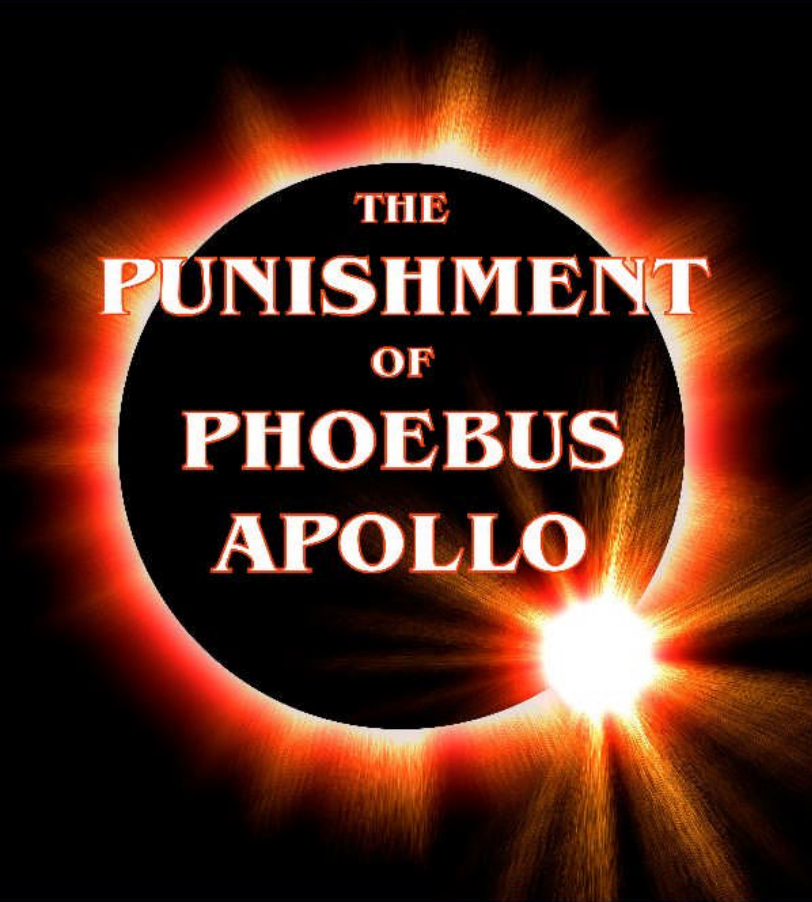


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**THE  
PUNISHMENT  
OF  
PHOEBUS  
APOLLO**

**BRENNA LYONS**

*Brenna Lyons – The Punishment of Phoebus Apollo*

**The Punishment of  
Phoebus Apollo**  
A Short Story in the Mythos Series by

**Brenna Lyons**

Phaze

6470A Glenway Avenue, #109  
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

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*Brenna Lyons – The Punishment of Phoebus Apollo*

## Also by Brenna Lyons

*Black Sail*  
*Conquest*  
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"What would you have me do, Father?" Phoebus Apollo shifted, turning his face away from the pitiful creature on the grass below, contempt shining in his eyes. He scowled. "I do not invite this fascination."

Zeus sighed. "Show her pity. You know what she craves. Would it harm you so much to go to her?"

"Why should I see it again?" he grumbled. "She craves the brilliance without reason and without care of the consequences she courts. It is always the same. They want to know the true brilliance, to bask in its glory, heedless that its intensity will leave them charred, a husk of their former selves, lifeless at my feet. Why should I endure it again?"

"To give them peace," Zeus explained patiently.

"What of my peace?" There was no exhaustion in his tone, only determination.

"You will not concede?"

"Never," Apollo vowed.

He sighed. "Go on then. Begin your journey." Zeus turned his gaze back to the girl on the grass below. She was there as she was every night before the sun rose, waiting patiently for Apollo to begin his journey.

Apollo turned on his heel and glided away, the vision of the perfect god and yet still lacking. He had forgotten mercy in his arrogance. It was a harsh lesson to relearn.

Zeus stretched his hand over the mortal realm, his heart aching at what he had to do. He could not change the essence of a soul, only its form.

Apollo's cry of rage and pain shook the heavens.

Zeus nodded. His son had seen the results of his folly.

The sun moved more rapidly than usual that day, Apollo driving his steeds hard to rejoin Zeus at Olympus. Zeus waited for his arrival, knowing the argument to come, knowing that his son would likely hate him for his part in this matter, for the choice he'd made to bring Apollo to heel.

In Apollo came, burning now in fury instead of his typical glory, his beautiful face a terrible mask. "Turn her back," he demanded.

Zeus folded his hands carefully, as if in deep consideration. "I cannot. You know I cannot."

"How could you do this?" he thundered.

"It was the most merciful thing I could do for her. Clytie's essence is unchanged. Still, she blooms in your light. Her face follows your progress across the sky." He met his son's eyes. "As the sunflower, she always will. The one bloom will become many, Apollo. Soon, you will see tens of her shining face. Hundreds. Thousands on every journey."

Apollo weaved on his feet at that, paling. "Why?" he pleaded. "Why have you done this to me?"

Zeus stared him down. "You should have shown her mercy. I gave you the chance to do so. Always remember the cost of *my* mercy, Apollo."

### *About the Author*

With a BS in accounting and computer programming, backgrounds in everything from teaching to tracking fraud suspects, it is a strange irony that Brenna Lyons will become best known for her first love, writing.

She became the youngest Taproot winner of her time at age eleven, earned an externship in poetry at the University of Pittsburgh at age fifteen and took first place in a competitive essay contest at seventeen. In her first three years published in novels, Brenna has finished for five EPPIES, three PEARLS (taking Honorable Mention, second to Angela Knight), two CAPAS, a DREAM REALM AWARD and a lucky thirteen P&E Top Tens.

A former Navy wife, Brenna now lives with her husband, three children and a zoo of pets in Haverhill, MA. She's the current president of EPIC and belongs to WRW, EWAG, ERWA, TELL and Broad Universe. She loves talking to readers and can be reached via her site at <http://www.brennalyons.com>.



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