

~}Greyson{~

Greyson walked through camp, and watched as the kids stared him down. Ever since he understood how to glow, he started to look different. His hair grew out a little bit, his skin turned into a orangey tan, and he just felt more confident.

Then their were issues.

Girls started surrounding him, and trying to get him to break up with Fiona. That was the worst of it because Fiona started getting agitated with him. It wasn't his fault.

“Fiona!”

She turned around and glared at him.

“What?! Going to break up with me?! I know Heana is prettier!” She said angrily, whipping tears from her eyes.

“Fiona, you think I like them?! HA!”

Fiona folded her arms, and her glare really could kill. Greyson started explaining all of that nice stuff your supposed to tell girls. To be honest, his moth ran faster that Ryan Reynolds's mouth.

Fiona raised an eyebrow and tried to understand what he was saying, but Greyson kept talking faster.

“Can you like... stop talking?”

“ANDIFEELLIKE— what?”

She rolled her eyes and unfolded her arms. “Your so slow dummy.” She said smiling. Greyson smiled and scratched his neck.

“Well, it's my middle name.”

“I thought you said stupid was.”

Greyson shrugged.

“Well... yeah.” He said smiling. “Does this mean we're cool?”

“Oh no.” She said sarcastically. “No we are not. I'm totally breaking up with you. 'DOSE THIS MEAN WE'RE COOL?!' YES IT DOES!” She said rolling her eyes.

Greyson smiled, but a bleat sounded.

Greyson looked over and saw Cypher run over and pick Knole up off of his hooves into a bear hug.

“Yeah—missed... you... BLA!” Knole bleated.

Greyson ran over with Fiona.

Cypher put his friend down, and Knole caught his breath. Evelyn came walking over, and rolled her eyes.

“Boys.” She said folding her arms over her large stomach.

“Agreed.” Fiona said softly.

Greyson rolled his eyes, and Knole tossed Cypher something. He smiled, and opened the envelope.



He smiled, and gave his sister a side hug. “Gods I’ve miss you guys.” He said softly with a smile.

“What about me?” Greyson asked.

“Greyson, I see your ugly face all day. I don’t need to see it more.” Cypher teased.

“Well your disfigured face needs to go up your—”

“You know what!” Fiona interrupted, she eyed Greyson hard, knowing he was about to say something stupid.

Lura, Devin, and Audrey walked over, and everyone hugged.

“What are you guys doing here?!” Lura asked happily.

“I came to help.” Knole said softly. “I didn’t want to leave Evelyn back in Rome so...”

“You can help?” Audrey asked folding her arms.

Knole shrugged, and Cypher shoved the Satyr to the ground.

“HE CAN!” Cypher yelled happily. “When I was fourteen the guy fought Thanatos!” He said with wide excited eyes.

Audrey’s eyes widened and she looked at Knole who was on the ground.

“Really?”

Knole nodded and Greyson helped him up. Man Satyrs we’re short. The guy was shorter than Erebus— except the guys horns gave him a few inches— BUT STILL! That was saying something. Greyson felt the need to burst out laughing, but he caught his mothers ‘Don’t you dare think about it’ glare. Greyson rolled his eyes and sat up.

“So, I talked to some wood nymphs, and other nature spirits and most of them are on our side.”

Knole said firmly.

Cypher nodded, and folded his burly arms. “Anyways, me and Nerth have a few ideas and he... where is he?” Cypher said looking around.

“What ever, anyways, it’s up to you Ugly Face.” Cypher said to Greyson.

“I can go get Nerth.” Audrey volunteered.

Cypher nodded. “He’s in our cabin. Either, lifting weights, sharpening weapons, sleeping, or taking a shower. If he’s taking a shower I’ll go and pull him out by his ear.” Cypher instructed.

Audrey nodded, and skipped off.

Lura and Evelyn talked about stuff, and Greyson walked off with Cypher. They walked for a while in silence till they got to a cave.

“I’m not aloud it.” Greyson said looking at the cave.

“With me you are.” Cypher said softly.

The two walked on, and Greyson looked around. Large painted murals were on the walls. Prophecies were written everywhere on the walls. There was a couch, a table, and that was it really. Cypher sat down on the couch, and Greyson stood there.



“You do know why you were chosen right?”

“No... not really.” Greyson said softly.

“Well, simple, Erebus trusted you, but your a part of the prophecy.” He said firmly.

Greyson raised an eyebrow and looked at the Oracle carefully. “What do you mean?” He asked softly.

“‘A Half-Blood of the Eldest gods will reach sixteen against all odds’, Erebus, ‘The Oracle’s raise shall seal his fate’, Me being the Oracle. I couldn’t tell him about anything about the prophecy or he would try and change it. ‘Five shall go to Him, and slay him with all of his grim’, Five Half-Bloods. I know who they are. You, Chiara, Erebus, Nerth, and Audrey.”

“Audrey?! She can’t!”

“I know your opinion but you can’t always be that older brother. Trust me, I know. ‘Beware of his body, for its death is scars’. Kronos will have a new body... and I’m guessing it’s Reta. Do you know the rest?”

Greyson nodded

“‘An oath to keep with final breath, pit of death shall reap its breath.’” He said softly. “The pit of death was Tartarus. But what was the oath?”

Cypher sat back. “I don’t know. If I did, I would tell you.”

Greyson nodded and sat there.

“Why are you telling me this?” He asked carefully.

Cypher looked at him, and pointed to the walls. “The old oracle, Rachel Elizabeth Dare told a prophecy to me before she left, and passed it to me.” He said firmly.

Greyson looked up and over at the wall.

“‘A child of the five shall lead them alive

To choose his path, and to see it right

All shall lead him to the light

Alone through the battle grounds

He will make them bound to the ground.’” Cypher read.

Greyson stared at the wall, as a painting of him was there. He turned it Cypher, and looked at him carefully.

“This Prophecy...”

“Yes. Was made before the great prophecy.” He said cracking his knuckles. Greyson stood there and stared rubbing his hands together.

“You knew it was me.” He finally said.

Cypher nodded. “I always knew. Ever since you were born.”

Greyson sat there, and rubbed his hands again. He looked back up at the painting. The image of him



was split in half. The one side had him with dirty blonde hair, dull blue eyes, and peach skin. The other was him... what he looked like. His skin was a deep orange tan, his hair was golden, and his eyes were a sky blue. He had already made the choice— he assumed.

Greyson looked down, then at Cypher.

“I... what do I need to do?”

Cypher looked up at the mural. “You can’t tell a soul. Let the Fates weave your life.” He said softly.

I nodded. “I swear in the Styx I won’t.”