

# **I Am Zeus**

## **#Chapter 51: Frigg And Hera - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 51: Frigg And Hera**

### **Chapter 51: Frigg And Hera**

The naming ceremony began with the low chanting of Skalds, their voices echoing through the towering halls of Gladsheim like a river flowing under moonlight. Thin incense smoke curled towards the high timber beams, carrying scents of pine resin and ironwood bark. Thor stood proudly at Odin's side, while Loki lingered behind a carved wolf pillar, eyes narrowed in quiet observation.

After the rites and blessings were spoken, and after the last of the attending gods had paid their respects to Odin's newborn son cradled in Frigg's arms, Odin turned to Zeus with his single eye steady and unreadable.

"Walk with me," he said in his gravel-deep voice.

Zeus inclined his head slightly, his golden hair sliding over his broad shoulders. He turned to Hera, resting his massive hand lightly on her arm.

"I will return soon."

Hera nodded once, her face still and cold as marble, before stepping back to stand beside Frigg. Odin led Zeus out through the tall bronze doors at the end of the hall, their footsteps echoing along the rune-carved walkway leading towards the outer courtyards.

As the doors closed behind them, Frigg turned slightly to Hera, her pale blue eyes soft with curiosity that hid something sharper beneath.

"You have never been to Asgard before," she said quietly, her voice calm as falling snow.

Hera did not respond, simply folded her hands before her crimson robes, her dark gaze fixed on the flickering braziers ahead.

Frigg's smile curved faintly, though her eyes remained cool. "It is rare for the queen of Olympus to leave her halls... though I hear you are not the queen. Not truly."

Hera's eyes flickered towards her, unblinking and cold. "What are you implying?"

Frigg tilted her head slightly, her braided gold hair shifting across her wolf-fur lined cloak. "Simply that it is Metis who wears the crown of Olympus... and yet here you are, standing in her place beside Zeus. Curious, isn't it?"

Hera's jaw tightened, though her expression did not change. "And how would you know who rules Olympus, Asgardian?"

Frigg's smile widened softly, though it did not reach her eyes. "Spies, dear Hera. Every realm has them. Even yours."

Hera's lips curved into a faint, sharp smile. "That will be the first thing I change... when I become queen. I will rid Olympus of every eye that does not belong to me."

Frigg's gaze narrowed slightly, though her smile did not fade. "Careful, Lady of Olympus. Eyes can hide in shadows... but shadows live within you too."

Hera said nothing, only turned away to watch the hall where Loki now crouched, whispering to the new baby with a cunning grin on his thin lips. Frigg watched Hera for a moment longer, her gaze quiet and knowing, before turning back to her son.

Outside, the morning sun glowed pale gold across Asgard's high courtyards. Frost lingered along the stone balustrades, melting under the rising warmth. Odin and Zeus walked side by side along the wolf-guarded ramparts overlooking the distant Bifröst bridge that shimmered faintly against the blue sky.

Neither spoke at first. Odin's single eye was fixed on the horizon where the rainbow bridge met the clouds, his heavy black cloak trailing behind him. Zeus watched the towers of Asgard, their runed walls older than any mortal kingdom, their spears of ironwood crowned with banners that fluttered silently in the high breeze.

"You rule a quiet realm," Zeus said at last, his deep voice rolling like distant thunder across the stone.

Odin chuckled faintly, the sound low and without mirth. "Quiet now, perhaps. But never peaceful. Asgard stands on the edge of every war... mortal or divine."

Zeus nodded, his golden eyes narrowing faintly as he looked down at the training courtyards below. Young Einherjar warriors sparred in silent formations, their spear shafts flickering with faint blue runelight with each careful movement.

"I have never been here," Zeus said. "I have heard much of Asgard... but Olympus has kept me busy."

Odin's gaze flicked sideways to him, his single eye sharp under his iron brow. "Olympus keeps many busy. Even those who do not wish to be."

Zeus glanced at him, studying the old god's heavy frame, the deep lines carved into his weathered face. "You speak from experience."

Odin did not answer at first, simply stopped at the edge of the rampart, his hand resting lightly against the carved wolf-head rail. Below them, the halls of Gladsheim glowed with torchlight as servants moved to prepare the afternoon feast.

"I have lived long, King of Olympus," Odin said at last, his voice low. "Long enough to know that gods rule... but are never free. Duty binds tighter than chains."

Zeus watched him quietly, the breeze lifting strands of his golden hair across his face. "And what would you do... if those chains broke?"

Odin's mouth curved faintly, though his smile was thin and cold. "I would forge new ones. The world needs its chains. Without them, there is nothing but chaos."

Zeus looked away, his eyes darkening with quiet storms as he watched a pair of ravens wheel through the cold sky above the towers. Huginn and Muninn circled once before diving down towards the feast halls below, their black feathers gleaming in the pale sun.

"Olympus is changing," Zeus said softly. "Faster than I can command it. Faster than even Metis can guide it."

Odin grunted softly, his gaze returning to the horizon. "Change is a tide, Zeus. You can dam it. You can ride it. But you can never stop it."

For a long moment, they stood in silence, two kings beneath a pale Asgardian sky, each bound in chains of duty and pride, neither willing to name them aloud.

Finally, Odin turned, his heavy cloak swirling around his boots as he walked back towards the high doors of Gladsheim.

"Come," he said. "The feast awaits. There will be mead enough to drown any thoughts of duty."

Zeus followed him, his footsteps silent but heavy, the scent of pine smoke drifting around him as the gates of Asgard's great hall opened before them.

And far behind, on the balcony overlooking the courtyard, Frigg stood watching them with quiet eyes, her pale hair stirring in the wind as Loki crept beside her, whispering secrets only he knew to the silent shadows gathering under the rising sun.

## **Chapter 52: The Naming Ceremony 1**

The halls of Gladsheim were alive with flickering torchlight and the low hum of voices as gods gathered for the feast. The long tables had been laid with carved boar tusk platters

and polished bronze cups, waiting to be filled with mead brewed from the honey of immortal bees. Servants moved silently between the tables, placing wreaths of fresh pine and ironwood leaves along the carved benches.

Odin and Zeus walked side by side into the hall. As they entered, the Einherjar guards lining the walls stamped their spear-butts once against the stone in silent salute, the echo ringing like distant war drums. Loki slipped past them with a grin, vanishing behind a pillar as Thor followed, his heavy boots shaking the tiled floors with each step.

A low horn sounded from the outer gates.

Odin paused mid-stride, his single eye narrowing as he turned towards the sound. The great iron-bound doors at the end of the feast hall swung open with a groan of ancient hinges, letting in a cold breeze that rustled the braziers and fluttered the wolf-hide banners strung across the high beams.

Frigg stepped forward from where she had been standing near the hearth, her pale hair braided with silver chains that caught the light of the flames. Hera remained at her side, silent and watchful, her dark eyes following Odin as he walked towards the entry hall.

The first to enter were the gods of the Vedic pantheon. Agni came first, flame flickering along his copper-dark skin, his hair burning like a silent torch above his calm, ageless face. He was clad only in a thin white dhoti embroidered with gold thread, his bare chest painted with faint lines of ash. Behind him walked Varuna, robed in deep blue silk patterned with curling silver waves, his eyes dark and vast as the ocean at midnight.

"Agni, Varuna," Odin rumbled, inclining his head faintly as they approached. "Asgard welcomes you."

"May your halls remain bright with victory flames," Agni replied, his deep voice crackling faintly like kindling under heat. Varuna only nodded once, his gaze sweeping calmly across the gathering hall, taking in every flicker of shadow and light.

Behind them came the Egyptian gods. Horus strode in first, clad in bronze scale armour etched with falcon-wing motifs, his head crowned with the double plumes of Upper and Lower Egypt. His eyes were cold and sharp as polished obsidian. Isis followed at his side, her long black hair falling like river silk over robes of lapis blue. A faint golden glow danced around her bare arms and collarbones, her eyes calm and deep with knowing.

"Horus. Isis." Odin's voice softened slightly as he greeted them. "It has been long since Asgard hosted the children of Ra."

"Too long," Horus replied coolly, his eyes flicking to Zeus for a moment before returning to Odin. "May this gathering bring only wisdom."

Isis inclined her head, her gaze drifting over Hera and Frigg with quiet appraisal before settling back on Odin. "And may your son grow to bring honour to your name."

Next came the gods of the Shinto pantheon. Amaterasu entered first, her pale skin glowing faintly with inner light, her long black hair bound up with crimson silk cords. She wore layered robes of white and gold that rustled softly with each step, her eyes gentle but edged with quiet, unbreakable will. At her side walked Susanoo, robed in dark indigo, his wild hair tied back with a thin hemp cord, his jaw shadowed with unshaven stubble. His eyes burned with restless defiance as he scanned the hall.

"Amaterasu. Susanoo," Odin greeted them with quiet respect. "Asgard welcomes the light of the sun and the storms of the sea."

Amaterasu smiled faintly, bowing her head just enough to honour him. "And may your halls remain bright under that sun, All-Father."

Susanoo grunted softly, his dark eyes flicking to Zeus with faint interest before narrowing as he saw Thor. A crooked smile curved his lips. "Big one, isn't he?" he muttered under his breath.

Thor scowled, his thick brows knotting, but said nothing. Loki watched from behind a pillar, his sharp green eyes flicking between the Shinto gods and his brother, a faint smile curling his lips as quiet schemes flickered behind his gaze.

Finally, the gods of the Celtic pantheon arrived. Nuada led them, his silver arm gleaming under the torchlight, his long pale hair tied back with black leather cords. His eyes were like winter dawn, grey and silent. Beside him walked Brigid, her robes woven from red-gold threads that shimmered like embers. Her eyes glowed softly with warmth and hidden power, her braided hair falling across her chest like molten copper.

"Nuada. Brigid." Odin's voice rumbled low as he nodded in greeting. "Asgard stands honoured."

"And may your son wield his fate with honour," Nuada replied, his voice quiet and smooth as cold steel drawn from snow. Brigid inclined her head, her gaze lingering on Frigg with a faint smile before drifting to Hera, reading her silent tension with a knowing flicker of her bright eyes.

The gods gathered near the high tables, murmuring quiet greetings to each other as servants poured dark honey mead into polished bronze cups. Odin turned back to Zeus, his heavy cloak trailing behind him as he gestured towards the tables.

"Come," he said. "Let us dine before words of duty return to weigh upon our tongues."

Zeus followed him, his broad shoulders moving with silent grace beneath his indigo robes. His golden hair flickered with stray lightning sparks under the torchlight as he walked, each step echoing faintly through the vast feast hall.

Hera remained near Frigg, her gaze locked on Isis and Amaterasu as they spoke softly together, their voices low and musical. She felt Frigg watching her from the side, reading the cold calculation hidden behind her calm face.

"Many powers gather today," Frigg said softly, her voice low. "Many eyes will see you... but only a few will remember what they saw."

Hera tilted her head slightly, her dark eyes flicking to Frigg with a faint smile. "Let them see what they wish," she whispered. "The truth is only what I allow."

Frigg's lips curved faintly, though her eyes remained cool. "Be careful, Hera. Truth has teeth."

"Then I will bite back," Hera said softly, turning away to watch Zeus sit beside Odin at the high table as the Skalds began their feast songs, their voices rising and falling like a quiet tide beneath the flickering hall torches.

And far above them, in the cold Asgardian sky, Huginn and Muninn wheeled silently, their dark feathers slicing the dawn winds as they watched gods gather, schemes twist, and the fate of realms shift like pale threads in a weaver's restless hands.

## **Chapter 53: The Naming Ceremony 2**

The feast hall pulsed with warm light as the Skalds' low chants grew into a rising chorus, their voices weaving old words of blessing and power. The gods settled along the carved benches, polished bronze cups now filled with thick golden mead that caught the flickering torchlight with each tilt. Servants moved silently between the tables, placing platters of roasted boar glazed with honey, braised venison, and steaming loaves of barley bread studded with crushed juniper berries.

At the high table, Odin sat with Frigg at his side, her pale hair glowing softly in the hearthlight as she cradled their newborn son wrapped in thick white furs lined with wolf hide. Zeus sat to Odin's right, his broad shoulders unmoving as he watched the gathered gods with calm golden eyes, each flicker of lightning beneath his skin casting faint shadows along the carved wood of his throne.

Hera sat just behind Zeus, positioned carefully beside Frigg, her crimson robes pooling around her feet like silent blood. Her gaze shifted from Isis and Horus to Amaterasu and Susanoo, studying every nod, every glance, her mind weaving each quiet expression into her own silent tapestry.

A hush fell over the hall as Odin rose to his feet, the thick black wolf cloak pooling down his back as he lifted his free hand for silence. The Skalds fell quiet at once, their chants fading into thin echoes against the dark timber beams high above.

"Gods of the Nine Realms," Odin said, his gravel-deep voice rolling through the hall like a tide against midnight cliffs. "We gather here to witness the naming of my son. May his name carry the power of Asgard and bring honour to his line."

He turned to Frigg, his single eye softening faintly as he nodded. Frigg lowered her gaze to the baby in her arms, brushing her fingers gently over his small dark hair before lifting him high towards the silent gods.

"This child," Frigg said softly, her voice carrying despite its calmness, "is Baldr. May his beauty bring light to Asgard, and his wisdom bring peace."

A ripple of murmured blessings moved through the hall. Amaterasu bowed her head, the faint light glowing from her skin brightening slightly. Isis smiled faintly, whispering words under her breath that tasted of Nile reeds and sweet lotus oil. Agni lifted one copper-dark hand, his flame flickering into a small silent lotus of fire hovering above his palm in blessing.

"Baldr," Odin repeated, his voice deep with quiet pride. "May he grow strong under the gaze of all realms. May he walk with light."

Thor stepped forward then, his thick arms folded across his broad chest, his heavy boots thudding against the stone floor with each step. He stood before his father and mother, his blue eyes locked on his baby brother, their usual stormy roughness softened with rare quiet.

"I will watch over him," Thor said, his voice low but firm. "No blade, no curse, no shadow will touch him while I draw breath."

Frigg smiled, her eyes bright with quiet tears as she nodded to her eldest son. Loki slinked forward from the shadows behind a wolf-carved pillar, his dark green tunic swaying around his thin frame. He tilted his head, his sharp green eyes glittering faintly under his long black hair as he looked at the baby.

"Light," Loki murmured, his voice soft as falling frost. "May he always carry it... for there are many here who will need it."

Thor scowled faintly at his brother's tone, but said nothing. Odin only studied Loki with his single eye, silent understanding flickering between them before he turned back to the gathered gods.

"Come forth," Odin said, his gaze sweeping across the tables. "Offer your blessings."

One by one, gods stepped forward. Agni placed his flame-lotus gently at Frigg's feet before stepping back, his copper-dark face calm and unblinking. Varuna lifted his hand, conjuring a thin curling stream of shimmering water that coiled like a serpent around the baby before fading into mist, leaving a faint scent of salt and ocean winds.

Horus pressed two fingers lightly against Baldr's brow, whispering blessings of hawk-sight and sun-strength in quiet Ancient Egyptian. Isis brushed her fingertips across the baby's chest, a faint golden glow flickering across his small heart as she whispered words of life and protection.

Amaterasu stepped forward, her white and gold layered robes rustling softly. She reached into her sleeve and withdrew a small folded paper charm tied with crimson thread. She placed it against Baldr's chest, whispering in soft Old Japanese. The charm glowed briefly before fading into his skin like mist under dawn.

"May he rise always in light," she said, her voice calm as sunrise.

Susanoo merely inclined his head, his dark eyes sharp as he watched the baby before stepping back without a word.

Nuada approached last, his silver arm gleaming under torchlight as he pressed his metal fingers lightly against Baldr's small hand. His grey eyes were quiet, unreadable as frost.

"May his blade always remain clean," Nuada murmured softly before stepping back. Brigid placed a single red-gold thread into Baldr's furs, whispering blessings of fire and poetry before returning to Nuada's side.

The hall fell silent as Odin raised his free hand again, his heavy frame unmoving as he looked around at the gathered gods.

"You honour my son with your blessings," he said, his voice low. "Asgard remembers each word, each flame, each thread given today."

Zeus inclined his head slightly from where he sat, his golden hair sliding over his broad shoulders. "He will grow strong under your name, Odin," he said quietly. "And Asgard will rise with him."

Odin's single eye flicked to Zeus, a faint cold smile crossing his lips before vanishing just as quickly. "May Olympus remain bright under your storms, Zeus."

Hera watched the exchange in silence, her dark eyes locked on Odin's face, reading every flicker of tension beneath his calm expression. She turned her gaze briefly to Frigg, who cradled Baldr close, whispering soft words only the baby could hear.

The Skalds began their final chant, low voices rising and falling in solemn waves as Huginn and Muninn wheeled high above the towers outside, their black feathers slicing the pale blue morning sky. The scent of pine resin, roasted boar, and thick honey mead rose into the flickering torchlit beams as the gods settled back to their tables, the naming ceremony closing with quiet dignity.

Thor stepped forward again, grabbing a massive bronze cup of mead and raising it high.

"To Baldr," he roared, his deep voice echoing against the stone walls. "Light of Asgard!"

"To Baldr!" the hall echoed, voices rising like thunder under the flickering flames.

And far beyond the walls of Gladsheim, in the silent golden sky, the Nine Realms shivered faintly as fate's threads shifted around a name newly spoken into the world, tying destinies yet unseen in quiet knots of light and shadow.

## **Chapter 54: Killing Metis**

### **Olympus – The Silent Dawn**

The sun rose pale over Olympus, washing the marble halls in dim gold. Thin clouds drifted around the mountain peak, carrying cool winds that rustled olive branches and whispered across the sleeping gardens. The gods' palace lay quiet under dawn's first touch, a stillness rarely felt in these halls of endless voices.

But deep within the eastern wing, behind tall silver doors marked with peacock feather carvings, Hera's private cohort gathered. Their silent footsteps echoed faintly through the veiled chamber as they knelt one by one before Kratos, his massive frame draped in dark bronze and black cloth. His iron-dark eyes swept over them, unblinking, reading their fear and obedience with cold stillness.

Bia stood at his right, silent and sharp-eyed, her long black hair tied back in a single braided cord. Phobos leaned casually against a carved marble pillar, his faint smile curling as he twirled a thin dagger between his fingers. The faint scent of blood always clung to him, sweet and metallic like copper left out under the sun. Icelus drifted among them like mist, his pale robe whispering across the marble, his heavy-lidded eyes flickering with dreams only he could see.

"Today," Kratos rumbled, his deep voice vibrating through the quiet hall, "we act."

Bia's dark eyes flickered up at him without emotion. "All preparations are complete. Her orders stand unchanged."

Phobos's grin widened faintly as he sheathed his dagger with a quiet snick. "Finally. The halls have been silent too long."

Icelus did not speak. His thin fingers traced symbols into the drifting incense smoke before him, dream-visions curling in faint purple mist around his pale knuckles.

Kratos turned, his heavy sandals striking the marble with each step as he approached the brazier burning low at the chamber's centre. Blue flame flickered among crushed sandalwood, casting thin shadows up across his hard face.

"Zeus is in Asgard," he said quietly. "And Hera... stands beside him. Metis is alone."

Bia tilted her head slightly, her dark eyes unblinking. "Will Poseidon move?"

Kratos's jaw tightened faintly. "He will keep order. That is his only role today."

Outside, thin white doves perched along the palace ledges, their heads tucked under wings as dawn spread across Olympus. Servants moved through the high halls, carrying folded robes of white and gold, preparing the throne room for Metis's morning assembly. None noticed the shadows gathering within Hera's silent wing.

Phobos pushed off from his pillar, rolling his shoulders lightly beneath his dark tunic. "I will take the western approach," he said softly, his grin thin as a blade. "No one sees shadows when light blinds them."

Bia nodded once, her expression blank. "I will silence the guards."

Icelus drifted past them both, his pale robe whispering as dream-mist coiled from his fingers. "I will show her peace before she dies," he murmured, his voice soft as sleep's last sigh. "That is mercy."

Kratos said nothing. He only watched them for a long moment, reading each face, each flicker of movement, each ripple of fear or anticipation that twisted through their silent hearts. Finally, he turned back to the brazier, lifting his massive hand to hover above the thin blue flames.

"Hera's will," he said softly, almost reverently. "It binds us."

"Hera's will," they whispered back in unison, their voices low and cold as winter winds sliding across moonlit stone.

In the throne room, Metis stood before the tall mirrored columns, her lavender robes trailing across pale marble veined with gold. Her dark hair fell unbound around her shoulders, still damp from her morning bath. She reached for the carved silver comb lying upon a thin cloth, pulling it slowly through her hair with measured grace.

Her gaze flicked to her reflection, calm and unreadable. The lines of her face remained smooth, but shadows of fatigue marked the skin beneath her eyes. She set the comb

down lightly upon the table, exhaling softly as she rested her fingers against its cool metal.

Behind her, the tall bronze doors opened silently.

Bia entered first, her steps silent despite the iron-capped sandals she wore. Metis's gaze flicked to the mirror, watching her approach without turning.

"Lady Bia," she said softly, her voice calm. "What brings you here before assembly?"

Bia did not answer. She simply raised her hand in a swift, cutting gesture. Two guards standing by the far pillars stiffened briefly before collapsing to the floor, their throats split in a single clean motion. The faint scent of blood rose into the quiet morning air, sharp and metallic.

Metis's gaze darkened faintly. She turned slowly from the mirror, folding her hands before her robe.

"So it begins," she murmured.

Phobos stepped from behind a tall marble screen, his grin wide, teeth bright in the shadowed chamber. "You knew."

"Of course," Metis said calmly. "I see all paths... even those that end in shadow."

Icelus drifted forward, dream-mist curling around his pale hands as his heavy-lidded eyes flickered with shifting purple light.

"Then sleep," he whispered, his voice trembling with quiet hunger. "Sleep and dream no more."

Kratos entered last, his massive frame blocking the faint dawn light pouring through the bronze doors behind him. He walked forward, his iron-dark eyes locked on Metis, unblinking, unfeeling.

She raised her gaze to meet his, quiet and steady despite the four shadows closing around her.

"Do you serve her," Metis asked softly, "because you believe in her... or because you fear her?"

Kratos said nothing. He simply raised his massive hand, fingers curling into a crushing fist as he stepped forward.

Metis closed her eyes for a brief moment. A faint smile curved her lips.

"Tell Hera..." she whispered, "dreams never die. They simply sleep... waiting to wake again."

Then Kratos moved, and the quiet dawn shattered under the silent scream of fate twisting around the halls of Olympus.

A/N

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

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Please

Please

Please

I'm begging for a gift 🎁

## **Chapter 55: Titan's Intervention**

The moment Kratos lunged forward, the silent dawn split with a deep, pulsing vibration. Marble columns trembled. Thin cracks raced up their carved lengths, scattering flecks of white dust across the polished floor.

Kratos's massive fist froze inches from Metis's chest. His iron-dark eyes flicked sideways in shock, feeling an unseen force gripping his wrist like a vice.

"Step back."

The voice was quiet, almost gentle, but it carried a weight that turned every shadow in the hall cold. Slowly, Kratos turned his head.

Rhea stood in the shattered doorway, her robe of pale moss-green drifting around her feet like river fog. Her hair, streaked with silver and dark gold, fell loose down her back, rippling faintly with an unseen breeze. Around her ankles, wildflowers bloomed from the cracks in the marble, their white petals trembling.

Bia stepped forward sharply, raising her hand in another killing gesture, but Rhea simply raised her eyes to her, calm and unblinking.

"Child," Rhea whispered softly.

Bia froze mid-step. Her mouth opened slightly as her eyes rolled back, her body locking in place. A thin vine sprouted from beneath the marble at her feet, curling softly around her ankles, flowering into small white blossoms that brushed against her skin.

Phobos snarled, flicking his dagger from its sheath with a fluid spin of his wrist. He lunged forward, aiming for Rhea's throat, his grin stretching wide.

But before he could reach her, roots erupted from the cracks beneath him, coiling around his legs like iron chains. They dragged him down to his knees, the marble buckling under his weight. He slashed desperately at the thick vines, but for every root he cut, two more emerged, wrapping around his arms and chest, tightening until his breath came in sharp, ragged gasps.

Icelus drifted back, his heavy-lidded eyes widening faintly as the dream-mist coiling from his hands shifted, recoiling into his sleeves.

"Rhea..." he whispered, his voice trembling. "Mother of gods... Lady of earth and birth... this is not your war."

Rhea's gaze flicked to him, her eyes dark and infinite, filled with silent forests and deep ancient roots.

"All wars are mine," she said softly. "I birthed them all."

She raised her hand, and Icelus fell to his knees, his robes pooling around him like mist collapsing into dew. His eyes rolled back, and he slumped forward, dream-mist curling softly across the marble floor around his still form.

Kratos growled low in his chest, forcing his fist downwards with a roar. Rhea turned to him fully, her expression still calm, though her eyes burned faintly with quiet green light.

"Kratos," she whispered, her voice edged with sadness. "You were born of my blood... do not force me to bury you."

Kratos's massive arm trembled, every muscle straining against the invisible force gripping his wrist. Veins bulged across his forearm as he snarled, his iron-dark eyes narrowing.

"I serve Hera," he spat. "Her will... binds me."

Rhea stepped forward, the wildflowers blooming around her feet with each silent stride. She reached up and pressed her palm lightly against his broad chest. For a brief moment, Kratos froze. His eyes flickered faintly with something softer beneath the rage – grief, exhaustion, something ancient and forgotten.

Then the force around his wrist tightened, forcing his fist open. Rhea's fingers pressed deeper against his chest.

"You serve the world before all else," she whispered. "Remember who you are."

Kratos's breath hitched. His knees buckled as he sank to the floor, his massive frame slumping forward, shoulders trembling with silent sobs he refused to let escape his lips. The vines receded from his arms, falling back into the cracked marble with faint, rustling sighs.

Metis stood unmoving, watching quietly as Rhea lowered her hand from Kratos's chest. Her lavender robes whispered softly as she stepped forward, bowing her head slightly to the elder Titaness.

"Thank you," Metis said, her voice calm, though her eyes glimmered faintly with quiet relief.

Rhea did not reply. She turned, sweeping her moss-green robes around her ankles as she walked to where Phobos still struggled against the vines binding him. She lowered herself to his level, her pale hair drifting across his flushed face.

"You have always delighted in blood," she whispered softly, brushing her fingers across his forehead. "But blood is life... not death."

Phobos's eyes widened. For the first time in centuries, his grin faded. Tears welled silently in his dark eyes, though he did not look away. Rhea touched his cheek lightly before rising again.

The hall was silent but for the quiet hiss of vines retreating into the cracked marble. Thin green shoots remained behind, curling around the fallen guards, their wounds now sealed by bark and blossom.

Bia stood unmoving, her body locked in place by the single vine curling around her ankles. Her sharp eyes flicked towards Rhea, unblinking.

"Release me," she whispered. "My life... is hers."

Rhea studied her for a long moment, sadness flickering across her calm face.

"No life belongs to another," she said softly.

With a faint flick of her wrist, the vine unwound. Bia collapsed to her knees, gasping as if surfacing from deep water. She bowed her head low, black hair falling around her face.

Metis stepped forward, folding her hands before her robe.

"What now?" she asked quietly, her gaze flicking between Kratos, Bia, and Phobos.

Rhea looked at her, her eyes dark and infinite. "Now... you rule. And I return to my silence."

Metis's lips curved faintly. "Will you watch us?"

"Always," Rhea whispered.

She turned and walked back through the shattered bronze doors. Flowers bloomed in her footsteps, curling across the marble floor in soft white and pale violet. The thin morning sun spilled through the broken doorway, casting long shadows across the throne room floor.

Metis turned to Kratos, who knelt silent and unmoving at her feet. She reached out and touched his bowed head lightly.

"Rise," she said softly. "I will not punish loyalty... even when it is given to another."

Kratos lifted his head slowly, his iron-dark eyes flickering with silent gratitude. He rose to his feet, towering over her, but said nothing. Bia moved to stand behind him, silent as always, her sharp eyes now softened with quiet shame.

Phobos pushed himself to his knees, his grin gone, his dark eyes wide and trembling as he stared at the thin vines retreating into the cracked marble.

Icelus remained slumped where he fell, dream-mist drifting quietly around his sleeping form.

Metis turned from them all, her lavender robes sweeping across the marble floor as she walked to the high throne. She sat down lightly, folding her hands in her lap, her gaze calm and unblinking as she looked out across the silent hall.

Outside, the sun rose higher above Olympus, washing the marble towers in pale gold and quiet warmth. But deep within its silent halls, shadows shifted and fate twisted, binding gods in threads no one would see until it was far too late to unweave them.

## **Chapter 56: He Knows**

Hera stood at the edge of Asgard's feast hall, silent and unmoving as the final songs of Baldr's naming faded into the flicker of torchlight. Her crimson robes pooled around her feet like spilled wine, her dark eyes half-lidded in quiet calculation. Servants moved around her, pouring fresh mead into bronze cups and clearing platters heavy with roasted boar and barley bread. But Hera saw none of it.

She felt it.

By now, Olympus would be hers.

She could almost taste the quiet triumph blooming on her tongue – the sweet iron tang of a fate fulfilled. Metis would be dead by dawn's rise. The throne room would lie silent under the first light, guarded by her loyal cohort until Zeus returned to crown her queen. Her heart beat slow and calm in her chest as she folded her hands before her, her gaze fixed ahead but seeing far beyond these halls.

"Soon..." she whispered under her breath, so faintly that no one heard her. "Soon, I will stand above them all."

A deep chuckle broke her quiet thoughts.

She blinked, turning slightly to see Zeus watching her from where he sat beside Odin at the high table. His golden hair fell loose down his broad shoulders, flickering with faint lightning as he tilted his head. His lips curved into a knowing smile that did not touch his eyes.

He sees, Hera thought, her stomach tightening. Does he know?

Zeus raised his mead cup faintly in her direction before setting it down. His gaze drifted back to Odin as they resumed quiet conversation, but his fingers drummed lightly against the table, each tap like thunder rolling across a silent field.

He knows.

And he does not fear it.

Hera's lips tightened. She turned away sharply, her crimson robes whispering around her ankles as she walked to the high balcony overlooking the dark Asgardian courtyards below. Cold wind rushed past her face, snapping her braided hair against her neck. Far beyond, the fractured lights of Bifröst shimmered under a pale dawn moon.

He knows, she thought again, gripping the carved wolf-head railing so tightly her knuckles paled.

He knew because he asked for help.

Days before the naming ceremony, long before dawn had brushed Olympus with gold, Zeus walked alone down the winding forest paths of Gaia's domain. The air was heavy with green mist and the rich, quiet scent of moss-covered roots. Thin silver streams coiled between wide oaks and pale poplars, their waters glowing softly in the eternal twilight beneath Gaia's canopy.

Zeus walked with his robes gathered at his waist, bare feet silent against damp moss and cool black earth. His golden hair fell loose down his back, faint lightning flickering

across his shoulders, casting thin shadows that curved like claws through the drifting fog.

At the path's end lay a wide clearing ringed with towering black-barked trees. In its centre sat Rhea.

She knelt upon a woven mat of woven reeds and pale flowers, her moss-green robe pooling around her legs, her silver-streaked hair falling down her back like river water. Before her lay a great stone basin carved with spiralling runes, filled with still black water reflecting the dim canopy above.

Zeus stepped forward and knelt at her side, his breath rising softly in the cool morning air.

"Mother."

Rhea's eyes remained closed. Thin green light flickered between her long lashes as she inhaled deeply, feeling the pulse of the roots far below. For a long moment, she did not speak. Then she opened her eyes.

"Zeus," she whispered, her voice rough and tired, edged with quiet sorrow. "You should not be here."

Zeus bowed his head. "Gaia still suffers."

Rhea exhaled, lifting her pale hands to hover above the dark water. Thin vines rose from the basin, blooming into pale violet flowers that spilled their scent into the clearing like drifting sleep.

"She suffers because we let her," Rhea said softly, her eyes flicking to his face. "She is the earth. All wounds cut deepest into her."

Zeus reached out, resting his massive hand lightly over hers. Thunder trembled faintly in the clouds above, though none showed in the twilight sky.

"I will heal what I can," he said quietly.

Rhea studied him for a long, silent moment. Then she nodded.

Together they knelt before the stone basin. Zeus closed his eyes, calling lightning to coil around his arms, crackling softly as it bled down his fingertips into the water. Rhea murmured low words in Titan tongue, summoning deep root-sleep and earth-mending songs older than any god. The basin's water pulsed with gold and green light, flickering like dawn through leaves. Far below, the roots of Gaia shivered, curling tighter around Olympus's foundations, feeling the quiet touch of healing run through her veins.

When it was done, Rhea leaned back, her chest rising and falling with slow exhaustion. Zeus let his lightning fade, his broad shoulders slumping faintly under the weight of spent power.

Rhea looked at him with tired eyes that burned with ancient knowing.

"Why are you here, son of Cronus?" she asked quietly. "This healing... was not your only purpose."

Zeus said nothing for a moment. Then he opened his eyes, lightning flickering behind his golden gaze.

"I need your help."

Rhea tilted her head slightly, her moss-green robe rustling softly across the mat. "Hera."

Zeus's jaw tightened faintly. "She plots to kill Metis. She thinks I do not see it... but I see everything."

"And you let it unfold," Rhea whispered, sadness curling through her words like mist through branches. "Why?"

Zeus looked away, staring into the dark water where pale flowers drifted across silent ripples.

"Because Olympus must learn," he said softly. "They must see what she is... before I crown her."

Rhea's gaze darkened faintly, but she nodded once.

"You want me to stop her."

Zeus turned back to her, his eyes unblinking. "I want Metis to live. I want Olympus to remain strong... even if Hera's ambition burns it down around her."

Rhea closed her eyes for a long moment. When she opened them again, they glowed faintly with deep green light, the light of roots coiling through black earth, of sap pulsing up the heart of silent trees.

"I will stop her," she whispered.

Rhea smiled faintly, though her eyes remained sad.

Back in Asgard, Hera stood alone on the high balcony, the cold dawn wind biting into her skin. Her eyes flicked down to the stone courtyard far below, watching Loki and

Thor spar beneath the pale morning light. Behind her, the feast hall rang with laughter and Skald songs as gods drank to Baldr's future.

She closed her eyes, breathing in the chill air. In her mind, she saw Olympus – her throne, her halls, her name sung by every god.

But far away, in Gaia's silent heart, vines curled softly through dark soil. And in Olympus's throne room, Metis still sat upon her high seat, lavender robes pooling like pale mist, her quiet gaze locked on the dawn rising beyond the marble columns.

Hera opened her eyes, her calm mask slipping for just a moment as quiet rage flickered beneath her dark gaze.

He knows.

He always knows.

Behind her, Zeus watched from the high table, silent and unmoving as thunder rolled faintly beneath his skin, each quiet beat a promise – and a warning – that fate's threads were never spun by mortal or god alone.

## **Chapter 57: Talking To Hera**

Hera stood on the balcony, her eyes locked on the distant blue horizon. The dawn breeze brushed against her face, cooling the quiet fury burning beneath her skin. She gripped the carved wolf-head railing tighter, her nails digging into the cold stone.

She felt it – the moment her plans died. One of her shadows in Olympus, a silent crow-pet perched atop the eastern towers, whispered it into her mind. Metis still lived. Her cohort had failed. Rhea had intervened.

Her vision blurred faintly with silent rage. She could hear the feast hall behind her, Skald songs rising with flickering torchlight as gods laughed, cups clinking against bronze plates piled with roasted meat. And amidst it all, she felt his eyes on her.

"Why..." she whispered under her breath, her voice trembling with quiet disbelief. "Why does he always stand in my way...?"

"Hera."

His voice cut through her thoughts like thunder rolling across a still sea. She turned, her crimson robes swirling around her ankles. Zeus stood at the edge of the balcony, his broad shoulders framed by the flickering torchlight behind him. His golden hair fell loose down his back, faint lightning dancing across his bare chest where his robe had loosened in the feast's warmth.

His electric blue eyes met hers, unblinking, calm.

"You knew," she said softly, her voice low and edged with bitterness. "You always knew."

Zeus didn't answer at first. He stepped forward, each stride silent despite his size, until he stood before her. The cold breeze whipped strands of her dark hair across her cheeks, but she didn't move to brush them away.

"I did," he said quietly, his deep voice rumbling like distant stormclouds. "I always know."

Hera's lips trembled faintly, her chest tightening as she tried to speak. "Then why... why let me plan it? Why let me hope... if you were only going to crush me again?"

Zeus reached out, brushing his knuckles softly against her cheek. The warmth of his skin cut through the chill wind, seeping into her bones. She flinched at first, then went still beneath his touch.

"Because Olympus is not ruled by hope or fear," he said quietly. "It is ruled by strength... and mercy."

Her eyes narrowed, cold and sharp as obsidian knives. "Mercy? Is that what this is? Mercy?"

Zeus's gaze flickered faintly with sadness. He lowered his hand from her cheek, resting it lightly against the railing beside her. His golden eyes watched the pale sky above Asgard's towers, quiet and unblinking.

"You think power means having no rivals. Crushing every threat. That is not power, Hera. That is fear wearing a crown."

She stared at him, silent, her breath coming in short trembling pulls as the dawn winds tugged at her braids.

"Then what is power?" she whispered.

Zeus turned his gaze back to her, and for a moment, lightning flickered quietly behind his golden eyes.

"Power is knowing when to hold the sword... and when to sheath it."

She looked away sharply, tears blurring her vision as silent rage twisted into quiet despair.

"You say that because you have it all," she spat softly. "You have Olympus. You have Asgard's respect. You have Metis... you have everything I wanted."

He was silent for a long moment. Then he sighed softly, resting his massive hand lightly over hers where it gripped the railing. His warmth seeped through her cold knuckles, easing the trembling of her fingers.

"Hera," he said quietly, "Olympus does not need one queen... it needs you. Just as you are. As you have always been."

She blinked, turning back to him with wide dark eyes. Her lips parted faintly, but no words came out.

Zeus smiled softly, the corners of his eyes crinkling with quiet sadness.

"I once heard a mortal say, 'In the end, we only regret the chances we didn't take, the love we didn't give, and the decisions we waited too long to make.'"

His thumb brushed over her knuckles, calloused and warm.

"Don't regret this chance, Hera. Don't waste your love. Don't wait too long to decide what you truly want."

She closed her eyes, a single tear sliding down her cheek. For a moment, silence wrapped around them like a warm dark cloak, hiding them from the laughing gods and the distant flicker of dawn beyond the balcony.

When she opened her eyes again, the rage was gone. Only quiet exhaustion remained, edged with faint, trembling hope.

"Can I still be queen...?" she whispered, her voice cracking with quiet vulnerability. "Even after... everything?"

Zeus smiled faintly, leaning down until their foreheads pressed together. His warm breath brushed across her lips as he whispered:

"You were always a queen."

Her breath hitched. And then, slowly, her shaking fingers uncurled from the railing to grip his robe instead. He tilted his head slightly, pressing his lips softly against hers.

The kiss was deep and silent, tasting of honeyed mead and quiet grief, of lightning storms and red poppy oil. His massive arms wrapped around her, pulling her against his chest as the dawn wind rushed past them, lifting the edges of her crimson robes like dying embers rising to the pale sky.

When he pulled back, his blue eyes burned softly with promise.

"Come," he murmured, his voice low and rough with quiet hunger. "The All-Father has given us a room. Let me remind you... why Olympus bows to us both."

She said nothing. Only nodded faintly, her lips trembling with unspoken grief and hope.

Together they turned, walking back into the warmth of Asgard's feast hall. Servants bowed low as Zeus led Hera through the torchlit corridors towards their private chamber. His massive hand remained at her back, his touch firm and silent – the quiet promise of storms yet to come, and the endless dawns that would follow them.

A/N

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

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Please

Please

Please

I'm begging for a gift 🎁

Thank you

## **Chapter 58: Tell me what you want\***

Hera's heart thundered in her chest as Zeus guided her through the torchlit corridors of Asgard's grand hall, his massive hand a steady anchor at the small of her back. The distant clatter of the feast faded behind them, swallowed by the heavy wooden doors that sealed their private chamber. The air within was thick with the scent of cedarwood and smoldering incense, a faint glow from the hearth casting flickering shadows across the stone walls. Furs and silken drapes adorned the massive bed at the room's center, its carved posts etched with runes that pulsed faintly with divine energy.

Zeus's presence filled the space, his broad frame seeming to draw the light toward him. Hera's crimson robes clung to her curves, the fabric whispering against her skin as she moved, her dark hair spilling in loose waves down her shoulders. She felt the weight of his gaze, electric and unrelenting, as he turned to face her. His hair gleamed in the firelight, and the faint crackle of lightning danced across his bare chest, where his robe hung open, revealing the hard planes of muscle beneath.

"Hera," he murmured, his voice a low rumble that sent a shiver racing down her spine. He stepped closer, closing the distance between them, his calloused fingers brushing against her jaw. The touch was gentle, yet it carried the promise of something far more primal. Her breath caught as she looked up into his storm-blue eyes, seeing the hunger there, the unspoken need that mirrored her own.

She didn't speak—words felt too fragile for the storm brewing between them. Instead, she reached for him, her fingers curling into the edges of his robe, pulling it open further to expose the taut lines of his abdomen. Her nails grazed his skin, and Zeus let out a low growl, his hand sliding to the back of her neck, pulling her into a kiss that was anything but gentle. His lips claimed hers with a fierce intensity, tasting of mead and the sharp bite of ozone. Their tongues tangled, a battle for dominance that left her gasping against his mouth.

His hands roamed her body, deftly untying the golden cords that held her robes in place. The crimson fabric slipped from her shoulders, pooling at her feet like spilled wine, leaving her bare save for the thin golden chains that adorned her waist. Zeus's eyes darkened as he took her in, his gaze lingering on the curve of her breasts, the dip of her waist, the soft swell of her hips. "Gods, you're perfect," he rasped, his voice rough with desire.

Hera's skin flushed under his scrutiny, a mix of pride and need coiling tight in her core. She reached for him again, her fingers trailing down his chest to the ties of his own robe, tugging them loose with deliberate slowness. The fabric fell away, revealing the thick, pulsing length of his cock, already hard and straining for her. Her mouth watered at the sight, a wicked impulse sparking within her. She sank to her knees before him, the cold stone floor biting into her skin as she looked up at him through her lashes.

Zeus's breath hitched, his hand tangling in her hair as she leaned forward, her lips brushing the tip of his cock. The taste of him was musky, heady, and she let out a soft moan as she took him into her mouth, her tongue swirling around the sensitive head. His grip tightened, a low groan escaping him as she worked him deeper, her lips stretching around his girth. She sucked him with slow, deliberate strokes, savoring the way he pulsed against her tongue, the way his thighs tensed under her hands.

"Fuck, Hera," he growled, his voice raw with need. He thrust shallowly into her mouth, careful not to overwhelm her, but the restraint only fueled her desire. She hollowed her cheeks, taking him deeper, her nails digging into his hips as she set a rhythm that had him cursing under his breath. The sounds he made—low, guttural, desperate—sent a thrill through her, her own arousal pooling hot and slick between her thighs.

But Zeus wasn't one to relinquish control for long. With a low snarl, he pulled her up, his hands rough but reverent as he lifted her to her feet. Before she could catch her breath, he spun her around, pressing her against the edge of the bed. The furs were soft against her palms as she braced herself, her body trembling with anticipation. Zeus's hands roamed her back, tracing the curve of her spine before gripping her hips, pulling

her back against him. She could feel the hard length of him pressing against her ass, and she arched into him, a silent plea for more.

He didn't make her wait. His lips found the sensitive skin of her neck, kissing and nipping as he reached around to cup her breasts. His thumbs brushed over her nipples, already hard and aching, and she gasped, her head falling back against his shoulder. He rolled the sensitive peaks between his fingers, pinching just hard enough to send a jolt of pleasure-pain through her. "You like that, don't you?" he murmured against her ear, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through her.

"Yes," she breathed, her voice trembling with need. His hands were relentless, kneading her breasts as he kissed his way down her shoulder, his teeth grazing her skin. The heat of his mouth, the roughness of his touch—it was all too much and not enough. She pushed back against him, grinding against his cock, desperate for more.

Zeus chuckled, a dark, hungry sound, and slid one hand down her stomach, his fingers dipping between her thighs. She was already wet, her pussy slick with arousal, and he groaned as he felt her, his fingers parting her folds to tease her clit. "So fucking wet for me," he growled, circling the sensitive bud with slow, deliberate strokes. Hera's knees buckled, a moan spilling from her lips as pleasure sparked through her, sharp and electric.

He didn't stop, his fingers working her with expert precision as he kissed her neck, her shoulder, her jaw. She was trembling now, her body a live wire under his touch, and when he slid two fingers inside her, curling them just right, she cried out, her hands gripping the furs for dear life. "Zeus," she gasped, her voice breaking as he pumped his fingers, his thumb still teasing her clit.

But he wasn't done with her yet. With a low growl, he pulled his hand away, ignoring her whimper of protest. He turned her to face him, lifting her onto the bed with ease, her back sinking into the soft furs. His eyes burned with hunger as he knelt between her thighs, his hands spreading her open. The sight of him, golden and powerful, staring at her pussy like it was a feast, sent a fresh wave of heat through her.

He leaned down, his breath hot against her skin, and then his mouth was on her. His tongue flicked against her clit, slow and deliberate, and Hera's hips bucked, a moan tearing from her throat. He devoured her, licking and sucking with a hunger that left her breathless, her hands tangling in his hair as she arched into his mouth. The wet heat of his tongue, the scrape of his beard against her thighs—it was overwhelming, a tidal wave of sensation that threatened to drown her.

"Zeus—fuck," she gasped, her voice raw as he sucked her clit, his fingers sliding back inside her to stroke that perfect spot. Her body was trembling, the pleasure building to an unbearable peak, but he didn't let up, his mouth relentless as he pushed her closer to the edge.

And then he pulled back, his lips glistening with her arousal, his eyes dark with promise. He rose above her, his cock brushing against her entrance, teasing her with the barest touch. "Tell me what you want," he growled, his voice rough with restraint.

Hera's eyes met his, burning with defiance and desire. "Fuck me," she whispered, her voice low and fierce. "Hard. Raw. Now."

Zeus's smile was feral, a flash of lightning in the storm of his gaze. He didn't hesitate, thrusting into her with a force that made her cry out, her pussy stretching to take him. He was relentless, each thrust deep and unyielding, filling her completely. The bed creaked beneath them, the furs tangling as their bodies moved together, a primal rhythm that echoed the heartbeat of the cosmos.

Hera's nails raked down his back, her legs wrapping around his hips as she met his thrusts, her body arching to take him deeper. The pleasure was raw, intense, a wildfire consuming them both. His mouth found her breasts again, sucking and biting her nipples as he fucked her, each sensation pushing her closer to the edge.

Their lips met in a desperate kiss, all teeth and tongue, a clash of gods in the heat of their passion. Hera could feel the storm building within her, a cresting wave ready to break, but Zeus showed no signs of slowing, his thrusts growing harder, deeper, claiming her in a way that was both punishment and worship.

And as the firelight danced across their entwined bodies, Hera knew this was only the beginning. The night stretched before them, a canvas of desire and power, waiting to be painted with the raw, unrelenting passion of two gods who would never be sated.

## **Chapter 59: We're not finished\***

The chamber's heavy air pulsed with the heat of their bodies, the faint crackle of divine energy sparking where Zeus's skin brushed against Hera's. The furs beneath them were a tangled mess, the carved runestones on the bedposts glowing faintly, as if the ancient magic of Asgard itself bore witness to their union. Hera's breath came in sharp, ragged gasps, her dark eyes locked on Zeus's, their stormy blue depths blazing with a hunger that matched the wildfire raging in her core. His cock was buried deep inside her, each thrust a claiming force that sent tremors through her divine frame, but they were far from done.

Zeus's hands gripped her hips, his fingers digging into her soft flesh as he pulled her closer, driving himself deeper. The raw intensity of his movements made Hera's head tip back, a low moan spilling from her lips as her nails raked across his broad shoulders, leaving faint trails of red in their wake. The air around them shimmered, charged with the electric hum of his power, and Hera felt it too—the surge of her own divine essence, coiling like a serpent ready to strike.

"More," she hissed, her voice a sultry command, her legs tightening around his waist. "Give me everything, Zeus."

His lips curled into a feral grin, lightning flashing in his eyes as he leaned down, his mouth crashing against hers. The kiss was a storm of its own, all teeth and hunger, his tongue claiming her as fiercely as his cock did. Hera bit his lower lip, hard enough to draw a growl from him, and he retaliated by thrusting harder, the force rocking the massive bed beneath them. The wood groaned, the runes flaring brighter, and the air crackled with sparks that danced like fireflies around their entwined bodies.

Zeus pulled back, his chest heaving, and with a sudden surge of power, he lifted her from the bed. Hera gasped as her feet left the furs, her body weightless in his arms as the air around them shimmered with divine energy. The chamber seemed to dissolve, the stone walls fading into a swirling vortex of storm clouds and starlight. They were no longer bound by Asgard's halls—Zeus's power had torn them free, suspending them in a realm of their own making, a tempest of wind and lightning where the laws of mortals held no sway.

Hera's hair whipped around her face, dark strands dancing in the howling wind as Zeus held her aloft, his hands gripping her thighs. Her pussy clenched around him, slick and hot, as he thrust into her mid-air, each movement defying gravity itself. Sparks erupted where their bodies met, golden and white, illuminating the storm around them like a celestial forge. Hera's moans mingled with the roar of the wind, her hands clutching his shoulders as she arched into him, her breasts bouncing with each powerful thrust.

"Fuck, Hera," Zeus growled, his voice a thunderclap that echoed through the storm. He shifted her in his arms, turning her so her back pressed against his chest, her legs spread wide as he held her thighs apart. The new angle drove him deeper, his cock hitting every sensitive spot inside her, and Hera cried out, her voice raw with pleasure. She reached back, her fingers tangling in Annette his hair as he fucked her relentlessly, the storm raging around them.

He lowered his mouth to her neck, sucking and biting as he thrust, his teeth grazing the sensitive skin just below her ear. Hera's body trembled, the pleasure overwhelming as his free hand slid between her thighs, his fingers finding her clit and circling it with ruthless precision. The combination of his cock filling her and his fingers teasing her was too much, and she felt the pressure building, a tidal wave of ecstasy threatening to crash over her.

But Zeus wasn't ready to let her go yet. With a sudden twist of his hips, he shifted their position again, flipping her to face him, her legs wrapping around his waist as they hovered in the heart of the storm. The lightning crackled closer now, bolts arcing through the clouds as if drawn to their divine passion. Hera's breasts pressed against his chest, her nipples hard and aching as he kissed her again, his tongue plunging into her mouth with the same relentless rhythm as his thrusts. She could feel the heat of his

skin, the electric pulse of his power, and it sent her spiraling higher, her body trembling on the edge of release.

Zeus's hand slid to her breast, cupping and squeezing as his thumb brushed over her nipple, sending a jolt of pleasure straight to her core. He broke the kiss to lower his mouth to her breast, sucking the sensitive peak into his mouth, his tongue swirling as his teeth grazed her skin. Hera's fingers dug into his hair, pulling him closer as she arched into his mouth, her pussy clenching around his cock with every thrust.

The storm around them roared louder, the wind howling as if echoing their passion. Zeus's thrusts grew harder, faster, each one driving her closer to the edge. His fingers returned to her clit, rubbing in tight circles as he sucked her other breast, his teeth nipping just hard enough to make her gasp. The pleasure was unbearable, a divine inferno consuming her from the inside out.

"Zeus," she gasped, her voice breaking as the pressure built to a breaking point. Her nails raked down his back, drawing sparks of divine light that mingled with the lightning around them. He growled against her skin, his thrusts becoming almost brutal, each one pushing her higher, closer to the abyss.

"Come for me, Hera," he commanded, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through her. His fingers pressed harder against her clit, and with one final, earth-shattering thrust, he sent her over the edge.

Hera's scream tore through the storm, a sound of pure, primal ecstasy that made the sky itself roar. Her orgasm ripped through her, her pussy clenching around his cock as waves of pleasure crashed over her, each one more intense than the last. Sparks erupted from her skin, golden and white, merging with the lightning as the storm raged around them. Zeus's own release followed, a guttural roar escaping him as he spilled inside her, his cock pulsing with the force of his climax.

The sky thundered, bolts of lightning splitting the clouds as their combined power shook the heavens. Hera's body trembled, her chest heaving as she clung to him, their bodies still joined as they floated in the heart of the storm. The air crackled with the aftershocks of their passion, the wind carrying the faint scent of ozone and their mingled sweat.

But Zeus wasn't done. His eyes burned with a hunger that hadn't faded, and he kissed her again, slow and deep, his cock still hard inside her. "We're not finished," he murmured against her lips, his voice a promise of more to come. Hera's heart raced, a smile curving her lips as she tightened her legs around him, ready for the next wave of their divine storm.

The clouds swirled around them, the lightning still dancing as their bodies began to move again, the promise of another earth-shaking climax hanging in the air like the next bolt of thunder.

## Chapter 60: Come for me\*

The storm around Zeus and Hera churned with unrelenting fury, a maelstrom of roiling clouds and crackling lightning that mirrored the primal hunger still burning between them. Their bodies, slick with sweat and divine essence, glowed faintly in the tempest's electric glow, suspended in a realm where time and space bowed to their will. Hera's dark hair whipped wildly in the gale, her crimson eyes blazing with a fire that rivaled the bolts arcing through the sky. Zeus's grip on her thighs was iron, his storm-blue eyes locked on hers, a promise of untamed desire etched in every line of his chiseled face.

Hera's pussy still pulsed from the aftershocks of her last orgasm, her body trembling as Zeus's cock remained buried deep inside her, hard and unyielding. The air vibrated with the raw power of their union, the scent of ozone and their mingled arousal thick in the wind. She leaned forward, her lips brushing his ear, her voice a sultry growl. "You think you've broken me?" she whispered, her nails digging into his shoulders, drawing faint sparks of divine light. "Do it again. Harder."

Zeus's grin was pure predation, a flash of teeth that promised no mercy. "As you command, my queen," he rumbled, his voice a thunderclap that sent shivers racing down her spine. With a surge of power, he shifted their position, flipping her mid-air so she faced away from him, her back pressed against his chest. The storm roared louder, as if feeding off their lust, and Hera gasped as his hands spread her thighs wide, exposing her dripping pussy to the electric air.

His cock slid out of her, teasingly slow, the slick friction making her whimper. Then, with a single, brutal thrust, he drove back into her, filling her so completely that her vision sparked white. Hera's cry echoed through the storm, raw and desperate, as he set a punishing rhythm, each thrust deeper and harder than the last. Her pussy clenched around him, the wet heat of her arousal coating his length as he fucked her with a ferocity that shook the heavens.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Zeus growled, his lips brushing the sensitive skin of her neck. His teeth grazed her pulse, then bit down, just hard enough to make her moan. One hand slid up her body, cupping her breast and squeezing, his thumb flicking her nipple until it hardened to a painful peak. Hera arched into his touch, her body a live wire of sensation, every nerve alight with pleasure-pain. His other hand dipped between her thighs, fingers finding her clit and rubbing in tight, relentless circles that made her tremble.

The storm responded to their passion, lightning bolts splitting the clouds, their golden arcs weaving around them like a cage of divine fire. Hera's moans grew louder, her body rocking back against Zeus's, meeting his thrusts with equal fervor. The wet slap of their bodies echoed in the tempest, a primal rhythm that drowned out the howling wind. Sparks erupted where their skin met, golden and searing, as if their very essence was igniting.

Zeus's hand left her breast, sliding up to grip her throat, his fingers firm but reverent. He tilted her head back, claiming her mouth in a kiss that was all heat and dominance, his tongue plunging deep as he fucked her. Hera moaned into his mouth, her tongue battling his, the taste of him—mead, lightning, and raw power—driving her wild. She reached back, her fingers tangling in his golden hair, pulling hard enough to make him growl.

He broke the kiss, his lips trailing down her jaw to her shoulder, where he sucked and bit, leaving marks that glowed faintly with divine energy. "You're mine," he rasped, his voice thick with possession as he thrust harder, his cock hitting that perfect spot inside her that made her see stars. Hera's body shook, her pussy clenching tighter as the pressure built, a molten coil tightening in her core.

But Zeus had other plans. With a sudden shift, he spun her to face him, her legs wrapping around his waist as they hovered in the heart of the storm. The lightning was closer now, its heat kissing their skin as it arced around them. Hera's breasts pressed against his chest, her nipples grazing his skin with every movement, sending jolts of pleasure through her. His hands gripped her ass, spreading her open as he thrust up into her, each stroke a deliberate claim that made her gasp.

"Gods, Zeus," she panted, her nails raking down his chest, leaving trails of divine light. She leaned forward, her lips finding his nipple, sucking and biting as he groaned, his thrusts faltering for a moment before resuming with even greater force. The storm roared in response, the wind howling as if echoing their passion. Hera's pussy was soaked, her arousal dripping down his cock, the slickness making every thrust smoother, deeper, more devastating.

Zeus's hand slid between them, his fingers finding her clit again, rubbing with a precision that made her cry out. "Come for me," he commanded, his voice a low growl that vibrated through her. "Let the heavens hear you."

Hera's head fell back, her dark hair cascading like a waterfall as she surrendered to the pleasure. His fingers were relentless, his cock driving into her with a force that shook her to her core. The storm around them pulsed, the lightning weaving tighter, as if drawn to their climax. Hera's body tensed, her pussy clenching around him as the coil in her core snapped.

Her orgasm hit like a supernova, a scream tearing from her throat that made the sky itself shudder. Her pussy spasmed around his cock, waves of ecstasy crashing through her, each one more intense than the last. Sparks erupted from her skin, golden and white, merging with the lightning as the storm roared, bolts splitting the clouds in a cataclysmic display. Zeus's own release followed, a primal roar escaping him as he spilled inside her, his cock pulsing with the force of his climax, filling her with heat.

The heavens shook, the storm exploding in a symphony of light and sound as their combined power tore through the realm. Hera's body trembled, her chest heaving as

she clung to Zeus, their bodies still joined in the aftershocks of their passion. The lightning danced around them, its heat a lover's caress against their sweat-slick skin.

But Zeus's hunger hadn't faded. His eyes burned with a fire that promised more, and he kissed her again, slow and deep, his cock still hard inside her. "We're not done," he murmured, his voice a dark promise that sent a fresh wave of heat through her. Hera's lips curved into a wicked smile, her body already aching for the next round.

The storm churned around them, the clouds swirling with untamed energy as Zeus shifted their position, guiding her to straddle him mid-air. His hands gripped her hips, guiding her as she sank down onto his cock, her pussy stretching to take him again. The sensation was exquisite, a delicious burn that made her moan. Hera set the pace now, rolling her hips with deliberate slowness, savoring the way he filled her.

Zeus's hands roamed her body, one cupping her breast, the other sliding to her ass, squeezing as she rode him. The lightning crackled closer, its heat kissing their skin as Hera moved faster, her moans mingling with the storm's roar. The air was thick with the scent of their arousal, the taste of power and desire lingering on their tongues.

As Hera's rhythm grew more desperate, Zeus thrust up to meet her, their bodies colliding with a force that sent sparks flying. The storm pulsed with their passion, the lightning weaving a tapestry of light around them. Hera's body trembled, the pleasure building again, a wildfire ready to consume her.