

# **I Am Zeus**

## **#Chapter 41: Advice From Gaia - Read I Am Zeus**

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Gaia's Cavern – The Roots of the World

The quiet stretched between them, broken only by the distant drip of water from the roots above. Gaia's breathing was slow and deep, like the pulse of the world itself. Her eyes drifted closed for a time before flickering open again, pale green and clouded with age, but still seeing everything.

"...tell me," she rasped softly, her voice dry like old earth shifting under deep roots. "What... has been happening... up there?"

Zeus exhaled, rubbing his jaw as he looked at her. His thumb traced circles over the back of her hand, feeling the faint warmth beneath her cracked skin.

"Where do I even begin..." he murmured, his voice low.

He paused, listening to the cavern breathe around him before speaking again.

"Typhon is gone," he said quietly. "Sent him back to Tartarus. Nearly tore me apart, but... Olympus still stands."

Gaia's lips twitched faintly, her eyelids fluttering as if in relief, though her breathing remained slow and laboured.

Zeus's gaze dropped to her chest, watching the faint glow of her veins flicker like dying starlight beneath stone. His throat tightened slightly.

"And now..." he continued, voice trailing before he gathered himself. "Now I'm dealing with something worse than monsters."

Her eyes opened fully then, fixing on him with that deep, ancient focus that always made him feel like a child again. She waited silently, patient as the earth itself.

Zeus shifted, leaning forward so his elbows rested on his knees. His golden hair fell forward around his face, hiding his tired eyes from the glowing roots above.

"I'm about to announce Metis as the queen of Olympus," he said softly.

For a moment, Gaia said nothing. But the roots above seemed to shift, their green light pulsing faintly with quiet knowing.

Zeus let out a humourless chuckle, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "Hera... she's furious," he said. "You should've seen her face. The way she looks at Metis now... like she's already planning a hundred ways to bury her."

He paused, his fingers curling into his palms.

"And knowing Hera..." he continued, his voice lower, almost resigned, "she probably has. She's not the type to sit quietly while someone else sits where she believes she belongs."

Gaia's breathing rasped quietly, filling the cavern with a sound like shifting gravel. Her cracked lips parted, her voice quiet but steady.

"...and you... storm child... what... do you... want?"

Zeus closed his eyes, feeling her question settle deep in his chest. He let the silence stretch before answering, his voice softer than thunder had ever been.

"I don't know," he said honestly. "I want peace. I want Metis. I want Hera to accept it... to accept her place beside me without needing to be everything."

He looked up at Gaia, his golden eyes flickering in the dim glow of the cavern.

"But I know Hera," he said, his voice heavy with tired certainty. "She won't. She'll keep fighting. Keep plotting. And Metis... she'll never fight back. She'll just... let Hera do what she does, and stay silent."

He rubbed his forehead, feeling the ache behind his eyes.

"I don't know what to do," he admitted quietly. "That's... one of the reasons I came here. You've always seen things clearer than I can. Even now."

Gaia's eyes remained on him, unblinking, deep and ancient. For a long moment, there was only the sound of her slow, laboured breathing and the quiet drip of water from the glowing roots above.

Finally, she spoke, her voice rough and quiet, but carrying that unbreakable certainty of stone and soil.

"...storms... cannot... force the earth... to move," she whispered. "But... they can... shape it. Slowly."

Zeus listened, his eyes never leaving hers.

"Metis... is wisdom... but wisdom... needs... patience," Gaia continued, each word pulled from deep within her. "Hera... is pride... pride... needs... boundaries."

She paused, her eyelids drooping with exhaustion.

"...you... storm child... must be... both."

Zeus swallowed, feeling her words settle into him like heavy rain sinking into dry ground. He nodded once, slowly, squeezing her hand gently.

"Thank you, Granny," he whispered.

Gaia's lips twitched faintly into the ghost of a smile.

"...remember... storms bring... life... but also... ruin... choose... which... you wish... to be."

Her eyes closed then, her breathing slow and deep again, returning to that ancient sleep beneath the world. Zeus watched her for a long moment, the flickering green light of the roots casting shifting shadows across his face.

He stood slowly, his limbs heavy but his heart steadier. As he turned to leave, he paused and looked back at her once more, his golden eyes quiet and thoughtful.

"I'll come back soon," he murmured. "Rest well, old mother."

Then he turned and walked out of the cavern, his sandals crunching softly against the stone as the quiet hum of the earth faded behind him.

Olympus

The dawn sky over Olympus was pale and quiet, brushed with thin streaks of cloud that drifted like ghost veils across the rising sun. The air was cool and clean, carrying the faint scent of olive trees and mountain stone.

Zeus walked slowly through the long colonnade leading to the council courtyard. His robes of deep blue and white moved softly around his ankles, the golden clasps at his shoulders catching the new light. His sandals whispered across the marble, leaving faint sparks where the storm within him brushed the world.

Gods and minor attendants watched him as he passed. Some bowed deeply, some fell to their knees. But none spoke. His presence today was heavy – not with anger, but with a silent certainty that pressed on every chest it passed.

When he reached the high steps overlooking the main courtyard, he paused. The courtyard stretched wide and open before him, ringed with pale marble columns. Bronze

braziers burned low around the edges, their smoke curling into the quiet air. Gathered below were the gods of Olympus – Poseidon, tall and silent, trident in hand; Hades, dark-robed and watchful; Demeter, radiant in green and gold; Hestia, standing calmly with her hands folded before her; and many others, lesser gods, river spirits, wind nymphs, all called to hear the words of their king.

Zeus let the silence settle before he spoke, his voice quiet but carrying across every stone, every heart.

"Olympus," he began, his golden eyes scanning the gathered gods, "has stood through darkness and storm. Through Titan wars, through the rise and fall of old powers. It stands now, and it will stand tomorrow."

He paused, feeling the faint stirring of wind around his ankles, the morning breeze rising with his words.

"But a kingdom is not its halls or its thrones. It is its rulers. Its guides. Its voice."

His gaze turned to Metis, standing slightly apart from the others. She wore a robe of pale lavender, simple and unadorned, her dark hair falling loose down her back. Her eyes were calm, steady, as they met his.

"I have ruled alone," Zeus continued, his voice deepening with quiet resonance. "But Olympus does not need a king alone. It needs wisdom beside thunder. Thought beside storm."

A faint murmur rippled through the assembly, some nodding, some glancing at Hera who stood further back in a robe of deep crimson. Her face was blank, carved from marble, but her fingers twitched slightly where they clutched her golden sash.

Zeus raised his hand, the sparks crackling faintly along his knuckles.

"In three days," he said, his voice like rolling thunder now, low and unbreakable, "Olympus will gather again. And on that day, I will place the crown of queen upon the one whose wisdom has guided us from shadows, whose voice has steadied me, whose mind sees beyond storms."

He paused, turning his gaze fully to Metis. For a moment, the courtyard was silent except for the distant cry of an eagle circling above.

"Metis," he said softly, but the quiet carried more power than any roar. "Three days from now... Olympus will know you as its queen."

Metis bowed her head, her expression unchanging, but her eyes shone faintly with a warmth that reached only him.

Zeus looked back to the assembly, his gaze sweeping across gods and spirits alike.

"Prepare the halls," he said. "Prepare the songs, the offerings, the rites. Olympus will crown its queen under the eyes of dawn and dusk alike."

No one spoke. They simply bowed as one, a silent wave of reverence that rippled through the courtyard. Even Poseidon inclined his head, though his eyes flickered once towards Hera.

Zeus turned and descended the steps, walking towards Metis. As he reached her, she lifted her eyes to his. Neither spoke, but their silence was deep with unspoken words.

Behind them, Hera's gaze burned like cold iron. Her nails bit into her palms until they almost drew blood. But she said nothing. She simply turned and walked away into the shadows of the inner halls, her robe trailing behind her like a dark river.

Above Olympus, the sun rose fully, washing the marble towers in pale gold. The wind carried faint scents of cedar and olive blossom across the quiet courtyards as the gods dispersed, their hearts trembling with the echo of thunder and the whisper of coming storms.

## **Chapter 42: Talking To Zeus**

### **Olympus – The Empty Courtyard**

The gods were already dispersing back to their halls, their sandals whispering across marble as their voices rose in quiet speculation. Only the morning wind remained, drifting between the tall columns and carrying the faint smell of olive leaves and burning incense.

Zeus stood with Metis at his side, his hand brushing hers once before dropping back to his side. His golden eyes followed Hera's fading silhouette as she vanished beyond the eastern archways, her crimson robe trailing behind her like spilled wine.

"Zeus."

The voice came low and calm, but with a heaviness like deep currents pulling under the ocean surface. Zeus turned his head slightly, watching Poseidon approach from where he had remained standing after the announcement. His brother moved with the silent grace of tides, his long sea-green hair falling loosely around his shoulders, damp with salt mist that seemed to cling to his skin wherever he walked.

Metis bowed her head slightly to Poseidon before stepping away, her lavender robes brushing softly against the marble as she left them alone. Zeus watched her go for a moment, the faint flicker of sadness crossing his face, before turning fully to Poseidon.

"What is it, brother?" he asked quietly, his voice carrying only for them, lost beneath the echoing halls of Olympus.

Poseidon didn't answer immediately. He simply stood there, staring past Zeus at the archway Metis had just walked through. His trident glinted faintly in the new sun, the three prongs humming softly with quiet, unspent power.

Finally, he spoke, his words careful and low.

"You know how I feel about Titans."

Zeus raised an eyebrow slightly, his golden hair catching the breeze that drifted between them.

"Metis is not Cronus," he said softly.

Poseidon's gaze flicked to his brother, sea-green eyes dark and still. "No," he agreed. "She isn't. But her blood is theirs. And her mind... is like the deep sea. Calm on the surface. But no one sees the trenches below."

Zeus chuckled faintly, shaking his head. "That's why she is fit to rule beside me. She sees beyond what I can."

Poseidon's jaw tightened slightly, his grip shifting on his trident shaft. "And Hera? Will you cast her aside like driftwood? She is storm and pride, but she is also Olympus, born of its first gods."

Zeus's smile faded, his expression growing tired. He ran a hand through his hair, letting the strands fall back against his neck.

"I am not casting her aside. She casts herself aside when she refuses to see beyond herself."

Poseidon stepped closer, lowering his voice until it was little more than a rolling tide against stone.

"You are making an enemy of her," he said. "And if Hera becomes your enemy... Olympus will bleed."

For a moment, Zeus didn't speak. The wind moved between them, ruffling their robes and sending the scent of cedar smoke curling around their ankles.

Then he looked up, his golden eyes meeting Poseidon's dark, endless gaze with a quiet certainty.

"I know," he said simply.

Poseidon studied him for a long time, the lines of his face unmoving. The courtyard felt colder suddenly, as if a tide had pulled away from the shore, leaving only silence in its wake.

Finally, Poseidon sighed, a deep, weary sound that seemed to vibrate up from his chest.

"You've always been stubborn," he murmured. "But remember... the sea is patient. The sea waits. And when storms pass, it reclaims what was lost."

Zeus smiled faintly, a tired, knowing smile. "And you, brother, will you wait quietly for what you believe is yours?"

Poseidon's lips curved into a humourless smirk. "I will wait. But I will not bow."

Zeus nodded once, accepting that truth between them. Then he stepped forward, claspng Poseidon's shoulder in a firm grip. Lightning flickered faintly across his fingers, crackling against the sea-god's damp skin. But Poseidon didn't flinch. He never did.

"Keep Olympus steady," Zeus said softly, "while I prepare for the coronation."

Poseidon didn't answer. He simply turned away, his trident striking the marble floor with a dull chime as he walked back towards the sea-facing halls, the scent of salt trailing in his wake.

Zeus watched him go, the morning sun rising higher above Olympus, washing the marble towers in pale gold. His gaze turned to the horizon where the sky met the endless world below, and for a moment, his eyes darkened with quiet storms that no one could hear.

Then he turned and walked back into the halls of Olympus, the whispers of gods echoing behind him like distant thunder.

Poseidon's footsteps faded into silence, leaving the colonnade empty but for the drifting scent of salt and cedar smoke. The pale morning light filtered through the marble arches, casting long shadows across the smooth floors. For a brief moment, Olympus felt still—caught between the ending night and the awakening day.

Then Hera appeared at the far end of the hall.

She moved like a shadow given form, her crimson robes whispering against the stone as she approached. Her hair was pinned high, a few dark strands loose around her temples, framing her sharp eyes. There was no softness in her gaze today—only the cold gleam of calculation and restless fury.

She stopped a few paces away from Poseidon, tilting her chin up slightly to meet his eyes.

"What did he say?" she asked, her voice quiet, each word edged with restrained anger. It wasn't a question born of curiosity. It was born of strategy.

Poseidon looked down at her, his expression calm and unreadable. The faint mist clinging to his shoulders curled in the thin morning breeze.

"He said..." he began softly, his voice rolling low like a distant wave, "...to do whatever you have in mind."

Hera blinked once, a flicker of surprise crossing her face before her lips pressed into a thin, cold line.

"Whatever I have in mind," she echoed, her voice bitter. She looked away, staring out through the open archway at the pale gold sky beyond. Her fingers twisted slightly in the folds of her robe, tightening until the fabric creased under her grip.

Poseidon shifted his trident against the marble floor, watching her with that same silent stillness that made him both comforting and unnerving.

"He's not ready to listen to you," he said quietly. "Or to me."

Hera let out a small, humourless laugh, though no mirth reached her eyes. "He never listens. He only commands."

Poseidon tilted his head slightly, sea-green hair falling over his shoulder. "And what will you do, sister?"

She turned back to him slowly, her gaze sharp and dark, glowing faintly under the flickering torchlight.

"What I've always done," she said softly, her voice low and heavy with quiet certainty. "What must be done."

Poseidon studied her for a long moment, his dark eyes calm, unreadable. Then he nodded once, his grip tightening around his trident.

"Then do it," he said simply.

Hera's lips curved faintly, the ghost of a smile that held no warmth.

"I will."



Without another word, she turned and walked away down the silent hall, her crimson robe trailing behind her like a dying flame. The echoes of her footsteps faded into the quiet, leaving Poseidon alone among the tall columns and drifting incense.

He watched her go, his gaze thoughtful and heavy. Outside, the morning winds rose, stirring the olive trees along the temple paths. Their silver-green leaves whispered under the dawn, carrying secrets between gods that no mortal would ever hear.

Poseidon sighed, a deep, quiet sound, and turned back towards the sea-facing halls, his mind already drifting to tides and battles yet unseen.