



Erebus

Chapter 1

I wish I could explain, but I don't know exactly it happened. Something something something; my best and only friend is dead, I made the rocks in the earth come up—and skeletons—, and I'm a Half-Blood. I'm the son of Hades. I mean... I guess now that I think of it, it makes sense. I have black hair and eyes, pale skin, and black leather jacket, jeans, and bennie. And I liked to where a dark purple shirt, and my worn out brown sneakers. My name is Erebus, and I'm from Chicago. Me and my—now dead—best friend Mera ran away from the orphanage and foster homes, and somehow made it to Long Island Sound, New York—don't ask.

But, back to reality.

Somehow is was a demigod, summoned black rocks and skeletons, and was the son of Hades... this must have been some joke. Not to mention the man that claimed to be my history teacher's brother was terrifyingly muscular, tall, and resisted some sort of rhyme. I went to take a step, but exhaustion filled me, and I fell to the ground. I was so tired, and I didn't know why. I didn't know a lot of anything I thought was true. I mean I thought I was different, but not like FREAKING SON OF HADES DIFFERENT. I don't remember much, but I knew I closed my eyes.

I opened my eyes, and closed them again. I was so exhausted, but I felt somewhat better. I sat up, and rubbed my head, and opened my eyes again. I saw a pretty girl standing there, with a small glass of golden liquid.

“What is that? Alcohol?”

The girl raised an eyebrow, and smiled. “For the gods. For us demigods, it's a healing drink.” She said handing it to me. She had golden hair with white highlights, beach tanned skin, and two different colored eyes. One brown, one blue. She had a kind, but hurt look to her mismatch eyes.

I looked at the liquid suspiciously. I had heard about people smuggling stuff this type to kids.

“Do you trust me? Yes or no?” She asked.

“No. I don’t even know who your are, and where in the heck I am.” I scoffed.

She nodded, and smiled. “Yeah, that makes sense. I don’t know who you are either, except your the son of Hades.” She said shrugging.

I shrugged, and took the drink. I looked at it suspiciously, but drank it. It tasted like sirup, and greatness. I felt the exhaustion leave my body, and I sat there.

“Better?” She asked.

I put my hands in my leather jacket pockets. She was right, and I hung my head. “Yeah.” I forced out. She smiled, and tossed me a orange T-shirt like the one she wore.

“You gonna need to wear this every day. You are aloud to where your jacket over it though.” She said simply turning to leave.

“Thanks... what’s your name by chance?” I asked embarrassingly.

The girl with golden hair and mech-matched eyes looked at me. “Chiara, daughter of Nike.”

“Like the shoes?!” I asked with wide eyes.

Chiara raised an eyebrow, and eyed me hard. I felt sweat run down my back from her stare. “No... like the Greek goddess.” She said coldly.

“Oh... sorry. What is he—”

“She.” Chiara said with a raging voice.

“What is She the good of?” I corrected.

Chiara looked down. “Goddess of victory....” She looked up, then fixed her orange t-shirt. “Welcome to camp... what about you?”

“Oh, Erebus. Son of... Hades?”

Chiara chuckled, and rolled her eyes. “Yeah. Your the son of one of the big three. Well, nice to meet you Erbus—”

“Erebus.”

“And welcome to Camp Half-Blood.” She said walking out. Man, nobody ever gets my name right... then again I just called her mom a shoe brand and a guy.

Off to a great start (I said sarcastically).

I got up, and scratched my black shaggy hair. Huh, ‘A child of the big three’. I wonder what that means... it’s probably super cool!

Chapter 2

I gathered my stuff—which was what I had on, my new sword, and Camp Half-Blood shirt, and walked out of something called the ‘Big House’. It took me a bit to figure out where I was going, but I soon found all of the Cabins lined up in a long row. Man this place is big. I kinda stood there, and hoped I’d find another Hades kid like me, but so far, so bad.

“Um... need help emo guy?”

I looked up at the kid who tackled me earlier. He was just taller than me, beach blonde hair, blue eyes, and beach tanned skin.

“Im not emo.”

“Your choice of style says otherwise.”

“It’s actually not emo, it’s more of a punk type of—”

“Meh, whatever.” He said shrugging. “Come on, what are you looking for?”

I looked around. “Well... I guess where the heck I’m gonna sleep. And an explanation would be great.” I complained.

The boy raised an eyebrow then laughed. “Well none of us really ever get the best explanation dude. Names Greyson Baxter... and your Cerberus?”

“Erebus.” I corrected to the second time today.

Greyson nodded, and looked at me carefully. “Sorry for tackling you. Only I get to mess with the Oracle okay?”

“The what now?”

“I’ll explain later. So, what are you looking for?”

“Um... my... cabin?”

“Yes, Cabin! Ok, Cabin 13!” He said pointing to one. It was black, and in the shadows of the trees.

“Cool... thanks.”

“Yeah, anytime... let me come. Nobody goes in Hades Cabin and I want in.” He said simply. I shrugged, and we started to walk, as he explained stuff for me.

“So the Oracle is your brother?”

“Nah, basically though.”

“And he made a prophecy about me? So that’s what he was saying?”

“Well... yeah, but he goes all possessed and green mode when he’s telling a prophecy.”

Greyson said shrugging.

I nodded, as we walked up to the Cabin. The cabin walls were made of solid black stone and a skull hung over the doorway. There were torches that burnt...Greek Fire? Yeah, the fire was green. There were no windows, and gave me the, ‘your gonna die in here’ vibe.

“Well... not the prettiest.” Greyson said biting his lip.

I shrugged. It seemed pretty lit. “Meh, seems cool.” I said opening the door.

It was cold on the inside, and extremely dark. The walls were black, like the beds— that were kinda shaped like coffins. The pillows were a blood red, and that was about the only color. There were no lights except for the Greek fire on the ceiling, that casted a dim green glow on the inside. The floor was like dirt, and black stone was poking up out of it.

Well, this is straight out of a horror movie! Me and Mera used to watch them all the time, and she wanted to be an actress for them—... well... that was before she was killed.

“Well, this is utterly terrifyingly creepy!” Greyson said with false joy. “So, I’m gonna leave you to it, in this death trap! Bye!”

Greyson left, and shut the door, closing out the only outside light. Now, the only light was the flickering Greek Fire from the roof. Well, this is going to be interesting.

I looked around for you know, signs of sibling and stuff but that there was none, except a avatar jacket and some old photos. One was a boy who looked creepily similar to me, and a girl. They were wearing 1940’s clothes, and both had a smile on their faces. Another one was the same boy but older, and the photo looked more modern. Once again we looked identical, and he was standing with a black girl, with golden eyes and frizzy red hair. The last phot was the same boy, with another boy with blonde hair. The black haired boy had a small hidden smirk, while the blonde hair boy had a wild grin.

I couldn’t help but stare at the boy who looked like me. He must have been my half brother, and the one who the him and the girl like him, must have been my sister. For the red haired, and blonde kid, I had no clue. The only thing I knew was that I was alone in this dark cabin.

It was odd. I started to feel more drawn to the darkness of the cabin, which I never really felt before. The darkness seemed to have an effect on me... I didn’t like it. I sat on one off the

coffin beds, and finally gave up. I had to get out of here. I shanked my purple shirt, into the camp shirt, and out my leather jacket back on. I grabbed my sword, and put it through my belt, and walked out. The light of normal day was blinding, but it felt neat. I put my hands in my pockets, and walked down through the camp. Something something, I gotta learn how to fight some for a Capture the Flag game.

I walked through the camp, and down to the 'sword arena', and sat there. Nobody was there, and I sat there. I looked at my black sword, and realized nobody else one like mine. Everyone else had something called 'Celestial Bronze'.

"Hey kid."

I looked up at a tall guy. He looked about seventeen, had curly black hair, and grey eyes. He was fit, and had scars on his arms, and one through his eyebrow.

"Um... hi."

"Your Erebus right?"

My eyes lit up. Someone finally got my name right. "Yeah!" I said with a small smile. The guy nodded, and extended a hand.

"I'm Luke, Luke Jackson." Luke said smiling. I shook his hand, and before I knew it my butt was on the ground. "First rule of being a Demigod. Your always being attacked."

Before I knew it his sword came down, and I somehow dodged it. I jumped up, and held up my sword.

"YOUR NUTS!"

"AND PROUD TO BE KID!"

I dodged his sword again, and well, my bennie died. My eyes widened, and I ran around the arena.

"You have to fight kid!"

I looked at my sword, and jumped up. I walked up to Luke who gave a smile. He flung his sword and I held it up.

"Footing. Keep your feet about shoulder with apart."

"What?"

I got knocked off my feet, and Luke's sword was at my throat. "Your dead kid. Again."

"WHAT?!"

He helped me up, and I gripped my sword tighter. Luke spun his sword in his hand, and I held mine up like a looser. I spread my feet like her said, and he flung his sword. I ducked down, and flung mine like a wimp. I didn't really know how to use one. All I knew, is that I got my butt whopped over and over.

I woke up the next morning to an annoying horn blaring throughout the camp. I rolled my eyes, and pulled the blood red pillow over my face. Then I thought about it. I was in this dark cabin, where it felt like the darkness was becoming a part of me... maybe it would be a good idea to get out.

I put on the only clothes I had, and walked out of the cabin I'm not complaining, I love my clothes, I just wish I owned more pairs. The orphanage and foster homes didn't really seem to care all that much about that though back in Chicago. Once again I was blinded by the sun, but my eyes readjusted. I got to breakfast, and sat down alone at the cabin table. I mean, it could have been worse. I rubbed my eyes, and squinted hard. All of these different lights were making my eyes mad, and my brain scream bloody murder.

"Hey Erebus."

I looked up at Greyson, who had a sticky note in his hand. "Chiron wants you to go down to Cabin 9 so you can get some armor for Capture the Flag today." He said showing me the sticky note.

I nodded, and got up from my eggs and ham, and left breakfast. I walked down the camp, and looked at all of the other cabins. Zeus, and Hera's Cabins were empty. Poseidon had one person, Luke, who was sitting inside. I wondered if he felt as alone as me....

The other Cabins had so many kids, and I just stood there. Luke wasn't a child of 'One of the Big Three'. He was a grandchild. I was a direct child of one. Nobody told me why I was the only one, it was just how it was. I may have been alone before, in foster care, and the orphanage, but I had Mera... now I don't.

"Hey, your the new Hades kid right?"

I looked up to see a girl. She had long brown hair and eyes. She had ash marks on her face, and her hands were covered in oil. She wore a tool belt with hammers and wrenches... and crackers?

"Um... yeah I am."

“Cool. I’m Reta. I have your armor.” She said smiling.

I nodded, and she took me to something called ‘The Cabin 9 Bunker’. It was a giant work shop, and I ducked under a lot of metal... I wasn’t tall either, so it made me feel good. Reta grabbed some black armor and held it up to me.

“To small.”

Before I could say anything she pulled her hammer out and started banging the metal out of the metal. She held it to a fireplace, and worked with it some more.

“Try it on.” She said handing it to me.

I nodded, and slipped it over my leather jacket. I strapped the brown leather, and looked at Reta.

“Perfect, although I think you like your jacket. I’d recommend using a hoodie or something without much leather.” She shrugged.

I nodded and took it off, and looked at it. The front had the dark purple symbol that appeared over my head.

“Um... I don’t have a hoodie. Does the camp have some fort of gift shop or something?”

Reta looked at me like I was nuts.

“I’ll take that as a no.”

Reta nodded, and looked at me closely. “Yeah. Hey, I do think Chiron has something. You can always ask him. He’s the Centaur guy.” She explained folding her arms.

“Okay, thanks!” I said holding the armor up.

“Anytime newbie.” She said smiling.

I left, and put my armor back in my cabin, and headed to the Big House. I walked down the dirt road, and just felt a odd feeling. I stoped walking and looked down at my feet. I felt a sudden burst of power in my veins, and I really wanted to see. I extended my hands, and a dark purple, and black glow came from them, and formed around my body. I felt like I was pulling something up, and I kept going at it.

“Erebus?”

I stopped suddenly— pft... I totally wasn’t scared— fine I was caught by surprise—, and looked up at Chiara. She tilted her head and looked at me carefully.

“What are you doing?”

“Great question... I was trying to find that out.”

Chiara raised an eyebrow, but shrugged. She looked a little pale today, and sickly. And coming from me, that means something.

“Hey... are you okay?”

She looked up at me and processed what I said. “Oh—uh yeah. I’m fine... thanks.” She said with an embarrassed face.

“No problem.” I said giving a small smile. “Going to the Big House too?” I asked.

She nodded.

We started to walk over, and it was sort of awkward. She looked pretty sick, and I could tell she had a headache from how she had her eyes squinted. I mean, I get one from walking out of my cabin. We got to the Big House, and I opened the door for her— I’m not the biggest gentleman, but the poor girl seemed sick.

“Thanks.” Chiara said softly.

“Anytime.”

I followed her to Chiron’s office, and he looked up at us. The Centaur had a white bourse bottom, and had a brown beard, hair, and blue eyes that twinkled. The guy looked like Jesus from photos I saw in a kid’s bible at the orphanage.

“Yes?” He asked softly.

“Im here... well you know.” Chiara said softly. Chiron nodded, and Chiara left up the stairs and to where the extra beds were. Huh... strange....

“Um... do you have hoodies— or like extra clothes?” I asked.

Chiron nodded, and we walked over to a room full of clothes. “Lots of Half-Blood’s like you don’t come with enough clothes. Takes the ones you need.” He said kindly.

Take the ones I need?! What is this this place?! Am I dead and in heaven?!

I nodded, and looked around. I found some extra black jeans and back hoodies. I went ahead grabbed a pair of shoes, because I only owned the ones on my feet. Sweet! This was awesome!

I ran back to my cabin, and took my leather jacket off, and put the hoodie on. I looked around, and found a alarm clock. It was in military time, so it read 13:21, but I knew it was 1:12. Capture the Flag was starting soon. I put the armor from Reta on, and looked at myself. I looked pretty cool— in my opinion. I grabbed my sword, and smiled at it, and put it through my belt. This was gonna be fun.

Chapter 3

I stood in a formation line as the Oracle, Cypher, separated teams. He came to me, and his green eye lingered on me... he was trying to decide.

“That team.” He said pointing. He pointed to Ares, Athena, Apollo, Hermes, Demeter, Hebe, Hebhphētis, and Iris’s cabins. Wow... they only get one edition. Greyson walked up to me, and we stood there and watched. I saw Chiara run over and get in line with her cabin. She had a necklace on, with a blue stone, that had some sort of glowing look to it.

“What’s the deal with her?”

Greyson looked up at me. “I— I don’t know.” He said softly.

What a liar. Chicago foster homes taught me how to sniff out a lie like that. Greyson fixed his bow and arrows, and Reta walked over to us with a large mallet over her shoulder.

“Uh oh.”

We looked up, and Greyson started to complain.

“We’re dead meat.”

Luke walked onto the other team, and he gave a smile. I kinda understood why everyone wanted Luke on their team, but there seemed to be more than that guy that meets your eyes.

“Shoot.”

Nike Cabin was placed on the other team, and Reta let out a swear.

“What’s so bad about Nike Cabin?” I asked.

Greyson put a hand on my shoulder. “Oh you dear innocent child.”

“I’m not that innocent.”

“Nike is the goddess of victory. First of all her children are faster than the Hermes cabin, and that’s saying something!” Greyson said angrily. “Second of all, victory is in their genes!” He said scowling at them.

“They can do anything they set their mind to...” Reta said enviously.

We all grouped up and came up with ‘A Plan’. Apollo cabin was going up high, and Demeter cabin would but them in trees. They would shoot trespassers and stuff. Hermes cabin was after the flag, and Athena and Hebhphētis were defending. Ares and Hebe cabin we’re distractions, and I..... I don’t know. I was, ‘do what you want kid, because we don’t know you or

your skills' kid. Wow... this sucked. I walked into the shadows, and felt that pull from earlier in my cabin... and the power in my veins. The horn blew, and I didn't need to be a newbie to know what that meant.

Game on.

I stood in the darkness and felt all sorts of weird stuff... and I heard whispers too. They told me all sorts of stuff.

'Your alone'

'You always will be'

'You won't fit in'

'Children of Hades are all evil'

'What the heck are you doing?'

I tried to push the thoughts out of my mind, but they wouldn't go. I saw a flash, and it was like the shadows knew what I nodded to do. I lunged forward with my sword, and swiped hard. Someone screamed and went flying back, but landed with a spear in the earth.

Chiara looked up at me, and picked up her spear.

"Hi! Did you see me? I was just standing there." I said pointing to the shadow under a tree.

"I didn't see you." She said firmly.

Next, I didn't see her, and it was my turn to scream.

She lunged at me, and I held up my sword in time to block her speedy attack. Our weapons met, and I held her spear away from my neck with my sword.

"You scream like a girl." She said with raised eyebrows.

"It's called a VOICE CHANGE!"

I flung her down, and she jumped up, and lunged at me. I've never been tackled by a girl, and I definitely wasn't going to let myself get beat to a tar but a girl. I flipped her over, and I jumped up and flung my sword. She held up her spear and spun it around like a rod. I kicked the spear hard, and flung my sword. I got knocked down from behind and hit the ground and ate dirt. A celestial bronze sword came at me, and I panicked.

'Your dead'

'You are always alone'

'Alone'

I grabbed my head and let loose a blood boiling scream. “LEAVE ME ALONE!”

The voices stopped, and I felt a burst of power leave my body, and more and more boil up.

I looked around myself. The black rocks had shot up, and skeletons were everywhere.

Darkness surrounded me, and I had knocked Chiara and Luke off of their feet. Luke looked up with wide eyes, and lifted his hand as water came to it from a near by creek.

We locked eyes hard, and I picked my sword up, as the shadows from the trees came to me... surrounding me... being a part of me. The creek rose behind Luke, and his eyes gave a sea green glow. I felt the earth crack from under me and black rocks started to poke up, and skeletons came out with their bones cracking.

“BOYS!”

We both looked over at Cypher who stood there with his sword in his hand. He looked nervous, and brave all at once.

“Drop the weapons... and water, rocks, and send your skeletons back to... where they come from.”

Luke and I looked at each other for a sign of weakness. If he lowered his sword, I'd lower mine. This guy was nuts, and I was not going to let my guard down. Luke watched me, and slowly out his sword down, and I did too.

“Gosh... you two need to chill out.” Cypher said softly.

Luke put his sword away, and I held my waiting for a sneak attack. Cypher looked at me carefully, then at Chiara— who I forgot was there. I eased up, and felt the power and my energy drain. I collapsed and hit the ground, and wanted to just sleep there.

Why was I so tired.

Luke walked up to me, and helped me up with a smile.

We walked through the woods, and back to the main area of Camp. I couldn't help but look at Luke... he just seemed so experienced and powerful. Luke looked at me and a smirk crossed his face. “Nice job kid.”

“Thanks...” I said weakly and tiredly.

A part of me wondered what would have happened if we had fought. I'd probably have my butt kicked. I looked at Chiara, who may have been sick, but had me worried for my life because of that spear.

Looking at her now, she seemed worse. The stone around her neck seemed to glow brighter, and gave a glow affect on her. I wanted to say something to her, but I chose not to. I was just to exhausted.

“EMO! YOUR ALIVE!”

Greyson came running over. His blonde hair was full of twigs, and leafs.

“I’m NOT EMO!”

Greyson shrugged. “Whatever. Hey Chiara.”

Chiara nodded, and walked away. I looked back at Greyson and pointed to his hair. “What happened to you?”

Greyson face went red with embarrassment. “Unanswered.” He said trying to walk off.

“Unanswered?! What does that mean?!”

Greyson walked away, and looked up at a girl from Hectate cabin. She had red hair, and yellow eyes, and she went red laughed, and said ‘Sorry’. I smiled to myself, and headed back to my cabin.

I closed the door and collapsed on my bed, and laid there. For once the darkness of the cabin felt nice as my body seemed to absorb it. For once I appreciated the darkness sinking into me. I closed my eyes but didn’t sleep, and smiled. Maybe it wasn’t that bad being a son of Hades....

I got up after I felt like my energy was restored, and walked out of the cabin. I covered my eyes, and walked out slowly through the camp. My eyes did not want to adjust, but they finally did when I got to the docks. I was supposed to be at archery, but I didn’t wanna go. I already knew I sucked at it.

I put my hands in my pockets and looked out at the lake... it was beautiful. I smiled to myself, and thought of Mera. She would have loved this. Her brown eyes and laughter still lingered in my mind... she wasn’t gone.

She’s not.

She... she can’t really be gone.

The only person who I cared about, and who cared about me... gone?

No! She can’t...

I looked down, and knew she was dead. I... I didn't want to believe it though. I hung my head, and walked away from the lake, and sat down under a tree. Maybe I did like the darkness... after all my name literally means Darkness.

“Hey... are you okay?”

I looked up at Reta, who smiled at me. I nodded and looked down.

“Man of few words I guess.” She said shrugging. She extended a hand, and pulled me up with a smile. “Hey, you did good in capture the flag! Dinner is starting pretty soon, and if you want extra food I'd head in now.” She suggested.

“Oh okay... thanks.” I said softly looking down.

“No problem. See you around.” She said walking off.

I looked at her carefully, as she walked away. Something seemed weird... nobody is this nice—well nobody I knew. I walked away to the dining pavilion, and sat down alone again at the Hades table. I guess it was okay, but kids started to act less impressed, and had more of a scowl on their faces when they looked at me. All because I was a Hades kid. Look, I've only been here for two days, but I picked up on rumors. Hades kids were known for killing and stealing the souls of others. Apparently my long lost brother was Adolf Hitler himself.

Yay....

I didn't eat—I wasn't hungry—and left ASAP. I didn't want to sit in there with the stares from others. I kept walking and looked down, and before I knew it I bumped into someone.

I looked up at Cypher, who picked up a folder he dropped. He looked up and smiled at me kindly. “Hey Erebus I—”

Cypher blinked hard, and his head started to twitch.

“Um... are you okay?”

Cypher cupped his hand to his eyepatch, and started breathing heavily, like his throat was closing. He dropped to the ground, and everyone looked up.

DID I KILL HIM BY WALKING INTO HIM?!

Green mist started to form, and Cypher pulled his eyepatch off.

“CODE GREEN!” One camper yelled.

The camp started moving and made a circle around me and Cypher... this is weird. Cypher's neck threw back and his hands outstretched as he started to lift into the air. The green

mist got brighter and more and more came. His eyes were glowing a terrifying but neon green. His finger outstretched and pointed to me, and I took a good few steps back.

“WHATS HAPPENING?!” I begged to Greyson.

His eyes were wide, and a bone chilling voice sent my hair standing, and jolts down my back.

“A Child of the Oldest God shall reach sixteen against all odds

You shall go west and face the best

You shall find what you seek and make it your own

The bane of Olympus shows the trail of Bale

The moon and bone shall work together through stone

The Ghost Lord shall rise or fail by the rail.”

Chapter 4

Packing for a quest was easy because I only own two pares of black jeans, brown shoes, and shirt's (my Camp Half-Blood shirt I had on, and my dark purple one). I had my leather jacket, and the black hoodie I wore. I couldn't help but look at the Aviator Jacket that belonged to one of my siblings— the one that looked like me.

Maybe he left it for me?

I don't know. I looked at it still, and decided to bring it with me. I put my armor on over the hoodie, and put my sword through my belt.

I was able to pick one partner. I wanted to choose Luke, but when I looked at him he shook his head with a proud smile. So, I went with the only other person who I thought could help. Greyson.

Then, Chiron picked Chiara to come.

I'm saying I'm mad about it, but I honestly would have chose Reta. Reta knows how to beat some stuff up with her hammer, and she's technicality smart. I don't know Chiara as well, but I saw how she could spin a spear, and she's sick while doing that.

That was why I didn't want her to come.

She was sick. I'm not a germaphobe, but I didn't want to get sick, or her get worse.

I grabbed my bag, and walked out of the cabin. The moonlight shown on the grass, and lit the way. I met up with Greyson. He seemed nervous but also excited.

“This is my first quest! How about you?!— OH WAIT THIS IS YOUR QUEST!”

Greyson went off like a bomb, and wouldn't shut up.

Soon, a girl ran over with Chiara. She had blonde hair like Greyson, and grey eyes. She was about two years younger, but seemed pretty smart for her age.

“Greyson calm down! I sent an Iris message to mom and dad explaining everything that's been happening.” She said calmly.

“You have?!”

“Yes, I told them about Hades kid,” she said looking at me. Does no one know my name? Or how to pronounce it at least?

“I told them about capture the flag—”

“How much...” Greyson asked nervously.

The girl got a smirk on her face and surprising, in her eyes. “I told them about how you were doing well to Fiona came along. You attempted to make peace, but she used her magic and sent you flying into a tree.”

Greyson gulped. “Um... you didn’t say what I said... right?”

The smirk got worse. “Yeah... wasn’t it, ‘Gosh your so hot? I’m hot too, so that means you and me are meant to be’... WHAT A STUPID RYME! Literally only me and meant to be rhymes!” She said folding her arms.

Greyson gulped, and his face went white. “I thought it was good...”

“Thing again. I also told them about the prophecy and your quest.” She said finally.

I looked back and forth at the two. They must have been siblings, but I recognized her form Athena Cabin... I’ll ask later. I looked at Chiara who had wide eyes, and clearly thought the same thing as me. ‘What is happening?’

“Hey! Wait!”

I looked up as Luke and Reta came running over. They both had a big smile in there face, but Luke held something.

“Here...” He said handing it to me.

I looked at the sea shell, and raised an eyebrow. “A... sea shell?”

“Not just any old sea shell.” Luke laughed. “It’s a... it’s like a phone. You drop it into water, and Poseidon will send help. Dad gave it to me, but I think you need it more.” Luke explained.

I looked at Luke, and nodded.

“Still a man of little words eh?” Reta said giggling.

My face flushed, and I put my hands in my pocket and looked down.

“Anyways, came to wish you guys luck.” She said smiling.

“Okay... bye! Love you Audrey!” Greyson said walking through the barrier. His sister, Audrey rolled her eyes and looked at Chiara.

“He better. If he doesn’t help you well enough just tell me, okay?”

Chiara nodded, and I looked at her. What does that mean? She looked up at me, and I took that as a ‘let’s go’. So, I waved bye and walked through the barrier.

The moonlight shown through the trees, and cast a ghostly glow on the woods outside of camp. If I'm being honest, I liked it, but Greyson and Chiara seemed a little creeped out. We kept walking through the trees. We didn't know what we are looking for, other than we had to go west. Chiara had a compass, and started spewing out with ways to go, and Greyson and I listened.

We walked for a while through the woods, before we reached a clearing. Me and Greyson went walking through in the moonlight, and we waited for Chiara to say where to go now. And we waited.

Me and Greyson looked at each other than back. Chiara stood in pure fear at the edge off the woods. She looked extremely sick, and the necklace with the blue stone was glowing more.

"Um..."

"Wait here... I go it." Greyson said skipping back to her.

They talked for a few minutes, and I stood there. I kicked a rock, but they finally came over. Greyson grabbed something from his bag, and hid it in his hand as we walked.

"Fourteen degrees to the right." She said softly.

Me and Greyson listened. I was always good at math, and Greyson followed me. We reached a small place where we could stop, and I looked at them. They looked exhausted, especially Chiara.

"Um let's stop here, and rest okay?" I said softly.

"Rest?! LET GO MAN!" Greyson said plopping down onto the ground.

"I... I'll take first watch." Chiara said softly.

I looked at her carefully and shook my head. "No... you should sleep. I promise I'll wake you guys up if something happens... okay?"

Chiara looked ready to fight, but Greyson stopped her. "You need more sleep then us... just let EMO—"

"Erebus."

"EMO! Anyways let's let EMO kid do his thing! He's the son of Hades so..." Greyson said with a shrug.

Chiara glared. "I can stay up if I want!"

“Doctors orders.” Greyson snapped right back. He held up what was in his hands. A vile. It had silvery glowing liquid, and I watched as Chiara shut up immediately. “You’ll be fine lady.” Greyson said rolling his eyes.

Chiara against her will ended up falling asleep faster than my grandma Shelby— who died in her sleep.

Me and Greyson made a fire, which I wasn’t good at— he did the work. We sat there, and Greyson leaned back on the grass and sat there in the shadows against a tree. I couldn’t help but look at Chiara... Greyson knew something.

“What’s the deal with you two?” I asked carefully.

Greyson shrugged. “I’m her designated healer.”

“Do I have one?”

“Nah, only people with—” Greyson caught himself and his eyes popped open. He sat up and looked at me.

“People with what?”

“I... I’m not aloud to say.” He said nervously, glancing at Chiara. He looked at the fire, then at me. “Look, just know that she’s been through more than most... I can’t say anything about you because—well— I don’t know you to well.” He said softly. “You understand right?”

I nodded, and Greyson laid back down. “Now I’m gonna get sleep before I get to tired to get any sleep.” He complained.

I leaned back into the darkness of the tree, and looked up at the stars. I saw lots of constellations— the ones mom showed me when I was little....

I sat in a hospital room. It was all to familiar. I saw a boy who was four years old, sitting on a woman’s lap. Nobody would have believed she had beautiful silky red hair anymore... cancer had taken over. She was pale like her son, but extremely skinny, and had bags under her eyes. She was young, and tired. They boy on her lap was sleeping, but she stroked his hair with a smile. I pulled over a chair and sat down and watched.

The woman looked up at me. “Hello Minyay.” She said softly. My eyes widened, and she laughed. “Still not many words?”

I blinked hard, and pushed tears back. “What day is it?” I asked softly. The woman looked at a clock, then the boy in her lap. “You know Minyay.”

I looked down, and clenched my fists, and tears started to form.

“I see your father has claimed you.” She said softly. I nodded and sniffled, as my body shook. The four year old boy on her lap started to wake up, and the woman’s breath slowed.

“Do not go cold like the other children of your father... I love you Minyay.” She said softly.

“I... I love you to mama.”

My mother smile, and gave one last breath as the little boy woke up. Me... I was the little boy who woke up on his mothers dead lap.

My eyes popped open, and the sun had risen. My breath was fast, and Chiara and Greyson stared at me.

“Are you okay?”

I whipped my wet eyes, and nodded. I stood up, and kicked out the fire. I put my hands in my pockets and looked at the ash. The fire was gone... like Mom, Mera, and so many others.

‘Nobody cares for you anymore’

‘All who you love will die’

My eyes watered more as the voices went on.

“GO AWAY!” I yelled.

The earth cracked from under my feet, and I backed up as a boney hand came up. Greyson slapped it back down with his bow and arrow, and Chiara stood with her spear.

She looked up at me. “Sleep okay?” She asked.

My eyes watered again and I looked down.

“Leave me alone.” I said softly.

Chiara nodded, and her eyes were full of sympathy. Greyson had the same look too. Without a word we stared back onto our quest.

Chapter 5

We walked in silence for a while, but I didn't care necessarily. I liked the quiet... well I wanted to. We ended up crossing the New York, Pennsylvania border, and Greyson gave up the no talking thing.

"Um... is anyone else hungry?" Greyson asked out of the blue.

"I am." Chiara said softly. The girl was starting to look better. The color had returned to her skin, and she had a small smile that returned. She dropped her backpack that had cloths, and canned foods.

"Where did you get that from?" Greyson asked grabbing canned peaches.

"The kitchen. If you ask nice enough you'll get food for a quest." She said smiling. Chiara looked up at me with her mech-match eyes. "Want some food?"

I wasn't hungry, but I knew I needed something to keep going. I nodded and picked up some canned tomato mush stuff.

"Thanks."

"Your welcome." She said handing me a dagger.

I raised an eyebrow, and she rolled her eyes with a smile. "Use it to open the can dummy."

I have a small smile, and did. "I see your feeling better." I said taking the lid off.

"Yeah, I am... for now at least." She said looking down.

I nodded, and looked at her. "Well, things get good then bad again, that's just life." I then thought hard about what I said. "That's not encouraging is it?"

Chiara smiled. "No, not really. The thought that counts. I gave an embarrassed smile, and looked up at Greyson who had a smirk.

"What?"

"Nothing." He said finishing his peaches.

I rolled my eyes and finished my tomato mash. We started walking again, and Greyson and Chiara made interesting conversations that I was pulled into.

"Hey Erbussy?"

I looked at Greyson and pushed my black hair out of my face. "Do you even know my name?!"

Greyson shrugged. “Nope! Anyways Emo, I was wondering if—”

“My name is not Emo, Erbussy, or Cerberus! Is Erebus!” I said annoyed.

Chiara gave a small chuckle, and Greyson folded his arms. “Fine then. How do you say your name?”

“Erebus... Ear-Eh-Bus.” I pronounced slowly for him.

“Ear—”

“Yes.”

“-Eh—”

“Yup.”

“Bus.”

“All together...” I said slowly for him.

“EMO KID!” Greyson laughed.

I rolled my eyes, and Chiara bursted out laughing. My face froze, and I looked at her. She had Mera’s laugh... or something extraordinarily similar.

I stopped talking and felt my head hang.

“Hey are you okay?”

I nodded, and didn’t push my hair up out of my eyes. I didn’t want them to see weakness... rule one of foster homes and orphanages, never show weakness.

We kept walking, and we made it into a small town.

“Anyone have money?” Greyson asked.

I nodded, and pulled out two bucks. It was the money I had left from Mera and I’s run away adventure.

Chiara pulled out fifty bucks, and Greyson nodded. The guy pulled out a hundred and forty buck, and took our money.

He counted it, and looked up. “192 bucks... let’s see how much can get us west faster.”

Me and Chiara nodded, and we looked at each other.

“There’s not train station here.” She said softly.

I looked around and nodded. “Yeah... probably trying to get a taxi or something.”

“Or pay a suspicious man to take us in his white van.” She said nervously.

“Or that, or— wait what did you just say?!”

She pointed up to Greyson who was doing just that. “You have got to be kidding me.” I said angrily. Chiara nodded, and looked at her necklace.

“Take off the armor... hurry.”

I did, and stuffed it in my backpack, but what about my sword. Somehow when it was given to me it was a ring. I didn’t know how to make it back.

“Chiara how do I do the sword?”

“What do you mean?”

“It was a ring... when I was given it. I don’t know how to make it turn back.”

She looked at me, and took the black sword. She started fitting with it, and looked at me.

“It’s a Stygian Iron sword. Hades probably had this made... give me your hand.”

“What?”

She grabbed my hand, and my face went red. She pressed my hand against the tip of the sword and it shrunk down into a skull ring.

“Oh would you look at that.” I said softly.

Chiara nodded and she put the ring on my finger. Her hands were soft, and my breath stopped. She let go, looked at me carefully, and my face got redder. The worst part about being a pale kid... you get red.

“Guys! This nice guy is giving us a ride!” Greyson called.

Oh gosh. I looked at Chiara who suddenly had a Greek floral headband on it, and I realized her spear turned into it.

“Let’s go.” I said softly.

“Right behind you Erebus.”

I smiled, and my face turned redder. She got my name right.

We got into the back of the van, and me and Chiara glared at Greyson. He looked up at us and raised an eyebrow. “What?”

“What!?” Chiara said angrily.

“ARE YOU ASKING WHAT?!” I yelled.

“Well... yeah.” Greyson said shrugging nervously. I clenched my fists, and felt that odd power again.

“Aren’t you related to Athena... goddess of wisdom?!” Chiara spat.

Greyson nodded with a red face full of embarrassment, and doubt. I put my hands in my pockets and slumped back. Gosh. Well we were in a van that was supposedly taking us west. Lovely. I was about ready to punch him, which was odd.

Chiara made a quick movement with her hand.

I flinched hard, and sat up.

Greyson and Chiara looked at me with wide eyes. My face went red from embarrassment... I thought I didn't flinch anymore....

"Dude breath." Greyson said jumping up.

I nodded and caught my breath—I didn't know I wasn't breathing.

Chiara looked at me, and was sort of nervous. "Are you okay? Did I do something that scared you?"

"NO—I mean— NO!"

No weakness.

No weakness.

I grabbed my hair and my throat closed. I pulled my knees up.

Not again.

I went into a full on panic.

"Erebus...?"

Chiara and Greyson looked at me, and I felt tears stream down my face. Images flashed through my mind. I woke up in my mom's arms... she was dead, glass bottles got chucked at me, a knife held under my throat, Mera hugging me in comfort.

Someone hugged me, as more and more flashed through.

I was tied to a chair in an empty garage, I was held in a extremely tight head lock, Mera grabbed my hand telling me 'Everything will work out'.

"ITS ALL LIES!" I cried. "GET AWAY FROM ME!" I said pulling my ring off as it turned into a sword.

Greyson pulled his bow and arrows out—in defense just in case—, but Chiara looked at me. She took a step forward.

A woman took a step forward and threw a knife.

"GET AWAY!"

Before I knew it Chiara tackled me in a hug.

I was in a head lock as Chicago gang members were ready to kill me.

“LET GO OF ME!”

“NO!” She cried with tears in her eyes.

She squeezed me tighter, and rubbed my back. I tried to fight more, but she squeezed tighter. She put a hand in my hair, but kept rubbing my back.

“It’s okay! Everything will work out.” She said softly.

“NO IT WON’T!”

I tried to push her away, but I couldn’t.

“Your fine... your safe.”

‘Your Safe’.

Two words I’ve never heard together.

“No I’m not.”

“Right now you are! Just breath!... It’s okay.”

I sniffed, whipped my eyes, and slumped onto her shoulder. Chiara wasn’t fazed, but kept rubbing my head and back while hugging me.

She pulled away, and looked at me, as I hung my head.

“Look at me.”

I didn’t want to, but I glanced up.

“Your fine... whatever this is... what ever happened... it’s gone. The past is the past, and if we focus on that than the future will repeat it. Trust me, I know.” She said softly.

I didn’t nod, but I sat there in that van.

Chiara kissed my forehead, and let go of me. She stood up and sat back down on the seats. Devin looked at me carefully and his eyes were full of pity.

I hate pity.

I sat there, and whipped my eyes again. I pulled up the hoodie of my jacket, and pulled my knees up.

‘Poor son of Hades hiding again’ the voices said.

Chapter 6

I didn't sleep, but pretended to. That's how you can hear if people are talking about you. There was a lot of silence, and I thought I was asleep, but then Greyson and Chiara started talking.

"So... did you see?"

"Yeah I saw... that's why I tried to calm him down." Chiara said softly.

"You would have tried either way to calm him down."

"I know, it's just, I didn't want a trail of monsters following the rock and skeletons." She said carefully.

Greyson made a, 'oh really' noise. "Yeah, but like I said, you would have tried and calm him down even if outside the van the dead weren't rising and black rock. You would have still helped."

"Well... yeah."

There was a silence for a bit.

"You should tell him." Greyson said softly.

"What?! NO! I—I mean, sure— NO!" She protested. "It's already hard enough to keep friends who know! I'm an outcast in my own cabin!"

"But they didn't tell anyone at Camp."

"I—..." Chiara stopped talking for a minute. "I don't want to be outcasted again." She said softly.

"You won't." Greyson said.

The van make a jerking motion, and I flung forward and hit my face on the floor of the van. Luckily I ticked my head to the other side in time, so my right side of my face hit the floor. I sat up, and rubbed my face, and looked at Greyson and Chiara.

"Good morning Emo! How's life?"

I didn't want to answer that question... well not yet at least. Clearly, Greyson understood and changed the subject.

"Well the van stopped!"

Chiara and I looked at Greyson, and eyed him hard. He shrugged, and jumped up. Gosh... this was going to be nuts.

The back of the van opened and I put my hand to my ring— just in case.

A man stood there, with a small smile.

“This is as far as I can get y’all. The van broke down.” He said simply. I looked at his arm, and saw an SPQR with a lot of lines and a grape bush symbol.

Chiara noticed it to. “SPQR? Camp Jupiter.” She said softly.

The man smiled, and his purple eyes gleamed. He pushed his blonde hair up. “Yeah. Ex-Predator of New Rome. Jay Cider, at your service Greekys.”

Chiara and I’s eyes widen, and we looked at Greyson who had a smirk.

“Told you.” He said smiling.

We got out, and it was dark, but the outline of the city seemed familiar.

Oh no.

“Guys, we gotta get the van working!” I said running to it.

“Kid, I know a lot about Quests, but when something happens you gotta go by foot.

Romans believe it’s the gods telling you, ‘You’ve had enough luxury’.” Jay, the Ex- Predator or New Rome said.

“No no no! NO! THIS ISN’T HAPPENING!”

I felt the cement under my feet crack, and I back up as a skeleton’s hand poked up Chiara pulled their floral out of her air and started to stab the hand back into the earth.

“Erebus, what’s wrong?!”

The one time Greyson gets my name right, and I wished he hadn’t.

I shook my head, as memories flooded my head. The cement started to crack again, and Chiara ran over, and pulled my head up to look at her.

“CHILL OUT! BREATH!”

I nodded, and tried. I couldn’t help but look into her mech-mach eyes. I couldn’t not think about how she calmed me down during another ‘episode’. Then she kissed my forehead, but then I didn’t care earlier, but now I wanted her to kiss me again.

What am I thinking?!

I backed up and hung my head, putting my hands in my pockets.

I looked down at my brown shoes, and my face went red.

“Erebus, where are we?” Greyson asked softly.

I looked up and from a distance saw Millennium Park, and ‘The Bean’. I looked down, and answered quietly.

“What?”

I looked up and whipped my face.

“Chicago.”

Gosh I hate Chicago. I *know* that hate is a strong word, but I HATE Chicago with a passion. Jay said goodbye, as we walked down the streets. I knew the city inside and out, but still. When you lived in the dark side of the city— the harder, more abusive side— you hate stuff easily.

I kicked a rock as we walked past the skyscrapers. This sucked. I had literally just ran away from here to New York, and here I am... back again.

“So... this place seems neat.” Greyson said looking around.

“To you.” I said angrily.

Chiara looked around, and she gave a smile. “It is.”

“Once again, to you guys.” I spat.

I heard laughter— an all to familiar laughter. I froze, and grabbed Chiara and Greyson and pulled them into an ally.

“Erebus, what are you—”

I covered Greyson’s mouth, as a group of all to familiar teenagers walked past.

I knew those guys... they used to put me in headlocks, and loved the idea of beating me up into cement. There was one time one thought it was funny to cut my throat... I still have the scar. I just cover it up with my hoodie, or looked down.

“I’m guessing those are people who—”

“Tried to kill me, and almost did multiple times.” I said softly.

I heard laughter, and I knew. Oh great. I let go of Greyson and heard a group walking over.

“Well well well. If it isn’t Shaggy the baggy. Looks like his mom... oh wait... she’s dead.” A group of boys laughed, and I clenched my fists.

-Chiara-

She looked up at a group of boys. They smirked a devious smirk, and eyed them all. She looked at Erebus, and Chiara froze. If the son of Hades wasn't scary enough, his black blood shot eyes were. He clenched his fists, and eyed them hard.

Erebus

"What do you want?" I spat.

"Well, we thought you left. It was better that way... who are these punks?" Henry Ramen said smiling.

"Punks?" Greyson said folding his arms.

I put my hand to my ring, and was ready to fight them when I caught Chiara shaking her head at me. I took a deep breath, as Henry and his stupid gang walked over.

"So shaggy, seems your hair got shaggier, and your clothes got baggier." Jameson laughed.

I continued to eye them as they kept making fun of me. Gosh I hate these jerks... also with a passion. Not as much as Chicago hate, but you know how it is.

"Wait... were's the mermaid lady?!" One asked.

That's what they called Mera because of the Aquaman movie.

My face fell, and they seemed to get it. "She died? Man, everyone you know is dead! HA!"

The gang bursted out laughing, and I felt the power in my veins.

"Shut up." I said softly.

They stopped laughing, and looked at me. "What you gonna do shaggy?" They taunted. They started laughing.

"I mean, what are you going to do? Run to your mommy? Oh wait... Tiffany is dead!"

I looked up in rage.

"SHUT UP! DON'T EVER SAY HER NAME!"

I felt my hair lift up and the cement crack. Their eyes widened and they ran away as I pulled my sword out. I went to go chase after them, but Greyson tackled me.

"Get off!"

I flung him to the side and jumped up, but Greyson grabbed my leg. "Their gone dude!" He said firmly.

I looked at Greyson and then Chiara. My anger started to stop, and I felt exhausted again. I fell to my knees, and Greyson and Chiara caught me.

“Let’s get out of here.” Chiara said softly.
I nodded, but hit the deck.

Chapter 7

I opened my eyes and sat up. It was the middle of the night by now, and we were at the edge of the city. How Greyson and Chiara got me there... I don't know. I looked at Greyson who was asleep, and Chiara who sat in the darkness, out of the moonlight. She was sharpening her spear when she looked up at me.

"Hey... sleep okay?"

I nodded, and walked over to her, and sat across from her. I couldn't help but stare at her, and her blue eyes twinkled in the dark. Gosh she was beautiful— WHAT AM I THINKING?!

"Are you okay?" She asked.

I nodded, and looked up at the moon. It still remained me off mom.

"So... who's Tiffany?" She asked softly.

I looked down, and pulled my knees up to me. "My... my mom."

Chiara looked at me. "Is she the reason why you left Chicago?"

I shrugged. It was partly true, but I was just tired of this place. Tired of people I care about dying. I was tired of getting abused, and beaten up on a daily bases.

"What's your worst memory? It helps talking about it." She said softly.

I raised an eyebrow, but I didn't know why I felt so open about it.

"Waking up on my mom's dead lap, then getting through the whole foster home/ orphanage thing. Getting abused... mostly mom though." I said softly, continuing to look down.

"Everyone around me dies, and now I have nobody. It makes me wonder if I did something wrong... it makes me think I'm the reason my mom is dead." I added.

Chiara didn't respond for a good minute.

"That's... that's hard, but you have me and Greyson." She finally said. She looked at the moon and back down again.

I nodded, and looked up at her. "Well, I told you something... why are you sitting away from the light? What's wrong with you... the 'Outcast' thing?"

She stared at me, then her glowing necklace, and then she looked up at the moon.

"I have Selenophobia." She said softly.

"Fear of the moon?" I guessed. I had known a lot about fear.

She nodded, and looked at her necklace.

“Why are you scared of the moon?”

She didn’t look up, and pulled her knees to her chest... this made her nervous. It took her a minute but she took a deep breath.

“I... I’m a Lycanthropes.” She said sadly.

“A what now?” I said in the least rudest way of saying.

I knew she understood. She looked up at me, and back down. “Never mind. You should get sleep.” She said looking at the grass.

“I already did. You should.” I said standing up.

Chiara watched me for a second, but gave up. She closed her eyes, and I waited for her to actually sleep. I walked away to a darker spot of where we were, and sat down.

What on earth is a Lycanthropes...?

I thought it hard, and I’m now sure I’m the dumbest person alive. I sat back, and watched the stars. I didn’t understand how someone could not like the night.

Everyone woke up, and we started our hike west again. This whole quest thing felt pointless. Something about looking for something. Something about someone named Baal.

“Who’s Baal?” I asked walking on the side of a road.

Chiara and Greyson looked up at me.

“What?”

“The prophecy thingy guy said something about someone named Baal.” I said simply.

Chiara thought hard for a moment but Greyson answered. “Baal was a old Mesopotamian god. He was supposedly like Zeus, but you know... not Zeus.”

Chiara looked at Greyson. “When did you get smart?”

“I’ve been smart! I know Jay, and I know this! Related to Athena, remember?” He said pointing at his head. “I’m a big brain child.”

Chiara rolled her eyes and looked up at me. She started to look past me with wide eyes. I turned around, and saw huge troll thing.

“Is that a—”

“Troll.” Greyson said.

It came at us, and we ran. Chiara was a lot faster than us— I mean, faster than the Hermes kids—, and was a good hundred feet in front of me and Greyson. I took my ring off and Greyson brought his bow and arrows out. He turned around and shot the troll directly in the eye.

“NICE SHOT!” I said still running.

“Thanks man!”

We ran, and I turned around and stopped. I raised my hands and summoned the dead, and they started to slow them down... and me. What Chiara said was right. Children of Hades’s have draining power.

Greyson caught me, and helped me run.

“Smart one Emo!”

I was too exhausted to yell at Greyson so I just nodded. Greyson seemed deep in thought, and looked back at me. “The bane of Olympus shows the trail of Baal.” He said. He looked back at the monster. “Monsters are against Olympus... their Bane! We have to follow it!”

I nodded, and turned my sword back into its skull ring form. I put the ring back on my finger, as Greyson and I jumped to the side of the road.

“CHIARA!”

She looked back, and understood. She ran off the road and sped to us. I collapsed and laid down like road kill as Greyson explained everything to Chiara.

I looked up at the troll and it’s stopped running, and walked.

“Trolls... their real?!”

It seemed to occur to my... my *friends* that I still had no clue about this whole world. They looked at me, and nodded.

“There’s a lot.” Greyson said rolling his eyes.

I nodded, and Greyson helped me up. For the first time in years, I moved my hair out of my face.

“Come on... we got a troll to follow.”

Chapter 8

We followed the thing forever, and it didn't seem to stop walking. I was exhausted, and so was Greyson and Chiara. I found myself glancing at Chiara a lot.

I mean... she is pretty...

"Hey man."

I looked at Greyson who hit my back. I didn't think I was slumping till I shot up. I would have smacked the guy upside the head if I wasn't too tired.

"Look ready to die man."

I shrugged. "Well, I still have some stuff to do—then, yeah I want to die after that. I wanna see mom... maybe meet dad." I said softly.

"Ok... what do you want to do?" Greyson asked.

I shrugged. "I don't know anymore. Mom used to go nonstop about the stars... I guess name a new one." I said simply.

"And?"

My face went red.

Greyson smirked. "And what Emo?"

I looked down. "Kiss a girl." I said quietly. Greyson bursted out laughing, and I eyed him. "SHUT UP!"

"That.... WOW!"

"Okay then, what do you want to see before you die?!"

Greyson smirked. "An Emo-Hippie."

My eyes widened. "Im sorry...—a what?!"

"Emo-Hippie." He said loudly.

Chiara—who always listening in on our conversation—to my horror—burst out laughing. "An Emo-Hippie?!"

Greyson gave a proud smirk.

"I—I don't know what to say." I said with wide eyes.

Chiara nodded in agreement. "Look, I hate to break it to you... I don't think those are real." She said carefully.

Greyson rolled his eyes. “Whatever. That just means I’ll live longer.” He said proudly, putting his hands behind his head.

“I don’t think that’s how it works.” I said raising an eyebrow.

Greyson shrugged and we all looked up at the troll.

“Where do you think it’s going?” I asked carefully.

“I don’t know... Chiara? What do you want to do or see before you die?” Greyson said looking at her.

Chiara looked down and at her necklace. She looked up at me, then Greyson.

“I... I want to find a cure, other than this necklace.” She said softly.

“For the... Lycanthropy... right?” I asked.

Chiara nodded.

“What is Lycanthropy?” I asked carefully.

Greyson stood up straighter as Chiara hung her head. Greyson scratched his neck, and looked at Chiara.

“It means... it’s the medical term for—Well— for... never min.” She said softly.

I looked at her carefully, and out my hands in my pockets. “You can tell me. I’m not as judgmental as I look.” I said softly.

Chiara gave a small smile. “You better not.” She said pushing my shoulder.

I smiled, and she looked up.

“I’m a werewolf. Plain and simple. The necklace keeps me from transforming, but you can tell that I get sick. The night we left camp—two nights ago— was a full moon. That’s why I was scared to do stuff.” She said softly looking at her necklace.

“Greyson is my designated healer, just in case of something. At first I thought the prophecy was me with the whole, ‘Olympus’s bane’ thing, but now I see it’s the troll.” She said pointing up.

I nodded and Greyson gave a small smile.

I took my hands out of my pocket, and looked at her. “You could have just told me. I kinda understand this stuff... you know, Son of Hades? Out cast of Camp Half-Blood? Related to some serious bloody murder humans?” I said earning a smile from Chiara.

Greyson laughed, and looked at us. “You two literally have issues.”

I turned around and eyed him hard as Chiara laughed.

“I don’t have issues.” I said coldly.

“Meh. The van? What was that stuff man?”

My face heated up, and I looked down. I didn't know what it was... it just happened... a lot. I must have made it clear that I either didn't know, or didn't want to talk about it, so Greyson changed the subject.

“We've been following this troll for a while, and I'm surprised he hasn't took a dumb.” He said smirking.

Chiara laughed, but to be honest... I didn't get it. Well I did, but not.

“Do you not laugh man?” Greyson asked.

“Huh?”

“You don't laugh.” Greyson told me.

I raised an eyebrow. I do laugh... right? “I... I laugh... I think.” I said softly.

“No you don't...” Chiara said softly

“HA! HA!HA!” I attempted.

Greyson and Chiara stared at me with wide eyes like I was a ghost. “Never, EVER do that again.” Greyson said holding an arrow to my throat.

I knew he was just trying to look intimidating. I grabbed the arrow out of his hand, and snapped it over my knee.

“MY ARROW!” He whined with an oddly squeaky voice.

“You have more.” I said darkly.

Greyson pulled his quiver to himself and eyed me hard. I rolled my eyes, and looked up at the troll. It was gone.

“Where's the troll?” I asked softly.

A large drop of water hit in front of the three of us. We were frozen as Greyson spoke, “Right behind us.”

Chapter 9

We stood as still as possible until Chiara sneezed. Me and Greyson looked up at her, as a massive club came down on us.

We all jumped to the side as the monster roared. I pulled my ring off as it formed into my sword, and I looked at the monster. Greyson pulled his bow out, and shot arrows like a monster. Each one hit the troll in several spots all distracting it as Chiara threw her spear at the creature. I jumped up and swiped my sword at its arm. I watched as my sword seemed to suck a ghostly glow from the troll.

It stumbled and looked at me. It stumbled and threw its club. I ducked down and don't recall how I did it. I lunged into the air and swiped my sword, and sliced its head off. The troll turned into golden dust. Greyson's arrows dropped along with Chiara's spear.

The three of us looked at each other.

"Well... that was... easy. Can we find a bathroom? I gotta pee." Greyson said smiling.

Chiara nodded and gave a nervous laugh.

I felt a chill go down my back. I turned around slowly and my eyes widened. "G-Guys?"

"Yeah?"

"What?"

They looked up, and our bones seemed to melt. An army of winged bird ladies were flying at us.

"Harpies!" Chiara yelled.

I was NOT going to be the last to get out of there. I ran, and the others followed.

"Where to?!" I begged.

Greyson looked around and pointed to the trees. "THERE!"

Chiara sprinted and jumped first, and let out a scream. Oh no. I ran in next, and found myself tumbling down a very steep hill. I landed and my mouth was full of dirt. I spat it out and looked up.

Greyson came tumbling at me, and I couldn't get up quick enough.

He bulldozed me down as I ate more dirt.

We stopped rolling down the hill, and stood up.

“I... I think... I don't need to go pee anymore.” Greyson said with embarrassed face.

I looked at him for a second and rolled my eyes, trying not to hurl. “That's... that's disgusting.” I said folding my arms.

I looked around, as trees surrounded us like a jungle.

“Where's Chiara?”

Greyson looked at me. “I don't know man.”

“CHIARA!”

I started to call her name like a maniac, but I didn't care. Where is she... she can't be that far...

Fear flooded me, and I felt like I was about to have another panic attack.

“CHIARA?!”

“Hey man, chill...”

“NO! WE HAVE TO FIND HER!”

Greyson looked at me carefully, as I went into a panic. I looked back at him, and wanted to turn him into a ghost. The guy was smiling.

“Emo... do you... like her?” He asked with a smirk.

“What?! Pff... no. As a friend yes.”

“Okay then. Do you love her?”

“No!” I spat with a red face. “Love is a heavy surge of dopamine, a neurotransmitter in the human brain's reward system that helps people feel pleasure. Do I feel that? YES I DO! Does it matter? NO IT DOES NOT!”

Greyson burst out laughing and I glared at him

“Can you shut up?!” I spat.

Greyson started rolling on the ground laughing. “You sound like my dad!” He laughed through tears. I clenched my fists as I felt the earth from under my feet crack. Greyson took a deep breath and stood back up.

“Dude, it's fine to like someone.”

“No it's not! I'm not supposed to like her!” I yelled at him through tears.

Greyson raised an eyebrow. “What do you mean?” His voice sounded serious, and like he was actually genuinely concerned about me.

“I—.” I looked down as memories of Mera fled my head.

“I had a crush on Mera... the girl who died when I got to camp. She was my first and real friend I ever had. She saved my butt more times than I can remember. She was seventeen, but I just liked her. She was smart, and optimistic, but she had to sacrifice herself to those hellhounds. And literally only FOUR DAYS LATTER, I like someone else.” I said softly.

“Four days Greyson. Four. That’s not supposed to happen. I’m not supposed to like someone four days after my crush dies. It just seems...—”

“Disrespectful?”

I nodded and whipped my face. “I don’t know what it was, but in the van... when I had a... moment, i started to like her more than a regular human. Like... I don’t know.” I said softly.

Greyson put a hand on my back, and looked at me as I looked down. “Look dude... you’ve been through a lot in four days— your whole life even. Just try and stay positive okay?”

I looked up and raised an eyebrow. “Son of Hades, positive?”

Greyson shrugged. “You’d be surprised about people.”

I smiled, and Greyson did too. “Okay dude, let’s find the person who makes your brain give heavy surges of dopamine that makes you feel pleasure when you look at her.”

We were wondering around for a while calling Chiara’s name, and so far not so good. My hair was back in my face, and I didn’t want to move it away anymore. The sun had set, as the stars and crescent moon were in the sky. I felt my hands shake as I yelled her name. Maybe she was gone like Mera....

“GREYSON?! EREBUS?!”

My head poked up, and I ran to where I heard her.

I ran and ran then tripped over a root, accidentally knocking into her. I fell and hit the ground and Chiara’s mech-matched eyes widened.

“Um... hi.”

My face went red as I stood up. Greyson ran over and looked at us. “Well well well, if it isn’t the runaway herself.”

“Runaway?! You two literary went—!”

“Shh. We understand your mistake and forgive you.” Greyson said like he was a hippie.

Chiara and I raised our eyebrows, and I looked at her. It was the first time we stood up right next to each other... oh gosh. Don’t make it obvious Erebus, don’t make it obvious.

“Wait a second...” Greyson looked at us and got a crooked grin.

I shook my head, hoping he wouldn't say.

“Erebus, Chiara is taller.”

My face flushed and I glared at him. “NO! LOOK!” I tried to stand up as tall as I could, but it was no use. Chiara was a good few inches taller.

“HA!” Greyson started to laugh again, and my blood boiled.

“Well at least you don't have to pee because you already did that in your pants!” I snapped.

Greyson shut up, and glared at me.

“Um...”

We looked at Chiara who was standing there, just staring at us like we were going insane. Greyson gave a fake smile, and I rolled my eyes. I put my hands in my pockets and glared at the ground. Why am I short? A fourteen year old kid is supposed to be taller.

“It's okay Emo, you might grow.

I glared at him. “Oh wow, so inspirational! How tall are you?! Five foot?!” Well, he clearly wasn't because I was five foot.

“5'8? Going one, going twice... SOLD TO MR 5'8!” Greyson said pointing at himself.

I swore under my breath. “Wow, you had to make it that obvious?! I think it's the pee in your pants—”

“BOYS!”

We looked up at a flustered Chiara, who looked ready to knock us out. “Boys... what I was gonna say is that I found something. So, are you two going to keep bickering or shut up and follow me?!” She said folding her arms.

Greyson and I gave each other one last glare, and we followed her into the woods.

Greyson kept getting slapped in the face by trees, Chiara lifted branches that went behind me to slap him, and I... because I'm short I never got hit by the branches. Greyson started swearing in Greek, and Chiara yelled at him to shut up in Greek. I kinda wondered if I could speak it without actually learning it. If I can understand it...

“We're here.”

I looked up at a stone wall, that had all sorts of markings, and dents. The markings were some sort of language.

“What is this?”

“The tomb of Baal.” I said softly.

Chiara and Greyson looked at me. “What?!” They said in unison. I nodded and pointed to the wall. The difference symbols made sense, and I understood it.

“When the gods moved to America, the tomb of Baal was brought with them. Baal was sort of like the form of Zeus Mesopotamia worshiped.” I said reading off the tomb.

“But, over time others forgot Baal, and decided on Zeus, or capital G, God.” I continued to read. “Inside is the Spear of Baal. It can control elements of the sky... I think this is what we were look for.”

“Why? How are you reading this?!” Chiara asked looking at the wall.

I shrugged.

“The Mesopotamian language was forgotten, and is considered a dead language. That’s probably how Emo is reading it... no pun intended son of Hades.” Greyson said looking at the wall.

“‘Moon and bone shall work together to open the stone’.” Chiara said. She looked up at the moon, then looked at me.

“I don’t know how.” I said looking down at the ground.

“What do you mean?! You do it all the time!” Greyson said with wide eyes.

“I don’t mean to do it, I just get—”

“Emotionally distressed?” Chiara asked.

I nodded, and looked down at the earth. I could feel the bones down there— and my body taking in the shadows and darkness. I extended my hands and felt really awkward. How do I just do this on command? I felt the surge of power through my body.

“UP!”

Nothing happened and I looked to see a snickering Greyson and Chiara.

“What?”

“Did you seriously get that from Harry Potter?” Greyson asked trying to hold in his laughter.

My face got red, and I glared at them. “Yeah I did! What’s so funny?!”

Chiara looked at me carefully and seemed to get an idea. She started laughing and my blood boiled.

“What so funny?!”

She whispered in Greyson's ear, and they both burst out laughing more.

“WHAT'S SO FUNNY?!”

“How stupid that was!” Greyson laughed rolling around on the ground.

My blood boiled more and I clenched my fists.

“And and...” Chiara said trying to catch her breath. “You were all like—” she did a terrible imitation of me, and Greyson started stomping around.

“STOP IT!”

The earth cracked from under my feet, and a skeleton came up. Chiara smiled, and kicked its head off into the woods. The skeleton fell down, and my eyes widened.

“Good job.” She said looking up at me.

Oh... that's what they were doing. I rolled my eyes and grabbed the headless skeleton and held it up to the wall. The moon's light shown down, and the wall started to glow. Before I knew it, the wall opened into a dark passageway.

I looked at Chiara and Greyson who smiled.

“Alright. Let's go find us a spear.”

Chapter 10

We wondered around in the darkness, feeling around the walls for a long time. The necklace Chiara wore didn't help one bit, because it casted a ghostly glow around us. I'm normally never creeped out, but that was a little bit suspicious. It didn't even help light up the passage.

A few times Greyson screamed bloody murder just from walking into a spiderweb. Apparently kids of Athena—and apparently Greyson—have a deathly fear of spiders.

I liked the dark, and it seemed to fill my missing energy—except for Chiara's moonstone necklace's glow.

We wondered around for a while, but then we saw a dim light. The three of us looked at each other, then ran over.

The tunnel opened up into a large room, stacked with gold, and a large coffin of gold. Greyson's eyes lit up, and he ran around looking at everything. I felt some sort of odd presence—not the dead body guy—but death in itself.

“GREYSON DON'T TOUCH IT!”

He looked up from a golden cup, and put his hands in his pockets.

I looked at Chiara, who looked at me skeptically. “What's wrong?”

“Everything in here is cursed to kill the person who touches it.” I explained. I looked up, and saw a spear with pictograph of water, snow, lightning, and the sun. “Everything but that spear.”

We all looked up at the spear, and started to walk towards it carefully. I looked at Chiara, and nodded for her to get it because she was the one good with spears. She walked up and grabbed it, and we all looked at each other. Nothing happened.

“Well, that was easy.” Greyson said smiling.

In an instant the ground rumbled and me and Chiara glared at him.

“YOU HAD TO SAY SOMETHING?!”

“YOU JUST JINXED US IDIOT!”

The ground shook more, and water started spewing from the gold. They turned to water, and we all panicked. The water started to rise, and my shoes started to get soaking wet.

“HOW ON EARTH?!” Chiara yelled trying to use the spear. She used it wrong and thunder clouds formed in the room and started to rain.

“It’s a trap!” Greyson yelled.

“NO KIDDING!” I snapped.

So many thoughts filled my head, and I lost it. The earth cracked, and the back rock shot up from the ground, taking us up out of the water.

“Thanks!”

“I don’t know how it happened but no problem!” I said with wide eyes.

Chiara said something in Greek, and the spear made the rain clouds leave. The water kept rising faster and faster, and we all were in a panic.

“THE ENTRANCE!” Greyson yelled pointing to where we came from.

We all jumped into the water that was waist deep— except for Greyson, which was up to his thigh. We ran through the dark passage only to find the entrance closed.

I swore loudly— in Greek—, and Chiara didn’t tell me to shut up. We ran back to where we were, and the water was to my ribs. I climbed up the black rock, and pulled Greyson up with me. I looked down as Chiara tried to get up, but couldn’t.

I reached my hand down, and she jumped up and took it, but our wet hands slipped.

“CHIARA TRY THE—”

She jumped up and launched high in the air. She hit the ceiling and started falling to the black rock. She didn’t hit it, but almost did, and was floating over the rock. She sat up mid air and we all stared.

“YOU CAN FLY?!”

“YOU CAN FLY?!”

“I CAN FLY?! SWEET!”

She flew down and sat down next to us, as the water kept rising. It was already to the top of the rock, and we stood up. I knelt down as the ceiling pressed down. LOVLY!

“We need to do something!”

“I KNOW!”

Then a thought. It was crazy but it was something. I pulled my backpack off, and looked at the shell Luke gave me. His voice started to ring in my ear. *‘You drop it into water, and Poseidon will send help’*.

I threw the shell in the water, and nothing happened. I waited, but still nothing at all. I clenched my fists.

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!”

“Try and ask for something.” Greyson suggested.

I nodded. “Hey Poseidon, sir? Um, we need to get out of here! Can you PLEASE help... like RIGHT NOW?!”

We waited, and I swore again.

Suddenly the shell started spewing water more and more, faster. The water rose in an instant, and we were underwater. I tried to get air for dear life, and I couldn't.

Please!

I burst through the water, and coughed some out. Greyson and Chiara came next, and were catching their breaths too. I looked around, and we had popped out of a ground fountain. I looked around as sea green wall, and grey sandstone was everywhere, it looked like a underwater palace but it was above water.

“So, I take it that the shell worked huh?”

I looked up and locked eyes with Luke Jackson.

Chapter 11

Ever since we got back to camp Chiara, Greyson, and I were close. The summer went by, and it was fun. There was some sort of karaoke night, and Cabin 21— you know, the big burly guys— sang, ‘This Girl is On Fire’. Cypher, hit all the high notes, and Nerth was the backup singer. It was... interesting.

I sat on a long one night in the woods, and just sat there. Everything seemed great, and I liked it. Camp was amazing— even though I was always alone, but I had Greyson and Chiara to cheer me up. But one thing still bothered me.

Who did I face that was the best?

Who was the trader?

“Hey frienddo!”

I looked up to see Reta.

She had a huge mallet on one arm, and a nice smile. Her face had ash marks on them, and her hands had oil. Her long curly brown hair was in a beautiful braid.

She was a pretty girl, but not like Chiara.

Chiara was easily a goddess.

I nodded my head, and Reta sat down next to me.

“So how does it feel Mr Come Back Alive from Quest?” She asked with a kind smile. I smiled.

“It’s neat. Even if I’m alone and stuff—but one part of the prophecy is still bothering me.” I said looking down.

“What part?”

I looked up, and into the dark woods. “‘You shall be betrayed by one who calls you a friend’.” I said softly.

She nodded, and looked at me, as I went on.

“I thought it was Luke, with his sea shell, but now I don’t know.” I said softly looking down.

“Have they told you why there are not kids of the big three?” She asked out of the blue.

I looked up. “No....”

“Well, because of the potential danger of the Great Prophecy, and the fact that World War II was fought between their children. So, they vowed to never have more children with mortals. That was broken with Poseidon and Zeus. Percy Jackson, and Thalia and Jason Grace.” She explained.

I watched as she started to grip her sledgehammer, and I placed my hand to my skull ring.

“Hades hid his children that he already had, but then here you are! With a new prophecy.” She said standing up.

“Reta... what are you doing?” I said jumping to my feet.

She gave a wicked grin. “Kronos stirs... and the Titan Lord needs help.”

“What? Why would you help him?!”

“DO YOU TRUST THE GODS?! The ones that killed your Mom and Mera? The ones that made your life miserable?” She said.

I thought hard for a moment, and in that moment she flung her hammer.

I had just enough time to hold my hands up making a wall of black rock.

The hammer came through, and I ducked down. I pulled out my sword, and she smiled at me.

“Kronos will raise, and you will die.”

The hammer came at me, and I ducked down.

Power filled my hands, and the earth cracked. An army of skeletons rose up, and Reta smiled. She took them all out, and dashed to me, and I slammed my sword against her.

“How does it feel Son of Hades?”

I stayed silent and knocked her off her feet. I swiped my sword, and cut her lip. I watched as my sword started to drain her, and she looked up and gave a grin.

“Think your smart huh?”

She lunged at me, and slammed me against a tree. Suddenly a cage flung down, and trapped me.

Reta smiled. “Still a man of little words huh?” She smiled, and pulled out a scorpion. “Straight from Tartarus. Ready to kill.” She said tossing it into the cage.

She suddenly vanished in this air, and I jumped away from the scorpion in the cage.

Oh. My. Gosh. This. Is. It.

I tried to get away from the thing, but the cage was too small. I jumped up as it leaped onto my arm. I tried to smack it off, but it stung my hand.

Ow... that... OH MY GOSH THAT HURTS! It felt like nothing till fire shot up my veins and straight to my heart. I stopped on the thing, and killed it, but my vision got foggy.

“SOMOME? HELLO?!”

Nothing. Man I hated asking for help. It seemed so cheesy.

“HELP!” I screamed.

My vision got worse, and I looked up. A shadow was running to me, but my vision stopped, and so did my heart.

Chapter 12

My eyes popped open, and I sat up. Big mistakes. My head suddenly felt like a pimple under pressure, and someone pushed me back down.

“Sit down you idiot!”

I opened my eyes, and the fogginess started to leave. Greyson sat with medical stuff, and Chiara was sitting right next to me.

“Breath man.” Greyson said handing me some nectar.

I nodded and breathed some, and went to take the nectar. I pulled my hand out of something, and looked to see Chiara’s hand. Our faces went red as I took the nectar. I didn’t dare glance over.

“So, what happened?” Chiara asked through her blush.

Huh... what did happen? Oh... yeah. It took me a good second to remember everything, and I explained. Greyson and Chiara listened well, but we’re both surprised. Soon, Chiron and Cypher came in and I had to tell the story again.

Chiron nodded, and talked to Cypher about it, then came back. He seemed older just from what happened, like it had happened before.

“We can not dwell on the past, but only on what’s to come. A war is coming, and you have to stop it.” He said darkly.

“Me?!” I asked pointing to myself.

Cypher nodded. “Yeah.” He said softly. Considering that this guy sung ‘This Girl is on Fire’ a week ago—like a boss—, he seemed uneasy and nervous.

I mean, I was too.

“For now, you need rest.” Chiron said simply. “You two have done well, but now it is time to leave.” He told Greyson and Chiara.

They gave me one last look before saying goodbye, and they seemed nervous for me. I didn’t really want to sleep, but my body betrayed me, and I drifted off.

I looked around, and was falling. I looked down, and saw Chiara in my arms. She looked about sixteen, and looked terrified. I saw green water, and pushed her away and fell in. Soon, my

dream changed. I was standing in New York City, and an army of monsters snarled. I looked at Greyson, who once again looked sixteen. He had a golden and grey aura around him, and he shot his arrows, and started taking on the army with the girl named Fiona on their own. The dream changed again, and I was pinned against a wall and my soul was being drained out of me.

“Minyay?”

I looked up as I was choking do death. The ghost of my mother stood, which the ghost of Mera.

I was now falling again through a shadowy world, as things yelled at me.

‘You don’t belong’

‘Your alone’

‘Nobody truly cares for the children of Hades’

Finally. It took three days but they let me out of camp. I truly do care about Camp Half-Blood, but I couldn’t stay. I knew I’d get tired of the place, and I didn’t want to. They gave us all a bead this year. It was black, and had the mark of Hades. Shocker. I was the main event that happened.

I sat in my cabin, and just chilled. There was nothing I wanted to do at all. I stuck my hand out, and focused hard. I looked to see a shard of the black stone popping from the earth, and a part of a bone. Not to bad, but I still couldn’t do anything on purpose.

A knock came at the cabin door, and I looked up.

“Yeah?”

Greyson came in, and his backside was packed.

“Woah it’s dark in here.” He said blinking hard.

I nodded, and walked over. I put my hands in my pocket and looked up at him. Gosh I hated being short.

“Hey... I wanted to ask where you were going?” He asked looking down.

“What do you mean?”

Greyson looked up at me. “You were talking about how you didn’t want to stay for the school year here at camp, and how you were thinking about trying the foster care stuff here in New York. Let me tell you, it’s still not going to be great. So, o wanted to offer you staying with me.” He said softly.

My eyes widened and I looked at him. “Are you serious?”

Greyson nodded. “You’re the brother I never had man. I can mess with you, and poke fun with you more than I can with my sister, Audrey. Remember her?”

“Yeah.”

“I have to talk to my parents first, but I wanted to know if you’d be interested.” He said softly. I stared at him for a minute. This literally was happening... I could have some sort of home.

“Yeah.” I said softly. “I’d want to come.” I said softly.

Greyson looked at me and smiled. “We’ll get packing man. My parents are almost here.”

I looked at my backpack that still had one extra pair of clothes. I only had two— and yes, I do wash my clothes! I’m not a behemoth.

“I’m packed man, let’s go.”

We walked out of the cabin area, and met up with his sister Audrey. She was sweet, but when Greyson told her I might be staying her eyes widened in a ‘Oh heck no!’.

Meh, I’m used to it.

“Hey.”

I looked up as Chiara ran over. Her mech-match eyes gleamed in the sunlight, and she smiled.

“Hi.” I said softly.

“Are you leaving?” She asked carefully.

I nodded. “Yeah... are you?”

She shook her head. “I live here.” She said giving a small smile. I nodded, and looked at her again. I scratched my neck, and looked at her.

“I— I’ll miss you.” I said softly, looking down.

Her face went a bright red and she looked down too. “I’ll miss you too Emo.”

“Emo? Seriously? You spend too much time with Greyson.” I complained.

Chiara laughed, and shook her head. “Okay and?” She looked up, as someone called her name. “Till next year Erebus.” She said running off.

I smiled and looked at Greyson.

“Ooooooo is someone feeling brain messages to make him feel pleasure?!” Greyson mocked.

“What?” Audrey said raising an eyebrow.

“Shut up.” I said through my own blush.

| Greyson |

It took a while for his parents to get there, and when they did they raised an eyebrow at Erebus. He was completely scetch with the whole ‘I’m Emo’ thing. His black eyes always looked soulless, and his pale skin made him look ghostly.

“Mom... Dad, this is my friend and he needs a place to stay.” He said simply.

Mom and Dad looked at each other, and Greyson knew there thought. ‘Who is this kid? He seems really suspicious’. Dad pulled Mom aside, and they talked for a bit.

“Okay. He can come.” Dad finally said.

Greyson smiled, and his Mom shook Erebus’s hand.

“What’s your name?”

“Erebus, Son of Hades.”