

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 81: You'll want to see this* - Read I Am Zeus **Chapter 81: You'll want to see this***

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Please read Chapter 81 before reading this

The morning sun blazed over the Training Plateau, its golden light glinting off the cracked stone where Zeus, Ares, and Athena had clashed. The air still hummed with the fading echoes of their divine sparring, but as Zeus dismissed his children with a nod, a different energy stirred in the shadows of Olympus. Leto, Metis, Maia, Themis, and Mnemosyne lingered nearby, their gazes heavy with unspoken intent. The five women, each a force of divine power, exchanged glances that carried a shared, smoldering purpose.

Leto stepped forward first, her wine-dark eyes gleaming with a playful edge. "Zeus," she purred, her voice low and teasing, "we've prepared something for you. A... private celebration for your return." Her lips curved into a knowing smile, and the others moved closer, their presence a magnetic pull that quickened his pulse.

Metis tilted her head, her damp hair catching the sunlight, a faint smirk playing on her lips. "You've been storming through Asgard and training grounds alike," she said, her voice laced with challenge. "It's time to see if you can handle us."

Maia laughed softly, tossing her dark curls as she stepped forward, her bare feet silent on the stone. "Don't keep us waiting," she teased, her fingers brushing his arm, leaving a trail of warmth in their wake.

Themis, ever the silent observer, spoke now, her voice calm but weighted with promise. "The chamber is ready. Come."

Mnemosyne's golden eyes locked onto his, her touch lingering on his shoulder as she leaned in close. "You'll want to see this," she whispered, her breath warm against his ear.

Zeus's lips twitched into a grin, the storm within him stirring at their invitation. Without a word, he followed, his cloak billowing as the women led him through the winding paths of Olympus, away from the open plateau and into the heart of the palace. The corridors grew quieter, the air thicker with anticipation, until they reached a heavy cedarwood door carved with intricate vines and stars. Leto pushed it open, revealing a chamber bathed in soft, amber light from glowing orbs suspended in the air.

The room was a sanctuary of indulgence, its floor strewn with plush furs and silken cushions, the air heavy with the scent of jasmine and myrrh. A low, wide bed dominated the center, draped in crimson and gold, its surface inviting and decadent. The women moved with purpose, their robes slipping to the floor as they entered, revealing curves and skin that glowed with divine radiance. Zeus's breath caught, his cock already stirring beneath his tunic as he took in the sight of them—Leto's full breasts, Metis's lithe frame, Maia's rounded hips, Themis's elegant lines, and Mnemosyne's golden allure.

Leto was the first to approach, her fingers deftly untying his cloak, letting it fall to the ground. "You've been holding court too long," she murmured, her lips brushing his jaw as she pressed herself against him, her breasts soft and warm against his chest. Zeus's hands found her hips, pulling her closer as he kissed her deeply, his tongue plunging into her mouth with a hunger that set the air alight. Her moan vibrated against his lips, her nipples hardening as they grazed his skin.

Metis joined them, her hands sliding under his tunic to trace the hard planes of his abdomen. "Let's see how much you can take," she whispered, her voice a sultry challenge as she tugged the fabric away, leaving him bare. His cock sprang free, thick and pulsing, and Metis's eyes darkened with desire as she sank to her knees before him. Her lips brushed the tip, teasingly soft, before she took him into her mouth, her tongue swirling around the head with deliberate slowness. Zeus groaned, his hand tangling in her hair as she sucked him, her lips stretching around his girth, the wet heat of her mouth driving him wild.

Maia moved behind him, her hands roaming his back, her lips kissing the taut muscles of his shoulders. "You're so tense," she teased, her fingers sliding down to grip his ass, squeezing as she pressed her breasts against him. The sensation of her soft curves and Metis's relentless mouth sent a surge of heat through him, his cock throbbing as Metis took him deeper, her throat relaxing to accommodate his size.

Themis and Mnemosyne weren't idle. Themis approached from his left, her elegant fingers tracing his chest before she leaned in, kissing him with a slow, deliberate intensity. Her tongue danced with his, her lips soft but commanding, while Mnemosyne knelt beside Metis, her golden eyes gleaming as she joined in, her tongue licking along the base of Zeus's cock where Metis's lips couldn't reach. The dual sensation of their mouths—Metis sucking the head, Mnemosyne teasing the shaft—made Zeus's knees buckle, a low growl rumbling in his chest.

"Fuck," he rasped, his voice thick with lust as he gripped Metis's hair tighter, his hips thrusting shallowly into her mouth. Mnemosyne's tongue was relentless, her lips brushing Metis's as they worked him together, their combined efforts sending sparks of pleasure through him. Leto's hands slid to his chest, pinching his nipples as she kissed his neck, her teeth grazing his skin, while Maia's fingers dipped between his legs, teasing his balls with a gentle, maddening touch.

Themis broke the kiss, her breath hot against his lips as she guided his hand to her breast. Zeus squeezed, his thumb brushing her nipple, drawing a soft moan from her. He lowered his mouth to her breast, sucking the sensitive peak into his mouth, his tongue swirling as she arched into him, her fingers digging into his shoulders. The air crackled with divine energy, sparks flaring where their bodies touched, the room pulsing with their collective desire.

Metis pulled back, her lips glistening as she rose, kissing Zeus fiercely, letting him taste himself on her tongue. Mnemosyne took her place, her mouth enveloping his cock with a hunger that matched his own, her tongue swirling as she sucked him deep. Zeus groaned into Metis's mouth, his hand sliding between her thighs to find her pussy, already slick with arousal. His fingers parted her folds, teasing her clit with slow, deliberate strokes that made her gasp against his lips.

Maia moved to Leto, kissing her deeply, their tongues tangling as they pressed their bodies together, but their focus remained on Zeus, their hands roaming his body, teasing and stroking. Themis guided Zeus's other hand to her pussy, and he obliged, his fingers sliding inside her, curling to find that perfect spot that made her moan. The room was a symphony of gasps and moans, the air thick with the scent of their arousal, the wet sounds of Mnemosyne's mouth on his cock mingling with the slick rhythm of his fingers inside Metis and Themis.

Zeus's control was fraying, the pleasure overwhelming as Mnemosyne's mouth worked him with relentless skill, her tongue teasing the sensitive underside of his cock. Metis's pussy clenched around his fingers, her moans growing louder as he rubbed her clit, while Themis's breath hitched, her body trembling as he fucked her with his fingers. Leto and Maia's hands roamed his body, their lips kissing and nipping his skin, their breasts pressed against him, soft and warm.

The air shimmered with their combined power, the amber orbs flickering as sparks of divine light danced around them. Zeus's cock throbbed, the pleasure building to an unbearable peak, but he wasn't ready to let go yet. With a low growl, he pulled Mnemosyne up, kissing her fiercely as he guided her to the bed, the others following, their bodies a tangle of limbs and desire, ready to push the boundaries of pleasure even further.

Chapter 82: Athena And Ares

Olympus — Years Later

Training Grounds of the High Plateau

The sky above Olympus was bright that morning. Not loud. Not roaring. Just bright. Clear. The kind of light that made everything feel honest.

Zeus stood in the center of the plateau, arms folded as his eyes followed the two young figures circling each other. Not mortals. Not boys and girls.

Ares and Athena.

His children.

But different as flame and steel.

Ares was all movement—fists clenched, brow furrowed, breath sharp. His red tunic hung open at the chest, golden greaves wrapped around his legs, his aura already sparking with raw force. When he moved, the ground pulsed. He wasn't just angry—he was born to fight.

Athena, on the other hand, didn't move much. She just watched. Calculated. A long silver spear in hand, her expression calm, detached, focused. Her white and gold robes barely shifted in the breeze. Her eyes—sharp and precise—followed Ares like a strategist breaking down a battlefield in real-time.

"You're hesitating again!" Ares barked, charging forward.

Athena sidestepped. Not dramatically. Just one step. Clean. Exact.

He missed. Again.

"You're too emotional," she said, not even out of breath.

"And you're too damn slow!"

Zeus let the clash continue. They'd been at it for an hour. Not with real weapons. Not yet. Just practice. Control. Movement.

But it wasn't just training. It was teaching.

He stepped forward, his voice cutting through the tension like thunder without volume.

"Enough."

Both froze.

Zeus walked between them, his presence enough to make the wind pause. He turned to Ares first.

"You're strong. Faster than most gods I've seen. But if you don't slow your thoughts... you'll lose to someone like her every time."

Ares clenched his jaw but didn't speak.

Zeus turned to Athena.

"And you. You're brilliant. But war's not just chess pieces and angles. It's blood. Fire. Rage. You need to move like it matters."

Athena frowned slightly. "I'm not like him."

"I know. That's why I'm making you fight together."

Both looked up.

"What?" they said in sync.

Zeus smirked.

"You're gods of war. Two sides of it. Rage and strategy. Destruction and order. You don't get to choose which half wins. You fight as one."

They stared at him.

"Starting tomorrow," he added. "Real sparring. Together. Against me."

Ares blinked. "Both of us? Against you?"

Zeus raised a brow. "You scared?"

"Tch. No."

Athena nodded once. "Accepted."

He walked off, leaving the two in a stunned silence, already arguing as the wind picked up again.

He didn't look back.

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Later That Evening

Sanctum Gardens

The air smelled like wine and herbs. Soft flute music came from somewhere in the distance.

Zeus sat under a fig tree, arms resting behind him, eyes half-lidded as the stars peeked out from above.

He wasn't alone.

Leto sat beside him, legs folded, pouring wine into two cups. "You're getting better with them."

He took the cup without looking. "They're stubborn. They'll learn."

Metis appeared moments later, holding Athena's small training helmet. "I told you she'd hate the color."

"You chose silver," Zeus said, sipping his drink. "That's literally her color."

"Not that shade," Metis muttered, sitting on his other side.

A silence passed. Warm. Strange.

Then Maia strolled in barefoot, carrying bread wrapped in cloth. "I brought snacks. Again."

"You always bring snacks," Metis teased.

"Because you people never eat," Maia replied, handing some to Zeus. "You live on air and thunder."

Themis showed up next, quietly taking a seat on a low marble bench. She said nothing, just observed. Watching them like a judge at peace.

Mnemosyne was last. No announcement. Just presence. Her golden eyes looked directly at Zeus before she sat by the tree trunk, brushing a leaf from his shoulder.

He looked around. The five women.

Each one with their own rhythm. Their own power. Their own pull.

And somehow, they were all here.

With him.

He hadn't done anything. No grand speeches. No seduction.

They just... came.

They laughed. Argued. Teased each other. Leto teased Metis about pretending not to be jealous. Maia made fun of Zeus's sparring form. Mnemosyne recalled a moment from days ago none of them remembered. Themis said something about fate that confused everyone.

But it worked.

It felt real.

At some point, Athena wandered in with messy hair and a scroll under her arm. She didn't say much, just curled up beside Metis and read.

Ares showed up not long after, bruised but proud, and flopped beside Maia to steal bread.

Zeus watched them all.

His children. His... people.

No throne. No declarations. Just a moment that felt like something lasting.

And for once... he didn't feel like the storm.

He felt like the sky after.

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Next Morning

Training Plateau

They came at him hard.

Ares was a blur of fists and flame, striking with wild, untamed power.

Athena moved like lightning in a pattern—perfect form, fast counters, eyes locked on every detail.

Together?

They were brutal.

Zeus blocked Ares with one hand, dodged Athena's spear with a twist. The ground cracked under their divine pressure. Trees bent in the distance.

"Faster!" he barked.

They came again. Together this time.

Ares charged. Athena flanked.

Zeus grinned. This was it.

The goddess of war. The god of war.

Not rivals. Not siblings. Not pieces of Olympus.

But a storm and a blade, dancing together.

When they finally knocked him back a step—just one step—he raised a hand.

"Enough."

Both froze, panting.

"You learned."

Athena nodded.

Ares smirked. "Told you we'd get him."

Zeus laughed under his breath.

They stood tall together. Side by side.

He looked at them. Then at the sky.

And he smiled.

Olympus wasn't just rising anymore.

It was living.

Beneath the World.

In the heart of the sea.

The throne room of Poseidon wasn't quiet. It breathed. Moved. Lived.

The walls pulsed like the inside of some ancient leviathan, glowing faintly with bioluminescence. Schools of lightfish drifted across the massive windows, their scales catching the green-blue glow of the abyss. Coral spires curved toward the ceiling like frozen waves, and at the center of it all, Poseidon sat.

Alone.

His trident rested beside the throne. Not held. Not used. Just... there. Forgotten for now.

His fingers tapped the armrest. Slow. Rhythmic. His eyes were closed, but his thoughts weren't resting. Not even close.

The sea was calm.

Too calm.

And it annoyed him.

Poseidon opened his eyes.

A deep blue—darker than the trenches below him, brighter than the surface above.

He leaned back and let the silence stretch before finally exhaling through his nose.

"This again," he muttered.

It wasn't the first time it hit him. That quiet weight behind his chest. It wasn't hunger. Not thirst. Not rage.

It was Olympus.

Always Olympus.

He remembered the war. The fights. The brothers-in-arms moment. The oaths. The promises.

They were supposed to rule together. Three thrones. Three domains. Equal.

But only one throne reached the sky.

Only one brother had their names in every mouth, every prayer, every temple.

And it wasn't him.

Poseidon's jaw flexed.

He had the sea. The great ocean. The endless realm below.

But the sea was lonely.

No one looked up to the sea. They feared it. Respected it, sure. But they didn't kneel for it. Not like they did for Zeus.

Zeus stood on Olympus like a king from a dream. Lightning in his eyes. Legends on his lips. The women adored him. The mortals worshipped him. Even the Titans came to see what he would do next.

And Poseidon?

He ruled shadows. Silence. Depth.

Sometimes he wondered if they gave him the ocean just to keep him down there.

A cage with pearls.

He rose from the throne, heavy cloak of kelp and silk falling around his feet. The water shifted around him, sensing his unrest.

He moved toward the great glass arch that looked out over the kingdom. Whales sang in the far distance. Krakens stirred in the ruins. His realm... was massive. Alive.

But still not enough.

His hand curled into a fist.

"I built this," he muttered. "I bled for this world too."

His reflection in the glass looked older than he remembered.

He touched it with his fingers.

Then whispered—

"If he can rule from above... then I will rise from below."

A small crack bloomed across the glass.

Not enough to break it.

But enough to start something.

Poseidon turned from the window, eyes sharp now.

He didn't need Olympus.

But if it kept calling to him like this...

He just might answer.

Chapter 83: Maia*

The chamber pulsed with the raw, intoxicating energy of their divine desire, the amber orbs casting a warm, flickering glow over the tangled bodies of Zeus, Leto, Metis, Maia, Themis, and Mnemosyne. The air was thick with the heady scent of jasmine, myrrh, and their mingled arousal, the soft furs and silken cushions beneath them a decadent cradle for their lust. Zeus's growl still echoed in the room as he guided Mnemosyne to the wide, crimson-draped bed, her golden eyes blazing with hunger as she sank onto the plush surface, her body an invitation of curves and glowing skin. The others followed, their movements fluid and deliberate, a constellation of goddesses drawn to their king.

Zeus's cock throbbed, still slick from Mnemosyne's mouth, as he stood at the edge of the bed, his eyes raking over the five women. Leto's full breasts heaved with each breath, her wine-dark gaze locked on him with a predatory edge. Metis's lithe frame glistened with sweat, her lips parted as she watched him, her pussy still slick from his fingers. Maia's rounded hips swayed as she crawled onto the bed, her dark curls tumbling over her shoulders. Themis's elegant form was poised, her breath quickening as she anticipated his touch, while Mnemosyne lay back, her legs parting to reveal the glistening folds of her pussy, her fingers teasing her own clit with a slow, deliberate rhythm.

Zeus climbed onto the bed, his presence a storm of power and desire, the air crackling with faint sparks of divine light. He reached for Leto first, pulling her to him with a possessive grip on her hips. Their lips crashed together, a fierce, hungry kiss that tasted of wine and heat, his tongue plunging into her mouth as she moaned, her breasts pressing against his chest. Her nipples, hard and sensitive, grazed his skin, sending a jolt of pleasure through him as he deepened the kiss, his hands roaming her curves.

Metis moved behind him, her fingers tracing the taut muscles of his back before sliding around to grip his cock. "You're not done yet," she whispered, her voice a sultry challenge as she stroked him, her touch firm and teasing. Zeus groaned into Leto's mouth, his cock pulsing in Metis's hand as she guided him toward Mnemosyne's waiting pussy. Mnemosyne's breath hitched, her golden eyes locked on his as she spread her legs wider, her fingers parting her folds to reveal the slick, pink heat within.

Zeus didn't hesitate. With a low growl, he thrust into Mnemosyne, her pussy stretching to take his thick length, the wet heat enveloping him in a delicious vise. She cried out, her nails digging into the furs as he set a relentless pace, each thrust deep and forceful, the bed creaking beneath them. The air shimmered with their combined power, sparks flaring where their bodies met, the scent of her arousal mingling with the jasmine and myrrh.

Maia straddled Mnemosyne's face, her rounded hips lowering until her pussy hovered just above Mnemosyne's lips. "Taste me," Maia murmured, her voice thick with desire,

and Mnemosyne obliged, her tongue darting out to lick along Maia's slick folds. Maia moaned, her head tipping back as Mnemosyne's lips closed around her clit, sucking gently, the wet sounds mingling with Zeus's thrusts. Maia's breasts bounced with each movement, her nipples hard and aching, and Leto leaned in, kissing Maia's neck before taking one nipple into her mouth, sucking with a hunger that made Maia gasp.

Themis moved to Zeus's side, her elegant fingers tracing his chest before she kissed him, her lips soft but commanding. Her tongue danced with his, her breath hot and ragged as she pressed her body against him, her pussy dripping with need. Zeus's hand slid between her thighs, his fingers finding her clit and rubbing in tight, deliberate circles that made her moan into his mouth. Themis's body trembled, her hips grinding against his hand as he fucked Mnemosyne, the rhythm of his thrusts and fingers a symphony of pleasure.

Metis, still stroking his cock where it met Mnemosyne's pussy, leaned down, her lips brushing the base of his shaft. Her tongue flicked out, teasing the sensitive skin where he entered Mnemosyne, the sensation sending a shudder through him. "Fuck, Metis," Zeus growled, his voice rough with lust as she licked along his length, her lips brushing Mnemosyne's clit with each pass. Mnemosyne's moans grew louder, muffled by Maia's pussy as she sucked and licked, her tongue relentless against Maia's swollen bud.

Leto broke away from Maia's breast, her lips glistening as she crawled toward Zeus, kissing him fiercely, letting him taste the salt of her skin. Her hand slid to his balls, teasing them with a gentle, maddening touch that made his cock throb inside Mnemosyne. The air was thick with the sounds of their pleasure—wet slaps, gasps, and moans, the room pulsing with the heat of their divine desire. Sparks danced around them, golden and searing, as if the heavens themselves were watching.

Zeus's control was fraying, the pleasure overwhelming as Mnemosyne's pussy clenched around him, her body trembling with the approach of her climax. He thrust harder, deeper, each stroke a claim that shook the bed, while Metis's tongue and Leto's fingers pushed him closer to the edge. Themis's moans grew louder, her pussy soaking his fingers as he rubbed her clit, her body arching against him. Maia's cries filled the air, her hips grinding against Mnemosyne's mouth as she chased her own release.

The chamber pulsed with their combined power, the amber orbs flickering as the air crackled with divine energy. Mnemosyne's orgasm hit first, a scream muffled by Maia's pussy as her body convulsed, her pussy spasming around Zeus's cock. The sensation pushed Maia over the edge, her cry echoing through the room as she came, her juices coating Mnemosyne's lips. Themis followed, her moan soft but desperate as Zeus's fingers drove her to climax, her pussy clenching around him.

Zeus's release was building, a molten pressure in his core as he fucked Mnemosyne through her orgasm, her pussy milking him with every thrust. Metis's tongue was relentless, her lips teasing his cock and Mnemosyne's clit, while Leto's fingers squeezed his balls, pushing him closer to the edge. With a final, guttural roar, Zeus

came, his cock pulsing as he spilled inside Mnemosyne, the heat of his release filling her as sparks erupted around them, illuminating the chamber in a blaze of divine light.

But the goddesses weren't done. As Zeus pulled out, his cock still hard and glistening, Metis pushed him onto his back, straddling his hips with a wicked grin. "My turn," she murmured, guiding his cock to her pussy and sinking down with a moan, her slick heat enveloping him. Leto kissed him fiercely, her tongue plunging into his mouth, while Maia and Themis moved to his sides, their hands roaming his chest, teasing his nipples. Mnemosyne, still trembling from her climax, leaned in to kiss Metis's neck, her fingers teasing Metis's clit as she rode Zeus.

The air shimmered with their desire, the chamber a crucible of lust and power. Metis's pussy clenched around him, her hips rolling with a rhythm that drove him wild, while the others kissed and touched, their bodies a tangle of divine pleasure. The pleasure built again, a relentless tide that promised to consume them all, the sparks of their power weaving a tapestry of light and heat that would burn through the night.

Chapter 84: Leto*

The room was a crucible of divine ecstasy, the air saturated with the primal scent of jasmine, myrrh, and the musky tang of their combined arousal. The amber orbs overhead pulsed erratically, their glow casting flickering shadows across the crimson-draped bed where Zeus lay, his body a sculpted altar of muscle and power, glistening with sweat. Metis rode him with a fierce, unrelenting rhythm, her pussy clenching around his thick cock, each roll of her hips a deliberate act of worship that sent shudders through them both. Her moans were raw, her lithe frame trembling as Mnemosyne's fingers teased her clit, amplifying the pleasure that surged through her core.

Leto's lips were locked on Zeus's, her kiss a wildfire of hunger, her tongue plunging deep, tasting the storm within him. Maia and Themis flanked him, their hands roaming his chest, fingers pinching his nipples until he growled into Leto's mouth, the sound vibrating through the chamber like distant thunder. Mnemosyne's golden eyes gleamed with mischief as she leaned back, her own pussy still dripping from Zeus's release, her fingers slick as they worked Metis's clit with relentless precision.

The air crackled with divine energy, sparks of gold and white erupting where their bodies touched, the room a living storm of lust and power. Zeus's hands gripped Metis's hips, guiding her as she rode him harder, her pussy soaking his cock, the wet slap of their bodies echoing in the chamber. "Fuck, Metis," he rasped, his voice a low growl that sent a shiver through her. Her response was a moan, her head tipping back as Mnemosyne's fingers pushed her closer to the edge, her body trembling with the intensity of the pleasure building within her.

But the goddesses were insatiable, their hunger a divine force that rivaled Zeus's own. Leto broke the kiss, her wine-dark eyes blazing as she straddled his face, her pussy

hovering just above his lips. "Taste me, my king," she purred, her voice thick with desire as she lowered herself, her slick folds brushing his mouth. Zeus didn't hesitate, his tongue darting out to lick along her slit, savoring the sweet, tangy taste of her arousal. Leto moaned, her hands gripping the headboard as his tongue plunged inside her, fucking her with slow, deliberate strokes that made her thighs tremble.

Maia moved to his side, her rounded hips swaying as she leaned down, her lips closing around his nipple. She sucked hard, her teeth grazing the sensitive peak, drawing a groan from Zeus that vibrated against Leto's pussy. Themis, ever the poised observer, knelt beside Metis, her elegant fingers sliding between her own thighs to tease her clit, her moans soft but desperate as she watched Zeus's cock disappear into Metis's pussy with each thrust. The sight was intoxicating, the air thick with the sounds of their pleasure—wet licks, gasps, and the rhythmic creak of the bed beneath them.

Mnemosyne's fingers were relentless, circling Metis's clit with a speed that made her cry out, her pussy clenching around Zeus's cock as she rode him faster, her movements frantic. Zeus's tongue worked Leto's pussy with equal fervor, lapping at her clit before sucking it into his mouth, his teeth grazing just enough to make her scream. Sparks danced around them, the amber orbs flickering as the chamber pulsed with their combined power, the air heavy with the scent of their desire.

Metis's orgasm hit like a lightning strike, her cry echoing through the room as her pussy spasmed around Zeus's cock, her juices coating him as she trembled through the waves of ecstasy. Mnemosyne's fingers didn't stop, drawing out her climax until Metis was gasping, her body shaking as she collapsed forward, her hands braced on Zeus's chest. Leto's moans grew louder, her hips grinding against his face as his tongue drove her closer to the edge, her pussy dripping onto his lips.

Zeus's control was fraying, the pleasure overwhelming as Metis's pussy milked his cock, Leto's taste flooding his senses. With a low growl, he lifted Leto off his face, her cry of protest turning into a moan as he flipped her onto her back beside Metis. He pulled out of Metis, his cock glistening with her arousal, and moved to Leto, spreading her thighs wide to reveal her swollen, dripping pussy. He thrust into her with a single, brutal stroke, her cry ringing out as he filled her completely, her pussy stretching to take his girth.

"Zeus!" Leto gasped, her nails raking down his back as he fucked her with a ferocity that shook the bed, each thrust deep and punishing. Maia moved to Leto's side, her lips closing around Leto's nipple, sucking and biting as Leto arched into her touch, her moans growing louder. Themis crawled forward, kissing Zeus fiercely, her tongue tangling with his as her hands roamed his body, teasing his nipples, his balls, anywhere she could reach.

Mnemosyne, her golden eyes blazing, straddled Leto's face, mirroring Leto's earlier position. "Your turn," she murmured, lowering her pussy onto Leto's lips. Leto's tongue darted out, licking along Mnemosyne's slick folds, sucking her clit with a hunger that

made Mnemosyne moan, her hands gripping the headboard as she rocked against Leto's mouth. The air was a symphony of pleasure—wet, rhythmic thrusts, gasps, and moans, the chamber pulsing with the heat of their divine lust.

Metis, recovering from her climax, moved behind Zeus, her hands sliding down his back to grip his ass, squeezing as he fucked Leto. Her lips brushed his ear, her breath hot as she whispered, "You're not done yet, my king." Her fingers dipped between his legs, teasing his balls with a gentle touch that made him growl, his thrusts faltering for a moment before resuming with even greater force. Themis's fingers found her own pussy again, rubbing her clit as she kissed Zeus, her moans muffled against his lips.

The chamber was a maelstrom of desire, the air crackling with sparks of divine light as their bodies moved together in a primal dance. Leto's pussy clenched around Zeus's cock, her moans muffled by Mnemosyne's pussy as she licked and sucked, driving Mnemosyne closer to the edge. Maia's lips moved to Leto's other breast, her tongue swirling around the nipple as she pinched the other, drawing a cry from Leto that vibrated against Mnemosyne's clit.

Zeus's thrusts grew harder, faster, each one a claim that shook the bed, the chamber, the very heavens. Leto's orgasm hit first, her scream muffled by Mnemosyne's pussy as her body convulsed, her pussy spasming around Zeus's cock. Mnemosyne followed, her cry echoing through the room as Leto's tongue pushed her over the edge, her juices coating Leto's lips. Themis's moans grew desperate, her fingers rubbing her clit faster as she watched, her own climax building.

Zeus's release was imminent, the pleasure a molten pressure in his core as Leto's pussy milked him, Mnemosyne's cries filling the air. With a final, guttural roar, he came, his cock pulsing as he spilled inside Leto, the heat of his release filling her as sparks erupted around them, illuminating the chamber in a blaze of divine light. Themis's orgasm followed, her moan soft but intense as her pussy clenched around her own fingers, her body trembling.

But the goddesses were far from sated. As Zeus pulled out, his cock still hard and glistening, Maia pushed him onto his back, straddling his hips with a wicked grin. "My turn," she purred, guiding his cock to her pussy and sinking down with a moan, her slick heat enveloping him. The others surrounded them, their hands and lips roaming, kissing, sucking, teasing, their bodies a tangle of divine desire that promised to burn through the night, the chamber a testament to their unyielding passion.

Chapter 85: Maia 2*

The amber orbs above pulsed wildly, casting erratic shadows across the crimson-draped bed where Zeus lay, his muscular frame glistening with sweat, his cock still hard and throbbing from his release inside Leto. Maia straddled him now, her rounded hips grinding down as she took him deep, her pussy a tight, slick vise that sent waves of pleasure coursing through him. Her dark curls bounced with each movement, her

breasts heaving as she moaned, her voice a sultry hymn that echoed through the chamber.

Zeus's hands gripped Maia's hips, his fingers digging into her soft flesh as he thrust up into her, each stroke a deliberate claim that made her gasp. The bed creaked beneath them, the furs shifting as their bodies collided with a force that shook the room. Sparks of divine energy crackled around them, gold and white, igniting the air where their skin met. Metis, her lithe frame still trembling from her own climax, crawled to Zeus's side, her lips brushing his ear as she whispered, "You're ours tonight, my king." Her tongue flicked out, teasing his earlobe, sending a shiver down his spine.

Leto, still reeling from her orgasm, moved to Maia's side, her wine-dark eyes blazing with renewed hunger. She leaned in, kissing Maia's neck, her teeth grazing the sensitive skin as her hands cupped Maia's breasts, squeezing until Maia's moans grew louder. "Fuck, Leto," Maia gasped, her pussy clenching around Zeus's cock as Leto's fingers pinched her nipples, the sharp pleasure mingling with the relentless rhythm of Zeus's thrusts. Themis, her elegant form glowing in the amber light, knelt beside Zeus, her fingers sliding between her own thighs, rubbing her clit as she watched, her breath hitching with each stroke.

Mnemosyne, her golden eyes smoldering, positioned herself behind Maia, her hands spreading Maia's ass to reveal the tight, puckered entrance. "Let's see how much you can take," Mnemosyne purred, her voice a velvet promise as she leaned down, her tongue circling Maia's asshole with slow, deliberate licks. Maia cried out, her body trembling as Mnemosyne's tongue teased her, the sensation amplifying the pleasure of Zeus's cock filling her pussy. The air was a cacophony of sounds—wet slaps, desperate moans, and the crackle of divine sparks, the chamber a living storm of their unyielding desire.

Zeus's thrusts grew harder, each one driving deeper into Maia's pussy, her slick heat coating him as she rocked against him. His hands slid up to her breasts, squeezing the soft mounds, his thumbs brushing her nipples until they were hard and aching. "Gods, you're tight," he growled, his voice rough with lust as he fucked her with a ferocity that made the bed shudder. Maia's moans became cries, her body trembling as Mnemosyne's tongue pushed deeper, licking and teasing her asshole while Zeus's cock claimed her pussy.

Metis's lips moved to Zeus's chest, her tongue flicking over his nipple before sucking it into her mouth, her teeth grazing just enough to make him hiss. Her hand slid down, cupping his balls, squeezing gently as she felt them tighten, the pleasure building in him again. Themis, her fingers still working her clit, leaned in to kiss Zeus, her lips soft but demanding, her tongue tangling with his as she moaned into his mouth. The air shimmered with their combined power, the amber orbs flickering as sparks danced around them, the room pulsing with the heat of their passion.

Leto's hands roamed Maia's body, one sliding down to rub her clit while the other pinched her nipple, drawing a scream from Maia as the dual sensations pushed her closer to the edge. Mnemosyne's tongue was relentless, fucking Maia's asshole with slow, deliberate thrusts that made her tremble, her pussy clenching around Zeus's cock. The chamber was a symphony of pleasure, the wet sounds of Zeus's thrusts, Mnemosyne's licking, and Maia's cries mingling with the gasps and moans of the others.

Zeus's control was unraveling, the pleasure a molten fire in his core as Maia's pussy milked him, her body trembling with the approach of her climax. He thrust harder, deeper, each stroke a claim that shook the heavens. "Fuck, Maia," he growled, his voice a thunderclap as he felt her pussy tighten, her orgasm building. Leto's fingers rubbed Maia's clit faster, Mnemosyne's tongue pushing deeper, and Maia's cry shattered the air as her climax hit, her pussy spasming around Zeus's cock, her juices soaking him as she trembled through the waves of ecstasy.

Themis's moans grew desperate, her fingers rubbing her clit faster as she watched, her own orgasm imminent. Zeus reached for her, pulling her closer to kiss her fiercely, his tongue plunging into her mouth as his hand replaced hers, rubbing her clit with a rhythm that made her scream. Her pussy clenched around his fingers, her climax hitting like a tidal wave, her juices coating his hand as she trembled against him.

Mnemosyne pulled back, her lips glistening as she crawled to Zeus's side, kissing him with a hunger that tasted of Maia's arousal. Her hand slid to his cock, stroking him where he entered Maia, her fingers slick with their combined juices. Leto moved to straddle Zeus's face, her pussy dripping as she lowered herself onto his lips. Zeus's tongue darted out, licking along her slick folds, sucking her clit with a hunger that made her moan, her hands gripping the headboard as she rocked against him.

The chamber was a maelstrom of divine lust, the air crackling with sparks as their bodies moved together in a primal dance. Maia, still trembling from her orgasm, rode Zeus with renewed vigor, her pussy clenching around him as she chased another climax. Mnemosyne's fingers teased his balls, her lips kissing his neck, while Themis's hands roamed his chest, pinching his nipples as she recovered from her own release.

Zeus's thrusts grew frantic, each one driving deeper into Maia's pussy, the pleasure building to an unbearable peak. Leto's moans filled the air, her pussy grinding against his tongue as he sucked her clit, his hands gripping her thighs to hold her in place. Themis's fingers joined Mnemosyne's, teasing his balls, their combined touch pushing him closer to the edge. The air shimmered with their power, the amber orbs flickering wildly as sparks erupted around them, illuminating the chamber in a blaze of divine light.

Maia's second orgasm hit with a scream, her pussy spasming around Zeus's cock as she collapsed forward, her body trembling. Leto followed, her cry echoing as Zeus's tongue pushed her over the edge, her juices flooding his mouth. Zeus's release came like a thunderstorm, a roar tearing from his throat as he spilled inside Maia, his cock

pulsing with the force of his climax, sparks exploding around them as the chamber shook with their combined power.

But the goddesses were relentless. As Zeus pulled out, his cock still hard and glistening, Themis pushed him onto his back, straddling his hips with a wicked grin. "You're not done, my king," she purred, guiding his cock to her pussy and sinking down with a moan, her slick heat enveloping him. The others surrounded them, their hands and lips roaming, kissing, sucking, teasing, their bodies a tangle of divine desire that promised to consume the night, the chamber a testament to their unyielding passion.

Chapter 86: Mnemosyne*

The flickering amber orbs cast a warm, pulsing glow over the crimson-draped bed, where Zeus lay, his chiseled body slick with sweat, every muscle taut and gleaming like a warrior fresh from battle. Mnemosyne straddled him, her golden eyes wild with hunger as she rode his cock, her pussy clenching around him with every deep, deliberate thrust. Her moans filled the room, a sultry melody that mixed with the creak of the bed and the soft gasps of the other women—Leto, Metis, Maia, and Themis—who moved around them like a storm of lust, their hands and lips hungry for more.

Maia's skin was flushed, her dark curls sticking to her neck as she leaned over Zeus, her full lips brushing his ear. "You're fucking incredible," she whispered, her voice low and rough, sending a shiver down his spine. Her fingers traced the hard lines of his chest, nails scraping lightly as she kissed his jaw, her breath hot and teasing. Mnemosyne's hips rolled faster, her pussy so tight and wet it drove Zeus wild, each thrust making his cock throb with need. The room felt alive, the air humming with their energy, like a thunderstorm ready to break.

Leto was on her knees beside him, her wine-dark eyes locked on his, her lips swollen from kissing. She reached for his hand, guiding it to her breast, her nipple hard under his palm. "Touch me," she murmured, her voice thick with want, and Zeus squeezed, his thumb circling her nipple until she gasped, her head tipping back. Her skin was soft, warm, and he could feel her pulse racing under his fingers. Metis, still catching her breath from her own climax, crawled closer, her lithe body glistening as she pressed herself against Zeus's side, her lips finding his neck. She sucked gently, her teeth grazing his skin, leaving a faint mark that made him groan.

Themis stood at the foot of the bed, her elegant frame trembling with desire as she watched Mnemosyne ride Zeus, her own fingers sliding between her thighs, teasing her clit. Her soft moans were almost drowned out by the wet, rhythmic slap of Mnemosyne's pussy against Zeus's cock, but her eyes burned with a quiet intensity, like she was memorizing every moment. The air was heavy with their scents—sweat, arousal, the faint sweetness of jasmine clinging to their skin—and the sounds of their pleasure filled the room like a symphony.

Mnemosyne's moans grew louder, her hips grinding harder as she chased her release. "Fuck, Zeus, you're so deep," she gasped, her voice raw, her pussy clenching around him like a vise. Zeus thrust up to meet her, his hands gripping her hips so tight his fingers left faint red marks on her golden skin. The bed groaned under them, the furs shifting as their bodies moved together, a primal dance of need and power. Leto leaned in, kissing Mnemosyne's shoulder, her lips trailing down to her breast, sucking her nipple into her mouth with a hunger that made Mnemosyne cry out, her body trembling.

Maia's hands roamed lower, her fingers brushing Zeus's balls, teasing them with a light, maddening touch that made his cock pulse inside Mnemosyne. "You like that, don't you?" she teased, her voice dripping with mischief as she squeezed gently, sending a surge of pleasure through him. Zeus groaned, his head falling back against the pillows, the sensation of Maia's touch, Mnemosyne's pussy, and Leto's lips overwhelming him. Metis's tongue flicked against his earlobe, her breath hot as she whispered, "You're gonna make us all come again, aren't you?"

Themis couldn't stay on the sidelines any longer. She climbed onto the bed, her movements graceful but urgent, straddling Zeus's chest so her pussy was inches from his face. "I need you," she said, her voice soft but desperate, and Zeus didn't hesitate. He pulled her closer, his tongue darting out to taste her, her pussy sweet and slick against his lips. Themis moaned, her hands gripping the headboard as he licked her, his tongue circling her clit before plunging inside, fucking her with slow, deliberate strokes. Her thighs trembled, her breath hitching as she rocked against his mouth.

Mnemosyne's pussy was relentless, her movements growing frantic as she rode Zeus, her moans turning into cries. Maia's fingers teased his balls, her lips kissing his chest, while Leto's mouth worked Mnemosyne's nipple, her hands roaming her body. Metis's lips moved to Zeus's, kissing him fiercely, letting him taste Themis's arousal on his tongue. The room was a chaos of sensation—wet, slippery sounds, gasps, moans, the faint creak of the bed, and the crackle of energy in the air as their bodies pushed each other closer to the edge.

Mnemosyne came first, her scream echoing through the chamber as her pussy spasmed around Zeus's cock, her juices flooding him as she shook, her body wracked with pleasure. The sensation pushed Zeus closer to his own release, his cock throbbing inside her, but he held on, wanting to feel every moment. Themis's moans grew louder, her pussy grinding against his mouth as his tongue drove her wild, her climax building fast. "Zeus, oh fuck," she gasped, her voice breaking as she came, her pussy pulsing against his lips, her juices coating his tongue.

Maia and Leto moved together, their lips meeting in a hungry kiss as they pressed their bodies against Zeus, their hands roaming his skin, teasing his nipples, his balls, anywhere they could reach. Metis's fingers slid between her own thighs, rubbing her clit as she watched, her moans soft but desperate. The air was thick with their pleasure, the chamber pulsing with the heat of their bodies, the amber orbs flickering like they might shatter.

Zeus couldn't hold back any longer. With a guttural groan, he thrust up into Mnemosyne one last time, his cock pulsing as he came, spilling inside her with a heat that made her moan again, her pussy milking every drop. Themis collapsed forward, her breath ragged as she leaned against the headboard, her body trembling from her climax. Mnemosyne slid off Zeus, her pussy still quivering, and Maia was on him in an instant, straddling his hips with a wicked grin. "My turn,"

Chapter 87: Themis*

Maia was straddling him, her dark curls bouncing, her pussy gripping his cock as she rode him with a grin that screamed trouble. Her moans were raw, echoing off the marble walls, mixing with the creak of the bed and the soft, hungry gasps of the other women—Leto, Metis, Mnemosyne, and Themis—who circled like wolves, their eyes burning with want.

Maia leaned forward, her full breasts brushing Zeus's chest, her lips grazing his ear. "Fuck, you're too good at this," she whispered, her voice rough and teasing, sending a jolt straight to his core. Her hips rolled, slow and deliberate, her pussy so tight it made him groan. Mnemosyne, still catching her breath, her golden skin glistening, knelt nearby, her fingers trailing lazily over her own clit as she watched, a smirk playing on her lips. Leto was pressed against Zeus's side, her wine-dark eyes locked on his, her hand guiding his fingers to her nipple, hard and begging for attention. "Don't stop," she murmured, her voice thick with need, and Zeus pinched, making her gasp, her head tipping back.

Metis, her lithe body flushed and sweaty, kissed Zeus's neck, her teeth scraping just enough to make him hiss. "You're driving us crazy," she said, her breath hot against his skin. Themis, though, was the one who stole the moment. She'd been watching from the edge of the bed, her elegant frame trembling, her fingers working her pussy as she bit her lip, her eyes locked on Maia's hips grinding against Zeus. Her soft moans were barely audible over the wet, rhythmic slap of skin, but the fire in her gaze said everything—she was done waiting.

Themis moved like she was gliding, her long legs carrying her to the bed with a grace that didn't hide her urgency. She pushed Maia gently, her hands firm but playful. "My turn," she said, her voice low, almost a growl, and Maia laughed, sliding off Zeus with a reluctant moan, her pussy leaving his cock slick and throbbing. Themis didn't waste a second. She straddled him, her thighs strong and warm, her pussy hovering just above his cock as she looked down at him, her eyes blazing with a mix of control and raw hunger. "You ready for me?" she asked, her voice soft but dripping with challenge.

Zeus grinned, his hands gripping her hips. "Show me what you've got," he said, his voice rough, and Themis didn't hesitate. She sank down onto his cock, her pussy so tight and wet it made him groan, the heat of her enveloping him like a glove. She moved slowly at first, her hips rolling in a deliberate rhythm, each motion pulling a moan from

her lips. Her long fingers gripped his shoulders, nails digging into his skin as she leaned forward, her breasts swaying, nipples hard and brushing his chest.

"Fuck, Themis," Zeus growled, his hands sliding up to cup her breasts, squeezing as he thrust up to meet her, the bed creaking under the force. Her pussy clenched around him, slick and hot, and she moaned, her voice breaking as she picked up the pace, her hips slamming down harder. The chamber was alive with sound—her gasps, the wet slap of their bodies, the soft moans of the other women watching, their hands roaming their own bodies or each other's, the air thick with their shared heat.

Leto crawled closer, her lips finding Themis's neck, kissing and sucking as she whispered, "You look so fucking good riding him." Her hands slid to Themis's breasts, pinching her nipples until Themis gasped, her pussy tightening around Zeus's cock. Maia, still flushed from her turn, knelt behind Themis, her fingers teasing Themis's clit, circling with a slow, maddening rhythm that made Themis's moans turn into cries. "Oh, fuck, yes," Themis gasped, her head tipping back, her long hair spilling over her shoulders like a waterfall.

Mnemosyne moved to Zeus's side, her golden eyes gleaming as she leaned in, kissing him hard, her tongue plunging into his mouth. She tasted like honey and heat, her lips bruising as she claimed him, her hand sliding down to tease his balls, squeezing gently. Zeus groaned into her mouth, his cock throbbing inside Themis, the sensation of her pussy and Mnemosyne's touch pushing him closer to the edge. Metis, her own body trembling with need, straddled his thigh again, grinding her pussy against him, her clit rubbing against his muscle as she moaned, her fingers digging into his chest.

The room was a storm of sensation—sweat-slicked skin, wet sounds, gasps, and moans blending into a primal rhythm. Themis rode Zeus harder, her pussy gripping him like she was trying to pull his soul out through his cock. Her cries grew louder, her body trembling as Maia's fingers worked her clit, Leto's lips sucking her nipple, Mnemosyne's hand teasing Zeus's balls. Sparks of light danced in the air, the amber orbs flickering like they might explode, the chamber pulsing with their raw, unfiltered desire.

"Zeus, fuck, I'm close," Themis gasped, her voice raw, her hips slamming down with a force that shook the bed. Zeus thrust up harder, his cock driving deep, each stroke hitting that perfect spot inside her that made her scream. Leto's teeth grazed Themis's nipple, Maia's fingers rubbed faster, and Mnemosyne's tongue tangled with Zeus's, her hand squeezing his balls just right. Metis's moans were desperate, her pussy soaking his thigh as she ground against him, chasing her own release.

Themis came first, her scream tearing through the chamber as her pussy spasmed around Zeus's cock, her juices flooding him as her body shook, her nails digging into his shoulders. The sensation was too much, pushing Zeus over the edge. With a guttural groan, he thrust up one last time, his cock pulsing as he came, spilling inside Themis with a heat that made her moan again, her pussy milking every drop. Metis followed, her cry soft but intense as her pussy clenched against his thigh, her climax soaking him.

The other women didn't stop. Leto kissed Themis's neck, her hands roaming her body, whispering, "You're so fucking beautiful when you come." Maia's fingers slowed, teasing Themis through the aftershocks, while Mnemosyne broke her kiss with Zeus, her lips curving into a wicked smile. "We're not done with you," she said, her voice dripping with promise.

Themis slid off Zeus, her pussy still quivering, and Metis was on him in an instant, straddling his hips with a hungry grin. "I want you again," she said, her voice rough as she sank down onto his cock, her pussy tight and slick. The chamber was still alive, the air thick with their heat, their moans, their need. The women surrounded Zeus, their hands and lips everywhere—kissing, sucking, teasing, their bodies a tangle of desire that promised to burn through the night, each moment more intense than the last.

Chapter 88: The Last Act*

The air in the chamber crackled with raw energy, like a storm about to unleash its fury. Zeus lay on the crimson bed, his body glistening with sweat, muscles taut and heaving, his cock still hard and slick from Themis's quivering pussy. Metis was on him now, her lithe frame moving with a fierce rhythm, her pussy gripping him tight as she rode him, her moans sharp and desperate. Her dark hair clung to her flushed cheeks, her eyes burning with hunger as she leaned forward, her hands braced on his chest. "Fuck, Zeus, you feel so good," she gasped, her voice rough, her hips grinding down, taking him deeper with every thrust.

The other women—Leto, Maia, Mnemosyne, and Themis—watched with hungry eyes, their bodies flushed and trembling, hands roaming their own skin or each other's, the air thick with the scent of their arousal. Leto's wine-dark eyes locked on Zeus, her full lips parted as she whispered, "You're not done yet, are you?" Her voice was a tease, but her fingers were already teasing her own nipple, her breath hitching. Maia, her dark curls wild, knelt nearby, her hand between her thighs, rubbing slow circles as she bit her lip, watching Metis's pussy slide over Zeus's cock. Mnemosyne's golden skin glowed in the flickering light, her fingers trailing over her clit as she smirked, still catching her breath from her last climax. Themis, her elegant frame still trembling, leaned against the headboard, her eyes heavy with satisfaction but sparking with want.

Zeus grinned, his hands gripping Metis's hips, guiding her as he thrust up, the wet slap of their bodies echoing through the room. "Not even close," he growled, his voice low and rough, sending a shiver through her. Metis's moans grew louder, her pussy clenching around him as she rode harder, her nails digging into his chest. The bed creaked, furs shifting under their weight, the air humming with their heat. Zeus's cock throbbed inside her, her slick heat driving him wild, but he wanted more—he wanted all of them, one by one, to feel their bodies surrender to him.

Metis's cries hit a fever pitch, her pussy spasming as she came, her juices soaking Zeus's cock as she shook, her head tipping back, dark hair spilling like a cascade. "Fuck, yes!" she gasped, her body trembling as she rode out the waves, her nails

leaving faint red marks on his skin. Zeus groaned, his cock pulsing, but he held back, wanting to save himself for what was next. Metis slid off, her breath ragged, her pussy still quivering as she collapsed beside him, a satisfied smile on her lips.

Before Zeus could catch his breath, Leto was on him, her wine-dark eyes blazing with need. She straddled his hips, her full breasts swaying as she guided his cock to her pussy, sinking down with a moan that made the air tremble. "My turn," she purred, her voice thick with desire, her pussy so wet and tight it made Zeus hiss. She moved slowly at first, her hips rolling in a sensual rhythm, her hands braced on his shoulders as she leaned forward, her breasts brushing his chest. "You like that, don't you?" she teased, her lips grazing his jaw, her breath hot against his skin.

Zeus thrust up to meet her, his hands gripping her ass, squeezing the soft curves as he drove deeper, the bed groaning under them. "Fuck, Leto," he growled, his voice raw, the heat of her pussy sending sparks through his core. Leto's moans were loud, unfiltered, her pussy clenching around him as she rode him harder, her breasts bouncing with each thrust. Maia crawled closer, her lips finding Leto's neck, kissing and sucking as she whispered, "You look so fucking hot." Her hands slid to Leto's breasts, pinching her nipples until Leto gasped, her pussy tightening around Zeus's cock.

Mnemosyne moved to Zeus's side, her golden eyes gleaming as she kissed him, her tongue plunging into his mouth with a hunger that matched his own. Her hand slid down, teasing his balls, squeezing just enough to make him groan into her mouth. Themis, still catching her breath, knelt behind Leto, her fingers trailing over Leto's clit, circling with a slow, deliberate rhythm that made Leto's moans turn into cries. "Oh, fuck, yes," Leto gasped, her body trembling as she rode Zeus, the combined assault of his cock and Themis's fingers pushing her closer to the edge.

The room was a chaos of sound—wet, rhythmic slaps, gasps, moans, the faint creak of the bed. Leto's pussy was relentless, gripping Zeus like a vise as she rode him, her cries growing louder. Zeus thrust harder, his cock driving deep, hitting that perfect spot inside her that made her scream. Mnemosyne's tongue tangled with his, her hand squeezing his balls, while Themis's fingers rubbed Leto's clit faster, her own moans soft but desperate as she watched. Leto came with a cry that shook the room, her pussy spasming around Zeus's cock, her juices flooding him as her body shook, her nails digging into his shoulders.

Zeus didn't stop. As Leto slid off, her breath ragged, Maia was there, her dark curls wild, her eyes burning with need. "Me again," she said, her voice rough as she straddled him, guiding his cock to her pussy and sinking down with a moan. Her pussy was hot, slick, and so tight it made Zeus groan, his hands gripping her hips as he thrust up, the bed creaking under them. Maia rode him hard, her breasts bouncing, her moans raw and unfiltered. "Fuck, Zeus, you're so deep," she gasped, her hands braced on his chest, nails scraping his skin.

Metis, still flushed from her climax, kissed Maia's neck, her hands roaming her body, pinching her nipples until Maia cried out, her pussy tightening around Zeus's cock. Mnemosyne moved to Zeus's other side, her lips brushing his ear as she whispered, "You're gonna make her scream, aren't you?" Her fingers teased his balls, sending a surge of pleasure through him. Themis knelt nearby, her fingers working her own clit as she watched, her moans soft but intense.

Maia's pussy clenched around Zeus, her hips slamming down with a force that made the bed groan. Her cries grew louder, her body trembling as she chased her release. Zeus thrust harder, his cock driving deep, each stroke sending sparks through his core. Maia came with a scream, her pussy spasming around him, her juices soaking his cock as she shook, her nails leaving faint marks on his chest.

Zeus was close, the pleasure building like a storm in his core. Mnemosyne was next, her golden eyes blazing as she straddled him, her pussy sinking down onto his cock with a moan that made the air tremble. She rode him hard, her hips grinding, her pussy so tight and wet it pushed him to the edge. The other women surrounded them, their hands and lips everywhere—kissing, sucking, teasing, their moans filling the room. Mnemosyne's pussy clenched around him, her cries growing louder, and Zeus couldn't hold back. With a guttural roar, he came, his cock pulsing as he spilled inside her, the heat of his release making her moan, her pussy milking every drop.

The women collapsed around him, their bodies slick with sweat, their breaths ragged but satisfied. The air was thick with their heat, their scents, their pleasure, the amber orbs flickering softly as the storm of their desire finally began to fade, leaving them tangled together in a haze of spent passion.

Chapter 89: "Making more of your little offsprings."

Morning.

The golden light of Olympus streamed gently through the high windows, soft and warm like it didn't want to wake anyone. The air still smelled of heat and sweat, of lavender and wine. The bed was a mess of tangled limbs, silk sheets kicked halfway to the floor. Breathing soft. Bodies glowing with that post-divine glow.

Zeus sat up slowly.

His hair was loose and wild, a few strands sticking to his face. His body still hummed, not just with power—but with memory. Last night was carved into him now. Every moan. Every kiss. Every flicker of eye contact. It hadn't been just lust. It had been something... heavier. Something older.

He glanced around the bed.

Metis was curled beside him, one hand still resting against his chest. Leto lay on her stomach, hair draped over her back like a river. Maia clung to a pillow, lips parted, drooling a little. Mnemosyne had one leg thrown over Themis, who somehow still looked regal even half-naked and asleep.

He let out a soft chuckle.

"Gods," he muttered.

Careful not to wake them, Zeus slid off the bed and stood. His back cracked softly. His muscles ached in the best way. He grabbed a black tunic from the polished stand nearby, tugged it over his frame, then wrapped a silver-trimmed sash across his waist. No need for armor. Not today.

His bare feet made almost no sound as he crossed the marbled floor and pushed the golden doors open.

Olympus greeted him like an old friend. The sky was clear, the air fresh, the scent of blooming ambrosia trees drifting on the breeze. Somewhere in the distance, he could hear the clash of weapons.

He smiled.

They were already there.

—

The training ground was a wide terrace built into the side of Olympus, surrounded by statues of old heroes and fallen Titans. The floor was smooth marble, reinforced with divine wards to withstand even the roughest beatdowns. Sunlight painted the space in warm gold.

Athena stood at the center, armored lightly, her silver shield strapped to her back and her spear twirling easily in one hand. Her golden eyes were sharp even in youth—focused, calculating. Ares stood across from her, shirtless, sweat glistening off his chest. He wasn't armored. Just fists wrapped in bandages and a wild grin on his face.

"You're late," Athena said without turning.

Zeus raised a brow. "I'm early. You're just... freaks."

Ares grinned. "Damn right."

Zeus stepped down onto the field, arms crossed. "Alright. Show me what you've learned."

Athena didn't hesitate. She surged forward, footwork precise, spear slicing toward Ares's ribs. He ducked, rolled, came up with a rising punch—only to have his wrist smacked away by the butt of her spear.

"You're too predictable," she said.

"Shut up," he grunted, trying again with a fake-out left. This time, she took the bait—but barely. Their weapons clashed. Sparks flew.

Zeus watched them for a moment. Then stepped in between.

"Enough."

They froze.

Athena took two steps back. Ares just stayed put, breathing hard, eyes still burning with adrenaline.

"You're both strong," Zeus said, looking from one to the other. "But strength alone doesn't make a god."

Athena tilted her head. "Then what does?"

"Control."

He stepped up to Ares first.

"You fight like a wildfire," he said. "Fast. Brutal. Loud. You want to crush your enemy before they move."

Ares shrugged. "It works."

Zeus smirked. "It also gets you impaled."

He turned to Athena.

"And you... you're the opposite. Sharp. Clean. But sometimes too clean. You try to fight like you're already won."

Athena nodded slowly. "Then what's the answer?"

Zeus pulled his lightning bolt from the sky.

"Watch."

He tossed it forward—slow at first—and it hovered in the air.

Then split.

Half the bolt shot at Ares. The other at Athena.

Both moved at once. Athena brought up her shield, deflecting with a perfect pivot. Ares didn't bother dodging—he punched the energy head-on, letting it explode across his forearm with a grunt.

Smoke cleared.

Both still standing.

Zeus called the lightning back to his hand, eyes sparking.

"You're the gods of war. Together."

He looked at them both.

"You're not meant to fight alone."

They stayed quiet.

Then Athena stepped closer to Ares.

"I'll cover you next time."

Ares looked at her sideways. "Took you long enough."

Zeus nodded. "Good. Now spar. Together. Same side. Against me."

Ares's grin widened. "Now we're talking."

Athena's eyes gleamed.

And then it began.

They came at him fast. Ares flanked left, fists flying, raw force behind every punch. Athena circled, precise strikes aimed at weak points. Zeus moved with them—dodging, parrying, testing. He let them push him. Let them find rhythm.

Left—Athena stabbed high.

Right—Ares swept low.

Zeus ducked, lightning sparking from his palm as he blocked. "Better."

Athena lunged.

Zeus vanished.

Reappeared behind Ares.

Crack—palm to spine.

Ares stumbled, but Athena caught him, spun, counterattacked.

Zeus caught her spear midair and twisted.

"You're learning."

He let go.

She stepped back, panting. Ares wiped blood from his lip.

They both looked up at him.

Zeus smiled.

"This is Olympus," he said, stepping back, letting the sun hit his back. "And you two are my future."

The wind blew past them, kicking up dust and leaves.

Athena nodded. "Then teach us everything."

Ares cracked his knuckles. "And let us teach you how to hit harder."

Zeus laughed.

For a moment, it felt simple.

Or so he thought—until the quiet broke.

He heard the heels first.

Then her voice, sharp and smooth like a blade dragged through honey.

"Thought you'd still be busy," Hera said, stepping into the training ground, her eyes flicking across the space. "Making more of your little offsprings."

Zeus turned slowly.

"Hera," he said, voice low.

Ares's eyes lit up. "Mother!"

He ran to her without hesitation, arms wide, grin boyish and bright.

She softened—just a little—as she knelt to hug him, one hand sliding through his hair.

But her eyes never left Zeus.

A/N

Thanks for reading

Chapter 90: Dad's the king of the gods for a reason.

Zeus met Hera's gaze, unreadable as always.

For a second, neither of them spoke.

Then he let out a breath and cracked a faint smirk. "You always show up after the warmups. Never for the fun part."

Hera stood tall, regal as ever in her gold-trimmed robe, her eyes cold despite the soft breeze brushing through her dark hair. She didn't respond, just placed a kiss on Ares's head and slowly stood back up.

Zeus motioned toward the edge of the training ground. "Walk with me."

She said nothing. Just followed.

The marble beneath their feet echoed with each step as they moved past the columns lining the terrace. Behind them, Ares and Athena resumed their sparring, but the silence between Hera and Zeus was heavier than the strikes.

They walked along the vine-wrapped path that curved around the outer wall of Olympus. Far below, clouds drifted like lazy sheep. The horizon shimmered where the sky met the mortal realm.

Zeus broke the silence first. Of course he did.

"So," he said casually, hands behind his back, "no greeting? No 'how've you been'? No kiss on the cheek for old times' sake?"

Hera gave him a sideways glance. "You'd have to come to my chamber for it."

He clicked his tongue, grinning. "Ouch. Straight to the heart."

"You don't have one."

He laughed. "Sure I do. You used to bite it every time I smiled at someone else."

She didn't laugh. She didn't even blink.

They walked a little further.

Zeus raised a brow and continued, tone still playful. "You're still mad about Metis?"

Hera stopped walking.

Zeus slowed, then turned halfway toward her.

"I'm not mad," she said, voice cool. "I'm just curious. Curious how you managed to crown a queen without consulting the rest of us."

Zeus shrugged, eyes scanning the sky. "I didn't need to consult anyone. I chose her. She earned it. And as long as I can remember, you all knew what I was doing."

"Of course we all did." Hera's tone dipped—slightly venomous. "And now she's in your bed. How convenient."

Zeus looked at her now. Really looked.

"You wanted the crown," he said quietly.

Hera held his stare. "No. I wanted what I was promised."

There it was.

The weight. The old sting.

They'd danced this dance too many times.

Zeus smiled again, this time tighter. "Last I checked, I did not promise to make you queen of Olympus. And you scheming for it ruined any chance of you ever being queen."

She looked away. "Don't pretend you're clean."

He chuckled. "I don't. But I don't hide, either."

They resumed walking.

The wind picked up, brushing strands of Hera's hair into her face. She didn't fix it. Her eyes stayed hard, fixed forward.

Zeus, meanwhile, was annoyingly relaxed.

"Don't look so sour," he said with a stretch of his arms. "You still have your temple, your followers, your status... and your son. And he still loves you more than anything."

Hera's lips pressed tight.

Zeus kept going, as if he didn't notice the brewing storm beside him. "You know, if you smiled more, people might stop calling you terrifying."

"I don't care what people say."

"You always did."

"Not anymore."

Zeus stopped again, this time completely. Hera took a few more steps before realizing he wasn't beside her anymore.

She turned, and he looked at her—no jokes now. No smirks.

Just the god behind the thunder.

His voice dropped, calm and low. "Don't do anything stupid, Hera."

She blinked. "What?"

"You're thinking something. I don't know what yet. But I know that face." He pointed at her. "That face means you're planning something."

"You're paranoid."

"I'm careful."

The breeze quieted. Even the sky felt still.

Zeus walked closer. Not fast. Not threatening. Just... closer.

He stopped a foot from her.

"I'm not the same fool you pushed around before," he said, eyes steady. "And I'm done pretending we're still playing nice."

She said nothing.

His tone sharpened just enough. "Try anything. I mean anything—and I won't be merciful again."

A flash of something crossed her eyes. Guilt? Anger? Sadness?

She hid it fast.

But Zeus saw it.

He stepped back, the tension bleeding from his shoulders as quickly as it came.

"Now, if you'll excuse me..." He gave a long, exaggerated stretch. "I've got two kids to beat up."

He turned on his heel, headed back toward the training ground.

"Hera."

She looked up again at the sound of his voice.

Zeus didn't turn this time. He just spoke over his shoulder.

"I love you, you know."

Then he was gone.

Back to the kids. Back to Olympus.

Leaving Hera alone in the breeze, the silence pressing in again.

She closed her eyes.

Then opened them slowly, sharp and unreadable.

She turned and walked the other way.

Ares crouched behind one of the white columns, hands braced on the stone as he peeked around the edge. His breathing was quiet, but his chest was tight. He wasn't supposed to be there. Wasn't supposed to be watching. But the moment his mother followed Zeus away from the training ground, something in him told him to follow—quietly.

He saw everything.

The way she didn't smile. The way Zeus did. The tension, the warnings, the sharpness in their voices. He didn't understand all the words, but he understood the weight behind them.

That wasn't love.

That was war in disguise.

Ares's jaw clenched. His hands balled into fists on the marble.

He wasn't stupid. He'd heard whispers. The other gods talked. The attendants. Even Athena, when she thought he wasn't listening.

His mother wanted the throne. Zeus wasn't giving it to her. Metis wore the crown instead. The woman who always looked at him like he was something wild to be tamed.

And yet...

He still loved them. All of them. His mother. His father. Even Athena, annoying as she was.

But something inside him burned. A slow fire in his chest that didn't go away.

He stepped out from behind the column, eyes trailing the way Hera had gone.

"Don't," a voice said beside him.

He turned.

Athena stood there, arms crossed, one brow raised. Her spear rested against her shoulder, and her hair, normally perfect, was a little messy from the sparring. She looked like she'd known he was there the whole time.

"I wasn't—" he started.

"Yeah, you were," she said, cutting him off with a sigh. "You always are. Hiding behind things. Watching. Thinking."

Ares frowned. "She's my mother."

"And he's our father," Athena said quietly. "And he just warned her not to try anything. You saw that."

"She's not doing anything," Ares muttered.

Athena stepped closer. "Yet."

Ares looked at her, eyes narrowing. "You don't know her like I do."

"No," she said, voice calm. "But I know Dad."

Ares didn't answer. The silence stretched between them, full of tension and something else—old, quiet pain.

Athena tilted her head. "Don't have stupid ideas, Ares. Dad's the king of the gods for a reason."

He turned away, jaw tight. "I'm not stupid."

"I didn't say you were," she replied. "But being angry doesn't make you strong. Trust me. I've tried it."

He didn't say anything.

She let out a slow breath and softened her voice. "Look, you're strong. You're probably going to be stronger than all of us one day. But don't waste it chasing shadows."

Ares looked at the floor, hands still clenched. "...She's hurting."

"I know."

"She just wants what's hers."

Athena hesitated. "Maybe. Or maybe she wants what she was never meant to have."

Ares looked up at her. "That's easy for you to say. You're everyone's favorite."

Athena actually smiled at that—sad and small.

"No. I'm just harder to disappoint."

Then she stepped away, walking back to the training ground with her usual calm, every footstep measured.

Ares stood there for a moment longer.

He looked at the sky.

Then at the road Hera had taken.

And then he turned, slowly, heading back toward the marble ring where they sparred—not because he wasn't still burning.

But because part of him wanted to understand what made his father so untouchable.

He wasn't ready to challenge him yet.

But one day... maybe.