

I Am Zeus

#Chapter 97: "Don't call me that," - Read I Am Zeus Chapter 97: "Don't call me that,"

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Mount Olympus — Throne Hall

The marble doors flew open like they were kicked by a storm.

Not pushed. Not knocked.

Blown.

The entire palace trembled as a shockwave cracked through the columns, knocking over silver vases and shattering crystal decanters. The guards outside didn't even have time to react. They were on the floor before they saw him.

Ares.

His eyes were wild, glowing crimson, and black cracks pulsed from his neck down to his wrists like veins filled with magma. His armor was only half-buckled, his breathing loud—unnatural. Like something else was breathing with him.

Inside the throne room, Zeus looked up slowly.

He sat on his high seat, flanked by gods from other realms—Thoth from Egypt, Tsukuyomi from Japan, Odin from the north. They had come to speak of balance between pantheons.

Now they watched the God of War storm the sacred floor like a beast off its leash.

"Ares?" Zeus's voice was calm, but sharp. "What is the meaning of this?"

Ares didn't answer.

He marched forward, each step leaving a faint black burn on the white marble. His hand gripped the divine blade he stole from the Forge—Diosbane. A weapon not meant for use. Not since the Titan War.

Zeus stood.

The sky above Olympus shifted. Thunder rumbled softly. Wind gathered.

"I asked you a question," Zeus said. "Stand down."

Ares didn't stop.

Odin narrowed one eye. Tsukuyomi's fingers twitched toward his blade. Thoth leaned back, eyes calculating.

Then Ares moved.

Fast.

Too fast for words.

He leapt—straight at Zeus, sword raised, scream raw and vicious.

Zeus reacted at the last second. Lightning flashed and slammed into Ares midair, blasting him sideways into a column. The entire structure cracked, sending shards flying as he hit the ground.

Ares rolled, coughed blood, and grinned.

"You don't get to act innocent," he spat, eyes wild. "You think I didn't see it?"

Zeus's expression didn't change. "See what?"

"You and her." Ares stepped forward again, dragging the blade behind him. Sparks screamed against the marble. "You touched her."

Realization passed through Zeus's eyes like a flicker.

Then he sighed.

"I did not."

"Liar!"

Ares lunged again, this time faster, sword slicing through the air.

Zeus raised his hand and caught the blade.

Barehanded.

Sparks exploded. The divine metal burned against Zeus's palm, but he didn't flinch. His other hand came down like judgment—BOOM!—and drove Ares into the floor with a single punch.

A crater formed.

Gods stood from their seats.

Ares lay there—twitching—then shoved himself up, blood dripping from his mouth. His pupils were no longer round.

They had turned to slits.

"You're still holding back," he growled.

Zeus looked down at him, calm but stern. "Because you're still my son."

That made Ares laugh.

It was ugly. Bitter. Twisted.

He stood, and for a moment, the cracks in his skin widened. Something was glowing underneath—black fire. It didn't flicker like normal flame. It pulsed. Alive.

"Don't call me that," he hissed.

Then he vanished.

Zeus barely tilted his head—CRACK!—as Ares reappeared behind him, slashing upward.

Lightning answered. Zeus's body blurred into light, teleporting mid-strike. He reformed above the hall, hand raised to the storm.

BOOM.

A hundred thunderbolts fell at once, ripping through the chamber, blasting marble, shaking Olympus to its core. Ares shielded himself with his sword, but he was flung across the room like a meteor, crashing through a pillar and skidding down the stairs below the thrones.

And yet... he laughed again.

Stronger.

Faster.

The smoke around his body grew darker. His aura warped the space around him. He stood again, eyes glowing like eclipses.

Tartarus was watching now.

Zeus landed in front of the thrones, facing his son.

"You're not thinking," Zeus said. "You're being pulled."

"I'm seeing clearly for the first time."

"No," Zeus's voice thundered. "You're losing yourself."

Ares charged again—slower this time, but heavier. The blade swung down like it wanted to split Olympus in half.

Zeus caught it with both hands.

The impact cracked the steps, sent gusts flying through the hall. The other gods were shielding themselves now. The sky overhead turned red.

Ares roared and pushed harder.

Zeus pushed back—then kicked Ares square in the chest, sending him crashing into the sacred altar.

But Ares didn't stay down.

Not anymore.

His skin started to peel.

Not like flesh—like something underneath was trying to escape.

The black fire spilled from the cracks, wrapping around him. Wings—not real wings, but skeletal things made of shadow—started to grow from his back.

His voice dropped.

It wasn't fully his.

"You kept me on a leash," he said, distorted. "You made me your sword—but never your heir."

Zeus's eyes narrowed. "You were never meant to bear this."

"You gave me away."

That landed.

Zeus's silence said it all.

"You let her take me to that pit," Ares snarled. "You knew. You knew."

The shadows surged.

And for the first time, Zeus's stance shifted. His fists clenched. His divine aura expanded—massive, golden, pure. The air became heavy. The winds stopped. Even the gods behind him stepped back.

But Ares didn't flinch.

He raised his sword again—and this time, it howled.

Zeus moved.

Faster than light.

He appeared behind Ares, grabbed his shoulder, and slammed him into the floor.

The entire palace shook.

The mountain groaned.

Blood sprayed across the altar.

But Ares still stood.

Bleeding. Laughing. Changing.

"Do you feel it?" he whispered. "He's here."

Zeus's eyes widened.

"No..."

Ares's shadow stretched unnaturally behind him—taller, wider, breathing.

Chains slithered out from it like snakes, wrapping around Ares's limbs, his waist, his throat.

He dropped the sword.

And laughed.

As Tartarus's voice echoed through the hall:

"The war begins with blood. Let my wrath wear his name."

Ares's body spasmed once.

Then stopped moving.

His eyes turned black.

Zeus took a step back.

"...Ares?"

But the thing that looked at him...

Wasn't his son anymore.

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

Chapter 98: "Show yourself."

The throne room was still burning.

Cracks ran across the marble. The divine sky above Olympus twisted in shades of black and crimson. The gods—Odin, Tsukuyomi, Thoth—they stood behind shimmering shields, saying nothing. Watching.

Ares—no, the thing that had taken him—stood still. Chains of shadow curled off his limbs like smoke. His eyes were bottomless pits. Tartarus had taken hold.

Zeus stepped forward through the dust, his voice cold.

"Show yourself."

No answer.

He stepped again. Thunder sparked at his heels.

"I said, show yourself, pit."

The chains slithered. The air turned heavy.

And then—Ares's mouth opened. The voice that came out was layered. Not one. Not human.

"You finally speak to me directly."

Zeus narrowed his eyes. "Took my son to get my attention. That's weak. Even for you."

A soft, rumbling growl echoed from within Ares. "Don't act like you've ever shown me respect. You throw gods and monsters into my depths like they're broken toys. Like I'm nothing but Olympus's garbage pit."

Zeus didn't flinch. "Because that's what you are."

The room went dark.

Every torch in the hall died at once. A cold wind slithered through the cracks.

Tartarus laughed—slow, hollow.

"You forget. I chose to exist where no one else dared to. I took in what the gods could not kill. Held what they couldn't look at. But you? You made me into a sewer."

Zeus said nothing.

Tartarus continued.

"I stayed silent through the First War. Through Cronus. Through the blood-soaked rise of Olympus. But after the Titanomachy, you started tossing them to me like scraps. Hyperion. Koios. Krios. Even Oceanus. Gods who once ruled the stars, dropped into my gut without even a word."

"You were the only place strong enough to hold them," Zeus replied.

"I didn't agree to be your cage."

Zeus took another step forward.

"You never disagreed either."

The shadow behind Ares grew wider—twisting like it wanted to reach for the walls themselves.

"After the Titan War, I warned you," Tartarus said. "I told you I would not be your pit forever. You laughed. So I created Typhon."

Zeus's fists clenched. He remembered.

"You sent him to tear Olympus from the sky," Zeus said. "You tried to end everything."

"I tried to remind you I wasn't your servant."

"Typhon failed," Zeus snapped. "I buried him. And I buried him in you."

The voice inside Ares hissed.

"And you didn't learn a damn thing."

Zeus's face darkened. "You're nothing but a memory of what came before. A void. You were meant to hold monsters. That was your role."

"That's not a role," Tartarus spat. "That's a sentence."

"You should've stayed buried."

The thing inside Ares laughed again—but it was darker now. More vicious.

"Say what you want, Zeus. But I've already won."

Zeus's eyes sparked. "You think possessing my son is victory?"

"He's not just possessed," Tartarus whispered. "He's mine now. The moment Hera brought him to me as an infant, I branded him. I fed him pieces of myself."

"She was jealous," Zeus said, almost to himself. "So jealous of Metis... of everything."

"She gave him to me," Tartarus continued. "She let me in. And now, look at him."

Zeus's face tightened.

"You used my wife. Used my son. Because you're too weak to face me yourself."

"I don't need to face you," Tartarus growled. "You'll fall by your own hand."

Zeus's power flared.

"I've heard enough."

He pointed a single finger forward.

A bolt of lightning shot across the room, crashing into Ares's chest. The explosion tore through the throne hall, blasting the pillars apart and throwing ash into the wind. The floor split down the center.

But when the light faded—

Ares was still standing.

Black fire licked around his body. The cracks in his skin had widened, glowing deep red. His face was distorted now—part god, part void. His aura warped gravity itself. Chains spun around his wrists like vipers.

Zeus raised both arms.

The clouds above Olympus tore open.

BOOOOOM.

A thunderstorm unlike anything the heavens had seen descended in a spiral of light. Lightning hammered down again and again, each bolt carrying divine judgment, striking the floor, the shadows, the body below—

Still standing.

Ares moved.

He blinked once—and then appeared right in front of Zeus, faster than thought. His chain lashed out.

Zeus caught it with one hand—but the impact sent him skidding backwards, leaving glowing trails across the floor.

"Still pretending you're in control?" Zeus muttered.

Tartarus's voice cut through Ares's mouth. "I've been patient for eons. That ends today."

Another chain shot forward—this time wrapped in molten black. Zeus raised his hand, called on the wind—and the air exploded outward, blowing the chain off-course.

Then he vanished.

Reappeared behind Ares.

And struck.

CRACK!

A punch laced with raw lightning hit Ares across the jaw, sending him flying into the far wall. The impact crushed the stone, dust pouring down from above.

But when the dust settled... Ares rose.

His bones reset mid-movement. His body jerked upright like a puppet. His mouth grinned—but it wasn't Ares's smile.

Zeus walked toward him, every step shaking the hall.

"I don't care how much of my son you've swallowed," he said. "You think you've won?"

The air began to hum.

"You forget who I am."

Tartarus laughed.

"No, you forget."

Ares's body floated into the air. The chains wrapped around him like armor now, spinning faster, coiling tighter. His aura began pulling the light inward—dimming the torches, the sky, the very sun above Olympus.

The gods in the hall stumbled. Odin reached for Gungnir. Tsukuyomi vanished into shadow.

But Zeus didn't move.

He raised his arms.

A swirl of gold, silver, and sky-blue spun around him.

The Divine Storm answered his call.

Thunder and light wrapped around his body like a cloak. His eyes shined like stars. His voice dropped low.

"Last chance," Zeus said. "Let my son go."

Ares opened his mouth—but it wasn't a voice that came out.

It was a growl.

A roar.

A beast's.

And then—

Snap.

Every chain wrapped around Ares's body sunk into his flesh.

And Tartarus took over.

Fully.

Ares's skin turned black and cracked. Horns grew from his head. His chest split slightly open—revealing a red, pulsing core. Wings of ash unfurled behind him, wide as the sky.

Zeus whispered, "No..."

But it was too late.

Tartarus had him.

The thing that looked at Zeus now was no longer a god.

It was a monster wearing a god's skin.

And it smiled.

Chapter 99: "Father..."

The monster took a step.

Just one.

And the entire throne room split open.

The marble cracked, curling upward like torn paper. The ground rumbled. Divine wards etched into the palace walls flickered—then shattered. Ares, now fully consumed by Tartarus, stood tall. Wings of ash unfolded behind him, chains coiled like serpents ready to strike, and that pulsing red core in his chest beat like war drums.

Zeus didn't speak.

He didn't have to.

His eyes glowed white, pure skyfire pouring from his pupils. Lightning flickered down his arms, crawling over his skin like living tattoos. The air around him warped as if Olympus itself was bracing.

And then they moved.

BOOM.

A single clash.

Their fists collided mid-air—lightning against abyss. The impact tore through the hall like a cannon, blowing out every window, collapsing columns, sending the other gods flying back behind protective barriers. The sky cracked open.

Tartarus swung his chain in a wide arc, slicing through the floor. Zeus ducked, Aether Stepping behind him in a blink of sky-blue light.

CRACK!

A punch from Zeus landed square in Tartarus's side, the impact releasing a sonic wave. But Tartarus twisted with it, caught Zeus's wrist with a chain, and slammed him into the wall like a ragdoll.

The throne of Olympus crumbled.

Zeus rolled mid-air, landed on a bolt of lightning, and launched himself back at full speed. His body flickered—once, twice, thrice. Lightning Flicker active. His movement tore trails through the air.

Tartarus raised a hand, conjuring a storm of chains—black, barbed, burning with voidflame.

Zeus raised his palm.

Thunder Shout.

BOOOOOOOM.

A concussive shockwave detonated from his chest, vaporizing the first wave of chains and blowing Tartarus backward through what remained of the high dome ceiling. The divine sky screamed. Celestial rings cracked.

But Tartarus didn't fall.

He floated. Smoke curling from his frame. Then he roared—and darkness rained.

Chunks of the palace disintegrated as Tartarus hurled spears of condensed abyss downward. Each one corrupted the stone, turning white Olympus marble into black, pulsing rot.

Zeus didn't dodge.

He raised his hands.

And the storm answered.

Stormcaller's Wrath.

The clouds above Olympus twisted violently, then collapsed into a singular vortex. Rain turned to blades. Winds to drills. Lightning to focused spears of divine judgment.

The two forces collided mid-air in a cyclone of chaos. The world below trembled.

Tartarus screamed in fury, diving through the storm, wings tearing apart the sky. He punched Zeus mid-cast, sending him hurtling through the air. Zeus caught himself mid-flight, skidding across a glowing leyline.

He blinked.

Aether Step.

He vanished again—reappearing behind Tartarus with a glowing gauntlet wrapped around his fist.

Skybreaker Smash.

BOOM.

The punch connected to Tartarus's exposed core. The red glow dimmed. Tartarus shrieked—louder than thunder, deeper than earthquakes.

Zeus gritted his teeth and pressed forward, raining down blows—each one a thunderbolt given form. His speed blurred. His cloak of lightning roared. His strikes were war itself.

But Tartarus took it.

And laughed.

He caught Zeus's arm mid-punch and spoke into his face.

"You fight for Olympus? For order? For them?"

He glanced at the watching gods.

"They'll run when you fall."

Then he drove his knee into Zeus's gut and blasted him downward.

Zeus slammed into the floor like a meteor.

But he didn't stay down.

He stood slowly. Blood dripped from his lip. His chest rose and fell, glowing with sparks. He wiped the blood away, staring up at the creature that wore his son's body.

Then—he grinned.

"You forgot something."

Tartarus narrowed his eyes.

Zeus raised his hand.

The sky shattered.

Smite.

A divine plasma bolt the size of a mountain roared down, piercing the heavens like a god's finger. It wasn't lightning. It wasn't magic.

It was fate.

Tartarus barely raised his arms in time.

BOOOOOOOOOOOM.

Everything went white.

The mountain shook. The divine barrier shattered. The sea below Olympus hissed as debris fell into it like stars.

Zeus stood at the center of it all, eyes glowing. His aura blazed brighter than the sun.

From the smoke, a shape moved.

Crawling.

Twisted.

Tartarus—half of Ares's face still visible beneath the cracks—rose slowly. His wing was torn. One horn cracked.

But he smiled.

"Good," he whispered. "Finally."

Zeus didn't blink.

Tartarus roared—and lunged.

They collided mid-air again, but this time the force was enough to push back the clouds themselves.

Zeus spun, dodged a chain strike, then teleported behind Tartarus using Aether Step and drove his elbow into his back. Tartarus spun and stabbed with a black blade formed from shadow—Zeus leaned just in time, letting it graze his side.

Then he activated it.

Divine Presence: Storm Crown.

A pressure flooded the realm.

Every god watching dropped to one knee. The skies wept light. Even Tartarus slowed—like something greater had walked into the room.

Zeus stepped forward slowly, eyes calm, body blazing.

"I am the Seat of the Sky," he said softly. "And you are trespassing."

Tartarus laughed.

"Then strike me, King of Olympus."

Zeus raised both hands.

World Authority Access: Realm Law Override.

The winds silenced. The sun halted. The rules of Olympus bent to Zeus's will.

He clenched his fists—and the air screamed.

Everything exploded.

A white flash engulfed the palace—storm, light, thunder, divine law ripping through shadow.

And then—

Silence.

The wind returned.

The dust settled.

Half the throne hall was gone.

Zeus stood at the edge of the broken cliff.

Tartarus... was nowhere in sight.

He turned, slowly.

His body bruised. Burned. But still standing.

The gods behind him began to rise.

Until—

A sound.

Snap.

From beneath the floor—black claws punched through the marble and dragged down Zeus's leg.

He looked down just in time to see chains explode upward.

Too late.

They wrapped around him like snakes, crushing divine flesh.

Tartarus emerged—fully reformed. Laughing.

"You think light wins just because it's brighter?"

Zeus struggled, aura pulsing, lightning flaring.

But the chains tightened.

One wrapped around his neck.

And then—

Ares's voice.

From deep inside.

"Father..."

Zeus froze.

His son was still in there.

Still fighting.

But the darkness was deeper now. Stronger.

Tartarus hissed behind the voice. "He's almost gone. Let's end this... together."

The chains lifted Zeus off the ground.

The sky above Olympus went black.

Chapter 100: "You forgot about me."

The chains hoisted Zeus higher, the metal groaning under the strain of divinity.

His arms were pinned. Legs bound. The thick chain around his neck pulsed with infernal power—tightening with every breath. Tartarus rose beneath him, floating in silence, wings of shadow curled behind him like curtains drawn before execution.

"You always thought yourself untouchable," Tartarus whispered, voice layered and slow. "Crowned by thunder. Worshipped by mortals. Feared by gods."

He hovered closer, Ares's face twitching beneath the cracks. "Now look at you. Bound. Hanging like a trophy."

Zeus didn't answer.

Not with words.

He closed his eyes.

The storm inside him stirred.

The air snapped once—then twice. Then exploded.

CRACK-KRAKABOOM!

His aura flared. Golden and white, the storm broke free of the chains—not all at once, but enough. Electricity shot through the bindings like wild snakes, and the one around his left wrist shattered.

Zeus clenched his freed fist, spinning in midair.

Lightning Flicker.

He vanished in a blink of blinding speed.

The next moment, Tartarus was struck across the face by a fist wrapped in skyfire.

He spiraled through the air, crashing through a wall of the palace and out into the open sky.

Zeus landed on the broken marble, chest rising, blood trickling down his lip. But his eyes glowed brighter now. He didn't look tired.

He looked focused.

Tartarus flew back in like a comet, wreathed in black chains.

They clashed mid-air again.

Punch for punch.

Blast for blast.

Every blow from Zeus lit up the world, thunder roaring louder than war drums. Every counter from Tartarus left veins of void across Olympus's sky.

Ares's voice screamed inside the dark.

"Stop—STOP—I'm still here—!"

Zeus faltered for half a second.

Tartarus struck.

A chain wrapped around his leg, yanked him downward—Zeus flipped in midair, threw a bolt upward to break it—Tartarus was already there.

He caught the bolt in one hand, crushed it, and drove his other fist into Zeus's ribs.

CRACK.

Zeus hit the mountainside. Rock shattered. A gorge split open beneath him.

Before he could rise—Tartarus was above him.

Shadow gathered.

Oblivion Surge.

The sky turned black.

An orb of pure annihilation formed between Tartarus's hands and dropped—straight down.

Zeus's body flared with stormlight. He reached up—

Aether Step.

He blinked out just as the surge slammed into the peak.

The mountain disintegrated.

A piece of Olympus fell.

From the clouds, Zeus reappeared—hovering, battered but burning with power.

His voice echoed through the sky.

"You're not just fighting me," he said. "You're fighting Olympus itself."

And the skies responded.

Stormcaller's Wrath.

Wind howled. Rain cut sideways. Bolts of heaven struck down one after another, forming a cage of storm around Tartarus.

He roared and lashed out—but the tempest adapted. The lightning curved, bent, redirected itself to strike where he moved, not where he was.

Zeus extended both arms.

Chains of lightning shot from his fingers, binding Tartarus's arms.

He flew in fast.

Blink-smash.

Aether Step.

BOOM!

Zeus reappeared behind Tartarus, punching his spine.

Aether Step again—reappeared above.

CRACK!

A heel to the skull sent Tartarus flying downward.

Zeus chased.

Spinning in mid-air, he summoned a bolt into his palm—light condensed into a spear of plasma.

Smite.

He hurled it.

It hit Tartarus mid-fall.

The explosion turned the valley below into a glowing crater. Steam rose. The sky flickered.

Zeus landed on the edge, breathing hard now.

Then—he paused.

From the center of the crater...

A shadow rose.

Limbs twisted. Horns longer. Eyes no longer shaped like any mortal's.

Tartarus's true form had begun to show.

"You're learning," he said. His voice was now everywhere. Above. Behind. Inside Zeus's head.

"But you're late."

Chains shot from all directions.

Zeus spun, dodged two—three wrapped around his arm and leg.

He called the storm to him.

Thunder Shout.

BOOOOOM.

The blast knocked the chains off, shattered the boulders nearby—but the force staggered Zeus too. He dropped to one knee.

Tartarus landed hard a few meters away, dragging his new form forward—like a titan of smoke and blood.

"I can feel him fading," Tartarus said, voice giddy. "Ares is almost gone. You're breaking him with every strike."

Zeus didn't respond.

He stood slowly.

Cracks glowed along his ribs. One eye was swollen.

But he raised his arms again.

A crown of stormlight formed above his head.

Storm Crown: Divine Presence.

Tartarus stepped back.

The earth bent under the pressure.

Even he could feel it.

"You think pressure will make me kneel?" he growled.

"No," Zeus said softly.

"It'll make you burn."

And he flew.

Zeus flew like a spear of lightning.

He grabbed Tartarus by the throat and soared upward—higher—into the upper sky, past the clouds, into the stratosphere.

Then he spun—

And hurled him down.

SMASH!

Tartarus hit the ground so hard that Olympus's foundations cracked. A chasm opened. Smoke erupted.

Zeus descended slowly, body wrapped in skyfire.

But just as he landed—

A chain burst from the rubble.

Not one.

A dozen.

Tartarus lunged from the pit, black wings slicing through the wind.

He caught Zeus off-guard, tackled him through the air.

They crashed through a floating temple. Through marble. Through glass.

Zeus landed hard, coughing blood.

Tartarus landed atop him.

Raised a jagged black blade.

Ares's voice whispered—

"Don't... don't..."

But the blade came down.

Zeus caught it with both hands.

The edge pressed down, cutting into his palm.

Tartarus's face came close.

"You're losing."

Zeus's voice was hoarse.

"I haven't started."

He leaned forward.

And bit the blade—snapped it in half with a flash of divine lightning.

Then slammed both palms into Tartarus's chest.

Aether Step.

BOOM.

They both vanished—and reappeared mid-sky, Zeus now above, holding Tartarus by the chains.

He roared.

Called the storm.

ALL of it.

The skies split.

Clouds vanished.

Aether turned gold.

And then—

World Authority: Seat of the Sky – Realm Law Rewrite.

The rules of Olympus changed.

Gravity flipped.

Heat inverted.

Storm became still—and then reversed.

Zeus hurled Tartarus down into the sky as if it were ground.

And lightning chased him.

A divine tornado formed above Tartarus mid-fall, dragging him upward even as Zeus forced him down.

The winds screamed. The sky cried.

The gods far below looked up and felt fear.

Tartarus struck the invisible wall of Olympus's upper barrier—then exploded outward in a shockwave of black light.

When it cleared—

Zeus hovered alone.

Bruised.

Bleeding.

But standing.

Until—

Snap.

From his shadow, a black hand reached up and grabbed his ankle.

And a voice... familiar.

Not Ares. Not Tartarus.

A third voice.

Low. Cruel. Curious.

"You forgot about me."

Zeus's eyes widened.

Chains surged from below—and dragged him down.