

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 91: “You belong to me.” - Read I Am Zeus

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Later that evening, Olympus was quieter. The sun had dipped just behind the edge of the mountain, casting long shadows across the golden halls. Torches lit the corridors with soft flickers of divine flame. Most of the gods had retreated to their chambers. The training ground was empty.

Ares walked alone.

His armor clinked softly as he moved, still half-dressed from earlier, his hair damp with sweat he hadn't bothered to wash off. His face was blank, but his thoughts weren't.

They kept replaying—his father's words, his mother's silence, Athena's warning.

He reached the grand door carved with peacocks and lilies. Hera's quarters. He didn't knock. He never had to.

The doors eased open as he stepped inside.

The room was warm, draped in wine-colored silk, gold accents glowing faintly in the low light. Incense burned gently in the corner, sweet and sharp. Pillars lined the walls, and a single garden tree bloomed from the center of the floor—olive, despite the irony.

Hera sat near the balcony, wrapped in a soft robe, her hair unpinned, falling freely down her back. She didn't turn around when he entered.

"I knew you'd come," she said quietly.

Ares didn't respond at first. He walked in and stood behind her, arms at his sides.

"You saw us," she said again, not asking.

"I did."

She nodded slowly. "And what did you see?"

Ares looked past her, at the stars outside. "You and him... talking. Fighting."

"Was that all?"

He hesitated. "He warned you."

Her shoulders shifted slightly, but she still didn't face him. "Of course he did."

"He thinks you're planning something."

"He always does," Hera said softly. "Even when I'm not."

Ares stepped beside her now, leaning against the railing. "Are you?"

She finally looked at him, her green eyes sharp even in the dim light. "Do you want the truth, Ares?"

He met her gaze, and for a moment, he didn't look like a warrior.

He looked like a boy.

She stood and walked over to a nearby table. Poured two small cups of ambrosia—just enough to calm, not enough to intoxicate. She handed him one.

"I've been by your father's side since before Olympus was Olympus," she began. "Before the crown. Before the lightning."

Ares didn't say anything. He sipped.

"I fought beside him. I bled beside him. I believed in him."

She turned to face him again, her tone changing—quieter, colder.

"And yet... Metis wears the crown. Because she played her part better. Smiled sweeter. Said the right things."

"That's not your fault," Ares said.

"No," Hera agreed, "but it's not fair either. And your father, for all his power, does not care about fair."

Ares looked into his cup. "He said you were scheming."

Hera smiled faintly. "Maybe I am."

Ares looked at her, brows pulled.

"You shouldn't say that."

"Why not?" she asked softly, stepping closer. "Because he might hear it? Because it might make him angry? Ares... your father lives in a world where power is law. Where only the loudest voice and the sharpest strike matter."

"That doesn't make it right."

"No," she said, "but it's the truth."

She circled him gently, voice softer now, slower.

"You saw how he looked at me today. Like I was just another problem to solve. Another threat to silence. That's not how you look at someone you love. That's how you look at a weapon."

Ares tensed. "He doesn't see you like that."

"No?" she asked. "Then why warn me? Why threaten me? Because he still loves me? Or because he fears I might still be dangerous?"

Silence again.

Ares couldn't answer.

Hera touched his arm.

"I'm not asking you to pick sides," she said gently. "Not yet."

He turned to her, confused. "What does that mean?"

"It means... one day, you might have to."

She sat again, resting her hand on the armrest, eyes on the floor.

"I've watched your father build Olympus on charm and fire. I've watched him charm gods, mortals, even enemies. But one day, Ares... one day his fire will burn too hot."

She looked up.

"And who do you think he'll put out first?"

Ares clenched his fists.

She stood once more, walking back to him.

"You are his son," she said, resting a hand on his shoulder. "But you are mine too. And unlike him... I don't forget who stands beside me."

Ares looked at her hand, then back at her.

His voice was low. "What are you planning?"

Hera smiled again—soft, motherly.

"I'm just watching. Listening. Waiting."

Ares didn't believe her. Not completely. But he didn't argue either.

Because deep down, something in him understood her. That same fire in his chest... maybe it came from her.

Maybe it had always been there.

She walked back toward her seat, leaving him standing in the middle of the room.

And just before he left, she said—

"Ares."

He turned.

"If you ever feel like you don't belong to anyone, remember this..."

Her eyes met his.

"You belong to me."

He didn't answer.

He just stood there.

Then he walked out slowly, leaving the warm glow of the room behind.

The corridor outside felt colder than before. The shadows longer.

And Ares didn't know if it was his mother's words or something else...

But something had shifted.

And he couldn't shake it.

Elsewhere.

Ares sat alone at the edge of the cliffs behind Olympus, where the clouds broke apart just enough to show the mortal world below—dim lights flickering like tiny fires in a world too far away to matter.

He didn't usually come here. It wasn't a place for war gods. Too quiet. Too open. But tonight, his chest was tight, his thoughts loud.

The wind was sharp. He let it hit him.

He didn't wear his armor now. Just a dark tunic. His spear rested beside him, leaned against the rock, forgotten.

His mind kept circling.

What Hera said.

What Athena said.

What Zeus didn't say.

His fingers dug into the stone beneath him.

You belong to me.

The words echoed louder than they should've.

He hated that. Hated how it stuck. Not because he didn't want to belong to her—but because it made everything else harder. Because he did love her. And he hated Zeus for making her feel like that. Like some forgotten promise left in a dusty corner of the throne room.

But at the same time...

He'd seen how his father fought. He'd watched Zeus end Typhon with nothing but will and thunder. The way even the Titans had to bow when Zeus roared.

Ares wasn't stupid. He knew power. And Zeus had it.

So what did that make Hera?

Ares rubbed his face with both hands, groaning.

He wasn't built for this kind of thinking. All this second-guessing, doubting, plotting. That was Athena's thing. Or Hera's.

He was built for battle. For straight lines. You hit or you get hit. You win or you lose.

But this?

This was war with no swords.

This was poison.

And yet, here he was. Caught right in the middle.

"I just wanted to be strong..." he muttered under his breath, head tilted toward the stars.
"Not... this."

He remembered the way Athena looked at him. Calm. Almost sad.

Don't waste it chasing shadows.

But what if the shadows had names? What if they had crowns?

What if one day, he had to choose?

He looked down at his own hands.

Calloused. Bruised. Scarred.

Fingers meant to hold weapons, not carry the weight of Olympus.

"I'm not ready for this," he whispered.

A long silence answered him.

Then, almost without meaning to, he reached for his spear. The moment his fingers touched it, something clicked back into place. His mind steadied.

He didn't have the answers.

But maybe he didn't need them yet.

Maybe all he needed... was time.

Time to grow. Time to watch. Time to understand what made his father untouchable.

Because one day—maybe not tomorrow, maybe not for a century—but one day...

He might stand at the center of Olympus himself.

And when that day came, he didn't want to be anyone's pawn.

Not Hera's.

Not Zeus's.

Just Ares.

And gods help whoever tried to stand in his way.

Chapter 92: The Age Of Gods

Years passed.

Olympus grew.

Not just in size—but in weight. In power. In presence.

What had once been a victory tower atop a mountain had become something else entirely. A kingdom. A seat of heaven. A flame that cast its light over all mortal lands and far beyond.

It didn't happen in a single day, but day by day, piece by piece, it came together.

Leto gave birth to twins—Apollo and Artemis. Radiant and wild. One, a sun of charm and archery, his voice able to sway both mortals and gods. The other, fierce-eyed and silent in the woods, a hunter and protector, moonlight in human form.

Maia bore Hermes, quick-footed, clever, a thief even as a toddler, but too fast to be caught. His smile was the kind that always knew more than he let on.

Mnemosyne's children—those daughters of memory, the Muses—sang through Olympus like wind chimes in a breeze. Every hall, every court, every temple echoed with their voices. They weren't just songs. They were history.

All of them grew. Some faster than others. All different. But all divine.

And one by one, Zeus carved thrones from the core of the mountain. Twelve. Forged from raw celestial stone, wrapped in gold and etched with symbols of the cosmos. Each seat attuned to the soul of the one meant to sit on it.

Not just decorations. These were binding. Power-locks. Recognitions.

And when the last seat was complete, a faint chime echoed through Olympus—one no one else heard.

Except him.

[MAIN QUEST COMPLETED]

Quest: Birth of the Twelve

Status: ✓

Olympus Recognition Rate: 100%

Realm Recognition Unlocked

Zeus stood alone in the council chamber. The light from the throne circle bathed him in soft firelight. Behind his eyes, something flickered. The system screen. Silent to the world. A secret even from the gods who worshipped the halls he built.

[NEW MAIN QUEST UNLOCKED]

The Age of Gods

Objective:

- Establish Olympus as the center of divine order across all realms.
- Unite or conquer all pantheons.
- Safeguard mortal fate.

Requirements:

- Build Pantheon Seats (12/12)
- Gain Full Realm Recognition (3/3)
- Rewrite the Divine Law
- Survive the First Crisis

Reward:

- Origin Core Access
- Omnipantheon Integration Key
- Legacy Path Revelation

Failure:

– Collapse of Olympus

– Rise of Forgotten Powers

Zeus stared at the glowing text for a long time. His fingers were curled behind his back, jaw tight.

One out of three Realms. That meant Olympus—the Upper Realm—was his. Fully recognized. The skies bent to his rule. Stars answered when he called. Divine resonance locked in.

How did he do it?

By force. By promise. By showing the gods and spirits of the skies that their fates were safer under him than without him.

He didn't need to slay monsters to claim this one. He only needed to stand taller than all of them until they believed it.

But that phrase—First Crisis—wouldn't leave his mind.

What was it?

A battle?

A betrayal?

A war he hadn't seen yet?

Or worse...

A god he didn't know?

He walked slowly around the thrones. His fingers grazed the one meant for Apollo. Then for Poseidon. Then Hera's. He stopped at Metis's—hers was smaller, but more intricate. The seat of the First Queen.

He'd rewritten Olympus already. He just hadn't written the law.

Rewrite Divine Law... pending.

The old laws—Titan laws—were still in place. Hidden. Ancient. Buried deep in the roots of Olympus.

Those laws were cruel. Cold. The strong devoured the weak, and only blood justified rule.

He couldn't leave that buried rot beneath his new throne.

Not anymore.

Zeus took a deep breath, stepping into the center of the circle.

The chamber responded—pulses of energy rippling out like waves. The thrones shivered. The sky outside rumbled.

Then he lifted his hand.

[DIVINE LAW INTERFACE UNLOCKED]

Old text uncoiled like chains across his vision. Laws written in languages older than gods. Written by Kronos. Before him—Uranus.

Blood inheritance. Power by violence. Law of succession by overthrows.

No wonder the Titans fell.

Zeus didn't flinch.

One by one, he deleted the lines. Crushed the sigils. Erased the names.

Then he wrote new ones.

No god shall rise by the fall of another.

All thrones must be earned—by purpose, not blood.

The will of Olympus shall protect mortals, not rule them.

Fate shall be free—guided, not chained.

His fingers stilled.

The screen pulsed once. Then accepted the rewrite.

[DIVINE LAW SUCCESSFULLY REWRITTEN]

Olympus Legal Structure: New Age

Zeus closed his hand, and the light faded.

He stood in the silence for a moment, the new laws breathing in the halls like fresh air. He didn't smile.

He wasn't proud. Not yet.

Because now... now came the real challenge.

Two realms remained.

The Mortal Realm, fractured and vast.

And the Underworld, ruled not by gods... but by something older. Deeper.

And the Crisis.

He turned his head slightly, eyes drifting toward the high windows that looked into the stars. For a second, he swore something was watching back.

He looked away.

"I hope I'll be strong enough," he muttered to no one

A gust of wind slipped through the cracks of the high chamber doors—no breeze, no storm. Just Hermes.

He didn't walk in. He blurred in.

One blink, and the god of messengers stood at the edge of the throne circle, cloak fluttering, sandals still faintly glowing from the heat of his speed. His chest rose and fell like he'd run across eternity and only now remembered to breathe.

"Father," he said simply.

Zeus turned.

His face didn't change. But his eyes caught something. A flicker of attention. That was all Hermes needed.

"I delivered it," Hermes said. "To all of them."

Zeus stayed quiet.

Hermes took another breath, then pulled a small scroll from the pouch on his belt. The parchment glowed faintly with Olympus's seal—a golden bolt pressed into red wax, still hot.

"The message was received by the Asgardians, the Kemetics, the Shinto, and the Devi pantheon," Hermes said. "Some by hand. Some by trick. I got it to all their highest seats."

Zeus nodded once. "And their response?"

Hermes scratched the back of his neck. "Mixed."

He grinned—just slightly, that sly smile only he could wear when delivering world-changing news.

"The Egyptians sent back silence. Typical. They'll watch first."

Zeus raised an eyebrow.

"The Norse sent a raven with a single feather." Hermes pulled it from his coat and tossed it forward. The feather hovered midair, refusing to fall.

"That's Odin saying, 'I see you,'" Hermes said. "Probably watching us right now."

Zeus didn't even glance at the feather. "And the East?"

"Amaterasu sent a sun blossom. Perfect. Untouched. Said Olympus is welcome to speak—but never to shine too bright."

Zeus exhaled.

"And the Devi?"

Hermes frowned. "Vishnu smiled. Shiva laughed. Brahma didn't say a word."

He paused.

"They said... Olympus has a throne. But so does the void."

Zeus's gaze hardened. "Meaning?"

"Meaning they're not against us. But they're not with us either. Not yet."

A pause.

Then Hermes stepped closer, more serious.

"They know what you're doing, Father. What we're doing. This Age of Gods... it's not just our story. It's going to shake the roots of everything. And they all feel it."

Zeus's hand flexed behind his back.

The system didn't show updates yet. No quests completed. No new alliances formed.

But something had moved.

Something old.

And maybe, something waiting.

Zeus walked past Hermes slowly, his footsteps quiet in the chamber.

"You did well," he said finally.

Hermes gave a mock bow. "Of course I did. I'm your son."

Chapter 93: Pawn to E4.

The garden of Olympus buzzed with divine energy, golden wind blowing through silver trees that shimmered under a soft, enchanted sky. This wasn't a regular garden. It stretched wide like a realm of its own—floating islands connected by light-bridges, fountains of ambrosia spilling down from clouds, and meadows where the scent of magic clung to the grass.

Hermes was a blur.

He zipped between columns and olive trees, barely a streak of motion as he chased a white butterfly that may or may not have been a nymph in disguise. "Come on, just a little closer—!"

He leapt, missed, and landed face-first into the soft moss.

"Graceful," Artemis muttered from a nearby tree branch. She was lounging lazily, bow slung across her back, a baby deer curled beside her. "You planning on catching it or marrying it?"

"I haven't decided yet," Hermes said, grinning as he rolled over. "Depends if she turns into a swan. Dad has a thing for those."

Apollo laughed from across the garden. He sat on a raised marble platform, lyre in hand, sunlight wrapping around him like a second skin. Every strum of his strings made the air sparkle, literally. The music shifted the colors of the sky.

"Maybe don't mention swans. Or bulls. Or showers of gold," Apollo said with a smirk. "You'll traumatize the plants."

Hermes flashed up to his twin in an instant and leaned dramatically on the lyre. "Brother, we are the trauma."

Artemis rolled her eyes. "Speak for yourself."

Ares crashed through a nearby bush.

"HEY!" he barked, dragging a poor tree branch that had dared deflect one of his strikes. His armor shimmered like polished blood, and his hair was tied back messily. "Who moved my training dummy?"

"It ran away," Hermes said without missing a beat.

"Liar!" Ares pointed at him. "You took it!"

"You say that like I have time to haul around sweaty sacks of hay."

"You replaced its head with a wine barrel!"

Hermes grinned. "And now it smells better."

Ares growled and lunged. Hermes vanished.

The chase restarted through the garden, disturbing birds, trees, and one of the Horae, who scowled and flicked a branch at both of them without even looking.

Athena sat at the center of the garden, by a chessboard carved from obsidian and pearl. She didn't look up. "He's going to break something."

"He always does," she added, adjusting a piece.

Beside her, Hebe watched silently, braiding vines into a crown. Her presence was always quieter. Kind. Warm.

Dionysus lay half-asleep under a grapevine, cup in hand, wine swirling of its own accord. "Let him. Olympus could use the noise. Too many thrones. Not enough screaming."

"Speak for yourself," Athena muttered.

And in the middle of it all—young, quiet Hestia walked barefoot through the garden, humming softly. Wherever she stepped, the grass seemed greener, the breeze a little gentler. She didn't speak much, but no one questioned her. They never did.

Then came the thud.

Not thunder.

Not magic.

A footstep.

Loud. Direct.

It cracked the calm like lightning in a still lake.

Everyone turned.

Poseidon stood at the far edge of the garden, trident resting over his shoulder. The god of the sea looked like he had just stepped out of a storm—his cloak dripping seawater, eyes sharp like crashing waves.

"Athena," he said.

She looked up, unfazed. "Uncle."

"You've been busy."

She tilted her head. "I study. I advise. I train."

"I don't mean here." Poseidon's voice dropped, colder now. "I mean in the mortal realm."

Silence.

Apollo sat up straighter. Artemis reached for her bow. Hermes stopped running. Ares actually folded his arms. Everyone felt it. The shift.

Athena stood slowly, smoothing the folds of her robe. "I do what must be done."

"You intervene."

"I guide."

"You influence leaders. Steer wars. Shape cities."

"Is that a problem?" she asked, tone flat.

Poseidon took a step forward. The grass beneath him curled and wilted slightly from the saltwater dripping off his body. "It is when Olympus hasn't claimed dominion yet. And you go around acting like you're queen of mortals."

"I'm not queen of anything," Athena replied calmly. "I am knowledge. I am strategy. If mortals choose to listen, is that my fault?"

Poseidon stared hard at her.

Then his eyes shifted—to Zeus's throne, distant and towering.

"You're all playing king and queen up here," he muttered. "While the sea remains quiet. Too quiet."

Apollo stood, voice firm now. "What's this about, really?"

Poseidon looked at him. "It's about being ignored."

The words hit like a splash of cold water.

"I was the second," Poseidon said. "After Zeus. The seas bent for me before Olympus had a name. And now... now I get invitations to garden parties while the sky makes laws and the underworld schemes?"

He looked around.

"You think this garden makes Olympus whole? You think laughing and playing and forging thrones makes you gods?"

Artemis frowned. "We never said—"

"But you act like it!" Poseidon's voice boomed now, and the wind shifted. "You think you've won. You think it's yours. You forget the world is not just sky and song and prophecy. There are depths you haven't touched. Monsters you've never named. And I..."

He paused.

"I was born in those depths."

Athena didn't blink. "And what do you want?"

Poseidon stepped forward one last time. His voice softened, but it was even heavier now. Like an anchor sinking to the bottom of the world.

"I want to see if Olympus can stand against the sea."

Then he vanished.

Not with magic.

Just gone. Like a wave pulling back.

And the garden, for the first time in ages, was silent.

Hermes let out a low whistle. "Well... that's not ominous at all."

Ares cracked his knuckles. "Good. I'm getting bored anyway."

Apollo strummed a tense chord.

Athena stared at the spot where Poseidon had stood.

Then, finally, she turned back to her chessboard.

And moved a single piece.

Pawn to E4.

A/N

Thanks for reading my work, drop power stones, golden tickets and gifts to support me.

Please

Please

Please

Please

I'm begging for a gift 🎁

Thank you