

“And I, Herbert Gereld Jr., give my house and all of my possessions to my first, and only line of kin, Jennifer Gereld.”

Tanner watched from a distance, looking at the mossy rock garden as the last burial place of the billionaire. “First and only kin...sure.”

To be fair, Jennifer was the elder of the two siblings, but he was disowned after a pretty nasty fight with his father.

He remembered the night vividly. His father had disagreed with his choices of wanting to marry a black man, and it evidently escalated from there. Jennifer didn't care, she had her own life, as Tanner liked to call her, “A gold digger who couldn't figure out a stove from a dishwasher.”

He moved out a couple years back, got a job as a 911 operator, met Kaleb his fiance, and lived like that, occasionally calling his mother, who split with his father when he was ten. Then the news that his old man died. Tanner felt bad, but his and Herberts relationship had grown rocky.

The 23-year-old was snapped out of his thoughts when he felt a tap on his shoulder. It was an old lady, with sagging skin and greying hair.

“Uh, hi. How may I help you?” He asked, looking down at the short woman.

“Hello,” her voice was frail and small, and Tanner had to move slightly closer to her to hear. “I'm sorry to bother you at the funeral, but I need to ask you a favor.”

“Sure, I guess. What do you need?”

The tiny woman opened her bag, pulling a small, ugly leather sack from it. It couldn't have been bigger than a baseball. “Can you take this, keep it safe for me? I'm afraid I'm getting too old to keep it.” She handed it to Tanner, who gently grabbed it from her hand.

“What's inside it?”

She didn't answer, just replied by saying: “All I ask is that you don't open it until you get home, and do not give it to anyone else. Can you do that for me?”

Tanner raised his eyebrows. He thought about it for a moment, then nodded, putting the sack in his dress pants pocket. He looked at the service, then back at the woman, only to discover that she vanished.

He looked around twice, then patted his pocket to make sure he wasn't crazy. “What the...” Tanner glanced around one more time, then turned back to the funeral, where the pastor was finishing up his speech.

After it was over, Tanner turned around, heading back to his car.

“Tanner!” He heard a yell from behind him, which he recognized as his older sister. Begrudgingly, he turned around to see her walking towards him, hanging off the arm of a guy that Tanner was pretty sure she just met at the funeral.

“What do you want?”

“Chill out, I just wanted to talk about daddy. What happened to him was just awful, I can't believe it! Heart attack.”

“I can...”

“What?”

“Jennifer, I don't mean to disrespect the deceased, but the man was borderline 500 pounds. It was inevitable.”

The older woman scoffed. "Rude, Tanner. That's why you aren't in the will." Tanner rolled his eyes, turning to walk back to his car.

"Have a good day." He didn't let her respond before quickly going to the parking lot.

Tanner made the two hour drive back to his small house, the one he shared with a sweet pitbull and another man.

Opening the door, he was greeted by nails on the hardwood floor, and slobbery tongue kisses by the chocolate-brown dog. "Hey buddy," he said, rubbing the top of her head.

"Tann?" He heard another person call him from the kitchen. "How was it?" Kaleb asked, coming up to kiss him.

"I mean, as good as you would expect a funeral with a family who doesn't love you to go." He shrugged off his Jacket, remembering the pouch still sitting in his pocket. Tanner pulled it out, looking at the leather once more.

"What's that?" Kaleb asked.

"Don't know, some older lady gave it to me and asked me to keep it safe for her... I now realize how shady that sounds." He reached inside it, pulling a small box out. Lifting the lid to the box, he discovered that there was a small, royal blue diamond, with a gold ring attached to it.

"A ring? Wait, I think I've seen this before somewhere, I just don't remember where."

Tanner took the ring out, admiring it for a moment, then put it back, snapping the box closed. "We can look at it later, I've got to head to work."

"I thought you took the day off, you know, because of the funeral."

"Crime never sleeps. Put this somewhere." He handed the pouch to Kaleb, then went upstairs.

Tanner got ready then headed to work. Sitting in the room with a few other people, he started picking up calls from people in need, and the occasional prank caller.

The phone rang again. He repeated the same verse. "999, what is your emergency?"

The line was quiet on the other end. "Hello?"

"You have my ring." The other voice was so quiet, that Tanner nearly missed the message.

"What?"

The voice at the other end got angry, repeating the message over and over. "You have my ring, You have my ring, YOU HAVE MY-" Tanner hung up. The person on the other end had gotten so loud, the others turned to him in confusion.

"Everything alright?" His coworker, Kellie, asked.

He nodded, not trusting himself to stutter. He wanted to think it was some sort of coincidental prank, but he knew something was seriously wrong. He didn't steal it, and he had no idea who the woman was, so he was immensely confused.

The rest of the shift went rather quickly, Tanner got normal calls from the line, and slowly started putting it out of his mind.

When he got home, he saw the leather pouch on the table, and Kaleb sitting on a chair, his phone turned off in his hand.

"Hey," Tanner said. "I tried calling you."

"Did you..did you get any weird calls earlier?" His eyes widened.

“It was about the ring, wasn’t it? Someone demanding the ring?”

Kaleb nodded. “Yeah, I also did some looking at the ring. It says to be a trademark of Zeus, or ‘Zeus’s ring’. Hera would often go around, as an old woman, and give the ring to random humans.”

Tanner blinked twice. “You’re kidding. It has to just be a story.”

The other man nodded. “I thought so too, but...” He walked over, lifting up a throw-pillow off the floor. The other side was completely singed, and it looked like it had been struck by lightning. “I just pulled it out to check again, and it did that.”

He looked at the ring one more time. “Do you mean to tell me, I accidentally stole a greek god’s ring?”

Kaleb pursed his lips. “Oh yeah, that’s exactly what that means. This is probably a bad time to mention, but everyone who has ever held the ring, submitting it or not, dies by Zeus.”

Tanner sighed. “Spectacular.”