Iliad 20.26-33

[Zeus speaks:] "The rest of you can go out among the Greeks and Trojans and help whichever side you please. If Achilles is the only one fighting out there, the Trojans won't last a minute against him. The very sight of him used to make them tremble, and now he is in his passion. I fear he may exceed his fate and demolish the wall."

Iliad 20.305-14

[Poseidon speaks:] "Let us deliver him from the shadow of death. Zeus will be angry if Achilles kills him, for it is destined that Aeneas escape and the line of Dardanus not be destroyed and disappear without seed... The son of Cronus has come to hate Priam's line, and now Aeneas will rule the Trojans with might, and the sons born to his sons in the future."

Iliad 20.477-87

And then Tros, Alastor's son, tried to clasp Achilles' knees to see if he would spare him, take him captive and let him go and not kill him because they were the same age. He actually thought he would persuade him, but this was a man with no gentleness in him, a man with one purpose. As Tros clasped his knees in supplication, Achilles shoved his sword down into his liver. The liver slid out into Tros' lap with a clot of black blood, and the world went dark as he expired.
On the way back he met a son of Priam, Lycaon by name, running from the river. This boy Achilles had captured once before in his father's orchard, where he had some one night to cut fig saplings for chariot rails but found Achilles' iron mask in his face. That time Achilles sold him for a good price to Jason's son on Lemnos, where he had shipped him. A family friend, Eëtion of Imbros, had ransomed him for even money and sent him to Arisbe. From there he managed to make his way home. For eleven days he celebrated with friends his escape from Lemnos. On the twelfth day Zeus gave him back to Achilles, who would send him now off against his will, this time to Hades. He was all but naked when Achilles noticed him, having discarded helmet, spear, and shield because they made him sweat as he clambered up from the river, and his knees were giving out. Achilles was indignant and said to himself:

"What's this I see? The Trojan princes I've killed are going to start rising up from the moldering gloom, judging from how this one has escaped his fate after being shipped off to Lemnos and sold. All that grey sea couldn't keep him back. Let's give him a taste of my spearhead and see whether he comes back from that or stays put in the teeming earth."

... Priam's glorious son spoke words of entreaty, but heard a voice without a trace of softness say:

"Shut up, fool, and stop talking ransom. Before Patroclus met his destiny it was more to my taste to spare Trojan lives, capture them, and sell them overseas. But now they all die, every last Trojan god puts into my hands before Ilion's walls, all of them, and especially Priam's children. You die too, friend. Don't take it hard. Patroclus died, and he was far better than you. Take a look at me. Do you see how huge I am, how beautiful? I have a noble father,
my mother was a goddess, but I too
am in death's shadow. There will come a time,
some dawn or evening or noon in this war,
when someone will take my life from me
with a spear thrust or an arrow from a string."

He spoke. Lycaon's knees and heart went slack.
He let go the spear and sat there, both hands
outstretched. Achilles drew his honed sword
and struck near the collar bone. The whole blade
sank into his trunk, and he fell prone to the ground,
black blood trickling out and wetting the dirt.
Achilles slung him into the river by his foot
and crowed over him as the current bore him off:
"Lie there with the fish. They will lick the blood
from your wound, your cold funeral rites..."

As he spoke the river roiled in wrath
and pondered how to foil Achilles' efforts
and save the Trojans from this pestilence.
Achilles sprinted hard straight into the current, and the wide river could not hold him back. Athene's strength was in him. But Scamander was still in spate, and raged even more strongly against Peleus' son, lifting his waters into an arching wave.

... And he arched high over Achilles—boiling and seething with foam, blood, and corpses, the livid surge of the sky-swollen river cresting and poised to overwhelm Peleus' son. Hera shrieked, terrified that the great river would sweep Achilles away in its current.

... Hephaestus kindled his fire, and it swept across the plain, burning the dead, the many corpses left by Achilles, and evaporating the glittering water.

... The plain was parched, and the dead consumed. Then the fire moved toward the river. The elms, the willows, and the tamarisks burned, the lotus, the rushes, and the galingale that grew lush on the beautiful riverbanks burned. The eels and the fish in the eddying pools, tortured by the heat Hephaestus concocted, plunged and darted through the glassy currents. The river itself burned, and pleaded with the god:

"Hephaestus, no god can oppose you, and I will not fight you in your blaze of fire. Stop! As for the Trojans, let bright Achilles drive them from Ilion. I will not help or hind

Iliad 21.475ff.

[Apollo speaks:] Earthshaker, you would call me imprudent if I fought for the sake of mortals, pitiful creatures who like leaves on a tree flame briefly to life, eat the fruit of the fields, then wither and die. No, we should desist