Time Doesn't Stop, Even When You Feel Like Shit

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Time Doesn't Stop, Even When You Feel Like Shit

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Summary

When Zelda, minor God of Camps, Mental health, Demigods, & Training. The second camp director after Dionysus, and protector of Demigods, angrily barges into the throne room, things don't go as planned.

Notes

This is the first (technically second since I orphaned one that now floats in the space of ao3) of my own works that I'm posting to ao3. I hope you enjoy reading this.

English isn't my first language, apologies for any mistakes.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: The Visitation

Zelda barged into the throne room of Olympus, standing in divine form they were tall, radiant, and filled with absolute rage. The throne room was mostly empty, mostly, one person was still there, Zeus, and that was the exact God Zelda had been hoping to find.

“ZEUS!” waiting for the king of Gods to turn to them before speaking another word,“HOW COULD YOU?!” They spoke at such a volume that it was a wonder none of the other Gods on Olympus had come to take a look at what was going on.

“How could I do what, dear Zelda?” He calmly responded, studying the figure in front of him quite curiously. Sending shivers right down their spine when being called dear.

“Send a quest out to that Demigod! Your Demigod child, she could've died! She almost did!”

“But she didn't,” He simply concluded, “Demigods don't follow the same divine laws we do. It was a chance for her to show what she was capable of, an opportunity and honor for her.”

“You're just proving you don't care about your children past what they can do with a weapon, how fast they can complete a quest. Monsters already eat at their expected age, and all these quests just make it infinitely worse.”

“And even if that was true, about me not caring for them. I don't quite understand why it's important. She's fine, she survived.”

“I know she didn't die, but her friend did. Do you know how devastated she's been the past couple of days?!” They said, in their mind they could see the young Demigod, separating herself from the rest even more than she already did usually.

Zeus didn't immediately respond, but when he opened his mouth, he was interrupted before getting the chance to speak even a word.

“Of course you don't! You're the King just because Hestia declined the throne, but you know what! I don't just bow and obey anyone!” Those words were dangerous, Zelda knew it. They knew it in the back of their head, they knew it in their bones. But did they care? No, as the protector of Demigods they felt responsible to stand up for them, and right now they were too angry to actually think clearly. What happened to them wasn't their first priority.

“So you think you can go against me?” Zeus asked in a now dead serious tone that would've made almost anyone back down.

“Yes!” Zelda responded, they felt their divine form shimmer. They had not been a God for too long, in immortal time at least. Staying in divine form for longer periods of time had shown to be a challenge for them, as part of their power always wanted to wander away when they tried. Which is exactly what happened now, parts of it leaving for the various places that were considered part of their domain, leaving them at no more than their ordinary mortal height and appearance.

Zeus stood up from his throne and approached Zelda. “We’ll see who the leader is.” He said. Zelda feeling invisible ropes of wind tugging them toward the God of storms, they tried with all they could to resist. Summoning weapons directly aimed at Zeus, but no success. They tried to entangle the God in the ropes of some tent, but being no more than a minor God they didn't stand a chance, Zeus was simply stronger. Zelda knew it, but it didn’t mean they’d just accept defeat. They'd fight with every vessel in their body, like they always did.

Zeus pulled Zelda all the way along to his temple on Mount Olympus, a white marble building, the largest of the bunch. Only once they had gotten inside were they allowed to stand on their own again feet, needing a moment to regain their balance. They tried to step away, but in doing so almost slipped over the smooth marble flooring. They tried to teleport away, but they weren’t able to concentrate well enough as they started to panic inside. The throne room was a public space to the other Gods, but this temple? It wasn't, it belonged to Zeus, and Zeus alone, and Zelda knew that if Zeus didn’t want it to, nobody would come in to see what was going on, nobody would even know.

Zeus started circling around them, studying them, no their body, closely. Grabbing their short brown hair firmly in one hand and pulling it back to force Zelda —who was at least a head shorter— to look him right in his eyes. “I’ll teach you how to obey me as your king.” He said, his face so close to theirs, they could feel his hot breath.

Zelda kept trying to resist, opening their mouth to protest, but to no avail as Zeus forced his lips against theirs. He pushed his tongue into their mouth, moving it around while they tried not to puke at the taste of his tongue. He kept going like that for a moment before letting go. A bulge was already forming in the pants of his blue suit.

“No,” Zelda suddenly said in an almost begging tone. They had to fight inside themself to not feel like the helpless little child they used to be again.

“Shh, you're only making it harder for yourself.” He said as he put his hand around the collar of their sweater, ripping it right off their body and letting it drop onto the floor next to them. It was something that exposed their bare chest immediately, making them shiver as a breeze passed by.

They squirmed and struggled with each time Zeus touched their skin even so lightly, trying to form a distance between the two that just wouldn't come. They were too scared to say anything as he moved his head down, licking and sucking on their nipples just to get a reaction out of them. Their legs giving in, they almost fell over, but Zeus didn't allow that. So instead they helplessly hung in his arms, encaged by it. It went on for what felt like ages.

Then he pulled back, letting them go for a moment as they immediately fell on the ground. The invisible ropes reappeared around them almost instantly making sure they couldn't even try to escape. He undressed himself till he was naked before doing the same with Zelda.

The ropes disappeared as he turned Zelda around, laying them on their stomach he pulled them up so they were sitting on their hands and knees and their ass was up in the air. His dick brushing against their rim, already covered in pre-cum he slowly slid in. Zelda moaning in

pain below him, the precum was the closest thing to lube that was present. They tried to resist, push it out, but instead closed around his dick even more tightly.

“See, you can be a good boy.” He said as he moaned. With Zeus moving around Zelda was about to break out in tears, barely able to hold it back as they didn't want him to see that. Not wanting to give him that pleasure as they tried to stay strong, they always did. They'd stayed strong during their many quest, upon sending Demigods off to their own quests, when receiving the news of their passing and during the many funerals held at camp. So why wouldn't he be able to now?

Zeus would only enjoy it, moaning and moving around till his cum would flow into them. It was warm, and Zelda felt like something was burning inside of them.

Afterwards he let one of his hands stimulate Zelda's dick, Zelda having gotten an erection somewhere always through. Zelda wanted to resist so badly, but being unable to, the amount of feelings and stimulation overwhelmed them and caused their brain to short circuit. All they were able to let out were forced moans of pleasure, ones which happened uncontrollably. They were about to release their own cum when Zeus noticed, slowing down just enough to stop it. His thumb now only teasing the head of their dick.

“Did I say you could?” He asked.

Zelda let out some disagreeing noises that clearly meant ‘No’, unable to talk.

“Then don't try.” He kept Zelda on the edge, and in the end he didn't even let them.

Like that it would go on for a while, Zelda's attempt to escape faded with the minute as they started to give up. Just waiting, silently begging for it to be over soon. Then, when he finally stopped, he put his clothes back on and left, but not before saying.

“Remember this if you ever hesitate about the question if I should be listened to.”

Then, Zelda was alone. The only thing they could think of was wanting to get away. Right now, anywhere was better than on Olympus. So they gathered all their willpower left, focusing on the place they wanted to go, and with that they teleported away.

Chapter 2: Directly After

The next thing they knew, Zelda woke up by knocking on a door. Jolting upright they were relieved to see that they were back in the big house of Camp Half-blood, in the room they had gotten after accepting God hood. It was small, but had everything they needed and owned. They were sitting on the ground, dressed, once again in the clothing they'd put on going into the mortal world.

“Who goes?” Where the only words they could bring out at their normal calm tone.

“Mr. D,” The voice on the other side of the door said.

“Come in.” They said, someone would need to see them like this, and then why not Dionysus or Chiron? Who were years and years older than them and knew Zeus wasn't always the best person.

Mr.D opened the door, seeing Zelda sitting on the ground, knees pulled up, and looking up at him as he entered. It only took him one look at Zelda and he saw something was up, something had happened to them during their absence.

“What happened Zelda? You need to get up.” He asked, making Zelda look at him in surprise. The two would often refer to each other like Mr.D and Mr.Z like the campers did, it was rare for Dionysus to call him by his actual name.

“It didn't go as planned, grandfather, your father is an ass. You know that, right, Dionysus?”

“I do Zelda, but honestly, did you expect it to go flawlessly?”

“I mean, no, but not like it did either.” They said, looking at their own shaking hands. “Just, give me some time, and I'll be there.”

“If that's what you want,” Dionysus said before leaving the room and closing the door behind him.

There Zelda was, alone again, they looked at their hands. Shaking, they let out some silent tears. At the same time they took off their clothes, even though they knew the clothes were new and clean, they still felt dirty. They were trying their best to avoid looking at anything reflective that could have shown them their face, they felt disgusting, but not on the outside alone, deep, deep within themselves as well.

When they looked down as they were dressing themself again, they noticed they were still having an erection, and it was getting painful. Sitting down on the floor they leaned against the wall, their hand reaching out as they started to masturbate. Stimulating their dick with one hand as they went up and down the shaft, while the other held onto the ground as they sat bown forward.

As they continued they started moaning, though they kept their teeth together to try and muffle the sound, eventually grabbing the first thing they could find to bite onto. They actually started to feel good again, for a moment. Though the disgusting feeling inside them was still there, their mind was distracted from that feeling.

When they finally came they didn't hold back, didn't try to let it wait a moment as the cum came out. Moaning so loud they might as well not have tried to muffle it, but they couldn't help it, it just felt too good as they had been forced to keep it in, stay on that edge earlier.

When they finished, they put their clothing on before quickly cleaning it all up. Leaving silently to the dining pavilion.

Arriving at the dining pavilion, they went to the table of Cabin 12 where Mr.D and Chiron were sitting. They saw Mr.D kept a space for them free, how did they know it was for them? The plate was empty, but not empty in a way of: this has been used, empty in a way of: there wasn't anything on the plate to begin with. They were the only other person they knew in camp didn't need to eat next to those two. Also, next to the empty plate stood a can of diet coke, something both Mr.D and they drank regularly. So they sat down.

“Morning”, Chiron greeted Zelda, his plate was empty as they saw he was already finished by the crumbs on the plate. Looking around they realized they were indeed quite late, most campers had finished eating and some had already moved on to the rest of their daily activities, while others were sitting with friends or talking with siblings.

“Morning,” Zelda responded as they popped open the can of diet coke.

“Morning,” Dionysus said last, Zelda wondered if he heard what happened after he left? But at the same time they didn't really care, as long as none of the Campers had heard them it was fine.

They silently drank the diet coke when a camper approached them.

“Mr.Z?” The camper, —whom they recognized as one of the children of Thanatos— asked carefully.

“Yes?” They responded, swallowing under the assumption they'd get asked a question they were not ready to answer. Not to any of the Campers at least, if Chiron or Mr.D asked they would probably tell them exactly what happened. But to a Camper, who next to the fact most aren't adults already have enough problems and worries? Never.

But to Zelda's surprise they asked: “Can you help? The new campers keep dropping their swords and Dusk is about to force them all to sleep out of frustration.”

“I'll come help,” They say, and as they stand up they look at Mr.D, who winked at them. They had no idea what he told the rest of the Campers while they were getting ready - they've taught the campers that they can ask them anything - but they're happy he did now. Happy to distract themselves and continue like normal.

Because even when one felt like shit, time did not stop, and for these demigods, —with their already below average lifespan,— every day counted. So just like time, Zelda wasn't planning to sit still. No matter how bad things might get.

End Notes

Thank you to anyone who read this, I hope you enjoyed!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!