

Huh. Greyson sat there near the archery range. He just sat there. It had been nine days since he came back from the quest. Nine days since his best friends fell into Tartarus.

Yay....

Greyson rubbed his bow, and sat there. Past Campers have come back to help fight, including his parents. Apollo cabin was full. Little fights would break out about who was better and stuff like that. A man named Will Solaces could light up by pure will. That was not supposed to be a pun. Will Solaces had showed up with someone named Nico Di Angelo.

Greyson wished Erebus was there.

Nico was literally Erebus's brother from another mother.

Greyson continued to clean his bow and rub some plaster on it. Something just felt odd without his friends with him. He felt alone.

"Hey."

He looked up and scooted over. Fiona sat down next to him, pushed her red hair out of her face, and stared into the woods.

"How are you?"

Greyson looked up and stared into the woods too. "I'm okay." He said softly.

Fiona nodded and looked at him. "I know you've seen a lot, but that shouldn't hold you back." She said softly.

"It's not that." Greyson said looking up.

"You're scared that everyone's looking up to you." Fiona finished.

Greyson nodded. Fiona was an odd daughter of Hecate. She could read minds, was telekinetic, and could make anything appear out of mid air for a few minutes. The mind reading part is what made them friends. She could just understand.

Greyson looked at the ground. "I mean, how do they expect me to lead? I get Erebus told me to, but... I can't."

"Yes you can. There's reason behind everything. You have different paths to choose... this one you're on might be the best one." She said.

Greyson looked up and smiled. "Spoken like a daughter of Hecate."

"I try my best." She said smiling. She stood up, and pushed the dirt off of her light blue shirt she wore. Her Camp Half-Blood shirt had a knot tied at the bottom. Her red high tops, and leather necklaces with the camp beads shown.

"Now, I'm going to go make sure my cabin isn't cursing, killing, or slaying anyone." She said smiling. She looked at Greyson. "Don't do anything stupid."

"But that's my middle name lady! I can't help it." He said with a smirk.

Fiona smiled, and Greyson stood up. He put his bow around him, and held her hand as they walked to the main area of Camp.

Everyone was preparing and the camp was moving around.

"Excuse me... excuse me." Greyson said shoving past people.

"MOVE!" Fiona moved a hand as her red magic moved them out of the way. Greyson smiled. He was glad Fiona was there with him.