You've seen a lot of Percy Jackson going to Hogwarts and protect Harry Potter I'm sure. But imagined Percy Jackson going to Hogwarts in the Marauder's Era.

Circe has made a daring plan by breaking an Ancient Law. To spite her mother, Hecate, and went back in time to help the Dark Lord in his quest to cause more chaos to her precious Wizarding World. Who else would the Olympian ask for help?

None other than our favorite hero of course.

Read as Percy goes through the tangle of wizard school drama and deathly trial even when all he wanted to shout is "Enough is enough!"

Note: Other than the OC's, the characters and settings belong to JKR and Uncle Rick. Crossposted in FFN
The dream started with a whisper.

Intangible whispers, voices so familiar yet...so far. Like the background noises of gossiper thinking they couldn't hear you when in fact, they could.

Never really liked those times.

What was once but utter abyss then turned into scenes...places I was not familiar with.

A stone archway with a ghostly white veil.

A great castle beyond a black lake.

The silent street along the tens of shops across each other.

A black prison that had echoed screams of sheer fear, along with dark ghostly figure floating around.

A playing field with three hoops that seemed to act like soccer goals.

A dark forest that had wolves howling within.

Finally, the scene got dark once more and a small hourglass appeared with a circular gold orbits turning around and around as sand trickled down the narrow lane. It suddenly stopped, both orbits and sand. Then slowly it moved backwards in time before gaining speed until the glass cracked and explode. Sand and shards of glasses spread in slow motion, and pieces of it reflected random scenes.

There was one of two men that shot out green and white light, pushing one another with raw power. Another piece showed of a phoenix gouging a giant snake's eye out. Then one showed a scene of a stick pointing at a baby, and despite not knowing what it meant, I had this feeling whoever it was going to kill him and the green light shot out only to bounce back. It then showed a boy screaming in agony with a dead body and a book next to him. Last was a gleeful smile of someone familiar, someone I know, she's-

Before I could make up who she was, I felt myself blown away and then fall further down into the abyss. It reminded me too much of falling down to Tartarus and I panicked, flailing my body around for anything to hold on. Before fear could get a grasp on me, I found myself floating and my tensed muscle relaxed soon enough.

I looked around and I wasn't inside an abyss anymore, rather...I was in a dim lit corridor from blue-white torches. the place had black-tiled walls and bare no windows nor doors, apart from a plain black one at the end of the corridor, the place kind of reminded me of dungeons game when going to the next level. Obviously, I went walking--floating over and saw the door was slightly ajar. I slipped inside and found myself in a circular chamber that had doorways around me.

My attention was then pulled to a particular door that was wide open, yet unsure what's inside
because of the people running back and forth. Two particularly was loud that I was sure I was meant to eavesdrop them.

"...it's an outrage I tell you! That she-devil had taken It of all things?" Said a lean scrawny man, his face looked malnourished and had a lack of sleep, making him look like one of Nico's skeleton soldier.

His plumped friend coward from his voice, looking unsure how to approach him "But, is it really her? I know she's real but that was millennia ago Howard."

"You know as well as I do there are numerous ways to prolonged one's lifespan, Chris. Rather, I thought she had spent her time somewhere on a remote island and turning men into pigs if the myths are to be believed."

"What's done is done, we need to inform Minister Shacklebolt right away."

"I KNOW THAT!" He shouted, but then he caught himself and heaved in a trembling breath before regaining his composure, "I know that, but right now we're assessing how much damage she made but the problem now is how we're going to fix it once she already used it. We can detect any fluctuations of the time stream from that room but coming up a solution won't be easy."

"Is there even a solution for Time-travel?"

A hasty sound of footsteps alerted the men and found themselves facing a tall broad-shouldered man, he was black and wore golden hoops on his ear and somehow worked it out despite being a buffed man. He looked like he was horrified and concerned, looking at the aftermath somehow confirmed his fear when his eyes widen before quickly schooling his expression.

"What's the damage report?"

The two men were clearly hesitant in telling him the bad news and got the brunt of his anger, luckily some other poor soul volunteered to do just that after exiting the room, "Minister Shacklebolt, we found that four Unspeakable were killed and one barely survived during the altercation, a shelf of time turners were damaged...again, few broken Watch Clock, and...one item was stolen."

The Minister was on the brink of blowing out, but he kept a cool face as he asked his next question, "And who is responsible for all this?"

"Well, according to the survivor the one who attacked them was--"

"Me."

The sudden forei--no, familiar voice surprised me and I turned, only to be met by a blinding green light that woke me up.

"Styx!"

I jolted awake and almost fell off from my bed, sweat sheening from my forehead. Don't get me wrong, I'm used to demigods foreboding dream by now, but what confused me more was that it was more cryptic than usual. I tried hard to make sense all of it but it became harder to remember and I ultimately pushed it aside. Looking out the window, seeing the sun barely rising and the
flower from Ogygia dimly lighted my balcony and found myself whispering.

"Hopefully nothing happens today."

I should have known by then that it's never good to tempt the Fates.

... 

A thundering boom shook the floor of Olympus. For the mortals outside they would have flinched and look up at the sky as thunder rattled the night stormy sky, thinking it was another natural occurrence. The Mist might have even misled their mind seeing there were barely clouds and stormy days for weeks. For the dryads, muses, and few minor gods living among the Olympian could only sigh, wondering what angered the Lord of the Skies this time.

However, at the back of their mind, they knew something was wrong, something that would involve the coming danger of both mortals and gods.

For one, some of the spirits noticed that all of the Olympians had gathered, and when they meant all, they meant Hades as well, seeing as the Ghost King opinion had barely mattered much to put him in meetings. The second thing the residents took notice that there was a minor god among them, Not just one, but TWO! Most had deduced they had carried the news of what angered the Thunder God, but was it necessary to bring them into the meeting itself? Most of the time they decided it among themselves, using their Olympian Status to their benefit and ignoring the minor gods’ opinion. What unnerved the Olympus Residence most was that they didn't know who the minor gods are, that are currently inside the palace.

If you're wondering as well, the answer would be Hecate, the goddess of Magic and Caerus, the God of Opportunity.

Just how horrible was the news they have could bring?

"So you're telling me," Zeus confirmed, barely restraining himself or else his anger may affect upon the weather, giving yet another thundering shake to the sky, "That you've confirmed Circe...has just invoked a forbidden magic and succeed!"

Hecate did not show the slightest hint of nervousness despite gulping down her saliva, "Yes Lord Zeus, I've always known Circe was a clever and bright woman, but never in all my life had I imagine she would go that far...I...I have always regretted not teaching her more than just magic, but now...I regret ever teaching her."

"Hecate, as much as I sympathize with you, I don't think this is the right time for you to feel self-loath." Athena calmly berated, "while we have no doubt the truth in your words, we must immediately form a plan to counter Circe's attempt to defy the Fates"

"Calm! Athena, while I'm glad you're taking this approach in your usual manner, but this isn't just one of those times where we could solve the problem with wits and logic! Her attempts, if left for too long would fractures reality and you're telling us to CALM DOWN?!" Hera shrieked with one breath enough to make her huffed in the end.
"And out of all times she's doing it, it has to be when my Idiot Brother is actually fixing up his mess with the Oracles so we can't be sure how much damage she made to the Fates" Artemis grumbled while shaking her head, her young features made her demeanour cute despite the godly silver aura surrounding her.

"But I can." The Olympian Gods turned their eyes to the small minor god, Caerus.

"I am the god of opportunity, not as powerful as the Titan Kronos, but a Time God nonetheless and to us, time is but a swirling mass of strings with many futures awaiting and one past complete. People can try to look at their future, to walk in their past, to change their destiny, but I am forever unchanged, unwavering, even if the fabric of reality is altered and history modified, I will be as I remain to be. So you have my word that Circe hasn't done anything significant...yet"

"And yet you know she has twisted time...but how?" Dionysus asked sceptically, sipping his diet coke.

Caerus looked him straight in the eye, and even though the Olympian Gods were bigger compared to the minor god, that didn't mean his eyes didn't unnerving them, they are aware that, despite being youngest child of Zeus, his wisdom was comparable to the Fates and could have risen as an Olympian if he wanted to, and yet he had made it clear that his place is where he was and would forever remain unchanged.

"Just as I said, she hasn't changed anything significant, but that doesn't mean they aren't any changes."

They were murmurs and whisper among the gods but it was Hermes who decided to ask, "Can you tell those few changes"

He nodded, "It's not enough to make it a concern but I will tell you, there had been a large clothing sale last weekend at Soho only that it never happened now. A tragedy for those who bought a $200 jeans for $20, an opportunity gone wasted indeed." Some of the gods sweatdropped, seeing as it is an insignificant change. "There's also having Trump as president, other than that..."

"What?! She caused that Buffoon to turn president? How is that not significant?!" Athena bellowed out in the most frustrated tone the gods rarely heard her with.

"Well… Obama was a fair president that is for sure, but his effort cause many oppositions from the republican, sowing distrust and fear toward him since the start of his term."

“Trump was fated to be president because of that, only this in timeline, he’s four years earlier. You would have realized this sooner if you had put in mind, one of the Simpson’s writer was Apollo’s son and foretold in his show." Caerus stated simply, albeit with a bit tone of nervousness from facing the primal rage beneath the Goddesses of Wisdom’s gaze.

"He's a fool; That's what he is! Of all the mortal fools trying to become president, they choose a bumbling, racist, xenophobic CEO who was bankrupt three times that kept spouting nonsense of racism, sexism, and queerphobia with no knowledge of politic whatsoever! You would think people would want America to not go into debts!" Athena then started rambling more about the qualities of a leader and how one of her favorite children, George Washington would have done
differently, but most of the gods had already tuned her out.

"Then Caerus, do you have an idea where...or when Circe has gone off to?" Zeus inquired.

"It was difficult to pinpoint the exact time, but with Hecate's help, it was possible to know not only when, but her aim as well"

"And what would that be?" The God of War asked impatiently with a huffed, he was not pleased that this problem is far from his domain to help. He may be a War God, but this kind of problem is way out of his head, and he knew when to fold from a problem he can't handle. Or battle that is not his own to fight.

Caerus and Hecate exchanged a worried look, even briefly glancing at one particular god. After tensed silence conversation between the two, Hecate decided to answer their question.

"We believe that Circe had gone back to aid her grandson...Tom Marvolo Riddle"

\textit{BANG!}

The temperature plummeted faster than a furious Thunder Roll with a new drum set, and a pressure wave accompanied the changing atmosphere. The Olympians' faces were as if carved from marble, but Hecate and Caerus had only flinched and massaged their ears.

The gods turned toward Hades who had banged the armrest of his skeleton chair, resulting cracks and pieces of bones falling off. The ghosts sewed on his robe wailed in depressed moaning, and the aura of death was now filling the already chilled room that gave many of the gods goosebumps, even Zeus kept silent from his sudden outburst.

"Are you telling me Circe is going to aid that wretched, foul, hair-gripping mortal?!"

Everyone, though still uncomfortable from his aura, was washed over with curiosity. An angry Hades might not be unusual, but an angry Hades toward a mortal was rare, and from his reaction, he wasn't just angry, he has pure hatred for the man.

"Do you mind telling us who this Tom Riddle is?" Demeter voiced out everyone's mind.

Hades was still mumbling to himself how much trouble that man caused and Hecate cleared her throat so she could explain instead. "First before explaining him, I'm sure you all are aware of the wizarding world that I personally govern."

Everyone nodded, "Of course, they are a society of your patron’s descendant and the few mortals you had blessed with magic called Wizard and Witches, does this Tom Riddle came from that world?" Zeus interjected.

"Yes, he is a powerful dark wizard that had bring many terrors in the past that wizard and witches around refuse to speak his name...in fact in the 1970s, Tom Riddle, with the pseudonym Voldemort," a chuckle escaped that can by no means be mistaken as humorous. "Had waged a war for years against the wizarding world in Great Britain, only to be stopped by a toddler from receiving a death curse that rebounded on him instead, because of a Love Charm that was invoked by his mother beforehand."

"Oh, he didn't die then! No..." drawled Hades, suddenly interrupting with a tasteless grin.
"Of all the crazy things a mortal could do, he split his soul to make himself immortal. The paperwork for that one man kept increasing to the point I like to burn all of it and just drag his ass to Tartarus myself." Hades ranted, but he wasn't finished.

"You know what the worst part is? Even after he is finally dead, his soul is split to many times, he's now left in a limbo and I can't punish him personally when I've long awaited his demise!"

The temperature plummeted again, and the fire in the hearth flickered dangerously. Hestia gave him a warning glance, and that meant his smores are on probation.

The tensed silence was left among them until Poseidon broke it for them, "Are you done yet, Brother?"

"...Yeah, I'm done."

The gods turned their attention once more to the two, and Caerus decided to continue Hecate’s speech: "It is to my knowledge that many opportunities have been shifting around at that particular year where Tom Riddle has waged war, we fear that Circe intends to help him by making sure the one man that could defeat him was never born."

The words began to sink in, and the gods and goddesses began to murmur in unease. For nothing could destroy, or defy, the Fates more than to controlling of what might have been and what will be.

"But then why would she do that? If it were me, I'd probably go back to the point when Greece was thriving and make herself known enough to be an Olympian Goddess," Hermes pointed out his thoughts, scratching his head in confusion. His docile snakes began to slither slightly off his Caduceus.

'Yeah, or go back to eat more rats!' George eagerly exclaimed within the gods’ minds.

'Shush, George! You're making us look stupid!' Scolded Martha, 'At least say we get to laugh at that bratty snake, Steve at his dying breath for ditching us!'

'Oh right, haha... I've always hated that guy.'

Hermes kneaded the bridge of his nose and sigh, "Why haven't I got rid of these two again?" He questioned himself irritatingly beneath his breath, pushing their heads down to quiet them.

Ignoring them, Caerus cleared his breath and continued to answer them, "While it's true she could now travel through time, the Ancient Law still holds when one's past came in contact with their future self, it would erase their existence."

Hecate seethed her teeth at her own theory and ended up voicing out in the end, the knuckles of her hand turned white from gripping her torch too tightly. "There's also the possibility, that after knowing her grandson's potential, Circe decided to use him as a mean to destroy the world that I have watched over for so long, and she would do anything just to spite me."
"Then do you happened to have any idea what might help to defeat her plans?" Ares asked, channelling the whole council.

Hecate bit her lip for a moment, knowing the only way to go against Circe’s time meddling plan would not please her fellow gods, but having one chance to do it, she needed to say it here and now. Sensing her reluctance to tell, Caerus helped by giving them the solution on her behalf.

"There's only one way we could intercept Circe's meddling and thwart her plans, and that is to send a hero to the past as well."

There were numerous gasps, and just before there was an outbreak before it escalated into yelling, Zeus stood from his throne and with a booming voice said his piece, "You're telling us, that while one sorcerer in the past is already bad enough, we're going to send another?!"

Hera held onto his shoulder in a soothing way, leading him to his seat once more. "Are you sure that it is wise to put more ripples to the past?" She asked in concern a disapproving frown on her face.

Caerus nodded solemnly. "There is no other way to put her plan to a stop and find the source of her time travelling ability, without influencing the Fates too much of course, but it is a necessary sacrifice; A change in the past if we want to save the future."

Zeus grumbled under his breath, but Hera smacked his arm and send him a reprimanding look.

"Alright fine! We'll send a hero to the past, let's just ignore our millennia-old Ancient Laws, shall we? However, I will only permit one hero, and only one! So...who shall we send?"

"May I warn you first that we only have one shot in sending a hero to the past, as we could never know how he'll fare, so it'd be best if you choose someone who is loyal, possess ability to go pass any adversaries, and a strength like no other," Hecate advised them with a tint of a hopeful tone, thinking of a particular demigod who's up for the job.

The gods exchanged glances, and from the glint of their eyes told them that they have a unanimous agreement. Poseidon particularly made a resigned sigh.

"Those in favor of Percy Jackson!"

All hands shot up, with Poseidon’s following slowly, face downcast and hidden from view.
Chapter Summary

Percy's life is going to get a whole lot different in his longest Quest yet.

"ACHOOO!"

"That was a really loud sneeze Percy, are you getting a summer cold?" Rachel Elizabeth Dare asked in concern.

I sniffed my nose and kept following her through the northern woods, "Nah, probably just Annabeth talking how much she misses me"

"Like you miss her?" Rachel pointed out with a smirk.

I brushed my hair with my hand and had a tinsy blush, but just drawled out a confirmation. I mean...who wouldn't miss her and her stormy gray eyes, her quirky retorts, and her dreamy expression whenever she imagines her own buildings she'll one day make? My ADHD mind wandered off toward my girlfriend, and almost got me tripped from a freakishly large tree root that I should have noticed. Rachel laughed, seemingly giving me a knowing look from what's on my mind and I only gave out a dry har-har.

"By the way, thanks again for accompanying me, Percy."

"Hey, it's not like I'll let you walk on this alone, besides I'll take an errand through the Amazon any day rather than a Quest to Wallmart."

"And that's supposed to better...how?" I raised an eyebrow at her with a deadpan.

"Right...withdrawn," the ginger-haired girl admitted.

Her feet then stopped upon a hill, an Ant Hill, and not just any ant hill, this one could pass off as a normal hill- only that it led toward the lair of giant, acid-spewing. ants. You would have to ask why me, a senior who's on the road of getting into university, and swore off from getting killed and Rachel, a mortal with no ability whatsoever, would even think of entering a myrmekes’ lair.

It all started this morning when I decided to check out Camp Half-Blood, the day after the whole giant-naked-statue-crushing-the-camp fiasco and maybe help out rebuilding it a bit. After climbing down Half-Blood Hill though, I was immediately tackled down by the one and only used to be Oracle of Delphi running out from her cave. I'm glad no one was there to see it or the campers would never live down the Great-Percy-Jackson KO'd by a mere mortal. I turned to Rachel who was sweating like she had just run a marathon. Her expression was changing between being delighted or horrified, which kind of confused me since what could possibly make you happy and scared at the same time?

"Percy, I had a dream!"
That explains everything.

Ever since the Second Giant War, Rachel had long lost her ability to predict the future enough to stress and infuriate her, and having no means of hearing prophecy kind of held up campers from going on a quest. So finally getting signs her ability is coming back was something to be welcomed, but at the same time that would mean something bad will happen, which is kind of the whole point of every prophecy. After a brief explanation from her, she decided she needed to go and visit the Groove of Dodonna, an ancient tree planted by the Great Titaness, Rhea herself, that could announce prophecies.

Really? A fortune telling tree. Somehow the gods never ceased to amaze me.

I thought it was a bad idea though, the only entrance to the groove is going through the lair of giant ants that needed an army of demigods to get through without dying, and it's also not a pleasant place to be. Believe me, I've been there. Smelly Gabe's smell would have been more tolerable.

Anyway, Rachel, being Rachel in all of her Rachel-ness, made a dash to the forest as if all the answer would be found there, and knowing she would be too stubborn to talk out of this, I decided to accompany her. Besides, even though I fought off Kronos's army, beating up Giants with gods, and even help put Gaea to sleep, I'm not an idiot enough to test my strength on fighting an army of myrmekes.

I made a long whistle with my hand and within the rustling bushes, came out Ms O'Leary. She was happily wagging her tail with a myrmekite hanging through her mouth as if she just found her new favorite snack.

"After you my lady..." I said, motioning her to the Hellhound's back and trying to pull off being a gentleman.

Okay...so Annabeth has been saying I'm obtuse about girls, don't tell her that comment got to me.

This seemed to give out an opposite reaction, Rachel looks at me like I just called her Medusa, but then she sighed and shook her head as if it was typical of me.

Why?

She lifted herself up to Ms O'Leary's back and I climbed behind her. "Alright girl, you know what to do, to the groove!" She replied with a You-got-it-Percy kind of bark (at least that's what I assumed) and the world was enveloped with shadows. The wind rushed past our skin like on top of a speed bullet, and for first-time rider like Rachel, she looked she was about to hurl.

The black surroundings then changed to what I assumed was the groove. I let out a whistle and it's not something I would usually do after all the things I've seen, but looking at a shining giant tree is pretty awesome.

I looked to Rachel, intending to help her down, but she's already walking away toward the most gigantic tree I've ever seen, maybe enough to reach Olympus if it should fall. I could feel the ancient power radiating all over, a raw power similar to Kronos but more calming and peaceful and doesn't make you feel on the edge.

There was a wind chime hanging in one of its branch and Rachel began to gently touch it, sounding the chime. A murmur started spreading throughout the groove like the trees just realize we were
and started talking rumors about us. Like a bunch of housewives gossiping about last night’s soap opera, things like: ‘Hey isn't that one of the Seven? Scrawnier than I imagined and not much muscle like Hercules' kind of talk.

I heard bits of pieces of it though, 'Flying broom' and 'spell of doom'

Nu-uh, not gonna hear it.

That didn't stop the trees from murmuring.

'Gold of pleasure'

'Brave's successor'

I inched closer to Rachel, seeing as she kept staring dazedly at the tree.

'The owl's quil'

'Truth will kill'

Okay...that was a morbid one...darn it me don't mind it.

'Dark Lord wake'

'Western snake'

La...la...la not listening to this.

'Secrets unfold'

'A price to behold'

Okay, I'm obviously not good at keeping my mind off things when I'm hearing all these snippets. I reach beside Rachel, and suddenly a loud whistle you usually heard when Coach Hedge wanted us to go and try killing stuff. Before I could get my bearing, a prophecy was foretold in the same tone as a pep-rally cheer.

'Percy Jackson not aware
Evil comes, house ensnare
Fate will be evade
Exposing a charade
A Hero's end in warfare.'

The first thing I thought was 'Well...they're making my death sound cheerful' then I would have gone cursing the Fates if not exactly at that moment, a bright light shone behind us, and I had a feeling it was a god. My fist clenched tightly but I inwardly count from five to calm myself down.

"Let me guess, the Olympians wants a word with me?"

It was really frustrating getting the big job, but do I have any say of it? No. It's like getting an underpaid job. We finished the job overtime and the boss just, 'Oh good work, you can go home now, have a nice weekend.'
Rachel turned toward our esteemed guest and bowed respectfully, "Lady Hecate," she let out. I turned around and did the same thing as her.

"Rise you two," Hecate softly told us, "And yes, Perseus Jackson, the gods would like to have a word with you along with a request."

As much as I wanted to resign to the Fates and just get on with the quest, I do like to have a word or two before I leave because I have not the slightest interest in getting myself a suicide-quest. Again.

But hey, this is a Prophecy. They always have a double meaning. I've been wondering for my death since I was 12 and look where it got me. I'll just pray to Tyche that I'll survive this one as well. Sometimes I wonder if she loves or hates me considering my own luck.

The god- no Titaness, Hecate touched my shoulder and a bright light enveloped as we Light Travel. (Yeah I said it, we have shadow travel so why can't light travel exist?) I was transported to a nostalgic place. The gods never looked different, still gigantic, still ooze out godly aura, still the same intense eye as if you had just accidentally let out a giant squid on a rampage or something.

"So here I am, how may I be in service?"

Zeus scoffed, "Hmm, still cheeky as ever I see."

I just gave him a light smile in return, I then turned to my dad and waved at him.

"Hey dad, nice new shirt by the way, really captured your essence." I made a friendly smile at him but my voice was laced with a demanding tone and holding back a need to scream: “Explain!”

I noticed the smile he made beneath his thick black beard but his softened eyes then turn to ones of remorse. As if putting your child in more prophecy than the normal demigod was bad enough, I assumed facing the Olympians means I'm going challenge at least a god-class risk level quest.

Oh man, mom and Annabeth is so going to freak out when they find out about this.

Usually, I would argue a bit, despite knowing it's a little pointless, how I'm not up to the job and how they should rely on other demigods because- News Flash! I'm not the only demigod they could send to their doom.

Unfortunately, the moment I heard the Prophecy where my name was clearly said in the first line, I knew there was no escape from this.

I'm still hoping there's another demigod with the name Percy Jackson that could get me out of this, but considering how much the god of luck loved me, probably not.

"I see you demand an explanation from us," Dad said with a spot-on remark.

"Gee, was I that obvious?"
My least favorite god, Ares growled lowly at me and banged his armrest, "Cease your smart mouth, boy, you are in front of the gods!"

Dad raised his arm and silenced Ares, just because he's not the King of the gods, doesn't mean he doesn't mean the other gods wouldn't think twice defying him.

"You must understand Ares, the boy has gone through many deals of challenges and accomplishing feat greater than the average hero, I assumed he felt stressed from all the responsibilities weighing him down and going past high hurdles all the time."

Oh, stressed is too light of a word from what I'm feeling, dear father.

He shot me a look though, expressing something akin to 'The sarcasm can wait, son.', before I squashed whatever I was going to say.

Ares just grumbled on his seat, then me and the few of the gods turned their attention toward the sound of cleared throat emitted by a guy I just noticed was beside me.

He was a good-looking guy I admit, light blonde hair, a beauty spot beneath his eyes, and shimmering red eyes that seemed to remind me of blazing fire. Yet for a guy with great looks, his fashion sense could make the Aphrodite kids faint seeing as he looked no different with a bum with gray worn out winter jacket, repeatedly sewn pants and a cheap Beatles T-shirt that he seemed to have bought during one of their concerts.

"Forgive me for interrupting, but perhaps the Great Zeus would allow me the opportunity of me explaining things for the young man."

I noticed Hades snorted at the word 'great' but whether Zeus heard it or not, he doesn't seem to pay attention.

"Go ahead Caerus."

I blinked at him confusingly, "Who?"

The one I assumed as a minor god stood in front of me and bowed which was kind of shocking. I mean getting bowed, even as a greeting, was the last thing I imagined happening from a god. You get the same kind of treatment as the chance of getting Annabeth catching a spider with her bare hand.

"Greetings Percy Jackson, my name is Caerus, God of Opportunity. It's an honor for us, minor gods, to meet you from hearing your great accomplishment."

I snorted, "You say accomplishment, I say survival really."

Caerus chuckled even though I was half-aware that I'm being disrespectful, "I really loved your sense of humor Percy, me and Momus, the embodiment of Mockery, by the way, enjoyed the great retorts you made for your enemies at every opportunity you made, it's pure gold I tell you."

Well, to hear my attempts of becoming fish bait for my enemies is proved enjoyable by the gods, I'd wouldn't let it pass them of making a remake of my adventures and turn it into a movie or something. Though if the gods can get it accurately and get my good side then I'm fine with that. After all, what's the worst they could make? Making Annabeth brunette?
Anyway, you’d find wonders about the god’s strange sense of humor, and you don’t want to know the sickening ones I’ve heard.

The guy, Caerus, then began to start his story with Circe (cue grimace), how Hecate had been suspicious of her movement, about the wizarding world, a dark wizard called Voldemort (*snort* who called themselves Voldy wart?), a prophecy was made for his demise yadda yadda yadda, when he said something about Circe capable of sending herself to the past, which should have been my main attention since not even Kronos, the Titan of Time could do that, but my point went somewhere else.

"Wait...from what you said, Circe had already sent herself to the past right? So how am I...I don't know...stop her evil master plan when I'm in the Now and she's in the..." Even with my seaweed brain, I could tell where this is going, and I am desperately hoping it’s not true,

"So, you have picked up upon of what our request will be," Annabeth's mother pointed out.

"No..." the gods perked up at my words, they didn't look unhappy at my refusal, even to them it must have been a crazy plan. "No, nope, nuh-uh, no way, you can't possibly send me to the past! Don't you guys have some sort of Ancient Law about tampering with history? What if I go there and accidentally brought out World War III?"

"As much as I love wars, that's the least of our problems when someone tampered with the past, not to mention the Fates," Ares begrudgingly admitted to me and if that isn't a bad sign, I don’t know what is.

"All the more reason you can't send me there, I'm a disaster waiting to happen! I couldn't stay at one school for a year without blowing up stuff, heck I almost start the apocalypse from a nosebleed!"

I tried to make them see reason since the only reason I could stay at Goode was because my step-dad was there to help me. What's more, considering I've watched Doctor Who (courtesy of Leo) and as fictional as it is, it does give you ideas how delicate the time stream is, one mess up and boom you wiped off an entire city or better yet, facing homicidal angels for you when you do.

"And yet the most ancient oracle has spoken your name, just as we had decided to entrust you with the world's future." Artemis gave her sentiment, and it didn't lift off the pressure on me.

I was about to say more when dad stood up, turning everyone's eyes from me to him as he spoke, "Brother, I would like a private word with my son before continuing our council."

With a thoughtful look, Zeus nodded and dad morph into a mini version of him, which for me make him only a few inches taller. We locked eyes for a moment, reminding me how we have the same vivid green eyes. He gripped my shoulder in a reassuring way and gestured for me to come with him.

We stood by outside the palace where it's possible to witness Olympus as its finest. The few mansions spreading throughout the clouds, various plants and flowers blooming colorfully, I saw satyrs and nymphs and a few minor gods going through their everyday lives and I noticed every building Annabeth had personally designed, and I couldn't help but smile at it- Especially when I noticed the small, carved owl faces as her special little logo.

I sighed wearily as I run my fingers through my hair, "I know what you're going to say."
Dad raised an eyebrow at me and there was an amused glint in his eyes, "You do?"

"Yes, you're going to say that you know how difficult the gods made my life, how you're sorry you couldn't stop it for me but then you would go on about how you believed in me and making me feel bad so I'll think about the right thing to do and I'll end up going anyway." Saying it aloud sounds a little stupid, but reasonable enough.

"Actually, no I'm not," he hummed softly.

His response got me to tilt my head and warily observed him, "Really?"

"Seeing as you're aware of it already, I don't have to repeat yourself, am I right?"

I grumbled, knowing he made a point, "Dad, this sounds like serious business, not that the previous time wasn't serious, but those times I always had friends to back me up- And this time you're asking me to do this **alone** and **not messed up**."

"You don't have to do it alone though."

Now he's just confusing me, "What are you talking about? Didn't Caerus explain I had to be sent alone because sending one is already messing up all the cosmos."

Dad nodded, "Yes, it is unprecedented for a hero to be sent to the past, but that won't mean you won't find your very own allies. It is as you said, you have never done things alone Percy, but that's because you met people who would stand by your side no matter what and help you along the way, and it won't be much different there."

I thought about his words, I always regard myself less than a hero because most Greek heroes were able to get through things alone and I'm aware of the help the gods and my friends had always given me. I know I'm not as strong or as smart, but having my friends have always what kept me going.

Dad looked me straight in the eye and put a hand on my shoulder, "You have a knack of choosing great allies Percy, and always has been your greatest strength, don't think too much about the changes you'll make, and decide what you think it's best." He put his hand on my shoulder and gave me a reassuring smile.

It annoyed me how much he makes sense and at the same time I felt my a burden lodge inside my was slightly lifted, "Just...if I'm going time travelling, can you make sure I get back before my mom would go into labor, I want to be with her when she needed me most and make sure you watch over her all right?"

My dad nodded, and I knew I can relax a bit knowing mom would be safe here. I was about to ask if I could at least contact Annabeth before I go since she would freak if I go missing again, but a loud **BOOM** then shook the very Olympus and I knew something was wrong. Olympus is the home of the gods, they don't shake.

My dad and I both looked at each other and rushed back to the throne room. "What happened?" My dad demanded.

It was the first time I saw Mr D in a shocked that he forgot his open Coke and let it flow out of his
"You should try watching that," he pointed slightly upward. I turned and there was a plasma TV hanging just above the door, I never realized they had one. They were watching the Hephaestus TV but the channel looks like one of the news channels in the mortal world. What caught my eyes was the Greek letter in the headlines.

‘MORTALS ARE SEEING MT. OLYMPUS, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MIST?’

"That...that's impossible...how are they seeing that?" I choked out.

"And not just Olympus itself, mortals have been spotting Nyads, Ghost, Satyrs and other creatures the mist should have kept hidden" Artemis explained.

"I'm afraid Circe's meddling has come to a part where the wizards and witches had come involving themselves with the greek world and has somehow taken over the Spring of Achlys where the Mist comes directly from it," Caerus explained with a straight face, Hecate’s expression was a mix of anger and shame, and it was confusing seeing them all once. "We must immediately send Percy Jackson to the past, our present is in your hand, Young Hero"

"Wait, you're going to send me now?"

Another boom and this time Zeus looked up at the sky and cursed in greek, I looked up as well where the constellation of various stars such as the zodiacs and the Greek characters with one my friend, Zoë the Huntress running across the night sky. She skidded into a stop then back away slowly with a bow aiming at one spot. At a strange constellation that shouldn't have been there.

The stars glowed eerily green, shaped itself into a skeleton and snake that jotted out of its mouth into a number eight and was snapping at the other stars. The gods all muttered something like 'impossible' or 'how?'

"The Dark Mark, their influence is getting stronger," Hecate whispered but enough for me to hear it.

"What's that?"

"It's the mark of Voldemort's follower, the Death Eaters."

The name confused me, who in the right mind would want to eat Thanatos? I mean death doesn't sound as tasty as cheeseburger and fries.

"I fear there's no time to delay, Percy Jackson stand before me!"

It was the first time I see the gods all looking flustered that I did as she told without a second thought.

"Now, I must first warn you that after sending you to the past, you would not find much help there so we each has given you a blessing to go through the trials that is to come."

I would have been honored or gleeful, being given blessings by all the Olympians, and how lucky I’d be if it weren’t for the damn quest. My mind was still frantic from all the events happening like a storm, I barely listen most of the blessing being given to me.
“Percy Jackson.”

The sound of Mr D’s voice saying my got my attention better than anyone, and he just gave one (Pitiful? Scornful?) look at me, scoffed, then tossed me a can of coke for me.

“Use it right when you need,” he simply stated without giving it much away.

“Uhm…okay…”

“Haha, Dionysus is just shy Percy. It’s not every day he’s concerned about anyone but his own sons,” Hermes laughed while standing beside me to pat my back in reassurance.

“Hermes,” Mr D growled, “One more word out of ya, and I’ll shove the damned snakes of yours down your throat.”

Hermes’s smile became a bit more strained, then he turned to look back at me and shoved me a watch? What?

“Here, this is from me and H over there, good luck!” Then just as quickly went back sitting on his throne.

Seeing that the gods seemed to have their blessing out of the way, Hecate nodded, “Then let us start the. . .”

"Wait!"

We both turned toward the source and I was caught off guard to find Athena looming over me in her human version of herself. It was a little painful seeing her looking at me sternly with her gray eyes, she reminded me of Annabeth so much I wished she was here with me or at least say goodbye to her. Athena then reached out for my neck. I thought she was going to strangle me in Annabeth’s place since that’s probably what she’ll do if she finds out about all this, but instead, I heard a clip from behind and I was now wearing my old necklace with a feather attached to it.

"It is a feather of my sacred animal, the owl. If you ever need to seek the truth, use it for guidance.” She didn't say more as she rushed back to her throne. I was pretty zoned out from getting a gift personally from Athena herself that Hecate had already gone into full ritual mode and ready to send me away.

"A warning before I sent you off Percy Jackson, my spells will affect your physical constitution so you must bear with it until you get back."

"My physical what ?"

"And have an additional request, but put it as much importance as your quest.”

She put both her hand to her torch and with a small blow, smoke began to appear from it enveloping me. It didn't smell or felt like smoke, it didn't make me gag or feel uncomfortable but it did take all my senses away after I heard the last few words Hecate made. My sight was all gray and I lost my footing as I felt being lifted from the air.

Before long, the smoke disappeared from my sight and I saw a town.

I blinked a few times seeing identical houses lined in rows, the soft mist surrounding it, and the bright sky twinkled with stars that I hadn't seen for so long since the voyage with my friends.
I also realized I'm seeing all this from above.

And now I'm screaming from falling down.

It was a long way down and I wasn't sure if I was going to survive and do the quest, but it would seem my time hasn't come as I came crashing to a pile of trash.

Now I know how Apollo felt falling face first to a dumpster.

I groaned for a while and finally managed to stand after getting a banana peel off my head and I felt something is wrong. You know that feeling when you got back to your room and you just know someone had been there when something is just not right.

That's what I felt about my body.

I mean, Hecate did tell me I would have some changes. I still look human and all and I wasn't that different. So I rummaged through the dumpster and found a broken mirror and try looking at my reflection.

I was freaked out that I threw the mirror away because I looked young. Enough to be 7-6 years younger.

I tried looking and feet and surely they were smaller than I remembered, I sneak out of the alleyway, looking at my surroundings and I felt they were bigger than the average houses. Or I just turned smaller.

I looked up to the sky and just shouted, "Really, you had to turn me to a 10-year-old?!"

Doesn’t this quest just keep getting better and better?
Chapter Summary

I get sent on yet another suicide-quest, yay! And if that is not enough, it’s in the past, I couldn’t say goodbye to my mom and girlfriend, I am around 10 years old and alone. Also, what’s up with that guy, Voldy-something? He’s the new baddie I have to defeat, who somehow caused the Mist to disappear in the future. Or was that Circe? Whatever.


“Oh no, he’s the most reliable Demigod you could find, so I have strong faith in him, doesn’t mean I wouldn’t be worried how he’ll handle his daily lives there.”

“You worry too much Hestia,” Aphrodite told her, “With all the blessing he’s been given, even without us watching over him, you would think he could handle himself just fine before dealing with his quest.”

Hestia sighed once more as she turned eyes back to the hearth, keeping it warm for some of the gods that stayed for further discussion while some had left the building. Her mind trailed off when the gods were deciding their blessings for him.

"Those in favor of Percy Jackson!"

All hands shot up, with Poseidon’s following slowly, face downcast and hidden from view.

*Hestia promised herself silently that she will send her brother lots of free food. And give Percy a huge bag of it as well. Maybe even open a delivery service so he’ll have a steady supply?*

*Yes, that sounds good.*

“Not to ruin the… bive?” She turned to Hermes, who is shaking his head frantically and slightly
pained. “Vibe, yes? Yes! Anyway, that sounds like a terrible job to be saddled with—And don’t you argue with me!”

Ares closed his mouth with a click—Even the God of War adored the s’mores.

“Really,” she sighed. “Whenever you give out quest to a hero, you rarely consider their feelings and past when it’s not your child, am I right?”

She is met with the expected silence, and Poseidon sends her a grateful look. She returns a smile at him. It’s no... biggie? Percy is a real sweetheart, after all.

“So, at least as compensation, can we send gifts? Or blessings? Boons? Whatever you call it?”

Poseidon is now smiling softly at her.

Hecate winces, not seeing Caerus grinning like a loon. There are lots of opportunities here at this point!

“Well, they have to be small. And I mean it! It’s already hard enough to send a cursed hero,” A glare was sent to Aphrodite’s and Ares’ direction.

“I don’t know if I can support blessings and gifts as well.”

Poseidon joins in the glaring. “How many gifts can you send if they are persuaded the lift the curses? Or change it to support him?”

Aphrodite fluttered her lashes innocently, but Poseidon was not deterred. “I can’t change my so-called ‘curse.’ It was not decided by me in the first place, have you ever wondered why love is sometimes so fitting? Yes, it is very chaotic and random, but... have you?”

Poseidon’s shoulders started to tense, along with everyone else’s. “So? Can you do anything else? Concentrate it so—”
“I just said I can’t change it, Uncle.” Aphrodite sighed. “My domain is Love! Love for family and therefore, elders certainly counts! I send Fate some drama they might feel inspired by, and they give me instructions on how to execute them! Ask the Morai!”

Just as Poseidon growled, Aphrodite nonchalantly hummed. “Don’t frown so much, you’ll add more to your wrinkles. Besides, don’t think I didn’t have a proper gift on hand.”

That got most of them to blinked unexpectedly, “You have?” Athena queried. If she knows Aphrodite, then she knows she is not the type of character to prepare a gift before all the others without her own agenda in it.

“What is it?” Hestia asked her curiously.

The Love Goddesses only giggled in response and made a silent motion with her finger, “S-E-C-R-E-T~.”

Oh yeah, definitely hidden agenda.

Athena wrinkled her eyebrows, but sigh in conceding, “Putting aside Aphrodite’s usual antics “Hey!” we should be in agreement that a quest of this scale Our Hero would need as much aid required if we want to ensure his chance of success.”

There was a murmur of conceding agreement, making Athena nodded in pleased, “Then it’d be wise for us if we plan first on which to grant him with. To maximize the effect of one another and to avoid conflicts? We all know what happens when we all blessed a person without consideration…”

All Gods collectively grimaced at the memory. What happened in China with Emperor Qin is… Ugh. Moving on.

“I’ll go first,” Hestia stepped forward. “I will allow Percy the blessing of the hearth. May he always find the source of warm heat even at the coldest night. Protecting him from those who come to harm him.”

“Percy will also be allowed to use my hotpots anyway,” Hestia squealed, “I was so sad when he didn’t notice them during the war.”
“Hotpots?” Athena asked.

“A pun for hotspots! Hermes was such a dear and suggested the name! “

“Uh-huh... Sure. . .”

“Awesome-soup, right? Or was it sauce? Awesome-sauce!”

“Speaking of food,” Demeter brightened. “My gift is that if he eats around 10% more than his body needs, his body will save the nutrients for later.”

“Uh, Demeter, the mortal body does something like that automatically. They save it as fat.”

“Oh. Then... I got it! I’ll deepen his connection with plants! Water is important for plants anyway, so it shouldn’t be too hard. They won’t love him, but they will tolerate to moderately like him when he meets them.”

“Civiliizations come and go, develop as they wish, but as far as I know, being good at hitting where it counts is important.” Artemis raised her voice. “This domain of yours should be no exception, right?”

Hecate nodded.

“Then, it is settled.” Artemis relaxed. “Percy will hit true when it counts, and have a relatively good aim in general. But since he is not, and shall never be a Huntress of any kind, he will need to practice. Especially at the beginning. I have seen his... attempts, if you can call it that -- don’t look at me like that Poseidon! He's a truly horrendous aimer! -- I had to borrow some power from my brother, okay? I guess it will count as a blessing from both of us.”

Ares growled, “And don’t remind me of his wrestling skills. While I’m on it, I can also not change or remove my curse, but all the other weapons or whatever he receives or chooses will adore him, and get along or is even... compatible with his Riptide and other weapons. One can never have too many weapons. Happy?”
“Very. Here, Enjoy.” Dionysus snapped his fingers, and a can of coke materialized out of thin air. “I am treading a thin line, so this one will be good to get where it is.”

And he took a sip from his coke. “Oh, take note that I quote the slogan, please.”

Before Poseidon can steal Zeus’s act and start thundering at Dionysus so-called ‘coke,’ Hephaestus grumbled.

“I don’t know what to give him.”

“That’s okay, Bro,” Hermes answered reassuringly. “I don’t know either. #HsFTW!”

“Yeah, no.” Hera scowled. “I know what to give him, as did Hestia. Even though it is out of my domain, I will let Percy find things he searches for with relative ease. I won’t interfere with Fate’s plan on his Quest, but when he needs an eraser or can’t find his whatever convenient things like that.”

“Convenient!” Hermes slapped his forehead. “That’s it! I’ll send Cortana along!”

Hephaestus interrupted. “Oh no, you don’t! You fool! Do you know how inconvenient Cortana is? Look at the ratings! Siri is currently superior and has a shorter name!”

Hecate blanched. “Wait, wait! We. Are. Not. No, no, and NO!”

“Oh...” Hermes deflated. “But it was such a good idea... Wait! Do you have fairies? Preferably Navi-like? Y’know, Zelda reference?”

Dionysus perked up. “Breath of the Wild is amazing! Especially the cooking feature!”

“I know, right?” Hermes beamed. “Isn’t-”

“Back on topic, yes. We have something similar. There are those organic Christmas decorations-”
“Perfect! I dub thee, Ivan! It’s Navi, but backward! And hopefully just as amusing to watch! Can you give me some specimen to tinker around with? Wait no, give them to Hephaestus! Then let me program them! That’ll be our blessing!”

“Keep the blessing small, yes?” Hestia reminded the excited god.

“Oh... Sure!”

Hephaestus grunted his approval.

Lightning illuminated the throne room for a few moments before Zeus finally spoke, almost forcefully, “I will… Treat him as any other mortal when he chooses to cross the skies. That is my, very gracious gift.”

Hades sighed. “Death will favor him more than he already did, that is my gift. But not nearly as much as the descendant of his patron, mind you.”

“Thank you, my Brother,” Poseidon smiled. “I don’t think I can gift my son more than I already have, so I’ll just strengthen his abilities and ties with the ocean. I’m sure no trouble will come from that...in fact, remind me to invite you over for dinner, brother. Actually, you’re all invited. Especially you Hestia, thank you.” Poseidon was very, very grateful.

It was now the turn of the Goddess of Wisdom and Warfare. Though many were surprised to find her stomp over his gift. She already had a gift in mind, but it had been long used by her Roman Counterpart, and she still had difficulty reconciling with her demeaning status as a maiden goddess. The other gods decided to leave her be as she thought thoroughly.

Hestia sighed once more, and Poseidon gazed down to the Keeper of the Hearth in Olympus, and his currently all-time favorite sister, looking downcast. After what she did, Poseidon felt the need to comfort her.

“It’ll be fine, Hestia. We may not be able to foresee the outcome, but if there’s something I know about my son. Is that he would never let anyone he loves down.”

Looking up at her Brother, she smiled back at his reassurance before looking back at her hearth. Surely, somewhere--or when--down the timeline, Percy is currently living undercover, away from
danger with all the blessing helped to give him a comfy life before the fated battle comes.

“Thank you, Brother. I just...” She broke off into a wistful sigh, "I just wish that, at the very least, our gifts don’t have to slumber.”

Poseidon sighed. “I know how you feel, but still... as ironic as this sounds, I believe in Percy.”

... 

It's been a week since I had traveled back in time.

A week since I pulled off the act of a homeless kid.

What do you expect? I had been thrown to the past with nothing but clothes on my back, a can of coke, a watch, and Riptide inside my pocket. Doesn't mean I didn't do anything for the past week though, after asking around and looking through the newspapers, I did find out how far back in time I was sent and where.


Hurray! I am in good ol’ Britain. Rainy land of the spoilsports and non-American. Sorry, those that are English, but as a good US-citizen, it needed to be said. Annabeth would have smacked me and called me biased but--

Let’s move on from that topic.

It was a bland week with a few pickpocketing (Hey, I need to survive, don’t judge me!) and rummaging a few thrown out clothes, talking to fellow homeless people as we share a campfire. You'd think it's hard, but I experienced far worse. So despite the difficulty, the bland meals, and the overused clothes I’m now used to wear, the tranquillity was nice.

What got me wondering though was the fact I hadn't been attacked by a single monster yet. No giant boar, no emposai, no dracanae, no nothing. Now, if only I had a roof on my head and a decent meal, then I can say I have the best monster-free week I ever had.

I didn't think about what I don't have for too long as I had no clue what I was supposed to do now. I don't have any money nor a place to live in other than my makeshift box house in the alleyway I had fallen in this time period. All I know was Circe is doing whatever evil sorceresses do; Biding her time and executing her evil plot.

I looked down at the SPQR tattoo on my arm, glad that reverting my body in my awkward years had not erased one of the few connections I had to my friends in the future. The Cons though is that I’m going to have a lot of explaining to do if anyone ever gets curious what it is. I can probably hide it for now with a bandage but a mark this big won’t stay hidden for long.
I couldn’t help the sigh that came out from my lips and looked up at the grey sky, "Any help would be great right about now."

I didn't expect an answer, and I didn't get one.

Until night fell.

I was having a hard time sleeping at the time, listening to the drizzling shower since this evening, and I was covered with tons of used coats as I held on from the cold night air. A bright warm light appeared like a meteor right before me, and I closed my eyes, blinking back a few times when I was met by the goddess magic, Hecate. Past-Hecate, to be exact. She looked exactly the same as in the future with dark green robe, two torches held on her side, accompanied by a Labrador and a polecat.

I thought she would be here to help me, maybe even getting me a lovely flat to live but instead her dog growled, and her polecat hissed (I think) at me and I naturally had my hand in my pocket. "I see you are not from this time, who are you, Boy? Why are you here?"

I step out from my cozy box and stood face to face with her, "My name is Percy Jackson, and I came here because you--future you and the Olympians sent me--will send me--Gah, there’s no proper way of saying this."

Hecate ignored my rambling as her eyes widen after understanding the gist of what I said, "Nonsense, why would I, or anyone for that matter, would even break the Ancient Law? Unless..."

She began to whisper to herself in ancient Greek. I stood there, awkwardly waiting for her to notice a drenched eleven-year-old boy. She turned to me with a hard concerned gaze, "Tell me everything!" she demanded softly.

I was about to explain to her, but a cold shiver ran down my spine, followed by the shock of thunder from the sky, causing me to jump. "I could...but do you think I could do that in a dry room with hot cocoa maybe?" I asked a bit sheepishly. Hecate’s gaze softened after realizing the state I’m in, and only needed to flick her finger and a swirl of purple mist wrap around us until I found myself on a small yet comfortable living room with hot cocoa ready on the table.

Hecate took, what I suspect, a cup of nectar and told me she was listening, so I started running my mouth of what happened. I could tell while she tried to remain calm, the name Circe cause a twitch in her poker face. The she-dog growled at the name while the polecat curled on her lap to cheer her up.

Didn't those two got cursed because of Hecate?

"To think she would do the unthinkable," she pursed, "I understand the situation Percy Jackson, for now, you are currently blessed by my Mist so the gods will not know of your existence."

My eyes widen at that and almost choke on my hot drink, "What do you mean they won't know I exist?"

"It's one thing for one is involved in the past, it's another thing to be involved with future
acquaintances, not to mention a Half-Blood involved with two Great Prophecy. Right now, you
could shout their names at the top of your lungs, and they will not notice you."

I took a moment to process those words. I fell back on the couch until my head was facing the
dreary white ceiling, I’m glad that they had blessed me before sending me off (though I barely
know most of those blessing when I was still recovering from shock) or I would have been more
than screwed.

"Then I'm really all on my own? That sucks."

Wait... . .

If they can't hear me now... . .

Does that mean... . .

A mischievous grin crept across my face, but froze at Hecate’s next word; "Don't."

"Huh?"

"If you're thinking of cursing the gods at the top of your lungs, I'd suggest you don't try your luck"
she calmly informed me, and I scratched the back of my neck sheepishly. My face must have
shown something devious if she could easily read what I had in mind.

"Also, I may not be able to help you directly, but for now you have fallen under my jurisdiction so
you will be blessed with my ability and if you ever need guidance, you can call upon me whenever
you wished."

"To be honest... I have no idea what I'm supposed to do, the gods asked me to stop Circe from
controlling fate and find the source of her time traveling power, but I don't even know where to
start!"

Hecate smiled, standing up from her seat as she prepared to leave, "Do not fret Percy Jackson, for
everything shall be clear by the start of this summer, anything else you might want to ask?"

I scowled at her since she hadn't answered my answer, "A place to stay would be nice," was my
reply.

Her right hand that held her torch turned into a key, and she swiftly threw it at me where I caught
it. "You seem to like this place, I'm sure you could take care of it on your own, oh and if you like
the hot cocoa you could buy it at the end of a street called Spinner's End." With that ended note,
she and her two furry friends turned to plum of smoke.

"Another reminder I must add," her voice echoed from it, "Do not let the wizarding world know of
your identity or I'm afraid they'll be consequences." She then vanished toward the fireplace, leaving
no sign of her behind.
I looked around at the place she given me. Smiling dopily that I finally could get a decent place to live in. I don't how who will handle the rent and how I’ll deal with my food and other supplies, but I thought it's a worry for another day. That night, you would think I slept soundly for the first time this week after getting a proper bed.

Alas, woe is me.

I was sailing through the sea in a small boat. The kind of boat Jack Sparrow sailed in when his ship got stolen. I was having a hard time making sure the boat won't capsize from the massive storm, but the water wouldn't listen to me. A peal of faint laughter then echoed the sky, I looked around to find an island not so far off. I would have sailed my boat toward if it weren't giving me the creeps.

There was something familiar about that island, and I wasn't sure about it until the clouds above it turned into a shadow of a human...or a goddess in this case, "So they send a lone hero to stop me? Try and stop me if you can Percy Jackson, try if you can!"

She went on with her high pitched laughter. The clouds swirling again until it shifted into a skeleton that barfed out a snake. I don’t know how something ridiculous could be intimidating and remembered it was the mark of the Death Eater. The snake then saw me and began to lunge at me at a terrifying speed that I got up in cold sweat.

I clutched at the beads on my necklace to calm myself down, I was hungry and thought it's about time I try finding a part-time job. I recalled Hecate said about where I could buy the Hot Cocoa and decides to go there, I thought maybe the place should be good enough if goddesses would recommend it.

I found that my flat was only one block and a turn away from the street, it was weird having a road called Spinner's End, I'm not even sure what it means. The morning fog was thick as usual, and when I smell the sweet smell of chocolate, my feet began running toward it.

"One hot cocoa please," I asked the Vendor Guy as I placed my money on the counter. I turned from the stand and waited, everything was good until I spotted something that caused my hair to stand. There, at the alleyway, was a pair of slit yellow hungry eyes, eyeing his next prey. I knew at once it was a monster, so I gripped tightly at my pen and pulled it out.

"Here's your hot cocoa, Sonnie."

"Than, thanks." I brought my drink to my lips and turned my heel toward a deserted corner of the street just so there'd be no bystander. Once I stopped at a park, I gulped down the scalding drink down my throat, then uncapped my pen and turned to whatever it is behind me.

"Alright, you've been wanting some breakfast, right? How about you come and get me?" I heard a growl within the dark shadows of the trees, followed by a slow clop-clop of hooves walking toward me and I almost gasped at the nostalgic creature I was facing.

It was a chimera.
"Well, last time I saw you I was falling off a bridge...or you'll see me falling off one? Agh, time traveling is so confusing."

The chimera with all its blood-caked mane and glory began to pounce. I stepped aside then aimed to stab. It's tail-snake saw through my attack and tried to bite me, so I bent and rolled away. After giving myself some distance, I warily eyed the chimera, mirroring its footsteps as we circled each other. My eyes kept a careful watch around, making sure Echidna, the mother of monsters, wasn't here alongside her 'pet.'

"So you're alone here? I thought you would want your momma cooing you all the time like the nice little Chihuahua you are.” The chimera growled and pounced again. Only this time, I was ready and ran ahead.

The claw swiped down past me, so when I whirled around and face its tail, I cleanly swiped to cut off the snakehead. It hissed in pain before lying motionlessly on the ground. This way, I only have one head to work on.

The half-lion doesn't seem to like me cutting off its buddy, so when it opened his mouth, I flashbacked on my first fight and cursed. Had I jumped away a few seconds too late, I would have been Percy-Roast. The heat radiated on my back, and I looked up to find the black scorch mark on the ground.

The chimera took that opening to pounce again, and almost clawed my guts out. Claws clashed against Sword. Normally, I could have flipped that lion away. Normally. I cursed at the reminder of my feeble body, but at least I can keep it a bay. However, I had one look behind the monster and froze, giving the chimera the chance it wanted and threw me off. The chimera would have continued its trashing on me, had it not notice the same thing I did.

I was hoping I was mistaken, but the lion must have smelt the stranger too and turned to see a kid, probably at my current age, black hair and pale skin, and was gasping at the scene in front of him. Maybe he was seeing a kid injuring a poor cat or dog, but he turned horrified at the lion-goat eyeing him.

The chimera ran toward the boy, and I followed with a burst of speed. The boy was about to run as well but stumbled on his oversized pants and had a hard time getting up. I cursed that my body was too small to run any faster, so I decided to draw up a stupid plan but, hey, what else is new?

I threw my sword at it, and it stabbed at the part where animals would usually hide when going about their business. I tried not to feel amused at the howling in pain it made and was able to catch up and stood beside the boy.

"Hey, are you alright? Did it hurt you?"

"What's a chimera doing here?!" He yelped.

I was surprised he could see and even knew what it is, but I couldn't dwell on it when a furious
lion-monster was on my tail, "Right, you better run off while it got its eyes on me since I stab his butt hole."

"Are you mad? You can't fight off with that!"

"Look out!" I jumped on him, and the chimera missed burning us to medium-rare meat. I took out Riptide that had now appeared inside and uncapped it once more. The boy yelped from the sudden appearance from my sword on hand.

"Come on you half-goat, you barely could light a candle with that!" I didn't need to look at the boy to know he's looking at me like I'm crazy, taunting a crossover of a lion, a goat, and ex-snake. I ran, and it followed with ferocious speed and almost ripped my shoulder off with its jagged, sharp teeth. I rolled under him and winced at the pain of my shoulder, my visions began to turn hazy, and I had a hard time standing.

Dang it, I forgot its venom!

You would think having tangled with the monster and twice and gone a life and death experiences with it, I would remember of almost dying between his venom or falling from hundreds of feet above the water. But living long enough as a demigod, those kinds of details just blurred together with all the other venomous monster.

The chimera circled around me, looking pleased with its work and obviously waiting for the poison to take effect. I wouldn't be surprised if it would have gloat at me if it could talk. I must have been too stubborn for him, though because he decided to lunge at me before my knee could pull me down. As I watch the impending doom gaining at me before me, I thought what the hell! I took a gamble and aim the tip of my sword to its mouth, I had my whole right arm inside of that thing's mouth, and I grimaced. With one smooth stab before it could eat my whole arm, the chimera turned into golden ash. On cue, my knees buckled to the ground.

I held on to Riptide to make sure I don't keel over, then I heard the sound of foot gaining closer at me.

So the boy didn't run away after all.

He took one look at my shoulder, and he grimaced, "You need an antidote or the chimera's poison would kill you."

It wouldn't have mattered if I had ambrosia, but sadly I had none. Even plain water was good, but unfortunately, I was too delirious and in pain to come up with a response.

"Hey, can you stand? I know how you can get help." Help sounded good right about now. I nodded and tried to stand but needed more effort than usual. The boy put my arm around his shoulder as he helped drag me back to the streets.
My memory afterward was like having forced into a Mist inducing drug, as in nothing around makes much sense. My head couldn't well concentrate with my whole body feeling it was on fire, all I remember I was trying to move where the boy directed me. I smell the disgusting dirty water from a river, and then the boy said we're here.

I looked up to find a small house, it was but a small, simple brick house. The kind of home you would draw when you're still in kindergarten. A chimney at the side a window and a wooden door side by side, and a small storage shack beside the house.

He found the key under the WELCOME rag and opened the locked door, he then ushered me in and had me sit on a coach. "Wait here!" He said, he ran to one of his rooms, and I heard the noise of glass getting shuffled as if searching for something. My lungs felt it was burning as it got harder to breathe, the blood hasn't stopped flowing from my wound. I wondered briefly if this how I'm going to end up dead.

My lips touched the cold hard glass, and I heard someone said drink, I did in one great gulp. When I found out the taste was like a crushed beetle with a hint of mud, I almost gagged it out. "What did you make me drink? I taste poison better than this!"

The black haired boy rolled his eyes, "You're welcome by the way; otherwise, you would have been dead within minutes."

"Oh," I moved my shoulder a bit and winced at how bad the gash felt, "Thanks, I guess, how do you even have the antidote?"

He was silent for a moment before confessing, "My mom is a witch, she likes to brew potions, and I tried learning from her books." I blinked in surprise at how ready and calm he was giving away that information. Usually, one wouldn't since they'd be called a freak but seeing that I just killed a monster in front of him, I guess that isn't saying much. He then turned to me with an accusing look, "You're a wizard too."

I wasn't sure how to answer him when I remembered last night and Hecate's warning. "...Yeah, I am, what about it?"

Instantly, the boy brightened at my admission, dusting his pale white cheeks pink, "Well, I never met a wizard around my age before around this part, and I have questions about that Magic Sword of yours, and how come there was a chimera in the middle of town? Also, you were fighting it like you've handled it before."

Great, a brainiac kid. Not much I could hide from him. My brain whirled at all kinds of lies I could weave through when we both got interrupted by the sound of the door opening, and a man came trotting to the living room.

One look at him and I knew I didn't like him. He had a thinning bald hair, shaggy black beard, his build could rival any stereotype football player, and his arm was literally hairy that I might lose a nickel in it. He was flabby and look mean and reminded me of Smelly Gabe, my ex-stepfather.

"Who is this?" He bellowed, "Who told you could bring people here!" The boy flinched, but his eyes never left the man, I recognized the look he had was something more of dislike.
"He had been hurt Dad, and I thought it'd be best I tend to him here."

The man did something unexpected, he slapped his kid so hard he almost flew across the room.

"What did I tell you about talking back, huh?" He said as he crouched down beside him, drinking his bottle.

I couldn't stand it any longer, so I rose from my seat.

"Hey!" He slowly turned his head and tried giving me his death glare, like that's going to scare me. "If you want me to go, I'll go. But he was only trying to help, so don't hurt him!"

"That's none of your business Punk, I suggest you get out of my house before I make you."

I gritted my teeth, holding back my needs to deck him in place. That guy reminded me too much of Gabe, I wouldn't be surprised if he was some distant cousin of his. I looked at the kid who seemed to shrink on himself, and yet there wasn't even a hint of fear in his dark eyes. I suspected then he must have already gotten used to him and my fist clenched harder.

"Well...what are you standing around here for? Get out!"

"Gladly," I walked over to him, snatched the kid's hand and rushed out before the guy could say anything. I heard him yelling something, but we were already out of earshot.

I heard someone wheezing from behind, and I let go of his hand, realizing he was having a hard time keeping up to me. He fell to the concrete fall, trying to catch his breath. Jeez, this guy is already pale and skinny, he needs to eat and work out more.

"Thanks...for that," he finally said.

I made a gesture to shrug, "No problem, I had my own experience what a lousy parent could be like."

For the first time since we met, he smiled. I took a good look at him, he has dark shoulder length greasy hair, long nose, and sunken eyes, his skin was white and pale. He reminded me someone for some reason, but I can't put a finger on who. His clothes didn't quite fit and were mismatched as if he wore because it was the only good pair he had. I remembered his house was small, so he may have been poor.

Thinking I couldn’t leave him alone, I reached out my hand toward him. "Percy Jackson, at your service."

The boy looked at it for a while, his mind lost in his own thought at a simple sign of friendship, before he grabbed my hand along with his own name in response.

"Severus Snape."
I reached out my hand toward him. "Percy Jackson, at your service."

The boy looked at it for a while, his mind lost in his own thought at a simple sign of friendship, before he grabbed my hand along with his own name in response.

"Severus Snape."

So yeah, a month has passed since then, and I'm guessing I should give you all the gist of what's been happening.

First, well I had a job, yeah!

Apparently, it's really easy for supposed-child like me to get a job in a small town like Cokeworth. Not a hard job that could have labeled it as Child Labour, but more of small odd jobs needed done that paid handsomely. Such as 'helping' out the little coffee shop or 'volunteering' handing out newspapers in the break of dawn as I had been doing. It was a chore I was more than willing to do seeing I'd sooner be found dead than sitting on a desk repeating 5th-grade lesson again. It'd be torture for me.

Second, I got fired from said job two days ago.

Third, which was also a reason why I got fired from a job as simple as sending newspapers, the chimera wasn't the last of the lot trying to kill me. Since then, I had gotten attack by dracanae, lamia, couple of aresaes, and a mormo. Then two days ago, when I was just doing my business flinging newspaper from one house to another, I had the chance to meet a new kind of monster. It was an elfish creature with glowing yellow eyes, long pointed nose that would make Pinocchio look normal, and if I'm not mistaken he had tree stumps growing out from his back. Just like its elfish look, it had an elfish talent; annoying people.

The monster didn't look strong I tell you that, but it was fast, sneaky, laughing whenever I failed to put a hit on him, but the final blow was that he kicked the pile of newspapers I set aside, resulting it blowing throughout the town from the heavy breeze.

Cutting its head off didn't make my mood better.

Anyway, with no good excuse (and this isn't the first incident, just the worst one) I was asked to look of a more suitable job for me.

"Sounds to me you just met an erkling," I turned to the only friend I made at this dunghole town, Severus. I know what you're thinking, who in the right mind would name their child Severus? I just
called him Sev since it's mouthful, and I can't say his name without laughing.

What's more, he was smart. Annabeth would have enjoyed his company. He knows everything there is to know about the wizarding world. He's a literal god-sent for me so now I'm not so clueless about it anymore. Sometimes, he would teach me some hexes or jinx he learned on his own and shared it with me, but without a wand (which I'm still skeptical about, how stereotypical can these wizards get?) we can only imagine if it'll ever work or not.

"An erkling, never heard of that one before." I took a bite of my apple Sev had so kindly sneak out the house for me. I would have been more grateful if he had to sneak out a real snack like Cheetos, but sadly the backwater town like this one doesn't seem to have one of those.

"It originates from the Black Forest and usually tried enticing children and eat them, I say that's what it's trying to do with you," Sev said while biting into his own apple. We were both hanging out on the bridge, our feet dangling in the air. It was one of the few places I felt calm enough to stay and chat with the river flowing beneath, even though it's dirty and murky, but still water all the same.

"I still can't find any curse that you say though, and my mom had more than a few collections of them, but I can't figure out how you're cursed."

"Uh... yeah man," I muttered nervously.

Confession Time: You see, you remembered how I was attacked by a chimera, and Sev watched the whole fight? It wasn't fun trying to explain. At first, I tried saying I met it by accident, but Severus didn't buy that. No, he said that the chimeras were found way too far from its habitat and they don't usually try attacking random kid from the street. There's also the fact I had what he called an 'enchanted sword,' and I fought like I know how to fight what he called 'beasts.'

It wasn't easy holding back the truth, the kid was too smart to lie to his face when I already suck at lying, so I thought I told him a half-truth.

Which ending up with me telling him my whole family was cursed.

It wasn't much of a lie. Being a half-blood did feel like being cursed, I then told the Wise Guy that the curse works with my family's blood would forever attract monsters. Since I was young, I had training going up against monsters and all that. He was skeptical, but thankfully, he bought it. But now he's trying to look up every curse he could find, and how to reverse it. His suspicion was still there, crossing his face briefly whenever I asked about the wizarding world like a clueless muggle, but I just made the excuse that I do things differently in America, and Sev had no choice but to accept it.

He also asked about the sword, how it was made, how it works, and what charms did I used. I just shrugged and said it was an heirloom, so I didn't know much, just that it was a really old sword.

He was fascinated by it for quite a while. Enough that I was worried he might just take it home for him to experiment with one of his weird potions he had in store. I know Riptide is practically unstealable, but it doesn't help quell my anxiety.

"Well, looks like I'll need a new job, do you have any ideas?"

"Why do you even want to work?" Sev made a face. "Better question, how do you stand working for muggles?"

I tried to shrug his thoughts, "I'm homeschooled, so I have a lot of free time and nothing wrong
with some extra cash. Unlike you I'm living alone, orphan remember?" Another thing I lied about, being orphan.

"There's my aunt, but she's never around because of her job." If you could call being a god a job. "Besides, getting a job is not that bad, you could even try getting one with me. Then you could get money and stay out of the house at the same time."

Sev seemed to reconsider at the prospect of muggle work. It was still weird calling people muggle, I guess it's no different how half-bloods and gods called people mortal. But sometimes when Sev calls them that, there was a hint of contempt in his voice as if he doesn't like why they exist in the first place. I could sort of guess it's because of his muggle father, but I wish he wasn't so prejudiced about it.

"Come on Sevvy..." I drawled, "More time with good ol' me and less time at your stinky house."

He kicked me in the shin, "Didn't I say not to call me that!"

"Then try working with me for once, we'll even try getting a job at the bookstore or library, you'll love it there."

"Ha! Like you could get a job there with your ADHD and dyslexia."

"You don't even know what those are until I told you!"

"So? Not my problem I'm holding it against you" This brat and his smart mouth, "I'll tell you what, Percy. If you can find a job that doesn't take too much muscle, I'll reconsider it."

I pumped my fist up in success, at least he'll think about the job, I've been coaxing him for a month. I stared at him for a while then grin. "Should I try working for a bakery, you know... so I could see you in an apron." That earned me another kick, causing me to laugh. When it was almost curfew for Sev, I decided to walk him home. He would point out that sometimes I treat him like a child, which I guess I did, considering I'm mentally seventeen.

"Hey Percy, do you want to meet up at the park tomorrow, say about nine?"

It was the first time he initially asked me out. Usually, I waited outside his house or meet up at the bridge, "Sure, not that I have better things to do."

He smiled, and he showed the rarely childish excitement, "Great, see you there!"

... The next day, I had lost faith with my new found friend of him being normal person. "You were stalking her?!

"No, of course not! Why would you even think that?" He denied indignantly.

"Hmm, let me think, you know her house, you know where she and her sister frequently play, and you've been watching them all this time without them knowing so how is that not stalking?"

Sev looks he was ready to put a punch in me, but he knew well I could dodge him easily. I then spotted two sisters playing the swing, one had a bright red hair that reminded me of Rachel's, only hers was straight and silky. The other had a perm black hair, and they both were wearing flower
themed dresses.

"Look... I just want to get to know her, and I just... haven't dared to do that, so I thought... you could help me?" He might have ended it with a please if he wasn't such a prideful, stuck-up kid. But then Sev, to my surprise, had blushed. Because of his pale white skin, it was prominent enough for him to rival the hair of the redhead. It was cute now that I think about it, Sev is quite a gloomy kid, so seeing him having a crush was quite funny actually.

"Lily!"

The two of us turned to said girl when the name was mentioned and she... was... floating? I blinked a few times and rubbed my eyes before I turned questioningly at Sev.

"She's a witch?!"

"Well... yeah... why do you think I want to be friends with her?"

"I don't know. Because she's pretty?"

Sev blushed even more, and this time, the laughter was harder to contain. I guess I was laughing a little too loud because then one of the sisters asked: "Who's there?!"

Busted.

Sev turned a step back and looked like he was about to run, so I grabbed him.

"Come on, no one is going to bite." I smiled reassuringly and pulled him up to the light. We were met by two girls, they were looking at us with suspicion, so I just waved at them and said, "Hi."

I wonder if that's not how British greet each other because they looked more confused, well the dark-haired girl was, the red-haired just blink then smiled the two of us.

"I've never seen you around, what's your name?" She asked us. I noticed then that she had green eyes as well only hers looked brighter, like emerald instead of my sea green one.

Sev must have thought this was a golden opportunity because he made a large step forward and offered his hand.

"My name is Severus." I didn't get to see him smile, but I hope it didn't look forced.

The redhead took his hand and shook it, her smile not once left her, "My name is Lily, and this is my sister Petunia."

Sev didn't smile and held back a scowl toward her sister, but he did greet her with a nod, "And this is my friend Percy Jackson... Percy, what's wrong?"

I must have looked weird to them, as I stand gawking in daze but I couldn't help after remembering Future Hecate's last words said to me. It was fuzzy and unclear because I was immediately flung to the past, but I can make out two things.

The name Lily and James.

I wasn't sure who and what she meant then, but now everything is made clear. Circe will be after them, and it looks like it's most likely my job to either protect them or be wary of them. Whichever it is, they'll have something to do with Circe, and I need to keep an eye on them. "Nothing's wrong Sev, sorry I just doze off. I thought I saw, you know, something, my mistake." I smiled at them just
in case.

"Why are you two spying on us?" Petunia asked us crossly.

Sev couldn't seem to hold back a scowl, "We haven't been spying, not on you anyway if that's what you're asking."

"Technically we did spy the two of them Sev," I pointed out. Sev didn't look grateful from what I pointed out, but from his tone, I know Petunia would feel insulted and getting a fight is the last thing you want when we're trying to be friendly.

"Why were you spying on us then?" Lily decided to ask.

Sev and I looked at one another, and I decided to answer for her, "We thought it'd be nice to, you know...be friends since it's not every day you met a floating girl before" Sev made a hard nudge to my side. "And since you're the same as us," I added.

"You're a witch," Sev decided to bluntly point out.

Lily switched from being surprised to angry. "Now that's not a very nice thing to say to somebody."

"Wow calm down, we're not mocking you or anything, that's just what you are, and the two of us are wizards, that's what we call people who could do magic." I tried explaining in a hurry before she could march off.

I heard a burst of cold laughter. Petunia looked at us like we were ridiculous, "Wizards!" She shrieked, her bearing was now confident.

"I know who you are, you're that Snape boy! They live down Spinner's End by the river" from her tone, she doesn't seem to approve him, as if where he lives just showed all she needs to know about him. "I heard what they say about your family, your dad is an old cot, barely making a living while your mom is a freak, being in her room all day andUAAAAAAAAAA!

Just as I was about to deck her to shut her up, I faintly thought she was a lot taller than I first thought. Then I realized she wasn't getting taller, she was floating as well. Only this time, I don't think she's in control with her screaming and flailing around were any clue. Lily gasped and tried to bring her down while I turned to my friend who was most likely responsible.

"Sev, cut it out!"

The anger in his face was still there, but Petunia already found a safe haven on the ground. She then pulled Lily with her as they ran home.

I watched their backs until it disappears before addressing him, "Smooth."

"I can't help it all right, and that muggle deserves it."

"That muggle happens to be her sister, so if you don't try to get along, then I don't think she'll even try talking to you."

Sev let out a frustrated wail and began stomping off, I followed him off but took a few glances behind. Looks like we'll be meeting her a lot more in the future.

... Sev refused to come out the next day.
It looks like what happened yesterday really bum him out. Considering he almost let his crush's sister float away like a balloon, he was partly in the wrong. Not that I think she didn't deserve it, I would have done a lot worse had she hadn't started flying away.

I came to the same park the next day, it was weird the same park where I met Sev was also how I met the girl who I was supposed to meet. Hecate didn't tell me what her fate was. Only that she's important enough for me to protect, but I guess I'll have to ask her next time. I stopped myself in surprise because I notice I wasn't alone as I think I was. Lily Evans was there, spying at me behind a tree.

"You can come out, you know. I'm not going to hurt you."

She made a soft yelp. Quickly hiding behind said tree. Slowly and surely she crept out behind the tree, and after staring silently at each other, she voiced out her thoughts. "Uhm, is your friend not here today?"

I shook my head regretfully, "No, he regrets what he did yesterday, didn't mean to scare you off."

Lily seemed to think the grass was a lot more interesting. She walked closer until she settled on a swing and softly rock herself. "I...I wanted to apologize to him about what my sister said. I mean, I'm mad he did that to her, but she shouldn't have provoked him I guess."

"Sev said it's accidental magic, it's what happened when witches or wizards did when we became emotional." Lily gaped at my news, maybe feeling surprised there was a reason to all the weird things happening around her. I remember what that feels like.

"I see," she softly sighed.

Silence again reign, and I wasn't sure what to say. It's not like I could come up to her and say 'Hey, apparently I'm your bodyguard and I'm here to save you from a wicked witch from the future.'

"Is it true that I'm a witch?" Lily broke the silence.

"Well, normal girls don't float around in the sky, so yeah, I'm pretty sure you're a witch. Probably the only witch around."

She nodded, then more hesitantly she asked, "And you two are wizards?"

"Yup," I said, popping the 'p' at the end.

My easy-going mood must have finally made her guard drop because she finally smiled tentatively at me, "You have a weird accent, are you not from around here?"

"No, I just moved from America a month ago."

She seemed to perk up more, "What is it like there? Is it any different than here?"

I wasn't sure how to answer since I never stopped to imagine what America is like in the 70s. "You know, crowder, busier, definitely noisier unlike here, but I felt things are too quiet here sometimes."

"I know what you mean, nothing really happens here, I love the peace, but I wish every day is different, more... exciting you could say."

"Trust me, you'll get tired of an exciting life if you live in it long enough." Lily didn't look she was
sure what I was talking about, and I don't think she will. Deciding how to cheer Sev up and get to
know Lily more, I made up my mind.

"Tell you what, how about we meet again tomorrow and I'll bring Sev with me."

"Great then I'll bring Tuney!"

It took me a moment to connect Tuney with Petunia, and I held my hand out before she left,

"Wow there, I don't think it's a good idea if you bring her yet."

She looked affronted, "Why not?"

"Well Sev doesn't really like mor-muggles, and I just don't want there to be a fight."

"Muggle?"

"Oh, I heard that's what wizards call non-magic people." Lily made a face like it was one of the
weirdest things she heard and I chuckled, "I know, I thought it was weird too. Anyway, I'm sure
you've heard about Sev's parent, right?" It took a while for her to admit, but she nodded, "I don't
know all the rumor, but some of it is true, which is why Sev doesn't like his father who is a
muggle."

"Not all peop-muggles are like that!"

"I know, but Sev never had the chance to find a muggle friend and last time your sister doesn't give
him a better image of them either." Lily didn't seem to find an argument from that and had a hard
time agreeing. I turned my heel and was about to leave.

"See you tomorrow, Percy."

It's the first time she said my name, and I don't know why, but I had a feeling at that moment that
we both would be great friends. Smiling, I waved back and called her name for the first time as
well.

"See ya, Lily."

...

"She said that?"

I rolled my eyes, "Yes Severus, for the last time she said she wanted to meet you."

If there was ever a time, he could be happier than this moment I'll make sure to take note.

"Dude, I've never seen you this lovestruck before."

"I'm not lovestruck."

I snorted, he could have fooled me.

"I'm not, she's just...the first witch I've ever met, and I wanted to get to know her since I
don't...have friends," he said his last words with a struggle. "But I got you now, and I know we've
only known for a month, but thanks for not running away or think I'm a freak."

"Trust me, I met freakier people, and I could tell you're 100% normal, different but normal."
Then when I look at him, I remembered who he reminded me off. Dark, moody, and knows a lot about hexes, he reminded me of Nico. And somehow, I couldn't leave him because of that. I nudged him on the side and pointed out a redheaded girl running toward us with glee on her face.

"Hey, did you wait long for me?" Lily huffed out.

"No, definitely not! We just got here right, Percy?" Sev chirped excitedly with an unmistakable grin on his face.

"Right..." If just getting here means an hour ago then sure.

Lily looked at Sev, and she looked like a kid holding back a question she wanted to ask a teacher. "So, you're a wizard too?"

"Yeah I am, I am a half-blood because my mom is the witch in the family."

"What's a half-blood?"

"That's what we call a wizard or witch who has a muggle as a parent or grandparent and another from the wizarding world. Those who only have witches or wizards for a family are called pureblood."

"But, both my parents are muggles, what do you call me then?"

"You're what they called a muggle-born," I explained along with Sev, "It means a wizard with both parents as a muggle so you could say you were born lucky."

Lily smiled back at us, she then sat on the grass beside us and with a gleam in her eyes asked us everything we knew about the wizarding world. Sev was more than pleased to answer her. She wondered about the livelihood, the spells he knew, heck I just found out there was a ministry of magic, who knew?

"Also there's a famous sport there in the wizarding world called quidditch, I don't quite like it that much, but most of the wizarding world do."

"Pfft, quidditch, that's a dumb name."

"You think all the names are dumb Percy, I just don't get you Americans."

"Come on Sev admit it, you wizards have no naming sense, Puffskein? Flobberworm? Ashwinder? Those names are ridiculous."

"Guys, as interesting this argument is, I like to know more about this quidditch, don't you want to know as well?" Lily said, successfully avoiding an argument between us.

I thought about the word sports and thought it'd be a great way to let out my ADHD jitters given the chances.

"Hmm, a little."

There was a smirk that made its way in Sev's face, and I knew somehow he knew what I was thinking. "Anyway, quidditch is a sport usually between two teams. Each team has three hoops, and the main goal is to put a ball called the Quaffle into the opponent's hoop."

"Huh, so it's basically like basketball."
"Only you do it on a flying broom."

Oh...well that's one sport I won't be doing.

"Is it hard, flying a broom?" Lily asked. She seemed to be a cross between being nervous and excited at the prospect of flying. Considering she was laughing when she jumped from the swing and flying off, she might make a great quidditch player. Not like I know any of it.

"Not really, I think it's just of a matter of will. If you want to fly and have nothing to fear of it then flying would be easier."

I was holding back a laugh seeing Lily almost jumping from her seat. "Relax Lily, maybe you could make the quidditch play when we get to school," Sev said encouragingly.

"Wait, school, what school? You didn't tell me about school!" Sev played dumb about my outburst and only shrugged, but his smirked never left from him. "Sev, seriously what school? You never told me about that!"

"You didn't ask, besides I knew if I told you the school's name you would laugh."

"Oh come on, how bad can a name be?"

Sev looked deadpanned at me, and he said one word;

"Hogwarts."

I never laugh more than I did today.

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"Are you done yet?" Sev asked for the third time. Minutes have passed that I've rolled down on the grass, and Lily was giggling too probably more from my reaction than the name.

"Okay I'm done, I think I got a sore throat."

"Did you have to laugh that much?" Lily asked though she was holding back a giggle of her own.

"Come on, how could I not laugh of a school named after a pig's skin-diseases, I'm still holding back my laughter here."

Sev could not hold back his sigh, "Can I talk about the school now?"

"Okay, okay, tell us about" I snorted, "Hogwarts- pfft!"

Sev rolled his eyes at me, but now that he had both me and Lily's attention, he went into lecture mode.

"Okay so Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry is a school at Scotland where all wizard and witches at the age of 11 would get invited to the school, we'll learn spells, potion, everything a wizard would know. It was made by 4 powerful witches and wizard who then made 4 houses after their name where new wizard are sorted according to their traits to become their new family."

"What are the houses?" Lily excitedly said.
"There's Ravenclaw, the house of wisdom. Hufflepuff, the house of loyalty. Gryffindor, the house of bravery. Then Slytherin, house of cunning, and where I'll be sorted."

"You seem eager to be called cunning" I pointed out with a grin.

"It's also a house for those with ambition, cleverness, leadership, and resourcefulness. I think it's a better house than Gryffindor, they seem to be all muscle head idiots who like to show off."

"Really? I thought Gryffindor sounds nice, to be the house of brave, they sound righteous."

"I think Slytherin would fit you better, I'm sure you'd be clever enough to be there, Percy too."

"Hmm, well I am resourceful, I am a great leader when people rely on me, and I can be very cunning with my enemies."

"Enemies?" Lily noted confusedly.

Sev and I sweatdropped, we weren't sure we were ready to tell my secret without scaring her off. "Uhm...I meant with bullies! I was bullied a lot in my last school before I got expelled" I lied quickly.

"You were expelled?" Lily gasped in distress.

"Well yeah, I...err...couldn't control my magic very well back then so I blow up stuff accidentally and get expelled from it."

"Oh...Percy..." Lily seems to think being expelled is one of the saddest things that can happen to people and hug me like I was a kicked puppy. I didn't want to witness what a jealous look Sev makes, so I tried examining how nice the sky was today.

Hm... Is it just me, or does this cloud look like a dog?

"It's fine, it's not like I could tell people I had magic so after my parents..."

Even though it's a lie, it's still felt horrifying to imagine if my mom died. I thought I lost her back when I was 12 and was devastated and desperate of getting her back from the underworld.

"Were both gone, my aunt then sent me here to start a new, I think she already meant to send me to Hogwarts at the time, still nice if she had told me anything. Like I said though I'm fine, so don't look sad."

She sniffed her nose and blinking her tears away. Jeez, remind me not to show her A Fault in Our Stars, she'll start bawling then.

Sev started clearing his throat to get our attention. "Right, what else do you want to know?" Lily brightened at that and began to continue questioning everything, and Sev patiently answered every one of them. I didn't realize it's almost evening, so we decided to meet another time.

"I've got school tomorrow, do you want to meet next Friday?"

"Definitely," I answered while Sev nodded.

From then on, we decided to meet every weekend, we would talk about how her life was a muggle was, Sev talks about the wizarding life and I recently find a job only to get fired a week later. The three of us became amazingly for only a short time and talked about everything, even to the silliest days I couldn't properly meet with them felt longer and I began to recognize them as people I can't
imagine my life without.

"...It was only when he had attained a great age that the youngest brother finally took off the Cloak of Invisibility and gave it to his son. He then great Death as an old friend and went with him to the next world...The End" Snape closed his book titled The Tales of Beedle and the Bard.

"Wow, that's some deep stuff for a fairy tale."

I calmly comment, and usually, I barely listen to things, not to mention fairy tales. "You wizards have wicked stories."

"I thought that story was sad but sweet, ooh what's the word..."

"Bittersweet?" I finished the word.

"Exactly."

"Well I didn't write the book, but I find it flattering our stories is better than some muggles."

"Hey! What's wrong with Cinderella?" Lily complained.

"Other than the fact that the prince is a retard and couldn't find the girl without her shoe when he could just remember her face? None at all."

"You'd be surprised how different girls look when they wear makeup Sev," I tried defending her.

"Still sounds stupid to me," Sev mumbled.

I clapped loudly and switched seats with Sev. "Okay guys, Lily has her turn with her muggle stories, Sev had his turn with wizard's stories, and now I think we need a little action pack stories from yours truly."

"What are you going to tell us, Percy?"

I grinned, "Ever heard of Greek mythology?"

Sev and Lily nodded but look hesitant, "I studied some myth when learning about the few greek beasts still exist in the wizarding world."

Lily gasped at this. "They have beasts?"

"Don't worry, their habitat is monitored to make sure they don't attack anyone, so it shouldn't be possible to meet one in town," He assured her while looking at me crossly. I turned away from him sheepishly and asked Lily.

"What about you?"

"My school taught me a little about Greek history, but I'm not sure I paid attention well." She ducked her head, looking a bit ashamed at admitting, not knowing that made things sweeter for me.

"Well then, both of you sit back, relax because we're going to learn the greeks Percy-style and what better way to start off things then the beginning of the universe." Hecate did say I wouldn't pull any attention from calling their name now so a little Greek lesson with my one spin to them won't do any harm. "So everything started with Chaos..."

And so I told them the creation of the universe to the start of the worst family feud, not even Soap
Opera could afford to offer. I took the chance of my invisibility from the gods to rant and tell outright how I feel of them and boy did I grinned like a loon when I make my two friends laugh. It made me more eager to say to them the best that I could, seeing their expectant eye of what will happen next. Who knew being a storyteller could be this fun. I should write a book about this.

"...then Olympian gods held their father back, and Zeus used his own scythe to cut him to pieces and threw him at the depth of Tartarus, fulfilling the curse Ouranos made...The End! ...For now."

"Wow, I know it's a myth...but the story is messed up and gross, they married their siblings?" Sev commented.

"When in Greece, it's best not to think of the gods family tree, you'll just get a headache."

"I know I learned this at school, but Percy's storytelling is really good, I was leaning at my seat the whole time."

I blushed at her compliment and scratched my head, then I look down at my necklace where the beads hanged on my leather cord. I remember Annabeth whipped me to remember their story so I wouldn't get myself killed next time. I tried suppressing my sad expression and thought how I'd get back as soon as I kicked Circe's off from the past and returned back as if I never left.

Still wished she'd be here with me.

"Percy, what's wrong?" Lily asked.

"Oh, err... Nothing's wrong," I waved her concern off.

"You were looking at your necklace, are you sure nothing's wrong?"

"I'm fine Sev, just a little homesick that's all."

Sev and Lily eyed each other for a moment before they turned to me in worry, they didn't say anything which I'm glad because I didn't want to dwell on it much.

"Agh, talking this much makes me tired!" I said and decided to lean to the grass and watch the cloud flowing their way across the sky.

The thing about being a demigod, while you're ADHD, you still got to appreciate a moment of peace like this. I felt the warm presence of two people beside me and realize they were laying on the grass as well with fulfilling smile. Just like that, no words exchanged between us, only silent and that was enough for me knowing I had two friends by my side, alive and well.

My eyes widen, the hair on my skin stood, I jumped to my feet, and my hand slipped into my pocket. My swift action must have confused Lily, getting more concerned and scared at the tensed air I radiated, and I know I can be scary when I'm serious. "Percy...are you ok--"

Sadly I had to cut her off, "Severus, take Lily and get out of here as quickly as possible" Sev eyes widen at the mention of his name, so he knew how serious this was. My senses are warning me there something wrong around here, but I can't find out what it is.

"Severus, Percy, what's wrong? What's going on?" Lily said as she struggled against Severus's hold. I knew it was hard for him to pushed Lily away, but he damn knew he wouldn't risk letting her near a monster.

I kept my eye around the park, desperate trying to find what couldn't be normal around here. The
park itself shouldn't have any place to hide other than thick assemble of trees at the edge of it. Just as I expected, there was the glimpse of white eyes staring at me like I was a good lunch meal for whatever that was. I stood like I had nothing to fear and eyed whether the monster was passing by or smell a half-godling on his radar. Just as he stepped out from the shadows, I held back a yelp at the huge monster. I've fought bigger guys before, but this is the largest beast since I went back in time. The fact my body got a lot smaller, just put the icing on the cake. So I can safely say that I may be in trouble.

The monster was about 6-7 feet tall, greyish purple skin with a humped back, it had two horns, and its head resembled a bull but with a long and sharper looking horns and it had long pig snout. I gulped because this is going to be hard.

"Ah, crap."
Okay, recap! Giant pig-nosed bull appeared and I'm in trouble.

I know… Sucks right?

I pulled out my pen, ready to uncapped it at the slightest move it makes. I couldn't take my eyes off it so I don't know how far those two have gone far. I'm hoping they were as far away as possible from here.

"So...are you going to stand there or can I leave and you can just enjoy your day?" The answer was clear when it began to bellow loudly and rushed toward me with heavy steps. The Pig-Bull looked surprised when I uncapped Riptide and rushed at it head-on.

"Percy, you idiot !" I heard Sev yelled out but I didn't think of it much since I've heard that word too many times to count.

I jumped and landed to the monster's face. Then using it as a footstool, jumped once more to land on its back. The monster stopped on its track and began rocking his body to try flung me away. I held on though because this ain't my first rodeo pal and I’ve ridden on worst monster than...whatever you are. I tried to attack its head next but was surprised to find it was easily deflected this guy has an iron skin!

"Alright, new plan then. Let's see if I can put it in place shall we?"

I grabbed onto its horns and jerked it aside to steer him away, making it dashed toward the monkey bars. I jumped away at the last minute, hoping the monster got stuck at the gaps. The sound of crashing made me turn, and I smirked at the success as the monster struggled underneath it. The smirk fell when not long after it somehow pulled the monkey bars away and now it's like a badly decorated Christmas bull.

"Percy! Cut the horns, you need to cut the horns!"

Okay. Cut the horn. That's one idea, but easier said than done. I rolled away as the monster was about to tackle with said horns. When he turned to me once more I tried to use my first tactic but it turns out the bull was smarter than it looks. The moment I jumped it used its horn to sweep me away like a fly.

I groaned for a while and only got up because someone kept shouting my name. The monster was ready to tackle me once more and I was still hurt and disoriented to move away.

"Get away from him Ugly!" At the corner of my eyes, I saw who I thought was Lily throwing a rock at the monster but missed. I wasn't sure if the rock could do anything but the rock grew wings
from both sides and made a U-turn right into its eye. It didn't stop there though, the rock kept on bashing toward its eye until the monster had enough and just swallowed the thing.

The monster's attention turned to my two friends and I was desperately trying to get up but I might have broken a rib. Damn, being a kid is a lot more fragile than I first thought. I managed to withstand the pain and got up, trying to come up a way to get its attention once more.

To my luck, a drop of water fell.

It had only been one drop to my cheek but they one after another, the rain started to give me strength. I straighten my stand and my eyes slit in rage that he even thinks he could attack my friends. I stretched out my hands and made sure the water swirled on my hand like a mini tornado then shot it at him with great force as the tornado grew in size making the monster toppled. It eyed me once more and made a jump, I waited for the right timing, sword in my hand I jumped to the side at the same time I tried cutting the horn cleanly as it rushed past me. I dropped to the ground and smiled, swiping the horn that was rolling toward me.

I then flicked my sword in a twirl, almost in a lazy manner, and weighing the horn on my other hand, "One down, one more to go."

I didn't feel scared facing the monster. It had one less horn, and I had water my side.

"Done already Pig Face? Because I've met bigger pigs that's faster than you." I wasn't sure if he understood my pig insults, but if it did, it explains the sudden wild trashing it was making. The park was beginning to look unrecognizable. He did, however, was reluctant to attack me. Looks like cutting one of his horns showed him I was no pushover.

"Okay then, if you won't I attack," I growled lowly, "I will." I controlled the water to flow beneath my feet and had it propelled me up few feet in the air. "tróne skatá dólogo " I said in greek unknowingly, which in English would roughly mean to ‘Eat horse crap!’ Then with one smooth arc, Riptide cut through the second horn.

The monster squealed louder but for only cutting its horns, he acts a whole lot weirder. I eyed it curiously as he shook his head like he just realized he lost his horns then began backing away slowly. As if losing his horns was like losing his dignity; his body curled, his tail hiding beneath his body, and was looking up at me with wary in his eyes. It was almost like I just slashed apart his favorite teddy bear, and I know how that feels.

"What just happened?"

"You showed your dominance that's what happened." Sev was with Lily, who was hiding behind him as she clutched his oversize coat. Sev tried to look serious but I notice the small curve at the end of his lips.

"Dude, what are you doing here? Stay out, the monster could attack any second!"

"Relax Percy, that beast is called a Graphorn. It's an aggressive animal but once you cut down its horn or overpowered him in a wrestling match, it will back off and admit your strength. Look it's running back to the forest." I turned toward the Graphorn and just like Sev said he was scuttling away toward wherever he came from.

"What I can't understand is how a beast from the mountain area could appear..." whatever Sev was going to say was cut off as Lily ran up to me. Holding on to me as if I might disappear from her
sight and looking up and down for any injuries.

"Percy are you okay? Are you hurt? Should we send you to the hospital? Or--"

"Calm down Lils, I'm fine." I put a hand to her shoulder to emphasize my attention and she heaved a sigh as her shoulder slumped down. She then looked at the two of us and she perked up at her thoughts.

"You two, why are you both calm? This isn't the first time it happened hasn't it?" Sev and I froze and we looked at each other, both of us wearing straight face but we're honestly don't know what to say to her. Lily took our silence as a good enough answer.

"It has, hasn't it? Is this what wizard often get into?" She asked suspiciously.

"Woah, no. That's just me, I'm not really sure what a normal wizard life is like but mine is just curs--" I clamp my own mouth before I got to the last word but Lily didn't miss it.

"You're cursed!" she said wide-eyed. She looked at me like some sort of alien life form then she turned to Sev and demanded an explanation. He tried looking away but her intense glare was enough to make both of us sweat. "Sev, I want you to explain it to me" she inched closer to him with upturned eyes and tugged on his sleeve, "Please?"

Oh, that's just not fair! If she'd realized his feeling for him then she could make into Slytherin.

Sev eyed me pleadingly, and I made a resigned sigh as an answer. A minute later after a short explanation of my so-called curse, Lily was teary-eyed once more and decided I should be confronted with a hug. "Oh Percy I didn't know, why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Hehe ...well...I...thought...you...would...a...avoid me! You know, with me getting chased by beast and monster I thought the less you know the safer you'll be." The lies came out more fluid at the end that I honestly felt bad telling her this.

"You're my friend Percy, I wouldn't even think of abandoning you." Her sentiment was honest and sweet, making me glad to have a friend like her in this world...well, this time period to be exact.

There was the sound of crowds and all of us had just noticed the groups of people that were observing the ruined park. "Lily, I'm sure you're shaken so you should go home let's meet up another time okay?" She nodded and waved goodbye at the two of us.

Sev and me were quiet as we watch Lily's retreating back. "Why don't I get to have hugs?" I heard Sev muttered.

"Just tell her your sad life story, it works for me." Sev eyed annoyingly at me and when I thought he would say another smite remark, instead he asked;

"What did you yell out when you cut off its horns? It sounds like a foreign language."

Damn, and I had hoped he didn’t notice.

"I did? I must have yelled out something gibberish. I sometimes do that when I get high-strung.

"Uh-huh." Sev didn’t press but he was clearly suspicious of my response, but he let it go and decided it's time to go back home. Well...I said home, but if we don't hang out with Lily then it's
crashing to my place where we usually just watch shows like Captain Scarlet or The Prisoners. Either that or I secretly sneaked into his house as he practiced on potions from every book he can get his hands on.

"Say, Percy, do you need that horn you have?"

"No, why?"

He took the horns from my hand and made that greedy smile on his face. "Oh, no reason" he chuckled darkly, though to me that's just when he's excited at something.

Looks like we're going to his house today.

... 

After that exhausting day, I went back to my flat. My feet moved on its own toward the sofa and I quickly fell asleep. Not long after, I was greeted by three identical women, all three had a torch on hand but only one had a polecat and a she-dog.

"I see you have adjusted your life here quite well," the three women said, echoing their own words.

"You could have met me in person rather than in my dreams, it feels like an invasion of privacy."

"I have much less time than you think to spare for one demigod Percy Jackson." Her two shadows then shimmered and she became one person.

"All right, now that you're here I have a lot of questions I need answering."

"Such as?"

"Why did you...I mean, your Future You warned or clued me on Lily and this James Person. Who are they and why were are those two mortals--well, wizards could be so important for Circe to go bother them? Also, why are monsters that aren't even Greek going after me?"

Hecate held out her hand in a way that showed her palm, "Calm down young Demigod, no need to raise your voice." Her tone patient and calm, "To answer your question, it is not Lily Evans herself that will play a key in fate, but the child she will carry in the future. Whose fate has been known either to destroy or be destroyed by the Dark Lord himself."

Okay, wasn't expecting that (Especially the disturbing similarity it sounds to my own Great Prophecy). Then wouldn't that mean that James guy is the--

My face blanched, "Oh gross, you want me to play matchmaking? I'm not the son of Aphrodite you know," Hecate had the pleasantry to laugh, not chuckled, laugh. Even the polecat and dog sniggered. I know I'm not the best matchmaker but do they have to laugh that much?

"As interesting as that idea is it's highly likely you were only tasked to protect them, how their feelings for each other develop will be entirely their own. As for the non-greek monsters you’ve encountered are those that are born within my jurisdiction rather than the Olympians, and so they are hidden from the demigods and only involve themselves with witches and wizards. However
now that I have given you my blessing and allowed you to my jurisdiction, the monsters are now aware of your presence."

"Great, more monsters after my blood."

"No need to despair just yet young demigod, for once you have reach school, no monster could go after you, at least those who fear their lives that is."

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot, is this what you meant that all become clear this summer?"

"Yes, you have been treated as a wizard in this place so I expect you will act as such."

"Act like a wizard, got it."

"Good luck Percy Jackson, may the Fates be with you."

...

"Percy! Severus!" Lily cheered when she saw us waiting by the new fixed playground by the park.

"Hey Lily, you've been doing well?" I asked of her with a hint of concern. I was hoping she wouldn't attract or notice any monsters now that she knew about them.

"Fine, good actually. I just took the final exam last week and I got first in class."

I grinned, genuinely happy she's doing well. I thought the incident with the bull would have kept her up with nightmares, "Good for you Lils."

"You're amazing Lily," Sev followed up.

Lily blushed but took the compliment in a stride, "How was your week you two?" She changed the subject.

While I had the guts to opened my mouth, Sev shot me a glare. "Don't you dare," he warned me. I could have continued, but I compiled for him just this once. Lily looked a lot more curious but I mouthed the word 'later' and she didn't pry further. I must apologize Sev about this but there's no way I wouldn't tell her we're both working at a flower shop.

FYI, we had to wear an apron.

"So...what does Professor Snape offers to teach us today?"

"Professor Snape, what's that about?"

"I thought you'd need an appropriate name for teaching us about the wizarding world and all. In fact, I think you would make a great teacher." It was a light joke I said yet Sev laughed a lot more hysterically then I first thought. Me and Lily couldn't help but feel dumbstruck looking at a laughing Sev with his back on the grass. That just shows how rare he ever laugh even in front of us.
"Me?! A teacher, teaching the same thing over and over to kids? Never in a million years Percy."

"Hey, you're a kid too!"

"A smart kid at that." Ugh, he got me there, it’s one thing to hang out with a smart kid. It’s another to hang with someone who knows they're smart, you can’t really win with them in an argument.

"Anyway, I think you guys need to know more about the ministry of magic. It'd be bad if you guys to break any law and get sent to prison"

"That will be difficult," I grumbled under my breath.

"Go on then, tell us," Lily said excitedly and sat crossed in front of him.

Sev looked down to hide the obvious blush I saw from my point of view.

"Okay, there are 7 ministry departments; Magical Law Enforcement, Magical accidents and catastrophe, Magical Transportation, Mysteries, Magical Games and Sports, Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures and the International Magical Cooperation. The first department is the one you need to know, for now, they're like the Home Office in Britain and they have what muggles called the police but us wizards called aurors. Anyway, their task is to track down or apprehend Dark Wizard and they make sure no one broke the Statue of Secrecy or misusing muggles item by punishing them."

"What kind of misuse does wizard do with muggle items?" Lily asked one of the things I was curious about.

"Imagine you charmed your muggle cloth to turn into a robe and a muggle friend of yours accidentally used it. it will take a lot of explaining to do so it's best you don't charm your muggle things at all"

"Darn, there goes my plan on charming my bathtub into a jacuzzi."

"Then be glad I explained this first,” he deadpanned at me.

"What other things we shouldn't do?" Lily pressed for more information, her eyes glint in concentration to take in everything she needs to know.

"Well, you should never use magic in front of a muggle or outside of school for that matter at the underage of 17 otherwise you will know when the ministry gets wind of it and can punish you, you get letters."

Lily gasped at the news, "But...I've done magic outside of school!"

"Not to mention me and we're not even in school yet!" I'd set a new record if I'd be kicked out of school before I even start.

"Calm down the two of you, we're out of the woodwork since we haven't gotten actual wands for ourselves yet and since we're children, we can't help the accidental magic we caused. But once you're eleven--" he made a slight pause and nodded seriously. "They'll start training you then you've got to be careful"

Lily fell into a thoughtful silence, picking up twigs and tracing it in the sky. I figured she's
imagining the trail of sparks from her imaginary wand. "It still hard to believe all this talk is true; magic, wands, beasts, and Hogwarts. Petunia kept insisting you two are lying to me, that's not true isn't?"

I made an extravagant gasped and held my chest with a hurtful look, "To think after all we've been through you would even think that we lied to you"

"Oh, come off it Percy, I'm a muggle-born, it's a lot for me to take in all this."

"Lily, you saw a 7-foot purple bull and hit it with a flying rock." I pointed out, "You've taken in a lot more than you think already."

"And sometimes I wondered if I had imagined it all if I hadn't seen the construction on the news. Even now I wondered if Hogwarts is really out there somewhere and if my letters would really come by owl."

"Normally" Sev answered. "But you're a muggle born so someone from school might have to come to explain things."

There was a small silence until she finally said, "Everything...about your tale of Hogwarts...it's really real right?"

"For the three of us, yes," he said confidently with a brimming smile and I had to smile too seeing them this happy. Usually, I would tell anyone they're mad if they're excited to go to school, but Magic School is an exception I guess.

Then Lily's expression turned a bit grim, "Does it make a difference, being a muggle born?" She asked with obvious worried. I turned to Sev and I noticed he was hesitating.

"No, it doesn't make a difference," he said after gaining his bearing. I made a thought at that point that I should talk to him about it.

"Good." she relaxed with a sigh.

"You've got a lot of magic Lily," said Sev, "I saw that all that time I was watching you..."

"Cough ... stalking... cough." Sev made his point across with a punch to my side. Sadly for him, it didn't even tickle. Lily didn't take notice of us then and just lay at the leafy ground, stretching out as she watched the canopy of leaves. I decided to copy her and lay on her right side and Sev couldn't help but copy us on her left.

"Percy, you've been doing fine right?"

"If you mean fine as in eating and sleeping properly then yes, yes I am."

"Don't you get lonely at your room?"

I was lonely if I was honest, but there was no way I'm going to admit that. I didn't survive two apocalypses just to be a wuss from being left alone. "Nah, I got Sev to keep me accompany when I need one."

Lily nodded and turned to her left. "What about you Sev?"
I didn't need to look at him to know he had a crease on his eyebrows.

"Fine." he simply said.

"They're not arguing anymore?" She asked hopefully. I began to recall our conversation where Sev took my advice and told her about his situation at home. Oh he didn’t do it willingly I tell you that much, it just sort of happened.

Lily had always respect Sev’s privacy despite the hearsay around his family, they weren’t normal whether they were a family of wizard or not. Though I could tell she was curious and kept skirting around the issue.

It was when Sev came to the park with a nasty bruise on his head did he finally told the both of us how bad his household was. I don’t know if I can say fortunately, the bruise was from an accident rather than domestic violence, but it was caused by falling down the stairs when his Father was having his mood swings and throw a bottle of beer and almost hitting him, making him slip.

He didn’t want any pity or for her to look at him differently but from the make of his face, suffice to say that the hug was worth it from her.

"Oh yes, they're still arguing." There was a slight pause as if he had a stone stuck on his throat. "But it doesn't matter, it won't be that long until I'm gone anyway."

"Doesn't your dad like magic?"

My fist clenched remembering the few encounters we had. "He doesn't like anything much,” Sev finally said.

"Severus?"

"Yeah?"

"Tell me about the Dementors again." It was an odd and sudden request and I had to rake my brain, remembering what kind of creature it was.

"Those things said to suck out happiness? Why would you want to know that?" I asked when I realized what they were. I've met monsters that seduce, breath out fire or acid, and even copied voices, but sucking out happiness just sounds plain wrong.

"If I happened to use magic outside of--"

"They wouldn't give you Dementors for that," Sev said, sitting straight up. "Dementors are for really bad wizards, they usually just guard the prison Azkaban. You're too--" he stopped mid-sentence and a red flushed colored his pale cheeks, giving me insight on his next words. I gave a sly smirk which made him turned to examine the leaves like it was his ingredient for the next batch of potion.

There was a ruffling sound, and the three of us turned to the source. My hand instinctively reached out for my pen but I loosen my grip when I was met with Lily's sister, hiding behind a tree. "Tuney!" Lily cried her tone surprise but welcoming all the same.

Sev got up to his feet though and he didn't look pleased. "Who's spying on who now?" Sev
shouted, "What'd you want?"

"Sev, there's no need to shout like that." I came up to him and put a hand on his shoulder, hoping it would calm him down.

Petunia, on the other hand, had wide eyes and was her gaze went everywhere. She bit her lip for a bit before she shouted back at him, "What is that you're wearing anyway? You're mother's blouse?" She said, pointing at his chest.

Before I could say something back to her, there was a snapping sound and a branch fell. Lily screamed when she saw it hit her sister’s shoulder. Petunia staggered back and burst into tears. "Tuney" Lily shouted again but Petunia was already running away.

Lily rounded up Sev and looked at him furiously, and let me tell you this is the first time I saw her angry and for a 10-year-old, she looked pretty scary. "Did you make that happened?"

"No," Sev denied and he looks just as taken aback as me.

Lily then turned to me, "Then did you?"

"No, I don't think so. I was only going to tell her off, I didn't even knew a branch was hanging over her."

"Well, one of you did that and it hurt her!" Lily was slowly backing away from us with looks that could burn until she finally ran off to catch up with her sister, not forgetting sending us one last look.

Things were all silence until Sev groaned aloud, "She's only a muggle, why does she care if she's hurt?!"

"So you did had the branch fell on her?" I made a disapproving stare at him but he ignored it.

"Not on purpose!" He admitted, "How was I going to keep my emotion in check after what she said?"

"Maybe you shouldn't have yelled on her in the first place?"

"She spied on us!"

"And you spied on Lily and her before."

Instead of calming him down, Sev glare became heated towards me. "Why are you on her side, Percy?"

"I'm not, but what you did is wrong Sev, have you thought of that? Sure she wasn't being nice, but she didn't deserve getting hit by a branch unless she throws you a peanut butter and ketchup sandwiches on the head."

Whatever Sev was going to retort was lost at his throat, "Who eats peanut butter and ketchup sandwiches?"

"Apparently, kids with emotional problems."
He had no retort to that.

"Listen Sev! Muggle or no muggle, you did something wrong and you need to apologize for it." Oh, gods, I'm beginning to sound like my mother.

"To a muggle? Not a chance!" He turned his heel and then went on his way home. It was the shortest meeting we have so far and I just hope things don't escalate too far from this.
"Listen Sev. Muggle or no muggle, you did something wrong and you need to apologize for it." Oh, gods. I'm beginning to sound like my mother.

"To a muggle? Not a chance!" He turned his heel and then went on his way home. It was the shortest meeting we have so far and I just hope things don't escalate too far from this.

Chapter Notes

I'M SO SORRRRYYYY
I HAVE ONLY NOTICED I SKIP A CHAPTER TO UPDATE.
MY MOST HUMBLE APOLOGIES. PLEASE FORGIVE ME WITH THIS.

Things escalated too far from there.

Lily refused to meet with one of us until we apologize, Sev was being stubborn and refused to admit he was wrong. Me? I'm just the middle guy watching all this drama unfold for two whole weeks. If you ask my opinion, I'd say Sev would apologize first if it's to get Lily's good grace, but it got me to worry if something similar would happen again.

"Sev, come on. You know you miss her, why can't you just say sorry and be done with it?"

Sev grumbled, snipping the blooming flower and began arranging it in a bouquet. For someone as gloom and moody as him, he has surprisingly good sense and knows his ways with flowers from all the potion work he got.

He didn't retort back which is a good thing, meaning he is starting to consider apologizing. "Who's that you need to apologize to?" We turned to Mrs Ferris, she is the manager of this shop and she's really a nice middle age lady. She doesn't mind hiring a bunch of kids as long as we can do the job right. She is considerate with her co-workers and doesn't treat us as kids on the job which is why Sev last long enough working here.

"Sev accidentally hit a girl and won't apologize for it because he doesn't like her." I tattle tale on her.

"Percy!" Sev hissed at me but I ignored him, plastering an innocent smile on me. It's about time he apologizes and maybe an adult could persuade him.
Mrs Ferris didn't look mad, she looked curious instead, "Now why didn't you like the girl?"

"Because she's a mug– a rude person and tried to pull her sister away from us because she thinks we're lying."

Mrs Ferris cocked her head, her face was thoughtful, "Oh dear, I can see why you don't like her, but it sounds like she doesn't like you as well."

Sev snorted, "The only thing we have in common actually."

"Do you know why she doesn't like you?"

"How should I know? I don't care what she thinks anyway," Sev answered impatiently, he didn't think there was any purpose to this questions and beginning to feel irritated. I wasn't sure either where this was going but I choose to water the plants in peace. My time of carrying the Moonlace helped me learned more about gardening in general so I’ve been doing pretty well.

After listening to him, Mrs Ferris made sure she was eye to eye with Sev and with a soft smile she held on his shoulder.

"Severus dear, I know from working with you that you are a good kid, but no one will know that unless you show it to them. Have you ever thought she was mean because you weren't nice to her or do you think she's the only one at fault?" Sev opened his mouth to say something but closed it when his mouth couldn't seem to form the words for him. I secretly smiled that Mrs Ferris seem to do a good job at him, "Why don't you give her chance, and maybe...give yourself a chance."

Sev didn't say anything but I saw from the corner of my eyes he nodded.

I wondered for a bit why Sev would listen to her and figured maybe Sev had been long since lectured. I knew Sev's parents argue most of the time that he almost didn't exist there, Mrs Ferris's soft eyes and gentle touch seemed to put his guard down. She reminded me of my mother a bit and a heavy pang settled on my chest at the reminder.

We went on with our work and after our shift was over did we walked to my flat, "So...when are you..."

"I'll apologize to her tomorrow, Mrs Faris even suggested I should bring flowers for her as an apology." He turned to look at me with bitter expression and yet I couldn't help but smile on that, "Happy now?"

"The truth? Yes, very."

The next day, with a small bouquet in hand. We were both standing unsure in front of her house. Lily's house was not that different with Sev, or rather, all the house in cokeworth weren't that different from one another. Hers though wasn't placed on a steep hill, it wasn't covered with moss or vines, and it looked like they had enough money to pay for their electric bills.

"Nervous?" I asked him.

"No! Of course not, just...not used to this"
"Apologizing? Well get used to it buddy, girls will always think they're in the right and honestly, they usually are so don't fight with them too much."

Sev sighed, and after giving a weird glance at me, he took one more look at the door before he knocks at it. After a few knocks and patient, the door opened revealing a middle-aged woman who freakishly looked so much like Lily. She has similar cheekbones and nose, she had shorter red hair and the same green eyes. Sev had to think up his words looking at a middle-aged version of his crush.

"Is Lily home?" He asked. I made a swift nudge at him and he added quickly, "and is her sister eh...Petunia with her?"

The mother smiled warmly at us, "Are you two a friend of theirs? Come in, come in and I'll go get them" she opened the door wide and we came inside, fidgeting all the while. It didn't help my ADHD kept me tapping my feet or hand and constantly watching over the house.

We stood in the Evans living room. It had an old TV--oh wait 70s--a very comfy-looking checkered sofa that complements the orange wall, a fan churning on the ceiling, and a what seemed to be sturdy but nonetheless charming coffee table that has a greek theme, to which I mentally approve. Add a carpet on the floor, and it would have been perfection.

Harder to clean, true… but perfection nonetheless.

"Lily, Petunia, your friend is here to see you!"

The stretched silence made me unsure if they were really at their room until a sound of hasty footsteps going down the stairs. Surprise was an understatement when the two found us sitting on the comfy sofas in the living room.

"What are you freaks doing here?" Petunia sneered.

If Sev hadn't been in the wrong I would have decked her by now.

Or probably not, maybe give her a threatening word or two, but she's still a mortal. I wouldn't go that far.

"Petunia!" Her mother scolded. "That's not a good way to treat your friend"

"They're not my friends," Petunia almost spluttered as if her mother had insulted her. I was gripping Sev's shoulder tightly, making sure he doesn't lose his cool.

"I'm starting to think she doesn't deserve the flowers."

"Remember Sev, give her a chance."

The woman then turned to us, looking bemused. As if questioning why a stranger would come up to her doorsteps with flowers until Lily interjected.

"But they're my friends. Mom, meet Percy Jackson and Severus Snape" she said with her usual bright smile. I felt the muscle on his tense shoulder relaxed, he must be feeling ecstatic knowing she stills call us friends. His attempt to smile was thrown back when Lily looked at us with the same burning glare two weeks ago. Damn, this girl can hold a grudge.
Anyway, after getting our connections cleared, Mrs Evans strolled to the kitchen to give us some snacks or drinks. The two girls didn't move and just eyed us suspiciously. Again, I nudged Sev’s ribs, which he responded with a sigh and came up to them, flower in hand. Before they could ask him of anything, Sev quickly answered their first question, trying to get this over with.

"I'm sorry I let that branch fall on you, it was an accident but it was still...wrong so I bought flowers hoping you'll forgive me."

The two sisters at first had the same reaction, eyes widen then turned to converse with their eyes. Lily looked back at Sev with a proud smile but Petunia eyed the flower suspiciously. "It's not charmed or anything by the way, just your normal everyday flower. But of course, you know that since you don't believe that we're *wizards* ."

Petunia doesn't seem to like Sev’s obvious sarcasm and yanked the flowers off his hand with a slight challenging gesture. She looked at the flowers, smelled them and her eyes softened from it. Lily elbowed her sister and sent a message with her eyes that made Petunia sighed.

"I'm sorry too...I guess I shouldn't have said what I said" she admitted bitterly.

I could see from one side Lily pat her on the back and was beaming at her. Though it was followed by an awkward silence until Mrs Evans came back with milk and cookies.

* Mmmm *, cookies.

My stomach growled from the smell and my face reddened at the chuckles the others gave me. Mrs Evans then introduced herself as Susannah Evans and we're allowed to call her Susan. They asked about school (which we both answered homeschooled), about our parents and what we do most of the day. It wasn't weird to find someone our age working in the 70s so Susan looked impressed yet sad at the same time.

"We don't have many friends around our age so we're glad to have a friend like Lily."

Said girl blushed and looked away. Mrs Evans looked happy that Lily could have good friends with her, Petunia on the other hand never looked straight at us and was fiddling with the flowers. Afterward, we said our goodbyes when an idea popped into my head

"Petunia, do you want to... you know... join us in our talk, we'll probably only talk about magic and stuff?"

For a moment, just for a moment, I saw the shift in her eyes that looked like disbelief, maybe even excited. Then she turned away and refused, saying things that she doesn't need a freak for a friend and ran off to the stairs. It became a little bit clearer to me what Petunia might have on her mind.

Once we settle what we came for, Lily decided we should meet up at the park again and had us glad she forgave Sev. Sev though still dislike Petunia from her comment might have caught on the change in her emotion before she left. Sev though mentally younger is smarter and sharper than me so if someone as clueless as me notices, I'm sure he does as well.

We didn't have time to talk about it though, not when three black dogs were following us from behind with drooling mouth and a vicious face. "Is it them again?" Sev asked quietly.

"Looks like it, don't look back and just go straight home Sev, I can handle this."
Sev gave me a pointed look and I sigh, "Fine, but some of those monsters have a good sense so you better run if any of them notice you got it?!

He nodded. "Duly noted"

We both then split, with me going toward an intersection. I took out Riptide and turned to find myself face to face with three Hellhounds. I had a pang of nostalgia as I thought of Mrs O' Leary "I would love to play with you three, but sadly I'm all out of chew toys" I took off the cap and the sword came out, "And you're not making me into one."

I would have immediately tried slashing but something none of us had expected, something thick and soft splat to my face. I heard the motion of wings and I tried pulling the thing apart and spitting out the feathers I almost swallowed. Whatever that ram to my face, I did not expect it to be a Barn Owl (oh great, now I know what kind it is...thanks Annabeth!) the Hellhounds didn't care whatever it was and lunge at me, if it weren't for Sev yelling out my name, I would have lost my head by now. So with an owl in one hand and a sword in the other I jumped to the side walls and leap as I made a good stab at one of the Hellhound's head which turned to golden dust. I quickly made a slash at the second Hellhound on the leg and rolled away from being bitten by the third.

"Look I'm kind of busy right now so, can't you? I don't know....fly away at the moment?" I told the Barn owl, oh great...I'm talking to an owl. If I wasn't imagining, the owl cocked its head and revealed the inside of his wings that had a harsh gash as he slit his eyes at me as if it was trying to say do I look like I could fly to you buddy?"

"Oh wow, you're injured, okay then, you better stay with me" I made another sidestep before getting crushed by one of the dog's paws and stab the leg in place. The harsh loud howl should have alerted people in the neighbourhood but I suspect the Mist is messing things as always. I made a harsh kick to its jaw and the dog whimpered while staggering back. I was then thrust aside by the other and knocked out the wind in my lungs as I hit the brick wall. I kept the owl in my arms, hoping it wasn't crushed from the blow or from my own grip. I already had Athena's (slight) approval despite the grudging rivalry with my dad, I do not want to give her any more reason to hate me by harming her sacred animal.

The third dog looked down at me and with what one would think as a sneer, at least as close as a dog could look sneering, and was about to make me his new lunch until I heard my name being screamed and the dog's sharp teeth stop short before he reeled back like he just swallowed a mailbox (I should know since I've seen Mrs O'Leary do that) it tried coughing out but its eye went wide and started to look like a cat went it got scared. The dog's friend look just as confused before the dog stopped having a seizure and turned into a...rug?

Yup, it's a rug. The mighty hellhound just turned flat as if all the inside was pulled out from the leaving his furry skin on the ground. It then surprises me by growling so I did what comes naturally next; I stabbed it.

The black Hellhound rug then turned into dust and the third dog was eyeing Sev, thinking it was the wizard doing of his friend and was about to attack. Not that I let him though, I jumped up and pulled up all my strength to jab between its eyes and there were no more dogs from hell trying to
make a chew toy out of me. I turned to Sev with a tired smile.

"Ready to go home?" Sev didn't answer immediately though, he was pointing at the owl in my arm and only then did I remembered I was still holding it. "Oh yeah, Sev do you think you could look at this poor guy, I think he's hurt."

"A letter..." he said in response. I was obviously confused about what he meant, but one more look at the owl and I realized what he meant. There was a letter perched in his beak, waiting for me to take it. "The owl must have gotten hurt somewhere and decided to go straight to you rather than your home." Sev deduced.

I was still awkwardly looking at the letter though until there was an angry look from the owl as if urging me to take it rather than gawking like an idiot. Great, even the owl think I'm an idiot. I took the letter and after a few moments rearranging the words I read the address that made me arch an eyebrow.

MR. PERCY JACKSON
The first room of Mrs Daisy second floor apartment.
Spinner's End
Cokeworth
THE MIDLANDS

Well, this is a pretty accurate address.

"What are you waiting for? Opened it!" Sev urged me as if it was his own letter being opened. I put Riptide back into my pocket and decided to open it here. I have to admit my heart was beating excitedly too.

One look at the first page and I sigh. "Can you read it for me?" Sev somehow remembered my problem and immediately snatch the paper while clearing his throat.

"Dear Mr Jackson," Sev started.

"We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment. Term begins on 1 September. We await your owl by no later than 31 July."

"Yours sincerely, Minerva McGonagall, Deputy Headmistress." Sev switched to the second page and continued with the rest of the letter; which was a list of books and item required for school. Halfway through the letter, I felt my face gone paler and paler especially when Sev had listed off the number of books we need.

"Ugh, so many books. It'll either be the monsters or the school that's going to kill me."

"Don't worry, you have a genius next to you remember?" Sev said smugly. I rolled my eyes and took the parchment back from him.

"Then it's good I have someone to rely on getting my books because I certainly can't search on my own."

Sev chuckled, "You got it, Percy."

Sev then turned his attention toward the owl.
"We better help the bird or his wings might get infected, go bring him to your flat, I drop by after
getting some first aid." I nodded, knowing this might be there if he doesn't want me going to his
house. Sev wasn't long until behind when I got home, he swiftly did quick work with his hand and
making sure the owl didn't look uncomfortable.

"Didn't know you were good at treating others." Sev glanced up at me with an exasperated look,
"Seriously? I had to read tons of books, trying to not get you to die with your day to day Beast
Fighting and you only notice it now?"

"Oh yeah, you did tend my wounds from time to time."

"...has anyone ever told you how clueless you are?"

"Honestly? All the time"

After he bandaged the wound, the owl slightly flapped his wings before he then snuggled on my
pillow before falling to sleep.

"You should write back the letter after the owl is all healed up, it'll probably take a few days and
you can send the letter back that you accept." I nodded and waved goodbye at him but stopped him
at the last minute.

"Thanks, by the way, you help me turning that dog to a rug. I would have lost a limb if you hadn't"

He shot me a smug look. "What are friends for?" Then turned to find the owl still asleep as if he
was right at home, my hand reached out to pet him but it woke up as if sensing my presence and
pecked my hand.

"Ow! Aren't you a little prick?" He didn't like the insult and pecked me again.

"Ow, okay I get it, personal space and respect." The owl somehow looked proud and began
snuggling to himself as he fell asleep. Jeez is it me or is this owl a heck a lot smarter than normal. I
snorted at the thought an owl could understand me then went to bed as well. Unaware of a
forbidding visit coming my way.
A Visit from Gandalf's Brother

Chapter Summary

So...Lily and Sev finally made up, and an owl came to visit me for our admission in *snort* Hogwarts. But he was not the only one.

The next day I was woken up by a knock from a door. For most people, they would think nothing of it and greet whoever it was behind the door on this pleasant morning. I, on the other hand, quickly got on my feet and my hand shot out with Riptide pen form.

One thing I knew is that I don't have anyone polite enough to knock on my door. Hecate would usually just appear or visit me in a dream, Sev would bang the door while shouting out my name, and it's not the day for the landlady remind me when the due date is.

Another knock was heard. So slowly, I went closer, gripping Riptide tighter all the while. I wasn't sure if it was a friend or an enemy yet, but I'll have to prepare either way.

After the third knock and a long deep breath, I swung the door open and froze at the figure standing before me. He was an old man, a very old man with his wrinkles unreservedly showing the passage of time he went through his life. Wearing a dark blue robe, and a long crooked nose from someone's punched hiding behind half-moon spectacles. Believe when I told you that, I spent enough violence to know how a crooked nose was made. And behind his glasses were a pair of twinkling blue eyes, I had to blink to make sure I didn't imagine that.

What's more despite his old age, he was tall, and there was a sense of vigor and power coming from him, and long silver hair and beard that rivaled the Great Gandalf himself, I wouldn't doubt if anyone says he's even related to him. Heck, if he told me right now to go to an adventure with him, I might just say yes.

I was tempted to reference LotR, but alas, the movie hasn't come out yet.

"Good afternoon, young lad," he greeted, breaking me out of a stupor. "Is this the residence of one Perseus Jackson?"

I'm pretty sure if an owl can come to find me, an old man who's obviously not normal would also know. "That would be me, but who are you?"

"Ah yes, I haven't introduced myself my name is Albus Dumbledore, your soon-to-be Headmaster at Hogwarts."

Dumbledore… where have I… Oh! That Dumbledore, the one Severus mentioned being my future headmaster.

My first thought had been, what kind of name is Dumbledore?

My second thought would be; Why in the name of Styx is he here?!
"If it's not too much to ask, I would very much like to talk to you Perseus, preferably with a hot cup of tea," Dumbledore said with a warm and friendly smile.

I nodded and led him inside, but my grip on Riptide never cease. I was about to go to the kitchen when he held me back with a hand then took out an unusual shape of a stick that--wait, is that a wand?! A small wave and the cupboard of my kitchen began to open itself, cups and plates floating around and started to make itself some tea.

Huh… Convenient.

So while waiting for our tea, I sat the opposite from Dumbledore, waiting why on earth would the headmaster want from one student who's probably -- oh, who am I kidding? -- most definitely going to be a problem child in the future.

There was a fluttering sound, and I found the owl had woke up and seemed to bow? Wow, even the owl respect this guy. The old man smiled, and with another flick of a wand, the bandages came undone. I witnessed the owl flutter its wing, and confirming his wound completely healed.

I wasn’t sure what I should say to the Principal of Hogwarts, and I squirmed on my seat, feeling uncomfortable with being alone with a man of authority. The only experience I had with Principals was either that I was in trouble or to tell me I wasn’t welcome to their school anymore.

So I tried to break the ice between us, “So...is it hard having a beard that long?”

I feel like wanting to hit myself in the head. Why in the name of Gaea did my seaweed brain have to come up with that one?

I was feeling nervous that I may have disrespected the old man, but my words only made him chuckle as he brushed his beard. “Ah, it’s my pride and joy to maintain this way, but I must admit it could be a bit annoying. All those crumbs when I eat biscuit I tell you!”

I snorted, but it was better than full-blown laughter. I certainly didn’t expect that from the old man. That one comment made me think he was a laid back sort of guy, but if he was anything like Chiron, I say there’s more to him than midst the beard--EYE, I mean eye.

The readily served tea clattered on the table, and Dumbledore took one sip of it before he made his case, "So Perseus, I assume you don't know why I'm here?"

My back straightened, unsure of what to expect from him, "Not at all and please, call me Percy. Perseus makes me feel I'm in trouble," or someone wanting to kill me.

Dumbledore nodded, then put his cup down, "I see, then let me ask you first, are you already familiar with the wizarding world?"

"I am, I have two friends who're wizards, and I'm pretty sure I'm too,” in a different sense anyway, "Or else the weird things around me don't make sense."
"I suppose you do, but what you might not have noticed is that you're a different sort of wizard, Percy, and that there is a whole other world than the just the wizarding one." A different sort... what does he mean by that? "Tell me, do you know about the Greek Pantheon?"

I almost scoffed aloud at the question, "I know it more than I ever want to, I could even pass as an expert by now, but what does this have to do-- I stopped and slapped myself at how slow I can be most of the time. Sparring the (most likely) introduction of Greek gods, I pulled out my pen and uncapped it, revealing a bronze sword gleaming from the ceiling lamp. The old man eyes widen, examining the sword with a hint of familiarity before he met my eyes once more.

"Well, this makes things much easier," Dumbledore chuckled.

"But...how do you know about it? I thought the demigods and wizards aren't supposed to mix?"

"No, it's not that they can't mix, the Olympians decided it's less of a headache if they just don't interact. Fearing a war that resulted like the Romans and Greeks."

I snorted at the prospect. "So there are others like me in Hogwarts?"

"Unfortunately no, not this year. Unlike the old days, the Olympians have now moved toward where the fire of civilization is the brightest, which is currently America as I suspect you know. Even the camp has moved there as well, you do know about Camp Half-Blood?" I nodded, and he continued.

"However, the wizarding civilization in Britain is just as strong in America, if not more so, which is why, from time to time, I would find a relative admitted to the school." A mischievous twinkle in his eye was shown when my face gasped from the new information I got.

"You...a...you're a..."

"A demigod, yes." he got up from his chair and sort of greeted me with a bow, "Allow me to re-introduce myself, my name is Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Chief Warlock of the Wizardgamot, Supreme Mugwump, Order of Merlin- First Class, Grand Sorcerer, Headmaster of Hogwarts and finally... Son of Hecate," he concluded his introduction.

I was already lost on his full name and barely know half of his fancy titles. I'm still not sure if I should reveal my own impressive list of titles, but that would be telling so I cut my introduction short. "Percy Jackson, Son of Poseidon."

There was only a slight raise of his white eyebrows, "Child of the Big Three I see. First time I've met anyone other than my half-siblings," he said amusingly.

"I did move from America since my parents, I mean my mom is... gone so my aunt thought Hogwarts would be just as safe as the camp would be. From what I could tell, it's not strange for other demigods other than Hecate to be a wizard?"

"Only if they were sent to her jurisdiction, but you could say demigods have more talent in using magic by manipulating the Mist and from the power of blessings within them. Wizard and witches, on the other hand, use the Mist as their source of power to create magic from their emotion, body
gesture, or wand.”

“It also helps that wands makes things easier rather than manipulating the Mist directly,” Dumbledore explained in a calm, patient way that made it easier for me to take in all of it.

"That's good because I really sucked at it, it took me years to make a mortal see this as a baseball bat.” I waved my sword around to emphasize. Though there was that fluke on Time Square. I was only glad I didn't make them see a runaway zoo or something.

"Ah yes, and that would be..."

" Anaklusmos or Riptide, it was a gift, and it's been my partner for a long time.”

“Aaa... a current that takes you by surprise before being swept by the sea. Certainly, a match-made weapon for the Son of the Sea God.”

I found myself staring down at the greek encryption of the sword, thinking Dad could actually be pretty deep since I never bother to know what the name meant. “Does the school forbids sharp objects by any chance?”

"It does, but as a fellow demigod, I should know not to deprive a hero's greatest weapon for survival, though you not need to worry at school as it is enchanted, so I would advise you to keep it hidden.” I smiled at his understanding and nodded. I wasn't sure why but the man old age and the wisdom emitting from his eyes just reminded me of Chiron.

Instantly I felt homesick but pushed the thought away. We both drink our tea that had been served long and then got up with a satisfied look. "I suppose I had stayed long enough Percy Jackson, if you need any help, please don't hesitate to ask it from me."

"I'll keep it in mind, Professor."

Dumbledore smiled, "Very well Percy, it's not every day you find demigods aware of their status as it endangers them further, but you seem to have the situation in control so I will have to cut this meeting short." He was about to walk away toward the door when he stops short as if reminded of something. He then pulls out a small case, a little red box, and a slip of paper seemingly out of nowhere or maybe there's just a hidden pocket somewhere.

I took the black case, opening it to reveal a round geeky glasses. My nose scrunched, "Uh, thanks but I have perfect visions so... I don't really think I'll need..."

He held out a hand and cut me off, "You would find it very useful in class Percy, as it helps us with our reading problem" He tapped his own spectacle and gave me one last wink before disappearing through the door. I blinked a few times before I then decided to wear it and snatched the letter that had been on the table.

To my surprise, I could read it perfectly without getting a headache. I then turned to the slip of
paper which turned out to be a train ticket to Hogwarts from King Cross Station. I had to wipe the new glasses to make sure I hadn't misread the big letter that said 'Platform 9 3/4' because honestly I never heard that kind of platform number. Then I switched my attention to the red box and opened it to find a key. What key it is, I have no idea, but there is a note attached to the ring that said 'Vault 0' which kind of screams weird. My attention was snapback by the peck of the prickly bird that wanted to get out as soon as possible.

"All right, I'll write that letter take it easy." Just as I was writing the letter with the watchful eyes of the owl, I took a good look at my letter, proud I could read without a problem. I better say my thanks to Dumbledore the next time I see him.

I tied the letter to the bird's leg and knowing its way to the window; I let him fly off from my hand. I tried walking around the room for a while, trying to get used to the glasses, I thought about putting it away for a while since it might hinder me fight, but then I thought of Jason, and I thought.

Well, Jason could fight with glasses, why can't I?

And with that thought, the geeky glasses stay.

I then decided to visit Sev to see if he had received the letter yet. When I got there, I heard a couple who were shouting and screaming, and on cue, Sev had bolted out of the house. He had a grim look as if he was ready to kill someone until he noticed me and immediately grinned. "What's with the glasses? Never knew you needed one."

"I didn't know at first, but this one seemed to be enchanted. Now I don't need to worry about my dyslexia." I began explaining to him about the visit from Dumbledore that shocked him, how he knew about my family's circumstances and tried to make sure I'd feel safe there. It felt wrong to lie to him, and how sickening I was able to lie so smoothly, Annabeth must have rubbed that on me since she always knew what to say. Sev seemed to think I'm playing a joke that I just met the most powerful wizard and shrug it like it was just another visitor. Well, when you've been visited by a god-turned-mortal then yes, it's not the most shocking visitor I had in my lifetime.

We then decided to visit Lily, thinking she might have her letter as well. We ended up running and racing along the way, out excitement pumping out our adrenaline. Once we saw her house, we saw a woman in purple robes and pointy black hat, 'a witch' I thought, and she had just gone out before suddenly disappearing out of nowhere.

"Did I see that, right? Did she just--"

Sev confirmed with a nod, "It's called apparating, kind of like teleporting in muggle terms, I guess."

We knocked on the door, and were greeted by Lily's parents. The pair of husband and wife looked worn out (probably from all the stress f having a magical child, why my mom is still sane from putting up with me is beyond my understanding). They were also forcing up a smile to greet us, but that's until Lily told then the two were just like her. They didn't hide their shock and exchanged a contemplated look with one another as if assuring themselves that everything is real. I can somehow relate to that.
Lily was about to tell us what happened, but then she asked about my glasses, and I ended up explaining about Dumbledore. To say she was surprised was an understatement, she made his visit like I just met the Queen of England even though she didn't understand how important he was in the magical world, but knowing he was Hogwarts's headmaster must have been enough to imagine him as a deity to her.

Then she told us how not long after the owl arrived, a messenger appeared and called herself a witch and began a detailed description of what the wizarding world is like. It was a little worrying that I couldn't find Petunia anywhere though, "Her name is Professor Marchbanks, and since mom and dad were aware with my magic, it didn't take long to convince them."

"I admit that Lily's strange ability had been in our minds, but knowing that a community exists to help her through that reassured us greatly," said Mrs. Evans as she gave us two a cup of warm milk. "It worried us if she one day lost control and we don't know how to stop it..."

"Were you afraid she hurt you?" Sev asked suddenly with suspicion, interrupting Mr. Evans.

"Well...we're more afraid she hurt herself or her sister.” He pulled Lily closed to his arms, reassuring her. I nudged Sev to the side and give him a warning look, 'Dude, that's her father, be more respectful! ' Sev replied with the same intense glare, not acknowledging his fault.

Mrs. Evans then proceeded to ask our background, how we knew about magic, and how different how the livelihood of being a wizard. Questions only Sev were able to answer with a precise and reasonable answer that quickly mollify their concerns while I bobbed my head as if I already knew them, they looked impressed at his mature responded and so did I.

"They said we needed to buy the supplies at Diagon Alley, do you know where it is?" Mrs. Evans asked.

"Certainly, my mom and I like to use the floo--I mean other transport to get there, but I know how to get there once we're in London." Severus eagerly explained.

"It's in London?" Mr. Evans interjected which Sev respond with a nod.

"Great, then we're all going to go shopping together then, when will we start packing?" Everyone looked at me when I said it and the Evans began looking at their schedule.

"How about eleventh of July, would that be alright with you boys, since we're not very familiar with all this magic stuff it'll be a great help if you come along with us," Mr. Evans asked.

"No problem at all, Sir," Sev answered, "We'll show you all around."

"Mostly Sev really, I'm just as clueless when it comes to the place" Sev playfully kicked me, and the living room erupted in laughter. It was a great day, and I couldn't help but get excited for what I'll find in Diagon Alley, though looking back at my previous experience, surely nothing could surprise me now.

...
You know that last statement I made when I visited the Evans weeks ago? Yeah, I take that back.

We had planned to meet up with Sev at London, seeing as he didn't have enough money to buy tickets for her mother and him so I explained to the Evans that he would meet us then. Surprisingly, Petunia had been silent the whole journey even though Lily expressed her excitement beside and tried to make her excited alongside her. Nothing worked so far.

When we arrived at London, I spotted the Sev and his mother; she was wearing a black one piece and dark blue cardigan, she had untidy black hair she wore in a bun, thin, sallow-faced that greatly resemble Severus.

"Good morning Mrs. S, lovely weather today, don't you think?" It was almost noon, but it's the thought that counts right?

She made a small smile when I greeted her but turned pensive once more. It was always hard to see her smile other than to Sev, and she's usually seen working on potions she was selling or fighting with her lazy ass husband. I honestly don't know how Sev felt about her; sometimes I thought he would try to help or reconnect with her through their mutual love of potions, sometimes I've seen him bitter of how neglected he felt.

Mr. And Mrs. Evans greeted her and softly told them to follow them. I could say they were unnerved at her mysterious and slightly gloom demeanor, I had felt that way too but got quickly used to thanks to being with Nico beforehand. We all then went to a broken down old and grubby looking pub in Charing Cross Road. The Evans were skeptical about following but didn't voice out their discomfort, or more likely it was cut off when we got inside to find it full of people in robes and pointed hats, Sev showed that the place was a pub called the Leaky Cauldron.

Again, I like to say wizards have no naming sense.

Sev began to animatedly tell us how the pub was the oldest pub in Britain despite what muggles believe and the only place to access Diagon Alley. The pub itself was old and shabby, you would think from the number of people here they have enough money to renovate the place.

We went far to the back until we met a brick wall with nothing to match. Petunia scoffed, "What alley? There's nothing here but a dead end, see what I told you, Mom! These people are--" she didn't get to finished her word before Mrs. S tapped the wall with her wands, and the bricks began to shuffle out of the way, revealing what looked like a shopping district with shops, stalls, and restaurant on the side and people in robes crowding from all around.

Petunia shocked face was worth watching that I couldn't help but whisper. "You were saying?"

Mrs. S turned to us, hiding an amused smile at us gawking at the streets.

"I understand you may be fascinated by the place, but we must first go to Gringotts if you all need or have any money from there." Everyone nodded in agreement, but it was getting harder not to get sidetracked by all the weird shops around. There were shops selling broomsticks, telescopes and strange silver instruments I had never seen before, windows stacked with barrels of bat spleens and eel's eyes that made me grimaced, tottering piles of spell books, quills, and rolls of parchment, potion bottles, globes of the moon.
The street was filled with people, making my grin widen at the liveliness. Lily was wearing the same expression as me, and I could hear Sev promising they would check out every store if we could. We stopped our tracks when we made our way to a snow-white multistoried marble building.

We made our steps toward the bank, a large set of green iron door halfway opened flanked between two goblins if what Sev said is true. I've met several magical creatures before, but this is the first for me to meet goblins. They look just how I imagined they would be; short, bald, pointy nose and ears, but they act a lot normal than I first imagine. Sure they looked like someone had just insulted their mother, but my only knowledge of them had been playing games from Final Fantasy so for all I know, that might just be their default faces.

Once we went past them, we were met by another large double door, but it was silver -- pure honest-to-gods silver! -- as if they need to flaunt their riches than they already are despite being a bank, with words etched upon it. Once more, I was mentally thanking Dumbledore with the glasses that help me read such long riddling cursive passage without getting a headache. Considering their naming sense, I don't think I could live through Hogwarts without it. All of us, except for Sev and his mother, inched closer to get a better read and satisfy our curiosity.

Enter, stranger, but take heed
Of what awaits the sin of greed
For those who take, but do not earn,
Must pay most dearly in their turn.
So if you seek beneath our floors
A treasure that was never yours,
Thief, you have been warned, beware
Of finding more than treasure there.

"Friendly," I remarked to it.

"What does it mean?" Lily couldn't help but ask.

"It means as it said, don't steal from goblins or you'll pay the consequences," Sev explained to her. "As far as I know, no one sane has ever succeeded in breaking into Gringotts, and none had tried since one thief announced he faced a dragon."

"Wait, you're telling me there's a dragon underneath us right now?" I pointed out. I've never had a good experience with them; I could name a one headed, two-headed, nine-headed, or number-of-headed dragons and even bronze one. Each one left did not leave me unscathed.

Sev only response was to shrug, "I'm not sure, it's only a rumor, but I can't deny it since goblins are famous for being protective over their golds, that's why they were tasked to worked at Gringotts."

Mr. and Mrs. Evans plus Petunia looked a bit pale at the prospect of a dangerous creature underneath them, but Sev had opened the door for us so we couldn't help but continue forward. I slowed my pace and looked back at the door. Lily noticed this and asked what's wrong, "Nothing, I just notice another meaning from that passage."

Lily tilted her head to the side, and I answered with an amused smile, "It's not just a warning for
thieves, it's also a challenge."

Lily blanched at my admission, "How do you get a challenge from that?"

"Well, they can't boast from being the safest bank if no one tries to steal it, don't you think?"

Lily rolled her eyes, thinking it was another one of my jokes, but really...putting that sort of sign
would have given the Hermes cabin in a riot to how they were going to steal here. I turned my back
to the door and was amazed to see vast marble hall, with many goblins sitting on each side, doing
their paperwork with their long slick fingers, scribbling in large ledgers, weighing coins in brass
scales, examining precious stones through eyeglasses. There were too many doors to count leading
off the hall, and yet more goblins were showing people in and out of these.

When I noticed the Evans stopped walking, Mrs. S decided Sev should accompany them how they
would exchange muggle money while Mrs. S would get her own money from the vault. She then
turned to me and asked if I needed any help.

"I'm not sure if I had money actually, but I was given a key with a tag saying Vault 0 a few days
ago, do you know anything?" For the first time, I saw Mrs. S usual passive face turning puzzled at
something. She eyed the key critically then told me to ask one of the goblins about it, so we made
for the counter.

Oddly though enough, after I took notice, almost all the goblins were looking straight at me. They
were, of course, talking with others or doing their work, but years of survival instinct know when
I'm being watched. The problem was... or more like the lack of thereof, it wasn't a menacing look
that wanted to claw my gut out but rather one of interest. I then remembered how monsters could
sniff me out from miles because of my godly blood in me and thought how maybe that’s how
goblins could come up the same conclusion as well. I certainly can’t cross out that possibility.

"Percy Jackson, I presume." I almost jumped at the voice. A new goblin appeared behind us, one
with spectacles, long white beard, and eyes that reminded me of a teacher that tries to think of new
punishment for me. I know I sound paranoid, but the attention is giving me nerves.

"Uh, yes, that's me."

The old goblin nodded, "Dumbledore had given us news of a new Half-Blood." I couldn’t help but
tense from the fact he knows the kind of Half-Blood I am. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t want to
sound racist, but it’s rarely a comforting thought to have a monster know who you are and it took
me a while before I warmed up the idea that Tyson the Cyclops was my half-brother. “My name is
Guffrock, Head of Gringotts, I presume you have the key?” I gave him the key I had on hand. The
Head Goblin looked to it from side to side, feeling it in his hands, even smelling it with his pointed
nose, until he had satisfactorily confirmed if it was genuine.

"Follow me!" I hesitated in listening to order so suddenly, especially when he urged me toward a
dark-looking back door, but I turned to Mrs. S, and seeing her nodding reassuringly, I followed.

You would think following a goblin toward a dimly lit and stony passageway screamed
‘suspicious,’ but despite my calm demeanor, I was gripping Riptide tightly to any threatening movement. "Get inside here please," said Guffrock, gesturing toward the metal cart.

The cart ran a lot quicker than I first expect, making me queasy even toward down a steep slope and the maze-like structure. At the corner of my eyes, we ran past different vaults, of varying shape and sizes. We ran under a lake, through a blast of fire, and over the edge of a deep ravine. When the cart ran a lot deeper, fewer goblins were often seen. There was no noise for a while before it was occupied by a loud familiar roar, 10 out of 10 any demigod could guess right.

"Huh, so there really is a dragon," I lightly noted.

Guffrock arched an eyebrow at the boy's reaction, or lack thereof to be precise. "You don't seem surprised seeing one."

"Seen too many; Enough to get me sick."

We then passed a sphinx.

"Do they give out the riddle kind or the pop quiz one?"

Then we passed a hydra.

"Styx! How do you tame those nasty guys!"

To say Guffrock was astounded from the fact that I dismissed Beasts like casual creatures, you would think it was hilarious, to say the least. I had to hold back a chuckle from him feeling fear towards me instead. The trip was taking longer than I expected, so I struck a conversation with him.

“So, do every goblin know about demigods?”

“Quite we are, your godly smell doesn’t help hide that fact from us and we goblins have sworn an Oath to keep your existence hidden from the Wizarding World. I say those wizards don’t deserve to know of your kind if they can’t even settle among themselves.” Guffrock sneered at the end.

There was a bit of contempt and grudge against wizards, and I hope goblins don’t start trying something like bringing in a war, his tone reminded a bit of Luke, and I certainly don’t want a repeat of history. After we got past Vault No. 1, we finally took a deep dive down before stopping short in front of the cave wall.

"We're here." the goblin stated simply.

I was confused for a short while, seeing there was no metal doors or any door for that matter. Though this is a Wizarding Bank, there’s a probably a secret entrance or something of the likes. He ushered me to the wall where I then noticed a giant metal omega letter-- the last Greek letter -- attached to the wall.
"Key please." I blinked, then fumbled in my pocket for the key where he put it in a keyhole at the left side of the symbol.

"Hand, please." Now I blinked a few more times before confirming I didn't mishear that. The goblin sighed and took my hand, pricked it with a needle and placed it on the right side of the symbol.

It was quick and swift that I barely felt it and was utterly confused. Guffrock pulled back both my hand and the key then the symbol changed from an Omega to the Trident, the symbol of Poseidon. A second later, a vault practically emerged beneath the rocky wall and opened itself, allowing me to witness a jaw-breaking scene.
I Got Myself a Stick

Chapter Summary

He pulled back both my hand and the key then the symbol changed from an Omega to a Trident, the symbol of Poseidon. A second later, a vault practically emerges beneath the rocky wall and opened itself, allowing me to witness a jaw-breaking scene.

My jaw dropped at the sheer sight of it, mountains of gold coins and treasure I’ve never seen, sprawling all over the vault along — pearls, jewels, spears, swords, shields, and even gold sand. I also felt the hum of power resonating around the room, I knew then if I search enough I could find celestial bronze or imperial gold mixed within, maybe even random magical items that I’m not sure what it would do. I couldn’t even exaggerate when I thought the place was too small to fill in all these treasures. Which is why the first thing that came out of his mouth was: "Pinch me, I think I’m dreaming."

Either the Head Gringotts couldn’t take a joke, or he tried to act funny, he pinched my thigh hard enough to make me yelped.

"Not a dream young Perseus Jackson, all this is rightfully yours." Guffrock gestured to the sea of gold around us. If I have to be perfectly honest, I have no idea how I’ll manage this much money. Back home, we had barely got by with mom’s various part-time jobs and always living in a small apartment. Any average pay household kid would dream of grand luxury like living in a mansion, getting new stuff, traveling around the world, getting new stuff, eat at a five-star restaurant, getting new stuff. Now though, all the things I put in my bucket list was just nowhere in my memory, as if the sheer amount of money had overwhelmed me.

Who am I kidding, it did overwhelm me.

"Ca...can you arrange the proper amount for me to have to go by for a year?" My voice trembled slightly as I asked Guffrock. I couldn’t trust myself with this much amount of money yet. The goblin agreed and put in what I made out a large amount of gold in it.

"Do you want to go with Drachma as well?"

I thought about it for a while and nodded since there's no harm bringing some so I pulled a different pouch and grabbed a fistful of drachmas, maybe it would help when I need to IM someone, just in case of an emergency. Once we were done, Guffrock and I went back past the same track, witnessing the dragon, the Sphinx, and the hydra in reversal. Then all too soon the scenery changed from a rough, rocky mine of the underground bank, to the tidy marble hall where my friends and their parents were all waiting for me.

"Blimey Percy, what took you so long?! We were all getting worried about you" Sev exclaimed first.
I laughed lighthearted to ease the mood a bit. "Chill Sev, my family's vault just happened to be at the very back of the bank, so it took me a while." And it took some time to realize how rich I am, but then again, dad is a god so I should have expected that.

After confirming we all got the money, we all decided it's time to take a few trips around the Alley. Sev had reassured the adults he would lead us where we were supposed to and let the adults sat around one of the cafes around while they had their chat. It was a relief for the three of us not to run around with the adults breathing by our neck, I looked at Petunia, and she didn't seem thrilled nor did she comment on anything since the bank.

"So where do we go first?" Asked Sev. He hasn't said anything with Petunia being with us, but I knew he's trying not to pick a fight.

Me and Lily looked at one another and exchanged a matching grin, we then turned to Sev as we both thought of the same thing, "Wands!"

Sev grinned back. Not surprised by our enthusiastic answer, he pointed out of the nearest shop which you could see a narrow and shabby shop -- but let's face it, most shop here are shabby looking -- Therein peeling gold letters over the door read **Ollivanders: Makers of Fine Wands since 382 B.C.** A single wand lay on a faded purple cushion in the dusty window: Diagon Alley's one and only wandmaker shop.

Our group rushed toward the shop, and somehow I, being in the lead, gently opened the shop's door. It was funny if you look at it at another angle how I gotta be so nervous about entering a small shop like this. The shop looked empty with only a small stool at the corner and endless of narrow boxes on the walls and ceilings. The air smelled of dust and mold, and I would figure it had been abandoned for years of not at the middle of the shop was a man sitting quietly on his table as we nervously approach.

"Ah, two young wizards and a witch, ready to buy their wands I see," said a pale old man. "Now who would like to get their wand first?"

The three of us hesitated as we looked at one another then Lily came up to him. "Yes, we would like to buy our wands, please. My name is Lily Evans, this is Severus Snape and Percy Jackson."

"Pleased to meet you three, my name is Garrick Ollivander owner of this shop." He pulled out a tape measure and asked her wand hand. Lily was confused for a bit until she held out her right hand. The tape moved by itself, measuring whatever it was trying to measure and began searching through the box.

"Every Ollivander wand has a core of a powerful magical substance. We use either unicorn hairs, phoenix tail feathers, and the heartstrings of dragons. No two Ollivander wands are the same, just as no two unicorns, dragons, or phoenixes are quite the same. And of course, you will never get such good results with another wizard's wand," He explained to us until he pulled out a box that made his pale eyes shimmered, "Now if you please raise your wand arm up."

Both of us blinked confusingly, but then Sev whispered "dominant arm" so we each lifted our right hand.
Ollivander took one look at each of us then pulled out a box from behind the table that she gave to Lily, "Try this, Oak: 10 Inches with Phoenix feather core, unyielding. Go on, take a swing." Lily unsurely flicked her wand. The whole window crashed, startling us out of our wits that my hand had reached out to Riptide. Mr. Ollivander didn’t seem fazed, as if windows spontaneously breaking is an everyday thing. He sturt over and plucked her wand out of her hand, "No, no, obviously not for you."

Yeah, no shit, Sherlock.

He then examined a few boxes before he came over and took out another wand, "How about this, Holly: 11 Inches with Unicorn Hair, flexible." When she took it, Lily was more hesitant in flicking it, but after he calmly urged her. She flicked her wand, but that ended with the wand jumping out of her hand. "Hmm, not even close then..." After another rummaging around one box with another, a small smile crept on him and gave the wand to her. "Willow: 10 ¾ Inches with Dragon Heartstring, swishy."

Lily became even more nervous trying out her next wand, but when she held it, there was a look of realization on her face and draw a satisfied look from Mr. Ollivanders.

"Ah, finally, a good match. That wand would make good use for charms and would help you explore great potential inside you."

Lily blushed at the compliment, slightly shaking her head, "Oh, I’m not that great really compared to Percy and Sev.”

“Nonsense, I learn from years of working here that the wands choose the wizard, and the kind of wand they held is telling enough of what kind of wizard they’ll be. From what your wand can tell me. You, my Dear, have great potential inside you but only if you work hard will you achieve it.”

Lily’s cheek became much redder, and Sev lightly bumped her side and gave her a bright smile that showed he agreed with him — making her smile back.

“Who's next?”

I turned to Sev questioningly who shook his head, "I already have a wand, and I’ve done most of my shopping. Today, my job is mostly to guide you two around."

He smiled through it all, but while Lily pouted that Sev hadn't gone shopping ahead without us two. I smiled sympathetically, knowing he didn't want to show Lily that he was buying used stuff from a pawn shop.

With that cleared, I went up to Ollivander, and I couldn't help but contain the excitement bubbling inside me. It was in one way funny if anyone I knew saw me getting giddy over a piece of a stick.
when you can just use swords and bows to trample your enemy. But it was a magical piece of stick, and you’ve got to admit that everyone dreamed of doing magic at least once, even me.

"Dogwood: 10½ Inches with Phoenix Feather core, slightly bendy." I took it, I barely got to hold it, and he grabbed, saying that it had not been for me.

How he knew that I wasn’t sure.

"Let's try this, Holley: 13 ¾ Inches with Dragon heartstring, very supple." I took it and gave it a wave, but then the whole building felt it was shaking until he took my wand away once more. Afterward, we tried over a dozen wands, and they either didn't work or made a really exaggerated effect. One had made all the furniture float, another had slipped out and rolled away that almost makes me feel offended, most surprising was one where I hadn't even touch a wand, and it shot out of the window faster than a rocket. We didn't miss the audible pained cry that it hit someone from outside.

The old man even had to search through the wands upstairs with a glee on his face as if early Christmas has come for him at being challenged by a new puzzle piece he hadn't come across and I was that puzzle.

"Don't look so down Percy, you'll find your wand I'm sure." Lily patted my back in encouragement.

"I know, but I feel like any wand would do for me right now, the feeling is just as worse as being dumped by a girl."

Sev snorted at that, "I doubt a girl was ever interested in you Percy. When have you ever got dump?"

I flashed a teasing grin at him, “You’d be surprised how many would want me Sev.”

He snorted in response despite how true and bittersweet my words were. There was Calypso who now is together with Leo, Rachel who dumped me for being an oracle when we’re not even together and our relationship was mighty confusing, then there’s Nico who...honestly I don’t get him. All this time I thought he doesn’t like me or has some sort (but understandable) grudge against me and that Jerk suddenly said he like me then told me I wasn’t his type, I mean Dude! It’s like I’ve been dumped (again) when we aren’t even together which was not cool of him. It’s like Dumping Percy has become some sort weird game to pass the time.

...You know what? I think it’s better he doesn’t know. My love life would just be another source to mock me, and I wouldn’t blame him for it.
Before long, Ollivander came climbing down with an old wooden antique box with more dust than
the usual box he pulled out.

"Ah yes, this is Cedar: 12 Inches with Unicorn hair, unyielding and with peculiar backstory from it,
try it, go ahead and wave." he eagerly said. I lacked in enthusiasm since the first three rejected
wand, but the moment I held on to it, a wave of warmth spread throughout me and heard the rush
of the surf beside me. Ollivander smiled, knowing I had found my very own wand. "Well done!
Finally a perfect match, a fine-worthy wand for a worthy warrior, excellent for a duelist."

That peak my interest, "What do you mean a worthy warrior?"

"Yes, you see, your wand core came from medieval times of a unicorn who was saved a boy from
being poached, he was knighted by the young age of 13, and was famous even throughout the
muggle world. The unicorn itself had broken its horn, so no one suspected the horse as a magical
creature. Sadly, the man helped in leading a rebellion against a selfish king and died. That wand
you have is one of the few my family had used said unicorn's hair and to my knowledge, chose
people with great strength and loyalty. Why even the great knight was named Henry Percy." He
said with a chuckle in the end, and both Lily and Sev couldn't help but join at such coincidence. It
didn't bother me now that I have a wand, and it felt like getting a new partner. Hope Riptide won't
be too jealous.

We then gave him our money for each our wands, but that's before Lily asked if there's a way to
take care of our wands. Ollivander looked delighted to explain and gave each of us a book and the
tools to polish our wands. It would seem not everyone bothers to take care of their wand or asked
him for it, he was delighted enough to give each of us one for free.

"So, where should we go next?"

"I think you guys should buy your robes next, then we can go to Madam Malkin's, where they'll
stitch you a new robe, I'll show you the way!" Sev explained. However, after pointing us toward
the shop where we not only bought new robes for the next seven years in Hogwarts, including
protective gloves from dragonhide, winter cloak, along with the hat. Madam Malkin was a small
witch dressed in all mauve, she gave us a warm, welcoming smile. She didn't need to ask what we
need since every year she was asked the same thing. She had us stood on a footstool, giving each
of us a black robe and pinned it at the right length.

While we were sized for our robes (something I dreaded from how silly they were), we would also
have to wear a white shirt, grey sweater, black slack and a charmed tie that would change by color
depending on our houses throughout the school year. I was glad the wardrobe was far more
reasonable that I would least hope it’d be.

Next was buying the books at Flourish and Botts, few of the things Lily has been more than excited
to buy. Sev would have felt the same had he had enough money for it as he eyed a few books
longingly. While I do have the ability to read without much of a headache now, I never was that
much of a scholar, so I had never thought of being one of those people who lingered long in the
bookstore. That was before I saw the books being displayed. Walls and ceiling were covered in
shelves that I wouldn’t be surprised to find there was a hidden one just behind. There were books
as large as paving stone to as small as post stamp, even a book with nothing at all that seemed to
goad certain people to try a crack on it if there was a hidden message or not. I know Annabeth
would, and possibly Sev.

What caught my attention most were the many outlandish and borderline outrageous book titles got me amused, like:

'Navigating without a Wand'

'Holidays with Hags'

'Wizards are from Mars, Muggles are from Mushrooms'

Or my personal favorite:

'How to tell your pet is trying to kill you.'

"I know the glasses helps my dyslexia, but I don't think I'll be reading much book any time soon," I murmured audibly enough.

"Oh come off it Percy, how could you not want to learn about the magical world?" Lily questioned my unamused behavior.

I held on a laugh, seeing I had witnessed stranger things."I learn best on hand," I replied simply.

Thankfully, most assigned books for Hogwarts had been arranged in bulk, so giving out our year went quickly enough. Sev was searching from a secondhand shop, if I had known how tight he is on money, I would have taken more than I needed to. Though I don't think Sev would want any charity from me out of sheer pride.

"Let's get this over with,"

Next, we went to Wiseacre's Wizarding Equipment to buy our scales, telescope, charts, and vials costing 40 Galleons. Afterward was Potage's Cauldron shop to (obviously) buy our cauldrons. Then Scribbulus Writing Equipment to buy parchment, ink, and quills for us to use.

I kept asking if there was any way for me to bring any pens, but Sev insisted that muggle items were forbidden in Hogwarts. I pointed out why wizards can't just charm their quills could stay inked as long as the ink bottle isn't empty so they could write without bringing their ink wherever we go.

Severus thought about it for a while, saying I had a point, his eyes glazed over, his lips moving in whispers, while his mind went off to his own world. Both Lily and I were already familiar with
that look of his as he tried to concentrate on something.

Afterward, we went to my least favorite shop, an apothecary where they sold all the potion ingredients. There were barrels of dragon blood, jars filled with dried herbs and plants I can't properly spell let alone name was lining up the walls. Also assorted batwings, mistletoe berries, various innards and (I grimaced) unicorn's horn. I don't think they had appreciated that. (In fact, they sadly never do.) I would have gagged from the smell the first time I came here if I wasn't so used to it from visiting Sev's house all the time. Lily didn't last two seconds before excusing herself for fresh air.

After getting all our main supplies, Sev led us to an Ice cream parlor that recently opened for our break, and we happily obliged. The first time we saw the assortment of flavor posted on it, me and Lily were amazed. I've seen a triple or quadruple scoop of ice cream, but never an octuple scoop. I'm not sure how people could eat that in one cone.

"This is Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour, it's new, but most wizards already knew his ice cream as the best." he made us inch closer before our turn at the line and whispered some sort of secret for us. "This is just a rumor, but some said the guy knew everything, and I mean everything even guarded secrets being kept from the ministry."

The rumor was outlandish enough to be unconvincing but it did pique our interest. "I'm guessing no one knew or believed that since he's making money from ice cream." I pointed out. Considering I had found help from beggars, (granted one was immortal, the other was a god in disguise, and there was one who was revived somewhat), I didn't put away the idea of a normal guy like an Ice Cream Vendor Guy could hide many secrets that many would kill for, maybe guarding it considering not many would suspect an Ice Cream Vendor Guy to know anything.

"True, but it makes you wonder what secrets that exist you know, it's the magical world so haven't you wonder what kind of secret they would have?" Lily excitedly whispered.

I frowned a little because I honestly do not want to know any secrets, one of the things you learn in demigod business is that secrets are there for a reason. You don't try finding it without excruciating pain on the way. I held a smile in the end though and agreed, reminiscing what it felt seeing the unknown without knowing the dangers.

I heard Mr. Fortescue cry out for the next customer, and the three of us bought the ice cream. Thankfully Sev let me buy one for him as thanks for showing us around. There were lots of... unique... names for the ice cream and no description for its flavor what so ever. As if we were expected to know what kind of flavor Successful Grades would be, or what Sweet Revenge might taste like.

Damn Wizards and their naming sense...is this karma for making fun of them all the time?!

I thought long and hard until Sev nudged me that I was holding up the line and just thought ‘Ah screw it!’ and ordered a random flavor called ‘Ticklish Treat.’
Turns out that ice cream was literally ticklish. I had a hard time eating at the start so I wouldn’t spit it out by accident. Lily, on the other hand, ordered a ‘Lava Choc’ which was a chocolate ice cream with a piping hot chocolate melt, while Sev got ‘Tiny Love’ for his flavor. As if he needed ice cream to know what that tasted like.

"By the way, do you guys want to buy any pets?" Sev asked us two. I glanced at Lily, curious if she wanted one and she glanced back at me, probably wondering the same.

"I'm not sure really, Mom and Dad are pretty strict about pets, what about you, Percy?"

"Well, the letter said you could only bring a cat, a toad, or an owl, and I'm not sure of bringing any..." My words were died off as I went into deep tranced for a while, thinking back of that stuck up owl I tried helping.

"Where do you buy an owl anyway?" I decided to ask.

After we finished our ice cream, Sev led us to Eelops Owl Emporium. The place, to my amazement, was filled with hundreds of owls hanging in their cage, both outside and the inside. Now that I think about it since I could talk to horses, I wonder if any of Athena's child could speak to owls? I was lost in thought as I took in the shop's scenery, and ended up bumping into someone, almost falling down in result.

"Ooh I'm so sorry, are you alright Child?" Said the gray-robed man.

"Yeah, I'm fine." I stood up and dusted myself, I looked up at the man, he was a bald man with the strain hair, he wore glasses and small claw mark across his nose.

"Hello, are you here to buy an owl?" he said with a business smile.

"Yeah, what kind of owl do you have?" He then led us around the shop, pointing out the different types and quirks every owl has. My ADHD kicked in, though, so I barely listen half of his lecture until I met eyes with a pair of round eyes that seemed to change colors. Unlike most owls, there wasn't an absolute sharpness in her eyes, but they were fully round as if she was looking at the world full of curiosity. She was the smallest bird I saw around the bunch. She has grey feathers mixed with white ones and a black beak.

"Ah, I see you found one of our rare owls, the Little Owl. A small one but not as small as an Elf Owl, a fast mail carrier if you want, she's also one of the smartest owls I know and a bit territorial so make sure you spend a week with her before you send her on any errands. Her diets mostly include insects and earthworms. Oh, and fun fact for you three, did you know the Little Owl is the animal symbol of one of the Greek gods? Which is why in Latin they are called-"

"Athene noctua," I finished for him. The others looked at me surprised about what I know, and I kept staring at the owl as I hold on to the feather necklace. "How much is she?"
"If you include the cage and the proper tools and food to go with it, it'll cost you 15 Galleons." He turned to my friends, grinning with his business smile. "What about you two? I see you're in two minds in getting an owl, but they do help to send messages other than being fine pets, you know."

Sev declined, saying he doesn't need one while Lily looked conflicted since she wasn't sure about getting a pet but wanting to have more comfortable contact with her parents. Sev then informed her about the school’s owlery or letting me lend the owl for her whenever she needed it, and I honestly don’t mind.

The Salesman then packed all the necessary items and the cage to the counter, where I gave him the money. My owl was jumping left and right, excited to get out of the shop and I smiled. Lily immediately cooed at my owl, seeing how cute she is while Sev looked passive.

"What are you going to call her Percy?" She asked me.

I thought about it for a while before snapping my fingers at the idea, "Sophia."

Lily smiled, saying it's a beautiful name, while Sev raised an eyebrow at me, probably he caught the meaning in Greek but doesn't know why I named it to her. I never told him I was well-versed with Greek names, so he doesn't know I know what I'm calling her. Nor how I came up with the name in the first place.

The owl hooted at the name as if deeming the name acceptable. I smiled softly at her. "Good to meet you too, Sophia."

After our good shopping spree, we met with Sev and Lily's parents, and Lily began animatedly retold her day around the Diagon Alley. Petunia, who had only been with her parents, looked away but wasn't out of earshot. She had a hard time looking disinterested. The three adults and Petunia then noticed my owl. I made an earful grin as I then introduced Sophia to the others.
I Take Griffin over a Griffindor Any Day, Thanks

Chapter Summary

Finally getting my school supplies and getting an owl. It’s almost time for us to board the train to Hogwarts.

You know…

It would have been a nice heads up to know that owls were deemed as magical creatures. Seriously, I knew they were strangely smart, they are Athena's symbol, she wouldn't have her animal to be given up by their instinct easily like a dog, and they could send letter practically anywhere just by saying the word. But then I started chatting with it half a day, and I didn't even realize I was talking to an animal which almost freaked me out, Sophia even got the nerve to look at me as if I'm stupid thinking she's just any other animal. My opinion was turned 180 degrees through the moment I learn she's a magical creature that wizards don't try to hide.

I suspiciously think she's even smarter than me.

Three days had passed, and Lily's messenger, Professor Sini-something, or the other, came back for her confirmation to attend Hogwarts. She was surprised to hear she had gone to Diagon Alley without her and had already made wizard friends around the area. Additionally, it had been a week since Sev and I had met with Lily in her house. We were worried at first when we couldn't meet her at the park for whatever reason until she told us Petunia had been acting oddly since our visit to Diagon Alley and she's too worried to go too far from her house.

"Do you think she's sick?" I asked in genuine worry, she might be a bully, but that doesn't mean I like her well-being affecting Lily. I know I sounded a little harsh, but frankly, I still don't know her enough to care as much as Lily does for her. I considered somehow making up with her, but it's been proven hard when the girl herself tries to stay away from me. It's still a good thing that we're welcome guests at the Evans, Sev slowly was peeling off the mature facade and lowering his guard down around the Evans’ hospitality.

Today though, Sev decided to help his mother in her potion making so I went to the Evans alone until he could catch up later. For some unwritten rule, I became somewhat like the Evans adopted son with them making sure I was all right living alone to the point of nagging, and Susan was more than glad to teach me a few homes cooked meals. Sometimes I had to repress my homesickness when I was reminded of my mother, but that was the bright side of all this?

"...Percy, what in the world are you baking?"

"Hmm? Obviously a batch of cookies."

"No offense, but I find blue cookies to be questionably edible." Petunia pointed out next to Lily as they watched cartoon.
"Ever hear the saying 'don't judge a food by its color'?” Petunia rolled her eyes while Lily giggled. Giving me her the benefit of the doubt, Lily gave a small bite, and if the twitch of her lips curling up is anything worth saying, is that I'm a good cook.

"See? Any blue foods of mine are brilliant masterpieces." I flashed a toothy grin at her. It didn't help how smug she tried to look when we heard the loud rumble from her stomach. It was hard not to fall on my back from laughter. Even Lily was clutching her stomach from how much she laughs. Petunia, on the other hand, was fuming and decided to go out for a 'walk' as she said.

Petunia really needs to lay back.

"Do you have any idea what her problem is?"

"I...I'm not sure, I know she never liked magic, and with everyone around her spouting how magic is great, she must have felt uncomfortable.” At one angle, I would have accepted it. At another, I wondered why she would lock herself in her own house when everyone was talking about the thing she hates. If I were here, I would do my damn best to stay away, and I would have when Smelly Gabe was my step-dad if my mom wasn't living with him too. "Percy...Percy!"

"Oh, what?' I jerked back from my musing when I looked up to find Sev already next to me. "Hey Sev, have you been here long?"

"Just a minute ago, you okay Mate?"

"Oh, yeah, I'm fine. What were you talking about?"

"I just asked you two if you want to see my room,” Lily answered for me.

I made a deadpanned look at Lily, "You mean you're asking us if we want to see you and Petunia's bedroom?" Lily smile faded and yet nodded hesitantly.

"She's not gonna like it" I whispered mostly to myself.

"Meh, who cares if she does, come on and show us!” Sev looked oddly happy he got to be in her room, prompting me to glare at him, making him sigh, "No, I'm not going to put anything weird on her stuff."

"You better if you don't want Lily to hate you, and you've already suffered it once." Sev looked devastated at the memory, and I couldn't help but chuckle at him.

We then went upstairs, where Lily led us to the first room on the right. I never went to a girl’s room before all things considered. Annabeth’s room wasn’t much a room as more of her cabin’s dorm room, and they don’t look that different from her sibling’s. I saw Rachel’s bedroom in my dream once and was focused more on the ominous paintings she made so yeah, this is the first time I’m visiting anyone’s room.

And now that I think about it more, I never did visit anyone’s room in my life — lack of normal friends and all that.
I wasn’t sure what I was expecting, it was pretty big and average for accommodating two pre-teen girls. With two lavender beds on each side, a desk by the window that overlooked the front yard and was filled with stationaries spread out sheets of homework and pictures together.

What I didn't expect was the number of books at her small shelf hanging beside her bed. Then I looked to my right where half of the room belongs to Petunia, with her small desk beside and the peculiar letter hidden beneath her pillow. I didn't know what came over me, but when I saw the Hogwarts insignia, the curve letters written with quills, there was no way I wasn't curious.

"Percy, what are you-- what's that?" Lily asked when she noticed my suspicious movement.

"A letter from Hogwarts… to your sister, any idea why?"

Before she could answer, Sev snatched the letter from my hand and began to pull out the parchment inside and read before I could snatch it back from him. "Dear Ms. Petunia Evans..." Sev began to read aloud, Lily was starting to look affronted and started to snatch it from him as well. Sev with great agility could somehow dodge us as he kept reading the letter, distracting us with our morbid curiosity.

"As Hogwart's Headmaster I'd like to say I am honored you are interested in attending our school after reading your letter, but I am terribly sorry to tell you that it is impossible for someone with no magical ability such as yourself to attend here. Please do not feel discouraged for what you can't have and let bitterness consume you, for having magic or not does define who you are and what you'll be nor your own potential. I wish you the best of fortune. Signed Albus Dumbledore." I then noticed I had stopped trying to take the letter back and so did Lily as we were all stunt what we just read. Sev was the first one to break the ice.

"She sent a letter to Dumbledore?! To attend Hogwarts no less, I'm surprised she even got a reply from him."

"How did she even sent it?" I voiced out my question.

"I'm not sure, if I have to guess, a wizard working in the post office somehow nabs it and has it sent it to Dumbledore properly."

"And obviously something we have no right to read" Lily dryly said as she snatched the letter back and hastily put it back where it belongs. She turned to give us her cold hard glare at us.

"Now listen, you two! One peep and I mean one peep of this to Tuney and I won't make promises I won't use you two as guinea pigs when I start learning spells, understood?" Sev and I only need to look at one another before we nodded at her. As quickly as it came, Lily's demeanor calmed, and her sweet smile came out as she pulled us out of the room.

"You know, sometimes it scary how quickly her mood can change," I whispered softly to myself.

"I know… isn't she fantastic?"
From that day, I could never look at Sev the quite the same way again.

... 

Spending a few weeks with my friends, it felt longer as we wait the inevitable date of 1st September. What had to be an exciting morning, turned into a grim one as I forced a smile when meeting both Sev's and Lily's family ready to head toward London. It had been one of the few blessed weeks of my Demigod life where I could actually fall asleep without cryptic dreams trying to warn me of the coming future. Heck, I should have been worried the moment I stopped having these dreams, and yet I made a naive thought thinking 'hey, no news is good news, right?'

I was slapped in the head and proved horribly wrong at the moment of my departure to Hogwarts when I finally dreamed once more. It started with the outlook of Manhattan itself, the one I remembered looking over from Mount Olympus. At a glance, there was nothing wrong but the typical nightlife of the northern part of New York. Then slowly but gradually, dark shadows began to enveloped the coast and reaching the heart of the city, green lights flickering at an alarming rate, cries of agony began to grow louder by every second. It was hard not to cave in and close my ears to cut off the noise, but I had enough dreams to know I shouldn't ignore one. The sound of malicious laughter all evil villains tend to have echoed the city and midway switched to a woman, one that I was familiar with.

"Circe," I growled.

"You and that blonde wrench may have destroyed my island, but I thank you as I have taken a much larger opportunity, and no one could stop me, not the gods, and not you."

"You want to bet on that? I've defeated larger and stronger opponents than you Circe, don't think I can't defeat you too."

"Then try and fail Percy Jackson, but be warned, the moment you stepped to that wretched school, you have forfeited your life." I could hear the smirk in her voice.

"Get in line, Lady! You're not the first wishing me dead."

An explosion resounded in the city, and I woke up, cold sweat dampening my forehead. I looked up toward my alarm clock, and it's not even 4 AM yet. Sophia must have sensed something was wrong because she flew out of her cage and stood beside me, looking up with her big round eyes as if asking if I was okay.

"I'm fine... just... getting my nerve straight for whatever is in store for me in the future."

Later that day, I packed up all the things I need, which isn't much, and meet up with the others, ready to go to King’s Cross Station. Now how are we going to find Platform 9¾ is the newest question. Thank Gods for Mrs. Snape being here, we didn't need to search hours for it as we were led to the pillar before platform 10 and told us to run straight to it.

Needless to say, everyone was skeptical, even Severus.

They were, of course, surprised that I was the first one to run into it, but hey- I've seen weirder things, and it sounded legit.
Though it didn't stop taking my breath away when the scenery changed. The platform was just as crowded, but if one paid attention, most of the crowd were wearing robes, various kids bringing a caged owl, and a high whistle from the black-red steampunk ringing throughout the station. I should try to bring Terminus here because Ha! Magic Train does exist!

Before long, Lily and Sev were beside me, followed by the others. The ear-splitting grin the three of us wore were evident on our faces. Mr. and Mrs. Evans were caught in their own amazement as they captured the scene before them. Three guesses who's the only one who wasn't enjoying themselves here.

"Tuney...you know if you really want to... if you want to go to Hogwarts with us I can try asking the Headmaster once I arrive."

"And why would you do that?"

"Why would I...obviously I want us to go together...I mean, I've only heard stories from Sev, but Hogwarts sounds amazing, and I want you to be with me when I go there." I saw a glimpse of hopeful look glimmered in her eyes even though she tried hard not to show it by looking away and examining the black steampunk train, "Besides what could be better than learning magic together?"

I wasn't sure what went wrong from that statement, but she began scowling darkly and pin her a glare that just froze her on the spot. "Oh, and you think you're better than me then?" She let out dry laugh lack any humor, "Is that it? Is that why you want me there, so I'll be humiliated once I get there?" she spat.

"What? No...Tuney, I would never..."

"Then don't even make stupid promises, you knew long ago I'm not one of your kind Lily, or are you trying to make me hopeful just to find out I can't get in? I don't even want to go!"

Lily was all on the verge of tears, and I looked around to find their parents engrossed examining every inch of the station wondrously, and I slapped my forehead in exasperation, "Oh Tuney...I didn't mean...I'm so sorry Tuney but listen..." she caught her sister's hand and held tight to it even though she tried pulling away, "Maybe once I'm there...no Tuney, listen...maybe once I'm there I could talk to Professor Dumbledore and persuade him to change his mind, we can still be together."

Petunia scoffed, "You still don't get it, do you? I'll be perfectly clear, I don't want to go to a stupid castle, and I certainly don't want to learn to be a… a… a freak." and she tugged her hands away.

I've been holding back Severus while they settle this shit show, but at this point, whether she was a kid or her sister doesn't matter, I took few steps forward so I would seem to loom over and bared my teeth at her, "Say that one more time, I dare you... I thought I'd give you the benefit of the doubt since obviously Lily cares about you, but don't think I'd stand you bad mouthing her when you're just jealous."

"Jealous... why would I be jealous of her, I should be glad of not being a freak like her"

"Then why the letter?" I shot back at her, doing my best not to wring my hand around her neck

Petunia looked confused at first until it slowly widens as realization dawn on her and she turned beet red, "You read my...that was private...you were in my room!" She almost shrieked the words.
She eyed her sister, who was half glancing Sev and me, "You let them in my room and sneaking around with them, how could you?!!" Technically it was their room, but no one seemed to notice.

"We didn't mean to!" Lily tried to explain, "but Percy saw the envelope and Sev was curious how a muggle could have contacted Hogwarts, much less getting a reply. But that's all really! He said there must be a wizard working undercover in the postal service who take care of..."

"Apparently wizard poke their nose everywhere!" Petunia turned from red to pale then she faced me as she spat "Freak!" and ran to be with her parents.

"Lily...I know you loved her, I really do, but can I pleeeeeese have a go with her"

"Percy."

"I won't even use magic!"

"Percy!"

"Fine," I grumbled out with a sigh.

Sev who had been silent this whole time sighed and mumbled out 'finally she's gone' and decided we should continue putting out bags to one of the carts. The Evans had one last goodbye hug, and I winced from the small fact my mother isn't here. I'm still in the early stage, but hopefully whatever changes I made at least was enough to delay things in the present. I looked to the side where Sev and Mrs. Snape were...talking, she looked like she wanted to give him a hug or any small sign of affection, but Sev's body language told her clearly that all he wanted was to jumped to the train and go far away from here.

I wasn't sure what to say when seeing the heart-broken expression she had, I wanted to walk over to them and talk, but the train whistled, and the conductor started bellowing for us to get on board.

"Come on, Lily, Percy!" And with the last prompting from Sev, we board the train.

... 

We walked through the corridor, searching for compartment fit enough for the three of us. Most were already filled until we reached one with only two students, "Excuse me, do you mind if we sit here?" I asked them. They looked at each other for a short while then shrugged their shoulder, "Go ahead."

"So are you guys first years?" Asked one of the two, he was a boy with unruly hair, long nose, I could say from a glance he looked a lot similar to me if I hadn’t been wearing my glasses, but scrawny and he had dark hazel eyes instead of my sea green one. I wouldn't be surprised if anyone thought we were relatives.

"Yeah, we are. My name is Percy Jackson, this two are my friends, Severus Snape, and Lily Evans," I pointed two of my friends. Lily listlessly waved back while Sev only nodded in acknowledgment.
"Cool, we're first years too, the name's Sirius by the way."

"And my name's Potter, James Potter."

I nodded with a smile and almost trip when the implication hit me. HOLY FREAKING ZEUS! What are the chances I found the kid on the first day of Hogwarts? I’m supposed to be happy, but since when have the Fates made things easier for me. Or is this because the god’s blessings are at work? Because it’s straining me just to wear my poker face around them all, and from the concerned look Sev was shooting me, I obviously didn't do it right.

"Hey, I'm going to change to my robe, you don't mind, right?" Sev asked us. I looked up and down at his usual ruggy and outsize clothes that demanded a change of wardrobe, he must be itching to finally wearing clothes that don't make him looked like a bum.

"Yeah, sure go ahead Sev we'll be here until then"

He nodded, and when he finally went off, I switched my attention to Lily, who's been silent the whole time as she gazed the outdoor scene that ran past the Hogwarts Express. "You're mad at me." it was a statement, and I flinched at her burning gaze. Damn, Lily can really look angry when she wants to.

"You shouldn't have told her Percy, because of you now Tuney...Tuney ha...hates me," she said between her choked sobs.

"She doesn't hate you, Lily." I insisted.

"And how would you know that?!"

"Because you're her sister."

Lily blinked and looked confused at that, "Look, she might say all that but it doesn't change the fact you guys are sisters, she might badmouth you or bully you, or say things you don’t like, but no, she doesn't hate you. She's only sulking right now," I reasoned with her. Sure Petunia acted she hated her, but spending time with half-siblings and distant cousins in camp, you know it takes more than that to actually hate someone. My face turned solemn at the memory of Luke, of letting his anger took over him to the point of pushing him to his death. Yet, after everything was said and done, he never truly hated his father.

"That doesn't make it better Percy," she retorted solemnly and breaking me out of my thoughts.

"Hey sisters fight, right? You two will get over it, and I'm not sorry when I said it." I ignored her rage-filled expression as I continued, "She called you a freak, whether you're her sister or not, I'm not going to keep quiet when someone insults my friend." That did the trick. Lily's heat in her eyes began to diminish and went into deep thoughts with a faint blush across her cheeks.

"Still...you don't have to..."

The compartment door opened, and Sev stepped inside with his all-new uniform, I whistled softly at him, "Looking good Sev." Sev smiled and turned to Lily, but she only leveled a glare at him before turning away once more.

"What did I do this time?" Sev asked
"Oh don't play innocent Sev, I'm mad that you read out Tunney's letter when you shouldn't have and now she's mad at me because of it!" She huffed out.

"So what?"

I rolled my eyes and slapped his head in response, "You're not helping your case." I hissed at him.

Sev took one glance at Lily's dislike look and sag. "Okay, I admit I was in the wrong, but why do you care so much when she's only a..." he caught himself before he could finish the word and instead deflect the subject, "But it doesn't matter, we're going now! All three of us, to Hogwarts!"

I snorted.

Sev sag once more only in exasperation, "Seriously, Percy, after all this time?"

"Hey, don't blame me when the school is named after a--" I snorted again as I kept myself from laughing, "Pig Pimple."

"Good Merlin, you're the only one who thinks that way."

A small bout of laughter came from our side, and we turned to find Lily trying her best to muffled her laughter with both her hands, "Don't...make me pfft...laugh, I'm still...mad at you two."

"Aw, don't blame us and our charming personality for that Lily, and you know you can't hate us forever." I grinned charmingly at her, using the same look I used to use to get my way with my mom sometimes.

Lily eyes softened as usual from our antics, and I inwardly cheered once she smiled too, "Yeah, I can't... but I expect you two write an apology letter for Tunney once we arrive and owl them later, got that?!"

"Yes, ma'am," we mumbled together.

A chuckle took our attention, and we turned back toward the two boys who tried their best holding back, "Sorry, didn't mean to eavesdropped but you guys weren't quiet either," the one called Sirius pointed out.

"Though I had to ask, 'pig pimple'? Where did you get that from?" James added, stifling a chuckle himself.

"Hey, I'm an American through and through, that name isn't doing justice for me."

James’s eyes widen, and leaned forward in interest, "America, then why are you going here? Don't get me wrong but don't they have a magic school there? Ivory-something."

Huh, they do? I'm surprised the Hecate Cabin doesn't know that... or they're possibly that good at keeping a triple life.

"Ilvermorny if that's what you meant," Sev supplied for him.

James snapped his finger, "Ilvermorny, that’s it, why didn't you go there?"
"Well...I moved to England since I don't have any other relative other than my distant aunt so...here I am!" I answered him hesitantly.

"Good for you then, Hogwarts is the best wizard school around, so you've got the best end of the stick if you ask me," Sirius gave his two cents.

I shrugged, "I guess so, at least I have these two with me." I shot them grin to what they respond with their own smile. And I really meant what I said, not just because of my quest, but also because in this timeline, I can't imagine not being with them in the distant future.

"You'd be clueless if I weren't anywhere with you," Sev retorted with his smirk.

"And you'd be lonely without me," I shot back.

"Real mature Percy..."

"I am mature, Sevvy." I grinned, “but let’s face it, you’d be just like any other emo around with a scary looking eye bag if you didn’t have a cool looking guy like me.”

Sev rolled his eyes at me, “Oh how gracious of you, how will I ever repay you...” his words oozed sarcasm as he said it.

“"You love me, and you know it, Sev.”

Both of us exchanging bold looks of who could top the others but it quickly stopped.

"Oh stop flirting both of you," Lily retorted that cause a shock out of us two and had us choking in air. James and Sirius laughed at our reaction.

"So I had to ask, which houses you plan to be in?" James asked curiously.

"Anywhere really, I don't mind being put in any of the houses though I was hoping I'd be wherever these two go."

"Hmm, I'm still not sure myself, all the houses sounded wonderful," Lily commented.

"Slytherin if I had to choose, and I'm sure both of you would be great in there with me," Sev answered with a hopeful tone.

James expression made a quick turnaround, no longer he looked amused and eyed us critically, "Slytherin? Why would anyone want to go there?!" he asked incredulously.

His tone got me slightly on guard, while my eyes narrowed at him, "Why not? They don't sound too bad."
"Coming from him maybe, but everyone knows no bad wizard aren't from Slytherin, I'm more surprised they still have that house hanging around, don't you think?"

The boy next to him, Sirius, looked back at him with a guarded expression, "My whole family has been in Slytherin."

That seemed to catch James off guard, mouth, and eyes widen in surprise, "Blimey, and I thought you seemed all right."

Instead of feeling insulted, Sirius responded with a grin, "I may break tradition though, where are you heading if you get to choose?"

There was a smug look on his face as he held an invisible sword, "Gryffindor, where dwell the brave at heart!" Like my dad."

Sev made a small disparaging noise but audible for them to hear, "Sure if you want to be brawny rather than brainy."

"Wherever you are going, see you neither," interjected Sirius, causing James to roared with laughter and made Sev blushed red but more from anger rather than embarrassment. I was just as angry at them, but I'm more concerned about why their attitude suddenly changed just because of choosing their desired house.

"That's not a nice thing for you to say!" Lily was just as flushed as him while glaring daggers at them.

"At least wherever he's going isn't anywhere close to--how do you Brittish said it--oh yeah, a faced like a bag of smashed crabs."

"Percy!"

"Oh, you think you Americans are so funny, aren't you? Or are you just that much of a prick?" James retorted.

“Can’t say the same for everybody, but I am looking at one.”

"THAT'S ENOUGH!" Lily yelled out that froze the rest of us in place, "Percy, Severus, let's just change compartment and get out--" whatever the last word she meant to say was cut off. My eyes practically bulged out at the shadow flying quickly toward us from the sky, and kept a locked at it until I realized what it was and it was flying toward us...really...

"FAST!"

"GET DOWN!" I tackled Lily and shielded her from the burst glass and the horrific screech of a griffin followed by screamed from behind me. I took out Riptide and in one quick motion cut off the legs and had it fly off, but not so far off that its flapped wings weren't out of earshot.

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL WAS THAT?" James shouted out.

"Lily, Percy, are you okay?" Sev asked frantically, ignoring the scared pair behind him. I shot him a flat expression which made him coughed sheepishly, "Right, stupid question, but seriously Lily...are you hurt anywhere or..."
"I'm fine, thank god Percy was quick to shield me."

"Okay, I'm bloody confused here so can somebody EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON?!" Sirius yelled.

"Sorry, pricks aren't allowed on this secret, please try again when you learn common decency." With that, I jabbed them on the back of their neck and had them collapse in unconsciousness. I looked over the window, and to my horror that Griffin was about to tackle down the compartment again, "Severus, Lily watch over those Boneheads, I'm going to handle that monster so make sure no panic arises."

"Percy are you mad?! That beast almost clawed your head off, and we're in a train going over 30 miles per hour!"

I couldn't help but let out a sheepish grin, "Just your typical Tuesday, wouldn't you say?!" Sev raised his hand, exasperated and Lily looked like she was lost at words. I took the griffin's leg and held down my grimaced then held on a windowsill as I prepared to climb up the train's roof, "Wish me luck!"

The movies might have made it cool fighting on top of a train, it should be evident that it's far from that with me putting all my full focus trying to gain some semblance of a balance while fighting off the wind that kept rushing past me.

"Hey Feather Tail, miss something?" I sneered at one of the most majestic and temperamental monsters, the griffin with its missing hind legs and had it squawked in anger. Considering I'm barely standing still on a train and said train was running over a deep valley, provoking it might not have been a good idea.

I ducked as sharp claws whiz over me, and I tried keeping my eyes toward the Griffin. It made a U-turn with faster speed, I block the upcoming claws with Riptide, but it got smart on me and jabbed its beak to my shoulder.

I groaned in pain, fighting tooth and nail to make sure I don't stagger back and lose my balance when I'm a hundred feet away from the ground. Gritting my teeth and made an effort to lift my leg and making a sharp kick to its neck. The Griffin would have fallen down if it weren't for its stupid wings keeping it--

My thought trailed off as an idea came up to me since I can't move much either with my shoulder burning in pain, I stab my sword to the train to keep me steady and my right hand to my other pocket. "What was it called again...veri...Peri..." the griffin soar higher and higher, and I felt my heart fell from dread as it ready to sweep me away.

That forced my mind to remember one of the few spells the three of us learned together, I pull out my wand in one fast swipe, aim it, and cried out 'Verdimillious duo!'

If a griffin could look surprised than this one sure did because the moment it saw my wand, it was about to swerve away, but it was too late. A jet of red flare hit the wings dead on, surprising it and losing control of its wings for just a moment.
But a moment is all I needed.

When it came close enough, with one swipe of my sword, I had the monster turned to golden dust. It was only then when my adrenaline slowly fades, and the pain became more prominent. "Styx, this one is going to leave a mark," I groaned out. Slowly I started to go to the edge and climbed down to my compartment where Sev and Lily were nervously waiting for me. They gasped when they saw the bloody bruise I had on my shoulder, and I could only manage an impish grin.

"What are you smiling about? Sit the bloody hell down you crazy Git!" Lily yelled.

"Now Lily, what will your mother say when she hears you-- meep! " My words died out when she all but glared at me, I shut up and sat down while Sev was busy rummaging his bag.

"Here, I stock on a few potions just in case," he sighed as he looked up, “At first, I doubted anything would happen on our way here. Clearly, I underestimated our luck."

"You and me both, buddy."

"Both of you shut it, I need to concentrate!" And so we did, she made the appropriate gesture before she whispered out a spell, all the broken glasses began floating and fixing itself until the windowpane was good as new.

Sev gave me the stink eye when I hesitated to take the potion, so albeit hesitantly I gulped it down in one go, ignoring the rat fur taste lingering on my tongue, ugh what would I give for some nectar, "So, should we change compartments?" I asked.

Sev and Lily looked at the two boys who are still out cold innocently and looked back at me,

“‘Let’s.’” Then they both held each of my arms, making sure I wouldn't stagger away. My only remaining thought as I looked at my two friends was thus:

This will be one hell of a year.
A Singing Hat Chooses my Dorm

Chapter Summary

You would think it’d be smooth sailing toward Hogwarts. Clearly, that was not the case with the Griffin’s claw mark on my shoulder could tell you anything.

But this just proves it’d be one hell of a year in Hogwarts with me around.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When the train finally shook to a stop, I was woken up by Lily’s voice and rough shaking. There was a look of glee on her that quickly switches to concern, and I knew then that I looked worse for wear despite resting up. Gazing down at my right shoulder, I was reminded that I had changed into my robes, concealing the fact I had been attacked by a murderous greek monster.

"We're here, we're finally here!" Sev excitedly told us.

And indeed we’re here. Stopping at a station where it was flooded with students. I found myself looking up at the sky and hitch a breath at how clear it was. I could see the blinking constellation of Heracles, who I scowled at the Jerk, at the unicorn, and even found Aquarius among the midst.

‘But no Zoë...’

For a moment, that thought invited another wave of homesickness. I was reminded back of New York's skyline and the high buildings that stretched all over the city, it’s buzzing park, and the familiar scent of filthy rivers. Of my mom carrying my future sister inside her, of Paul, who always seemed to believe that I’ll come back, at my Father who felt further away from me than I ever. Not just because I was in the past, but because how I felt more lost of his invisible connection of the sea that seemed to vibrate around me, telling me that he was always there.

It dawned on me how I was really on my own and tried to push aside that thought away.

Okay, Percy. You know about this already. Don't hang up on the bad stuff, you got this. You have Hecate on your side, so think positive thoughts!

We joined the crowd gushing through the corridor and out on a tiny dark platform. The day turned to night, and there was a bellow calling on us, "Firs' years! Firs' years over here! Come along you lot!"

The three of us made toward the voice, and I choked at a giant! Or rather, a half-giant size person
hairy person more like because he was the biggest person (and I’m not including monsters here)
I’ve ever seen, but calling him giant might be too insulting. Though there was a brief thought that I
wasn’t sure if he was truly human.

"Mind yer step, now ev’ryone! C’mon, follow me, Firs’ years follow me!"

Slipping and stumbling, we all followed Hagrid down what seemed to be a steep, narrow path. It
was dark on either side that lily held on to both me and Sev for comfort. I confessed my gut was
churning in unease, the trees were thick enough to cover our sight, but I would go past them as if
there were magical creatures or the like, just watching us out of sight.

Then the big hairy man bellowed once more, "Wel’ome to Hogwarts, my nem’s Hagrid and I’m er
Keeper o’ keys and groundskeeper o’ Hogwarts, nice to meet all of yeh. Now move along er lot of
yeh or ye’l’ll miss dinner!" and all that morbid thought was washed away at the sight I was seeing, a
collective "Oooh" and "Aaah" rang out around us, eyeing the vast castle with many turrets and
towers perched on a mountain. My first thought would have been ‘Annabeth would have killed to
see this.’ My second thought was something along the line of ‘Whoa.’

Yeah, not a very intelligent response.

"No more’n four to a boat!" The hairy man called out. The three of us immediately got in the
nearest empty boat, followed by one other kid. A girl with pale blonde hair tied in a bun, she has
hazel almond-shaped eyes and sharp nose.

Lily, who was still transfixed at the ever looming castle, first broke the silence out of the four of
us. "This is amazing..." the girl looked up following Lily gaze.

"Definitely amazing up close," she softly agreed with her. Turning Lily’s attention from the castle
to her, and took her response probably as greenlight for making friends with her.

"You've been here?" Lily asked curiously.

"No, only ever looked from as far as Hogsmeade."

"Hog-where?"

"It's the place we arrive at Percy. Honestly, you should pay attention more," Sev answered for me
with a typical eye-roll as follow up.

"Hey, ADHD remember?"

"So, what's your name?" Lily asked the newcomer, ignoring us as she always had most of the time.
The girl looked uneasily at me and Sev who are still bickering, "MG, just call me MG.” She shook
Lily's outstretched hand.

"Hi, my name is Lily, Lily Evans. These two are my friends, Percy Jackson, and Severus Snape."

"MG… is that a nickname or initial?" I tried asking.

"The answer is none of your business.” Ouch, grouchy. I must have touched a sensitive subject. As
curious as I was, I know when to wise up and stay away from a particular topic, especially one that
would invite a woman's scorn.

So, to lighten the mood, I would have changed the subject. But then we felt a nudge at our boat. The rocking wasn't rough, so we weren't that surprised nor were we panicking, but we did start to look down at the jet black water, trying to find hints of anything that could have rocked us.

"Did we hit anything?" MG asked, her gaze darting around in wariness.

"I don't think so," I answered. "Even if there is, we barely could see anythi–HELLO!" The rest of the three were surprised by my sudden outburst that almost made them jumped alongside me.

"What...what's wrong?" Sev asked.

"I might either be either wrong or hallucinating," I admitted shakily.

"Percy, what are you talking about?" Lily asked, worry etching on her face.

"Just tell us what you see!" MG demanded.

"It's... kind of hard to believe a school would think a Kraken would make a good pet in their lake." Lily and Sev froze from my answer while MG still looked confused.

"Oh right, you don't know most Muggle Stories. Well to enlighten you, muggles have these stories from the sea that often people took as fact or legends, one of those presume legends..." As if on cue, a 10-foot long tentacle shot out from the lake, causing screams from all the first years, "Is a giant squid capable of sinking down ships," I finished without the slightest hitch in my tone.

Lily, Sev, and MG began screaming their tops off that I felt my ears ringing. I had my fingertips touch the water and relay my thoughts through it. 'Thanks for that, Greg, because that display you showed was just awesome!'

'To aid the son of the Sea Lord is nothing less than a pleasure, I wish you a safe year Young Demigod.'

'Thanks, but we both know that's just wishful thinking, also you can drop the formal act and call me Percy.'

'Nonsense, it is disrespectful for calling you anything less formal then My Lord.'

'Okay...whatever you say Greg.'

The tentacle retracted just as quickly, and I had to put effort hiding my snigger, 'Don' yeh firs' year worry yer little head off, that was just Greg the Giant Squid, he won' hur' a fly." The big hairy man informed us with a toothy smile.

The first years didn't look one bit convinced, which was hilarious to me.

Once we arrived on shore, we walked up a flight of stone steps and crowded around the large, oak front door which the hairy man knocked three times. The door swung open and there, standing upright waiting for us in a stern look that I had to familiarize with my time from multiple schools, was a witch dressed in emerald robe that I knew was a teacher in first sight. I turned to my side to
find MG being the only one who looked at her in confliction. I wasn’t sure. She could have just been feeling nervous or troubled with the woman’s particular character. Either way, she didn't look good seeing the black haired woman.

"Thank you as always Hagrid, First Years follow me!" said the stern woman. We followed her through the stone castle, despite having only torches on the wall as the single source of light, the hall looked brighter, but not enough to not give off a goth vibe that Thalia would undoubtedly have appreciated. What took my notice the longest, was that here was the old magic surrounding this castle that reminded me of the labyrinth. Not ancient magic like the gods had, but more of an old magic. I don't think I’d be surprised if they say the castle was alive!

Okay, maybe a bit surprised.

We crowded onto an empty chamber where the woman began introducing herself as Professor McGonagall, she began explaining the sorting, houses, house points, it wasn't anything too different with how the camp works. I started tuning her long winding speech before she left us to our own advice until the sorting began where someone then yelled from behind me.

"YOU!" Sirius called out, loud enough to get the rest to look at the source and witness him pointing at me -- or is it generally the three of us? I couldn’t quite tell. He walked toward us with James on tow, and I dreaded how this will work out.

I tried to feign ignorance by looking around, and when they stopped short in front of me, I pointed at myself, "Me?"

Sirius looked like a flailing fish and wasn't sure what to say as he gestured to all three of us, "You...what did...how did...explain what happened!"

I wasn't sure what to say, I'm not the best liar, and I doubt I could explain why Griffin attacks innocent first year like us, or more importantly how I was able to cut one of its legs off.

Fortunately, I didn't need to "Explain what?" Sev said with a questioning tone. Lily and I turned to him with mixed look of concern and confusion until the wink showed he knew what he was doing.

"What else? I'm talking about that Griffin that attacked us!" James' voice caught the other kids lurking around us.

"Griffin? Did we by chance pass by a griffin Percy?" Sev asked 'innocently' then I knew where this was going and I had to hold back a smile.

"No, I don't think we did Severus." I shrugged 'helplessly.'

"That's a shame, I've always wanted to see one you know...being a muggle-born and all." Lily followed up, sighing forlornly.

The two douchebags were beginning to doubt himself from our words, but they weren't through yet, "Bu...but...but you...don't play dumb you three, there was a griffin...it attacked us...and YOU!" Sirius pointed at me. "You cut its leg off!"

Us three exchanged concerned look and back to him. "So what you're saying is a regularly monitored beast by the ministry was on the loose, attacked our compartment without reason or anyone noticing on the train, and Percy here." Sev circled his hand around me, "A half-blood on his
first year that barely knew any spell somehow cut a highly dangerous beast most adults have problem with, is that right?"

When he said it like that, it does sound ridiculous. I heard snickering and whispering around us, and the two boys were looking red but damn if they weren't persistent. "Shut up," James said, "We...we know what we saw, he was swinging a sword and he..." oh he tried to be sure of himself, but his tone weakened and sounded doubtful until Lily hammered the last nail.

"Then I'm not sure what to say other than you're dreaming or hallucinating because Percy here doesn't have a weapon and I don't think the teachers here would be happy if he were carrying a sharp object around the school. Besides, there's no place for him to hide a sword around his uniform, yes?"

Both of them were at lost for words as no rebuttal was voiced out, Professor McGonagall then came in the right time to shut us all up and urged us to get in line. It took the three of us all 10 seconds before we silently broke out snickering between ourselves.

"Did you see the look on everyone's face? They all thought those two were mad!" Sev breathed out between choked laughter.

"And the look of those two, when we played innocent. Oh god, they were hilarious," Lily snickered back.

"I know, it was awesome, and thanks for backing me up Severus."

"And get them to embarrass themselves? Anytime Percy."

Our snickering stopped short when we entered the Great Hall. I blinked in awe, and I was half conscious that my mouth was gasping at the sight of hundreds of candles floating mid-air, glittering plates and goblet filled the four table where the rest of the students were and the table at the top of the hall. I then noticed sitting at the middle of the table was Professor Dumbledore, sitting with bemused smile and twinkling eyes as he combed his long silver beard with his hand.

Oh yeah, definitely related to Gandalf.

Professor McGonagall put a four-legged stool in front of the first years and placed “A... hat?” I examined before I could hide my surprise. I mean, it’s only a dirty, old, patched up wizard hat. Aren't we going to be sorted?

My question was answered when the hat twitched. Yes, twitched and I wasn't hallucinating, thankfully, then a rip near its beam opened wide and out of all things I could think the hat would say, singing was the middle thing I had in mind.

" Welcome young, welcome old  
and listen to me closely.  
You can try to search the end of earth  
But no hat will be as nosey."

Instead of covering your head  
I will have your thoughts a’bare  
But don’t you worry, your secrets are with me  
If you want your house declare."
Gryffindor you want to be
where courageous lions stand.
Audacious, daring they ought to be
and together they will band.

There's Hufflepuff you try to be,
where fair badgers smile.
You always find one true and loyal
just within a mile.

Then Slytherin you will be,
where ambitious snakes aim.
A crafty folk they strive to be
and achieve anything they claim.

And Ravenclaw you would be,
where wise eagles lay.
Never think they think the same
with that cleverness they display.

Oh, goodness me I had forgot!
You still don't know who I am,
Well put me on, I'm the Sorting Hat
And I'm anything but a sham.”

The hall burst into applause, and the hat bowed to each of the tables, "Huh, a talking singing hat, that's new." I mumbled under my breath.

"When I call your name, you will sit on the stool and the hat will sort you!" Said the black haired professor. She unrolled a long parchment and began calling out their names.

"Avery, Johan."

"SLYTHERIN!"

“Beed, Angela”

“HUFFLEPUFF!”

"Oh thank god we only need to try the hat, I thought we were going to have a test or something" Lily voiced out her thought with her hand on her chest. “Maybe like a job interview.”

"Of course not, it's a wonder half the first years here know any decent spell, not everyone is as eager as you Lily," Sev said to her which made her smile in response and Sev blushed. I rolled my eyes fondly at my two friends but frowned at the thought Lily would marry James in the future. He
did seem okay when we talked to each other at first, but why did his attitude change from the mention of Slytherin? They can't be all that bad.

I was suddenly reminded of Nico and his father, Hades. Hades was somewhat outcasted despite being an Olympian just because he ruled over the dead. He didn't have a cabin then until the Oath, even though Hera had one despite being honorary and she was a maiden god!

The fact that Hades' children fatal flaw is holding a grudge didn't make things better.

I wonder if Slytherin had to suffer the same kind of treatment, I turned to Sev and hope beyond hoped nothing terrible would happen to the kid if he were placed there.

"Black, Sirius"

I instinctively looked up at the familiar name, the slick-haired boy got on the stool and wore the hat that almost obscure his eyes. "So he was from the Black Family" Sev mused softly.

"You know them?"

"Well yeah, they're part of the Sacred 28." He said it to me like I should know what it is, but seeing I knew my expression screamed confused without seeing, he began explaining it to me, "It's the 28 families in the wizarding world that still remain pure-blood by 1930, the Black family is one of the few families that still are and their family all had Slytherin but..."

"GRYFFINDOR"

I hadn't pay the crowd attention much, but the crowd cheers were...dispersed. The Slytherin table had a half-hearted clapping but mostly were whispering among themselves and the Gryffindor table where half were clapping vigorously and half bemusedly. What got my attention most was Sirius, he was grinning ear to ear like he was given his first birthday present.

“Dawlish, John.”

“RAVENCLAW!”

"Dearborn, Caradoc."

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

"Hey Sev, what were you about to say before, about the Black Family?"

Sev blinked away from the Gryffindor table and back to me, "Ah, those are just rumours though, but I heard if someone from their family was placed other than Slytherin they'd get disowned."
My attention went back to Sirius, he didn't look like he was worried, he seemed happy there even. Maybe Sev was wrong, perhaps it really is just a rumor. I mean, I don't like the kid, but no one deserves getting disown from their own family. Even the gods wouldn't go that far, and he's still just a kid, surely his family isn't that extreme. That's just ridiculous.

For some reason, that last thought felt hollow to me.

"Evans, Lily."

Immediately both of us had our head snapped back to front, Lily made one last look at us two and headed toward the stool. She wasn't hiding how nervous she looked, but after a few words exchanged by the professor had somehow calmed her down. She put the hat down only for a moment before it shouted 'GRYFFINDOR!'

I clapped along with the other students now that she was sorted in her own house. I gave her thumbs out when we locked eyes, but her smile turned forced midway. I knew why so I couldn't help the sympathetic look I had toward Sev who looked miserable.

"Cheer up Sev, it's not the end of the world."

"But out of all houses Percy, it had to be Gryffindor!" He groaned out loud.

"Fawley, Gwendolyn."

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

I turned to the newly dub Hufflepuff girl who ran and hugged someone from the same table, possibly sisters. There were few other names called out like Greengrass, Hamsworth, Howard, until finally...

"Jackson, Perseus."

I gulped, and suddenly I felt an all too familiar churning deep down in my gut as I wondered where I'll be placed at. Ideally being in the same house as Lily to have better watch on her, but the more my feet got closer to the hat, I was reminded of the first few days I had in camp. How edgy I was whether I'll fit in or not, the anxious thought whenever I'll get claimed by my dad or not, to find a place just for me. I sat on the stool, and everything went dark with the hat over me.

'Well, what do we have here, another demigod. I haven't seen one of you in years!'

I jumped at the booming voice in my head, I knew from the song he would read my mind or something of the like, but this still feels weird. My thought went in panic mode as string out curse words at myself, and now my secret might be exposed.
'Oh calm your tits lad, I ain't going to blab your thoughts aloud. If you had noticed my sorting, I meant what I said in my song that not a soul but me would know you're from the future sent by the gods themselves to correct the past and that you've gone to...my word, two Great Wars! I'm not sure if you're dastardly lucky to survive or not for getting involved.'

'You and me both. Just to be clear, if anyone found out and they got it from you, you'll do know I can make sure you could never sing a word again, capiche?'

'I know enough from your head that you would follow your word.' The hat began to hummed in thought- or inside my thought in this case.

'Hmm, an interesting case aren't you? Clever, but indeed not a Ravenclaw material. I could see you in Slytherin yes...you've fought many battles for someone so young with your cunning thought and resourcefulness, a lack of ambition but you'll do great there. Perhaps Gryffindor, your recklessness and bravery know no bound you get all sorts of trouble with the lot, that I'm sure. Or Hufflepuff where one loyal and just as you would fit in, you brought fairness for all gods and demigods, my...Helga would be beaming to have you in her house.'

'So... what's the verdict?'

The Hat hummed in thought, assessing me deeply 'I have to say you're one of the trickiest minds, especially when you're mentally seventeen, it gets harder when one's thought became much more complex as they get older and you're one of the most complex ones I knew. You may be Simple-minded Oaf at first glance…'

'Hey, I take offense to that!'

'...but you're more complicated than that. Oh yes, I see darkness stirring inside you. If left unchecked, then one wrong step out of line from anyone and you'll be no different to a storm hurricane to those around you.'

The hat’s perception of me sent chills down my spine, and I was about to retort with a laugh of how wrong he was about me but only managed an air choke, the corner of mind made cold whisper of agreement. I shook it off by diverting the subject.

'Can't you just put me with me, Lily? At least I could run my quest easier that way.'

'Don't insult me, boy! Whether you're a hero, a villain, a wizard or a muggle, do not tell me how to do the job I was made for, not even from the whim of a boy or by the gods.'

I took note of that, and realized what I was asking may have been unreasonable. I'm not sure how the hat was made with magic, but he was created for the sole purpose of sorting and had done that for hundreds of years, so asking to place me out of convenience may have really been insulting.

Right, sorry about that, carry on.'
'...I know just the place for you, oh yes you will be-'

Chapter End Notes

I left it in cliffhanger but if you read the tags then it's clear where he'll be.
A hat ransacked my mind just so he could choose the house that will be my family.
And that house will be...

'...I know just the place for you, oh yes you will be...'

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

The Hufflepuff table cheered at another addition to their house. I got up and trudge to the table and couldn't help glancing back at my two friends.

Oh he tried, Sev tried very hard, but the smile was obviously forced, then he sighed and reluctantly clapped like the rest of the table when he hadn't before. That made me genuinely smiled back at him. I looked at Lily who was clapping too, there was a hint of sadness that we weren't able to be in the same house. I caught sight of Sirius though who was sitting right next to her who had a smug look on and mouthed something I couldn't make out, though I do know it's not something I would like.

An upperclassman stood before me and took my hand with an eager smile, he was a guy in his teen, probably 15-16 year old, he had a sleek brunette hair, large nose, slight pink face, and dark eyes, "Hello Perseus, I'm your prefect, Conall Macmillan, welcome to Hufflepuff."

"Call me Percy and thanks."

"Lupin, Remus."

"GRYFFINDOR!"

I sat on an empty space next to a kid who was the first Hufflepuff sorted. He had spiky brunette hair, light yellow skin, plump face, small nose, bright brown eyes. "Hey, my name is Caradoc, what's yours?" he asked cheerily.

"Percy, nice to meet you." I shook his hand in respond. Then there's a tap on my shoulder, and I turned to find myself facing a girl, she had short perm black hair, black eyes to match, high cheekbones and she wore a sunny smile, "My name is Gwen, nice to meet you. So Percy, what took you so long at the sorting?"

I blinked confusingly at her, "Was it that long? I hadn't noticed."

"Around 3-4 minutes," she told me, "a little bit longer, and you would have reached a Hatstall."

"...okay I'll bite, what's that supposed to be?" I asked in genuine curiosity.

"Macdonal, Mary."

"GRYFFINDOR!"
"It's just a term we used when the hat had to agonize for more than five minutes. It's incredibly rare, the last happened to be Professor McGonagall over there." Gwen explained cheerfully. "So which houses did the Hat consider for you?"

"He said something between Gryffindor, Slytherin, and Hufflepuff."

Caradoc gasped at my answer, "Three houses? That's unheard of! I'm surprised you got chosen to the Duffer House."

That got me raising an eyebrow, "Duffer?"

"Well... how much do you know about the House Cup?" Seeing my confused look, Gwen continued explaining, "House Cup is kind of the award for the best house of the year and the main reason for house rivalry around here. From what I heard, Hufflepuff hasn't won a lot of cups that's for sure. We're not as smart as the Ravens, or cunning and ambitious as those Snakes, not to mention as daring as the Lions so don't expect any glory from us," Gwen shrugged.

So in a manner of speaking, I'm in the Underdog House. Not the first experience, so I'm not sure how to take in all that.

"You seem to know a lot for a firs' year" Caradoc pointed out to Gwen.

"You should thank my sister, she's really a blabbermouth, so she talks about practically everything around here."

"McGonagall, MG."

I glanced back to the front when I heard a familiar name being called, and I plainly saw MG walking too fast for a reasonable pace. Then I took a double take at the name and my eyes widen, "Wait...McGonagall...wasn't one of..."

"The professor has the same name?" She finished for me, "You got that right, looks like the Gryffindor's Head House has a relative."

"GRYFFINDOR!"

The Gryffindor's table cheered aloud as they welcomed their newest member of the house. MG herself looked torn between excitement and the slight disappointment across her face that got me wondering what she might be thinking right now.

"Mulciber, Craig."

"SLYTERIN!"

"By the way, I've been wondering about your accent...you're not from around here are you?" Caradoc asked with a hint of nervousness, he looked like he didn't want to upset me in some way.

"You could say that I moved here from New York and ended up here because of my aunt."

"Then you'll definitely love it here, I mean who wouldn't when you have Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore as our Headmaster!" Caradoc delightly said to me.

"...you've been wanting to said that, didn't you?"

That got him to blush red and scratched the back of his neck. "Was I that obvious?"
"Well, I can't blame you," Gwen piped up from beside, "Dumbledore is easily the most powerful wizard in history since Merlin...or so I heard from my sister."

That got my eyes to widen, I knew he was a big deal, but I didn't realize he was that much of a big deal.

"What's his story?"

"Pettigrew, Peter."

That seemed to be the wrong thing to ask, from the bright round eyes Caradoc was shooting me that I was all too familiar with Grover when he starts giving me two hours praise of the god, Pan, when I asked the kind of god he is.

"Oh, Professor Dumbledore is amazing! You would never imagine the kind of thing that man accomplished in his lifetime..."

I began to only half listen since I knew a hero worship expression when I see one, he was probably going to rant until the sorting was over. Other than what I know about Dumbledore which only stretched of him vanquished that Dark Wizard, Grindelwald, I did catch snippets of the kind of things the Professor had accomplished. Like how he found 12 uses of Dragon Blood; apparently, they can be a fantastic first aid cure as well as an oven cleaner, who knew?

He also explained how he had worked together with the famous alchemist, Nicholas Flamel who turned out to be a wizard as well, and I could have sworn Annabeth mentioned him once as one of the demigods. How he got to become Supreme Mugwump, ignoring the ridiculous name I'm trying hard not to laugh at, which turned out to be the title of the leader of some fancy-schmancy organization that's practically equal to the wizard's version of United Nations and I'll admit that's very impressive.

Why do they have to make such prestigious title named similar to the mixed word of mud, swamp and a dash of the letter U? That I'll never be able to understand.

Then midway listening to his hero-worshiping speech, I frowned at the lack of sound or rather...I noticed most had gone toward whispering with one another, and a few kids were exchanging money?! What in the world!

I shushed Caradoc down and turned to the front and found the same guy...who was it again? Patrick? Peeta? I turned to Gwen who might seem to know what was going on when I zoned out for a while.

"It's been like five minutes since the guy had put the hat on, if he reached seven then he'll break the school's longest hatstall! People are betting on that, that and the house he'll end up," she said excitedly at the change of pace in the sorting.

"Where do you think his house will be?" I asked her.

"Not sure, I suck at guessing. The universe never seemed to want me to win outside of 2 out of 10 chances."

"GRYFFINDOR!"

The whole hall snapped out front when the name of the house was called, and the Gryffindor table cheers were renewed. I took a quick glance at the guy who almost gotten the longest hatstall. Short, buck teeth, light brown unruly hair that almost looked blond, a little chubby and overall he
gave you the kind of mouse feel from him.

"Potter, James."

Another name I recognize had me sat straight and turned toward one of the two guys that my friends and I duped. He seemed to catch me staring as he slightly turned to shoot daggers with his eyes at me before resuming his walk toward the Sorting Hat.

I don't know if I had imagined it, but I think Dumbledore seemed to caught our 'little' exchange because he must have seen something amusing to make him smile.

The hat took a minute or two before putting James the house he all but wanted ever since we had our rides on the train and probably his whole life as he almost skipped toward the Gryffindor. It had been a bit far, so I wasn't sure, but he looked pale when he took off from the hat, and his pace was odd when going to his dream house. All that I shrugged off when James instantly looked like himself when he looked back at his friend. I found that both Sev and I frowned when he all but took his seat near Lily and she seemed to share the same sentiment as us if her face was anything similar to our own.

"Stewedge, May."

"RAVENCLAW!"

"Someone you knew?" Caradoc asked, and Gwen looked just as curious even without asking.

"Just a Prat I met on a train," I answered evenly.

"Snape, Severus."

The frown I had been wearing promptly changed into a grin as my friend took a step toward the Hat. It took almost no time at all as his house was shouted his house across the hall.

"SLYTHERIN!"

I admit my applause was just as loud as from the Slytherin's table, Sev met eyes with me, and I gave him a thumbs up. The elated look he had was distinct, but I caught the slight flashed of sadness probably because we won't be there sitting next to him since Sev isn't entirely used with new people.

"Vance, Emmelin."

"GRYFFINDOR!"

Once the last of the first year were called out, Albus Dumbledore stood up with arms open wide, and the beaming with his old eyes that seemed to carry year's worth of wisdom. Something reminiscent of Chiron. I couldn't help picture them together playing pinochle, and Mr. D was grumbling being on the losing side from both.

"Welcome," he said. "Welcome to another new year of Hogwarts" Cue snorting from my side, it's even funnier when he said it.

"Before we begin our banquet I like to say a few words: urre mihi passerem indusia."

"Thank you and tuck in."

The rest of the hall went clapping as if he had just said the most significant thing mankind has
known while I was one of the few that were left gawking that he said to the thousands of student here that his bird burned his underwear without a hint of shame?

"Huh, I wonder what Professor Dumbledore just said, don't you Percy...Percy are you okay?" Caradoc asked in concern when he saw me burying my face on my hand.

I waved him off then looked at my new friend who had been singing praises for the man and decided to let it go, "Nothing, let's just eat and pretend he never said that."

Caradoc blinked confused before he decided to focus toward the full plates on the table of every assortment of food you could find. From roast chicken, lamb chops, sausages, steak, bread, boiled potatoes, fries, pudding, tart and other foods I've never seen that I'm pretty sure are enhanced in some way, because I'm not sure how *soup rolls* are physically possible.

But I got to say, they are delicious.

If only there were blue food, the dinner would have been perfect.

I then eyed a kid at the corner of my eye on the Gryffindor table who was waving a wand at his food, I blinked, surprised to find his casserole turning its shape into a small bunny and began laughing maniacally as he cut its head off, spitting red juice and meat out of the severed head. His peers seemed to find that morbid joke funny, either because it was some kind of inside joke or they just find cutting a bunny shaped food to be funny.

A sudden idea flashed inside me, and I turned to my two new friends. "Any of you knows a spell that could change color?"

Gwen and Caradoc turned to look at me in wonder before Doc (maybe I should call him that from now on) nervously said he knew one. Why he was looking nervous about it, I'm not sure.

I made a wide-grinned at him and asked if he could turn my lambchop into blue. One of the few foods I never thought I could find it in blue. Doc waved his wand in peculiar motion and while I didn't quite catch the spell he used, but it successfully turned it blue. I pumped my fist in the air in glee, and if Sev and Lily caught sight of my food, they would give me a fond smile as to why I was preppy.

"Doc, you are now my favorite Hufflepuff friend."

"Uhm, thanks Perc...wait...Doc?"

I ignored him and began to devour my blue meat in speed that could make Tantalos... proud. I've dreamed of this day happening, but I never thought I'd live to experience it. I was busy reliving my dream that I failed to notice the gasped those sat around me, and the echoed laughter from behind.

"That is an interesting color you want for your meal."

I turned around and found myself a bit surprised at a pearly white transparent ghost floating behind me, he looked like a fat little monk, and he had a jolly smile with faint pink dimples. I found myself thinking whether he was truly a ghost or a Lares - a house god - because I found out the hard way they don't like being mixed up between those two.

"Oh pardon me, I haven't introduced myself, my name is Henry Francis Woodhead, and I welcome you all to my house Hufflepuff!"

"I know who you are," said Gwen. "My sister told me about you, you're the Fat Friar."
"Indeed, that nickname never leaves even though it's been more a thousand years since I've eaten, hohohohoho." The ghost called the Fat Friar left, phasing through the table and floated away.

I looked around, and somehow, I could tell those who are muggle-borns and not just from their expression. I looked back at the High Table and was curious about the kind of teachers there are currently.

"Hey Gwen, do you know the names of the teachers there? Preferably those I shouldn't try crossing." because gods forbid if I got expelled here before getting my quest done, making my first order of business is to make sure not to get any of the teacher's attention at me.

She swallowed down her drink and nodded. "Only a few, there's Professor McGonagall the Transfiguration Professor she's pretty strict, so you don't want to cross her. Professor Flitwick that teaches charms is the short one among them, and he's sort of laid back from what I heard. Professor Slughorn, who teaches potion, only cares those who excel his class and those associated with the ministry. Professor Hooch, I think you want to get on her good shoe if you have any interest in quidditch. Professor Sprout is our Herbology teacher and our House Head so you wouldn't have to worry much about her because she's practically the nicest teacher here. There are few other professors we wouldn't need to worry about them until our third year and the rest I forgot."

"I'm surprised you know that much from your sister, you must have been eager to learn here."

"You have no...idea..." she let out with barely concealed excitement.

After dinner went on for a while, the food and desserts disappeared, and Professor Dumbledore got to his feet again. The hall fell silent until only his voice rang out. "Ahem- just a few more words now that we are all fed and watered. I have a few start-of-term notices to give you."

"This year again, we'll have a new Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher. Unfortunately, Professor Rotwood is not present for today's feast but will arrive by tomorrow for her first lesson."

"First years should note that the forest on the grounds is forbidden to all pupils. And a few of our older students would do well to remember that as well. I have also been asked by Mr. Pringle, the caretaker, to remind you all that students are forbidden from the faculty areas unless given a permission slip so not to repeat a certain 'sandpit' incident." A few rounds of chuckles were heard throughout the hall from what I could guess being reminded of the event.

Ooooh, now I'm curious about it.

"Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of the term. Anyone interested in playing for their house teams should contact Madam Hooch."

"And now, before we go to bed, let us sing the school song!" cried Dumbledore. The other teachers' smiles became rather fixed at his announcement. Dumbledore gave his wand a little flick, as if he was trying to get a fly off at the end, and a long golden ribbon flew out of it, which rose high above the tables and twisted itself, snakelike, into words.

You know I never believe they were actually bad songs, maybe some annoying at times or perhaps weird but never bad. How I was proven wrong at that moment that a song that bad could even exist, I think those from Apollo Cabin would have cried for shame to let it such a song live, not to mention sung. Moreover, Dumbledore looked pleased for some reason, as if nothing was more enjoyable than singing the song.

It's official, that old man is bonkers.
Once that was over, Conall and another sixth-year girl then round up all of us, first years, and lead us off down the stairs to a corridor, passing a larger than life painting of a fruit bowl toward a large pile of barrels. Stacked at the shadowy right side of the hallway. Conall began tapping one of the barrels in rhythm before revealing a sloping earth passage inside.

A sloping, earthy passage inside the barrel travels a little way upwards until a cozy, round, low-ceilinged room is revealed, reminiscent of a badger's set. The place is decorated in the cheerful, bee-like colors of yellow and black, emphasized by the use of highly polished, honey-colored wood for the tables.

A colorful profusion of plants and flowers seem to relish the atmosphere of the Hufflepuff common room: various cacti stand on circular wooden shelves, many of them waving and dancing at passers-by, while copper-bottomed plant holders dangling amid the ceiling cause tendrils of ferns and ivies to brush your hair as you pass under them.

A portrait over the wooden mantelpiece shows a plump woman in black dress and a witch hat. Her face showed a bright warm smile, carrying a wand on one hand, and a cup on the other. I was stunned a bit when the portrait move because—well moving portrait was a first—the plump woman beamed at us with her smile, "Welcome, welcome to Hufflepuff and to your new home."

"Everyone, that's Helga Hufflepuff. One of the four founders of Hogwarts." Conall introduced us, which to Helga waved to us in respond. Some of the first years nervously wave back at the portrait. "While she may not be the real thing, do treat her some respect."

Conall directed the girls to one round door on the right while the boys to the left. Me, Doc, and three other first years found our room that had our trunks. Sophia was getting restless inside her cage since she hasn't had her meal, and I quickly made to get it to her.

Once we all changed to our pajamas, we went fast asleep after a long day and woke up the next day, thanking the gods (or just Hecate) for the dreamless sleep I had.
Going Back to School (Ugh, The Horror!)

Chapter Summary

The Hat has spoken, and I've been placed as a Hufflepuff. Apparently, the House of the Duffer as they call it. Why does the universe keen in putting me among the underdog, I wonder.

You would think I would survive the first day without getting into trouble.

Boy, was I wrong about myself.

It didn't take long before I was wiping clean the many dusted trophies and medals, being watched over by Apollyon Pringle, the caretaker of Hogwarts. The guy, from what I heard, never seems to show any emotion on his job and never compromises on his punishment. His lack of emotions only made him more intimidating in his own way.

Yes, most of you might be thinking: 'Geez! Detention already Percy? It's only been the first day!'

Well, just because I've been handling myself better at Goode doesn't mean I still don't get in trouble.

See, here's the thing... On our first day after we had our breakfast and getting semi-acquainted with the other Hufflepuffs (especially with my new friends, Gwen and Doc) we moved to our Transfiguration Class for our first lesson with Gryffindor. In essence, the class is all about transforming one object into another. Sounds fun and useful, don't you think? Which is why I was eager to learn it. Even though my ADHD would make things harder for me, I should at least try, right?

However, the lesson got more challenging when you have McGonagall as your teacher. She is every bit of the kind of authority figure I dislike. Not as much as Ms. Dods (No one could top her in the Worst Teacher Department) but I experienced with enough teachers to know she's not going to permit any excuses in her class. She's strict, intelligent, impartial, she's on the list of don't-tick-this-person-off.

"Transfiguration is some of the most complex and dangerous magic you will learn at Hogwarts," she said. "Anyone messing around in my class will leave and not come back. You have been warned."

Yup, definitely on the list.

So, of course I'd tick her off in the end. I'm starting to think I'm cursed from having a quiet normal life at school.

"I told you it was an accident! I swear I did not mean to make my match explode!"

Professor McGonagall looked skeptical. As if she never had a student messed up a spell as bad as I had.

So I have no talent for transfiguration, James and Sirius made it like I'm the laughing stock of the
whole house. The jeered laughter from those couple of Gryffindor Gits almost pushed me to an edge if Lily wasn't there as well to calm me down. Her laugh was more of a 'typical Percy' rather than a mocking one.

Oh, as bad as it had been then, it wasn't that incident that had got me in trouble. Nor had it been on that one incident from Charm Class where I managed to flood the classroom.

What do you expect?! I am the Son of the Sea God! Do you honestly think I wouldn't get to flood my classroom with a spell at least once or twice?

No, what really did it, was what happened on my fifth period, which had been Herbology at the time because I ate a flower from one of the greenhouses raw. Yeah, I know. Silly right? And not my most brilliant moment. But you have to understand, Professor Sprout had offhandedly mentioned how the Molly flower had worked well against Circe's dark spells, and my brilliant brain thought it was a good idea to eat it to combat Circe and my hand had shoved it inside my mouth before it hit me what I was doing wasn't quite appropriate in front of the whole class.

Oh, nobody asks but turns out flower taste bitter.

"How did you even pluck it?!" Professor Sprout practically shrieked, "That flower is almost impossible to be picked bare-handed by any mortal human!"

*Good thing I'm not mortal then* but there's no way I could say that to her. So with nothing to say on the how and why I randomly ate a magic flower. and ignoring instructions from the Professor, I was sentenced to detention. Now that I think about it, it's pretty embarrassing and ironic that I got the Head of my House to put me in detention on my first day. I feel a bit bad for Professor Sprout. I remembered telling this all to Sev, and he outright laughed, which is sort of an achievement seeing Sev laughs as much as he makes jokes, alongside Lily. Can't blame them, I would laugh too if it were anyone else. Heck, my crazy exploits for the first day got widespread throughout the school that it got distorted a bit. Gwen even asked if I had actually burned down a classroom, which I know she knew was untrue but wanted to ask anyway just to mess with me.

So here I am, getting letting my precious sleep be taken away, bit by bit by the horrid chore I'm doing.

Well... not too horrid anyway. Once you've washed dishes with lava while being watched over by a couple of furries, anything compared to that was tame. I tried to chat up with Mr. Pringle (good god what's up with Wizard and names? His sounds like pringles!) to fill with the time, but only get a blank stare in return.

The most memorable of my class that did not involve me flunking or destroying anything was probably Potion Class with Professor Slughorn. He was a fat old man with a bulging belly that his buttons must have a hard time holding on, and thinning grey hair. Gwen had whispered to me that his prominent enormous mustache had most of the student called him Professor Walrus. He was a jovial man that didn't seem to mind his figure and took everything in stride, his teaching method somehow reminded me of Chiron; exciting and interactive. Able to constantly joke while withholding our attention as he points out the core of his lesson for cure potion for boils (Not that I know what boils are, but I just roll with it.)

"Now, that we've established the ingredients and method, everyone, find a partner and worked it out together!"

I locked eyes with Lily and smiled in tandem, but then my sleeve was tugged by Doc, who sheepishly asked to be my partner. The guy had a hard time chatting up new people, so I made an
apologetic gesture to Lily, who smiled understandably. Then, we both scowled when James sat beside her. I watched as Lily looked left and right for a vacant partner, but everyone was already occupied and...well...that just won't do wouldn't it?

"Hey Doc, we're friends, right?"

"Uh...yeah? Why do you ask?"

"Nothing, just that I owe you one for this."

"Huh?"

I got up and walked over to the two, smiling innocently as I ignored Lily's surprised look and James's scowl, "What do you want Jackson?"

"Obviously not you James," Lily almost broke out into laughter at James' stupor. "Hey Lily, I heard Doc still searching for a partner, you mind filling with him?" Lily's eyes widen at my admission, looking back from Doc to me. I didn't get to wait for her to respond before gently pushing her over to him while I sat next to an obviously pissed off kid. Right before Slughorn asked us to start.

It felt good one-upping James since I never was good at it when it comes to unpleasant people, so I kept smiling all the same even when James didn't hide his dislike with me.

"Look, you don't like me, and the feeling is mutual. So how about we go through this without looking for any trouble and pass this."

James snorted. "Hah, with you? You're going to get both of us a Troll. Out of us two, I'm the one with most of the experience with this kind of stuff, so let me do things my way Jackson so you don't flunk us both."

I held out my hand in resignation and nodded, considering how 'well' my first day was, I can't blame him for not letting me handling things. The fact he had admitted being a pure-blood makes it true that he was more used to this wizardry stuff.

However, I soon learned, pure-blooded or not, some things aren't just for everybody. I learned that when looking back at James, who just mistook a slughorn for a flobberworm and I had to sigh at our pink mixture compared to others' red blended potion. No matter how much I don't like the guy, even I felt pity for him.

I looked down at our cauldron and the various material we had on hand, I was able to take the worm out before it got permanently stirred inside so now the potion is too thick from its extracted mucus.

Wait... how did I know that?

Deciding to listen to my gut, I turned on the heat and stirred gently until it reaches to the point where I thought it was acceptable. "Hey James, do you know any ingredients that are... what's the word... sharp?"

"What are you talking about Jackson?"

"I'd like to know that too if you could help me, I...I think I can fix this potion, but since I barely remembered all these ingredients, I need somebody who does. So do you want to pass this class or not?"
James just glared at me for a while, tense silence stretched between us before he said anything, "What did you say about sharp ingredients? Because I have absolutely no idea what you meant by it."

"Something that has a stinging sharp smell and taste, any idea among the one we have?"

"That's the dried nettle and onion, but the book only mentions the fresh nettle for this potion."

"Chop those two together and put it in the cauldron."

"Jackson!"

"We already messed it up, if we messed up more than it wouldn't make much difference so do it while I keep stirring this."

James grumbled under his breath and relented, doing things as I tasked and turned the mixture back to red, then I asked him to put the porcupine quills nest then the stewed horned slugs. Stirring and heating it at the precise moment my gut told me until it turned to luscious dark pink (or is it magenta? I don't know how girls could differ them all) compared to the other's red.

James groaned at the result, thinking I messed up the potion all the same and I was beginning to agree with him too.

So it almost freaked us out when Slughorn laughed joyfully and told the whole class we had the best result in this class, even making us gape at him before grinning like a loon.

"Guess you're good for something after all, Jackson."

"Don't get used to it James, because this is the last time I'm partnering up with you."

"Good to know the feeling is mutual."

Once the class was finished, Slughorn made a loud clap, getting everyone's attention. "Great first day at work students, now I hope you have a good idea how we'll do things in my class and getting familiar with your partner because you will work with them for the rest of the year and I won't tolerate any changeup!" Slughorn announced.

The grin we both had instantly dropped by that statement before we looked at one another with palpable dread. Ah, great... the one lesson I'm actually good at and I have to spend it with the one insufferable guy in class. Irony strikes again.

So yeah, that happened, and it had only been the first day. Can't say that I'm excited for the next, but despite barely listening to the god's blessings, surely one of them would bless me with smooth schoolwork over my stay in the past right?

. . .

"So Washout Percy... blow anything up yet today?" Sev asked as we were strolling through the Hallways.

It was on a bright Thursday noon, we had passed by Peeves and Sev had gleefully tried out new hexes he read about on him. Usually, I wouldn't condone anim- I mean, Poltergeist Cruelty, but hey, even I'm getting sick of that ghost's annoying laughter.

That, and that he spread a new nickname for me throughout Hogwarts.
I gasped in exaggeration, reaching out for my heart in a hurtful look, "Why Severus, do you really lack faith in me that much? I'm shocked you would even think tha-

"On Transfiguration, everything went on well since nothing explodes… if turning brush into a scissors spell managed him to turn it into a hammer can be said as well." Lily cut gleefully, too gleeful if you ask me, as she placed herself between us. "Then I heard from a Ravenclaw friend that you managed to use a Softening Charm on a stone that it could bounce and cracked the ceilings and walls of the classroom."

"It turned soft, didn't it? Albeit, as soft as rubber rather than clay but it's not like I messed up the spell." I tried defending my case.

"Oh, and is it true in Herbology he mocked a baby mandrake and got his nose bitten. Took them 15 minutes 'till he got it off?"

"As a matter of fact, he did!" Lily confirmed with a laugh.

I rolled my eyes, "You know guys, I'm right here, you know!"

"Then you know in History he..." Sev continued, but Lily cut him off.

"Wow, wow, wait, how did Percy even get to mess up in History Class? I thought that class literally does nothing, you could sleep through it and pass all the same!" Lily was beginning to sound awe at my track record.

"Well..." Sev began.

"Severus, you're my friend, and I really like you, but if you finished that sentence then I swear I will get my revenge." I glared at my best friend I, who just smiled innocently at me, while Lily laughed between us two.

"Guess the only lessons you haven't screwed up after taking it are Potion and Astronomy, two that you are actually good at, which left two other you haven't experienced."

"...why do I feel you sounded excited from my screwup?"

Severus just smiled innocently in reply, "Whatever you could possibly mean Perce? Surely your spectacular failure doesn't entertain anyone here."

"Hahaha," I dryly laughed. "The sass is highly unappreciated here Sev."

"Oh, I don't know..." Lily added, "I can appreciate it well enough."

"Really, Lily? Do you have to take his side?" Hearing the evident faux misery tone in my voice, they openly laughed at me right until I laughed right along with them. I then heard my name being called, seeing Doc waving at me beside Gwen, telling me our next lesson is about to start.

I bid a short farewell to them and meet up with my fellow house friends, and went toward the Stair Maze, composed of hundred of staircases. There are those that are wide, sweeping ones, narrow, rickety ones, some with a vanishing step halfway up that you had to remember to jump. Those stairs would then led us to doors that might not open unless you asked politely, or tickled them in exactly the right place, and doors that weren't really doors at all, but solid walls just pretending, as if the school had some sort of sick sense of humor seeing confused look on new students. It was also tough to remember where anything was because everything seemed to move around a lot.
Which is why having Doc with me is a lifesaver, by the second day, Doc seemed to have a talent in remembering stuff. He didn't need to stop and think to whichever stairs that would lead to our classroom, and Lily had told me how he would read out the Potion's instruction without glancing back at it. Doc doesn't seem to realize how amazing his talent seemed to be.

Though that didn't seem to apply to classes that we never went to, that's where knowing the right friends could help.

"Hey Mira, how's the weather over there?" I asked the girl beyond the portrait. Who was hugging and cooing a fish like a pet when it's obviously dead, she was wearing a white dress underneath her white robe and had a crown made of shells on her ginger hair. The girl took notice of me, and her face blushed shyly at me.

"Oh Percy, so nice of you to see me. The weather is fine as always, just like the day before... and the day before that... or even decades ago." She said wistfully, "Anyway enough about me, how are you, Haddian?"

Mirabella's fingers played at her fish, fidgeting and glancing to one corner and back at me. When Doc and I had gotten a wrong turn and were completely at lost, I met Mira then who was staring intently at me. I would have asked what she was looking at me or any other subject, if it could distract her from her disturbing gaze, had I not thought that as portraits of Hogwarts, they would know more about the school better than most people. A little sucking up and praise later, she thankfully helped us from being late on our first day.

Though for some reason, she kept mistaking my name for this Haddian guy. I try not to pry much, she seemed sad whenever I brought it up.

"Uhm... again, it's Percy, and I'm fine, thanks for asking. So Mira, think you could show us where Classroom 3C is?"

Mira giggled, not sure where my words had made her laugh but shrug it off. She's weird like that, but I don't mind. "Oh, I know where it is, follow me!" The three of us tracked down on her form, making sure not to lose her as she passed through paintings until our destination.

"Thanks again, Mira!"

"Anything for you Haddia- I mean, Percy." She winked at me and went back from where she came. "So, what's next in our schedule again?" I asked my two friends.

Gwen had an amused played on her lips, eyeing me funnily, "It'll be our first DADA lesson today, you know what that means?"

I groaned at the thought of it and wiped my face down, "Another screw up I'll make waiting to happen?"

Gwen only neutrally smiled at me, Doc, on the other hand, was fidgeting his hands and coming up ways to reassure me, "Cheer up Percy, you might even surprise yourself at how good you'll be in it like you did in Potion. Besides, I'm sure we'll cover on theory in the first week so good luck!" He made pat to my back to cheer me, and I smiled back at him.

"Thanks, Doc, that means a lot."

Once we reached our class, we took our seat and waited for the professor that... I... was... beginning to realize I have no idea who he is.
I nudged Gwen who seemed to know every little fun fact of what the school has to offer, "So, any idea what kind of Professor we'll have?"

For the first time since I met her, Gwen scrunched her nose, her forehead knit, and eye narrowed. Looking long and hard at the empty air, her gaze was shooting at. "I don't know," she finally answered. "The professor is new this year and wasn't even on the feast. So I have nothing on him or how'll he teach us. I'm just as clueless as the rest of you."

"New professor? What happened to the old one?" Doc asked her curiously.

"Got into an accident by the end of the school year, his robe got tangled with someone's broom and got dragged into a wild ride until he fell down from a few story height. He'll live, but his legs got crippled, and not even magic has a good way of healing a damaged spine. Total bummer, my sister went all teary-eyed for him since he was her favorite teacher."

I winced at such a disturbing incident that sounded painful just from hearing her. "Guess it was true that it is jinxed." I heard her whisper, possibly not intending for me to hear.

"What jinx?"

Before she could answer me, the sound of the door opened. Striding in the room with loud 'tip tap' sound of heels was a woman in her mid-thirties, her silence yet strong demeanor quieted the classroom. She has wavy ebony hair just above her shoulder, prominent cheekbones, red lips, sharp bright brown eyes that one might mistake as gold. She was wearing a dark magenta robe, underneath she wore a knee sized red skirt and black shirt.

In simple term, she looks like a mature, more serious version of Snow White.

She turned, facing the crowd of students, her face stern as her eyes glazed at us. Seconds stretch with tense air hanging over us, sweat dripping, saliva swallowing, everyone wasn't sure what to say or what to do at the pressure just her gaze put us through.

The next thing we knew, she smiled warmly at us, her body shift from stern to a welcoming light hearted. "Welcome first years to Defense against the Dark Arts, as you know my name is Rose Rotwood. I'd like it if you all Call me Professor Rose, Rotwood is my father's name."

Almost instantly, the students felt their body relaxed, unknowingly heaving a sigh in the course, including me. Only to have my spine straighten when I realized what happened. In the short span she made her presence known, this woman managed to weigh down the atmosphere with just her expression and body language.

Honestly, I'm amazed by her skill just to be in control of this classroom.

"Now," Professor Rose stated loudly. "Following the school's curriculum, I would have spent the first hour with you to pound the necessary information to your head. However, that's not how I'll do things."

"Today, the first thing I will teach you will be the Sparks Spell, use in whatever emergency condition you have in case you needed either medical attention or you're currently risking your life at the moment. Some of you might already learn this, some of you may not."

"Regardless, once you all know it I will immediately move on toward the practical lesson where we'll be learning the various Jinx and Hexes and make sure you're all up to standard when dealing against the Dark Arts. Any question?"
To my surprise, it was Doc who had raised his hand, despite his entire body saying he was uncomfortable of the attention.

"Yes?"

"Uhm, if we're not going by the curriculum, shouldn't we still keep our focus on the theory...y'now...knowing what we're up against?"

Rose nodded, seemingly impressed by his point, "Nice to see you paid close attention. Mr . . "

"Caradoc Dearborn."

"Mr. Dearborn then. While yes, I will be teaching you the theory the book will provide us. My main subject, though, is to make sure you know how to handle yourself against whatever is out there. Tell me, Mr. Caradoc, if you were to meet a beast, what will you do?"

"Uh...fight...or run. Maybe even reasoned with it, whichever that will keep me safe."

"And if you can't do either of those, what will you do next?"

"I guess...call...for help then?"

"Exactly. Right now, none of you could so much flick a wand against the danger outside of pest level, which is why asking for help is the number one thing you all need to be reminded when dealing something out of your hand. Is everyone clear of that?"

Most of the students nodded in understanding. While I could understand the part of asking for help when dealing something out of your hand, I couldn't completely agree with her view the one asking for my help seemed to shove their problem on me so knowing how to fight for yourself is way more important in my point of view. Besides, I had most of my entire life dealing something way over my head. Both figuratively and literally- And I turned out just fine.

Mostly.

Though being a demigod does put my base stats better than the average mortal or wizards, so maybe there's that.

So the rest of the first hour of DADA, we all learned the three primary color sparks and the code meaning of them. Red when you're life is in danger, green when you need medical attention, and silver when there's a danger to your property because of natural disaster or otherwise. Her teaching was precise and straight to point without dragging on, her stern tone held our attention much like McGonagall. Overall, it was a breeze since I had self-studied before the summer ends.

Now, I know what you're thinking. 'What?! Percy Jackson actually made an effort to study?!' I know, I'm surprised myself. But even though I never was an expert at manipulating the mist or demigod magic, doesn't mean I don't know the basic of it, at least enough to trick the whole people on Time Square from seeing things as it is. But it's a hit or miss most of the time. Do you really think I would miss the chance of being a better magic user than Thalia? Yes, I still have a sore spot over her one-upping me on that.

Not that I would learn every aspect, I mostly covered from the DADA subject since it'd be the most useful when facing against monsters.

When the hour was almost over, she made one last notice to tell us. "Oh yes, I suggest you all should review the few spells you could find on hand because you'll be dealing a mock test
tomorrow."

Immediately the student's response wasn't positive, there were collective 'What?!' and 'We barely even started!' or 'Objection!' but the last one might just be me hearing things.

Professor Rose sighed before slamming her hand down the desk, silencing us faster than what I could hope to do. Man, if I had her skill, rounding up the camp kids would have been easier.

"Bear in mind children that I'm not using this to test for your grades, so you don't need to worry much. I do hope you'll give this test some effort since it will determine how I will be teaching you. Now then, class dismissed!"

We picked up our stuff and book, preparing for the next lesson in mind.

Overall the days had gone by normally... well, as normal as a wizard school could get. So I take in as much as I could knowing the upcoming storm undoubtedly coming sooner or later in this school.
Chapter Summary

The first day had passed, and I found out quickly that I am the Neville Longbottom in this story if you've read how bad my skill in magic is….even though I have no idea who he is. We've finally met this year DADA Professor, a woman named Professor Rose Rotwood. A hardcore and interesting teacher she is. There seemed to be some dark rumor surrounding the position of the DADA Teacher, but all that future problem is for my future self's concern.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Today was the day Gryffindors and Slytherins would have their first flying lesson.

So it would be understandable that flying and quidditch were the only things they could talk about throughout this morning. It turns out, quidditch in the wizarding world is the equivalent of soccer for the British and football for the Americans. Most of the kids who came from wizarding family asked each other, what team was their favorites, and recounting the times they use their brooms to soar through the sky or getting into accidents. Even the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws aren't exempt from the conversation.

Like that one incident, a pure-blooded guy named Howard who flew along with a guy with a hang glider once. Then a girl name May said she once took her dog flying, much to her parents' chagrin. Even Doc recounted his own tale of when he went off just flying around the countryside.

Though if you think that's all fine and dandy wait till you listen to the other two houses. I knew the was rivalry going on between them, but to really see them trying to outdo each other's tales was something else. Apparently, a Slytherin once got chased by the cops for thinking he was speeding on a motorcycle, then a Gryffindor admitted of scaring people off in the middle of the night once with a bedsheets and pretending to be a ghost. Even James boasted how he once had a race with a dragon, which I'm calling it now that it is a lot of bull.

In a word, it was all ridiculous.

I tried imagining myself, with a broom under me. The stinging, cold air brushing my cheek as I fly through the thundering blue sky, rain pouring, wood slipping between your fingers and thunder clouds rumbling and-nope, nope, nope. I can't just find myself doing this without getting a panic attack. How they can enjoy themselves while riding on a magic wooden stick with more sticks bound to it in the sky is beyond me.

Give me a Pegasus, and I could outfly any of those smucks right off their faces.

….Damn, now I'm missing Blackjack.

The only few people I know who wasn't just as excited with me was Gwen, and I thought being a
muggle-born meant she'd be excited with being able to fly.

"I did feel excited once until my sister ruined all the love I have with flying."

"What did she do? Scared you with accidents stories?"

"Worse." She shuddered, her face was a tad green at the memory, "She pulled me into a joyride once in the middle of the night. She could be... easily excited... and the ride was anything but joyful for me."

I didn't say anything but giving her a comforting pat to her shoulder.

When the rest of the classes were over for today, I had intended to spend the day in the common room, but then a group of Slytherin passed by, reminding me of the early morning talks. I grinned and went on to find my friends before the lesson could start.

"Sev, Lily!"

One Gryffindor and Slytherin turned toward me and waved back before walking over to me.

"Percy, what're you doing here?"

"What? Can a guy watch his friends on their first flying lesson?"

Sev looked unimpressed by me, "You're just bored, aren't you?"

I raised my hand in surrender. "Guilty as charged," I chuckled. "Anyway, I shouldn't bother you guys too long, looks like your instructor is here." The two turned to find their teacher indeed arrived and ran back to their group.

When finally the time came around for our Flying Lesson, the two houses went down to the courtyard. Lines of broomsticks were already prepared by the lawn, and we all examined it with awe, particular those who never saw an enchanted broomstick. To me, they were just brooms.

The teacher, Madam Hooch, arrived. She had short, gray hair, and yellow eyes like a hawk.

"Alright, everyone stand by a broomstick," she barked, "Come on, hurry up!" They all moved in haste to get to the nicer brooms. Some of the brooms we ragged, with split ends and scratches all over the wood, indicating its many uses. And some were new and pristine, most likely after replacing the old ones. "Stick out your right hand over your broom," called Madam Hooch at the front, "and say 'Up!'"

"UP!" everyone shouted.

Several brooms shot up to their hand, but some barely got it off the ground, another few had it rolling side to side like a sulk puppy. I chuckled instead of laughing outright at the image.

"Now, when I blow my whistle, you kick off from the ground, hard," said Madam Hooch. "Keep your brooms steady, rise a few feet, and then come straight back down by leaning forward slightly. On my whistle - three - two-ONE!"

They kicked off the ground and were all floating without a hitch. Madam Hooch instructed them patiently in a strict manner. And everyone paid much close attention since flying is the most beloved subject of most first years. After going back down, they were then told how they could go higher, how to swerve correctly toward left and right without flinging you off.
I watched how the lesson plays out from over the edge of the castle. Lily looked ecstatic, but her movement was still hesitant, probably afraid of making the wrong move so her broom would occasionally swerve where she didn't want it too. Sev's flying was so-so, but then again, he didn't look like he was trying so much more than likely he's just doing enough to pass. Then there's James and Sirius who decided to make an impromptu game tag with one another until Madam Hooch called them out to behave. There's also the mouse looking guy I remembered, Peeta was it? He flew just high enough to say he was hovering rather than flying until both James and Sirius urged him to fly higher much to his chagrin.

I then felt someone's gaze and turned to whoever it was and locked eyes with a curious boy, his face had scars like someone tried to ripped his face before, and underneath his robes were shabby clothes that he didn't try to hide. After he noticed that I was focused on him, he was quick to look away. Shrugging him off, I went back to look at Lily and Sev and waved at them but find myself looking back at the two boys.

Sure, I didn't like them. But you've got to admit that James and Sirus' antics are funny. The fact that I'm ADHD just made it harder for me to focus anything else that isn't remotely interesting for me. Especially with James dangling upside down from his broom.

I was sure glad I did though because when I found Sirius whispering to James and a grin crept up on him that I know too well from the Stoll Brothers, I knew they were looking for trouble. Sirius went up to Madam Hooch, a tactic I knew as a distraction. I saw James pulling out his wand and discreetly aimed it at the group Slytherin.

Only when the hex took effect that I was too late to know who it was for.

Sev's broom began to jerk. He held on tighter in surprise, but his tense movement made it harder to get it in control. The broom jerked again, swiveling left and right until people starting to notice something was wrong. Before Madam Hooch could come up to help, the broom began whisking him away in high-speed, way over the field with no sign of stopping.

I didn't stop to think before I ran off after him, picked up a spare broom on the side, mount it, and flew with just as much as speed to catch up to him. It had been a shock to know I was able to stay more than three seconds in the sky with no ominous smell of the ozone, no thundering sound, not even a crackle of lightning. The fear that had been clutching me all morning instantly lifted. Whether because the Zeus in this timeline hasn't met his cheeky nephew yet or because of the blessings had something to do with it. It doesn't matter.

I ignored the calls of my name as I urged the broom to go faster until the wind began whistling past my ears. It felt almost natural for me since I know the basic "how-to" instructions from years flying with Blackjack, the difference was while there's more trust between us, with brooms you have more control over it instead so you have only yourself to rely on. Surprisingly it felt more like riding a flying motorcycle.

I focused back on Severus who had been thrown off from his broom and was falling down tens of feet away from... mother freaking Gaia!

I leaned forward and aimed my broom, where I could catch him. Inches from meeting Sev, I held out my arm and grabbed him. But the extra weight somehow made it harder for me to control the broom and we swerved down against my will. I tried my best to at least crash properly... only, I don't know how to crash the proper way.

"Hold on, Sev!"
"What do you think I'm doing?!"

Just when the ground was looking dangerously close, I pulled up the broom, slowing out descent until we crashed down and found Sev and I rolling down a steep hill toward thick bushes that helped cushion our fall. We were delirious for a moment, before blinking hard the afterimages.

I took on the view of where we are and frowned, it had been past noon, but the place was dark. Most likely because of the tall black trees that covered most of the sky and only a glimmer of light shone through. I groaned quietly for a moment, feeling for any pain on my body besides... everywhere. Nothing seems broken, thank the gods.

A loud howl of wolves spread a fear that sunk my heart down, I then quickly got up and helped pulled up Sev, his pain was evident from the mournful groan he let out, but he doesn't seem to broke a leg, and I needed him to get up, so I kept urging him.

"Wake up, c'mon get up Sev."

Thankfully he woke up soon after. He groaned and moaned for the first few seconds but stood right after one glance at where we are, his face turned paler than usual before punching my shoulder.

"Ow, what was that for?"

"Why do you have to save me, Percy? Now look where you got us into!"

"Oh. you're welcome Sev, yes I'm okay, thanks for asking." I chirped sarcastically.

Yet Sev ignored me and began pacing around while muttering 'No...no...no, not good...not good...' over and over, turning my frown into one of concern.

"Hey Severus, you okay?"

"Okay? How can I not be okay? We're stuck in the Forbidden Forest, everything is fine and dandy."

"I get the point Sev, it's bad. Let's just hurry and get out of here, problem solved."

My words seemed to horrified and angered him as his eyes glinted dangerously from wishing to strangle me before he decided to whip his hand to the air in an act of exasperation. He then turned back to me with a sickly sweet smile and said, "Percy, why do you think the Forbidden Forest is forbidden in this school?"

I cocked my head, unsure of why the sudden question, "Well obviously, it's dangerous right? I heard there were various monsters here and other magical creatures you don't want to mess with."

"Right. Then remind me again what was your family curse again?"

Curse? What cur...OH, that curse.

"Don't you know already, it cause my family to be...attracted...by...oh." my gaze switched from Sev to a group of creatures up on a hill. The stricken face I had must have warned him and turned, so the two of us were now facing frog-headed creatures with long fangs and red glowing eyes. Their sharp claws and scary look doesn't make them any more friendly, and I doubt they came just to say 'hi.'

Both of us gulped, "This looks bad, doesn't it?"
"You think?" Sev hissed.

Without giving any sign of movement, Sev had his wand out, and I had my hand slipped into my pocket where Riptide was and felt the cool bronze mental on my side.

"What are they?"

"Hodags, nasty creatures. Think of them as the cross between a Frog and a Hyena."

Had it been normal circumstances, I would have laughed at another ridiculous that sounded like a deprived form of hotdogs. "That doesn't make it better Severus, how many do you think there are?"

As if to taunt me, more of the Hodags jumped out l, filling the trees and crowding the hill that overlooked us.

"Two dozens or so, do you still have your broom?" I glanced down at the broom I had stubbornly held onto and found it was broken in half and showed it to Sev, "Great, what are we going to do?"

"One thing we can do, we're using the most Classic Plan in all of history."

"Are...are you serious?"

"Deadly, now on three-one…"

Those Hodags doesn't seem keen to let us go as one impatiently jumped out from the crowds, showing off its sharp fangs and claws. I withdrew Riptide and swung it aside, turning the monster into a crumble of sand.

"THREE!"

We turned tail and ran.

Hey, I do not want to fight an army of Frogyena! There are limits of how much I would go down fighting, especially with Sev on tow. I wouldn't be able to concentrate while worrying over him. The growl you couldn't find in any other animals unnerved me more than anything, and I quicken my pace. Even Sev who always had difficulty in physical prowess managed to keep up with me as we weaved through the thick trees. Guess all that running around from monsters with me finally paid off.

The trembling footsteps showed us they were licking our heels, at this rate, we're going we might really have to fight to save ourselves.

"Sev, did you...huff...used a flare spell yet?"

"I would...huff...if I wasn't so busy RUNNING FOR MY LIFE!"

"Then no matter what keep running, I hold off the Hot Dogs while you use the spell."

"It's Hodags Percy."

"Is this really the time to correct names?" One jumped further than others and punched its face with the butt of my sword, "Besides they're gaining on us, and one of us needs to get help."

"But…"

"I'll be fine, trust me!"
Sev bit his lips, considering his options between his panting breath and reluctantly nodded. I turned my heel and greeted one snot-nose with my sword, turning all their hostile intention to me. Two jumped at me, making one meeting intimately with my blade another with my feet. I let my instinct took over, slashing and stabbing whatever comes in reach with my sword. Yet, those Hotwart or whatever had the same ferocity of a Hellhounds and as agile as regular frogs. Believe me, I've chased down frogs before, and those guys could make a run for your money.

I couldn't even keep on slicing them down as I dodged, sidestepped, jabbed, even poking some of them in the eye. The number was beginning to overwhelm me until a jet of red light struck them, causing them to get shocked for me to subdue.

I turned briefly around, Sev had casted his spell on another hill and caught the Hodags attention. Sev didn't seem afraid, he waved his wand to a new spell and cried "Immobulus!"

Just like that the whole flock of them stopped, their eyes went wide and they froze in an unnatural pose like they were all stuck in a mannequin challenge.

I grimly eyed my friend, "How long will that last?"

"With this many? 30 seconds at best."

"Then we better make it count."

Sev nodded in agreement, and so we began turning around, intending to run as far away as possible. However, we missed the few Hodags who were hanging on the trees before hopping down to block our exits. They seem to think Sev as a threat or maybe an easier target if baring their teeth on him were any telling. I stood between the four Hodags, ready to dance with my blade when a sharp, familiar cry of my all-time favorite animal cut through the forest.

The Hodags turned so they would face the same thing as us. Unicorns, three white, horned horses emerged from the clearing. I heard from many tales and legends that there were famous for being a creature of beauty and even seen them a few times in the Roman Camp, I thought they were exaggerating. Seeing them up close showed me how wrong I was… But what else is new? I thought being surrounded with pegasus most of my lifetime and riding them, I wouldn't be swept by awe when I'd see any other horse. While Arion was impressive himself, despite his potty mouth, unicorns are in a whole 'nother league!

The dark shadow of the forest gave the unicorns an ethereal glow surrounding them to their already white form that made pure, fresh snow looked dull grey in comparison, their hooves golden and their horn, though pretty, appeared it could easily stab you clean through, and they wouldn't look any less graceful from it. I kind of understand why little girls are so obsessed with them.

Beautiful and deadly alright.

I can see why the Romans let them roam all over the camp, those horses would inspire great slogan for the female warriors there.

The Hodags began to cower at the sight of them, showing the two of us which one has the higher hierarchy around the forest. Some stayed quivering while most were beginning to take a few steps back, ready to bolt anytime. I thought carefully of the situation and whispered softly to Sev, to which he nodded and made a spark with his wand, followed with a loud bang. Surprising and scaring the Hodags, and turned tail running.

Looking back at them, there was still the many immobile monsters behind, so I dragged Sev
toward them, much to his disapproval.

"Percy, are you completely nuts?! If you get any closer to the Unicorns, they either run or trample you!" Despite the panicked in his voice, I gave him a reassuring smile, but I think I just made a smirk instead.

"Trust me, they love me."

Sev gave me the look.

I felt slightly hurt and said so.

The look intensity strengthened drastically.

He should really have more trust in me.

The horses took one look at me, and they gave a short bow, 'My Lord, it is an honor to be in your presence.'

'How may we assist you?' asked another.

While they were giving me praise and bowing, to Sev, they must have looked like they were doing the regular equine sign language to trample someone. Or at least that's what I assume because he started to grumble how in hell he could forget how bad my ideas are. I rolled my eyes and to dispel his worry, I crept up to one of them. Then I gently petted their manes, making Sev's jaw drop. I whispered a quick thank you and that I hope they'll lead us out of the forest.

The unicorn lowered itself for me to quickly jumped to its back then offered my hand to Sev, who looked like I just offered him an exclusive ride in a luxury limousine. What the hell is wrong with him?

Oh right, I guess I've become desensitized to all the weirdness (Yes, I know what desensitized means).

Rolling my eyes once more, I pulled him in and had him sat behind me. He clung to me with a yelp and make sure to tease him later on since I know he'll deny ever yelping. The spell Sev cast had expired, and the Hodags were beginning to move as one once more toward us. With a pat on the side, on cue, the horses began running with speed rivaling the Party Ponies, which means a lot for the record. I felt Sev clung harder around me, and in less than five seconds, the horse stopped on a clearing and lowered themselves down as a sign for us to get off.

'This is as far as we can take you, My Lord. This clearing is free from all hostile creatures, the Groundskeeper should be able to take care of you from here.'

"Thank you, er..."

'Call me Lexus.'

I smiled, "Thanks, Lexus, we'll take it from here."

The horse cried a loud sound that could have reached all the way to school before trotting off back to the forest. Once they were gone, Sev seemed to finally.... well... snap if all the curses broke out from his mouth seemed to indicate. Man, his old man sure passed down some of his bad habits.

"What in the damned hells was that? That shouldn't have been freaking possible! Unicorns aren't
just supposed to come out of blasted nowhere and just randomly help people! Especially not
goddamn guys!" He then whipped his head at me. Stormed up and poked my chest accusingly with
his finger, glaring me with his signature mad gaze he likes to reserve for his father. "What the
goddamn hell did you do Percy?"

"Why are you asking me for?"

"I don't know how you did it, but I do damn well know you have something to do with it. So start
opening your..." Sev started to pick up words that would make Arion proud, and for the sake of
kids reading this story, I have decided to omit. "...your mouth and start bloody talking!"

"First of all, Sev, you really should try washing your mouth after this. Second...I...err..." Okay, I
was hoping I would come up with an excuse by the end of his rant, but clearly, I got nothing.

Sev scrutinized my fumbling and looked like he would have ranted more if the sudden rustling
hadn't alerted us. We simultaneously turned, pen and wand out at the rustling and bustling bushes
where then emerged the big tall shadow coming toward us. The two of us would have been ready
for whatever it was until the light shone on him, revealing the familiar giant man that I recognized
from the first day.

"Yeh kids all righ'?" said the soft-spoken tone of a giant man towering us. Sev felt like being
doused with cold water from seeing his figure, his knee buckled and fumbled down to the ground
and we both breathed out the tense air we've been holding on.

"Thank Hades someone finally came!"

"Yer lucky someone did, yeh kids could bin hurt or wors' if yeh stayed any longe' here. Good thin'
I heard the Unico'n cry! I thought they were getting hurt till I saw yeh er two of yer," said the giant
man as he waved around his...pink umbrella? The large hairy man then crouched down and looked
over us, probably examining for any injuries before asking it himself. Thankfully, we didn't get
hurt that much, and the man pulled us up to our feet so he could guide us out of the forest.

"Thanks...uh...Hagrid, was it? You're the one that guided the first year."

"Yup, glad yeh remembe' me, what's yer name lad?"

"Percy, Percy Jackson and this is Severus Snape." Sev nodded in acknowledgment and Hagrid
smile underneath his shaggy beard.

"Nice ter meet yeh Percy, Severus. So I heard a couple of firs' year got stranded into ter Fo'bidded
Fores' how did that happen?"

Immediately a frown etched on Sev's face. "Because a bunch of Gryffindor Prat that's what
happened," he growled.

"Eh?"

"I saw James was waving his wand before your broom got out of control. I'm pretty sure it was

"Now, isn't that a little hasty ter decide?" Hagrid added, "Er broom migh' hav been malfun'tioning
y'now?"

"Then what do you think he was doing waving a wand when we're doing a flying lesson?" Sev
almost spat out his question.
Hagrid had no response to that.

Once we finally got out of the forest, we were joined up by Madam Hooch, Professor McGonagall, and Lily. All three of them turned in synch when they heard our footsteps, and Lily immediately flung herself over us.

"You Gits, do you have any idea how worried I was. Percy, don't you ever do something reckless like that again."

Her worried tone for some reason had me let out a warm laugh."No promises."

The smile between us three didn't last long now that we're being confronted by our teachers. Notably, the ire of Professor McGonagall, "Well, now that we have established that you two are not injured, let's talk in my office, shall we?" How she could convey her exasperation, anger, and worry all at once from her stern gray eyes was beyond me.

Sev and I glanced nervously at one another and nodded, following her along with Madam Hooch to her office. Lily briefly tried to protest they did nothing wrong but a few soft words from her and somehow Lily relented. I smiled at her with a thumbs up, ensuring her we'll be alright.

With a hasty stride, McGonagall went toward the castle. Sweeping across the corridor as me and Sev tried to keep up. She didn't say anything along the way same as Madam Hooch until she was separated from us. Sev was mumbling about how he was going to make James regret it if he's getting in trouble and I have no problem helping him by that time.

After all, I do have plenty of inspiration from my time back in camp, especially from the Stoll Brothers. Personally, I would have gone for the itching-powder-in-their-underwear (nothing beats the classic), but the problem would be there's nowhere for me to buy that and unlike most dorms, they made ours with passwords.

Once we were in her office, Professor McGonagall sat on her office chair, crossed her fingers together, and stared at us with her deep intelligence gray eyes. Were she to have a blond hair instead of black, I would have surely mistaken her for being one of Athena's daughter.

"You may sit down."

We sat.

"Now, mind telling me what just happened in today's lesson?"

So we told her everything, about how I was there watching Sev's flying lesson, how his broom got hex by James and got him dragged to the forest. How knowing he was in trouble and I followed him without much thought before we ended up lost in it until Hagrid found us.

Off course we didn't say about the Hodags nor the unicorns, I don't think she'd even believe us if we told her.

During some part of the story, McGonagall made a sort of calculating look, as if reassessing my worth in her eyes and dare I say she looked impressed at times, but that might be just me.

"While I cannot say I approve your ludicrous method in solving things. I must say I can't really punish you for being there for your friend, but bear in mind that next time anything similar incident happens, I expect either of you to go get help from proper adults instead of trying to get yourself killed."
We nodded, and she then dismissed us with a wave of her hand, but before I could take a step outside the Professor stopped me, Saying she still has unfinished business with me. Sev and I made a short exchange before he reluctantly left.

I sat back down, but despite saying she still has unfinished business, she stayed quiet as she kept on writing on her parchment. The silence treatment was torture on my ADHD and was about to break the ice when the door to her office was opened, followed by Madam Hooch, Professor Sprout, and a tall, gangly seventh year stepping inside.

"I brought him, Professor McGonagall," Madam Hooch said with contained excitement.

"Who?"

Professor McGonagall then stood between the guy in front of me and me, "Percy, this is Edward Tonks, Captain of the Hufflepuff quidditch team. Edward this is Percy Jackson, and I believe to be your future chaser."

..."You're joking!" Doc gaped from the news.

"You know my jokes aren't that horrible Doc. Off course I'm serious!"

"And you agreed to it, right?"

"...I said I'll think about it."

"WHAT?!"

"Percy are you nuts?!" Not the first time I've been called that, "You can be the youngest player ever chosen for around a century!"

"Yeah, Professor McGonagall reacted the same way." The thing is, while it might be fun playing wizard gamed and dealing with my ADHD. I still have to consider focusing on watching over Lily and James. I'm having a hard time as it is with all the lessons, I'm just thankful she was at least the same house as James, making it easier to watch over them. Lily somehow finds herself interacting with James a lot, mostly because on James tried his best to tease her, so I get a lot of report of his status in the form of rants.

Though this undercover bodyguard thing is really harder than it looks. I'm still trying to figure the kinks in everything and figure out how to handle Circe when the time comes. I know those two are connected with her plan, I just don't know how and until I do, I can't afford to get sidetracked.

"Percy, are you listening?"

"Huh, oh, sorry. Must have zoned out, what did you say?"

"I said once you're out there with the team, you'll surely wash your Washout reputation away."

"...Doc, that is a horrible pun you made. Go to your room and think about what you did."

"Forget about quidditch already, I'm more curious about how you survive the Forbidden Forest!" Gwen added her own opinion, ignoring the sulk look Doc gave me.

"Like I said, we got lucky and didn't get into trouble there. Nothing to actually pique your interest."
Gwen pursed her lips but dropped the subject in the end. It was nearing 9 o'clock, and the two of us along with the other Hufflepuffs had a DADA test to go to. Most of us groaned at the thought of the test, despite Professor Rose telling us it won't be part of the grade, the term 'test' never seem to put joy into anyone.

"Everyone present?" she asked us to everyone nodding in response, "Good, then I will instruct you how we'll do our test."

She went to her closet and from there pulled out something covered in sheets that were rattling beneath.

"You have only one job." she pulled away the sheets revealing a group of small creatures, about 6-8 inches tall, they were gray and had bright yellow eyes. With long pointed ears and quite what I imagined as what a classic wingless pixie would be like.

"Those are imps!" Doc whispered told me.

"I wonder what she's going to do about it?" I heard Gwen asked curiously.

"Your job is to put these imps back into the cage. You have one hour, good luck." Without letting a sound of protest came from us, she opened the cage and hell broke loose. Kids began scrutiny away from the mischievous little things, and they were crying in high pitch while trying to hide, which wasn't a good combination. Some tried to use their wand against them, but either they just tried to use them as a weapon stick or too panic to cast a proper spell.

Doc would have screamed along if I hadn't closed his mouth and pulled him down alongside Gwen. The safe comfort under the table was surprisingly comfy, and from the wicked grin of the imps, I say they're all having too much fun scaring the kids out to notice us.

"Wha...what are we gonna do?" Doc whimpered.

"Calm down, Doc, relax. First, what do we know about imps?"

I was half expecting Gwen would be the one to answer since she always kept popping us with quirky fun facts of the wizarding world. Instead, Doc answered me perfectly.

"The Imp is a magical creature found only in Britain and Ireland. The height of the Imp is considered comparable to that of the pixie, between six to eight inches, but that is where the physical similarities end. The Imp cannot fly like the Pixie, nor is it as brightly coloured."

"The Imp's diet consists mainly of insects. They also delight in pelting Wizard Crackers and other small projectiles at anybody that they wish to torment. Imp breeding habits are like the Pixie's, but their young hatch fully formed."

"While rather unthreatening, an Imp can nonetheless be dispatched rather easily by anyone, by throwing back Wizard Crackers that it throws, or using a Knockback Jinx to daze it, and then caging it, or throwing it into a Gnome hole," he answered a bit hastily but with what I know, a perfect encyclopedia worthy explanation that got my jaw dropped.

"Doc... how did you do that?"

"Can we answer that after we get rid of the imps?" he whimpered some more.

I looked back at the situation in class, some imps decided it was fun trying kids together. One chose to be chased around after stealing a poor kid's wand, I then found myself drawn back to
Professor Rose, who was happily scribbling on her parchment. Occasionally whipping out crackers from letting the imps distracting her.

I draw myself back under the table, "Okay so we know they like throwing crackers…"

"Wizard Crackers."

"Whatever, and to get rid of them we needed a Knockback Jinx, right?"

"Yeah, but with this many imps. Even if you stunned one of them, the others would immediately attack you." Gwen observed from her spot. I sank that information down and groaned. Gosh, if only Annabeth were here, she would have come up with a perfect strategy by now. Sev would have known what spell for this kind of situation too.

"Any ideas?"

Their troubled face was all the answer I got, I then glanced back at the chaos and spotted one noticeable Ravenclaw who managed to stunned one of them before being bombarded by a few other imps. And somehow, the answer that dawned on me was a lot more straightforward.

"Doc, Gwen, you both know the Knockback Jinx right?"

They both looked taken aback by my sudden question but nodded nonetheless. I whipped out my wand, and the message was clear, "Percy! Didn't we say you'll only get overwhelmed? Look what happened to May!" We made to turn back once more and now the Ravenclaw Girl- May had her pigtails tied around her chair then turned back to my friends.

"Which is why you're going to watch my back, simple no?"

It was amusing seeing a contrast of reactions at that moment. Gwen didn't react much with only her eyes only widen, while Doc gawk and was looking horrified at my suggestion.

"M…me…? Us…? What if we messed up Percy? What if our spells don't work properly? What if we...Gwen, you're doing it?!" he almost cried when he looked beside to find Gwen, her wand ready, and was halfway standing along with Percy.

She shrugged, "Hey, it's not like we're going up against werewolves. So no harm in trying."

The two of us then looked down at Doc expectantly, and from the soft pleading gaze from us both, he relented and took a stand beside us. "Can I at least just put the stunned imps back to the cage?"

I rolled my eyes and nodded before stunned one imp. As on cue, three other imps took notice and began to charge at me, but Gwen managed to cover me nicely. Doc hastily picked up the imps and put them back in the cage, but that only seemed to warrant a bigger target to Doc than to us. So me and Gwen had to shield him from the other imps. I took notice one imps was still dragging a poor student wand, so I stunned it, grabbed the wand, then threw it to the grateful Ravenclaw who's been busy chasing it.

"Think you could give us a hand?"

He nodded and shifted to standing beside me before beginning to stunned more imps alongside me.

"By the way, the name's-flipendo-Percy, what's yours?"

He stunned another imp before glancing sideways to me, "John Dawlish, I'd say nice to meet you.
But I'd be lying right now." He dodged a book thrown toward him before lashing back with another jinx.

"Well, let me just say thanks for helping us out."

"No pro-Bloody hell, flipendo-No problem Percy, for a Washout you're pretty cool."

I groaned while trying to target this one tricky imp that's very light on his feet, "I see my reputation preceded me, I should really try practicing my Jinx on Peeves next time."

"Do it. No one likes him, and you would be doing a service to a lot of people, believe me."

After a while, Doc quickly made sure all the imps were back on the cage before they could get up, leaving four exhausted students, a room full of leftover chaos, and possibly traumatized kids.

Professor Rose slide her chair away and got up, her face stayed neutral, yet I caught the amused glint in her eyes. With a wave of her wand, the disorganized chairs and other stationery was placed back into place, as if the room wasn't ransacked by a couple of imps just a couple of seconds ago.

"Well, not bad for a first-year, I'd say. Even some seniors classes have difficulty in rounding up all their designate creatures." She informed the four of us, "Congratulation, five points for each of you. Now, I'll give all of you five minutes to gain your bearing before we talk about more about imps."

"Can't she have done that before she set them off to us?" I heard Doc grumbled irritatedly.

I patted him on the back, "You did fine Doc." I reassured him, "I have a few questions later, but right now, let's go back to our chair." Doc nodded silent, a frown still marred on his face.

"You mean how I could draw out a complete paragraph of the imp section of our book?"

I nodded. Doc tried to avoid it as we decided to take notes on our lesson but never truly letting go as we talked at every chance we had.

"I have a photographic memory okay," he admitted.

"Photographic memory?"

"Meaning I can remember everything I see and hear and never ever forget it, not even if I wanted to."

"So all you have to do is see and hear things once, and you remember it for the rest of your life?"

"Yeah. My brain is no different from a library. You could shelve all the things you don't need and read it word to word when you need it."

My eyes widen that I found someone else with the same genius skill as Ella. "That is...convenient, you would have no problem in school work and can do every spell you know."

Doc groaned, as if dreading this topic, "That's why it bugs me that I can't do spells well."

I narrowed my eyes at his admission, "You can't?"

"Well...actually I can but most of the time I can't. Whenever I'm pressured to do it and while someone is watching me. I get so nervous all I could let out is sparks. I'm pretty useless that way."

From his words, it became clear why Doc was so hesitant fighting off imps with the rest of us. He
didn't know if he would fail and didn't want to do it in front of us that I can understand. I find it peculiar that he could know every spell in existence yet can't use it very well.

"Hey, don't be like that. All you have to do is get over your stage fright, and you'll be as powerful as Dumbledore."

It feels like telling him to be President of England (which is impossible since England doesn't have president) from how shocked of a look his face was making like he couldn't believe anyone would put him in the same platform as the most powerful wizard known to date. I think he would have burst out laughing if we weren't in class. But he took one look at how serious I was and somber.

"How...how could you say like that for sure?"

My mind began to remind me of Frank and at how unsure and shy he was at the beginning before becoming Praetor. How Grover who even I thought was weak now became one of the Cloven Elder and was one of the bravest Satyr I know. The childish, naive Tyson who became the general of the cyclops army after helping to defeat Typhon.

I gave Doc a knowing smile while patting his back, "You'll be surprised, Doc. Sometimes the greatest mind can come from the most unexpected person."

Chapter End Notes

Yes, it's not really the whole Marauder's prank. Think of this as the unofficial Marauder's prank started by those two Rascal. For those who think if the joke was a bit extreme. I'd like to remind you that they only hex the broom to be out of control and not send it to the Forbidden Forest. Besides, they were sure the Professor would quickly rescue them, and any serious injury are (usually) easily remedied with magic, and since they've never been to the forest, they don't know how seriously dangerous the creatures living there. Besides, who would imagine Sev and Percy would run for their lives from being chased by a herd of Hodags.

And in case some of you thinks Sev reaction was overacting or OOC. I made him react that way since he was seriously thinking he was close to dying because of a couple of gits and was then confronted an impossible scene of a guy taming a unicorn that's usually only partial with a woman's touch. So adrenaline and common sense betraying kind of makes him snap.

Also, I've become aware of some concern about how Percy will ever befriend with James. Now rest assured that I have a special plan for them. James is a great bloke, but right now I won't compromise his young character as a little shit. He has his moment, trust me but I don't want to sugarcoat his bullying behavior and that his action became an integral part of Severus's life. So for the earliest chapter, don't expect any bromance between them.

Don't forget to click that kudo and write a commnet ;(
An Eye for an Eye, a Prank for a Prank

Chapter Summary

Turns out one of my impulsively stupid plan that got me stuck in the Forbidden Forest made me impressive enough for Professor McG to scout me as a quidditch player. Not sure I should do it though.

"Alright Percy, spill it. How do you do it?"

The groaned I made couldn't be any louder. Sev had still not let go of what happened yesterday when I talked to the unicorns. Oh, I tried to change the subject by being made a quidditch player or bringing out his favorite subjects, but Sev didn't budge off the topic. Lily looked just as interested and let Sev went on with his line of questioning that would make any 60s hardcore cop to nod in approval.

"Do what exactly?" I tried feigning innocent.

"Percy, don't deny any longer. I know you have something to do with those unicorns."

"Even if I did- which I'm not saying I am - did it ever occur to you that, I don't know, I wanted it to stay secret?"

"Why would you even want to keep secrets with me, you're my best friend!"

'That has nothing to do with one another!' I wanted to yell but bit down my lips at the last second. It's true I don't like hiding things from my friend but there should be boundaries here. Although him admitting me as his best friend should be something to be gratified, I'm not feeling it when he's using it against me.

"You know I'm entitled to my secrets right, Sev? Just because I don't tell you everything doesn't make you any less of a friend to me."

"Well yeah, but that would mean you don't trust us with your secret and you know it wouldn't change anything even if you tell us right?"

Oh, it would change a lot of things between us.

Heaving a breath, I considered my options and decided he wouldn't let this go if I at least don't give him a satisfying answer, "Fine, I'll tell but it has to be only between us three okay?"

Lily nodded vigorously while Sev leaned in closer. I held back a sigh before whispering my revelation and stretched out the silence a second longer. "I can speak horses."

I know, a bit anti-climactic.

But at least I'm not lying!

Lily looked unsure how to take in a new aspect of my ability, while I expected Sev to look at me incredulously. Instead, he fell deep into his own thoughts, looking solemn as he rubbed his chin.
"Is that something passed down in your family?"

I blinked in surprise at his odd inquiry because, in a way, it is kind of hereditary. "Yeah actually, how do you know?"

Sev crossed his arm and was expressive of his disappointment. "Is that all, seriously Percy you're making a big deal of your ability. You're not the only one who can talk to animals."

Now that certainly blew my mind, "Really?"

Sev nodded in affirmation, "Yeah, I know this famous legend from the Slytherin House. They say that Salazar Slytherin, one of the four founders of Hogwarts, had wanted the school to only admit pure-blooded wizard. The other three founders didn't agree with his view, which led him to cut ties with them. However, he didn't leave without a parting gift. It is said that Salazar created a secret chamber within the school that could only be open by his heir, where it holds a dreadful beast that he had hope would hunt down all the muggle-born in school."

Lily gulped at the story, and I wouldn't blame her for feeling self-conscious of being a muggle-born all of a sudden.

I thought through that story and found myself asking, "And... what does that have anything to do with me talking to horses?"

"Salazar Slytherin and his ancestry could talk to snakes, they called that skill Parseltongue."

"Get out!"

The two looked confusingly at me before I slapped my forehead when I realized the cultural and time difference, "It's American expression for 'No kidding?!'"

They looked like they want to question that expression but Sev continued instead, "It's not a joke, I don't know if his family line had died out over the years. I do know they can do parseltongue if he or she is a wizard with his bloodline and most likely the skill that helps find the chamber. Your ability isn't that different, just that it works on horses instead."

"Is there a reason why you wanted to hide it so much?" Lily had asked me.

I looked away from her wit a sheepish look, "Well... doesn't it sound weird, talking to horses? I don't see anyone else can talk to animals."

"Who cares what everyone else thinks, you're different, that just makes you more special rather than others who think they are!" Sev reassured me, but there was a hit of contempt in it. Most likely he had a person in mind for that.

"Sure, but try not to spread it alright. I don't want to give people more reason to talk about me than they already have."

Sev pursed his lips but relented, and decided to continue practicing his spells along with us, but mostly making sure I don't flunk in my next lesson. As funny as my failure are, Lily did not appreciate that douse of water I shot at her on our last class. When it was almost time for dinner, we went to the Great Hall at the same time James and Sirius did. All of us froze to take time glaring at one another, including Lily who heard what really happened back at their flying lesson.

"You boys have anything to say?" Lily asked the two Gryffindor boys. Her tone was even despite her own demanding glare she had on them.
They both exchanged identical eager grins. "I'm afraid we're not sure what you're talking about, Evans," James said.

"Yes, what is it that we need to say exactly?" Sirius followed up.

My glare hardened at them, "Oh I don't know, maybe saying sorry for almost killing off Sev should be a start."

The two began to look confused, "Do you even have proof that we have anything to do with it?"

"Don't play dumb, I saw you waving your wand." I accused them but they didn't seem to look worried.

"Then I don't know what to say other than you must have jumped to conclusion that I was waving my wand. Sirius doesn't seem to have anything to do with it yet you pointed at the two of us. Are you sure you're not making this up for yourself?"

The three of us gawk at his audacity in using the same words we had used on him against us, unsure what to make of this.

The two Gryffindor Boys smirked before going in the Great Hall with one last parting shot. "Later Snivellus… Prissy…"

Their laughter had left us stunned in shock before any word could get out from any of us.

"Did they just…"

"I think they did…"

"They just copied us!"

Oh, I was really mad that they just got us a taste of our own medicine, but I have to say 'Kudos to them!'

And the nickname 'Prissy' has been a while since someone (coughClarissecough) called me that. I guess all jerks think alike, though I do feel a bit homesick from it.

But no way I'm going to let them have the last laugh.

"Sev...those hexes you have in mind are beginning to sound tantalizing to use."

"What a coincidence, I was just thinking the same."

"Oh no, you don't." Lily made her warning voice. She even made sure to pull our ears so we would listen, "You two are not going to hex anyone, I won't stand that you lower yourselves to their standard and get yourself in trouble!"

"Hey, they started it! Besides, I just think practicing hexes is only reliable with a life target to it."

"Severus!"

"...Fine," Sev yielded.

"Good, now those two doesn't deserve to waste our time of the day so behave, boys." She urged us to have dinner and forget them but it was proving difficult when they kept giving you triumph look on throughout the time. Now, mentally I may be seventeen, but I'm not above revenge against a
couple of brats.

Once we got to our table, an older boy came and forced himself beside me, flashing his blinding white teeth. He opened his mouth but I cut him off before I could say anything. "Edward, I'm really flattered and all, but I've said it before, I'm not interested in quidditch."

"Come on Percy. It's not every day you get praises from Professor McGonagall, especially on quidditch. At least try it out before you decide on anything!"

I didn't say anything and I had to admit, I'm actually pretty weak against peer pressure and it must have caught on to Edward if he was this persistent on me.

"Look, Mate, you should know by now that Hufflepuff isn't really the best at everything. We're pretty much laid back people but that doesn't mean we don't try our best at things. This is my last year in Hogwarts and for once as Captain, I want to win the Quidditch Championship Cup and you'll be like our secret weapon."

...Okay, totally unfair. This guy is trying to guilt-trip me on joining him.

I tried to change my tone so he would hesitate on bringing me. "Don't you hear what people say about me? I'm the Washout remember? I'll probably just mess up your game if I join you."

"Hey, we've been placed the last place these couple of years. I doubt you could make things any worse for us. That's why to win we need a little bit of a wildcard on our side."

I wanted to say no. Wanted him to stop pestering me. But it was beginning to feel harder saying no to a guy who wanted you so badly. Most of my life had been a reminder I'm a disaster waiting to happen because of who I am, and sometimes life as a demigod made me think that if things would have been better if I wasn't born. If my life had been an inconvenience. I clearly have just as many failures or more as much as my success and I don't think that's something to boast at.

It's been a while since someone actually relied on me because of me. Not the 'Prophecy Child' or 'The Son of the Sea God' Just plain old Percy—or more like Troublemaker Percy the way Edward seem to make me out.

Which make his persistence to be that much harder to refuse.

I bit my lip and tried to think of a way to better refuse him when both Gwen and Doc ran up to my side. Gwen covered my mouth while Doc gave him my answer on my behalf without my say.

"He'll gladly take up that position." Gwen cut in with a thumbs up, "Don't worry, he won't let you down."

Edward's eyes glimmered enthusiastically despite my frown and the struggle I made from both their combined effort to hold me down.

"That's great. I'll tell Professor Sprout right away, see you at the practice field tomorrow Percy and...oh! And by the way, my friends call me Ted."

That's great, I was beginning to feel uncomfortable at calling him that name without the image of a certain sparkling vampire in my head. The movie made me laugh at how woefully inaccurate they make out vampires to be.

I pulled away from her hand again and glared at Gwen. "Really? You had to do that?"
She shrugged with a too-innocent grin she wore. "You weren't going to agree so we had to make you join somehow."

"Oh, gee...maybe because I'm not too keen on joining, ever thought of that?"

Gwen flinched at my tone but she didn't look ready to give up on me yet. "Look… Percy… I know you have misgiven about this and, understandably, you think a first-year like you wouldn't be able to go far. But have faith in yourself." She held down my shoulder with a strange look on her face. "Do not be discourage from this."

"Gweeeen..."

"Shushed, listen! I know this is hard for you to take in but you have a gift, Percy! With you in our quidditch team, we might have a chance for the Quidditch Cup."

I huffed, and shook my head incredulously from what she says and looked back at her. "Do you really want Hufflepuff to win that badly?"

"I do." Gwen finally admitted, "I don't have much hope for the team, but if you could pull our house to the top then I'm willing to do anything here and that includes dragging you in."

Well despite her feelings being one-sided, at least she's honest about it.

"You agree with this?" I asked Doc. Who shrugged his shoulder with a sheepish smile.

"Sorry Percy, but I have to be honest. I agree that I don't want our house being the last all the time, and if we...or you could do something about it." He gave me a pleading look alongside with Gwen with their round glisten eyes, making me groaned.

"You're not making this easy for me."

"Then we're doing our job right." Gwen knowingly grin.

I couldn't help but tug a fond smile from my lips,

... 

During break, I slid beside Sev as he read his usual 'light' reading in the library. "So, any ideas of how we're going to get back at them?" I softly asked him.

Sev turned from his book and raised an eyebrow at me, "You were serious about it?"

I shrugged, "We could just leave them be, they're not that worth it. At the same time, I don't think that would stop them picking on us you know? Jerks like them are everywhere and you need to let them know that if they do pick on us, we aren't going to make it easy for them."

Sev bit his lips, struggling to find the right words how bad of an idea this is while weighing his option. "Percy… if we get found out then we're going to in trouble. I'm not going to risk my house points for the likes of them and Lily told us not to bother them. It's smarter for us to just leave or report them when they do break the rules."

"I like to agree with you Sev, but trust me when I say those types of guys know how to play around the rules. They can get creative that way."

"And you know this... how?"
I made a knowing smirk and Sev didn't ask further, but he did grumble something around the line 'How are you not a Slytherin?' After all, I do have enough experience being the other end of the beating and while I never started the fights, I do make sure to end it. Sev didn't look like he like my plan, he is a stuck up for the rules, but mostly to Lily. Doesn't mean my words isn't beginning to crack his facade.

"Come on Sev, Lily doesn't have to know. Don't you want to try out any funny hex or curse on them?"

"All the time," he grumbled. He wasn't agreeing to the prank directly but it was as good as I can get.

Discussing hexes and jinxes with Severus is always a good way to get him out of his brooding mood. In hindsight, I should have been worried that a kid would love talking about deforming people with magic so much, but I spent my time around campers who cursed for fun in any other week and Nico's creative use of necromancy that it all seemed harmless fun to me.

I have to say, it was fun despite being a simple prank. I'm not as creative as the Stoll brothers nor as much experience in pranks but that changed after this event.

By lunch the next day, we made sure we hid behind a pillar among the hallways, just out of sight from the students that walked up and down the moving stairways. On cue, when both James and Sirius together were climbing up to their next class, the two of us hex them together and watched in glee how their legs started dancing.

They looked confusingly at one another but their feet were already got themselves tumbled down the stairs. They tried climbing up, but their feet weren't helping them much, nor were the moving stairs that just confused them where to go.

After snickering a moment longer, together, Sev and I walked toward our class, passing the two dancing Gryffindors holding tightly at the stair railings with a smirk.

"Nice moves James, but you should take some more dancing lesson to brush it up."

The two gaped at me before giving me a heated glare that I wasn't really worried about. They were about to retort, possibly with some name-calling, bu Sev took the initiative to make their hands slip off the railings, making them tumble down some more.

I high-fived Sev, who looked just as satisfied as me and knowing they wouldn't try anything without fearing retaliation from our side.

However, I was too drunk with satisfaction and turned oblivious to one fact about them.

Sirius and James are both incredibly stubborn and sore-losers.

It was a few days afterward in the morning, that both Sev and I had gotten present from anonymous senders via owl, I don't know it was either the owl or the sender's intention to drop it off on my head. We didn't notice we got it at the same time, otherwise, we would have known it was suspicious. So imagine our surprise, when we innocently opened it and got a poof of white powder on our faces, making us stark white and eliciting laughter from around our table.

I didn't miss the snickering and the small high five the two suspect of this prank had made.

We could have brushed it off had it just been that. Instead, we had to suffer the rest of the day scratching our faces and the rest of our bodies until our rash was visible and the teacher sent us
away to meet Madame Pomfrey.

Turns out wizards do have itching powder in their disposal.

There was something a bit ominous as two first-years were silent, knowing what we had in each other's mind while watching over the white ceiling of the infirmary.

"You're thinking what I'm thinking?" I asked Sev without looking away from where I'm staring.

"Payback," he replied evenly.

So as you might suspect, when the days rolled out. Within the compounds of the school, not much notice from the rest of the school. A prank war was happening as the pranks itself became more elaborate as time goes on. Severus and I started retailing again, this time with their own game. Not with owls though, but with a hand given gift passed on to them to lessen suspicion and it went well if the make-up they had on their faces the whole day was any more evident. Half the teachers looked unsure to either ask them about it or to let it go. Then they got their own payback on us. The next day, we both found ourselves giving out farting noises wherever we sat. People began to catch on the pattern exchange between the peculiar group of pairs for the past weeks yet wizards are pretty thick to realize what was going on.

It was when we were devising a revision of dungbombs for us to throw at them. I was honestly satisfied with just making them gagged with the smell of human waste but Sev seemed delighted on making a much worse bomb than it already is. We both waited around the corner, a ball of dungbomb in each of our hands. Waiting a bit excitedly for the chance to strike. We were so focused on what was coming, it was easy to take by surprise by a familiar scolding tone came from behind us.

"What are you two doing?"

The two of us jumped in panic from it until we both realized who the voice belonged to and turned.

"Well?" Lily arched an eyebrow, fishing an answer from us.

While I was trying to find a bad excuse I could come up at the top of my head (Let's face it, impromptu lying is not my thing) while Sev began babbling senseless that doesn't make us look any better. Lily glared harder, daring us to try and lie our way out to her.

I sighed relentlessly but then grin when an idea popped in my mind, "If you must know Lily, me and Sev were actually about to prank a couple of Jerks with a dungbomb in our ongoing prank war, care to join us?"

Sev briefly looked horrified at my admission, but mostly confused. He knew I wouldn't just confess as easily as I did. Lily, on the other hand, had her jaw dropped in shock and whisper shouted at us with clear disapproval on her face, "Prank wa- Are you two mad?! Are you trying to get yourself in trouble?! What do you think will happened once the professors find out?!"

"The worst they'd do would either be cutting our points or detention." I shrugged, not seeing the point. At least I get in trouble in something I'm asking for, there's a strange comfort there than getting in trouble for something I'm not even sure I did wrong. Lily groaned and grounded the heel of her palm to her forehead. "Look, I know you don't approve of this but you can't say you're not enjoying the mess we made for them."

Lily tried not to react, but the slight twitch at the side of her lips didn't escape my notice and her shoulder trembled from repressed laughter. "Okay, I admit they were a bit funny. Doesn't mean I
have to like what you're doing."

"Even if..." I dangled the object on my hand temptingly in front of her. "...you get your chance to prank them yourselves?"

Lily held her hand up with a pointed look, slowly backing away from the prank item, "Oh no, you're not dragging me into this."

"Not even when you get to see them painted in pink from head to toe?"

She arched an eyebrow and her body betrayed her by leaning closer to us. "Really?"

Her interest seemed to be the only invitation Sev need to start rambling, "Uh... no, not really actually. It makes the target painted brown just as it makes them stink like crap the whole day but I say the color is close second. We just need to wait for them to come here since we made a false notice to them that Professor McGonagall wants to query them about a bathroom incident they were suspected to be involved."

"They either were or weren't involved, but it's believable enough reason to have them on the move." Sev supplied in the end.

On cue, I heard their footsteps and decided to shove the brown circular object to her and pushed her to the edge of the corner, urging her with a smirk. I wasn't sure what got over me, maybe because I wanted Lily to loosen up, maybe I just wanted her to get involved so she wouldn't rat us out despite how unlikely it was. Whatever the reason for my spontaneous decision, Lily flailed around the dungbomb like she was handling a hot potato. Unsure what to do and didn't want to be seen handling it. She looked back at me who was already stepping back, dragging Sev along, arching an eyebrow to see what she decided to do with it.

As the footsteps became that much clearer, I could see on her face the added pressure on her and did the first thing she must have had in her panic addled mind: she threw it.

And hit it straight right to- **not** James and Sirius.

Oh, they were there alright, but from the looks of things, they were being dragged by the collar by a light blond-haired teen that got hit face first with the dungbomb, coating him in brown.

The air itself froze at the comical situation we got into. Lily froze from her throwing position with eyes round as saucer, James and Sirius were both looking up at him with mouth agape, Sev was reeling between defending Lily and finding ways to escape.

Me? I was more confused at how overreacted everyone was. I mean, it's just one guy, it's not like he could make things any worse for us.

The guy in one smooth motion, let go of the two boys he was holding and wipe away the paint from his eyelids revealing his bright blue eyes. Despite the ridiculous look he had, it didn't stop him from looking like a guy with a stick up in his butt. Especially when he showed me an all too familiar disdain look I'm so used to from people and gods alike.

That one glance is enough to tell I definitely am not going to like this guy, that's for sure. I heard Sev squeak beside me when he locked eyes with him, "Lu...Lucius! Wha...what brings you here?"

Sev had gone paler if that was even possible,

"Hmm, Sev, who's that?" I asked him discreetly.
"That's my house's Prefect!" he whisper-shouted me.

Ah.

I take that back, he can make everything worse for us.

"Ah, Severus was it? I was just dragging these two knob heads from a dealing I overheard they had with Peeves for a certain prank they had on mind and was about to send them to the Head of Gryffindor house for the Professor to deal with. Seems to me, they aren't the only twits here that are up to no good."

Lily finally snapped out of her shock and began to vigorously apologize to him repeatedly as she mumbled out some semi-coherent explanation, and was followed by a muffled snickering from her fellow Gryffindors, James even had the gall to give her a thumbs up.

It finally dawned on Sev how it may look like to him and walked between his Prefect and best friend. "I know what it looks like, but Lily isn't at fault, she only got dragged into this."

"The who's at fault that should take responsibility for this?"

Sev looked unsure as his eyes darted around until it fixed on me and didn't hesitate a second longer before throwing me to the wolves. "It's Percy idea!" he pointed at me.

Lily was either too mad at me for giving her the dungbomb or just wanted to reach whatever rope that could save her and concurred with him, "Yup, it's Percy's idea!"

"Yes, it was my idea!"

Okay, so admitting guilty wasn't the best course of action but it's the truth, and like I said before the detention in Hogwarts are quite tame from what I'm used to. The only thing it could kill me is from sheer boredom so taking the fall and getting in trouble wasn't anything new to me.

"To be fair, you weren't the target," I said hopefully defusing the tension but the unamused frown he wore told me it didn't help me the slightest.

"I don't care if you were targeting a Professor or a Dark Wizard you bumbling peasants, I am a prefect, and most of all a Malfoy, and deserve respect from immature first years like you," he sneered.

It took a herculean amount of effort not to roll my eyes at him, he wasn't making himself anymore dignified when he looked and smell like crap. I wasn't going to say that, and it had almost slipped my tongue if Sev hadn't given me a warning look followed by a hard nudge.

"Try watching your tongue Percy," He hissed, "You do not want to anger a Pureblood, especially not a Malfoy." I would have asked him what was the big deal with that name had I hadn't been interrupted.

"And you!" Lucius pointedly glared at Sev, making him sweatdropped nervously, "Severus, is it? I heard about a brilliant First Year that's been giving Slytherin much-awarded points."

It was a sudden offhand comment of his achievement that Sev scratched his cheek awkwardly at his impressed tone. The two Gryffindor boys saw his demeanor and one made a gagged gesture while the other mouthed the word 'Suck-up' Lucius might have realized this if the tightening of his hand around their collar was any sort of sign.
"Seeing as you're only dragged into this mess I could turn a blind eye for you, but I advise that you pick better 'acquaintance' than a Washout Duffer and a silly little Mudblood."

The last term he uttered were at lost for me and Lily but I knew from his disdain tone that it was an insult, and the fact he tried to 'advise' Sev to stay away for us put him in the top ten of 'The List of Huge Pricks' and I have pretty long list inside of those so getting into top 10 is impressive enough.

The reaction from Sev, James, and Sirius surprised us both equally. Severus made a mix of horror and shock from his face before gritting his teeth from suppressed fury he would always reserve for his Dad. James and Sirius have a more visible uproar as they began thrashing under his grip, their eyes gleamed in fury and disgust. James even went as far as stepping on the guy's foot. Causing the elder teen to grunt and released them both.

"How dare you even say that!" said Sirius.

"She doesn't deserve that, and you have no right to say that to her!" James followed up.

Wow. Sev, James, and Sirius on the same side?! My eyes widen in surprise at the sight as I never expect to see them in agreement alongside with Lily, who looked fairly uncomfortable at being the main subject that she barely knew what was going on. Considering the situation, I was sure whatever he had to say wasn't just bad, it's awfully bad.

The angry words barely making a dent to his form, he just let the words went over his head and be done with it.

"I expect a behavior nothing less from her fellow mongrel house so I'll take 20 points for each of you. Perhaps you'd like to repeat what you said so I can cut a few more points out of you."

That did it. That word hit a nerve out of the two and I knew an incoming fistfight when I see one. Thinking quickly, I reached out for Sev's second dungbomb and threw it straight at his face once more. My action did its job and broke the tension surrounding us and was back feeling gobsmacked at the situation.

"You weren't expecting it? Sorry, you've been saying a lot of stuff with whatever you want that I just kept hearing your ugly face asking for another round of dungbomb"

I heard stifled laughter coming from Sirius, James had to slightly kick him to shut him up. Too late though, I know I can be funny when I want to be. And Annabeth was sure I have a bad sense of humor. Lily was leveling me with a various degree of horror and Sev...well, he looked like he wasn't sure what to make of me.

"Oh you'll pay dearly for that Jackson," he nearly snarled at me. But he kept his voice even as if getting a rise from him was unbecoming for someone like him.

Unluckily for him, I enjoyed snapping arrogant prick like him.

"By what exactly, cutting my house point?! Please do so, I want to know how much worth it was painting your snotty little nose."

Despite his face was colored brown, I sensed the reddening flushed face while feeling the shame and anger mixed in him, keeping my glare evenly at him, undeterred by his effort to look intimidating.
I was smirking the whole way when he didn't take any points from me and urged me to let Professor McGonagall handle my punishment. He went to have a long wide rant with her about me being 'disrespectful to the Prefect title and his Malfoy name' which I don't even care and just let my ADHD mind wandered around her office. I noticed that his anger for me had made me the villain plot of his tale with Sev and Lily not even being in his 'report' other than telling her about my 'goons' which was hilarious thought that I would even have goons to serve me. That would turn out to be a disastrous idea to have because I'll definitely use them for the most mundane thing like buying me a coke or carrying me around when I'm lazy.

My punishment was decided that I would have a month time working together with Professor Sprout in taking care of the Greenhouse. If she thinks handling life-living life-plants that could potentially bite your nose off was a better sort of punishment then just taking points, the professor knows her way around students.

When dinner finally came, I was surprised to find Lily arguing with Sev. They weren't doing it conspicuously, but when my gaze saw then both and found the familiar frown on their faces when they're arguing. It ended with Lily turning her heel and slapping Sev with her long red hair before stalking off to her table. I arched an eyebrow curiously at the scene before making my way next to Lily, ignoring the unwelcoming stare of another house in their table. I didn't need to prod her to know what was on my mind.

"I asked Sev what Malfoy had said when he called me…" she shuddered, a look of distaste as he tried uttering the word, "...mudblood. He didn't quite get to answer me while looking at me with his guilty puppy look until Sirius answered me for him."

"What did he say?"

"He told me... it was a disgusting term to call a muggle-borns like me. Meaning dirty blood or common blood he said. Severus didn't say anything more, but I guess it's pretty bad that even jerks like them care what I was called."

"So it's a racial slur, should have known. Those bigots are everywhere." I looked back at Lily, fiddling with her food like she lost her appetite and knew the problem wasn't just that. "What did you argue with Severus?"

Her spoon stilled, and she put it down with an angry huffed. "He said it wouldn't make a difference."

"Sorry, what?"

"That day, he said that being a muggle-born shouldn't matter to me. That it wouldn't make a difference."

Realization finally dawned on me, "You're upset he lied."

"All this time, I thought it didn't matter where I came from. That all those leering looks I caught was just my imagination and they weren't actually demeaning me. He could at least warn me so I wouldn't feel stupid now."

She started stabbing the few leftover potatoes on her plate. Can't say I don't know how she feels, I remembered the first and second time around I change school. Determined to be good and not cause trouble, hoping things would be different...better even. I was a lot more optimistic back then before learning I was a magnet for trouble and no one cared to see me as more than just a troublemaker.
"You know he didn't mean anything bad right?"

She heaved a sigh and looked at me with sad eyes, "I know Percy. But I thought at least he would defend me back then, maybe I'm more upset about that."

"Hey." I bumped her shoulder with mine, "You know he cares about you right? He's not the most emotionally expressive guy out there. Otherwise, he would have snapped long ago to his dad."

She tilted her head thoughtfully before a small smile slowly broke, "Too true Percy, too true."
...and Remember Kids, Don't Follow Strange Blue Fire!

Chapter Summary

Ha! Pranking James and Sirius was fun, but pranking Lucius was hilarious. Unfortunately, he had made himself in the Top 10 Jerk List I had for calling Lily a racial slur. Anyway, while I had my fun time in Hogwarts, I think it's about time something bad will happened. Circe will make her move. By then, could I handle it?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Afterward, there was a brief break in the Great Prank War between us. We both weren't quite in it as the last failed prank damped our mood. Oh, but don't think this is the end. All you need is the right motivation, and I'll bet the war would start back up, that's just how much we both don't like one another.

Well, I won't. I'm just dragging Sev for the ride. He enjoyed the pranks but wouldn't have joined in on - how he says it - the marvel act of a child that's beneath his intelligence.

It was around two-three days later. After a long day from quidditch practice. Day turned to night, and sleep finally took me into its dream that I never look forward to. My vision was overtaken by my usual demigod nightmare.

I was inside an old rundown room, the smell of mold and dust filled the air, spiders made nests on every corner of the room. The moonlight and the streetlamp outside gave it dim lightning in a sort of stereotypical haunted house vibe.

"And you are sure that this plan of yours would work?" A hard and cold voice from behind made me turn. The darkness shadowed the face of the owner, and could only make out his tall figure.

"Yes, Dark Lord," said a soft-spoken woman. I was too focused on the man that only just noticed the short woman next to him. Her face hidden beneath the hood of her rob. "Now that the seal is broken, I have unleashed the ghost among the students. It won't be long before he will gain his strength."

"And you are sure he would side with us? Because while I do not mind unconventional ally, I'm not too keen with one that's unpredictable as yours."

"Understandable, but I ask you not to worry, I have brought an offer for him that I assure you he wouldn't refuse."

Something hissed near my feet, and I jumped when a 12-foot long snake crawled the wooden floor before slowly slithered upon the man and around his shoulder like a gaudy scarf. I may not understand much about fashion, but I don't think life snake was the newest fashion statement even on the 70s. He doesn't seem to mind, shown by the comfortable way he stood from its weight and the way it caressed the snake. You would think cats were a sensible pet choice for a Bond Villain, but clearly, this guy had up the game.
"Then I'll leave it to you, it would also help in putting a seed of chaos in Dumbledore's school."

"As you wish Volde-" the woman's word stopped midway as she began looking back and forth.

I didn't see his face but he looked like he quirked an eyebrow at her, "Is something the matter?"

"It would seem we have a guest within our midst."

The snake hisses right beside his ear. "Nagini doesn't sense any intruder," said the man.

"No, this one has the gift to venture beyond his body. It's an unpredictable and quite a nuisance gift."

Before she could even sense me, I was suddenly yanked out of the room. Into a void of mist and found myself breathing heavily. I turned to find Hecate, standing in her blue greek robe and a torch in her hand.

"That was…"

"Circe," Hecate stated, her tone betraying her straight face at the mention of her name, "It would appear she's finally making a move for her plan."

"What was she talking about? Something about ghost and unleashing it in school?"

"I'm sorry Percy, you know the gods can't interfere much with your quest. More so this time even if I want to since even my visions have its limits with Circe involvement."

I brushed her off with a waved of my hand, what does it say for me that I didn't expect anything from a goddess? "Don't worry about it, I never expect anything to be easy. Anything you'd like to say to me since you help pull me out of there?"

She nodded, "Before you wake up Percy Jackson, I have something for you here." Hecate took out a piece of small coal from her torch then threw it at me that I stupidly and reflexly caught. I expected to feel a scorching heat at the palm of my hand, but when I opened my hand I found the blackened and scorched paper slowly turning into a white crumpled one.

I unveil the paper and found the written word *Forsooth*.

I stared at it confused before looking up. "Wha-"

"It's your lucky word for the day," Hecate answered before I could ask. "You might find it useful." Then with a snap of her finger, the mist began covering her from view and I woke up with a jolt.

Afterward, the whole day had been just me practicing spells (blaming Sev and Lily, this is what I get from befriending two overachievers.) and just hang out with my friends with nothing out of the ordinary happening until evening came.

Sev told me being Halloween today, there was going to be a large feast this evening as big as the welcoming feast.

Which mean there would be a heck of a lot of food.

Unfortunately, my eagerness to sate my appetite got me over-excited and was late to realize I had taken the wrong way, and getting myself lost within the long silence corridor. The wind howled through the dimly lighted hallways, and my steps echoed aloud. Despite the wide hollow place, I couldn't help but feel constricted by the darkness. Walls and pillars surrounded me, in and out
looked reversed and it felt like being stuck in a wide maze-like box.

I looked left and right and finding no one was making my nerves jittery. I wasn't scared, I experienced way scarier things than this. But the constricting feeling the school gave me did not help my cause and I might accidentally lash out.

Until I saw it.

A fire.

A floating blue-purple shaded fire with twice the same of a burning candlelight.

Now, I have my fair share of experience of weird stuff. While the mysterious floating fire isn't exactly in my top 30, but it does pique my interest a bit.

I walked slowly toward it, being wary of any kind of trap or any signs of it that could harm me. I walked around with interest before realizing other blue fires were floating almost out of sight.

Looking at them, I felt a bit like a month mesmerized by the light. Letting my feet move toward the guidance of the fire and my mind was devoid of any thoughts. The fire led me to a corner that had a brighter light just around it, sudden anticipation swept me, mixed with wary. At one side I felt myself being drawn to it and couldn't help but move, but another kept whispering saying 'Snap out of it!'

"Percy!"

The call of my name broke my thought and I turned to find Gwen with two of her friends, "Where are you going? The Great Hall is this way."

I turned to look back at the floating fire but find that it was gone, leaving me in a dim unfamiliar corridor I don't remember I first find myself lost and no signs of the fire that I almost thought I had imagined it all.

'Did it help me find my way?'

I wasn't so sure, but my mind was too muddled up that I just wordlessly followed Gwen. I didn't think further of the strange light once I caught sight of how different the Hall looked like. Leave it to wizards to celebrate Halloween differently.

A thousand live bats fluttered from the walls and ceiling while a thousand more swooped over the tables in low black clouds, making the candles in the pumpkins wavered. The feast appeared suddenly on the golden plates, as it had at the start-of-term banquet.

I sat among my house friends, "Nice to see you joining the party Percy, what took you so long?" Doc asked me.

"Sorry, I got lost on the road of life." Doc didn't think was funny which was a bit sad. "Well, I would have missed the feast if those floating fires hadn't shown me the way."

"I'm sorry, floating fires? That's weird."

When Gwen reiterate me, I noticed the commotion around the hall stopped. There were still some who are rowdy within their own group and those who kept on eating, but most noticed the frozen stated of the ghosts of Hogwarts and how horror-stricken they looked.
But I didn't think I had been the cause so I kept talking all the same, "Yeah, there were floating blue fires through the corridors and led me here, know anything about it?"

Gwen scrunched her brows in concentration before her eyes light up in excitement despite not knowing what it is. As if she loves finding mystery surrounding the school and shelving more trivia in her head.

Then a ghost made an ear-splitting scream that got most of the occupant winced before floating past the walls. We all watched at his wake in confusion before the Fat Friar appeared before me so suddenly, I jumped.

"Sorry Young Percy, but I must ask did you truly see...a blue fire...floating?" The fear was immanent from his tone but I wasn't sure what it is he was afraid of.

The attention they gave me was unnerving and wished I hadn't opened my big mouth, "Uh... yeah, what about it?"

Fat Friar didn't answer me the moment I confirm something dreadful for him. Too busy muttering 'Oh Dear,' over and over again before all the ghosts started an uproar. Flailing around the hall before they followed the first ghost's action and ran-floating through the wall while screaming, "The Will 'o Wisp, the Will 'o Wisp appeared!"

"We're not safe here anymore!" one other cried.

"We're doomed!" another wailed.

They left with those words hanging in the air. No one was in the mood for a party any longer, whispers broke out within the hall and none look ease at the ghost's action. Dumbledore decided that it was time to cease the feast, ask the prefect to take us back to the dorm while they investigate the matter further.

There wasn't definite proof, but I would bet my hair this incident had something to do with Circe. This was the first move she's making, and no way I'm letting myself out of the loop of what's happening.

So when Conall had us, first years, lined up, I sneaked out of the line and followed behind the teachers. Just out of sight and far enough for me to tail them. They all followed Dumbledore through the corridor until they stopped on an eagle statue. Dumbledore had called out "Charmed Choc" before the eagle statue moved, revealing a stairway upward.

They all moved and I waited to see if it'll get sealed. Seeing it didn't, I slowly walked up to the stairway as well, making sure I stayed in the shadow.

"...the ghosts were out of control like they were the one who had seen a ghost." Percy heard who he recognized was Professor Flitwick's voice.

"Indeed, we never had this kind of situation before." Professor McGonagall expressed her view, "Just what exactly happened there?"

I didn't hear an answer right away but I can somehow imagine Dumbledore brushing his beard, his eyes twinkling while wrapping his thought around the peculiar situation. "I'm afraid I'm as much as in the dark as all of you, I did, however, had asked the paintings to called out any ghost that passed by to my office in hoped for some answer."

As if on cue, a ghost phases through the wall, and appearing as a man with curly long hair, sporting
a large ruff, pair of breeches, a doublet and tunic. His prim mustache and goatee made him even more like someone from Shakespeare's play.

"Aaa, Sir Nicholas, so glad you could join us," Dumbledore greeted him.

"I heard you called, I suppose you're wondering about our earlier outburst."

"Yes, what exactly happened? You frighten all the students and now we need some explanation!" My Head House almost yelled out.

"Professor Sprout, please let the man speak out first. Now Nicholas, what were you saying?"

I didn't quite see what he was doing, but he was hesitating to tell him, or most likely terrified. We waited for the answer until he said, "I'm sorry but please don't let this spread to the ghost and other students. Most of the ghost around here is in denial that he's back and already claiming that Percy Lad is a liar, while I can't confirm his return." He gulped, visibly shivered if a ghost could ever do that. "I can't deny the possibility that he's back."

I secretly huffed at the accusation. How rude, they actually think I'm lying?

"Who are you talking about? Who's he? And what's this Will' o Wisp?"

There was an audible gulp from the ghost, and I didn't know ghost can still do that, "It is the proof remain of the cursed ghost was here. One who first brought fear to Halloween. He's Ja--" the ghost sucked on a breath, his head suddenly fell sideways but no one looked surprised at that despite the silence, I decided to dare myself and peek further on the meeting to find a single blue fire floating at their midst. If a ghost could look paler than he is, then Sir Nicholas sure showed me that.

"I'm sorry, but I can't say more. I'm sorry, but please don't ask me more about this and leave me be." Then phasing through from he came from, he left the room lost in thought from his words.

"So what now?" Professor Slughorn asked the faculty.

"Now...we must reassure our students that nothing is amissed for now and we'll be continuing our investigation toward the Will 'o Wisp. Until we are sure what it is and what it meant there's no need to cause panic among them." Dumbledore decided. "Professor Rose, as the Professor of Defense Against the Dark Arts I can leave this case to you, yes? Of course with full cooperation from our teachers."

"Understood Professor Dumbledore, I'll get on it straight away."

Seeing that there's no new information I possibly could get, I step backward only to fumble the steps and fell before catching myself.

"Who's there?"

I cursed and dashed down the stairs and didn't try to hide my rushed footsteps from the teachers. A few of them followed me and kept on my heel, the fact that this castle was confusing while having my thought straight just didn't help me escape from them.

Turning into a corner, I had crashed into someone and my heart sank that I might have been caught by Mr. Pringle. Instead, I was greeted by a familiar boy with a Gryffindor tie, he looked skittish while biting his thumbnails, glancing around in confusion. I knew immediately he was lost but I had no time to help him.
Instead, I took his hand and pulled him along. Telling him to run. He didn't question me or complaint, which is good but still felt sorry for getting him caught up. I kept taking random turns until I found myself inside the dungeons, the opposite of where my dorm was and knew I just got myself even more lost.

Great job, me. Now I'll either have to turn myself to Old Cat Face and face her wrath or keep running blindly.

I'm beginning to consider that this running around isn't worth the effort to avoid detention.

Looking for another way out, I noticed the few portraits hanging around and maybe hoped they'll find a way to escape, or better yet a hiding hole.

So naturally, I came up to the only Greek themed portrait that had introduced himself as Mopsus, a Seer from Ancient Greek.

"Hey man, any chance you know any secret hiding place or escape route I could take? Because I really need to use one right now."

Mopsus glared down at me, his blind eyes told me how displeased he was for disrupting whatever portraits do in their spare time. "Young Half-Blood thou have come, despite the mocking thou had make. What trouble thou bring and make us wake."

Oh yeah, did I mention he talks in rhymes? Typical Child of Apollo, they have their ways of annoying us.

"You can't even sleep, you're a painting! Anyway, I really can't talk right now so can you please just help me?"

"If one must seek, a place to conceal. Then I shall lead thou there, once my password reveal."

Oh, you gotta be freaking kidding me, I don't have time for randomly spewing passwords. The sound of footsteps was getting nearer and their shouts were getting more audible, I panicked and said the first thing that came into my mind, "Forsooth!"

The portrait nodded and clicked open to reveal a secret passage behind the painting, much to my surprise. I didn't let that stunned me longer before scrambling inside.

"Uhm..." I turned to the voice of the mousy kid, who looked hesitant whether to keep following me or not. "Should I...Can I...?"

"What are you waiting for?" I whisper shouted him, "Come on or the teacher will catch you!" I hastily gesture him to come and he compiled, the kid nodded and climbed inside. Just in time for me to close it before the teachers could find any signs of suspicion.

The two of us sigh in relief at finally getting them out of our backs that I turned sheepish to the kid, "Uh, sorry about dragging you in here. I panicked and couldn't let you deal with the teachers by yourself."

The kid smiled from my words, I wasn't sure when he has every right to be annoyed by me. "That's okay, but can I ask why they were chasing you? Oh, by the way, I'm Peter Pettigrew."

"Nice to meet you, Peter. I'm Percy Jackson. To answer your question well... I may... have... eavesdropped on them in Dumbledore's office."
"You did?! Why? That was mighty reckless!"

"Hey, my turn. Why were you out so late when the others were told to get back?"

Instantly the kid blushes and began fidgeting his sleeves, "I...aaa...may have been in the bathroom a bit too long and miss that notice then...I...got lost. What happened anyway?"

"The ghosts all ran out scared when I mention about floating blue fire, causing a bit of a panic. They called it the Will 'o Wisp. Any idea what it is?"

Peter shook his head in answer and boy do I need one right now. I decided to look around the secret chamber I opened, it was quite spacious and felt more like a secret private study. With bookshelves put against the whole wall but there was only one desk for one to study on. It was thick with dust, a stack of books at one corner, a burned-out candle on another, a half-opened book, and a quill with its ink. Curiously I tried reading it and was surprised to find what it was written in.

"What is that?" Peter questioned, "I don't recognize those words, are they runes?"

"It's a journal, and they're written in Greek." I flipped the few pages, trying to find some clue that would help me but it was either about mundane stuff, about the writer poetic angst, grocery list (really?) or just unintelligible writing. Some words were blurred, some were forced to be erased and some pages were ripped apart or burned. I glanced on the last few pages and took notice of one particular part of the journal that made my heart sink faster than Titanic.

Child of Hermes must journey alone,

You shall find what you seek at the base of Titan's home.

Immortal apple shall lead new fate,

Or wear a cursed mark that bear your hate,

It could have been anyone, ofr all I know, my head could have just made up random connections that it was for Luke. Not wanting to think more of it (or believe it) I skimmed through the next few pages that only led to making my face paler.

The hero's soul, cursed blade shall reap,
A single choice shall end his days.

You shall delve in the darkness of the endless maze,

The dead, the traitor, and the lost one raise.

Wisdom's daughter walks alone,
The Mark of Athena burns through Rome.

A three seater

Bronze fire eater

Finally, I reached the last page, there were a few ripped pages at the end so technically it's not the last, then I took one look at the passage and the first line already prompt me to shut the book up, causing dust to fly.

"Alright, we're done," I said in finality, "I don't think I want to stay in this creepy chamber any longer." I didn't hide the slight panic tone in my voice and made Peter squirmed uncomfortably to
hide his quivering feet. He looked like the kind of guy easily scared so I didn't want to make it harder for the guy.

"Let's just get out of here, I know where the Gryffindor Tower is so I won't mind showing you the way," I reassured him, Peter didn't hide how grateful he was and constantly said thank you despite only doing a small favor.

We watched for any sign of teacher as we strode the corridor, asking a few portraits every now and then to show us where we were until we arrive at the Tower.

"Again, thank you."

"You said that a million times Peter, just don't tell this to anyone else and we'll call it even, okay?"

After a quick farewell, I went off to my dorm. Ignoring the disapproval cry of Helga's portrait when I came back late and went straight to my room. Off course my roommates Doc, Jean, Edgar, and Cross. They were pretty worried about me except for Cross, he was mostly angry I might risk points deducted from the house. That, and how selfish he thinks I've been for going off on my own when I barely could pull my leg, but I already tuned him out by then.

I went straight to my bed, looking exhausted that they decided not to ask any question and fell into deep dreams. I wasn't expecting to revisit my memory of that chamber. The words of that last page became clearer and floated on the air, glowing green as it rearranged itself into English.

Where foolish fire ignite in number,

All Hallow's Eve Ghost awakens from slumber.

To save lives from the bane of mind,

A lantern's seal must renew its bind.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Birthday to me!!!

So it's a special day for me, so I thought it's a good day to share another chapter for you all.

Just don't forget to push that kudos and leave a comment down below because me love a good comment.

Hope you enjoyed this chapter and will continue enjoying as FINALLY the mystery is introduced.
I Fall From the Sky: The Sequel

Chapter Summary

Remind me never to follow any sort of floating blue fire because then it would result in the screaming fear of ghosts before they disappeared. Not to mention that I may or may not have read a prophecy about who's behind all this.

A hero can't just take a break now, can he?

When the next morning came, everybody could only talk about the Ghost's uproar on Halloween, specifically about the Will 'o Wisps. Being the only one who had seen it, I was thrown by the bombarding questions. Curious about what it is I saw and what it looked like. I only shooked my head, just as clueless as they were, but not wanting to say it outright.

I knew new rumors were brewing surrounding me, and I had to resist rolling my eyes to being the center of attention all the time. Not just in my own timeline but this one too. I swear if there was such thing as the God of Rumors, he has some sort of love-hate relationship with me.

My mind still reminded me of the prophecy I read at every chance it got. How there was even a prophecy about me when I shouldn't even exist at this timeline, I'm not sure. I don't think I have the brains to cope with the reason.

The tension around the hall was more visible now that the ghosts usually roaming the halls as they go about their day were nowhere to be seen. The only lively ghost around was Peeves, and no one was relieved from that particular news. Either he doesn't care what kind of danger all the other ghost seemed to know or no one bothered to tell him.

It was only after breakfast that Dumbledore himself strut to where I was, followed by Professor McGonagall just behind him.

"Ah, Percy. Hope you have a fulfilling breakfast. It's the most important meal of the day."

"Yes Professor Dumbledore, but do you need me for something?" I asked, a bit hesitant from why he singled me out.

"Indeed, I would like us to have a chat in my office if you don't mind."

For a moment, I figured he knew I had eavesdropped on him on the night of Halloween and my mind briefly considered the possible punishment he had for me. I didn't think it was bad enough for expulsion but certainly did not want to risk experience cleaning up the Slug Pit, the shower would be a nightmare. But then I figured, being the only one who saw the so-called Will 'o Wisp, he might need to do some inquiry on me. I nodded then got up to follow him. I felt uncomfortable by the many eyes that were shooting me with curiosity and wonder. Yet I kept my eyes out front, walking through the corridor until we reached the gargoyle sculpture I remembered from yesterday.

"Candyfloss," Dumbledore spoke a different password. Revealing the stairs, we climbed up toward
Dumbledore's office. I didn't get to see the full view of things so I took this chance to examine what kind of office a wizard would have.

It was a large and beautiful circular room, full of funny little noises. Many curious silver instruments stood on spindle-legged tables, whirring and emitting little puffs of smoke. The walls were covered with portraits of old headmasters and headmistresses, all of whom were snoozing gently in their frames. I know for a fact they weren't actually sleeping though, Mira told me as much that portraits don't sleep. There was also an enormous, claw-footed desk, and, sitting on a shelf behind it, a shabby wizard's hat I recognized as the Sorting Hat.

Dumbledore sat on his chair across the desk while Professor McGonagall stood by with her usual stern gaze upon me.

"Care for a lemon drop, Percy?"

I shook my head and Dumbledore sighed before taking in the candy for himself.

"What do you need me for Professor?" I went straight to the point.

"Apology for whisking you away Percy," Professor Dumbledore softly said, "But I am very interested in what you saw last night before the feast. Mind telling us the detail of your discovery?"

Confirming my suspicion of why I'm here, I told them everything I know. About when I got lost, what I saw and how I barely could think around it until Gwen called up to me and led me to the hall. McGonagall's eyes turned ever harsher as the story goes on, either she's trying to tell if I was lying or just trying to mask her worry over me. But I scoffed at the latter idea, thinking that would be stupid.

"And you are sure you weren't imagining things?" McGonagall asked for affirmation.

"Positive," I answered firmly.

Dumbledore nodded, "Then Percy, I would very much like to request of you to not to spread what you experienced to others until we figure more of what it is."

"Don't you think it's a bit late with the ghost uproar that happened yesterday?"

"It will cease soon sooner or later as just another rumor flying, no need to cause unrest among our students," McGonagall promptly replied.

I frowned at her statement, "But what if that fire thing turns out to be dangerous? We don't know what it is for sure and if you want to keep them safe, shouldn't they be aware of the possible danger around here?"

Dumbledore had halted from brushing his beard. His eyes twinkling (seriously, how does he do that?) as he regarded me in a bit different light, "I understand where your concerns lie Percy. But like I said, we are still investigating what those Will 'o Wisps are and what they represent among the ghost. Hopefully, once we know, there'd be a solution to reassure the students."

I couldn't quite agree with their view of pampering the student with obliviousness. Just because they are unsure themselves of what it is, they think students can't handle the fact. I gritted my teeth, knowing it's not my place for me to speak up. I'm just a first-year student with barely any knowledge of the wizarding world, not to mention the kind of everyday danger surrounding it.

Relenting to their demand, I nodded. Professor McGonagall looked ready to usher me out when
Dumbledore asked her to leave me and him alone for a while, making her taken aback quite a bit. The expression made me want to smirk, but I was able to keep my poker face on since honestly, I was a bit confused about why he still needed to talk with me.

"Very well, I will be at my Classroom for my first-period class." She spoke before ushering herself out of the office. Once she left, silence dawned the room other than mysterious *pitter-patter* noises and the whispering chatter of portraits.

"Now that it's just us two, I presume I'm free to ask why you were sneaking around my office last night?"

I squirmed in my seat, scratching my head sheepishly from being found out. "Sorry, I couldn't help finding out since I'm the one who scared off all the ghosts."

"Understandable, though I must ask you to refrain from spying your teachers next time." Dumbledore with a light air in his tone, "How much did you hear?"

Seeing no reason to play denial, I told him about eavesdropping them, how the ghost Sir Nicholas came and told them about the Will 'o Wisps before freaking out from seeing one himself.

"Are you positive you have no idea what those Will 'o Wisps are?"

Dumbledore stood absentmindedly, brushing his beard as a sign of deep in thought, "The Will 'o Wisps have been as much as an urban legend in the muggle world as it is in the wizarding world. They are believed to be another form of the dead soul that enticed people to get lost or at other times finding their way backs. You would mostly find them in a deep dark forest or swamp, not in a school."

"Then what about the Ghost of Halloween? Do you know anything about it?"

Dumbledore froze. I knew by then he was probably pondering whatever to tell me or not. He had a familiar glint in his eyes I usually would find in Chiron's when he was deciding whether to usher me to my early death or not. Oh sure, Chiron has faith in me, but I doubt he never had faith with any other heroes that never came back in the end.

"The Ghost of Halloween is an old tale Percy," he finally said after a long silence, "just like the Will 'o Wisp it's been passed down as a mere urban legend."

"Considering the ghost's reaction, I don't think it's a mere legend, Sir. Does it even have to do anything with those fires?"

"Indeed they are linked, for most stories of the Will 'o Wisp barely ever separated with the Halloween Ghost since it's known to be the marked trail of said ghost."

"But what so special about him? Since he's a ghost, clearly they can't do much to the living since they're intangible right?"

"Ah, but you've forgotten Percy that not all ghosts are the same. They are called in different names because of their different form and origin, like how Peeves the Poltergeist is aven amortal. A being who never having died and unable to die."

I pursed my lips, thinking he was right as he continued, "If my assumption is correct than the Ghost's name isn't quite as alien as we assumed to be. Since both muggles and wizards know his name as the one who brought the fear to a celebration that honor the dead and inspired the many pumpkin recipes I'm quite fond of."
My eyes widen as realization swept in me. Memories resurfaced of my mom dressing up as a witch she borrowed from the candy store with a bag of candies on her hand, and the time spent carving up scary faces in pumpkins while we get splotches of it on our faces and clothes before decorating our apartment room just for the small occasion for ourselves.

"Jack O'Lantern, that's who all the ghosts are afraid of."

Dumbledore stared long and hard at me before nodding, "That may be so, but alas like I said we have no way to know and all the information we have of him could only be said, just that, a legend."

For the first time, I could understand Annabeth's need to know everything. The lack of information is incredibly frustrating and I usually have someone exasperatedly explain it to me because of how clueless I was most of the time. All I know about Jack O'Lantern is that it's what people always called the face carved on pumpkins. I've always wondered why it would even need to be named Jack. As if it couldn't find any cool names that haven't been taken and decided to just call it Jack. Not even Mom knows the story behind it and she knows a lot about myths and legends from her study. It just became the sort of thing people do without giving a second thought. My thoughts whirled for possible answers, but figuring I wouldn't have the right answer on my own, I shook my head, derailing from my train of thought before it got lost in an infinite track.

"Is that all you want to say to me, Professor?" I asked him.

"Other than asking you not to pursue this case yourself, then yes Percy, that is all I have to say."

My back straightened as I tried to play off innocently, "What makes you say that?"

Dumbledore, not fooled by my act, chuckled. "We, as demigods, are always known to be restless. While I found preoccupying my time with knitting helps my nerve, I wouldn't want you getting involved in something dangerous."

A resign smile crossed my lips and the weary looked slip out my face a little bit, "You should know as much as I do Professor, we demigods always attract trouble."

Half of Dumbledore's face might be mostly covered in white facial hair but I noticed the brief odd look he had on me, his eyes glinted calculatingly as if trying to make me out as a curious puzzle.

I gulped, suddenly feeling restless under his gaze and shifted awkwardly, "May I go now, Sir?"

Dumbledore curtly nodded, "You may."

I couldn't focus much on my studies that day. Not just because of my ADHD that's already making it hard for me to study, but the conversation I had with Dumbledore that kept repeating in my kind like an old broken cassette tape.

I didn't even realize the worry look Lily and Sev kept sending me whenever I took my class with them. This time, I couldn't stop the track of my train as it ran off, losing my self in my thoughts. I didn't even realize when I started scribbling in greek, over and over, the words from the journal I read in that hidden chamber, trying to make sense of it all but having no clue how it helps the situation.

When lunch came around, Lily and Sev ignored their house table in favor of sitting next to me. Raising eyebrows from a few others but none said anything much.

"Okay Percy, fess up! What did Dumbledore say to you?" Sev slid down next to my right at the
same time Lily sat on my left.

"You know you can tell us anything right?" I could tell Lily was subtly coercing me to talk and I would have no problem if I did.

However, I have to consider their safety. It's not like I can just ask them to help fight a ghost when I don't even know how to fight them myself. Maybe if I had a Stygian Iron on hand I'd have a better chance but I doubt I could find them lying around at a school.

I silently sigh and shook my head, "I'm fine guys." They shot me identical looks, not believing me which somehow hurts coming from them. But on the other hand, they know me too well.

"Really, I'm fine guys. I just have a lot on my mind."

"And usually that's bad because we don't usually find you thinking," Sev pointed out followed by Lily nodding eagerly.

Yep. They know me too well.

"Aw, Sev. You're concerned for little ol' me?"

Said guy rolled his eyes noting my tone. "You obviously have quite a problem, but no offense, I doubt you could handle it without causing bigger problems."

Okay, his confidence in me was hurtful but justifiable. "You don't even know what my problem even is."

"So tell us!"

I bit my lips before I could snap to either of them when it's none of their business. "They're just worried" I had to remind myself. I took a deep breath, counting back from five before my temper took over and sighed.

"Please Sev, just... drop it. I don't... I can't talk about it."

Sev looked ready to refute, but a hand from Lily holding him back and a shake of her head finally back him off from the subject. The sound of the giant bell told us we were five minutes away from the next period.

When a few days passed, the deep tension that coiled among the students stayed that way but was quickly diminished when Quidditch season finally came around. The day I would show myself as the first first-year quidditch player in around 80 years. I groaned, thinking about the attention I had was about to pile up even more after this game.

I had spent all my spare time practicing together with the other members of the team. Being in the practice field, I noticed the weather became much colder. Even from afar I felt the lake had become icy cold.

Thankfully, Sev and Lily never really mind hanging out near the field while they wait for me. Sev would often conjure a jar of flame for them share warmth from it. I also made sure Sev would keep an eye out for her whenever I'm not around. He raised an eyebrow at my insistent tone but didn't question further. I wasn't sure if I could lie properly to his face so I was glad he had let it go. Most likely because I didn't need to ask anyway since he wouldn't take his eyes off her.

When that day finally arrived, the whole school looked to be in uproar out in the stands around the
quidditch pitch. Many students had binoculars. The seats might be raised high in the air, but it was still difficult to see what was going on sometimes.

Alongside me were my teammates.

There was the Captain-slash-Seeker of the team, Edward 'Ted' Tonks.

The Keeper, Jeremiah Smith, a haughty-looking guy. Blonde hair and blue eyes, he eerily reminded me of Octavian but a more bulky version of him. Even though his similarity only went as far as his eyes and hair, the look of disdain he gave me was almost identical.

The two Beaters, Gideon Prewett and Chris Rivers. Both are third years. Gideon is a quiet guy and has a shy smile, but once he opened up he could be rowdy as he is nerdy. According to him, he was more into Gobstone and books, but Chris managed to wrangle him into quidditch. Mostly because he has a competitive side with his twin brother who's also a beater in Gryffindor Team.

And two other Chasers alongside me, Marlene McKinnon and Mason Malone. The two girls I can admit has more talent in flying than the rest of the guys other than Ted.

"Alright guys, this is it. This is what we've trained for."

"No need to state the obvious Captain." Jeremiah huffed, with a sneer curled up at the corner of his mouth. Marlene smacked him lightly on the shoulder, telling him to lighten up.

"Now I know we never truly won the Quidditch Cup these past few years."

"Seeing as we're a sucky team," Jeremiah added under his breath but didn't escape the other's notice. I should have mentioned that Jerry here is an extreme pessimist, and that's saying something because I'm usually the morbid one. Though he should know his constant negative comment would lower our moral, I was inwardly holding back myself from shaking him down and telling him to shut up.

Nevertheless, Ted wasn't deterred the slightest by it. "However I know for a fact we're just as good as the other team in terms of skill. And since this is my last year in quidditch, I decided to take a gamble with Percy here." He patted me on the back and turning all the other's eyes on me.

Exactly on cue, Jeremiah sneered but said nothing. He already had his say when I first turned up for practice, saying I was a shrimp that can't throw a ball right. I shut him up quick when I got to score over him more than a dozen times in a row.

"I honestly can't say we're going to win because I don't want to give you guys false hope. I do know I want to give everything I have for my final year and it was an honor to play with all of you. I trust you would all give everything you have for this game."

He let his words sink in, giving them a second to contemplate his words. The solemn air quickly diminished when Ted clapped with a broad grin that lightened the mood around us.

"Alright everyone, let's move out. Good luck!"

With those last words, we went on one straight line toward the pitch. The loud cheering from the crowd was almost deafening as they resounded throughout the field. On one side were the Hufflepuff supporters, yellow theme banners and badgers waved from the crowds. From the other were the Gryffindors.

I briefly wondered if Sev and Lily were out there within the crowd. Lily must have been conflicted
cheering for me or her house while Sev would be rather caught dead sitting among the Hufflepuff. That thought kind of bummed me down but I didn't let that hover my mind for long. I was suddenly curious over what kind of expression James and Sirius would have seen me as one of the quidditch players, because if I know one thing I learned over the past few days near the Quidditch Season, is that the both of them are a huge quidditch fan.

Professor Rose was refereeing. She stood in the middle of the field waiting for the two teams, her broom in her hand.

"I want a fair game from all of you and may the best team wins," she said, once they were all gathered around her. Ted was facing with a smug-looking sixth year Gryffindor, who looked at him almost in pity. Ted kept his smile on him, but his eyes burned in challenge.

"No offense to you Tonks, but we're so going to kick you to the curb."

"We'll see about that Goldstein," Ted challenged him back.

Professor Rose signaled us to mount our brooms and gave a loud blast on her silver whistle. Fifteen brooms rose up, high into the air and we were kicking off at the same time the quaffle was thrown to the air.

I hear the voice commentary of Tilden Toots for the match, accompany by Professor McGonagall.

[Aaaannd the game kicks off with Cole Spine takin' off with the quaffle. Passing it ter Captain Kree Goldstein- then back ter Spine, Chaser Malone briefly missin' the catch- Goldstein now flyin' like a wild Hawk, aimin' for the goal and- nope, a swift block from Hufflepuff Stick-up-his-bumhole Keeper, Jeremiah Smith, saved the first goal from them.]

[Toots.]

[Wha'? Y'know it's true Professor!]

I can imagine the miffed looks he would have gotten from the commentary and snickered.

[Now Mckinley has the ball an' swiftly dive ter dodge a swipe from Carly Peach- ducking under a speeding bludger courtesy of Gideon Prewett- passin' over to Malone- then back- she shoots- Keeper Eugene dives and bloc-Holy Cow! HUFFLEPUFF SCORE! Thanks ter an unexpected appearance of the youngest chaser Percy Jackson! A brillian' play just as Eugene blocked the quaffle an' sen’it upward, Jackson appeared out of nowhere and scored 10 points!]

The crowd goes wild, their cheers resonated the cold air followed by the chorused moan from Gryffindors. The two Chasers beside me high five at my display. A few Gryffindors glared at me and I knew the next goal isn't going to be as easy.

It didn't stop me scoring for the Hufflepuff, they all looked at me in awe and surprised at how fast I went with a dingy broom as most call it. Even my teammates showed their surprises since I wasn't going this fast during practice. Seeing as I wasn't even afraid of flying narrowly passing by the players without disregarding the crashing possibility. They usually swerve past me before they could test that theory which made the goaling that much easier.

It didn't stay one-sided for very long, they all got the same idea that I was suddenly a big problem and decided to have two of the players to mark me. Making it harder for the others to passed the ball to me and got the Gryffindor to score the third goal in a row.

Thinking hard, I smirk at an idea. Pulling a fast feign, I got past the two players and caught the
quaffle, letting the others followed my tail.

[Jackson got the quaffle. He zoomed the field like a mad man flying, dodging bludgers like an everyday thing. I mean- look at his speed, it's like he's not afraid of crashing!]

Well, after being pulled by a flying giant pig around Manhattan, this much speed doesn't faze me as much. I clenched the ball tighter and when I realized how all three chasers were tailing me, in an effort to surround me they were keeping an effort of speeding as fast as me. But with the old broom I was using, I knew I couldn't keep up with the speed for too long and will have a hard time scoring if they mark me.

[Jackson is heading toward the goal post, no sign o' him slowing down- he dives and he's...turning around-wha'?]

An outbreak of confused murmur resounded, but I kept a smirk at the plan I had on mind. Keeping my speed and making sure the Chasers were on my tail. I zoomed past my own teammates and avoided a few close calls with the bludger. The Chasers were keeping distance after almost getting blunged (hehe...blunged…) from my close call act. Flying around the field, acting like I needed to get them off my tail until-

[SCORE! HUFFLEPUFF SCORES THE SEVENTH TIME! WE ARE ON A ROLL HERE!]

The Gryffindor Chaser was made stun at the scene down below where Mckinley successfully scored a point for the team. "But... how... you..." One of the Chasers left his mouth hanging. They still don't realize I just discretely passed it to Marlene while keeping a 'shaking off Chaser' pretense. I grin, thinking how the plan actually works and how simple wizards are.

They growled at one for the last time before Ted patted me in the back, his smile couldn't have shown more how happy he was, "That was great Percy! Keep that up and we might not need to snitch to win this!"

"You better get it, I do not want to draw out a three months long game just for you to catch a snitch."

"Ah, you've read the book then," he chuckled.

"No, Gwen might have said a thing or two about Quidditch. That girl is a walking talking trivia."

Ted chuckled more, then floated to his place before the game resumed. For the rest of the game, I didn't feel the small regrets from joining the team. Feeling the rushed, cold air brushing against my cheeks, the adrenaline pushing me to win, the blood pumping hard at the back of my head and the giddy smile on my face in the face of harmless danger. Well harmless as far as I'm concern.

No longer I minded the guilty pleasure I was feeling and was able to forget all my problems. About the prophecy, the ghosts, the Will 'o Wisps. It was truly like being a kid again and playing Capture the Flag for the first time.

Yeah, it was a disaster and I almost got killed by a Hellhound that time and Clarisse almost maimed me. But it's also when Poseidon claimed me as his son so it's not all bad memory.

That's why it was only fair for something bad to happen this time around.

It had been in the middle of the chase when I noticed something weird with one of the Gryffindor Beater. While beaters are usually played by wizards, instead played by a witch. She was burly and had red curly hair tied in a ponytail. She looked like she could have been a cousin of Rachel's who
had Ares for a dad.

Yet what caught my attention was the fact she was just floating there, the hand that held her bat was just dangling on the side, and her half-lidded eyes weren't even focused.

A bludger was coming straight at her and if she doesn't move she would get a direct hit on the head.

I gave up on chasing and pointed my broom upward, hoping I made in time. "Hey! Get away, there's a bludger!"

But my words were too drown out by the cheer and I cursed. No choice I grabbed her hand and pulled her aside in time.

Unfortunately, pushing her aside resulted in the bludger to hit my broom instead. And it was a loan from the school too!

With quick, trained reflex, I grabbed on to the girl's broom and was left dangling in midair. You would think that's bad, well let's add a holding up 125-pound unconscious girl to the list because that's what happened to me.

The crowds might have been too busy watching the match, or they think I was making a fool of myself just for laughs. Either way, I could hang on for a while but the unconscious girl was making it harder for me to have options and my sweaty hand does not promote confidence.

I tried willing the broom to move but in our current state, it doesn't seem to respond the same way as mounting it.

Even so, as long as I hang around long enough, surely someone would notice us. So I briefly thought that things would work out either way.

And I was proven horribly wrong when the bludger seemed to come back to finish the job. It hit the tip of the broom and arching it sideways. Whatever it did help plunge us down. At the rate we were going, we might just crash-land from 20 feet in the air. I might survive but I couldn't vouch the same for the girl.

With renewed strength, I dragged my body on top of it even as we swirled like a frantic merry go round. The crowd cheers were mixed with gasps of horror knowing finally someone noticed we were falling. I willed it with one hand to stop but it was proving harder than it looks. I did feel it slowing down but I knew deep down, I wasn't going to make it.

I arched the broom sideways. Bracing myself, I pulled the girl with both my hands as the broom crashed down to the field. The timing was enough to shield her from the brunt of the force but being slid down from the air and crushed by the massive girl. One thought only came to me.

'Oooooowwww.'

I can vaguely hear the time-out whistle, the drumming footsteps against the grass in time with the ringing in my ear, obscuring the worried murmur I vaguely hear. All the while, I tried not to keel in pain. It felt embarrassing that after surviving through literal hell, holding up the sky, and fighting Kronos I would whine over falling over a couple of feet in the air.

I pushed the girl aside and the others were crowding over me whether I was alright but I was too focused on the girl.
"She's... I don't know what wrong with her. She suddenly keeled over and... is she alright?"

Professor Rose immediately came over to her and checked for any sign on injuries, but her brows furrow in confusion and I could understand why.

"She's asleep."

I couldn't quite believe her until I did a double-take on her and confirmed that she was fast asleep. Her breathing came in deeply and soothly though her face was frowning and mumbling possibly from a dream. We almost died falling and the field was a never-ending cacophony yet she was able to fall asleep.

I knew then this was just the start of something terrible happening.

'Damn my demigod luck.'
Recap: Just when you think things can go on as normal, either the gods or just the universal in general just likes to prove you wrong when you put a case of the mysterious asleep quidditch player on me. You think that’s weird, oh wait till it gets weirder.

Things became normal the next day.

It wasn't what I expected to find when I got up to the Great Hall, but barely anyone talked about the Quidditch Incident when they're still fussing about the screaming, wailing ghosts that disappeared on Hogwarts. I learned soon after that they all weren't expecting anything serious happening to the girl. Some made wild guesses that she was put into a sleeping hex from someone in the crowd or she unknowingly drank a small dose of Sleeping Draught Potion before the match. The most ridiculous story would be some otherworldly being or a vengeful ghost knocked her out in the air.

Yet I know, and so does the teachers, that this may not be just a normal hex-the-girl prank. From that height, she could have broken few bones or worse, no way any sane kid would try to risk hexing for just a prank or any other kinds of attempt without a slight amount of ill-will. Though none looked worried and assumed Madam Pomfrey, the Hogwarts' Nurse would find a cure soon enough. But my gut tells me that the case won't settle that easily and this might just be the beginning. The beginning of what… even I’m not sure.

The game had stopped midway that day.

It's been a few days since then and I tried to ask Lily or any other Gryffindor if Grenda (that's the girl's name by the way as I found out) had woken up and came to class. Yet there was still no sign of her presence since.

It only gets worse when I passed up with James and Sirius by chance through the hallway. The glare they gave me the moment we locked eyes was something I did not anticipate, and cause me to freeze up.

What unnerved me was the fact they passed me by, just like that as if I didn't matter. They sneered near my ear how I was a 'Cheater'.

It threw me off that I found the out-of-nowhere comment ridiculous "How am I a cheater? What did I do?" I couldn't help but asked them.

"Oh don't act like you don't know," James growled, "We saw you trying to pull Grenda off her broom but was struck by the bludger while you're doing it."

I gaped at the accusation, couldn't quite believe what I was being accused of, "Excuse me?!"

"You probably hex her too, didn't you?" Sirius added, flaring my temper further.

"I did not!" I denied it firmly.
"And why should we believe you? You're just a first-year and you've already managed to be on the rooster team. I bet you trick them that you're actually good enough to play."

"Oh, that's rich since you conveniently forgot that we were the ones who were winning!" I pointed out with my voice raised.

"What's going on here?!" The stern voice that belonged to Professor McGonagall snapped us from our heated glare. Beside her were Professor Flitwick and Madam Hooch, strutting toward the circular crowd we find ourselves in after having too caught up in our arguments.

Sirius, using his polite tone and smile to charm people, was the first to answer her, "Nothing Professor, we were just having a slight disagreement and the argument got a little too heated. We weren't looking for any trouble."

The Professor's eyes swept between us and the crowd, most likely assessing how much his words rang true from the scene she was seeing. Looking disbelievingly but satisfied with his words. "Then I suggest you all dismissed now, it's almost time for the next period."

The crowd began to move on from their spot including us. The boys sent one last dirty look toward me and I sent one of my own 'Death Glare' at them. There was a small satisfaction, seeing them try to hide their shiver when they saw my look.

Still, I didn't like the possible rumor that might creep up from our fight and found myself cursing softly. Just when I thought I couldn't draw any more attention to myself.

The tension had returned to the school when students became wary of the absence of ghosts, reminding them of the event on Halloween. Especially when Professor Binns had turned History into Self-Study which is a big deal because Professor Binns never skip a class. How someone could love as teaching as him that he came back as a ghost but be so bad at it was beyond me.

To clear my head, I spent my time alone by the Black Lake early morning. I had brought a warm non-blue waffle. I hadn't quite mastered the Color Change Charm yet so I had to be satisfied with my current state of breakfast. The chilly morning air did help clear my mind but didn't help with any solution.

There's no proof that the quidditch incident has anything to do with Jack O'Lantern. Maybe like the masses said, it was just someone's prank but my gut didn't let me dismiss the problem that easily and I learned to listen to it enough times so I'd stay alive.

The more I think about the quest, the more I felt it was impossible for me to do. I ran my hand on my hair, feeling frustrated. How could I ever think I can handle this quest alone. I'm just a Seaweed Brain. I never do the planning, planning is my weakest suite and it barely worked most of the time.

In what way did the gods think I could handle this?

My brooding moment was disrupted when a giant shadow passed over me.

"Oi, who goes ther- Oh! Well 'ello Percy. Fancy seein' yeh here."

I turned, looking up and was met by the sight of a familiar giant man with shaggy mane of his tangled beard. But that did not hit the crinkle of warm smile underneath it. My eyes slit, trying to remember his name and widen when I did.

"Hey Hagrid, just felt like spending time near the water. It always helps calm me down despite being ADHD."
Hagrid tilted his head questionably and I knew his confusion before he even asks, explaining what ADHD is to him. He leaned in curiously to know what it is and was faintly shocked when he found out.

"Blimey, that must have been hard learning in class and staying still with that condition."

"I learn to deal with it. It's not so bad once you get used to it, not easier but not bad."

"Still, I've been working here for more than a decade, and I could tell ya that not many could handle it as well as yeh. Yer a special lad Percy," he said with genuine admiration he had for me, and I couldn't help but blush. I decided I like Hagrid and how he finds the little things about me easy to admire.

He then became thoughtful as he scratched his shaggy beard before his eyes glint with indecision, "Well I can't have yeh loitering aroun' then can't I?" He lifted the bucket he had on hand, "Why don' we go feed Greg? Would yeh like that?"

I looked up at him with wide eyes before a broad grin split on my face. Hagrid showed me where the boathouse was and together we rowed to the middle of the lake. He made sure to bait it first so he knew when it comes and doesn't just throw the fishes and let other creatures eat it for themselves. Once Greg appeared, he there a fistful of fish which the squid snatched in mid-air and pulled it down. Hagrid looked surprised that I found the scene laughable instead of scared like any other first-year would.

He offered me a few fish for me to throw and I eagerly did so, much to Greg's joy of being feed by the 'Son of the Sea Lord' making me roll my eyes fondly.

"So Percy, what's been botherin' yeh?"

The fish I was about to throw slipped from my hand and fell on my head, it didn't stop Greg though as he slipped his tentacle inside the boat and took the fish across my feet but both us didn't take much heed to him.

"Wha...what makes you say that?" I couldn't help the blush when my words stumble out even though I tried to shrug him off.

"I see it on yer face, I know a troubled look when I see one," Hagrid said it with understanding in his tone, his large hand patted me in the back wit reassurance how he wouldn't judge. "'Yeh don' have teh say ter details, I'll jus' len' you an ear fer yeh teh listen. Sometimes, that's all that people need y'now?"

I looked up at him, a bit of a shock and I have to quell myself from laughing. Here's a guy whose three times my size and could have scared off anyone, kids and adults alike, but obviously has a soft, caring, heart with a bit to the naive side. He reminded so much of Tyson that I found myself liking the guy even more.

I didn't know what came over me then. Maybe because I do need someone to talk to, maybe because being reminded of Tyson got me homesick. I started spilling my gut.

I didn't say anything too revealing though. Just that I was handling a request from a family of mine and I had to juggle up with schoolwork and stuff. I may have revealed I wasn't too keen on doing it at the start and was practically forced into it which explained the bitter tone I use. Then I told him how I don't know how to handle their request and wasn't sure how to finish it. Making me feel like I'm failing. It's like having to play a Rubix cube. You know the goal but you can't piece the
method to it yet.

"Well I don't know about this request your family has for you, but it sounds mighty difficult on you."

I snorted, "You don't know the half of it."

"Then why can't you just ask for help?" he asked as if the solution was the most obvious thing for him.

"That's the thing, Hagrid, I'm on my own. Didn't you listen about the part of me being sent alone?"

"But you have that lad, Severus, right? And that girlfriend I kept seeing with the two of you. Aren't you mates?"

"First of all, she's not my girlfriend. Second I... I can't Hagrid."

He tilted his head, "Why not?"

"I just can't okay! They're my friends, and that's exactly why I can't ask for their help. I can't risk them."

"Risk? Is this request dangerous?"

Ah, Styx. I gulped. Knowing it's too late to take back what I said, I continued "Yeah, a bit. I know how to handle it since I'm used to it but Lily and Sev don't." Since they're mortals and all. "If anything happens to them then I won't be able to forgive myself."

All was silence on the boat, other than the sound of the constant water rippling, the creaking boat underneath our weights, and the few chirping of the birds greeting the morning sun.

"I guess if you feel strongly that way, I can't really force you to do anything. But you know just remembe' when everything fell apart, your friends are the ones who could count on. Nothin' w'ong with askin' help when you need it an' it's always bette' than dealin' things alone."

His voice was sincere and pleading like he had experienced what it felt of needing help but never got any. The feeling of when your life was broken apart and no one was there when you needed one.

A smile made up to my face, "Thanks Hagrid, for a half-giant, you're not so bad." I laughed at my own joke, but rather than laughing, Hagrid turned weakly pale and almost staggered out of the boat.

"Who tol' yeh?"

"What?"

"Who tol' yeh I was a half-giant?!" he cried out a bit desperately.

"Wait, you're really a half-giant? I was just joking about your size!"

Awkward silence befell us as we let my work sank in when an unintentional secret was leaked.

"Uh... you want me to keep it a secret?"

"Tha' be nice, thanks."
"Hey, since you've been hearing me out this long, it's no big deal."

"Yeh not afraid...tha' I'm a half-giant?"

"True, I don't have the best experience with giants but I know for a fact that blood or race doesn't define you as a person." A sigh of relief escaped him and I couldn't help but feel for the guy

"If you need reaassurance, my half brother is a cyclops."

"Wha...fer real?! I thought cyclops are myths!"

"Oh, they are as real as dragons and unicorns my friend. So don't think you're the weirdest people I've met and befriended. In fact, after knowing all my family, you'd realize it just doesn't matter what you are or where you're from." I must have hinted how much I miss them because Hagrid gave me a sympathetic smile.

"Yeh mus' have a really great family."

"Pssh, wait till you hear all the messes we got ourselves into then maybe you'll change your mind," I said, reminiscing of all the trouble the campers can get into.

Considering he had leaned forward in interest, I say he does want to hear it. "Oh? Do tell."

I leaned forward, just as eager to tell him the story of home.

\[...\]

I thought things wouldn't get any worse but clearly I was wrong.

For some reason, the past few days Sev and Lily had been a bit distant lately. Sure they dismissed it when I pointed out subtly but they couldn't fool me. I could tell how they've been looking jumpy when I appear suddenly around them, the whispering they had with just the two of them they kept me out of the loop. The shifted wary glances they gave me when they thought I wasn't looking. It was obvious they were hiding something but I wasn't sure what. I wasn't in the position to complain when I'm putting a lot of things from them in the dark, and it makes me feel more guilty when I thought if I had pushed them away too hard from my problems. The distant made me question more times than I can count if the secret was worth keeping.

They didn't stop talking to me so that was a plus, but it might not be long before they couldn't keep ignoring the secret I kept from them and outright ignored me altogether.

I shoved that doubts whenever we did get together and talked even the most random thing, but that day we had our mindset on one thought.

"So you haven't joined a club yet?"

Lily shook her head as she scanned the stack pile of fliers in her hand, "Nope, I had thought about joining Quidditch in the future before but seeing it first-hand makes me doubt if I'll ever handle such intense sport."

"Then how about joining the Potion Club," Sev suggested hopefully, "It'll be great to have you around."

"I do love Potions, but I want to explore the other clubs a bit more," she answered absentmindedly, her eyes never left the paper on hand.
Sev sighed that his intention was lost to her and I couldn't help the sympathetic smile I sent him.

Lily then froze when she shuffled the paper to a new flier. One that had the word 'Dueling Club' she looked confused at it since she's been reading up a few familiar clubs not so different to her muggle-school-clubs like Wizard Chess, Wizard Choir, and Broadcasting Club. She only needed to turn one look at Sev before he explained it to her. He didn't look impressed by it if the unamused frown he often used was any telling.

"Essentially it's a club where wizards duel one another to knock each other to best one another with spells. They have some ranking system there I'm not too familiar with, but it's where you'll find the most competitive and stubborn people there."

Lily somehow find that funny and turned to me. "Sounds like your kind of club Percy."

"Ugh...I already got drag into doing Quidditch so no thanks, but a club that teaches you wand dueling does sound useful. Not to mention you get to legitimately knock off - how do you Brits said it - a few blokes and get praised for it."

"See... you are interested," Lily giggled.

"Guess we should have expected from a brute," Sev lightheartedly joked.

"Oi- wait... did you hear that?"

Their laughter stopped as they tried perking their ears but both said they hear nothing. Shrugging that I must have heard things and our banter continued, the conversation then somehow dissolves into visiting the club itself. Why we did it, couldn't quite remember, I think it involves proving whether there is a case of a wizard dueling that had them died from tickling. A ridiculous notion I know, who would even use a tickling spell in a dueling match? That's just stupid.

We had the paintings help us led to the Dueling Club's room. The classroom lacked anything different other than the absents of tables and the aftermath of Peeve's newest prank by ransacking the books and tools and by drawing the walls with colored chalks that specifically insulted Mr. Pringle as he washed it out. Noting that he doesn't seem to bother much from what his expression could tell as he always has. It's kind of creepy how emotionless he was and never even see him make a frown or smile. Like he was a puppet made to look like a cheerful Scrooge.

Other few students from various years were all helping sort out the room so they would remember which item was put where. Not to mention the fact most of the magical items don't look that safe to touch without someone knowing what it was.

We glanced around the room, feeling out of place until we locked eyes with an older student, most likely a fifth-year Ravenclaw. His electric blue eyes widen then made a mega-watt smile at us as he strolled toward us.

"Hey there, I'm Albert Runcorn. you three are first-year yeah?" He looked over our ties and his eyebrows arched slightly. "From different houses I see, can't say I'm not surprised that you look like you're getting along so well."

"That's because they're my best friends, any reason why we shouldn't?" I huffed and crossed my arms.

The teen raised his hand in slight surrender. "No offense intended there it's just something you don't see every day that's all." Hearing it, I couldn't help but smirk. It's not the first time I got the better over long-lasting rivalry, otherwise, I wouldn't have even dreamed of dating a Daughter of
The teen clapped and hadn't let loose the eager smile on his face. "So... are you three interested in joining the club? Luckily today, we have Professor Rose coming to instruct us so you'll have a proper experience what being in the club feels."

"The Professor doesn't instruct the club that much?"

"Depends who your instructor is, you usually have the upperclassmen from fifth to seventh year - meaning me - be the one instructing and help you out along the way and the Professors usually just come and go from either weekly or monthly, maybe even twice in half-term."

"You know this from experience?"

"Yeah... DADA teachers are usually the ones assign to instruct us so...we don't have much luck in regular Professor."

"How come?" Lily asked.

The Ravenclaw looked at her quizzically, as if the answer was obvious to all, but his eyes widened. "Oh, right... first years... you don't kn- forgot what I said it's nothing." He waved the subject off which only got me more curious. Unknown to me, Lily and Sev were thinking the same thing.

Before any of us could press further, the sound of throat-clearing made us turned. Professor Rose was standing behind us, "If you all don't mind, I'd like to step in."

Her voice wasn't stern but there was a bit of a reprimanding tone in it, not exactly stern but firm and demanding, the kind of tone I'd recognize from a commanding officer rather than a teacher. I find myself watching her as our small group step aside the next second as she strode inside the classroom, he confident stance somehow was capable to part the students into two side and locked on to her without so much as saying a word to get their attention.

I was convinced at that moment she wasn't just an ordinary teacher, but seeing this is a wizard school and she's the professor of DADA, it might just be the norm here. Still, it won't hurt to be a tad bit watchful over her.

"Students," she called out. "I apologize my schedule has been keeping me busy from instructing you all these few weeks plus my own assignment the Headmaster has personally given me."

I was immediately reminded of the conversation I snooped on days ago that Dumbledore had assigned her to investigate the Ghost Mystery. Maybe I should talk to her later on and fished out some intel, or even sneak into her office one day.

"Now I'm sure you all have significant progress and I noticed there are a few newcomers so why don't we start things straight with the Captains from each House and impress them, shall we? I would hope you'd perform better than the last time I saw you."

Albert gulped and his hands fiddled with his tie before shooting us a nervous smile, "Wish me luck."

Three other students went on the front alongside Professor Rose, each from different houses. The Professor stood in the middle, and with a loud clap of her hand. A pair stood face to face on each of her sides, one was a Ravenclaw-Gryffindor pair and the other was a Slytherin-Hufflepuff one. "There are rules and custom when dealing a proper duel as most of you already know, first you hold out your wand, then you bow..."
The four wizards and witches took their wand out and bowed curtly. "...the referee will count to three and with a quick draw you shoot out your spell, the duel will end when one of the other disarm their wand or unable to continue. Either by Injury, spells, or death."

*Well*, that sounds cheery.

"Like so: One... two... three!"

As if on cue they turned back simultaneously, pointed their wands and each shouted a different spell as seconds later different flashes of light crisscrossed one another. Albert and the Gryffindor guy managed to knock each other out, Albert by shooting out the rope that tied the guy up and him being frozen. On the other side, The Slytherin managed to push the Hufflepuff girl to the wall and briefly knock her out.

The exchange was brief and swift.

The whole room clapped at the display.

I had to admit, while the exchange might not look much. I did stand there in awe how much one spell, one stroke of the wand, and one's speed might have decided life and death if it had been a death duel. Only to shake that thought away, remembering this isn't Camp-Half Blood, but Hogwarts, I doubt they teach any deadly spells to the kids, now when they don't have anything to fear for their lives.

'Not yet anyway.' the ominous thought said from the back of my mind.

Professor Rose clapped along with the rest of the class, making the first wide smile I ever saw her with.

"Well done, a one spell knocked out for almost each of you. Definitely an improvement since most duel would need a few more exchanges between duelers before a winner could be made. However, a bit disappointment none of you thought of using a Blocking Spell. Clara, I suggest you buy a new wand next time. Had you used a more compatible wand, you would have knocked out your opponent first with your stunning spell," she said, making the Hufflepuff girl smile. The Slytherin guy must have whispered some scathing remark if the glare and hard elbow he received showed any indication of it.

I didn't notice it though because just during the duel, on the corner of my eyes, I saw the slightest glimpse of an ethereal glow of a blue fire floating. I blink, and it disappeared making me question myself if I had seen that Professor flicked her wand and dispelled the pair that got a tie then turned to locked eyes with the three of us. "Now which of the three of you would like to test their luck here."

Lily, Sev and me all exchange look but didn't quite get our message across one another since I never imagined Lily eagerly shooting her hand up with a smile. Leave it to her, charging head-on to try out new things. Sev looked a bit worried for her and I didn't think he was overreacting because so was I.

"Lily, don't you think you might get hurt from this?!" I whispered harshly at her.

Lily waved me off at that, "Oh relax Percy, it's not like I'm going against giant hound dogs or magic rhinos. Besides, you won't get any better using magic if you don't start practicing."

I was about to protest but Lily had bounded over, facing against a senior guy Professor Rose had called out from her fellow Gryffindor House, one or two older than her.
They exchanged names and greeted one another before he smirked at her while he brandished his wand. "Don't worry Missy, I'll be sure to go easy on you." He winked at her and I could sense Lily's urge to not roll her eyes. Instead, she smiled sweetly at him as she said her thanks for her consideration.

Professor Rose watched attentively at the two before her, "Face your opponent, bow... Wands at the ready!" Both of them did just that in synch, Lily stayed smiling through all that.

"When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponents, only to disarm them, we don't want any accidents. One ... two ... three!"

It was clear that the Gryffindor Senior was lazily calling out his spell as his way of 'going easy' on her, so he didn't expect the sudden hard look Lily had as she waved her wand over her head and shoot out streams of water to her opponent face. Making him gurgle his mouth off and unable to say any spells. Lily followed it up with a second spell that got him skidding across the floor and letting his wand roll out of his hand.

Everyone stood agape at the display they were shown, including me before I caught myself smirking proudly for her while she shot me her blinding grin at me.

Professor Rose gave an appreciative glance and lightly clapped for Lily's performance. "Well done Miss Evans, that was quite a display for a first year, you are a natural."

Lily beamed at the praise.

But then, a hand shot out from the crowd, "I'd like to challenge her."

It got the room's attention as their clapping and cheer diminished into silence, watching a fifth-year senior strolled confidently toward the platform, she sniffed and stuck out her chin high like, what's the word, a haughty posh person would act. Her blue eyes were cold and calculating, every step she stood closer to Lily, she found herself flinching and would have back away had she not kept glancing at us for silence support. Even she felt intimidated by her icy demeanor. Her features were also memorable, slim, light blonde hair that's almost white, pale skin showing she barely got out under the sun. Her silver-green tie showed her house was the same as Sev's, but he didn't seem to recognize her.

It was only when facing her that she smiled, a warm smile that broke the previous air she made for herself and make one doubted which one was her real face or even either of them was.

"Professor, I hope it's fine that I like to take on this… peculiar first-year girl."

"Miss Black. Not that I'm saying it's a problem but are you sure you, a fifth-year, wants to deal with a first-year?"

"If little Miss Lily Evans would like to accept off course, I can understand if you don't. You're still...inexperienced in many things. I won't be offended if you deny me of a friendly spar with each other." she yawned and her eyes watered a bit before brushing it off and smiled sweetly at her.

Lily looked angered and conflicted. After learning what her status of being a muggle-born meant, she refused to let anyone undermine her, but she's smart enough to know that challenging a senior, a fifth-year to boot just spells all sort of trouble I would do.

She shifted her gaze to us and the two of us mouthed the word no with a slight shake of either our hand or head. However, it somehow made the opposite reaction when Lily turned to her with an even glare, and after long contemplation, she slowly nodded in acceptance, much to my and Sev's
frustration.

Lily's been spending way too much time with me.

"By the way Percy, I'm blaming you for this."

"Don't worry I'm blaming myself as well."

Miss Black, as I know her, showed a toothed smile that seemed welcoming but didn't ease the tension in Lily's nor mine. Professor Rose looked between them two and barely made a visible sigh.

"Face your opponents, bow, wands at the ready, and one... two... THREE!"
Recap: Lily and a fifth-year Slytherin Girl are locked in a duel match. Idiotic I know. Did it come from my influence? Most likely. Who else would impulsively do stupid things around her but me?

Professor Rose barely finished saying two before Miss Black brandished her wand and called out, "Esuffocto!"

Purple-colored light flashed by and hit her opponent. Not long after, Lily was struggling to breathe as she kept her hand on her throat. Her face was paler by the second, her eyes wide in panic, and her knee dropped to the floor. Professor Rose began yelling out something about strictly disarming and not harming the opponent but the Slytherin girl didn't seem to listen. I was already pacing forward, years of hero training kicked in instinct. Which was to pull out my wand and throw it right at the girl's eye. Making her cried out and let go of her wand.

What? I did say my first instinct. I just grabbed the first thing I have on hand and throw it!

I quickly went to her side and realize just distracting her didn't stop the spell on her, at the corner of my eyes the Professor went up to us and most likely ready to dispel it but Sev was faster. Already rushing to her side and using his wand to dispel it and making her breath a lungful of air before sighing in relief alongside the two of us.

My eyes darkened when I looked back at the girl who yawned and didn't look the slightest perturbed on what just happened. "According to Code 3 of the Rule of Dueling, you just violated the duel by obstruction on an ongoing duel. Hence forfeiting her victory." She stated simply which only enraged me more.

"Oh, and of course almost killing my best friend doesn't seem to warrant you any negative points," I growled with my teeth bared.

The girl blinked a few times. Pinching the bridge of her nose before glaring back at me, "I suggest you watch who you're talking to Boy. Your ignorant peasant brain has no idea who you're talking to, and I have enough skill to dispel the spell when I'm satisfied with the use."

"Oh, satisfied as in having witnessed a person choking? Yeah, a great hobby you have there."

"You know, your crude words are starting to aggravate me and if you don't stop. You'll regret it later. boy."

"First of all, the name's not Boy, it's Percy Jackson. Get it in your stupid blond head!" There was a collective loud scandalous gasp but I ignored them, "Second, you might be some fancy-schmancy noble or whatever, but I've dealt with worse. You could take away my wand and you don't scare me."

"Is that a challenge I'm hearing?"

"If it is, what are you going to do about it?"
Silence reign despite the number of people in the room, all watching our intense exchange. A wicked smile made way on her lips. She stood straight; with a quiet whisper and flick of her wand. My wand that had been left on the floor was thrown back at me. I caught it quite easily with one hand.

"Then what are you waiting for?" She taunted.

I pace toward the spot where Lily had dueled with her opponent, but that was after Sev had pulled me aside with a mix of concern and incredulous look.

"Percy, no offense to you but you suck at spells."

"Thanks, Sev, definitely nothing offensive from that."

"I'm sorry but it's true! You messed up spells almost every time you used them, your aiming sucks and oftentimes you forget the spells that you are good at."

"So? I'll just use one spell that I remember and actually good at. See? Problem solved."

Sev looked like he wanted to scream but held back at the last second and breathed in slowly to calm himself. "Listen, Percy. There's a lot of things I'd like to say to you right now. Like your tendency with enraging High Social Class people like Narcissa Black."

Huh, so that's her name. Typical that she was named after the man who became the definition of narcissist. I'm not sure how any parent would want to name their child with one who died loving his own reflection.

My thoughts halted when Sev continued, "That demo they showed us with the captains might look great, but real duels don't usually involve exchanging spells more than needed because once you're down, they usually make sure they stay down. It's not a game where you can use the same spell repeatedly and expected to win with sheer luck."

"Well good thing that I have a plan in mind."

"And we all know how swell your plans are," Sev said with a mix of sarcasm and exasperation in his tone.

A grin was my only reply as I stood on the same spot Lily had, facing Narcissa with my wand already on hand. Her steps swayed a bit before she stood firm once more, I should have noted the odd weary look she tried to brush off or her unfocused gaze she sometimes I had but I was too short-sighted and angry at the time to notice.

The Professor looked back between us, made a weary sigh at the scene she forced to be involved. The crowd kept our eyes on us, some looked disturbed by the event, some were holding back an eager grin, some were annoyed and others looked bored or even uninterested. Whichever which, they didn't look anywhere else but us.

"You can back down now before you get yourself hurt."

"I'd like to, but then I'll miss the chance to see your"

That did it. Her face made an ugly scowl as she growled and shot a flash of spell at me that I sidestepped aside without flinching while I kept eye contact on her. Inwardly though, I was impressed. I doubt I could conjure magic as fast as her just yet but thankfully grateful my instinct was still just as sharp.
"Miss Black, I did not begin the duel yet!"

"I'm sorry Professor Rose, that was just a practice swing. It was meant to miss," she said sweetly without breaking eye contact with me. "Sorry about that, boy."

"No harm done Miss Black, doubt you would do any better than that."

The Professor's gaze sharpened as she scrutinized our response before repeating the same ritual: face, bow, wands at the ready.

"One...two...three!"

Quickly, Narcissa brandished her wand and yelled out the same spell as before, but again I sidestepped while managing one step forward and managed to dodge the spell. Narcissa frowned and shot out a different spell, and I dodged again with another step closer toward her. The smug look on her face began to crack somewhat before she shot another spell, this time however her aim was off course so I didn't need to dodge and just step closer. I should have noticed something wrong then but I thought I managed to rattle her. She made a step back as she shot another spell and I duck below it.

This time, her facade is truly and utterly gone as her shots were getting faster but clumsier as well.

"Expelliarmus!"

"Incarcerous!"

"Stupefy!"

Spell after spells she shot out but none managed to hit me, some had a close call but in the end when she was well within my range. I aimed my wand on her and ready the most basic stun spell on her. Before I could, her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she slumped down to the floor much to everyone's surprise but none more than me. After all, I was just a kid who only recently learned magic so everyone doubted I could do Voiceless Magic.

Professor Rose was already by her side, snapping me out of my surprise and walked to her side. A tight knot on my stomach foreboded what it might mean. I had a confused and questioning gaze on what her state, prompting the Professor to answer me without voicing it.

The answer was the dreaded two words I feared.

"She's asleep."

It was such an innocent words, but in this case; it gave birth to a conspiracy to the student of Hogwarts and a confirmation that this Sleeping Ordeal is most likely linked to the Ghost Problem and that it will not be the last if it does not resolve soon. Worst, if there's no way of waking them up then they'll stay that way for a long time and I doubt True Love Kiss would be enough even for the Wizarding Standard.

Too engrossed with my own thoughts, I was snapped back to reality after both Lily and Sev pulled me away from the crowd that was forming. I faintly recall I hadn't responded to them calling out my name.

"Percy are you okay?" Lily asked me again.

"Huh? Oh...yeah...maybe. Do you think it's a coincidence this is the second case of unlikely sudden
sleep deprivation on someone."

Sev shook his head with a snort, "Doubt it, and the rest will think so too which is bad for you Percy."

That got me to look at him confusingly, "What do you mean it's bad for me?"

Sev turned solemn, glancing anywhere but me while Lily looked guiltily at me...or for me. "Percy," she said softly with the kind of tone you use to reassure someone that they are most likely screwed, "You were the one who scared off the ghost and was around Grenda when she first caught...whatever this is...and some were already suspicious of you. Now you're here when another case happened and you know what this might lead."

It dawned on me what this all might look from an outside perspective and was on the verge of making a rueful smile. "Let me guess, they'll think I have something to do with this." I looked back at them who seemed very intent to not make eye contact with me.

"...And you believe them." I didn't mean to accuse them of anything, but my shoulders slumped and my voice strangled.

Lily snapped back at me and wrapped her hand around my own, "No! Definitely not. We don't believe this is your fault. We're just worried because you-"

"Lily!" Sev cut her off with a warning voice. Lily looked back pleadingly at him but after a few glances exchange, lips quirking and head shaking. Lily relented and I couldn't help feeling amused at their wordless conversation and annoyed at being left out.

"We just want to be sure you're okay. You know you can rely on us right?"

There was something in her tone of voice, a hint of pleading for answers I wasn't sure I could give. "I'll be sure to remember that," I stated simply with a soft smile.

Lily pursed her lips while she looked up at me, my answer doesn't seem to satisfy her but she let it go at the same she released my hand from hers.

Soon enough our prediction came true. The whole school was abuzz at another Sleeping Incident, more so when the second victim was from the famous Black Family of the Sacred 28 (I knew the name was familiar from somewhere.) Every occupant of the school knew it and I felt the heated look whenever I passed by a corridor when they recognized me. Some were accusing, some were wary, and I put all my will to quench down the urge to yell frustratingly at them. It's never a good experience of being the main subject of a bad rumor, the feeling made me sympathize with all those zoo animals being watched and taking notes for minding their own business.

I blamed the rumor circle for having news to reach Sirius. I should have realized the first moment Narcissa was called 'Miss Black' that she was related to him. He had searched for me when he heard about the news and pulled me up close by the collar when they recognized me. Some were accusing, some were wary, and I put all my will to quench down the urge to yell frustratingly at them. It's never a good experience of being the main subject of a bad rumor, the feeling made me sympathize with all those zoo animals being watched and taking notes for minding their own business.

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Even Gwen and Doc became uncomfortable around me, throwing me wary mix with an apologetic look on how they should act toward me as the distance between us grew.

To make matters worse it wasn't long after that I dreamt of another nightmare.
I knew it was a dream when I found myself walking sluggishly down the road, a bottle of ale on my hand. Swaying side to side down the dark path while I sang in tone-deaf, the soft sound of restless critters beneath the shadow of the restless forest. Ravens cawed, startling me when the flock of blackbirds flew up from beneath the trees. Making me fall on my butt and my head squirmed from dizziness.

It was finally then that I noticed the figure standing in the middle of the road, in the middle of town. Or maybe he only just appeared.

He was a handsome man who was lean and muscular, with a regal face, honey gold eyes, and black hair flowing down his shoulders. His skin is the color of teakwood, a color you never see in Scotland more than millennia ago but my drunken state doesn't seem to register that as odd. Not when he had large black wings hanging on his back.

I recognized him immediately but the me in this body didn't.

"Are you the devil? Are you Satan?" I found myself asking the man.

Thanatos tilted his head into consideration, "You know who I am Jack, you know why I'm here."

"Blast it all, so you're finally taking me to Hades." I let out a mirthless laugh that didn't hide well the fast-beating heart under my chest. My mouth dry and cold sweat dripped down my neck.

"Jack Blair," the man said 'my' name in cold detached tone that sent my spine-shivering. "You have lived your life known throughout the land as a deceiver, manipulator and otherwise dreg of society. It's time I collect your malevolent soul to the Underworld."

He stretched out his right arm and his shadow slowly shoot out his stygian iron scythe. His wings flapped, making him above me, ready to take out my- or this body's life. In one last desperate attempt, I held out in hand and cried out. "Wait, wait, wait! At least one request. One last request before my soul is reaped!"

Thanatos paused and tilted his head in consideration. They have a long staredown before the god of death finally relented, "Very well, a final request. What is it?"

My eyes glanced around, searching for whatever might put a hold of my death. I made a sheepish grin before showing him the empty bottle of beer I had on hand, "Fancy on sharing my last drink with me, mate?"

Again, Thanatos looked back at me silently. I gulped, thinking fast on how to persuade or better yet, trick the god to leaving my life alone. I knew I wasn't the first to think of that, wasn't the first to fail.

But won't be the first to succeed either.

"Just a drink in the nearest pub. You and me. It's not every day you get to say that I had a drink with Death."

His lips twitched upward at that, "You'd be surprised how much people still asked to have a date with Death. It's a running joke people like to bring to the Underworld that never gets old."

I laughed nervously at that, "You, Sir, certainly aren't bad looking for a last date."

Thanatos's expression turned blank once more and regarded me intensely, "Fine, one last drink for you."
I grinned and promptly showed him to what I assumed my favorite pub while keeping him at the corner of my eyes I took out my wallet and my grin turned maniacal at the celestial bronze cross hidden in it. It won't do much but enough to what he has in mind and inwardly I shuddered at his attempt to cheat death. I wanted to warn Thanatos, reason being I knew this guy was a downright bastard and half the reason because I kind of like Death. Sure he took away people's lives but that's his job and compared to most selfish god I met, he's more decent by more than half.

I couldn't though, this body opened the pub and the scene shifted.

Now I was a ghost and recognized the place as a dorm room, but with the red-gold color scheme of the place. I suspect that it belonged to the Gryffindor House.

"It has to be him, I just know it!" I looked toward the source of the familiar voice. James was wearing his gray night robe, sitting at the edge of his bed surrounded by three of his fellow Gryffindor roommates. Sirius was there, his usual slick hair was now as ruly as James but almost touches his shoulder. A blonde boy I didn't know with scars on his face, he was reading his book while he laid on his bed but wasn't completely off from the conversation, then there's the small mousey looking guy I recognized as Peter Pettigrew.

"Two people asleep after meeting him and no news of them waking up. That's a big red flag going up there," he continued.

"James, I think you should let this go." The scared boy chastised him with fond exasperation.

"Oh come off it Remus, you said it yourself something was off with Jackson!"

"I only said he smelled wrong, I wasn't even sure why I said it when I never talk to him!"

"What does he smell like? I imagined it'd be tons of crap," Sirius remarked, making the duo laughed at an inside joke.

But Peter just fumbled with his finger nervously and the boy, Remus I learned the name, looked thoughtful. "That's just it, I'm not sure. He smelled like...like the scent of something ancient, powerful, something not human." Remus trailed off wistfully, he noticed the silence took place and the incredulous look his friends made and quickly shrug it off. "But how would I know that, like I said it's nothing. I don't know why I'm not making any sense."

It was a good thing I wasn't there for real, otherwise, Remus would have seen the pale look I had that would give away everything. I couldn't linger my thoughts on his words and how he knew that impossible knowledge when James began to scoff.

"No offense Remus but what you're saying is bonkers. Though...I won't put the thought that he's not human out of the window just yet after what I saw."

"You're still on about him fighting off a Gryffin in that train?"

"Hey, you said you believe me!"

Remus sighed, "I know I shouldn't, but when it comes to Jackson I feel like I wouldn't be surprised if he did."

"It's your gut warning you about him, mate. We all agree something is off about him, what say you, Peter?"

Peter jerked at the mention of his name, looking skittish at the attention of his three friends.
"Ah... uhm... Yes, no, maybe? I don't know, he seemed like an okay guy. He even helped me from getting caught by the teachers."

Sirius immediately sat straight up at the new information, "Wow, wow, wow, when was this?"

Peter seemed to realized what he just said and clasped his mouth with his hand, making him look even more suspicious. "Sorry, it's nothing," he squeaked out but Sirius was having none of that. He lunged at Peter and made a friendly chokehold around his neck, going so far as giving him a noogie until he told them about me.

He gave in pretty quickly.

"Alright, alright, I'll tell! Please get off me." He did, and after gaining his bearing Peter told him about the night of Halloween. How I bumped into him while being chased by the teachers, how I found us a secret chamber behind closed paintings, and how I let it slip that I was eavesdropping on them.

The boys listened intently and James looked like he was being validated, "You see! Suspicious. I'm telling you. There's something wrong about Percy Jackson and we're going to figure out who he is."

At the call of mystery and adventure, Sirius whooped, Peter clapped giddily, and Remus sighed with his book closed. "You're going to drag us into this no matter what aren't you?"

His eyes twinkled mischievously and made a boyish smile most people would say charming.

I groaned aloud as I buried my face to my hand. Great, just what I need, more distractions.

I looked up and the dream had changed once more to a much more familiar setting. A place I've barely gone to but was as close to home as I saw my father, in all his Hawaiian shirt and khaki short glory, resting on his throne at his palace in Atlantis.

I had a lot of things I plan to say when I meet him again, but all those words choked as I met they ancient stormy eyes of my father after several months. I never thought I'd miss him this much since I spent most of my first 12 years of my life never knowing him and barely meeting him even afterward. Kind of makes me want to laugh.

"Dad."

His gaze didn't waver, as if he was seeing past through me. I looked around and found there were just us two in the room.

"Dad?"

"Remember my words, Percy," He finally talked. A warm smile crinkled on his lips. "Remember your greatest strength."

It was finally then I woke up in cold sweat. My breathing labored heavily and I felt the rush of adrenaline before calming myself down. It's been a while since I've got a demigod dream but having three different dreams in a row was certainly taken its toll on me.

It was weekend today so there was no class and no quidditch training today so nothing to do.

Oddly enough I found myself heading toward the library. Something I never imagined myself doing when seeking comfort. But the library reminded me of Annabeth, and sometimes whenever I turned from one corner of the aisles I found myself expecting her there. Reading a book at one of
the tables until she looked up, spotting me and smile. With the sheer size Hogwarts's library having
tens of thousands of books; thousands of shelves; hundreds of narrow rows, she would have no
problem living here.

Instead, today I found my two friends, seemingly buried their nose on a desk full of open books. I
was about to call them out, but something they said made me stop and listen.

"This is ridiculous, we've already used up the book of one bookshelf about ghost and magical
creatures and there's barely anything useful about the Will 'o Wisp!"

"I guess wizards don't always have the answer."

Sev ran his hand through his greasy hair, "But this doesn't make any sense. Everybody knows what
Will 'o Wisp is, even muggles. Yet there's nothing here that could point it out as anything but a lost
soul who forgotten himself from becoming a proper ghost. Or many articles and hearsay that it
could either lure you away or get you to where you needed, nothing concrete to make a certain
fact."

"Well that's just what we got from the books, but what do you think Severus?"

Even when I can't see it, I knew his eyes had glazed over, his lips pursed, and his eyes squinted in
concentration that most people would think he was glaring mad at something. "There have already
been two victims that were made asleep. Nothing between the two has anything in common other
than they're girls and that Percy was near them when they fall asleep. We can safely assume
whatever causing this has something to do with the Will 'o Wisp that has scared off all the other
ghost which led me to believe that whatever what the book tells us are false or twisted because I
doubt a mere soul of the dead could elicit such reaction. Also, since they did react there's should
have been past incident caused by the presence of Will 'o Wisp but articles up to a hundred years
don't show anything remotely useful."

"Is this going anywhere?" Lily asked impatiently. When Sev gets like this, it's hard to keep up with
his train of thought.

"It means Lily, that this Will 'o Wisp most likely didn't appear here by accident. Since no one
knows exactly what it is and the ghosts deemed it as dangerous, it must have been isolated or
sealed off for a long time, and someone or something let it loose in school. I bet it's been targeting
Percy this whole time and the two victims were just in the way. Still this all just hypothesis. I don't
know how much what I'm making out is true."

Lily sighed. Setting aside the book she had on hand. "This would go so much smoother if we could
have Percy help us."

Sev snorted, "Correction. If he let us help him. Honestly, he thinks he's so clever at keeping secret
when he's obviously struggling not to tell us, for all we know whatever set loose in school is
targeting him because of his family curse. He can be really stubborn if he wants to so I doubt
forcing him to tell us would make things better."

A quirk of a smile played her lips as she looked back at her best friend. "That's why we're here
aren't we? To help whatever problem he had despite it all. He's lucky to have a friend like you."

I couldn't help the smirk when I witness his face looking like a tomato from the praise and
appreciative smile Lily sent his way. I closed my eyes and rest my head against the shelves, I
wasn't sure what to feel seeing my two friends trying to learn all they can about the situation on
their own for my sake. I became more aware of the heavy knot in my stomach weight by guilt.
Exhaling a large breath before firming my resolve and clearing my throat to get their attention.

The whirled their heads so fast, I thought they could have snapped their neck. The astonished face they gave me almost broke my serious demeanor I'm trying to maintain.

"I would ask what you guys were doing but that would mean I have to pretend I didn't hear all that."

"Percy this isn't what it looks like!" Lily tried, but I gave her a slight raise of my eyebrow and she deflated, "Okay, so this might be what it looks like but we're not doing anything wrong just so you know!"

"How do you guys figured I was looking out for it?"

The question caught them off guard for a hit but Sev promptly answered me, "You might not notice it yourself, but you've been awfully vigilant and skittish since Halloween and we never saw you like that since you've stepped into Hogwarts and somehow the troubles kept surrounding. From there it's just simple deduction that trouble either follows you or you were following it and I doubt you weren't aware of it considering our everyday lives."

"Alright Sherlock, you've proven you're smart. But you're wrong about one thing. This is 'my' everyday life, not 'ours'. And if you keep going like this you're going to get hurt."

"What's the difference from when we're outside Hogwarts with you?" He countered.

"The difference is on the outside they only targeted me and I know who I'm up against. Right now, I'm just as clueless what kind of creature roaming around in this school. I'll probably improvise along the way when I'll face it. But I can't guarantee your safety."

That didn't seem to put a dent on him, much to my frustration, "Percy, I'm going to blunt here, you're a rubbish wizard."

"Oi!"

"But you're strong. Stronger than most adults I knew. I get that. We both do and know you can take care of yourself, but have you ever thought that we don't want you to keep protecting us and fight alongside you instead?"

"And get both of you in danger?" I retorted.

"We'll be in danger either way as long as we don't know what the Will 'o Wisp is. The whole school is in danger. And maybe we think being with you is the safest place we'll be, have you ever thought of that?"

"We're not letting you do this alone Percy." Lily decided to chime in softly. Her hand reached out for mine and she was looking wide-eyed with her emerald green eyes. "Me and Sev are going to investigate no matter what even if you want to do this alone, we're not going to let you and nothing you say will stop us."

I wiped face while grumbling incoherently beneath my hand. They complained of me being stubborn, yet here they are, acting just as stubborn. Yet, I couldn't help feeling the relief of having someone, (not just someone, my two best friends) willfully walking up to danger for my sake.

I shouldn't be happy about it. I really shouldn't, especially when I'm supposed to protect Lily, not get her involved in more danger. But the smile crept up despite itself and my eyes soften by their
I was reminded of my dream and it took me back when Dad and I had our private conversation. About how gaining allies was my greatest strength to him.

I locked eyes with my two new best friends. They may be young and they don't know any hardship yet, but I knew I couldn't get through this quest without them. It's not the wisest decision when I could have asked help for more reliable people; like an adult (unlike gods they would actually straight-up help when asked), but I couldn't imagine any other people but them to trust my back.

"Severus, Lily, I think it's time I tell you two something."

The two looked astonished by my words, they gaze up at one another before looking back at me with a pointed look.

"Finally, it's about bloody time Percy, let's hear it then!"
Stingy Jack

Chapter Summary

Recap: I had enough keeping secrets from my friends and they had enough letting the secrets kept them from helping me. I didn't want to do my quest alone, nor do they want me to.

So I told them my secrets.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

One morning, I got up and looked out the window from the hallway. I admit I was grinning like a loon seeing the stack of snow covering Hogwarts like a comfy white blanket. I knew without looking that the lake should be frozen solid by now. There were many pranks and spells involving snow (and no it's not us. Me, Sev, James, and Sirius aren't the only ones who know how to prank). The few owls that managed to battle their way through the stormy sky to deliver mail had to be nursed back to health by Hagrid before they could fly off again.

People were either cooped up inside their common room or the Great Hall where they had the heat of the roaring fires comforting them. The drafty air of the corridors had become icy and bitter wind rattled the windows. It was a weird feeling; having fewer ghosts would make the school feel more haunted.

No one could wait for the holiday to start, including me. However, it's for a whole different reason. Others might be excited to spend time with their families again. I'm just glad I won't have to deal with the suspicious stare and the whispering gossip around me.

It won't be a happy holiday for me though, nor for Severus and Lily. The three of us decided to stay for the holiday this year which I was grateful for. I couldn't decide whether to follow Lily home or stay to investigate had she decided to be there for Christmas. That, and the guilty feeling I would have if Sev was left alone here on Christmas because he certainly wouldn't want to come home, not even for Lily.

"You sure you're fine staying here for the holiday?"

Lily smiled and said lightly but no less determined, "It's fine, Percy. I owled my parents and they were understanding. Besides, we need to figure out where Jack is hiding or they'll just be more victim over the break."

Oh yeah, like I said. I had explained everything to them. About when I first saw the Will 'o Wisp, what Dumbledore has asked me when he took me to his office, and where I found out from him about the ghost Jack 'o Lantern. Not to my surprise, they knew nothing of it. Just that it had been what carved pumpkin they put out was called on Halloween. Making Sev very put out that he never questioned the source of something so widespread.

I tried to question him if Halloween has other significance for the Wizarding world to which he just shrugged.
"Some say muggles had started it as a Harvest Festival, some say it was a celebration of muggle and wizard co-existing once, I'm not sure which. I do know that because of how widespread it is, it became the day that wizard could go out among muggles without worrying the statute of secrecy so we celebrated it as well."

In short, nothing significant about the day itself.

Anyway, they know practically everything I know about the case... except about me being a demigod.

Yes, I know I said I would tell them everything. But Hecate did say not to tell anyone unless I'm prepared for the consequences. While I have a streak of ignoring every or most word of god. It doesn't mean I don't try to hold it as long as I could until I'll most likely break it. After all, the warning is there for a reason and there was a second reason I couldn't tell.

'Secrets unfold, a price to behold' That was what the Groove had whispered to me. And whatever price I had to pay, I'm not looking forward to it.

Afterward, we've been spending more time in the library with no luck with our search and still are from every possible section we could find about it. We search through the 300+ page book of studying the form of ghosts and how their lives and beliefs affect their afterlife form, mentioning many famous ghosts even from Hogwarts. We couldn't even find a single clue of Jack 'o Lantern from books like 'Mystery of the Afterlife' or 'The Unknown Mystery throughout the Modern Wizarding'.

Sev and Lily might have no problem reading through their problem, but it was torture for me and had myself complaining loud enough of almost getting Madam Pince, the librarian, kicked us out. Sev finally had enough and irritably suggested I should search where the ghost might all be hiding to asked some question which was exactly what I decided to do.

Turns out the challenge was easier said than done. Trying to explore Hogwarts would have been the most challenging and confusing thing I've ever done if I haven't gone to the Maze. But it's a close second. With the moving stairs, the secret chambers or corridors, and the hidden doors that would appear and disappear at any given moment. Even if I live the rest of my life here, I don't think I could have explored it all.

"What I would give for a map right now."

I turned on one corner and almost bumped to one of the least likely people I want to meet, and couldn't hide my grimace in time. James and Sirius made the same face before turning a one-eighty and smiled brightly at me that just screamed suspiciously. Peter and Remus were there too but while Peter looked nervously up at me, Remus was slowly edging away but kept a polite smile.

"Hey, Priss...I mean Percy. Where are you going this time of the day?"

They seriously think they're going to get me to talk with that poor excuse of their acting skill. "You're behaving awfully nice Sirius. Considering you wanted to punch the light out of me a few weeks ago."

Sirius's eyes took a dark turn and his jaw twitched in a grimace, "Yeah, sorry about that." His tone did not sound apologetic. "Narcissa may not be my favorite cousin. I don't take anyone hurting my family lightly and got hot-headed for a bit."

"Uh-huh, then I'll be on my way now. Y'now, things to do and stuff to take care of." I turned,
quickly walking away from them but I forgot how persistence they were. James and Sirius flanked on my sides, a forced grin on their face while altering questions between themselves.

"Can you show us this stuff you have?"

"Maybe you need help with that stuff of yours?"

"What's is the stuff you're talking about?"


That got them to shut up but it didn't deter them from following me. I sighed irritably at their antics and thinking if they seriously believed I would fall for their awful acting. Remus seemed to think so if the roll of his eyes as he silently watched them was any telling.

I looked around for possibly anything that could distract them but stopped short when I heard a voice. I turned left and right to find the source and saw a familiar face by the window, holding up an ax and pulling a big fir tree by one hand. I didn't hide the grin I wore on my face while shouting out to him.

"Hagrid!"

My big hairy friend paused and looked aside to see me, he waved his hand in greeting and I walked up at a fast pace toward him. I was too caught up being happy from seeing him after cooping in my studies and the Ghost Problem. I was late to noticed the four boys walking alongside me until Hagrid pointed them out.

"'Ello Percy, who did yeh brought there? Friends 'o yours?"

I looked pointedly annoyed at them before denying his thought, but James was quick to answer while looping his arm around my shoulder. Throwing me off as he put on that charming smile of his.

"Yes we are, my name's James. This is Sirius, Remus, and Peter there," he said as he pointed out each of them, who all greeted him with a smile and a wave of their hand. "Percy never mentions you though, aren't you the...eh...what was it again?"

"Keeper of Keys and Groundskeeper," Remus supplied from behind.

"Right, that!...what is that anyway? Some kind of fancy name for gate watcher or something?" Remus sighed, lightly slapped the back of his head and whispered 'Rude' to him.

"Sorry about my friend, he doesn't know when to stop putting his foot on his mouth sometimes," Remus apologized for his friend's stead.

Hagrid laughed light-heartedly like I knew he would, taking the comment in a stride. "No offense taken. To answe' yer question, I'm the one looking after the school keys an' watchin' ove' the grounds so none of yeh go where yer not supposed to, like the Forbidden Forest fer example an' some othe' task the school like to ask me."

We all nodded in understanding, then Peter pointed out the tree he was dragging, "What's that for then Hagrid?"

Hagrid looked down at the tree he was dragging, "Oh this? It's for Christmas o' course. Someone has to provide the decoration. We can't have those stayed for the holiday not celebrate Christmas
An idea then sprouted. The annoyed look I had was replaced with an eager smile, "How about we all help you with that then?"

The boys all looked at me as if I was crazy while Hagrid just waved me off, "Nah, no thanks fer that Percy. I can handle it on meh own."

"Doesn't mean you have to. We insist. For Christmas Spirit and all that." I faux my eager spirit. Well, actually I was eager...eager to get rid of them.

James had to suppress the urge about doing handiwork, "Bu...but if you don't need one then I guess we could-"

"But of course you would," I cut James off before he could pull me away with the others. I didn't need to look at them to know they were getting paler. "I'm sure there's something we could do for the hardworking staff of Hogwarts."

Hagrid looked bashful and proud at being mentioned to be a staff of Hogwarts, "Well...I do need to cut around 12 Christmas trees to decorate the Great Hall, but I don't think you boys have learned any cutting spell to help with that. Though, having some help with levitation spell would be great."

"We can help that if you have some axes for us," I suggested, which to the boys just makes me sound even crazier than I already am. Peter is already backing away and tried escaping, but Sirius was faster and grabbed the back of his coat without looking away, making sure he stays.

Hagrid laughed joyfully at that, "Why not? If you can handle it then who am I to stop you. Don't force yourself if you can't though." He took us to his cabin and I have to secretly admire their stubbornness if they hadn't back away by now.

He gave each of us an ax, most of them had difficulty lifting it right without having the sharp end facing them. Only Remus seemed to have some semblance of a sense of using them without getting himself hurt. Peter was fumbling it nervously, James and Sirius looked like they've never handled an ax or any sharp tool before. Well, those two rich boys never seemed to work a day in their life anyway.

Decided to spare some of them from the grieve, I asked Hagrid if he had any saw. Thankfully, he did have a large one that could be used for a pair.

Hagrid then showed us where the school harvest the fir tree grow for their logs and Christmas. He showed us the proper way of chopping down trees with an ax or a saw and that we should do it with pair. I ended up pairing together with Remus, James with Sirius as the pair using the saw, and Peter with Hagrid. We started working with it. Only the sound of wood chopping filled the air accompanied by the occasional rustling of naked branches, the cold sharp winter smell hit my nose in every breath I take, my untrained muscle felt the strain much sooner than I expected from just chopping wood but it was a good feeling.

No offense to wizards but learning spells are much more boring than self-defense or swordplay. They just stood in one place and just shout whatever spell comes in mind and you all know staying still is never a good thing for me. I miss the time where I held Riptide in my hand and training my body to the point of exhaustion. I miss the smell of sweat and the hot flushed on my face after a good daily workout. Maybe I should help out Hagrid more next time.

While chopping off trees together. There was an awkward silence hanging in the air between us. It
didn't escape my notice how jittery Remus was with me, and I might as well act the same since my 
mind kept pondering about my dream and how Remus could 'smell' something different about me.

Which really gives me concern. Because usually there's only one type of being that could 'smell'
the god side of me. I just hope he's not what I think he is.

Considering my luck he might as well be, but it's better if I at least give him the benefit of the 
doubt. Even if he is -through all the odds - who I expect him to be, doesn't make him bad. Not
unless he gives me any reason for it. One of the few reasons that he's not what I think he is, was
because he stayed away from me most of the time rather than approaching me instead.

Maybe it's from that train of thought that prompt me to initiate the first line of the conversation.

"So, Remus, how is sharing a room with James feels like?"

I wasn't sure what was wrong about my question, but it did make Remus froze from his chopping
and gaped at me like I just ask him if he was a girl. It was just the first thing that popped in my
head, and I always had wondered how in all of the Greek gods did he manage to snatch Lily in the
future?

So yeah, I'm curious if this James kid is more than just the regular bully.

"You...you're asking me about James?" he asked like he couldn't wrap his mind that I could ever
ask about him.

"Is that so weird?"

"Well... yeah... I mean, but you hate him so why are you asking me about him?"

"Hate is a strong word, more of a dislike really. He did insult my friend. I don't take it kindly from
anyone, and why you ask..." I shrugged, "Curiosity I guess. You seem like a decent guy and you
get along with him, so I thought I should ask what your honest opinion of him."

Remus blinked a few times, then looking he had a certain fascination with his shoes before
continuing chopping down our tree. His words were a bit hesitant but he did finally talk to me so
that's a plus, "James is..." his lips curled into a smile in reminiscent. "James could be a handful
person obviously, but he's not much of a bad person, you know. An idiot maybe, but not bad. At
first, I thought he was just another rude git. After all, the first time I met him was at the Great Hall,
his took one look at me and say 'Blimey, that's a nasty scar you got there. Where did you get it?'"

Remus let out a mirthless chuckle at the memory, "Lily was beside him so he had a good dose of
slap-on-the-head from her."

Hearing it, I couldn't help but chuckle along with him. "Good ol' Lily, you can always count on her
with manners. So, what changed between you two."

"You'd be surprised how many seemed to either looked down or pity me just from my shabby robe
and the scar." He waved his arm around, making me noticed that yes, his winter robe looked
shabby. Worn down from years of using, not something a child his age would have unless it was a
hand-me-down or used goods.

"Not James though," Remus continued, "He treated me the same just as with anybody. I didn't
think I would fit in with the Lions when I think of myself more as a Ravenclaw, even then I always
wondered if I'll ever fit in. But James, Sirius, and Peter made me feel I was meant to be here, and
that meant more to me than anything since..." Remus paused, not sure if he should continue but he
didn't have to.

"Since you doubt you'll ever belong anywhere." I finished for him. Surprising him and myself. Like the words came out straight from within me, waiting to come out. "You know that you're different. You can't help feeling left out knowing deep down, you're different from everyone else. It wasn't your fault you're different and yet you had to accept your fate that it just happened. It doesn't stop you from hoping though, that somewhere out there, there's a place just for you where you can be who you are without being afraid about yourself."

At that moment, it became apparent to me then why I wasn't that worried about Remus than I thought I should. Remus and I are more alike than I could have imagined. Two misfits. Knowing we're different because of something outside of our control. Just trying to find a place we belong to. I found my place at Camp Half-Blood. Remus might just found his with his band of friends.

We stood silently. Gauging each other's reaction as certain kinship was exchanged. Remus looked like he was trying hard to find any sign of something remotely in common with himself, but his expression then should change to suspicion when a thought occurred to him.

"Hold on, how did you know I was his roommate?"

My muscle tensed, and in less than a second. Strings pile of curses flashed in my mind as the slip I made. Thankfully, I was spared from answering when Hagrid had yelled "TIMBER!" and we all moved over like a tree tip down the balance.

Remus was about to press further but then James appeared between us, surprising us both. "What were you guys talking about?"

"Nothing," I promptly reply.

"Boring stuff," Remus said at the same time.

James looked between the two of us, discerning if we were telling the truth then shrugged his shoulder.

"What are you doing here anyway? Shouldn't you and Sirius be sawing trees?" James nudged his head to the side where Sirius laid on the ground, his chest heaving up and down and mumbling about how he couldn't feel his arm.

"We thought we could use a little break and you know, get to know one another."

I raised a suspicious eyebrow at him. Subtlety is not James name. Remus rolled his eyes and thought he'd be better elsewhere and went to see how Sirius was doing.

"So...are you going anywhere this Holiday?" James tried to ask casually.

I sighed. "Nah. Me, Sev, and Lily decided to stay for the holiday."

"Don't have anyone waiting for you this Christmas?"

"Nope," I said while popping the 'p'. "My aunt doesn't come home much despite the holidays so... yeah."

"What about your parents?"

Feeling finally annoyed I made him talk straight to the point, "Okay, look James. Just cut to the
chase and tell me what you want from me because you're not fooling anyone with your casual act.”

James choked in his own air being caught on fast and looked like a kid who was caught with his hand inside a cookie jar.

"Wha...what are you talking about? I don't know what you're talking about. Do you know what you're talking about?" James babbled much to my amusement but I kept my unimpressed look.

Seeing he was not convincing me in the slightest. He dropped his pretense along with his smile.

"Fine, if that's how you want to play it, who are you Percy Jackson?" he asked in all seriousness, "We both know you're not normal, so what are you?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

James shook his head, "I know you're not normal. I'm going to figure you out and expose you to everyone who you truly are."

"Then I'll welcome you to try."

After the brief break we had, we continued until we finally got to chop all 12 trees down, the boys immediately dropped down in exhaustion while I was just left breathless. Hagrid beamed with a satisfied look in his eyes.

"Thanks fer yer help. Yeh boys have been a great help. Why don' you come inside and I make yeh some tea?"

I thought about it for a while and regretfully shook my head, "Why don't you just invite the boys Hagrid, I still have something I need to do. Besides, they would need it more than me, but don't tell them I left early."

"If yeh say so, Percy. Just don' be a stranger and visit anytime yeh like."

I nodded and rushed back to the castle. Heading toward the library. Just when I was about to open up the double door, Sev had opened it up from inside and looked like he wanted to bolt. A splitting grin made his way when he saw me, "Percy! We found it. We found out who Jack 'o Lantern is!"

Now there's news that got me eager to the library.

Once we got to our seat once more, Sev eagerly put down the book on the table and revealed to be a...children's book?

I looked at the front and back cover and confirmed it is what it is. It was a black cover with the white title reading 'Ghostly Tales' and cartoonish ghosts surrounding it.

"Lily found out a clue from there and she was brilliant! If she hadn't found it, I would have found a way to get a book from the Restriction Section."

Lily blushed at Sev's compliment but she explained with excited face, "I was just skimming through random title when I stumbled on the Children's Book Section and remembered all those times we exchange stories between muggle and wizard fairy tales, and Percy's Greek Talk so I thought why not take a breather and look through it. It may not look like much at first but check out page 12 and read what I read."

There were so many questions running on my head that I just shrugged and open to read it. I was
greeted with the title written in a fancy note that my dyslexia would have murdered my eyes if not for the glasses and a picture of an old drunken man with shabby clothing and a lantern made of turnip on his hand.

The title read Stingy Jack

I shot a questioning eyebrow at Sev but he gestured me to continue.

"Stingy Jack was a miserable, old drunk who loved playing tricks on anyone and everyone. One dark, Halloween night, Jack ran into the Devil himself in a local public house. Jack tricked the Devil by offering his soul in exchange for one last drink. The Devil quickly turned himself into a sixpence to pay the bartender, but Jack immediately snatched the coin and deposited it into his pocket, next to a silver cross that he was carrying. Thus, the Devil could not change himself back and Jack refused to allow the Devil to go free until the Devil had promised not to claim Jack's soul for ten years."

"The Devil agreed, and ten years later Jack again came across the Devil while out walking on a country road. The Devil tried collecting what he was due, but Jack thinking quickly, said, 'I'll go, but before I do, will you get me an apple from that tree?"'

"The Devil, thinking he had nothing to lose, jumped up into the tree to retrieve an apple. As soon as he did, Jack placed crosses all around the trunk of the tree, thus trapping the Devil once again. This time, Jack made the Devil promise that he would not take his soul when he finally died. Seeing no way around his predicament, the Devil grudgingly agreed."

"When Stingy Jack eventually passed away several years later, he went to the Gates of Heaven but was refused entrance because of his life of drinking and because he had been so tight-fisted and deceitful. So, Jack then went down to Hell to see the Devil and find out whether it was possible to gain entrance into the depths of Hell, but the Devil kept the promise that had been made to Jack years earlier, and would not let him enter."

"'But where can I go?' asked Jack. 'Back to where you came from!' replied the Devil."

"The way back was windy and very dark. Stingy Jack pleaded with the Devil to at least provide him with a light to help find his way. The Devil, as a final gesture, tossed Jack an ember straight from the fires of Hell. Jack placed the ember in a hollowed-out turnip...one of Jack’s favorite foods which he always carried around with him whenever he could steal one. From that day forward, Stingy Jack has been doomed to roam the earth without a resting place and with only his lit turnip to light the way in the darkness."

Finished reading the story, I looked up at them and they both have deadly serious faces. There were many things I wanted to comment but the first thing that came out of my mouth was: "This said turnip though, not pumpkin."

Sev rolled his eyes at the insignificant point I made out, "News flash for you, they used to make Jack 'o Lantern with turnips before they used pumpkin instead. Why they changed it? I don't know. Just that they did."

"So... you believe this is the true story of the Ghost of Halloween?"

Sev scoffed, "Don't be an idiot Percy, off course not. There's no such thing as Devils just as there is no such thing as those Greek gods you keep telling us."

Thunder rumbled outside, but no one seemed to pay any heed to it.
"I do believe that there's a truth inside a story and this is the best lead on Jack 'o lantern and fire from hell that we could deduce as the Will 'o Wisp. And no other sources we read have ever linked them together with other than this."

I really don't want to have our best lead coming from a folklore read to children so they could put them to sleep, but then I remembered the dreams a few weeks back and re-read the first part of the story again. My breath sunken at how similar it was and maybe, this story is more than just a story.

"So... where do we go from here?"

Sev grabbed the book and checked it out to borrow it, me and Lily followed closely beside him. "For now, we need to verify how much the book says is true so we need to ask the ghost a few questions. Did you find them?"

"Got sidetracked for a bit and considering how big the school ground is. Yeah, no luck from my part." I paused, and almost slapped myself that I didn't get to think of finding the one ghost that could either help us or waste our time. "There's one ghost we all know that we don't need to search for."

Lily looked puzzled by my words, but Sev understood almost immediately as he paled and shook his head. "No. No. No way Percy, who in the right mind would ask him for help, or for anything for that matter! That's absolutely a terrible idea."

I couldn't help but grinned at Sev's scowling face, "Just the usual then."

Chapter End Notes

There, you get your Percy-Remus scene. Hope it's up to your expectations and thank you for all your comments and kudos, please keep it coming :)))

Oh, and the story Stingy Jack cones from novareinna site and it's a real folklore so I can't take credit for that.
Chapter Summary

Recap: After confessing almost everything to Lily and Severus. We found what's possibly to be Jack o'Lantern's origin story. To confirm what we find, we went in search for the only 'ghost' still around Hogwarts.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Turns out, that when looking for a ghost that likes to pop out where you least want it to - Finding him yourself was a lot harder than we first thought.

Before we know it, three days passed. The holiday started. The school became more desolate than ever. Some were even glad they could get away from school, and not just because to get away from the studies but from the mysterious sleeping epidemic as well.

Despite the seriousness of our mission. The three of us did enjoy the small peace given by the lack of scrutiny people gave us. Mostly me, but Sev and Lily weren't exempt from the judgemental look some gave them seeing how close the three of us are. When we aren't thinking about Ghost and just talked and laugh at the most random things like how to make a blue hot chocolate by hand, eating English muffin, and plotting ways to humiliate James and Sirius if our Prank War will ever start again. Sev and I even plotted ways to get them expelled, but Lily made sure we don't talk it further or else we might just do that. A sheepish grin was my only response to her.

Sometimes we tried sneaking to the staff room or hid closely near teachers, eavesdropping for any clue they might about the Ghost or the condition of the two sleeping students still being watched in the school infirmary. Sev had told me before that the Black Family almost raised an uproar that they couldn't bring Narcissa back to their home and insisted she'd be taken to the best professional healer they could find.

Dumbledore had patiently and gently argued that seeing as normal spells couldn't wake her up. The surrounding magic invoked on her is still a mystery and not knowing what causing her sleep state could prove fatal if she was hit by a curse that might worsen when being drag further from the place she was put. Or triggered something worst when exposed to foreign magical factors. He went as far as to compromise that they could bring as many healers as they want to Hogwarts if it helps get some answer.

Still no changes whatsoever for them.

Just when we thought our luck ran out. By the time the morning of Christmas Eve came rolling in, we saw our target cackling madly as he put up crackling mistletoe randomly on the ceiling and walls.

"Peeves!"

The Poltergeist stopped from my voice, a manic grin stretched across his face waiting for the inevitable scolding he was probably waiting. So I had small satisfaction seeing his astonished look
when the three pensive kids looking up at him and one of them said, "We need to talk."

I know. I sounded like a boyfriend waiting for a breakup talk.

"Oooh, what does Washout Percy with little ol' me? Oh wait, maybe I should call you Bad Luck Percy hihihi. Bad Luck Percy~Bad Luck Percy~ bringing Bad Luck everywhere he go- YOW!"

Peeves found himself dodging a spell narrowly and glared at the offender.

"Severus, behave," I warned him half-heartedly.

"Oops," Sev said monotonously before tucking in his wand.

Lily decided then that she took charge of the conversation, probably knowing we're too irritated to make a proper conversation with him. "Please Peeves, can you spare some time for us to talk? We promised not to throw spells at you."

"Well…" I drawled but shut up quickly at Lily's glare.

"No. Spells," Lily emphasized strongly.

Peeves seemed to be considering and his clownish face smiled "Alright, alright, since you asked very nicely. What do you need?"

"Can you tell us about where all the ghosts might be hiding? Better yet, can you tell us why they're hiding, and who is Jack 'o Lantern?"

"Ssshh, don't say the word out loud." Peeves shushed us, making Lily clamp her mouth. He motioned us to come closer with wary glances thrown around and we inched closer to him, waiting for whatever he would reveal to us.

We should have known it wouldn't be that easy. Just when he was about to whisper to us, he blew out a raspberry, spitting at us in the process, much to our disgust. Peeves cackled loudly as he floated away, twirling in laughter.

"That's it," Sev snarled and pulled out his wand but Lily held him back at the last second

"Incarcerous," he cried. Rope shoot out of his wand and slithered around Peeve and tied into a knot by the end of it. But Sev showed mastery of the spell by having one end of the rope in his hand, making him Peeve looked like an ugly overgrown balloon.

Lily threw her arm in the air and huffed. "Sure, tie him up, don't listen to the girl. How is he going to answer us now that we held him like this?" Lily demanded.

"Rather, I'm surprised that worked. Couldn't he just go intangible and float away?"

"Nah, he's a poltergeist and spells still work on him. So when I bind him, he is literally in a bind," Sev informed us with a smug smirk.
Just when I was about to compliment him, Peeves cackled loudly, getting our attention. "So you caught me, so what? You think I'll tell some meddling kids some old myth that the old-timer ghosts are still afraid of."

Sev and Lily looked unsure what to do, but I only arched an eyebrow at him. "What makes you think we can't make you talk."

"Ha! I ain't telling you kids nothing, and nothing can make me talk!" He said with his tongue out in the end. For an old ghost, he acted like a real 5-year-old.

"You sure about that?" I turned and made a look at my two friends and they both turned to watch over any outsider that could pass us by. Seeing that it's currently the holiday only assured us how unlikely there'll be anyone around.

I pulled out my pen and summon Riptide in my arm, the sharp end of the blade tucked under his round face. If it was possible, his ghostly skin has gone paler than before.

"I see you know what this is. That makes it easier, so here's what you're going to do. You're going to tell us everything we want to know, and when we release you, you'll say nothing of this."

"Y...you're bluffing. You wouldn't dare. Besides, Celestial Bronze shouldn't hurt us."

"Oh, I bet everyone wouldn't miss Hogwart's resident menace. They are so eager to get rid of you that I dare say I would. Besides, there's a first time for everything and I always wondered if Stygian Iron is the only material that works on you ghosts, care to be the first lab rat?"

The audible gulp had a satisfying ring, but his mouth was still clamped shut. Looking resigned, I raised my sword and was about to strike him down when he finally cried. "Waitwaitwaitwait, I'll tell, I'll tell- spare me!"

My sword stopped just a millimeter away from between his eyes. My eyes didn't show any mercy and were devoid of any emotion.

"Well? I'm listening."

"Okay, okay, every ghost knows about the Will 'o Wisps, it's a story all the old-timer ghosts know. And all the ghosts here are old-timers except me. They know if one touches the fire you get nightmares but for ghosts, you'll be gone for good. Kaput. Vamoosh. Gone. No one knows if they move on or their soul got sucked for something. But since there's no good story about them when they hear about the floating blue fire, they only know one thing and one thing only to do."

"What's that?" I asked but my tone demanded him to answer.

"Run," Peeves said seriously, and it was a tone I never heard him with that made it more ominous.

Making my eyes narrowed at the forbidding word, I kept my bravado, I've always been good acting confident. "What do you mean about getting nightmares?"

For a moment, Peeves looked delighted for whatever reason and I pushed the sword further to his neck as a reminder. "Alright, alright. They give nightmares to humans okay. Whoever comes upon them would put into a deep sleep and stuck into their worst nightmare."

"For how long?"

A wicked grin spread on his lips and I didn't like his face nor did I like his response. "Forever."
I pursed my lips and held back cursed words in Greek. "Percy." I was caught by my own thoughts, I didn't hear the first Sev called out my name.

"What reason? For what reason is he doing this?"

Peeve chuckled, "If you know about Jack then you should know about his old tale. That Ol' Jack still wandering around, cursing for eternity for never living, never dying. So he tried to make himself whole once more from the essence gain by the fear of men."

"Percy," this time, Lily called out but I still ignored them both.

"Whole? What do you mean by that? Talk to me straight!"

"PERCY!"

"What?!" I turned in frustration but instantly froze when all three of us witnessing the same thing we had studied and feared.

A Will 'o Wisp.

"Everyone, back away slowly," I whispered as if we were a cornered prey. No one complaint while we did just that, but then a warm sense sprouted behind that sent shiver down my spine. I turned, dreading to confirm my suspicion. But to my ill-luck, it was another one of those cursed fire.

"Okay, let's just go to the side and we'll be out of our fiery friend's way."

My two friends nodded in agreement as we step sideways but two more fires blocked our way. Making the only way out is the railing that would lead us plunging 20 feet to the ground.

"Guys, whatever you do, don't touch the fire."

"Yeah, way to state the obvious, Percy," Severus snarked, "Any chance you might say something helpful? Like a plan?"

"You never like my plan."

"Yeah, but it's better with no plan at all."

More Wisps surrounded us, and we were backing away toward the trick railing we knew was not real. I whipped around for anything that I could do to improvise. I never was a plan-guy, but a more of improv-guy.

But the only thing I have on hand is a rope to an obnoxious ghost, wands to use spells I'm not good at, and Riptide that I'm not certain would work on ghost. I looked down below where moving stairs kept their scheduled movement when an idea struck me.

"I have a plan."

Sev glanced at me, "Is it a good one?"

I paused. "I have a plan," I reiterate firmly.

Sev groaned, and Lily looked like she had a mix of worry and excitement on her face.

I pulled Peeves close with the rope and make sure we were face to face, "Listen, Peeves. Here's how it's going to go down. We can all be struck down by those fire but while we risk putting
ourselves to sleep, you'll be risking your very being. So help us and get us all out or you'll finally get to know what a fate worse than death feels like, capiche?" I made my best Death Glare I knew had made few monsters turned tail seeing and held back the urge to smile as he nodded vigorously.

"Good." More Wisps surrounded us and I didn't waste time giving the end of the rope to Lily and Sev. "Guys, you trust me right?"

The questioned was so out of nowhere, they only nodded as an answer and I had to be satisfied with that.

The Wisps were floating ever so closely.

"Peeve, I trust you you'll take us away from here. Lily, Sev, we're going to do two things."

"What's that?" Lily asked worriedly.

"First, no matter what you do, don't let go of the rope. Second-"

The fires lunge forward.

"JUMP!"

And we did.

Had I spare time to look back at my two friends, I would have realized they had only jumped because of my sudden order and regretted the moment they did.

They hang onto the rope for dear life. For a few seconds we were free-falling through the moving stairs. I thought I heard Sev making comments about how mad I was and a few curse words but I was too busy screaming myself.

Then I felt the tug of the rope and we all stopped midway. Looking up, Peeves held his promise and was holding us up with all the strength his fat little body could take. It was the first time I saw him floating so slow, his skin looked normal instead of the usual pale white skin. Had he been a human, I would probably see his face flushed red from effort.

I looked up, praying for Hecate's sake that the Wisps won't follow us.

Apparently, it did.

"Peeves, fly us down!"

Peeves grunted and did just that, most likely thinking listening to me was the shortest way of getting rid of me too.

The three of us swayed in the air, but I doubt Lily and Sev had the upper arm strength to hold on for too long. So when the closes Moving stairs were just below us. I told them to jump and they did. I'm a bit surprised they still listen to me after all this.

The two of them grunted in pain as they land roughly on the stairs, but there's no time to check on them as I held up their hand and screamed for them to run.

The blue fires were still on our tail, taking random turns as we tried to shake off the ghost. The fires were also flying faster toward us and also gaining on us too. Damn my 11-year-old body.

Lily decided to take matters into her own hands though and with her wand brandished yelled out a
spell that spouted out water like a hose garden. We paused as we waited for the spell to either work or fail, but Sev seemed to already know because he was already running with us in tow and the corridor was empty for only two seconds before the Wisps lighted itself again.

"It's a ghost with the form of a Will 'o Wisp, regular water doesn't work on it!"

We ran down the stairs and while deciding the next path to take, I was glad to see a familiar face on the wall and felt desperate to ask for a bit of hand, "Mira, we need help!"

"Haddian, you' came." She smiled warmly with a light blush on her, "What can I do for you, dear?"

"Percy, now is not the time!"

I ignored Lily, "Mira do you know any secret entrance of the sort around here?"

Mira looked uncomfortable as she looked down at her fish on her hand, "Actually - oh, I'm not even supposed to tell you - I have a secret entrance behind me, but I'm sorry Haddian, you need to know the password for me to get you inside."

"Di immortales!" I cussed while running my hand through my hair. Ignoring the way, Mira was pointing at her fish with eagerness.

Lily did though, she nudged both Sev and me and asked, "Quick, what type of fish is she holding?"

"A haddock, why?" I answered automatically. I wasn't sure how I knew when I never even opened any kind of Fish Encyclopedia but I brushed it off as one of the perks of being Poseidon's kid.

A click was heard and we simultaneously turned to find a hidden passage behind the painting.

With no time to spare, we rushed forward at the dim corridor until we found the end of the line. I touched the end of the wall, pushing to find it opened, finding ourselves to the Front Hall.

Panting heavily for air, we turned to each other, unspoken question hanged in the air.

"We're clear. The Wisps are gone," Severus finally said.

Slumping down like a puppet who had its wire cut, we sighed in relief that we got away from the Ghostly Fire. We thought it was over with that so I didn't hold back the smile I had on me, "Lily, you were brilliant! How did you know what the password was?"

She rolled her eyes fondly but I didn't miss the blush she had from the compliment, "Unlike you two boys, I actually notice the hints she's given us. Like, gesturing at the fish and almost choking it?"

I breathed a small laugh, and slowly it turned to all three of us laughing together.

The small happy time was too soon cut off when a scream broke through the hall and we were up on our feet. In retrospect, we should have stayed out of trouble when we had just escaped from one, but curiosity got the best of us. Let's just hope the cat doesn't die from this.

We began to hear sobs from a familiar voice I recognized from one Ravenclaw.

"Angela...Angela, don't go to sleep please..." I heard her cry, and her tone was pleading and a bit desperate.

We arrived at the same time some of the three Professors. There were Professor Rose and McGonagall and one other woman I didn't recognize.
The Ravenclaw- May was it?- hugged my fellow 'Puff's body and tried to shake her awake. Even spotting out spells I've never heard with her wand, but with how distraught she was, I doubt it would work even if it wasn't the Wisps' fault.

"Please tell me, Professor, please tell me there's a cure for her." She looked up pleadingly to the teachers.

Professor McGonagall bit her lip but continued in a grim voice. "Professor Rose, Professor Monte, please escort the girl to the infirmary."

The two professors nodded and did just that. May was about to follow but McGonagall stopped her. "You need to rest Dear."

"No please, let me stay. She's my best friend- my only friend. I need to be with her."

"You'll only worry yourself to exhaustion if you stay." Professor McGonagall gently chastised, "There's nothing you can do other than leave the rest to us adults...and hope for the best." She said those words in such resigned voice, it only made May cry harder while McGonagall pulled her into a hug and rubbing her back soothingly.

All three of us were pale at the sight because the place the crime took wasn't very far from where we had lost track of the Wisp and took out to the nearest target instead.

Professor McGonagall finally look to the side and took notice of us three, "What are you doing? There's nothing to see here, off you go!"

The three of us did just that. Occasionally looking behind but out of earshot of McGonagall talking and wiping May's tears. It was weird looking at them both so... vulnerable.

May had been a headstrong, know-it-all, and a bit of arrogant girl. Never had I ever imagined her crying over her friends and honest to God scared for her. Nor had ever seen the stern Professor being compassionate and looking older when being unsure what to say.

We went up the stairs, away from them and almost bumped to a pissed looking Peeves, his rope already untied.

"Peeves, you're okay!"

Peeves scoffed, "No thanks to you. First that Pretty Lady choked me with her wand to find the other ghosts' little hiding place now you meddling kids held me against my will. For shame, I tell you. Shame!"

"You're one to tal-wait, back up. What did you say about the Pretty Lady?"

Peeves paused for a moment, before making a slow grin while cackling madly. Twirling around in the air, "I ain't tellin you nothin' kekekeke, I know something that you don't~ Peeves know something that you don't~!"

He quickly turned tail and flew away before any of us could press further.

"Who do you think he's talking about?" Lily asked.

Sev shook his head. "Unless we know anyone else investigating the incident, I have no idea."

I was about to agree only to be reminded one other person in mind, "Actually there's one person in
mind that fits that description."

"Who?" They asked simultaneously.

"I'll tell you tomorrow, right now it's getting late and after running around we did, I think we should have our rest.'

They looked like they wanted to protest but Lily's body betrayed her when she made a big yawn and Sev softened at how tired she was, ending him up agreeing with me.

That night, I thought since it was Christmas Eve the dreams would take a break.

Again, I was wrong.

I was back again at the old dusty room where Voldylord and Circe seemed to have their meeting.

"How's the progress of that plan of yours?" The raspy cold voice said in an almost hissing tone.

"More and more victims have come down to a deep sleep Dark Lord, and he is ever much closer to revealing his true form. Unfortunately, none has hit the intended target yet."

"Then I must ask, how did you handle the Ghost? Surely he's not so easy to deal with?"

Circe chuckled amusingly, "All is taken care of. Let's just I have... turned the tables on him and leave it at that."

"And what of this nuisance you said that's been hindering you?"

"Do not worry, he hasn't figured out the real truth of the Ghost nor that I am closer than he thinks."

She angled her head slightly so even under her hood, I can feel her eyes penetrating through me and made me shiver. "Even if he was to watch our conversation, he will only be helpless just as he is now."

She raised her hand and with a flick of her finger, I felt my body being pushed away like a mule just kicked me and found myself jumping up from my bed. I blinked a few times, feeling delirious of where I was for a moment before remembering that I'm in my dorm, in Hogwarts.

I heaved in the air slowly to calmed myself, not knowing the time I looked at my wristwatch but then remembered that it doesn't work. Then looked up at the small cuckoo clock hanging showing its three minutes to midnight.

In an impulse, I took out my winter robe. Silently sneaking out of the warm comfy abode and purposely to the dark cold winter air through the corridors.

I knew it was a dangerous time to be out alone, but I couldn't help but finding an open window. When I did, I sat at the edge. An icy touch tickled my nose and I looked up to find that it was snowing. I played with the beads of my necklace and whispered to the friends and family I have in the distant place and future.

"Merry Christmas."

Chapter End Notes
Hello, my lovelies!!!!
Here is an early Christmas present for you.
Hope you had enjoyed this chapter as well.
Keep the comments and kudos coming!
And hope all you have a wonderful holiday.

CHEERS!
A Rose with Hidden Throns

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas and hopefully things wouldn't be as exciting as yesterday where the Wips almost got us as they chased us around the school. We lost them but another victim was hit.

On Christmas morning, I woke up and was greeted with the sight of presents at the foot of my bed. Three wrapped presents to be exact, and I was bewildered since I certainly never expected to get anything for Christmas this year.

With the presents nicely tucked under my arm, I went to the Great Hall where Sev and Lily greeted me with matching smiles.
"Merry Christmas Percy!"
"Merry Christmas."

I laughed warmly knowing I get to spend my first Christmas together with my two best friends. "Merry Christmas to you guys too."

Lily opened up her arm wide and I took her offer to hug her. Sev looked vaguely discomforted at our action so I pulled him in for a three-way hug.

The start of the day had been cold, the High Table was half-filled with Professors that stayed for the holiday, Dumbledore had swapped his pointed wizard's hat for a flowered bonnet, and was chuckling merrily at a joke Professor Flitwick had just read him. The students from different houses only needed one table to occupy due to the number that stayed for the holiday, much to our joy since we don't need to worry the disapproving gazes we got every time I slipped into one of their tables.

Before we had our breakfast, Sev was the first to noticed the presents I have on hand and pointed it out.

I shrugged. "Found it near my bed, there's a letter addressed to me so I guess it's my Christmas present. Don't know who it's from though."

The three of us looked at one another, eyes glinting with curiosity mix with a bit of excitement on our part from the mystery being wrapped inside. In hindsight, I should be more wary of any gifts sent to me from an Unknown Sender, for all I know Circe could have sent me a dead guinea pig just for a reminder. But even if it was a trap of some kind, I doubt that I still wouldn't open it.

I first took my attention to the biggest and obvious present for me. A long thin gold-wrapped parcel that shaped just like what I think it might be. I took the letter attached to it with my name written on it, flipped it open, and read it.

_The threat is upon and a choice will be made_
_One will have you face your nightmare_
_The other will have you forsake a friend._
The Walls will reveal the Liar
Keep your ears open

P.S.

Oh, and Merry Christmas to you

-H

Well doesn't that sound ominous for a Christmas letter? 'Hello Percy, here's a puzzling warning and a gift, you're going to face your nightmare or risk a friend- and as an afterthought, Merry Christmas! Now get on with your life, yes?'

Nevertheless, I plastered on a smile and explained it came from my 'aunt.' The three of us ripped the wrapping off together in eagerness and my jaw dropped at the broomstick I was given.

Boy...what a beauty it was. Even if brooms aren't my first choice of transportation, it doesn't mean I can't appreciate a good one. Moreover, I doubt I could borrow more brooms after the last two I broke.

Unlike any other broom in the market. The brush was silver and glimmered against the light, its handle color was obsidian black and was smooth to handle, and at the end of it was carved the word was my initial P.J. in golden, curvy writing on one side and the name 'Pegasus' on the other. The gift even came with a servicing kit too.

The rest of the students crowded around me when they saw what I have and they were admiring it in their own way.

"Wow. You got your own custom made broomstick, your aunt is either very rich or she has amazing talent in making brooms," Sev told me with undisguised awe, and that's something because Sev never openly admires things.

"Most likely the latter," I muttered softly.

Putting it aside, my next attention then came to the next brown wrapped parcel. Plucking up the note, a fond smile tugged on my face when I read.

We might not be as close as we should have. We are family nonetheless so I give this present to you in hope you'll enjoy and use it wisely.

A Very Happy Christmas to you.

I didn't need to read who it's from to know the sender is currently sitting in the middle of the High Table and had wink on me the moment our eyes met and I showed him how grateful I am with the slightest nod and smile.

I turned back to look at my friends, together we unwrapped the second present.

It was a pair of socks.

Not even Sev and Lily expected what I got and they were made shock again for an entirely different reason. Looking quizzically at it, I reached for the bulged left sock and was surprised I felt something inside. I took it out and on my hand had a small package of various assortment of sweets.
There were chocolate frogs, licorice worm, acid pops, and other unrecognizable candies. Dumbledore must really have a sweet tooth.

I eyed the right sock and wondered if there was something in it as well and confirmed that there was. Inside was a small snow globe only this one is filled with what looks and feels like water but different. Being the Son of the Sea God, I know magic water when I see it. Instead of regular white foams as makeshift snowflakes, it has tiny mermaid and fishes swimming through a miniature Atlantis. The globe has a dim glow around it that could use a nightstand and the globe itself was perched on a gold stand that has greek writings carved around it that translate to 'Home is where the heart is'

Very sentimental Dumbledore.

There was a small green button at the end of the carved words and one obvious course of action was available.

I pushed it and instantly regretted my action.

A horrible deafening screeched sounded the Great Hall that instinctively had everyone cover their ears. In great haste, I pushed the button again and the glass globe that jotted open was closed and the screeching stopped.

"Whoever sent you that gift Percy, they must be bonkers!" Sev shouted his thought.

I glanced toward the Headmaster again and the pleased smile on his face hadn't disappeared and reluctantly I had to agree with Sev.

Then I switched my attention to the third gift. It was much crudely wrapped than the other two, I flipped it and there was my name scrawled on top and the sender too.

'From Hagrid' it said.

I looked up to Hagrid, who was sitting at the edge of the High Table. Chatting animatedly with the teachers. He seemed to notice me watching because he turned and waved with glee at me. It amazed me how just from a few meetings with him that he would think of buying me a Christmas Gift. He must have remembered how I wasn't able to celebrate with my family this year.

I unwrapped my last presents. It turned out to be a moleskin pouch, something completely ordinary. While I had Lily's identical puzzled look, Sev snatched the pouch and looked inside and grin.

"Watch this," he said as he dug his hand inside all the way up until his whole arm was inside. Looking like he had lost his arm, Lily and I both gasped in amaze before explaining it to us "It's been put an Enlargement Charm so you can have practically almost anything put inside."

That... is pretty darn useful.

Putting aside all my presents, I then turned a curious look to both Lily and Sev, "So what did you get for Christmas?"

Lily smiled and told us about her parents getting her a box of her favorite Hampton Cookies, a folder to hold all her parchments, a custom made mug with her name on it, and a wilted bouquet of lilies.

She had a slightly dejected look from her 'dear' sister's present.
Sev on the other hand just shrugged and told us he just got a few expensive ingredients and tools for potion making from his mother.

He tried not to look delighted for whatever reason.

When we're all done with breakfast, I tugged the collar of my shirt as a signal to all three of us to move away in sync from the public eye.

"So, who was it you have in mind that had talked with Peeves before us?" Lily finally asked the question that hanged on us, last night.

"Remember what I said about me snooping in near Dumbledore's office that night?" They nodded. "Try remembering who he asked to investigate."

Lily closed her eyes, her eyebrows furrowed together in concentration while Sev hit his forehead with the heel of his hand from my hint.

"Of course, Professor Rose. That's who he had a deal with."

I nodded. "And that Professor Rose will have to be present for Christmas Dinner." Sev and Lily looked confused by my point which just makes me grinned wider. "Fancy sneaking into her office?"

Lily didn't look too happy about it while Sev was just as eager as me to find more clues on the mysterious sleeping plague hitting the school.

Since it was still a few hours before Christmas Dinner. We decided to play our hearts out during the day. At first, Sev had opted to read in the library, but one look from me to Lily and the two of us hauled Sev by the shoulder then together we threw him into a pile of snow.

Severus glared hard at us, but then his mouth twitched upward and we all knew where this is going.

It was then we had an epic three-way snowball fight, furiously throwing snow with and without magic on the school grounds. I proved to be just as much of a challenge despite not using any magic at all. I could quickly build a snow wall and maneuvered over and behind swiftly from the onslaught of snowballs. If any of you suspect I might have used my awesome water powers and demigod reflexes for it, then you have no proof. Sev, in his own cunning way, made a small tunnel through the snow to hide in instead and started making pathways to have easier mobility. I had to play snowball version of whack-a-mole at Sev before being pelted back. Lily, on the other hand, is like a snowball throwing machine, her charm spells help her used dozen of snowballs thrown at us at a time and no matter how often we pelted her with snowballs (her red hair makes her very visible), she just wouldn't stay down.

We were cold, wet, and gasping for air while trying to laughed breathlessly for a long time until we return to the fire in the Great Hall, where we three could keep warm among ourselves and against the hearth.

'Hearth is where all laid down and rest. Hearth is where the warmth of home is.'

My smile dropped at the memory of the warm glow of fire had given me and it didn't go unnoticed by my two friends.

"What's wrong Percy?" Sev asked me. I caught myself from frowning and smiled back nonchalantly at Sev.
"Nothing's wrong," I promptly answered.

Lily seemed put off from my act and slapped the back of my head, "If you don't want to tell us then fine, but don't lie to us, Percy," she chastised.

"I'm not- it's just-" A defeated sigh escaped me. "I just realized, this is my first Christmas I won't celebrate together with my mom so…"

Lily melted at my words, "Oh Percy...I'm so sorry." She pulled me into a hug and I didn't quite protest. My face placed at the crane of her neck. I don't know how long I'm going to be in this timeline, so while I hope the gods would put me back in my proper time and in my proper body. To me, I might be living here for months, or years passing without them by my side.

"Hey, it's okay. If you want, we can be your family for today Percy. No one should celebrate Christmas without one."

I smiled at her compassionate thought and tighten my hug around her. Thinking Sev might get jealous that Lily held me for too long, I broke the hug, missing the small whimper she voiced out when I did.

When the Christmas Feast started, I marveled at the assortment of food that didn't lose out on the Halloween Feast. There were hundreds of fat, roast turkeys; mountains of roast and boiled potatoes; platters of crumpets trifle; a full plate of Christmas cake, silver boats of thick, rich gravy and maple syrup, there were even stacks of wizard crackers lined up along the table that the school were supposed to ban us from using.

Flaming Christmas puddings followed with a great roast turkey. I nearly broke my teeth on a silver sickle embedded in my slice making my two friends laugh which I soon joined along with them. My laughter died when I spotted the face that had been missing the whole day and the memory of yesterday came back full force.

While merry faces showed among the student's faces, May was the only one who looked miserable. She eyed the food in front of her, prodding it with her fork, but after one or two bites she settled the plates away and walked out of the hall silently. No one bothered to know where she was going or realized that she was gone. I couldn't leave her like that, thinking no one would bother to care if she was gone or not, so I made to follow her but Sev caught my hand and pulled me back before I could.

"Percy, don't you remember our plan tonight?" Sev asked pointedly.

I bit my lip and looked back at May's retreating figure and couldn't help but let her go for now. We exchanged looks and nodded, slipping outside with barely anyone noticing.

Getting into Professor Rose's office was surprisingly easy, it wasn't even locked. The three of us had to confirm with one another that yes, we didn't get into the wrong office. The inscribed bronze nameplate at the door might have something to do with it. I wasn't sure what I was expecting inside but it was surprisingly bland; with some mandatory course books on the shelves covering the wall, as well as some miscellaneous ones like magical first aid, and small stacks of paperwork. Or was it parchment work in this case? There were a couple of comfy looking couches around a coffee table in the middle of the room to welcome any welcoming guest I suppose.

And since we're obviously not a welcomed guest I tried suggesting not to sit anywhere near it. Am I paranoid? Yes, I may as well be.
I also noticed the soft pounding and growling inside the cupboard. Considering I haven't seen any of those imps and other magical creatures she rumored to have a stash of, I made a self-suggestion not to open those.

The three of us began opening up cupboard, drawers, shifting things while we tried finding clues for...for...

"What exactly are we searching for again?"

"Percy, this was your idea!"

"I just go with what your, or in this case, what my gut says Sevvy."

Sev kneaded the bridge of his nose, placing back the stack of books to the desk and said, "Any clues concerning the ghost remember? She might have more leads than us and we need to know what it is."

"This is so wrong," Lily said clear enough to note her frustration while examining bottles and jar of...whatever it is I don't think I want to know. "Literally everything about this is against the rules!"

"Welcome to my world," I said, grinning to her, making her huffed as she keeps searching.

I went over to the desk's side drawer that has a keyhole on it and tried to pry it open, only to find it was firmly locked. "Hey Sev, Lily, I could use a hand over here."

They perked up at my call and went over to me, showing them the locked drawer and asked a silent request. Sev promptly pulled out his wand and said, "Alohomora."

I jerked the drawer open again, but nothing happened and gave Sev a questioning look. Sev himself was frowning, he tried the spell again but the result was still the same.

"She used an anti-unlocking charm. I can't open it with magic," he explained.

"Good," I told them.

"Good? How's that good?"

"It means she has something important inside to hide. Lily, can I borrow your bobby pins?"

Lily looked surprised at my request but complied without a word. She took the two pins that held her bangs in place and gave it to me and began prying it open.

"If you can't open it by magic..."

The drawer clicked open.

"...then we'll just open by hand," I finished smugly.

Thank Hermes and his kids, I leave this credit to them. Lily and Sev both looked awe and impressed by my skill.

"Alright, let's see what we got here." We open the drawer and was a bit disappointed at how normal it was. There was just a grading book, graded essays, and tests of the higher years. Granted, they look really important and formal, but still. At least we'll know that she takes teaching seriously enough to lock grades in a (relatively) safe place. Even a few things like black and red ink glass bottles, and various other magical trinkets I'm not so sure what they were for.
It wasn't just that though. Mixed amongst the schoolwork was one file that didn't belong with them. I took out the folder and glanced inside, the three of us had our eyes widen when we found files of all the staff in Hogwarts. From Professor Dumbledore himself to even Mr. Pringle that had a big red label mark that said 'CLEAR,' including Professor Flitwick and Sprout. The files had their brief background, date of birth, addresses, and general profile with Professor Rose's handwriting.

"Percy, Sev, what does this mean?" Lily asked in uneased.

"I'm...I'm not sure," Sev answered her, and Sev usually has an answer for everything even if it was only speculation.

The last few pages were photos and information of stranger that doesn't seem to have anything to do with Hogwarts. I do know from experience that they were all shady looking dudes and wouldn't be surprised if they had killed someone.

But the most damning discovery that almost made my breath hitch was a large photograph at the bottom of the files, a photo of a familiar mark on one's forearm. The mark that I first saw as a green constellation in the sky that signaled the changed future.

A tattoo so green it was almost black, with a snake crawling out of a skull.

Looks like there is more to Professor Rose Rotwood than meets the eye.

We were shell shocked at first for why she even had such photos but it wasn't the end of our discovery.

Then there were a few newspaper articles. The content itself wasn't much to cause suspicion, but the fact she put it in a secure lock drawer made it as one. Naturally, we tried reading what was in it and found that all of them had one article in common.

"Percy, Severus, what's a Death Eater?"

I was about to said simply that they were 'bad dudes' and people we should stay away but Severus answered before me, "They're kind of like Dark Arts fanatics, you know how I told you that Dark Arts are mostly forbidden right? Well, they're kind of Dark Arts Right Activist and believe that no one should be deprived of any kind of knowledge. I guess some people misunderstood because of how many purebloods join is what I heard."

"Are you sure we're talking about the same Death Eaters? Because as far as I know, they're bloodthirsty and planning to take over the world and that's both the Wizarding and Muggles."

"You're misinformed, Percy."

"Really, I thought I was spot on? Oh wait, I am. You're just brainwashed to believe that."

"It's not brainwashing, it's just facts. Besides, you're American, you don't know the many problems we have here."

"Oh and I suppose people calling themselves Death Eaters just spells out peace and harmony."

Sev looked like he wanted to argue more but Lily quickly cut us off, "Boys, now is not the time!"

As if on cue, the sound of door turning made all three of us whipped out heads before diving down to find some hiding place for each of us. While I hid beneath the desk, Severus went hiding toward the cupboard, and Lily hid behind the draperies.
Professor Rose stepped inside to her office, coming up toward one of the cupboards and taking out a wine bottle from it. She was about to turn back when her steps paused and she turned to look back at her office interior. Silently gazing if there was anything out of place.

Then, ever so slowly, enough to make every step so loud and so agonizing that the beat of my own heart became too audible for me. The air was caught in my chest and didn't dare to let her hear me breathing. She stopped short upon her desk, and she stood there for a short moment, but a second to me was like a long drawn out hour.

Then, when I thought she was going to her desk and looked below where I hid, she turned her heels and walked out of her office. The sound of clicking heels started to disappear and finally letting myself breathe out. Sev and Lily did the same as they came out from their own hiding place.

Lily then voiced out what the three of us were thinking, "Should we go back?"

We nodded in agreement and that was the last time we ever went to her office.

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