I walked through the Camp later that day, and people backed away from me. News had spread like wildfire. Nike Cabin gave me terrible looks because Mickey is a son of Nike. He's Chiara's half brother. I took a deep breath and walked over to them. They all stood up, and put a hand on their weapons.

"I just want to talk." I said softly. "Um, no." "Not happening." I bit my lip and looked down. "Please." "No." "Nope."

"Never in a million years."

I looked up and took another deep breath. I looked around the ones that were blocking my view, and I saw Mickey staring at me like a ghost. I looked around and saw Chiara. She seemed nervous, but her eyes pleaded. I didn't know what they pleaded but they were. "Never mind." I told the body guards of Nike campers.

I walked away, and put my hands in my pockets. I got to my cabin and shut the door, and sat on the ground. Why did I do that? Why would I do that? Am I... bad? I just tried to kill a kid... on purpose.

The look in Chiara and her Brother's eyes... just fear. That's why children of Hades aren't welcome... isn't it.

A knock came from behind me, and I stood up and opened the door.

"Hey man... can I come in?"

I nodded and Greyson walked in. He stumbled for a second before his eyes adjusted to the dark Cabin. It was silent for a moment.

"I um... heard what happened man."

"Everyone did." I snapped.

Greyson nodded, and got a nervous look to his face.

"Not you too." I said softly.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

Greyson thought about it for a moment, and then sighed. "Dude, look, if you think I'm going to stop being your friend, your wrong. Your literally a brother to me." He said firmly. "And nothing is going to change that."

I stood there for a second. Even though we did fight— and attempted to kill each other— Greyson was still there for me.

"Hey man, lets go get dinner okay?"

I nodded and walked with him out of the Cabin. I got terrible looks walking to dinner. Greyson told them to go do something else... and I mean something else. We split was when we got to dinner, and I grabbed my food and went outside while Greyson stayed with his cabin. I sat outside and ate alone... I wanted to be alone. "Hey kid. Mind if I join you?"

I looked up at Cypher and he smiled at me. I wanted to be alone, but he actually wanted to sit with me. I shrugged and he sat down. Cypher was really tall but he was like twenty nine, but bulky like Nerth his brother.

"So, how's the food?"

I looked at my burger and shrugged.

Cypher nodded and looked up. "How are you?"

"Terrible."

He nodded again and took a deep breath. He turned and looked at me. "Look, I get it. I really do."

"No you don't."

"Yes I do. When I was younger I acted out and I almost killed my sister." He said softly. I looked at him. Cypher was like a big future telling teddy bear, it a killer. "Huh?" Cypher nodded. "Yeah. You know before I was at he Oracle I was a quest monster killing guy. But yeah. I got mad, over reacted, and almost killed the person who was there for me for everything." He explained.

"I get how you feel, because your like me." He said firmly.

I looked at him, and his eye were stern. He smiled, and I watched it fade.

"Are you okay?"

Cypher blinked hard and leaned over. He tried to catch his breath and he fell down. I jumped and tried to help him up but he pushed me away.

What was it called.

Code... green? Yeah! Code green!

"Um... CODE GREEN?!"

Within a second the whole camp came running over as green mist surrounded Cypher. He ripped his eyepatch of as more mist came from where it was. His head flung back, and he lifted off the ground and once again he pointed at me.

"A Ghild if the Eldest gods shall reach sixteen against all odds Through the earth then under the ground, the son shall find his way homeward bound Enemy's of him shall heal but the traitor shall not prevail An oath to keep with final breath The pit of death shall spew its breath Two shall fall but one will answer the call."