

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 11: War of Gods and Titans - Read I Am Zeus

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The Hidden Cavern — Beneath Mount Othrys

The wind howled through the mountain's throat as if trying to catch its breath after what had just happened above. Deep below the earth—far from the shattered throne room and Cronus's fury—Rhea knelt beside five divine bodies, each one glowing faintly, like stars trying to remember how to shine.

Hestia, still and pale, flickers of golden flame dancing across her fingertips.

Demeter, her breathing steady now, with fresh green vines coiling protectively around her arms.

Hera, lightning pulsing behind her closed eyelids.

Hades, curled inward, a cold mist forming around his chest.

Poseidon, his chest rising and falling slowly, saltwater trailing from his fingers, pooling beneath him.

Rhea pressed her palm to Hestia's forehead and whispered a prayer in the old tongue.

Then a spark.

Tiny.

But there.

Hestia's eyes fluttered.

Her lips parted.

"...Mother?"

Rhea smiled, tears slipping down her cheeks.

"You're safe now."

One by one, the others stirred. Demeter gasped and sat up, vines bursting from the floor around her. Hera blinked slowly, then rolled onto her side with a pained grunt. Hades winced, eyes half-lidded as black mist drifted from his fingertips.

Poseidon woke last—eyes snapping open as a wave of divine energy pushed outward, rippling across the chamber like a shockwave.

He sat up quickly, chest heaving.

"What... what just happened?"

Rhea didn't answer right away. Her eyes turned toward the shadows at the edge of the cavern.

And there, stepping forward, glowing faintly with the last echoes of the storm still clinging to him—Zeus.

His armor was cracked. Gauntlets scorched. A thin line of blood rolled down his jaw.

But he stood tall.

Unshaken.

"That," he said calmly, "was me kicking our father in the gut so hard he coughed all of you out."

The room went quiet.

They stared at him—wide-eyed, confused, instinctively wary. This stranger who radiated skyfire. Power. Confidence.

Then Hera narrowed her eyes.

"Who are you?"

Zeus met her gaze without flinching.

"I'm Zeus."

He looked at each of them in turn.

"Son of Rhea. Son of Cronus. Your brother."

Silence.

Demeter blinked. "Our brother...?"

"You were all swallowed before I was born," he said softly. "Mother hid me. I trained. I waited. I came back for you."

Hades coughed. His voice was rasped and low.

"Why?"

Zeus looked him in the eye.

"Because family doesn't belong in a stomach."

Doris snorted in the background. Rhea gave her a warning glance.

Hestia sat up straighter, her flames now rising gently.

"You fought Cronus alone?"

"No," Zeus said, "I fought with everything he taught me to hate."

He stepped closer.

"With fire, with thunder, with every reason I had to break the cycle."

Poseidon's hands clenched at his sides.

"And you think one fight is enough to end him?"

Zeus smiled faintly.

"No. That was just the opening punch."

He looked around again—at the gods slowly regaining their strength.

"You all have power. You've always had it. But you were swallowed before you could become more than names."

His voice dropped slightly.

"That ends now."

Rhea stepped forward beside him. Her hand touched Hera's cheek.

"My children... he brought you back."

Hera stared at her mother, then at Zeus again.

Her expression softened—but only a little.

"Prove it," she said.

Zeus raised an eyebrow.

"Prove what?"

"That you're worthy to lead us."

Zeus shrugged.

"Didn't I just do that?"

Hades stood now, slower than the others. A cold aura spread beneath his feet, bones whispering in the shadows behind his eyes.

"No," he said.

"You started something. But leading gods...? That's not just lightning and fists."

Zeus turned to him.

"Then let's make it simple."

He pointed toward the cave mouth.

"Out there is a king who ate his children to keep his crown. I put him on his knees."

He looked back at them—all of them.

"I'm not asking for loyalty. Not yet. I'm asking for unity. Stand with me, and we take the throne together. As Olympians. As family."

The cave trembled.

Hera looked at Hestia.

Hades looked at Poseidon.

Demeter wiped the dirt from her cheek, vines already blooming again along her arm.

And slowly... one by one...

They nodded.

Not fully convinced. Not yet bound.

But ready.

Poseidon stepped forward last.

He grinned faintly.

"Fine. Let's see what little brother can do."

Zeus turned, facing the storm outside once more.

His gauntlets glowed again. The winds responded.

And with the first step back toward war, a new age began.

Mount Othrys

The throne room was in ruin.

Cracks ran along the marble floor like veins. The massive obsidian columns that once stood tall and proud now leaned jagged and broken. Smoke curled upward from scorched stone. The great golden banners of the Titans had been ripped and burned, now fluttering like dying flags in the windless chamber.

And in the center of it all, Cronus stood.

Not seated.

Not calm.

But boiling.

The Titan King's chest rose and fell like a beast barely holding itself together. His robes hung in shreds, the fabric blackened and soaked with blood—his blood. His hands clenched at his sides, twitching with the urge to crush something... anything.

His eyes. They were no longer the slow-burning eyes of a king who had ruled for ages.

They were wild. Burning. Feral.

"Zeus..." he whispered. The name came out like a curse. Like venom.

A nearby pillar groaned.

Cronus turned and ripped it in half with one hand.

The whole chamber shook.

Time around him warped. The very air bent unnaturally—fast, then slow, then still, like the world didn't know what to do with his rage.

From the shadows, one of his Titan generals stepped forward carefully.

"My king... they are gone."

Cronus turned, eyes blazing.

"I KNOW!!"

His voice exploded across the chamber, cracking stone, shattering the floor beneath his feet.

The Titan fell to his knees, gasping for breath as the pressure crushed the air around him.

Cronus stepped toward him slowly, the sickle in his hand dripping with raw time energy, flickering like a dying star.

"He was in this hall," Cronus growled. "He looked me in the eye... and made me kneel."

He gritted his teeth, divine blood dripping from the corner of his mouth.

"He made me bleed."

The room darkened.

Time itself grew heavy, dragging like chains. Paintings aged and burned away. Flowers in the corner of the room wilted and crumbled into dust.

Cronus raised his hand and clenched it into a fist.

The crushed remains of the silver flask floated up from the floor, trembling in the air like a guilty memory.

"Rhea..." he muttered, hate dripping from every syllable. "She hid him. Fed him. Raised him to be my end."

His eyes lifted to the ceiling where the wind howled beyond the cracks.

"And Metis... that scheming Oceanid... I can smell her spellwork."

He turned, facing the blackened throne. His throne.

"They want war..." he said softly.

"Then I will give them annihilation."

His aura exploded outward in a spiral of raw energy, turning everything near him to ash. Guards were flung across the room. Statues shattered. The mountain itself groaned beneath his feet.

Cronus raised his sickle to the sky.

Time around him fractured into glowing shards—echoes of battles, visions of gods screaming, futures shattering.

"Let the world remember why Titans ruled."

"Let Olympus rise."

"So I can personally crush it beneath my heel."

And with a single step forward, the mountain trembled again.

The War of Gods and Titans had truly begun.