

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 21: “I only ever wanted peace.” - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 21: “I only ever wanted peace.”

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Poseidon vs Hyperion

The battlefield cracked under their presence.

Hyperion stood like a dying sun—flames swirling around him like a storm caught fire. His skin pulsed magma, heat bleeding off his shoulders in waves that turned air into distortion. He was the Titan of Light, of the Sun Before the Sun, and every step he took boiled the stone beneath him.

Poseidon strode through the mist like a storm made flesh. Seafoam curled around his feet, and thunderclouds formed above with every heartbeat. Triena rested across his back, humming like a deep-sea current ready to burst.

Hyperion tilted his head. "You still breathe?"

Poseidon rolled his neck, water dripping from his brows like sweat. "Barely. Let's fix that."

Hyperion grinned—and vanished.

A beam of white fire split the field where Poseidon had just stood. Mountains behind him turned to ash in a blink. The flame twisted back—homing in—but Poseidon reappeared above, riding a spiral of water like a serpent through the sky. He raised Triena overhead.

[Skill: Sea King's Wrath]

He hurled it downward—Triena spun like a whirlpool of divine pressure. It struck the ground—

And the earth split.

A geyser of ocean erupted beneath Hyperion, washing the fire off his body in a roaring cascade of boiling steam and pressurized force. Hyperion stumbled, heat flickering, coughing smoke—but he lifted his hand and snapped his fingers.

The steam ignited.

BOOM.

A sun bloomed between them.

Poseidon was thrown back, flipping through the air. He struck a ridge with a crash and pulled himself out, singed and grinning. His arms were steaming. Triena returned to his hand with a whip of water.

"You know," Poseidon muttered, spitting salt, "I hated you even before all this."

Hyperion landed like a meteor, feet melting rock. "I didn't even know you before all this."

"Exactly."

Then they charged.

Hyperion swung first—his fists weren't fists anymore. They were gauntlets of fused solar core, glowing like prisoned stars. Every strike turned the air into plasma.

Poseidon blocked with Triena, each clash of their weapons turning pressure into shockwaves. Fire and water collided with such force the battlefield around them warped into glass and mist.

Poseidon roared, striking the trident down—

The ground fell away.

A crater exploded beneath Hyperion's feet, and from it surged a whirlpool of water shaped like a serpent, its teeth made of coral and its body filled with screaming sea spirits.

Hyperion slammed his fists into it.

The water screamed.

So did the sky.

The serpent shattered into fragments—but Poseidon had already vanished into the air above. Triena was spinning in his palm like a cyclone.

[Skill: Leviathan Pulse]

He drove the weapon down into Hyperion's chest.

The trident punctured through flame and slammed Hyperion into the mountain with a thunderclap that shattered boulders for miles.

Hyperion's mouth opened—but instead of sound, a pulse of light exploded from within him, turning everything around white for a moment too long.

When it cleared—

Poseidon was staggering. His left side burned raw. His armor peeled off in steaming strips.

But Hyperion was worse.

The trident had pierced deep. His fire was dimmer now. His face—partially burned into molten stone—twitched with pain.

Poseidon limped forward. Triena returned to him again.

"I can keep going," he said. "Can you?"

Hyperion coughed, blood and flame spilling together. "Gods and Titans..." he growled, "We were never meant to coexist."

Poseidon stabbed the trident into the ground.

A wall of seawater rose behind him—hundreds of feet high. It hovered, humming.

"You're right."

[Skill: Abyssal Fall]

He gestured.

The ocean came down.

Not a wave. Not a surge.

A fall—as if the sea itself had decided to crash onto the world in one single, vertical act of vengeance.

Hyperion roared. His entire body exploded with light. He became a ball of molten hate, punching into the wave, trying to burn it.

But the sea didn't burn.

It drowned him.

The light vanished.

Only steam remained.

Poseidon collapsed to one knee, panting. Blood ran down his ribs. His hair stuck to his forehead.

Triena hummed in his grip. The battlefield had grown quiet around them. Just crashing waves and thunder from other gods and Titans fighting in the distance.

He stood slowly. Looked at the crater where Hyperion had been.

There was movement.

A hand rose.

Hyperion pulled himself up—barely. No more fire. No more arrogance. Just a Titan clinging to pride.

Poseidon walked over, eyes low. He raised the trident again.

"I don't hate you," he muttered.

Hyperion looked up.

"But I don't forgive you either."

He slammed the back of the trident into Hyperion's head.

The Titan dropped—unconscious, maybe dead. Poseidon didn't care. He turned and looked toward the next fight, toward his brother locked with Cronus, toward the end of this war.

Rain began to fall.

The sea answered its king.

And Poseidon walked forward, weapon in hand, godlight flashing behind his eyes.

Elsewhere — The Slopes Beneath the War

The sky above trembled with light and death. Roars, thunder, screams. The world cracked with every clash of god and Titan.

But far below the battlefield, beyond the reach of blades and storms, two figures stood on a quiet ridge—watching.

Gaia.

And her daughter, Rhea.

Gaia stood barefoot, toes in the soil, her cloak of roots and moss trailing behind her. Her hands were clasped together, shaking slightly. Her face, once timeless, now worn with grief. Eyes full of storms that never rained.

"So much bloodshed..." she whispered. Her voice was soft, like leaves falling. "This... wasn't how it was supposed to be."

Above them, one of her children—a Titan—screamed as they were cut down in the distance. The sound echoed across the valley like a bell tolling for an age long gone.

Gaia didn't flinch.

But her heart cracked again.

"This wasn't the future I saw," she said, staring at the smoke rising into the clouds. "This wasn't the balance I dreamed of."

Beside her, Rhea stood quiet for a long moment. Her cloak whipped in the wind, her silver hair tangled, eyes sharper than ever—but tired. Not from battle.

From loss.

She reached out, gently touched her mother's arm.

"You don't have to watch this," Rhea said softly. "You've seen enough pain."

Gaia didn't look away. "I birthed them. All of them. I watched them grow. I gave them the world."

"And Cronus tried to bury it in fear," Rhea replied, voice colder now. "He swallowed my children, mother. I remember their cries as he took them. I remember the silence that followed."

Her hands curled into fists.

"Zeus only survived because I lied. Because I hid him. That's what it took to protect a single child."

Gaia said nothing.

"I understand how you feel," Rhea continued. "I'm a mother too. I feel it—every scream, every blow, every loss."

She looked up at the battlefield.

"But Cronus made his choice. And so did the Titans who stood by him. They chained your other children in Tartarus. They ruled through silence. Through fear. Through power. You warned him."

Gaia finally closed her eyes.

"I did."

"Then let the world change," Rhea said. "Let it hurt. Let it bleed. But let it change."

A silence passed between them.

Then Gaia finally spoke, her voice lower than before.

"I only ever wanted peace."

Rhea nodded, her gaze turning distant.

"So did I."

And high above, the war raged on—fire and lightning painting the sky in the colors of a new age being born through pain.

Chapter 22 - The Wepon of Hades

Thunder cracked again, but this one wasn't Zeus. It came from the south ridge, where lightning hadn't touched yet. Where the clouds twisted in shades of gray-red, bleeding shadows over the torn earth. Where Iapetus stood like a walking executioner, his greatblade dragging trenches through the battlefield as he moved.

And across from him—Hera.

She stood with her back straight, feet planted. Her long black hair whipped in the stormwind. Her armor was cracked at the shoulder, one gauntlet missing, blood running down her left arm. But Nemeia—the spear forged by the Cyclopes—still pulsed in her hand like it breathed.

Iapetus smiled. It was sharp and cruel.

"I expected your brother," he said, voice like distant earthquakes.

Hera didn't flinch.

"You got me."

He pointed the massive greatblade at her. It hummed with dark resonance, every scratch along the blade holding a curse older than memory.

"Then die like him."

He moved fast—too fast for his size.

But Hera was already in motion.

Their weapons met with a sound that shattered a ridge in the distance. Nemeia deflected the first swing, but the weight of it cracked the earth under Hera's feet. She slid backward, boots digging into the dirt. She spun, bringing her spear back around and—

[Skill: Serpent Bloom]

The spear bloomed open at its tip, like a flower of blades, striking in six directions at once. Iapetus barely dodged—his chest grazed, his cheek cut. Divine blood spilled into the dust.

He roared.

[Skill: Titan's Judgement]

He swung his blade in a full arc. The force didn't just move air—it moved space. Hera ducked under it, but the aftershock slammed her into the ground. She coughed blood, rolled, and sprang back up—barely in time to catch his next blow with the shaft of her spear.

She grunted. Her arms trembled. Her legs screamed.

Then she used it.

[Skill: War Pulse]

She shoved the energy out from her chest. The shockwave burst around her like a bubble of wrath, sending Iapetus skidding backward, his heels carving trenches into stone.

But he only grinned.

"You've grown," he said. "Your father would be proud."

"Don't talk about him."

Hera charged.

Their weapons clashed again. And again. And again.

Every strike broke something. Rocks. Bones. The sky itself above them started to spin as their powers built and crashed against each other.

Iapetus went wide with his blade, forcing her to leap over it. As she flipped midair—

He caught her leg.

And slammed her into the ground.

Once.

Twice.

She gritted her teeth, refused to scream. On the third slam, she twisted her body mid-impact and—

[Skill: Widow's Coil]

Vines of spectral snakes exploded from her armor, biting into Iapetus's forearms. He roared, stumbled back, and she rose like fire.

She wasn't done.

[Skill: Queen's Mandate]

It wasn't a title yet. But the power inside her knew what it would become.

A crown of faint starlight formed behind her head for just a moment—an illusion of destiny.

And with it, her strikes grew sharper.

Faster.

Deadlier.

Nemeia hissed with every blow, drawing blood, cutting tendon, rattling Iapetus's bones with divine echoes.

But the Titan refused to fall.

[Skill: Endless Reprisal]

He spun, a full rotation of destruction, forcing Hera back. His blade extended, lengthening mid-swing with pure Titan will. It caught her across the ribs—she stumbled, coughing red, but rolled and kicked his knee out in one motion.

He dropped to one side—and she drove her spear down.

He caught it with his hand.

Her eyes widened.

[Skill: Graviton Core]

A pulse of raw gravitational force slammed outward from his chest, throwing Hera through three boulders.

She hit the fourth hard.

Didn't move for a second.

Then—

She stood.

Wobbled.

Spat blood onto her palm, wiped her mouth.

Her voice came low.

"Do you know why I'm still standing?"

Iapetus wiped the blood from his mouth and rose too.

"No."

"Because I'm not here to survive," she said. "I'm here to end you."

Then she walked.

And the air followed.

Nemeia's shaft cracked with purple lightning as she activated her final stored strike—

[Skill: Curse of Loyalty]

It wasn't made to destroy bodies.

It was made to break bonds.

And as she stabbed forward, the weapon struck not just flesh—but the spiritual link between Iapetus and his blade.

He gasped.

His weapon flickered—its power destabilizing.

And Hera took advantage.

She spun once, twice, flipped behind him, and jammed the spear through his back—upward, toward his heart.

He screamed.

Turned—barely.

Caught her by the throat.

Lifted her.

His hand glowed.

[Skill: Titanbrand]

The burning seal of the old world branded itself into her neck.

She screamed now—back arching, lightning bursting from her mouth and eyes.

But she didn't let go of the spear.

Even as her vision went white.

Even as blood filled her throat.

Even as she felt death crawl close.

She didn't let go.

And then—light exploded from her.

The brand cracked.

Her eyes snapped open.

[Skill: Divine Reversal]

She twisted the seal's energy backward into Iapetus's arm. It burned him—recoiling—backfiring.

His skin seared black.

He dropped her.

She hit the ground, barely conscious—but her hand still moved.

She stabbed the spear one last time.

Straight into his gut.

And whispered, "Fall."

Iapetus choked.

The glow left his body.

His blade fell first.

Then he dropped to his knees.

And then—flat.

Hera collapsed beside him, both of them still breathing.

But only one would rise again.

Deep in the heart of Mount Dikti

The forge roared.

Not like a fire. Like something alive.

The Cyclopes stood in silence, only their hammers moved. Sparks sprayed across the shadows like stars being born and dying in the same breath.

Brontes stepped forward first, his eye locked on the iron laid before him. It wasn't metal—it was death made solid. A black shard mined from the bones of the earth when the world was still young.

He raised his hammer. Slammed it down.

The sound didn't echo. It sank. Like the mountain swallowed it whole.

Arges worked beside him, shaping something thin, precise, and cruel. Not a blade. Not a crown. But a second skin for the mind.

Steropes grunted, his chest heaving with every swing. With each strike, the shard split, melted, reshaped itself—not because of the heat, but because it knew who it was for.

The brothers didn't speak. They didn't need to.

One worked the spine. One worked the head. One worked the soul.

When they finished the shaft, it was cold. Not because of the forge—but because no fire dared touch it again.

The prongs curved like fangs. The handle pulsed with a heartbeat. The Bident wasn't made for war. It was made to end things.

Then they moved on to the helms.

Each one was different. But all of them—silent. Meant to disappear.

Not in style. In presence.

One would cloud sound.

One would cloud thought.

One would cloud fate.

When it was done, they stepped back and called out to Hades

The forge dimmed.

And from the shadows—he stepped in.

Eyes like night with no stars.

No words.

He took the bident. Took the helms.

And vanished.

Like he'd never been there.

But the chill stayed.

Chapter 23 - Demeter And Hestia

The earth cracked again.

Heavier.

Two shadows stepped out of the smoke—Titans of Cronus. One was tall and lean, wrapped in spiraling roots of dead wood and rusted iron—Crius, the Titan of constellations and force. The other crawled forward on six legs made of stone and lava, his face split by a permanent grin of jagged rock—Coeus, the Titan of intellect and raw will.

Across from them—stood Demeter and Hestia.

Demeter's hair was wild with grass and thorns, her shoulders cloaked in flowering vines that bled green fire. Her scythe glinted like moonlight off a blade of harvest—fresh, curved, and hungry.

Hestia was barefoot, calm—but burning. Her eyes glowed ember-red, and her breath came out like smoke. Around her, the air shimmered. Not with heat—but with home, the feeling of warmth and heart and safety made into pressure.

Crius sneered. "The Earth Warden and the Hearth? Tell me, how many fields will you grow when your blood waters them?"

Demeter stepped forward. "You've ruined enough lands."

Hestia's voice followed, quiet. "We're here to burn what you left behind."

Crius's fist glowed with constellation runes. Coeus cracked his neck and howled.

Then all hell broke loose.

Crius charged first—his fist trailing stardust and inertia. It hit the earth—and the plateau bent, folding upward into the sky like a wave of land.

Demeter slammed her foot down—vines erupted upward, wrapping around the bending earth, snapping it back into shape.

Coeus screamed and launched boulders from his mouth like mortars. Hestia raised her hand—palms pulsed with hearthlight—and the boulders melted midair into sparks.

[Skill: Kindling Barrier]

A wall of fire spun in a perfect ring, catching debris, blocking shockwaves. She stepped through it like walking through a fireplace.

Demeter leapt—her scythe slashed downward—clean and wide.

Crius parried, but the blow carved through his left shoulder, spraying molten ichor. He howled, raised his arm, and the stars behind him aligned.

[Skill: Cosmic Chain]

A constellation blinked alive behind him—ropes of starlight lashed out, trying to bind Demeter mid-air. But—

[Skill: Bloomstep]

She vanished into a storm of petals—reforming behind him with her scythe aimed for his spine.

He spun—too late.

The blade dug in deep.

Meanwhile, Coeus smashed into Hestia—both arms swung like hammers. She blocked with crossed forearms. The force cracked the ground for miles—but she didn't move. Her feet were rooted in heat, in stillness.

Then her eyes lit—

[Skill: Heartflare Pulse]

From her chest burst a dome of sacred fire, blasting Coeus backward. His stone skin cracked and hissed.

He roared and raised both hands.

[Skill: Thought Lance]

Pure mental force burst from his palms like spears of will. Hestia's barrier flickered—then broke. She was thrown backward, sliding—but not down.

She landed and snapped her fingers.

The battlefield trembled.

Dozens of blue fires lit up from the ground—small, flickering hearths. Her aura connected to each of them. Her wounds closed.

[Skill: Sanctuary Field]

She walked forward, her presence growing heavier. Warmer.

She wasn't a soldier.

She was a home that refused to fall.

Demeter and Crius were locked in brutal motion.

His fists blazed with starburst sigils. Hers with earthlight and thornsteel.

He struck with gravity. She answered with bloom and root.

She slammed her scythe down—

[Skill: Verdant Grasp]

The ground split—dozens of hands made of vines and soil grabbed Crius's legs, arms, and throat.

He tried to fly.

He couldn't.

She surged upward—spinning the scythe—

[Skill: Harvest Spiral]

And cleaved across his body in six perfect lines.

Crius hit the ground—ribs cracked, energy bleeding from his chest.

Still, he didn't fall.

[Skill: Meteor Brand]

He drew his blade and hurled it into the sky—turning it into a falling star, targeting Demeter's soul signature.

She raised her scythe and—

[Skill: Field Break]

A dome of farmland exploded around her—dirt, grass, and stalks growing at divine speed, wrapping around the meteor—and eating it.

Yes. The land consumed the star.

Crius stared. "You..."

Demeter looked at him. Her eyes were sad.

"I am the land, Crius. You can't burn me without growing me."

She raised her hand.

The earth beneath him caved.

Swallowed him.

On the other side—Hestia fought alone.

Coeus's mind blades kept flashing.

Each thought he sent was a weapon.

Each idea, a blade.

She blocked, dodged, twisted. Her aura flickered like flame against the storm of logic and pressure.

Then he tried to crush her with a final attack—

[Skill: Thought Bomb]

He formed a sphere of compressed will—black and white, a swirling sphere of pure Titan intellect—and hurled it.

She caught it.

And held it.

Coeus's eyes widened.

"Why won't it detonate?!"

Hestia's voice came quiet.

"Because I'm not afraid of it."

The sphere dimmed.

Then she threw it back.

And when it hit Coeus—

It shattered into a thousand fragments of warmth, not destruction.

It struck his mind.

His memory.

His emotion.

And he screamed—not from pain.

But from feeling again.

He staggered. Clawed at his own chest. His hands trembled. "What is this... what did you..."

Hestia stepped forward, eyes glowing soft red.

"You forgot who you were. So I reminded you."

She raised her hands. The hearths behind her flared.

[Skill: Soul Burn]

Fire surged forward—not to incinerate—but to purge.

It hit Coeus like a river of purity.

He collapsed to his knees.

Then fell.

Silent.

Demeter limped toward her sister.

Blood on her blade.

Grass on her legs.

Hestia exhaled and turned.

They looked at each other.

Then at the bodies of the Titans.

The battlefield was still around them. For a moment.

Demeter sighed. "That was worse than harvesting in winter."

Hestia chuckled softly. "But just as necessary."

Above them, more gods screamed.

The war wasn't done.

But here, on this side of the field—

The land still grew.

The fire still burned.

And the Titans were falling.

The air shifted.

The clouds didn't move. The winds didn't howl. There were no flashes or cries.

Just silence.

Until the ground cracked.

And from that silence...

Hades walked out.

He just appeared—like the world had been hiding him until now.

The battlefield darkened around him—not with shadow, but with absence. Color dulled. Sounds quieted. Even the roars of Titans in the distance softened.

And in his hand—the Bident.

Its prongs shimmered faintly, almost flickering—like it existed halfway between this world and somewhere deeper. Somewhere forgotten.

Demeter turned. Hestia straightened.

Hades glanced at them both and gave a small nod.

Then his gaze rose—toward the northern ridge.

Where Menoetius, the berserker Titan of violent rage, stood watching with a twisted grin.

"You're late," Menoetius called, cracking his neck.

"You're loud," Hades replied, voice cold as deep stone.

The Titan laughed and dropped down from the ridge like a meteor, landing hard enough to fracture stone. His fists burned with raw divine muscle—glowing with the heat of his fury.

"I'll rip your soul out and feed it to the roots of Tartarus."

But Hades didn't move.

He just lifted the Bident.

[Skill: Nullstep]

In an instant—he was gone from view.

Menoetius blinked—then roared as pain exploded from his shoulder. Hades appeared behind him, dragging the Bident through his flesh like it was cutting butter.

The Titan spun, wide arc with his flaming elbow—

Hades vanished again.

Then—

CRACK.

He reappeared right in front of Menoetius and drove the Bident into his chest.

But the Titan grinned and caught the weapon—blood pouring from his palms.

[Skill: Fury Clutch]

He ignited—his entire body bursting into white-hot flames.

It should've melted anyone near.

But Hades didn't blink.

[Skill: Void Mantle]

Darkness poured from his back like a cape made of night sky. It swallowed the flame, smothered it, and turned it cold.

Menoetius's face twisted. "What... are you?"

Hades leaned close.

"Something you never faced."

He twisted the Bident.

And—

[Skill: Soul Rend]

The weapon hummed, and everything inside Menoetius shook.

His muscles tore themselves.

His ichor ran backward.

His soul—the burning, thrashing core of the Titan—split like cracked glass.

He dropped.

Still alive.

Barely.

"Send him under," Hestia whispered, watching.

Demeter said nothing—just stared.

Hades turned, Bident crackling with a deep, soul-hungry hum.

He lifted it once.

[Skill: Underworld Claim]

The ground beneath Menoetius opened—not in flame. Not in lava.

But in silence.

Cold, black soil swallowed him.

Chains of bone wrapped his limbs.

Eyes of forgotten shades blinked from the dark.

And then—he was gone.

Forever.

The ground closed.

Hades exhaled once. A shallow, steady breath.

He turned back to his sisters.

Demeter stared at the earth where the Titan vanished.

"...I see why you don't like coming topside."

Hestia smiled faintly. "Glad you did today."

Hades gave a half-shrug. "Someone had to clean up."

Above them, thunder cracked again—this one was Zeus.

The final part of the war was near.

And the children of Cronus?

They were winning.

Chapter 24 - Final Moment 1

The ground trembled. Not from footsteps. Not from storms.

From will.

Cronus stood in the center of the chaos like a god already crowned, his scythe dragging through the dust as if the earth itself bent to his presence. His cloak tore in the wind. His eyes glowed with time forgotten—eyes that had seen the rise of the Titans and swore they'd never see their fall.

Zeus stood across from him.

No crown. No throne. No kingdom behind him.

Only thunder in his bones. Lightning in his breath.

His fingers twitched, and the sky answered.

A single bolt slammed down at his feet. The ground hissed and split. Sparks crackled around his armor, and his eyes burned gold.

Cronus spoke first.

"You dare challenge me with the sky? That sky belongs to me."

Zeus raised his hand. Lightning coiled around his wrist like a serpent.

"Then I'll take it back."

He didn't wait.

[Skill: Thunderstep]

He vanished into light.

Cronus snarled. The scythe moved—ripping open the air where Zeus had just been. But Zeus reappeared above, hurling a bolt as thick as a river.

Cronus spun the scythe in a wide arc—time slowed. The bolt froze midair.

[Skill: Epoch Rewind]

Cronus reversed the lightning back at Zeus.

But Zeus caught it. Redirected it. Slammed it into the ground below Cronus's feet.

The earth exploded.

Cronus flew backward, caught mid-air by his own time magic. He righted himself and glared.

"You learned some tricks."

Zeus wiped blood from his chin.

"Your existence taught me how to."

Their energies clashed in the sky—lightning against time. Storm clouds warped. Rain fell up. Thunder screamed sideways.

Far off, Hades walked slowly across the battlefield. Quiet. Focused. His helm already in place. The bident at his side pulsed with stillness.

He didn't run. He didn't shout. He didn't need to.

As he walked, shadows moved.

One Titan turned to face him—Coeus.

The Titan of Intelligence. One of Cronus's last commanders.

"Shadow-born brat," Coeus said.

Hades didn't stop.

He raised the bident and pointed.

[Skill: Null Omen]

The wind died.

So did sound.

Everything near them froze.

Coeus swung his blade, but it made no noise. He stepped forward, but his foot didn't touch ground.

Hades blinked.

And Coeus fell—his mind cut from the world.

One Titan gone. No fanfare.

Back above—Zeus and Cronus clashed again.

[Skill: Temporal Rift]

Cronus carved through the sky. The tear in time cut open a void of slow-motion—everything moved like syrup inside.

Zeus gritted his teeth. He roared and—

[Skill: Sky Tyrant's Surge]

Lightning exploded from his body in all directions, fracturing the temporal field. His body reappeared at the edge of the rift, burned, bloodied—but alive.

Cronus appeared beside him instantly.

He swung the scythe. Zeus ducked. The blade sliced the side of his helmet.

[Skill: Divine Counter]

Zeus grabbed Cronus's wrist and slammed a bolt point-blank into his chest.

Cronus flew backward, crashing into a mountain face.

But he rose again, slower this time.

"You're bleeding," Zeus said.

"I have bled before," Cronus answered, "and I still rule."

"Not for long."

Elsewhere—Demeter dragged a Titan through a wall of vines.

Her armor was covered in green thorns. Her eyes shimmered like moonlight through leaves.

The Titan she battled—Crius—swung his club through her midsection.

[Skill: Verdant Decoy]

She burst into leaves.

Reappeared behind him.

[Skill: Grove Rend]

She slashed with a curved sickle. Roots erupted from the ground, coiling around Crius's arms and legs, locking him in place.

Then Hestia arrived behind her—burning.

Her flame was not wildfire. It was hearthfire—calm, contained... until it wasn't.

[Skill: Hearthbreaker]

She slammed her hand into the ground. Fire tunneled under the battlefield. Exploded beneath Crius.

He screamed as divine flames engulfed him.

Demeter reached out. Called her vines back.

Crius dropped, scorched and bound.

Hestia exhaled.

"Another one down."

Back at the sky's edge—

Cronus and Zeus were now trading full-scale divine attacks.

Cronus threw his hand up.

[Skill: World Pause]

Everything stilled. The sky. The ground. Even Zeus.

Cronus moved forward. Slowly. Methodically.

He raised his scythe.

But Zeus's eye flickered.

[Skill: Stormmind]

He was still thinking. Still aware.

The moment Cronus swung—

Zeus countered. Moved just enough.

The scythe grazed his shoulder.

Zeus's fist met Cronus's ribs. Lightning poured into the Titan's body like a flood.

The time field shattered.

Both were flung apart again, crashing into the shattered hills below.

Their breaths came heavier now.

Cronus stood, blood dripping from his mouth. "You are not stronger."

"I don't need to be," Zeus answered. "I just have to make sure you fall."

A few ridges away, Poseidon dragged Hyperion's unconscious body across the rocks. He looked up at the storm above. At Zeus.

"He's still fighting..."

He turned his head, and in the valley below, he saw Asterius, the last of Cronus's enforcers, tearing through the frontlines.

Poseidon tightened his grip on Triena.

"I'm not done either."

He jumped.

Water exploded from his boots, launching him across the battlefield.

[Skill: Tide Reign]

A wall of water shaped like a serpent crashed into Asterius, pulling him away from the defenders.

Asterius roared and turned, his arms glowing gold with raw Titan energy.

[Skill: Pillar Break]

He slammed the ground. The water shattered into steam. But Poseidon was already in front of him.

[Skill: Deep Crash]

Triena hit his chest like a thunderclap. Bones broke.

Asterius coughed blood.

Poseidon kicked him into a boulder.

"You're in my way."

Back in the sky—

Cronus raised his scythe once more. Time rippled. Space thinned.

[Skill: Omega Rend]

The blade struck forward in a path meant to erase Zeus completely—past, present, future.

Zeus closed his eyes.

Lightning burst out.

But not upward.

It burst inward.

[Skill: Absolute Thunderheart]

Zeus became a bolt. Not wrapped in lightning.

He was lightning.

He slammed into the Omega Rend and passed through it—shattering it like glass.

Cronus's eyes widened.

Zeus reformed behind him.

Punched him in the spine with thunder wrapped around his fist.

Cronus fell to a knee.

Zeus floated above him, chest heaving.

"This is your last moment, old king."

Cronus growled.

"I am time."

"And I am done waiting."

Zeus raised his hand high.

The sky screamed.

[Skill: Final Skybolt]

A bolt larger than any mountain formed overhead. It wasn't fire. It wasn't storm.

It was divinity, forged from will.

Zeus hurled it.

Cronus rose and met it with the scythe.

They clashed—

Time against thunder.

Age against youth.

Father against son.

The world split.

A crater a mile wide burst into existence.

When the light cleared—

Zeus stood alone.

His armor was nearly gone. His hands bled.

But Cronus was down.

Buried under stone. His scythe snapped. His chest barely moving.

Zeus didn't smile.

He looked at the others.

Poseidon, still fighting. Hades, already done. Hera, still breathing. Demeter. Hestia.

All of them.

Still standing.

The war wasn't over.

But the end had begun.

Chapter 25: Final Moment 2

After Cronus Fell

The storm didn't stop.

It screamed louder.

Because the King of the Titans was down... but his army wasn't.

From the broken hills, from the cracks in the earth, from the black clouds above—Titan beasts and loyalists rose like an ocean of wrath. The ones too stubborn to kneel. The ones too proud to stop. They marched now, screaming in old tongues, led by surviving Titans whose names hadn't yet fallen to silence.

But Zeus didn't wait.

He stood above the crater, chest bare, blood running from his side, sparks still hissing around his arms. The broken sky mirrored his eyes—burning, flashing, raging.

He raised one hand.

The clouds split wide.

A hundred bolts fell at once—like rain if rain was made of judgment.

Titan soldiers evaporated in mid-charge, their bones turned to ash before they could scream. But Zeus wasn't done.

He stepped forward.

The ground cracked.

[Skill: Heavenbreaker]

Each step was a blow. Not on the land. On the sky itself. With every movement, the air behind him shattered like glass. Lightning arced across the field, dancing like wild beasts toward the enemy lines.

A Titan beast—a thing with a hundred arms and one single burning eye—leapt at him from the side.

Zeus turned his palm.

[Skill: Storm Lock]

The monster froze midair—its body suspended in thunder-stilled time.

Then Zeus clenched his fist.

And the beast exploded in every direction.

Thunder echoed for miles.

The Titan army faltered for the first time. But still they came.

And now they swarmed.

Zeus didn't retreat.

He moved forward, into the thick of them.

A group of giant warriors surrounded him, armored in obsidian and wielding blades forged from the first mountain's teeth.

Zeus crouched low.

[Skill: Sky Rend Barrage]

He vanished.

Reappeared behind one—his fist through its back.

Reappeared above another—kicked its skull clean off.

Reappeared between the last two—drove his hands into the ground.

Lightning erupted upward like geysers. They didn't just kill. They erased.

Nothing but ash.

Zeus stood again. Chest heaving. Arms crackling.

Still not done.

A new wave charged—this one led by Klymenos, a minor Titan of warlust, screaming with madness, his dual axes drenched in divine blood.

"I'll mount your heart on my chest!" Klymenos roared.

Zeus didn't answer.

[Skill: Wrath Conduction]

He pointed a single finger.

A bolt snapped through the clouds and into Klymenos's chest before he blinked.

The Titan dropped to one knee, smoking—but roared again, rising.

Zeus walked toward him.

The ground dimmed beneath each footfall. Thunder responded like drums.

Klymenos charged.

Their weapons met—axes against raw lightning wrapped in fists.

A shockwave flattened half the field.

But Zeus twisted, ducked under the second swing, and—

[Skill: Chain Flash]

One punch.

Then five more in the same second.

Each hit struck with thunder so loud, Titans across the ridge covered their ears and fell.

Klymenos reeled. His mouth opened to scream—

Zeus grabbed his throat.

Lifted him high.

[Skill: Storm Crown Execution]

A crown of lightning formed above Klymenos's head—then came down like a guillotine.

The Titan exploded midair.

Zeus let the ash fall.

All across the battlefield, his siblings saw it.

Poseidon grinned.

Hades tilted his head.

Hera, bloodied and breathless, leaned on Nemeia and smirked, whispering, "He's pissed now..."

Even Demeter paused, vines pulsing at her fingertips.

But the Titan army didn't stop.

Some were too far gone.

One last commander stepped forward—Ophion, a Titan who had once ruled the heavens before Cronus. A skeletal figure with wings of black marble and a voice like crushed stone.

"You are not fit to lead the cosmos," Ophion hissed.

Zeus looked at him.

"I don't want to lead the cosmos."

He stepped forward again.

"I just want you all gone."

Ophion's wings spread.

[Skill: Gravity Severance]

The world around him twisted—gravity flipped. Mountains folded into air. Bodies lifted and fell.

Zeus was caught mid-air.

Ophion raised his hand.

Threw a spear of condensed gravity.

Zeus twisted his body midair and—

[Skill: Thunder Deflect]

He slapped it aside.

Landed hard.

Sank a knee into the earth—and the thunder responded like a god.

The storm above dimmed for a breath.

Then it roared louder than ever.

Zeus stood.

His chest glowed now. Not with lightning.

With divine will.

[Skill: Olympian Surge]

The storm crashed downward.

Onto him.

Not burning him.

Becoming him.

For a moment, he became light.

Not metaphor.

Actual light.

A column of golden storm that walked like a man.

He flew forward.

His fist met Ophion's wing. The wing cracked—then shattered.

Ophion screamed.

Zeus landed behind him. Turned.

[Skill: Thunder King's Fall]

His heel slammed into the back of Ophion's neck.

The Titan hit the ground so hard it cracked in ten directions.

He didn't move again.

Zeus stood over him.

Breathing like a man on fire.

Around him—the battlefield shifted.

The Titans saw.

And they ran.

Not all.

But most.

The younger ones.

The ones who hadn't yet tasted wrath from a god of sky and storm.

Zeus didn't chase them.

He turned to the last remaining soldiers—beasts, creatures, giants, corrupted demigods.

He raised his hand again.

The sky parted.

This time—

There were no single bolts.

Just one.

Massive.

Endless.

[Skill: Heaven's Final Verdict]

It felt like judgment.

Not just light.

Weight.

Everything that didn't kneel—vanished.

The battlefield fell silent.

Only the rain whispered now.

Zeus exhaled. Dropped to one knee.

His siblings began to walk toward him.

One by one.

Demeter. Poseidon. Hera. Hades. Hestia.

All scarred. All bloodied. All alive.

The war was over.

The sky above them wasn't broken anymore.

It was open. Ready for a new age.

Zeus stood slowly.

Looked at them all.

He didn't speak.

But the lightning in his eyes had softened.

Not gone.

Just waiting.

Because they had won.

But ruling?

That was another battle entirely.

The lightning faded, but the smell of ozone still clung to the air.

Ash drifted down like black snow.

Zeus stood in the silence, knees bent, one hand still pressed to the cracked earth. His breath was deep. Controlled. But tired—like his body had given everything it had.

Then—

A soft crunch behind him.

Zeus didn't flinch.

Prometheus stepped forward first, shirt torn, hands still glowing faint with leftover flame. His brother, Epimetheus, followed—blood running down one temple, but smiling like a man who had finally seen the sun after years of storms.

Metis came last. Calm. Elegant. But there was mud on her knees. Ash on her cloak. Her golden eyes watched him like only she could.

"You finally won," Prometheus said with a half-smile, offering a hand.

Zeus didn't answer at first.

He took it.

Prometheus pulled him up slow.

Epimetheus clapped his shoulder. "That was insane. I thought the sky was going to fall with how much power you pumped through it."

"It nearly did," Zeus muttered.

Metis stepped closer.

She didn't touch him.

Just looked at him, steady and quiet.

"What about him?" she asked.

Zeus followed her gaze.

To the middle of the crater.

Where Cronus still lay, barely breathing. Covered in rubble. His scythe snapped in two. Time itself no longer listened to him. The world had moved on.

Zeus stared at him for a long moment.

No words.

No rage.

No pity.

Just... silence.

Then he looked up—past the mountain ridges. All the way to the far peak of Mount Dikti.

There, in the gray light of dawn, stood two silhouettes.

Gaia.

And Rhea.

Gaia's eyes glowed faint with ancient sorrow. Her vines curled gently around Rhea's shoulder. Rhea, for once, didn't look like the wounded queen or grieving mother. She looked like someone who had waited a long, long time for a storm to pass.

Zeus exhaled through his nose.

"I'll let Granny decide," he said simply.

Metis raised a brow. "Just like that?"

Zeus nodded.

"I fought the war. I ended him. I'm not going to judge him too. I just want to... rest."

He sat down again—not collapsed, just lowered. Like the storm had finally left his bones.

Prometheus looked back at Cronus. "You sure Gaia will show mercy?"

"I'm not," Zeus said.

"But it's not my choice. I'm done choosing who lives and who doesn't."

The wind shifted. Rain finally stopped.

For the first time in what felt like forever, the sky was blue.

Hera walked past them, bruised but standing tall. She didn't say anything—just nodded once at Metis, then sat beside Zeus, shoulder to shoulder.

Poseidon dragged Triena behind him and flopped down on the other side.

Hades stood at the crater's edge, helm off, watching Cronus like he was seeing the ghost of a future he'd never wanted. Then he turned, and slowly sat near his siblings.

Demeter arrived next, wiping blood from her cheek. Hestia followed, wrapping her flame-cloak tighter around herself.

One by one.

They all sat.

Nothing grand.

No throne. No anthem. No divine lightshow.

Just siblings.

Sitting together after surviving hell.

Metis crossed her arms and smirked. "You know you've got to rebuild the world now, right?"

Zeus leaned his head back and groaned. "Later."

Prometheus chuckled. "Want me to write the speech?"

"Burn it instead."

Epimetheus grinned. "We could just make a big dinner and call that a win."

Hestia finally smiled.

A small one.

But real.

Zeus let his eyes drift closed.

And for the first time—

He rested.

Not as a god.

Not as a warrior.

Not as the storm.

Just as himself.

Chapter 26: Division

Two Weeks Later — Mount Dikti, Peak of Clouds

The war was over. The Titans were sealed, the battlefield silent, and the scars of the world had begun to heal.

And for two weeks, Zeus hadn't touched his armor once.

Instead, he stayed here—on the quiet peak of Dikti—with Metis.

Sometimes talking. Sometimes walking. Sometimes just sitting in silence while clouds rolled below their feet. The storm had left his veins, and in its place was a strange new calm.

She made that possible.

Metis—clever, quiet, sharp in mind but soft in voice. She didn't treat him like a god. She didn't even treat him like a king. She just looked at him the same way before and after he'd taken down Cronus.

It made him breathe easier.

But not everyone liked that.

Elsewhere, Beneath the Olive Shrine – Hera

Hera's hand hovered over a bowl of sacred water. Her fingers traced the surface slowly, stirring the reflection until it cleared and showed Metis's face.

She wasn't glaring.

She wasn't fuming.

She was... studying.

"This is not jealousy," she murmured. "This is correction."

Her eyes narrowed.

"She moves like a queen already. Subtle. Steady. Clever enough to stay near him, but never too close in public. She's building a future."

Her fingers curled, and the water froze solid in the bowl.

Hera stood.

"I won't allow it."

This wasn't rage. This wasn't some broken-hearted tantrum.

This was calculation.

She had spent the war watching everything. Who fought. Who fled. Who stayed loyal. And now—she watched who dared think themselves worthy to stand beside the King of the Skies.

And she had found only one obstacle.

Metis.

The Next Day – Garden of Aegis

Metis stood beneath a fig tree, speaking with Hestia. She was calm, smiling. But she felt it. The weight in the wind.

Hera approached like sunlight over a blade. Warm, regal, and dangerous if you looked too long.

"Sister," Hera said softly, "you've been spending a lot of time with Zeus."

Metis nodded. "He asked me to help build the new world. I said yes."

"So that's what you're doing?" Hera tilted her head. "Building."

"Of course."

A pause.

Then Metis smiled, but it didn't reach her eyes. "And you? Are you helping build... or rearrange?"

Their gazes met. Long. Still.

Hera chuckled and walked past, but Metis turned slightly, watching her go.

"She's planning something," Metis whispered under her breath.

But she didn't confront her.

Because smart queens don't strike early.

They let the trap close first.

Three Days Later – Throne Summit

Zeus stood at the center of the high altar, looking down at the wide table of gods. The final issue remained.

The world.

The division of it.

Hades leaned against one of the marble columns. "Let's not drag this. You know what I want."

Poseidon smirked. "You mean the shadows and bones? You sure you don't want something with sunlight?"

Hades didn't blink. "I don't need sunlight. I need silence."

Zeus nodded. "Fine. You take the Underworld. You'll guard the dead, the gates, and the depths."

Hades gave a sharp nod.

Poseidon crossed his arms. "Then what's left for me? Don't tell me you're handing me lakes and puddles."

Zeus raised a brow. "The oceans, brother. Every one of them. Surface to deepest trench."

"That's not enough."

Zeus frowned.

Poseidon stepped forward. "You get the sky. You get the storms. You get Olympus. You sit on the throne. And I swim?"

Zeus's voice sharpened. "The oceans touch every land. They connect every realm. Don't underestimate what you've been given."

Hades stepped between them. "It's not about what we want. It's about what balances the world. I don't care for the sky. I don't care for the sea. I'll take the dead. But if we turn this into ego..."

He looked at them both.

"The world will rot before it begins."

The silence settled like a heavy fog.

Zeus exhaled slowly. "Then it's done."

He raised his hand.

With a pulse of divine light, he etched it in the fabric of reality.

Zeus — Sky and Storm, King of Olympus.

Poseidon — Seas and Earthquakes, Lord of the Oceans.

Hades — Death and the Underworld, Keeper of the Lost.

Their domains sealed.

Poseidon grumbled. "Next time, I want a vote."

Zeus smirked. "We'll call it a tie."

That Night – Edge of the Old Battlefield

Metis sat alone. Watching the stars.

She heard the footsteps before the voice.

"You're dangerous."

She turned. Hera stood there, arms folded, crown gleaming under the moon.

"So are you," Metis answered.

"I thought about poisoning you," Hera said.

Metis blinked.

"Then I thought about isolating you. Making Zeus doubt you. Maybe telling him you plan to control him."

"You would've wasted your breath."

"I know."

Silence.

Then Hera sighed. "I'm not angry because you're clever. I'm angry because I wasn't faster."

Metis tilted her head. "Faster at what?"

"At seeing him first."

Metis looked at her.

Really looked.

And for a moment, her voice softened. "You still can, Hera. There's room in the sky."

But Hera shook her head.

"I don't want a space beside him. I want the one you took."

Metis stood slowly. Not scared. Not proud. Just... honest.

"Then you'll have to take it from me."

They stood like that for a long time.

Two queens.

One already chosen.

One still playing the long game.

And neither backing down.

Later – Mount Dikti, Temple Balcony

Zeus leaned over the edge, arms on the railing, watching the moonlight touch the ruins far below.

Metis came up behind him, silent.

He didn't turn.

"She's coming for you," he said.

"I know."

"You scared?"

"No."

He finally looked at her.

"You sure you want to do this? This world? This crown?"

Metis smiled, tired but warm. "I don't want the crown."

"Then what?"

"You."

He stepped closer. His forehead touched hers.

And in the quiet between storms...

They stayed.

Because they both knew—

The war might've ended.

But the game?

The game had just begun.

And Zeus would let them fool themselves.

Chapter 27: Cronus Fate

Mount Dikti – Temple Balcony

The wind moved slower here. Not because the air was thin—but because time, somehow, had slowed just enough to let him breathe.

Zeus stood still after Metis walked away, his eyes still on the sky. The stars were clearer than they had been in weeks. Like even the cosmos knew the war was over.

But it wasn't peace he was watching for.

It was the screen.

It blinked into existence before his eyes, invisible to everyone else. No one knew. Not even Metis.

Not even the gods.

[SYSTEM NOTIFICATION]

Main Quest Completed: The Titanomachy Begins

Objective: Defeat the Twelve Titans and overthrow the rule of Cronus.

- Rally the Olympians: (✓) – 6/6 gathered
- Secure Divine Stronghold: (✓) – Mount Olympus claimed
- Gain Realm Recognition: (1/3) – Mortals do not yet revere the new gods

- First Blood Drawn: (✓) – Cronus wounded by Skybolt

Win Conditions Met

- ☑ Cronus must fall
- ☑ Throne of Olympus must rise
- ☑ A new age must begin

Failure Conditions Avoided

- ✗ Death or submission of all Olympians
- ✗ Return of the World to Titan Rule

The text faded.

Another screen appeared—slicker, sharper. The glow behind it felt heavier.

[REWARD ACQUIRED]

- Complete System Ascension – System Limitations Lifted. New Paths Unlocked.
- World Authority Access – You may now influence Realm Law, Fate Threads, and Mortal Myth.
- Seat of the Sky – Absolute authority over weather, storms, lightning, celestial events.

Zeus exhaled. Low and slow.

It wasn't just power. This was something else. Authority. Influence. A grip not just over the sky, but over reality itself.

The system had changed.

It was part of him.

His gift. His curse. His tool.

And now, it waited.

[NEW MAIN QUEST UNLOCKED]

Quest: The Age of Gods

Objective: Establish Olympus as the center of divine order across all realms. Unite or conquer all pantheons and safeguard mortal fate.

Requirements:

Build Pantheon Seats (0/12)

Gain Full Realm Recognition (1/3)

Rewrite the Divine Law

Survive the First Crisis

Reward:

Origin Core Access

Omnipantheon Integration Key

Legacy Path Revelation

Failure:

Collapse of Olympus

Rise of Forgotten Powers

Zeus closed the screen with a blink.

The system never gave too much. Never told him why it worked the way it did. Just what he had to do next. It guided him like a rope through a storm.

But now, the rope was coiling around the world.

He stepped back from the edge and turned toward the inner temple.

A soft voice greeted him from behind a pillar.

"You've been staring at the sky for a long time," Metis said.

Zeus didn't react. He just looked at her. Eyes calm. Still glowing faintly with the aftermath of lightning.

"Just thinking," he said.

"About what comes next?"

He nodded.

Metis studied him. She could feel it again—that weight. Something ticking behind his silence. Something vast.

She didn't ask.

Because she already knew.

Zeus had seen something again. Something only he could see.

And he wasn't ready to say it out loud.

Not yet.

Elsewhere – Deep Hollow of Mount Dikti

Inside the sealed rock of the mountain, the system pulsed quietly. It wasn't just floating code. It was alive. Watching. Recording. Adjusting itself to match Zeus's path.

It had grown stronger too.

Now that Cronus was sealed and the sky answered to Zeus alone...

It began expanding.

[System Evolution Triggered]

Tier: Celestial Authority System → World Dominion Protocol

Synchronizing with universal law...

Adapting to mythic resonance...

Mapping new divine threads...

Zeus had no idea what was coming next.

But the world was already watching him.

And the system?

It was just getting started.

The Deepest Part of Tartarus

Beneath time. Beneath fate. Beneath even death itself.

The air down here didn't move.

It didn't breathe.

It pressed.

Like the world itself was trying to crush everything inside it.

And in the heart of that crushing dark—Cronus.

Chained. Suspended in a pit that had no walls, only shadows. Shackles forged from Fatesteel bound his arms and legs. His scythe was gone. His power dimmed. But his eyes—

His eyes still burned like ancient suns.

He twisted his neck, chains clinking with each movement, and stared at the two figures in front of him.

One stood with quiet sadness. The other, with cold distance.

Gaia and Rhea.

His mother. His wife.

The Titan King sneered.

"You think these chains will hold me for long?" His voice echoed through the void, layered with something not entirely natural—like it came from the bones of the world itself. "I am Cronus. The World Reaper. The one who broke Uranus. I took the throne once. I'll take it again."

His jaw clenched.

"I will escape this pit. I will reclaim my seat as Godking. And when I do, I'll grind Olympus into dust beneath my heel."

Gaia looked at him without flinching. Her green eyes shimmered like stone soaked in sorrow.

"You've always mistaken strength for destiny."

Cronus spat. "You made me this way."

"I made you a Titan," Gaia said quietly. "Not a monster."

Rhea stepped forward now, her golden robes brushing against the floating shards of broken time that orbited the prison. Her gaze held no anger.

Only resolve.

"You devoured our children."

"To stop the curse!" Cronus snapped. "The prophecy said my downfall would come from one of them!"

"And you fulfilled it yourself," Rhea said, stepping even closer. "You were never defeated by fate. You were devoured by fear."

Cronus yanked against his chains. They groaned. Sparks flew. But they held.

"I will rise again," he snarled. "You think your sons can hold me? The moment they show weakness, the moment they slip—I'll return. And this time, I won't hesitate."

Gaia didn't blink.

Rhea didn't tremble.

The two women—goddess and Titaness—turned to go.

"You won't break these chains," Gaia said as her voice trailed off. "They weren't made to hold your body. They were made to hold your will."

And as they vanished into the mist, their forms swallowed by the abyss, Cronus screamed after them.

Not in pain.

But in defiance.

And Tartarus listened.

Somewhere in that endless black, something stirred.

Something older than gods.

And it remembered his name.