Percy Jackson and the Depths of Tartarus

by xXxShiniXKazexXx

Summary

He thought that the Fates were done with him. Instead, three hundred - or was it four hundred? - years after TLO, he starts thinking otherwise.

Notes

If I owned PJO, Percy would have become evil and died by now.

Also, to the readers that find this story familiar and want to probably scold me on not updating the sequel on FF: I'm on Hiatus I have to say, OTL I have completely lost inspiration for the PJO fandom, but I am working on the next chapter... even if it has been around five months, more or less? OTL.
He's Back!

Percy's POV

I looked idly up at the cavern ceiling, pacing back and forth, annoyed once again. Was it so hard for that damned god to install some entertainment for a captor? You'd think being immortal would be fun. Don't get me wrong, it is – every century or so.

Of course, twenty years ago, I had thrown a French fry – a decayed one, mind you - into the prison. The prisoner responded by trying to kill me.

But, hey! I was beyond death. Not really, but close enough.

"Anything new, boy?" A hissing voice, well, hissed beside me. I glanced over briefly, before continuing to pace around. It was Mrs Dodds – my old Maths teacher when I was alive. That wasn't her real name, though. It wouldn't suit her, since she was in Fury form.

I nodded to her, "Alecto." I said, then stopped my pacing, and got out a hamburger.

She looked at my choice of food, disgusted. "Out of all the edible things in the universe you could summon, you pick that?"

I glanced at her again as I took a bite out of it. I chewed thoughtfully, "Hmm, tasty. Huh, I should have gotten a blue one, though…"

She rolled her eyes, and I raised an eyebrow at her. "What?"

She proceeded to give me a dirty look. I asked, taking the bait, "Well, what would you have gotten?"

"A nice, seasoned and barbequed demigod carcass. Just fresh." She smirked at my brief disturbed expression.

I rolled my eyes. "And you say I'm mad."

Alecto tried to look innocent. Keyword: tried. "Huh? For what?" The pointy, sharp teeth didn't help with the 'not guilty!' look. Heck, her appearance practically screamed, 'I eat every edible thing within a twenty mile radius!'

I stared at her, "Is it me, or are you getting a bit too ancient? I swear, just yesterday, you said I was crazy for choosing to be a guard for Tartarus."

She sneered at me, "You idiot. That was last year. You're the one getting too old."

I blinked, "Seriously? Hm… I really must be getting too old. I won't be catching up to you anytime soon, though."

Alecto growled at me. I just grinned at her, absentmindedly chucking my burger wrapping down into Tartarus.

I started pacing again. "So, anything new up yonder?"

She shrugged, "Not really. That chick you asked me-"

"Annabest." I said automatically. I frowned, and mentally berated myself, I don't love her anymore!
Get over her, Perce!

She glared, "Right, her. Anyways, Annabeth is still with the Hunters. Last I saw, she got back from hunting down the Minotaur."

I blinked, "Okay. Grover, then?"

"Immortal as always. Don't think he's gotten any smarter, though."

"Dad?"

"Couldn't spy on him."

"Tyson?"

"Forges. All good."

"Chiron?"

"Still teaching, of course."

"Hm… okay then." I mused, stopping, and looking at Tartarus. "Anything major?"

"Not really." She paused, and cocked her head, as if remembering something. "Oh, yeah. Huh, I forgot to tell you, you know that Prophecy? That Great Prophecy after your own?"

I nodded, "Yeah, is it in action? Took long enough."

She rolled her eyes, "It had been fulfilled 52 years ago."

I stared at her. "And you tell me this now?"

She shrugged.

I put on a thoughtful expression, "So that's why there were so many people coming down, and all those earthquakes and bangs... And the fact that everything went dark for a whole year."

Alecto gave me a look, and settled her expression, once again, into a sneer, "Another Prophecy came up."

"Really?" I raised an eyebrow.

Alecto nodded, "Goes something like this:

"From the depths of Tartarus, the Crooked One shall rise;

Demigods shall twice perish or defy his lies;

Third time unlucky, reborn one's body claimed;

The Twelve Enthroned, cast down by Olympus' ultimate bane;

And Half-bloods will see endless tomorrows, until his cursed day comes with sorrow."

I had one comment, "Ouch." Then my eyebrows furrowed, "That's the next Great Prophecy?" I thought it sounded pretty depressing. As she nodded, I turned back to the entrance of Tartarus.
"Who were listening?" I asked.

Alecto answered, "Chiron, Lord Apollo, Lord Dionysus, and the Lord Satyr." Well, Apollo should have warned the other gods by now. So where were they?

She continued, "And Grover told those other two Huntresses." Thalia and Annabeth maybe?

There was pause between us. I thought hard, trying to decipher the prophecy. *So, the 'Crooked One' is obviously Kronos. Demigods shall twice defy his lies... or perish? So, technically, make the right desicions. Third time unlucky, someone's body will be claimed? By who? Kronos, of course. Whose body? I couldn't help a resigned shudder. Twelve Enthroned means the Olympians, obviously. The ultimate bane? Can't be Typhon, definitely Kronos. Endless tomorrows... could mean immortal. By why would they be immortal? 'His cursed day'...?*

Something suddenly struck me. Not literally, of course.

"Strange." I murmured, peering into Tartarus. The bottomless nothingness made me a little dizzy, so I leaned back. Somewhere behind me, Alecto shifted nervously.

I said to her, "Alecto, do you remember how I always chucked bits of random food down there, and Kronos always responds by trying to suck me in?" I paused, half my mind processing the fact that Kronos hadn't tried to kill me yet again by even mentioning his name. There was definitely something wrong.

Alecto nodded, "What about it?"

I sighed, "I threw that hamburger wrapper in there around –" I glanced up at the cavern ceiling briefly, "- Oh, half an hour ago. Kronos usually responds in twenty."

The Fury peered over the edge, and hurriedly backed up a step or two nervously.

"Alecto," I said grimly.

She straightened, knowing I was serious, "Yes, Lord Perseus?"

"Inform our Lord Hades..." I stared back down into Tartarus. There was now no faint, golden glow that signified Kronos' scattered essence. I wondered briefly how he had gotten away without my knowledge. *Well, damn.* I thought, and noted, in the back of my head, never again to get a security guard job ever.

"Inform him that Kronos has escaped again."
Chapter Summary

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Chapter Notes

Chapter name for lack of better one.

Annabeth's POV

"But, my lady, you can't!" My friend, Thalia Grace, pleaded.

Artemis sighed, silver clothes rustling gently, "Lieutenant, I will go ahead to see Lord Hades. Stay here, and guard my Hunters."

"But-"

"Enough." The goddess finally hardened her voice, "Please, stay and take care of my Hunters until I come back." With those words, Artemis turned and marched into the palace.

Thalia pursed her lips, turning to face me and the others, "Our Lady has ordered us to stay." Before, during the argument, the other Hunters had been watching in fearful silence. Now, however, they were anxious. Me included.

"We must follow her!" Called a woman that looked around a year older than me.

A girl, I think 100 going on 13, said calmly, "No. We must respect our Lady's wishes."

Thalia cleared her throat, and protests died down, "We will wait here for her. During this time… what should we do?"

Amy Lowe, a girl who had recently just joined us, asked timidly, "Well, what did you do before you became a Hunter?" There were some agreements.

"It has been a long time," Thalia said thoughtfully, "But, before I became a Hunter, I think I was just about to turn sixteen. I was on a quest, to save our Lady Artemis."

"What happened to her?" Someone asked.

"She was kidnapped." Thalia told us, "By Atlas, who was free at that time."

There were murmurs of fear, and she said, "While he was free, an old friend of mine, Luke Castellan-"
"A hero!"

"Just a boy, really."

Thalia ignored the interruptions, "He was to hold up the sky in place of him. Then our sister, Annabeth here," She gestured to me, and I felt the heat rise up in my cheeks as some girls glanced at me. "She was kidnapped, and held the burden, while Luke went free."

I touched the grey streak in my hair that was gained from holding the sky. I remembered the pain. It was horrible.

"Anyway, it was then Artemis was held captive, and she took the sky from Annabeth." Angry comments swept through the group, but Thalia continued, "So me, Phoebe-"

A girl near me cried out angrily, "I was supposed to come along, but those Stoll brothers..!"

Thalia hummed agreement, "Heh, she couldn't come, because the night after she got chosen for the quest, she wore a T-shirt that had centaur blood inside of it."

"Boys!" Some girls said disdainfully.

"Well, two boys actually came with us. Grover Underwood-"

"Lord Satyr?"

"Yeah, him and-" She glanced at me, "Percy Jackson." I pursed my lips, and looked away, squishing down the memories, and feelings, that came along with that name.

"The boy who saved Olympus?" Amy asked.

Thalia nodded, "Yup. But, mainly, he was on the quest to save, uh, Annabeth."

Once again, the girls glanced at me.

I turned redder. I shot a scathing glance at Thalia.

"Carrying on, " Thalia rolled her eyes, "Bianca di Angelo and Zoe Nightshade came along as well. They were Hunters. During the quest, we came upon the god's junkyard. There, a not-so-small version of Talos came alive. Percy came up with a plan to defeat it, and Bianca volunteered. She was brave, as she controlled the statue from the inside, but she died when it crashed down." There was solemn silence among the group, before Thalia continued, "Zoe Nightshade had known what the prophecy was talking about, when she took the quest. One of the lines was about one of the group dying by a parent's hand. She knew it would be her, but she went anyway. She died while fighting Atlas. She lives now, in the stars."

Thalia murmured a soft farewell in Ancient Greek. The others and I followed.

That night, as the Hunters were waiting for Artemis to come back from a meeting with Hades, I fell asleep. Fortunately, or maybe unfortunately, I dreamt of that meeting. I didn't get all of the conversation, though.

[I was standing in a place I recognised as Hades' palace. Hades himself was sitting on his throne, arguing with Artemis, who stood in front of him. Persephone and Demeter were no where in sight. Artemis was saying, outraged, "-None believe him?"}
Hades looked uncomfortable, "Look, I would have come, but-
"
"Call your brothers now! They would believe your word."
"
"Argh!" Hades began to look frustrated, "Artemis! Don't fret, don't worry, and please don't interfere. We know what we are doing."

Artemis' eyes narrowed, "And what are you doing?"

Hades coughed, "Uh, nothing…" It didn't look convincing.

She frowned, "Whatever you do plan… does it involve him?"

He nodded, "Dangerous, yes. But, it might work."

"And what did you plan to achieve?"

"Well, the Great Prophecy… it is vague, but must be correct. Unfortunately, the fourth line must mean me as well. Kronos would get one of his brothers to replace me. The end is unavoidable, the demigods… they would be our only hope." He spoke this part grudgingly.

Artemis said, "Unavoidable is it?" She sighed, "Very well, I will do what I can to help, even though," She eyed him disapprovingly, "You won't tell me your plan. A safe place shall suffice, for the demigods willing to rebel when we fall. But, don't think I will give up instantly. I am sending my Hunters to Camp Half-Blood, where they will help, if they can."

Hades nodded, "Good. Also-" He paused, eyes searching the room. Then they fixed on me.

Artemis followed his gaze. Her expression softened, "Annabeth. I'm sorry, but this is a private matter."

And, with a wave of her hand, I fell into dreamless darkness.
I bet my life on enchiladas!

Chapter Summary

He thought that the Fates were done with him. Instead, three hundred - or was it four hundred? - years after TLO, he starts thinking otherwise.

Percy’s POV

"You lie!" Zeus boomed, eyes cold. I noticed that he didn't look any older than when I last saw him. The perks of being immortal, I guess.

I knew better than telling a god where he should shove his accusations. I wanted to; Hades knows how much he deserves it. But I couldn't, unless I wanted to be Percy Pizza – with extra olives. Instead, I did the next best thing.

I growled out, peeved, "Kronos wouldn't have been gone forever! He probably manipulated some random, stray demigod to be his host, again!" As Poseidon looked away, and Zeus continued glaring, I stamped my foot in frustration. I actually did! "Why won't you believe me?" I said.

I saw Poseidon frown disapprovingly at me. He, too, didn't look any older. I scowled. I didn't care what he thought about me now. After all, he hadn't even tried to contact me, through Hades, at least, in the 400 years I had been dead.

Now Zeus didn't believe me about Kronos! Damn gods and their towering egos!

I was reduced to hoping Hades might pop up suddenly, to support my statements. In fact, where was he? I was getting beyond peeved now.

I sighed as Zeus stood, glowering at me with lightning reflected in his orbs. I could feel the static from where I was standing – a good ten metres from his throne.

"You dare contradict me, boy? You are lucky you are well respected here, else I would have your head! Now go, and tell your attention seeking lies somewhere else!" Zeus roared.

Poseidon waved his hand. The last look I saw of him were his eyes. Deep pools of distrust and slight annoyance.

I was angry. As well as hurt. My father didn't believe me! His own son!

"See, Perseus?" A cold, taunting voice whispered into my head, "They don't believe you. Join me. You don't need them..."

I recognised the voice. It was Kronos.

I woke in a cold sweat, breathing heavily. I sat up slowly. One glance around the room told me I was in my house. I frowned as memories of my reincarnation's body rushed into my brain. I was Peter Johnson, ironically enough. Messy, chocolate brown hair and blue eyes. My stamina in this body wasn't much to brag about, considering my athletic build.
I checked the time on my bedside table. It was around eight o'clock AM, Wednesday. The school was just around the corner… and I was going to be late.

I quickly got dressed into track pants and an orange t-shirt. According to my memories, I was sixteen, and my step father hardly ever came home or cared about me. I snorted to myself. *At least he pays for school.* I then stifled a laugh. Grover. He was my best friend. In fact, I noticed today was the last day of school. I wouldn't have been surprised if a monster attacked. Considering if I was a demigod or not.

"Peter?" The doorbell rang. I knew it was Grover. The night before, he had said he wanted to walk to school with me, even though it was only two blocks away.

I quickly grabbed some spare clothes, and filled up a bottle of water. I didn't care about school. As far as I had improvised, I needed to ditch.

I went to the front door; backpack slung over my shoulder, and opened it. There stood Grover, wearing sneakers to hide his hooves, and a cap to hide his horns. He also wore brown track pants, and a yellow shirt. Surprisingly, he only looked the tiniest bit older than when I last saw him. Apparently, he had used most of the powers of Pan inside of him, and turned immortal. He did it so he could keep an eye on the Wild.

I waved smiling, "Hey, Grover."

He grinned, "Peter! You ready to go?" I nodded and we set off.

As soon as we went, I knew something was bound to happen. Turns out I was right – just not in the way I had expected it to be.

"Peter…” Grover stated, twitching nervously.

I glanced at him, slightly worried. Was I a demigod in this life? Was Grover going to tell me something important?

I was far from right.

It was the first time I'd seen Grover glare harshly, least of all at me. He stopped, and turned towards me; I followed suit to him. I blinked, surprised and confused at Grover's odd behaviour. Perhaps he was a monster instead?

Then I knew the answer. I discovered the problem when I rifled through my memories. I hadn't been that far away from my old personality in this life, but there were a few quirks about it. I also missed out on a lot of school. For some reason, I was mostly sick. And the school had never ringed up, but neither was my step father around.

I frowned as I realised this. Was my step father a monster instead? Did Grover think I was the monster who was kidnapping random students throughout the year? Urgh, this life was confusing. No time to think, though. Grover had begun attacking me.

I dodged out of the way of his celestial bronze short sword. Wait, short sword? Where was his reed pipe?

I heard it before I saw it. Vines grew out of the ground, to wrap around my legs, tripping me over in the process. I fell to the ground, hard. Grover seemed to be really good now, at fighting.

Even being trapped, I managed to dodge his quick jab at my chest. He looked frustrated, as if he
couldn't believe a 'monster' like me could evade him.

I had to make him listen to me. And definitely not hurt him or die in the process. I called out with all my being, *Riptide!*

At first, nothing happened, and I started to panic, but then the golden, ballpoint pen appeared in my hand, and I quickly uncapped it. Slashing through my bonds, I jumped up, facing Grover. I blocked another strike from Grover. His eyes widened, and he jumped back. He gaped, "Where did you get that?"

I sighed in exasperation, "It's me, Grover! Percy!"

He shook his head, "You're lying. He died a long time ago. I suppose you just stole his personality from my mind, you monster, but your way off!" He waved his sword.

Suddenly, there was a shout of, "Grover!" And, "Who are you?"

Another replica of me appeared, puffing. I gestured, "*This* is the monster." I said, annoyed.

The double looked at me, confused, but I saw a dangerous glint in his eyes I knew Grover couldn't see.

Grover pointed his sword at me, "Get away, Peter. I'll explain later."

I wanted to yell at Grover in frustration as the monster shuffled nervously out of his eyesight and behind him. The monster winked at me, then lunged at Grover's unprotected back. Faster than a normal satyr, Grover jumped out of the way.

Slightly irritated, I turned to Grover, "See?"

Instead of jumping for joy that I was Percy, he just shrugged. I scowled. He still didn't believe me.

Grover quickly slashed the monster into oblivion, and I almost cheered. Almost, because he turned his sword tip to my neck.

If the situation weren't so dire, I would have laughed. Knowing me, I would probably look back on this and crack up.

Considering I lived, of course.

On that happy note, Grover held his sword closer to my neck. "If you really are Percy, you would know something I always said, around 300 years ago." Grover told me, voice having the slightest of tremors. I guess he didn't usually have his supposedly dead (alive?) best friend at sword point.

I took the risk that he would probably skewer me, but what was I supposed to say to make him believe me? Argh, my brain hurt. This was supposed to be… *her* area of expertise.

"Five seconds." He warned me. My mind went into panic mode. *Oh, my gods! Oh, my gods!,* were the only words I could think of. Then, some tiny part of my brain where *her* wisdom had rubbed off of, took over temporarily.

Great. I was betting my life on one word. Anyone could have heard Grover rant about it when we were younger. But, it was the only thing I could think of to say in the span of three…

"Two seconds." Grover stated.
And I blurted out, "Enchiladas!"
I Ride a She-Pig to Camp

Chapter Summary

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_Percy’s POV_

You'd think the new, well, not-so-new, Lord of the Wild, would greet me formally. You know, all mature and stuff? I hoped Grover hadn't turned all stiff and jaded like a political jerk.

Not at all. Nope, instead, Grover managed to splutter out stupidly, "P-Perrrcy?" Yup, real mature for a three hundred year old Lord Satyr.

But I really was thankful that Grover hadn't changed at all. It would have been awkward if he had.

I grinned, "It really is me, G-man!"

"Perrrcy!" Grover bleated out. A reminder to you all: getting bear hugged by a satyr while they are running at around two hundred kilometres per hour really, *really*, knocks the air out of you.

"Perrrcy!" Grover said again, "Why didn't you tell me you were Peter? Were you reborn? Why did you take so long?"

"Firstly," I said, stifling a yawn, "I only just gained my past memories today; secondly, yes; and thirdly, because, well, Kronos is back again."

"Again?" He sniffed, "He just doesn't know when to give up!"

I laughed, "And that's why we need to beat him into submission again."

I'd like to tell you that I was ready to come back to Camp Half-Blood, ready to meet some old friends, etc. But I wasn't. I never would be.

As long as *she* was there.

You could call me spineless, but I really wasn't ready to meet Annabeth. Old wounds would reopen; salt sprinkled on it and rubbed in, blah, blah, blah. After all, *she* was the one that broke up with me first.

But I still didn't want to see her. Period.

So why was I agreeing now to go to Camp Half-Blood, you may ask? Well, one, I *did* want to see Chiron again; two, *Grover* blackmailed me.

Yes, Grover does *blackmail* now. Scary when you think about it, isn't it?

So when he held up a picture of me and Annabeth snuggled up together in a bathtub (long story), thankfully wearing clothes, and threatening to get it plastered all over the news, I agreed pretty fast.
Grover provided the ride.

When I thought about it, it was all going too fast for me. I mean, right after I ‘wake up’, I get attacked by Grover, kill a monster, and, now, I'm getting bundled off to Camp Half-Blood. My head hurt. And bouncing along on the overgrown she-pig thing didn't help much either.

The ride didn't last as long as I wanted it to, and I now lay, slightly ruffled, by Thalia's pine tree. Grover was cracking up laughing at me; while he had jumped smoothly off the she-pig, I had tumbled off and landed in an ungraceful position.

Needless to say, I was quite red in the face when I got up again.

I yawned, stretching. I felt drained. Having not slept in three hundred years did that to you, I suppose.

Grover managed to stop laughing at me enough to gesture to follow him. I yawned again, suddenly weak in the legs. *Just tell Chiron what's going on, then you can rest, Perce.* I told myself, sternly forcing my legs to trudge on.

"Grover!" called a voice. I stopped abruptly, and almost fell over. It was her.

Annabeth came forward, and I briefly examined her before casting my gaze to the ground. She looked really different, that was certain. Her hair was braided back to keep it out of her face; she wore the silver parkas the Hunters had, and there was now a faint, silver glow around her that signified that she was immortal, and a Hunter of Artemis.

Simply put, I thought she was beautiful. Then instantly berated myself for thinking that.

I examined the grass blades dully as I listened to Annabeth's disapproving voice, "Grover! Can't you see he's practically sleeping on his feet?"

I almost felt Grover's gaze as he glanced at me.

"Oh, uh, sorry, Per-Peter." I was grateful he didn't say my name. It would have led to a lot of awkward questions.

Then, I felt an arm wrap around my waist. It was Annabeth. When I came to that realisation, I blushed to the roots of my hair. But… I felt complete. For the first time in three hundred and something years, I felt whole.

I smiled softly, and surrendered myself to the yearning darkness.

Luckily, I didn't hear Grover's snickering.

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