

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 31: Monster Of Monsters - Read I Am Zeus

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Realm of Olympus – Midnight Silence

The wind howled across the marble halls. Olympus, towering high above the clouds, stood in silence. The stars above flickered like a thousand silent witnesses watching the divine wheel begin to turn again.

Zeus sat on the high throne. Alone.

A strange pressure curled around his temples.

Then it hit.

A sharp ringing sound that wasn't sound at all—more like a pulse against his very soul.

Then, it appeared.

A familiar blue shimmer only he could see.

[SYSTEM ALERT]

NEW WORLD EVENT DETECTED

A Primordial Threat has awakened.

Typhon, the Abomination of Chaos, has been created.

Origin: Unknown

Power Level: [CLASSIFIED]

Warning: Entity exceeds Titan-class threat. Catastrophic danger imminent.

[NEW MAIN QUEST UNLOCKED]

QUEST: THE MONSTER OF MONSTERS

Objective:

Discover the origin of Typhon

Confront the entity

Prevent Olympus from falling

Bonus Objectives:

Learn the role of Gaia and Tartarus

Decide the fate of the Primordial Order

Failure Condition:

Olympus destroyed

Death of the Olympian Line

End of the Age of Gods

Reward:

??? (Hidden by the System)

Primordial Access Unlocked

Divine Right Strengthened

Zeus clenched his fists. Lightning sparked from his knuckles.

Typhon.

That name... he didn't know how, but it made the hairs on his neck stand up. Like something ancient. Wrong. As if it didn't belong in this world. Even Cronus hadn't made the skies tremble like this.

He stood. No hesitation.

Metis.

She'd know what to do.

Olympus – Upper Garden Terrace

The breeze rustled the leaves. Moonlight danced on the glassy surface of the divine pool. Metis stood near it, robes drawn around her shoulders, hair falling down her back.

She had been thinking—always thinking. Calculating. But even she paused when Zeus appeared behind her, crackling with storm energy.

She turned instantly. "What happened?"

"Call them," Zeus said.

Her brow furrowed. "Who?"

"Everyone. The gods. The council. Olympus needs to wake up."

Metis blinked. "Why?"

Zeus looked up to the moon. "Typhon has been created."

The calm in her face cracked. "That name..."

"I don't know what it is," Zeus said. "But I need answers. And I'm starting with Gaia."

The Earth's Core – Chamber of the Old Mother

Zeus descended like thunder through clouds, then mist, then stone, then magma. The layers of the world peeled away before him like silk being burned by raw lightning.

Finally, he stopped.

The air down here wasn't like the sky. It wasn't wind. It was pressure. The breath of the Earth itself.

The chamber was vast—endless roots sprawled along the ceiling, glowing with old, fading green light. In the center, lying weak against a mound of stone, was Gaia.

The Mother of All.

But she looked... hollow.

Her limbs were cracked. Her skin was like stone riddled with moss veins. Her breath came slowly, like the earth itself groaning in its sleep.

"Gaia."

The name echoed.

Her eyelids fluttered.

"You've come," she said, voice soft like shifting soil.

Zeus stepped forward, but didn't kneel. "You made a monster. Typhon. Why?"

Her lips curled slightly—not in defiance, not in pride.

In pain.

"I didn't..."

Zeus narrowed his eyes. "The energy I felt said it was you."

Gaia chuckled bitterly. "Then your senses are half blind."

Zeus paused. "...Tartarus."

Gaia nodded slowly. "He's tired of being a prison. He sees himself as a god. As a living force, not a garbage pit for your wars. He wanted to shake Olympus. And he knew... I was weak enough to use."

She coughed, a bit of glowing sap spilling from the cracks in her arms.

"I gave him a seed once, long ago. Meant to heal the lands after the war with Ouranos. But he twisted it. Fed it hate. Fed it fire. And now..."

Her gaze locked with his.

"He has a child."

Zeus whispered the name again.

"Typhon."

Mount Olympus – The Next Morning

The storm clouds circled the peak.

Lightning flashed once.

Then twice.

Then exploded as Zeus returned, cloak billowing, eyes glowing.

Metis met him near the base of the throne steps. "What did she say?"

"It was Tartarus."

The words dropped like stones.

"He made it using Gaia's power. She was used. Her energy... it's fading."

Metis clenched her jaw. "Then we're looking at something more dangerous than Cronus ever was."

Zeus nodded slowly. "He's not just a monster."

He turned, eyes scanning the horizon.

"He's a weapon."

The Council Chamber – Later That Day

The twelve thrones surrounding the great round table gleamed under divine light.

Poseidon was already pacing.

Hades sat, quiet.

Demeter looked troubled.

Hestia, calm as always, stared into the flickering flames in the middle.

Apollo and Artemis, still young in appearance, were seated next to each other. Neither spoke yet.

Then Zeus entered.

All turned.

"There's a new threat," he said plainly. "Typhon."

The name hit like thunder.

Even Hades' eyes narrowed. "That name..."

"It's not a Titan. Not a god. Not a monster. It's something else. Tartarus made it. Gaia confirmed it."

Hestia frowned. "Why would Tartarus move now?"

Zeus answered without blinking. "He's tired of being a cage. Now he wants to be a king."

The gods murmured. Poseidon slammed his trident into the floor.

"Then we drown him."

Zeus shook his head. "This isn't just about Tartarus. It's about the balance. The roots of our world are shifting. And this thing... this Typhon—if we don't stop it, Olympus won't stand another day."

Demeter leaned forward. "So what's the plan?"

Zeus looked at each of them.

Then said, "War."

Elsewhere – The Abyssal Womb of Tartarus

Darkness churned like boiling oil.

And in the middle of it all—something rose.

Massive.

Twisted.

Grotesque.

A body shaped by hatred and molten rage. Snake coils for legs. Wings stitched from shadows. Its face half-formed, half-burned into existence by divine furnace.

Typhon.

Its first breath was a roar that cracked the underrealm.

Tartarus stood before it, tall and formless. Not a man. Not a god. Just an outline in the dark.

"Rise," he said. "Your purpose is simple. Burn Olympus. Break the gods. Make them feel what I felt for eons."

Typhon said nothing.

But its red eyes opened.

And the ground above began to shake.

Back in Olympus – Zeus Alone

Night returned.

The sky above was calm, but Zeus stood alone on the edge of the peak again.

The system blinked silently beside him.

[Quest Active: MONSTER OF MONSTERS]

He stared forward, lightning dancing faintly around his arms.

This was no longer about proving himself.

Not about thrones.

Or bloodlines.

This was survival.

He whispered, "Let's see what you've got, Tartarus."

And the sky rumbled in response.

Chapter 32: Warning Tartarus

The Pit of Tartarus

The wind didn't blow here.

Because there was no wind.

No time. No sound. No sky.

Only pressure.

Crushing, ancient pressure that grinded mountains to dust and cracked even immortal bones. The realm of Tartarus wasn't made for things that walked. It was made for punishment. For agony. For echoes that screamed without mouths.

Yet down the endless throat of that realm came Zeus.

He descended like a storm being swallowed.

Bolts of divine lightning forked out from his back as his boots struck the invisible floor of Tartarus, each step sending pulses through the blackness like sonar. His cloak fluttered against a wind that didn't exist. His eyes lit the dark.

He wasn't hiding.

He wanted to be seen.

And Tartarus saw him.

A rumble came. Low and rising. Not from above, but beneath.

A churning quake. A voice with no center, no mouth. It came from every wall, every crack, every grain of this damnable realm.

"You dare walk into me again... boy?"

Zeus didn't flinch.

"I didn't come to ask," he said. His voice echoed back a thousand times in the void. "I came to warn you."

The darkness moved.

The shape of Tartarus formed like smoke curving around stone. Towering. Faceless. His body was like a titan forged from shifting bedrock, laced with fire veins that pulsed red. But he didn't step forward. He coiled. Like a serpent. Like something that thought it had already won.

"A warning?" Tartarus hissed. "You bring thunder into the pit of chaos and call it a warning?"

Zeus didn't blink. "I know you made Typhon."

A long pause.

Then... a ripple of laughter. Deep. Mocking. Ancient.

"Of course I did."

Zeus stepped forward. Lightning cracked at his feet. "You used Gaia's last spark. You twisted her healing into a curse."

"She allowed it," Tartarus whispered. "Even if she didn't know it. That's the price of looking away for too long. Her roots are soft. But I... I do not forget."

Zeus's hands twitched. Thunder rolled in his palms.

"I'm not here to talk about your pain. I'm here to end your mistake."

Tartarus leaned closer. His eyes opened—not eyes, but burning caverns glowing like the pits of dead stars.

"Typhon is no mistake."

"Then what is he?"

"Justice," Tartarus growled. "Vengeance. Your kind built Olympus on the backs of monsters. Cast us down. Buried us. You use the earth like a throne and throw your scraps here. But I am the earth. The core. The unbreakable. I am the cage you cannot escape."

Zeus narrowed his eyes. "You think this is revenge?"

"I think this is balance."

The sky inside Tartarus cracked above them. Lightning and black flame clashed somewhere in the upper layers, just beyond reach.

"Typhon will erase the stain of Olympus," Tartarus said. "One god at a time."

Zeus stepped right to the edge of the pit. His lightning flared harder now. A ring of blue arcs circled around his body, cutting grooves into the very space around him.

"Then let me tell you how this ends," he said, voice rising.

"When I'm done with him, there won't be enough left to scatter across the winds. And just like your other failures, I'll throw what remains right back into you."

Tartarus roared.

The whole realm shook.

Fire geysers erupted from beneath the floor, and the shadows screamed.

But Zeus didn't move.

He stood in the middle of Tartarus's rage and raised one hand. A spear of lightning formed above him, coiling with divine power, brighter than anything this pit had seen since the age of creation.

Tartarus snarled. "You are arrogant, little storm. Cronus said the same things once. So did Uranus. So will you."

"I'm not them," Zeus said. "I don't wait. I burn."

Then he flung the lightning spear downward. It didn't aim at Tartarus directly—it stabbed into the very foundation of the realm. And when it hit—

The entire plane screamed.

A blast wave tore through the pit like a divine pulse. Shadows collapsed. Fire snuffed out. Even the formless edges of Tartarus recoiled.

Zeus turned his back.

"I'll be back," he said, walking upward into the rising stormlight around him. "Try not to choke on your pride before then."

And just like that—he vanished, rising through a golden bolt of lightning that shredded the silence in his wake.

Back in Olympus

The skies above Olympus weren't calm anymore. Black clouds gathered around the peak, but they weren't natural. They were gathered—summoned by Zeus's will.

The gods below stood ready.

Poseidon summoned whirlpools beneath the base of the mountain, his trident glowing with seafoam and blue sparks.

Hades arrived from the Underworld, shadows coiling behind him like a living cloak. He said nothing. But the souls that stirred in his wake whispered prayers not even the living dared speak.

Demeter raised walls of vines and roots, her eyes dark with worry, but her stance strong.

Hestia lit the great flame of Olympus itself.

And Zeus returned.

He landed in a crack of thunder, standing at the center of the courtyard, his body still glowing faintly with the essence of Tartarus.

"They're coming," he said.

"Then we'll meet them," Poseidon growled.

"No," Zeus said. "I'll meet them."

The others froze.

"I'm the one he wants," Zeus continued. "Tartarus didn't create Typhon to destroy you. He created him to destroy me. To unmake the Godking."

Hades finally spoke. "Then what do we do?"

Zeus looked at all of them. His gaze sharp. Alive.

"You hold Olympus."

He turned toward the edge of the mountain, where the horizon cracked with red lightning in the far south.

"I'll hold the storm."

And then... he vanished once more.

Elsewhere

The lands beyond mortal vision split open.

Mountains broke like cracked teeth. Oceans parted like scarred veins. And from the abyss crawled Typhon.

His body was larger than the tallest peaks, his wings dragging shadows across continents. His voice wasn't a roar.

It was a curse.

Every flap of his wings killed the stars above him for miles. The world beneath him trembled.

"OLYMPUS," he growled.

Then he walked.

Every step, a quake.

Every breath, a promise of destruction.

And overhead—

A crack of lightning.

Zeus.

Descending fast.

No words.

Just thunder.

Just war.

Chapter 33: Fighting Typhon

Battle of Gods — Olympus vs Chaos

A crack split the skies.

The air turned heavy, as if the world itself was holding its breath. From above, Zeus came down in a streak of raw lightning—his body burning blue and white, fists clenched, cloak tearing behind him like a banner made of storms.

Below him, Typhon moved.

The monster of monsters.

His body towered beyond mountains. Coiled legs like serpents writhed under him, crushing forests and entire valleys with each shift. A hundred heads slithered from his shoulders, each hissing a different curse. Wings wide enough to darken nations unfolded as he raised his burning arms to the heavens.

"ZEUS!" Typhon roared, his voice shaking clouds into ash.

Zeus didn't respond with words.

He landed.

The ground cracked open beneath his feet. A thunderclap followed a second later—loud enough to rupture the sky.

His eyes locked with Typhon's. Lightning danced along his arms, arching into the heavens above him. The ground beneath him trembled. The air sparked.

[Lightning Flicker – Lv. 6]

Electricity bled from his every step. With one stride, he vanished—reappearing above Typhon's left shoulder, his body spinning midair like a divine spear.

SMASH!

He slammed a bolt-charged fist into one of the serpent heads. It exploded in a burst of light and blood. A roar followed—angrier, deeper.

[Thunder Shout – Lv. 5]

Zeus clapped both hands forward. The air warped—and then detonated. A wall of pure thunder tore through Typhon's chest, blasting him backward and knocking over several mountains behind him like dominoes.

But Typhon wasn't done.

He snapped back up, roaring as more heads grew from the ruined stump, even more furious. His claws slashed across the air. Flames, darkness, acid, and wind came together in one attack.

BOOM!

Zeus blurred away.

[Aether Step – Lv. 3]

He vanished in a blink, teleporting through a lightning vein in the sky—and then reappearing right at Typhon's neck.

"Fall."

[Smite – Lv. 4]

From the clouds above, divine plasma streaked down like judgment.

Five bolts.

Then ten.

Then twenty.

Each impact carved craters across Typhon's body, burning scales, tearing limbs, turning entire heads into smoking meat.

But Typhon didn't scream.

He laughed.

Then moved.

Faster than something that big should. One of his serpent tails whipped out—catching Zeus mid-air.

CRACK!

The impact sent Zeus flying. He smashed through three ridges, bounced across a frozen lake, and crashed into a cliff wall.

Blood trickled from his lips.

His breathing was rough.

The divine aura around him flickered for a moment.

Then—

[SYSTEM UPGRADE – IN BATTLE GROWTH TRIGGERED]

Lightning Flicker – Lv. 7 (Ascended)

Passive discharge now shreds divine shields. Movement speed has doubled. Reflexes elevated to light-level bursts.

Zeus stood up. Lightning exploded outward from his body in every direction. The cliff behind him shattered into dust.

He raised his arms to the sky.

"You want war?" he shouted.

The sky answered.

[Stormcaller's Wrath – Lv. 2 → Lv. 4]

A vortex formed high above. A divine hurricane spiraled into existence, fueled by Olympus's raw power. Thunder, ice, wind, fire—every element surged inside the storm, reacting to Typhon's many weaknesses.

Zeus held out his hands.

The gauntlets on his arms—Skybreaker Gauntlets—glowed brighter than the sun.

He slammed both fists together.

The storm fell.

A massive beam of destruction slammed into Typhon, pushing him back. He roared as his wings caught fire. His arms melted. His flesh boiled and cracked. He reached out—

And grabbed the storm.

Typhon's arms flexed. He absorbed the energy. His mouths opened, vomiting fire and darkness back into the sky.

"YOU THINK LIGHTNING CAN DESTROY CHAOS?" he bellowed.

Then he punched the ground.

KA-BOOM!

A shockwave split the earth. A wave of molten chaos spread like a plague, tearing forests and mountains apart as it rushed toward Zeus.

Zeus grit his teeth. Blood dripped from his side. His vision blurred. But he didn't fall.

Instead—

[Divine Presence: Storm Crown – Lv. 1 → Lv. 3]

Aura field now disrupts lesser divine magic. Causes instability in monsters born from Primordial Chaos.

He stepped forward, walking straight into the oncoming wave.

The moment it touched him, it broke.

The aura around him grew wider. His eyes now glowed so brightly, they left trails as he moved.

[Aether Step – Lv. 3 → Lv. 5]

Can now chain blinks. Can punch through enemy space with coordinated strikes.

Zeus vanished again.

Then appeared above Typhon's heart—if the beast even had one.

"FOR OLYMPUS!" he shouted.

A spear of divine lightning—five times longer than before—formed in his hands.

He plunged it downward.

BOOM!

The explosion sent both of them crashing into the crust of the earth. A crater the size of a valley opened, swallowing lakes and forests around it.

Zeus coughed violently. One of his ribs cracked. His shoulder was dislocated. Typhon rose from the crater, wounded—but not dead.

He raised a hand—then slammed Zeus into the ground with a gravity crush.

Zeus hit the stone hard.

He didn't get up.

Blood spread beneath him.

Typhon loomed over him. His shadow covered all.

"I WIN," the beast declared.

But—

The sky rumbled again.

Zeus's hand twitched.

His body sparked.

[Smite – Lv. 4 → Lv. 6 (Divine Tier)]

The storm above exploded.

A single, golden bolt fell.

It hit Zeus's chest—on purpose.

And Zeus rose.

Eyes burning gold.

Hair now flaring like fire.

His injuries sealed. His body thrummed with divine overload.

"Not yet," he whispered.

He flew.

His body streaked into Typhon's chin with enough force to lift the beast into the sky. Then he blinked again—

Aether Step.

Lightning Flicker.

Thunder Shout.

Smite.

A combo of god-tier techniques.

He ripped across Typhon's body in ten places at once—each strike tearing skin, bone, chaos-energy apart. Typhon tried to scream—but Zeus punched him in the throat, cutting it off.

Then—

One final move.

[Stormcaller's Wrath – Lv. 4 → Lv. 6 (Heavenfall Mode)]

He called everything.

All the storm.

All the sky.

A god-bomb wrapped in clouds and judgment.

He hurled it down.

Typhon raised his arms.

"NO—!"

BOOM.

The world went white.

When the smoke cleared, the crater was miles wide.

Typhon lay there—half-buried, body broken, blood pouring like rivers.

Zeus floated above.

Burning.

Breathing.

Alive.

But barely.

He descended slowly, landing beside the monster.

And said:

"When I said I'd throw what's left of you back into Tartarus... I meant it."

Chapter 34: Hera's Pact With Tartarus

The Pit of Tartarus – Hours After Typhon's Fall

The darkness of Tartarus curled and pulsed like a wounded beast. The air was heavier than usual, like something massive had screamed and the echo never left.

Then—

A new pulse.

A golden portal twisted open.

Through it stepped Hera.

Her robes glowed faintly, her sandals barely touched the scorched stone floor. Behind her floated the massive, charred corpse of Typhon, twisted and broken—what was left of him after Zeus's final storm. Blood still oozed from the shattered ribs. Black ichor dripped from the limp serpent heads.

Hera's expression was unreadable. Calm. Maybe too calm.

She stood still for a moment, letting the silence throb around her like a drumbeat. Then—without flinching—she raised one hand.

Typhon's corpse slammed to the floor of Tartarus like thunder striking the spine of the underworld.

It echoed everywhere.

Then, slowly, she said:

"I brought this to you. Courtesy of Zeus."

She tilted her head slightly, her tone dry, almost mocking.

"He said he was going to dump it back here. And..."

She looked around the endless dark.

"He told me to pass along a message."

She stepped forward.

Her heels clacked against the smooth black stone.

"He said—'if you want something done... get it done yourself.'"

The silence didn't last.

It boiled.

The shadows surged. The floor cracked.

And then—

Tartarus rose.

Not in a single form. Not as a man. Not as a god.

He erupted like smoke and stone, a shifting monolith of rage. Molten cracks bled fire through his chest. His voice didn't echo—it crushed.

"ZEUS...!"

His scream was thunder without sound. It rattled Hera's bones. Her lungs locked for a moment. Her shield spell cracked on her shoulders.

Then suddenly—

The entire realm of Tartarus squeezed inward.

Hera gasped. Her body was lifted into the air. Not physically—but like pressure itself had become hands.

Tartarus suffocated her with presence.

"YOU DARE BRING ME MY FAILURE?" he growled.

"YOU DARE SPEAK IN HIS NAME—IN MY DOMAIN?!"

Her mouth opened, but no words came.

Her throat was tight. Her eyes watered.

Her barrier shattered.

The black stone beneath her split. Her feet dangled, and her hands sparked with golden magic trying to resist—but Tartarus was everywhere.

"You think I care for your theatrics? For your smugness? You think I need more reminders that the gods above still spit on me?"

"ENOUGH!"

She couldn't breathe. Her chest cracked.

Then—she smiled.

Even in pain. Even choking.

And through clenched teeth, she whispered—

"But what if I help you burn him?"

The pressure froze.

Tartarus paused. His shadow tendrils coiled tighter for a second. Then looser.

Then gone.

Hera fell to the floor on her knees, coughing violently, magic flaring from her lungs just to stay conscious.

The pressure around her retreated like a beast reeling back from its prey, unsure whether it should kill or listen.

Tartarus's voice returned. Quieter. But colder.

"...speak."

Hera wiped blood from her lip. Stood slowly. Looked up.

"I'm not loyal to Zeus. I'm tired of watching him do whatever he wants. Tired of being cast aside."

Tartarus didn't answer.

She stepped forward. Her voice steadier now.

"You made Typhon to crush Olympus. And he nearly did. But Zeus... he always wins because people follow him. They believe he's the center of everything."

Her eyes glinted. "I'm telling you... we change that."

She raised her hand, golden runes pulsing across her wrist.

"I have a plan. But you have to trust me."

"...Why?" Tartarus asked. "Why betray your king?"

Hera's smile returned, bitter this time. Dark.

"Because I was never his queen."

She turned slightly, flicking Typhon's broken body behind her with magic like a discarded scroll.

"I don't want Olympus destroyed. I want it rewritten."

Tartarus stayed quiet.

The shadows shifted.

"You think your monsters are enough?" Hera continued. "They're not. Zeus is adapting. Growing. The more you fight him head-on, the stronger he becomes. You've seen it."

She walked slowly in a circle, like a strategist mapping terrain.

"But from within? From the throne? From influence?"

She turned and faced him fully.

"I can give you that."

Tartarus's form shrank slightly. Coiled around itself. Studying her. Measuring her heartbeat.

"...what do you propose?"

Hera's magic flared.

"I feed him a vision. A warning of a war across realms. Something bigger than Typhon. He'll panic. Gather gods. Grow desperate."

Tartarus's shadows listened.

Hera leaned in.

"And in his desperation, I give him... a gift."

"A son."

Tartarus tilted his featureless head.

"A son?" he echoed.

"Yes," Hera said. "A child made with your power. Not entirely divine. Not entirely monstrous. Something between. Something made to live in Olympus... and one day tear it from the inside."

The silence after that stretched.

Then—

Tartarus laughed.

Slow, dark, and rising.

"You would raise a child of Tartarus in the home of the gods?"

"I would raise a god of chaos in a temple of order," she corrected.

"And I would do it smiling."

Tartarus leaned close. The heat behind his voice returned.

"You lie. But I believe you."

Hera smiled again.

"Then let's make a deal."

The shadows circled her hand.

And Tartarus reached forward.

Their fingers met.

The Pact was made.

And Olympus would never be the same.

The storm had gone quiet.

Outside, Olympus still shivered with the memory of Typhon's fall. Cracks scarred the golden tiles. The divine winds had not yet returned to their calm. But inside the king's private chamber, all was silent.

Zeus lay on a marble bed carved from a single piece of cloud-tempered stone. The edges were lined with silver sigils glowing faintly with healing aura. His chest rose and fell slowly, deeply. Every breath rasped like thunder slowed to a whisper.

His right shoulder was wrapped in divine cloth. Burnt skin shimmered underneath. His ribs had barely reformed—Typhon's last strike had been brutal. The monster had bitten into the sky itself, and Zeus had stood in the middle of it.

Now he was still.

Stripped of armor. Shirtless. Pale lightning veins flickered across his torso as the healing spells knitted him back together.

Beside him sat Metis.

Her hands glowed with soft blue light as she pressed her palms gently against his temples. She didn't speak. She hadn't spoken in hours.

Instead, she let the silence wrap around them like a blanket. The kind of silence that says: You survived. That's enough for now.

She dipped her fingers into a small basin beside the bed—filled with ichor-stained water and crushed ambrosia petals—and dabbed his forehead.

Zeus stirred slightly. Eyes fluttered.

Then opened.

"...you're here," he murmured.

"I never left," Metis said softly.

Zeus groaned faintly, shifting against the bed. "How long?"

"Three days."

He blinked slowly. "Did I win?"

Metis gave him a look. "Barely."

Zeus smiled faintly. "That's still a win."

She sighed, placing a hand over his chest. "You're a fool. You always go too far."

"You sound like Poseidon."

"I sound like someone who's tired of dragging you back from the edge."

He didn't answer right away. He looked at her hand over his chest, then up at her eyes. There was something unreadable in them. Something distant.

"Metis..."

Chapter 35: Hot*

"Metis..."

Metis leaned down, her lips brushing against his ear as she whispered, "Don't speak. Just let me take care of you." Her hands slid down his chest, tracing the lines of his muscles, before hooking into the waistband of his pants. She pulled them down slowly, revealing his hardening length. Zeus sucked in a sharp breath as she wrapped her hand around him, stroking gently.

She kissed him deeply, her tongue exploring his mouth as she continued to caress him. Zeus's hips lifted off the bed, seeking more of her touch. Metis broke the kiss and trailed her lips down his neck, biting and sucking at the sensitive skin. She moved lower, her tongue circling one of his nipples before taking it into her mouth and sucking hard.

Zeus groaned, his fingers tangling in her hair as she continued her descent. When she reached his stomach, she looked up at him through hooded eyes before taking him into her mouth.

Zeus's head fell back against the pillow, his breath coming in ragged gasps as Metis took him deeper. Her mouth was hot and wet, her tongue swirling around his length as she bobbed her head up and down. He gripped her hair tightly, his hips thrusting forward instinctively.

"Fuck, Metis," he groaned, his voice strained with pleasure. "Your mouth feels so good."

Metis hummed in response, the vibrations sending shockwaves through him. She took him deeper, until he hit the back of her throat, and swallowed around him. Zeus's grip on her hair tightened, his fingers twisting in the strands as he fought the urge to come. "Not yet," he panted, pulling her off him gently. "I want to be inside you."

Metis climbed up his body, kissing and biting at his skin along the way.

She straddled his face, her dripping core hovering just above his mouth. Zeus grabbed her hips and pulled her down, his tongue delving into her folds. Metis cried out, her hands gripping the headboard for support as he licked and sucked at her sensitive flesh.

He started slow, savoring the taste of her, his tongue circling her clit teasingly. But as Metis's moans grew louder, he picked up the pace, fucking her with his tongue, his nose brushing against her clit with each thrust. "Zeus!" she gasped, grinding against his face. "Fuck, yes!"

He slipped a finger inside her, then another, curling them to hit that spot that made her see stars. His tongue flicked back and forth over her clit rapidly, driving her closer to the edge.

Metis's thighs trembled, her breath coming in short pants. "I'm gonna come," she warned him.

Zeus didn't stop. If anything, he doubled his efforts, sucking her clit hard as he pumped his fingers in and out of her. Metis shattered, her orgasm crashing over her like a tidal wave. She screamed his name, her body convulsing as pleasure consumed her.

But Zeus wasn't done. Before she could catch her breath, he flipped her onto her back and drove into her, burying himself to the hilt in one thrust. Metis arched off the bed, her nails digging into his shoulders as he began to move. He started slow, savoring the feel of her tight heat surrounding him. But soon, he was pounding into her relentlessly, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room. "Harder," Metis demanded, wrapping her legs around his waist. "Fuck me harder!"

Zeus obliged, his hips snapping forward with bruising force.

He slammed into her over and over, his thick length stretching her deliciously. Metis met each thrust with a lift of her hips, taking him deeper. The pleasure was intense, bordering on pain, and she reveled in it. She loved the way Zeus took her, like he was claiming her, marking her as his. "Come inside me," she begged, her voice hoarse from screaming. "Fill me up!" Zeus growled, his movements becoming erratic. He could feel his release building, his balls tightening. With a final thrust, he buried himself deep and came with a roar, his hot seed flooding her core. Metis milked him with her inner muscles, prolonging his orgasm until he collapsed on top of her, panting heavily.

After a moment, Zeus rolled onto his back, pulling Metis with him so she was sprawled across his chest. He was already hardening again inside her, and she could feel him throbbing against her sensitive walls. "Again?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "You're insatiable," he grinned, flipping them over. Hence, he was on top once more. He began to move slowly, his hips rolling in a gentle rhythm that built steadily. Metis wrapped her legs around him, urging him deeper as she met each thrust with a lift of her hips. "I love

you," she whispered against his lips. "I love you too," he replied, his voice thick with emotion and desire. He kissed her deeply as he made love to her, their bodies moving together in perfect sync. The second time was slower, more intimate, but no less intense. They came together, their cries of pleasure mingling as they clung to each other tightly.

Metis's eyes fluttered open, the dim light of the bedroom filtering in through the curtains. She stretched languidly, her muscles deliciously sore from the night before. Beside her, Zeus slept peacefully, his arm draped possessively over her waist.

She smiled to herself, remembering the passion and intensity of their lovemaking. It was always like this with Zeus - explosive, consuming, addictive. He knew her body better than she knew herself, and he wasn't afraid to push her boundaries.

As if sensing her gaze, Zeus stirred beside her. His eyes opened slowly, meeting hers with a sleepy smile. "Morning," he murmured, his voice rough from sleep. "Good morning," Metis replied softly, leaning in to press a gentle kiss on his lips. "Did you sleep well?"

Zeus nodded, his hand sliding up to cup her breast. "Mmmm...until you woke me up."

Metis gasped as Zeus's thumb brushed over her nipple, sending sparks of pleasure through her. She arched into his touch, her own hands roaming over his chest and abs appreciatively. "I could get used to waking up like this," she breathed, trailing kisses along his jawline and down his neck. "Every morning, just you and me..." Zeus groaned, his hips pressing forward instinctively. He was already hard, his length throbbing against her thigh. "Fuck, Metis...you're going to be the death of me," he growled playfully, rolling her onto her back and settling between her legs.

He captured her mouth in a searing kiss, his tongue delving deep as he ground against her core. Metis moaned into the kiss, wrapping her legs around him and tilting her hips to increase the friction.

Zeus broke the kiss to trail his lips down her neck and chest.

Chapter 36: Hade's Warning

The Deep Paths of the Underworld

Hades walked slowly, his steps echoing along the silent obsidian corridor. Faint pale-blue ghostlights flickered on either side, casting long shadows across his sharp features. In his hand, he spun a small black coin between his fingers, its clink the only sound besides the faraway weeping of souls.

Ahead of him, Hera emerged from the darkness.

She moved quickly, her robes swirling behind her like dark clouds. But she stopped when she saw him leaning against the carved basalt wall, arms folded, his dark eyes unblinking.

"Hera," Hades said, voice low and even.

She didn't speak. Just stared at him with that cold, regal glare. The same one she used on the other gods when they stepped out of line.

Hades pushed off the wall, walked forward, and stopped just a few feet away. His gaze flickered to the lingering shadows behind her, then back to her face.

"You know plotting against Zeus won't work in your favour," he said, quiet but sharp. "You of all people should know that."

She said nothing, her jaw tight.

Hades tilted his head, studying her like a creature he couldn't quite name.

"Zeus stood against Cronus... and lived," he continued. "None of us could've done that. Not you. Not Poseidon. Not even me."

His thumb pressed against the black coin. It spun faster.

"Why do you think I chose the Underworld and not the sky? Why I didn't challenge him for Olympus?"

Hera's eyes narrowed. "Because you lack ambition."

Hades chuckled softly, shaking his head. "No. Because I understand reality."

He stepped closer, lowering his voice so it was just between them, even in the silence of the dead.

"Zeus will always win, one way or another. He was born to win. Born to conquer. Even Cronus couldn't bury him. So I took the next best option."

He gestured around them with a sweep of his pale hand. The endless black halls. The mournful lights. The silent throng of souls drifting far beyond sight.

"The gloomy underworld," he finished. "Here, I reign over death itself. Over the end of all things. It's not Olympus, no. But it's power... and it's peace."

He flicked the coin into the darkness. It vanished without sound.

"And it's the closest I can be to Father," he said softly, eyes darkening as he looked past her. "To Cronus. To see him, chained and broken in Tartarus, whenever I want. It reminds me... that even kings fall."

Hera's lips curled, but not into a smile.

"Zeus will fall," she whispered. "I will make sure of it."

Hades raised an eyebrow. For a moment, there was almost pity in his gaze.

"You keep telling yourself that," he said quietly. "But when it comes to him... gods don't decide fate."

He turned from her, his black robes whispering against the cold floor as he walked away. Only his final words drifted back through the dark.

"Fate decides gods."

Hera watched him disappear into the deeper halls. Her fists clenched at her side. The flickering ghostlights danced against her knuckles, painting them gold, then blue, then black.

She stood there alone for a long time, listening to the whispers of the dead.

And in the silence, her resolve only grew colder.

The Deepest Hall – Beyond the Gates of Regret

Hades walked until Hera's presence faded behind him, until the flickering ghostlights thinned into utter darkness. Only here did he stop, in a silent stretch of corridor where even the souls dared not drift.

He stood still, feeling the cold bite against his skin. The shadows pressed close like an old cloak he'd worn forever.

He closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the smooth basalt wall.

The echoes of their conversation replayed quietly in his mind.

Zeus will fall.

I will make sure of it.

Hades let out a long breath, fogging the silent air. For a moment, his usual calm cracked at the edges, just enough to show what lay beneath: the old grief, the ancient tiredness.

His fingers brushed the empty coin pouch at his hip.

"Always the same with her," he murmured to the dark. His voice was quiet, carrying no judgment, just a simple weary truth.

"She doesn't understand what happens when you push a storm."

He tilted his head slightly, eyes half-closed, staring into nothing.

"Zeus isn't perfect. None of us are. But... he is what he is. The sky doesn't bow, and it doesn't break. It just... stays."

He pushed off the wall, letting his fingertips trace the carved symbols that lined the stone. Old prayers. Forgotten names.

Hades sighed, the sound low and honest.

"I hope she listens."

His voice trembled at the end, almost imperceptible, but it did. Because in this place of silence, stripped of thrones and titles and crowns, there was only truth.

He walked on, the hem of his black robes dragging softly over the cold floor.

Far behind him, the ghostlights flickered once more before dying back into stillness.

Olympus – Dawn Over Marble Towers

The sky above Olympus was soft with the early light. The gold plating on the halls glowed faintly, catching the rising sun's warmth. Cool winds swept through the temple gardens, stirring the quiet olive trees.

Metis walked down the long corridor, her sandals whispering against polished marble. Her robes were tidy, every fold neat, her hair pinned elegantly behind her head. She looked composed as always—calm, poised, regal without effort.

She paused at the doorway of Zeus's chamber. Inside, he still slept on the vast ivory bed, chest rising and falling with slow breaths. Even in sleep, his presence filled the room like thunder waiting to rumble. Sparks of static curled off his arms now and then, dissipating harmlessly into the silken sheets.

Metis watched him quietly for a moment, her expression softening. She didn't smile, but her eyes carried something warmer than any smile could show.

Then she turned and stepped out into the hallway. The door closed behind her with a gentle thud.

She walked down the balcony steps into the outer gardens, feeling the morning breeze wrap around her like a silk veil. It smelled of pines and mountain winds, tinged faintly with storm.

Her gaze turned east, where Hera's temple stood at the far end of Olympus, silent and imposing with its carved pillars and eternal braziers.

She knew.

She knew Hera was up to something. Hera was always calculating, her mind moving in quiet, ruthless steps. It was her nature—pride twisted with envy, ambition hidden beneath careful dignity.

Metis was not afraid. Not truly. She knew the future as clearly as she knew her own heartbeat. Zeus would marry Hera. That was fate. But the throne of the Queen of Olympus? That was hers.

Still... there was an unease in her chest. A whisper of instinct that even wisdom couldn't silence.

Hera was dangerous. Not because she was strong. But because she was willing to do anything.

Anything.

Metis folded her hands calmly, feeling the cool marble rail beneath her fingertips as she looked out across the floating city of gods. The wind tugged at her hair, but she didn't move to fix it.

"I won't lose," she whispered to herself, voice low and certain. "Not to her."

But even as she said it, a faint chill ran through her veins.

Because deep down, beneath the calm, beneath the wisdom, beneath the certainty—

She knew Hera was thinking the exact same thing.

And Hera... would never accept being second.

Metis closed her eyes briefly, feeling the morning sun warm her face.

Then she opened them again, sharp and clear.

Whatever was coming, she would be ready.

Chapter 37: "I just want to live as Zeus."

Olympus – Morning Winds and Marble Secrets

Hera stepped through the golden archway at the entrance of Olympus. The dawn light caught her robes, painting them with soft reds and deep purples as she walked forward with her head held high. Every step echoed with quiet authority. No one dared greet her. They simply bowed low as she passed, their eyes lowered to the polished marble floor.

The mission was done. Typhon's broken corpse lay rotting back in Tartarus. She had spoken with the ancient prison itself, and her words still tasted bitter on her tongue.

But none of that showed on her face. Her expression was smooth, calm, commanding. As she moved through the long halls of Olympus, she caught flickers of conversation among the lesser gods and nymphs standing near the columns, their whispers fluttering like moth wings.

"...Metis is always near him these days..."

"...the queen must be wise... Metis is wisdom itself..."

"...Zeus has already chosen. She sits with him even in council. The others only watch."

Hera's footsteps slowed just a fraction.

The air around her remained still, but inside her chest something coiled tight, like a serpent waking. Her fingers clenched around the golden sash at her waist. She didn't pause or look at them. Their whispers fell silent the moment they sensed her attention shift their way. Eyes dropped quickly, shoulders tensed, breath held.

She continued walking. The stone under her sandals felt colder now.

Metis.

Of course it was her. Always calm, always graceful, always just there, at Zeus's side. She had been patient and clever, playing the long game. And everyone saw it. Even these gossiping little shadows.

Queen of Olympus.

The thought burned her. She could feel it smouldering under her ribs, a quiet anger she kept hidden behind her lashes. Hera's steps quickened. The long train of her robes whispered behind her like a hunting snake as she ascended the wide staircase towards Zeus's chambers.

She stopped at the carved silver doors. For a moment, she closed her eyes. Breathed in. Out. The anger dulled, replaced by something colder. Something sharper.

This isn't over, she told herself. Metis can sit beside him as much as she likes. But there is only one queen. And Olympus... will remember my name, not hers.

She lifted her chin, eyes steady as the guards opened the doors for her.

Inside, Zeus rested against the pillows, awake but unmoving, eyes half-closed as he listened to the wind outside. His chest was still bandaged from the fight with Typhon. Thunder crackled faintly under his skin, like lightning trapped beneath flesh.

He turned his head as Hera entered. For a second, the faintest flicker of relief crossed his face, so brief it almost wasn't there. Then he nodded.

"Hera," he rumbled softly. His voice was low, a little rough from exhaustion, but still carried that undeniable weight of command. "You've returned."

She bowed low, letting her hair fall forward like a dark curtain before rising again with measured grace.

"My king," she said. "The mission was successful. Typhon has been returned to Tartarus... where he belongs."

Zeus's gaze sharpened at that, his golden eyes meeting hers fully for the first time.

"And Tartarus himself?" he asked.

Hera paused. The memory of Tartarus's crushing presence pressed at her throat for an instant, but she swallowed it down and kept her expression serene.

"He is... displeased. But contained. For now."

Zeus nodded once, slow and thoughtful. Sparks danced faintly across his shoulders before fading. "Good. You've done well."

Something in her chest tightened again. You've done well. Praise... but not intimacy. Not closeness. Not... hers.

She smiled softly regardless. A smile perfectly practised.

"I serve Olympus," she said.

Zeus closed his eyes, exhaling slowly, leaning back into the pillows as thunder rolled faintly outside.

Hera watched him for a moment longer, her eyes lingering on the soft flicker of his heartbeat beneath the bronze skin of his throat.

Metis may be his mind... she thought, her smile fading as her eyes turned cold again, ...but I will be his storm.

Then, quietly, she turned and left the chamber. The doors closed behind her with a whispering thud, echoing through the marble halls of Olympus as the morning wind rose, carrying secrets between its silent currents.

Zeus watched as Hera's silhouette faded beyond the closing doors. The soft thud of polished wood echoed through his chambers, leaving only silence in its wake. He lay back against the mountain of ivory pillows, exhaling a slow, tired breath.

His eyes drifted to the ceiling where thin golden carvings of lightning branched out above him like frozen veins. Sparks danced across his fingers as he thought.

In the old stories... she's supposed to be queen.

It was true. He knew enough of those distant myths to recall her place by his side, her name woven with his in worship halls and prayers yet to be spoken. Hera, the queen of Olympus, mother of gods, goddess of marriage and fidelity.

But stories... were just that. Stories.

His eyes darkened, not with anger, but with a weary understanding. Hera... she was strong. Unbending. Her beauty was undeniable, her mind sharp, her will relentless. All the qualities a queen should possess. But—

Her heart...

Zeus closed his eyes, feeling the storm within him quiet to a low rumble. It wasn't that he didn't love her. He did, in his own way. There was admiration there. Desire. Even respect for her strength. But love... love needed room to breathe. Hera's love was a chain. Beautiful, golden, unbreakable. But a chain nonetheless.

She wouldn't let him live as himself. Not fully. Not as Zeus, king of storms, father of gods, lover of the world's beauty in all its shapes. Her jealousy would choke him until he was nothing but a caged thunder, roaring behind marble walls while she smiled at the world.

His hand curled around the blanket covering his waist, sparks crackling softly between his fingers.

But Metis...

His thoughts softened. Metis, with her quiet wisdom. Her patience. Her eyes that saw everything and judged nothing. She didn't need to chain him to keep him close. She simply... stayed. And in her staying, he found peace.

She knew his flaws. His wandering eyes, his hunger for life, his unquenchable thirst for power and affection alike. And yet she remained calm, never nagging, never scorning. As long as his love was true to her at its core, she would not clip his wings.

A faint smile tugged at his lips. Small. Almost sad.

If only the world saw her the way I do, he thought.

He let his head fall back against the pillows, his gaze softening with sleep as dawn light began to pour through the balcony curtains, casting warm gold across his bare chest.

In the quiet, he whispered to himself, a confession no one would ever hear.

"I just want to live as Zeus."

And as sleep finally claimed him, the storm inside fell silent, resting under the calm wisdom of a woman who would never need to call herself queen to hold his throne within her hands.

Chapter 38: Consulting The Moirai

Olympus

Hera walked through the gardens of Olympus with careful grace. Olive branches swayed overhead, their silver-green leaves rustling softly in the mountain breeze. She let her fingertips brush against them as she passed, her face calm and composed. But inside, her thoughts were coiling tighter with each step.

She had seen Zeus's eyes just now. The way they flickered with gratitude, but not love. The way his praise landed shallow, never sinking deep enough to touch her heart. She felt it like cold water pouring down her spine. Praise without intimacy. Acceptance without devotion.

She hated it.

She paused by a marble fountain carved with scenes of old wars. Water spilled gently over the rim, catching the sun in soft flashes. Hera looked down at her reflection. The flawless face. The dark hair pinned in elegant coils. The eyes that had made countless gods and men flinch from their sharpness.

A queen's face.

But not his queen.

Her hand clenched against the fountain's edge, nails biting into the cold stone. She closed her eyes, drawing a long, measured breath. When she opened them again, they were calm, the storm behind them hidden once more.

If fate made Metis his queen, she thought, then fate... must be persuaded.

She turned swiftly, robes sweeping behind her like a violet storm. Her sandals clicked across the mosaic paths as she walked back through Olympus, passing nymphs and minor gods who bowed deeply, not daring to meet her gaze. Their deference meant nothing to her today. Only one thing mattered now.

The Loom of Fate.

The Temple of the Moirai – Edge of the World

Beyond the halls of Olympus, past the sky's highest vaults and into the silent realm where light did not shine nor shadow dared gather, stood a temple carved into nothingness itself.

Three thrones sat there in a circle. No walls. No ceiling. Just a great endless dark, lit by the soft silver glow of the Loom of Fate.

Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos.

The sisters.

They worked silently, as they always had. Clotho's spindle spun the threads, bright as starlight. Lachesis's rod measured them, marking length and weight with eyes that saw no illusions. Atropos's shears gleamed dark as obsidian, her fingers poised in a patient promise.

Hera stepped forward, her sandals silent on the invisible floor. Her heart thudded once in her chest, heavy as iron, before she spoke.

"Great Moirai."

They didn't look up.

Their hands never paused in their work. Threads stretched and looped between them in glittering rivers of fate, weaving the lives of mortals, gods, and monsters alike into one silent, inescapable tapestry.

Hera bowed deeply. "I seek counsel."

Clotho's spindle hummed, but she did not speak.

It was Lachesis who answered, her voice a soft, hollow chime. "What do you seek, Queen of Olympus?"

Hera felt the flicker of bitter laughter in her chest at those words. Queen of Olympus. A title she wore in name alone. She swallowed it down and raised her head.

"I seek... guidance," she said carefully. "On Zeus. On... Metis."

Atropos's shears clicked once, a sharp metallic note that cut through the silent dark.

"What guidance do you seek?" she asked, voice as still as the grave.

Hera took a slow breath. "Will he ever make me his true queen? Will Olympus ever be mine to rule beside him... alone?"

The sisters paused their work for the first time.

They turned to her as one. Three faces, ageless and cold, eyes glowing with that silent knowing that saw the marrow of the world.

Clotho spoke, her voice echoing softly like a loom's song. "The threads of love are woven with choice."

Lachesis continued, "The threads of fate are woven with law."

Atropos finished, her shears clicking gently, "But the threads of power... are woven with sacrifice."

Hera's brow furrowed. "What does that mean?"

Clotho's pale lips curved faintly. "If you wish to cut Metis from his side, you must cut something of yourself in return."

Lachesis's rod hovered over a single glowing thread – golden and thick, pulsing with divine light. "Zeus's life is long. His loves, many. His loyalty... rare."

Atropos's shears shifted closer to the thread, but did not cut. "Remove wisdom, and the king becomes blind. Blind kings... trust their queens."

Hera's heart quickened. "Are you saying... I should remove her?"

Clotho tilted her head. "Fate does not command. It shows paths."

Lachesis measured again. "One path ends in your rule. One ends in your ruin."

Atropos clicked her shears softly. "Both require sacrifice."

Hera stood silent, feeling the words coil around her like snakes of cold iron. Her hands trembled slightly as she clasped them together. She bowed her head deeply.

"Thank you... Great Moirai."

She turned away, her robes sweeping softly behind her. As she stepped back into the world of light, the temple vanished behind her like a dream dissolving at dawn.

The Edge of Olympus – Twilight

Hera stood at the outermost balcony, watching the sun sink into the western horizon. The sky blazed in crimson and gold, the colours reflecting in her eyes like war paint. The wind tangled her hair around her face, but she didn't move to smooth it back.

Remove wisdom...

She could hear their voices still, whispering at the edge of her thoughts. Sacrifice for power. A queen for a queen.

She closed her eyes, feeling the breeze brush against her skin like a silent promise.

"I will rule beside him," she whispered to the dying sun. "No matter what I must do."

As darkness fell over Olympus, Hera turned back towards the glowing halls. Her footsteps were quiet, her gaze calm, her mind a silent storm waiting to break.

She walked with a new resolve, her heart cold with purpose. Because she knew, now more than ever –

In the game of gods, mercy was a weakness.

And Hera... would never be weak again.

A/N

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

Chapter 39: The Prophecy

Olympus – Night of Quiet Storms

Zeus lay on the wide marble bed, one arm draped over his eyes to block out the flickering light of the braziers lining his chamber walls. The soft scent of olive oil and smouldering cedar drifted through the still air. Outside, the wind howled faintly around Olympus's golden towers, rattling the bronze shields hung as offerings on the temple walls.

He could feel sleep pulling at him, trying to drag him down into its gentle dark. But his mind refused to still. The storm inside was always awake, even when his body was worn thin.

A soft chime, deep in his chest.

Then a familiar blue shimmer blinked into existence in his vision, invisible to all but him.

[SYSTEM ALERT]

The flickering text expanded, glowing softly against the shadows of the ceiling.

[MAIN QUEST COMPLETED]

[QUEST: THE MONSTER OF MONSTERS]

[STATUS: SUCCESS]

Zeus exhaled slowly, feeling the tension in his shoulders ease, if only slightly. Typhon. The name alone still sent faint chills down his spine. He had faced Titans. Fought monsters. Wrestled gods and stormed citadels. But Typhon... Typhon had been something else entirely.

Something ancient. Something wrong.

The system flickered again, pulling his eyes back to the blue text.

[REWARD ACQUIRED:]

[Primordial Access – Tier 1 Unlocked]

[Divine Right Strengthened]

[New Skill Unlocked: Worldbreaker Strike (Lv. 1)]

Zeus narrowed his eyes at the glowing words.

"Worldbreaker Strike..." he murmured to the silent room. The name felt heavy on his tongue. Dangerous. He focused, and another line of text unfurled.

[WORLD BREAKER STRIKE (Lv.1)]

[Allows the user to channel the combined power of their divine authority and the Primordial Core to deliver a single attack capable of fracturing the boundaries between realms. Usage is limited. Excessive use risks destabilising personal divinity and the immediate fabric of reality.]

His chest rose and fell slowly as he read. Lightning flickered faintly across his fingertips, crackling in small arcs that kissed the sheets and vanished.

So... it was as it sounded. A weapon of absolute destruction. But not one to wield lightly. He could almost hear Metis's voice in his mind, calm and soft:

"Be careful with power that can break the world. You still need the world to rule, my love."

He smiled faintly at the imagined memory. It faded quickly as another set of notifications scrolled into view.

[Primordial Access – Tier 1]

[The user may now perceive and partially influence the flows of primordial energy threading the base of the world. Current access: 4%]

Zeus closed his eyes, feeling the meaning settle into him. Primordial energy. The stuff that came before Titans. Before gods. The raw essence of existence itself, older even than Gaia and Uranus, older than Cronus's reign.

He didn't fully understand it yet. But he felt it. Like faint silver threads vibrating beneath his senses. The roots of reality. If he focused, he could almost see them—lines running through the marble floor, through the air, through the veins of his own body like hidden rivers of light.

The final line blinked softly.

[Divine Right Strengthened]

He knew what that meant. The unspoken law of power. Every god had divine right – the unassailable authority granted to them by their domain. By defeating Typhon, a threat even the Titans feared, his divine right as King of Olympus had solidified further.

His commands would weigh heavier. His storms would roar louder. Even his mere presence would press harder against those beneath him, divine or mortal alike.

And with that strength came certainty.

His people would bow deeper.

His enemies would think twice before testing him.

His allies... his allies would cling closer to his protection.

Zeus exhaled again, slower this time. His fingers traced the edge of the blanket as the text faded from his vision, dissolving back into the hidden system that only he could see.

He felt... tired. Not just from battle, but from knowing what this power meant. What it demanded of him. Strength without limit was a lie. There was always a price. Even gods bled for what they claimed.

A faint flicker of golden light drew his eyes sideways.

Metis stood at the doorway, framed in the glow of the hallway torches. Her robe was simple today, pale cream tied with a thin bronze sash. Her hair, pinned up for council earlier, now fell in dark waves down her shoulders. She looked at him with that quiet, measuring gaze that stripped away all crowns and thrones.

He didn't speak. Just watched her.

She stepped forward, her sandals whispering across the marble, and sat on the edge of the bed. Her cool fingers brushed his cheek, pushing a stray lock of hair away from his brow.

"Rest," she whispered softly. "The world is safe for tonight."

Zeus reached up, covering her hand with his. The faint spark of lightning crackled where their skin met, but she didn't flinch. She never flinched.

Metis felt Zeus's hand tighten gently around hers. His eyes softened, the stormlight in them dimming under her calm gaze. For a fleeting moment, there was peace in that chamber. No thrones. No prophecies. Just a man and the woman who steadied him.

Then—

The chamber doors swung open without warning, the polished bronze slamming back against marble walls with a metallic thud. The sudden burst of wind extinguished half the braziers along the hall. Shadows danced wildly across the floor as Hera stepped in.

Her robes rippled behind her like dark waves. Her hair, still pinned high in its intricate coils, glowed gold under the flickering torchlight. But her eyes—her eyes were cold and sharp as obsidian, fixed on Zeus and Metis with unreadable darkness.

Metis didn't move her hand from Zeus's cheek. She simply turned her gaze calmly to Hera. Zeus's grip tightened slightly, but his face remained composed, if slightly tired.

"Hera," he said, his voice quiet but carrying the same authority as a thunderclap. "It's late."

Hera's lips curled in the smallest ghost of a smile, but there was no warmth in it. She stepped forward, each sandal strike echoing against the silent chamber floor.

"I apologise for the intrusion," she said smoothly, her voice honey-sweet and poisonous all at once. "But I come bearing news you... both should hear."

Metis stayed silent. Her eyes watched Hera closely, patient and still as deep water. Zeus only sighed softly, letting his hand fall back to the blankets.

"Speak, Hera," he said.

She tilted her head slightly, eyes flicking to Metis before settling back on Zeus. "I spoke with the Moirai today. The Sisters of Fate." Her smile grew faintly, like frost spreading across glass. "They shared with me... an interesting prophecy."

Metis felt Zeus's fingers shift against her knee under the blanket, a subtle acknowledgement to stay calm. She did.

"What prophecy?" he asked, voice quiet.

Hera's eyes gleamed. "They said... the son born of Metis will overthrow his father." She paused, letting the words hang heavy between them. "He will not only take your throne, Zeus. He will kill you."

Silence.

Outside, a distant rumble of thunder rolled across Olympus's peaks, echoing into the night.

Metis sat perfectly still, but her fingers curled slightly around the edge of the blanket. Her gaze remained calm, but in her chest, a quiet sadness pulsed. Not fear. Not worry for herself. But for him—for the man who bore the weight of so many burdens alone.

Zeus didn't flinch. His golden eyes didn't even flicker. He stared at Hera, then exhaled softly, almost like a tired laugh under his breath.

"Is that all?" he asked, his voice low, almost amused.

Hera's expression tightened just a fraction, her brow twitching before smoothing again. "You think it meaningless to hear that your own son will destroy you?"

Zeus leaned back against the pillows, shifting his gaze away from her to the flickering shadows on the ceiling.

"I think," he said quietly, "that if fate wants me dead... it will try, prophecy or not. And if my son is strong enough to defeat me..." He paused, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "...then perhaps he deserves Olympus more than I do."

Hera stared at him, her eyes narrowed in cold disbelief. Metis felt a slow warmth bloom in her chest at his words. Not because of arrogance, or defiance. But because of the simple truth within them.

He was Zeus. Skyfather. Godking. He didn't fear storms. He was the storm.

Hera's jaw clenched. She turned her gaze sharply to Metis, her voice slicing the air like cold iron.

"And you... what do you say to this, Wisdom Goddess? Will you bear a child knowing he will bring ruin upon his father?"

Metis's eyes softened as she looked at Hera, unblinking, unafraid.

"If it is fate... then it is fate," she said quietly. "But I will raise him to honour his father, not destroy him."

For a moment, Hera faltered. Just a flicker of uncertainty. Then her lips pressed into a thin line.

"Foolish," she spat softly, almost to herself. She turned away sharply, her robes sweeping like thunderclouds around her ankles.

Without another word, she left the chamber. The doors closed behind her with a deep, echoing boom that shook the braziers against the walls.

Silence fell again.

Metis reached out and gently brushed a curl of hair away from Zeus's brow. His eyes remained on the ceiling, golden and unreadable.

"Does it worry you?" she asked softly.

Zeus closed his eyes, breathing out slowly.

"No," he whispered. "Because I've already lived long enough to know one truth."

"What truth?"

He turned his head slightly, looking at her with tired, gentle eyes.

"That everything ends eventually. Even gods. And if my end comes by my own son's hand... then at least I will know my line was strong enough to surpass me."

Metis smiled faintly, her fingers trailing down to rest on his chest where his heart thundered quietly under her touch.

"You're still a fool," she whispered, her voice full of warmth.

"Perhaps," he murmured back, closing his eyes. "But I am Zeus. And that... is enough."

Outside, lightning forked across the night sky in silent silver branches, illuminating Olympus's towers under the calm watch of its king and the quiet wisdom of his chosen queen.