

# **I Am Zeus**

## **#Chapter 94: "Because Olympus must fall." - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 94: "Because Olympus must fall."**

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Mount Olympus.

The storm clouds above flickered faintly, though there was no storm. Just tension—coiled and waiting.

Zeus sat near the edge of the high terrace, overlooking the endless skies below. His robe draped loosely over one shoulder, and the weight of the world felt unusually quiet tonight. The kind of quiet that always came before someone brought news that would ruin it.

And as expected, it came.

A golden blur zipped across the sky and landed on the marble tiles with a quick gust of wind.

Hermes straightened his cloak, still catching his breath.

Zeus didn't turn. "If you came just to breathe loudly, you're dismissed."

"Wish it was just that," Hermes muttered, stepping forward. "It's Poseidon."

That made Zeus blink.

"Go on."

Hermes scratched the back of his neck. "He stormed into the garden. In front of everyone. Called out Athena. Accused her of interfering in the mortal realm. Said Olympus is playing king and queen while the sea gets ignored."

Zeus closed his eyes. "So the jealousy finally spilled out."

Hermes nodded. "He thinks the Godking title made you forget who was second. Says he ruled the sea before Olympus even had a name."

Zeus finally turned to face him.

"And Athena?"

"She kept calm. Didn't even raise her voice. But I think... I think Poseidon saw her guiding mortals and assumed she was trying to claim Athens. It's not confirmed, though. Just an assumption."

Zeus exhaled through his nose. "So that's what this is."

Hermes looked unsure. "What do you want me to do?"

Zeus rose slowly. Thunder cracked faintly behind him even though the skies remained still. He walked to the edge of the terrace and looked out.

"Nothing more," he said. "You've done well."

Hermes raised a brow. "You're not sending me to talk to him?"

Zeus shook his head. "No. I'll speak to my brother myself."

With that, the sky answered.

A single streak of lightning ripped through the clouds and vanished.

Hermes blinked—and Zeus was gone.

—

The sea was not calm.

Waves crashed without wind, tides rose for no reason, and storms circled far on the horizon but never landed. It was a restless ocean, as if it shared its god's mood.

Zeus descended like a flash of light, landing on a rocky cliff jutting from the heart of the sea. Mist curled around his ankles, and salt kissed his skin.

Poseidon emerged from the depths, water falling from his beard and shoulders like living chains. His trident sparked with ocean energy, and his gaze was sharp.

"You came."

Zeus folded his arms. "You shouted loud enough."

"I didn't shout," Poseidon replied, walking closer. "I reminded."

"Reminded who?" Zeus asked calmly. "The children? Athena?"

"I reminded Olympus."

Zeus tilted his head. "That you're second to me?"

Poseidon's jaw clenched. "That I'm not beneath you."

A pause.

Zeus didn't look angry. Just tired.

"You think this is about hierarchy?" he asked. "That I sat on a throne to look down on you?"

"You act like you built Olympus alone."

"I didn't," Zeus admitted. "But I kept it standing."

Poseidon narrowed his eyes. "And now you rewrite laws without me. Send messages to other pantheons. Claim realms. While the sea waits."

Zeus stepped forward, closing the distance.

"And what do you want, Poseidon?" he asked, voice low. "My seat? My title? The skies?"

"I want acknowledgment," Poseidon snapped. "I want the gods to remember who I am."

"They remember."

"They treat me like decoration."

"You're one of the Twelve."

"I was never just one of them."

The sea churned behind him.

"I held the oceans before we even claimed Olympus. I shaped storms and drowned Titans. And now—now mortals know Apollo's name. Athena's wisdom. Artemis's arrows. But the sea? They fear it. That's all."

Zeus looked at him in silence for a moment.

Then: "Do you really want war?"

Poseidon flinched, just slightly.

"Is that what you think I want?"

"You challenged Athena in front of all our children. You speak of being forgotten like it's betrayal. What am I supposed to think?"

Poseidon looked away. His voice dropped.

"I don't want war. But I also don't want to be a shadow of my past."

Zeus stepped beside him, looking out at the water.

"I didn't give myself the title of King, you know," he said. "I fought for it. We all did. But the crown... it only stayed on my head because no one else wanted the burden."

Poseidon didn't speak.

"I'd trade it for peace," Zeus added. "Any day. But if you raise your trident against Olympus—against your own family—I will not hesitate."

Their eyes met.

"I'm not Kronos," Zeus said. "But I won't let Olympus fall either."

Poseidon nodded once.

"I'm not your enemy, Zeus."

"Then stop acting like one."

A long pause.

The sea calmed just a little.

"I'll talk to Athena," Poseidon said. "But if she is guiding mortals too far—"

"She'll listen," Zeus cut in. "She always does."

Poseidon's lips curled. "That's because she's your favorite."

"She earned it."

Poseidon rolled his eyes. "You always pick the ones who challenge you."

Zeus smirked. "Makes life interesting."

Poseidon chuckled once, then turned back to the sea. "I won't forget this, brother."

Zeus began to ascend.

"Neither will I," he said. "Just don't let pride sink you."

And with a crackle of thunder, he vanished—leaving only silence and the sea behind.

Deep beneath the roots of all realms...

Far below Olympus... beyond the mortal world... beneath even the pit that once held the Titans...

Tartarus breathed.

Not as a place. Not anymore.

But as a being.

Stone groaned with every breath. The walls of the abyss pulsed like veins. The sky—if it could be called that—was made of molten shadow, cracked open by rivers of ash and bone. And at the center of it all... something stood.

Massive.

Twisted.

Almost human.

But not quite.

He had no skin. Only black rock and boiling magma. Eyes like burning pits—deeper than galaxies, wider than fear. His frame shifted with every twitch, half-formed, half-forgotten. Wings that were not wings unfolded from his back, stretching like warped spires. Chains hung from his arms, not bound to him—but dragging behind as if they'd once held everything and failed.

Tartarus.

He had taken form again.

And he was staring.

Across the abyss, standing with narrowed eyes, was Hera.

Her face was calm—but her grip on her scepter was tight.

Tartarus took one step forward. The entire world shuddered.

He leaned in closer. The heat nearly burned the space between them, but Hera didn't move.

"Get your boy ready," Tartarus whispered. "Because Olympus must fall."

## **Chapter 95: Aphrodite**

Mount Olympus.

Hera didn't speak a word as she rose from the edge of Tartarus, the molten heat still burning at the bottom of her dress, but she didn't feel it. She couldn't feel anything right now except the words Tartarus left behind.

"Olympus must fall."

She rode the skies back in silence, her scepter humming faintly in her grip, not from magic—but tension. Her eyes narrowed against the wind. Deep down, she didn't disagree.

When she landed back on Olympus, the sky was quiet again. Too quiet. Even the wind didn't move through the columns.

She walked through the hall like a shadow, her sandals clicking softly against the polished stone. She didn't go to Zeus. Not yet. She went to her chambers, drew the curtains, and stood by the window that overlooked the courtyard where Ares trained.

He was sparring with two lesser war spirits, both panting hard, bloodied from the blows, but still standing. Ares looked the same as always—raw, uncut fury in human form. Muscles carved like armor, eyes burning with that same spark... that spark Hera knew didn't belong entirely to Olympus.

That darkness.

That ember from Tartarus.

She saw it the day he was born. Saw it when he cried, not like a baby—but like a scream from deep beneath the earth. She had taken him down there herself, once. Just once. When he was still an infant. Because Zeus wouldn't stop smiling at Metis and whispering things behind closed doors.

So Hera did what only a wife scorned would do.

She let Tartarus mark her son.

And now... maybe it was time to use that.

But it wasn't enough. That darkness had faded, buried deep beneath Ares' loyalty. He loved his father. Worshipped him even. That bond had to break first.

And she knew how.

She stepped away from the window and went to her private shelf, pulling out an old, golden mirror. It wasn't for makeup. It was enchanted. With a whisper, it showed her what she needed.

Aphrodite.

Beautiful. Wild. Desired by all. Even Hephaestus, poor creature, had loved her with all his cracked, burnt heart. But she never saw him. Not truly. She saw Ares.

And Ares? He gave in every time.

That little affair had been quiet for now, known only to Hera. But it was a pressure point. And pressure points were made to be pressed.

She whispered again, this time not to the mirror—but to the winds. "Bring her to me."

—

Later that evening, Aphrodite arrived. Radiant as always. Long flowing hair, lips like temptation, and that curve of a smile that made mortals kill each other.

"My queen," she said, bowing slightly, but her eyes never bowed. "You summoned me?"

Hera sat, legs crossed, gaze calm. "You've been busy."

Aphrodite tilted her head. "I usually am."

"With Ares."

A moment of silence.

"I thought we agreed no judgments," Aphrodite said smoothly.

"I'm not judging," Hera said. "I'm offering a role."

Aphrodite raised an eyebrow. "Go on."

"You will get close to Zeus."

That caught her off guard.

Aphrodite blinked. "You want me to seduce your husband?"

"You've done worse."

"I've never touched Zeus."

"And yet I've seen the way you look at him when you think I'm not watching."

Aphrodite didn't reply.

"I'm not asking for a child," Hera added. "Just enough to make Ares notice."

Aphrodite leaned on the edge of the marble table. "You want him to see me wrapped around his father? That's suicide."

"No," Hera said coldly. "That's insurance."

Aphrodite stared at her, trying to read what game Hera was playing. But Hera's eyes were unreadable—just a cold flame.

"I'll think about it," she said.

"You'll do it," Hera replied.

Aphrodite left without bowing this time.

—

The next morning, the training grounds buzzed with energy. War spirits, minor deities, and even a few curious mortals stood to the sides watching Ares sparring again—this time with Phobos and Deimos.

He broke Phobos's grip with one twist, then swept Deimos's legs out from under him with a brutal kick. His armor cracked. His fists dripped blood.

He was smiling.

"Again," he growled.

From the steps above, Hera watched. Then slowly descended, her robes brushing the floor.

"My son," she called.

Ares paused and looked over, breathing heavy.



"Mother."

"Walk with me."

He tossed his gauntlets aside and followed her.

They walked through the lower halls of Olympus, past the empty statues, past the silent guards. Just them.

"You've grown stronger," Hera said softly.

"I train every day."

"You fight like a god," she said. "But you live like a soldier."

Ares looked at her.

"You speak in riddles."

"You don't sit at the high table. You're a son of Zeus. But he favors the wise, the cunning, the stars. Not the sword."

"He respects me."

"He uses you."

Ares stopped.

"Why are you saying this?"

Hera turned to him. Her voice low.

"Because I saw what you were. What you are. You're more than just Olympus's shield. You were born from pain, Ares. From a mother betrayed. You carry the scream of the abyss in your blood."

Ares said nothing. His eyes flickered. That name. That place.

"Tartarus..."

"You remember."

"I have dreams. Of fire. Chains. Something clawing at my soul."

"It's not a dream. It's your truth."

"Why did you—"

"I gave you a piece of the truth," Hera whispered. "Because Olympus isn't built on justice. It's built on thrones. And thrones fall."

Ares clenched his fists. "You want me to betray him."

"I want you to remember who you are."

They stood in silence, the tension crackling in the air.

Then footsteps echoed behind them.

Aphrodite.

She looked radiant in white and gold, her eyes locking with Ares—then flicking briefly to Hera, unreadable.

Ares's jaw clenched as he saw her. "What is she doing here?"

"Walking," Aphrodite said simply.

"Wearing that?" he muttered.

Hera's lips curved just slightly. "You two used to walk together often, didn't you?"

Aphrodite smiled. "We still could."

But Ares turned away. "I don't want distractions."

He walked off.

Aphrodite watched him go, then turned to Hera. "That was risky."

"He's cracking," Hera whispered. "All I need now is the final push."

Aphrodite raised a brow. "And if it fails?"

"Then Olympus burns anyway."

And far, far below... the chains in Tartarus rattled.

Not in warning.

In hunger.

## Chapter 96: "It begins."

The next day passed like any other on Olympus.

Blue skies. Silver halls. Gods laughing, arguing, whispering about mortal offerings.

But Hera watched it all like a spider watching a web. Quiet. Still. Patient.

Ares trained harder than usual. He broke a dozen spears, bruised his own fists, and even snapped at Deimos when he didn't block fast enough. His mind wasn't on the fight anymore. Not really. His strikes were heavy, wild—just like the dreams that were starting to claw at him again. Fire. Screams. Wings that weren't wings.

He hadn't told anyone.

Especially not his father.

Zeus hadn't even noticed.

But Hera did.

—

That evening, while Ares bathed in the courtyard pool—rinsing blood from his chest—Aphrodite passed by.

Just a glance. A flicker of perfume. Her hips swayed like the tide, and for a second, Ares forgot how to breathe.

He looked away.

She didn't.

He caught her reflection in the water. Smiling. Eyes dancing with something dangerous.

And just like that, the flame started to burn again in his chest. Not passion. Not lust.

Something darker.

Possessive. Twisted.

He clenched his jaw and sank into the water.

—

Meanwhile, in Hera's private chambers, the pieces kept moving.

She stood over a basin filled with mist. Not water. Something older. Something sacred. It showed her flashes of what was coming.

Ares's soul—twisting, heating, warping. Aphrodite—curious, amused, half-willing. And Zeus?

Zeus was distracted. As always. Busy speaking with foreign gods about the boundaries between realms. As if Olympus wasn't already crumbling under its own pride.

Hera whispered something into the mist. A spell. Not strong. Not invasive.

Just a suggestion.

A pull.

It floated from the mist like smoke, vanishing through the cracks of Olympus.

Toward Ares.

—

That night, Ares woke with a jolt.

The dream again. Chains wrapping around his arms. Fire boiling beneath his skin. And a voice—deep, ancient, inhuman.

"You were born for more."

He rubbed his face and stood, walking through the hall in silence. The moonlight painted the floors in silver. He didn't know where he was going—until he did.

The garden.

Zeus's private garden. No guards. No barriers. Just silence.

And Aphrodite.

She was sitting by the pool, dipping her fingers in. Her dress was light. Almost sheer. Her back was to him.

"You shouldn't be here," Ares said.

She didn't turn. "Neither should you."

He stepped closer. "Why are you here?"

"Because I was told not to be." She turned then, slowly, eyes glowing under the moon.  
"And I don't like being told what to do."

Ares swallowed.

He hated how her presence messed with his head. How she smelled like sin and starlight. How she looked at him like she knew every part of him—especially the broken parts.

"You're playing a dangerous game," he said.

"And you're still pretending not to care."

He looked away.

"I'm with Hephaestus now," she added, soft but sharp. "You know that."

"Then why are you here?"

"Because he doesn't look at me like you do."

Ares's fists clenched.

"I could burn this garden down," he muttered.

She leaned in closer. "Then why haven't you?"

He didn't answer.

She stood slowly, her body brushing his. Not touching. Just close enough to feel the heat.

"If you want me," she whispered, "take me."

He closed his eyes.

But instead of giving in... he stepped back.

"Not like this."

And he left.

Aphrodite watched him go, eyes narrowing.

She whispered to the air. "It's almost time."

---

The next day, Ares didn't show up to training. He didn't eat. He didn't speak to anyone. He stayed in his chamber, staring at his hands.

Hephaestus came to visit once. Knocked. Waited.

No reply.

He left quietly.

But the whispers started.

That night, Hera met with Aphrodite again in the Hall of Veils. A secret place beneath Olympus, where words didn't echo and walls didn't listen.

"He's slipping," Aphrodite said. "But he didn't touch me."

"He doesn't need to," Hera replied. "His pride is already cracking. Now we break it."

"How?"

Hera's eyes glinted.

"Zeus will meet you tonight. In the east balcony. You'll be there. Alone. Just long enough for Ares to see."

Aphrodite's brows lifted. "You want him to see?"

"I want him to explode."

Aphrodite crossed her arms. "If this backfires..."

"It won't," Hera said coldly. "He's his mother's son. The rage is there. Tartarus is already whispering to him again. All he needs is the lie."

---

Night fell.

The east balcony shimmered under moonlight. Zeus stood with one hand resting on the marble rail, looking out at the mortal world below. He didn't know Aphrodite would be there. Hera had sent the message from an anonymous source. "A gift awaits."

When Aphrodite arrived, Zeus turned, confused but amused.

"My dear. I didn't call for you."

"I know," she said. "But you looked lonely."

He smiled. "You've never been subtle."

And she stepped closer, trailing her fingers along his arm.

Nothing happened. No kiss. No touch. Just closeness. A whisper of something forbidden.

Enough.

Because Ares had seen.

He stood at the corner of the hallway, breath sharp, teeth clenched. He didn't hear the guards. Didn't feel the wind.

He just saw her.

With him.

The crack was complete.

Something inside him snapped. Not loudly. Quietly.

A shift.

A flicker.

And the scream of chains echoed in his mind again.

Ares turned and walked away—slow, deadly, focused. The ground beneath his feet hissed. His aura grew thicker, black veins pulsing beneath his skin.

He walked past the Hall of Veils.

Past his training grounds.

Into the Forge.

The heart of Olympus.

Where weapons of war were born.

And he picked up a blade.

A blade meant only for gods.

—

In her chambers, Hera stood at the window again, watching the stars.

She didn't smile.

She didn't gloat.

She simply said:

"It begins."

Far below, Tartarus stirred.

And the sky over Olympus... darkened.

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