

# **I Am Zeus**

## **#Chapter 71: Ares - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 71: Ares** **Chapter 71: Ares**

The silence around Hera's chamber was thick.

No priest. No oracle. No herald dared approach. Even the maids who helped her had slipped away the moment she gave the order. The gold doors stayed sealed, heavy with the weight of her wrath and exhaustion.

And yet... the air shifted.

A breeze moved through the chamber, even though the windows were closed. The golden curtains fluttered, and the candle flames bent all at once.

Then the doors creaked.

Slow.

Heavy.

She snapped her eyes up from the bundle in her arms, her voice sharp. "Who dares—"

And then she saw him.

Zeus.

He stood just inside the threshold, his white robe half-open, hair a mess like he hadn't slept in days, shoulders broader than the doorframe. No guards. No servants. Just him.

Her eyes narrowed. "How?"

Zeus stepped forward without a word, his boots silent against the marble floor. The storm in his aura was gone—calm now, like the sky before it weeps. He looked at the boy in her arms, not at her.

Then his voice came, low, smooth.

"I'm the Godking," he said, as if it explained everything. "If I don't know something as small as this, I might as well give up the throne."

Hera looked away.

She wasn't dressed in silks or gems. Just sweat, blood, and exhaustion. Her hair clung to her face, her body trembled with the aftershocks of pain, but her grip on the baby stayed firm.

Zeus walked closer.

She didn't stop him.

He stopped beside her bed, looking down at the boy—red-faced, squirming in Hera's arms. His eyes were still sealed shut, his tiny fists trembling. But there was heat in his breath. Power humming beneath his skin.

Zeus let out a short breath through his nose, then sat on the edge of the bed.

"He's strong," he said.

Hera didn't reply.

She didn't need to.

Zeus reached out slowly, giving her time to pull back if she wanted to. But she didn't. She let him lift the child gently, his large hands cradling the small weight with more care than expected.

Zeus stared at the boy for a long time.

The way he twitched.

The strength in his cry.

The rawness in his soul.

He rubbed his thumb across the child's cheek, and the baby stilled a little, blinking beneath the lids.

Then Zeus smiled.

Not wide.

Not proud.

Just quiet. Like he understood something no one else did.

"I'll name him," he said.

Hera looked at him then, her voice sharp again. "You think you can—"

"Ares," Zeus cut in softly, still not looking at her. "The god who won't wait to be asked. The flame of war. Not war itself, not yet. But the fire that leads to it."

He held the child close, pressing his forehead gently to the tiny one.

"Ares," he whispered again.

The baby twitched... and stopped crying.

Hera stared.

"You shouldn't be here," she said quietly. "This is my chamber."

"I know."

"I didn't want you to come."

"I know."

"Then why—"

"Because he's mine," Zeus said, eyes still on the baby. "Just like she is."

Hera blinked. "She?"

Zeus finally looked at her, and there was a flicker in his gaze. Something deep.

"Metis gave birth tonight too," he said.

Hera's body tensed.

"Of course she did," she muttered. "You always wanted a goddess of strategy beside your throne."

"She didn't ask for the throne."

"And yet you'll give it to her."

"No," he said plainly. "She wouldn't take it even if I did."

Hera's lip curled slightly, but Zeus didn't react.

"Do you want to hold him again?" he asked softly.

She didn't answer. But she extended her arms.

Zeus placed Ares back into her grip, slow and sure. The baby shifted again, as if trying to find the warmth he liked best.

Hera looked down.

Her eyes weren't warm. But they weren't cold either.

Just... tired.

"I will raise him my way," she said.

Zeus nodded once. "I expect nothing less."

She looked up at him. "You'll favor her daughter."

"I won't favor anyone," Zeus said. "I'll guide them. All of them."

"You'll fail."

"Maybe."

He stood.

And for a second, Hera thought he'd walk away just like that.

But he didn't.

He reached down again, touched Ares' little hand. The boy grabbed it—tight, strong.

Zeus gave a small, surprised smile.

Then let go.

"Train him well," he said, turning toward the door.

"You're not even going to ask what I'll teach him?" Hera asked behind him.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I already know," he said without turning back. "You'll teach him how to survive. And one day, I'll teach him how to rule."

The door opened again.

The cold outside slipped into the room.

Zeus paused for a moment in the threshold.

"Ares will be his own storm," he said. "But I'll be the sky that holds him."

Then he left.

The golden doors shut behind him with a soft click.

And Hera sat alone again—with her son.

The name lingered in her ears.

Ares.

God of raw strength. Of fury. Of breaking things before they can break you.

She looked down at him.

And for the first time, she smiled.

Just a little.

Outside, Zeus walked down the empty halls of Olympus, the marble echoing beneath his feet.

He didn't look back.

Didn't stop.

He felt the weight in the air shifting. Two gods born tonight. Two forces pulling the sky in opposite directions.

He passed a window.

The stars shimmered low in the sky.

Still blinking slow.

As if Olympus itself had started breathing again.

Tartarus

Tartarus stirred with the birth of Ares.

"Finally the promised child of Hera, but the Olympians likes to play dirty, she might not bring the kid again but I hope that's just my wishful thinking, or else I will have to step in myself."

He said as he looked at the direction of Olympus, to the very part of Hera breastfeeding her boy.

## **Chapter 72: Athena**

The halls toward Metis's chamber were quieter than Hera's, but not empty.

He could hear them before he saw them—whispers and tension. The weight of waiting. When he turned the corner, the family was there.

Oceanus stood by the marble pillar with folded arms, his face carved from salt and storm. Tethys was pacing, eyes sharp like blades hiding behind age and calm. Dione leaned against the wall, face unreadable, while Eurynome simply looked down, shaking her head slowly.

They all turned the moment Zeus stepped into view.

And no one bowed.

Tethys stepped forward first, her voice sharp. "Now you come?"

Zeus didn't flinch. Didn't slow.

"You vanished," Oceanus added, stepping in front of him. "She screamed your name during the worst of it. And you were nowhere."

Still, Zeus didn't stop walking.

Dione scoffed. "Your first child with a true wife, and you were off playing Godking."

He brushed past Oceanus without a glance, eyes locked ahead.

"You don't even look guilty," Eurynome said quietly behind him.

"I don't," Zeus answered simply.

Metis's door loomed ahead. Plain, unadorned. Unlike Hera's golden gates, this one was just heavy wood, polished and old. The kind mortals would use. Metis had insisted on it. No divine glow. No enchanted sigils. Just a door.

He opened it without knocking.

Inside, the room smelled of hot water and cedar. Dim torches lined the wall, flickering gently. It was warm—too warm, like a cocoon.

Metis lay on the bed, half-upright, sweat on her brow, silver hair damp and stuck to her cheek. She was dressed in a thin white robe, nothing extravagant. Her sharp grey eyes locked onto him the moment he stepped in.

She didn't smile.

Zeus shut the door quietly behind him.

For a long second, nothing was said.

Then Metis exhaled sharply and muttered, "Took you long enough."

Zeus walked toward the bed, his boots moving slow against the stone floor.

Metis reached to the side, picked up a wet cloth, and threw it at his chest.

It slapped him softly and fell.

"That's all I had the strength for," she said flatly.

Zeus caught it before it hit the ground and tossed it gently on the nearby stool.

"You knew I was giving birth," Metis said, her voice steady, but her eyes didn't hide the anger. "You knew the moment Hera went into labor, so did I. We're bonded, you and I. The moment the girl stirred inside me, you should've felt it."

"I did."

"And?"

Zeus looked down for a moment, then back at her. "I needed to see him."

Metis laughed, short and tired. "Of course you did. You always choose the loudest fire."

"He's my son."

"And she's your daughter. One who came into the world quiet and thinking."

He walked to the side of the bed, where the small crib stood. Metis followed his gaze as he peered over it.

The baby was there, wrapped in silver cloth, sleeping in absolute stillness. No twitching. No noise. Just peaceful.

Her tiny face was pale gold, her hair darker than expected. And her hands—folded over her chest like she knew what form mattered most.

"She didn't cry," Metis whispered. "Just... opened her eyes and stared. Like she was already judging us."

Zeus bent down and lifted her, slow and careful.

The girl shifted a little but didn't fuss. She looked like she was dreaming something older than Olympus itself.

"She's heavy," Zeus said.

"She's not," Metis replied, watching him closely. "You're just tired."

Zeus sat down beside Metis on the bed, holding the child gently in his lap.

For a while, he just watched her.

"Everyone outside wants my head," he said.

"Good. You deserve a slap or two."

"Your mother wanted to scratch my face."

"She still might."

Zeus smiled a little, then looked down again at the baby. "She's perfect."

"She's mine," Metis said softly. "And yours. Whether I like it or not."

He nodded.

Then he touched the baby's forehead with his.

"She will never be a weapon," he murmured. "Not a pawn. Not a bargaining chip."

Metis didn't speak, but her gaze softened slightly.

"I'll name her," Zeus said.

Metis turned her face slowly toward him. "You sure that's wise?"

Zeus didn't hesitate. "Yes."

He held the baby closer, eyes gentle but sure.



"Athena," he said. "Not just the goddess of wisdom. But the force that makes mortals think before they kill. The mind before the blade."

The baby shifted slightly in his arms, her brow creasing.

Then—just for a blink—her small fingers reached out, brushing against his chest.

"She agrees," Zeus said.

Metis smirked. "She's not even a day old."

"She already knows more than I do."

The room went quiet again.

Zeus leaned his head back a little, resting against the bed's headboard.

Metis turned her head toward him. "You're not going to run again?"

"No."

"You'll stay?"

"Yes."

She didn't smile. But her shoulders relaxed a bit.

"She will never kneel," Metis said.

"She won't have to."

"She'll see the world as it is."

"And remake it if she must."

"And the others?"

"They'll follow. Or fall behind."

Metis closed her eyes for a second. "She'll hate you one day."

"Then I'll survive it."

Zeus looked down again.

Athena's eyes were still closed.

But he could feel it—her mind stirring already. Like a sky cracking before thunder.

"She's going to change everything," he whispered.

Metis looked at him then, fully. No anger. No sarcasm. Just quiet.

"Good," she said. "Because this world needs changing."

Zeus leaned in and kissed Athena's forehead.

The baby blinked once, then fell still again.

Outside the chamber, the rest of the family waited—but they didn't come in.

Because for now, the storm and the mind that would shape the gods' future had finally met.

And Olympus held its breath again.

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 73: Time To Announce To Olympus**

The silence outside Metis's chamber stretched on longer than anyone liked. Oceanus was the first to break.

He grunted, shifted his weight off the pillar, and pushed away from the wall like he was tired of breathing the same air. "Enough waiting," he said, mostly to himself.

Tethys glanced over. "Don't."

But he was already walking.

Oceanus moved with slow, deliberate steps—like a wave that didn't ask for permission. The others didn't stop him. Dione lowered her gaze, Eurynome folded her arms. No one said a word. They all wanted to go in. He just happened to be the one who did.

When he reached the door, he knocked once. Then ignored it and stepped in.

The room greeted him with warmth and silence.

Zeus sat on the bed beside Metis, cradling the baby in his arms like the world would fall apart if he dropped her. Metis didn't look surprised to see Oceanus—just tired, her body still recovering from the weight of labor and everything that came with it.

"Oceanus," she said quietly.

"Metis." His eyes went to the child immediately. "Is that her?"

"She has a name," Zeus said. "Athena."

Oceanus nodded once. His footsteps weren't loud, but the weight of him filled the room. He stood before them, massive but calm, like an old storm finally at rest. Then he knelt. Not to Zeus. Not to Metis.

But to Athena.

His large hand reached out and hovered over her tiny chest. "May the rivers bend for you. May the skies wait. May your thoughts strike faster than lightning, and may you never be silenced."

Zeus watched him, silent.

Metis tilted her head slightly. "That sounded rehearsed."

"It was." Oceanus met her gaze with something close to fondness. "Had a long walk over."

Athena stirred a little in Zeus's arms. Her tiny hands flexed, then relaxed. Oceanus gave her a small nod, then rose back to his feet.

"She's different," he said.

"She is," Zeus replied.

There was no need for ceremony. No glowing sigils. No divine fanfare. Oceanus simply turned toward the door again.

But before leaving, he glanced at Zeus. "You're going to shake the halls again, aren't you?"

"I already have."

Oceanus didn't smile. But something in his eyes tightened. Then he walked out.

The door shut behind him.

Metis exhaled slowly, her head falling back against the pillow. "That was a good blessing."

"It was."

"You're going to do it, aren't you?"

Zeus looked down at Athena. "I have to."

Metis didn't argue. "Then send Hades."

Zeus nodded.

He stood carefully, handed Athena back to Metis, and walked to the window. The torchlight painted gold on his bare chest as he looked into the night. Olympus breathed heavy outside.

From within the shadows near the corner, a soft movement stirred.

Hades stepped forward.

He'd been there the whole time—watching, waiting, silent like the dark always is. His black robes clung to him like shadow, his silver eyes steady, unreadable.

Zeus didn't turn around. "You heard?"

"I did."

"You know what to say?"

"I do."

Zeus finally looked over his shoulder. "Make her understand... I'm not asking."

Hades stepped closer. "You're telling her."

"Yes."

"And what if she resists?"

"She can bring Ares," Zeus said flatly. "I'll take him too. I won't deny her that. But she doesn't get to decide where this goes."

Hades studied his brother for a moment. "You really think Athena will be the difference?"

"She already is."

Metis, still holding her daughter, didn't speak. But her eyes were open. Watching. Listening.

Hades nodded once. "Then I'll go."

"Now," Zeus said.

Without a sound, Hades vanished. Not in a flash. Not with thunder or smoke. Just a shift. One moment he was there. The next, he was part of the shadows again.

Zeus turned back to the window. His hands gripped the stone ledge. Down below, Olympus was glowing—cities lit by torchlight, clouds parting like curtains before a stage.

He could feel it coming. The shift. The moment the old world would give way to something else.

Behind him, Metis spoke again, voice low. "She'll come angry."

"I know."

"She'll want blood."

"She always does."

"And if she demands to keep Ares?"

"He's hers," Zeus said. "I won't take him. But Athena will not grow up in a world that makes her kneel."

Metis adjusted the silver blanket around the child. "And you think the others will follow you?"

"They already are."

Metis chuckled softly. "Even Poseidon?"

"He'll grumble. Then fall in line."

She closed her eyes again. "And what about me?"

Zeus turned around, his back to the window. "What about you?"

Metis opened one eye. "You're going to make war out of peace. Rebuild Olympus around a girl barely born. All to change a future no one asked to change."

He walked back toward her, slow steps.

"She's not just a girl."

"No," Metis agreed. "She's an idea. You always loved ideas more than people."

He stopped beside the bed.

"You'll stay," she said.

"I will."

"You'll protect her."

"With everything."

"You'll let her be more than you."

"I want her to be."

Metis looked down at Athena again. The baby was asleep, unaware of the weight already pressing down on her tiny shoulders.

"I hope she hates you someday," Metis whispered.

Zeus sat back on the edge of the bed. "So do I."

The room went quiet.

And somewhere in the distance, the winds of Olympus changed direction.

Hades stepped through the pillars of the palace where Hera was resting.

The guards didn't stop him.

They knew better.

Hera sat alone in the courtyard, near the fountain, her hands brushing water like she was trying to read the surface.

She didn't look up when he appeared behind her.

"I know why you're here," she said calmly.

"I doubt it," Hades replied.

She turned, slowly. Her eyes were calm—but not soft. Like a blade left in ice.

"Then say it."

Hades stepped forward, his tone even. "Zeus sends word. He has claimed the child. She will be raised under his name. Under his rule."

"And?"

"He wants Ares brought to him."

Hera rose from the bench. Not in anger. In silence.

Hades waited.

"He sends his dog to bite for him now?" she said.

"I'm not here to argue."

"No. You're here to deliver a message." She stepped forward. "Tell him Ares is mine."

"He doesn't contest that."

"But he'll take him."

"Yes."

Hera's hand clenched, but she didn't speak. Not right away.

Then, softly—"And the girl?"

"Athena," Hades said. "That's her name."

"She'll be raised beside him?"

"She will be the cornerstone."

Hera tilted her head. "He never looked at me the way he looked at Metis."

"He never feared you the way he feared her."

Silence.

Hera stepped closer to the fountain again. The water shimmered under her fingertips.

"I'll bring Ares," she said finally. "But not for him. For the boy."

Hades gave the smallest nod. "He'll be ready."

"I hope he is," she said.

And then—without another word—Hera turned and walked toward the palace halls, where her son waited.

Hades watched her go.

The pieces were moving.

And Olympus would never be the same again.

## **Chapter 74: Leto**

The clouds above the Hall of Assembly thinned as Zeus stood at the top of the marble stairs, cradling Athena in his arms.

Wind tugged at his cloak. The sky behind him burned with golden light, soft but fierce, like something divine was waiting just beneath it. The marble stretched out into a wide circle—a gathering place older than most of the gods themselves. Around the edges, the thrones of Olympus stood empty, waiting to be filled.

Zeus didn't speak right away.

He looked down at Athena.

She was wrapped in a silver cloth Metis had woven herself. Her eyes hadn't opened since the walk from the chamber, but her little fists were closed, as if she already knew the world wouldn't be kind.

When the first gods arrived, they came in silence.

Poseidon. Demeter. Hestia. Leto. Themis. Mnemosyne.



They stood in a loose half-circle across the hall, watching Zeus. They knew something had shifted. It wasn't just another declaration. This wasn't war or peace. This was the kind of moment that changed both.

Zeus raised his voice—not loud, not proud. Just clear.

"She is born," he said. "Athena."

A few murmurs stirred the air, but no one interrupted.

"She is mine," Zeus continued. "And she is Olympus."

Poseidon narrowed his eyes. "Olympus? She's barely breathing."

Zeus glanced at him, calm. "So were we once."

Demeter stepped forward, arms folded. "You've always been reckless. But this... what are you doing, Zeus?"

Zeus adjusted Athena in his arms. "Starting over."

The wind shifted.

Before anyone could respond, a different presence settled into the hall. Cold, sharp, quiet like winter.

Hera.

She walked in slow, steady steps, wearing a deep red robe that whispered against the floor. In her arms, she carried an infant swaddled in golden thread.

Ares.

She didn't speak right away. Just walked toward Zeus without breaking her gaze. The tension wrapped the air like a storm holding its breath.

When she stopped a few steps away, she lifted Ares slightly. "He is mine," she said.

Zeus nodded. "And he'll stay yours."

"But?"

"There's no 'but,'" he said. "Just truth. They are born into the same world. They will not grow apart."

Hera's grip on Ares tightened. "You think raising them close will stop what's coming?"

"I think letting them grow up divided will guarantee it."

Hera glanced down at Athena—then back to Zeus. "She has Metis's eyes."

"I know."

"I should hate her for it."

"Then do."

She didn't answer. Just looked at Ares again. His little face was calm, eyes closed. Peaceful. Hera's fingers touched his cheek gently.

"I brought him because I won't let you steal him."

"I never planned to."

"You steal things in pieces, Zeus," she whispered. "Not all at once. Bit by bit, until people forget what was theirs to begin with."

"I'm not here to steal," he said.

"Then why now?"

Zeus looked around. The gods had gone quiet again. Watching. Weighing.

"Because Olympus is broken," he said. "We built something strong... but not something whole. I've seen the cracks. In the halls. In the hearts. And I won't let my daughter inherit a place already falling."

He paused, letting the words settle.

"She is not a symbol," he said. "She is not a weapon. She is not a rival. She is a beginning. And if we are wise, she won't be the only one."

Poseidon scoffed lightly. "What's that mean? We start popping out godlings to fix the world?"

Zeus didn't smile. "Maybe we should."

Themis stepped forward. Her voice was calm, like always. "Are you asking for unity? Or obedience?"

"Neither," Zeus said. "I'm asking for presence. To stop looking only at each other and start looking at what comes after us."

Hera said nothing.

She didn't move.

But after a long pause, she took another step forward—and placed Ares into a golden crib prepared at the center of the hall.

Zeus followed.

He placed Athena beside him.

Two infants. One touched by thought, the other by war. Sleeping side by side, like the gods hadn't just been tearing themselves apart.

Hera looked at Zeus. Her expression unreadable.

"If he hurts her," she said, "I'll make him regret ever being born."

"If she hurts him," Zeus replied, "I'll do the same."

The gods around the circle stayed quiet. Not in fear—but in something closer to awe. Not at Zeus. Not at Hera. But at the stillness.

The kind of stillness that comes before something begins.

Demeter stepped forward first. She walked slowly to the crib and knelt beside it. Her fingers brushed both their foreheads gently.

"For what it's worth," she said, "they look like gods already."

Leto came next. Then Hestia. Even Poseidon stepped close and grunted something under his breath—something half-curse, half-prayer.

One by one, they came.

And the circle changed.

Not all at once. Not fully.

But enough.

When the last blessing had been spoken, Zeus turned to Hera again.

"You can stay," he said.

She didn't answer.

But she didn't leave either.

She walked to the throne beside her own and sat. Not in surrender. Not in support. Just in witness.

The sun lowered behind the marble columns.

The wind calmed.

And for the first time in a long time, the gods looked forward—not back.

Athena stirred in her sleep.

Ares shifted beside her.

Two beginnings.

And a war, still waiting in the bones of Olympus.

But not tonight.

Tonight, there was only silence.

And breath.

And the weight of what comes next.

Zeus turned to leave the Hall, but just at the steps, his shoulder brushed someone lightly.

"Ah—pardon me," the woman said, stepping back with a small bow. "I didn't see you."

She had dark hair in a loose braid, soft eyes, and a voice like still water—gentle, but with something old buried underneath.

"I'm Leto," she added. "Daughter of Coeus and Phoebe."

Zeus froze for half a breath.

That name.

That face.

It came back to him like smoke from another life.

He remembered her.

She gave birth to Artemis and Apollo.

Where she stood alone against Hera's wrath.

Where she carried the sun and moon inside her.

She didn't know any of that now. She was just Leto. Young. Unshaped. Still walking toward her place in the world.

Zeus said nothing for a second, just stared at her.

Then, with a slow nod, he replied, "It's fine."

He moved past her—but his eyes lingered.

Not out of desire.

Out of memory.

Out of something deeper.

The kind of knowing that never fades, no matter how many lives pass.

## **Chapter 75: Demeter**

Leto watched Zeus walk away, eyes trailing after him like a breeze that hadn't made up its mind.

She didn't even realize she was still standing there until a hand tapped her shoulder.

"Girl," Demeter said flatly, munching on a red fruit that looked like a cross between a plum and a pomegranate. "You've been staring for a full minute."

Leto blinked. "I was not."

"You were."

"I was... just thinking."

Demeter raised an eyebrow and took another lazy bite. "Thinking about his arms?"

Leto choked on her breath, cheeks flushing. "What? No!"

Demeter didn't even blink. "His chest then. It's fine. Most do. You're not the first and won't be the last."

Leto puffed her cheeks in quiet protest, then smiled like someone trying to hide a daydream. "He just looked... strong. That's all. Like he could hold up the sky if it cracked."

"That's because he probably could," Demeter said, licking juice off her fingers. "He's Zeus."

Leto hesitated a second longer. "Does that bother you?"

Demeter glanced sideways. "What? Him being a walking jawline with lightning in his veins? No."

"You sound bored."

"I am." She tossed the fruit core into a marble bowl nearby. "I've seen women throw themselves at him. Mortal, divine, Titaness. Doesn't matter. It's all the same in the end."

Leto tilted her head, genuinely curious. "You've never felt anything?"

Demeter shrugged. "He's my brother."

"Still... I mean, come on, we are gods, take a look at Hera, she did not care about that."

"That doesn't mean I want to see him shirtless."

Leto laughed, soft and breathy. "Well, I wouldn't mind."

A new voice chimed in—warm, teasing.

"That's because you haven't looked past the 'brother' filter yet."

They both turned.

Maia stepped into the courtyard, sunlight catching in her braided hair. She wore a light white dress, flowy and sleeveless, like she just came from bathing in a stream. There was a glow to her, casual and calm, the kind that came with being one of the Pleiades—seven sisters born of Atlas and Pleione. Each of them carried a piece of sky, a myth threaded into starlight.

Maia was the eldest of the seven. Quiet, usually. But when she spoke, it came from somewhere real.

Demeter arched an eyebrow. "You eavesdropping now?"

"I was walking," Maia said. "You two talk loud."

Demeter rolled her eyes. Leto looked down, embarrassed.

Maia smiled gently and sat beside them. "It's not shameful, you know. Admiring Zeus. Most of Olympus does. They just pretend not to."

Demeter snorted. "He's just a man."

Maia gave her a look. "No. He's not. That's the problem."

Leto hugged her knees slightly, still pink in the cheeks. "So you've noticed it too?"

"I've lived long enough to know the difference between beauty and presence," Maia said. "Zeus has both. It's not just his looks. It's the weight. The way he walks like the world owes him nothing, but still follows."

Demeter clicked her tongue. "You all sound like priestesses drunk on incense."

"You're just blind because you think being blood related and having a relationship is a taboo," Maia said calmly. "But look at him like a woman. Not a sister. Just once."

Demeter paused. That hit different.

The silence between them stretched a little longer.

Then, like someone poking herself just to prove she couldn't be swayed, Demeter glanced back over her shoulder. Zeus was walking down the stairs now, cloak fluttering behind him, the soft light hitting his jawline in a way that felt sculpted.

His shoulders rolled like thunder sleeping under his skin.

Demeter looked away fast.

Leto didn't.

Maia smirked. "See it now?"

Demeter said nothing. She just picked another fruit from the bowl and took a slow, sharp bite.

But her ears were pink.

"I don't blame you," Maia added softly. "It's not just the power. It's the way he carries it. Like he didn't ask for any of it, but he'll still shoulder all of it."

"That sounds poetic," Leto said.

"It's the truth."

Another breeze swept through the courtyard. The columns of Olympus shimmered in the gold evening light. A faint sound of temple bells rang in the far distance—gods arriving, leaving, murmurs of prayers spilling up from the mortal plane below.

Leto looked up at the sky. "You think he'll notice me again?"

Demeter rolled her eyes. "He probably already did. He notices everything."

Maia chuckled. "He remembers things most gods forget. Names. Faces. Little things. If he locked eyes with you once, it's already in his mind somewhere."

That made Leto smile.

Demeter sighed. "Well, good luck with that. Just don't come crying if you end up like Hera, jealous and paranoid."

Maia arched a brow. "You mean adored? Worshipped? Mothers of gods?"

Demeter groaned. "I meant pregnant and regretting it."

They all laughed.

The kind of laugh that echoed softly in marble walls, like warmth trying to sneak into a place usually too grand for it.

Leto stood slowly. "I should go rest. I feel like today changed something... I just don't know what yet."

Maia nodded. "It did. But that's how it starts."

Demeter didn't say anything—just tossed another seed into the bowl.

Before Leto turned to go, she looked at them both. "Thanks."

"For what?" Demeter asked.

"For talking like this. Like we're just... us. Not roles. Not names. Just girls talking."

Demeter's lips twitched. "Don't get used to it."

Maia smiled wider. "You'll come back. When the next girl starts fawning, you'll want to see who it is."



Leto laughed again and walked away down the corridor, her steps light, her face still quietly blushing.

The moment she disappeared behind the column, Maia looked at Demeter again.

"You ever wonder if you missed your moment?"

Demeter was quiet.

Then finally, without looking up, she said, "All the time."

The breeze rustled again.

Not cold. Not warm.

Just real.

Just Olympus.

And far off, below the clouds, thunder rumbled faintly—like Zeus laughing to himself.

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 76: Jealous Hera**

A raven perched on the edge of the marble balcony, feathers dark as spilled ink against the gold-trimmed walls of Olympus. Its head tilted, sharp black eyes watching the courtyard below where Leto had just walked away, cheeks still tinged with pink, laughter still clinging faintly to the air.

It watched Demeter, silent now, picking seeds from the bowl with a furrowed brow. It watched Maia lean back, face turned toward the sun, eyes half-closed like someone thinking too far ahead. Then, without a sound, it launched itself into the wind, wings slicing the warm air like blades.

It flew across Olympus.

Past the pillars. Over gardens where dryads whispered to statues. Through clouds that tasted of divine incense. Until it reached a quiet part of the palace far from the open halls of gods and meetings—where time moved slower, and everything smelled like milk and myrrh.

Hera sat alone.

The room was dim, lit only by slivers of sunset sneaking through hanging silks. The walls were painted with old myths—her own, mostly. Stories she no longer cared to hear. She sat in a cushioned chair carved from sacred olive wood, breast bare, cradling a baby that suckled lazily while one of her hands softly rubbed his back.

Ares.

His little hand gripped her finger tight, not yet aware of what power throbbed in his tiny bones. Not yet aware of anything but warmth and milk.

The raven landed gently on the stone sill, claws tapping softly.

Hera didn't look up at first.

She felt it.

The weight of what it carried.

Her eyes finally lifted.

They narrowed.

"I haven't even dealt with one," she muttered, voice quiet, tired, sharp like broken glass. "And more are already beginning to circle him?"

Her gaze lowered to the infant at her chest. His breathing was calm. Slow. Innocent.

For now.

She shifted him slightly, adjusting the silk blanket wrapped around his small legs. Her hand moved over his back again, slower this time, as if thinking through her next move.

"It's time," she said under her breath. "He's ready for the first gift."

She kissed Ares gently on the forehead, then stood.

The baby let out a sleepy sound, eyes fluttering as Hera walked toward the back of the chamber.

There was a wall there—plain marble to most eyes. But as she stepped close, a strange, cold breeze stirred the air. The silks fluttered. The torches dimmed.

Then, with a whisper like an old promise being remembered, the marble shifted.

It rippled like water.

Then opened.

A black passage revealed itself behind the wall—made of stone that didn't belong to Olympus. It pulsed with something far older. Something wet, like breath held too long in the lungs of the world.

She stepped through, carrying Ares in her arms.

The door closed behind her.

No one saw. No one would ask.

Not even Zeus.

Not yet.

The tunnel twisted downward.

Not in a straight path, but like a vein burrowed into the divine flesh of the world. The deeper she walked, the colder the air became. The silence turned thick, pressing against her ears like the deep end of a forgotten sea.

Ares whimpered softly in her arms. Hera hushed him with a whisper and kissed his forehead again.

"It's alright," she said gently. "You were always meant to be more than this."

The tunnel ended in a dark chamber—an altar room with no flame, no godly design. Just raw stone and black roots crawling along the ceiling like veins.

And in the center... a pool of tar.

Still.

Silent.

Until it breathed.

A slow ripple stirred the surface. Then another. And then it spoke—not with sound, but through the bones.

You brought him.

Hera nodded, eyes calm.

"I kept my word."

You were late.

"I bled for him," she said coldly. "That should earn me patience."

A pause.

Then the pool stirred again.

A shape rose.

Not fully formed. Not flesh. Not shadow. Just a presence given shape for the sake of meeting halfway.

Tartarus.

The Abyss made manifest.

A rumble rolled through the chamber like something exhaling beneath a mountain.

What do you want, Queen of Olympus?

Hera didn't flinch.

"To bind him," she said. "Not now. Not yet. But the seed. Plant it in him. Let it grow. Let it fester. One day, he will tear Olympus down—not for you. Not for me. For himself."

You want revenge.

She smiled.

"No," she said. "I want silence. A world where I don't have to hear Zeus's name in every whisper. I want peace, and if the path to that is war, then so be it."

Tartarus shifted again, swirling.

Bring him closer.

Hera hesitated a moment, then stepped forward. Ares blinked up at the darkness, wide-eyed and unaware.

She held him out.

A tendril of black mist rose from the pool and gently touched the boy's chest.

Ares let out a tiny cry.

Just once.

Then... he quieted.

The black tendril sank into his skin like ink melting into water.

His eyes fluttered. His breath slowed.

The mist receded.

It is done.

Hera pulled him close again, holding him tighter this time.

"He won't remember this," she whispered.

But he will feel it. Every time he's pushed aside. Every time he's denied. The rage. The fire. It will wake him.

She nodded once.

Then turned to go.

The tunnel opened before her again.

As she stepped through, Tartarus spoke one last time—soft, like a curse:

The day he chooses war... Olympus will bleed.

The wall closed behind her.

Back in the soft, golden light of her chamber, Hera returned to her chair.

Ares whimpered in his sleep, then settled.

She looked down at him. Touched his cheek.

"You're going to change everything," she whispered. "But not yet."

Her eyes trailed toward the window.

Thunder rumbled in the far distance.

She didn't smile.

She didn't cry.

She just sat there, cradling the future.

And somewhere, high in Olympus, Zeus suddenly paused mid-step.

He felt it.

A flicker.

A pull.

He looked up at the sky.

But the clouds said nothing.

## **Chapter 77: Hera's Ambition**

The underworld didn't echo with screams like mortals imagined. It was quiet. Too quiet. Still. Heavy.

Like a grave that never forgot.

Hades sat on his throne of obsidian, elbow resting on the armrest, cheek propped against his knuckles. He didn't blink much. Didn't move either. His eyes—dull gold with a hint of something older—stared into the shifting black mist swirling in the pool before him. It wasn't water. It wasn't lava. It was memory. Things whispered in it.

The dead. The forgotten. The ones who saw things they weren't supposed to.

His fingers tapped once against the stone.

Then stopped.

Again.

Then stopped.

The surface of the pool twitched. Not from him. From below.

Tartarus.

It was laughing.

Not loud. Not manic. Just... humming.

Happy.

Hades leaned back, shoulders pressing into the cold throne as he squinted slightly at the pool.

That was never a good sign.

The abyss never laughed unless something terrible was on the way.

He sat up straight, finally moving like something clicked into place in his head. His cloak—dark, stitched with threads of shadows—flowed like smoke as he stood. The black mist rippled slightly as he stepped off the dais, boots quiet against the marble. Cerberus growled softly from his corner, three heads twitching in sync, sniffing the air like they smelled something old crawling back up.

Hades stopped beside the pool. Eyes narrowed.

There it was again.

That pulse.

A soft beat from Tartarus... like a heart learning how to enjoy itself again.

"Someone's been poking the old bastard," he muttered under his breath.

And then it hit him.

The scent.

Soft perfume.

Silk and milk.

Hera.

Of course.

He turned and walked to the side hall, fingers brushing the walls as he passed. They whispered back at him—souls embedded in the stone. Priests. Rulers. Madmen. Lovers. All of them dead now. All of them watching.

He didn't rush.

No need.

The underworld didn't move fast. Nothing here ever did.

But his mind was already piecing it together. That flicker. That ripple of divine energy that crawled up from the deep end of Tartarus three nights ago. He didn't care much at first—thought it was the usual cursed groaning. But then... it lingered. Grew. Changed.

Felt like a root had been planted. Not a tree. A weapon.

He reached the overlook—an ancient ledge that stared down the long, impossible stretch of the pit. The black chasm of Tartarus stretched below like the throat of a dead god. Always hungry. Always awake.

And now?

Now it was purring.

Hades squinted at the faintest shimmer far, far down. Like someone walked through shadow and it welcomed them instead of chewing them apart. That never happened.

"Dammit, Hera," he exhaled.

He tilted his head slightly, as if listening.

The pit trembled softly. Just once.

Hades dragged a hand down his face.

"Hera always up to no good," he muttered. "Doesn't even knock when she enters hell. Just walks in, makes a deal with the dark, and walks out like she owns the place."

He turned from the ledge, walking back through the corridor, muttering to himself.

"She must've left something behind. Some curse. Some spark."



He stopped in front of a wall carved with faded glyphs—older than Olympus, older than the Titans. His hand brushed over them, and the wall opened like paper.

Beyond it... his private chamber.

There was no bed. No candles. Just a small desk. Scrolls. And a single mirror.

It didn't reflect what was in the room.

Only what wasn't supposed to be.

Hades stood in front of it. His reflection flickered. Then showed him a woman stepping through a tunnel of roots and wet stone, a baby in her arms. Her face shadowed.

But he knew it.

Her gaze.

Her hand.

Her walk.

Hera.

She didn't even look behind her.

Didn't even hesitate.

She walked like she'd done it before.

And the baby... he wasn't normal.

He was trembling when the mirror revealed the tendril of Tartarus touching the child's chest.

Hades clicked his tongue.

"Fool."

He stepped back, jaw tight.

"That's going to blow up in all our faces."

He didn't sit back on the throne.

He just stood there, staring out into the underworld, cloak rustling faintly.

If Hera was planting seeds in Tartarus... that meant Olympus had a ticking curse in its heart.

He looked up.

He could still feel Zeus above, somewhere, shining like lightning across the clouds. Too distracted. Too caught up in being king.

He wouldn't see it coming.

But Hades?

He always saw it first.

Because he lived in the place where all the bad ideas came to die.

And right now... one of them was still breathing.

Olympus

The skies above Olympus rolled gently, clouds stretching like soft veils across the mountaintop. No thunder. No sign of storm. Just that odd silence—the kind that hums right before something shifts.

Hera's sandals touched marble, quiet as she stepped past the golden pillars of her private chamber. Her white robe clung to her like morning mist, arms wrapped tightly around the small bundle pressed to her chest.

Ares slept.

But not peacefully.

His breath hitched sometimes. Not from dreams. Not from fear.

Like his body was reacting to something invisible.

Something under his skin.

Hera didn't speak.

She just walked across the chamber, slow and quiet, her back straight, gaze distant. She laid him gently in the golden crib nestled beside the far window. The sunlight kissed his cheek. He shifted, little fists twitching.

She stared down at him.

Her face didn't move, but her thoughts were screaming.

He was perfect. He was strong. Stronger than any child born before. Stronger than he should be.

She didn't need omens to know that. She felt it in her blood. The way his cry had shaken the pillars the moment he was born. The way the shadows recoiled when she passed with him through the deeper paths.

And she knew what that meant.

Olympus needed change.

It needed someone born not just of the throne—but someone who could take it if needed.

Zeus... he would never understand. Not truly.

He'd see her ambition as jealousy. Her fear as pride.

But she was done asking for permission.

Ares was hers. Her son. Her answer to Olympus. And no one would take that from her.

She leaned down and pressed her lips gently to his forehead. "You'll thank me someday," she whispered. "You'll rise higher than all of them. Even him."

She stood straight again, face still blank, but her fingers trembled once before she closed them into a fist.

Her eyes drifted out the window. Olympus sparkled in the distance. Marble and gold. Divine and untouchable.

But Hera didn't see beauty.

She saw chains.

One day, she'd break them.

And her son would be the hammer.

## **Chapter 78: Sibling Talk**

The wind at the top of Olympus didn't bite. It whispered. Soft. Cool. A god's breath. A god's lullaby.

Zeus stood on the balcony alone.

White robes loose around his frame, chest bare, hair tousled by the breeze. He didn't blink. Didn't sigh. Just stood still with that calm weight he always carried in his shoulders. A silence not born of peace... but memory.

He looked out over the realm he built. The white towers. The endless sky. The banners rippling gently along the spires. Everything carved, raised, shaped by hands—his hands. But not always. Not in the beginning.

Not before.

Before all this... he was just a man. A simple one. One with flaws. One with pain. He couldn't even remember the name he had in that life anymore, just fragments. Laughter. Regrets. Cold nights. A woman he never saw again. Then the dream. Or the nightmare. He couldn't tell which.

He remembered waking up as a child—no, an infant—with golden cuffs around his tiny wrists. Cold air. A dark cave. Rhea's face blurred above him, panic in her eyes. And then the voice.

The system.

That strange screen only he could see.

Telling him who he was.

What he could become.

What he had to do.

From then... everything moved like lightning. He grew. Learned. Adapted. Every step laced with purpose. Every breath laced with pressure. He remembered fighting Cronus—not just a battle, but a declaration. A scream. A rebellion written in fists and thunder.

He freed his siblings. Hades. Poseidon. Hestia. Hera. Demeter.

He gave them the sky. Gave them a future.

Then came the war.

The Titanomachy.

He could still hear the screams. Smell the ash. The blood. Hear Hyperion's roar. See Iapetus fall under Hera's blade. Watch Rhea cry when she turned her back on her old love for her children's future.

Ten days of blood and skyfire.

And they won.

He made Olympus from the bones of that victory. Not just a throne—but a kingdom. A home. Not for him. Not just for gods.

For the next age.

Then came the monster. Typhon.

He hadn't been ready. None of them were.

That thing... born of Gaia's grief and Tartarus' laughter, crawling out of the pit with a thousand voices, each one screaming in hatred. It burned everything. Shook the skies. Tore the roots of the world.

And Zeus... had never felt so close to breaking.

But he didn't.

He tore Typhon apart.

Thunder roared like judgment.

Lightning cut through flesh and darkness.

He didn't just win.

He buried it.

Deep. Locked. Burned his own essence into the chains just to make sure it wouldn't crawl back up again.

And when the last echo of the monster faded, Olympus called him what he already knew.

Godking.

Zeus.

He didn't ask for it. But he didn't deny it either.

Now, as he stood high above it all, he could feel it. The weight. The history. The scarred breath of a realm that had almost broken—and didn't.

Not because of hope.

Not because of fate.

But because he was there.

He let the wind pass through his hair. Eyes half-lidded. Thunder rolled lazily across the horizon, like the sky stretched its back and yawned.

Then... movement.

Below.

Subtle.

Graceful.

Demeter.

Her footsteps on the garden path barely touched the marble. She didn't look up, but Zeus saw her. The way her fingers brushed over the blooming flowers. The way sunlight bent toward her without her asking. Her hair—long, honeyed, loose in the breeze.

She didn't wear her usual veil today. No royal formality. Just soft robes and bare feet as she walked among the petals.

Zeus didn't move from the balcony, but something in his chest pulled faintly. Not desire. Not regret. Something else.

She had fought with him.

Bled beside him.

Cried when the Titans burned the forests.

Laughed once—just once—when Olympus finally stood.

They hadn't spoken much since.

Not because of anger. But distance. Change.

She had her role. He had his throne.

But seeing her now... like that... reminded him.

They were gods, yes.

But they were once siblings born from pain.

Born from war.

He stepped back from the balcony and moved through the golden hallway, sandals brushing faintly against the floor. He didn't announce himself. He didn't need to.

By the time he reached the edge of the garden, she was already waiting.

Demeter didn't turn. Just stared at the apple blossoms. Her voice was low. "You should rest, brother."

"I don't sleep much," Zeus replied softly.

"I know."

A pause. Then she looked over her shoulder, and her eyes caught his. Brown, steady, unreadable.

"You've been thinking again," she said.

He didn't deny it. "Can you blame me?"

"No."

Silence passed like mist.

She stepped toward a small bench beside the olive tree and sat. He followed, leaning against the trunk instead.

She spoke first. "The people are starting to call it the Age of Thunder."

He raised a brow. "Sounds like a poet's name."

"It'll stick. Whether you want it to or not."

He chuckled once under his breath.

Then went quiet again.

Her gaze drifted to him. "You're not happy."

"I'm tired."

"You're Zeus."

"I know."

Demeter didn't push. She just sat there, folding her hands in her lap. "You saved the world."

Zeus nodded once.

"But that doesn't mean it won't try to break again."

"I know."

Her head tilted slightly, and her voice softened. "Are you scared?"

He looked at her.

Not as a king.

Not as a god.

Just a brother.

And for once, his voice was honest. "Yeah."

Demeter exhaled slowly. "Good."

He blinked. "Good?"

"If you weren't... you'd be too far gone to save us next time."

He smiled faintly.

She stood then, brushing her robe. "We're not done building, you know. This isn't the end."

"I never thought it was."

Her hand touched his shoulder briefly as she passed. A soft weight. A sister's reminder.

Then she was gone.

Back into the garden.



Zeus stayed under the olive tree for a while longer. Alone again.

The sky murmured.

His heart was quiet.

But he felt it.

Something stirring far below.

A tremble.

A whisper.

Tartarus.

He didn't know what it meant yet.

But he would.

He always did.

Because no matter how high Olympus stood... the storm always found its way back.

## **Chapter 79: Wives Of Zeus 1**

Sanctum of Threads – A Few Days Later

Olympus. Late Morning.

The sanctum wasn't loud. It breathed.

Warm light bled through the slits in the marble dome above, casting pale lines across the smooth floor. Incense drifted lazily, soft tendrils of lavender and something sweeter curling in the air. Crystalline jars lined the alcoves, each filled with tiny runes and dried herbs, shimmering faintly like they remembered something.

Metis sat near the center of it all, barefoot, robe loose, a curl of her long blue-black hair pinned behind her ear. Her fingers gently rocked the cradle beside her, where baby Athena slept—quiet, curled like a little flame waiting to grow.

Metis didn't hum. She just breathed with her.

It had been quiet for days. A rare peace. No thunder shaking the sky, no divine decrees echoing across Olympus. Just whispers. Movement. Little things.

Like Leto showing up every morning.

The first time had been simple. She'd brought fruit—fresh, washed, neatly packed. Said it was from Delos. Sat beside Metis and helped feed the baby. Didn't talk much. Just smiled.

The second time, she stayed longer. Bathed Athena when Metis was dozing. Brushed her fingers through the child's hair like she was hers.

By the third visit, Metis didn't bother asking why she kept coming. She already knew.

Zeus.

She didn't roll her eyes about it. That would've been too easy.

Instead... she let Leto stay.

Let her bring her calm presence and her gentleness. Let her hum lullabies that sounded older than the stars. Metis wasn't the type to feel threatened by softness. She admired it. Because hers was a different kind of love.

A sharp one.

A knowing one.

But that day, it wasn't just Leto.

The soft knock on the sanctum door made her pause.

Then it creaked open—only slightly. And Maia peeked in.

Metis raised an eyebrow.

Maia blinked. "I brought honey cakes."

Leto perked up from across the room. "Oh! From the Arcadian grove?"

"Of course."

Metis gestured with a nod. "Come in."

Maia tiptoed in with a soft laugh and placed the little basket beside the herbal pots. "She's still sleeping?"

"For now," Metis said, leaning back against the marble pillar. "Give her time. She'll be reading before she learns to crawl."

Leto chuckled. "That sounds about right."

Before any of them could say more, another knock sounded.

This one heavier. A presence.

Then the door opened again... and in stepped Mnemosyne.

Followed by Themis.

Silence hung for a breath.

Leto blinked. Maia stared.

Even Metis tilted her head.

Mnemosyne's golden gaze drifted around the room before settling on Athena. Her voice was low and smooth. "I felt a pull."

Themis didn't speak. She just stepped forward, quiet and regal as always, and brushed a finger lightly against the baby's blanket. "Justice sleeps here."

Metis narrowed her eyes slightly. "You two never visit. Not like this."

Themis replied without looking at her. "I don't act without reason."

"And I don't forget," Mnemosyne added with a small smile. "This child... she's going to remember things none of us will."

Leto moved aside to make space, and surprisingly, Maia poured tea.

No one questioned it.

They just sat. Gods, Titans, nymphs. Around a sleeping infant. No hierarchy. No crown. Just... presence.

It felt strange.

Not heavy. Not forced.

Just strange.

Metis glanced at each of them. "You're not here for Athena."

Silence again.

Leto broke it softly. "You know why we're here."

"Zeus," Metis said flatly.

Themis didn't nod. But she didn't deny it either.

Mnemosyne tilted her head. "He changed everything. Even us."

Maia looked at Metis, hesitant. "Do you... love him?"

Metis looked down at Athena.

Then back up. "I don't think 'love' fits. I chose him. He didn't have to earn it. He didn't have to chase me. I just... chose him."

Leto smiled faintly. "He doesn't even know what that means."

"No," Metis said. "He doesn't. But one day, he will."

Maia lowered her cup. "And what then?"

Metis gave her a sharp look. "Then he'll have to choose back."

Leto spoke again, softer this time. "I never expected to care. Not like this. He came to Delos once. Didn't even stay long. But... he remembered the names of my trees."

"That's Zeus," Maia muttered. "He looks at you once, and suddenly you forget how long you've lived without him."

Themis chuckled quietly. "He's chaos in order's skin."

Mnemosyne looked at Metis directly. "We're not here to take him."

Metis nodded slowly. "I know."

"We're here to share the fire," Leto added.

For a while, no one said anything.

Just the baby's soft breathing. The wind brushing through the sanctum's open arches. The faint scent of citrus and cinnamon from Maia's cakes.

Metis finally stood and walked to the cradle. She picked Athena up gently and cradled her against her chest. The baby shifted, a tiny hand curling near her mother's collarbone.

She turned back to them. Her voice wasn't sharp this time. It was almost warm.

"If Zeus wants to build Olympus with all of us... then we should know each other better."

Leto smiled.

Maia exhaled in relief.

Themis raised a brow, but her expression softened.

Mnemosyne nodded.

"Good," Metis said. "Because if any of you come for me later, I'd rather it not be a surprise."

Maia snorted.

Even Themis laughed.

Leto stood and stepped closer to Metis, brushing her thumb lightly over Athena's cheek. "She looks like you."

"She does," Metis whispered. "But she'll think like him."

Mnemosyne leaned back. "Then the world might be in more trouble than it knows."

Metis smirked. "Let it come."

The wind outside shifted.

Far off, thunder grumbled.

No one flinched.

The storm was always there.

But in that sanctum, wrapped in warmth and candlelight, they let it wait.

They talked long into the afternoon—about nothing and everything. About past loves. Future fears. What they saw in Zeus. What they feared in themselves.

It wasn't peace.

But it was something close.

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 80: Wives Of Zeus 2**

A Few Days Later – The Garden Above Olympus

The sky was soft.

Not calm. Just... soft. Like the clouds were watching.

Zeus stood near the edge of the high garden, arms crossed, hair drifting with the breeze. Lightning flickered through his irises now and then, a twitch he hadn't fully mastered yet. Olympus pulsed below, alive but silent, waiting. He didn't say much. He didn't need to.

Because today... they came to him.

One by one.

He felt them before they stepped onto the garden's sacred stones.

Themis was the first.

She didn't walk. She glided—regal, draped in white and shadow, her eyes veiled in gold light. Where her feet touched, the flowers straightened. Even the air paused.

"Zeus," she said, voice steady, low.

He turned slightly. "Themis."

She looked at him a little too long. Then stepped forward until she stood beside him.

"I've seen how you command silence. And storms," she murmured. "But I wonder... what would you do if someone commanded you?"

He blinked.

Was she teasing him?

Before he could respond, her fingers lifted gently—just enough to brush against his shoulder. A whisper of contact. And yet... the ground trembled faintly under them.

Divine pressure.

She smiled without smiling. "Think on that."

Then stepped back... just as another presence broke through.

Mnemosyne.

If Themis was justice, Mnemosyne was memory given form. Her steps didn't echo. They reverberated—like the world remembered every one.

"Forgive me," she said softly. "I've forgotten what it feels like to admire someone." She paused in front of him, looking up with those timeless, unreadable eyes.

Zeus felt her power coil around him without permission. Not hostile. Not seductive. Just inevitable. Like she was planting something in him—an idea, a moment.

"Don't forget this," she whispered. "Don't forget me."

Then she turned—and with her departure came a faint golden shimmer in the air. Like a memory had just happened before it even began.

Zeus exhaled slow.

What the hell was going on?

He'd known women before. In another life. They were sacred in story—beautiful, untouchable, divine. Some loved. Some feared. Some destroyed.

He used to read about them.

Now they stood before him.

Now they reached for him.

And he wasn't chasing any of them.

"Hey."

That voice cut through his thoughts like sunlight through mist.

Maia.

The shyest of them.

She wore twilight-blue, her steps quick, almost nervous. She brought the smell of orchards and dusk. Her hair was up, messy. Her cheeks flushed from climbing the stairs.

"I baked those honey cakes again," she said, holding up a little cloth bundle. "You looked like you hadn't eaten."

Zeus stared at her. "You came all the way up here... for that?"

She smiled, tucking hair behind her ear. "No. I came to see if you'd smile."

He didn't. But something in him cracked anyway.

Maia stepped close. Not bold like Themis. Not layered like Mnemosyne. Just... there. Real.

She placed the bundle in his hands and touched his wrist with two fingers. Light danced at the contact—tiny, harmless sparks that faded before they fully formed.

"Thanks," Zeus said, voice low.

"Don't thank me yet," Maia muttered, her face red as she backed off. "Wait till you taste them."

He watched her leave, completely unsure what had just happened.

The storm inside him was confused.

Until the air shimmered again.

Leto appeared without sound.

She didn't walk. She just was. Her steps didn't disturb the grass. The flowers turned subtly to follow her as if they were used to her light. She wore a dress of pure moonlight stitched with shadows, and her eyes—those amber things—locked with his like they already knew the outcome.



"I see why Metis stayed," she said, her voice smooth like running water. "You're not what we expected."

Zeus tilted his head. "That's good or bad?"

Leto shrugged. "Dangerous."

Then she moved. One step. Just one.

And with it, the entire garden turned golden.

Time slowed. The breeze halted mid-spin. The clouds above froze.

Zeus turned sharply, body tensing.

But Leto just smiled. "Relax. I'm only testing something."

He didn't speak.

She stepped forward and leaned in—so close her breath warmed his jaw.

"I want to see what kind of god you become," she whispered.

And then, just as the air began to move again, she was gone. Like a dream evaporating before you could hold it.

Zeus was still staring at the space she left when the last presence descended.

Not walked.

Descended.

Metis.

She didn't look like a goddess.

She looked like herself—robe simple, eyes sharp, baby cradled in her arm.

Athena blinked at him, half-asleep.

Metis didn't speak right away. She walked until she stood directly in front of him, stared him in the eye, then passed the baby into his arms.

Zeus tensed automatically. "What—?"

"She wanted to see you."

He looked down.

Athena yawned, hand curling around a bit of his tunic.

That damn storm in him slowed.

Metis stood close. Closer than anyone else had dared.

"I see the way they look at you," she said.

Zeus didn't answer.

"You're not the man they expected."

He met her eyes. "What am I then?"

She smiled faintly. "A storm waiting for meaning."

Zeus snorted. "That sounds poetic."

"I'm a prophetess. We don't do casual."

He almost laughed. But didn't. Not with Athena dozing in his arms.

Metis leaned in, her voice now barely audible. "They won't fight for you, you know. Not openly. But they'll circle."

"I noticed."

"You okay with that?"

Zeus tilted his head. "I'm just surprised. I thought I'd be the one doing the chasing."

Metis raised a brow. "Why?"

He didn't answer.

But she saw something in his silence. Something ancient. Something cracked.

Her voice softened. "You're not him."

He blinked.

"What?"

"Nothing," she said, shaking her head. "Just thinking."

Zeus handed Athena back carefully. Metis took her and stepped back.

"We won't push," she said. "Not unless you let us."

Zeus crossed his arms again. "That's kind of worse."

Metis chuckled. "Then figure it out. You're our King now. Act like it."

Then she turned and left.

One by one, they had all come.

Touched him.

Tested him.

And none of them waited for his answer.

The garden fell still again.

Zeus stood alone in the middle of it all, pulse quiet, storm quiet, mind loud.

He wasn't confused.

He just... remembered too much.

That was the problem.

He remembered everything.