning like dying stars. His bident pulsed with abyss and white fire, every motion bending reality inward.

Shiva, Kala, and Prakriti staggered under his blows. They were not losing a fight. They were being unmade.

Shiva's trident split the air, each step of his dance trying to restore rhythm, to force the battlefield into order. Hades met it with a swing that swallowed the rhythm whole. Sparks screamed, and Shiva's serpent hissed in agony, its scales blackening under the abyss.

Kala poured centuries into him, pressing a million years of decay into Hades's skin. Hades caught them, cracked them between his fingers, and fed on the dust like embers.

Prakriti birthed oceans and forests, storms and beasts. Hades swept his wings and reduced them all to silence.

The three Primordials, pillars of the Hindu realm, were faltering.

"Now," Hades said, voice rolling like a pit opening. "Now you will see how even eternity rots."

He slammed his bident down.

The ground cracked open, abyss spilling through the lotus waters, eating at the roots of the tree. White fire licked across the battlefield, and Prakriti screamed as part of her form withered into nothing. One of her endless arms turned black, shattered, and fell into the boiling rivers.

She collapsed to her knees. "He's... breaking me."

Kala stumbled, his centuries unraveling into clouds of dust. Even Shiva's dance faltered, his trident slipping against the void.

The Hindu gods cried out in fury and terror.

Vishnu hurled his discus again, blazing like a second sun. It split Hades's wing in half—but the abyss stitched it back together before the feathers hit the ground.

Durga charged, her lion leaping with every claw burning. The beast sank its teeth into Hades's arm, but its fangs shattered against bone and abyss. Durga's blades struck next, dozens at once, but they vanished into silence before they touched his skin.

Indra hurled thunder, Agni screamed fire, Hanuman swung his mace with a roar that split the heavens.

All of it vanished. All of it bent inward.

Hades walked forward, wings dragging like walls of night.

"Fall!" Shiva roared. His dance turned savage, wild. His trident struck the bident again, sparks exploding in red and silver. Kala pressed centuries into Hades's chest, trying to split him apart. Prakriti rose, birthing storms of beasts and rivers, her face twisted in desperation.

Hades's wings tore wider. His fire burned brighter. For a moment, the three were forced back, their bodies shattering under his strike.

Nyx whispered, stars trembling. "He's going to kill one of them."

A/N

Thanks for reading

Chapter 162: Hades Becoming

The tree of dharma bled light from its roots. Its branches trembled as if the weight of the skies was about to crush it. The lotus lakes no longer shimmered; they churned black and red, boiling with every clash of gods and something beyond gods. Hymns once sung to uphold the world twisted into screams, as if the mortals who fed this realm with prayer could feel it breaking.

And at the center of it stood Hades.

His wings tore the air like night stretched across eternity, each feather a shard of shadow edged in white fire. His eyes burned crimson, steady and merciless. The bident pulsed in his grip, no longer metal or bone but an extension of his will—an abyss sharpened into a weapon. Every step he took bent rivers, cracked palaces, and made the sky recoil.

Shiva, Kala, and Prakriti stood before him, battered yet unyielding. Their forms carried the weight of creation, of time, of rhythm itself. But against him, against this Hades, even they looked like echoes.

The first strike came from Shiva. His trident split the air, every step of his dance thundering across the battlefield. The serpent at his throat hissed, its venom dripping into the river and turning milk into acid. His rhythm pressed on the world, trying to force order through the chaos.

Hades didn't yield. He let the strike land, the trident carving through his chest. Black and white fire spilled like molten rivers, but instead of falling, he laughed. The wound sealed around the weapon, locking it in place. His crimson eyes gleamed as he pulled Shiva closer.

"You try to bind me to rhythm," he growled, voice echoing like caverns collapsing. "But death dances to no tune."

His wings slammed shut, trapping Shiva inside a storm of feathers that cut like scythes. Each blade sliced through rhythm, turning the beat into silence. Shiva roared, his dance breaking free, but his chest bore marks that glowed with abyss.

Kala advanced next. The Primordial of Time stretched his hand, his body unraveling into centuries. Grass grew and withered in heartbeats, rivers aged into deserts, palaces corroded into dust. He pressed it all onto Hades, trying to drown him under millennia.

Hades raised his hand, and the centuries bent inward. They cracked, splintered, and were devoured into the abyss that pulsed through him. His fire surged brighter, stronger, older.

"Time belongs to the grave," he said. "You give me more to feed upon."

He swung his bident. A wave of silence crashed outward, and Kala staggered as centuries tore from his chest, unraveling into ash. His ageless face cracked, lines spreading like broken glass. For the first time, the Primordial of Time bled.

Prakriti screamed. Her form split into storms of oceans, forests, skies, beasts—creation itself given flesh. Her countless arms closed around Hades, trying to bind him with the fullness of life.

Hades spread his wings wide. Fire poured from them, not flame of the sun or hearth but fire of the pit, fire of decay, fire that consumed not by burning but by ending. Rivers shriveled into ash. Trees rotted before they could grow. Beasts collapsed into skeletons mid-roar.

He twisted his bident, driving it through Prakriti's chest. Her arms shattered one by one, breaking like brittle branches. Her galaxies dimmed in her eyes as the abyss drained them.

"You call it life," Hades whispered, leaning close. "But life always ends in me."

He hurled her aside, her forms unraveling into storms that bled into the rivers.

The Hindu gods screamed in fury.

Vishnu hurled his discus again, blazing brighter than suns. Durga charged, her lion leaping with fire in its mane, her weapons striking in endless arcs. Kali shrieked, her voice tearing through rivers, her necklace of skulls rattling like drums of war. Indra thundered, Agni burned, Hanuman's mace split the skies.

All of it struck. All of it vanished.

Hades spread his wings and swallowed it whole. Their power dissolved into silence, devoured by the abyss that clung to his body. The gods recoiled in disbelief as their fury became his strength.

Ares grinned, his sword bleeding sparks. "Look at him," he muttered, awe and madness mixing in his voice. "He's tearing them apart."

Athena didn't smile. Her knuckles whitened around her spear, her eyes never leaving Hades. "This is no victory. This is harvest."

Apollo's bow trembled in his hands, his light flickering. Artemis steadied him, but her silver glow shook. Poseidon pressed his trident into the ground, rivers surging, his jaw tight. Nyx's stars dimmed, Gaia's roots bled stone dust.

They saw it too. This wasn't just Hades fighting. This was Hades becoming.

Shiva roared and pressed forward again, his dance wild, his trident spinning like a storm. The serpent lunged, sinking its fangs into Hades's neck, venom burning black rivers across his body.

Hades seized the serpent with one hand and tore it free, snapping its spine. The body dissolved into smoke, and Shiva staggered, his rhythm breaking.

Hades slammed his bident into Shiva's chest. The abyss flared, and Shiva screamed as his dance faltered completely. His rhythm shattered into silence.

Kala rushed to cover him, centuries pouring from his hands, trying to wrap Shiva in ages to shield him. Hades caught them, devoured them, and struck again. Kala fell to his knees, his body unraveling into dust.

Prakriti tried to rise, birthing new forms, but Hades's wings tore through them, shredding life into bones. Her scream shook the skies as half her body dissolved into rivers of ash.

The Hindu pantheon broke.

Indra hurled thunder that never reached. Agni screamed until his fire collapsed into sparks. Durga's lion shattered beneath a single sweep of Hades's wing. Kali leapt at him, blades raised, but his bident pierced her mid-air, her scream cut short as her body dissolved into silence.

Vishnu's discus spun once more, brighter than before. Hades caught it mid-flight, crushed it in his hand, and watched the sun within it die. Vishnu staggered, his calm shattered.

Hades raised his bident. "All of you... feed me."

The abyss roared.

His wings stretched wide, covering the battlefield. Fire dripped from every feather, rivers of silence pouring across the lakes, the palaces, the skies. Gods screamed as their powers bent inward, their forms unraveling.

Hanuman charged one last time, his mace glowing, his roar shaking the heavens. Hades swung his wing, and the mace shattered into dust. The god of strength fell into the rivers, his body breaking under silence.

Durga fought until her blades vanished, her lion already gone, her arms torn from her body. Agni burned until his fire was eaten whole. Indra thundered until his clouds dissolved into ash. Saraswati sang, her rivers flowing with melody, but the sound cracked, faltered, and ended.

One by one, they fell.

Only Shiva still stood, his body bleeding, his dance broken, but his eyes burning with fury.

"You are not death," he spat, trident trembling in his hands. "You are theft. You are rot. You are nothing."

Hades stepped forward, wings towering, eyes crimson. "Then try to prove it."

They clashed.

Trident against bident, rhythm against silence, fury against void. Sparks screamed, rivers boiled, the tree groaned as its roots cracked further. Every strike shook the world, every clash split skies.

But silence ate rhythm.

Hades slammed his bident into Shiva's chest, the fire exploding outward. Shiva roared, but his voice cracked into silence. His trident fell from his hands. His body staggered, breaking under the abyss.

Hades leaned close, crimson eyes burning. "Your dance is over."

And he struck.

Shiva fell into the rivers. The tree of dharma screamed, its branches shattering, its roots bleeding light.

Kala lay broken, his centuries unraveled. Prakriti writhed, half her body gone, her voice faltering into silence. The Hindu gods lay in pieces, their forms cracked, their powers devoured.

The realm itself broke.

Lotus lakes boiled into tar. Rivers of milk turned black. Palaces crumbled into dust. The sky split, stars falling into silence. The tree bent under its own weight, roots shattering, branches snapping.

Hades stood at the center, wings wide, fire dripping, his bident blazing like a black sun.

He exhaled, and the realm collapsed.

The Olympians stood silent.

Ares's grin had vanished, his sword dripping sparks that didn't feel like victory anymore. Athena's eyes stayed hard, her lips tight. Apollo and Artemis held each other, their glow dim. Poseidon pressed his trident into the ground, his face pale. Nyx's veil trembled, Gaia's roots bled into ash.

They had come to fight a pantheon. Instead, they had watched Hades lay waste to it.

And in their silence, one truth burned in every mind:

This was not war anymore.

This was replacement.

Hades turned, his crimson eyes locking on them. His voice rolled like caverns breaking.

"One pantheon falls. Many more will follow."

He spread his wings, and the ashes of the Hindu realm scattered into silence.

The war was only beginning.

A/N

Thanks for reading my work

Chapter 163: African

The horizon of Africa spread before him like an endless drumbeat.

The air here was different—not heavy with hymns like India, nor steeped in incense like Egypt. It was alive. The soil itself hummed with rhythm. Rivers whispered like voices carrying old names, and the trees swayed as if listening to ancestors speaking in the wind.

Zeus stood at the threshold of that realm, sparks crawling across his shoulders, his cloak snapping faintly in the storm that curled around him. He had left the silence of Egypt behind, left his kin to their own war in the east. Hades had gone where only abyss belonged. Zeus had chosen this path instead—the west, the cradle of drums and fire, where gods no one dared call minor waited with blades of thunder and roots of earth.

His eyes narrowed. "Africa."

The word cracked with weight.

The first to rise was no god of palace or sky. He came out of the river, shoulders broad, skin glistening with water that shimmered like gold. A spear rested in his hand, not forged of iron but of riverstone sharpened by centuries. His presence bent the current behind him, as though the Nile itself remembered his name.

Osunmaru, guardian of waters.

Behind him came Ogun, iron burning in his fists, scars running down his chest where flames had once tested him. He held no shield—his body was iron itself. Sparks hissed off his skin, brighter than Zeus's lightning.

Shango followed, wrapped in storm, eyes burning with fire and thunder both. Every step cracked the ground. His double axe gleamed, heavy as mountains.

The earth itself rumbled, and Ala rose, her body the shape of soil and clay, her hair crowned with vines, her gaze endless. The ground bent to her with each breath.

And higher still, on winds that smelled of incense and dust, Obatala stood—white as dawn, his robe woven with light, his staff glowing like a sun caged in wood. His eyes saw everything, past and present.

One by one, they stepped forward. The Orishas, pillars of the Yoruba, guardians of fire, iron, rivers, storm, earth, sky. Around them others gathered—spirits of ancestors, masks carved from memory, warriors born from drums. The African pantheon had not waited in silence. They had prepared.

Zeus looked at them, sparks crawling down his arms. His lips curved faint, more tired than amused.

"Good. You stand together. Better than Egypt. Better than the east. But together only means I crush you all at once."

His storm flared, thunder rolling in black clouds above. The sky trembled, lightning bleeding silver across the plains.

Ogun stepped first, his iron fists striking against each other, sparks roaring. "You are not welcome here, sky-thief."

Zeus tilted his head, eyes sharp. "Not welcome? Then I am home."

The first clash split the rivers.

Ogun charged, fists glowing red-hot, iron burning with the heat of forges. His punch landed against Zeus's chest with a crack that split the air. Sparks screamed, rivers shattering under the impact.

Zeus gritted his teeth, sparks burning along his jaw. He caught Ogun's second strike, lightning coiling down his arm. The ground exploded under their clash, iron and storm tearing the earth apart.

Then Shango leapt in, axe burning with fire and thunder. His strike split the clouds, the sky itself screaming. Zeus twisted, lightning spiraling around his body, his fist meeting axe. The shockwave hurled rivers into the air, tore trees from their roots.

Obatala raised his staff, and light poured outward, weaving a dome across the battlefield. Inside it, rhythm tightened. Every god moved sharper, faster, their power pressed into unity.

Zeus snarled, his sparks fighting against the cage. His storm bent against the light, but Obatala's gaze stayed steady.

"You cannot unmake us," Obatala said softly. "We are root. We are drum. We are memory. Even if you kill, we remain."

Zeus spat blood into the soil, his grin curling cruel. "Then I will kill memory itself."

His storm exploded, silver chains of lightning tearing through the dome, shattering its rhythm. Obatala staggered, blood trickling from his lips.

Ala stepped forward. The earth rose with her, mountains thrusting upward, roots twisting into spears. Her hand closed, and the ground itself bent around Zeus, trying to crush him in the grip of soil.

Zeus planted his feet, his storm rooting into the cracks. He pressed his palm against the ground, sparks flaring.

"Earth bends to thunder," he growled.

Lightning surged down, splitting the soil. Mountains cracked apart, roots burned black, the ground itself trembling as if afraid. Ala cried out, her clay body fracturing.

But the Orishas did not falter.

Osunmaru's spear swept across the river, water twisting into blades. They sliced across Zeus's chest, cutting deep. Blood spilled red into the river, mixing with gold.

Zeus staggered, sparks dimming for a moment. His jaw clenched, his storm pressing harder. He raised his hand, lightning spearing into the river, boiling it to steam. Osunmaru screamed, his body searing, his spear cracking.

Shango struck again, his axe biting into Zeus's shoulder. Zeus roared, his storm detonating outward. The axe shattered into shards, but Shango's fist caught Zeus's jaw, breaking sparks from his mouth.

The two clashed like storms colliding, thunder tearing across the sky. Every strike was fire, every counter lightning. Blood sprayed across the plains, rivers boiled black.

Ogun came again, iron fists cracking into Zeus's ribs. Zeus's storm wrapped around him, sparks burning into the iron. Both screamed as their bodies cracked under the clash.

Obatala raised his staff once more, light surging, trying to weave rhythm back into the fight. But Zeus hurled his lightning into it, shattering the staff in two. Obatala fell back, his robe burning white to ash.

The battlefield shook, chaos rolling like drums beaten too hard. Ancestor spirits cried from the winds, their voices trembling through the trees. Warriors of memory struck with spears of bone, masks gleaming with painted rage. They rushed Zeus from every side, their blades cutting sparks from his body.

Zeus roared, his storm bursting outward. The spirits shattered, masks cracking, bones dissolving into dust. The drums faltered, silence swallowing rhythm.

But still the Orishas stood.

Osunmaru bleeding, spear broken.

Ogun scorched, iron cracking.

Shango's axe shattered, his fists raw.

Obatala's staff ruined, his robe torn.

Ala's body fractured, her clay bleeding dust.

They gathered again, their eyes burning.

And Zeus stood before them, chest bleeding, storm raging, sparks crawling across his broken skin. His grin widened, sharp and merciless.

"You bleed well," he said. "But I bleed better."

They charged as one.

Ogun's fists hammered like iron storms.

Shango's fire roared with thunder.

Osunmaru's rivers rose, spears cutting sharp.

Ala's mountains crashed down.

Obatala's light surged once more, steady and unyielding.

The plains broke apart. Rivers boiled. Mountains split. Trees turned to ash. The storm and the Orishas tore the world open.

Zeus's storm thickened, silver chains of lightning curling around his arms. He caught Ogun's fists, broke them apart with thunder. He hurled lightning into Shango's chest, burning fire into silence. He crushed Osunmaru's spear, sparks drowning the river. He split Ala's mountains with a roar, his storm ripping soil apart. He shattered Obatala's light, sparks devouring it whole.

One by one, they fell back, broken, bleeding, but unyielding.

Zeus stood tall, sparks crawling across his body, his storm burning brighter. His voice rolled heavy, terrible.

"This is not your age. It is mine. Pantheons fall. I rise. And from your ashes, I will take what I need."

The sky cracked above him. The plains trembled. The rivers screamed.

The Orishas staggered to their feet, their bodies broken, but their eyes burning still. They raised their weapons, their fists, their roots.

And Zeus raised his hand, lightning spearing into the heavens, his storm howling like the voice of a god who had stopped playing defense.

The war in Africa had begun.

And no one watching—god, spirit, or ancestor—could tell if the land itself would survive.

Chapter 164: Submission

The plains of the Yoruba cracked behind him. Smoke rose from rivers that once sang, mountains lay broken, and the Orishas struggled to hold what was left. Yet Zeus did not pause. His storm rolled forward, sparks hissing as if impatient. He had bled, yes, but his grin had not dimmed. This land was vast, its gods many, and he intended to see them all.

The wind shifted. The scent of wet earth, thick forests, and drums carried on the breeze. The storm above bent toward it, pulled as though the sky itself pointed him to the next throne. Zeus stepped across the blackened soil, lightning walking with him.

The Igbo realm opened not with palaces or rivers but with trees that swallowed the horizon. Forests layered thick, canopies stacked like cathedrals. In their shade burned fires of red clay, shrines humming with power. Every tree root whispered a name. Every drumbeat in the distance carried weight.

From the heart of that forest came the first figure.

Ala, earth goddess of the Igbo, not the Ala of Yoruba but her kin in name, stepped forward. Her body gleamed with bronze dust, her eyes heavy as stone. Beside her stood Amadioha, lightning scarred across his chest, hammer gripped in both hands. Oaths hung around him like chains of storm. Behind them, smaller figures gathered—Ikenga with his horns, Ekwensu with a grin sharp as blades, Ani of fertility, spirits of market and war.

Their presence shook the trees, but they did not charge.

Amadioha's voice rolled low. "You came through Yoruba with blood. Now you enter Igbo." His hammer sparked faintly, thunder curling across his arm. "You seek the same here?"

Zeus tilted his head. Sparks flared across his shoulders, thunder answering thunder. "I do not seek. I take."

The forest groaned, but Ala raised her hand, silencing the warriors around her. Her eyes stayed fixed on Zeus.

"You bleed storm, like him," she said, voice deep as earth shifting. "But your thunder is not ours. Your storm carries hunger. We hear it in the trees."

Zeus's grin widened. "Then kneel before it. Or burn."

The drums in the distance stopped. For a moment the forest was silent, as if even the leaves leaned closer.

Ikenga's horns gleamed faintly, his hand twitching toward his blade, but Ala shook her head once. "We will not die like Egypt. We will not rise and fall like Hindu. We know what comes. This age belongs to you and the shadow behind you."

Her gaze hardened. "We will submit."

The words cracked sharper than thunder.

The younger gods gasped. Ekwensu spat curses, his grin faltering. Amadioha's hammer dimmed. But Ala's voice carried no tremor. She lowered her head, and the roots beneath her sank deeper, as if the earth itself bowed.

Amadioha's shoulders tightened, but after a moment he followed, hammer pressing into the ground. One by one, the Igbo gods bent.

Zeus's storm flared, sparks hissing like approval. He stepped forward, the forest bending away from his feet. "Wise. Very wise." His crimson gaze swept across their bowed heads. "Your roots stay. Your shrines live. But from this moment, your thunder is mine."

The storm moved on.

Where forest ended, water stretched. Wide deltas, mangrove roots tangled like claws, rivers breathing salt and mud. This was the land of the Ijaw, where every current carried songs of ancestors drowned and risen again. The waters churned as Zeus stepped onto the banks, sparks crackling against the tide.

From the river rose their gods.

Adumu, the great python, coiled high, his scales shimmering green-black, eyes like mirrors of the deep. His hiss rattled the mangroves. Beside him stepped Woyengi, the creator, her robes woven from seafoam, her gaze endless and patient. Behind her came smaller spirits—water gods with nets of pearl, masks dripping river weed, warriors carved from tide and storm.

The delta itself bent under their presence. The air thickened with salt.

Woyengi's voice flowed like water over stone. "We felt the thunder in Yoruba. We smelled the ash from Igbo. And now you walk here." Her eyes pierced into him. "You carry storm, but not storm alone. You carry what feeds on gods. We know its scent."

Zeus's storm growled around him. "Then you know resistance means drowning."

The python hissed, his coils wrapping higher, but Woyengi raised her hand. The waters stilled. Her gaze softened, though her lips curved with sorrow.

"The Ijaw have drowned before. We learned long ago when to fight and when to sink. We will not fight you." She lowered her head, her seafoam robes sinking into the river. "We submit."

The python's coils quivered, but after a moment they lowered, his body bowing low. The smaller gods followed, their masks dipping beneath the tide.

Zeus exhaled, sparks bleeding into the water. His storm lit the mangroves silver, and the river bowed with the weight of his presence. "Good. Rivers that kneel keep flowing. Rivers that fight dry."

He turned, his storm already pressing westward.

Behind him, the Igbo forests lay silent, their gods bent beneath their roots. Behind him, the Ijaw deltas rolled, their rivers bowing low. The Yoruba still burned, their Orishas broken but not yet yielded.

Ahead stretched more lands—deserts of Sahara, kingdoms carved in dust and bronze, pantheons hidden in drums yet unsounded. The air itself trembled with what waited.

Zeus's sparks flared brighter, his storm climbing high until the horizon itself shivered.

"This land will break," he whispered, voice low, almost fond. "But I will not. From every river, every tree, every drum, I will take what feeds me. Africa will not kneel to storm. Africa will become storm."

The ground shook as thunder split the horizon. The storm spread wider, swallowing forest, delta, and sky alike.

Zeus walked forward.

And Africa trembled under his step.

A/N

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

Please

Please

Please

Please

I'm begging for a gift 🎁

Thank you so much

Chapter 165: Quests Complete

The air over Africa hung heavy, thick with the scent of scorched earth and salt-soaked rivers. Zeus stood at the edge of a vast savanna, where the horizon burned gold under a sky bruised with his storm. His boots sank into the cracked ground, sparks dancing off his shoulders like fireflies. The continent trembled faintly beneath him, as if it still felt the weight of his conquests. Yoruba's flames had dimmed, Igbo's forests bowed, and Ijaw's deltas flowed in submission. The gods of this land, ancient and proud, had knelt before him, their power now threads woven into his storm.

He exhaled, and the clouds above churned, spitting lightning that split the dusk. His crimson eyes scanned the endless plain, searching for the next challenge, the next throne. The air pulsed, not with thunder, but with something deeper—a hum that sank into his bones. His grin flickered. Something was coming.

A flash cut through the sky, not lightning, but a shimmer like molten glass. It coalesced before him, forming a translucent panel that hovered in the air, glowing with runes that

pulsed like heartbeats. Words etched themselves into the light, sharp and clear, as if carved by an unseen hand.

Quest Complete: The Primordial Hunt

Objectives Met:

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

Rewards Granted:

- Title: Storm Over Creation, Breaker of the First Dawn
- Primordial Authority Assimilation

(Passive: gain fragments of a Primordial's dominion upon their defeat)

- Unlock Hidden System Path: The Throne Beyond the Sky
- Unknown Reward: Granted

The panel pulsed once more, then dissolved into sparks that sank into Zeus's chest. A rush of power surged through him, not just lightning but something older, heavier—like the weight of stars being born. His storm roared louder, the clouds above twisting into spirals that mirrored his heartbeat. He clenched his fist, feeling the new title settle into his soul. *Storm Over Creation*. It fit. He was no longer just the king of Olympus. He was something more, something that made even the sky tremble.

But the hum didn't stop. The air shivered again, and another panel flared to life, its light softer, golden, like dawn breaking over a battlefield.

Quest Complete: The Age of Gods

Objectives Met:

- Build Pantheon Seats (12/12)
- Gain Full Realm Recognition (3/3)
- Rewrite the Divine Law
- Survive the First Crisis

Rewards Granted:

- Origin Core Access
- Omnipantheon Integration Key
- Legacy Path Revelation

The words burned into his vision, and for a moment, Zeus stood still, his grin fading into something quieter, almost reverent. Olympus, his mountain, his throne, now stood as the heart of all realms. The pantheons—Egyptian, Hindu, Yoruba, Igbo, Ijaw, and countless others—had either bent the knee or been broken. The Divine Law, that ancient code binding gods to their roles, was his to shape now. He had survived the crisis, the Primordials' wrath, and emerged not just a king, but a force that rewrote existence itself.

The panel flickered, and a final message appeared, smaller, almost an afterthought.

(The Throne Beyond the Sky awaits. Step forward, Storm Over Creation.)

Zeus's grin returned, sharper now, like a blade catching light. He tilted his head back, letting the wind whip through his hair, his storm coiling around him like a living thing. The savanna stretched endless before him, but he could feel it—the pull of something beyond, a throne not bound by earth or sky. His lightning crackled, eager, as if it knew what came next.

He took a step, and the ground shook. The storm followed, a cascade of thunder and light that painted the savanna silver.

The savanna lay quiet, save for the whisper of grass bending under the storm. Zeus stood still, crimson eyes locked on the golden light still lingering where the panel had faded. The air around him tingled, heavy with energy that wasn't only his lightning anymore. It was older, stranger, threaded with weight that pressed even the ground into silence.

The hum returned, steady now, almost like a heartbeat that wasn't his. Then the voice came—not spoken, not sung, but carved directly into the marrow of his being.

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[Rewards]

Title Granted: Storm Over Creation, Breaker of the First Dawn.

This title is not symbolic. It anchors into existence. Wherever you walk, the laws of sky and storm bend first to you. You are not only Zeus, King of Olympus—you are the storm

at the beginning and the storm that ends. Enemies who invoke creation before you will falter. Their foundations remember you as breaker.

Zeus's lips curled faintly, not a smile but acknowledgment. The air thickened with silver sparks, lightning spilling in lazy arcs across his shoulders. His storm felt sharper now, cleaner. Each bolt hummed as though it carried memory, not just power.

Passive Ability Unlocked: Primordial Authority Assimilation.

Upon the defeat of a Primordial or those seeded with their essence, fragments of their dominion fuse into your own. These fragments cannot be rejected or undone. They will warp your storm, deepen it, make it something beyond lightning. Be cautious—assimilation changes both dominion and bearer.

The words burned through him, and he felt it immediately. His storm no longer smelled only of ozone and fire. Beneath it lingered faint traces of silence from Tartarus, of abyss from Hades's growth, of rhythm broken from Shiva. The storm was no longer only sky. It was the place where other powers ended.

Zeus's jaw tightened. "So I carry their graves in my storm."

The system didn't answer. It only continued.

Path Unlocked: The Throne Beyond the Sky.

This path cannot be forced. It opens as seats are claimed, as pantheons bend, as laws of divinity are rewritten. It is not Olympus expanded. It is Olympus unbound. Ascension through this path leads beyond godhood into a station unnamed since the First Dawn. Requirements remain hidden until each stage is approached.

The air shimmered with faint gold before dimming. Zeus's storm throbbed once, then steadied.

He let the silence linger. The words sank deep. A throne beyond sky. Not just Olympus ruling, but Olympus no longer chained to realm or earth. For the first time, his grin softened into something close to wonder.

But the hum didn't stop. A second wave of words cut across the sky, golden instead of silver.

[Age of Gods Reward Clarification]

Origin Core Access.

You now possess entry to the hidden foundation that fuels all realms. The Origin Core is not a weapon. It is the first breath of existence. Through it, you may draw threads of raw creation and bend them into storm, into law, into thrones. Misuse risks collapse of the weave itself.

The moment it sank into him, Zeus staggered. For the briefest instant, the savanna vanished. He stood in a place where no sky bent overhead, no ground anchored below. A pulsing sphere of light floated before him, fractured yet unbroken. It thrummed like breath, like heart, like drum. Each pulse lit him from the inside, and he realized it wasn't showing him something—it was letting him feel that he had touched the first thing that ever was.

He inhaled, and the savanna returned. Sparks hissed off his skin as if reluctant to hold so much.

Omnipanthemon Integration Key.

This key is not material. It rests within you. When invoked, you may call upon the recognition of every pantheon bound under Olympus. Submission, conquest, and alliance all count. The more you bind, the heavier the integration, until Olympus no longer stands as a mountain among others but as the single spine of divinity.

Zeus closed his hand, sparks dripping like water. He could feel it—threads pulling from Yoruba, whispers from Igbo, rivers from Ijaw. Their oaths had not vanished. They had become his storm's roots. He could draw on them at will, bend their power into Olympus's frame.

He muttered low, "Not conquered, not erased. Bound."

Legacy Path Revelation.

This reward does not activate yet. Its nature remains concealed. Legacy is not built by conquest alone. It reveals itself when Olympus survives what no pantheon before has. Continue forward.

The golden light flickered, then bled away into the dusk. Silence fell again, broken only by distant thunder rolling across the savanna.

Zeus tilted his head back, staring into the storm above. Sparks traced his jaw, crimson eyes glowing faintly. For a long moment, he didn't move. The weight of the rewards pressed against him—storm sharpened, dominions fused, a throne waiting above the sky, access to creation itself. And yet, hidden still, a legacy unrevealed.

He exhaled slow. The savanna bent beneath the sound, grass flattening. His grin returned, not wide but certain.

"So this is what it means to break dawn itself," he said softly. "Good. Let them come."

The storm thickened, lightning crawling wider across the heavens, as if the sky itself prepared to follow him beyond.

He stepped forward again. The ground cracked. Sparks hissed. The savanna trembled.

But now, every step didn't just carry thunder. It carried silence, abyss, rhythm broken, creation itself humming beneath. His storm was no longer one thing. It was all things waiting to end.

And from high above, unseen eyes—Primordial, vast, unblinking—watched.

The hunt was not over.

It had only begun.

Chapter 166: Origin Core

The Sahara stretched before Zeus, a sea of gold and dust that shimmered under a merciless sun. The air was dry, sharp with heat, carrying no trace of the rivers or forests he'd left behind. His boots crunched on the cracked earth, each step kicking up faint clouds of sand that danced in the wind. His storm trailed him, a restless coil of clouds and lightning that clashed with the desert's endless blue sky. Sparks flickered off his

shoulders, his eyes scanning the horizon, searching not for gods or thrones but for something deeper—a pulse he'd felt since the system's voice faded.

The rewards were his now. The title, *Storm Over Creation, Breaker of the First Dawn*, thrummed in his chest like a second heartbeat. The Primordial fragments he'd claimed twisted his lightning into something heavier, older. The Omnipantheon Key tethered distant gods to his will. But it was the *Origin Core Access* that burned brightest in his mind, a promise of power beyond anything he'd wielded before. The system called it the first breath of existence, a source to shape or break. He needed to know what that meant.

Zeus stopped, the wind howling around him, tugging at his tattered cloak. The desert was empty, no shrines, no drums, just silence and sand. Perfect. No gods to interrupt, no eyes to watch. Just him and the Core.

He closed his eyes, letting the storm quiet to a low rumble. The hum was there, faint but steady, buried deep in his soul. He reached for it, not with his hands but with his will, like grasping a thread of lightning. It resisted at first, slippery, like trying to hold water. Then it caught, and the world shifted.

The desert vanished.

He stood in a void, not dark like Nyx's, but alive with light. A sphere pulsed before him, massive yet weightless, its surface fractured like cracked glass but glowing with colors no sky could hold—blues deeper than oceans, golds brighter than stars, reds that burned like blood. It didn't float so much as *exist*, a heartbeat that echoed in his chest. The Origin Core. The first breath of creation.

Zeus exhaled, his breath misting in the strange air. "Alright," he muttered, voice rough. "Show me what you are."

The Core pulsed, and a wave of energy washed over him, not violent but heavy, like sinking into a tide. His storm answered, lightning arcing from his fingers, but it felt small here, like a spark against a bonfire. He gritted his teeth, pushing deeper, his will pressing against the Core's surface. It didn't push back—it invited him in.

He stepped forward, or maybe he fell, and the Core swallowed him.

Light exploded, then softened. He was no longer in the void. He stood on a plain that wasn't a plain, a place where the ground shimmered like liquid starlight, where the air tasted of iron and ozone. The Core hung above him, smaller now, the size of a sun, its pulses slower, almost gentle. He could feel it breathing, not like a living thing but like the rhythm of existence itself—birth, death, and everything between.

Zeus raised his hand, sparks trailing from his fingertips. "Let's see what you can do," he said, his voice steady but laced with hunger. He reached out, not physically but with the

new power in his chest, the access the system had granted. The Core hummed louder, and a thread of light broke free, thin as a hair, curling toward him like smoke.

He caught it, and his mind lit up.

Images flooded him—not memories, but moments. A mountain rising from nothing, its peaks carving the sky. A river born from a single drop, spreading into deltas that sang with life. Stars igniting, their fire weaving constellations that whispered names he didn't know. It wasn't just power—it was creation, raw and unshaped, waiting for a hand to guide it.

Zeus laughed, low and rough, the sound echoing in the strange place. "This is what gods dream of," he said. "Let's try it."

He focused, picturing the desert he'd left behind. The sand, the heat, the endless gold. He pushed the thread of light outward, shaping it with his will. The Core pulsed, and the plain around him shimmered. Sand began to rise, not blown by wind but born from the ground, grains forming from nothing. A dune took shape, towering, its curves sharp against the starlit plain. He pushed harder, and a gust of wind followed, hot and dry, carrying the scent of baked earth.

"Not bad," he muttered, his grin sharp. But he wasn't done. He wanted more than sand.

He reached deeper into the Core, pulling another thread, thicker this time. The air crackled, and the ground trembled. A crack split the plain, and water poured upward, not falling but rising, clear and cold. It twisted into a river, its surface catching the Core's light, reflecting colors that danced like fire. Zeus stepped closer, dipping his hand into the flow. It was real—wet, cool, tasting of minerals when he licked his fingers.

His storm growled, jealous, and he let it join. Lightning arced from his hand, not to destroy but to shape. The river bent under his will, carving a path through the sand, its banks sprouting green—grass, reeds, then trees, their roots sinking deep. The plain was no longer empty; it was alive, a slice of the Sahara reborn but sharper, brighter, as if painted by a god's hand.

Zeus stepped back, his chest heaving, sparks dancing across his skin. The Core pulsed above, steady, unbothered, as if his work was a child's drawing. He laughed again, louder this time, the sound carrying across the new river. "You're something else," he said to the Core, his voice rough with awe. "Let's push it."

He reached again, bolder now, pulling not a thread but a stream of light. The Core didn't resist, but it felt heavier, like lifting a mountain. He didn't care. He pictured the desert's heart—a storm, not his, but born from the Core's power. The plain shook, and the sky above darkened, clouds forming from nothing, thick and black. Lightning cracked, not silver like his, but gold, raw, untamed. It struck the ground, and where it hit, stone rose, jagged and sharp, forming a peak that pierced the clouds.

Zeus staggered, his breath ragged. The Core's power was vast, but it pulled at him, demanding focus, precision. He wasn't just wielding lightning—he was weaving existence. His storm roared, merging with the Core's, and the peak grew taller, its surface gleaming like obsidian. He pushed one last time, and the mountain bloomed—not with fire, but with life. Vines curled up its sides, flowers bursting in colors no desert had ever seen.

He fell to one knee, sparks hissing off his skin. The Core pulsed, its light softening, as if satisfied. The plain was no longer a plain—it was a world, small but alive, with sand, river, trees, and a mountain that stood like a throne. Zeus grinned, sweat beading on his brow. "That's more like it," he said, voice hoarse.

The Core hummed, and the plain faded. He was back in the Sahara, the real Sahara, its sand stretching endless under the sun. But something was different. The air felt heavier, charged, like the moment before a storm breaks. He raised his hand, and a spark leaped from his fingers, not just lightning but something more—a flicker of the Core's light. The sand shifted, and a single blade of grass pushed through, green against the gold.

Zeus stared at it, his grin fading into something quieter. He'd touched creation itself, bent it to his will. But the Core wasn't a tool—it was a force, vast and patient, waiting for him to understand its weight. He stood, his storm coiling tighter, lightning weaving with that strange new light.

The desert was silent, but he could feel it—the Core's pulse, still tied to him, waiting. He'd shaped a piece of it, but there was more, so much more. The Throne Beyond the Sky loomed in his mind, Nyx's violet eyes a shadow at its edge. He didn't know what came next, but he knew one thing: the Core was his now, and he'd use it to carve his path.

Zeus turned, his cloak snapping in the wind. The Sahara stretched before him, endless and waiting. His storm roared, and a single bolt of gold lightning cracked the sky, leaving a faint hum in its wake.

He walked on, the desert trembling beneath his steps, the Core's pulse echoing in his soul.

Olympus.

Lucifer's eyes narrowed as he lifted his gaze. High above the mountain, beyond clouds and stars, a throne hung suspended in the vast sky—radiant, untouchable. The Throne Beyond the Sky.

He let out a low laugh, bitter and impressed all at once. "So the bastard's done it. He's taken hold of creation itself. Incredible..." His grin sharpened as his voice dropped. "Now let's see how Father reacts to this."

