

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 2: Cronus - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 2: Cronus Chapter 2 - Cronus

Mount Dikti – Five Years Later

A boy stood at the edge of the mountain, white hair whipping in the wind like lightning made flesh. His body was young, yeah—maybe ten at best—but there was something wrong with that number, he was actually five. The muscle on him was already sharp, like his bones were forged instead of grown. His eyes—bright, electric blue—stared down at the clouds below like he owned them.

Because he kind of did.

This was Zeus.

Well... now Zeus.

Before this life, he was someone else—someone from another world. Regular. Mortal. Boring. He didn't know how or why, but waking up sucking goat milk in a cold cave wasn't exactly on his bucket list. For weeks, he thought this was some weird medieval magic fantasy world.

That is... until the nymphs called him Zeus.

And then everything clicked.

"Oh," he had whispered. "I'm that Zeus."

King of Olympus. Lightning god. Beard guy.

The one who overthrows daddy dearest and takes the universe by storm.

At first, he didn't know how to take it. Should he follow fate? Or just chill and live his second life milking goats and roasting fish?

But it didn't matter. Not really. Because as long as Cronus still breathed, he'd always be a threat. And deep down, Zeus knew—he wasn't built to play it safe.

So, the moment he could walk, he started training.

Punching boulders. Running cliffs. Meditating under waterfalls.

(Okay, that last one only lasted three minutes. He got bored.)

But he didn't stop.

And one day, just after nearly zapping a tree by sneezing too hard—

[DING!]

A floating screen popped up in front of him.

OLYMPIAN CODEX SYSTEM v0.1

— Welcome, Zeus —

Initializing Divine Interface...

Checking Faith Resonance...

Status: Stable

Divine Tier: [Fledgling Deity]

Current Realm Influence: 0.7%

System Features Unlocked: [1/12]

He blinked. Then blinked again.

"...What the hell is this? Tutorial Mode: Godhood?"

He tapped the screen. It reacted.

[OPEN STATUS TAB]

Name: Zeus

Title: None

Divine Tier: 1 (Fledgling Deity)

Faith Level: Local (10 Nymphs, 2 Spirits, 1 Goat)

Divine Power: 8/100

Skills:

Lightning Flicker (Lv. 1) – Occasionally zaps things when emotionally unstable.

Thunder Shout (Lv. 1) – Causes minor tremors in nearby wildlife.

Smite (Locked)

Aether Control (Locked)

Call of Olympus (Locked)

Realmcrafting (Locked)

Pantheon Command (Locked)

Ascendancy Mode (Locked)

Zeus squinted at the screen.

"Wow. My power level is just slightly above a slightly angry toaster."

He scrolled.

"Oh look, I have ten believers. Half of them don't wear clothes and the other one is a goat. Very impressive. Truly divine."

He tapped the Lightning Flicker icon.

A jolt popped out of his hand and zapped a nearby rock.

It exploded.

"...Okay. That was kinda cool."

Then he grinned. That wild, confident grin that didn't care if he was a kid, didn't care if he was outclassed, outnumbered, or fated to die in some prophecy-fueled war.

Because now?

Now he had a system.

"Alright, Cronus. Keep breathing while you can," Zeus muttered, stretching his arms.
"But just so you know... your kid's got cheat codes now."

And above him, clouds started swirling.

[MISSION UNLOCKED]

"Awaken the God Within"

– Reach Divine Power Level 20

– Unlock Skill: Smite

Reward: Weapon Slot Activation, Divine Armor (Tier I)

Zeus cracked his knuckles and turned to the forest.

"Time to go find something stupid and punch it."

The Titan's Court – Mount Othrys

The doors of Rhea's chamber slammed open.

Out stepped Cronus, King of the Titans, ruler of the world, and god of time itself.

His face was carved from stone, sharp lines etched deeper by years of silent frustration. His golden eyes were cold, and his steps were thunderous, like time itself was stomping through the palace.

He didn't say a word. Just clenched his fists and walked.

The guards bowed low. None dared meet his gaze.

From behind the stone pillars, the wind shifted—and a familiar voice broke the heavy air.

"Rough morning?"

Cronus turned his head just slightly.

Standing with arms folded, calm as a still ocean, was Oceanus—eldest of the Titans, draped in robes that shimmered like flowing water.

He raised a brow, a faint smirk tugging at his lips.

"If I were Rhea, I wouldn't let you lay with me either."

Everything stopped.

The birds. The breeze. Even the sunlight seemed to hesitate.

Cronus turned fully now, his expression darkening like the sky before a storm.

"Watch your words, Oceanus."

Oceanus shrugged casually, stepping forward.

"I mean, really. You swallowed all your kids. What kind of pillow talk is that? 'Hey darling, remember our son Hades? Yeah, he's somewhere in my spleen.'"

Cronus's face twitched.

"You think this is a joke?" he growled. "A prophecy was spoken. One of my children will rise against me. I did what had to be done."

Oceanus tilted his head.

"And in doing so, you guaranteed it."

That hit. Cronus's hand twitched toward the blade at his waist, but Oceanus didn't flinch. His voice stayed calm, rippling with quiet wisdom.

"There are better ways to keep your children from killing you than eating them, brother."

"Like what?" Cronus snapped. "Coddling them? Letting them grow, train, and one day slit my throat in my sleep?"

Oceanus sighed, rubbing his temples like he'd had this conversation too many times.

"You could guide them. Teach them. Make them loyal. Not afraid. You rule like the end is already written—and that's exactly how you bring it closer."

"Don't lecture me on fate," Cronus snapped. "I crushed Ouranos with my own hands. I made this era."

"And you'll bury it just as fast if you keep ruling like your father," Oceanus said, voice sharp now.

The air between them cracked, tense and ancient.

Then, without another word, Cronus turned and walked away, cloak dragging behind like a curtain of dusk.

Oceanus watched him go, eyes unreadable.

"You've set the clock ticking, brother," he muttered to himself. "And time doesn't serve you anymore. It never does."

Far above Mount Othrys, the sky rolled. Clouds trembled.

A distant storm was forming.

And far away, deep in the heart of Crete, a boy with lightning in his bones was training to end the age of Titans.

Chapter 3 - The Kouretes And Training

Mount Dikti was quiet that morning. The sky hung low with clouds, but no rain came. Just wind—soft, steady—moving through the rocks like it was listening.

Down in the sacred grove, hidden by twisting trees and stone pillars, Zeus stood surrounded by the Kouretes. The warriors moved in perfect rhythm—spinning, stomping, clashing their weapons together like a ritual dance. Dust kicked up around them, forming a storm of motion and noise.

And in the middle of it, barefoot and shirtless, was a ten-year-old boy with white hair and a fire in his eyes. He moved like he belonged there. Like the storm was his.

"He's grown into a fine young man, Mother," Rhea said quietly.

She stood at the edge of the grove, her voice soft, hands folded in front of her. Her long crimson robe swayed with the wind. Golden bands wrapped her arms, and a crown of twisted olive branches sat gently on her head. She looked regal—but tired. There was grief behind her eyes, a silence that never left her since Cronus swallowed their children.

Beside her stood a much older figure, taller, broader, carved more from nature than flesh. Gaia, the Earth Mother. Her skin shimmered like sunlit bark. Moss grew along her bare shoulders, and her hair was woven from vines and leaves, braided by time itself. She didn't speak often—but when she did, the mountain listened.

Gaia's gaze was fixed on Zeus.

"He grows fast," she said, her voice like deep soil, warm and unshakable. "Faster than Cronus will expect."

Rhea smiled faintly, her fingers curling around her robes.

"He's reckless. Talks back. Breaks things just to see how they work. He nearly shocked one of the Kouretes unconscious last week."

Gaia's lips curved, almost a smile.

"He is the sky, Rhea. He was born to break."

Rhea looked down. Her voice cracked a little.

"He was also born to fight his father. To kill him. And I..." She hesitated. "I don't know if I can survive losing another child. Even if he wins."

Gaia placed a hand on her daughter's shoulder—roots softly wrapping around Rhea's wrist like a quiet embrace.

"You won't lose him. He is not like the others. He carries two souls now."

Rhea blinked.

"You knew?"

Gaia nodded slowly, eyes never leaving the boy in the storm.

"From the moment he cried lightning. A soul reborn... guided here by fate. That boy is not just your son, Rhea. He is the storm that ends an age."

Thunder cracked in the distance.

Zeus threw a punch, and one of the Kouretes stumbled back, laughing.

Rhea exhaled deeply.

"Then may the Fates have mercy on Cronus."

Back to Zeus and the Kouretes

The storm clouds circled above the mountain like they were watching, waiting.

The ground beneath Zeus's feet vibrated gently, little cracks of static snapping in the air. His white hair swayed even without wind, lifted by raw energy as arcs of lightning danced over his arms and shoulders, weaving through his fingers like living threads.

He stood shirtless, bare-footed, covered in dirt, bruises, and pride. His eyes shimmered with electricity, and his grin hadn't left his face since the last explosion.

Across from him, the Kouretes stood in formation. Weapons drawn. Armor glowing faintly under the dimming sun.

Dion stepped forward, flames rising off his twin axes like they were hungry.

"Now," he said, voice loud and deep, echoing around the canyon. "Time for your final lesson, young god."

Zeus blinked. "Final lesson?"

He tilted his head, lightning crackling over his neck.

"What is it, how to grow a beard like yours?"

The warriors snorted—except Nema, who was already spinning one of her wind scythes around her finger with a smirk.

"No, pretty boy," she called out. "Your final lesson is how to not get smacked by all seven of us at once."

Zeus laughed. "So it's a group hug, but with weapons?"

"Exactly," she grinned. "We call it training—but it's really just stress relief."

"Oh good," Zeus cracked his knuckles, lightning bursting off his shoulders. "I was worried you guys were going soft."

Syra stepped forward, her tonfa rings humming with silent energy. She didn't speak—just bowed her head.

Koros planted his shield into the earth, standing tall like a wall of steel and stone.

Thalos cracked his knuckles, the ground around his feet rippling in sync.

Myra notched an arrow without looking.

Varken swung his hammer over his shoulder, grumbling, "If this brat fries my beard again, I'm shoving that hand of his up his divine—"

"Alright!" Dion shouted, cutting him off. He looked back at Zeus.

"We've trained your body. We've trained your power. Now we train your will."

Zeus rolled his neck. "And here I thought you were going to say 'friendship' or something."

"Cute," Dion smirked. "Try not to die."

Then he charged.

Axes blazing.

The Circle Moved

Dion was first, a storm of flame and steel.

Zeus dodged to the left—barely—lightning pulsing off his body to propel him backward. As soon as his foot touched the ground, Syra was already there, silent and swift. Her tonfas struck, one-two-three.

Zeus caught the second hit with his forearm—CRACK!—and flipped backward, landing beside Nema.

She grinned. "You're doing great."

Then she kned him in the chest.

WHAM.

He flew across the field, bounced twice, and rolled to a stop near Thalos, who raised a rock wall.

Zeus groaned. "I was doing great."

Thalos raised a brow and swung.

Zeus ducked—barely—and responded with a bolt of lightning straight to the ground. A pulse exploded outward, scattering dirt and breaking the wall apart.

Myra's arrow flew past his cheek. A warning shot. The next one would hit.

Varken landed in front of him like a falling star, hammer raised.

"Surprise!" the old smith roared.

Zeus grinned and clapped both hands together.

BOOM!

The thunder shockwave sent Varken sliding, cursing all the way.

For a second, everything went quiet. Zeus stood in the middle of the circle, panting, sparks flicking off his skin.

"Okay... definitely not a group hug."

Above the Mountain

Rhea and Gaia watched from a high ledge.

Rhea smiled softly. "He's holding his own."

Gaia nodded. "But the real test is not strength."

"Then what is it?"

Gaia's eyes narrowed. "It's whether he rises when they bring him down."

Back on the Field

Dion raised a hand. The Kouretes regrouped.

Zeus wiped blood from his lip. "So... round two?"

Nema winked. "Nope."

She leaned her scythe against her shoulder.

"Round ten."

Zeus sighed. "You people need hobbies."

Then he dropped into a stance, eyes glowing.

"Alright. Come break your god."

And the Circle charged.

Chapter 4 - Smite

Mount Dikti

The sound of weapons clashing echoed across the mountain like war drums. The earth shook with every step. Dust kicked into the air. Sparks danced like fireflies. This wasn't a training ground anymore—it was a battleground.

Zeus stood in the center of it all, his chest heaving, muscles tensed, lightning crawling across his arms like it was alive and waiting. His fists were bruised, knuckles bloodied, and his whole body throbbed from impact after impact—but his eyes...

His eyes were thrilled.

"Come on!" he yelled, laughing as Koros swung his massive shield toward him.

Zeus ducked under the arc, slid across the dirt, and rolled to his feet just in time to leap over Syra's silent strike. An arrow from Myra clipped his shoulder—but he didn't even flinch. The spark in his blood was burning brighter now.

He was getting faster. Stronger.

But they weren't holding back anymore either.

Dion came in from the right, flame-axes roaring.

Zeus met him head-on. Their weapons didn't clash—they exploded.

BOOM!

Lightning met flame, and the blast knocked both fighters back ten feet. Zeus landed in a crouch, sliding to a stop, sparks flying around his body.

Then—

[DING!]

A soft chime echoed in his head.

His body froze for a moment, eyes flickering.

Then came the golden light. A system screen opened before him, floating, shining with divine code and power.

OLYMPIAN CODEX – SYSTEM UPGRADE

Level Up: Divine Power – 20/100

New Skill Unlocked: [Smite Lv.1]

Divine Weapon Unlocked: [Skybreaker Gauntlets – Tier I]

Divine Armor Unlocked: [Aegis Scale – Tier I]

Zeus blinked.

"...Wait, I got loot?"

He smirked. "Now that's my kind of training reward."

[Skybreaker Gauntlets – Tier I]

Forged from storm-forged iron, infused with raw aether. Increases lightning output and punch impact by 300%.

[Aegis Scale – Tier I]

Lightweight divine armor. Adapts to the user's form. Reduces incoming damage by 50% and channels divine flow more efficiently.

[Smite Lv.1]

Call down a concentrated bolt of divine lightning to obliterate a target. Warning: overkill likely.

The Kouretes paused as Zeus stood there, glowing like a storm ready to erupt.

"System, equip," Zeus whispered, grinning.

Lightning surged around him—then snapped inward. A pulse of raw divine power burst from his chest. The wind howled. Trees bent. The ground beneath his feet cracked.

When the light faded, he was no longer bare-handed.

Thick silver-blue gauntlets clung to his arms, etched with glowing runes that pulsed like a heartbeat. His torso was now wrapped in layered scales of shimmering divine metal, light yet solid, forming the chestplate of the Aegis Scale.

He looked down at his arms.

"Oh hell yeah."

Dion narrowed his eyes.

"What... did you just put on?"

Zeus raised his gauntleted fists and smiled.

"New gear. Let's test it out."

Nema charged first. Her wind scythes curved in from both sides.

Zeus ducked, pivoted, then punched the air.

The force of it created a shockwave—CRACK!

She was blown back mid-spin, barely landing on her feet.

Varken yelled from across the field, "OI! That's cheating!"

"Not cheating," Zeus shouted back. "Leveling up!"

Koros stormed in, shield-first.

Zeus didn't dodge this time. He met the charge.

His gauntlets lit up.

BOOM!

The impact created a crater. Koros was pushed back, feet digging trenches in the earth.

Myra loosed three arrows. Zeus spun, knocking one aside with his arm, letting the others strike his armor. They bounced off harmlessly.

"Nice aim!" he yelled. "Terrible damage!"

She gritted her teeth. "That armor's annoying."

Thalos raised a spike of earth. Zeus smashed through it with one fist like it was made of paper.

Syra moved in fast, spinning, silent.

But Zeus was faster now. He caught her mid-strike, gently flipping her over his shoulder into the grass.

"Still love you though," he muttered as she groaned.

Only Dion remained.

He stepped forward slowly, fire swirling around his axes, face serious.

Zeus raised his fists.

No jokes now.

Dion smiled.

"Show me what you've got, King of the Sky."

Zeus took a breath, then raised his hand to the heavens.

Lightning screamed above the clouds. The air grew still.

Then—

"SMITE!"

The sky tore open. A single bolt of lightning, brighter than anything they'd ever seen, came crashing down with a scream of raw divine fury.

It hit the ground right in front of Dion.

BOOOOOOOOM!!

The shockwave flattened the trees behind them. A massive crater burned into the earth. Dirt, rock, and flame spiraled upward like a mini volcano.

When the smoke cleared, Dion was flat on his back, armor cracked, hair smoking.

He groaned. "Alright... lesson passed."

Zeus stood in the middle of the crater, panting, arms lowered. The gauntlets still hummed with power. His grin was wide.

"That," he whispered, "was the coolest thing I've ever done."

The Kouretes slowly got to their feet, coughing, limping, but smiling.

Nema called out, "Next time you learn a new skill, maybe give us a head's up before you nuke the field!"

Zeus raised his hand again. "Want me to smite a warning shot?"

"NO!" they all yelled in unison.

Above the cliff, Rhea watched with wide eyes.

Gaia stood beside her, unmoved.

Rhea whispered, "He's awakening too fast."

Gaia nodded once.

"The world is shifting. Cronus will feel it soon."

And miles away, atop a dark throne of stone and fear,

Cronus opened his eyes.

He felt it.

A spark in the world he couldn't name—familiar, and dangerous.

"What... is this?" he whispered.

Chapter 5 - Thundervoid Realm

Mount Dikti – Crest of the World

The sun hovered low, casting long shadows over the craggy peaks of Mount Dikti. The air was thin and sharp, every breath tasting like clean stone and wind. Clouds drifted beneath the summit like lazy spirits, glowing orange under the fading light.

At the very top, near the jagged crown of the mountain, a boy stood.

White hair, wind-tossed. Eyes crackling with electric blue. Barefoot. Slight bruises lining his arms like battle medals. His new divine gauntlets shimmered faintly under the sun.

Zeus cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted into the sky.

"Alright, Grandma! I know you're watching! Get down here, already!"

A pause. Silence. Just the whistle of the wind and the cry of a distant eagle.

Then the stones began to shift.

Flowers bloomed between the cracks. Moss spread under his feet in soft spirals. The temperature rose slightly, like a warm heartbeat pressing against the earth.

And then—she stepped out of the mountainside itself.

Gaia.

Tall, ancient, barefoot, wearing robes of vines and woven bark. Her long green hair flowed behind her like slow rivers, and her eyes glowed with the weight of time. Wherever she walked, the land bloomed.

She smiled as she approached him, tilting her head. "What do you want, little lad?"

Zeus raised a brow at her.

"That's not a way to talk to your favorite grandson."

His voice was slightly off—he was still missing a back tooth—but his tone was all attitude.

Gaia chuckled, a deep, warm laugh that made the clouds curl tighter around the mountain's edge.

"You do know I have numerous grandchildren, right?"

Zeus didn't flinch. He folded his arms, chin high.

"I know. But let's not pretend. We both know I'm the favorite."

She raised an eyebrow, amused.

"Really?"

"Come on," he said, stepping forward. "Look at me. I'm adorable, powerful, dramatic. I yell at the sky. You like that."

Gaia snorted.

"You're insufferable."

"And yet... you're smiling."

She couldn't help it. Her laughter rolled like distant thunder, soft and full of fondness. She reached forward and ruffled his hair, even as it sparked gently from leftover lightning.

"Alright, you brat," she said, eyes softening. "What do you want?"

Zeus looked up at her, serious now.

He hesitated for a second, then said,

"I need a realm."

That made her pause.

"A what?"

"A secret one," he said. "Somewhere hidden. Off the grid. Beyond Cronus's reach. Somewhere I can train. Grow. Break things without blowing up half the mountain."

Gaia narrowed her eyes, thoughtful.

"You've already begun awakening. That power inside you—it's going to attract attention, Zeus. Even now, the threads of fate are tightening."

"Exactly," Zeus said. "I don't want to wait around and hope I'm strong enough when Cronus shows up. I want to be ready."

He clenched his fists, lightning dancing between his fingers.

"I'm not just some prophecy kid. I'm gonna take the throne. And when I do... I want to earn it."

Gaia studied him in silence. His body was still young, but his soul... she could see it. Ancient. Wild. Stubborn. Heavy with power that hadn't been unlocked yet.

She turned to face the mountain's edge.

"Follow me."

The Descent Beneath the Mountain

They walked in silence, down paths that didn't exist to mortal eyes. With every step Gaia took, the mountain opened for her—walls parting, stones moving like they breathed. The air grew colder. Older.

Eventually, they reached a massive stone arch carved into the mountainside, covered in glowing runes and spiraling roots.

Gaia placed her hand on the stone.

It pulsed once—and then split open.

Behind it was nothing.

Just a swirling, black-and-gold void.

"This place exists between heartbeat and breath," she said. "A pocket realm only the mountain remembers."

Zeus stepped forward, eyes wide.

"Whoa."

"It will obey only you," she continued. "Your will shapes it. Train here. Scream here. Destroy and rebuild. No one will find you—not gods, not titans."

Zeus took a breath, then stepped in.

The void shimmered and—shifted.

Suddenly, he was standing on floating stone platforms drifting over endless skies. Glowing islands spun in the distance. Waterfalls poured from nothing and vanished into light. Storms crackled quietly beneath him like a sea of thunderclouds.

It was... perfect.

"This is insane," Zeus muttered, grinning. "I want to live here."

Behind him, Gaia smiled.

"Then start building it."

[SYSTEM UPDATE]

New Realm Registered: [Thundervoid]

Realm Link Bound to Host

Realm Control: 1% (Training Mode Activated)

Tip: Your imagination is your weapon here. The more divine power you gain, the more the realm will evolve with you.

Zeus turned, eyes bright with electricity and awe.

"Thank you."

Gaia nodded. "You'll need this space soon. Cronus will begin searching. You've already sent ripples through fate."

Zeus exhaled, glancing at his fists.

"Then I'll make sure the next time fate sends something for me—"

He smirked.

"I send lightning back."

Silence.

Zeus stood alone on a floating stone platform, high above the swirling storm sea that raged far below. The wind danced around him, tugging at his white hair, licking sparks off his shoulders. His divine armor shimmered faintly. The new gauntlets hummed with quiet power.

[DING!]

A golden screen flared to life in front of him, hovering with a soft hum. Bright letters etched themselves across the light.

OLYMPIAN CODEX — STATUS WINDOW

Name: Zeus

Title: None

Divine Tier: 2 (Minor Deity)

Faith Level: Local (10 Nymphs, 2 Spirits, 1 Goat)

Divine Power: 21/100

Skills:

Lightning Flicker (Lv. 2)

Passive lightning discharge. Improved control. Sparks now arc with intention.

Thunder Shout (Lv. 2)

Enhanced sound shockwave. Can destabilize terrain and disorient enemies.

Smite (Lv. 1)

Call forth a bolt of focused divine lightning. Charges with emotional intensity.

Zeus crossed his arms and leaned forward, squinting at the screen.

"Still no title. Rude."

He tilted his head. "And seriously—one goat? What does a guy gotta do to get international worship around here?"

The screen flickered.

He closed it with a swipe, then turned his eyes to the endless sky above. His fingers clenched. Sparks danced between them, flickering with promise.

"I'm not leaving this place," he said to the wind, "until these skills are maxed out. All of them."

He looked at his fists.

"I want to shout loud enough to split mountains. I want my lightning to make the clouds scream. When I smite..."

He stepped forward to the edge of the platform, looking out at the storm below.

"...I want the realm itself to tremble."

He raised both hands to the sky.

The clouds above twisted violently. A dozen lightning bolts crashed through the heavens like divine exclamation marks.

[SYSTEM NOTICE]

"Training Realm Difficulty Increased"

Enemy Simulations Activated: Adaptive Beasts – Tier 2 to 4

Warning: Death is painful here. Not permanent. But still very, very painful.

Zeus grinned.

"Perfect."

The storm howled.

And from the shadows of the clouds below, figures began to rise. Shaped from darkness and lightning. Eyes glowing. Claws dripping storm energy.

The first of many.

Zeus cracked his neck and stepped forward.

"Alright."

He lowered into a stance, lightning crawling up his legs.

"Let's see what it takes to become the god of gods."

Then he launched himself into the sky—arms blazing, thunder roaring around him.

And the training began.

Chapter 6 - Gaia's Worries

Thundervoid – 25 Years Later

BOOM!!

BOOM!!

CRACK-KRAAAA!!!

The sky split open with every strike. Thunder roared like a war cry from the heavens. Lightning rained down in violent bursts, setting entire sky-islands ablaze. Storm clouds twisted like beasts in pain, swirling above the battlefield.

In the middle of it all, floating high above the chaos, he stood.

Zeus.

No longer a boy. Not even a young man.

A fully awakened god.

He stood 2.8 meters tall, carved like a mountain of living thunder. His white hair flowed like stormclouds behind him, eyes glowing pure electric blue. Sparks clung to his skin like golden fireflies. Every breath he took sent tremors through the storm.

His armor had changed—upgraded by the very storms he'd conquered. The Aegis Scale now pulsed with layered divine energy, fused with lightning runes and celestial metal. The Skybreaker Gauntlets were reforged—now heavier, stronger, inscribed with ancient Titan-slaying glyphs.

Below him, the beasts charged again—winged terrors built from thunder and shadows. He raised one hand casually.

A bolt the size of a mountain came down like a falling god.

BOOOOOOM!!!

The air burned. The clouds screamed.

Zeus didn't even blink.

He floated down slowly, boots touching a shattered platform, surrounded by the glowing ashes of his enemies.

Then—

[DING!]

A massive golden screen flared into view before him, more complex and ornate than ever before. Divine runes spun around the edges.

OLYMPIAN CODEX — STATUS WINDOW

Name: Zeus

Title: Stormborne King, Son of Fate, Sky Incarnate

Divine Tier: 7 (Ascendant God)

Faith Level: Expanding – Recognized in multiple realms

Divine Power: 768/1000

Skills:

Lightning Flicker (Lv. 6 – Mastered)

Lightning trails his every step. Passive discharge can melt weapons. Can now chain multiple targets subconsciously.

Thunder Shout (Lv. 5)

Unleashes a concussive shockwave that can topple mountains and disrupt divine energy within a 200m radius.

Smite (Lv. 4)

Now capable of calling down divine-class plasma bolts. Impact radius: catastrophic. Regenerates faster based on combat flow.

Aether Step (Lv. 3)

Allows teleportation through storm clouds, lightning veins, and ley lines. Can be used offensively to 'blink-smash' enemies.

Stormcaller's Wrath (Lv. 2)

Summons a localized tempest that adapts to the enemy's elemental weakness. Can be channeled through Skybreaker Gauntlets.

Divine Presence: Storm Crown (Lv. 1)

Passive aura. Lesser beings must pass a Will Check to approach. Induces awe, terror, or submission in non-divine foes.

Zeus looked over the stats, smirking.

"About time that Title section stopped looking so empty."

He flicked the screen away and looked at the dark skies above. Clouds circled around him like they were waiting for orders.

Then he turned his eyes to the far distance—beyond Thundervoid, beyond the veil Gaia had created for him all those years ago.

He could feel Cronus now. The Titan King's grip on the world had started to shiver. The fear was creeping in.

And Zeus?

He was ready.

He cracked his neck, lightning licking up his arms.

"Alright. Enough warm-ups."

He raised a hand and ripped a glowing tear in space open, revealing the world outside. Mount Dikti. The battlefield waiting.

He stepped through.

Mount Othrys — The Garden of Stone

Moonlight spilled through the cracks in the high stone walls, washing the garden in cold silver. The flowers here didn't bloom like normal ones—they opened only under starlight, petals like crystal and frost. The air was still, too still, like the mountain was holding its breath.

Rhea paced along the marble path barefoot, robes clinging to her as the night wind whispered through her hair. Her fingers twisted nervously. She looked haunted. Tired. Her eyes darted toward the dark corridors behind her, as if Cronus might appear at any moment.

"Thirty-five years..." she muttered, voice low and sharp. "Thirty-five years of excuses. He's going to snap. He knows."

She paused, chest rising and falling too quickly, hands gripping the edge of her robe like she might tear it.

On the grass just ahead, lying with her head on a bed of roots and moss, was Gaia—barefoot, eyes half-lidded, as peaceful as the Earth itself could be.

She didn't even look up.

"You're walking in circles again," she said gently.

Rhea blinked, startled, and turned.

"He's going to demand I lay with him," she said. "And this time I don't have an excuse. I've used them all. The moon, the stars, divine sickness, fake headaches, rituals, grief..."

She dropped to her knees beside her mother, panic starting to rise in her throat like fire.

"If he touches me again—he'll know. He'll know Zeus lives."

Gaia didn't react right away. She reached out and plucked a glowing petal from the grass, examining it like it mattered more than Cronus himself.

Then she smiled softly and said:

"Why don't you come rest, child?" Her tone was light, teasing. "You can think of a new excuse in the morning. Something creative this time. Say you've taken a vow of silence and celibacy under moonlight."

Rhea almost laughed—almost.

She flopped down beside Gaia and stared up at the stars.

"He's growing impatient. I feel it in the air. He looks at me now like I'm a puzzle he hasn't solved yet."

Gaia nodded. "That's because you are."

"Mother," Rhea whispered, eyes watering, "what if he finds him? What if Zeus isn't ready?"

Gaia finally turned her eyes toward her daughter. There was no fear in them. Just something ancient. Slow. Certain.

"He is ready," she said simply. "More than you know."

The stars pulsed above them.

And far, far away—beyond the reach of Cronus's vision—a storm began to gather in Mount. Dikti. One not of clouds or rain.

But of return.

Rhea stood at the edge of the balcony, the cold wind tugging at her robes. Her eyes were fixed far in the distance, toward the southern sky... toward Mount Dikti.

A pulse had echoed through the world minutes ago. A tremor of power. Not loud, not explosive—just deep, like the heartbeat of the earth had skipped.

She felt it in her bones. In her breath.

Her lips parted, voice soft, almost like a prayer.

"He's back."

Her hand pressed against her chest, and for the first time in decades, the weight she'd carried didn't feel so suffocating.

"My son is back... Zeus is back, Mother."

A small smile broke across her face. Not wide. Not proud. Just relieved. Like her soul had finally exhaled.

Behind her, Gaia stood still beneath the shadow of an ancient olive tree, her long green robes tangled with vines and starlight.

But unlike Rhea, Gaia didn't smile.

She frowned.

Deeply.

Her voice was low, heavy with age and understanding.

"Yes. He is back."

She looked at the sky—not with joy, but with sorrow.

Because with Zeus's return, the storm had officially begun. The wheel of fate was turning again. The Titans would feel it. The gods would rise. The war would come.

And when it did...

Not all of her children would survive it.

Chapter 7 - Meeting The Oceanids

The Whispering Spring – Realm of the River Maidens

The moon hung high over a silver spring tucked between rolling hills and silent stone. Crickets hummed softly in the grass, and the water sparkled like glass under the starlight. The air smelled of lavender and old magic.

By the riverbank, a woman knelt—her fingers dancing along the surface of the spring, sending ripples across the mirror-like water.

Her hair flowed like seawater, long and dark with silver streaks that shimmered when the light touched them. Her eyes were calm, calculating—holding the weight of foresight. Her robes were pale blue and white, made of silk and mist.

Metis.

Daughter of Oceanus. One of the Oceanids. The goddess of wisdom, strategy, and deep counsel.

A smile tugged at her lips as she turned her head.

"Sister," she said, voice smooth and soft like the tide. "How pleasant to see you again."

Across from her, lounging barefoot in the shallow water with arms resting on a rock, was a sharp-eyed woman with a voice that could bend steel.

Styx.

Her hair was long, black as obsidian, falling like a blade across one shoulder. Her presence was cold and commanding, her eyes sharp with quiet defiance. Her dark robes clung like shadows, trimmed with faint silver patterns that pulsed with divine authority.

"It's been too long, Metis," Styx replied, smirking. "You've been hiding in the quiet places again."

Metis raised a brow. "Unlike you, I enjoy peace."

"Peace is overrated," Styx said, flicking water toward her with her fingers.

Laughter echoed behind them.

On the river stones sat two more figures—both radiant and humming with elemental grace.

Eidyia, draped in robes of deep green, her hair glowing with bioluminescent streaks like sea kelp. Her eyes glowed soft blue, and she smiled often. Her aura pulsed with knowledge and healing.

And beside her, legs dipped lazily into the water, was Doris—playful and free, wearing flowing fabric that looked like it had been woven from sunlight on waves. Her laughter was bright and always near.

"You two are always like this," Doris said, flicking water between them. "Metis with her riddles, Styx with her daggers."

"Balance," Eidyia said, plucking a flower from the river's edge. ***"That's what makes us sisters."

Metis chuckled lightly, the sound like wind passing through reeds.

"What are we if not the last quiet voices in this loud, loud world?"

Styx leaned back, eyes scanning the sky.

"Not for long."

The others grew quiet.

Eidyia looked toward her. "You felt it too?"

Styx nodded slowly. "Something has returned. Something... Powerful."

The sisters were still talking when the air shifted.

Just a breeze at first. Then a crackle.

A strange pulse rolled through the ground like the world took a deep breath.

Every one of them froze.

The soft hum of the spring went still. Even the water seemed to wait.

They turned.

And there—emerging from a part in the mist like he walked straight out of a myth not yet written—stood Zeus.

He wasn't hiding his presence. No need to.

His body was impossible to miss—towering, broad-shouldered, a wall of sculpted power wrapped in loose armor and divine glow. His skin shimmered with a storm-washed bronze tone, marked with faint scars that looked earned. Each step crackled faintly beneath his boots. His white hair fell over his shoulders like wild cloud waves, and his

face—handsome in a way that made silence feel dangerous—was relaxed, like he wasn't the least bit surprised to be admired.

He raised his hands in a casual peace offering, voice low and warm.

"Hey. I mean no harm."

A smile tugged at the edge of his mouth.

"I'm Zeus. Son of Cronus and Rhea. And before you say it—yes, I know. Dad has a snack problem."

He tapped his chest.

"I'm the one who got away."

He glanced at the shimmering spring, steam curling like fingers.

"Just finished a... very long training session. Body's sore. Mind's fried. I could use a proper soak."

He pointed at the water, tone half-joking.

"So... mind if I borrow a corner?"

Silence followed.

The kind of silence where everyone's brain goes completely blank for two seconds.

Then—

Doris tilted her head, letting her eyes wander very deliberately across Zeus's figure—from the thick neck to the arms that looked like they could crush boulders to the abs that had no reason to be that defined.

She let out a low whistle.

"Well. Hello, muscles."

Eidyia blinked slowly, lips parting just slightly. Her cheeks turned pink. "That's a lot of divinity," she murmured.

Styx gave him a once-over, arms crossed, her stare cold but clearly sizing up every inch of him.

Only Metis stayed composed—mostly.

She tilted her head, eyes sharp but unreadable. Like she was studying him for something beyond his looks. Something deeper.

Zeus turned toward her—and that's when the name hit.

Metis.

His smile flickered.

His whole body stilled for half a second.

He knew that name.

In his past life, he'd read her story. She was the one who helped Zeus outsmart Cronus during the Titanomachy. The mind behind the plan. The strategist. And later... swallowed. Lost.

The mother of Athena.

He blinked, clearing his throat.

"Nice to meet you all."

His eyes settled on her again. Softer this time.

"Especially you... Metis."

Metis raised a brow. "Have we met?"

Zeus smirked faintly.

"Not yet."

Doris giggled. "He's got riddles and abs. This one's trouble."

Styx grunted. "If you're done being dramatic, take your bath."

Zeus chuckled and stepped forward, peeling off the top half of his armor. His gauntlets came off with a hiss of heat and energy. As he lowered into the spring, the water glowed faintly, responding to his divine pressure.

Steam rolled off him like a veil.

The sisters returned to their rocks, but every now and then—eyes flicked his way.

Zeus leaned back, resting his arms behind him on the edge of the spring, lightning still gently humming beneath his skin.

And across the water, Metis watched him.

She didn't know why, but she felt it too.

Something was shifting.

And it had Zeus's name on it.

Chapter 8 - Elixir Of Unbinding

The Whispering Spring — Days Later

The sky was golden with the fading sun, casting long shadows across the water. Steam curled lazily above the spring, and laughter—quiet, relaxed—bounced softly between the trees.

Zeus lounged near the edge of the spring again, arms stretched out along the rocks, bare chest rising and falling steadily, lightning gently crackling in the air around him. His hair was tied back today, loosely, letting his face stay clear as he stared across the spring at Metis, who was pretending very hard not to notice how often he was watching her.

The other sisters had stopped pretending.

"You keep coming here like you own the place," came Styx's voice, sharp and amused from the far side of the spring. She sat with one leg dipped in the water, flicking a small wave toward him.

"Aren't you afraid we'll tell the Titan King his precious son—Zeus, god of ego and thunder—is out here peeping on women while they bathe?"

Her grin was wicked. Her eyes sparkled with mischief.

Zeus didn't flinch.

He smirked and leaned forward, elbows resting on his knees.

"Then you'd just be adding yourselves to the list of people I'll have to punish after I overthrow my dear old dad."

He smiled—charming, dangerous, electric.

Styx scoffed. "You think it's that easy? Just storm in, throw a lightning bolt, and poof, you're king of the cosmos?"

She flicked water toward him again.

"Cronus is the Titan King for a reason. You don't just walk up to the throne and take it. Not even my father—Oceanus—dares say that freely."

Zeus leaned back, staring up at the sky for a moment.

"Maybe he's waiting."

Styx frowned. "Waiting?"

Zeus turned to look at her, eyes calm but burning with something deep. Ancient.

"Waiting for someone reckless enough to try."

The spring went quiet.

Metis finally looked at him, her expression unreadable.

Doris blinked, wide-eyed. "You're serious."

"Dead serious."

Eidyia tilted her head. "Even if you lose?"

Zeus grinned again, this time with teeth.

"Then I die trying. And even if I lose—Cronus will remember my name."

There was silence again, but it was different this time. Heavy.

Metis stood slowly, water dripping from her robes. She stepped closer, just enough that the light caught her eyes.

"Overthrowing Cronus isn't about power," she said softly.

"It's about patience. Precision. Timing."

Zeus looked up at her, meeting her gaze.

He didn't smile this time.

"That's why I need you."

The wind stirred the trees.

And for the first time, Metis didn't look away.

"And what would that be?"

Styx said, her voice wasn't mocking this time. Just steady. Serious.

Zeus looked at her, then at each of the sisters in turn. When his eyes landed on Metis, something in him steadied.

Then he spoke.

"I need my siblings."

Silence.

The wind shifted.

Zeus let the words hang in the air before continuing.

"They're in Cronus. Still alive. Trapped. Waiting."

His voice was quiet, low, but it hit like thunder under the surface.

"And I need to get them out."

Doris blinked, stunned. "You... you're going to make him throw them up?"

"Basically," Zeus muttered, shrugging. "Or rip him open. Depends on how cooperative he's feeling."

Styx stared. "You want to fight Cronus... to free your brothers and sisters? The ones he ate?"

Zeus nodded without hesitation.

"Hestia. Demeter. Hera. Hades. Poseidon. They're not just names. They're mine. My blood. My responsibility."

Eidyia's voice was soft. "Even though you never met them?"

Zeus's jaw clenched slightly.

"I've lived with the weight of their silence my whole life. I don't need to meet them to know they matter."

A long silence followed.

Metis finally stepped forward, the water swirling gently at her ankles.

"You have no army. No allies. No realm under your name. And yet you speak like a king."

Zeus looked at her, unwavering.

"Because I will be one."

Metis studied him—long and hard. Her mind turning like gears behind those ancient eyes.

Then she smiled, small and sharp.

"Then I suppose we better make a plan."

Styx sighed and leaned back. "Oh great. I knew hanging out with him would end in war."

Doris grinned. "You're just mad he didn't fall for you."

"Quiet, river clown."

Zeus smirked and raised a brow. "So that's a yes?"

Styx rolled her eyes but didn't say no.

Eidyia smiled softly. "We'll help you. But you'll need more than lightning and bold words to take on Cronus."

Zeus's grin returned, wild and bright.

"Good thing I've got more than that."

He turned toward Metis.

"You in?"

Metis crossed her arms, then nodded slowly.

"Let's wake the gods."

Deepwood Hollow – Nightfall Among Ancient Roots

The moon had vanished behind a wall of dark clouds, and the forest below Mount Othrys pulsed with strange energy. Trees older than Titans twisted upward like silent watchers, their leaves whispering secrets in a tongue older than stars.

The sisters moved quietly through the undergrowth, their steps light, their presence cloaked. Zeus walked among them—his divine presence dulled, disguised beneath layers of woven mist from Eidyia's enchantments.

"This place stinks of curses," Styx muttered, brushing past a crooked tree bleeding black sap.

"That's how you know it's the right place," Metis replied, eyes scanning the dark.

They came to a stop before a wide, moss-covered stone, cracked down the center. Metis knelt and placed a hand over it.

"The first ingredient," she said, "is Midnight Bloom. A flower that only grows where time has slowed to a crawl. This grove is caught in a time fracture. One wrong step, and you'll age a hundred years or revert into nothing."

She looked at Zeus.

"Ready to test that immortality of yours?"

Zeus smirked. "Let's hope I age gracefully."

He stepped forward into the fracture. The air shifted immediately.

His vision blurred. Sound slowed.

But he kept walking.

Electric sparks danced across his skin as his divine core pushed against the time-warping pressure. He spotted it—Midnight Bloom. A glowing, violet flower rooted in the hollow of a dead tree.

Zeus reached forward, carefully, his gauntlet humming.

He plucked it. The air snapped back to normal.

He held it up.

"One down."

Next: The River That Doesn't Flow

They traveled north to a hidden spring that ran backward—its current flowing from sea to source. A river cursed by Prometheus to hold the Tears of the World—drops of grief from mortals who prayed but were never answered.

To collect them, they needed a vessel blessed by both hope and sorrow.

Doris provided the vessel—fashioned from her own hair and springwater woven by her hand.

Zeus stood at the river's edge, looking at the shimmering current.

"This river's full of regrets," Eidyia said softly.

"It'll try to drown you in your own."

Zeus didn't flinch. "Let it try."

He stepped into the river.

Visions struck him—flashes of the siblings he never met, swallowed before they could speak, laugh, dream. Of Rhea crying alone. Of Metis... swallowed too, if fate stayed true.

His knees buckled.

But then he stood.

And dipped the vessel into the current.

The Tears shimmered inside like starlight trapped in water.

"Two down."

Last Ingredient: The Bone Ash of a Forgotten Titan

This one was guarded.

Deep beneath the ruins of Anemos, the wind-torn temple of a Titan who once tried to steal Chronos's throne, lay the last trace of his body—ashes sealed in a stone urn behind divine wards.

They arrived under moonless sky, Metis whispering spells as Styx shattered ward after ward with cursed blades.

Inside the tomb, Zeus approached the altar. The urn pulsed with dead power.

He reached for it.

A shadow beast formed behind him, built from the Titan's lingering rage.

"Watch out!" Styx shouted.

But Zeus turned calmly.

And raised his hand.

"Smite."

A single bolt of divine lightning pierced the monster like a divine spear. The beast shattered into dust.

Zeus picked up the urn.

"Three."

As they emerged into the night, Metis carried the ingredients in her satchel.

"We have what we need," she said.

"Now we brew the Elixir of Unbinding. Strong enough to make a Titan vomit out a god."

Zeus looked up at the stars.

His smile was gone.

"Get ready."

"I'm bringing my family home."

Chapter 9 - I Am Zeus

The Edge of the Whispering Spring – Midnight

The air shimmered softly under the pale moonlight. The Elixir of Unbinding glowed faintly inside a crystal vial—violet with silver streaks swirling like trapped starlight. It pulsed gently, as if it knew what it was made for.

Metis held it in her hands, her fingers wrapped carefully around its smooth surface. Her expression was unreadable, but her eyes—those calm, sharp eyes—were locked on Zeus.

"It's done," she said quietly, almost like a warning. "Now all that's left... is to pour it into a drink and make Cronus swallow it."

She extended the vial.

Zeus took it with steady hands. No smile. No jokes. Just a nod. He slipped it into the inside pocket of his tunic, the fabric magically reinforced to mask divine essence.

Styx scoffed softly from the side.

"And how exactly do you plan to serve him that drink? Walk up the mountain like you just left for milk and came back grown?"

She folded her arms, clearly enjoying the idea of him getting vaporized on the spot.

Zeus turned his head toward her, smirking.

"Don't worry about that part, dear Styx."

His voice was calm, almost too confident.

"I already have it covered."

He turned to Metis, who stepped closer without hesitation. Her gaze flicked down to where the elixir rested, then back to him.

Zeus held her eyes for a moment.

"I'll be back."

Not a promise. A certainty.

She nodded once, cool and composed.

But her fingers twitched.

Just a little.

Zeus gave her a small grin, then stepped back, hands glowing with divine light. His body shimmered, bones and flesh twisting into radiant wings and sharp talons.

In seconds, he was no longer a man.

But an eagle.

Massive. Golden-eyed. Feathers crackling faintly with lightning.

He launched into the air with a gust of wind that made the trees groan. His wings sliced through the night sky, each beat leaving a ripple of light behind.

The sisters watched him go—silent and still.

Styx clicked her tongue.

"Show-off."

Doris grinned.

"He's growing on you."

"He's going to get himself killed," Styx said flatly, turning away.

Metis remained where she stood, eyes on the sky.

"No," she whispered under her breath.

"He's going to change everything."

Mount Othrys – Shadow of the Titan Court

Hours passed.

The clouds over Mount Othrys swirled darker than usual. Massive statues of Titans loomed at the base, eyes hollow, mouths carved open as if screaming.

An eagle landed in the high trees.

It shifted, folding into a man in seconds.

Zeus stood now at the outer ring of the Titan stronghold. The scent of old power hung thick in the air—pressure that made the ground itself want to bow.

But he didn't flinch.

He reached into his tunic, felt the cool surface of the vial.

His eyes narrowed.

"Time to knock on the front door."

Mount Othrys – The Titan King's Hall

The throne room of Cronus was carved from black stone and folded time.

Massive pillars spiraled upward like frozen tornadoes, each one etched with moving runes—names of enemies defeated, ages devoured, and moments erased. The very walls pulsed like they were alive, keeping rhythm with the heart of the Titan King himself.

And at the center, atop a jagged obsidian throne, sat Cronus.

He was massive—his presence a weight on the entire room. Robed in dark golds and shadows, his body held the stillness of a storm that hadn't moved in centuries. His eyes—deep, cold, and ancient—watched everything, even when they seemed half-closed.

Before him, Titan guards stood in rows, armor made of celestial iron, expressions unreadable.

The doors creaked open.

Zeus entered.

Not in armor. Not as a warrior.

But cloaked in gray robes, hood drawn low. Regal. Calm. Silent.

By his side walked Rhea, dressed in flowing white, her face composed and unreadable.

She had sent the letter days ago:

"A wanderer returns, bearing no sword. Let him offer a cup in peace."

Cronus hadn't refused. He had been... curious.

Now, the room watched as the two walked side by side.

Zeus's footsteps echoed louder than they should have. Every Titan eye followed him.

He walked like he didn't fear death. Like the court belonged to him already.

He stopped at the base of the steps to Cronus's throne.

Rhea stepped forward.

Her voice was soft but steady.

"My king, a traveler stands before you. A child of prophecy.

Returned not to fight, but to share drink and speak plainly beneath your roof."

A pause.

Cronus's eyes slowly opened.

His gaze fell on Zeus.

He studied him long. Too long.

The silence stretched.

Then, the Titan King spoke—his voice deep, slow, filled with distant thunder.

"You wear your father's name, boy."

Zeus raised his head, lowering his hood.

Eyes bright with lightning. Hair like coiled clouds.

"I wear my own."

Cronus's lip twitched.

"And you come to drink with me?"

Zeus nodded once.

"I thought it was time."

From within his cloak, he brought forth a small flask—silver, carved with old Oath marks. He held it up with respect.

"A gift from the edge of the world. The spring of truth and silence. May it honor your greatness."

The flask contained the Elixir of Unbinding—masked by enchantment, woven with divine illusion. It would taste like vintage nectar, but once swallowed...

It would tear open the gut of a god.

Cronus stared.

Then slowly... he lifted his hand.

The guards stepped back.

Rhea held her breath.

Zeus stepped forward, eyes never leaving Cronus's.

He handed him the flask.

The Titan King took it in one massive hand.

"Strange," he muttered. "Your face... it stirs something."

Zeus tilted his head, smiling faintly.

"Must be the resemblance."

Cronus looked down at the flask... then raised it to his lips.

The silence was unbearable.

Cronus raised the silver flask to his lips. His fingers, thick and calloused from eons of ruling through fear, gripped the metal as if it weighed more than it should. The room was still—too still.

Rhea didn't blink.

Zeus didn't breathe.

And the Titans... watched.

The ancient king took a long, slow sip.

The flask lowered.

For a heartbeat, nothing happened.

Cronus rolled the taste in his mouth. Strange. Sweet. Familiar, yet not.

"Curious flavor," he said, voice low. "Reminds me of the drink Oceanus offered me before the war."

Zeus said nothing.

Rhea clutched her robes tighter, her fingertips white.

Then—it hit.

Cronus's breath caught.

His body stiffened.

His eyes widened for just a moment.

And then he roared.

"WHAT... HAVE YOU DONE?!"

The room exploded with pressure. The air shattered like glass as divine energy erupted from the throne. The flask fell, clinking against the obsidian steps.

Cronus's body arched, his hands clutching his stomach as an ancient, primal scream ripped through the court. The guards stumbled, stunned by the shockwave. The very walls cracked, symbols flashing violently across the stone.

Zeus didn't move.

His cloak fluttered in the storm of divine power.

His expression was calm. Eyes locked on Cronus.

"It's called the Elixir of Unbinding," he said, voice steady.

"Forged from forgotten rivers, time-warped flowers, and the ash of one your kind left to rot."

Cronus dropped to one knee, bile and raw power surging in his throat. He snarled, trying to contain it, but it was too late.

The magic worked fast. Merciless.

His stomach twisted. Aether bent.

And then—

Hestia.

A burst of golden flame shot out of Cronus's mouth, and in it, curled tightly and weak from years of darkness, appeared a glowing woman with fire in her breath.

She hit the floor hard, coughing, gasping—but alive.

Then—

Demeter.

Hera.

Hades.

Poseidon.

One by one, they burst forth like stars being ripped from a black hole. Each child expelled in agony, each one glowing faintly, unconscious but alive. Gods, real gods, spilled into the marble of the throne room like divine seeds ready to awaken.

Cronus screamed.

Lightning flashed in Zeus's eyes.

"You stole their lives," he said quietly.

"I'm taking them back."

Cronus rose, trembling, his veins glowing with fury.

"YOU DARE—"

Zeus raised a hand.

"I do."

He stepped forward, thunder cracking behind his voice.

"I am Zeus."

"And this realm has a new storm coming."

Chapter 10 - Father And Son Clash

Mount Othrys

Zeus didn't wait for Cronus to recover. He turned to Rhea, voice sharp and clear like thunder echoing through a canyon.

"Get them out of here. Now."

Rhea snapped out of her frozen state, eyes darting to the five gods lying sprawled across the marble like fallen stars. Hestia stirred faintly, golden flame flickering on her fingertips. Demeter moaned softly, vines crawling weakly around her hand. Hades and Poseidon were still, chests rising slowly. Hera twitched, lightning crackling faintly over her brow.

Rhea dropped beside them without hesitation, her divine aura flaring with urgency. With a sweep of her hand, wind gathered under her children, lifting them gently but firmly from the ground.

"I'm not leaving without you—" she started, her voice cracking.

Zeus cut her off, not unkindly.

"You raised me for this." His tone was steady, sure. "Now let me do what you couldn't."

Behind them, Cronus staggered to his feet, body shaking like the sky was trying to tear itself apart. A river of divine bile ran from his mouth, glowing with cosmic filth, staining the throne steps. His golden robes were torn, black smoke rising from his skin.

"YOU FILTHY WHELP—" he roared, voice layered with cosmic tremors. "YOU DEFY ME UNDER MY OWN ROOF?!"

Zeus turned back to face him, his cloak burning off in a flash of white-blue lightning.

No more hiding.

The robes fell in tatters.

He stood in full power now—Skybreaker Gauntlets on his arms, crackling with divine charge, Aegis Scale Armor wrapped around his chest, faintly glowing with pulsing gold. His eyes were storms. His breath was wind. The room bent around him.

"You ruled through fear, Father."

His hands tightened, lightning snapping in arcs from fingertip to fingertip.

"I'm ending that reign right here."

Cronus's eyes widened—not with fear, but rage.

"YOU ARE NOTHING!" he bellowed.

He reached to his side—and summoned his Titan's sickle, the same curved weapon that had once castrated Ouranos, carved from celestial ore, black and red and howling with old pain.

"YOU ARE A MISTAKE!"

The blade swung.

Zeus moved.

He vanished in a blur of electricity—Aether Step activated—and appeared directly above Cronus, arm cocked back.

"Thunder Shout!!"

His voice erupted like a cannon.

A soundwave exploded downward, smashing into Cronus's chest and cracking the obsidian beneath them. The impact sent waves through the entire court—columns buckled, stone split, air ripped open.

Cronus stumbled, roaring, but didn't fall.

He brought the sickle up with a growl and slashed horizontally, a dark red arc of pure time-energy trailing behind the swing.

Zeus jumped high—higher than any mortal could see.

Then he brought down his fist.

"Smite!!"

A bolt the size of a mountain cracked from the sky, slamming directly into Cronus's chest. The blast blew back half the throne room, vaporizing Titan banners and war relics in an instant.

Outside, storms gathered around the peak of Mount Othrys. Wind howled, clouds churned. The skies screamed as the sky god clashed with the King of Time.

Inside, Rhea moved like the storm wasn't there.

She guided her five children through a side path—an escape route carved into the foundation of the palace centuries ago. Her hands weaved protective spells, light barriers flickering behind her. Hestia whispered weakly, "What... happened?" but Rhea only said:

"Your brother. He's come back for you."

The siblings didn't speak, their bodies still too weak, but they felt it. Through the walls. Through the ground.

Zeus was fighting. And the mountain was listening.

Back in the throne room—

Cronus stood tall, the skin over his ribs scorched black from Smite, parts of his robe reduced to ash. But his body healed—time reversed itself over his wounds in front of Zeus's eyes.

"I AM TIME ITSELF, BOY!" Cronus screamed.

He raised both arms, and with a flash, the entire room warped—reversing. Chunks of shattered stone flew back into place. The sickle glowed brighter.

Zeus clenched his fists.

"Then I'll just break you faster than you can rewind."

He vanished again.

Aether Step.

Reappeared behind Cronus.

"Stormcaller's Wrath!"

From every corner of the sky, clouds twisted violently into a massive localized tempest. Wind slammed through the cracks of the walls, and dozens of lightning strikes—smaller, faster—began barraging Cronus like rapid divine gunfire.

Cronus grunted, raising his sickle to block. Sparks and light exploded around him. He staggered again, his power fighting to keep up.

He roared and swung—once, twice—ripping time open like fabric, and trying to trap Zeus in loops of frozen moments.

Zeus dodged each one, flipping and twisting midair, using the energy of the storm to keep moving.

Then he stopped. Mid-air. Hands out.

The storm around him went quiet.

Cronus squinted.

"...What are you—"

And then Zeus brought his hands together.

"Lightning Flicker—Full Chain Mode."

Cronus's eyes widened.

BOOM.

One bolt struck his arm.

CRACK.

Another hit his side.

Then three.

Then seven.

The final bolt came down from above and drilled Cronus into the ground, creating a massive crater at the foot of his throne.

Dust. Fire. Cracked marble. The runes in the hall flickered.

The Titan King had been knocked down.

Zeus dropped beside him, gauntlets sparking, breath heavy but steady.

"You're not a god."

He looked down at Cronus—bloodied, bruised, wheezing.

"You're a relic. A page I just turned."

Cronus struggled, one hand clawing at the sickle.

Zeus kicked it away.

Then—he looked at the ceiling. He could feel it: Rhea and his siblings were clear.

He looked back down.

"This isn't over." Cronus growled through blood.

Zeus smirked.

"I know. That's the fun part."

He raised his hand.

Lightning spun into a spear of pure energy.

But before he struck—he paused.

Not yet.

Not here.

He turned instead, stepped into the center of the court, and looked around.

"I am Zeus," he said, voice ringing like a war bell.

"And the gods have returned."

Then—he vanished into a flash of light.

The throne room echoed with broken silence.

And Cronus—on his knees, burned and humiliated—felt something he hadn't in ages.

Fear.