

## Attack on Zeus

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# Attack on Zeus

by [chenziee](#)

## Summary

Zeus is angry a woman refused him. Hera is throwing a fit. Who else is to save the day other than Eren and Levi? Even though they are supposed to *be on a goddamn vacation*.

## Notes

Inspired by [this official art](#).

If you don't know much about greek mythology and the gods, I made a post specifically for this AU [here](#).

Also, not spoiling, but *that one reoccurring thing* is 100% [Revi's](#) fault.

Now with amazing [art of phoenix Levi](#) by the wonderful [Niniton](#)!!

And *another* just as [amazing art](#), this time by [blauerozen](#)! I'm still crying months later, look at this perfection ;\_\_;

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There was a frantic knock on the door of the small cottage house in a remote corner of Mount Olympus. Armin grumbled in frustration when no response came, fishing around in his bag for the spare key his best friend gave him. He didn't like coming in unannounced like this since Eren's lover could be quite... territorial lately, but this was an *emergency*.

As soon as the key turned in the lock, a wave of heat washed over Armin and he could feel the usually lively wings on his sandals flop with immediate exhaustion. He cursed quietly, bracing himself before entering the overheated house.

By the time he reached the bedroom, his clothes were drenched in sweat. Too exhausted by the temperature, he didn't even think to knock before pushing the door open and at the very same moment, a burst of red and gold feathers raised around him, making Armin yelp in surprise. He stared with wide eyes as the fire that rose from the bed at the same time as the feathers disappeared into nothing, revealing the man who was the source of both.

"What the fuck do you want, Hermes," the black haired, grumpy man growled.

Armin scowled at him. "Good morning to you, too, Levi."

The phoenix clicked his tongue in annoyance, keeping his glare in place. At the same time, the body next to him stirred, letting out a raspy moan. "Armin? 'S that you?"

"Yes, it's me. I need to talk to you. Get up, Eren, please."

"We're on a fucking vacation, I don't care if Artemis and Dionysus are trying to drunk-hunt fucking Hydras again. Let them kill themselves for all I care," Levi muttered, flopping back down onto the bed, making sparks dance around him with the movement.

Armin shook his head. Even the small movement made him feel dizzy and he had to grab on to the door frame for balance. "No, Sasha and Connie are fine. This is worse," he tried to explain as he slowly turned around to leave. He couldn't stand the heat any longer. "Meet me outside as soon as possible. And bring me some water, please."

With that he ran out as fast as his spinning head allowed.

Eren slowly sat up then, rubbing at his eyes with a groan. "We should probably go talk to him."

"No. Let somebody else take care of whatever shit that went down."

"Levi, come on," Eren whined, poking Levi's side to make him move.

The phoenix, finally annoyed enough by his lover, reached out with all the speed and power his magic allowed, pinning the ascended hero to their bed. "I hate this hero complex of yours, '*Heracles*'," he said lowly, narrowing his eyes that lit up with fire.

Eren grinned cheekily, leaning up to bite Levi's nose lightly. "Well, if it wasn't for my hero complex, you wouldn't have met me and would still be running errands for Hades. You

wouldn't be on this vacation." He finished softly, lightly touching Levi's thigh, which the only place he could reach with his limited mobility.

Levi rolled his eyes even as a gentle smile tugged on his lips, letting his lover go. "Don't fucking remind me of Kenny."

"You asked for it," Eren laughed into the fond kiss he received, making Levi bite his lip in retaliation.

Eren only laughed harder.

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It was fifteen minutes later that the two lovers finally emerged from their cottage, looking for Armin. They found him a good ways away, sitting in the shade of one of the trees, still looking a bit flushed and wiping his brow occasionally, talking with Jean.

Eren could never understand why Armin insisted on talking with the Pegasus every time he stopped by, especially since the stupid horse couldn't even talk back, but it was not like any of the gods *didn't* have a weird habit of twenty. And Eren could admit that Jean was beautiful at least. Pure white with piercing, if a bit small, amber eyes, large wings that were as fluffy as the clouds, his feathers sparkly like the largest pearls Poseidon's watery domain offered. The only fault in his appearance was the overly long nose, even though some argued it made him that much more beautiful.

But then there was also the fact the winged horse was a complete idiot.

That, or he just didn't like the ascended hero the mortals called Heracles and did all the shit like throwing Eren off of his back on purpose.

Sitting in the grass next to Armin, Eren handed over the amphora full of water with a sheepish smile. Armin grabbed for it, taking several large gulps immediately. The hero suppressed a grin as the wings on his friend's sandals twitched, fluttering weakly with new-found life.

Finally lowering the amphora, Armin glared at Eren first, then at Levi. "Why in Tartarus is your house always so hot?"

Levi crossed his arms over his chest, raising an eyebrow at the messenger of the gods. "It's the literal phoenix nest, what the fuck do you expect."

Armin only glared at him, not having a retort to that. It *was* true a phoenix, the embodiment of fire, lived there. Or nested there, whatever. And he still had no idea how Eren never seemed affected by the fire.

Cutting the raising tension short, Eren clapped his hands to bring the attention to himself. "Okay, Armin. What was so important that you had to brave the heat for it?"

"Oh yeah," Armin said, sitting a bit straighter. "A mortal woman finally refused Zeus' advances so he's furious now and preparing to smite the whole mortal realm because of it."

And of course, Hera is throwing a fit because he wanted to cheat *again*. Ordered me to find *someone* to take care of it.”

Levi rolled his eyes so hard as he listened to Armin’s frantic words that Eren was worried they would fall out of his head. “So why come to us? Shouldn’t the gods of war or, I don’t know, the shitty brothers of his be taking care of this?”

Armin shook his head sadly. “Athena is nowhere to be found and Ares is off in Sparta. You know Hades would just laugh at us all and Poseidon is always too drunk to do anything. Please guys, you’re the only hope I have or Hera will *kill* me!”

“Damn Erwin always disappearing when you need him,” Levi muttered to himself, clicking his tongue over the wise god of war’s habits.

“I forgot Mikasa left Olympus two days ago, too,” Eren mused in regards to the other god of war before he frowned, glancing at his friend doubtfully. “And you think the two of us can defeat the king of the gods? Just like that? Not to mention he’ll be pissed at *us* after all is said and done.”

“Well, Hera told Hephaestus to get you some sort of weapon and I think it would be good to stop by Apathe’s to get some cover-up so Zeus doesn’t recognise you,” Armin rattled off without missing a beat, making Levi scowl at him.

“But you *know* we can’t both leave here for long periods of time,” the phoenix said, annoyance clear in his voice.

“According to my calculations, you’ll be back before dinner,” Armin shot back immediately.

Eren sighed, a defeated expression on his face. “You really thought this through, didn’t you, Armin.”

The blond grinned while the little wings on his feet fluttered happily, making Levi rub at his temples. This kid was just too much sometimes, like a mini-Erwin with a bit of Hanji.

“Whatever,” Levi mumbled, not having the strength to fight their unfortunate fate anymore. “Do you want breakfast?”

Armin made a face at that, shaking his head frantically. “I’m *not* going back in there.”

“Calm down, we’ll eat here,” Eren said with a small laugh, ruffling his best friend’s hair.

“Oh, sure then. What are we having?”

“Eggs,” Eren answered immediately, earning himself a smack from the mythical bird that was his lover.

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Eren had to practically drag Levi with him on their way to the Hephaestus mansion. It was always like this whenever they visited – despite the fact Hephaestus *was* Levi’s best friend. Levi just refused to admit to it and claimed he hated the god of craft and that the energy she

emitted exhausted him. Eren supposed that second bit might have been true, Hanji *was* exhausting to be around most of the time, but he also knew Levi loved her to death.

Almost literally, as he once had to go save her reckless ass from the underworld because she thought it was a good idea to go “have a word” with the god of the realm of the dead, resulting in her befriending the vicious three headed dog that was Kenny’s pet, but also in her being trapped on the wrong side of the Styx river *and* with her assistant almost going bald with stress and worry. But that was a story for another time.

“Levi, come on. The longer we take, the longer until we can get back home,” Eren begged, tugging on Levi’s hand sharper.

Levi didn’t move, however, standing his ground. “Or we can just let the shitty mortals die and go back *now*.”

Eren frowned, giving Levi a look. “Don’t be a child.”

“I’m not being a fucking child, I just don’t understand why it has to be us *every. Damn. Time.*”

Eren opened his mouth to retort but found he had no words to say. It was true they ended up being the ones to sort out everyone’s mess more often than not. And it was mostly because of Eren’s inability to say no.

But then again, Levi could never say no either. He was too soft in the end, no matter how much he cursed or tried to deny it. Like this time. He had been complaining every step of the way, but he still went and did whatever Armin asked him to do.

And Eren loved him for it.

A soft smile tugged on Eren’s lips as he took a step closer, burying his nose in the soft hair which was hot like fire. But Eren was used to it. He enjoyed the heat. It felt like home. “What would I do without you?”

Levi let out a noise of confusion at the sudden show of affection but his arms automatically circled the hero’s waist, pulling him even closer, loving how cool to the touch he felt. Still, his level voice didn’t betray his feelings when he shot back, “You’d have died four centuries ago when you pissed off that flock of harpies.”

Eren froze, his arms tightening around Levi almost painfully. “We agreed to never speak off that incident again.”

“You agreed to that by yourself,” Levi said with a shrug, slipping out of Eren’s hold. “Come on, there’s another Harpy we apparently need to see or some shit.”

“Levi, *please*,” Eren cried as he jogged after his smirking lover.

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Finally arriving to the gates of the Hephaestus mansion, the two lovers were greeted by the perpetually exhausted assistant Arges, or more familiarly, Moblit.

“Hello, Phoenix. Heracles. Are you here for brunch as well?” Moblit asked, trying to sound pleasant but only managing to get out a tired groan as he lead them inside.

“Hi, Moblit,” Eren greeted back, exchanging a confused look with Levi. “And I told you to call me Eren.”

“What do you mean, here for brunch *as well*?” Levi asked, getting straight to the point. “Is Aphrodite actually here for once in this millennia?” Levi knew that was highly unlikely as the goddess of beauty was never at home, jumping from bed to bed and ignoring her rightful spouse. It was not like Hanji cared, it was an arranged marriage forced by the queen of the gods Hera herself. But Levi hated the woman with every fibre of his being so he wanted to be prepared in case she happened to be in the vicinity.

Moblit shook his head then, a strained chuckle escaping him. He didn’t like the careless, narcissistic woman either. “Oh, no. No, Madam Aphrodite hasn’t even entered here since the incident when her hair caught on fire in the hearth. No, master Athena is here.”

Levi froze at those words, sparks shooting out of his hands. “Fucking *what*,” he growled, radiating anger.

“Uhm,” Moblit hummed weakly, lost for words as he got taken by surprise by the sudden magic vibrating in the air. He looked to Eren for help but the other visitor only shook his head with a clenched jaw, annoyed about as much as his lover.

They stayed quiet the whole rest of the way, Moblit too scared to say anything as he led them towards the dining room.

Finally, a few minutes later, Moblit knocked on a giant door before holding the heavy piece of metal open for the hero and the phoenix.

Immediately, a squeal came from one end of the long table. “Levi! Eren! What are you doing here?” Hanji asked, jumping off of her Kline couch to run and hug them.

Levi skilfully avoided her arms, glaring in disgust at the hands that were eating just a second ago, and doing god knows what it that filthy lab before that.

Eren, on the other hand, returned the hug with as much enthusiasm as the god of craft was emitting. “Hey, Hanji,” he laughed into her wild hair that now obscured his vision, blocking his view of the exaggerated eye-roll his lover gave them for their show.

“What a surprise, I haven’t seen you two in a while.”

At the sound of the deep, pleasant voice Levi spinned around with a fierce glare, remembering his anger. “Erwin,” he growled. “What the fuck are you doing here.”

Eren extracted himself from Hanji’s hold a bit to join his lover in shooting a displeased look at the god of war, who only continued smiling lightly at the both of them.

“Why, I’m having brunch. Moblit is an excellent cook; you should join us.” Erwin’s lips twitched as he continued, “Unfortunately, I don’t think there are any eggs. Did you bring any

with you or are you keeping them at home?”

Levi took a sharp intake of breath, praying to any of those idiotic gods that was willing to listen for any small bit of patience, before he clicked his tongue and strode over to stand in front of the blond, snarling all the way. Ignoring the egg comment, he spit out, “Cut the crap, Erwin. I know you know Zeus and Hera are about to blow shit up again. And what is the mighty Athena, the god of war, strategy, and wisdom doing? *Eating brunch*. And making *us* deal with this bullshit during our fucking *vacation*.” Levi huffed, finishing his tirade.

If Eren didn’t know any better, he’d think there were traces of laughter in Erwin’s voice when he replied, “I don’t have any idea what you are talking about. Believe me that if I thought there was anything that needed for my intervention, I would have done so.”

“You just love seeing people squirm and pissing them off, don’t you Erwin,” Levi muttered, throwing his arms up in defeat. There wasn’t any point arguing with Erwin. The god was too good with his words and frankly, Levi didn’t have the patience for this right then.

So instead, he turned back to glare at Hanji where she still had her arms loosely wrapped around Eren’s waist and was eyeing him curiously.

“Armin said you had some shit for us,” he said, suddenly sounding very tired.

Hanji blinked a few times, before she slapped a hand to her forehead in realization. “Oh, right. I finished the new weapon you have been testing for me.”

Eren visibly perked up, excited to hear this news. “You mean the flying wire thingy?”

Hanji laughed at that, ruffling Eren’s hair affectionately. “The three-dimensional manoeuvring gear but yes, the flying wire thingy.”

“I have *wings* Hanji how in Tartarus would that thing help me?” Levi questioned crossing his arms over his chest.

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Nobody bothered to answer him.

It took them a full hour to learn to use the final version of the “flying wire thingy” properly. Eren was vibrating with energy all that time, happy he got to fly around as much as he wanted to without having to rely on Levi or, Olympus forbid, *Jean*, while Levi spent the whole time grumbling because how pointless was it for him, *a damned bird*, to get something to fly around with? Sure the blades were strong and sharp and he didn’t have to only use his talons and fire anymore but *still*. All of them ignored him, however, save for Moblit who only offered him a defeated shrug or two.

As soon as Eren stopped hitting his head every time he tried to use the gear, the two of them left the Hephaestus mansion in order to get their disguises from the spirit of deceit, as suggested by Armin. And Hanji. *And* Erwin.



If they were being honest, neither Levi nor Eren were looking forward to that visit. It wasn't so much Apathe herself, as she was usually ridiculously sweet to the point of *seeming* fake, but her lover, the spirit of lies Pseudologoi... was an experience.

Belying her nature, Ymir was brutally honest when she saw the opportunity to make fun of everyone and anyone, and if she wasn't the literal embodiment of lies, giving her the ability to talk herself out of any trouble, *somebody* would have killed her millennia ago.

And she thrived on knowing that, which only made everything worse.

The both of them only hoped she would be out hunting or feasting with Artemis and Dionysus. Even though the couple was constantly at odds with Ymir, particularly Dionysus, they were seen together more often not. The goddess of hunt Artemis, or Sasha, didn't seem to care either way as long as she was fed, but the god of wine, Connie, just loved to rise up to Ymir's teasing and fought right back. Nobody understood why the three of them spent so much time together.

It was probably the wine, food, and Apathe's unlikely but close friendship with Sasha.

As if on purpose, however, when the door of the small cabin opened to reveal the half-dressed and disgruntled Pseudologoi, Eren decided luck was just not on their side today. He made a mental note to have a word with Armin later, since luck was *his* responsibility and he owed them at least this much for dragging them out on this stupid quest.

"*What* do you want," Ymir barked instead of greeting, obviously as unhappy to see them standing in front of her as the two men were to be there.

"Hello to you, too, Ymir," Eren sighed, rubbing at his temples, trying to keep calm. "We need to see Historia."

Ymir's eyes narrowed at that as she eyed them suspiciously. "What for?"

"We're not here to fucking *steal* her, Pseudologoi; we just need a damned disguise," Levi snapped, quickly losing his patience. He just wanted to go back to his warm nest already but everyone just *had* to keep sending him further away. First it was just to Zeus, then to Hephaestus, then this. And Levi was already quite done.

He felt Eren's cool hand snake around his waist then, pulling him close in an effort to calm him down, and Levi had to begrudgingly admit it was working.

Ymir was still staring them down sternly, apparently assessing if they were worthy of being in the presence of her precious spirit of deceit, but before she could state her judgement, a soft, melodic voice came from right behind her. "Ymir, stop acting like a possessive child; let them in."

Leaning to the side to see around Ymir, who still refused to move despite the scolding, Eren waved to Historia in greeting. The small, blond woman smiled slightly, waving back while she poked Ymir's side repeatedly with her other hand.

Finally admitting defeat, the tall freckled brunette let out a sigh and took a step back, letting the hero and the phoenix inside the small, cosy home.

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“So, you want us to, like, give you disguise so you can fight Zeus without the fear he’d recognize you? With this, uhm, weird contraption you got from Hephaestus?” Ymir gestured to the web of belts and wires adorning their bodies as she voiced her question, doubt dripping from her voice.

“Yes. Don’t ask, I don’t really know how it came to this myself,” Eren groaned into his hands where he was hiding his face. He didn’t realize how completely ridiculous this day had been until he had to retell it to the two spirits.

“Okay,” Historia said finally, gracefully getting off the Kline couch where she lay together with Ymir. “Give me a moment, I’ll get you something.”

Eren sighed in relief. “Thanks, Historia. You’re life saver.”

Historia laughed, winking at Eren playfully. “Oh, I never said I’d do it for free.” She paused, looking at Levi with a sly look in her eyes, taking Levi off guard momentarily. One easily forgot the cute, petite blonde’s whole existence was one big trick. “I want one of Levi’s feathers. A tail one, preferably.”

Levi narrowed his eyes at her suspiciously. “What the fuck do you need it for.”

Historia showed them a blinding smile then, even as her voice dropped in temperature considerably. “You don’t need to know that, do you?”

The two entities, the spirit and the phoenix, stared each other down coldly for a few long moments until Levi clicked his tongue in annoyance and looked away, making Historia smirk in victory. “Fine, whatever. Do whatever you want with your magical fire feather.”

“Thank you, Levi.”

With that, Historia disappeared behind a door in the back of the room, leaving the other three alone with only her melodic, sweet laugh lingering in the awkward silence that followed. It was no secret Ymir and Levi couldn’t stand each other, the two having attitudes to life too similar yet too different to be able to get along. Not to mention the one time Levi asked Historia for help rather... *aggressively*, which Ymir could never forgive. Even after a few hundred years.

After Ymir’s third offhanded comment about how convenient it was to be tall, to which Levi easily replied how convenient it was to have *wings*, Eren buried his nose in Levi’s hair, willing for Historia to hurry and save him from the glaring contests and random jabs.

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Apate returned some 30 minutes later, carrying two small items in her hands.

She handed one to Eren and one to Levi with an amused sparkle in her eyes and as soon as the two looked at what was given to them, they understood why.

“Please no,” Eren whimpered as he stared at the blue headband with horror.

“Don’t you fucking dare to complain, Eren,” Levi growled next to him, his voice dangerously low.

Eren frowned at the sound and the heat that was suddenly radiating off of Levi, making him glance over curiously only to see a... bird mask in Levi’s hands. Eren had to bite his lip hard to suppress a giggle.

“Not a word,” Levi hissed with barely suppressed anger. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see Ymir smirking.

Historia spoke up then, “Try them on, I promise nobody will be able to recognise either of you.”

Levi made a face, glaring at the spirit of deceit. “There’s no way I’m wearing this shitty excuse for a disguise.”

“It’s not just simple mask,” Historia said with a roll of her eyes, crossing her arms over her chest. “Just put it on.”

Heaving a long suffering sigh and suppressing a shudder, Eren finally conceded. Closing his eyes in a silent prayer, he tied the head-band in place around his head. Immediately, he could feel Apaté’s magic wash over him like a warm blanket and he would smile at the feeling if a badly suppressed snort didn’t come from Levi at the very same moment. Eren scowled, his eyes snapping open to glare at his lover, who only shrugged, gesturing to the other two deities in the room.

Eren warily turned to peer at Ymir first. She had a wide smirk on her lips, an eyebrow raised, and a highly amused sparkle in her eyes. She looked like she wanted to comment but didn’t know where to start, her gaze jumping from Eren’s head to his arms, then to his legs.

The ascended hero’s eyes then snapped to Apaté, giving her a betrayed look. However, Historia only smiled in the sweetest way possible. “Well, nobody’s going to recognize you now,” she said, not managing to suppress the giggle that followed.

Eren rolled his eyes, huffing in annoyance at their attitude, and then glared at Levi again. “I’m not the only one to suffer this. Go on, put your mask on.”

Levi shot him a dirty look before shooting an even dirtier one at the mask in his hands.

“Come on, we won’t laugh,” Ymir said teasingly, earning her three disbelieving looks. As the literal embodiment of lies, her statement wasn’t very assuring.

Letting out a frustrated groan, Levi scowled at them all one last time before giving in and fastening the mask over his mouth rather forcefully.

There was a moment of silence before... “Pfffft bwahahahahahaha! You look like a chicken!” Ymir cried, tears of laughter streaming down her cheeks as she slapped his knees repeatedly, gasping for breath so she could continue to howl.

Eren had to bite his lip very hard to keep himself from joining Ymir in her joy.

“He’s a phoenix, Ymir,” Historia scolded, although it wasn’t very convincing with how strained her voice sounded and how her lips twitched.

“*Chicken*,” Ymir insisted seriously, before bursting out laughing all over again.

Eren gulped heavily in an effort to keep his voice as level as possible, when he tried to soften the accusation. “But a very majestic, beautiful, magical fire chicken.”

Levi clicked his tongue, set on ignoring the bursts of giggles around him. Rubbing at his face, the phoenix longed to be back in his warm, happy nest, right the fuck now. As he should have been before Hermes had to come and ruin it all.

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“Fuck, I hate this,” Levi grumbled on their way to the gates of Mount Olympus to “chase” after Zeus. Eren wasn’t sure which part Levi hated; if it was the chi- ahem, *phoenix* disguise, the gear from Hanji, having to fight Zeus, or just this day in general.

Eren was inclined to believe it was the last one. It was the part Eren himself hated the most. Although, the puffy, uncomfortable shirt, the “armour”, the atrocious pants, and the ridiculous hairstyle was high up on the list for Eren as well.

Catching Levi’s hand in his and squeezing it reassuringly, Eren muttered, “Hey, it’s not so bad. Let’s just get this fight over with and we can go back to our nest.”

Levi clicked his tongue in annoyance but he did also move a bit closer to Eren’s solid presence, soaking up the calm coolness of him. “I just wish we didn’t have to leave in the first place.”

“You know Armin promised to stay and keep watch. Your fire won’t go out and the house won’t burn down. It’s going to be okay.”

Levi only hummed noncommittally, obviously not convinced and squeezed Eren’s hand, seeking more reassurance.

Eren pulled his lover to a stop, making Levi look at him. Searching those stormy eyes for a long moment, Eren mumbled almost inaudibly, but with certainty, “We’re okay.”

Levi blinked a few times before he shook his head, a small smile on his lips. He then grabbed the top of Eren’s chest armour to pull him down to his height, their faces suddenly impossibly close. “You’re an idiot,” the phoenix whispered, just before he pressed his lips to Eren’s firmly.

Before the celebrated hero could react or return the kiss properly, the contact was gone and Levi was striding towards the gates leading to the mortal world with a purpose, leaving Eren

to jog after him with a pout on his lips.

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Descending from Mount Olympus to the mortal realm, the two of them could see that Zeus was, indeed, very angry. The skies were overcast with heavy, dark clouds, making it seem more like the middle of the night than a pleasant, spring afternoon, with winds almost too strong for even Levi to be able to fly properly.

Lightning after lightning struck the ground below them, making the air vibrate with electricity and the sounds of Zeus' fury, and Eren had to grab onto Levi's feathers tighter as the phoenix navigated expertly through the dangerous field they found themselves in.

Finally, after a few minutes of aimless manoeuvring in an effort to locate the god responsible, Eren shouted loudly so Levi could hear him, "Over there, slightly to the left! I see the centre of the storm!"

Levi didn't reply, couldn't, really, in his bird form, but he let out a chirp to signal he heard his lover as he changed their course slightly.

Fighting the strong wind, Levi weaved his way through the web of lightning, soon managing to get them close enough to make out the giant silhouette in the sky. It seemed Zeus still hadn't noticed them so Levi flew the two of them up and under the cover of the clouds, with the hope of circling Zeus and approaching from the back, escaping the king of the gods' notice until it was too late.

Safely hidden in the darkness, but with vision also limited, they drew closer and closer to the raging god of thunder until Eren deemed them to be close enough. He then patted Levi's neck to signal he was ready and when Levi nodded his consent, the hero heaved himself up from his sitting position so that he was crouching on Levi's back, adjusting his gear and pulling out the blades.

As soon as Levi felt his lover settle, he waved his wings powerfully, propelling them up and out of the clouds, emerging in the clear sky above a split second later.

With their vision suddenly unobscured, they realized they were actually much closer to the god than they initially thought. Not wavering, however, Eren shot out one of his hooks into the flesh of Zeus' shoulder, catapulting himself away.

Levi flew up a bit more before he transformed back to his human form and quickly mirrored Eren in hooking his gear into Zeus' neck, shooting forward immediately, and crouching next to Eren a moment later.

The impact of the two of them landing on his flesh one shortly after the other made Zeus pause in his raging, his head turning slightly to the side while one of his hands came up to brush at his shoulder. The two glanced at each other before simultaneously falling back, Eren shooting a hook to get down to Zeus' elbow while Levi went for the other shoulder, slicing the god's flesh on the way.

They heard Zeus cry out in pain, trying to slap Levi away but the phoenix was too fast for him, slipping away and spinning around to slice up the whole length of the god's arm. Finishing at the finger tips, he used the inertia to rise up into the air, shooting his hooks out to get himself back to the opposite shoulder where Eren was already waiting, having taken care of Zeus' other arm.

Unable to move his arms and still unsure of what was happening, Zeus strained his neck to see the two figures standing on his shoulder back to back, steadied by some sort of wires that were attached to his own flesh. Finally Zeus understood what the stings were from.

But other than that, he couldn't say that anything else he saw helped with any of the confusion he felt. The two... someones were dressed in a way the king of the gods had never seen before in his millennia long life and he couldn't for the life of him figure out what he was looking at. He could only blink stupidly as the smaller of the two, the one dressed in... golden, green, and pink armour, blue skirt, and... something like a feathered crown, took a surprisingly steady step forward, raising one of the bloody blades he held in a reverse grip up to eye level.

"Okay, here's the deal, shitface," he spoke in a surprisingly low, dangerous tone. "Either you stop this shitty temper tantrum right the fuck now, or I gouge your eyes out. I don't fucking care some mortal told you to fuck off. I was on a vacation and now I have to deal with your shit so I really wouldn't think twice if I had to chop you up into little pieces and feed you to Cerberus if that's what it takes to shut you up."

Zeus's eyes went wide as he listened to the snarled rant. Nobody had *ever* talked to him that way before. Not even his oldest brother Hades from the underworld. And the whole of Olympus knew that Kenny had *no* filter what so ever.

Zeus didn't know what to say or how to react .

And apparently he was taking too long because the... feathered man was starting to look impatient, spinning the blade around and apparently ready to stab him where ever he could.

Before Zeus could shout at him to stop, the other man, the one dressed in baggy, blood-stained white clothes with purple chest armour grabbed the first man's shoulder to presumably stop him, before addressing the god. "He's in a really bad mood, I wouldn't tempt him," he said this in a seemingly light tone but his eyes were anything but. Those eyes that were boring into Zeus' soul and telling him that he's gladly assist in the chopping if it were to come to that.

And the mighty god of thunder, the undisputed king of the gods... could only gulp loudly and retreat as far away from these two as the three realms of the world allowed.

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"Brother, I need a drink!" Zeus announced loudly as soon as the door the undersea bar was opened for him.

The god of the seas Poseidon raised his eyes from his glass to blink up at his brother, taking in his appearance carefully, taking note of the barely healed injuries on both his arms and the

blood stained himation. “I see Hera did a good number on you this time, Rod,” Poseidon noted with humour he didn’t bother hiding.

Zeus scowled, throwing himself onto the Kline couch opposite from his brother. “This wasn’t Nick, Dot. I don’t know who they were but it wasn’t Nick.”

“Well, from what I hear, you deserved it this time,” Dot chuckled, finishing his wine and gesturing for another for both him and his brother. “What did Hera do this time that you felt the need to cheat on him *again*?”

Rod groaned, gulping down half his freshly filled glass in one go. “He keeps telling everyone to ‘praise the walls’ and I couldn’t take it anymore.”

Dot frowned, giving Rod a confused look. “Praise the walls? What walls?”

“The walls around Olympus? The walls of his temple in Olympia? The walls of Troy? *I don’t know! Nobody knows!* Can you blame me for wanting to get away?!” Rod ranted, obviously getting more and more angry with every word he said.

Dot narrowed his eyes at him dangerously. “Do *not* speak to me of Troy, Rod; the whole thing was *your* fault.”

“How was it my fault? It was that, what was his name, Venice’s fault!”

“I think his name was Paris. And *you* were the one who pushed that on him.”

Zeus only huffed as he downed his second glass of wine, gesturing for another.

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Returning to Mount Olympus after Zeus fled to who-knows-where, Eren and Levi didn’t even bother stopping by Hephaestus’ mansion or Apate’s house to return the borrowed items. Instead, Levi flew them right back to their small cottage house.

Landing in a burst of sparks, for which Jean gave them a dirty look before he turned around and trotted away with an angry shake of wings, the two headed straight for their home, ignoring the Pegasus completely. They both really just wanted to curl up in bed together and not leave the familiar heat again.

At least until Mikasa came back from Sparta and dragged them out whether they liked it or not.

But before either of them could even touch the door, it flew open, revealing a very flushed, very sweaty Armin.

“Thank god you’re back! They’ve been moving for a while and I didn’t know what to do!”

Levi and Eren exchanged a quick glance before the phoenix pushed Armin slightly aside and disappeared inside without losing another second.

Armin took it as a sign that he was allowed to leave the hearth that was his best friend's house and staggered out, unceremoniously flopping on the grass just outside.

Eren peered inside the house, listening for any signs his lover needed him. Deeming it safe to linger for a bit, he crouched down next to the apparently half-dead messenger of gods. "You okay, Armin? You didn't stay inside the whole time we were gone, did you?"

"No," Armin groaned, his voice muffled from how his face was buried into the ground. "I went to check on the fire every once in a while but then they started moving maybe twenty minutes ago and I was too freaked out to leave."

Eren made a face. "I'm sorry."

"No, no. I was the one who made you two leave." Armin groaned, looking like it took him an incredible effort to roll over to his back. "How did everything go?"

Eren chuckled, glancing down at the gear Hanji lent them, still bloody, and shrugged. "About as good as it could have I suppose. Zeus was definitely done for the day. But Historia now has a magical phoenix fire feather so who knows what will come from that."

"Eh, I wouldn't be too worried. What can she do with one feather?" Armin said, waving his hand dismissively.

"Are we talking about the same Historia here? The literal embodiment of deceit?" Eren questioned doubtfully, raising an eyebrow.

Armin huffed out a laugh, throwing an arm over his eyes. "I might still be a bit overheated. You should go check what's going on inside."

"Yeah; sorry," Eren mumbled as he got up, looking away from the blond who only smirked in response.

Eren didn't lose any more time before he turned around and quickly strode inside the house and towards their bedroom. Peeking inside, he could see Levi sitting in front of the fireplace, staring into the fire intently without moving an inch. Eren walked carefully inside, standing behind his lover and threading his fingers through his soft hair, looking inside the fireplace as well.

"How are they?" he asked softly.

He could hear Levi sigh before he fell back to rest his shoulders against Eren's legs. "Looks like they're fine. Probably just could tell we left them so they got restless."

Eren flinched feeling guilty for spending the whole day away from the nest. Even if the fate of the mortal world depended on it. "It's fine now; we won't leave again until they hatch, I promise," Eren proclaimed with certainty, leaning down to press a kiss to Levi's temple.

The phoenix just hummed in agreement, blindly searching for Eren's hand to grab onto as they continued to watch the eggs sitting snugly and motionlessly in the fire.





## End Notes

I hope you laughed a bit? ^^;;

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