As Fate Deems It

by EmInArEvOl

Summary

Poseidon never had an affair with Sally. But Percy Jackson is still the "demigod" child of Poseidon. "My Lord, I am with child, our child." Amphitrite, the immortal wife of Poseidon, said.

Percy Jackson is born as Perseas Atalanta Pacificia Jackson, a goddess to the Olympian Poseidon and Minor Goddess Amphitrite. But Amphitrite is fading and the prophecy child of the Great Prophecy could not be conceived and so a concession was made. Persea was to be reborn a mortal to fulfill the prophecy and advance the history of the modern Greek world into peace.

Fem!Percy Jackson Genderbent!Percy

Notes

This is a cross-post from Fanfiction.net
https://www.fanfiction.net/s/7191908
Under the same pen-name and title. No dedicated series name though...
Disclaimer: I don't own the PJO series.
'It has been eons, since I've birthed to Triton.' Amphitrite thought, 'My husband has had many children none of them mine, except Triton. No, ever since their pact, he's been loyal to me, loving me like we were just newlyweds.' Amphitrite mused, as she stroked her slightly swelled stomach. 'But I will not last. I'm being forgotten; no I've already been forgotten by the mortals. I am fading and I'll never have the chance to rear my child. At the rate my powers are being used, I'll fade as I birth my child. What am I to do?' Amphitrite smiled sadly as she gazed to the waters outside her window. Sharks, stingrays, dolphins and all matter of marine life swam by.

Suddenly, three lights appeared in front of her. Immediately summoning her weapon of choice, Anaklusmos, gifted to her by the daughter of Atlas eons ago, she readied herself in a battle stance. When the lights died, three old grandmother-type ladies stood before her. Held in their arms was knitting tools and a pair of giant socks. Amphitrite carefully kneeled towards the three old ladies. "My Lady Fates, what brings you here to me, a mere minor goddess bound to the Elder God and Olympian, Poseidon?" Amphitrite greeted as was how they were to address the Fates.

"The child, the godling, your child is needed by the world. The child never meant to be but even we, the Fates, had no control over the child's conception. Your lord is enraptured with a mere mortal, the one we deemed to be the mother of the child spoken in the great prophesy." One of them spoke.

Amphitrite looked affronted, her husband was supposed to cheat on her again?

"Do not be offended Queen Amphitrite for forces higher than us, are at work. Sally Jackson, a clear sighted moral has been born barren, a curse we found as the cause. No seed of mortal or divine man can ever plant itself in her until her first born is birthed." Amphitrite was confused. Rightly so, as the Fates, as all knowing and powerful they are, were not making sense at all.

"But we know of your fading and the child you carry. Your child coincides the time we had planned for the Great Prophesy to come true. The child we planned to be the hero of the Big Three is impossible to be born, a concession must be made." Then the fates disappeared in another flash of light. The doors to her chambers flew open with force as her husband and son stormed in armed to the teeth with mermen behind them. After assessing that no enemy was in the room, Poseidon dismissed his guards and closed the doors. Triton had already sat next to Amphitrite his head on her lap, reverted back into his child form, drawing comfort form his mother. Poseidon sat next to her with a worried look in his face.

"We had sensed something powerful entering my domain, your room specifically. We had rushed to your doors but it would not open. Magic, powerful magic kept you out of our reach. When the powerful entities left the magic that held the doors closed allowed us to open it. Who or what was it?" Poseidon asked, holding her to him closer. Poseidon felt terrified, as his second immortal child laid in his immortal wife's womb. He had neglected his wife for hundreds of years and now he poured his attention on her after the pact.

"It was the Lady Fates." Amphitrite said, still in shock. Triton's head snapped up to his mother's face and Poseidon tightened his hold on Amphitrite considerably and was shaking. The fates had not shown themselves to any being for the last 300 years. The last time they appeared the Olympians were told of the shift of power and the biggest wars to ever be fought would come in between that time to the time that they'd show up again. And it had happened, the devastation of WW1 and WW2 caused was catastrophic and horrific. Even Ares, the God of War, turned away from the sight of the holocaust and the Hiroshima Bombings. It was then that the new great prophesy was given and the pact was made.
But what had been unknown even to Apollo is that before the current oracle was cursed, she came to Poseidon bearing an altered prophesy.

*The children of the Elder Gods*

*Will still come forth*

*16 years still awfully short*

*Heroes still all the same*

*A decision still shall be made*

*Of whether to end his days*

*Cursed blade hero's soul shall reap*

*And mortality gained whether to keep*

*Of will Olympus preserve or raze*

*Will determine how the child will live its days.*

A chill ran down Poseidon's back. 'Mortality gained… You can't gain mortality. A mortal can become immortal but for this particular phrase… An immortal must become mortal. The gods are too proud to ever step down.'

"Amphi, tell me everything they said." Poseidon said in a commanding tone, Amphitrite complied. As she told them what was told to her realization dawned onto Poseidon he couldn't stop the hurt emanating from his heart. Poseidon swam away from his family. Amphitrite and Triton looked to Poseidon as he swam away; Triton curiously looked on, while in Amphitrite, watched him with sad understanding.

The next day Poseidon marched up to Olympus seeking 3 childbirth goddesses: Hera, Artemis and Ilithyia. The three were sworn to secrecy pertaining to a ritual only they knew as their domain's goddesses.

When it was Amphitrite's time to give birth, Apollo was entered into the circle as he was the god of healing, medicine, truth and prophesies it was inevitable to include him into the circle. As Apollo lifted the small godling into it's mother's arms everyone looked bitterly happy.

"Hello little one. Look at you, so small, so fragile, so beautiful." Amphitrite cooed. "My beautiful daughter, remember this, mommy will always love you even when I've joined the void. I'll always watch over you, I love you little one." Amphitrite looked around the room, spotting Sally Jackson, her daughter's soon to be new mother.

"Come here Sally." She said weakly.

"I give you the task of raising my daughter, soon to be yours as well. Love her like I would always will, care for her when no one else will, always remind her there is always someone that loves her. She will always know me but she will know you as her mother as well. And lastly I give you the honor of naming her once you bear her on your own." Amphitrite said tiredly. She turned warily to the three goddesses with them in the room and to her husband as well. "Take my milk and take some drops of my ichor place it into a container that will never let it dry off. Let her keep it for in time when the time comes that she decides she can be a godling once more. Take the sand that will be me
and bathe her in it before you perform the ritual for her to become mortal. Poseidon, take my sword and keep it until the time comes that she is ready to receive it. Lady Hera, Lady Artemis I ask that you bless this daughter of mine as a final request from this fading goddess.” Everyone had a solemn look to them as they accepted the terms given to them. Apollo quickly took the milk and ichor from Amphitrite and placed it into a container that Poseidon created out of nowhere.

Then Amphitrite began to dissolve into golden shimmering light and sand. Poseidon gathered the sand and there they bathed the baby girl in it. The child was quiet throughout the process, her eyes shining with intelligence and sadness.

It was nine months later that Sally Jackson gave birth to a healthy baby girl named Perseas Atalanta Pacificia Jackson. (1)

(1) I wanted to keep the name of Percy to be spelled as Persea and because Perseus was the only male hero to ever achieve a good ending. Antlanta because she's the only heroine that I know of. Pacificia because Sally wanted to honor Amphitrite.
I Not-So-Accidentally Vaporize My Pre-Algebra Teacher

Chapter Summary

Summary: Poseidon never had an affair with Sally. But Percy Jackson is still the "demigod" child of Poseidon. "My Lord, I am with child, our child." Amphitrite, the immortal wife of Poseidon, said.

Disclaimer: I don't own Percy Jackson and the Olympians Series. It is owned by Rick Riordan.

Chapter Notes

Another A/N: I'm going to stick to the Percy POV style of the original books. Peace OUT!
And LIGHTS!
CAMERA!
ACTION!

Ok let's start… Where to begin… huh? Who knew that trying to tell my own story would be so hard…? I guess the beginning would be nice don't you think? Ok let's go.

In the beginning there was only Chaos and out of the Void came Erebus and Night. Everything was silent and dark. Then out of nowhere came Love, beginning order, and from Love came Light and Day… And what did you say? That's not what you meant? Then what did you mean for me to start from the beginning? That IS the beginning.

Oh… not the beginning of Life… Haha, silly me. Then where do you want me to start…? My life is rather dull if I can say so myself. That is, before the threads of the Fates started working their magic. Let's start there shall we?

You see, I never wanted to be a demigod or half-blood.

If you're reading this because you THINK you're one of us, my advice is: go to your mom or dad and let them tell you what you have to do. And don't be selfish, don't try to lead a normal life, you'll just end up hurting people around you.

Being a half-blood is scarily dangerous. Most of the time, it gets you killed in painful nasty ways. And that's not even the worst part for me…

If you're a normal kid that thinks this is fiction, read on, I envy you. But if you recognize yourself in these pages and feel something stirring inside - Stop reading immediately. You might be a half-blood and when you realize that... they can sniff you out and they'll come for you.
Don't say I didn't warn you.

My name is Persea Jackson. My full name is Perseas (1) Atalanta Pacificia Jackson. What a mouthful. Anyways, I'm not your normal half – blood you see I'm actually a true goddess with gods as my parents that is until my rebirth to Sally Jackson, my mortal mother, my other biological mother but enough of me let's start MY version of a Series of Unfortunate Disasters…

I'm twelve right now… Yeah, yeah shut it. I really am twelve. Just because I just said that I'm a goddess don't mean I'm a full-grown one. I'm a godling and I'm really 13 in my God Years… enough of that. Now, until a few months ago I was a boarding student at Yancy Academy, a private school for demented, ahem, troubled kids in upstate New York.

Am I a troubled kid?

Heck yeah.

I could start at any point in my, at least for now, short miserable life to prove it; but things really started going bad last May when our 6th grade class took a field trip to Manhattan - 28 mental – case kids with only two teachers on a yellow bus, heading to the Metropolitan Art Museum of Art to look at ancient Greek and Roman stuff.

I know - it would sound fun for an Athena kid right? But for me, it's just in between torture and fun, most Yancy field trips are torture though.

But Mr. Brunner, our Latin teacher, was with us so I had hopes. I'm suspecting the old horse is hiding something. *wink* *wink*

Mr. Brunner was this middle-aged (Yeah more like a few thousand.) guy in a motorized wheelchair (Now that is some cool magic.) He had thinning hair and a scruffy beard (still wanting to uphold the old tradition of beards there Chi… I mean Mr. Brunner?) And a frayed tweed jacket, which always smelled like coffee. Others wouldn't think he's cool but he is, he told stories and jokes and let us play games in his class, plus I knew just who he was, well at least in speculation. He had this collection of Roman armors and weapons, so he was the only teacher whose class didn't bore me to death.

I hoped the trip would be okay. At least, I hoped that for once I wouldn't get in trouble.

Gods, was I wrong.

You see, bad luck follows me like a lost puppy. And it really showed his sad face whenever I'm on field trips. Like the one time when we were at the Saratoga Battlefield, I was aiming at a dragon that was eying the kids with me but of course, I hit the bus. HIS children never did well in long – distance attacks. Then one time we went on a behind – the – scenes tour of the Marine World shark pool and this poor shark asked that I pull a certain lever so that the other sharks could come in his aquarium, of course I would hit the wrong lever and the whole class took an unexpected dip. And the time before that… Well, you get the idea.

This trip, I was determined to stay good.

All the way into the city, I put up with Nancy Bobofit, the freckly, red-headed kleptomaniac girl (I really hope she's not my niece.), hitting my best friend Grover in the back of his head with peanut butter and ketchup sandwich. Can I say gross? Gross.

Grover was an easy target. He was scrawny and he cried when he gets frustrated. Well not exactly cry but bleat. You see I was warned that there would be a Satyr in every school and I definitely knew Grover was one. We share the same dorm, and (why the Hades is a girl paired with a boy in
the same room anyways?) I could smell his Eau de Chevre (2) from our bathroom. I'm awesome like that, exceptional senses. I can't guess his age but I do know that satyrs live a LONG, LONG time and ages slowly. He's in disguise so he walks like he's got a muscle problem, lucky guy… doesn't have to do PE, but just you wait if there is Enchiladas on the menu in the cafeteria. Whoo-hoo! The goat sure can run!

Anyway, Nancy Bobofit was throwing wads of her sandwich that stuck in his curly brown hair; she knew I couldn't do anything. I was already on probation. The headmaster threatened me with death by in school suspension if anything even remotely interesting happens in the field trip.

"I'm going to kill her."

Grover tried to calm me down, "It's alright, and I like peanut butter." While he dodged another wad of Nancy's sandwich.

"That's it." I stood up gearing for a fight when Grover stopped me again. Looking back, it might've been for the best. In-school suspension would have been boring compared to what I was going to go through.

Mr. Brunner led the museum tour, riding in front of us leading us through the orange-and-black clay pots that told me my history as a demi-god. It kinda surprised me that physical things like these could survive so long.

He gathered us around a stele for a girl our age. I was trying to listen since from what I could read from the museum's inscription, and yes I'm a better dyslexic than others since I can somewhat control the letters, that the girl was a daughter of Ares. But everyone around me was talking and I kept telling them to shut up but each time I do, Mrs. Dodds, our pre-algebra teacher kept giving me the evil eye.

Mrs. Dodds is this little math teacher from Georgia who always wore a black leather jacket, even though she was fifty years old. She looked mean enough to drive a Harley right into your lockers. She had come from Yancy half-way through the year when our last math teacher had a breakdown. From the very first day, she deemed me demon-spawn (Do I look like Uncle Hades' kids? Of course, if I was then you would've loved me. Then again…) and just about adored Nancy Bobofit (I pity Uncle Hades if she was his.) She would point her bony finger at me and say, "Now, honey." And I knew I was in trouble.

One time I erased answers out of old math notebooks until midnight. I told Grover she was a monster. And he said, "You're absolutely right." Oh, and did I mention that she stinks? All monsters have this smell just like nothing else it's the same for half-bloods to non-humans except we probably smell like prime rib steak.

Mr. Brunner kept talking about Greek Funeral art. Finally, Nancy Bobofit snickered about the naked guy on the stele, and I turned around and said, "Will you shut up!" It came out louder that it should have.

Mr. Brunner turned to us and asked, "Did you have something to say Ms. Jackson?"

"No sir."

Mr. Brunner pointed to a picture on the stele and said, "Perhaps you'll tell what the picture represents?"

Oh it had to be that… Stupid old horse.
"That's Kronos eating his kids."

"Yes." Obviously he wasn't satisfied.

"He did this because…"

"There was a prophesy that a child would overthrow their father, cutting them up to a million pieces. Kronos, King of the Titans and Titan Lord of Time, did this to his father. Ouranos, the protogenoi of the sky. Fearing that this prophesy would also apply to him; he made sure to eat his children. What he didn't know is that his wife Rhea hid their youngest, Zeus, by giving her husband a rock instead of Zeus himself. Zeus found a way to free his siblings. There had been a war and the Gods won."

Some snickers could be heard from the group. Behind me, Nancy Bobofit mumbled to a friend, "Like we're going to use this in real life. Like it's going to say on our job application, 'Please explain why Kronos ate his kids.'"

"And why, Ms. Jackson," Brunner said, "to paraphrase Ms. Bobofit's excellent question, does this matter in real life?"

"Busted." Grover muttered.

"Shut up." Nancy hissed her face even brighter red than her hair.

Haha she hissed. If she didn't seem so human I'd say she's a monster… Maybe a Scythian Dracanae… At least she got packed too. Mr. Brunner was the only one who ever caught her doing anything wrong. Talk about horse ears…

I didn't even need to think about his question, THEY drilled the information into my head. "Letting Envy and Jealousy rule your heart can give you a bad stomach ache; and it can lead to disastrous ends for the one who envies."

"I see." Brunner had this calculative look on him. I like him to think that I know something is going on and the next thing he knows I'm just another half-blood that doesn't know about her history yet. "Well, I'm tempted to give you half-credit but it had been well said so full-credit. Zeus indeed feed Kronos a mixture of mustard and wine, which made him disgorge his other five children, who, of course, being immortal gods, had been living and growing up completely undigested in the Titan's stomach. The gods defeated their father, and sliced him up to a thousand pieces with his own scythe, and scattered his remains in Tartarus, the darkest part of the Underworld. On that happy note, it's time for lunch. Mrs. Dodds, would you lead us back outside?"

The class drifted off, the girls holding their stomachs and the guys pushing each other around and acting like doofuses… Huh, no wonder Artemis hated men if they're already like this at our age… But then again I've met SOME good men.

Grover and I were about to follow when Mr. Brunner said, "Ms. Jackson."

I knew what was coming.

I told Grover to go ahead then I turned toward Mr. Brunner, "Sir?"

Mr. Brunner had this intense look that belied his actual age, thousands of years of experience… Not that I'll let him know that I know that.

"Ms. Jackson, you must know how to properly answer my question. While your answer was satisfactory in knowing the moral, there are more to it than meets the eye."
"Sir, did you just quote Transformers?"

"Uh, yes I did."

"Ok. But sir. The question… Are you talking about the Titans?"

"No child. About real life and how your studies connect to it."

"Oh."

"What you learn from me, is vitally important. I will accept only the best from you, Persea Jackson."

"Oh believe me sir. I know more than you think. I better go sir, Grover's waiting." Brunner was somewhat stumped with my answer and I didn't let him answer back and just left.

I wanted to tell him. I feel compelled to tell him everything. He keeps pushing me so hard and I'm happy, it only means he cares.

I mean, it sure is cool on tournament days when he dressed up in Roman armor and shouted "What ho!" and challenged us, sword-point against chalk, to run to the board and name every Greek and Roman person who had ever lived, and their mother, and what god they worshipped. Mr. Brunner expected me to be as good as everybody else, no he even expected me to better, as he should anyways but I don't want to let him know that I know yet.

The class gathered on the front steps of the museum, where we could watch the foot traffic along Fifth Avenue.

Overhead, a huge storm was brewing, clouds blacker than I'd ever seen over the city. THEY must be fighting, the weather in New York has been nothing but weird since Christmas. Massive snow storms, flooding, wildfires form lightning strikes. I wouldn't be surprise if a hurricane blew in. No one else seems to notice. Some guys were pelting pigeons with Lunchables crackers. Nancy Bobofit pickpocketed from innocent tourists and Mrs. Dodds didn't see a thing. Grover and I sat on the edge of the fountain, away from the others. We thought that maybe if we did that, everybody wouldn't know we were from that school - the school for loser freaks. Grover asked if I got detention and I just answered, "Nah, not from that old horse. Just wish he'd lay off some, I'm not some kind of genius."

Grover had this startled look and he looked on contemplatively, I masked my emotions with disappointment so that he wouldn't read me so easily. I thought he'd actually tell me now but… "Can I have your apple?"

Oh… What the… Oh, Grover… When are you going to tell me? I can't just sit back and watch a potential WWIII coming… And yes I know some details but Cousin Luna *wink* *wink* did a pretty good job teaching me to shield my mind from god's wanting to hear my thoughts… So I just shrugged and gave him my apple.

I watched a stream of cabs going down Fifth Avenue, and thought about my mom's (3) apartment, only a little ways uptown from where we sat. I hadn't seen her since Christmas. I wanted so bad to jump into a taxi and head home. She'd hug me and be glad to see me, but she'd have this disappointed look and just send me right back to Yancy. Dad's been talking to me about mom… I hope one day when all of this blows over that she accepts… She's a queen among mortal women.

Mr. Brunner was reading a book while eating celery; his wheelchair had a red umbrella stuck from the back of his chair, making it look like a motorized café table.
I was about to unwrap my sandwich when Nancy Bobofit came and dumped the rest of her sandwich on Grover's lap. And the little mortal had the nerve to say, "Oops."

I tried to control my anger, but the sea does not respond well to control. A wave roared in me and the next thing anyone knew, Nancy Bobofit took an unplanned swim in the fountain. Everyone who saw it murmured how they saw the water rise up and take her...

Now, Mrs. I-am-your-Pre-Algebra-teacher-but-I'm-actually-a-monster Dodds, as she practically materialized beside me, I asked to myself, 'what are you going to do?' Now, I'll know what kind of monster you are.

As soon as Mrs. Dodds helped out Ms. Cheetos-face out of the fountain she turned to me. I swear I saw her eyes turn red hot coal. "Now honey…"

"Yes ma'am." I will not aggravate this further.

"Come with me then."

Grover, the brave but foolish satyr in disguise tried to stop her and present himself as the culprit but was denied by Mrs. Dodds.

It was not a hallucination that Mrs. Dodds was already up the stairs in a few seconds. She's definitely a monster. I gave a glance at a smirking Nancy Bobofit and I deemed her worthy for me I'll-kill-you-later glare, which she shivered upon seeing.

"Honey," Mrs. Dodds barked at me "now."

As I ascended the steps to my first true monster encounter, I saw Grover trying to get Mr. Brunner's attention.

When we finally got back to the Greek and Roman section, I saw her once more red hot coal like eyes glaring at a big marble frieze of the Greek gods and she was growling.

"You've been giving us problems, honey." She started.

"Oh, really? What did I do, Mrs. Dodds?"

She tugged at the sleeves of her leather jacket, looking at me like she saw me in a new light. A completely evil smirk overtook her face. "You think you could have gotten away with it didn't you?"

"I don't think I have anything worthy of you and your kinds' attention."

"You cheeky little… We are not fools, Persea Jackson. It was only a matter of time before we found you. Confess, and you will suffer less pain."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just a normal mortal who never knew her father." I was smirking right then. I knew I had no weapon but somehow I knew that someone will pull through for me.

"Time is up!"

Then she changed into her real form. Her eyes began to glow like barbeque coals. Her fingers stretched, turning into talons. Her jacket melted into large, leathery wings. She was a shriveled hag with bat wings and claws and a mouthful of yellow fangs.

Shit… I'm going to be flayed.
But then I was right, Mr. Brunner wheeled in and threw the pen in his hand, "What ho, Persea!"

I caught it. Mrs. Dodds, the Erinye, lunged and I side stepped. The second I got my bearings back, a feeling of nostalgia and pure unadulterated love washed against me… Anaklusmus… Riptide… My mother's (3) weapon of choice. The pen magically became the sword then. I felt safe.

I readied my stance as naturally as possible and when Mrs. Dodds came back I swung with all my might. And down she goes with a **Hiss**! Mrs. Dodds was a sandcastle in a power fan. She was monster dust.

Anaklusmos returned to its pen form and Mr. Brunner had already left.

I went outside and was greeted with Nancy Bobofit's hideous face and she said, "I hope Mrs. Kerr whipped your butt!"

I was surprised that everything worked so fast.

"Hmph!" was all I could answer. The mortal turned away satisfied.

I looked to Grover and said, "I hope Mrs. Dodds doesn't come back, neh?"

Grover looked like a scared little Billy goat. I smiled.

"Mrs. D – Dodds? Who's that?"

Silly little satyr – in – disguise, you don't know how to lie.

"Of course, Grover. I hope Mrs. Kerr won't be so mean with my punishment."

I went over to Mr. Brunner.

"Ah, that would be my pen. Please bring your own writing utensil in the future, Ms. Jackson."

"Ah but sir, I thought it was my dad's, you see mom told me that he had a pen just like this, I would remember since she had a drawing of it. And Mrs. Dodds will not be missed, really now Uncle should be more careful on whom he's sending to teach me a lesson, neh?" I winked at him and left to join the rest of the class. I didn't look back but I was sure that Mr. Brunner had a shocked but contemplative look.

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(1) Say it with me, Per-say-us.

(2) I got that from Sea of Monster from Grover himself.

(3) Mom is Sally Jackson and mother is Amphitrite.

(4) Persea knows who she is but her scent is only as strong as an undiscovered half-blood because she has Hera and Artemis' permanent blessing of family and of protection from the wild. She knows she's a demigod and that she's got a destiny but not sure what it is… So for the most part she is just another normal demigod. That is, haha, almost as bright as an Athena kid when it comes to Greek knowledge… Get it? Poseidon… Athena… Oh just get on with it…

Poll Time!
If I were to pair Persea with any guy in the whole series who do you guys want it to be?

Reviews are like Dark Chocolate and I can't live without Dark Chocolate.

Please Review!
Giant Socks that Don't Fit Me

Chapter Summary

Summary: Poseidon never had an affair with Sally. But Percy Jackson is still the "demigod" child of Poseidon. "My Lord, I am with child, our child." Amphitrite, the immortal wife of Poseidon, said.

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Being who I was, I was used to the occasional weird experience, usually they end rather quickly. The imposed supposedly twenty-four/seven hallucination was ridiculous. I didn't bother with the mortal students who were convinced that Mrs. Kerr – a perky blond woman whom I've never seen in my life – had been our math teacher since Christmas.

Like I said, I didn't bother the mortals who were all ignorant of the mist. But I liked tripping Grover up. I'd hint about Mrs. Dodds and he would hesitate, and then claim that she doesn't exist. Note to self, satyrs are bad at lying, well at least this one is. Hopefully not all satyrs are bad at lying or else their covers are easy to trip.

Though I didn't think much about the incident at the museum much, at night I was still plagued by nightmares. And the freak weather didn't help, not that I call my HIM a freak or anything. One night, a thunderstorm blew out the windows in our dorm room, freaked me out that maybe Uncle found out about me. Then days later, the largest tornado ever spotted in the Hudson valley touched down only fifty miles from Yancy Academy. One of the current events we studied in social studies class was the "unusual" number of small planes that had gone down in sudden squalls in the Atlantic that year.

HIS mood was affecting mine and I started feeling cranky and irritable most of the time. My grades slipped from Bs to Cs. I got into even more fights with Nancy Bobofit and her friends. I was sent out to the hallway in almost every class. To say that I was a bit ashamed of my behavior would be an understatement. I wanted to prove myself better than most of HIS kids so that Ms. Owl wouldn't treat me like I was scum of the Earth. Did you know that some of HIS kids have the power of foresight? I saw how Ms. Owl being biased against me just because I was HIS daughter.

Then I finally snapped when Mr. Nicoll told the class that I was his worst student for the millionth time that I stood up and called him an old sot. And yes, I knew what that meant.

The headmaster sent my mom a letter the following week, making it official. I would not be invited back next year to Yancy Academy.

I told myself that it was just fine. I had a feeling that I wouldn't last anyways. I was homesick as well anyways. I would be happy to be with my mom in our little apartment in the Upper East Side, even if I had to go to public school and put up with my disgusting obnoxious stepfather and his stupid poker parties.

And yet… there were things I'd miss at Yancy; the view of the woods out my dorm window, the Hudson River in the distance and the smell of the pine trees. I'd also miss Grover, unless he follows me to my next school which would be creepy by the way. Hello, stalker much?
I'd also miss Latin class – I'm sure that one house visit is enough for Mr. Brunner.

As exam week got closer, I tried my hardest to study all my subjects no matter how many times the words rearranged themselves in my vision. Yes, I did say that I could control my dyslexia but I didn't mean fully.

But Latin was so extensive and it heavily relied on books that I got so frustrated that I threw my copy of *Cambridge's Guide to Greek Mythology* across my dorm room. Words were starting to swim off the page and were doing the cha-cha in front of me. I mean I knew the difference between Charon and Chiron or Polydictes and Polydeuces but if someone makes me spell them, not only will I absolutely butcher the spelling, I'd probably deck the person who made me spell it, except maybe Mr. Brunner.

I decided to ask Mr. Brunner about the lesson and went out of my dorm room. Right after picking up and apologizing to the book I'd thrown.

As I got nearer to Mr. Brunner's office I heard Grover's voice. "… worried about Persea, sir."

I froze. They're talking about me. I am usually not an eavesdropper but I dare anyone to not listen in if the topic is about you.

I inched closer.

"…alone this summer," Grover was saying. "I mean, a Kindly One in the school! Now that we know for sure, and they know too …"

"It would just make matters worse for her." Mr. Brunner said, "We need her to mature more."

"But we may not have enough time. The summer solstice deadline…"

"Will have to be resolved without her.

"Sir, I have a feeling that she knows…"

"The Kindly One? Her imagination but I have a feeling as well. She knows more than she lets on. But monsters are not constantly attracted to her, she doesn't know yet.

"Sir I… I can't fail in my duties again." Grover's voice was choked with emotion. "You know what that would mean."

"You haven't failed yet. I should have seen her for what she was. Now let's just worry about Persea's safety until next fall.

Thunder shook outside and my mythology book fell out of my hands.

Mr. Brunner fell silent.

I saw a tall silhouette from the window of Mr. Brunner's office. He was out of his wheelchair… Crap.

I quickly picked up my book and ran for cover in one of the empty classrooms.

I stayed silent and saw the tall silhouette again from the window of the classroom, I was sweating bullets. But he eventually moved on.

Somewhere in the hallway, Mr. Brunner spoke. "Nothing," he murmured. "My nerves haven't been
right since the winter solstice."

"Mine either," Grover said. "But I could have sworn…"

"Go back to the dorm…" Mr. Brunner told him. "you've got a long day ahead of you."

"Don't remind me…"

I waited for a couple more minutes before trudging back to the dorm. Looks like no extra tips on spelling tonight.

When I entered our room, Grover was already there studying.

Before he tried to talk to me, I said. "You know, Chiron is such a great character, no matter how many times he was not mention and that his father is that thing."

After saying my piece, I placed my mythology book on the bedside table and went to sleep. And I just knew that Grover was gaping.

The next afternoon, as I was leaving the three-hour Latin exam my head was spinning from all the Greek and Roman names I had probably misspelled, Mr. Brunner called me back inside.

For a moment, I thought that Grover bleated about what I said last night.

"Persea," he said. "don't be discouraged about leaving Yancy. It's… for the best."

Wow. Such a great pep-talker… NOT!

And worse still, even though he was talking in a quiet voice, the other kids finishing the test could hear. Nancy Bobofit smirked at me and made sarcastic little kissing motions in her lips. I twisted my head and directed at her my stare again. She returned to her test, quite quick might I add.

I turned my head back towards Mr. Brunner and just nodded.

"I mean…" Mr. Brunner wheeled his chair back and forth, like he wasn't sure what to say, "This isn't the right place for you. It was only a matter of time."

Nope, definitely not sure of what he was talking about. If I had been any other kid, I would be almost in tears since their favorite teacher was telling them this. But I understood what he was trying to say. Still I made a show of my eyes watering up. Showing how affected I was that he was saying I was destined to get kicked out. Maybe it would teach him to become a better pep-talker.

I mumbled, "Right."

"No, no." Mr. Brunner said. "Oh, confound it all. What I'm trying to say… you're not normal, Persea. That's nothing to be…"

Wrong thing to say horsey… Get ready for my waterworks.

"Thanks," I blurted out making sure my voice was thick with tears. "Thanks a lot, sir, for reminding me."

"Persea…"

But I was already gone…
Now, you know that sometime, us girl really just use our tears… But don't be fooled most of the time? It's real.

On the last day of the term, I shoved my things into my suitcase.

The other people were joking around, talking about their vacation plans. One of them was going on a hiking trip in Switzerland. Another was cruising the Caribbean for a month. They were juvenile delinquents, supposedly like me… Yeah right… Like your rich daddies and mommies can compare to HIM. When the time comes I can do anything and go anywhere I want.

They asked me what I'd be doing this summer and I told them the most likely truth, going to summer camp.

After that small revelation, the others either just ignored me or started asking questions. I told them that I didn't know which summer camp since it was a surprise.

The only thing I worried about now was Grover. Now that I was leaving Yancy, would he leave too? And follow me to my next school if I didn't attend THAT camp, which was unlikely. Well, if that happens I would probably just look at him with wary and accusing eyes and tell him, stalker…

And what do you know… even for my ride back home, we were riding the same Greyhound… I did what I promised myself to do and gave him the wary and accusatory stare while saying, "Stalker…"

Grover was red in the face and was bleating and blabbering that he was not.

I just laughed.

Though he didn't settle down, in fact, the further away we were from Yancy the more troubled he looked. And I couldn't stand anymore so I just took the risk.

"Looking for Mrs. Dodds or maybe Kindly Ones?"

Grover nearly jumped out of his seat.

"Wha…?" Once again he hesitated. He's a really bad liar.

"I told you already… there's no Mrs. D-Dodds… And what do you mean by Kindly Ones?"

I told him about eavesdropping on them.

Grover's eye twitched. "How much did you hear?"

"Just enough… What happened? Why is there a deadline?"

He winced. "Look, Persea… I was just worried for you, see? I mean hallucinating about demon math teachers…"

"Grover…"

"And I was telling Mr. Brunner that maybe you were overstressed or something, because there was no such person as Mrs. Dodds, and…”

"Grover… You're a really bad liar."

His ears turned pink.
From his shirt pocket, he fished out a grubby business card. "Just take this okay? In case you need me this summer."

The card was in fancy script and even my better-than-others dyslexia, the writing was murder to my eyes. But eventually I got the message.

*Grover Underwood*

*Keeper*

*Half-blood Hill*

*Long Island New York*

*(800)009-0009*

"Keeper, huh?" I said with some amusement.

"Sounds like a summer camp. I wanna go."

Grover had this super surprised face when I mentioned that it was probably a summer camp.

"Y-yeah or if you need me, just call."

"Of course. I'm sure that I'd need you sooner or later." I said with sincerity… I could feel the truth in my statement.

He blushed. "Look Persea, I kinda have to protect you…"

I looked at him and as far as I was concerned, he did a pretty good job. I mean he got Mr. Brunner on my case… That's enough even if he hadn't done any monster clobbering.

"Grover, whatever it is, you did well."

Then there was this huge grinding noise under our feet. Black smoke poured from the dashboard and the whole bus filled with the smell of sulfur or rotten eggs. The driver cursed and limped the bus to the side of the highway.

We were on a stretch of country road – no place you'd notice if you didn't break down there. On our side of the highway was nothing but maple trees and litter from passing cars. On the other side, across four lanes of asphalt shimmering with afternoon heat, was an old-fashioned fruit stand. The stuff on sale looked really good: heaping boxes of blood-red cherries and apples, walnuts and apricots, jugs of cider in a claw-foot tub full of ice. There were no customers, just three old ladies sitting in rocking chairs in the shade of a maple tree, knitting the biggest pair of socks I'd ever seen. I mean the socks were the size of sweaters, but they were clearly socks. The lady on the right knitted one of them and the lady on the left knitted the other. The lady on the middle held an enormous basket of electric-blue yarn.

All three women looked ancient, with pale faces wrinkled like fruit leather, silver hair tied back to white bandanas, bony arms sticking out of bleached cotton dresses. And they were looking right at me.

I knew who they were, they were the ones that started the whole thing about me. The Moirai, I didn't know if I should be thankful or resentful. I glanced at Grover and saw that the blood had drained from his face. His nose was twitching.
"Grover." I said solidly.
"tell me they're not looking at you. They are, aren't they?"
"Yeah they are. I think that those would look great on me."
"Not funny, Persea. Not funny at all."

I noticed Atropos taking out a huge pair of scissors – gold and silver, long-bladed, like shears. I heard Grover catch his breath.

"We're getting on the bus." He told me. "Come on."

He tried pulling me but I stayed still. Why? You wanted me to live, why show me my death? Grover persisted, "Come on!"

I said to him, "Let what be, be. If it is to be, let it be." He looked at me and let go of my hand and stood with me.

He became frozen. Across the road, the old ladies were still watching me and Atropos cut the yarn. We could both hear the snip from across four lanes of traffic. They quickly bundled up the socks and gone inside the fruit stand.

Then from the rear of the bus, the driver wrenched a big chunk of smoking metal out of the engine compartment. The bus shuddered and the engine roared back to life. The passengers cheered.

"Darn right!" yelled the driver. He slapped the bas with his hat. "Everybody back on board."

Once we got going, Grover and I started shivering. I knew. I knew that that line was not for me. I saw blond hair and sad blue eyes. And my heart became quicker just thinking about it.

"Persea?"

I looked at him.

"What do you know?"

"The question is, Grover, what are you holding back from me?"

His expression was hard to read, but I knew that the pieces were falling in place.

"How…"

"Not yet."

He did not persist but he looked ahead, he made the ancient sign to ward off evil.

He looked at me mournfully and looked like he was picking what flowers he would get for my funeral.

If your guessing it's LukexPercy… I'm not sure yet… let the story flow.

PLEASE REVIEW!
OR ELSE

PEACE!
Chapter Summary

Summary: Poseidon never had an affair with Sally. But Percy Jackson is still the "demigod" child of Poseidon. "My Lord, I am with child, our child." Amphitrite, the immortal wife of Poseidon, said. 
Disclaimer: I do not own the Percy Jackson and the Olympians series.

Grover… Pants… Eww.

When we got to the bus terminal, I was slightly scared for myself. Being accompanied by a terrified goatboy is not very fun. His mutterings of "Why does this always happen?" and "Why does it always have to be sixth grade?" And quite frankly? I'm getting freaked out.

Whenever he gets upset, Grover's bladder acted up, so I wasn't surprised when, as soon as we got off the bus, he made me promise to wait for him. If there is any doubt that I would abandon my friends this is where I show that I don't. Grover might be bleatingly annoying me, but he's my friend. As soon as he returned we hailed down a taxi.

"East One-hundred-and-forth and First please." I told the driver as me and Grover sat comfortably next to each other in the back seat. Thankfully he stopped bemoaning my fate.

A word about my mother, before you meet her.

Sally Jackson is the best person in the world, which proves my theory that the best people get the rottenest luck. Her parents died in a plane crash when she was five; sometimes I randomly curse the sky because of it, though I don't mention names… wouldn't want to be found out early. She was raised by an uncle that didn't care about her. She wanted to be a novelist, so she spent high school working to get enough money to get a scholarship for a creative writing program. Then her uncle got cancer, had to quit school and take care of him. After he died, she was left with no money, no family and no diploma.

The only good break she had was meeting my dad and subsequently my mother. I don't quite remember dad as he only allowed himself to visit me once in my days in the crib. I would, however, be visited by Aunt June and Cousin Luna. They and mom made up a story for me to tell others about dad. He and mom were in a forbidden and secret relationship, not far from the truth, but one day dad just disappeared while on a private cruise across the sea.

Lost at sea, they told me to remember. Not dead. Lost at sea.

She worked odd jobs and took night classes to get her high school diploma, and raised me on her own. She never complained or got mad. Not even once. But I knew I wasn't the easiest kid to handle. If Cousin Luna wasn't honor bound, she would have offered me and mom a place in her group. But she refrained; she knew that there is significance to us staying in the mortal world and not bound to serve her.

Finally, she married Gabe Ugliano, who was nice the first thirty seconds we knew him, and then showed his true colors as a world-class jerk. Cousin Luna was horrified that mom would let herself
marry the pig of a mortal. Why? It's because when I was young, I nicknamed him Smelly Gabe. I'm sorry, but it's the truth, the guy reeked like moldy garlic pizza wrapped in gym shorts.

Between the two of us, we made mom's life miserable. The way Smelly Gabe treated her, the way he and I got along… Damn if only Dad knew but we made Aunt June and Cousin Luna swears not to say, even Cousin Ray was bound to secrecy. Fate has made it so, there has to be a reason and we all knew it. Now a good example of our interaction is when I got home.

I walked into our little apartment with Grover tagging along; I hoped that my mom was home from work. But instead, Smelly Gabe was in the living room, playing poker with his buddies. I giggled a bit as I see in the corner of my eye how Grover recoiled at the smell of the definitely human but I wished was not, stepfather of mine. The television blared ESPN. Chips and beer cans were strewn all over the carpet.

Hardly looking up, he said around his cigar, "So you're home."

"Where's mom?"

"Working," he said. "You got cash?"

That was it. No Welcome back. Good to see you. How has your life been the past six months? Then again I would have probably died of a heart attack if he said that. I can hear Grover beside me let out an angry bleat. I smiled a little, I was glad I had such a good friend.

Gabe had put on weight. He looked like a tusk-less walrus in thrift-store clothes. He had about three hairs on his head, all combed over his bald scalp, as if that made him handsome of something. He managed the Electronic Mega-Mart in Queens, but he stayed home most of the time. I don't know why he hadn't been fired long before. He just kept on collecting paychecks, spending the money on cigars that made me nauseous, and on beer, always on beer. Whenever I was home, he expected me to provide his gambling funds. He called that our "Father-Daughter" secret. Meaning, if I told mom? He'll punch me again… But worse than that… I hate his oily look as I grew older. I knew what that look meant and as I grew older the slimier he looked at me. And he wasn't the only one. His friends with some exceptions made me feel so dirty with just their looks. And because of that I worry so much about mom. It scares me. I just wish we can get rid of him already.

"I don't have any cash." I told him.

He raised a greasy eyebrow.

Gabe could sniff out money like a hellhound, which was surprising, since his nice aroma, Grover looked ready to hurl at just standing next to me for 5 minutes, should've covered up everything else… And it probably did since I'm still relatively unscathed.

"You took a taxi form the bus station," he said. "Probably paid with a twenty, got six or seven bucks in change. If somebody expects to live under this roof, they ought to pay their own weight…" He then leers, looking up and down my body. "Isn't that right Eddie?" He licks his lips. Apparently, he still didn't notice Grover who was green and looks like trying not to gag by my side.

Eddie, the super of the apartment building, looked at me with a grimace. "Come on, Gabe…” he said. "The kids just got here."

Suddenly Gabe notices Grover beside me and scowls. But he repeated, "Am I right?"

Eddie just scowled into his bowl of pretzels and the other two guys passed gas in harmony.
Eww… yuck… no wonder Cousin Luna hated men…

"Fine." I said. I dug a wad of dollars out of my pocket and threw the money on the table. "I hope you lose."

"Your report card came, brain girl!" he shouted after me. "I wouldn't act so snooty!"

I looked to Grover and motioned my head for him to follow me. I slammed open the door of my room after Grover got in, which as an afterthought wasn't really my room. During school months, it was Gabe's "study." He didn't study anything in there except old car magazines, but he loved shoving my stuff in the closet, leaving his muddy boots on my windowsill, and doing his best to make the place smell like his nasty cologne and cigars and beer.

I drop my suit case on the bed and mutter, "Home sweet home."

"Are you for real here Perce? This place… ugh… yuck!" Grover complains. But his mutterings didn't penetrate my thoughts, I thought about Mrs. Dodds and Moirai. I remembered the feeling of dread, the look on Grover's face, the snip of the yarn… I could feel cold sweat coming out of me as my imagination ran wild. But I tried to calm myself. I looked at him and started.

"Grover…" but something interrupted me as the door to my room opened.

"Percy?" It was mom.

She entered the room and already, I could feel the fear that accumulated in me disappear. It seemed that Grover was experiencing the same effect. My mother can make anybody feel good just by walking into the room. Her eyes sparkle and change color in the light. Her smile is as warm as a quilt. She's got a few gray streaks mixed in with her long brown hair, but I never think of her as old. When she looks at me, it's like she's seeing all the good things about me and none of the bad. I never heard her raise her voice or say an unkind word to anyone, not even me or Gabe.

"Oh Percy." She hugged me tight. "I can't believe it. You've grown since Christmas!"

Her red-white-and-blue Sweet on America uniform smelled like the best things in the world: chocolate, licorice and all the other stuff she sold at the candy shop in Grand Central. She noticed Grover while she handed me her "free samples," that she always gave me when I came home.

"Oh hello there. I'm Sally Jackson, Percy's mom." She gave her hand for him to shake.

"Hello ma'am, I'm Grover Underwood, Percy's friend and um…" Grover looked uncertain and mom's eyes brightened.

"I see. Thank you for looking after my little Percy." I stayed quiet and let mom ask.

"Is there something I should know?" She asked both of us.

I just nodded.

"It's time mom."

She looked disturbed but she smiled a small smile. She could sense that something was bothering me, scaring me even. She asked us questions of how we were this past year and such. I was glad and hugged her tightly. Grover had a smile on his face, happy for me. He knew that not all parents were accepting of kids from THEM.
Then from the other room, Gabe yelled. "Hey, Sally - how about some bean dip huh?"

I gritted my teeth and Grover angrily huffed. I heard him mumble. "Such a nice lady, should've married a millionaire…" I giggled since I was thinking the same thing.

I started to talk about our last few months at school and hinted some. "Devil teacher", "Misty signs", and "Fate is surprisingly fruity." Grover looked a bit horrified but mom looked calm, accepting but had an aura of dread.

"I have a surprise for you," she said. "We're going to the beach."

My eyes widened. "Montauk?"

"I hoped for three nights," she looked at Grover. Grover looked nervous. "But one night is enough… or at least a few hours."

Grover blinked. "Misses Jackson… how…?"

She laughs, "More thank you think Grover."

I was happy, this was the first time in 3 years since we've gone there. Gabe always said we didn't have enough money. Though it saddens me that… Then a feeling of dread overwhelms me. I let out a small sob that captures the attention of both Grover and mom. "Percy?"

I didn't answer them and just felt the dread of our upcoming trip. I just shook my head and shakily said, "I-It's nothing…"

Gabe then appeared in the doorway and growled. "Bean dip, Sally? Didn't you hear me?"

I wanted to punch him, something bad is going to happen to mom and… and… but he doesn't know does he? I calm down and sit on the bed without noticing mom's warning glance that turned into a worried one.

"I was on my way honey." She told Gabe. "We were just talking about the trip."

Gabe's eyes got small. "The trip? You mean you were serious about that?"

I heard Grover bleat in annoyance. And I said, "I knew it… he won't let us go."

"Of course he will," my mom said evenly. "Your stepfather is just worried about money. That's all. Besides," She added. "Gabriel won't have to settle for bean dip. I'll make him enough seven-layer dip for the whole weekend. Guacamole. Sour Cream. The works."

I mumbled only loud enough for mom and Grover to hear. "Man thinks with his stomach…"

And as proof, Gabe softened a bit. "So this money for your trip… it comes out of your clothes budget, right?"

Though I'm not vain, I was angry. Her clothes budget?! She hasn't worn anything new for years and you cut it from her clothes budget?! I kept ranting on in my head.

"Yes, honey." My mother said.

"And you won't take my car anywhere but there and back."

"We'll be careful."
Gabe scratched his double chin. "Maybe if you hurry with that seven-layer dip… And maybe if the kid apologizes for interrupting my poker game…"

I thought, 'Maybe if I kick you in your soft spot and make you sing soprano for a week.' But mom's eyes warned me not to.

So I said in a sweet voice. "I'm sorry. I'm very sorry to have interrupted your poker game." He grinned that slimy oily smile of his and I shuddered once he left my room. I looked to Grover and he looked ready to hurl.

Mom looked at me with a weird look but hurried outside to ready the dip.

I looked to Grover. "Really misty right? Gabe didn't seem to notice you at all…" I grinned. Grover looked astonished.

An hour later and we were down the stairs, all packed up for a longer trip than just the promised three nights.

Gabe took a break from his poker game long enough to watch me lug my luggage to the car. His mind didn’t seem to compute that I was carrying more than usual. He kept griping and groaning about losing her cooking - and more importantly, his '78 Camaro - for the whole weekend.

"Not a scratch on this car, brain girl," he warned me as I loaded the last bag. "Not one little scratch."

First off, I'm not Ms. Owl's child, so no; I'm not a brain child. And second, I'm not even the one that will be driving. I was twelve. But that didn't matter to Gabe. If a seagull so much as pooped on his paintjob, he'd find a way to blame me.

Watching him lumber back toward the apartment building, I got so mad I nudged Grover and I did something that made Grover slack-jawed. As Gabe reached the doorway, I made the hand gesture of warding evil, a clawed hand over my heart, then a shoving movement towards Gabe. The screen door slammed shut so hard it whacked him in the butt and sent him flying up the staircase as if he'd been shot from a cannon. I giggled and pulled Grover into the back seat and told my mom to step on it.

Grover gaped at me, wondering how I knew about it. He asked but I answered. "Later."

Our rental cabin was on the south shore, way out of the tip of Long Island. It was a little pastel box with faded curtains, half-sunken into the dunes. There was always sand in the sheets and spiders in the cabinets, and most of the time the sea was too cold to swim in.

I loved the place.

We'd been going there since I was a baby. It was the only way for me to ever be close to HIM. Mom never actually said it, but I knew she and dad met there.

When we got there we spruced up the place while munching on blue jelly beans, blue saltwater taffy and all the other free samples mom had bought from work. Grover asked, "What is with all the blue?"

I answered, "Gabe had once told mom that there was no such thing as blue food. They had a fight, which seemed like a really small thing at that time. But ever since, mom went out of her way to eat blue. She baked blue birthday cakes, mixed blueberry smoothies, bought blue-corn tortilla chips and brought home blue candy from the shop."
Mom smiled. "It's my way, Grover. To show I'm not completely suckered by him."

We sat around a fire and ate hot dogs and marshmallows. "Don't worry its veggie dogs." She reassured Grover, so he ate some as well.

"Grover, we know. We've always known. I can see through the mist. Percy's father is kind. Tall, handsome and powerful but gentle too. She has his black hair and, you know, his green eyes." She looked to the ocean, her eyes changed to match its color. Grover looked astonished.

"You mean… but how?" Grover was babbling.

"One day Grover, I'll tell you the whole story but not now."

Mom intervened. "After this… we're going to rest for an hour or two and we're leaving for Camp."

"But they should have smelled you… How did you… for so long…?"

I stayed quiet and then started talking. "Mom can see through the cover, Grover and… Let me tell you a story. Once in third grade, a man in a black trench coat had stalked me on the playground. He had one eye, Grover, one eye. I smiled at him and he smiled at me. He went away when other children alerted the teachers about him. And before that… an earlier memory… I was in preschool and a snake had slithered in my cot… when mom found me when it was time to go home, I had already strangled the snake with my pudgy hands. Sounds familiar no?" I asked him with a sad smile.

Grover just nodded and turned to his hotdogs and wore a look of contemplation.

Two hours after eating we were in the lodge. And I had fallen asleep. Then I started to dream.

It was storming on the beach, and two beautiful animals, a white horse and a golden eagle, were trying to kill each other at the edge of the surf. The eagle swooped in and slashed the horse's muzzle with its huge talons. The horse reared up and kicked at the eagle's wings. As they fought, the ground rumbled and a monstrous voice chuckled somewhere beneath the earth. I felt myself shiver even in my dream, from what I didn't know. The voice was goading the animals to fight harder.

I ran towards them, knowing I had to stop them from killing each other, but I ran in slow motion. I knew I would be too late. I saw the eagle dive down, its beak aimed at the horse's wide eyes, and I screamed, No!

Then I woke up, in front of me was Grover and mom.

"Percy, we have to hurry!" Mom said in a panicked voice. I looked outside, it was storming. I felt it in my bones… "Hurricane…”

"O Zeu kai alloi theoi! We have to leave now!"

I looked to mom, who hurried to get all our things to the car. And at Grover who was taking off his… pants…

"GROVER! NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO GO BURLESQUE ON ME BUDDY!" I shouted, afraid of what I might see.

But as he took off his pants, I saw a furry hind cloven hooves.
I'm still thinking about the pairing... though I'm not going for a gender bent Annabeth or the Stolls. I'm reserving my judgment until the 5th book. I'll be flirting with the idea of a few characters but I'm not sure... I'm not sure if she's going to get a pair even after book 5.

Reviews are Ambrosia and Nectar.

Please Give me more than some.
We tore through the night along dark country roads. Wind slammed against the Camaro. Rain lashed the wind shield. I didn't know how mom could see anything but she kept her foot on the gas. If I was in her position, I would too.

Every time there was a flash of lighting, I felt my heart beat just a bit faster and would look at Grover sitting next to me who looks like he's going to have a heart attack at any moment.

He looked at me with shrunken eyes, like a goat's when it's scared.

I smile slightly at him.

"It's going to be ok Grover, we'll get there in time."

He bleated in fear.

"How? How can you be so sure?!" He almost shouted.

I smile sadly. "I can't tell you but we'll be fine."

But in truth I knew something would go wrong.

"Mom, drive faster." She didn't reprimand me for ordering her; she knew the seriousness of the situation from the moment it started.

I looked back through the back window, as did Grover, and we both saw something lumbering towards us in a fast pace.

I felt my heart race. I hoped against all hope it wasn't what I thought it was.

Mom made a hard left and we saw the sign PICK YOUR OWN STRAWBERRIES.

We were near.

I looked at Grover. "Grover, no matter what stick by me ok?"

He looked at me with fear. "No one's going to die Grover." I said to assure him but it sounded more like I was reassuring myself.

Then…
BOOM!

Our car exploded.

I remember feeling weightlessness and feeling like I was being crushed, fried and hosed down all at the same time.

I peeled my forehead from the back of the driver's seat and said, "Ow."

"Persea!" (1) my mom shouted. She used her nickname for me. It just shows how scared she is right now.

"I'm alive mom…"

I tried to shake off the daze. I wasn't dead but I was close to dying. I noticed that the car swerved into a ditch. My and mom's side of the car was wedged into the mud. The roof was cracked open like an eggshell and the rain was pouring down on us.

Lightning. That was the only explanation. At that moment, I felt numbing fear. What if… no, I cannot think of it or else he'll really know. I turned to the lump next to me, "Grover?" I asked in worry. The goat was slumped over and had blood trickling out of his mouth, I couldn't use my powers now, he'll find out… But then Grover mumbled something that brought me relief and exasperation at the same time. "Food."

"Persea…" I heard mom said in whisper as she gazes at a hulking something lumbering towards the car. "We have to… have to…" I can hear the fear in her voice. I shook her shoulder and whispered, "It's going to be alright, we need to get out of here."

But I knew it wouldn't be alright.

We looked back at the creature, the flashes of lightning illuminated it somewhat. A very huge creature with a bulky and fuzzy top with what was probably horns. I knew only one creature that had that physique. I tried to hurry mom in moving.

"There's the property line, Persea, you have to leave me. Go to the farmhouse in the valley. Run and don't look back. Yell for help and don't stop until you reach the door." Mom said with an urgent voice.

"Mom… I can't… I can't leave you… Please I can't lose you too!" I said with a sob.

"Persea you know that I can't"

"Then I'll go in and yell for help."

"It would be too late for that and you know it."

"Mom please…" then I heard a roar I saw huge meaty hands with a bulky, fuzzy mass that was way too big to be of balanced proportion and on his head was horns…

"No please… no…" I pleaded to myself.

"He doesn't want us, he wants you." Mom told me. "You have to go Persea. You don't have time! Go please, go."

Then I felt rage course through my veins. I won't let it happen. I will not lose another mother!
"We're going together mom, I'm going to shout for help and maybe there is a patrol or sentry and someone might let you in. I'm not leaving you."

"Persea…"

"Let's go mom, help me with Grover."

I didn't wait for her to answer and just pushed Grover out of the car and, with mom, fireman carried him uphill.

Glancing back, I got my first clear look at the monster trailing us. Easily seven feet tall arms and legs no man in Muscle Man Magazine could manage – bulging biceps and triceps and all other 'ceps, all stuffed like baseballs under vein-webbed skin. He wore no clothes but his underwear – I mean, bright white Fruit of the Looms – which would be funny if not for the fact he was chasing us to kill me.

His neck was a mass of muscle and furs everywhere… Get your head out of the gutter Persea! Honestly. He had a snout as long as my arm and snotty… eww…. Nostrils with a gleaming brass ring, cruel black eyes. Then there was his horns, sharp and pointy as if sharpened by an electric sharpener.

"Oh gods…" I whispered in fright. I had never in my life fought a monster like this. Sure there was Mrs. Dodds but that was a mere fluke. I wouldn't leave alive with this lumbering powerful man-eating beast.

"Pasiphae's son… hurry he can't see and hear well he relies on his nose, if he sniffes us out…" mom didn't finish her sentence, I knew what would happen though.

"Food…” I felt like smacking Grover, why is it always at the most inopportune time? Then I heard a large explosion and I looked back and saw the Camaro blown to bits as it was thrown by the bullman.

Not a scratch. I remember Gabe said…

Oops…

"Persea, when he sees us, he'll charge. Wait until the last second, the jump out of the way - directly sideways. He can't change directions very well once charging. Do you understand?"

"Bullfighting again mom?" I said cheekily.

She just grinned back just as cheeky but her smile fell and with a sad tone said to me, "I always wished that I could always keep you near me but you know that I couldn't."

"I know mom, I know."

Another bellow of rage and the bull-man started uphill. We can't move as fast as we want, the grass was too high, the mud getting in the way, the hill getting steeper as well and we were carrying Grover. Another few minutes and the bull-man would be on top of us.

"Persea! Separate now!"

I didn't want to split up with her but we both knew it was the only way. We set down Grover and went split ways. It finally saw me and started bearing down on me. I could smell the rotting corpse smell on him. He finally lowered his head to the ground and charged, those razor-sharp horns ready
to pierce me.

As mom instructed, I waited until the last moment and leapt sideways.

The bull-man swept past me like a runaway freight train, then bellowed with frustration and turned, but not towards me, this time to my mother.

Then events flashed through my eyes. My mother in mid scream, in pain and begging, "GO!"

I shook out of my reverie and saw my mother retreating slowly. The bull man pawed the ground and the bull man charged. Mom tried to do as she told me but she wasn't able to do it. She was grabbed by her neck. Once more events flash before my eyes, eyes pleading then a shattering sound and bubbles. I couldn't move and only watched in abject horror.

"GO!" Mom shouted as I watched her turn into golden dust.

The rain suddenly became stronger and I felt rage bubbling inside me. "NO!" I shouted. The rain water falling around us became stinging cold.

Anger replaced the fear that I felt moments before. Strength I never knew I had surged through me - More strength than even when I faced the Erinye, Mrs. Dodds. The bull-man bore down on Grover, who was helpless on the ground. The monster hunched over, sniffing my best friend. He was not going to get to him too!

I will not allow it!

Focusing just a bit of what I knew of my powers and made the water in the monster's blood make him double up in pain just to distract him enough. I stripped off my rain jacket and waved it at him.

"Hey you Stupid Ground BEEF, you're so stinky all the animals in the barn probably died of stink because of you!" I shouted trying to get the ire of the monster while running to one side of the monster, away from Grover.

The beast roared in anger as it turned towards me, shaking his meaty fists. "Your mother must've been hell-a fat cause you're as big as a house! Your mother must be as big as a WHALE!" I shouted some more, my anger fueling the insults. Then, it hit me. I had an idea, a pretty stupid idea but an idea nonetheless. I put my back to the tall Pine tree, the moment I touched it though, I felt ire coming through and a voice saying, 'She better not be thinking of making that thing hit me!'

I shook it off and mentally said sorry to the spirit that probably lived inside the tree, I waved my rain jacket more and the bull-man charged. I thought that I should just jump sideways but the bull-man was too fast then as if time slowed down as the bull-man's arms were about to enclose on me. I felt my legs tense then instead of jumping sideways, I jumped up and used the bull-man's huge nose and propel me higher. I heard the monster grunt in surprise then in midair, I turned and landed on the monster's neck. Something told me that, that wasn't normal and it didn't come from the normal help I would get. Then the monster slammed into the giant Pine tree, almost knocking my teeth out. Once again, I heard a voice, 'Damn it you brat! That hurt!' I once again made a quick thought of sorry and promised myself to return to the pine tree to properly say sorry.

The bull-man staggered around and tried shaking me off. I locked my arms around his horns to keep myself from being thrown. The storm still pelted around us with ferocity. The rain pounding on me and the smell of rotten meat made me nauseous.

I heard Grover moan and groan, "Food!" I desperately wanted to shut him up or bonk him in the head but I couldn't open my mouth or let go lest I either bite off my tongue or get killed.
Then the monster turned towards Grover, pawing the ground and then I knew that this beast was
going to try and kill Grover as well. If I was angry before then my rage tripled like high fueled
octane on a Bugatti Veyron. I had both my hands on one horn and pulled. I pulled with all my might
that suddenly...

SNAP!

The bull-man screamed and flung me through the air. I twisted myself midair and landed on my feet.
I felt something still in my hands and to my astonishment, it was a horn. I looked back up and saw
that the bull-man had lost one of his horns. I grinned and lost my mirth when I saw the monster
charge at me.

Without thinking, I pulled to one side and kneeled. Just as the monster barreled past me, I plunged
his own horn into his furry rib cage.

The bull-man roared in agony and flailed, clawing his chest then began to disintegrate - much like
Mrs. Dodds blown away in chunks of sand in the wind and unlike my mom.

'Mom…' I thought as I took the horn from where the monster disappeared and walked over Grover
and hefted him up.

The rain had stopped but still my eyes were blurry. I didn't know why though. I walked down the
valley, smelling like livestock and my knees shaking. The storm rumbled in the distance but I could
barely hear it. My body was trembling but I couldn't understand why. I felt like I wanted to just lay
down and cry and cry but I couldn't, I felt like I shouldn't. Everything was so blurred, my mind raced
but I couldn't understand a thing. I continued my walk down the hill, my eyes all blurred and I kept
calling for mother and mom… Why am I calling for them? But I had to continue, Grover needed my
help. But why would he? I can't think straight.

I came up to the Biggest house in the area, a light still shining on the porch and a ceiling fan spinning
slowly. Two people came out, a man and a girl with Princess Curls. I thought to myself, I knew the
man…. Then the girl said, "She's the one. She must be!" I felt dizzy, my body quickly losing energy
and my mind running on higher than ever.

"Please… Help us… I don't… I can't… So confused… So tired…." I said before I blacked out,
pulling Grover with me to the ground. The last thing I heard was.

"Silence, Annabeth. She's unconscious help me bring her inside."

(1) Persea = Percy same pronunciation, different spelling

The poll continues on who is going to be Persea's partner and no, obviously I'm not genderbending
Chris? No. So that leaves about every other boy out there, including Gods.

Reviews are like Ambrosia and Nectar.

I won't die from too much Ambrosia and Nectar overload.

And it is reviews that fuel my want to update.

So please more reviews please!
I Didn't Get to Play Pinochle with the Horse

Chapter Summary

Summary: Poseidon never had an affair with Sally. But Percy Jackson is still the “demigod” child of Poseidon. “My Lord, I am with child, our child.” Amphitrite, the immortal wife of Poseidon, said.
Disclaimer: I do not own the Percy Jackson and the Olympians series.

Fleeting images of sad blue eyes with blonde hair, grim faces and shouting with cries of agony, pain and misery plagued my dreams. Though… it interchanged with comical cartoonish barnyard animals holding their throats as if suffocating and dying with exaggeration and a bull man in big diapers holding toy axes was flailing his arms around screaming, “MAMA!!! MEAN PERSEA BULLIED ME!!!” And then goats and sheep started running around the bull man bleating for food.

Huh… I must’ve been dreaming.

Though I think I woke up a few times and passed out again. Though I distinctly remember lying on a soft bed and being spoon-fed with something that tasted like Chocolate and strawberry only it was pudding. A girl with curly blonde hair hovered over me, she looked on with curiosity then asked, “What will happen at the summer solstice?”

I managed to croak out… literally. “Ribbit.”

The girl was startled and looked around before asking once more. “What’s going on? What was stolen? We’ve only got a few weeks!”

“Moo!” I mumbled. “Quack!”

The girl looked confused her face scrunched up, looking as though she didn’t know whether to laugh or be angry.

Somebody then knocked on the door and the girl filled my mouth with pudding again.

The next time I woke up the girl was not there.

A husky blonde dude, like a surfer, stood in a corner of the bedroom watching me. He had blue eyes, plural as in so many eyes that I wondered if he… Then I blacked out again.

When I finally came around for good, there was nothing weird about my surroundings, except I was not inside the room anymore. I was sitting on a deck chair on a huge porch, staring across a meadow at green hills in the distance. The breeze smelled like strawberries. A blanket was over my legs and a pillow on my neck. I wondered if I looked like those old people that sat on porches and stared at nothing, being served with tea. My mouth felt like cotton was stuffed in it, it felt nasty.

On the table next to me was a tall drink. I gave it the stink eye. Seriously? I looked to my hand and saw it was still smooth as ever. Good, I’m not some old lady. The drink looked like apple juice with a green straw and with a paper parasol stuck through a maraschino cherry. I took the glass and almost dropped it, my hands were week.
“Careful.” a familiar voice sounded.

Grover was leaning against the porch railing, looking like he hadn’t slept a week. He had more acne and his beard is unkempt. Under one arm, he cradled a shoe box. He was wearing an orange shirt with Camp Half Blood written on it. He wasn’t wearing jeans or shoes. Why is he showing his true nature now? Weren’t we just on a vacation, my mom, him and me?

“You saved my life,” Grover started. “I… well, the least I could do… I went back to the hill. I thought you might want this.”

Reverently, he placed the shoe box on my lap.

Inside there was a black and white bull horn, the base jagged from being broken off, the tip splattered with dried blood. The memory of what happened hit me with full force. I fought back a sob.

“Pasiphae’s son.” I whispered.

“Persea…”

“It wasn’t a dream then… He attacked us and mom….” I trailed off. I couldn’t say she died. Mortals don’t die like monsters, they leave bodies behind. Mom disappeared in a golden light. I bit my lips and didn’t say further.

Grover looked down, maybe he thought I was thinking that my mom was dead.

I stared across the meadow. There were groves of tress, a winding stream, acres of strawberries spread out under the blue, blue sky. The valley was surrounded by rolling hills, and the tallest one, directly in front of us, was the one with the huge pine tree on top, the Camp borders. Everything looked beautiful in sunlight. My mother was missing, I don’t know if she’s being treated well or being tortured. Everything should look dull and feel as cold as ice but it wasn’t. I bit my lips and a tear escaped against my guard.

“I’m sorry.” Grover sniffled. “I’m a failure. I’m – I’m the worst satyr in the world.” He moaned, stomping his exposed hoof on the floor, accidentally hitting the table that my drink was on. Good thing I was holding it.

“Oh Styx!” he mumbled.

Thunder rolled across the clear sky.

I looked up and frowned. My whole life, I knew what I truly was but I didn’t know the culture and the rules of my own world. Knowing what I was, was dangerous enough, Aunt June and Cousin Luna said, but to know about my culture and heritage in depth would surely expose me. I’ve stayed as naïve as I could be throughout my whole life while knowing the dangers that lurked in the shadows around me.

For now, I’m alone. I shivered in dread thinking of the other “guardian” I had. Smelly Gabe. I didn’t want to think of what just happened would entail. If I was forced to acknowledge him as my true guardian, I shuddered at the thought of it. I didn’t know if the Camp would let me stay even after the summer was over or if they’d let me stay period.

Grover was still sniffling. The poor satyr, he looked like he was expecting to be hit.

I sighed, “It’s not your fault.”
“Yes it was! I was supposed to protect you.”

I shook my head. “And I already told you, you protected me just fine. You oversaw me the whole year and except for Mrs. Dodds, which I survived thanks to your warning to Mr. Brunner. I very much doubt you could defeat one of the Erinye or even Pasiphae’s son. Even without formal Greek and Roman education, I know them as the most dangerous of the lot.”

“I was a keeper; I was supposed to make sure that you stayed safe, no matter the type of danger.” Grover looked broken and a little bit depressed. I sensed that this might not be the first time he had perceived that he had failed in a task.

“And you did! I…” I suddenly felt dizzy and my vision swam.

“Don’t strain yourself,” Grover said. “Here.”

He helped me hold my glass and put the straw to my lips.

I didn’t know what to expect with the taste, I was half expecting apple juice, but since I suspected it to be nectar I braced myself. And what I found was something that reminded me of mom and home. It was Chocolate – chip cookies, just like how mom made it, blue chocolate – chip cookies, buttery and hot, with the chips still melting. Drinking it made my body feel warm and so very good. I’m suddenly full of energy but my heart was heavy. No matter how good it tasted it reminded me of mom. How she would brush her hand across my cheek whenever she would give me a cookie and tell me everything would be alright.

But it’s not. And if I don’t do something it will never be.

Before I knew it, I’d had drained the glass. I stared into it and just as sure I was that I drank a warm drink, the ice cubes in the glass hadn’t even melted.

“Was it good?” Grover asked.

I nodded, smiling a sad smile.

“What did it taste like?” He sounded wistful and I just looked at the glass.

“You’re not allowed to drink it?”

He shook his head. “It’s not a drink for satyrs.”

I sighed, “Chocolate – chip cookies. My mom’s homemade blue chocolate – chip cookies.”

He too had a sad smile as he looked at me. He sighed. “How do you feel?”

I chuckled, “Like I could throw Nancy Bobofit a hundred yards.”

“That’s good.” he said. “That’s really good. I don’t’ think you can drink more of that stuff.”

I just looked at the stuff curiously. Grover took the glass from me gingerly, as though if he dropped it the thing would explode. “Come on. Chiron and Mr. D are waiting.”

The porch wrapped all around the farmhouse.

My legs felt wobbly, trying to walk all the way around it. Grover offered to carry Bull man’s horn but I declined. I earned this the hard way and not letting go of it any time soon. As we came about the opposite end of the house, I caught my breath.
We must’ve been on the north shore of Long Island, because on this side of the house, the valley marched all the way up to the water, which glittered about a mile into the distance. For the first time since I woke up, just by seeing the sea, I felt calmed. Between here and there, I gazed at the scenery I was faced with. The landscape was dotted with buildings that were ancient Greek in architecture – an open air pavilion, an amphitheater, and a circular arena – their white marble columns sparkled in the sun. In a nearby sandpit about a dozen kids and satyrs were playing volleyball. Canoes glided across a small lake. Kids in bright orange T-shirts like Grover’s were chasing each other around a cluster of cabins nestled in the woods. Some shot targets at an archery range, others rode on horses down a wooden trail and if I was seeing it right, some were Pegasi.

I breathed in deeply and closed my eyes, I sent up a thank you prayer to Aunt June because at that moment somehow I felt like I was home away from home. I opened my eyes and gazed at two men at the other end of the porch, sitting across each other on a card table. The blonde haired girl who spoon-fed me, what I realize now as probably ambrosia, was leaning on the porch next to them.

I looked at one of the men and had to blink my eyes. He was small-ish but kinda porky. Red nose, big watery eyes and curly hair so black it was almost purple. It reminded me of two things. First, he looked like an overgrown cherub that turned middle aged in a trailer park. I had to bite back a giggle. The second was probably my clue on who he was. I liked Disney and though I think that their portrayal of the gods in “Hercules” is child friendly, it lacked the real personalities of the gods. But for this instance, if I’m right, then Disney got Dionysus right. I think I’ll call him… the wine dude. Can’t actually call him by his godly name, I know better than that. I sighed and shook the awkward thoughts out of my head, stupid ADHD. Wine dude wore a tiger-patterned Hawaiian shirt, and he would’ve fit right in at one of Gabe’s poker parties, except I got the feeling that he can out-gamble my step-father.

“That’s Mr. D.” Grover murmured to me. “He’s the camp director. Be polite.”

Oh… so that’s what they call him… Wine dude or Mr. D…. Well Grover did say be polite so Mr. D it is.

“The girl is Annabeth Chase. She’s a camper that’s been here longer than just about anybody. And you already know Chiron.”

He pointed at the guy whose back was to me.


Everyone gave a jerk and stared at me, I just grinned at their reaction. Chiron had a weird expression on his face, the one he has every time I pull his leg after answering one of his multiple choice pop quizzes which all the answers are B.

“Oh, good, Percy.” he said. “Now we have four for pinochle.”

He offered me a seat next to Mr. D who looked at me with blood shot eyes and heaved a great sigh.

“I suppose I must say it. Welcome to Camp Half – Blood. There. Now, don’t expect me to be happy to see you.”

I nodded and stared at Mr. D, though he looked like he’s been hitting the happy juice, I knew withdrawal symptoms when I see it. I decided not to ask about it since no one seems to want to point out to me the obvious at the moment.
“Annabeth?” Chiron called to the girl. She stepped forward and Chiron introduced us. “This young lady nursed you back to health, Persea. Annabeth, my dear, why don’t you go check Percy’s bunk? We’ll be putting him in cabin eleven for now.” The girl nodded and stared at me with curiosity.

She was probably my age, a few inches taller maybe and as athletic as someone that had a lot of time to be outdoors. With her deep tan and curly blond hair, she was almost the stereotypical California girl except her eyes ruined the stereotype. They were startling gray, like storm clouds, pretty but intimidating. She looked as though she was analyzing me. She glanced at the Minotaur horn I had with me and I was almost half expecting her to say something about it. But since this is Camp, it might not be as impressive as any other mortal would think.

“You say the weirdest things when half asleep.” She says with a weird overtone in her voice. I smirk, “Moo.”

Her eyelids flutter in surprise. “You were…” but I cut her off. “So Chiron, what’s so special about me that you made a house call?”

The girl frowned and just sprinted off. Hmm…

“Yes Chiron what is so special about this brat that you had to make a house call indeed.” Mr. D asked.

“I think it is obvious Mr. D, the way she acts right now. As if she knew all this time. But other than the Kindly One and Pasiphae’s son, no other monster went after her. I had gone through the proper procedures and contacted his mother that we were observing Persea. I had thought that maybe Mrs. Jackson had informed Persea as she had sounded too knowledgeable at times.” Chiron answered as he stared at me at the corner of his gaze.

I sighed and picked at the table, I knew he was asking me indirectly but I couldn’t answer… just yet. At my silence, Chiron sighed and looked back to the cards being shuffled by Mr. D.

“Persea, m’dear, do you have anything to inform us of?” Chiron asked, probably hoping to pry something out of me yet again. I just smiled without looking up.

“So Mr. D huh? You look like you need to hit the bar. Need a drink or two?” I smirked, half mocking, half sympathetic, finally looking up from the table.

Chiron and Mr. D looked at me with surprise, so surprised that Mr. D forgot to be angry.

“Y-you’ve guessed who Mr. D is?” Grover asked from behind me. I looked at him and nodded.

“It’s not that hard to decipher.” Mr. D looked at me closely to which I smiled widely at him. He sighs and turns to Grover. “Well are you playing or not?”

Grover trembled, “Yes sir!” and sat on the fourth chair. I just shook my head, once again I picked at the table. Mr. D then eyed me suspiciously asking, “You do know how to play Pinochle young lady?”

I rolled my eyes skyward and nodded. Sometimes Aunt June was so bored whenever babysitting me that she taught me the game. “Yes sir.” This answer drew suspicious glances my way. But nonetheless Mr. D nodded smiling slightly. “Good. If you must know, it is, along gladiator fighting and Pac-Man, one of the greatest games ever invented by humans. I would expect all civilized young people to know about it.”

I nodded and turned to Chiron, “Chiron, I’m sorry for not being truthful the past few months but… I
have known about what I am for most of my life… kind of.” I observed his expression so that I could judge any reactions. Chiron had a curious expression on; he was confused at what I meant. “What do you mean kind of?” Mr. D asked instead for Chiron heavily emphasizing his words. I bit my lips and my hands twisted the hem of my shirt, my brain getting ahead of me and worried too much. Thoughts flew around my mind whispering dark thoughts and inciting fear and anxiety. I bit my bottom lip and squirmed on my chair, and started scratching loudly on the table. My mind jumped on its focus from the table to the shoebox containing the Minotaur horn. Moo. Moo. Moo.

“Eek!” I squeak as I felt an adult’s hand land on my shoulder. Chiron, Mr. D and Grover all set down their cards to listen, feeling that what I was about to say was important. I sighed deeply wondering if I could get away with a bit of lying. I mean sure Grover could detect my emotions but I’m pretty sure I can fool them. I looked up at them from under my bangs and took a deep breath to steady myself.

“I've always known I was a half-blood, that and my father is one of the 12 Olympians.” My audience gasped in surprise. I nodded to Grover, “Grover should suspect who my Olympian father is, after having talked to my mother and her descriptions.” Chiron and Mr. D both looked at Grover for confirmation and he reluctantly nodded, still unsure of his conclusions. “I have a pretty good guess sir.” He said hesitantly.

“And?” Chiron prodded.

“I don’t want to say it out loud sir. It’s… dangerous for me to just announce whose child she is without her father claiming her. I could say positively that her arrival changes things, I guess.” Grover was already eating the discarded aluminum tin can Diet Coke that Mr. D conjured up. The trainer of heroes and god of wine stared at me in askance but I just shook my head. “I've always known but, I know nothing about our culture. What is a Modern Greek exactly? I didn't learn our culture but I knew what I was just not anything more than that. If I did my scent would have been more pungent than before. I just need to have, like, an orientation film or brochure to introduce me to into this life and I'll probably stumble around.”

Chiron had a curious look on his face but nodded nonetheless. Mr. D sighed and looked forlornly at his cards and stood up. “I guess it would be better than that you show the girl the film Chiron. Mr. Underwood come with me, we have to talk about your performance.” Grover bleated sadly and stood to follow Mr. D back into the house looking back at me with what was supposed to be a supportive smile but almost epically failed.

I watched them go in and turned to Chiron and muttered, “Chiron, I'll tell you all I can but please swear on your greatest oath that you will not reveal it until I do.” Chiron had a knowing look in his eyes and nodded. He looked back to the door to the house and looked like he was listening intently before looked back to me. “I swear on the river Styx that I will not reveal your secret until you deem it right.”

Thunder sounded in the distance, I hoped that it was only the effect of the oath and not Uncle listening in. I turned to Chiron and started my tale.

“This is not my first life.” Technically this is true as I was first born as a godling even if it was only for a few hours. “Originally I was born as a pure godling by my parents, whom I cannot reveal at the moment.” Understanding dawned in Chiron’s eyes and looked at me in a new light. Of course he knows of reincarnated heroes but godlings? He’d never heard of it in his long, long life.

“I’ve known of a recently pregnant goddess with her immortal husband but what I had heard was she faded before she could birth. Are you?” He asked, hesitating and fearful. He knew the dangers of me presenting as a child of HIM but it was the only way. I nodded, “She was my original mother. But
the fates or the Moirai had a hand in what happened. I wasn’t supposed to be conceived but it happened and the mortal that was supposed to my mother was cursed never to bear children. So a concession was made. I would have to be reborn as a mortal, to Sally Jackson and my immortal mother faded because it took all her energy to birth me. She was already a fading goddess, nobody knew who she was. It was always father that was acknowledged never her and so, she was losing power over the eons, and I was the final straw. But their plan had one fatal flaw. Their powers specialized in fertility but it was not of childbirth so, they contacted all three childbirth goddesses, Ladies Hera, Artemis and Illytheia so I was degenerated into an eggcell once more and was planted into Sally Jackson with help of Lord Apollo. They all knew my secret and helped me throughout my years. I have Hera’s and Artemis’s blessing, to always have a safe haven when with family and that the beasts of the wild would stay off my back. It wasn’t enough so my mom, Sally, had to sacrifice a lot more to make my aura more human.” I stopped my story because it ends right there. There was nothing else to add, nothing important anyways.

Chiron nodded and patted my head. “I fear for you child, what happened to you makes me fear for the future as well. If you truly understand majority of who you are, then your heritage is the only thing left then. I thought the orientation film wouldn’t be enough but it seems it would suffice.”

Chiron then moved from his wheel chair and stood up. From his waist below he was a white stallion.

“Ah my fetlocks were starting to ache. Come Persea much to see.” He led me inside the house to watch a film.

I looked one last glance at the ocean, the camp lay sprawled out in front of me. I thought, ‘Later.’

Persea Character Pairing Poll is still up. I've not decided any concrete pairings as of yet. Let me set up some ground rules. I'm not pairing Persea with any of the boys who have a canon pairing. This is a canon-compliant story... mostly. I'm a solid Solangelo fan so... Nico di Angelo and Will Solace are definitely out. I don't do Original Characters well, so I won't attempt it. The following are out as well: Charles Beckendorf, Chris Rodriguez, Travis and Connor Stoll, Jason Grace, Leo Valdez and Frank Zhang. I don’t like Octavian, so no way.

All Gods are still on the table, and I mean ALL Gods (or at the very least those that showed up in the PJATO and HOO series, though not Janus or Terminus... no thanks.) other immortals are good to go as well. Ethan Nakamura is still one of the mortals on the table. I'm still half and half with Luke Castellan. I actually do love and respect the guy. Annabeth will definitely NOT be paired with Persea, thus opening an opportunity to finish Luke Castellan's romance story that almost never started in the series. I'm also partial to Thalia/Luke pairing, so when it reaches that point of the story, I'll be asking for suggestions as well. For now, please reserve your suggestions. It can go either way for all three girls.

I tend to like happy endings for everyone... including enemies. So at this point... a lot of things will be left up into the air until I get to that point of the story that I need to make decisions for the characters.

Another important question for my dear readers is what to do with Sally Jackson. Does she still meet Paul Blofis and marry him? Does she stay mortal? Or will she be Poseidon's new immortal wife? Will Poseidon even want to stay with her still? Will Sally want to be immortal? Because I'm already thinking of one of two possibilities of who will be Poseidon's new immortal wife. One of them... I'm thinking a lot of people will disagree because... it's direct incest... Yes, I am also a solid PoseidonxPercy fan. So few of those really... The other option is... to have a replacement Percabeth in the form of... POTHENA.... I very much love Percabeth so in a way, I can incorporate that using
their godly parents.

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