So, according to the giant named Dasmasen, I almost died. Second time in Tartarus. First it was in the Styx, and now from... I don't even know. I laid down in some bone made bed, in some bone made hut, and just laid there. I was to tried to move, or really open my eyes.

If I did, I'd looked at Chiara who held my hand. Man she was amazing.

"Can you... sleeping beauty me?" I asked softly.

Chiara must have looked at me— because I was to exhausted to open my eyes—like I was an idiot or something.

"I'm sorry, what?"

"You know," I said opening my eyes carefully. "I'm in bed, awaiting a beautiful kiss." I said smiling.

Chiara raised an eyebrow but smiled. "You spend way to much time with Greyson." She said laughing.

I sat up a little, and faced her. I put a hand to her cheek and pulled her close. I kissed her softly before loosing balance falling over onto the glass ground of Tartarus. I'm never going to get a proper kiss am I? "Ow."

The giant walked over, and rolled his eyes. "Mortals. So stupid."

He picked me up with one hand and put me back on the bed. I laid back down, and looked at the roof of the bone hut. Maybe I could control it... no. I'd use up the .000000000000000 percent of energy I had.

"So, we have an idea on how to get you guys to the Doors." Dasmansen said. "You are half way there, but you need to get past the monsters." He said.

Bob the skeleton nodded. He chattered, 'Yes and you, son of Jades, are going to surround your and your pretty friend in death mist.'

"Death mist?" I asked.

The giant and skeleton nodded. "Your a son of Hades. You sense death, so why not control allusion of death." The giant said firmly.

I thought hard for a second. I didn't want to do that. It sucked being able to sense death... but controlling an allusion of it... no way. I was a suspicious kid already.

"Do I have to? I'm like... to weak right now." I protested.

"Yeah, but the potion is just now kicking it some more. Your energy is coming back already." Dasmansen fought back.

I bit my lip and sat back.

"Erebus... it would help." Chiara said softly.

"I know but I don't want to—"

"I understand." She said softly. "I really do, but we have to get out of here. You almost sixteen, and you know it." She said softly.

Oh right. I had had a dream about it. The monsters were planning on attacking Camp Half-Blood on my birthday. My sixteenth birthday. The prophecy said something about that.

I nodded and took a deep breath. "I... I'll do it. How do I use it though... the mist?" I

asked softly.

"I'm guessing it's like the Mist in the mortal world." Dasmansen said softly.

"Okay... how do I control the mist?"

Bob the skeleton looked up 'You will it.' He chattered.

"What did he say?" Chiara asked softly.

I looked at my hands, then back up at Bob. "I will it." I said softly. "I make it do what I want."