

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 28: All-Gathering - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 28: All-Gathering

Chapter 28: All-Gathering

Mount Olympus – Just After Dawn

The clouds around Olympus still smelled like fresh stone and lightning. The marble columns were newly carved. The gold plating on the throne hall hadn't even dulled. Everything was still new—a kingdom just born from the ashes of war.

Zeus stood at the edge of the highest balcony, arms folded, cloak brushing behind him in the breeze. His eyes scanned the skies, not for enemies...

...but for what came next.

Then—

Caw.

The air shifted.

A shadow cut through the light. A single black raven, feathers glinting with a faint dark shimmer, circled once overhead and dove down like a spear. Zeus didn't move.

The bird landed softly on the balcony rail.

Then it opened its beak...

...and vomited a tightly-rolled parchment sealed with strange runes. Its eyes—one normal, one glowing faint blue—met Zeus's for a long second.

Then it took off again, vanishing into the clouds.

Zeus stared at the scroll in his hand.

It hummed with magic he didn't recognize.

Old. Cold. From another sky.

He broke the seal and unrolled it slowly.

The handwriting was sharp. Purposeful.

To Zeus, King of Olympus, Lord of Storms,

I am Odin, High One, Father of the Æsir, Ruler of Asgard.

We watched the fall of Cronus. We saw your storm light break the Titan lines.

And now, the balance shifts.

When one pantheon rises, the others must speak.

Come to the All-Gathering, where gods meet beyond borders.

Time bends for us there. The world shall not notice your absence.

But if you ignore this... others won't.

Bring no army. Just yourself.

The Raven has marked you.

I await your presence beneath Yggdrasil.

—Odin

Zeus rolled the scroll closed. The runes still faintly pulsed at the edge.

He looked toward the far northern horizon. Past oceans. Past stars.

Past worlds.

"Yggdrasil..." he muttered.

The tree of realms. The axis of gods. The roots that touch every sky.

A slow smirk touched the corner of his lips.

"Interesting."

Thunder rumbled faintly in the distance.

He turned and walked back into Olympus.

Because this time... the gods weren't coming to him.

He was going to them.

Zeus leaned against the rail, fingers tapping the cold marble as he stared out at the open skies.

He had just finished reading the raven's letter again, even though he didn't need to. The words were already burned into his mind.

Odin. Ra. Amaterasu.

He barely knew them. Names that sounded like thunder in different skies.

He didn't even know everything about his own myth. His past life memories were blurry—scenes from books, half-remembered lessons, fragments of old games and shows. Faces of gods he hadn't met yet... might never meet.

Hermes. Apollo. Artemis. Athena. Ares. Hercules. Dionysus. Perseus.

All names that would one day belong to his children.

He liked the idea of that. Of being a father. Of watching gods rise that carried pieces of him.

Even Kratos crossed his mind—the fictional son from a game he once played. Brutal. Angry. Lost. That one didn't count, of course, but the thought still made him chuckle.

"He'd definitely kill me," Zeus muttered to himself, smirking.

But this wasn't the time for idle thoughts.

There were bigger names now. Bigger skies.

Ra. Odin. Amaterasu.

Other kings. Other realms.

Other realities.

He exhaled and turned from the balcony. His feet moved quietly through the golden hallways of Olympus. Pillars cast long shadows across the marble floor as the sun slowly climbed.

He knew where she'd be.

Olympus — Temple Garden

Metis sat by the water basin, her hand gently skimming the surface. A gentle swirl followed her fingertips, little spirals of blue and silver.

She didn't turn when she heard him behind her.

"You're quiet," she said.

"I'm thinking," Zeus replied, stopping beside her.

"You're not good at that," she teased, looking up.

Zeus cracked a grin. "You'd be surprised."

She stood, and he gently took her hand in his.

"I have to go," he said.

Metis tilted her head. "Another war?"

"No. Worse. A meeting."

"Mm. That does sound worse."

Zeus laughed, but only briefly. "A gathering of gods. Odin invited me. Ra and Amaterasu will be there. Others too, I think."

Her brow arched. "You're not exactly a diplomat."

"I'll smile," he said. "Once. Then I'll let the thunder talk."

Metis chuckled softly. "You'll be back?"

"Before the moon flips."

She leaned forward just slightly. "And if it doesn't?"

"I'll make it."

He kissed her.

Not like a king.

Not like a storm.

Just simply.

As a man.

A soft breath. A lingering touch. Her fingers brushed against his cheek as he pulled back.

"Watch Olympus for me," he said.

Metis nodded. "It's already watching you."

Zeus stepped back. Then he turned—

And in the blink of a heartbeat, his body shifted.

Feathers exploded outward.

Wings spread wide, golden-tipped and massive. His form twisted, surged—

And where a man had stood, now an eagle soared into the air with a screech that echoed through all of Olympus.

He rose like a bolt of wind, breaking past the highest tower, his silhouette shrinking against the sky.

Metis watched from the garden, arms folded. Her eyes narrowed slightly.

Because she knew one thing for certain.

Whatever waited at this gathering...

It wouldn't be just talk.

And Zeus—her Zeus—was flying straight into it.

Above the Bifrost Veil — Crossroad of Realms

A crack in the sky formed like stained glass being peeled open. Lightning danced along its edge.

Zeus spread his wings, slowed his descent, and passed through the tear.

The world shifted.

The colors bent.

Suddenly—

He was no longer in the skies of Earth.

He flew through an endless bridge of fractured stars, a swirling corridor of divine energy that pulsed with ancient oaths and unseen wars. This was the place where gods met gods. Not on land. Not in heavens. But in-between.

The Great Divine Conclave.

Divine Gathering Grounds — Realm of Concord

Zeus landed hard, feet striking white stone that shimmered like polished bone under starlight. His form reverted in a spark of lightning. Cloak fluttering behind him, golden vambraces on his forearms, no crown—just stormlight in his veins and thunder in his step.

A courtyard stood before him, open and endless, surrounded by floating columns that moved with the pulse of the cosmos.

Gods were already there.

Dozens of them.

And three stood taller than the rest.

Odin — cloaked in ravens and shadow, his single eye glowing with runes older than history.

Ra — blazing like a sun wrapped in the shape of a man, with fire wings trailing behind his back.

Amaterasu — graceful and cold as ice, her light not fiery but pure, divine, unwavering. The sun in stillness.

They turned as Zeus approached.

He said nothing.

Neither did they.

Not at first.

It was Odin who stepped forward.

"You came," he said, voice rough like old bark.

Zeus shrugged. "You sent a bird. It spit on me. I took that personally."

Ra chuckled. "At least he came with a sense of humor."

Amaterasu didn't smile. She simply spoke.

"The world is changing."

Zeus nodded. "It tends to do that after a war."

"You're not the only one who's won a war recently," Odin said.

Ra added, "And not the only one who has enemies waiting in the dark."

Zeus folded his arms. "You called me here. Say what you need to say."

Odin's one eye glowed brighter.

"Your Titans may have fallen, but their echoes remain. And beyond this world—others are stirring."

Chapter 29: I'll remake it in mine.

Got it. Continuing directly from where you stopped—with Zeus at the Great Divine Conclave, just after his exchange with Odin, Ra, and Amaterasu:

Divine Gathering Grounds – Realm of Concord

The silence hung for a moment—thick, still, electric.

Then—

The starlight above the courtyard rippled. A new pulse echoed across the space as another figure descended.

He moved like a whisper through time. Silent, barefoot, his skin like polished obsidian. Ash swirled around his steps, and three glowing lines traced vertically across his forehead. His eyes were half-closed, like he was asleep in a dream he controlled.

Shiva.

The Destroyer. The End and the Beginning.

He walked without weight. The air bowed around him.

Zeus watched him closely. This one didn't burn like Ra or roar like Odin. But something deeper moved under his calm presence. Something ancient.

"Zeus," Shiva said, voice low, almost melodic. "Welcome to the Conclave."

Zeus gave a nod, measured. "I take it you're not here for small talk."

Shiva smiled faintly. "No. But there's peace in knowing who's next to you when the sky turns."

He walked past, robes brushing the marble floor, and took his place beside Odin.

The gods began to arrive faster now.

One by one, figures from mythologies and realms Zeus didn't yet understand stepped through the veils of light that shimmered around the perimeter.

A man with silver skin and four eyes stood near Ra. His robes shimmered with hieroglyphs that shifted constantly. That was Thoth, Ra's scribe and god of wisdom.

A woman glowing with emerald flame, her long braids coiled like serpents, stood beside Shiva—Parvati, quiet but sharp-eyed.

A tall figure of molten obsidian wrapped in vines emerged next, his voice echoing through the floor as he greeted the others—Obatala, from a realm of spirits and orisha.

From the east, a tiger-leather-robed warrior queen stepped in barefoot, lightning dancing in her palms. Nuwa, shaper of mankind, dragon-bodied beneath the waist.

And beside her, like a living storm cloud—Susanoo, brother of Amaterasu. Wild-haired, thunder-eyed. He gave Zeus a cocky smirk and a nod.

"Didn't think a Sky God from the West would actually show," Susanoo said, his voice rough but not mocking.

Zeus smirked back. "Didn't think I'd be welcomed."

"You're not," Susanoo replied, laughing. "But that's part of the fun."

Zeus liked him instantly.

Soon the ring was full. The gods stood in a wide circle—each a ruler of a realm, each watching the others carefully. The Conclave shimmered with tension, but there was no hostility.

This wasn't war.

This was the board before the game.

Odin raised his hand, and the ground itself resonated.

"All-Gods of all realms," he said. "We are not here for prophecy. Not yet. We are here for presence. For clarity."

His eye scanned the circle. "Zeus, of Olympus, has overthrown Cronus. The Titanomachy has ended. A throne stands filled."

He gestured to the center.

"Step forward."

Zeus took a breath. Then walked.

He stood in the center of the circle. The gaze of dozens of gods burned into him. He didn't flinch.

Ra spoke first. "You crushed the past. What will you do with the future?"

Zeus raised his chin. "Build. Not like the Titans. Not with fear."

Amaterasu spoke next. "Do your siblings follow?"

"They chose to fight beside me," Zeus said. "Not under me."

Shiva's gaze softened. "Good. The best kings don't beg for loyalty. They create it."

A murmur of agreement passed through the gathering.

Odin stepped forward again. "Your father once came to this place. Arrogant. Loud. Certain of his rule."

Zeus smirked. "Sounds familiar."

Some of the gods chuckled. Even Odin's mouth twitched.

"But you're not Cronus," Odin said.

Zeus's eyes flicked to him. "No. I ended Cronus."

And with that, the energy in the space shifted.

One by one, the gods raised their hands—not in salute, but in acknowledgement.

"You have earned the seat," Ra said.

"You are King of the Skies," said Amaterasu.

"May your storms be just," Shiva added.

A divine pulse shot through the courtyard. The air glowed faintly. The Conclave had acknowledged him.

Not just as a king.

But as one of them.

Zeus exhaled slowly. A quiet nod. Then he stepped back to the edge of the circle.

And the Conclave resumed.

They talked—not of war, not yet—but of order. Of balance. Of what each pantheon planned in this new age.

Ra spoke of rebuilding temples scorched by a desert rebellion. Odin mentioned whispers from Jotunheim—giants that stirred uneasily now that Olympus had shifted. Nuwa talked about mortal-kind and how their prayers had started bending in new directions.

Zeus listened. Absorbing.

This wasn't a battlefield. It was something trickier.

Power moved here through words, posture, silence.

He felt Metis would've loved it.

Eventually, a tall goddess wrapped in twilight veils stepped forward. Her skin shimmered like dusk, her voice like a distant lullaby. She introduced herself as Izanami, ruler of Yomi, Queen of the Japanese Underworld.

She nodded toward Hades's absence.

"The dead stir," she said. "You might need him at the next meeting."

Zeus frowned faintly. "He doesn't travel well."

Susanoo laughed. "Neither do most who rule the dead."

Obatala turned his gaze toward Zeus. "You walk with new weight. You've claimed a sky. But skies stretch far."

Zeus didn't flinch. "I plan to stretch with them."

A few gods gave low, approving murmurs.

Eventually, the topics grew lighter.

They asked him about Olympus. Its towers. Its people.

Shiva leaned closer. "Will you remake your world in your image?"

Zeus shook his head. "Yes. I'll remake it in mine."

The gods glanced between each other.

That answer lingered.

Because it wasn't about power.

It was about legacy.

And whether they liked him or not, they could all see—

Zeus was not Cronus.

The meeting finally drew toward a close. The stars overhead shimmered into constellations, slowly realigning across realities.

Zeus stood once more beside Odin, Ra, and Amaterasu.

The eldest three.

Odin placed a hand on his shoulder. "You held your ground well."

Zeus smirked. "I've got good boots."

Ra's flames flickered. "You have our respect. But remember, it doesn't last forever. Every throne shakes eventually."

Amaterasu simply looked at him. "Speak less next time. The silence speaks more."

Zeus gave a small nod.

"I'll keep that in mind."

Then—

With a shimmer of space, one by one, the gods began to vanish. Some as fire. Some as mist. Some as whispers into the winds.

Zeus turned to leave, wings already beginning to shimmer into form.

But he paused—just briefly.

Because he knew...

This was just the beginning.

The gods had met.

The skies had shifted.

And somewhere far beyond the edge of stars—

The next move was already being made.

Chapter 30: Typhon

Olympus — Temple Gardens

The sun hovered lazily over Olympus, draping golden light over the palace roofs and marble paths. The gardens buzzed quietly, a place meant for peace—until now.

Metis stood beneath the olive tree by the fountain, arms folded, her expression calm but unreadable.

Across from her, Hera's smile was anything but soft.

"When Zeus returns," Hera said, stepping closer, her golden sandals brushing against the grass, "he'll have to choose his queen. And I will be the one he chooses."

She tilted her head, green eyes glittering. "But don't worry, Metis. I won't take away your right to see him. I'm generous like that."

Metis didn't move. She just blinked once.

"Generous?" she said, voice quiet but cutting. "You sound confident."

"I am." Hera grinned wider. "You were just a means to an end. A tool to help him rise. But now the throne is real. Olympus is real. The gods are gathering. He needs more than a whispering oracle at his side. He needs presence. Power. A goddess worthy of the heavens."

"And that's you?" Metis asked.

Hera raised her chin. "Who else?"

Metis finally stepped forward. Slowly. Deliberate.

Her eyes, clear as moonlight, met Hera's.

"You speak like a queen," Metis said. "But you forget something."

She stopped, just a step away.

"Zeus has already chosen."

Hera's smile faltered.

Metis kept going.

"And I'm sorry to crush your delusion, but it's not you. It was never going to be you."

Hera's fingers twitched at her sides.

Metis tilted her head just slightly, voice still calm.

"Yes... you'll be one of his women, I don't doubt that. You'll scream and rage and tear apart Olympus until he gives you what you want. And he will, because sometimes giving a storm its space is easier than stopping it."

She leaned in.

"But the Queen of the Sky? The one who holds his heart before his throne? That's not you. It never will be."

Hera's grin cracked.

Her breath hitched.

And then it twisted.

"You—"

"Because deep down," Metis cut in smoothly, "you know he pities you. He sees your need to be worshipped. And it disgusts him."

Silence.

For half a second, Olympus held its breath.

Then—

Crack.

The wind surged.

Boom.

A column of air exploded outward as Hera snapped.

Her eyes flared, her voice became a snarl, and divine energy burst from her skin like wildfire.

"You smug little witch—!"

She lunged.

A pulse of blinding gold tore through the air as she raised her hand to strike Metis across the face, a goddess' wrath surging through her veins.

But before her fingers landed—

The sky screamed.

A thunderclap shattered the air.

Lightning tore the sky open.

And Zeus descended.

Like a comet of pure fury, wrapped in arcs of stormlight and raw power, his cloak flared behind him like living storm clouds. Thunder rolled across the heavens as he landed between them, slamming down with a force that cracked the marble beneath his feet.

Hera stumbled back.

Metis didn't even flinch.

Zeus stood tall, electricity crackling across his skin, his golden eyes burning with heat. His gaze shifted once—to Hera.

"What do you think you're doing?" he said, voice low and heavy, like the air before a storm.

Hera tried to recover, straightening her back. "I was just—"

"I heard you from the sky," he said. "All of it."

That silenced her.

Zeus turned slightly, just enough to look at Metis. His face softened. A little.

"You alright?"

She nodded once. "Fine."

Then he turned back to Hera.

But this time, there was no softness. Just lightning.

"I don't care who you think you are," he said. "But raise your hand against her again and I'll remind you what the Queen of the Sky means."

Hera's mouth opened, then shut.

Zeus stepped forward, not threatening—decisive.

"Metis is not just my wife," he said. "She is Olympus' first. The one who stood beside me before any of this was carved from war. The throne exists because of her."

A pause.

"And yes," he said, voice ringing louder, echoing through Olympus, "she is Queen of the Sky."

Hera's hands clenched. Her pride bled from her eyes. But she didn't speak.

Not this time.

She turned away, fury burning inside her chest like a slow storm, and vanished into the wind.

Zeus let out a slow breath. The sky began to calm. The crackling air settled. The storm softened behind his eyes.

Metis stepped up beside him.

He didn't look at her right away.

But she looked at him.

And smiled.

"I didn't ask you to come down like that," she said softly.

He snorted. "You didn't have to."

Then he turned, finally meeting her gaze.

"Some things... I don't let slide."

She brushed his arm. "So dramatic."

He shrugged. "I'm the god of storms."

She leaned in.

"And you're mine."

He smiled—just a little.

And for now, the heavens above Olympus were calm again. But beneath it all, one truth remained:

The sky had a queen.

And she wasn't going anywhere.

The Depths of the World – Tartarus

The ocean above was still. But far below—past the reach of light, past the reach of gods, past even the whispers of death—something stirred.

A voice rumbled.

Low. Ancient. Not just sound... intention.

"I guess the gods are also flawed."

It echoed through the marrow of the planet. Through bedrock. Through the bones of titans long buried.

"They seal monsters here like trash. Forgotten. Unwanted. Like I'm some kind of pit... not a primordial."

The voice grew louder.

"But I am not a prison. I am not their punishment. I am a being."

The walls trembled. Chains rattled. Fire surged in the cracks of the abyss.

"I am Tartarus."

And Tartarus was angry.

For too long, the gods had thrown their enemies into his flesh—chained them in his guts, bled them into his rivers of magma, never once asking if he agreed. Titans. Giants. Monsters. Cronus himself.

And Tartarus was done.

"Time to act."

A pulse rippled from the center of his being. Like a heartbeat made of molten hate.

"I will make something worse than all of them. Something to remind Olympus that depth is deeper than sky. That darkness is older than storm."

He didn't need Gaia's blessing.

But he would take it anyway.

Deep Beneath Gaia's Core – Where Sky Never Reached

The earth above groaned.

Gaia stirred from her slumber. Her presence stretched down to meet him, hesitant.

"What do you want, Tartarus?"

"Justice," he growled.

"Or revenge?"

"What's the difference when they all end up screaming?"

Gaia hesitated.

"You've been silent for eons."

"And you've been betrayed," Tartarus said. "Zeus put your children in me. He put you in chains without touching you."

Her silence was all the answer he needed.

So Tartarus reached into himself.

Into the filth. Into the rage. Into the unspoken.

He clawed into his own essence—his primordial flesh—and tore something loose. A core of raw destruction. It pulsed like a second heart. Like something that should not exist.

And from it...

He began to shape.

Birth of Typhon – The Curse Made Flesh

No wind.

No sky.

Just screams.

The earth cracked open and a shadow with ten thousand limbs surged out like a living nightmare. His legs were snakes that twisted and snapped with their own hunger. His hands ended in claws that could tear the stars. His wings—when they unfolded—blotted out everything.

His head split into dragon maws, each one howling a different kind of storm—plague, fire, poison, thunder, silence.

Typhon was not born.

He was built.

A body forged from Tartarus's own wrath.

Eyes forged from the last light of fallen Titans.

Lungs filled with the black smoke of Gaia's deepest pits.

He opened his mouth.

And screamed.

The sound shattered caverns.

It made even the dead stir.

Gaia flinched. Her presence recoiled.

"What have you done?"

"What you couldn't," Tartarus said.

"You've made a god-killer."

"No," he rumbled. "I've made a god's reckoning."

And as Typhon rose—

Rivers boiled.

The earth bled.

Even Olympus... heard it.

Above the Sky – Mount Olympus Trembles

Zeus stood at the balcony, a cup in hand.

The sky flickered.

Thunder trembled on its own.

His brow furrowed.

"What was that?" he muttered.

Metis stepped beside him, eyes narrowed.

"That wasn't thunder."

Zeus turned toward the southern horizon.

He could feel it now.

A presence older than war.

A weight crawling up from the edge of reality itself.

And in the deepest part of his storm-filled soul...

Zeus knew.

Something was coming.

Something he couldn't reason with.

Something that didn't care who wore the crown.