“You know,” she said, roughly, “ togas do fit better if worn with nothing else.”

It was the night of a grand party, the celebration of Gaia’s defeat at the hands of the Seven and the ending of the feud between Camp Half-Blood and Camp Jupiter. The half-bloods mingled and danced, singing in time to the music and generally making a mockery of things. They wore traditional Roman festival togas, even the Greeks, and so to were the Greeks allowed to ignore most of the sensible Roman laws.

Not that any of the Romans were following them either, Reyna mused to herself, drawn to a boy of the third cohort throwing himself off a street post and into a fountain gushing chocolate instead of water.

Reyna stood near the middle of the festivities, where a large, screaming crowd jumped to the music under a storm of multi-colored lights flashing with the bass. The smell of alcohol fumed in the air and the power to the district they were currently ripping apart had gone of twice in the last hour. To her left lay an assortment of tables, holding bowls of red punch (that she couldn’t trust)and cakes (that she also couldn’t trust). Beside her stood Jason Grace, who was about two cups of punch away from being completely shitfaced.

And it wasn’t even 9 yet.

“Reyna,” he cried, over the roars of the crowd. “Reyna, something’s wrong.”
“Yes,” she replied, evenly. “My judgment for allowing this party at all.”

“No, party’s good,” he slurred, “Great. Job good, Reyna.”

A member of Reyna’s cohort ran by, crowned in flowers and naked save for his toga, which he wore around his middle like a thick loincloth. A gaggle of girls followed him, giggling and catcalling.

She gazed at the punch bowl and cursed her sense of propriety.

“Piper’s not here yet. What if…what if she doesn’t like me anymore?” Jason sniffled.

Reyna tripped a boy attempting to dive head-first into one of the punchbowls. He scrambled away with a scuffed chin, chased by Reyna’s cool glare. “I doubt her delay to this party and her current feelings for you are related.” She stiffened when Jason fell limp onto her shoulder, and began to sob, violently. She shoved him off before he could use her toga as a tissue.

Drunken betrayal shined in Jason’s eyes.

“Stop it,” she hissed. “Piper will show up when she is ready and you will stop acting like a child, stop drinking this,” she grabbed his cup from him, “and start acting like a praetor tasked with keeping this party in check.”

“But…”

“No buts,” she said, and threw his cup away. “You promised, Jason. Can you really expect the Greeks to keep order?” She shivered at the thought of Percy in charge of this affair.

At the mention of ‘the Greeks’ Jason’s face crumpled and he dabbed at his eyes with the tip of his toga. “Piper is Greek. And she’s not here. This might be my only chance to make things right, Reyna. I need…I need to go find her.”

“No.”

“Then you’ll do it for me?”

“Hardly,” she said, drily.

“I promise I won’t drink anymore.”

“Wow, that’s—No.”

“I’ll be a good praetor and look after the party.”

“And feed and water it as well?”

“Yeah!”

Reyna rubbed at her temples, “I really don’t think I should.”

But Jason heard none of it. He shook his head, rapidly, and swept her into a hug. “Oh, thank you, Reyna! Since it’s you and you’re a girl, it’ll be less weird and stuff.”

“I never said—” she tried. “Let go of me!”

He did so, with a crooking smile. “You’re the best, man.”
“Rules: No more hugs. You will not drink anymore of the punch, or eat the cake. In fact, you will stay at this grouping of tables until I return, and when I do you will not abandon your duties to cozy up to Piper.”

“She’s probably still at the guesthouse.” He said, after nodding. “You know that one?”

“Of course I do,” Reyna muttered and turned away. “I assigned them.”

Reyna passed by throngs of people who parted for her as if by instinct. She heard someone calling for Annabeth, and a bad rendition of a Lady Gaga song. She hoped the two weren’t related. Jackson and that Hephaestus kid then blocked her path for a solid twenty minutes with their shopping-cart parade (which was exactly like it sounded) and she gracefully knocked three of the carts over before they got the message to move somewhere else.

The lane began to slope upwards and suddenly, the guesthouses where the Greeks were staying stood before her, units of a complex network of overly-white houses swamped with trees and marble fountains. They were situated in a quiet part of town, the poundings of the party faint. If she were to turn around, she’d still be able to see parts of the music rigging, the warm, reddish-orange glow of the festivities shining between the brush and buildings, the once-or-twice pops of lights from the fireworks.

Instead, she pushed open the picket-fence gate and strolled up the pebbled path. The porch was bathed in a warm, yellow glow from the single light, and it was only a five step journey before she was at the front door. She wiped her sandals on the ‘welcome!’ mat and did what any self-respecting Praetor of the 12th Legion would do: she opened the door without a second thought and let herself in.

The scent of wood-wax greeted her immediately, along with a high-pitched scream of frustration.

Why Jason thought this was going to be “less weird” was beyond her.

She found Piper McLean about 15 seconds later, wrestling with a good bit of cloth in the sitting room. She struggled with it, bumping over a lamp and hitting the green couches more than a couple of times with her hips and back. A pile of papers lay scattered on the coffee table, and from what Reyna could make out, they depicted a how-to on roman togas.

The corners of Reyna’s mouth twitched in amusement and she slowly leaned against the side of the entryway, her arms crossing. “Having some trouble, are we?”

Piper let out a surprised squeak, and spun around, one arm stuck at her side and the other pulling frantically at the ends of the fabric hanging down her back. Her face was red and her hair wild. “What does it look like?”

Reyna shrugged, and offered, “a little dance?”

“‘The dance of my frustrations maybe.’” Piper bit out, squeezing her arm loose.

“It’s not hard. It just takes practice,” Reyna said after a moment’s more of struggling and grunting. “And some help, occasionally. Why didn’t you ask one of the other Greeks for help?”

“I was sleeping. Nobody bothered to wake me up.” Piper managed to free herself from the toga and she didn’t hesitate to fling it to the ground with a look of disgust.
“A for effort?” Reyna replied, smirking.

“You know what?” Piper said, running her hands through her hair in an attempt to smooth out the locks. “Screw this. I’m going in what I have on.”

Her smirk dropped. “Jeans and a t-shirt that says ‘BOOM’ is not proper festival attire.”

Piper scoffed and flicked one of her longer braids over her shoulder. “Either this or I’m not going.”

*Fine, Reyna wanted to say, be my guest.* But then the drunk, pathetic voice of Jason echoed through her head, ‘You’re the best, man!’ and the first pains of a migraine began to prickle across her scalp. She did not want to deal with a child of Venus and what she did and did not want to wear. No matter how many times she’d heard that Piper was ‘different’, she didn’t look very different at that moment, pouting with wide eyes and flushed cheeks, hip cocked to the side.

Still, Reyna tried. “You can’t go to the party dressed like that. It simply isn’t done. Tradition—“

“Tradition can take a long walk over a short cliff,” Piper said, hands twisting the ends of her shirt.

“The agreement was that Camp Jupiter would host the party,” Reyna said, irritation building, “so long as Camp Half-Blood would adhere to our traditions. We put off several other events for this night.”

“Yeah, well.” Piper moved towards Reyna, and the exit. “Last time I checked, there were only three Romans that helped save the world from Gaia, and four Greeks, so—“

“Three of those ‘four Greeks’ are in togas and enjoying the festivities,” Reyna growled and grabbed Piper at her wrist before she passed her. “Does the fourth really want to stay in here all night?”

Piper stared at her for a moment, faces inches apart. “You think you can make me stay here all night?”

Reyna steppe closer, a strange heaviness rippling in her chest when Piper stood her ground. “I can make you do a lot of things, Piper. Now, go get your toga and let’s be on our way.”

Something flickered through Piper’s expression. “Make me.”

The challenge in Piper’s voice sent a ripple of heat through Reyna’s chest. She squared her shouldered and looked down on Piper, taking in her blushing skin and the way her lips parted when she exhaled. The smell of vanilla lingered in the air around her, and Reyna almost leaned in for a closer smell. Her thoughts dipped south for a second as if captivated, and she shook her head, glowering. “Oh, for fuck’s sake.”

Piper’s confused expression morphed into a scowl as Reyna lunged at her.

They grappled for a few moments, but it was apparent that Reyna had the upper hand in both technique and strength, and soon she was pushing Piper towards the couches, a firm grip on both of her wrists. “Remember, Piper. You asked for this.”

Piper bared her teeth, but when the back of her knees hit a couch cushion her expression became serene. “Please, let me go.”

Warmth slipped through Reyna’s mind and her grip slackened.

It was enough for Piper to yank free and she made a break for the door. If she made it through, there
was little possibility of Reyna catching her, a Greek camper without a toga would run amuck in her party in her camp and Reyna would have the shame of getting bested by a daughter of Venus to carry with her the rest of her life.

So Reyna beat Piper to the door and hulled her back into the room, nails digging in to cotton and skin. “The last time one of your siblings tried to charmspeak me, they ended up mute for 3 months.”

“Yeah, right.” Piper said, twisting and bending, trying to break free from their childish dance. “Your mother is a goddess of war, not magic.”

“Thanks, I wasn’t aware.” Reyna said, pushing Piper onto the couch and straddling her waist before she could jump up. Her eyes flickered over Piper’s trapped form to the toga that lay an arms-length away in a crumbled mess. “And I do have a little magic to spare. Like you’re going to walk out of this house with your toga on and you’re going to enjoy it.”

“Like hell,” Piper said and began to squirm. A thrill crawled up Reyna’s spine at Piper’s stubbornness. Every time Piper tried to move her legs, she rubbed against Reyna’s inner thighs, the friction pleasant and warm, and Reyna leaned over, hair falling onto Piper’s chest.

Piper stopped struggling. She was panting, cheeks flushed pink, and chest rising and falling rapidly. “What are you doing?”

The fine quiver in Piper’s voice set off a plan in Reyna’s head and she regarded the trapped girl with a darker interest, taking in her warm flustered body. Her shirt lay halfway up her stomach, tanned skin exposed to greedy eyes. “You know,” she said, roughly, “togas do fit better if worn with nothing else.”

Piper shivered.

---

Reyna didn’t know how they had gotten there, and at the first hesitant touch of Piper’s lips to her own, she realized that she didn’t care.

The girl below her tasted like mint and strawberry chapstick, and when Reyna pulled back, her thoughts were heady and heavy. The only thing she wanted to do was bend back over, get swept away in the tide pulsing between them.

Piper swallowed, her neck flexing with the action. She was silent and soft and looked as entranced as Reyna felt.

She bent for another taste, while Piper’s hands tangled in her hair. There was something addicting about her, Reyna found, slipping her tongue along Piper’s bottom lip. She took to sliding her palms up Piper’s sides, under her shirt, anywhere she could touch easily. She teased her way around her breasts, until the girl arched slightly, her whimper escaping into Reyna’s mouth.

Gods, she wanted Piper out of her clothes that very second.

And in to her toga, another part of her whispered.

Reyna grinned and dropped her lips to Piper’s neck, peppering the skin with nips and slow laps of her tongue. She tasted salt and something sweet and she bit hard enough to leave a mark.
Piper cried out.

It sent a hot hollowness through Reyna, and she yanked the corners of Piper’s shirt upward, hands palming the soft, yielding skin. She had Piper’s shirt completely off a second later, followed by her bra. If Reyna had any room to spare in her head, room that wasn’t full of Piper and her nakedness and *finishing what they had started*, she might have thought that, maybe, this was too fast. That she didn’t know Piper all that well. That Piper was her best friend’s ex-girlfriend. That fucking Piper senseless was not the reason she had come there in the first place.

But then Piper had found room to drag her nails across the skin of Reyna’s back exposed by her toga, drawing her closer to her exposed breasts. Reyna did not have time to think of anything else but the sounds Piper made when Reyna ran her fingers over her nipples, circling them and teasing her until she was gasping for breath, head thrown back and neck exposed.

Reyna spread Piper’s legs with her thighs, before letting one of her hands travel south, to caress the quivering flesh around Piper’s bellybutton. She moved even lower and Piper’s hips jumped at the contact, a whimper escaping her mouth.

Power rushed through Reyna, more intoxicating than any wine or senate victory. She vied for a few more reactions, pinching Piper’s nipple and thumbing just underneath the helm of her jeans, pleased with the choked sob she received. “See? I told you. You’d enjoy it.”

Piper’s eyes snapped open, but Reyna already had the top of her pants undone and was sliding her hand across her panties.

“You’re wet,” Reyna murmured, “and hot.” Her fingers brushed against moist fabric. She exhaled and shifted between Pipers thighs, the heat between her own legs driving her crazy. Barely able to wait, she licked her lips, watching Piper from above.

“Don’t,” Piper said, and it was the first thing she had said since they had started. “Don’t say that.” She covered her eyes with the top of her wrist and arched fiercely when Reyna’s fingers slipped under her panties, to touch burning flesh and want.

“Why not,” Reyna asked, desire dripping off her every syllable.

“Because,” Piper ground out. When Reyna went to remove her jeans, she helped to kick them off.

Her panties soon followed.

Piper Mclean was then a squirming naked mess of smooth flushed skin and desperate sighs. Reyna didn’t know whether she should pull Piper’s legs over her shoulders or pin her arms above her head. She wanted to kiss her until she bruised, mark Piper with the fire racing through her stomach and chest. Make her scream.

She sucked in an excited breath and found Piper’s clit, dragging her middle finger around the soft bump of flesh.

Her reaction was instant. Piper cried out, louder than any other time that night, hips following the motions set by Reyna’s hand. Her hands fisted, knuckles white.

Reyna leaned down, towards the edge of the couch and felt around until she hit the edges of the crumpled toga. She drew it upward and unraveled it best she could with one hand. As skillfully as she could manage, she took her hand from Piper’s crotch and replaced it with her thigh.

Piper bent to Reyna’s will as easily as the cloth, only seeking the warm friction of Reyna’s thigh.
When it was finished, Reyna stood and smoothed out her clothes, grin savage. “I told you. You’d be in that toga.”

Piper’s eyes shot open. She was dressed in the white robes of the festival and as wrinkled as they were, Reyna’s handwork was solid. Anger began to edge into the fine lines of her face, as she realized Reyna’s game. “You…”

“Oh,” Reyna replied. She sat beside the girl, worming her hand up Piper’s leg to her thigh, brushing away the folds of her toga with ease. “Togas have many weak points, you see.”

Piper gave a shuttering breath, the anger melting away.

“Like, here.” Reyna slipped past the remaining folds to brush her thumb against Piper’s want.

Piper arched into the touch, whining when Reyna used her other hand to pin her down. “What do you want from me?”

“I want you to thank me,” Reyna said, lowly. “For helping you with your clothes.”

“Thank you,” Piper gasped without a fight, hands clawing into the couch. “For helping…me.”

Reyna smirked and let her thumb circle Piper’s clit, slowing down and speeding up with no real rhythm, hunger flaring in her stomach when Piper tried frantically to match her paces. “And I want you to beg me for it.”

“Please.” Piper said through clenched teeth.

“Louder,” she demanded, breathless with want. She quickened the motions of her hand, moving in small, half circles against the girl’s clit. Piper was close, Reyna knew, and she couldn’t wait to see Piper unravel under her touch. “Or I’ll stop.”

“Please!”

Reyna wanted to tease her a little longer, but the small wheezing gasps the girl was giving off betrayed how close she was. So Reyna sped her hand, ignoring the cramp in her fingers, and held Piper down by her shoulder when she started to buck up, clawing at Reyna’s arm and pulling desperately at the couch.

Piper came seconds later, taunt and back arching off the couch and screaming Reyna’s name for the whole empty house to hear.

Only when Piper was completely spent did Reyna remove her hand. She placed a lingering kiss to Piper’s forehead and stood, leaving the room to wash up.

When she returned, Piper was standing and smoothing out the folds of her attire with shaking hands.

“You look good.” Reyna said, another stab of heat sweeping through her.

“I look stupid,” Piper mumbled, her voice hoarse, “and like I’ve just been fucked.”

“That’s because you were just fucked.” Reyna smiled, honestly. “You look great, Piper. Chin up.”

Piper did as she was told and smiled, shyly.

Reyna led her out of the house and down the path to the party. Their hands brushed against each other every so often, and it sent little bursts of warmth through Reyna, still excited from their
encounter.

A few moments later, Piper stifled a giggle and Reyna elbowed her lightly.

--

Reyna found Jason where she had left him.

“Oh Piper,” he said, opening his arms. “Oh, Piper. The war is over now and—and stuff.” He paused, his eyes watering. “We can finally get back together. I love you.”

“Ah—uh,” Piper stepped away, nose crinkling. “I’m not…I’m kinda interested in someone else right now.”

Jason began to weep and surged sideways, to the base of a statue to keep himself level. He turned his blood-shot eyes to Reyna. “You were—you were supposed to bring Piper here so I could ask her out again!”

“There are many things I can make Piper do,” Reyna said, smirk twisting at the indignant, breathy noise Piper made beside her. “But agreeing to go out with you isn’t one of them.”

“But—“

“Piper is here, dressed appropriately and you Jason have a party to watch.”

“But—“

Reyna held up a hand. “That was our deal.”

“What are you going to do then?” Jason asked. It was his first slightly-sober sentence of the night. “If I’m stuck here. Watching stuff.”

“I’m going to take a walk,” Reyna replied and grabbed Piper’s hand. “And figure out the mystery someone that Piper’s in interest with.”

Both Piper and Jason responded, “but—“

“No more buts,” Reyna said, firmly. She began to lead Piper away. “This is a party after all. We should…enjoy ourselves.”

Reyna felt Piper’s shiver through their clasped hands and allowed herself a sly grin.

It wasn’t even 9 yet, after all.

-

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!