

# **I Am Zeus**

## **#Chapter 61: Leaving For Olympus - Read I Am Zeus**

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Here is the anime-style, cinematic, grounded continuation you requested — written in simple, human-like language with natural maturity and realism. Word count: approx. 1200.

Morning broke over Asgard with slow golden light.

Thin beams slipped through the hanging drapes, pooling across the polished stone floor like spilled honey. Outside, the mountains shimmered under a fresh dusting of snow. Temple bells rang faintly in the distance, calling the gods to wake.

Zeus adjusted his dark blue cloak as he fastened the final bronze clasp. His bare chest, still lined with fading lightning marks, disappeared beneath the thick folds. Hera stood near the window, brushing her long dark hair with a slow, practiced hand. The breeze lifted the edge of her crimson robe, revealing the faintest imprint of a bite on her shoulder.

Neither spoke about the night before.

They didn't need to.

Instead, they moved around each other like calm fire and steady wind—quiet, familiar, no longer at war.

A soft knock at the door.

Zeus turned, voice firm but gentle. "Enter."

The door creaked open, revealing a young Asgardian boy in gold armor a size too large. He bowed low, holding out a scroll.

"All-Father Odin sends word," the boy said nervously, glancing between them. "He and Lady Frigg await you at the Gate of Mimir."

Zeus took the scroll but didn't unroll it. "Tell him we'll be there shortly."

The boy nodded quickly and backed away, nearly tripping over the thick rug before slipping out.

Once they were alone again, Hera fastened the final clasp of her shoulder pin and turned to face him. Her eyes—softened but still sharp—lingered on his chest a moment longer than necessary.

Zeus raised a brow.

"What?" he asked, half a smile forming.

She looked away, lips twitching faintly. "You snore."

He laughed quietly, shaking his head. "No, I don't."

"You do. Like thunder rolling over wet mountains."

He crossed the room in two slow steps and reached out to adjust the edge of her cloak, letting his hand linger a breath too long at her collarbone. His eyes searched hers.

"Then it suits me."

She held his gaze for a long second before finally looking down and smoothing the folds of her robe.

"It does."

They left the chamber in silence, walking side by side down the wide stone corridors of Asgard's palace. Servants bowed low. Valkyries watched from the balcony rails above. The halls, usually loud with footfalls and song, seemed quieter this morning.

As if Asgard itself watched them leave.

At the Gate of Mimir, Odin stood waiting with Frigg beside him. Behind them, Thor adjusted the strap on his axe, and Loki lounged against a stone pillar, arms crossed and bored as ever.

Frigg stepped forward first, her robes billowing like mist. She kissed Zeus on both cheeks, then Hera. Her smile was soft and knowing, the kind that saw through everything but said nothing.

"I trust your stay was restful," she said, voice light as snow.

"It was," Hera answered. "Your hospitality was perfect, as always."

Odin's one eye glinted beneath his heavy brow. "You leave before the second feast?"

Zeus nodded. "Olympus calls. I've been away too long."

The All-Father chuckled, his voice deep and raw like stone grinding against stone.  
"You're always away too long. That's your curse."

Zeus smiled faintly. "And yours is knowing when to speak... and when to let the silence do it for you."

Odin's grin deepened, pleased.

Zeus turned toward Thor, who straightened slightly and stepped forward with the restrained awkwardness of someone unsure if he should bow or just stand tall.

Zeus reached into his robe and drew out a thick leather-wrapped bundle, no longer than his forearm.

"I forged this long ago in Olympus. Never found the right wielder."

He unwrapped it slowly, revealing a thick golden bracer etched with runes from both realms—Greek and Norse. Lightning shimmered faintly beneath the metal.

"It channels storm. Not just lightning... but the balance between rage and patience."

He handed it to Thor, who took it with a reverent touch.

"Thank you," Thor said, voice lower than usual. "This means a lot."

"Wear it well," Zeus said. "Or not at all."

Thor nodded, then quietly stepped back. There was no show of thanks, no grand gesture. Just the weight of something earned.

Then Hera stepped forward. Her eyes swept past Odin, past Thor, until they landed on Loki—still slouched, still uninterested.

She smiled.

It was the kind of smile that made even snow hesitate to fall.

"I brought something for you too, Loki."

He raised a brow. "Did you?"

She drew out a small wooden box, thin and long, and held it out. "From the vaults of Gaia. A gift... from one trickster to another."

Loki stared at it, cautious. "You're not giving me poison, are you?"

"Would I waste poison on you?" she said with a soft scoff.

He stepped forward, took the box, and opened it slowly. Inside lay a silver dagger with a twisted handle and a blade so thin it looked like it could cut sound itself.

"A god's blade," Loki whispered, tone almost reverent. "But not Greek."

"No," Hera said, her voice cool and pleasant. "It's Titansteel. From before the fall."

Loki's grin widened. "I love you."

"Of course you do."

Zeus didn't say a word, but Hera didn't miss the twitch in his jaw. She didn't look at him—just folded her hands neatly and stepped back beside him.

Odin watched the exchange with quiet amusement. "You two will never change."

Frigg smiled gently. "That's why they lead Olympus."

At that, golden light shimmered behind Zeus and Hera. The Olympian Gate unfolded in midair—tall, ancient, carved with constellations. The marble arch pulsed softly with divine energy.

Zeus turned to Odin and bowed low, arms crossed.

"Odin. Frigg. Until next time."

"May it be a long time," Odin muttered with a crooked grin.

Hera nodded to Frigg, then Loki, then Thor. Her gaze lingered one last time on the snowy peaks of Asgard before she stepped through the gate.

Zeus followed.

And just like that, they were gone—vanishing in a ripple of gold.

Silence returned to the mountaintop.

Loki flipped the dagger once, then twice. "I think I like her more than him."

Thor muttered, "I think she likes you more than him."

Odin just stared at the closing gate.

"The sky shakes differently when they're together."

Frigg smiled softly. "It always has."

The wind picked up again. Snow began to fall. Asgard returned to quiet.

And far away, Olympus stirred.

Let me know when you're ready to continue with their return to Olympus, or another god's perspective.

## **Chapter 62: Return To Olympus**

The golden ripple of the gate shimmered once, then split open like a calm sea parting for gods.

Zeus stepped through first, the folds of his dark cloak brushing against the marble floor. Behind him, Hera followed with silent poise, her red robe trailing like fire in the wind. The air around them shimmered slightly with the aftershock of divine passage, then settled as the gate sealed shut behind them.

Olympus exhaled.

The palace halls lit with a soft pulse, as if the mountain itself felt them return.

"Welcome back!" called a voice from the upper balcony.

Hephaestus—still young, not yet a god, only a smith's apprentice under Hecatoncheires guidance—leaned from the railing with wide eyes before catching himself and stepping back. Others followed. Minor gods, attendants, dryads cloaked in gold-veined robes. They gathered in clusters across the upper halls and courtyards, peeking from behind columns and staircases.

"Zeus is back..." someone whispered below.

One of the nymphs pressed a hand over her mouth, eyes shining. Another let out a small, surprised laugh.

And then, as if Olympus itself had been holding its breath this whole time, the laughter spread.

Soft, then warm, then full.

A chorus of life returned to the halls.

By the time Zeus and Hera reached the central atrium, dozens had gathered — spirits of the wind, sky heralds, divine messengers, even the old court scribes who rarely left their scroll dens.

A few bowed. Most didn't. This wasn't about reverence. It was relief.

They were home.

Zeus gave a small nod, his lips twitching into a rare half-smile. Hera glanced around once, then exhaled softly, her shoulders lowering ever so slightly beneath the silk of her robe.

"You look different," one of the elder muses whispered to Hera with a quiet smile.

"I feel different," she said, brushing a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

"Did Asgard suit you?"

"It was cold," Hera replied, eyes sharp but amused. "But peaceful."

"And you, my lord?" the muse turned to Zeus.

He lifted his gaze to the highest dome above them, where a beam of sunlight filtered through. "It reminded me that we don't rule alone in this world... and that Olympus must be guarded, even from itself."

The mood shifted for just a second—subtle but real. Then Hera stepped forward and took his hand, and the tension broke.

One by one, the gathered divine beings bowed and quietly dispersed, returning to their temples, chambers, and duties. Olympus didn't pause long. It never did. But the air was lighter now. Laughter returned to the corridors. Harp strings sang again from the terraces. Even the ever-silent guards posted at the outer wall allowed themselves a breath.

Zeus and Hera continued toward the inner sanctum without speaking.

When they reached the fork in the long colonnade—one path leading west toward the Hall of Sky and Storm, the other east toward the old Athenaeum—Hera paused.

"I'll visit the archives," she said simply.

Zeus nodded. "I'll meet you at dusk."

She touched his chest briefly with two fingers—just a small gesture, then turned and walked away.

Zeus watched her go until the folds of her robe vanished behind the marble pillars.

Then he turned, heading toward the quiet inner chambers—where Metis waited.

The air was still in the quiet stone room.

No guards. No servants. Just the scent of wild lavender and ocean salt, drifting from the open window. The curtains moved gently with the wind. Outside, white doves danced through the sky, circling the tall spires.

Zeus stepped through the archway.

Metis stood with her back to him, gazing at the distant peaks through the window. Her hair was tied up loosely, still damp from her morning wash. The sleeves of her robe were rolled to the elbow, her arms dusted faintly with powdered herbs. The table beside her was cluttered with vials and small bowls — crushed root, ground stone, dried leaves. The beginnings of something alchemical, or maybe something older.

"You're late," she said softly, not turning.

Zeus didn't respond right away. He just walked in, slow, steady, then sat down on the edge of the low couch by the inner hearth.

"I came as soon as I could," he said.

Metis finally turned.

Her face was unreadable, but not cold. She studied him like a puzzle that had solved itself too early.

"I heard what happened in Asgard," she said. "And what was said."

"I figured you would."

She stepped closer, barefoot across the cool marble, until she stood across from him.

"Then you already know what I'm going to ask."

Zeus leaned forward slightly, resting his elbows on his knees.

"You're going to ask about Olympus. About Hera. About if anything's changed."

She gave a faint smile. "I was going to ask if you brought me anything."

Zeus blinked. Then laughed under his breath.

"You always were better at reading me than I was at hiding."

He reached into the folds of his robe and pulled out a thin, flat case carved from ashwood. No symbols. No locks. Just smooth, warm grain polished by storm-wind and time.

Metis raised a brow as she took it and opened the lid. Inside lay a folded piece of violet silk — and nestled within it, a single shard of crystal. It pulsed faintly with gold and pale blue, like frozen skylight.

She turned it over in her palm. "From the Well?"

Zeus nodded. "Mimir said it shows only truths when dropped into still water."

"Useful," Metis murmured. "Or dangerous."

Zeus met her eyes. "Both."

They sat in silence for a moment, letting the weight of it settle.

Metis turned toward the window again, letting the light catch the edge of the crystal.

"They tried to kill me while you were gone," she said, like she was commenting on the weather.

Zeus didn't move.

"I know," he replied.

Metis glanced over her shoulder, eyes narrowing just slightly. "You're not surprised."

"I know, that's why I asked Mother for help."

"And Hera?"

He looked away, voice low. "She knows."

## **Chapter 63: Zeus—\***

The air in the stone chamber hung heavy with the scent of wild lavender and ocean salt, the faint rustle of curtains stirring in the breeze. Zeus's words lingered between them, a quiet admission that carried the weight of Asgard's cold halls and Hera's unspoken grief. Metis stood by the window, the crystal shard in her hand catching the sunlight, its faint pulse of gold and blue shimmering like a captured truth. Her eyes, sharp and unyielding, held Zeus's gaze, searching for something beyond his words.

"Forget it," Zeus said, his voice low but firm, cutting through the silence like a blade. "What happened in Asgard, what Hera planned—it's done. Let it stay there."



Metis's lips parted, a flicker of defiance crossing her face, but before she could speak, Zeus rose from the couch, closing the distance between them in two strides. His presence was overwhelming, a storm contained in mortal form, his dark cloak brushing the marble floor. He reached for her, his calloused hand cupping her cheek, his thumb brushing the edge of her jaw. Her breath hitched, the crystal slipping from her fingers to clatter softly on the table.

"Zeus—" she started, but he silenced her with a kiss, his lips crashing against hers with a hunger that stole the air from the room. The kiss was fierce, a clash of wills, his tongue sliding against hers, tasting of mead and the sharp bite of lightning. Metis's hands gripped his cloak, pulling him closer, her body yielding to the heat of his touch even as her mind resisted.

He deepened the kiss, his hand sliding to the back of her neck, fingers tangling in her damp hair. The warmth of his skin seeped into her, a contrast to the cool marble beneath her bare feet. Her robe, loose and rolled to the elbows, shifted as he pressed himself closer, the hard planes of his chest brushing against her. The air crackled faintly, a spark of divine energy igniting where their bodies met, and Metis felt a shiver race down her spine, her defiance melting into desire.

Zeus's hands moved to the ties of her robe, deftly unfastening the delicate knots. The fabric parted, sliding from her shoulders to pool at her feet, leaving her bare save for the faint dusting of powdered herbs on her skin. Her breasts, full and soft, glowed in the sunlight filtering through the window, her nipples already hardening under his gaze. Zeus's eyes darkened, a low growl rumbling in his chest as he took her in, his hunger palpable.

"Gods, you're beautiful," he murmured, his voice rough with want. He lowered his head, his lips brushing the curve of her breast, teasingly soft at first. Metis gasped, her fingers digging into his shoulders as his tongue flicked across her nipple, sending a jolt of pleasure through her. He sucked gently, then harder, his teeth grazing the sensitive peak, drawing a moan from her lips. Her head tipped back, her damp hair falling loose as she arched into his mouth, the warmth of his tongue a delicious contrast to the cool air.

Zeus's hands roamed her body, one cupping her other breast, his thumb circling her nipple with deliberate slowness, while the other slid down her waist, tracing the curve of her hip. Metis's skin flushed under his touch, her breath coming in short, ragged pulls as he lavished attention on her breasts, sucking and biting until her nipples were swollen and aching. The pleasure was sharp, almost overwhelming, and she felt a familiar heat pooling between her thighs, her pussy growing slick with arousal.

But Metis wasn't one to surrender control so easily. With a sudden spark of defiance, she pushed against his chest, breaking his hold just enough to shift the dynamic. Zeus's eyes flashed with surprise, then amusement, as she sank to her knees before him, her hands tugging at the ties of his cloak. The dark fabric fell away, revealing the hard lines

of his body, his cock already straining against the confines of his tunic. Metis's lips curved into a wicked smile as she freed him, her fingers wrapping around his thick length, the skin hot and pulsing under her touch.

"Fuck," Zeus breathed, his voice a low growl as she stroked him, her grip firm and teasing. Metis leaned forward, her breath warm against the tip of his cock, and then she took him into her mouth, her lips stretching around his girth. The taste of him was musky, heady, and she moaned softly, the vibration sending a shudder through him. Her tongue swirled around the head, teasing the sensitive underside before she took him deeper, her lips gliding down his shaft with slow, deliberate precision.

Zeus's hand tangled in her hair, his fingers tightening as she sucked him, her head bobbing in a rhythm that had him cursing under his breath. Her free hand cupped his balls, gently massaging as she worked him with her mouth, her tongue tracing every vein, every ridge. The sounds he made—low, guttural, desperate—sent a thrill through her, her own arousal dripping down her thighs as she knelt before him, the cool marble biting into her knees.

"Metis," he growled, his voice thick with need, his hips thrusting shallowly into her mouth. She took him deeper, her throat relaxing to accommodate his size, her nails digging into his thighs as she set a relentless pace. The air around them shimmered, sparks of divine energy flickering where their bodies connected, the room pulsing with the heat of their desire.

But Zeus's restraint was fraying. With a low snarl, he pulled her up, his hands rough but reverent as he lifted her to her feet. Metis's lips were swollen, glistening with saliva, and Zeus kissed her fiercely, tasting himself on her tongue. His hands roamed her body, gripping her hips as he pressed himself against her, his cock hard and slick against her stomach. The air crackled with their combined power, the faint scent of ozone mingling with the lavender and salt.

He spun her around, pressing her against the low table cluttered with her alchemical tools. Vials clinked softly as her hands braced against the edge, her body bending forward, her ass arched invitingly. Zeus's hands slid down her back, tracing the curve of her spine before gripping her hips, spreading her open. Her pussy was glistening, swollen with need, and he groaned at the sight, his cock throbbing with anticipation.

"You want this?" he asked, his voice a low rumble as he teased her entrance with the tip of his cock, sliding it through her slick folds. Metis's breath hitched, her body trembling as she pushed back against him, a silent plea for more.

"Fuck me," she whispered, her voice raw with desire. "Now."

Zeus didn't hesitate. With a single, powerful thrust, he buried himself inside her, her pussy stretching to take him, the sensation so intense it drew a cry from her lips. He set a brutal pace, each thrust deep and unyielding, the table creaking beneath them as he

fucked her with a ferocity that shook the room. Metis's moans filled the air, her fingers gripping the table's edge as pleasure surged through her, her body rocking with each thrust.

Sparks erupted where their bodies met, golden and searing, as if their divine essence was igniting. Zeus's hand slid around to her clit, his fingers rubbing in tight circles that made her gasp, her pussy clenching around him. The pleasure was overwhelming, a wildfire consuming her from the inside out, and she felt the pressure building, a molten coil tightening in her core.

The room pulsed with their passion, the curtains fluttering wildly as a gust of divine wind swept through. Zeus's thrusts grew harder, faster, each one driving her closer to the edge. Metis's cries grew louder, her body trembling as the pleasure built to an unbearable peak. And as the heavens themselves seemed to hold their breath, Zeus leaned down, his lips brushing her ear, his voice a promise of ecstasy yet to come.

## **Chapter 64: You're mine, Metis\***

The stone chamber pulsed with the raw energy of their union, the air thick with the mingled scents of lavender, ocean salt, and the musky heat of their bodies. Metis's cries echoed off the marble walls, her fingers white-knuckled as they gripped the edge of the cluttered table, vials and bowls rattling with each of Zeus's relentless thrusts. His cock filled her completely, stretching her pussy with every deep, forceful stroke, the slick heat of her arousal coating him as their bodies collided. Sparks of divine light flared where their skin met, golden and searing, as if the heavens themselves were igniting in response to their passion.

Zeus's hand on her hip was a vice, his fingers digging into her flesh with a possessive intensity that made her heart race. His other hand worked her clit with merciless precision, circling the swollen bud until Metis's legs trembled, her moans rising into desperate gasps. The pleasure was a tidal wave, threatening to drown her, but she pushed back against him, meeting his thrusts with a hunger that matched his own. The table creaked ominously beneath them, its ancient wood protesting the force of their divine coupling.

"Gods, you feel so fucking good," Zeus growled, his voice a low thunder that vibrated through her core. He leaned forward, his chest pressing against her back, his lips finding the sensitive curve of her neck. His teeth grazed her skin, then bit down, drawing a sharp cry from her as pleasure-pain sparked through her. Metis's pussy clenched around him, the sensation driving her closer to the edge, her body trembling with the need for release.

But Zeus was relentless, his rhythm unyielding as he fucked her harder, each thrust a claim that shook the very foundations of the chamber. The air shimmered with their combined power, the faint crackle of lightning weaving through the room like a living thing. Metis's moans grew louder, her body arching as she surrendered to the onslaught

of sensation, her mind consumed by the heat of his cock, the pressure of his fingers, the roughness of his breath against her skin.

With a sudden surge of power, Zeus pulled her upright, his arm banding around her waist as he lifted her from the table. Her feet left the ground, her body weightless in his grasp as the room dissolved into a swirling vortex of storm and starlight. They were no longer bound by the confines of the chamber, their divine essence tearing them free into a realm of their own creation—a tempest of roiling clouds and electric arcs where the laws of mortals held no sway.

Metis's hair whipped around her face, dark strands dancing in the howling wind as Zeus held her aloft, his cock still buried deep inside her. Her legs wrapped around his hips, her pussy gripping him tightly as he thrust up into her, each stroke a deliberate assault on her senses. Sparks erupted where their bodies met, illuminating the storm around them like a celestial forge. Metis's cries 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, Zeus," she gasped, her voice raw with need as she ground against him, chasing the pleasure that coiled tighter in her core. His hands gripped her ass, spreading her open as he fucked her mid-air, the storm raging around them. Lightning bolts arced closer, their heat kissing her skin as Zeus's lips found her breast, sucking her nipple into his mouth with a hunger that made her moan. His tongue swirled around the sensitive peak, his teeth grazing just hard enough to send a jolt of pleasure straight to her clit.

Metis's fingers tangled in his golden hair, pulling him closer as she rode the edge of ecstasy, her pussy clenching around his cock with every thrust. The storm responded to their passion, the clouds swirling tighter, the lightning weaving a cage of light around them. Zeus's hand slid between them, his fingers finding her clit again, rubbing with a relentless rhythm that made her vision blur. The pleasure was unbearable, a wildfire consuming her from the inside out, and she felt the pressure building to a breaking point.

But Zeus wasn't content to let her fall yet. With a low growl, he shifted their position, spinning her to face away from him, her back pressed against his chest as he held her thighs apart. The new angle drove him deeper, his cock hitting that perfect spot inside her that made her scream. Metis's hands reached back, gripping his neck as she arched into him, her body trembling with the intensity of his thrusts. The storm roared louder, the wind howling as if echoing their desire, the air thick with the scent of their arousal.

Zeus's lips found her ear, his breath hot and ragged as he whispered, "You're mine, Metis." His words were a claim, a promise, and they sent a shiver racing down her spine. His fingers worked her clit faster, his cock driving into her with a force that shook the heavens. Metis's moans became cries, her body trembling as the pleasure built to an unbearable peak, her pussy clenching around him like a vice.

The storm pulsed with their passion, the lightning crackling closer, its heat a lover's caress against their skin. Metis's body tensed, her breath hitching as the coil in her core snapped. Her orgasm hit like a cataclysm, 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, merging with the lightning as the storm roared, bolts splitting the clouds in a divine explosion of light and sound.

Zeus's release followed, a primal roar escaping him as he spilled inside her, his cock pulsing with the force of his climax. The heavens shook, the storm exploding in a symphony of power as their combined essence tore through the realm. Metis's body trembled, her chest heaving as she clung to him, their bodies still joined in the aftershocks of their passion.

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 far from done," he murmured, his voice a dark vow that sent a fresh wave of heat through her. Metis'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 guided her to straddle him mid-air, his hands gripping her hips as she sank down onto his cock. The sensation was exquisite, a delicious burn that made her moan. Metis 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 danced closer, its heat kissing their skin as Metis 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 Metis'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 waiting to strike again, as their bodies moved together, a divine dance that would burn through the night.

## **Chapter 65: Then strike**

A soft breeze rolled through the upper balcony, brushing against the marble like a quiet breath. The sun hadn't fully risen yet—its light spilled halfway over the edge of the spires, casting long golden streaks across the floor.

Zeus stood at the edge of the balcony with his hands behind his back. The air was still, but something in the tension of his shoulders told a different story. His dark cloak swayed faintly around his boots, untouched by wind.

Behind him, Metis stirred.

She blinked, still wrapped in sheets, the scent of herbs and lavender thick in the morning. She sat up slowly and looked toward him.

"You're up early," she murmured.

Zeus didn't turn. "Couldn't sleep."

There was silence for a moment. The kind that stretches without needing to be filled.

Metis shifted to the edge of the bed, wrapping the light robe around her bare shoulders. Her voice was soft but knowing. "What are you thinking?"

Zeus didn't answer at first. His eyes were locked on the vast horizon, where Olympus towered over all creation, regal and silent. Below, the courtyards slowly came to life—priests lighting incense, dryads stretching near the fountains, heralds preparing their scrolls for the day's decrees.

Finally, he spoke.

"I'm thinking about what I'm about to do."

Metis watched him for a long second, then nodded once.

She already knew.

He turned toward her now, and though his expression was calm, his eyes held that storm glow again. Quiet thunder. Wrath not yet spoken.

"They tried to kill you," he said. "It doesn't matter if they failed. If I let it slide, they'll only grow bolder. Next time, they'll succeed."

Metis stood, bare feet brushing the cold marble. She didn't argue. "Good."

Zeus studied her.

"You're not going to tell me to be cautious?"

"No," she said simply. "You've already chosen. Besides... they made their move first."

Her eyes flicked toward the balcony, toward the mountain stretched below.

"Make them regret it."

He stepped forward, leaned in slightly, and pressed his forehead gently against hers—just for a moment. Then, with a breath, he vanished.

A single flash of lightning cracked across Olympus, streaking through the skies like a god's blade. The air sizzled. Every bird in the high branches scattered.

And then, silence.

Far below, past the eastern towers and gilded halls, the wing of Hera's private court stood quiet. Too quiet.

Inside, the conspirators had gathered again.

Kratos sat upon a carved basalt throne, one arm resting lazily on the armrest, the other gripping the pommel of the massive black axe that leaned against his side. His dark bronze skin shimmered faintly in the torchlight, his gaze unreadable.

To his left, Bia knelt—stoic, motionless. To his right, Phobos leaned against a broken pillar, idly flipping a blade between his fingers. He hummed a low, tuneless sound.

Icelus drifted along the back of the chamber, his white robes fluttering behind him. The dream mist clung to his body like a second skin, and the symbols he'd drawn in the air still hung there, flickering.

The scent of blood still clung to the air from the last attempt.

"We failed," Kratos said simply, voice flat like cold steel.

"But not for long," Phobos muttered, cracking his neck. "She won't stay hidden forever. Eventually, she'll be exposed again."

Bia's gaze didn't waver. "The longer she breathes, the more dangerous she becomes."

"Dreams don't die," Icelus whispered to no one in particular. "But we can make them forget how to wake."

That was when the doors cracked open.

Not with ceremony.

Not with noise.

Just... opened.

And the air in the room dropped by several degrees.

They all turned.

And saw him.



Zeus stepped inside, lightning flickering beneath the surface of his skin. His cloak had changed—he wore the black raiment of war, etched in gold and thunder, no crown on his brow, just stormlight in his eyes.

Phobos straightened. "Zeus. We weren't expecting—"

"Silence," Zeus said.

The word rolled like thunder.

Phobos flinched, and the dagger in his hand melted into molten slag.

Zeus's gaze didn't move from Kratos.

"You knew what you were doing," he said quietly. "You knew she was alone. You knew I was in Asgard. And you thought you could move while I wasn't looking."

Kratos rose slowly, his massive form towering even over Zeus. "We serve Olympus. Not just your desires. Metis is—"

"You tried to kill the mother of Olympus's future. And you dare speak to me of loyalty?"

Kratos said nothing.

The hall flickered. The torches dimmed. Outside, the skies began to churn.

Icelus floated closer, dream-smoke thickening. "This isn't wise, my king. Shadows strike from within. Always have. Always will."

Zeus stepped forward.

"You think you know shadows? You think you can walk in them without me seeing you?"

He raised his hand.

And the storm answered.

A crack of thunder split the roof. Lightning shot through the ceiling like a spear of wrath, striking the marble floor in front of them. The stone shattered—molten heat spilled across the cracks.

Bia was already moving—her blade out, eyes locked—but Zeus didn't even look her way.

He flicked his fingers.



And she dropped.

A bolt pierced her shoulder, and the shockwave slammed her against the far wall.

Phobos snarled, trying to vanish into the shadows—but they wouldn't take him. Zeus had sealed them.

He tried to run.

He made it two steps.

Lightning coiled around his ankle, dragged him back, and slammed him face-first into the floor.

Zeus turned to Icelus next.

The dream-weaver didn't move. He merely stared, trembling.

"I... saw this," he whispered. "But I thought it was a dream..."

"No," Zeus said. "It was a warning."

The air twisted—then a sudden flash, and Icelus was gone. Banished. Stripped of his power. Sent into the void between dream and death, where even gods fear to linger.

Only Kratos stood now, motionless.

Zeus walked up to him, slow, eyes level.

"I trusted you."

Kratos's jaw clenched. "I serve Hera."

"You serve Olympus," Zeus said coldly. "And Olympus has made its choice."

He raised his hand one last time.

But Kratos didn't flinch.

Instead, he lowered his gaze. "Then strike."

Zeus looked at him for a moment longer... then turned.

"I don't need to," he said, his voice like rain over stone. "You're already broken."

The air surged again.

And Zeus vanished in a flash of lightning—leaving scorched marble, stunned silence, and a storm that would not calm for days.

Back in the high balcony chamber, Metis stood in the doorway, watching the clouds churn in the distance. Her hands were folded, calm, quiet.

She knew.

He had done what needed to be done.

And Olympus... would remember.

## **Chapter 66: Athena and Ares.**

### Hera's Private Court

The doors slammed open.

Kratos burst in, blood on his shoulder where the lightning had grazed him. His steps were uneven, but his face... still defiant. Behind him, torchlight trembled from the wind that chased his entrance, as if Olympus itself refused to stay calm.

Hera was seated by the high arched window, her back straight, robe draped loosely over her shoulders, hair undone and cascading like wine-stained silk down her spine. She didn't turn.

"I felt the sky crack," she said. "So. He came."

Kratos fell to one knee. The sound echoed off the marble.

"It wasn't just a warning this time. He struck us down. All of us."

Hera slowly turned her head, green eyes locking onto him. There was a moment of silence between them—long and sharp like the pull of a bowstring.

"And yet... you crawled back to me," she said.

Kratos gritted his teeth, the shame clinging to his breath. "I tried to hold my ground."

"Did you?" Her voice wasn't raised, but it cut all the same.

"Icelus is gone," Kratos continued. "Banished. Phobos is crippled. Bia... she might never wake."

Hera finally stood. Her movements were slow, elegant, and sharp all at once, like a blade sliding free from silk. She stepped past the mirror, past the flickering braziers, until she stood directly in front of him.

She didn't look angry. Not fully. But the tightness in her jaw, the flicker behind her lashes—it wasn't panic.

It was something else.

Control.

"You misjudged him," Kratos said lowly. "We all did. He's not just a storm anymore. He's something colder."

Hera narrowed her gaze.

"I didn't misjudge," she murmured. "I just miscalculated the timing."

Kratos blinked. "What?"

Hera stepped past him, toward the heart of her private chambers. Her bare feet whispered over marble as she reached for a simple silver pitcher. She poured herself a drink slowly. The wine didn't splash. It simply coiled inside the cup like dark ink, rich and patient.

"He chose Metis," Hera said, staring into the cup. "Openly. Boldly. And now, he's begun to act like a king."

Kratos slowly pushed himself up, muscles stiff.

"So what now?" he asked. "Do we retaliate? Strike again?"

Hera sipped from her cup, eyes still on the horizon.

"No," she said softly.

Kratos frowned. "No?"

Hera finally looked at him, then reached up and rested a hand on her stomach. The gesture was so small... but deliberate.

Kratos's eyes widened.

"You're with child?"

She didn't answer right away. Just moved her fingers slowly, gently across her belly. The robe shifted, and the firelight caught her skin, bathing her in a faint, divine warmth.

"He doesn't know," she said finally. "And I don't plan to tell him. Not yet."

Kratos's voice dropped to a whisper. "Is it his?"

Hera's lips curved, but it wasn't a smile. "Of course it is."

She walked over to the map carved into the wall—an ancient, living design of realms and mountains, shifting faintly with the breath of Olympus itself. Her fingers hovered over the mortal world, its outline glowing with soft, pale light.

"I need time. I need distance. And I need you to vanish," she said.

Kratos straightened. "To the mortal world?"

She nodded. "Take what's left of your strength. Disappear into their lands. Wait. Watch. When the time comes, I'll summon you again."

Kratos bowed, fist to chest. "As you command."

But as he turned to leave, he hesitated at the doorway.

"And the child?" he asked, his voice softer now.

Hera didn't look at him. She simply turned back toward the open window, staring into the rising sun as the wind stirred her robe.

"This child will change Olympus," she whispered. "Not with whispers in dark halls... but with fire. With rage. With war in his blood."

Her hand pressed lightly against her belly again, and this time there was something in her eyes—something ancient and feral and proud.

"He will be everything Zeus fears... and everything Olympus needs."

Kratos lowered his head, then vanished into the shadows beyond the chamber, his steps fading into silence.

Hera stood alone.

The breeze moved through the curtains like breath over coals.

And deep within her... the spark of a future god stirred.

The child moved.

She felt it.

And she smiled.

Not with joy.

But with purpose.

"Ares," she said quietly. "That will be your name."

Below, Olympus carried on.

Priests chanted.

Gods whispered.

But above them all, in the quiet halls where schemes were carved and destinies shaped, a mother laid her plans. Not for revenge.

For dominance.

And this time... it wouldn't be through seduction, nor shadow, nor poison slipped into goblets.

It would be through legacy.

Through war.

Through blood.

Just as Hera began weaving her quiet rebellion in the shadows of Olympus, far above her—within the marble halls of the throne chamber—Zeus sat alone. The air was heavy with stillness, but his mind wasn't.

He had felt something.

Not from Hera. From Metis.

She had been sleeping lighter lately, holding her stomach more often. Her eyes carried something deeper than wisdom now. Something maternal.

Zeus stood, walked toward the sacred pool behind the throned steps, and extended his hand. His power flowed through the water, whispering across time—softly reaching into fate's threads.

He needed to see.

The surface rippled, blurred... then cleared.

A vision took form—two figures. A girl, armored in silver and light, rising from the mind of war itself. Her steps sharp. Her presence radiant. Then, another... a boy cloaked in fury and smoke, dragging fire behind every footfall.

The two clashed. Not once. Not as enemies. Not as rivals. But as something deeper. Equals. Opposites.

Athena and Ares.

Zeus blinked slowly.

They were the same age.

Which meant... Hera was also pregnant.

He didn't speak.

Didn't move.

Only the flicker of power in his eyes gave anything away. A single thought echoed in his head like thunder trapped in a bell:

Two gods. Two mothers. One war to come.

The future had already begun weaving itself.

He looked toward the corridor Metis often walked through, her presence still lingering like soft perfume.

She was carrying Athena. He saw it clearly now. A child born of thought and power, not violence. One who would become a goddess of strategy, intellect, and silent judgment.

But if Athena and Ares were to be born around the same time... it meant Hera had kept her secret well.

Zeus exhaled slowly, his fingers curling at his side.

"Clever woman," he muttered, a faint smirk touching his lips.

This wasn't a surprise born of love.

This was war... in its first quiet step.

But he wouldn't stop it.

Not yet.

Let them both grow.

Let them both rise.

Let Olympus see what kind of children gods could bear... when love, hate, and legacy were tangled too tightly to pull apart.

## **Chapter 67: Going To The Mortal Realm**

The sky over Greece that morning was a pale gold—thin clouds stretched across the heavens like faded scrolls. And beneath them, the mortal realm pulsed quietly. Not with the roar of wars or cries of conquest, but with the soft rhythms of life.

Goats climbed narrow hills. Merchants shouted beneath faded canopies. A mother scolded her children in a dusty alley.

And in the midst of it... a man walked.

He wore no crown. No lightning danced in his veins. No divine glow traced his skin. Just a cloak—earth-colored and rough—and a pair of sandals too thin for the road.

He had brown hair now. A short beard. Human eyes.

Zeus—King of Olympus, Father of the Skies—walked among mortals for the first time in a long, long time.

And no one knew.

A boy passed him with a basket of bread. "Watch it," the boy said, bumping his side. Zeus stepped aside and smiled faintly.

This was different. Real. There was no divine music here. No aura that made mortals fall to their knees. Just sweat, dirt, and breath.

He wandered through the agora. The smells hit first—spices, olives, blood from fresh-cut meat. Then the sounds.

Priests stood at shrines, calling to the gods in different tongues. Some shouted praises to him—Zeus, thunder-bringer, protector of oaths. Others prayed to Hera. To Demeter. A few still whispered to the Titans in secret.

And then...

"Shangdi protect my house," said a traveler from the east, kneeling beside a carved stone he carried with him.

Zeus blinked. Stared. That name wasn't Greek.

He moved closer. Watched. The man prayed in Mandarin. The words were foreign, but the feeling wasn't. It was faith. Raw. Open. Desperate.

Another corner. A woman traced an Egyptian symbol onto the wall with ash and kissed her fingers.

A man lit a candle before a small wooden idol from India. Another dropped coins into a bowl marked with Norse runes.

And it hit Zeus—not like a strike, not like lightning, but like the soft press of waves against skin.

The mortal realm... wasn't just Greek anymore.

It had changed.

And yet, all of it—every prayer, every whisper, every offering—flowed upward, through the thin veil of sky... into them. The divine realm.

This world was the anchor. The heart of belief.

And it beat louder than he remembered.

He moved again, blending into the crowd. No one recognized him, not even the old priest chanting his name. That priest had no idea the very god he prayed to was brushing shoulders with beggars and children just a few feet away.

At the edge of the market, a group of men argued over taxes. One of them slammed his hand on the table. "By Zeus, I swear I'll burn this stall down!"

Zeus raised an eyebrow.

"Don't do that," he muttered, walking past them.

The road dipped into a small village just outside the main city. There, life slowed. Homes were humble. Roofs sagged. Chickens ran freely.

He sat on a rock beneath a fig tree and just... watched.



A girl ran barefoot across the dirt, laughing as a dog chased her. A woman carried water jars up the hill, her back curved like a question mark. An old man rested near the well, face turned to the sun.

Zeus closed his eyes.

For a moment, he forgot who he was.

And when he opened them again, something tugged at his side.

A boy—maybe five—stood there, holding up a bruised fruit. "You dropped this, mister."

Zeus stared at the boy, then looked down. The fruit hadn't been his.

But he took it. "Thanks."

The boy nodded, but didn't leave. "You from the mountains?"

Zeus thought. "Something like that."

"You look sad," the boy said bluntly.

"I've seen a lot," Zeus replied.

The boy didn't ask more. Just sat beside him. "Wanna see something cool?"

Before Zeus could answer, the boy ran ahead, waving for him to follow.

They crossed a hill and came to a quiet field. And there, beneath the open sky, the boy pointed upward. "Look," he said. "That's where the gods live, right?"

Zeus didn't respond at first. Just watched the boy point at nothing. The sky was empty, clear and blue.

"Maybe," he said.

"My grandma says they watch us. All the time."

Zeus turned toward the boy. "And do you believe that?"

The boy hesitated. "Sometimes." He looked down. "But sometimes I think they forget."

Zeus felt that one. Deep.

"What would you say to them... if they were listening right now?" Zeus asked.

The boy shrugged. "I'd say... don't forget us."

Silence.

Zeus stood slowly, placing the fruit beside the boy.

"I won't," he said.

And then he left.

Later that evening, as the sky burned red with the setting sun, Zeus walked into a small temple—barely more than a shrine. No priests. Just candles.

Inside, he knelt. For the first time. In a long, long time.

He didn't pray.

He listened.

To the voices. The ones that rose from every corner of the world.

From Greece. From China. From Egypt. From the cold north and burning east.

And they were all different.

But they reached the same sky.

His sky.

He whispered, "You're all still looking up." ,

A pause.

Then, quietly, to himself—like a god who had remembered something old, something human:

"I see you now."

The next morning, Zeus returned to Olympus. His feet bare. His cloak dusty. His eyes not glowing, but clear.

And in the halls of heaven, gods felt a shift. A breeze. Something subtle, but powerful.

Their king had walked the world.

And he'd come back with no thunder, no flame—just quiet knowing.

The mortal realm... mattered.

And soon, when the children of gods were born and the heavens stirred again, he would remember that walk. That boy.

That promise.

"I won't forget you."

A/N

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

Please

Please

Please

Please

I'm begging for a gift 📺

Thank you

And I have just lost my msg, so your gifts are very important, please 🙏

## **Chapter 68: Kratos**

The sky was grey that day. Not stormy. Not broken. Just quiet, like it was holding its breath.

Outside the village of Pelion, smoke curled from the chimney of a modest home. Not too large. Not poor either. Simple. A place built by hands that knew battle but craved peace.

Inside, Kratos sat at the edge of a wooden bed, the floor creaking beneath his weight. His gauntlets were gone. No blades on his back. Just a tunic, worn at the shoulders, and callused fingers that still hadn't forgotten war.

Across the room, a child laughed. His child.

Dark-haired, chubby-cheeked, barely old enough to speak full words—but strong, even in play. The boy swung a wooden sword in the air, mimicking moves Kratos had once used to kill Titans.

And beside him, the boy's mother hummed softly while stirring a clay pot over the fire.

Her name was Melina. A mortal. No blood of gods in her. Just courage, quiet and real. She hadn't asked who he was when he arrived months ago—wounded, angry, thrown from Olympus by Hera's command. She only offered him food. Then space. Then silence.

Kratos had never meant to stay. But he had.

He stood now, crossing the room to place a gentle hand on the boy's head. The child grinned, sword raised high.

"Will you teach me today?" the boy asked.

Kratos knelt. "Only if you promise not to hit the goats again."

"They started it."

Kratos gave a short breath of laughter. He was about to answer—then he felt it.

A shift in the air. A scent of roses, cold and thick. The temperature dropped.

He rose slowly. Turned.

And there she was.

Hera.

No grand entrance. No golden chariot. Just standing at the doorway, her dress the color of dusk, her hair like wine. Her eyes... sharp.

Melina didn't scream. She just froze. Her body instinctively stepping between the goddess and her son.

Kratos moved fast. Placing himself between them.

"Hera."

"Kratos."

Silence.

The fire popped in the corner.

"I told you to keep a low profile," Hera said. Her voice was smooth, controlled, but her eyes glinted with something sharp beneath the surface. "Do you remember that?"

Kratos didn't answer.

"You were supposed to watch. Blend in. Learn. Instead..."

She stepped further inside. Her hand grazed the wall as she walked. "You've gathered followers. Spread whispers that the gods have grown weak. That Olympus is distant. Cold. And you..."

She turned to him fully. "You offered them warmth."

Kratos didn't blink. "They were forgotten."

"They were managed."

"They were hungry. Scared. I gave them strength."

"You gave them you," she snapped.

Melina held her son tighter.

"You think I don't know?" Hera stepped closer, eyes flashing. "Temples in your name. Hunters wearing your sigil. A priest—a mortal priest—calling you the Flame of Rebirth. You even branded that title on a cliff face."

"I didn't tell them to worship me."

"No," Hera said softly. "You just let them."

Kratos lowered his gaze, jaw tight. "I fought for you. You sent me to kill Metis. I failed. Zeus spared me. I didn't ask for that. You sent me here, threw me away. And in all of that, I found something real."

He looked back at Melina and the boy.

"I found peace."

Hera's gaze followed his.

"I believe you," she said quietly.

He turned toward her, surprised.

"I do," she added. "But that doesn't matter."

He stepped forward. "I never meant to challenge you."

"You didn't have to," she whispered.

Her aura flared. Not with fire or thunder—but with raw presence. The room dimmed. The edges of the walls flickered, as if Olympus itself had taken a breath and held it.

"I gave you a chance," she said. "Not because I forgave you. Not because I pitied you. But because I thought... maybe you could be more than a weapon."

She looked at Melina.

"You made a family. I didn't expect that."

Kratos tensed. "Don't touch them."

"I'm not here for them."

The air around her stilled.

"I'm here for you."

Kratos clenched his fists. His veins lit faintly with divine heat, the remnants of power he hadn't used in months. But he didn't move. Not yet.

Melina stepped forward, voice trembling. "Please... he's not the man he was when you sent him here."

Hera's eyes softened. Just a little.

"I believe you too," she said.

Then she looked at Kratos. "But it's too late."

A pause.

"You were made for war, Kratos. It clings to you. Even in peace, you attract conflict. You breathe it. And no matter how quiet you try to live... someone always gets hurt."

She raised her hand.

Kratos didn't flinch.

The room pulsed. Light bent. For a second, it looked like the world itself paused.

Melina screamed his name.

And in a flash—white, silent, soft—he was gone.

No blood.

No sound.

Just... absence.

Hera stood there, arm still raised. Then slowly, she lowered it. Her eyes flicked to the child—wide-eyed and clutching his mother's leg.

She walked toward them.

Melina trembled. But didn't run.

Hera knelt in front of the boy.

"You won't remember this," she said softly. "You'll grow up strong. Not because of gods. But because of her."

She rose again. Looked at Melina.

"You'll be left alone. Olympus won't touch you."

Melina's voice cracked. "Why spare us?"

Hera didn't answer right away. Then she said, almost tiredly, "Because I'm not like him."

She turned to leave. But paused at the door.

"There's a field outside the village. He buried something there. Armor. Weapons. His past."

She looked over her shoulder. "Let it stay buried."

And then... she was gone.

The fire flickered back to life. The child sniffled. Melina dropped to her knees, holding him close.

Outside, the sky remained gray. But not empty.

In the distance, thunder rolled softly—low, far, like a memory whispering through the clouds.

And in the field beyond, where an old oak tree stood watch over the hills, the grass swayed gently over a patch of earth that had been disturbed once, then covered again.

Beneath it... silence.

And peace.

## **Chapter 69: Children Of Zeus 1**

The days slipped by.

Pelion's skies turned from grey to gold, then grey again. Seasons didn't announce themselves here—just arrived, slow and soft. The village stayed quiet. Smoke still rose from chimneys. Goats still kicked over buckets. And the old oak in the field kept its silent watch over the patch of earth that hadn't been touched again.

No one knew what had happened that day. No one saw the goddess. No one heard Melina cry into her son's hair. Kratos' name was never spoken again, not even in the wind. Just folded away into silence, like the man had never existed.

But in Olympus, silence didn't last long.

Months passed. And with them came whispers.

It started in small corners of the realm—nymphs trading glances, minor gods pausing mid-drink. A rumor with no voice but heavy breath.

Metis... was pregnant.

At first, it sounded ridiculous. She hadn't been seen since the day of the war summit. No public visits. No temple appearances. No rituals. Not even a bird or snake of hers in the gardens. Just—gone. But then... someone saw her silhouette in the Courtyard of Echoes. Another swore they caught a glimpse of her cloak gliding through the mist near the Hanging Pools.

And one priestess—just one—claimed she heard Metis's voice at night... humming.

By the time the news hit Olympus proper, it was wildfire.

Metis. Pregnant. By Zeus.

And just like that, the air shifted.

Not in the heavens. Not yet.

In Hera.

She didn't show it. She didn't scream. She didn't tear through Olympus with storms and fire like some expected. No. She vanished. Not from Olympus, but from the eyes of Olympus. Her throne stayed empty. Her temples stayed closed. Her servants were dismissed.



No one knew where she was. But she was there. Watching. Listening. Burning.

And no one—no one—dared to speak her name around Zeus.

He said nothing either. Just sat taller. Walked heavier. Like the crown on his head had gained weight. He never confirmed the pregnancy. Never denied it. But sometimes, when he stood on the edge of the Sky Altar and looked down at the clouds... he smiled. Just slightly.

Hestia tried to reach Metis once. She left offerings in the Shrine of Thought, lit candles made from starlight, whispered into them. But Metis didn't answer.

Athena wasn't born yet.

No one had come through Metis yet.

But something... something had changed.

The stars above her chamber spun slower now. The realm around her felt like it held its breath, much like the sky did over Pelion that day. The gods above and the creatures below... all waited.

Because this wasn't just any birth.

This would be the first.

The first child of Zeus.

And not just a child—Metis' child.

The goddess of thought and strategy. The one who saw twelve moves ahead of everyone, even the Fates. Her child wouldn't just be powerful. It would be dangerous. A wild card in a realm where prophecy held more weight than truth.

And somewhere, in the quiet folds of Olympus, Hera knew this. Felt it. She didn't need to see Metis to feel her swelling with life. To feel Olympus itself react to the rhythm of a growing heartbeat. A new thread being spun—one Hera didn't control.

She sat alone in a forgotten wing of her own palace. A room no one entered anymore. There were no mirrors in it. No lights. Just dust, old scrolls, and a single cradle made from divine wood that had never been used. It had been carved for her. A gift from Hephaestus when he was still young, still desperate to earn her smile.

She stared at it often now.

And wondered.

What kind of mother would Metis be?

She wouldn't show it, but Hera's thoughts tangled at night. She'd whisper to the empty room, asking questions no one would answer. Did Zeus love Metis? Was it just one of his fleeting whims again? Or... was this the start of something else?

She didn't cry. Not once.

But sometimes, when she sat too long, the walls would crack from the weight of her silence.

Elsewhere in Olympus, preparations were being made.

Not openly. Not proudly. But subtly. Quietly. Hidden among rituals and feasts, scrolls were drawn, midwives summoned, protective seals written into the wind itself. Not for Metis' safety. But for everyone else's.

Because when a god-child comes into the world, the world feels it. And sometimes... the world breaks a little.

The moon grew heavier each night. The stars dimmed just enough to be noticed. The air, even in the highest peaks, started to feel thick. Like something was coming. Like the universe was tightening around a single point.

And then, one night—it began.

Far beyond the courtyards. Beyond the temples. Deep within the Crystal Garden that only Metis walked, a flower bloomed.

It wasn't large. Or bright. It didn't sing. It didn't dance. Just opened, slow and patient, with petals made from the first thoughts the cosmos ever had.

And where it bloomed... Metis stood.

Her cloak was soaked with dew. Her hair down, long and wild, like it hadn't seen combs in weeks. Her face was pale, her lips pressed into a thin line. Her eyes—still sharp.

But tired.

She held her belly with both hands now. The time had come.

The child was ready.

She breathed out, slow. Her knees gave slightly. The wind around her stilled. The very leaves on the crystal trees froze.

And in the silence of that sacred garden—unseen by gods, untouched by fate—Metis whispered one word.

"...now."

A soft quake rolled through Olympus.

The bells in the Temple of Truth rang by themselves.

Every fire dimmed for just a breath.

And somewhere in that dark, forgotten room, Hera's head turned sharply.

She felt it.

The child of Zeus and Metis... was coming.

A/N

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

Please

Please

Please

Please

I'm begging for a gift 📺

Thank you

And I have just lost my msg, so your gifts are very important, please 🙏

## **Chapter 70: Children Of Zeus 2**

The stars blinked slower that night.

All of Olympus... held its breath.

In the Crystal Garden, silence wrapped around Metis like a cloak. Her hands gripped a polished stone slab smoothed by ancient waters, the curve of her belly heavy with the weight of something the world had never seen before. Around her, the garden pulsed—trees made of light trembled gently, crystal leaves shimmered with tension, and the ground itself hummed low, like it could sense what was coming.

Metis didn't scream. That wasn't her way.

Her face was still, but her grip left cracks in the stone. She panted once. Twice. And then her knees buckled. Oceanus moved to catch her, but Styx was already there, her shadowy form folding behind Metis, steadying her with long, cold fingers.

"She's close," Styx whispered.

Oceanus narrowed his eyes, his deep sea-blue robe trailing in the garden mist. Beside him, Tethys—his wife, the ancient mother of rivers—stood with arms crossed tightly. Her face was stone.

"Where is he?" Tethys asked.

"Gone," Styx said, not looking up.

"He should be here."

"She doesn't need him here," came Hades' voice, steady and low. He stood just behind them, arms at his side, cloak draped over his shoulder. His gaze never left Metis.

"That child is his," Tethys hissed.

"And he knows it," Hades answered. "But he also knows this child will be fine. That's why we're here."

A beat of silence. Just the trembling of leaves. Then Metis groaned, head low, hair clinging to her sweat-drenched skin. She bit her lip hard enough to bleed.

Elsewhere... Hera gasped.

Not in pain.

But from effort.

She was not in a garden. Not surrounded by shimmering trees or old gods whispering in the dark. She was in the deepest sanctum of her own palace, sealed behind thick gold doors, with two of her oldest handmaidens by her side. And yet, even in that rich, warm room—her cries were hollow.

Unlike Metis, Hera did not groan softly. She growled.

"More!" she shouted at the maidens. "Push harder!"

Blood stained the white sheets. The air was thick. Candles flickered wildly, reacting to her wild aura. Her back arched, her arms shook, and the veins on her neck bulged. This was not a birth guided by peace. This was raw power fighting its way out.

In the Crystal Garden, Hestia knelt beside Metis now, her small hands glowing with gentle fire. Not to burn, but to soothe. She whispered something into Metis' ear, and for a moment, the goddess relaxed. A small exhale. Then the next wave hit, and she screamed—not loud, not chaotic—but sharp. Controlled. Like her mind was splitting in two and she refused to let either half fall apart.

Demeter stood not far off, chanting in an ancient tongue, a vine in her hands moving with every word. She wrapped it in a loop and laid it over Metis' belly, letting it pulse in rhythm with her breath.

"She's almost there," Demeter whispered.

Oceanus scoffed. "She should be resting between pushes. The pressure's too much."

"You think she doesn't know that?" Tethys snapped.

Back in the palace, Hera let out a shriek that shook the walls. Her maidens looked pale now. One was crying. The air around Hera was splitting. The divine power lashing out from her body made it hard to breathe.

Still, she pressed on.

She didn't call for Zeus. She didn't even think of him. Her eyes were locked on the golden ceiling above her bed, gritted teeth catching the prayers she would never speak aloud.

In a small, corner chamber of Olympus—far from both goddesses—Zeus stood alone.

Not still. Not pacing. Just... there. Staring at a golden bowl filled with swirling clouds. Watching both places at once.

He saw Metis, surrounded by those who cared.

He saw Hera, alone by choice.

And though his fists clenched and his heart twisted, he didn't move.

This wasn't neglect.

He trusted Metis. Knew she would bring his daughter safely into the world. But Hera...

He knew she was planning something. She had gone silent too fast. Accepted the news too easily. Zeus could feel her mind moving behind the pain. And he didn't want his son to be born into her bitterness.

He would take him... before she fed him poison disguised as love.

"Almost there," Hestia whispered to Metis. "Just once more. One more push."

Metis didn't nod. Didn't speak. Her body answered for her.

She arched forward.

The garden pulsed.

The leaves all shifted in the same direction.

A soft cry cut through the trees.

Then a silence deeper than death.

Metis blinked slowly... then looked down.

And in Hestia's arms—a girl.

Small. Pink. Radiant.

The moment she breathed, the clouds in the sky reformed. A ripple went through the stars. Even the Fates, in their far-off realm, turned toward the heavens.

"Your daughter," Hestia said, her voice breaking with warmth. "She's perfect."

Metis reached for her, arms trembling. She held the child close, staring at her like the cosmos had folded into her hands. And maybe, it had.

Hades stepped closer. Quiet. Serious.

"She has your eyes," he said.

"She'll be more than me," Metis whispered. "Far more."

And then... in the palace...

Another cry.

This one rougher. Sharper.

A boy.

Red-faced and already shaking the air with his cries.

Hera collapsed back onto the sheets, her face pale, her hair clinging to her body like vines. She didn't ask to hold him. Just stared.

"Bring him to me," she finally said.

The maidens obeyed.

She looked at the boy for a long, long time. Then whispered something no one heard. A name, maybe. A promise. Or a threat.

But outside her room, in the halls of Olympus... the walls trembled.

Two divine children had entered the world.

One, born of thought and strategy, surrounded by calm and love.

The other, born of power and pride, wrapped in thunder even before he could crawl.

And Zeus... still watching... took a breath.

Both were his.