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<td>Will Solace, Nico di Angelo, Percy Jackson, Jason Grace, Annabeth Chase, Leo Valdez, Nyssa (Percy Jackson), Harley (Percy Jackson), Charles Beckendorf, Silena Beauregard, Piper McLean, Jake Mason, Luke Castellan, Ares (Percy Jackson), Aphrodite (Percy Jackson), Zeus (Percy Jackson), Poseidon (Percy Jackson), Apollo (Percy Jackson), Artemis (Percy Jackson), Thalia Grace, Hephaestus (Percy Jackson), Frank Zhang, Hazel Levesque, Reyna Avila Ramirez-Arellano, Clarisse La Rue, Lou Ellen, Connor Stoll, Butch (Heroes of Olympus), Ethan Nakamura, Alabaster Torrington, Bianca di Angelo, Chris Rodriguez, Drew Tanaka, Lee Fletcher, Chiron, Dionysus (Percy Jackson), Octavian, Grover Underwood, Rachel Elizabeth Dare, Mark (Percy Jackson), Sherman (Percy Jackson), Bob I Lapetus, Damasen (Percy Jackson), Calypso (Percy Jackson), Mitchell (Percy Jackson), Lacy (Heroes of Olympus), Rhea (Percy Jackson), Zoë Nightshade, Thanatos (Percy Jackson)</td>
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<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Daydreaming, Shy Nico, Nervousness, Dates, Awkwardness, jason&amp;percy bromance, Flirting, insecure Leo, big families, don't worry about family trees, because it won't make anymore sense, just go with it, apollo&amp;artemis are gay, Leo's a little shit, Alternate Universe - No Powers, Cafes, Friendship goals, jealous!Percy, Hugs, Cuddles, Family Reunions, percy in love, everyone in love, hazel and frank live together, Bromance, Underage Drinking, Making Out, Shirtless, Truth or Dare, Partying, gay af, Triggers, Mentioned violence, domestic abuse, protectiveness, Implied Sexual Content, Friends to Lovers, breaking in - Freeform, Cheesy, kind of dub con, Dancing, Love songs, i don't do straight, dickheads, franks kinda mean to leo, Las Vegas Baby, i ship leo and frank so hard, hazel&amp;Leo&amp;frank friendship, Claustrophobia, Pranks, Cooking, battles, everyones alive, Dark, Horror, gory, Halloween, guts and blood and shit, Age Gaps, Tea Parties, AU, OOC, Curses, Superstitions, Mirrors, Suicidal Thoughts, Comfort, marriages, insecure!Leo, established relationships - Freeform, Getting Together</td>
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Who actually cares? (Prompts)

by GoldenEmpire

Summary
THIS IS OFFICIALLY CLOSED, I ACCEPT NO MORE PROMPTS.

Chapters:
Will x Nico: 2, 10, 15, 22, 25, 29, 33, 47, 50, 56, 58, 60, 63, 67, 80, 86, 92, 96, 101, 109, 130, 137, 141. (23)
Percy x Nico: 3, 6, 20, 31, 37, 40, 51, 52, 61, 71, 75, 85, 90, 95, 98, 102, 105, 110, 113, 142, 147, 150. (23)
Frank x Leo: 9, 11, 18, 19, 39, 45, 57, 62, 78, 93, 97, 108, 111, 120, 122, 128, 134, 144, 151, 159. (20)
Jason x Percy: 14, 32, 42, 59, 70, 72, 81, 83, 84, 104, 115, 117, 124, 129, 136, 153. (16)
Nico x Leo: 7, 21, 24, 26, 27, 30, 38, 65, 74, 118, 157. (11)
Percy x Leo: 5, 23, 36, 43, 48, 66, 89, 91, 126, 148. (10)
Jason x Leo: 4, 12, 41, 73, 94, 125, 138, 156. (8)
Nico x Mitchell: 100, 116, 121, 135, 140. (5)
Beckendorf x Percy: 87, 103, 139. (3)
Alabaster x Ethan: 17, 55, 146. (3)
Thanatos x Nico: 155. (1)
Alabaster x Leo: 106. (1)
Frank x Jason: 145. (1)
Threesome/everyone: 107, 114, 123, 133, 149, 158. (6)
None: 46, 64, 79. (3)
CHECK OUT PART 2 ON MY PROFILE!

Notes

Nico's not paying attention, and Will saves the day. Solangelo.

See the end of the work for more notes.
These stories are all about the gays (please don't leave straight prompts I ain't about that life)

These stories feature;
- Homosexuals
- Bisexuals
- Transgenders
- Sex
- Death
- Violence
- Homophobic language (I think, can't remember)
- Swearing (if this bothers you you're too young to read this)

TRIGGER WARNINGS;
- Rape
- Drugs
- Self Harm
- Underage
- Suicide
- Suicide Attempts
- Domestic Abuse
- Bullying
- Prostitution
- Comas
- Death
- Cancer
- Violence

Main Characters (AKA the boys):
Alabaster Torrington 6'3-

Charles Beckendorf 6'4-
Ethan Nakamura 5'9-

Frank Zhang 6'2-
Jason Grace 6'0-

Leo Valdez 5'6-
Luke Castellan 6'2-
Mitchell 5'3-

Nico di Angelo 5'7-
Percy Jackson 5'11-
Thanatos 6'2 -

Will Solace 6'0-
The Girls:

Annabeth Chase 5'9 -
Hazel Levesque 5'1 -
Rachel Dare 5'7 -

Reyna Ramirez 5'10 -
Silena Beauregard 5'8 -
Chapters with sexy times (YAY):

51, 55, 81, 88, 90, 91, 107, 112, 120, 124, 128, 130, 136, 137, 138, 145, 155

READ AND ENJOY, AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT THEN YOU CAN PISS OFF AND READ SOMETHING ELSE :)}
Cyclist saves pedestrian who wandered onto the bike path AU

Nico Di Angelo should’ve really been looking where he was going. The things was – he got distracted really easily. Like really easily. He could get distracted by anything really, the sun reflecting off car windows, puddles, someone talking on the phone too loudly, birds chirping in the trees, children crying. He fucking hated it, especially when it made him space out.

That day it had been an ice cream van. Nico heard the sound of the monstrosity a few streets away when he was taking a short cut through the park. He froze, not really paying attention to where he was standing, and just listened to the noise. He thought of little children that would run towards the van, tugging on the skirts of their moms, asking for money…he remembered when he and his dead sister Bianca used to race each other to get to the van first. It was always the seashell ice cream, with strawberry sauce…

“Hey! Watch out!” someone yelled. Nico looked up too late, and saw a bike speeding towards him. His heart started beating rapidly, but he was stuck to the cement, as if his body was part of the bikers lane, he didn’t see him, he didn’t-

A strong, firm arm pulled him backwards at the last second. Nico stumbled out of the bike lane, a pair of protective arms wrapping around his waist from behind, and watched the biker zoom past with a curse. Nico was left behind, heart beating wildly, trying to catch his breath.

The arms left his waist, and Nico was snapped back to reality.

“Are you hurt?” a warm, stern voice asked. Nico turned around and his breath caught in his throat because shit. A boy stood in front of him, a good foot taller than Nico himself, with soft blonde curls and worried blue eyes. He wore jogging bottoms and his white shirt was wet with sweat. One earphone was still in his ear, the other dangled near his heart. One of the boy’s hands rested on Nico’s upper arm. The blonde smelled of sweat, antiseptic and freshly cut grass. “You alright?” the blonde asked again, frowning.

Nico blinked quickly, and moved away quickly. His foot caught on the edge of the pavement and he would’ve ended up on the floor, if the blonde’s hand hadn’t shot out to steady him.


The boy’s arm was back on Nico’s upper arm, and it spread a wave of warmth through the raven
The boy’s arm was back on Nico’s upper arm, and it spread a wave of warmth through the raven-haired boy’s body. He just wished that the blonde would move, because he started to feel really hot and…

“You need to pay attention next time,” the blonde said, smiling brilliantly at Nico, “you just stopped in the middle of the biker’s lane.”

“I-I will,” Nico said, shaking the boy’s hand off and hugging himself. He didn’t know why but the boy made him feel weird, like there was a deep itch under his skin. Nico knew he was tomato red, which wasn’t very attractive. He balanced on the balls of his feet and looked away, hoping that the blonde didn’t take notice of how awkward and nervous he was. The blonde smiled, and turned away.

And Nico was hit with a sudden sense of how wrong this was. This boy was about to walk away and the feeling wouldn’t go away.

“Wait!” Nico called, before he could stop himself. The boy turned around, looking confused. Nico fiddled nervously with his hands, biting his lip.


The blonde was smiling, and it was so bright it made the shadows disappear from around Nico.

“I’m Will Solace.” The blonde introduced himself. The sun glinted off his hair, making it look more golden.

“O-Oh.” Nico said intelligently, staring at the boy.

“Are you sure you didn’t hit your head?” Will mused, “Maybe you have a concussion?”

“How about you get a coffee with me and you’ll find out,” Nico said. Then he froze, he felt his ears burning, he did not just say that. Nico felt a wave of embarrassment hit him, and he wanted the ground to swallow him up.

But Will just laughed pleasantly,

“Sure, why not,” he said, grinning, “there’s a nice shop round the corner.”

“R-Really?” Nico asked in disbelief. Will shrugged one shoulder and pocketed his phone.

“You’re acting surprised,” he said.

“Well, boys don’t usually…,” Nico looked at the ground, “I just don’t…” he didn’t know what to say. This never happened to him, boys never noticed him, they never wanted to go anywhere with him. They found him odd and creepy and weird.

Will stepped closer to him,

“Well, it’s not every day that a cute boy asks me out to coffee,” he offered. Nico looked up at him, biting his lip, “you coming, Nico?” Will asked. Nico nodded, and the two strolled through the park.

Nico was really glad he walked into the bicycle lane.
Percy's and Nico's bags get mixed up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Took your suitcase from the airport baggage claim on accident AU**

Okay, but get this – black suitcases.

In Percy’s opinion they were a pain in the ass. He knew that Annabeth told him to tie a ribbon around his, but the only one he had was pink. Percy hated pink, and so he prompted to just pray to Gods that his suitcase didn’t get lost. And now here he was.

“Turn the car around!” he suddenly demanded. Jason glanced over at him from the driver’s seat, “What?” he asked.
“Turn the car around,” Percy said, panicking, “this isn’t my suitcase!”

Jason pulled over quickly and watched Percy rummage through the stolen suitcase.

“What do you mean it’s not yours?!?” Jason demanded.

“I don’t know,” Percy held up a black t-shirt with a skull and crossbones on it, “this isn’t mine!” next came a pair of obviously too-small black ripped jeans, “this definitely isn’t mine!”

“Didn’t Annabeth tell you to tie a ribbon around it or something?” Jason inquired, pushing his glasses into his perfectly styled blonde hair.

“Well…yes,” Percy said. His eyes were wide, “but I didn’t listen to her…oh man! I’m so screwed! I stole someone’s suitcase, I could get prosecuted! I could get sued! I could go to jail!”

the dark haired boy was panicking, “Oh bro, I can’t go to jail! Do you know what happens to people like me in jail! I’m a thief…I’m officially a thief! This is someone’s suitcase! I don’t want to go to jail! I don’t want to die!”

Jason rolled his eyes and started the car. He turned it around,

“Chill, dude,” he told Percy, completely calm, “we’re only ten minutes from the airport. Let’s just go back and say that you mixed up the bags.”

“But what if I get arrested?!?” Percy asked, still terrified.

“You won’t, calm down,” Jason said, exasperated.

“Oh man!” Percy groaned and put his head down in his hands. Jason just looked at him fondly, and muttered ‘idiot’ under his breath. The journey was quick, and as soon as Jason kind-of stopped the car, Percy jumped out, hauling the bag.

He sprinted into the airport, which was still bustling with people despite the late hour, and the he froze. He was completely lost – he didn’t know who to ask for help, or what to say. ‘Excuse me, I accidently took someone’s suitcase’ didn’t seem sensible.

And then Percy saw him. A short, skinny, pale boy around his age, standing near a wall, looking as lost as him. he wore a black aviator’s jacket and dark grey skinny jeans paired with combat boots. His stunning dark eyes looked around nervously and his long-ish hair stuck out in different directions. On the floor next to him lay a black suitcase, identical to the one Percy was holding. Relief flooded the boy as he strode towards the stranger with his bag.

“Hey!” Percy called. The boy looked up at him, startled, “Hey is that my suitcase?!”

“Um,” the boy looked nervous. There were dark shadows under his eyes which Percy found kind of attractive…, “yeah. I think so. Are you Percy Jackson?”

Percy blinked,

“Well, yeah,” he said, “how did you know that?”

“Your name’s written on here,” the boy tapped at the nametag stuck to the bag. Percy smiled,

“Oh thanks gods for Annabeth.”

The shorted boy raised an eyebrow,
“Girlfriend?”

“Nah, just a friend,” Percy smirked easily. “So anyway, I think I have your bag.”

“Yeah, obviously,” the shorter boy said. He nudged the bag towards Percy and the boy took it, passing the not-his-suitcase to the small boy. As he did, their hands touched and a spark of electricity travelled up Percy’s arm. He saw the small boy shiver.

“Did you feel that?” he asked.

“Static,” the boy shrugged. Percy knew she should probably say thank you to the boy, or something, and leave, but instead he found himself asking:

“What’s your name?”

“Why do you want to know?” the boy asked with a poker face.

“Because you’re cute,” Percy said easily. The boy’s entire demeanour changed. He went from perfectly composed to blushing and wide eyed.

“I...,” the boy started. Percy looked at his pale, flushed face. He decided that apart from being hot as hell, the boy was also adorable, “my name’s Nico.”

“Just Nico?” Percy pressed. The boy rolled his dark eyes, 

“What? Do you want to stalk me on Facebook or something?” he asked. Percy grinned,

“I don’t know, I might.” This once again caused the boy to blush. Percy could tell that he wasn’t used to being flirted with.


“Yes I know,” Nico said, “it’s obvious.”

“Can I have your number?” Percy asked slyly, still grinning like an idiot.

“No.” Nico said, looking away. Percy pouted,

“Oh c’mon!” he complained, “why not?”

“I don’t know you.” Nico stated.

“Well give me your number and get to know me!” Percy said, “please.”

“No.” Nico made a sour face.


“Oh yeah? Like what?”

“Like...,” Percy looked around desperately, and a brilliant thought hit him, “like our taste in suitcases.”

“My sister picked it out for me,” Nico said, unamused.
“Come on Nico,” Percy whined, “why don’t you let me woo you?”

“Woo?” Nico asked in disbelief, “what is this? The 1800?”

“Well…,” Percy flushed, and rubbed the back of his neck. He sighed, “sorry I’m being pushy,” he said, giving Nico a shy smile, “Sorry about taking your suitcase accidently.”

Nico rolled his eyes again,

“Give me your phone,” he held his hand out expectantly. Percy blinked,

“Huh?”

“So I can give you my number, moron.”

“Oh!” Percy exclaimed happily and passed Nico his phone. The short boy started typing his number in and Percy watched him with a stupid grin on his face.

“Percy!” Jason yelled, sprinting towards them. Nico looked up,

“Who’s that?”

“My ride,” Percy offered, “what’s up bro?”

“You found your bag!” Jason said, slightly out of breath. He raised an eyebrow at Nico, “Hi.”

“Hi.” Nico said, giving Percy his phone back.

“This is Nico di Angelo,” Percy said.

“I stole his bag,” Nico clarified. Percy laughed,

“Nico, this is Jason Grace.”

“His best friend,” Jason said proudly.

“I thought you were his ride,” Nico said. Jason glared at Percy who laughed nervously,

“Speaking of rides, do you want one?” he asked Nico, “we’re going to Brooklyn.”

“Oh,” Nico blinked, “me too.”

“Awesome,” Percy grinned, and grabbed both of their identical bags, “let’s go!”

And he took off before Nico could protest. Not that he would.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos please!! :)


Welcome to the great and powerful Olympus Family

Chapter Notes

Leo's an insecure idiot, but Jason likes him like that.

Met at a family reunion but you got hot AU

Leo was leaning on a wall, chatting happily to his half-sister Nyssa, enjoying the family reunion. Every six years, their big, mix-matched family met up to catch up. And there was a lot of them. In fact, this year the Olympus family had to rent a massive hall to fit all of its members, as babies were born in those six years. Lots of babies.

Last time that Leo has seen all of his half-siblings, aunts, uncles and cousins, he’d been twelve. Nyssa had been sixteen, in her rock stage, wearing tattered vintage band t-shirts and tattooing her arms. Nineteen-year-old Harley was into motorcycles, big time, and owned a mechanics shop. Charles Beckendorf was twenty, dating that one hot girl, Silena Beauregard, who was their like third cousin or something. Jake Mason was studying at uni, wanting to be a teacher. Now everyone was all grown up; Nyssa wore red lipstick and was totally in love with her husband, whose name Leo forgot, and had an adorable baby boy. Charles and Silena were married. Jake finally got his degree after failing four times. Harley…well, Harley was still into motorcycles big time, and her shop was doing better than ever.

And Leo? From the hyper-active, weird, short kid, he grew into a hyper-active, weird, slightly taller teenager. He didn’t know what to do with his life, he studied mechanics at Uni, but he didn’t know where to go with it. Nyssa walked off to say hello to her step-mom, Aphrodite, and Leo was left alone, sipping on his drink and watching the people around the hall.
One of his second-cousins, Percy Jackson, and his quarter-brother-or-something-like-that, Frank Zhang, were eating cake and talking with their girlfriends, Annabeth Chase and Hazel Levesque, which Leo had met last year. His father was arguing with his grandfather (again) about something irrelevant, while Leo’s aunts tried to calm them down. Leo sighed. And then he saw him; the tall, gorgeous blonde, talking easily to his uncle Ares. Leo’s drink almost slipped out of his hand as his heartbeat picked up.

He desperately wracked his brain for answers. Who was that guy?! Has Leo met him before?! What if they were first cousins or something…Leo prayed that they weren’t, because he really, really wasn’t into incest. Not that the blonde would ever look at him, it’s not like Leo stood out from the crowd of rowdy mechanics and engineers. He was just another curly haired boy with his best shirt stained with oil.

Leo watched the blonde from over the rim of his glass, and then realized that the guy had finished talking with Ares and was walking towards him.

No! Not towards you, you moron, Leo scolded himself, he’s coming over to the refreshments table! Just look away and act casual, and for god’s sake, stop blushing!

Leo looked away and took a sip of his drink. Lemonade, he thought. He hated lemonade. Leo turned away from the refreshments table slightly, trying to find someone he could strike up a conversation with, but there was no-one close enough. The blonde was walking over casually. If Leo left now it would look weird, and…

“Hi.” The blonde said, completely ignoring the table next to Leo. The short boy’s brain quickly supplied him with answers to the simple question, and he willed himself to not panic.

“‘Sup,” he said, and he hoped he sounded casual.

“Have we met?” the blonde inquired. He stood directly in front of Leo, blocking the boy’s view of the hall. “Are we like related or something?”

“I hope not,” Leo said quickly, and then smacked himself mentally, “I’m one of Hephaestus’ many sons,” he continued, and set his drink down on the table. He extended his hand towards the blonde, “Leo Valdez at your service.”

The blonde’s eyes widened, and he ignored the other boy’s outstretched hand.

“Leo?!”

“Er, yeah?” Leo offered helpfully, hand falling back down to his side. The blonde laughed,

“Oh gods,” he said, “wow, you really changed,” he stopped laughing, but was still grinning. “You don’t remember me?”

“No…,” Leo trailed off. Something nagged at his brain. He narrowed his eyes at the blonde, and suddenly it hit him. “Jason?!”

Leo remembered the annoying, always-better-than-him blonde kid, who’d been thirteen last time they met. Leo hated Jason because the other boy was taller, stronger and better at school. His ADHD wasn’t too bad and his hair and clothes were always perfect. Leo was always compared to him; Leo, look at Jason! Look how nicely his shirt is tucked in! And you! You have ketchup on yours, go change at once! Or Look at Jason, so well behaved at school. You should take notes Leo, and maybe not give your teachers a hard time for once.

But that was six years ago and now Jason was nineteen and damn.
“Yup,” the blonde was grinning, “I didn’t recognize you.”

“I didn’t change that much,” Leo said, still dumbstruck, “you on the other hand…,” his eyes swiped over Jason’s body before Leo could stop himself. Holy shit those muscles though…Jason laughed again,

“You kind of did,” he said, “anyway, it’s really great to see you. What have you been up to? Still getting into trouble?”


“Oh,” Jason looked surprised, “like Harley?”

Leo fought the wince. Of course, he wasn’t the first to do anything in his family. His dad and grandfather both studied mechanics, so did Beckendorf and Nyssa and Harley. He wasn’t even the first homosexual in his family! That honour went to Apollo and Artemis. And Jason. Shit.

“So what about you?” Leo asked quickly, trying to not get his hopes up, “what have you been doing?”

“A bit here, a bit there,” Jason shrugged, “I travelled for a year; went to Rome and Greece. I’m on my way to become an archaeologist.”

“Wow, awesome dude,” Leo grinned, “any girlfriends on the horizon?”

“Well there was Piper,” Jason said. He leaned on the wall next to Leo, “but we didn’t really work out. What about you? Any boyfriends?” the blonde teased.

“Yes plenty!” Leo lied, “after all, who could resist the amazing Leo Valdez!”

“Who indeed,” Jason agreed, growing a bit more serious. Leo felt a blush rising in his cheeks.

“A-Anyway,” he stuttered, “I need to go talk to Beckendorf…I’ll catch you later!” and before Jason could reply, Leo was off, running into the crowd. He hid in the bathroom because he was a responsible-ass adult.

***

He saw Jason again about two hours later when the barbeque began. He was munching on a medium-rare steak, minding his own business as well as four of his cousins’ kids, when the blonde pushed his way through the crowd towards him. Leo began to panic. Jason probably didn’t know that Leo was starting to get a massive crush on him, which was awkward, and what would be more awkward was if Leo suddenly sported a hard on.

“Oh! Jason!” he exclaimed, abandoning his half-eaten steak, “mind the kids for me, please?”

“But…,” Jason frowned, “where are you going?”

“I need to…get something off Nyssa!” Leo called, already sprinting away.

***

It was midnight and the real party started. Everyone with kids, or over thirty five had said their goodbyes and left the hall. Now, loud music was thumping through the walls, as all the teenagers and young adults partied. Annabeth was taking shots with Reyna (Who?! Leo thought), Hazel and
Harley were dirty dancing in the middle of the dance floor, with two-dozen cousins and siblings and significant others around them. Luke Castellan and about four of his siblings were playing a prank on Apollo and his boyfriend, who were passed out drunk on the couch. Nico di Angelo was smashed, arguing with Percy about something or other. Frank was mixing something into the punch with Thalia Grace, Jason’s older sister, and Artemis. And Leo was standing in a shaded corner, by himself, chugging down vodka like it was water. And then Jason came over.

“What’s up Leo?” he asked, grinning, completely sober.

“Oh my gods, dudeeee,” Leo said with a stupid grin on his face, “This stuffs so goooood,” he held up the bottle, stumbled and hiccupped.

“Woah, you alright there?” Jason frowned, gently taking the bottle from Leo. “Where were you all day?”

“I was avoiding you,” Leo admitted, eyes half lidded. His hand shot out and grabbed a fistful of Jason’s shirt as he tried to steady himself.

“Why were you avoiding me?” Jason asked, casually placing a hand on Leo’s waist, in case the boy fell over.

“Your hands warm,” Leo mumbled, his gaze unfocused.

“You need to sit down,” Jason ordered.

“Noo!” Leo whined,

“I should take you home,” Jason sighed.

“I wouldn’t mind going home with you,” Leo grinned lazily. Jason flushed as the smaller boy snuggled into his chest. Uncertainly, the blonde put his arms around the Hispanic.

“Are you feeling okay, Leo?” Jason asked.

“Mhmm,” Leo hummed, “never been better.”

“Leo, come on,” Jason said urgently, “you’re drunk.”

“No ‘m not,” Leo disagreed, throwing his arms around Jason’s neck. Their faces were inches apart, and even in the near-darkness, Jason could see Leo’s dilated pupils. Jason really wanted to kiss him, but he knew he shouldn’t. Leo was drunk. “Do you like me?” Leo asked suddenly, a crease appearing between his eyebrows. Jason wanted to smooth the line away but he was currently busy with an armful of drunk Valdez.

“Of course I like you,” Jason said.

“Sometimes I hate this family,” Leo grumbled.


Leo rolled his eyes really hard and it looked like it hurt.

“Well yeah,” he said, “for you. ‘Cuz you’re like one of a kind.”

“What do you mean?” Jason pestered. Leo’s hands were playing with his blonde hair.

“Your Aunt’s ‘Phroditie’s favourite, y’know,” Leo slurred, “and Percy’s Poseidon’s, and
Charlie’s dad’s. I’m nobody’s favourite,” Leo pouted.

“Your my favourite,” Jason offered.

“Liar.”

“You’re drunk, Leo. You need to sleep.” Jason wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and started leading him out.

“Can you give me a kiss?” Leo mumbled, nuzzling Jason’s neck.

“Maybe when you’re sober,” Jason said, burning red. Leo smiled, satisfied,

“Okay.”
Leo loved his job. He worked at the little café called ‘Cabin Nine,’ they played indie music all day long, sold actual coffee and hot chocolate, none of that Frappuccino fancy shit, and cookies and muffins that they made themselves. It was only a part time job, Leo worked four to six Monday through Wednesday as well as all day Sunday. There were plenty of other college kids working there at the same time, so ‘Cabin Nine’ was never short of workers.

Leo was working one of the two tills, Annabeth Chase, his good, scary friend, working the other. The two were chatting happily while their boss, who they called Coach Hedge, grumbled about something in the kitchen. It was early afternoon, before lunchtime and the only customer was a retired teacher, Chiron.

“So are you going to go to the party?” Annabeth persisted, drinking some water. Leo was sitting up on the counter. He shrugged,

“Dunno. Probably not.”

“Why?” Annabeth demanded.

“Not my thing,” Leo said, he winked at her, “wouldn’t want to get ripped apart by ladies, eh?”

“Leo, you’re gay,” Annabeth rolled her eyes.

“They don’t know that!” Leo argued. Annabeth snorted and the bell by the front door rang, indicating a customer’s entrance. Leo quickly slid off the counter.

It was Percy Jackson, of course.
Percy started coming to the café about four months ago, the same time Leo started working there, and he quickly became their favourite customer, making friends with all the baristas. It was hard not to like the dark haired boy. Apart from being smoking hot he was sarcastic and kind and hilarious. And before you ask, yes, Leo did have a tiny crush on him.

“Hi, Perce!” Annabeth greeted him. She leaned across the counter to press a brief kiss to his cheek.

“Hey Annabeth,” Percy grinned and then turned to Leo, “How’s my favourite barista doing?”

“Depends how much you tip me,” Leo smirked. Percy casually sauntered over and leaned against Leo’s counter. He was close enough that Leo could smell him; salt water mixed with coffee and something else…

“You two are never nice to me,” Percy pouted, “aren’t barista’s meant to wear short skirts and giggle at your stupid jokes and write their numbers on your cup?!”

“You have both of our numbers,” Annabeth deadpanned, “and I’m good in my trousers thanks.” She glanced at her watch, “well my shift’s over. Pipes should be here soon,” she said, untying her dark green apron with the name ‘CHASE’ at the front, along with the number 6 at the front. She waved at the two boys and disappeared in the back. Chiron got up, said ‘thankyou’ to Leo and rolled out on his wheelchair.

Leo and Percy were alone.

“So, are you going to the party?” Percy asked.

“No…I’ve got a date,” Leo said quickly. Percy raised an eyebrow and his smile fell a bit, but Leo could’ve imagined that,

“With who?”

“This guy,” Leo shrugged, “Don’t act surprised, Jackson, everybody wants a piece of me.” He wiggled his eyebrows and Percy and burst out laughing. The dark-haired boy still looked kind of angry. “Oh cheer up Percy, you know I only love you.” Leo joked, even though his heart was beating furiously, and patted Percy on the cheek.

“I have to go.” Percy said abruptly, he turned on his heel and practically ran past a surprised Piper.

“What’s the deal with him?” the girl asked, shrugging on her ‘MCLEAN 10’ apron.

“I-I don’t know.”

***

Percy came back in two days later. Leo had a day off, and the dark-haired boy seemed to be in a much better mood.

“Percy!” Piper straightened up, “what the hell was your deal last time?”

Jason, who was working the other counter, blinked at them, looking confused. His ‘GRACE 1’ apron was crooked. Percy’s smile fell,

“Sorry,” he winced, “I was kind of in a bad mood.”

“What happened?” Piper’s brow furrowed. Percy bit his lip and thought for a second, unsure if he
should tell his friends.

“Hey, what’s up bro?” Jason asked, sipping on his coffee.

“It’s just…,” Percy sighed and ran a hand through his hair. He took a deep breath, “I like Leo.”


“No…like like,” Percy clarified. Jason snorted,

“What is this, high school?”

“Fine I think…I think I might be in love with him,” Percy said quietly. Jason and Piper exchanged a quick look,

“Perce, we know,” Piper said gently. Percy blinked at them,

“Really?” he asked, and didn’t wait for an answer, “cool. Anyway, on Tuesday he told me that he had a date with someone.”

“He doesn’t,” Piper said, frowning, “at least he didn’t tell me about it…”

“Bro, just ask him out already,” Jason laughed, “before someone sweeps him away.”

***

Leo was bored. And confused.

Technically, it was Sunday, which meant that he and Hazel were working, but for some reason all the other barista’s were in the café, lounging around the chair, exchanging looks and giggling every once in a while.

“Will someone please tell me what’s going on?” Leo demanded, annoyed. Hazel giggled, hiding her smile behind her ‘LEVESQUE 13’ green apron.

“Nothing’s going on,” Frank assured him with a grin. Leo glared at him and tried to go back to work, but he couldn’t concentrate on anything. His hands were shaking, his stomach doing weird flips. He was nervous, and he didn’t know why.

Then the door to the café opened and Percy stepped in, looking nervous, dressed in a dark blue hoodie that brought out his eyes.

“Percy!” Leo exclaimed in relief as everyone shifted gazing at the two of them intently. Leo didn’t notice that Percy’s cheeks were red, “thank gods! Can you tell me what’s going on? These lot have been acting weird all morning!”

“Um, actually…,” Percy tugged on the strings of his hoodie nervously, “Could we talk… outside?”

Leo’s brow furrowed but he took off his ‘VALDEZ 9’ apron.

“Er, sure,” he said. He walked into the back, and caught sight of Hazel showing Percy a thumb up. Now he was really confused, and nervous, and his heart was beating fast because Percy was so close to him. It was too hot all of a sudden, and Leo gladly welcomed the cold air as he walked outside. Percy followed him, not quite meeting his eyes.

“So what’s up?” Leo asked, stuffing his hands into his pockets. Percy looked really weird, like he
was going to pass out. “Percy? Are you okay?”

“I…um, yeah,” Percy offered Leo a quick smile, “I just...,” he fiddled with his hands, “I-I just wanted to ask…b-because, y’know…Piper told me that you didn’t…that you weren’t really going on a date.”

“O-Oh,” Leo blushed and rubbed the back of his neck, “Yeah. I kind of made that up.”

“Why?” Percy asked, his brilliant blue eyes suddenly focused on Leo. The shorter boy had to look away.

“I don’t know. I felt like it. I’m a compulsive liar. Sue me,” he grumbled. “Is this the only thing you wanted to talk about?” Leo snapped. All of Percy’s confidence evaporated.

“I…well no…but…I…”

“Percy,” Leo groaned, “just ask me whatever the hell’s bugging you.”

“I…,” Percy sighed, grumbled angrily to himself under his breath, and ran a hand through his already messy hair. “Would you mind if I did something?” he asked suddenly. Leo shrugged,

“Yeah, sure, whatever.”

“Promise you won’t freak out.” Percy said, stepping closer.

“Okay…,” Leo’s eyes narrowed. He could imagine a dozen things that Percy could do right now; punch him, throw water over him, pull his pants down, flick him on the nose, trip him over, throw a spider at him, set his hair on fire if he wanted to, steal his phone…

Percy leaned down and kissed Leo. The shorter boy squeaked, his heart skipping a beat, and then Percy began pulling away. Leo wasn’t having any of that, his hands shot out to tangle in Percy’s messy hair, pulling him closer. Percy seemed surprised for a second, but then his arms wrapped around Leo’s waist, and he dominated the kiss. Leo’s eyes fluttered shut, he was feeling really, really warm…

“Shit!” Percy exclaimed and jumped back. Leo looked down. The edge of his apron was smoking. The boy fought back a scream and quickly put out a flame, “Holy fuck,” Percy laughed.

“It’s cause you’re smoking hot,” Leo winked. Percy burst out laughing and stepped closer to Leo again, leaning down to peck him on the lips quickly.

“You still didn’t ask me what you wanted to ask me,” Leo said. Percy smiled and brushed their noses together,

“I was going to ask if you’d like to go out with me.”

“O-Oh,” Leo’s eyes widened, “well…yes. Of course, yes,” he was grinning now.

“WOO HOO!” Jason exclaimed, as all the barista’s spilled out of the backdoor. Annabeth and Hazel high fived and Frank handed Piper a fiver reluctantly.

“Guys!” Percy glared at them. Leo grinned and buried his face in the crook of Percy’s neck.

“BACK TO WORK!” Coach Hedge bellowed, “BACK TO WORK YOU RASCALS!”

Leo quickly kissed Percy again and ran inside.
I don't know where you're going but do you have room for one more troubled soul

Chapter Summary

Just some everyday Jason-Nico-Percy banter.

Chapter Notes

This prompt is from Esa_The_Great.
I gotcha my girl, hope you enjoy this ;)

The setting could be when Jason is driving Percy and Nico to Brooklyn. Percy gets jealous of Jason because Jason is getting along better with Nico than he is. Then, when they are dropping Nico off at Hazel's apartment (or whatever) Nico would be like,'No need to be jealous, Jackson. I'll text /you/ later.'

Percy was pissed. No, that wasn’t the right word…agitated? Annoyed? Jealous…

The Son of Poseidon shook his head angrily, and glared out of the window sulkily. The weather seemed to reflect his mood; sheets of snow hit the car and streets, everything was layered with fog. All Percy could see was white and grey and more white. Why had he agree to drive Nico to Brooklyn anyway?!

Nico’s laugh broke him out of his glum thoughts. The boy glared at the bag of Nico’s seat. Not only had he been forced to sit in the back, but now he was forced to listen to Jason flirting with his Nico.

Not that Nico was actually his, no matter how much Percy wished he was. The anger boiled just under his skin and he directed his glare to Jason, who was driving, smiling easily at Nico. Both of the boys ignored Percy.

The demi-god sighed, and relaxed his face. He knew there was no point sulking over this. It’s not
like it was gonna change anything, and Nico obviously preferred Jason over Percy. Just looking at them, Percy could see that the two got on much better than him and Nico. They laughed at each other’s jokes, poked each other playfully, listened to the same type of music…

Percy and Nico just shouted over each other all the damn time, annoyed and played pranks on each other. It didn’t stop Percy’s feelings for the son of Hades growing, but from the looks of it, Nico already chose Jason.

But Jason was straight.

Get your mind out of the gutter, Jackson! Percy reprimanded himself angrily. He decided to concentrate on something else than his sadness. His victim became Nico.

Percy spaced out a bit, staring at the younger boy’s profile. Most of the small boy disappeared in a thick, black winter jacket, the circles under his eyes were paler than usual, his dark eyes sparkled a bit. Nico’s hair was a mess on top of his head, curling over his ears and down his neck. A happy smile stretched on his lips…damn, what Percy wouldn’t do to kiss him…

“…Percy? Oi Percy!” Jason repeated, turning around a bit. Nico was giving him a weird look. Percy blinked at then quickly looked away, embarrassed. Nico had caught him staring, “You alright bro? You were quiet for a while there…”

“Yeah, I’m goo bro,” Percy smiled at Jason in the rear-view mirror, “just tired.”

Jason nodded and turned down the music, “We’re almost here.” He announced. Nico sighed, “I was enjoying this car ride as well,” he sulked. Percy glared, “I’m sure you’ll enjoy Hazel and Frank more,” he snapped. Nico looked confused, “Woah what’s gotten into you today, bro?” Jason asked with an uneasy laugh, parking the car next to a nice apartment complex.

“Nothing,” Percy grumbled and jumped out of the car. The snow was up to his ankles, immediately soaking through his trainers and socks. Percy cursed. Nico and Jason shuffled out of the car, “Well I’ll see you in a few days,” Jason said. And then he fucking hugged Nico. A growl escaped Percy’s throat before he could stop it. Jason froze and then quickly pulled away from Nico.

“Percy I need a word,” he said, and pulled the brunette away. Nico was giving them a weird look. When they were a few steps away Jason whispered, “what the hell is up with you today?”

“N-Nothing,” Percy shrugged, looking at the snow at his feet, “I’m sorry.”

“Is this because of Nico?” Jason asked, a bit more warmly. Percy shrugged again and Jason smiled, placing a hand on his shoulder, “don’t worry. You know I love Piper, he’s all yours.”

“That’s the problem,” Percy grumbled, “he’s not.”

“I’m sure you’ll work it out,” Jason said sympathetically, “now go on and say goodbye, I’m freezing and I wanna go back home.”

Percy shuffled over to Nico, blushing.
“So…um, see you soon?”

“Yeah,” Nico was smiling. He punched Percy playfully in the arm, “no need to be jealous Jackson. I’ll text you later.”

Percy felt his entire body turn red, up to the tips of his ears.

“Y-You will?” he stuttered. Nico laughed,

“’Course,” he said like it was the most obvious thing in the world, “Now are you going to hug me or no?”

Percy probably should’ve made a joke or something to avoid further tension, but Nico was standing right there, and was actually *willingly* letting Percy touch him, and Percy wasn’t about to turn this opportunity down.

Percy quickly wrapped his arms around Nico’s waist and let the smaller boy cuddle into him. Percy was aiming for a quick, bro-like hug, maybe a bit of a pat on the back…he kind of failed.

Nico didn’t seem to mind though, he buried his face in the crook of Percy’s neck, his hands playing with his hair. Percy clutched Nico close, as if it was the last time that he would see him.

Jason cleared his throat and Percy and Nico jumped apart. Both of them were blushing.

“Call me,” Percy said quickly and clambered into the car, leaving behind a flustered Nico and a grinning Jason.
Truth or dare?

Chapter Summary

A game of truth or dare ayyy

Chapter Notes

For RedTears!
Hope you like this!
PS. I changed it to all of the seven instead of just the boys.

Can you do one where Leo, Nico, Percy, and Jason are playing games and toward the end some hooking up happens (pair who you want to pair)

It was New Years eve. All of the cabins were buzzing, curfew was down for the night, and the cabins were filled with drunk demigods. Everyone was mingling; the Hephaestus kids were setting off fireworks, the Apollo and Aphrodite kids were playing a massive game of Hide and Seek against the Ares kids.

Percy and the seven, plus Nico, decided to skip the festivities for the night and go chill in Percy’s cabin, since nobody else was there. And now here they were – playing Truth of Dare of all things.

“So you can ask the person to do anything?” Hazel clarified.

“Anything.” Percy was grinning. Hazel fanned herself furiously,

“Oh lord,” she said, a flush rising to her dark cheeks. Percy snickered, “so if they don’t do it… what happens?”

Everyone thought for a moment,

“A kiss.” Frank offered innocently, “cheek, hand, lips, whatever.”
“Alright,” Annabeth nodded, “who wants to go first?”

Percy grinned and produced a full vodka bottle. He spun it in a circle. It began to slow, pointing to Piper.

“Not me,” the daughter of Aphrodite said quickly, using her charm speak. The bottle picked up speed, everyone glared and began protesting, saying how it was against the rules. Then the bottle slowed, pointing to Annabeth.

“Alright Annabeth,” Piper grinned wickedly, while her best friend glared at her, “pick your poison.” She winked. Annabeth rolled her eyes.

“Don’t get excited,” she glared at Percy, who was grinning. His smile immediately fell, “I pick truth.”

“Pussy!” Leo yelled,

“Shut up, Valdez,” Annabeth glared, “Percy ask.”

“Do you love me?” Percy grinned. He was flushed and a bit drunk. Only him and Piper drank that night, and it was beginning to show.

“Of course, seaweed brain,” Annabeth said, blushing a little. Leo pretended to throw up, Hazel ‘awed.’ Percy leaned over and pecked Annabeth on the cheek.

“Thanks wise girl.”

The daughter of Athena cleared her throat, and tucked a stray piece of blonde hair behind her ear, “A-Anyway,” she reached for the Vodka bottle and spun it. It veered off course and whacked Leo in the knee.

“That doesn’t count!” the Hispanic said quickly.

“Yes it does,” Annabeth grinned,

“Fine, truth.”

“Pussy,” Jason repeated his earlier words. Leo shrugged.

“Leo…have you ever kissed anyone?” Annabeth asked. Leo grinned, confident,

“As a matter of fact I did.”

“How many?”

“Six.”

“What?” Frank grumbled, “no way! Who?”

“Wait your turn,” Leo tapped his nose, and then spun the bottle with his foot. Hazel was glaring at it heatedly, as if wishing it to land somewhere else. Unfortunately she did not possess charm speak and soon enough the tip was pointing at her. She groaned and blushed,

“Truth or dare?”

“Um…dare?” she offered, unsure. Leo tapped his chin,
“Take your top off.”

“What?!” Hazel squeaked, “no!”

“Then kiss Frank.”

Frank and Hazel gaped at him, red faced, while Jason high-fived him.

“Nice one.”

Hazel stuck her tounge out at Leo, but went over and pecked Frank lightly on the lips. The tips of his ears burned.

“Okay,” Hazel sat down quickly and spun the bottle. It landed on Nico, “Oh! Yay!”

“Dare.” Nico said before she could answer the question. Hazel thought for a moment, she leaned over to Piper and listened to the girl’s suggestion. She flushed and protested. Piper pouted.

“Okay,” Hazel said, “Nico do a handstand.”

“Seriously?!” Piper grumbled. Annabeth elbowed her. Nico shrugged and walked up to a free space behind Leo. Everyone turned to watch him. The son of Hades gracefully pushed himself up until he was holding himself upside down, his legs stretched above him. Jason whistled appreciatively. Nico’s shirt fell down a bit, revealing his smooth, pale stomach. Leo looked away quickly before things got awkward.

“How long do I stay like this?” Nico asked.

“You’re good,” Piper nodded as she snapped a picture, “Instagram,” she sang.

“Leo, help me?” Nico asked suddenly.

“Err…sure,” Leo nodded, standing up and trying to not stare at Nico’s exposed skin. He grabbed his legs firmly and helped him flip over. Nico straightened up easily and suddenly the two boys were standing really close. Nico’s cheeks turned pink, and Leo quickly sat down. After a moment of hesitation, Nico sat next to him. He reached for the bottle and spun in. It landed on Jason.

He was dared to eat a raw egg, which he did with a sour face. Then it was Frank’s turn and he had to put jelly on one side of his face and peanut butter on the other side. Then it was Annabeth again and she had to say who was her first kiss (Percy), and then Piper, who kissed Jason on the cheek. Then in turn, Jason, Frank and Leo had to take their shirts off. Then it was Percy who had to take an ice bath, and Hazel again, and she had to put on Piper’s bra, which she did, blushing and stuttering.

Leo watched, amused as the bottle spun once again. Some of the vodka was gone (courtesy to the bra-less Piper) and it was easier to spin. It came to a stop next to Leo, pointing at Nico.

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“Alright Nico,” Jason grinned lazily. He had a bit to drink as well, “take yer shirt off,” he slurred.

“No.” Nico said abruptly.

“Nicoooo,” Piper whined. She took the bottle off the ground and gulped some down, pulling a face. “Shirt. Off.”

“N-No,” Nico repeated, blushing. Leo didn’t get why he was so nervous. He himself was nice and cool without his shirt, which was…oh yeah…where was his shirt?
“Then you know what that means,” Jason grinned evilly and made kissy faces at Nico, who went beet-red.

“I-I don’t want to play a-anymore,” he stuttered and tried to get up. Jason pulled him down roughly. Meanwhile Piper was giving Frank a pep talk as he took a shot of Vodka. Hazel got wine from somewhere and was halfway through the bottle. With a start, Leo realized that he, Nico and Annabeth were the only sober ones.

“I think we should end the game,” he said loudly, “before we break something.”

“Nooo!” Frank protested, “we all did dares. Now it’s Nico’s turn,” he took another shot and high-fived Piper.

“Just do it Nico,” Leo sighed. Nico glared at him,

“I don’t want to, okay?”

“Then just kiss someone already!” Hazel said.

“Kiss. Kiss. Kiss.” Percy began chanting. Piper backed him and soon everyone except Leo, Nico and Annabeth were chanting. Leo has never seen Nico this red. The boy turned to Leo angrily and pressed a kiss to his cheek. A cheer went up from the demigods, but Leo didn’t hear it. He was staring at Nico, who was inches away, flushed. Without really thinking about it, Leo reached up and cupped the son of Hades’ face. The Hispanic leaned forward and pressed a chaste kiss to Nico’s lips. The dark-haired boy’s eyes widened.

“I-…” Nico stuttered. Leo kissed him again, still quick. He suddenly realized what he was doing and moved his hand away.

“Shit, sorry.” He said again, smiling apologetically at Nico, who looked dazed. Without warning he leaned forward and crashed his and Leo’s lips together. After getting over his initial shock, Leo wrapped his arms around Nico, pulling him into his lap and proceeding to kiss him roughly. It was wet and messy and desperate, and Nico loved every second of it. He wrapped his arms around Leo’s neck while straddling him and let the older boy grip his hips tightly, bruising them. Nico opened his mouth and let his and Leo’s tongues fight for dominance. For a second, Nico thought that he might be winning, but then Leo’s hand squeezed his ass, and the dark haired boy melted against the son of Hephaestus with a helpless gasp.

Leo was busy kissing Nico senseless, and enjoying the feel of the smaller boy against him. He vaguely heard Piper going ‘oh my god they’re making out’ and Annabeth herding everyone out of Percy’s cabin. In all honesty, Leo didn’t care. He moved his lips from Nico’s mouth and kissed his neck. He bit the pale flesh and the soothed it with his tongue as Nico shook against him, moaning and clinging onto him.

“L-Leo…,” Nico whined. Leo growled and ripped the dark haired boy’s shirt in half. He ignored Nico’s gasp and pushed him roughly to the floor. He climbed on top of him and kissed down his chest, mouthing at the hot, flushed skin.

“N-No, wait…,” Nico moaned, back arching off the floor. His hands tangled in Leo’s curls, “L-Leo please…”

Leo snapped out of it. He came back up, staring at Nico’s flushed face, eyes wide.

“Shit.” He said again, “sorry.”
Nico was breathing hard, his black shirt was a few feet away in tatters. His eyes were darker than usual. The boy pushed himself up and kissed Leo, half-way lying down. Leo pulled him upwards and pressed soft kisses all over his face while Nico got his breath back.

Eventually, Leo pulled away completely. The room was empty. Frank’s, Jason’s and Leo’s shirts were laying around along with the remains of Nico’s shirt and his aviator jacket. Piper forgot her backpack and Annabeth left her cap.

The two could still hear the parties going on outside, and the fireworks. They started at each other.

Leo burst out laughing and Nico followed suit. Soon enough the two were laying on the floor, side by side, giggling helplessly.

Percy came back two hours later, a bit more sober, with a hand against his eyes. He expected to find some…um, not PG scenes taking place on his bed or on his floor or something.

Instead he found Leo fast asleep on the bare ground, laying on his back, a happy smile on his face. Nico was cuddled into his side, his face buried in Leo’s shoulder. Percy’s covers were thrown over him, and it brought a smile to the boy’s face. Quietly he retreated outside, and decided to sleep in the Zeus cabin instead.
Pinkie promise not to tell

Chapter Notes

Kind of dark,
mentions of domestic abuse, but very vague.
Luke just cares.

manager at a no-tell motel and frequent room renter AU (bonus points: assumed they’re a

sex worker AU)

Out of all the weird jobs that Luke Castellan has worked, being a manager at a no-tell motel was
definitely the weirdest. At the young age of twenty three, he inherited the motel from his
grandmother, and he was now responsible for it. Although the job was weird and often made him
uncomfortable, it was also exciting.

Angry wives looking for their husbands cheating with lovers, parents looking for run-away kids, a
Saudi Arabian princes who hid from her fifty two year old fiancée, victims of abuse, sex workers,
drag queens, drug dealers, drunks…they were all there.

Luke was really glad for his staff and co-workers; Annabeth and Clarisse. Without the two of
them he doubted he’d be able to run the place.

***

“He’s here,” Annabeth informed Luke casually. She wore he uniform, her head piled on top of
her head in a high ponytail. She looked calm and collected as usual. Luke sighed and ran a hand
through his blonde hair,

“Okay,” he smiled at Annabeth, “go on a break, me and Issy will manage.”

The blonde nodded and disappeared in the back while Luke walked up to the front desk. Clarisse
was sitting next to a computer, glaring at the boy standing in front of her.

“We’re sold out,” she seethed. The boy glared right back at her, and then his sea green eyes

The kid’s been coming to the Motel for a long time, and his and the manager became…also
friends. Luke didn’t know his real name, only his alias ‘Poseidon.’ The blonde didn’t exactly
know what the kid did in the motel, but he assumed the most obvious choice; that he was a sex
worker.
Tonight his black hair looked messier than usual, his cheeks were flushed from shouting at Clarisse. He wore a white shirt and black jeans, not what most sex workers chose but Luke wasn’t the one to judge.

“C’mon dude,” ‘Poseidon’ went back to arguing with Clarisse, “just tonight, I really have to stay here.”

“Take your shady business somewhere else,” Clarisse spat. ‘Poseidon’ opened his mouth to protest, but Luke stepped up.

“Clarisse,” he said sternly, “why don’t you go take a smoke break, eh? I’ll take care of this,” he sent a smirk to the boy, who flushed even more.


“Luke, I really need a room,” he said more calmly, biting his lip. Luke sighed,

“Look, I know,” he said sympathetically, although he didn’t know, “but Issy’s right. We’re all sold out.”

“Oh…but…,” ‘Poseidon’ started desperately, but he didn’t know what to say. To Luke’s surprise, his blue eyes filled with tears. ‘Poseidon’ angrily tugged on his hair and looked around, as if trying to find help. “I-I…” he started again, shakily.

“Hey, hey, Poseidon, calm down,” Luke was panicking. Seeing the younger boy like that…it made his heart ache, and he wished he could help. But what could he do? He couldn’t exactly let ‘Poseidon’ take his clients in the lobby. “You know I want to help, but you can’t do your business out here unless someone leaves-”

“What business?” ‘Poseidon’ asked, surprised. His eyes were red rimmed. Luke’s brow furrowed,

“You know,” he said, “your sex business.” The dark haired boy’s eyes widened, almost comically, “Hey,” Luke said quickly, “look, I’m not judging or anything-”

“I’m not a prostitute!” ‘Poseidon’ exclaimed, outraged. Luke winced, it sounded worse when he put it like that, “why on earth would you think that?!”

“This is a no tell Motel, you know. I assume everyone’s a sex worker or a drug dealer,” Luke looked apologetic, “And you’re too hot to be a dealer, so it’s the former.”

‘Poseidon’ blushed suddenly, and looked nervous.

“You think I’m hot?” he asked quietly. Luke shrugged one shoulder and smirked,

“If you’re not a sex worker, then why are you here?” he asked, ignoring ‘Poseidon’s’ question. The dark haired boy looked really scared all of a sudden.

“I…it doesn’t matter, sorry to bother you,” he said hastily, and turned around, running for the door.


“Watch the Motel!!” he yelled at her and the sprinted through the doors, after ‘Poseidon.’
The blonde caught him at the end of the street. Either he was faster than the brunette, more
determined or the sobs wrecking the smaller boy’s body slowed him down.

Luke grabbed ‘Poseidon’s’ arm and slammed him into the closest wall.

“Let me go! Let me go you moron!” ‘Poseidon’ cursed, struggling against the blonde. But Luke
was stronger and easily pinned ‘Poseidon’ down.

“Can you calm down for a second and tell me what’s going on?” the blonde snapped. ‘Poseidon’
was breathing hard, but he stopped moving. Instead he crossed his arms over his chest and glared
at Luke. The blonde removed his hands from where they were gripping the other boy’s arms.
‘Poseidon’ didn’t try and make a run for it, instead rubbing his eyes to try and get rid of the tears


“I don’t know,” he admitted, “but I want to help you. I could give you a permanent room in the
Motel if you tell me what’s up.”

“I thought it was a no-tell Motel,” ‘Poseidon’ laughed dryly.

“And I thought you’re a sex worker,” Luke said, and then grew more serious, “c’mon, just tell me
what’s wrong. Did you run away from home?”

‘Poseidon’ made a sour face,

“I’m nineteen dude,” he said. Luke stifled a laugh,

“Of course you are.” He grinned, “and your real name is?”


“Okay, Percy. Now tell me what’s wrong.”

“I…um…I have this boyfriend,” Percy flinched. “And…well…he…h-he isn’t exactly…um, sober
a-all the time,” his voice and hands began to shake. Luke wanted to hold his hand or touch his
face or hug him or or something but he didn’t want to push it. This gorgeous boy was finally
opening up to him, and he wasn’t about to make him shut down again, “and he…he l-likes to use
me as a p-punching bag—”

“Shit.” Luke swore before he could stop himself. Percy looked up at him, his blue eyes wide and
full of trust. “I’m really sorry.”

“Yeah, well,” Percy shrugged, “I can’t exactly tell the police…and I—I just…,” he groaned,
frustrated, “I just don’t know.”

“Do you love him?” Luke asked, suddenly aware of how close the two of them were standing.
Percy shook his head,

“No. Not anymore,” he whispered, “but every…every time I try to leave…he just…h-he hurts
me,” his eyes filled with tears, “and…I-I just…”

Luke couldn’t help himself anymore. He pulled Percy towards him firmly, and wrapped his arms
around him. Percy sucked in air, surprised, and then hesitantly wrapped his arms around Luke,
melting into him. Luke clutched him protectively to his chest, set on never letting this boy go back
to his ‘boyfriend’ again.
“It’s okay,” he whispered into Percy’s ear. The raven shivered and clung onto Luke harder, “I’ll go get your things. Clarisse will come with me – you can move into the Motel, I’ll give you a room.”

“B-But I-I,” Percy pulled away, though his hands were still clutching Luke’s shirt, “I don’t have any money.” He mumbled. Luke laughed,

“It’s okay,” he said, “it doesn’t matter.”

Percy looked at him, and the air between them sparkled with electricity. And then Percy stood on his tiptoes and pressed his lips to Luke’s cheek.

“Thank you,” he murmured. Luke turned his head, almost against his will, and captured Percy’s lips with his own.
If I lose myself tonight

Chapter Notes

ah shit this turned really sexual. Goddammnit. Oh wells.
Anyway.
Frank expects a burglar and finds...someone else ;)

Mistaken Burglar

Frank Zhang didn’t get scared easily. Since he had his growth spurt at sixteen, barely anyone in their right minds dared to challenge him. At the age of twenty, Frank stood at 6’2, and was made up of what seemed like pure muscle. So living alone was never a problem for him.

Although Hazel Levesque, his all-time best friend, offered to share a flat with him, Frank had declined, set on living by himself.

And now he was regretting the decision. His phone told him it was just past two am, as Frank was roused from his sleep by footsteps in the kitchen. With his heart beating wildly, Frank stood up. He thanked the gods that he decided to wear a plain black t-shirt and boxers to bed instead of his panda onesie, because it would’ve been kind of embarrassing.

Frank inched his way out of his room. His whole apartment was dark, the only light coming from the soft yellow lanterns outside. But Frank ate loads of carrots and could find his way around.
It surprised him to see that the light was on in the kitchen. The Asian boy pressed himself against the wall and slowly, carefully, moved towards where he knew the burglar would be.

Frank took a deep breath, gathered his wits, and jumped into the room. A tiny figure was rummaging through his cupboard, and Frank raised his fist to knock them out, when the person turned around.

“L-Leo?!” Frank gasped, his hand relaxing. The Latino stood by his fridge, dressed in a ripped, stained t-shirt and khaki pants. His muddy shoes left marks all over Frank’s kitchen tiles and his hair was more of a mess than usual, curls sticking out in all directions. Leo looked more tired than usual, with the dark circles under his eyes he could’ve been Nico’s relative. But there was a small smile on his dirt face. “What the hell are you doing here?!” Frank demanded, “is that blood?!”

There was a shallow cut on the small boy’s cheek.

“Relax, Frank,” Leo said, “just came to get some food. Go back to sleep.”

“Where the hell were you?!” Frank yelled, suddenly gathering the small boy into his arms and pulling him into a crushing hug, “everyone was so worried. Nyssa said you went on a quest but the Argo II was gone and-”

Leo laughed and squeezed Frank tightly, “It’s alright, big guy. I’m back now, and I’m tired, cold and starving so if you could just give me some food I’ll get going.”

“Are you crazy?!” Frank stepped back, frowning, “you’re not going anywhere, you’re hurt, you need a shower and a bed.”

“I’m fine, Frank,” Leo said half-heartedly, his shoulders slumping. Frank was suddenly overcome with the desire to hold him again.

“Sit up on the counter,” Frank instructed. He wished Will was here to help him patch Leo up, “I’ll get some bandages.”

Leo sighed but followed the Asian’s instructions, grumbling to himself. Frank had a go at him as he cleaned the cut on his cheek, ignoring Leo’s complains, and bandaged his wrist and knee.

“Why can’t you stay out of trouble?” Frank sighed.

“Trouble’s my middle name,” Leo joked, grinning. When he was sitting on the counter he was almost Frank’s height, and the Asian hugged the Latino again, this time more gently. Leo slumped against him,

“Come on, I’ll give you some clothes and you can take a warm shower.” He said.

“That actually sounds absolutely heavenly, thanks,” Leo admitted, hoping off the counter. He only reached Frank’s mid chest.

***

Frank was trying to sort out Leo’s sleeping arrangements (the couch was out of question, it fucking killed) when the Latino stepped out of the bathroom.

His curls were still damp even though Leo tried to towel them dry, falling gently around his now-clean face. The shirt that Frank borrowed him was the smallest one he had, and it still fell to Leo’s
mid-thigh, way too big on him. The Latino was smiling, almost shyly, and playing with the hem of the shirt nervously.

Frank had no idea what happened to him; it was like the battle against the Katoblebs all over again, something in Frank just snapped.

“Frank?” Leo asked softly. Frank grabbed him roughly and pushed him onto his bed. Leo didn’t look tired anymore, his chocolate-brown eyes were wide. “Frank what the-” he was cut off by Frank crashing his lips to Leo’s. The small boy tasted like toffee and smelled like the inside of a mechanics shop and fire.

“Frank s-stop!” Leo gasped, hands on Frank’s shoulders, trying to push him away. The Asian wasn’t having any of it, as he proceeded to attack Leo’s neck, practically ripping his shirt off of the small boy, “Frank can you just- ah…” Leo’s sentence ended in a moan as Frank sucked a hickey into the Latino’s tanned neck, “F-Frank, please, what are you d-doing-”

“You don’t have the right to look like that,” Frank growled, pulling away. His eyes were almost-black as he looked down at Leo. The Latino shivered under his gaze.

“L-Like what?” he asked breathlessly.

“Beautiful,” Frank leaned down and kissed Leo again, really softly and slowly this time. Leo couldn’t help it, he relaxed into the mattress and stopped trying to fight Frank. “You’re so beautiful, Leo,” Frank whispered against his lips. He pulled away, sitting up. Leo scrambled up after him.

Frank was looking at him helplessly, his gaze soft.

“I’m sorry,” he said, “I’m really sorry. Shit. I didn’t mean to force myself onto you…I just…,” he stopped frustrated, “I’ll call Hazel if you want, she can come pick you up-”

“No.” Leo said quickly, blushing, “no. It’s alright.” The two were silent for a moment, and Frank couldn’t bring himself to look at Leo, scared of what he might do now that the other boy was practically naked in his bed.

“I thought you hated me,” Leo mumbled.

“No,” Frank looked up at him. The Latino was playing with the edge of Frank’s pillow, “Leo, I don’t hate you. I could never hate you.”

“Can you kiss me again?” Leo blurted suddenly, cheeks burning beet red, “P-Please?”

Frank didn’t hesitate as he pushed Leo back down and kissed him roughly. The Latino boy sighed into Frank’s mouth as the the boy’s large hands roamed his body. Leo moaned helplessly as Frank licked his way into his mouth.

“Tell me to stop,” Frank groaned, kissing along Leo’s jaw and down his neck, “…push me away, anything…Leo, shit, please, I can’t stop myself…”

“I don’t want y-you to stop,” Leo gasped. He arched off of the bed as Frank cupped him through his underwear, “Please don’t s-stop.” He whispered breathlessly.
Oh you got a fire and it's burning in the rain

Chapter Notes

Nico has a little 'secret' of what he does when Will's not home.
Leave me prompts guys!

Walking in on significant other dancing to a love song

Nico could never sleep if Will wasn’t home. And because his boyfriend had to be a bloody nurse, he was gone some of the night. Not many, but some. Nico never told him that he was afraid of the dark, but when Will was gone he’d put on the radio and sit in the kitchen, drinking hot chocolate and humming to himself until the blonde came back, tired but happy. Then he’d just tell him that he ‘couldn’t sleep.’

That specific night it was mid-December and snowing outside. Will got called in at midnight for an emergency involving a demigod and a minotaur. After a chaste kiss for Nico, the blonde was gone, leaving the son of Hades alone in their flat.

Nico made himself some hot chocolate and curled up on the couch, sipping on it and watching old re-runs of ‘Friends.’ When he finished his cup he padded into his and Will’s bedroom and grabbed one of the blonde’s shirts. He quickly tugged it on, ignoring that it was a bit too big on him to fit properly, and returned to the living room.

He went back to watching, but he kept feeling as if there was someone behind the couch (a ghost, a skeleton, a monster, his dad) so he walked into the kitchen. Will’s mug of half-drunk coffee was still there, his sweater was chucked on the windowsill. It made the place feel more homey, and Nico felt safer.

He went over to the radio and turned it on. Leo tinkered with it so that it didn’t alert monsters of the demigod’s presence, so Nico knew it was alright.

The boy sat down at the kitchen table, closing his eyes and listening to the songs playing. He was too scared to go back to the bedroom, and he just prayed that Will came back soon.

Nico felt his eyelids drooping after forty-five minutes of just sitting there. He got up, because he couldn’t stand to know that he’d be in the kitchen, unconscious, and anything could happen to
him. Not after Tartarus…

Suddenly ‘Heartbeat’ by The Fray came on the radio. Nico shuffled over to it and turned the song up. A small smile appeared on his face. He didn’t admit it easily, but he was a sucker for love songs. A lot of things changed since he was born, but the love songs were always the same.

“The rain is coming down and we’re on the run…,” Nico hummed, still smiling. He thought of Will, and where he could be right now. Hopefully on his way home, “Think I can feel the breath in your body…”

Without even realizing it, Nico had started dancing around the kitchen, swaying and turning and hugging himself. He had a stupid grin on his face, but he couldn’t help it. He loved that song.

He didn’t hear the front door open.

“Nico?” Will asked, surprised. He dropped his bag and Nico jumped about a foot in the air.

“W-What are you doing here?!” he squeaked.

“Um, I live here?” Will offered, “is that my shirt?”

“Yes. No.” Nico winced, “Maybe?”

“Are you dancing?” Will asked, walking into the kitchen. Nico crossed his arms over his chest as the song continued playing. “You were dancing to a cheesy love song,” Will teased, poking in the cheek.

“Shut up.” Nico grumbled.

“It’s adorable,” Will grinned. The second verse of the song started playing. The blond offered his hand to Nico, “dance with me?”

“W-What?!” Nico stuttered, “No!”

“Why?”

“I-I can’t dance!” Nico grumbled.

“You were just dancing,” Will rolled his eyes.

“But…but it wasn’t proper dancing,” the dark haired boy protested. Will sighed,

“Alright.” He muttered, kicking his shoes off. Nico looked at him guiltily. He reached out and grabbed Will’s hand.

“Come on then,” he mumbled, pulling his boyfriend into the free space in the middle of the room. Will was grinning as he wrapped one arm around Nico, intertwining his fingers with his boyfriend’s with his free one. Hesitantly, Nico out his hand on Will’s shoulder. The blonde turned them in circles, and then he leaned down, murmuring the words into Nico’s ear.

“Oh you got a fire and it's burning in the rain,” his breath tickled Nico’s skin, and the shorter boy shivered and flushed a deep red, “Thought that it went out, but it's burning just the same…”

Nico pulled Will down to kiss him. He forgot how cheesy this all was and just lost himself in the moment; dancing in the kitchen with the love of his life, in his pyjamas. Nico didn’t remember being this happy in a long time.
“If you love someone, you love them all the same,” Will sang. The chorus started and the blonde spun Nico round, catching him back into his arms, this time wrapping both of them around the younger boy’s waist. Nico pressed their foreheads together, standing on his tiptoes to kiss Will again.
These streets will make you feel brand new

Chapter Notes

This one's for chloenitram88. Hope you like it!

Hazel/Frank/Leo with an AU of them going on a road trip.

“Why is he coming with us?” Frank sulked. Hazel glared at him from the driver’s seat. It was meant to be a road trip for Hazel and Frank, not romantically or anything, but just because they were best friends. And now Leo was tagging along and Frank was pissed.

“Because he’s lonely,” Hazel stated.

“Can’t he hang out with Jason and Piper?” Frank complained.

“Can you at least try and be nice to him?” Hazel asked, ignoring his question, as she parked the car in front of the boy’s flat. The seat next to her was stacked with bags, which meant that Frank and Leo would have to share the back. Hazel argued that that wasn’t a problem, because although Frank took up almost two seats, Leo was small enough to fit.

“Fine.” Frank grumbled, because he didn’t want to ruin Hazel’s mood. The girl quickly typed out a text and half a minute later Leo came tumbling out of the building, a massive grin on his face.

“Hi, Haze,” he leaned in through the driver’s window and kissed Hazel on the cheek. He clambered into the back and in took everything in Frank to not glare at him. “’sup, Frank?” Leo nodded at him. His wild, brown hair was pulled back in a low ponytail, and he wore an oil stained shirt.

“Don’t you own clean clothes?” Frank wrinkled his nose. Leo’s smile fell for a second,

“Stop complaining Frank,” he stuck his tongue out, “alright, let’s get this show on the road!”

***

“Leo, for gods sake, you’re getting crumbs everywhere!” Frank yelled, wiping himself clean of chocolate chip cookies. Leo just shrugged. He was sitting across the seats, his knees bent as to not touch Frank. The position looked uncomfortable.
“Hey!” Hazel yelled over the radio, “no eating in the car.”

“Sorry, sorry!” Leo said hastily, stuffing the last cookie into his mouth. Hazel laughed happily. Frank looked at Leo. The boy had a chocolate smudge in the corner of his mouth.

“You have chocolate all over your face, Leo,” Frank sighed. The Latino’s hand flew to his face, “What? Where?”

“More to the left,” Frank instructed as Leo’s hand trailed over his face, trying to find the offending chocolate, “too far…no, wait-”

Frank groaned in frustration and undid his seatbelt, complaining about how Leo can’t eat. Without really thinking about it the boy leaned across the seat and, ignoring Leo’s startled expression, wiped the chocolate off of his face with his hand.

Leo sucked in a sharp breath when Frank touched him, and the Asian realized what he was doing. The two started at each other.

“Don’t get too comfortable, eh?” Hazel joked, laughing. Frank sat back in his seat abruptly, ignoring his burning face, and then pulled Leo’s feet into his lap.

***

Frank woke up when it was dark. Soft indie music blared from the speakers, with Hazel humming along happily. Frank rubbed his eyes and looked around. They were speeding through Cleveland by now; on their way to Nevada. Frank opened his mouth to say something to Hazel, when his eyes fell onto Leo.

The boy was resting one side of his face against the seat, his legs still in Frank’s lap. He looked cold, hugging himself, and some of his curls escaped from his ponytail, framing his face. His eyes were closed, mouth slightly open. Frank watched, mesmerized, as the Latino’s face was illuminated by the multi-coloured lights they passed.

“You’re staring,” Hazel informed him casually. Frank flinched.

“N-No I’m not.”

“Whatever you say,” Hazel laughed.

***

They stopped in a cheap motel for the night. They got a double room with two single beds and a queen one. Hazel took the big bed and Frank was forced to share a room with Leo, squashed onto a single one. Not that he minded…he didn’t sleep much, just kind of stared at Leo’s sleeping face (it’s not as creepy as it sounds!), and thought about the weird feelings he started developing…

You’re staring. Hazel’s voice chimed in his mind. Grumbling, Frank turned and faced the wall.

***

Frank drove when they were in Illinois, and listened to Leo and Hazel singing along to old jazz songs. He had no idea how Leo knew them.

They stopped to ask directions at a small Spanish restaurant, but both Frank and Hazel had trouble
understanding the heavily-accented English. Leo surprised them both by breaking into rapid Spanish.

***

In Colorado, they decided to sleep in another motel.

“We’re very sorry,” the woman behind the desk gave the trio an apologetic smile, “but we only have two rooms free.”

“That’s alright, isn’t guys?” Hazel asked, turning to Frank and Leo. They both shrugged and the motel worked smiled,

“Alrighty,” she said, passing them keys, “enjoy your stay!”

They all said thank you hastily and then climbed up the rickety old stairs to the floor with all the rooms. Everything was old but clean and well maintained. The beds had clean sheets on them and there were no suspicious substances on the walls or beds…but there was one problem.

“Ah, shit.” Leo swore.

“Language!” Hazel reprimanded him. There were two rooms alright; and only two beds.

“It’s alright, Hazel,” Frank said, “you take the other room. Me and Leo will sort something out.” Leo nodded in agreement, Hazel looked unsure though.

“Are you sure-”

“Positive,” Leo grinned, “we can’t have a lady sleeping on the floor.”

“Well, thanks,” Hazel smiled, “goodnight, guys.”

The two boys waved and watched her go. Then they turned to each other, murder in their eyes.

“Rock, paper, scissors,” Leo demanded. Frank grinned wickedly and they played. Leo got paper and Frank got scissors.

“You lose!” Frank cackled. Leo glared at him and ripped the spare pillow of the bed. He plopped it down on the ground,

“Whatever. I’m gonna take a shower.”

***

Frank was sleeping soundly when Leo’s freezing hand startled him out of his sleep.

“F-Frank…,” the smaller boys teeth were clattering. Frank had to blink a few times because everything was blurry.

“Leo?” he frowned, “why aren’t you sleeping.”

“T-The floor’s really u-uncomfortable,” the Latino admitted, “and I-I’m c-cold.” Frank noticed that he was shivering. He sat up,

“Shit, you’re like blue,” he stated, “here. Take the bed I’ll-”

“Can y-you just m-move up?” Leo asked, hesitantly. He was hugging himself and something in
Frank twisted. He couldn’t help it; Leo looked so tiny and vulnerable and cold.

“Alright, c’mere.” Frank pulled the covers back and Leo clambered in, immediately pressing himself into Frank and breathing a sigh of relief.

“Oh my gods,” he mumbled, “you’re so freaking warm.” He stated, shoving his freezing hands under Frank’s shirt without a warning.

“Woah! Hold up-” Frank began protesting, flinching away from the coldness against his back. Leo ignored him and nuzzled into his shoulder. Frank sighed. He was completely powerless against the adorable idiot.

Without further protests, the Asian wrapped his arms around the smaller boy and pulled him closer. Leo slowly started to warm, but Frank couldn’t stop from flinching as the Latino’s legs tangled with his. They were still goddamn cold.

Frank didn’t think he’d be able to asleep, but he did, pretty easily, trying to not think about the fact that Leo fit perfectly against him.

***

Las Vegas was beautiful. The streets were lit up with millions of lights, all around Frank, Hazel and Leo, people bustled around; tourists and prostitutes, women in fancy dresses, beggars, suit clad men, teenagers in hoodies, underage girls trying to sneak into bars. It smelled like sex and alcohol and sweat.

Frank wasn’t sure he liked it.

“What now?” Leo asked, he was buzzing as usual. Hazel looked around, slightly unsure, “I don’t really know, we could explore or find a hotel.”

“No!” Leo protested, “we should go to a party!”

“Why do you want to go to a party?” Hazel raised an eyebrow.

“So I can get laid!” Leo said, like it was obvious. Hazel blushed, “Apparently Vegas has great guys!” he wiggled his eyebrows.

Frank felt angry all of a sudden, and something else as well…imaged flashed through his mind; Leo getting kissed by another guy, touched, held-

Frank abruptly shut his brain off, but the anger was still there.

“We didn’t come to Vegas so you could whore around,” the man snapped. Leo’s eyes widened, Hazel looked horrified.


“Frank, calm down,” Hazel agreed, putting an hand on his arm. But Frank was still mad, at himself, at Leo, at the imaginary man in his head that would get to have the boy in front of him…

“Whatever. It’s not like anyone would want him anyway,” Frank said. It was low. He knew it was low, and he had to fight the flinch that threatened to show. Although Leo did everything he could to pretend otherwise, everyone knew that he was insecure; about his appearance, about the fact that he wasn’t in a relationship…and Frank saying that…it just wasn’t good.
“Fuck you, Frank,” Leo spat. Frank realized, horrified, that there were tears in the Latino’s eyes.

“Leo-” Hazel started, but the small boy took off, disappearing into the crowd. The girl turned on Frank, “Bravo, Frank!” she said sarcastically, “that was just fantastic! What did he ever do to you?! Why do you have to be so rude to him all the time?! He didn’t do anything to you, and you hurt him all the time-”

“I know,” Frank groaned, burying his face in his hands, “shit, I know. I didn’t mean to say it, I-I just…”

Realization dawned on Hazel, and her eyes widened.

“Oh my gods,” she gasped, “you’re jealous.”

Frank blushed, but he didn’t feel like arguing.

“Yeah.” He shrugged. Hazels sighed,

“Go find him,” she said more softly, “I’ll meet you at this hotel.” She pointed to some random, neon, bright building. Frank nodded and then took off in the direction that Leo went in.

Panic took over. Different images filled Frank’s brain; Leo’s cold body in a ditch somewhere, him getting drugged and kidnapped, or worse…

“Leo!” Frank yelled in his panic, though he doubted that the Latino could hear him over the loud music pouring out of the different locals. “Leo!”

Frank pushed past people, and although he was taller than most of them, he still couldn’t make out Leo…

Calm down and think. Frank told himself, if you were Leo where would you go?

The Asian looked around desperately, and then he saw it; the little Spanish food lorry. He knew that when he was sad, he liked to eat food that reminded him of home. So maybe…

Frank started in that direction, shoving people out of the way. His heart beat so fast in his chest, that the boy thought it might explode. If Leo wasn’t at the stand, Frank would have to alert the police and then everything would get messy.

The boy had never felt so much relief as the moment he saw the familiar mop of wild curls. Leo stood off to the side of the van, hands in his pockets, looking miserable.

“Leo!” Frank yelled, running up to him. He couldn’t help himself from gathering the smaller boy into his arms and hugging him tight, “oh gods, I thought that you were lost. You scared me! Don’t do that ever again, Hazel’s probably having a heart attack-”

“Get off!” Leo demanded, struggling in Frank’s strong grip. The Asian stepped away hastily.

“I-Leo?” he asked gently. The Latino rubbed his eyes furiously,

“I don’t get it!” he yelled, angrily, “one minute you’re hugging me and letting me sleep in your bed and keep my feet in your lap, a-and you’re touching me,” Leo’s voice faltered. Frank was staring at him, “and then the next moment you’re making me feel o fucking unwelcome, and like I’m ruining your day, and you go off saying really hurtful things and…I-I…just… I don’t get it.” Leo’s shoulders slumped.
“I-I,” Frank started, then cleared his throat. He stared at the ground, “I said…what I said, b-because I was…,” he took a deep breath and looked up at the sky. He couldn’t see the stars; too many lights. “I said it because I was jealous.”

“J-Jealous?” Leo asked in disbelief.

“Yeah,” Frank laughed humour-lessly, “I just…I kept imagining you with these other guys at that stupid party you wanted to go to,” he sighed and ran a hand through his hair, “I just,” he said quietly, “I just kind of thought that you’re mine, in a really weird way. I know you’re not,” he said hastily, “I just…I don’t know.”

Leo was looking at him hesitantly, his cheeks bright red. At least he didn’t look like he was going to cry again.

“I…I could be,” he said, “If you wanted. I could be. Yours, I mean.”

“Really?” Frank asked in disbelief, a small, goofy smile appearing on his face. Leo shrugged. Frank couldn’t stop himself, he leaned down, grabbing Leo’s hips, and kissed him gently. The Latino boy wrapped his arms around the taller boy’s neck and kissed him until Hazel came and found them.

They didn’t mind sharing a room that night.
Leo and Jason get stuck in a closet.
That's it. That's the story.
For my girl, RedTears, hope you like it!

**Leo has an claustrophobic moment/ panic attack**

Leo Valdez wasn’t afraid of many things. He prided himself in being brave (and stupid). Monsters and gods? Psh, Leo was fine with that. A pissed off Annabeth? He could handle it. Tiny spaces?
Not so much.

“S-Shit.” The Latino’s voice shook as he rested his head against the closed door of a cupboard. Jason sighed,

“Very funny, Jackson,” he grumbled under his breath, crossing his arms over his chest. The blonde seemed as calm as ever, even though he and Leo were locked in a tiny closet in the big house. And when Leo says tiny, he means *tiny*. It was a stupid prank played on them by Percy, who was getting back for the rumours Leo started last week, that he and Annabeth made a sex tape. Jason got caught in the crossfire.

Of course, the son of Poseidon had no idea that Leo was claustrophobic…nobody knew.

Leo’s breathing sped up. He remembered the fire his mother was in, the roof collapsing. He imagined himself in that situation, getting crushed by the ceiling with no place to escape. It got unbearably hot, and Leo’s heart began beating wildly in his chest. A cold sweat broke out on his back and his hands were shaking from where they were pressed up against the door. His breath came out in short gasps, and he couldn’t concentrate enough on slowing it down. All he could think about was the walls of the room grinding together, closer and closer, until nothing was left of Leo except a bloody pulp. He felt the air in the room thin, and he imagined suffocating to death as the ceiling fell and crushed him to death. He was vaguely aware of Jason turning him around and shouting something, but his vision was blurry and his ears were ringing. He could hear his blood pumping through his veins and his heart stuttering.
He was going to die in this fucking cupboard, suffocated and crushed…

A pair of soft lips pressed against Leo’s. The boy tensed and suddenly became aware of his surroundings. Slowly, sound returned to the cupboard, his heart beat calmed, he held his breath.

Jason was kissing him gently, licking his way into the smaller boys lips, his hands holding his hips. Hesitantly, after Leo’s attack passed, the boy wrapped his arms around Jason’s neck, pulling him in closer. He closed his eyes and the walls and roof of the closet were gone; he wasn’t afraid anymore. Jason was right there, holding him tightly, hard enough to suffocate the Latino if he wanted to, but Leo found he didn’t mind. Jason’s thumbs rubbed circles into his hips, calming him down.

“You okay?” Jason asked softly, pulling away slightly.

“Mhm,” Leo hummed, “all better now.”

The door to the cupboard burst open. Piper stood on the other side, breathing hard. A brilliant smile lit up her face when she saw Jason holding Leo.

“So you two coming to get back at Percy or what?”
For theoretically; you didn't really gimme a prompt but here's some more Percy/Luke for you!
They get drunk.

Getting drunk and cooking together

“I just can’t believe you broke up with her, man,” Luke said, “you guys seemed so perfect together.”

“I know,” Percy sighed, and took a swig of the vodka. He pulled a face, “I just…well, I like guys.”

“Obviously,” Luke rolled his eyes. He took the bottle from Percy, “but you could like both?”

Percy shook his head, “boobs are gross. And vaginas.”

“Okay fair enough,” Luke drank more of the alcohol, “but if she was a boy…?”

“I’d much rather date you,” Percy laughed and drank more vodka. Luke stared at him, but the son of Poseidon seemed way too drunk to bother thinking about what he just said. “I’m hungry,” Percy stated, “are you hungry?”

“Maybe a bit,” Luke admitted, grinning. He was nice and warm, and he was buzzing slightly. The idea of cooking with Percy made him feel really happy right now, “Let’s go.” He offered his hand to the younger boy. Percy took it happily and let Luke pull him to the kitchen.

“What d’ya wanna cook?” Percy slurred.

“Let’s make a cake,” Luke said with a massive smile, he drank some more vodka, straight out of the bottle, “just make sure you don’t burn yourself.”
“Aw,” Percy cooed, “you care.”

“Only about you, baby,” Luke winked, and okay, maybe he was a bit drunk…

“We should make the batter,” Percy decided, a faraway look in his eyes as he opened the fridge, “oooh, we have strawberries!”

“Awesome,” Luke leaned against the counter and watched Percy lazily. Everything was a bit fuzzy around the edges. The dark haired boy placed flour, strawberries, butter, jam and eggs on the counter, and then he reached for the vodka bottle,

“We should lace it,” Percy stated. Then frowned. The bottle was empty. “Where did the drink go?!”

“You had it,” Luke was grinning. He shrugged, “it doesn’t matter. Let’s make the cake.” He reached for the flour as Percy pulled out the cake pan. Luke clumsily put the flour into a bowl, trying to keep his hand steady. Meanwhile Percy started cutting the strawberries right on the counter. “Your ass looks really good in those pants,” Luke said appreciatively, staring shamelessly at Percy’s behind. The dark haired boy looked surprised, and his knife slipped.

“Aw, shit!” Percy complained as blood welled on the cut on his finger.

“Oh my gods!” Luke exclaimed, rummaging through a cupboard for plasters. He knocked over a few packets of medicine and they fell to the ground. Finally he managed to get a plaster free. “Sit up on the counter, Perce,” the blonde instructed.

“I can’t,” Percy whined, “my legs are like jelly,” he giggled despite the blood dripping from his hand. Luke sighed, put the plaster between his teeth and then wrapped his arms around Percy’s waist. He hoisted the dark haired boy up onto the counter easily, as if the son of Poseidon weighed nothing. Percy giggled again.


Luke didn’t question it. He leaned forward and brushed his lips against Percy’s soft cheek. But his aim was a bit off and he ended up kissing the corner of the boys mouth.

Before he could move back Percy’s cold hands came up to grip his face. Luke didn’t protest when Percy’s lips found his, instead automatically deepening the kiss, slipping his tounge into Percy’s surprisingly warm mouth. Percy moaned appreciatively and wrapped his legs around Luke’s waist,

“But, the cake,” he gasped between the heated kisses.

“Oh yeah,” Luke pulled away suddenly, a stupid grin on his face. He pecked Percy’s lips again, “I’ll make the batter.”

***

The next morning Luke and Percy woke up on the kitchen floor, soaked in eggs, milk and flour.

“Ugh,” Percy groaned as his head pounded, “what the hell?”

“I think we just cooked.” He admitted.
Unsurprisingly, out of all the couples, Jason and Percy were the cheesiest. The award would’ve gone to Will and Nico, if only Nico participated. Annabeth and Piper were pretty chill, and so was Hazel and Frank and Calypso and Leo. But Jason and Percy were so in love with each other that it became sickening at times.

Lately, Jason came up with the brilliant idea to say cute things to Percy in different languages, and then run away as Percy translated them.

“Nico!” the blonde exclaimed, as he found Nico, chilling with Mrs O’Leary, “Nico! How do you say: The only thing I’d change about you is your last name?”

“Are you proposing to Percy?” Nico raised an eyebrow.

“No,” Jason grinned, “well at least not yet. Can you just tell me how to say it? Please?”

Nico sighed and scratched Mrs O’Leary behind her massive ear,

“L’unica cosa che vorrei cambiare di te è il tuo cognomen,” he said, unimpressed. Jason looked confused,

“Err…could you write that down?”

***

Percy was sitting by the lake with Annabeth, chatting about how they could improve the dining pavilion, when Jason sprinted towards them.
“Percy!” he yelled, leaning down to peck his boyfriend on the lips. Immediately, Percy’s eyes turned dreamy,

“Hey, Jason.”

Jason looked at his hand quickly, and repeated what Nico wrote on it, before grinning wickedly and running off. Percy watched him go,

“What did he say?” he asked Annabeth, who was already typing something into google translate.

“Err…the only thing I’d change about you is your last name?” she offered. Percy sighed, happily.

“So romantic,” he murmured, blushing.

“Yuck, you guys will give me diabetes with all that sweetness,” the girl complained.

***

“Percy! Percy!” Jason yelled. Percy was teaching some of the eleven year olds the basics of sword fighting, but looked up when he saw Jason running towards him, “guess what Leo taught me!”

“What?” Percy asked, smiling.

“Tú tienes la nariz más linda!” he said, kissed Percy on the nose, and then sprinted away, laughing. Percy saw him high-five Leo.

“He said you have a cute nose,” a little girl from Spain informed him, a bright smile on her face. Percy groaned and buried his red face in his hands.

***

“Je t’aime,” Jason whispered when he and Percy sneaked out after curfew to lay on the beach and watch the stars. Percy twisted round in Jason’s arms to look at him.

“I actually understood that!” he exclaimed, and kissed Jason, “I love you too.”

***

Percy plopped down at the seven’s shared table at Camp Half Blood, tired and dressed in a rumpled purple t-shirt. Jason’s t-shirt.

“Where’s Jason?” he mumbled.

“Talking to Beckendorf,” Hazel gestured at the Hephaestus table. The blonde grinned at Charles and then hurried over to Percy’s table. He leaned over Percy’s shoulder and kissed him on the cheek,

“Du hast einen schonen hinternn,” he said. Percy laughed and whipped out his phone, quickly typing the words in. It translated from German to English; you have a great butt.

Percy burst out laughing.

***

The battle was hard, but nobody got seriously injured. Already the Apollo kids were running around, patching people up. Percy stumbled to his feet and looked around, checking for his friends. Frank was helping Piper up, Annabeth was bandaging a sixteen year olds arm. Hazel
seemed okay, she and Nico were catching their breath in the corner. Leo was putting out fires.

“Jason!” Percy yelled, running through the wreckage, “Jason!”

The blonde landed in front of him out of nowhere.

“Percy.” He breathed in relief and gathered the dark haired boy into his arms. Percy leaned against him, “are you hurt?!”

“No, I’m fine,” Percy said even as blood trickled from the cut on his forehead. Jason frowned and wiped it away with his sleeve.

“I hate you getting hurt,” Jason whispered.

“Just tell me one of your cheesy lines in a different language and I’ll be fine,” Percy rolled his eyes, grinning.

“How about,” Jason smiled, “marry me?”

Percy blinked at him, and then his eyes widened.

“A-Are you serious?” he asked, disbelief colouring his voice. Jason nodded, still grinning as Percy launched himself at him, holding him tightly.

Scared yet?

Chapter Summary

Well, horror isn't really my forte because I'm hard to scare/im scared of weird things that don't happen, so it's hard for me to judge if this story is scary.
This one's for RedTears (again) XD
The Hephaestus and Apollo kids are in charge of Halloween this year.

I was wondering if you can make some stories scary

Halloween was always a big thing at Camp Half Blood. Every year, a different cabin hosted the ‘big party’ and they got to decide what themes and ideas would be involved. Last year it was the big three’s turn (since there was only one camper in each cabin) and Jason, Percy and Nico made an awesome haunted house with water falling from the ceiling when you least expected it, skeletons in the shadows and electric cables that gave you shocks if you touched them.

This year Apollo and Hephaestus teamed up, and they created…a maze. Percy, Annabeth, Piper, Jason, Frank, Hazel and Nico stood on the edge of the forest, watching as another group of campers was moved off on a wagon into the dark, eerie woods. Mist snaked in between the roots of the trees, making the whole thing even more creepy.

“Um…I think I’ll pass,” Hazel said, shivering in her thin dress. She was dressed like Scarlett O’Hara, her favourite fictional character. Frank looked worried, his red-contacts gleaming in the darkness,

“I’ll come with you if you want to sit out,” he offered, speaking around his fake fangs. Hazel smiled at him while Jason threw an arm around Nico. His zombie makeup made a little dusting on the other boy’s back shirt.

“Hey! Nothing to be scared of! We have Nico right here, and he ain’t afraid of anything!” the
blonde joked. Nico offered them a pale smile as he gritted his teeth. It was a lie, he was terrified of many things; small spaces, going back to Tartarus, his father, losing everyone he loves, being alone and…

“Come on we’ll all be together!” Percy argued. He, ironically, was dressed like a mermaid, his feet sticking out of the bottom of his fake tale. Hazel and Frank just grinned, waved, and ran off. Nico wished he could’ve just left like them, but he didn’t want to disappoint his friends, didn’t want to seem like a coward…

“The next wagon’s here,” Annabeth was grinning wickedly, “ready?”

“Hell yeah!” Piper high fived her, “I wonder what Leo’s prepared for us!” The two girls were both dressed as devils. Nico swallowed thickly and led the group lead them to a wagon loaded with hay. Michael Yew, dressed like a normal looking farmer, grinned at them from the driver’s seat.

“How ya doin’ on this fine night?” he asked with a weird accent, “ready to be spooked?” he winked. Annabeth rolled her eyes and clambered onto the hay, everyone followed her, and the wagon began rolling.

It took all of Nico’s will to not close his eyes. As soon as the camp disappeared behind them, a blanket of silence fell over the forest. A wolf howled, an owl hooted.

“This is going to be awesome!” Piper was buzzing with excitement. The wagon stumbled on the rocky road. The mist was thicker here, and the wheels of the wagon disappeared in milky whiteness. The full moon shone onto the trees, illuminating their tops, but Nico could only see the first line of trees, before they melted into shadows. He shuddered, wondering what could be in them.

Finally, Michael Yew stopped his wagon and everyone jumped off. Nico’s heart was beating fast.

“Alright, y’all,” Michael was grinning. “I’m going to need you to split into two two’s and a single person.”


“Er, Nico, you don’t mind being alone, do you?” the blonde laughed nervously. Nico swallowed, but his face remained expressionless.

“Sure,” he said, and hoped his voice wasn’t shaking. His hands sure were.

“Alrighty,” Michael Yew handed every one of them a torch, “navigate ya way through the forest and find the glowing pearl,” he instructed and look up at the sky, trying to remember the words, “and, um…,” his accent disappeared for a second, before returning, “Oh yeah. Don’t stray off the path, it has been blessed by Hecate and it’s safe, but if you go past it,” he winced a bit, “well… there are still monsters out there. So who’d like to go first?”

Piper pulled Jason forward. Michael Yew pointed them in a direction, and with an uneasy wave, the couple disappeared, the mist swallowing them up. Nico was freezing, his hands were sweating. He sent a pleading look to the back of Percy’s head, but the boy was whispering something to Annabeth. Michael Yew glanced at his watch,

“Alrighty! Annabeth and Percy you’re up!” he said happily. Percy fist-bumped him and he and his girlfriend ran in-between the trees. Michael Yew glanced at his watch again, “ah shit. I’m late,” he gave Nico and apologetic smile, “just count five minutes and go the same way they went! And
don’t stray off the road!” the boy yelled, jumping into his wagon. Before Nico could protest, Michael Yew drove off, leaving Nico alone in the haunting wood.

The son of Hades hugged himself and stomped his feet, trying to keep warm. He suddenly regretted not wearing a costume, maybe it would’ve kept him warmer...

Something rustled in the bushes to his right.

“Fuck this.” Nico grumbled, and took off after Annabeth and Percy. However as soon as he stepped deeper into the forest, the trees seemed to grow closer, cutting off his way back. Nico ignored his pounding heart and speed-walked down the dirt road. Creepy laughter echoed from the trees. A scream. A twig snapped close by and Nico almost gave himself whiplash from turning his head so fast. A tree nymph melted away from a dark tree. Her black hair fell in a straight wave in front of her face, her eyes were milky-white, her skin ashy and grey. She reached for Nico with her claws,

“Come play with my little boy,” she whispered. Nico stumbled back, into the shadow of a tree, and shadow travelled without meaning to.

He came to next to a waterfall. The moon was reflected in the silver water and Nico’s head pounded. Groaning the boy sat up, cursing himself for getting so easily scared. He couldn’t hear anything over the roar of the waterfall. Nico stood up and dusted himself off. Behind him there were dark trees, and lights flickered among the barks. Nico turned to go into the forest when he spotted the boy.

He wore an orange Camp Half Blood t-shirt, and he was turned away from Nico, picking at the muddy ground.

“E-Excuse me,” Nico said shakily, “can you tell me how to get back to camp?”

The boy stood up, swayed on his feet. A groan gurgled up from his throat, and he turned to Nico. The son of Hades’ had seen the boy before. He was a Hephaestus kid, Sean? Shan? But he looked terrifying...

His shirt was ripped and stained with rust coloured liquid, like old blood. One of his arms was ripped off and was dripping blood on the ground. His eyes were pale blue and milky, as if he was blind. There were cuts and boils all over his leathery skin, and bald patched among his hair. Half of his mouth had been ripped away, revealing broken teeth and rotten gums. Nico gasped.

“This isn’t real,” he told himself sternly, “it’s only a camper playing a trick.”

The Hephaestus kid lunged himself at Nico and before the dark haired boy could react, he was pinned to the ground. Pebbles dug into Nico’s back as the breath was knocked out of him. His nostrils were filled with foul breath as the Hephaestus kid groaned and hissed, clawing at Nico.

“G-Get off!” Nico yelled, “get o-off me!” he shoved the boy, hard, with more strength than he thought he possessed. The Hephaestus kid rolled to the side and Nico jumped to his feet, sprinting into the trees without looking back. Dread filled him, he was terrified. He didn’t care if this was a game, he hated it!

Nico whirled around, but everywhere he looked he saw trees. A harpy flew overhead and hot droplets of liquid fell on him. Blood.

Nico reached for his sword, but it was gone, left in his room. The boy was breathing hard, he concentrated on his shadow travel, knowing that he had to get out of there. Away from the Hephaestus kids. He kept repeating. He wanted to find an Apollo camper, maybe Will…Will was
always kind to him, he’d understand that Nico was scared…

When the son of Hades opened his eyes he was still in a forest, but in a different place. The atmosphere was different, it was colder. The mist that curled around Nico’s ankles was tinged green. The path…the path was gone.

“Oh gods no,” Nico sobbed, suddenly realizing that he was on the wrong side of the forest, on the wrong path. A snarl sounded from the tree line, and a humanoid creature came forward. Its eyes glowed green, its skin was pulled over its face so tightly it looked almost like a bare skull. It wore tattered orange overalls, like a prisoner, and its hand was missing at the stub. The bone sticking out was sharpened and gleaming in the moonlight.

“You’re far away from home,” the thing rasped, its head twitching from side to side, “son of Hades.” The thing laughed and then howled into the moon. A dozen howls answered him and it made Nico’s blood run cold, “I have a hmm…” the monster eyed its sharp wrist bone, “a bone to pick with your father.” He laughed at his own joke and then, without warning, ran at Nico, swinging the bone in a deadly arc. The son of Hades threw himself into the shadows, not thinking where he was going, and reappeared seconds later in a different part of the forest.

It was quiet except for Nico’s fast breathing. The boy’s heart was struggling and he was shaking. His back was scratched from the Hephaestus’ kid pushing him down, he scraped his hand…

The sound of raspy, heavy breathing filled Nico’s ears, seconds before two of the zombie-monsters stepped from the trees. One’s nose was ripped off and blood dripped onto his upper lip like snot. He carried a jagged, bloody shard of glass. The other one seemed to be a woman. He stomach was split in two, grey intestines tumbling out like worms.

“Ah, new meat,” she said, almost warmly, “how nice,” she hissed, “I haven’t had meat in many years. And demigod meat? It’s the bessssssst.”

Her companion giggled maniacally. One of his eyes was gone, and the other was unfocused.

“Do we know who we are, Son of Hades?” the woman hissed, stepping forward. He leg was broken and dragged behind her as she limped on. Nico was too drained and terrified to shadow travel again. Another zombie creature appeared in the trees, starting towards Nico. “No!” the woman howled, “he is ours!” she screeched. Her companion threw himself at the new zombie, and bit into his neck, Thick, rancid blood poured out of the wound. The zombie howled and clawed at its throat. The zombie who bit him reached into its eye sockets and pulled out its eye. The thing rolled in its hand as the other zombie turned to ashes. The giggling zombie tried to fit the eye back into his empty eye socket. It was so gruesome that Nico gagged.

“It doesn’t matter now,” the woman said in a gravelly voice, turning to her companion. Her back was blown off, revealing halves of her organs, and her dark lungs and heart, still pumping blood. Her brain stuck out from behind her clumsy, greasy hair. She turned to Nico and took the shard glass from her companion, smiling creepily, “this will hurt.” She warned, pointing the knife at Nico. She slashed but Nico ducked under her arm. The knife hit his cheek and blood splattered onto the collar of his shirt. “Ah, quick one,” the she-zombie licked her lips and lunged again. She nicked Nico’s shoulder and he stumbled. He thrust his hand forward and twisted it in her intestines. Forcing himself not to be sick, Nico twisted and pulled.

The woman screamed horribly as he organs fell out, splattering onto the ground like a fucked-up version of spaghetti. Blood soaked through Nico’s trousers. Blood and guts.

An arrow pierced through the she-zombie’s forehead, and another hit her companion, who had been feasting on the blind zombie.
“Nico!” Will yelled, coming out into the clearing. He seemed to shine in the darkness, even as he was dressed in black. His blonde hair was tousled and he was breathing hard, as if he had been running.

Nico crumbled to his knees.

***

When he came to, he wasn’t in the Hades cabin, but in Apollo one. Will was sitting on his bed, biting his lip. He still had dark war paint on his face. Above him, Nico could see Hazel and Jason and Percy and some Apollo campers.

“Nico?” Will asked softly, “how are you feeling?”

“What happened?” Nico groaned, sitting up. He was wearing an oversized white shirt which he assumed was Will’s. The blood was cleaned off of him and his cuts were gone, probably ambrosia.

“You must’ve shadow travelled outside the boundaries,” Piper explained, walking in with Leo and Annabeth in tow, “and then those zombie-things attacked.”

“Are they still here?” Nico demanded. Will put a comforting hand on the dark haired boy’s shoulder,

“Hey, calm down. We sent them into the darkest pits of Tartarus.” He said gently. His hand wondered up Nico’s shoulder and he brushed his hair behind his ear. Nico blushed,

“Oh.” He said, “sorry for running the party.”

“Are you joking?!” Kayla, from Apollo cabin, laughed, “killing those zombie’s was the best part of the night!”

“I’ve never seen the Ares kids so happy,” Lee Fletcher nodded, “I think Clarisse cried a bit.”

Will grinned at Nico,

“And anyway, you warned us about those monsters. Chiron is holding an audience with Rachel and Camp Jupiter, trying to figure out where those monsters came from.” he said soothingly.

“I should go back to my cabin,” Nico grumbled, “my head’s killing me.”

“I’ll help you.” Will said quickly. Jason and Percy exchanged a look but everyone backed away, letting Nico stand up.

It was still dark outside. Some campers still lounged around the tables, eating cake and laughing. Will put his arm around Nico’s waist gently and led him towards his cabin.

“Thanks,” Nico said after a moment of silence, “for saving me.”

“No problem,” Will smiled warmly at him as they neared the door. The blonde helped Nico open it and led him inside, flicking the lights on. The dark haired boy practically collapsed on his bed, drained.

“I was really scared tonight,” he admitted, eyes closed, “like really scared.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t come earlier,” Will said solemnly, sitting next to Nico.
“It’s alright,” the dark haired boy said, even as his eyes filled with tears. He started crying and sat up. Without hesitating, Will pulled the boy into his arms. Nico clung onto him.

“I was j-just r-really scared,” he sobbed, fisting his hands in Will’s shirt.

“Shhh,” Will whispered. He flicked the light off and then pushed Nico backwards, so that they were both lying next to each other, Will curled around the smaller boy. Nico stopped crying. Will pressed a kiss on his forehead. Nico fell asleep.

Nico was terrified of many things; small spaces, going back to Tartarus, his father, losing everyone he loves, being alone and…

Zombies.
I fought a dragon for you

Chapter Notes

A tea party with Hazel ft. Nico and Jason

A’s little sibling forces A and B to have a tea party with them deeming A the princess and B the knight in shining armour

Nico was so nervous he was scared that he might faint. See, in school he was the quiet, ‘emo’ kid in the corner. He got picked on occasionally, never went to parties, that kind of thing. And opposite him, on his own fucking bed, sat Jason Grace in all his glory.

Jason was a fucking social butterfly. He was on the A list in school, was popular, charming, kind. He played lacrosse (those muscles though), listened to awesome music, played in an indie band and volunteered at an animal shelter. He was every girl’s dream, and he was also Nico’s biology partner.

“…so, I think that we should make like a life sized version of the heart,” the blonde said excitedly,
his glasses sliding down his nose. His blue eyes shone brilliantly, and Nico had to fight his blush. It was just his luck that he got paired with his (and 1/3 of the school’s) crush. “What do you think?” Jason was practically bouncing, a black felt tip in his hand.

“Er…yeah, sure, we could do that,” Nico nodded quickly. He hid his hands in his hoodie sleeves and reached for the piece of paper that Jason’s been writing notes on, “Maybe play dough?”

“Yes!” Jason said, a massive grin on his face, “and we could put tissue paper on top!”

“To symbolise actual heart tissue?”

“Exactly!” Jason beamed and held his hand up. Nico high-fived him shyly, “we’re going to get an amazing freaking grade for this!”

***

Nico was in the nice part of town, with the big, mansion-like houses, and sleek, black cars. He swallowed and tightened his hand on where he was holding onto his seven year old sister, Hazel. He knocked.

Jason opened the door, breathless, with his hair messier than usual.

“Hi!” he said, grinning. He noticed Hazel, “oh. Hello there.”

“Hello!” Hazel waved.

“Sorry,” Nico offered uneasily, “Mom’s at a meeting. I’m left in charge of this little one. I hope you don’t mind?”

“No! Not at all!” Jason said, too quickly. He blushed a bit and rubbed the back of his neck…was he nervous?! “please come in.”

***

Jason and Nico were on the couch, planning the heart they would build, while Hazel played on the floor with plastic cups and plates she brought from home. Jason gave her some cookies so she could have a ‘proper’ tea party. Her constant chattering was making it hard for Nico to concentrate. He caught Jason’s eye. ‘Sorry’ the dark haired boy mouth. Jason just winked at him, which made Nico blush.

Hazel clambered up from the floor and came up to Jason, tugging on his sleeve.

“Hey,” she said, whispering dramatically. The blonde leaned in so the little girl could whisper in his ear, “do you want to have a tea party with me?” Hazel was loud enough so that Nico could hear.

“Yeah, okay,” Jason whispered back, smiling, “can Nico come?”

Hazel nodded eagerly. Jason nudged Nico with his foot and slid off the couch onto the floor. Nico sighed and followed the two of them, grumbling about wasting time. They sat at a table while Hazel put on her ‘proper lady voice’ and began pouring them cranberry juice out of a plastic kettle.

“How many sugars, Mr Knight?” she asked Jason, ching raised high.

“Mr Knight?” Nico raised an eyebrow. The blonde shushed him,
“Two, please princess,” he said.

“I’m not a princess,” Hazel scoffed, “I’m a queen.”

“Of course,” Jason said quickly, “so who is the princess?”

Hazel thought for a moment, tapping her chin.

“Nico.” She decided eventually. Her brother opened his mouth to protest, but Jason interrupted quickly,

“Yes, that makes sense.”

“Thank you!” Hazel exclaimed, “We should play knights and princesses now!” she said, forgetting the tea party. She got to her feet and Jason quickly followed, pulling Nico up. “I’ll be the good Queen-Fairy and you’re the knight. Nico… go hide upstairs!” she tugged on her brother’s hand. Nico sighed. Jason mouthed ‘do it’ at him, “Jason will come save you! He’s your knight in shining armour.”

“I sure am,” The blonde gave Hazel a dazzling smile, and she giggled. “Go on, Nico. Don’t worry I’ll come to save you,” Jason winked. Nico blushed and stuttered before quickly turning and sprinting up the stairs. Hazel and Jason watched him go, and then the blonde dropped to one knee,

“Oh my Queen!” he proclaimed dramatically, “please help me on my quest to save the helpless princess – Nico!”

“I will, brave knight!” Hazel declared, “rise!” she instructed and Jason got to his feet. She passed him a plastic spoon from her tea set, “go up the mountain and fight the dragon! That way you will save the princess!” she said with a flourish.

“I will, my Queen,” Jason bowed, “thank you for your help.”

“You’re welcome,” Hazel said sweetly. Jason walked two steps and then made a big deal of ‘fighting’ a dragon, while Hazel cheered him on. When the monster was slayed Jason ran up the stairs, armed with the spoon.

He found Nico in his room, looking around. His pale hands were skimming over Jason’s lacrosse trophies. The blonde watched, mesmerized, as the boy walked over to the guitar. His finger trailed over the strings, and a soft tune played out. Jason cleared his throat and Nico jumped,

“You scared me!” he said, pressing a hand to his chest.

“Sorry,” Jason said sheepishly, “anyway. Your prince in shining armour is here.” He held up the plastic spoon, “I fought a dragon for you.”

Nico burst out laughing, which startled Jason, who hadn’t even seen the dark haired boy smile before. Now Nico was laughing heartily, clutching his stomach, his eyes closed. He’s beautiful, Jason decided, and something in him warmed as a smiled appeared on his face.

“Shall we go downstairs, my princess?”

“Yeah,” Nico wiped tears from his eyes, still grinning, “sure. Why not.”

***

Jason and Nico rounded the corner, Hazel in between them, holding their hands and chattering on
about something. It was dark outside, and chilly. All three were wrapped up tightly to shield them from the wind.

Finally, they made it to the Di Angelo house. Hazel kissed Jason’s cheek and bounded inside.

“Well…we didn’t get much done,” Nico shrugged. Jason couldn’t tell if he was blushing in the low light. “So we should probably meet up soon and actually make the heart.”

“Yeah.”

“Well…bye then. Thanks for walking us home,” Nico gave him an awkward smile.

“Wait,” Jason said. He looked nervous, “um…you see how I technically saved you from a dragon today?”

“Seriously?” Nico deadpanned.

“But I did!” Jason nudged him. Nico rolled his eyes and smiled,

“Yeah, okay. And? You want a kiss from the princess or something?” Nico joked. Jason blushed and looked at the ground, not saying anything. Nico’s eyes widened, “Oh my gods,” he breathed, “you want me to kiss you?!”

“Y-Yeah,” Jason mumbled, “or I could kiss you. Or we don’t have to. Not if you don’t want to. That’s totally cool, but…if you want to then that’s cool too, because like…I want to…,” Jason was rambling. Nico took a deep breath.

“Okay.”

Jason blinked at him, and then he grinned.

“Awesome!” he stepped forward. Nico’s heartbeat suddenly sped up as Jason cupped his face with his hands and leaned down, pressing a gentle, soft kiss to Nico’s lips. The dark haired boy’s breath caught, but then Jason was pulling away, smiling. He moved away from Nico,

“I’ll see you tomorrow at school, yeah?” the blonde asked.

“Y-Yeah.”

“Okay. See ya!” Jason waved happily and then jogged off. Nico watched him, dazed. Suddenly the blonde turned around. He was suddenly in front of the other boy again,

“Sorry,” he whispered, and then he wrapped his arms around Nico, pulling him close, and pressing their lips together again. This time the dark haired boy kissed back, tangling his hands in Jason’s hair and angling his head so that their mouths slotted together more easily.

“See you tomorrow,” Nico whispered, although he didn’t move away. Jason kissed him again, this time more hungrily.

“Yeah, tomorrow,” he agreed. Nico kissed him, and Jason bit his lower lip.

“Okay, s-seriously,” Nico was a bit out of breath, “you should go now.”

“Okay,” Jason grinned, and found Nico’s lips again.
A accidentally breaks a mirror and B pesters them about them not being safe and insisting on being their body guard for like seven years which just leads to B confessing their love…

Ethan hadn’t meant to break the mirror. He just kind of…stepped onto it. Butch Walker, from the Iris cabin, sucked in a breath, stumbling backwards.

“Shit.” Connor Stroll swore. Ethan looked down at the cracked glass and sighed.

“I’ll clean it up, calm down,” he grumbled, “Y’all are acting like I just unleashed a curse on Camp.”

“Well,” Lou Ellen looked unsure, “no…but you know what it means, right?”
“What?” Ethan snapped, picking up the shards of glass.

“You get seven years of bad luck!” Butch stated. Ethan’s mouth formed a line,

“Don’t tell me you idiots actually believe that.” He deadpanned. Lou Ellen exchanged a look with Connor, “Oh for God’s sakes!” Ethan grumbled, “you guys are insane. Go ask Hecate or something, there’s no such thing as seven years of bad luck after stepping on a mirror!”

***

When Ethan was dropping some of his food into the fire for Nemesis, his shirt caught fire.

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” the boy screeched, dropping his plate into the flames, while furiously patting his orange shirt. The fire burned his skin, and panic overtook him. Then he was doused in a tiny tsunami.

The fire went out and Ethan was left standing, wet and shivering, in the middle of the dining pavilion. Percy Jackson stood over him, hand raised. He offered Ethan a smile,

“You alright, man?”

“Fine.” Ethan said. His shirt had almost burned off, “I’m gonna go change.”

“Rotten luck man,” Percy patted his shoulder.

“It’s because you stepped on that mirror!” Lou Ellen gasped from the Hecate table, “now you’re really doomed, Ethan!”

“Shut up,” Ethan grumbled, as he shoved past her and down the path. He got to his cabin and angrily threw the doors open. The inside was dark, cold and empty. Ethan was the only known son of Nemesis, which meant he roomed alone.

Sighing, the boy flicked on the lights and pulled the tatters of his shirt off. He looked at himself in the mirror. His dark hair was a mess, his one eye angry. There were raw red burns across his ribcage, and Ethan swore. A soft knock sounded on the door, and the boy whirled around, startled.

Alabaster, Ethan’s best friend and secret crush, stood in the doorway.

“I brought you ambrosia,” the taller boy grumbled, chucking a square at his friend. Ethan quickly shoved it into his mouth and scrambled for a shirt. His wounds began healing almost immediately.

“I, uh, thanks,” Ethan stuttered, blushing.

“I heard you stepped on a mirror?” Alabaster raised an eyebrow and closed the door to the cabin with his foot. Ethan swallowed thickly and averted his gaze,

“Yeah. Please don’t tell me you believe those stupid superstitions?”

“Of course I don’t,” Alabaster snorted, his green eyes sparkling, “but just in case, I am now your personal bodyguard for the next seven years. Which means I’m sleeping here.”

“W-What?!” Ethan gaped at him. Millions of thoughts swirled through his head, him and Alabaster sleeping in the same bed, the taller boy’s naked, muscular chest, his face hovering over Ethan, his strong, rough hands…Eric quickly shook his head, tomato red. “You can’t sleep here! Go back to your own cabin, Al!”
“Nope,” Alabaster said, popping the ‘p.’ With the wave of his hand an extra set of covers appeared on Ethan’s bed. “And I ain’t sleeping on the floor either.”

“B-But,” Ethan was shaking, “y-you can’t just follow me round!”

“Yes I can,” Al stated, dropping on the bed and getting comfortable, “you better get used to it, sweetheart.”

***

“…Al, you’re doing it again.”

“Hmm?” Alabaster asked, still mostly asleep. Ethan sighed, at least he tried. Not that he really wanted his friend to remove his arm from where it was tightly wrapped around Ethan’s waist, “’m protecting you,” Al mumbled into the nape of Ethan’s neck, his warm breath ghosting over the Asian’s sensitive skin. The boy shivered.

“Al,” Ethan protested weakly. The bigger boy just pulled him flush against him.

“Shut up and go to sleep,” Alabaster grumbled, “’s your fault for breaking the mirror.”

***

“Seriously, Al?” Ethan complained when his friend handed him a wooden sword, “I think we’re past this. Just pass me my normal sword and let’s actually practice.”

“No can do,” Alabaster sang, taking a wooden sword himself, “sorry babe, but I’m not putting your life at risk.”

Ethan shivered, he hated when Ethan called him baby names, and loved it at the same time. He just wished that the other boy could put some meaning behind it.

“You’re so stupid! I’m not cursed!” Ethan yelled, “how long are you going to do this for?!?”

“Seven years,” Alabaster shrugged nonchalantly, and they began fighting. By the end of the session, both boys were sweaty and shirtless.

“I think I have a splinter in my thumb,” Ethan stated.

“It’s the curse.”

“Shut up!” the Asian groaned, “it’s a fucking splinter, not the end of the world.

“Go to the Apollo cabin,” Alabaster said, drinking some water, “they’ll get it out soon enough.”

“I can do it myself,” Ethan grumbled.

“Those burns healed nicely,” Alabaster said suddenly, his eyes trained on Ethan’s stomach. The dark haired boy blushed and hurriedly tugged his shirt on.

“Yeah. Um, I’m gonna go to Apollo. Bye!” he said.

“Hey! I’m coming with you!” Alabaster said, but Ethan was already gone.

***
“I can’t find Ethan anywhere,” Al sulked. Lou Ellen patted his shoulder and popped a wine gum into her mouth. She chewed thoughtfully.

“Did you check his cabin?”

“Of course,” Al stated.

“Right.”

A silence settled over the two, and then Alabaster sighed.

“He’s avoiding me,” he said, “I’m annoying him. I know I am. I…it’s not even the curse. I just want to spend more time with him and this seems like the perfect excuse….” the boy snapped his mouth shut before he said something he regretted. Lou gave him a sad smile,

“Just go talk to him. It’s obvious you really like him, so just tell him,” she shrugged.

“It’s not that easy.”

***

Alabaster found Ethan again when he snuck into his cabin past curfew. Ethan wasn’t sleeping, instead sitting on his bed, reading a book.

“Knock, knock,” Al said. Ethan jumped,

“Al! Fuck’s sake, you scared me!” he said, standing up and clutching his heart. The lights were on low, barely on. Al smiled softly,

“I didn’t see you all day.”

“Well…I was busy,” Ethan shoved his hands into his pyjama pockets, “you don’t have to protect me all the time, y’know,” he said softly. Al sighed,

“I know. But I want to. I want you to be safe.”

“I am safe,” Ethan shrugged, “I’m here, aren’t I? And a stupid mirror isn’t going to change that, dumbass.”

Alabaster was across the room in seconds, and he was enveloping Ethan into a tight hug.

“A-Al?!” Ethan stuttered. Al’s arms were wrapped securely around the smaller boy, effectively trapping him. The taller boy buried his face in Ethan’s shoulder. “Al?” Ethan asked again, gentler this time. Alabaster pressed a soft kiss to his shoulder and the dark haired boy’s breath caught.

“You’re really nice you know,” Alabaster mumbled, voice muffled by Ethan’s shoulder.

“Al, are you drunk?” Ethan asked asked breathlessly.

“No.” Alabaster mumbled, “I just really like you. You’re cute.”

“Thanks?”

Alabaster’s lips trailed up Ethan’s neck, feather light.

“I’m sorry for annoying you,” the taller boy said quietly, “I used the mirror thing as an excuse to spend more time with you.”
“You should’ve just said,” Ethan mumbled, leaning into Alabaster’s touch. He was burning red, and pressed his face against the taller boy’s chest. Al kissed the top of Ethan’s head and the shorter boy pressed himself closer to him.

“Ethan?” Al asked. The Asian boy looked up shyly, blushing. Hesitantly, he reached up and touched Alabaster’s face. The taller boy turned his head and kissed the inside of Ethan’s palm. The dark haired boy stood on his tiptoes at the same time that Al leaned down to kiss him.

Their lips met. Ethan let out a breath that he didn’t know he was holding. He melted into Alabaster’s arms as the taller boy licked his way into his mouth. Ethan let out a shaky moan as his hands tangled in Al’s brown hair.

“W-Wait!” Ethan stepped back suddenly. He immediately yearned for Al’s body warmth again. The tall boy looked at him, confused. “Why are you doing this? Why are you kissing me?” he demanded.

“Why are you letting me?” Alabaster asked.

“I…um, well…,” Ethan trailed off, staring at the ground, hands curled into fists. He was so embarrassed it was hard to watch. Alabaster sighed,

“I’m in love with you, okay.”

Ethan’s head snapped up.


“I love y-you too,” Ethan admitted. Alabaster’s smiled grew.

“Good,” he said, pulling Ethan closer, “because you’re stuck with me for the next seven years.”
Come home

Chapter Notes

Just Romans being dickheads to Leo

A being different and treated like a monster while B gets up the courage to stand up for A which kind of leads to fumbled kisses and slight touches that make their faces burn up

“I don’t want to train with him,” the fifteen year old demigod said, “he’s a traitor.”

Leo sighed. He was used to remarks like that. Ever since he became possessed by the spirits and nearly destroyed Camp Jupiter, he was pretty much the most hated person there. Technically he’d been pardoned, but that didn’t stop the whispers and cruel remarks.

“Leo…,” Reyna turned to him, looking worried and apologetic. Leo glanced at the Demigods ready for sword practice, all crowding together as far away from him as they could. The Latino sighed again and sheathed his sword. He offered Reyna a fake-cheerful smile,

“It’s alright. I’ll get Frank, I need to work on some project anyway.” He said, and before the praetor could protest, he took off. He ran through the New Roman streets and found Frank doing push ups on the beach. Leo felt his whole body heat up and he quickly looked away, not wanting to spontaneously combust into flames, which happened a lot around Frank, especially since the demigod got his Mars blessing and suddenly became this chiselled, muscular, tall…well, Greek God basically.

“Leo?” Frank looked up, brushing his sweaty bangs out of his face, “what’s up? Don’t you have a class?”

Even after all they’ve been through, all the arguments over Hazel (which neither of them ended up with at the end), the teasing and fighting, Frank was still one of Leo’s closest friends. The son of Mars stood by him when Leo decided to move to Camp Jupiter with Annabeth and Percy, and treated him like an actual person, not a…a…

Monster.

“Reyna wants you,” Leo said, keeping his voice and expression guarded, making sure there was a smile on his face. “some fifteens need training.”
“But aren’t you meant to be doing that?” Frank raised an eyebrow. Leo didn’t know what to say, how to explain... the Asian boy frowned, “Leo what’s wrong?” he asked, standing up. Leo brushed a stray curl from his face, trying to ignore the way Frank towered over him, “…are you okay?”

For a second, Leo’s smile faltered, but then he stuck his tongue out at Frank,

“I’m fine, stop worrying! Now go teach a class, big boy!”

***

“You’re a real piece of shit,” the Bacchus kid hissed, shoving Leo into a wall. The Latino stumbled but didn’t try to counter-attack. He knew what would come out of it, the Bacchus kid would be the victim, and Leo would be the attacker... again. “First you betray camp and then you cheat at war games.”

“I didn’t cheat, dumbass” Leo said hollowly. He tried to not show how scared he really was. The Bacchus kid balled his hand into a fist and punched Leo in the stomach, hard. The Latino doubled over, groaning, his knees almost giving out, but he refused to defend himself.

“Maybe I should get a knife and give you a scar,” the Bacchus kid mused. It was dark and all Leo could see was the outline of the boy, much bigger than the Latino himself, and the evil gleam in his eyes, “so you’re even uglier.”

“Leave me alone.”

“Leave me alone,” the kid teased. He kicked Leo’s legs from underneath him, and the boy landed on the floor with a groan, “you’re a real cunt, y’know,” the Bacchus kid spat at the ground near Leo’s feet, eyes stormy. Leo could’ve burned him to a crisp. If he wanted. If he could.

“The camp sorted things out. So unless you wanna get on Reyna’s bad side, I suggest you get yourself and the half of your brain you possess out of here,” Leo said, voice steely, as he pulled himself upwards. The Bacchus kid laughed,

“You’re a traitor and I know that you won’t hit me back.” The Bacchus kid swung another punch, hitting Leo in the jaw. The Latino stumbled. His jaw was aching, his lips split and bleeding. “You’re a fucking pussy, a coward. You’re so fucking weak. You can’t even defend yourself. Everyone hates you – why are you even here? In camp? It’s not like anyone wants you here,” the kid taunted, “you’re a liar, a thief, a traitor. You’re such a fucking piece of shit, Valdez, you know that?”

“Yes.” Leo said quietly.

“Good,” the Ares kid laughed, “because everyone else knows it too; you’re a monster. You should kill yourself.”

Leo sucked in a startled breath.

I tired. I tried. I tried. He wanted to scream it at the kid. But every time he held the pills in his hands he saw the faces of all the ones he loves; Piper and Jason, expecting a kid. Percy and Annabeth, and how happy and radiant they were on their wedding day. Hazel and Nico, finally rebuilding their lives and moving to Italy. Frank... wonderful Frank, who made Leo’s days a little bit brighter. He saw all of them in black, at his funeral, crying and demanding why. They’ve all lost so much; Piper almost lost her father, Hazel lost her mother, Nico lost his mother and Bianca, Frank lost his mother and his grandmother. They didn’t have families anymore; they were a
family, and when Leo thought of breaking it up, he just couldn’t do it.

“Why don’t you just kill me yourself?” Leo asked, suddenly angry.

“W-What?” the Bacchus kid stuttered, thrown off, “I’m not a murderer!”

“But you are a liar and a bully, and I could turn you into smoky bacon if I wanted to!” Leo challenged him.

“You little-” the kid launched himself at Leo, knocking him to the ground. The breath was knocked out of the Latino as his back slammed painfully into the hard concrete. The Bacchus kid raised his fist and Leo squeezed his eyes shut, his heart was beating fast. Now you’ve really done it, Valdez, he told himself, you’re going to fucking die.

And then the weight of the kid was being hauled off of Leo. The Latino looked up and saw Frank slamming the boy into a wall. The Bacchus kid looked like a rag doll in his grip.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!” Frank was shouting. A red aura surrounded him, and the Bacchus kid looked petrified, “how dare you touch him?!”

“I-I’m s-sorry,” the Bacchus kid stuttered, “p-please-
Frank pulled him back only to slam him back into the wall. A wail escaped the Bacchus kid, as he made an indentation in the wall. A thought suddenly hit Leo; Frank would kill this boy in his rage. He remembered what happened with the Katoblebs…

Leo stumbled to his feet and put a hand on Frank’s shoulder.

“Frank, stop.”

The red aura disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. Frank slumped, his grip on the Bacchus kid loosened.

“If you ever, ever hurt my Leo again, I swear on the River Styx that I will kill you.” He said quietly, voice rough. The Bacchus kid nodded, shaking, “tell that to your siblings. And all the Romans. Leo’s not a traitor.”

The kid nodded again, and when Frank stepped back he sprinted out of the alleyway. Leo stared after him, heart beating fast. His thoughts were a mess, did Frank really just call Leo his?!

No! Stop it, you’re just hearing things. Maybe you have a concussion?

Frank turned to look at Leo, and his eyes softened.

“You’re bleeding. You should have some ambrosia,” he said gently. Leo’s never heard him speak like that.

“I-I’m fine,” he stuttered, “it’s just a busted lip. I’ve had worse.”

“That kid was an asshole,” Frank said, stepping closer to Leo. He reached out and trailed Leo’s jaw. His hand was warm and rough and it made Leo shiver. Frank looked at him, and his dark eyes met Leo’s. The Latino’s breath caught, “you’ve got a bruise on your jaw.”

“It’s okay, it doesn’t hurt,” Leo assured him quietly. Frank’s hand trailed up to touch Leo’s cheek almost on its own accord. The Asian seemed dazed, not really sure of what to do.

“I’m so sorry, I should’ve protected you,” he whispered. Leo rolled his eyes,
“I can take care of myself, Zhang.” He said.

“Don’t listen to him,” Frank said. His thumb was brushing against Leo’s cheekbone, making him grow warmer rapidly. “You’re not a traitor.”

“But that’s what everyone says,” Leo whispered. He was suddenly hit with a wave of sadness. He felt tears brim in his eyes, “everyone here hates me. He told me t-to go k-kill myself.”

“He didn’t mean that,” Frank said, worry filling his eyes.

“I’ve tried before.” Leo said, so quietly that Frank almost didn’t catch it.

“What?”

“I’ve tried to kill myself before.”

“Oh gods…,” Frank looked so heartbroken that it made something in Leo hurt too. The Asian moved his hand away from the other boy’s face, “oh gods, Leo. I’m so sorry, I didn’t…I don’t…”

“It’s okay, it’s not your fault.” Leo said quickly, wincing. Why did you tell him you fucking idiot?!

“Look, it’s fine. Everyone hates me and that’s…that’s okay. I-I mean, I did almost destroy their c-city. I didn’t m-mean to but i-it doesn’t change anything. F-Frank, please don’t…please don’t h-hate me. I just…”

Frank grabbed Leo roughly around his waist and pulled him into his chest. Leo made a surprised sound as he was met with the hard, muscular wall of Frank’s body. The Asian wrapped his strong arms around the small Latino, making him disappear almost completely.

“You’re so wonderful, Leo,” Frank whispered into his ear. Leo pushed himself further into the Frank’s arm, burying his face in the taller boy’s chest, “you’re so brave, and smart, and beautiful. So please, don’t…don’t kill yourself. You’re my best friend and I love you and I wouldn’t be able to stand it if you were dead.”

Leo froze. Frank realized what he said and then jumped away, feeling a stinging pain on his back. Leo’s hands were on fire.

“Um..err, Leo?”

The Latino looked down, confused. His expression changed, and he looked completely mortified.

“Oh shit,” he muttered angrily. He stuffed his hands under his armpits and the fire went out with a hiss. His face was burning red. An awkward silence settled over the two boys. Leo hugged himself, suddenly cold without Frank holding him. His heartbeat was still racing.

“I…I want to go back to Camp Half Blood,” Leo said quietly. He looked at Frank, but the Asian was staring at the ground. Leo knew that Camp Jupiter was it for Frank, that’s where he would be staying, where he belonged. “I…I’m gonna go back, to my siblings a-and the bunker and Festus. I’m…I’m going to be with Jason a-and Piper,” there were tears in Leo’s eyes again. He reached out and touched Frank’s shoulder gently, “I’ll come visit. W-When mini-Jackson’s born. And… And you know, if you need me…”

Frank’s eyes snapped up, looking directly at Leo, and there was a burning passion in them.

“You’re really fucking stupid if you think you’re going anywhere without me, Valdez,” he said, and although the words were harsh, his tone was gentle.
“You’ll come Camp with me?” Leo asked, surprised. Frank smiled,

“Of course I will.”

“B-But…,” Leo bit his lip, “but your home is here.”

“No,” Frank shook his head, “my home is where you are.” He winced, “that didn’t sound as
cheesy in my head.”

Leo laughed, carefree and filled with sudden happiness because Frank wouldn’t leave him. The
Asian stared at Leo,

“Gods, I really do love you.” He whispered. Leo stopped laughing. He looked at Frank, and then
launched himself at the taller boy. Frank caught him easily thanks to his reflexes, and by then Leo
was already kissing him. It was messy and uncoordinated, and really fucking perfect. Both of
them were blushing when they pulled away.

Leo stared at the floor,

“Well look at you, big guy, making me all embarrassed and shit,” he mumbled. Frank smiled and
tucked one of Leo’s curls behind his ear. He pressed a kiss to the Latino’s forehead,

“Come on. Let’s go home, I’ve had enough of Camp Jupiter.”
Good morning, I love you

Chapter Summary

Just a morning with Frank and Leo

Chapter Notes

This ones for Bluestreet! Hope you enjoy it!

Leo and Frank just being dorks in the morning. That's it. Just Freo morning dorkness.

The soft sunlight filtered in through the windows of Frank’s and Leo’s apartment in New Rome. It was the beginning of summer, not warm enough to wear short sleeves, but not cold enough to wear a coat – the perfect weather.

As usual there was a mess in Frank’s and Leo’s bedroom. Random pieces of clothing, including Camp Jupiter and Camp Half Blood shirts, littered the floor. In the corner was a massive stash of celestial bronze, gold and other metals, along with multiple weird mechanical contraptions that Leo used. A rack of mis-matched weapons varying from gladius’ to bows and arrows and war axes, stood in the other corner. The king sized bed was pushed carelessly against the wardrobe, blocking half of it, but that was okay because all the clothes were on the floor anyway.

Frank was lying on his side, taking up three fourths of the bed, while Leo was curled into a tiny, snoring ball by his side. The Asian boy watched the Latino with a small, fond smile on his face while he gently brushed his curls out of his face, careful to not wake the smaller boy. Leo made a small noise at the back of his throat and snuggled closer to Frank, his hand fisting in the other boy’s shirt. Frank leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to the Latino’s forehead before gently untangling himself from Leo. He picked up a pair of sweatpants off of the floor and pulled them on, before quietly walking out of the room.
The Asian was in a particular good mood so he decided to cook breakfast (which happened rarely). He began frying the bacon and eggs, along with baked beans and toast. He put the coffee maker on, and put Radio Hephaestus on. He turned the volume down so it was a nice hum in the background.

He was piling the food onto plates, because he knew that Leo ate like an animal, when the said boy walked into the kitchen. His curly hair was more of a mess than usual, sticking up in different directions, seemingly defying gravity. He was wearing one of Frank’s hoodie’s, that was too big on him, and a pair of black boxers. He rubbed his eyes and yawned,

“You made breakfast?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Frank shrugged. Leo came up to him and wrapped his arms around his boyfriend’s waist. He stood on his tiptoes and kissed Frank’s cheek,

“Thanks, baby.”

Frank rolled his eyes,

“Just sit down and eat before it gets cold.”

Leo plopped down at their kitchen table eagerly, and dove into his food like a starved child. Frank raised an eyebrow but didn’t comment,

“Oh my Gods,” Leo moaned, “your food’s amazing.”

“Better than your mom’s?” Frank grinned.

“Hell no.”

“You’re washing up,” the Asian said matter-of-factly. Leo chocked on his bacon,

“What?! No!” he exclaimed, outraged. Frank just looked at him,

“C’mon Leo, you have to put some effort into this relationship.”

“Hey!” Leo protested, “Don’t let Aphrodite hear you! I put plenty of effort into this relationship, especially in bed.”

“Oh really,” Frank inquired, “I do most of the work, Valdez.”

“Last night you didn’t,” Leo teased, a grin on his face, “you gotta admit, I’m pretty sick at bouncing.”

“Woah!” Frank flicked a piece of egg at Leo, who dodged it, “enough! I’m eating!”

Leo stuck his tongue out at him.

***

“I don’t want to get up,” Leo stated. He was comfortably snuggled into Frank’s side on the coach, a blanket thrown carelessly over him. Frank was playing with his hair absent-mindedly, his attention focused on some Spanish soap opera that Leo got him into.

“Mhmm,” he murmured distractedly. Leo huffed in annoyance and the fact that his boyfriend wasn’t paying attention to him.
“Frank…,” he whined, pouting. Frank ignored him, his hand stilling, “Frank don’t ignore me!”

The Asian boy got a wicked gleam in his eyes, but he kept a straight face and his gaze on the TV. Leo slid into his lap, grumbling, and waved his hand in front of the Asian’s face. Frank just grabbed his hand and pushed it away. Leo waved his hand in front of his face again, this time setting it on fire. Frank grabbed his wrist and pulled it away. Leo sighed frustrated. He reached up, his hands now fireless, and poked Frank. The Asian didn’t react.

Leo grabbed his cheeks and pulled them apart, until Frank looked like a deflated squirrel. The dark haired boy didn’t even smile, still not acknowledging the Latino’s presence. Leo leaned down and kissed Frank on the mouth. The dark haired boy began to lean into the kiss, but then stopped himself.

“Frank!” Leo yelled, like a child. A smile ghosted on Frank’s lips but he still wasn’t looking at his boyfriend. Leo shoved his hands under Frank’s shirt and tried to tickle him, which didn’t work. He settled for just running his hands up and down Frank’s amazing abs. The Latino peppered his boyfriend’s neck with butterfly kisses, but gave up when Frank didn’t even move.

“Frank! Fraaaaank. Frank!” Leo yelled over the TV, “Frank! Frank!” he suddenly grinned and leaned down. He began whispering dirty things into his boyfriend’s ear. The dark haired boy’s face flushed and his hands came up to ghost over Leo’s waist. But then he composed himself and dropped his hands. Leo stopped mid-sentenced and leaned back, annoyance clear on his face. “Why are you ignoring me?” he asked, frustrated. “Frank. C’mon!” he grabbed the bigger boy’s hand and placed it on his waist. Frank continued watching and let his hand slip away. “Fine!” Leo yelled. He slid off of his boyfriend’s lap and scooted as far away from him as he could on the couch.

Frank glanced at him, but Leo had his arms crossed over his chest, the hood of his hoodie pulled up, a pout on his face. Frank smiled, amused and grabbed the Latino’s bare feet, pulling him into a horizontal position. Leo squeaked, while Frank climbed on top of him. Leo batted him with his fists playfully,

“Get off me, you brute!” he squealed, as Frank leaned down to place hot, open mouth kisses on his neck. Leo lifted his shoulder, trying to get away from Frank’s offending mouth, at the same time attempting to kick his boyfriend off of him. When that didn’t work, Leo grabbed the Asian’s face and pulled him away.

“What?” Frank asked, annoyed.

“You don’t get to do that!” Leo complained, “first you ignore me, and now you wanna kiss? Aw hell no, mister, that’s not how it works!”

“Shut up!” Frank said, going back to his previous activity. Leo squirmed in his grasp and managed to slip away. However before he could run to their room, Frank wrapped an arm around his waist and forced Leo to sit in his lap. The Latino stopped struggling, and crossed his arms over his chest again. His hood slipped from his head. He was glaring at Frank, who had two of his big hands on Leo’s thighs and a grin on his face.

“Oh don’t be like that,” he said, kissing Leo’s shoulder, “I was only messing about.”

“Fuck off. I hate you.” Leo grumbled. Frank leaned down and kissed his knee,

“I love you,” he said, looking up at Leo with puppy-dog eyes. Leo’s glare faltered, but then he looked away. Frank kissed a trail of gentle kisses up Leo’s bare leg, “I love you,” he said again, smiling into Leo’s skin. The boy ignored him. Frank kissed his hip, and then pushed Leo’s hoodie
up so he could kiss up his flat, tanned stomach. “I love you.”

“I hate you, leave me alone,” Leo said half-heartedly. There was a blush on his face. Frank’s smile disappeared off of his face. He knew that Leo was annoyed with him, and now he had to fix it. He kissed up Leo’s chest, placing warm kisses against his shoulder and collarbone. He pushed the oversized hoodie to the side for better access.

“I love you.” Leo didn’t reply. Frank began pressing desperate kisses against the Latino’s neck. “I love you. I love you. I love you.” He whispered between kisses. Leo sucked in a sharp breath when Frank began sucking a hickey just under his jawline.

“F-Frank,” he mumbled. Frank came up,

“I love you so much. I don’t think I could live without you,” he said sincerely. Leo rolled his eyes,

“You’re such a dork.”

Frank pulled a face,

“There you go ruining the mood.” He complained. Leo kissed his nose,

“I love you too, no matter how much of a dork you are,” he said. They pressed their lips together and before long their soft, loving kisses turned hot and messy. Frank stood up with Leo still in his arms. The Latino wrapped his legs around his boyfriend’s waist and let him carry him to the bedroom.

It was a brilliant morning.
Old desire

Your OTP goes to the Mirror of Erised once a year. Person A sees themselves as the Quidditch Captain, really popular, etc. Person B says they see themselves as head boy/girl with perfect grades. This is all the same until sixth year, where Person A sees Person B kissing them.

11th March 2009, 1st Year

“Percy, don’t!” Nico hissed, glancing around worriedly. The Gryffindor in front of him just grinned at his friend.

“Shush, you killjoy. Nobody’s gonna catch us.”

“Percy, this is our first year, we shouldn’t-” Nico’s voice faltered as Percy grabbed his hand. The Slytherin fidgeted as Percy dragged him across the dark corridors of Hogwarts. Nico was confused about how the other boy managed to find his way around the confusing, twisted corridors.

“How do you know where it is?” Nico whispered. Percy held up a map triumphantly, a grin on his face. The two boys were roughly the same height,

“You know Hugo Weasley in fourth year?” Percy asked. Nico nodded eagerly,

“I got it off him. Apparently Harry Potter had it, after the Weasley twins and Harry Potter’s father!”

Nico’s eyes widened and then he smiled,

“Cool!” he exclaimed. Percy nodded. The two boys stopped walking,

“I think it’s here,” the Gryffindor said. He pushed a classroom door open and slipped inside, pulling Nico in after him. The room was dark and dusty, there were white sheets on the chairs and tables stacked in the corners. Moonlight streamed in through the tall, gothic windows, illuminating the tall, incarnate mirror in the middle of the room. Percy and Nico gaped at it,

“Wow,” Nico breathed, “it’s really it.”

“The mirror of Erised,” Percy murmured, “do you wanna take a look?”
“Yeah! Of course!” Nico was buzzing with excitement. The two boys clambered to the middle of the room and stood in front of the mirror. A silence settled over the two,

“What do you see?” Nico asked quietly after a moment. He stood there, eyes wide. Where Percy’s reflection should’ve been there was a girl with a face similar to Nico’s, with a kind smile and curly hair.

“Oh man,” Percy was grinning. He saw himself wearing the captain robes for the Gryffindor Quidditch team, holding the cup while his teammates lifted him up, “I see myself as the Quidditch captain…oh wow…,” Percy blinked, “what about you?” he turned to Nico, only to find the boy crying silently. “N-Nico?” Percy’s voice faltered.

“I-I,” Nico sniffed, “I see Bianca.” He covered his face with his hands.

“Oh dude, I’m so sorry,” Percy whispered. He pulled his friend into a hug, patting his back fiercely. Nico, embarrassed, wiped his tears away. “We shouldn’t have come here,” Percy told him. Nico shook his head,

“No. It’s alright,” he said, taking a deep breath and extracting himself from Percy’s arms, “we should do this again. Come next year.”

“Same day?” Percy was grinning again,

“Yeah,” Nico smiled, wiping his eyes. Percy nodded,

“I think I’m going to try out for Quidditch next year.”

11th March 2010, 2nd Year

Nico was sitting on the dusty table, swinging his legs in the air, bored out of his mind. It was the middle of the night and he was facing the back of the mirror of Erised, too scared to look at it without Percy.

Loud footsteps echoed down the corridor, and for a second fear overtook Nico. He dropped to the floor and climbed under a desk, praying that it wasn’t a teacher. A breathless figure walked into the room, and shut the door behind them.

“Nico?”

“Percy,” Nico sighed in relief, slipping from under the table and dusting himself off, “shit, you really scared me.”

“Watch your profanity,” Percy joked, eyes sparkling.

“I didn’t get a chance to congratulate you on the match,” Nico said. Percy high fived him,

“Thanks, man. You should try Quidditch,” he said. Nico just shook his head and pointed at the mirror,

“Ready?” he asked. Percy nodded and together the giddy boys walked toward the front of the mirror.

The images were almost exactly the same as last year.
“Is it the same for you too?” Percy asked, breathlessly, there was a smile on his face. Nico nodded and the Gryffindor squeezed his shoulder.

11th March 2011, 3rd Year

When Nico and Percy met up during the third year both of them were unnaturally distracted. Nico wondered if he would see Bianca again; and he did, while Percy saw himself snogging a girl that Nico couldn’t care less about. They went back to their rooms that night, with Percy chatting happily the whole time. Nico cried himself to sleep.

11th March 2012, 4th Year

“I don’t see her,” Nico said breathlessly, eyes wide, “Bianca’s gone.”

Percy turned to him, a brilliant smile on his face. He pulled Nico into his arms, and with distaste the Slytherin realized that Percy had grown an inch taller than him.

“That’s awesome!” Percy said, while Nico hesitantly returned the hug. He wasn’t used to physical contact that much during those days, “what do you see instead?”

“Getting perfect grades and being head boy,” Nico shrugged. Percy was still smiling. “What about you? You still see that Laura girl?”

“Nope,” Percy said, popping the ‘P,’ “now I see Amy,” he wiggled his eyebrows. Nico rolled his eyes.

11th March 2013, 5th Year


“Thanks man,” the Gryffindor was grinning. He was always fucking grinning, “ready to check the mirror out?”

“Yeah,” Nico shrugged. Percy didn’t seem to notice the dark circles under his eyes as he stepped in front of the mirror. “What do you see?” Nico asked from the table,

“Winning the house cup,” Percy said, “I really think the Lions could do it this year.”

“Nah,” Nico said, “it’s Slytherin’s time to shine.”

“In your dreams,” Percy stuck his tongue out at him, “now go on, it’s your turn.”

Nico sighed and jumped off the table. He nudged Percy out of the way and looked at the mirror. He saw himself holding up amazing grades, a bright smile on his face, the Prefect badge pinned to his robes.

“Same as last year?” Percy inquired, arms crossed over his rapidly broadening chest.

“Same as last year,” Nico agreed.
11th March 2014, 6th Year

“Look at you, Mr Prefect,” Percy teased, straightening out Nico’s badge on his robes, “I wonder what you’ll see, now that your dream’s accomplished.”

“Great things, Jackson, great things,” Nico rolled his eyes, “now go on, let’s see what you most desire.”

Percy flicked the Slytherin’s forehead but went and stood in front of the mirror.

“…and?” Nico asked. Percy smiled,

“I see myself working as an auror,” he mumbled. Nico blinked at him,

“You never said that you wanted to be an auror!” he said. Percy shrugged,

“I don’t know. I don’t think my Potion’s score is high enough.”

“Be careful or you’ll end up with my old desire,” Nico warned. Percy stepped to the side and let Nico stand in front of the mirror. The Slytherin looked at his reflection and frowned. He just saw himself, scrawny, skinny himself with messy black hair and shadows under his eyes, standing next to gorgeous, tanned, tall and muscular Percy. And then, right in front of his eyes, the mirror-Percy leaned down and kissed him. It wasn’t a friendly peck, or something…it was a full on, romantic kiss. Percy’s arms circled mirror-Nico’s waist and pulled him closer. Nico shook his head, stumbling backwards.

“Nico?” Percy asked worriedly, “What is it? What did you see?”

Nico glanced at him, but all he could see was Percy’s lips on his and he didn’t know why but it filled him with warmth and desire.

“Bianca’s back,” was all he said, before running out.

After that the two boys grew further and further apart. Nico busied himself with work, trying to aim for his previous desire – to get amazing grades. He rarely left the library and common room, and looked like death most of the time.

Meanwhile Percy went on wild adventures in the middle of the night, won the house cup and slayed at Quidditch. He dated multiple girls and two boys. He was easily the most popular boy in the school, always surrounded by people.

And somehow Nico became all alone, scared of his feelings towards Percy, which only seemed to grow as time pressed forward.

11th March 2015, 7th Year

Nico didn’t know why he was in that dusty old classroom again. Nothing changed over the years, the sheets and furniture was still there, and so was the gorgeous mirror. Nico stood off to the side, biting his lip and staring. He wondered if Percy would show up, but he doubted it. Given the circumstances he was sure that the Gryffindor had already forgotten their annual escapades. And yet…
“Nico?” Percy asked, stepping inside the classroom. Nico’s breath caught. Percy was even taller than last year, and even more gorgeous. Nico felt his pale face flush and he understood what a horrible mistake he’d made coming to the room.

“I’m going,” he told Percy, trying to push past him. The Gryffindor caught his shoulder’s,

“Woah. Woah. Hold up! Aren’t you going to look?”

Nico was staring at the floor,

“No, no, no, I don’t wanna look,” he said desperately.

“Hey!” Percy snapped. Nico froze and looked up to see an angry expression on the Gryffindor’s face. But then that expression melted away to give way to something softer, gentler. “Can you at least stay until I’m done looking?” Percy asked. Nico nodded hesitantly.

Percy went and stood in front of the mirror. He froze, then looked at Nico, his eyes wide. Then he looked back at the mirror,

“Oh shit,” he muttered.

“What?” Nico raised an eyebrow. Percy was staring at his reflection, “Percy? What are you seeing?” Nico got off the table.

“Come here,” Percy said, voice rough. He cleared his throat, “come here and I’ll show you.”

“Show me?” Nico asked.

“Just come here.”

Nico obeyed, crossing the empty classroom to where Percy was standing. He stood hesitantly at his side, refusing to look at his reflection in the mirror of Erised.

“Percy?” he asked quietly. Percy hesitantly reached for Nico’s hand. The Slytherin let him take it. Percy gently turned Nico around until he was facing him. The Gryffindor put his hands on either side of Nico’s face. The Italian’s heart began pounding madly in his chest and his face flushed, “P-Percy?” he asked again, voice trembling. Percy leaned down and pressed their lips together. Nico sucked in a surprised breath, but then his body responded to Percy even as his brain worked overtime trying to understand what was happening.

Nico’s hands clutched at the front of Percy’s school shirt, while Percy kissed him more desperately. The taller boy’s hands travelled down Nico’s back and settled around his waist. Then the Gryffindor pulled away, but continued holding Nico.


“No, you idiot,” Nico sniffed, “it’s just…this is what I saw last year.”

“I thought you saw Bianca again?”

Nico shook his head, “No. I saw you kissing me.” He mumbled. A silence settled over them. Percy reached up and tucked a piece of Nico’s hair behind his ear,

“What does that mean?” he asked gently.

“I…,” Nico bit his lip and stared at the ground, “I-I love you.”
Percy stared at him.

“Say that again,” he asked quietly. This time Nico looked up at him shyly,

“I love you,” he repeated. Percy leaned down and kissed him hungrily, hands clutching Nico’s hips in a bruising grip. The Italian melted against the taller boy helplessly, completely boneless.

“I love you too, Nico,” Percy growled, in-between kisses, “I love you so much.”

They stopped kissing to look at each other.

“Do you want to look at the mirror again?” Nico asked. Percy nodded slowly. His hand found Nico’s and they interlaced their fingers, “Ready?” Nico asked. Percy grinned and together they turned to the mirror.

Nico frowned, Percy cocked his head to the side.

“What do you see?” he asked.

“I…I see us. Just us, holding hands.”

“Me too.” Percy said. He lifted up his hand and waved, his reflection did the same. “I think we broke it,” Percy giggled. Nico smacked his arm playfully. A noise sounded down the corridor,

“Shit, that’s Peeves. Let’s get out of here,” Percy said, panicked.

Nico kissed him hurriedly, before the two sprinted out.
There's a battle, and all Leo cares about is Nico

It was a hard, bloody battle. The monsters attacked Half Blood Hill in the middle of the night, and although they couldn’t get past Thalia’s tree they still managed to burn the trees and attack the wood nymphs around the perimeter. Of course, most of the camper’s threw themselves to defend their home, including Nico and Leo.

After getting over their initial dislike (Nico hated how bubbly and loud Leo was and Leo was creeped out by the other boy) the two got along surprisingly well. Nico shadow-travelled with Leo to Italy for a week and Leo fixed the lights in the Hades Cabin. The boys had movie nights just for the two of them, practiced sword fighting together…

And now Leo was finishing off an Earthborn with his fire power, crumbling them to dust, and he realized that Nico was nowhere to be seen. The Son of Hephaestus stumbled towards Percy, who turned a hellhound into a pile of ash.

“P-Percy!” Leo gasped, “where’s Nico?”

“Um…,” the dark haired boy whirled around. His shoulder was bleeding but at that moment all Leo could worry about was finding the son of Hades, “Err…I’m not sure. He went to help the river nymphs…I think- DUCK!” Percy yelled. Leo dropped into a crouch and Percy slashed through an Empousa. Leo didn’t wait to thank him, instead jumping to his feet and sprinting across the hill and into the woods.

The sounds of the battle became muffled around the Latino as he ran past the trees, dodging branches. He heard an occasional scream or shriek here of there, but they were cut off quickly.
Leo could barely think straight, sick with worry, as he made his way towards the river. His heart pounded in his chest, and he wondered if Nico was okay, if he was hurt, or dead…

The Latino broke through the line of trees and stumbled onto the rocky shore of a river. Leo’s eyes immediately zeroed in on Nico. He was slumped, barely standing up, his dark shirt in tatters. He looked sickly-pale and was shaking. Leo knew what it meant, that he’d been shadow travelling. All the nymphs were gone, safe, but Nico was left alone on the shore, facing a cyclops, utterly defenceless. The cyclops roared and lifted his club, ready to smash Nico into a bloody pulp.

Leo saw his vision turn red. He felt the sudden urge to protect Nico with his life, and as he saw the club come down, almost in slow motion, he thrust his arm forward. A waterfall of fire splashed forward, enveloping the cyclops and his weapon, turning it to ash in an instant.

“L-Leo?” Nico gasped. The Latino’s vision cleared and the remains of the cyclops were swept away. The son of Hades swayed on his feet as Leo splashed through the shallow river and somehow managed to catch him before he slammed into the sharp rocks. Leo lowered Nico down gently, setting him down in his lap. It was quiet, as if they were in their own bubble.

Nico’s dark eyes were a bit unfocused, but apart from being absolutely drained, he was fine. Leo ignored his heartbeat speeding up and reached into the pocket of his magical tool belt, pulling out a square of ambrosia.

“Here, eat it,” he tried to press it into Nico’s hand. The boy turned green.

“I’m gonna be sick,” he mumbled. Leo cradled him a bit closer,

“Dude, not on my trousers,” he complained, trying to lighten the atmosphere, “eat the ambrosia and you’ll feel better, trust doc Leo.” He tried to push the square against Nico’s lips, but the son of Hades clamped his mouth shut and shook his head, like a child. Leo sighed,

“Nico…,” he warned. The dark haired boy gave him a pleading look that frustrated the Latino. “Fine,” he said and shoved the ambrosia into his mouth. Before he could melt on his tongue, he grabbed Nico’s face and pressed their mouth’s together. Nico gasped and Leo forced the ambrosia into his mouth. He quickly let go of the shell-shocked Italian, both of their faces burning.

“That was gross.” Nico spluttered, “don’t ever do that again.”

“I won’t don’t worry,” Leo laughed uneasily, “yeah…totally gross.”

His laughter died down and the two boys looked at eachother, eyes wide. Nico was still sitting across Leo’s lap.

“Maybe,” Leo said, feeling a bit dazed, “if I try again, it’ll be better?”

“Y-Yeah,” Nico agreed a bit breathlessly, leaning in slightly. Leo hesitantly placed his hands on the Italian’s waist, and Nico threw his arms around his neck. Slowly, their eyes locked, Leo leaned in until he was kissing Nico. It was soft and slow and sweet, and Nico’s eyes fluttered closed on their own accord. Leo pulled away,

“Better?”

“Yeah,” Nico nodded, leaning in again, “definitely better.”
How to fix a heart

Chapter Notes

Nico's boyfriend broke up with him, and Will's there to make it all better. For RedTears!

Person A of your OTP broke up with someone (not B). A goes to B for comfort, and B tells them that the person wasn't right for them anyway. A asks who would be right for them, and B starts listing qualities. It turns awkward when A realizes that B is describing themselves.

Will, completely dishevelled and sleepy, shuffled to the door where someone was banging loudly. He yawned before opening the door.

Outside stood Nico, red in the face and breathing hard.

"Nico?" Will asked, unconsciously trying to straighten out his pyjama top, "you woke me up!" he noticed the tears shining in the dark haired boy's eyes, "Hey! What's wrong?" the paramedic asked, alarmed. Nico's lower lip trembled.

"B-Ben broke up with me," he managed, before exploding into tears. Will's sleepiness left him immediately. He grabbed Nico's arm and pulled him inside his apartment, shutting the door. The concerned blonde led him to the bed and sat him down, as Nico continued to bawl his eyes out.

Will was used to sprained ankles, broken bones and fatal wounds, but he didn't know how to deal with a cute boy he was secretly crushing on crying about someone else.

"Um, do you want tissues? Ice cream?" he asked.

"N-No," Nico sniffed. He tried to control himself, but the tears kept coming. "C-Could you just c-come here?" he asked, choking on tears. Will didn't need to be told twice. He pushed Nico back gently until he was lying down on the bed, and then eased himself down next to the Italian. They
laid facing each other, Nico still crying, covering his face with his hands. Will wrapped an arm
around him and pulled him into his chest.

“Ben was an anaemic idiot anyway,” he said. Nico couldn’t help the slightly hysterical giggle that
escaped him. Will’s hand was rubbing soft circled into the bare patch of skin just above the
Italian’s waistband. Slowly, Nico calmed down, his sobs reduced to sniffing. Will was playing
with his hair,

“You know what the worst part is?” Nico asked hoarsely.

“What?” he asked.

“I didn’t even love him,” the Italian admitted, “I just loved the idea of him; someone to cuddle
with, and someone to hold hands with. I liked not being alone all the time.”

“He was an asshole.”

“No he wasn’t,” Nico buried his face in Will’s shoulder, “he took me out to dates. He watched
stupid, cheesy movies with me. He didn’t mind me crying all the time. He said he loved me.”

“You and I remember him differently,” Will winced, “he always made you pay on dates, like
always, and they weren’t even proper dates, just pizza hut ones.”

“I like pizza hut,” Nico argued.

“He fell asleep during the Notebook.”

“Oh. Yeah.”

“He complained to me that you cry all the time,” Will said quietly. Nico flinched,

“R-Really?” he asked, looking up, tears filling his eyes, “he did that?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh.” Nico mumbled, “dickhead.”

“And he didn’t say ‘I love you,’ he said ‘love ya.’”

“Okay, you can shut up now, Solace.”

“Sorry.” Will sighed. He continued playing with Nico’s hair, “he wasn’t right for you anyway.”

“Oh yeah? And who would be right for me?”

Will hauled himself up so that he was leaning on one elbow. Nico wasn’t looking at him, instead
pulling feather’s out of the paramedic’s pillow.

“Well,” Will started softly, “first of all, someone who actually cared. Like properly cared. As in he
would die for you anytime, any day.”

“Nico!” Will yelled, charging across the road. He pushed Nico out from the way of the oncoming
car and almost got hit himself. The driver swore at them as both the boys tumbled to the ground.

“Shit.” Nico gasped, sitting up. Will groaned, rubbing your head, “shit, Will, what the fuck was
that?! You can’t just jump into the middle of the road-”
“You were almost killed you little-”

“Yeah! But you could’ve been killed to!” Nico argued. Will looked at him and grinned,

“But we’re both alive. Now come here so I can examine your head. Doctor’s orders.”

Will’s hand came up to tuck a piece of Nico’s hair behind his ear. The Italian looked up, his eyes red, and the blonde continued, “someone who made sure you ate,”

“Nicooo,” Will sang, waltzing into the Italian’s apartment. The dark haired bot groaned and buried himself under his covers,

“How did you get in?”

“You gave me a spare key, remember?” Will grinned. He jumped onto the little bump under the covers that was Nico. The Italian let out a groan as the blonde landed on him and poked his head out. He was glaring. “Have you eaten?” Will asked, frowning.

“No,” Nico tried to shove him off. Will got up and pulled the complaining Italian up,

“Come on. I’m taking you out to eat, put some clothes on, we can’t have you starving.”

“…and understands what your nightmares are about so that they can make it better…”

Nico was having a sleepover at Will’s, when he woke the blonde up, screaming and thrashing on the floor. The paramedic sat up immediately, alert. He stumbled to his knees, and shook Nico awake. The Italian’s eyes flew open, his breathing laboured.

“Hey, it’s okay,” Will whispered soothingly, “it’s okay, you were just having a nightmare, s’all. I’m here, you’re safe.”

Nico launched himself at the blonde, who caught him easily and cradled him in his arms.


“It’s alright, baby,” Will murmured, “it’s alright. You’re safe, Bianca’s happy, she’s in heaven.”

Nico just continued to cry.

“Someone who wasn’t embarrassed to take you to family parties…”

“And who’s this, Will?” Will’s grandfather, Zeus asked, clapping his grandson on the shoulder. Nico blushed under the gaze of the Solace’s, who crowded around them.

“Oh, that’s my friend, Nico,” Will said with an easy smile, “Nico, this is my Grandpa, Zeus.”

“Good to meet you, boy!” Zeus boomed, pulling Nico into a bear hug, “it’s nice to know that Will has a nice boyfriend!”

“I…um, thanks…,” Nico’s voice faltered, “but I’m not his b-boyfriend…”

Will didn’t say anything.

“…and didn’t mind staying up all night with you because you needed a good cry or couldn’t sleep…”

“Will?” Nico asked quietly, hovering over Will, like a shadow. The blonde blinked, trying to clear
“Nico?” he asked sleepily. His hand coming up to touch the Italian’s cheek. Will frowned, “What’s wrong.” Nico took his hand off of his face and cradled it to his chest, where his heart was beating wildly.

“C-Could you come watch a movie with me?”

“Of course.” Will smiled lazily. He sat up and stretched his arms over his head, “but I’m picking a movie.”

“Okay,” Nico said, a small smile on his face.

Will’s voice grew gradually quieter as he spoke, “someone who knew what to do when you hurt yourself, how to treat your wounds…”

Will burst into the bathroom he and Nico shared. The Italian was curled up in a ball in the corner, crying. Will deflated,

“Nico,” he said, crouching down to be eye-level with the Italian, “baby let me see your wrists.”

Nico shook his head and cried harder.

Will gently touched his knee, “Please, let me help,” he said desperately. Nico looked at him, and then slowly extended his arm. Scars, old and new, littered his pale wrist. Blood coated over them seeping out of recent cuts.

“I-I’m sorry,” Nico whispered, “I-thought I heard h-her voice…”

“It’s okay,” Will said, smiling softly. He kissed Nico’s forehead, “it’s okay. Come, I’ll bandage those wounds so you don’t get an infection, okay?”

Nico nodded and let Will lead him to the bathtub. The Italian sat on the corner while Will began treating his wounds. When the bleeding was topped by the soft, white material, Will kissed Nico’s forehead again.

“Please stop doing it,” he whispered, “I can’t stand seeing you hurt yourself.”

“I-I’ll try,” Nico mumbled. He did it twice more, but then the heart-breaking look in Will’s eyes made him put the razor away.

“…Someone who’s your friend, who you can come to with anything – like your boyfriend breaking up with you…” the blonde trailed off suddenly. Nico’s eyes were wide.

“Will…”

“Don’t say anything.” Will said quickly, blushing. He hadn’t realized that he had been describing himself. But it was true, if only Nico gave him a second look he would make the most wonderful boyfriend. He loved Nico so much he couldn’t imagine ever hurting him.

The Italian tugged on Will’s sleeve until the blonde was laying down again. He wasn’t crying anymore.

“Thank you for taking care of me,” he said quietly. Will smiled and Nico kissed his cheek,

“You can stay here if you want?”
“For tonight?” Nico asked.

“For as long as you want,” Will shrugged. The Italian bit his lip.

“What if I want to stay forever?” he asked quietly, biting his lip.

“Okay.”
We should go swimming

Chapter Notes

Leo can’t swim for shit.
for RedTears.

Leo drowns and Percy saves him.

Leo is a fucking idiot and basically everyone knows it. But he really outdid himself when he decided to go skinny dipping in the lake. When he knew he couldn’t swim.

It all started at the end of year campfire at Camp Half Blood. Percy and Leo, who’d grown closer over the months that Percy decided to break up with Annabeth, went to the little beach by the lake. The distant sound of the party and the dim lights were the only things that indicated that Leo and Percy weren’t the only people on long island.

It was dark on the beach, the only light coming from the full moon that hung overhead. Percy and Leo sat in the sand and talked, laughing at each other’s jokes.

“So, you’re going back home for the school year?” Leo asked softly.

“Yeah, guess so,” Percy was looking at the horizon, “what about you?”

“Staying here,” Leo said, trying to sound casual, “not much of a home to go back to.”

“Hey,” Percy nudged him with his shoulder, “camp’s awesome. You can come visit me in Brooklyn, yeah?”

Leo grinned at him,

“Yeah.”

The two lapsed into a comfortable silence, sitting close enough so that they could feel the heat
radiating off each other. They could hear Clarisse screaming, ‘who wants to do shots?!’ in the back.

“We should go swimming,” Leo decided. Percy rolled his eyes,

“Nah, I’m good. I have a train early tomorrow.”

“Aw, c’mon,” Leo poked his cheek, “pretty please with a cherry on top.”

Percy went to bite his finger and Leo flinched away,

“Ugh, alright then,” he said with fake-disgust, “I’ll go alone.”

“Leo, you can’t swim.”

“So?” Leo asked, “I’m not gonna go far in. I’m just really hot,” he winked.

“You’re a son of Hephaestus. Of course you’re hot,” Percy deadpanned. Leo flipped him off and then reached to pull his shirt off, over his head, revealing his tanned back. Percy watched amused, as the Latino fought with his shorts. He eventually managed to kick them off. Then he reached for his boxers,

“Woah!” Percy sat up, “what are you doing?!”

“Ever heard of skinny dipping?” Leo’s eyes twinkled.

“Leo…”

The Latino pulled his boxers with one swift movement, letting them fall to the sand. For a moment Percy got a glorious view of Leo’s perky, tanned butt, before the boy was sprinting down the beach, yelling happily. Percy rolled his eyes and watched Leo splash into the water. The boy was still whooping happily as he swam around, splashing the water in all directions.

Percy’s breath caught when he looked at him. In the pale moonlight, soaking wet, submerged from the waist down, Leo looked like some ethereal creature. He was so beautiful it made Percy’s heart ache, and thinking that he wouldn’t see him for the better part of the year made the son of Poseidon want to jump into the water and confess his feelings to the Latino. Percy shook his head, ridding himself of these thoughts.

He realized, with a start, that it had grown quiet.

“He’s underwater.”

Without hesitation, Percy waded into the lake. As soon as he was deep enough, he ducked under.

The lake was deep, slowly descending until the rocky bottom about fifty feet under. Small fish and sea creatures swam around lazily, water plants swayed. It was beautiful, but Percy didn’t care. Slowly floating toward the bottom was Leo’s unconscious body. Percy’s breath caught, and he called the tide to him. As he zoomed toward the Latino, the current pushed him into Percy. The son of Poseidon caught the small boy easily, and then, with the help of his powers, broke the surface. The whole thing last less than thirty seconds.
“Leo!” Percy yelled, when they were floating up. Leo’s head rolled onto Percy’s shoulder. The boy was light and un-moving in Percy’s arms, “Leo!” Percy gasped, “shit. Wake up, idiot!” he muttered. He made the water keep leo up as Percy grabbed his face. “Come on, come on,” he muttered. Leo’s eyes were closed, his skin pale. In the heat of the moment, Percy surged forward and crashed their lips together.

Leo’s lips were cold, and Percy gathered him up into his arms, desperately trying to warm him up. Suddenly, the Latino trembled. Percy pulled away, just as Leo started coughing. Percy held him as the Latino got rid of the water in his lungs.

“Shit, are you alright?” Percy asked. Leo wiped his mouth and looked at Percy with wide eyes. The son of Poseidon realized how close they were, that naked Leo Valdez was pressed up against him. The dark haired boy blushed but didn’t risk letting Leo go.

“Did you just kiss me?!” Leo demanded hoarsely. Percy blinked,

“I...err…yeah?” he offered.

“Why?” Leo asked.

“I-I...I don’t know,” Percy shrugged, “I thought you were dying.”

“So you decided to kiss me?” Leo raised an eyebrow.

“Oh shut up, I’m shit at decision making,” Percy rolled his eyes.

“I’m glad you did,” Leo grinned.

“Did what?”

“Kissed me,” the Latino laughed. Then he wrapped his arms around Percy’s neck and pulled himself up. Percy grabbed his waist, surprised, and let Leo wrap his legs around his waist. They locked eyes for a second, before Leo leaned forward and kissed Percy. The dark haired boy didn’t complain, holding the smaller boy tightly, and kissing him like no tomorrow.

“I’m gonna have to stay at camp now and look after your dumb ass,” he complained in-between kisses.

“You know you love me really,” Leo grinned. Percy kissed along his jaw line and down his neck.

“Yes I do,” he said, pressing a kiss to Leo’s shoulder. The Latino’s breath caught.

“T-Thanks for saving me,” he stuttered. Percy smiled at him and kissed the tip of his nose,

“No problem.”
Are you cold?

Chapter Notes

for Skcmemscd, who asked for this on FF.net.
Leo and Nico and some other people go camping.

“No that’s impossible how the fuck did you manage to get it to catch fire?!”

Chiron sent some of the campers on a ‘camping trip’ for ‘recreational purposes’ because ‘you deserve it after all of your hard work.’ Yeah, right.

Nico growled in annoyance, smacking another mosquito that decided to feast on his blood.

“Cheer up, death boy,” Clarisse grinned, “it’s not that bad.” She removed her steak from the burning fire. Nico didn’t answer her, instead sulking throughout the rest of the evening. The only highlight was watching Leo. The boy spoke with passion, his hands were always moving, his eyes observing everyone. He offered Nico food, but he declined, then, during one of the camp songs, he scooted closer to Nico so that their knees touched.

Nico didn’t appreciate that at all.

At all.

…

He was sleeping in his own tent, thankful that he didn’t have to share it with anyone because of the odd numbers. He couldn’t fall asleep anyway; it was fucking freezing no matter how many covers Nico piled onto himself. There were noises in the forest that unnerved him…so, because of that, he didn’t sleep and was the first person out of his tent when the fire blazed up.

The son of Hades clambered out and watched in awe as Leo’s and Chris’ tent went up in flames, becoming the largest bonfire Nico’s ever seen.

“Shit.” Leo swore. He was shirtless, only in a pair of shorts. Nico averted his gaze quickly,

“No that’s impossible how the fuck did you manage to get it to catch fire?!” Clarisse complained, coming out with most of the other campers. Nico shuffled over,
“The fuck did you do Valdez?” he asked quietly.

“Er…well, me and Chris got into a bit of a debate…”

“Over bums,” Chris’ didn’t seem too bothered over the fire, he was grinning,

“And who have better ones; boys or girls…,” Leo continued.

“Definitely girl’s,” Chris said.

“Boys.”

“No, girl’s ones are bigger!”

“Boys have perkier ones!”

The two continued bickering,

“Valdez!” Clarisse barked. Annabeth shook her head and yawned, “what are we going to do about,” she waved her hand at the remains of Leo’s and Chris’ tent, “this?”

“Shut up Nico,” Clarisse growled, she turned to Annabeth “but I’m sharing with Levesque.”

“Hazel go sleep with Frank,” Annabeth ordered.

“Okay,” Hazel smiled sweetly,

“What about Percy?!” Frank protested, blushing.

“He…H-He can sleep in my tent,” Annabeth spluttered,

“Hey! What about me?!” Piper complained, crossing her arms over her chest, “where do I sleep?”

“You can share with me,” Jason offered, putting his arm around her.

“…And me?” Beckendorf asked. He was still half-asleep.

“Oh!” Silena perked up, “Charlie can sleep in my tent! We’ve got loads of space!”

“Um, hell no!” Drew protested, “our makeup takes so much space already! Where you gonna fit this brute?!”

“Hey!” Beckendorf scoffed.

“Everyone shut up!” Clarisse roared. A silence settled over the campers. The Ares daughter nudged Annabeth,

“Alright. So; Charles you go sleep with Clarisse. Hazel, you can now share with Frank. Percy’s with me, Jason’s with Piper – no funny business you two!” the blonde glared at the couple,

“Beckendorf can share with Silena and Drew.”

“Yay!” Silena exclaimed. Drew began arguing, but she quietened down when Clarisse looked at her.

“And Di Angelo’s with Valdez,” the redhead finished, “alright. Valdez, if you set anything else on fire you can sleep in the river.”
“But—” Nico started, but everyone was already disappearing into their tents, saying their goodbyes. Nico was left, shivering, while Leo looked around,

“So…,” the Latino said.

“Just get in.” Nico snapped.

***

The tent was so fucking tiny that there was literally no way for Leo and Nico to not touch.

Currently, the two had their backs pressed together. Nico’s legs were practically up the tent wall to get away from the other boy. It was obvious neither of them were asleep.

“Are you cold?” Leo asked.

“No,” Nico lied. His back was warm, but his front was exposed to the freezing night air. Nico hated it. He was never going camping again. Leo shuffled behind the son of Hades until his chest was pressed against Nico’s back.

“You’re shivering,” he said quietly, “it’s like sleeping with a scared hamster.”

“You did not just compare me to a hamster,” Nico growled. He could feel Leo chuckle behind him,

“Sorry,” he said, though he didn’t sound apologetic at all, “just trying to lighten the atmosphere.”

“Go to sleep, Valdez,” Nico hissed.

“Why are you so cranky?” Leo challenged,

“Why are you so annoying?” Nico counter-attacked,

“Why are you such a killjoy?” this was going to be a looong night.

“Why are you so clumsy?”

“Why are you so fucking stupid?”

“Why do you have to break everything you touch?” Nico growled,

“Why are you so blind?” Leo said quietly. Nico didn’t really get what he meant, but he wasn’t about to dwell on it. Somewhere throughout their conversation, Leo’s arm had snaked around Nico’s waist and pressed him closer against the Latino. Nico pretended not to notice.

“Why are you so over-confident?”

“Why are you so antisocial?” Leo’s eyes were closing on their own accord. Nico yawned, and snuggled a bit closer to Leo,

“Why are you so loud?”

“You already said that,” Leo said, breath ruffling the back of Nico’s neck. The son of Hades shivered, “why are you so cold?” the Latino asked.

“Why are you so hot?” Nico blurted before he could stop himself. He blushed. Leo paused, before,
“Why are you so beautiful?”

Nico’s breath caught in his throat but he wasn’t about to lose this game,

“Why are you so smart?” he asked. Leo’s hand found his and he tangled their fingers together.

“Why are you so brave?”

“Why do you always have to save everyone?”

“Why are you so fucking adorable?”

Nico was silent,

“I’m out of adjectives to describe you,” he admitted. Leo laughed and on impulse pressed a small kiss to the back of Nico’s neck. The Italian froze, but then slowly raised his and Leo’s intertwined hands and pressed them against his heart. Leo could feel how fast it was beating.

“Why are you so perfect?” Leo asked softly. He felt Nico’s heart skip a beat. Nico was quiet. “Are you cold?” Leo asked again.

“No. Not anymore.”
Could you make a story, will and nico cuddling in the morning after having a realllllllllllllllly enjoyable night ??

When Will woke up, Nico was staring at him. The blonde smiled lazily,

“Hi.” He said.

“I don’t think I can stand up,” Nico stated. Will pouted,

“Why do you always have to ruin the mood?” he complained. Nico rolled his eyes,

“Will, I’m fucking serious. Like I cannot move.”

Will grinned wickedly, which was uncharacteristic for him,

“Is that good?” he asked, grinning. Nico blushed furiously,

“Yes. I mean n-no! It’s n-not…,” he stuttered, “b-because I can’t m-move, but, like, it was good, like l-last night, but not n-now!” he groaned, frustrated and buried his face in his pillow while Will laughed. The blonde leaned over and pressed a kiss to Nico’s bare shoulder.

“I love you,” he said sincerely. Nico looked at him shyly from his pillow. The world was grey outside the window and the rain was furiously slamming against the windows, but Nico had his
own sunshine right there, in bed with him.

“I love you too,” he mumbled, voice muffled by the pillow. Will’s hand was tracing random patterns into the Italian’s pale skin.

“I love you,” he repeated with a stupid grin. Nico rolled his eyes,

“Alright I get it. Shut up now.”

Will was grinning as he flipped Nico onto his back and climbed on top of him.

“Ouch. Fuck you Will, that hurt!” Nico complained. Will kissed his neck,

“I’ll make it better,” he promised.

“You’re making it worse,” Nico lied. Will leaned up and kissed him to shut him up,

“I love you,” he said again, “so much.” His blue eyes were sparkling. Nico pulled a face,

“Gods you’re such a sap,” he grumbled. Will gathered him up into his arms and nuzzled into his neck,

“But you love me for it.”

“Yes, yes, I love you, you love me, now get on with it!” Nico said. Will raised an eyebrow,

“Get on with what?” he asked innocently. Nico pulled him up and kissed him,

“Cuddling.” Nico deadpanned. Will pouted,

“Okay,” he sulked, “maybe later…”

“Will,” Nico snapped, “did you not hear the part where I said that I can’t move?!”

“You won’t have to move,” Will climbed off of him and then gently manoeuvred Nico so that he was snuggled up into his side. Nico sighed and wrapped his arm loosely around Will’s waist,

“Yeah, okay, maybe later.” He said, already falling asleep.

“It’s okay, we can just cuddle,” Will said, kissing Nico’s forehead.

“I love you,” Nico mumbled.

“I know.”
I have a fairly local, I've been around

Chapter Notes

Ok this turned kinda long and deep, oops, sorry.
From anonymous on FF.Net
I write a bad pick up line on your cup every time I’m your barista’ AU Leo/Nico
anonymous.

I write a bad pick up line on your cup every time I’m your barista’ AU Leo/Nico

Nico knew the drill; new city, new life, new friends. It happened to him multiple times, him and Bianca moved around a lot because her job required it. Nico wasn’t complaining, he knew how lucky he was to be able to live with his sister. He was only eighteen, and although the change in colleges were annoying, he got over it quickly. In all the school’s he was branded the same thing, no matter where he went; outcast. Nico was so lonely, but he wasn’t about to admit it. But Long Island was different, because of one specific person, Nico’s barista; Leo Valdez.

When Nico first came to the little coffee shop “Half Blood” ran by a crazy, short guy named Coach Hedge, round the corner from his college, he wasn’t paying much attention. As usual, he was dressed in an oversized black hoodie, his hair was a goddamn mess, and he had dark circled under his eyes. But somehow Leo Valdez, the gorgeous, tanned, part time mechanic, part time barista with the dazzling smile and beautiful eyes, noticed him.

“What can I get for you, babe?” he asked him the first time Nico came in. The Italian was startled by Leo’s straightforwardness, and immediately blushed.

“Um…can I have a coffee Frappuccino, please,” Nico mumbled, looking at the barista’s nametag. He wasn’t usual shy but something about Leo made Nico want to crawl inside his hoodie. He unconsciously tried to fix his hair.
“Sure,” Leo winked at him, “anything for you. Take out or stay in?”

“Take out,” Nico said quietly.

“Alright,” Leo began preparing his drink, “so I haven’t seen you round before. What’s your name?”

“Nico,” the Italian offered, “Nico Di Angelo.”

“Okay, Angel,” Leo grinned, “I’m Leo Valdez.”

“I know,” Nico blurted and blushed.

“Been stalking me, eh?” Leo wiggled his eyebrows.

“N-No!” Nico spluttered, “I…it’s on your nametag!”

Leo looked down surprised, and nodded,

“Ah, yes. It is,” he grinned and finished Nico’s drink off. He scribbled something down on the cup and then passed it to the Italian. Their hands brushed gently and Nico felt himself shiver. Leo’s hand was really warm, “I’ll see you here again?” the Latino asked.

“Um…maybe?”

“Alright. See you ’round, Angel.” Leo winked.

“Oi! Valdez! Stop flirting with the customers!” A pretty girl with messy brown hair came out from the back.

“Sorry, Piper,” Leo grinned. Nico felt his heart plummet to the floor – so this guy flirted with everyone. Figures. It wasn’t like Nico was very noticeable or anything. The boy sighed and slipped out of the coffee shop, cradling the cup to his chest. When he rounded the corner he took a sip and almost moaned at the taste. That was the best Frappuccino ever.

Then Nico noticed something, the thing Leo scribbled down on his cup. He read the messily written number on the Styrofoam, frowning. Underneath it, it said:

_Call me, Angel ;) – Leo._

Nico blushed, feeling something warm inside him. His hand was shaking, and God knows why, he typed the number into his phone. He didn’t dare text Leo though.

***

“Angel!” Leo exclaimed as soon as Nico walked in. It’s been two months since their first meeting, and Leo still managed to make Nico’s heartbeat speed up.

“Valdez,” Nico nodded at him. He wore a black t-shirt that day because it was getting too warm for his hoodie, “same as usual.”

“You got it, babe,” Leo winked, and began preparing the drink, “How’s college going?” he asked.

“It’s alright,” Nico shrugged.

“Hi, Nico!” Hazel, the other girl who worked in the coffee shop waved at the Italian. Nico waved
“Got a boyfriend?” Leo asked casually.

“No.” Nico shrugged one shoulder,

“Well that’s a damn shame. How come?”

“I don’t know,” Nico said, which was a lie. He did know. It was because he was Nico, and nobody really paid attention to him, “shouldn’t you be in college?” he said, changing the topic quickly.

“Nah,” Leo shrugged, “I dropped out. I’m working in the mechanics shop, you know, Bunker Nine?”

Nico nodded,

“Well yeah, that one. Me and my siblings started working there after our dad disappeared.”

“Your dad disappeared?” Nico asked. Leo shrugged,

“Yeah, one day he just didn’t come back home,” he said, voice quieting, “but it’s alright. He wasn’t a good dad.”

“Oh.”

Leo passed Nico his drink, a bright smile back on his face,

“See you next time, Angel.”

When Nico walked outside he saw another cheesy pick up line written on his cup.

_Do you sit in a pile of sugar? ‘Cuz you have a pretty sweet ass ;) –Leo_

Nico rolled his eyes, ignoring his heart beat picking up. Ever since Leo gave him his number, the Latino’s been writing pick-up lines on Leo’s coffee cups. All of them were cheesy and cringy, but they made Nico’s day. Even if Leo did it to everyone, and Nico was sure he did, because Nico wasn’t special. Still, it felt nice.

***

Things continued like that for weeks. Every time Nico came to Half-Blood, Leo would write something cheesy on his cup, and Nico lived for those moments.

_I’m not a photographer but I can picture me and you together ;)– Leo_

_Are you a magician? Because whenever I look at you, everyone else disappears! ;) – Leo_

_Do you have a Band-Aid? Because I just scraped my knee falling for you ;) - Leo_

***

Nico had no idea why he went to the Hephaestus Mechanics shop, but he did, and now he was regretting it. First of all, he was informed by a massive kid with a broad smile, that unfortunately Leo was out, but if he could help him with anything. When Nico politely declined, a girl with a bandana in her hair began pestering him with questions. There were so many teenagers miling around that it made Nico’s head spin. He excused himself and left.
Two days later he went to the coffee shop.

“Angel!” Nico brightened up immediately.

“How many siblings do you have?” Nico said sourly. Leo laughed,

“Oh yeah, they said that, and I quote, ‘a cute boy with dark hair’ came by,” Leo grinned, “I thought it might’ve been you.”

“Yeah,” Nico mumbled.

“Why did you come?” Leo asked, already beginning to prepare Nico’s coffee. The Italian shrugged,

“I-I don’t know. I was in the neighbourhood,” he lied, “A-anyway, how many siblings do you have?!”

“Well,” Leo grinned, “there’s Charlie, he’s my half-brother and he’s the oldest. He’s engaged to Silena Beauregard…”

“I know her!” Nico exclaimed, “she’s in my college.”

“Well they’re getting married,” Leo wiggled his eyebrows as if he was telling Nico some essential gossip, “then there’s Nyssa, she’s the second oldest. She’s doing a course as an ambulance technician, wants to break the mould and become a paramedic instead of a mechanic.”

“You don’t approve?” Nico asked.

“I don’t mind,” Leo shrugged, “it’s her choice, and anyway, she was never very big on cars and stuff. Not like Harley,” he rolled his eyes, “this girl is literally names after a motorbike. But yeah, she’s bonkers about them, couldn’t stay away from the shop even after she got pregnant.”

“She has a baby?” Nico asked.

“Yeah,” Leo’s smile softened, “my little nephew. She’s only twenty, second-youngest after yours truly.”

“Who else is there?” Nico asked, leaning on the counter.

“There’s Jake,” Leo said, “he’s basically the boss even though Beckendorf is the oldest. He’s always up for changing the look of the shop, trying to make it better, more modern,” Leo’s smile fell a bit, “but we…we’re fighting to keep it the way it is. The way dad left it, Shane’s really passionate about it. He says if Jake changed anything he’ll quit. Christopher’s trying to keep the family feud under control.” The Latino sighed.

“Shit, that sucks,” Nico said. Leo shrugged,

“Eh. Whatever,” he passed the coffee to Nico, “so what about you, Angel? What’s your family story?”

“Um…I’ll tell you next time! Gotta run!” Nico said, and sprinted out of the shop. Later, when he was about to throw his cup away, he noticed Leo’s pick up line and it made him smile.

I was feeling a little off today, but you turned me on ;) –Leo

***
Nico dreaded the next trip to the shop, but when he finally got there a week later, Leo wasn’t there.

“He left a special cup, in case you were gonna show up!” Piper exclaimed, “Frappuccino?”

“Yes, please.”

When the girl handed him the cup, Nico blushed at the line scribbled onto it.

*Can I have directions to your heart? ;) –Leo.*

***

When Nico walked into the Hephaestus Mechanics shop, he could’ve sworn he walked into a battlefield.

Two boys were screaming at each other, or roaring more like. One of them had a bandage around his head, and was yelling,

“Dad’s gone! This shop needs a change! Why are you all living in the past?!” Nico assumed that that was Jake Mason.

“You don’t get it!” the boy opposite screamed, “This is a family thing! We grew up here! You have no right to decide about change!” That must’ve been Shane. His brother, Christopher, was holding him back.

“You’re both such pieces of shits!” a girl yelled. She was dressed as if she just came off a motorbike – Harley – “I almost lost my baby working here! This is my life! This is our life! Jake why are you trying to change things?!!”

“Because he’s a fucking prick and he hated dad!” Shane screamed. Jake picked up a forging hammer and literally threw it across the room. It missed Shane’s head by an inch,

“Stop it!” Harley had tears in her eyes, “fucking stop it!”

“Sell this damn place!” the girl who had been silent so far, Nyssa, shouted, “what good is it doing us?! Just sell it!”

“We can’t sell it!” Leo shouted. Nico just only noticed him. His eyes were burning with a passion, his face angry, “what if dad comes back! What do we tell him then?!?”

“Oh come off it, Leo!” Jake laughed humourlessly, “dad’s not coming back, and you fucking know it. We all know it! He left us this piece of shit shop and left with his new whore!”

“Don’t say that!” Harley was sobbing. Charles Beckendorf, the big guy, came and put a protective arm around her shoulders, “don’t you dare say that!”

“I’m leaving!” Nyssa screamed, “I’ve had enough! You’re all fucked in the head! Jake you and Shane are fucking crazy! Tossing hammers at each other! What do you think’s gonna happen! Leo you’re stupid if you think dad’s coming back because he’s not! I hate this shop, I hate what it does to us!” she turned to Jake, “it doesn’t need a change! It needs the Hephaestus kids to leave!”

A horrible silence settled over the shop, but the echoes of the argument still rang in Nico’s ears. He stood frozen.

Harley sniffed and wiped her nose,
“We have a guest,” she said, voice hoarse. All heads snapped to look at Nico.

“O-Oh,” Nyssa said, “shit. Did nobody put the closed sign up?”

All the siblings looked guilty and embarrassed. Leo looked at Nico helplessly.

“I-I,” Nico cleared his throat, “I came to talk to Leo?”

“Er, yeah, sure,” Leo blinked rapidly so Nico wouldn’t see the tears in his eyes. He offered the Italian a small smile, “let’s go outside.” He pushed past Jake and took Nico’s hand, practically dragging him to the front of the shop. As soon as they were out, Leo dropped his hand and slumped against the wall.

“Sorry,” he whispered. Nico didn’t know what to do so he took Leo’s hand in his again.

“It’s okay,” he said. Leo squeezed his hand, but didn’t say anything. Nico could feel his anger, his sadness and helplessness, he felt the misery rolling off of the Italian in waves, “um,” he cleared his throat, “you asked about my siblings, last time. Well, I have one sister. She’s called Bianca and she’s my life. I almost lost her two years ago to cancer but she survived…and I’m really thankful to have her. I really am.”

Leo looked at Nico.

“She’s my everything, everything I’ve got,” the Italian continued, “my mom’s dead, my dad walked out on us. But I still have her. And maybe your dad’s gone, and maybe he isn’t coming back. But right here, right now, you have your siblings, and they care for you and you care for them, so….” Nico’s eyes filled with tears. Leo pulled him forward into a tight hug and Nico hugged him back fiercely.

“You are the most wonderful thing to ever happen to me,” Leo told him, pulling back. Nico couldn’t stop himself. He leaned forward and kissed Leo. The Latino’s shaking hands came to cup Nico’s face as he kissed back, and the Italian wrapped his arms around Leo’s waist, pulling him closer. He felt as if he was about to explode, that’s how happy he was. Leo kissed him gently, slowly, like they had all the time in the world. Neither tried to deepen the kiss, and Nico let Leo pull away after a few minutes.

“Thank you,” Leo said, resting his forehead against Nico’s, “I’ll see you tomorrow at the shop?”

“Y-Yeah,” Nico said breathlessly. Leo smiled, let go of Nico, and ran into the shop. Nico couldn’t help his curiosity and he sneaked in after him, looking through the gap in the doors.

Leo walked up to Shane, grabbed him by the elbow and dragged him across the shop to where Jake stood, surprised. He said a few harsh words, then Nyssa came over, followed by Harley, Beckendorf and Christopher. Shane and Jake spoke in soft tones, before they fell into each other’s arms, hugging like no tomorrow. Harley was crying again, and Nyssa put her arm around her. Shane broke one arm away from Jake and pulled Leo into a hug. Beckendorf grabbed Nyssa and Harley and practically squashed everyone together, forcing them into a group hug. The echoes of the argument disappeared and were replaced by laughter coming from the siblings.

Nico smiled and walked off. He was clutching the _Can I have directions to your heart?_ cup in his hand.
But do you feel like a young God?

Chapter Notes

For Meg on FF.Net
Basically Leo gets the option to become a God.

Do one where zeus makes leo god of coffee

“How did it go?!” Nico demanded scrambling to his feet. His boyfriend walked into the Hades cabin, beaming. For all of his help during the war; destroying a giant, building the Argo II and leading the seven to Greece and Rome, Leo was offered the position of a God.

“They made me a God,” he said happily. Nico sagged with relief. Two weeks earlier, Nico himself was offered the position of a God. He was now official the God of maps, nothing too major but now he got an eternity with Leo. The Latino reached for Nico’s hand, pulling him toward the table littered with cups.

“Watch this,” he said proudly. He took the cup into his hand and seconds later it was filled with streaming brown liquid. Nico’s mouth fell open in shock, not one of his best moments.

“You’re the God of coffee?!” the Italian spluttered. Leo grinned,

“Yup.”

“Oh my gods,” Nico smacked his forehead, “of course you are. Only you’re dumb enough to pick something like that!”

“Said the God of maps.”

“Shut up, at least I won’t ever get lost,” Nico grumbled. Leo came and wrapped his arms around his boyfriend,

“Quit sulking, we’re wasting time.”

“We’re immortal now, we have all the time in the world,” Nico rolled his eyes.

“How are you ever going to survive with me for all eternity?” Leo joked, kissing Nico’s neck.
“I should’ve made myself the God of patience,” the Italian complained. Leo raised an eyebrow, “maybe then I wouldn’t hate you so much.”

“Aw, you love me and you know it!” Leo grinned, “I’m freaking awesome. And I’m the God of coffee.”

“I don’t even like coffee,” Nico complained, ducking under Leo’s arm and flopping onto his bed,

“Well I love coffee,” Leo stated, “and I hate maps, so either you come here and let me kiss you or I’m leaving to let you practice your mapping skills.”

“You come here,” Nico said stubbornly. Leo rolled his eyes,

“You’re such a dumbass, you’re lucky I love you,” he said.

“I hate coffee!” Nico groaned as Leo kissed him.
He's a giggle at a funeral

Chapter Notes

For theoretically
The one where all the 'good kids' at Church camp are actually really, really bad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

'oops i made out with the pastors son at church camp' luke/percy please:)

Percy was not religious. Like, at all. However since his mom married ‘Smelly Gabe’ AKA the pastor at their local church that Percy’s mom loved to attend, she made him go to Church camp every year. The funny thing was – Percy didn’t hate it.

Sure, he had to go to mass every day and look at Smelly Gabe’s ugly face all the time, but except for that it was pretty awesome. The boys lived in bunkhouses, separately from the girls, but a massive oak joined the two things together, so if someone was really up for something, they could climb the branches to the other sex’ room. Alcohol, drugs and cigarettes were obviously not allowed, but were still somehow sneaked in. All the Church camp people were polite and sweet during the day, but changed into real animals at night. And Percy? Percy was the worst of them all.

He still remembered two years ago when he was fifteen, he’d told both of the dorm rooms, which counted about two dozen people, that it would be a great idea to sneak off to the Chinese festival in the little town close by. Every single person slid down that fucking oak and got smashed at that party.

So yeah, Percy was pretty excited for Church camp.

***

“The guy over there keeps staring at you,” Annabeth, Percy’s best friend, hissed over the cupcakes they were making. They all had flowers and shit on them, and the dick ones were safe in Percy’s backpack.

“Which guy?” Percy asked, shoving a cupcake into his mouth. Annabeth rolled her eyes. Her parents thought she was as good as they came, but they didn’t realize that for three years their daughter had been shagging the neighbours’ girl, Reyna. Percy got all the juicy details.

“Behind you, to the left,” Annabeth instructed, smiling at the nun who walked past. Percy turned,
and sure enough, there was a guy staring at him. Not just any guy, but the most gorgeous guy
Percy’s seen in a long time.

His sandy blonde hair was combed back, much like a lot of the boys there, but his blue eyes
sparkled with mischief. His shirt was buttoned up all the way, pulled tightly over his impressive
muscles. It gave him the good boy look, but Percy knew he wasn’t. Maybe he could tell, or maybe
it was the scar on the boys cheek.

“Go say hello,” Annabeth said.

“Good call, sister,” Percy winked at her and the casually got up. He walked over to the blonde
boy, who was still looking at him and smirking. “Hi,” Percy said, “I’m Percy.”

“Pastor’s kid, eh?” the boy spoke. His voice was deep and rough, and it sent a shiver down
Percy’s back, “you’ve got icing on your face.”

“Oh?” Percy reached up and self-consciously touched his face. He found the piece of icing and
licked it off his finger. The blonde boy was watching him, amused.

“I’m Luke Castellan.” He said eventually. Percy smiled sweetly and offered Luke his hand,

“Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise.”

“Oh look, Percy’s making friends! How lovely of you!” one of the nuns cooed.

***

“F-Fuck,” Percy gasped. Luke’s hand was up his shirt, his hot mouth on Percy’s neck. They were
in the shed behind the bunkhouses, and it was the middle of the night.

“Who would’ve thought that the Pastor’s kid is such a bad boy,” Luke laughed.

“He’s not my real dad,” Percy winced, “ew, can we not talk about this now?”

Luke didn’t reply, just moved frown Percy’s neck, kissing a warm, wet trail up to his mouth. The
blonde claimed Percy’s lips, forcing his tongue into the dark haired boy’s mouth. Percy moaned,
hands tangling themselves in Luke’s hair, pulling him impossibly closer. The blonde’s hands
travelled down Percy’s spine, brushed against his hips and grabbed his ass roughly. One of his
legs slipped in-between Percy’s, causing the boy to let out a gasp.

picked Percy up, and the dark haired boy wrapped his legs around Luke’s waist. Percy wrapped
his arms around the blonde’s neck and, using the extra inches he now possessed thanks to the new
position, leaned down to claim Luke’s bruised lips. The two fought for dominance, but Luke
eventually took control of the kiss, licking his way into Percy’s mouth again. The dark haired boy
wasn’t complaining, instead slumping against the blonde, letting him kiss him senseless.

down so he was standing on his own feet. Voices could be heard by the two boys, someone
giggled. Luke relaxed visibly,

“It’s one of ours,” he said. “Come on, let’s go back up.” He opened the shed door. Sure enough,
Frank, Leo and Hazel, three of Percy’s close friends, were sneaking in between shadows, making
their way to the oak.
“Percy!” Hazel whisper-yelled, “what are you doing in that shed?”

“Guess,” Percy grinned. His lips were swollen. Leo wolf whistled, and Frank grinned, “alright get up that oak before we get caught!”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, i've never been to church camp.
Wasn't expecting that

Chapter Notes

Longest one yet, first one in a series of prompts based on song lyrics for RoseBadwolf1000 on FF.net.
I'm sorry this turned really sad.
The one where Nico really wasn't expecting that.

Wasn't Expecting That - Jamie Lawson

*It was only a smile, but my heart it went wild.*

Nico was so terrified and confused, everything was a mess in his head. One second, he got a chance at a home, a shot at being safe. And then the next, Percy, who promised to keep Bianca safe, was telling him that his sister was dead. Gone.

Nico was so *angry*. He never felt so fucking angry before, he wanted to break something, he wanted to throw himself onto the ground and cry. He wanted someone to hold him and tell him it was okay, but there was nobody there.

That’s when he decided that there was no place in Camp for him, not without Bianca. He ran through the dining pavilion, it was dark and everyone was around the camp fire. Nobody noticed him slip away, nobody but…

A tall blonde, maybe two years older than Nico, looked up from where he was laughing with his
siblings. He had dried war paint on his face from capture the flag. His sparkling blue eyes locked with Nico’s and then he smiled.

Nico’s heart beat picked up, he felt a shock run through him, and his breath catch. The guy waved at Nico, beckoning him over, but Nico couldn’t move. His heart was pounding wildly in his chest, and he had no idea why.

*I like girls! I like girls!* He told himself desperately. Then why did the guy’s smile make his heart go haywire. Nico felt more tears gathering in his eyes. He was so confused, so heartbroken. He willed the shadows to swallow him up, and they did.

He wasn’t expecting that smile.

*Just a delicate kiss, anyone could've missed.*

They did it. The second Titan War was over. Nico couldn’t help the smile that appeared on his face as he watched all the demigods cheer and hug each other among the remains of Manhattan. Everywhere Nico looked, there were bloody, dirty, tired demigods throwing their arms around each other.

“We did it!” a blonde boy appeared in front of Nico. *Will,* his brain supplied, *the doctor guy.* Also, the guy who smiled at Nico during that day that he shadow travelled for the first time. Just like that day, there was war paint on his face, and a bright smile on his lips. His golden hair was tousled, his arm bleeding. He still managed to take Nico’s breath away.

Without asking for permission, Will wrapped his arms around Nico, pulling him into a tight hug. The dark haired demigod stiffened, but the blonde was already pulling away. He pressed a quick, soft kiss to Nico’s cheek. The son of Hades looked at him with wide, confused eyes, but Will just smiled at him and run off.

Nico touched his bright red cheek self-consciously, but nobody seemed to have seen the kiss.
He wasn’t expecting that kiss.

Did I misread the sign? Your hand slipped into mine, I wasn't expecting that.

Nico didn’t consider camp Half-Blood home, and he didn’t think he ever would. But he liked visiting, liked having somewhere to go back to when it all got too much. And he got to see Will.

After the Titan War the two saw each other more and more, the blonde was always there when Nico visited, ready to treat any of his wounds, or just talk to him. Nico found himself falling for the blonde, no matter how much he tried not to.

Then he saw Will kissing a girl on the cheek and Nico’s illusion that the blonde could ever feel anything for him shattered into millions of tiny pieces.

For months he didn’t visit camp at all. Percy got worried, Annabeth got worried, Jason Iris messaged him, Piper said that Will was asking about him. But Nico didn’t want to see what Will and that girl had, he didn’t want to know if they were going out or if they were in love…he couldn’t handle another heart break.

However when Hazel migrated from Camp Jupiter to Camp Half Blood, Nico had no other way to see her than to show up. With a heavy heart he eventually shadow-travelled to the dreaded place. He managed to land right in the middle of the circle, next to the campfire.

“Nico!” Hazel exclaimed, hugging him. When she let go, Nico was almost tackled to the ground by Will.

“Nico! Where the hell were you?!” the blonde demanded, holding the son of Hades tightly. Nico hesitantly returned the hug,

“Just…around.” He offered. Will rolled his eyes at him, and the took Nico’s hand in his, dragging him off,

“Come on idiot, you’re in time for the songs,” the blonde said happily. Nico was blushing madly,
his hand almost completely covered by Will’s larger, warmed one. When the two sat down on the log, the blonde didn’t let go of Nico’s hand. Instead he chatted to Percy and intertwined his finger’s with Nico’s.

He wasn’t expecting Will to hold his hand.

You spent the night in my bed. You woke up and you said…

Two months later, Nico and Will ended up accidentally sleeping with eachother. It all started when a very excited Will asked Nico to shadow-travel with him.

“No, Will. I’m tired,” Nico protested weakly. Everyone was at the beach, even though it was dark. It was bonfire night.

“Please?” Will pouted, giving Nico his best puppy dog face, “pretty please?”

Nico bit his lip, but as usual he couldn’t resist the older boy.

“Fine,” he grumbled, and took Will’s hand. The blonde grinned at tangled their fingers together, causing Nico to blush. He always did it, like it was automatic. “Ready?” He asked, and Will nodded.

Nico summoned the shadows and felt himself being pulled into a dark whirlpool. Will pulled him close, until they were pressed up against eachother. Before Nico had time to react, their journey was done.

The son of Hades landed safely on his soft bed at the Hades cabin. Will landed on top of him.

“Oof,” Nico groaned from the blonde’s weight, “shit.”

“Sorry,” Will said, quickly pushing himself up until he was hovering above Nico, his weight on his arms, “you okay?”

“Yeah.”

“That was awesome,” Will was grinning, “you’re really amazing.”
Nico blushed at the compliment and looked away, embarrassed.

“T-Thanks,” he stuttered. Will stared at him, and it made Nico blush even redder, especially since the blonde hadn’t moved from his position above the Italian, “Um…is there s-something on my face?” Nico asked quietly.

Instead of replying, Will surged down and pressed his lips against Nico’s. The Italian squeaked in surprise as Will’s hands wrapped around his waist. He lifted him up from the bed until Nico was in his lap, still kissing him gently.

The lights in the room flickered and went out. Will pulled away. Nico stared at him. The room was almost pitch black, the only light coming from the brazier’s outside, giving the room an intimate feel.

“W-Will?” Nico asked, shaking. He was confused, once again. Will nuzzled into his neck, pressing butterfly kisses against Nico’s heated skin.

“Please be mine,” he whispered.

“W-What?” Nico spluttered. Will looked up at him, determination in his eyes,

“Be mine. Just for tonight.” His eyes softened and he took Nico’s hand in his, “please, just for one night.”

And because Nico couldn’t say no to Will, he said yes. Will pushed him backwards and kissed him like they literally only had one night.

The next morning the blonde woke up and saw Nico staring at him, covers wrapped tightly around his body.

"Well, I wasn't expecting that,” Will was grinning. He leaned across the bed and gathered Nico up in his arms.

I thought love wasn't meant to last. I thought you were just passing through, if I ever get the nerve to ask; what did I get right to deserve somebody like you?
Every morning that Nico woke up next to Will, wrapped up safely, every time Will kissed him or held his hand or made love to him, Nico wondered what did he get right to deserve someone like Will.

The few occasions he got up the courage to ask that, Will would just smile and hold Nico close, and tell him how amazing he was. Every day, the Italian expected Will to get fed up or bored with him, and he treated every day like it was their last. But Will didn’t get bored, and his kisses got longer and Nico’s feelings grew.

He wasn’t expecting Will to fall in love with him.

*It was only a word, it was almost misheard, I wasn’t expecting that, but it came without fear, a*

Nico and Will were walking down Central Park. The sun shone and annoyed Nico, who was complaining.

“I fucking hate the sun. Like, what’s the point? Can’t it be warm without in blinding me?” he grumbled. Will was watching him, amused.

“You’re such a pessimist,” he laughed, “sometimes I wonder why I love you.”
Nico froze. His milkshake fell out of his hand and smashed into the pavement. Will grew pale, panic appeared in his eyes,
“S- Shit,” he muttered, “I wasn’t meant to... I-I mean,” he was looking at Nico, who was staring at him. Will sighed, “sorry.” He said, defeated. A silence settled over the two. A bird chirped in the trees. Will’s hands were clenched into fists, his cheeks red. He wasn’t looking at Nico, who’s heart was beating wildly in his chest.
“I wasn’t expecting that,” he whispered eventually.
“Sorry.” Will said again.

“Why are you apologizing?” Nico’s eyebrows furrowed, “d-don’t you love me?” he asked self-consciously, face red, but he was determined to finally let Will know how he felt about him, “b- because I love you. L-Like a lot, and it would be really awkward if you d-didn’t love me back.”

Will’s eyes snapped up to look at Nico, disbelief on his face. And then very, very slowly he smiled. And it made Nico’s heart do a summersault in his chest.

“Of course I love you!” Will said. He picked Nico up and spun him around, making the Italian laugh. The blonde set him down and kissed him, “I love you. I love you,” he said over and over, “I LOVE NICO DI ANGELO!” he yelled, his voice echoing over the park. Nico hid his red face in Will’s shoulder,

“Oh, c’mon,” Will nudged him, smiling, “why the red face?”
“I-I...I just really wasn’t expecting that.”

Oh and isn’t it strange, how a life can be changed, in the flicker of the sweetest smile. We were married in spring, you know I wouldn't change a thing, without that innocent kiss, what a life I'd have missed.

“I’m gonna throw up,” Nico stated. He looked at himself in the mirror.
“You’ll be fine!” Jason said, straightening out the Italian’s tie, “you look great.”

“T-Thanks,” Nico breathed. Percy and Frank came to stand behind him in the mirror, they all began reassuring Nico that he would be fine. Then a knock came on the door and Hazel poked her head in, a bright smile on her face.

“Oh, Nico!” she threw her arms around her brother, “you look wonderful!”
“Thanks, sis,” he kissed her cheek. She looped her arm through his,

“Come on then, someone’s gotta walk you down the aisle!” she declared.

It was a warm, spring day. The sun shone down on the earth and for once Nico didn’t mind. He let Hazel walk him down the beautiful aisle, decorated with summer flowers. All around them, the camp Half-Blood and Jupiter demigods rose, grins on their faces. Nico felt himself blush, especially when he saw Will standing by the altar, looking so gorgeous that it took Nico’s breath away. Hazel squeezed his arm and handed him over to his fiancée.


Later, when everyone was pretty much smashed, Nico and Will lost their shoes and ties and went and sat down by the beach.

“You know that time when you first came to camp?” Will asked.

“Mhm,” Nico got more comfortable in his lap.

“You took my breath away, even then,” the blonde was grinning. Nico rolled his eyes, and kissed him.

“I just didn’t expect you to smile at me. And you did,” he shrugged. Will kissed his hand,

“I’m glad that I gave you that kiss after the Titan War.”

“Me too,” Nico smiled.

*If you’d not took a chance, on a little romance, when I wasn’t expecting that. Time doesn’t take long, three kids up and gone*
Nico and Will had a wonderful life. They rented a flat in Brooklyn, Nico worked part time at Camp Half Blood while Will pursued his dream of becoming a doctor. Soon they moved to a small house, and then to a bigger one. Will became a surgeon, Nico a nursery teacher.

They adopted three demigod children, ones that Chiron said didn’t fit in at camp. Misfits like Nico. One was a child of Ares, but she was so peaceful that she could barely stand the atmosphere in her cabin. The second one was a kid of Apollo, but was clumsy, couldn’t sing or play an instrument and fainted at the sight of blood. Nico and Will gladly accepted her into their family. Their third kid was a son of Hephaestus, a little hyperactive boy that reminded Nico so much of Leo that it hurt sometimes.

The five of them had a good life, and slowly Will’s and Nico’s kids grew up and started families of their own, and throughout all of it; the adoption papers and nightmares, the multiple houses and nights filled with children crying, through Will battling cancer and wining, through all of that Nico’s and Will’s love just grew stronger and fiercer.

Nico wasn’t expecting that.

*When the nurses they came, said, "It's come back again," then you closed your eyes, you took my*
Nico cried when he sat at Will’s bedside. Their children and grandchildren went home after the whole day in the hospital.

“Cheer up, Nico,” Will said, smiling. His face was wrinkled, his golden hair streaked with grey, but his smile was still the same. Still the same one that made Nico’s heart go wild that night, all those years ago at camp,

“P-Please don’t go,” Nico whispered, fighting back tears, trying not to cry, “please don’t l-leave me alone.”

“You won’t be alone,” Will reached for Nico’s hands, intertwining their fingers, “you’ve got our brilliant kids.”

Nico burst into tears. Will pressed his hand to his lips,

“We did well, Nico,” he said softly, “we survived two wars. We started a family.” He smiled, and brushed his knuckles against Nico’s face, “I still love you like I did all the way back then.”

“I love you too,” Nico whispered, voice cracking, “M-Maybe if we call on the Gods, H-Hades or Apollo, we could give you more time…”

“No, Nico,” Will said gently, “I don’t want that. I don’t want to meddle with death. You can’t come see me in the underworld, okay? My time is up, it’s time for me to move on. But I’ll wait for you.”

“I thought you said you were a shit poet,” Nico said, smiling through his tears.

“Oh shush you,” Will whispered, closing his eyes, “stay with me, okay?”

“O-Of course,” Nico murmured. Will smiled,

“You know when I asked you to be mine for one night?”

“Yeah,” Nico nodded.
“Well, I wasn’t expecting you to let me keep you forever.”

“I love you, Will,” Nico choked out.

“Hey, no crying now,” Will was still smiling, his eyes still closed, “doctor’s orders.”

Then his breathing evened out, and then stopped and his heart line went flat. Nico sat there, holding Will’s hand and sobbing because there were so many things that he didn’t get to tell him. He closed his eyes and prayed to all the gods that would listen, for them to grant Will a place in Elysium.

Hades materialised by Nico’s side, dressed in black like for a funeral. There was a sad look on his face,

“Don’t worry, son,” Hades said quietly, “he’s happy now, waiting for you.” The God disappeared just as the remaining four of the seven, Piper, Jason, Annabeth and Hazel, burst into the room.

“Was that dad?” Hazel croaked out.

“Yeah,” Nico said, but he was smiling. At least Will was safe, “I wasn’t expecting that.”
Leo Valdez knew he had a soulmate somewhere. He had to have one. The minute a demigod turned seventeen, a mark would burn on the inside of your wrist, a name – the name of your soulmate. It happened to everyone, unless their soulmates were dead, poor bastards.

Hazel, who’d been Lee’s closest friend for as long as he could remember, got her mark burned on her wrist two months before Leo. Her mark said – Frank. No last name, there were never last names, that would be too easy. Hazel kissed Leo’s cheek, wished him luck, packed her bags and went out on an adventure to find her soulmate, while the rest of the campers at Camp Half Blood cheered her on.

On the night of his birthday, Leo sat with his fellow campers, excited and nervous. He kept glancing at the tanned skin of his wrist, fingers drumming on his knee with excitement. Chiron, the camp director, held a pocket watch in his hand while campers crowded around Leo.

“Happy birthday, Leo,” the Centaur boomed, said with a bright smile. He flicked his watch shut and Latino felt a searing pain on his wrist. He almost screamed but managed to hold the noise in, clamping his mouth shut and waiting it through. When his vision cleared, he looked at his wrist and his breath caught.

"Nico."

“Oh, Leo, it’s a boy!” Piper squealed happily. She hugged her friend, “quick! Let’s pack your bags!”

***

Leo did the thing a lot of people did. He closed his eyes and randomly picked a place on a map.
“Ogygia?” he asked, eyebrow raised. A warmth filled his heart as he stared at the tiny island on the map. Chiron’s eyebrows furrowed,

“Leo, perhaps you shouldn’t travel there,” he said, “it’s a cursed island, very hard to find…”

“Perfect.” Leo grinned wickedly. It sounded like a challenge. He felt it deep in his heart – a strong pull to that island. That’s where his soulmate was. Nico.

***

Leo spent the next few months building a ship to get him across the sea to the island. He used the remains of his dragon, Festus, that he crashed when he was on a quest with Piper and her soulmate Jason, as the figurehead. He put every inch of his heart and soul into building the vessel, set on getting to his soulmate as soon as possible. And, after three months, the Argo II was ready to set sail. Leo picked out his closest friends to help him get to Ogygia; Jason and Piper, Annabeth and Percy. He wished Hazel was with him, but she was out searching for her own soulmate.

“What do you think he’ll look like?” Percy asked, grinning. They have been sailing for two weeks now. The skies were clear, the water shimmered prettily. Everything was good, especially after the horrible fight with the monster two days before.

“I don’t know,” Leo smile, looking out onto the horizon, “but I bet you he’s beautiful.”

“Of course you’d think he was beautiful,” Jason snorted, “he’s your soulmate,” he said this looking at Piper with a soft look in his eyes. Leo wished that he could meet Nico already.

***

Night has fallen, the moon shone down on the clearing in the woods. Leo stood in the middle, surrounded on all sides by trees. A warm breeze picked up, ruffling his hair. The stars twinkled down on him.

A twig snapped to his left.

“Who’s there?” Leo demanded. He saw a dark figure, hidden behind a tree. “Hello?” the Latino called again, “come out! I won’t hurt you…”

A boy stepped out into the clearing, and he took Leo’s breath away. His skin was deathly pale in the moonlight, smooth and unscarred unlike Leo’s. The boy was a little bit shorter than Leo, with messy black hair and uneasy, dark eyes, that somehow looked familiar…

“Who are you?” Leo asked, his voice came out a bit breathless. The boy bit his lip, and then his eyes hardened.

“You shouldn’t be here,” he said, voice not betraying any emotion even as his eyes turned angry, “go!”

“But-” Leo protested.

“GO!”

***

Leo woke up, gasping for breath, in the engine room on the Argo II. His heart beat wildly in his chest, but his dream was already escaping his brain, fleeing away like the wind.
“No…,” Leo muttered to himself, jumping to his feet, “no, no, no…” he threw magazines and instructions to the side until he spotted a relatively clean piece of paper. He shoved his hand into the pocket of his belt and brought out a pencil. With frantic, shaking hands he began sketching the boy. Leo was an alright artist, he had to be in order to design things, but he couldn’t get the boy right. Already he was forgetting the color of his hair, what his nose and lips looked like…in an act of desperation Leo just drew his eyes.

They didn’t look quite right, but for now Leo was satisfied. At least he had something to hold onto. He pinned the drawing to the wall, his heart still beating fast.

“Leo!” Jason yelled running below deck, “Leo quickly! Get up here!” he said and ran back out. The Latino quickly climbed up the ladder and followed him. All of his friends were gathered on deck, looking out onto the sea. The sun was reflected off the beautiful blue waves sparkling happily. And in front of the Argo II were two, massive cliffs.

They were attached to two islands on either side, and they stretched on for miles, so no ship could pass, except for the ap in-between the massive cliffs.

“Alright?” Leo asked, “what’s this about?”

“The Symplegades,” Annabeth said with a frown.

“The Simple what?” Leo asked.

“The Symplegades,” Annabeth repeated impatiently, “the two cliffs that the original Argo had to pass through, while on the quest for the Golden Fleece.”

“I remember that story!” Jason’s mouth tightened into a line, “the cliffs smash together every time a ship tries to go past, crushing the vessels.”

“Great!” Percy said sarcastically, “what do we do now?!”

“In the story,” Piper said quickly, “the Argonauts sent out a dove…”

“We don’t have a dove,” Leo pointed out, “…and it made it past. Then the Argonauts rowed as hard as they could and made it through.”

“We don’t have a dove!” Leo repeated, throwing his hands up. He sighed and deflated, “this is impossible. No way in Hades are we ever getting to Ogygia.”

“Hey, no,” Piper put her hand on his arm, “don’t say that! Don’t give up!”

“Yeah,” Percy offered Leo a grin, “let’s just find a dove?”

“Find a dove?” Annabeth asked sceptically.

“We don’t need a dove,” Jason said abruptly, “I’ll fly through.”

“No.” Piper said immediately, “absolutely not.”

“It’s our best shot,” Jason argued. Leo flinched,

“I can’t ask you to do that, Jason,” he said, “you can’t risk your life only so I can try and find my mate, who I don’t even know is on that island.”

“But he could be!” Jason said, “I’m flying through and that’s final.”
“Jason,” Piper pleaded, “Jason, please…”

Jason leaned over and kissed her,

“I’ll be okay,” Jason smiled, “promise.”

The daughter of Aphrodite nodded as her eyes welled up with tears. Jason stood on the hull of the ship and Piper’s hand slipped into Leo’s. He squeezed it reassuringly.

“Wish me luck,” Jason smiled. And then he jumped off. Piper sucked in a shocked breath, but Jason was already flying, zooming through the sky with a whoop of joy. He began to gain speed as he made for the cliffs. Everyone on the Argo II held their breath. Piper squeezed Leo’s hand so hard the boy thought it might fall off.

Just as the tips of Jason’s shoes made it past the cliff mark, the giant rocks groaned and began pushing together. Piper trying to hold back her tears as the son of Zeus disappeared in the darkness. The cliff’s creaked like an old machine, slowly coming together.

“Come on, come on,” Leo urged under his breath. The cliffs slammed together, pelting the sea with tiny rocks. The air grew silent for a minute. Jason was nowhere to be seen. Piper crumbled to the ground, sobbing. Her hand slipped from Leo’s.

Then the cliff’s began moving apart again, and a yell sounded through.

“You losers coming or what?!” Jason screamed.

***

When Leo woke up, standing in that stupid field again, he sighed. The dark haired boy from the night before stormed out of the woods,

“What the hell are you doing here?!” he demanded, “I thought I told you to leave!”

“Well, I can’t exactly control it,” Leo crossed his arms over his chest, “are you my soulmate?”

“Soulmate?” the boy scoffed, “hell no, I’m not!”

“Then who is?” Leo asked, frustrated. The dark haired boy came closer, and Leo could see the freckles on his cheeks.

“I don’t know!” the boy snapped, “but you better stay away from Ogygia!”

“Like hell I will!” Leo pulled a face, “who the hell are you anyway?”

“It doesn’t matter!” the boy yelled. His cheeks were getting red with anger, “your soulmate’s not here so fuck off…you…you…”

“Dickhead?”

“Get out of here!” the boy yelled, frustrated.

“You think I got through the Symplegades just for you to send me away?” he asked, raising an eyebrow.
“Y-You got through the Symplegades?” the dark haired boy’s voice faltered.

“I’m coming over,” Leo smirked, ignoring his question. The Italian regained his composure.

“Don’t you dare!” he said, horrified, “I bloody mean it!”

The world shifted and Leo woke up.

***

“You know, I keep seeing this boy in my dreams,” Leo said, sitting up on deck with Annabeth. The blonde cocked her head to the side,

“Your mate?”

“Nah,” Leo played with the hem of his shirt, “he’s really annoying. He’s telling me not to come to Ogygia but I think he might be trying to hide my mate from me.”

“Maybe,” Annabeth sounded sceptical, “but what do we even know about the island?”

“Not much, it’s not on any of the maps except Chiron’s one,” Leo shrugged, “But I think-”

The ground shuddered, water sprayed the side.

“P-Percy?!” Annabeth yelled, unsteady on her feet. The son of Poseidon ran up on deck,

“Not me!” he exclaimed, “Jason?” he asked, looking up at the sky. Dark storm cloud churned up above, angrily shooting lightning down onto the sea,

“Shit!” Leo swore, “What now?!”

“I-I don’t know!” Jason said helplessly, “we need to get out of the water before we get electrocuted!”

The Argo II shook as the water slowly started turning into a whirlpool.

“Oh crap,” Leo grumbled, “how do we get out of the water?! There’s nothing here for a hundred miles!”

“Can’t this ship fly?” Piper asked,

“W-Well I haven’t tried it yet…”

“Now’s a good time!” Annabeth yelled. A giant wave slammed into the ship, veering it off course, “Percy! Do something!”

The son of Poseidon raised his hands,

“I’m trying!” he said through gritted teeth. Except for him, everyone else of deck was drenched. In a desperate attempt, Leo sprinted into the control room. The multiple WII sticks and consoles lit up happily when he touched them. His fingers skimmed over the keys desperately,

“Come on, you can do this Leo,” he told himself. He pressed multiple keys and the ship shuddered. He ran back onto the deck and his heart plummeted to the ground when he saw that the ship was still touching the sea. The whirlpool was getting worse, tossing the Argo II around like a toy boat.
“Is it working?!” Percy yelled over the noise of the sea.

“It should be!” Leo yelled back. He didn’t know what else to do. If the ship got destroyed all of his friends would die and he’d never meet his mate..., “Jason! Quick help me!” he yelled. The blonde was at his side in seconds, “call on your powers! You too Percy!”

The two boys stopped what they were doing and closed their eyes in concentration. Leo also squeezed his eyes shut. He saw the boy’s from Ogygia’s dark eyes burned onto the back of his eyelids.

“Hephaestus please,” Leo whispered, “dad, come on, this is all I want, to find him. Take me to Nico, please, please, please…”

The ship creaked and groaned, and broke away from the waves. Everyone on board stumbled and fell sideways as the Argo II rose upwards. The sea roared in defiance but it was too late, the ship was up in the sky and flying upwards.

Jason whooped and spun Piper around while Percy and Annabeth kissed,

“We did it!” Leo said, a smile on his face, “we did it!”

“We!” Piper exclaimed suddenly, “we’re going the wrong way! Look!” she pointed at a distant island on the angry sea, “that’s Ogygia!” and sure enough, the ship was flying in the other direction. Leo’s heart dropped,

“No!” he yelled, running to the side. Below him, the whirlpool raved madly, “no!” Leo said again, eyes filling with tears.

“Yes!” Jason yelled over the wind,

“W-What?!” Leo stammered,

“I got you! Jump!” the blonde yelled again. He was gathering the howling wind in his hands. Leo didn’t ask any more questions. Instead he climbed up onto the side, wobbling dangerously. And then he jumped.

For a second he was dropping right toward the whirlpool, and his stomach did a flip. Then he felt invisible strands of wind grab him and push him roughly towards the island.

 Leo was flying, soaring through the sky. He spread his arms out and whooped with joy as the wind carried him. The island neared at a ridiculous speed and all Leo could think of was that he was going to find his soulmate.

And then everything went wrong. Just as Leo was above the island, Jason’s grip on his faltered and he was plummeting to his death. The ground was coming up, fast, and panic overtook Leo. He couldn’t die like this, not before he saw his mate, his Nico...

The pressure in his head got too much, dark spots danced in front of Leo’s vision. The last thing he saw was a tendril of shadow coming up toward him and swallowing him whole, right out of the sky.

***

“You fucking moron!” the dark haired boy from Leo’s dreams was screaming, stalking toward him across the beach. The sky was clear, the sun shining down onto Leo, who was laying down on soft, white sand. The Latino struggled to get up, just as the dark haired boy came toward him.
Just as Leo managed to regain his balance, the boy shoved him roughly,

“Woah! Calm down there, sunshine!” Leo said, wobbling on his feet, “is that how you treat guests?”

“I told you not to come here!” the dark haired boy yelled. The soft breeze ruffled his hair and he pushed it angrily out of his face. And there they were again, those amazing eyes that haunted Leo’s dreams.

“I’m sorry, but I ain’t that good at following instructions!” Leo said, dusting himself off, “now where’s my soulmate?”

“There’s nobody here!” the dark haired boy screamed, “it’s just me! And now you!” he buried his face in his hands, “do you know what you just did?!” he asked, his voice dead.

“No?” Leo offered.

“Now you won’t be able to get out,” the dark haired boy looked downright miserable, “unless you kiss me.”

“Kiss you?!” Leo spluttered, “I’m not kissing you! I’m only kissing my mate!”

“HE’S NOT HERE!” he screamed and the pain and anger in his eyes made Leo flinch.

“Why are you so angry?”

“Why?! Why?!” The dark haired boy laughed humourlessly, “wouldn’t you be angry if you were stuck on this goddamn island for seventy years, waiting for our soulmate?! Wouldn’t you be angry when every time some stupid man appeared you’d have to kiss him to get a fucking raft to come?! Wouldn’t you be angry if your soulmate never showed up, and you had to wait here, day after day while boy after boy appeared, all just using you to get home?! Wouldn’t you be angry if you weren’t allowed to leave?!”

“I-I…,” Leo stuttered. The dark haired boy took a deep breath and wiped his eyes on his sleeve. Leo was overwhelmed by the sudden need to gather him up in his arms and make it all alright…

“Come here then,” the boy said, voice gone all soft and sad. He reached out to Leo.

“Er…what for?” the Latino asked.

“So I can kiss you and you can get your raft and then you can get out of here and look for your soulmate,” the boy said all on one breath.

“No.” Leo said.

“W-What?” the boy stuttered. Leo smiled and shrugged,

“Nope,” he repeated, “now can we get some food? I’m starving?” he began walking up the beach, while the dark haired boy gaped at him.

“What?!” he demanded, “you can’t be serious! Oi! Come back here you imbecile!”

***

“You can’t stay here,” the dark haired boy said, sitting opposite Leo at the camp fire. The Latino was eating his enchilada like it was his last meal,
“Tell me your name,” he said, ignoring the other boy’s question. The dark haired boy crossed his arms over his chest, and wrinkled his nose. *Cute,* Leo noted, “No.”

“Fine, suit yourself,” Leo shrugged and reached for an apple pie, “did you make this? It’s delicious!”

“Stop it!” the boy groaned in frustration, “get off my island!”

“Right after I find my mate, babe,” Leo winked. The boy blushed, mouth hanging open. He shook his head,

“You’re fucking impossible!” he spat and got up.

“So I’ve been told,” Leo said, amused. The boy pushed past him and walked into the cave,

“You sleep on the left!” he yelled, angrily.

***

Leo blinked his eyes open to see the dark haired boy hovering inches from his face, a determined look in his eyes.

“What are you doing?!” Leo gaped, pushing his hand against the boy’s face, making him climb off.

“I was gonna kiss you,” the boy grumbled.

“Geez, you should’ve bought me dinner first,” Leo grinned.

“I cooked you dinner,” the boy pointed out.

“Oh yeah.”

“Can you just let me kiss you?” he asked, “so you can go?”

“Nope,” Leo said, “not before I find my soulmate.”

“How about you tell me his name, maybe I’ve seen him round?” the dark haired boy asked sarcastically.

“Hahah, very funny,” Leo deadpanned, he pulled his covers toward him roughly, making the other boy fall to the ground, “go to sleep, and don’t try to molest me again!” he said, rolling himself into a pancake.

***

Leo was pulling on the backpack he found in the boy’s cave, filled with supplies, when the owner came out, shielding his eyes from the sun. Once again, Leo’s breath was taken away by how beautiful the boy was, with his tousled hair and confused eyes. Immediately, the Latino felt bad for thinking that about a boy who wasn’t his mate.

“What are you doing?” the boy asked.

“Going to look for my soulmate, so I can get out of your hair,” Leo said, “I borrowed some food, I hope you don’t mind.”

“Are you going to give it back?” the boy raised an eyebrow.
“Maybe,” Leo winked, “I’ll see you tonight!” he called, as he began climbing over a grassy hill, “or never,” he added to himself, a bit bitterly, as he walked into the forest.

***

Two weeks later, once again the Latino came back, dirty, tired, and frustrated. He dropped the backpack angrily by the campfire.

“Didn’t find him today either?” the dark haired boy asked, “shocker!”

“Shut up, Death Boy,” Leo grumbled, burying his face in his hands and sitting down. He was so disappointed. The dark haired boy bit his lip,

“Hey, look, I’ve almost waited a century for my soulmate maybe…”

“Not helping, dude.”

“Sorry.” The boy said guiltily. He was silent for a moment, “look…maybe I can’t magically make him appear but…maybe I can do something to make you feel better.”

“If it’s kissing me then no thanks,” Leo said bitterly. The other boy winced,

“No. I won’t kiss you, don’t worry,” he said, “just, come with me.” He offered Leo his hand. The Latino stared at it for a moment, before he rolled his eyes and took it, letting the smaller boy haul him up. The boy’s hand was warm and soft in Leo’s, almost fitting perfectly…. “come on,” the dark haired boy was blushing and he quickly dropped the Latino’s hand.

He led him through the forest off to the side, climbing gracefully over roots and dodging branches. Leo followed him, prattling on about something stupid. Until they broke into the clearing.

A waterfall cascaded into a little lake that snaked off in-between the trees. The sunset illuminated it with golden and pink, making it shimmer beautifully.

“I come here sometimes when I’m sad,” the dark haired boy shrugged.

“Awesome!” Leo grinned, happy to get all the dirt and grime off of his skin. He quickly pulled off his shirt, tossing it to the side. He started on his pants,

“Oh my God!” the dark haired boy yelled, covering his eyes, “a little warning next time!”

“What did you think I was gonna do?” Leo teased, “watch the waterfall?”

“Um…yeah?”

Leo rolled his eyes and then began climbing the rocky wall on the side of the waterfall. Droplets sprayed his heated skin, spreading little shocks through his body.

“What are you doing?!” the dark haired boy demanded,

“Shut up and come on!” Leo yelled. He pulled himself up, bit by bit, his arm muscles straining. The waterfall wasn’t too big, thank God. When he got on top, flushed and slightly out of breath, the dark haired boy was already there, arms crossed over his chest.

“That took you a while.”

“What the fuck?!” Leo demanded, “how did you get up here so fast?” he clambered to his feet.
The boy shrugged one shoulder,

"Magic," he joked. Leo rolled his eyes,

"Are you gonna take off your shirt?" he asked.

"You have to cook me dinner first," the boy stuck his tongue out, eyes twinkling, "so what now?" he asked, looking down the waterfall. The water slammed into the lake below,

"We jump," Leo smiled.

"Are you insane?!" The boy demanded. Leo looked down,

"I jumped off a ship before."

"Yeah and I had to catch you," the boy rolled his eyes. Leo blinked at him,

"That was you?" he asked. The dark haired boy blushed suddenly,

"Um…y-yeah."

"Thanks!" Leo grinned, "now are you jumping or what?"

"Or what," the boy offered, "I'm not up for dying just yet."

"And what are you up for?" Leo teased.

"Something better," the dark haired boy shrugged.

"Come onnn," Leo whined, "I'll hold your hand."

"No."

"Pleaseee?"

"No."

"I'll kiss you if you jump with me," Leo said suddenly. The dark haired boy’s eyes widened,

"Really?" he breathed.

"Really," Leo said. A sudden sadness appeared in the dark boy’s eyes and it almost broke Leo’s heart. But it was gone as soon as it appeared,

"Alright then," the boy shrugged. He walked toward the edge of the waterfall and swallowed nervously. Leo came to stand next to him,

"On three," he said, smirking. The dark haired boy’s eyes locked with Leo’s, “one,” the boy quickly looked ahead, a blush rising on his cheeks, “two,” almost shyly, his hand slipped into Leo’s. The Latino intertwined their fingers, “three!” he yelled. He and the boy both pushed themselves off the edge.

And for a second the two were flying, carried by the wind. And then they smashed into the water and went under. The dark haired boy’s hand slipped from Leo’s as the two broke through the surface, gasping for breath.

"That was awesome!" the dark haired boy said, grinning.
“You know it, death boy,” Leo said, “we should do it again.”

“In a second. Let me catch my breath,” the boy said. Leo grinned wickedly and then went under. Before the boy knew what happened, he was being dragged underwater.

The dark haired boy glared at Leo who was holding his hips tightly, keeping both of them under. Little fish swam around them, and Leo grinned. The dark haired boy flicked his nose. Leo stuck his tongue out. The boy tapped Leo’s shoulder and pointed to the surface. The Latino swam upwards, pulling the dark haired boy with him.

“Fuck you!” The boy laughed, splashing water at Leo, “a little warning next time.”

“Next time, eh?” Leo’s eyes twinkled. The dark haired boy blushed suddenly and looked away.

“Um, are you gonna kiss me now or…”

“Kiss you?”

“Yeah, you promised.” The dark haired boy blinked at him. Leo smiled, and swam over. The boy closed his eyes, his eyelashes had tiny droplets of water on them. The Latino leaned forward and kissed the other boy’s cheek. His eyes flew open,

“What the fuck?” he seethed.

“I gave you a kiss,” Leo said innocently. The boy shoved him away, hard.

“I fucking knew it!” he yelled, climbing out of the water. His clothes stuck to his tiny frame and he was shivering immediately, “I fucking knew you would lie!”

“Hey calm down-”

“Calm down?!” the boy demanded, “how long are you planning to stay here?! Do you enjoy watching me be miserable?! Do you?! You’ve been here for so long! Why are you not going home?!”

“Look, I just-” Leo climbed out of the water and walked up to the other boy, “I j-just-”

“No!” the boy flinched away, “leave me alone!” there were tears in his eyes, “I don’t want you here! I hate you! I fucking hate you!” he turned on his heel, ready to run, but Leo grabbed his wrist.

“Nico, wait!” he said desperately. The boy froze, and then turned around sharply,

“How do you know my name?!” he asked, “is this some sort of sick joke? Did the God’s send you…”

“No! I didn’t mean to call you that! It just slipped out-”

“And why did it slip out?!”

Leo didn’t say anything, he twisted his arm and showed the boy the mark on his wrist. His soul mate mark,

“You’re the only person on this island,” the Latino said quietly. The dark haired boy’s eyes widened,
“B-But…”

“Let me see your soulmate mark,” Leo said abruptly, “please.”

Hesitantly, the boy rolled up his sleeved and showed Leo his mark.

Leo.

“Oh my Gods,” a smile appeared on the Latino’s face, “you’re Nico! You’re my soulmate!”

“No.” Nico said, voice hard, “no I’m not!” he stepped into the shadows and disappeared. Leo watched the place where he was with his mouth hanging open.

“Shit.” He cursed and then sprinted through the forest. He was running down the beach when he saw random things flying out of the cave; food and Leo’s backpack, his map and tool belt.

“Nico!” Leo tried to catch his breath, “what are you doing?!”

“You’re leaving. Tonight.” Nico came out of the cave, dumping Leo’s jacket on the sand.

“No! I’m not leaving!” Leo scoffed, “you’re my soulmate, Nico!”

“I’m not your soulmate!” Nico growled. Leo’s shoulder’s slumped,

“I’m sorry I’m such a disappointment,” he said quietly. Nico’s eyes widened,

“N-No! Leo, that’s not what I meant!” he said quickly, “you’re so wonderful and-” he slammed his hands over his mouth before he could say anything else, face burning bright. Leo looked at him.

“Can you just kiss me?” Nico asked,

“No.”

“Leo.”

“I’m not leaving!” he said, “you said it yourself – we’re meant for something better!”

“That’s not what I meant!” Nico said, exasperated, “just come here!” he reached for the Latino, but Leo sidestepped,

“No!” he said and turned around , sprinting down the beach. Nico gaped at him,

“Oi! Come back here!” he yelled after him. He jumped into the shadows, appearing right in front of Leo, who dodged him and ran toward the sea. And so the chase continued; Leo ran around, from one corner to the next, while Nico jumped out at him from the shadows, never quite able to get him.

Finally, Nico grew too exhausted from using shadow travel. He collapsed onto the sand, staring at the starry sky. He was breathing hard, his chest heaving. Leo came and collapsed next to him. The two lay in silence for a moment,

“I’m sorry,” Leo said.

“Can you just leave?” Nico asked. Leo sighed and stood up, he offered Nico a hand. The dark haired boy let the Latino pull him up. “It doesn’t have to be much,” Nico said quickly, “just a peck…”
“No.” Leo said, “I want to do this properly. If this is all I get.”

“Okay.” Nico shrugged, hands curled into fists, eyes glued to the ground. Leo wrapped his arms around the Italian’s waist, and pulled him closer. Nico hesitantly wrapped his arms around Leo’s neck, and looked up at him shyly. Leo pressed their foreheads together, and looked into Nico’s incredible eyes. He leaned forward and pressed their lips in a gentle, sweet kiss.

Leo felt electricity go through him, and Nico shivered against him. The Italian began to pull away, but Leo’s arms wrapped around him tighter, keeping him close. That’s all they got; that one kiss.

Nico’s hands tangled in Leo’s hair as their kiss turned heated, more desperate. Leo kissed him hungrily, trying to remember the other boy’s taste, the feel of his lips against his. Nico’s hands came to touch Leo’s face gently, and Leo’s hands slipped under the Italian’s still damp shirt. He traced patterns into the boy’s pale skin while Nico pressed himself impossibly closer.

When they had to pull away, both of them lightheaded from the lack of air, Nico was crying. He broke away from Leo and looked behind him. A raft had appeared on the waves floating close by.

“Go,” Nico said, wiping his eyes, “go home.”

“Nico…,” Leo said, “come with me. Please.”

“I-I can’t,” Nico stammered, “you know I can’t.”

Leo grabbed his hand and pulled him closer again. He took Nico’s face in his hands and kissed him again, then peppered his face with kisses,

“Wait for me. I’ll find you, I promise,” he said. Nico nodded, Leo kissed him again and then walked to the raft. He climbed on, letting the cold water brush against his legs. He watched Nico stand on the shore, hugging himself. The raft began to drift away gently, carrying Leo out to the dark sea, away from his soulmate.

But he wasn’t having any of that.

“We’re made for something better,” he told himself, and then jumped off the raft.

“LEO!” Nico screamed. Leo swam quickly towards Ogygia, fighting against the current that was trying to push him away. Nico ran into the water, eyes wide. Just then, Leo felt a solid surface under his feet. He stood up and ran to Nico. He pulled him into his arms, “Leo you fucking idiot!” Nico was sobbing into his shoulder, clutching him tightly, “what the fuck was that?!” he began hitting him.

“I’m not leaving you,” Leo said stubbornly. Nico looked up at him, looking shocked and angry and so, so, happy. “I’m not leaving you,” Leo repeated. Nico stood on his tiptoes and kissed Leo like his life depended on it. Leo held him close, feeling like his heart would explode.

“OI YOU TWO!” Jason yelled. Nico and Leo pulled away and looked up. Out of nowhere came the Argo II with Percy, Annabeth, Jason, Piper and Hazel with some Asian boy leaning over the side.

Leo gaped at them,

“Your friends?” Nico asked, looking like he was about to faint.

“Yup,” Leo grinned. Nico looked at him in disbelief and Leo kissed him,
“You were right, we are meant for something better.”
I'm colder than this home

Chapter Notes

This is dark and sad, with one-sided Percy x Nico.
Based on the song 'Swimming Pool' by the Front Bottoms,
for RoseBadwolf1000 on FF.Net

Based on 'The Swimming Pool' by the Front Bottoms

![Image](image)

**There's comfort in the bottom of a swimming pool**

**I'm holding my breath for you**

**There's no doubt in my mind that if you could then you would try**

**To crack my ribcage open and pull my heart right through.**

Nico was underwater, in the freezing cold lake by Camp Half Blood. His skin stung and his lungs ached. He wanted air, he needed air, but he refused to re-surface, refused to continue fuelling his life with something as pitiful as air. If he were to die, he might as well die here, holding his breath for a boy that would never love him. Nico didn’t care, he was numb. He wondered if that’s what people who were responsible for school shootings felt like; cold.

Maybe Percy hadn’t realized it, but by kissing Annabeth in front of everyone, he cracked Nico’s ribcage and pulled his heart out, tossing it into the campfire for the God’s to feast on.

But then there they were – the shadows. The shadows, his only friends. Bianca was dead, Percy didn’t love him. Nico reached out to the shadows and felt the familiar pull of shadow travel as he was pulled from the lake and taken far, far away.

**But I'm a creature of a culture that I create**

**I'm the last one on the dance floor**
As the chandelier gives way
And I am permanently
Preoccupied with your past
I've been around long enough now
To know that the good things never last
They never last.


“I’ve chosen my side,” Nico said, “it’s time for you to choose yours.”

“Nico! What the hell man, how can you betray camp Half Blood? How can you betray our home?!” Percy demanded.

“Our home?” Nico asked bitterly, “that was never my home.”

“Listen to the boy,” Kronos cocked his head to the side, “choose your side. Stand by me or watch the world fall to the Titans.”

“I’ll never stand by you!” Percy spat clicking Riptide into a sword and holding it in front of him, “Nico come with me!”

“The boy won’t go with you,” Kronos laughed like it was all one massive joke, that Percy wasn’t in on. Nico looked right ahead, “first you killed his sister, then you broke his heart-”

“B-Broke his heart?” Percy stuttered.

“End of negotiations!” Nico snapped. He threw his Stygian-Iron sword. Percy watched in awe and horror as it sailed through the air. It cut through the chain holding up the chandelier. In slow motion, he watched it fall to the ground, in all its golden glory, and crush half a dozen panicked demigods beneath it. Blood poured out over the floor, squirting out of the bodies as if they were sponges.

“Let the war begin!” Kronos smiled coldly.

There’s comfort in the silence of a living room
The TV is on for you
Hide in your basement while your house burns down
Your teeth are loose inside of your gums
They will eventually fall out
Follow an orange extension cord under a carpet, to a closet door

Feeding the black light that will someday make me very, very, very, very, very rich.

“Percy,” Nico sang, “Percy, come out, come out wherever you are…” he ran his sword across the walls, ripping the tapestries. Percy slammed his hand over his mouth, in the basement where he was hiding. He could still hear the TV that was on upstairs. Wires snaked their way across the floor and up the walls. Orange cords filled with electricity, electricity that was so flammable…Too late Percy realized that he should have never hidden down here.

Nico’s footsteps stopped.

“Percy,” he said casually, as if the boy was right next to him, “your house is on fire.”

Just as Percy felt the heat on his skin and the flames dancing against the walls, Nico stepped into the shadows.

How low is your self esteem
And how low could it possibly be?
I know, I know you're in love with me
And I've been ignoring you

Percy didn’t die in the fire. He survived and the Titans fell to the Gods. Nico was taken as prisoner and thrown into the deepest, darkest cell of the demigod prison. Percy visited him sometimes, spoke to him through the iron bars.

“Nico, I didn’t know you were in love with me,” he’d say, “I’m sorry. I didn’t know you’ve been hurting, you didn’t tell me you were hurting. Nico, please, this war would’ve ended so much differently if you took my side. Nico…I didn’t know, I’m sorry, okay? So please, talk to me…”

And Nico would just face the wall and not say a word.

I will stop cutting my pants into shorts
I will address the issues I cannot ignore
And I will do the things I think you might like
And I will be alone probably the rest of my life.

Nico looked at his wrists. They were dirty, stained with old blood. His cuts were probably infected but he couldn’t bring himself to care. But Percy did. He burst into his cell and demanded that Nico saw a doctor. He gathered him up into his arms and carried him to the ambulance and then held his hand while Nico was examined.

Malnutrition, suicide attempt…
Percy started crying. Nico’s cuts were cleaned and bandages. Percy pulled him into his arms and kissed his hair and held his hand. He told him that it was okay, that he’d be okay…

Nico knew what Percy wanted him to do; break down, ask for forgiveness. So he did. He clung onto Percy and cried and apologized. And later when Annabeth came in to hug him and tell him that she forgave him, he cried more. He got invited to the wedding, and there, he cried some more, ‘happy tears.’

But he wasn’t happy, he wasn’t sad, he wasn’t *sorry*.

He was just cold.
It's not the end of the world

Chapter Notes

For Star.
IDK about MPreg, i find it weird and unnatural, but your wish is my command so here it is :)
grabbed Percy’s arms and searched his face,

“What is it?!” he demanded, “What’s wrong?! Annabeth said it was an emergency…”

“No, it’s okay, I’m not dying,” Percy rolled his eyes, mostly to get rid of the tears that appeared again. Jason visibly relaxed,

“But something’s wrong?” he asked gently.

“Not ‘wrong’ exactly,” Percy bit his lip.

“Come on, baby, you can tell me,” Jason said softly. Percy took a deep breath and stared at his feet,

“Y-You see how we don’t use protection?”

“Yes,” Jason frowned. Then his eyes widened, “please don’t tell me that one of us has an STD and now the other one has it—”

“No you idiot,” Percy scoffed, “we’re both tested.”

“Y-Yeah I know,” Jason regained his composure, “what is it then?”

Percy gathered up his courage and then glanced up at Jason,

“I’m pregnant,” he blurted. Jason blinked at him, and then laughed,

“Seriously, Percy?” he said, “I thought something actually happened!”

“I’m pregnant,” Percy repeated tears gathering in his eyes.

“Percy, I was in the middle of a sword fighting class,” Jason said, turning toward the door, “I left the kids with no supervision…” he trailed off and turned around when Percy didn’t make a sassy remark. His boyfriend stood where he left him, cradling his stomach with tears slowly rolling down his face. “Percy, shit, you’re serious.” Jason gaped.

He walked across the room and gathered Percy into his arms,

“Hey, shhh, it’s okay,” he said soothingly. Percy burst out crying, clinging onto Jason, “it’s alright baby…”

“J-Jas, what are w-we gonna do?!” Percy sobbed. Jason pulled back and cradled his boyfriend’s face in his hands,

“We’re having a baby,” he told Percy calmly, stroking his cheek, “it’s not the end of the world. It’s a good thing…”

“Y-Yeah?” Percy asked. Jason leaned forward and kissed him,

“Of course,” he smiled, “you’ll give birth to him or her and I’ll support you every step of the way. And Annabeth and Leo can be the Godparents. Sound good?”

“Yeah,” Percy smiled, “I still don’t know how it’s possible though…”

“Athena sprung from Zeus’ thoughts, you tell me.”
"I'm stuck in a telephone box and there's a creepy stranger following me and I'm trying to call my best friend but my hands are shaking so hard I called you instead?"

Nico wasn’t really used to getting hit on. He was small and scrawny, always hiding in too-big hoodies. His hair was always a mess, there were dark circles under his eyes and a glare on his face. It was enough to scare any respectable person.

So no, Nico wasn’t used to getting hit on, but he was used to getting followed down the dark streets by creepy men. It scared him, no matter how many times it happened.

Nico was just coming back from the dance studio, his costume in the bag slung over his shoulder, sweaty and tired, when he saw the man. At first he just took notice of him; dark hood pulled over his eyes, a scarf around his neck. He was big, much bigger than Nico, and was walking with fast, confident steps.

So of course, Nico sped up and casually looked for his phone in his pocket so that he could call Hazel. The men usually left him alone if he called someone, especially if he gave them his address.

But that night, he found out that his phone was gone. Nico swore under his breath, he must’ve left
it at the studio. But he couldn’t turn around now, not with the man following him.

Nico took a sharp turn, the man did the same. Nico saw his bus top, he also saw that his bus was due in twenty four minutes. The shops were closed, and there was a dark alleyway directly behind the stop. Nico wasn’t going to try his luck. He walked past the stop, not even slowing his step. The man followed him.

Just to make sure that he wasn’t just being paranoid, Nico abruptly crossed the street. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the man do the same. His heart was thumping wildly in his chest, his hands were sweating. He was terrified, he imagined the man dragging him off into one of the alleyways and hurting him, raping or murdering or both. Hazel would never find his body.

And then Nico saw it; the telephone box. He sped up his step as he reached it. With shaking hands he took out a coin and inserted it in. The man was nearing him, and Nico quickly typed in Hazel’s number, with shaking, sweaty fingers.

The phone rang once, twice…

The man was coming closer.

“Hello?” a sleepy voice asked. A man’s voice. With horror, Nico realized that he had called the wrong number,

“H-Hazel?” he stuttered out,

“No? Who is this?” the boy asked.

“I…um,” the man was coming closer and Nico’s voice was shaking, “I’m on my w-way back from the studio. T-Through the d-dark alleyways, y-yeah?”

“Is someone following you?” The boy sounded alert all of a sudden.

“Yes.”

“Okay, don’t hang up, tell me your address. I’ll come get you.”

“Um, t-twenty four, Evers S-Street,” Nico stuttered out. He felt he was about to cry. The man was so close now. On the other side Nico heard shuffling,

“That’s two streets away from me, I’m coming to get you,” the boy said, “repeat the address.”

Nico repeated the address. The man was close enough to touch,

“Hurry please,” Nico said, “it’s cold.”

The man stopped by the telephone booth. Nico could see his clouded over dark eyes, could smell the alcohol on his breath.

“Why don’t you hang up, babe?” the man asked. Nico was shaking so badly that he could barely hold the phone,

“Sorry, sir, I’m talking to my dad,” he said, managing to keep his voice even. The man kissed his teeth and then walked off, muttering ‘next time, next time.’ Nico slumped against the wall of the booth.

“Hello?” the boy on the other side asked, “hello? Are you there?”
“Y-Yes,” Nico stuttered, “the man’s gone.”

“Okay, I think I see you.” The boy said, and hanged up. Nico looked up and saw a blonde boy jogging toward him. He couldn’t have been much older than Nico, with concerned blue eyes and a scarf wrapped around his neck clumsily. He was still in his pyjamas.

“Okay, I think I see you.” The boy said, and hanged up. Nico looked up and saw a blonde boy jogging toward him. He couldn’t have been much older than Nico, with concerned blue eyes and a scarf wrapped around his neck clumsily. He was still in his pyjamas.

“Oh thank God,” Nico gasped when the boy stopped in front of him,

“Are you okay?” the blonde demanded, “did the man do anything?”

“No, I’m fine,” Nico offered him a weak smile.

“You’re shaking,” the boy said with concern.

“Yeah, that was fucking terrifying,” Nico said. Will took off his scarf and wrapped it around Nico’s neck. Nico stared at him,

“Sorry, you looked cold,” the blonde said, blushing.

“I should be the one apologizing,” Nico said, “I called you.”

“Accidently.”

“Y-Yeah but still…,” Nico trailed off, “thank you.”

“That’s okay,” Will smiled, a dimple appearing in his cheek. Nico’s heartbeat sped up again, but for a different reason than fear.

“I’m Nico.”

“Nice to meet you,” Will said, “do you…okay, I know this sounds weird, and I promise I’m not a creep, but do you want to come over? I’ll make you tea or something,” he added hastily, “I’m a paramedic and I just don’t want you to pass out, and you just look really pale…”

Nico pushed himself against Will’s chest suddenly, and wrapped his arms around the boy’s torso. Nico wasn’t usually the one for hugs, but he felt really safe around this random stranger, and he just wanted to hug him. For no reason.

Will wrapped his arms around Nico tightly,

“Hey, don’t go into shock,” the blonde said gently, rubbing Nico’s back,

“C-Can I come over?” Nico asked.

“Yeah, yeah of course,” Will said, carefully extracting himself from the Italian. Will took Nico’s hand, “why didn’t you have your phone?”

“I left it at the dance studio,” Nico said, as they began walking slowly towards Will’s flat. Nico’s legs were like cotton,

“You dance?” Will asked. And that was the beginning of the weirdest acquaintance ever.
Imagine your OTP seeing each other again after a long, forced separation. They go running into each other’s arms and kiss. Bonus if they had not yet said their feelings for each other.

Jason and Nico have been best friends for God knows how long. They went to nursery together, and to primary school and then to high school. Everything was fun and games until Jason started developing sudden feelings for Nico, feelings that he couldn’t explain.

He would wake up in the middle of the night, sweaty and breathing hard, after having a dream about Nico in his bed…

Jason thought it would all go away, but every day that he saw Nico his feelings would just get stronger and more confusing. He’d get an awkward boner from watching Nico play Call of Duty, with his hair tied back and wearing one of Jason’s oversized t-shirts.

His heartbeat would pick up when he saw Nico wearing a suit for prom, blushing and asking ‘does it look alright?’ and that would make Jason want to tell him how beautiful he looked like really, really badly…

That’s why he joined the army – because he couldn’t stand it anymore. Couldn’t stand how much he loved Nico without being able to tell him.

But after three years of bloody and early mornings and hard, cold guns in his hand, Jason had had enough. He emailed Nico what day he was coming back, packed his bags and got on a plane back home.

Jason’s life for the three years was grim and grey; the sleeping and exercises, the bullets swirling through the air. He trained his brain to stop thinking about Nico, made the boy a horrible asshole in his head, changing his image until he was unrecognizable and easy to hate. Jason stayed in the army for as long as it took to stop his heart beating fast when he saw he had an email from his best friend. It took three years, and now Jason was ready to face reality. He was over Nico.

The blonde walked through baggage claim and picked up his single bag of the stuff he took to the army. There wasn’t much in there; a toothbrush, a medal, some spare clothes and shoes, a razor, a hairbrush, hair gel, a book, pens, a picture of him and Nico.

Jason, still dressed in his camouflage uniform, walked into the meeting room with his bag swung casually over his shoulder. He was fine, he was over Nico…

No he wasn’t.

The second he caught sight of the brunette he wanted to turn around and run right back to the
army for another three years. Because Nico stood there, confused and nervous, looking so fucking gorgeous. His hands were clenched together, his hair as messy as Jason remember, his eyes looking around the room uneasily. He made Jason’s heart beat even faster than last time, if that was possible.

“Nico!” Jason yelled, because he wasn’t a coward and because he hated the army. Nico turned and looked at him. His eyes widened and then his face lit up with the most brilliant smile Jason’s ever seen. And then Nico was sprinting across the space between them, and Jason met him halfway. The Italian threw his arms around Jason’s neck and the blonde caught him easily, spinning him around. The second Jason set him back down on the ground, Nico stood on his tiptoes and kissed Jason.

The blonde blinked at him, surprised, as Nico pulled away blushing.

“Shit,” he breathed, “I didn’t mean to do that. I’m just happy to see-”

Jason grabbed Nico’s face and crashed their mouths together. Nico gasped against his lips, and then relaxed, sliding his arms around Jason’s neck. And the blonde was so happy he could’ve cried.

Nico was in his arms, solid and real and warm, not like in his dreams, and he was kissing him back, hands tangled in Jason’s hair.

“I missed you,” Nico murmured against his lips. Jason was meant to say ‘I missed you too’ but instead he said,

“I love you.”

Nico stared for a second.

“Oh my God I love you too,” he gasped and then his lips were back on Jason’s and it was one of the best moments of Jason’s life.
Yes, Nico di Angelo, soulmates

Chapter Notes

For Rosebadwolf1000 on FF.Net
Aphrodite likes to meddle

Aphrodite or Cupid plays a trick on the 7 and gives them their soul mate's powers in addition to their own. (Like, Frank would have Hazel's earth abilities. Calypso would be able to shoot fire, Leo would be able to sing like Calypso) Now, Percy or Jason discovers the ability to shadow travel rather than weave/think/charmspeak

Things have finally settled down after the war. Both of the camps were safe, the Titans were in Tartarus alongside the Giants. Gaia was asleep once again. Everything was good.

And then Aphrodite came and fucked shit up.

Well, not really…

***

The seven was sitting at their respective tables in the dining pavilion, eating dinner. Hazel and Nico shared a table, while Jason sat alone on the Zeus one. He watched Nico from under his eyelashes, trying to not get spotted by the Italian. Jason really fucked up, falling for the one boy who already had a crush on his best friend, Percy. Or at least he did, last time Jason said, no matter what Nico told Cupid.

The blonde sighed and put down his burger, not hungry anymore, watching with a grim expression as Nico and Hazel laughed together. Well, Hazel laughed, Nico just kind of smiled a little bit. It was a good look on him, Jason decided with a blush.

Piper slid onto the bench opposite him, ignoring camp rules. With a sweet smile she leaned forward,

“You need to stop staring,” she whispered, “it’s obvious.”

“Really?” Jason winced and quickly looked away from Nico, “ did he see?” he mumbled.
“Nah, you’re good,” Piper gave him a tight smile, “you should just tell him…”

“No!” Jason said, a bit too loudly. The Apollo kids sitting on the table next to him looked up in surprise, “no,” Jason repeated more quietly, “I can’t tell him…I-I…I think he likes someone else.”

“Well if he can’t see what an amazing guy you are then it’s his loss,” Piper said sincerely. Although she had gotten over her crush on Jason a long time ago, she still considered him a great friend. Jason sighed,

“Oh but-”

A cloud of pink smoke exploded in the middle of the pavilion. Campers scrambled back, screaming, except for the Ares kids who drew their weapons, and the Aphrodite ones, who squealed and got to their feet.

“What the-” Jason started,

“Aphrodite,” Piper’s mouth set into a thin line. Just then a woman appeared among the smoke, a beautiful woman, with her hair and eye color constantly changing. One second she was a blue-eyed brunette, and the next her hair was a fiery red. Too bad Jason was gay.

“Aphrodite,” Chiron bowed his hind horse legs, “to what do we owe this lovely visit?” he asked.

“Oh Chiron,” Aphrodite chittered happily, “I only came to bestow a gift upon the camp. Lately things have been quite dull haven’t they?”

“Yes, mom!” the Aphrodite kids chorused.

“No,” Piper mumbled, hiding her face in her hands, as if Aphrodite was embarrassing her.

“So I am here to mix things up a bi,” Aphrodite clapped her hands as if she just found out that she won a million dollars, “and what better to get things more interesting than some romance!”

The campers looked at each other, confused.

“Aphrodite, I don’t think that’s such a great idea,” Chiron said cautiously.

“Nonsense!” Aphrodite waved him off. She looked around a predatory grin on her ever-changing face, “now let’s see…hmm…oh! I know!” he face lit up, “anyone with extra abilities will also adopt their soulmates abilities!”

“S-Soulmates?” Nico stuttered. Aphrodite turned to him, and her smile grew,

“Yes, Nico Di Angelo,” she purred, “soulmates. You’ll know all about that soon enough. Now! Ta!” she waved and disappeared in a cloud of pink.

Everyone stared at eachother, mouths hanging open, eyes wide.

“What the hell was that?” Annabeth snapped, standing up.

“Annabeth maybe you shouldn’t-” Percy started.

“It’s alright, I don’t think her spell worked,” the blonde waved her hand. The water from her cup lifted into the air and slammed into the closest column. Everyone stared at the two of them.

“Oh my goodness!” Silena gushed, “they’re soulmates!” all the Aphrodite kids squealed. Nico ducked away into the shadows.
It suddenly hit Jason. If Annabeth was Percy’s soulmate, then that meant that Nico was free…

“Sorry, Pipes,” Jason kissed her cheek, “I gotta find Nico!”

“Go get him cowboy!” Piper winked. All around them campers were discovering their new powers. Calypso had trouble controlling the fire that suddenly lit up her hands, a dozen Ares kids were charm-speaking at each other. Two fights already broke out. Frank stood, hopeless, in a pile of diamonds that just kept appearing out of the ground, while Hazel laughed at him. Jason dashed madly out of the warm light of the fire, straight into the shadows-

Something tugged at him, his head spun, and he was suddenly sucked out of existence. Jason barely had time to suck in a startled breath, before he was spat out onto the beach by the lake, barely keeping his balance.

“S-Shit,” he stuttered, standing upright. His head spun, he was confused, didn’t understand what happened, until it hit him… “Oh my Gods. I just shadow travelled,” he whispered to himself.

“J-Jason?” Nico called. The blonde only now noticed him standing a few feet away, looking confused and terrified, “Jason I can’t shadow travel,” Nico was panicking, “I can’t get out of here. Someone has my power and—”

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” Jason said quickly, feeling guilty, as if he’d stolen something from the Italian, “I-I…,” the blonde couldn’t bring himself to say it out loud. *I’m your soulmate.*


“It’s not Percy if that’s what you mean,” Nico said desperately, “B-But I don’t think I got a power back. Which means…I mean it could be him. He could have my power without him liking me; like a one sided thing. He could do that right?” Nico was rambling now, walking around, agitated, “but that doesn’t make sense. I don’t like Percy anymore, I think that…,” he looked up at Jason, lower lip trembling. Jason took a step toward him, but Nico turned away, “I think I might be in love with someone else. But what if it’s still a one sided thing!? I didn’t get a power back a- and…” Nico’s voice faltered.

Jason sighed.

“Nico. Give me your hand,” he said softly. Nico looked at him, confused, but pressed his hand into Jason’s without hesitation. The blonde looked at Nico, and took a deep breath. The shadows on the beach sucked the two out of existence, and the next second they spilled further up onto the beach. The Camp was just a distant light.

Jason caught Nico before the Italian could fall, but the dark haired boy ripped himself away, stumbling away from Jason.

“Y-You can shadow travel,” he stated shakily. The blonde shrugged, “Er, yeah.”

“B-But…,” Nico frowned, “But I can’t control lightning.”

“It’s hard,” Jason said, “but maybe…maybe you can control the winds?”
“What?!” Nico asked, bewildered, “like fly?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh.” Nico said quietly, looking at his feet. He then looked up at Jason shyly, “D-Do you wanna try?”

Jason blinked at him,

“Sure,” he shrugged, trying to act like his heart wasn’t beating wildly in his chest. Nico sucked in a shaky breath and then reached out for the blonde. Jason gathered him up into his arms, and the Italian closed his eyes.

A gently breeze picked up around their intertwined bodies. Nico clung onto Jason a bit tighter and then they were being picked up off the ground. Nico gasped,

“It’s okay, concentrate,” Jason whispered into his ear. The Italian nodded and then they unsteadily rose, fast and faster. The wind whistled in Jason’s ears, he could feel Nico’s heart beating against him madly.

The two stopped rising, suspended above Long Island.

“You can look now,” Jason said, a smile on his lips. Nico’s eyes fluttered open and he looked panicked for a second, dropping a few feet, “hey! Nico, it’s okay,” Jason said quickly.

“Mhmm,” Nico hummed, eyes wide. He looked below them.

The sea was dark, except for the moon reflected in it, a city glimmered far off to the left, and Camp Half Blood was just a pinprick far below the two boys. It was beautiful, but Jason wasn’t looking down. He was watching Nico.

“Hey,” the blonde said softly. The Italian looked up from where he’d been looking down and Jason pressed their lips together suddenly.

Nico might’ve dropped them again, but that was okay because at that precise moment their powers switched back.

…They might’ve shadow travelled back to the Zeus cabin.
"Leo?" Percy asked. He was practicing sword fighting with the Latino, but his moves were slow and sluggish. "Leo, are you okay?" the son of Poseidon's brow furrowed.

"Fine," Leo sniffed and wiped his nose on his sleeve, "I'm just a bit sick. I've got a headache, nothing the amazing Leo Valdez can't handle," he joked weakly. Without a warning, Percy stepped forward and pressed his hand to Leo's forehead.

"You've got a fever," he stated, looking worried, "Leo you should rest."

Leo sniffed again, his nose bright red. He yawned,

"I guess a nap wouldn't hurt…"

***

When Leo woke up he found everyone outside, eating in the dining pavilion. The Latino blinked away his sleepiness and slid in next to Nyssa, resting his head on her shoulder.

"Leo! Where were you all day?!" his half-sister demanded.

"Sleepin'," Leo mumbled, his eyes already closing. He was so tired, and his head was pounding. Nyssa roughly checked his temperature with her hand,

"Leo! You've got a fever!"

"'m fine," Leo disagreed, snuggling closer to Nyssa. The girl sighed and ruffled his hair.
Leo must’ve dozed off because the next thing he knew was that Nyssa was shaking him awake, standing up from the table,

“Time to actually go to sleep,” she said, patting his head. Leo began sluggishly following his siblings to the Hephaestus cabin. His eyes throbbed and his brain hurt.

“Hey, Leo!” Piper popped out of nowhere, a smile on her face, “we’re having a movie night in the Hades cabin! You coming?”

“Sure,” Leo forced a smile, even though all he wanted to do was go to sleep. Seriously he was so sick and tired… but he wasn’t going to go worry his friends or pass up on the opportunity to hang out with them, so he trudged after Piper to Nico’s cabin.

“Hey guys!” Jason said, rounding the corner with a massive bowl of popcorn in his hands. He kissed Piper’s cheek and frowned at Leo,

“You alright man?” he said, “you look… under the weather.”

“I’m fine,” Leo waved him off and entered Nico’s cabin. Everyone was settled on a weird assortment of cushions and bean bags on the floor, facing a massive screen. Netflix popped up and Nico logged in with a look of concentration on his face. Leo collapsed next to Percy and almost drowned in all the pillows and blankets.

“You okay?” Percy asked again. He casually stretched out his arm and wrapped it around Leo’s shoulders. The smaller boy rested his head in the crook of Percy’s neck and relaxed, eyes fluttering close.

“Tired.” He whispered. The movie began playing, some DC one. Percy fiddled with Leo’s hair. The Latino snuggled closer,

“Go to sleep,” Percy whispered. Leo curled closer to the other boy, until the son of Poseidon pulled him into his lap, wrapping his strong arms securely around the Latino’s waist. The beginning of the movie was playing, but Leo just snuggled back into Percy, the taller boy’s chin resting on his head, and fell asleep.
I like us better when we're wasted

Chapter Notes

I have a history paper to write, it's due for tomorrow.
OOps.
Anyway, this ones for bearah cubecars.
Nico's drunk, and Percy cares.

Please do a percico fic where theyre not dating untill percy goes out to a bar and finds nico who is drunk and something happens so they get together.

“Woah, Nico, man,” Percy reached out to his stumbling friend, “slow down!”

“I’m fine,” Nico slurred, resting one hand on the wall and trying to stay upright. The other hand was firmly closed around a vodka bottle. Percy winced, watching Nico stumble around blindly.

“Nico…seriously, give me the bottle,” Percy argued, trying to snatch the bottle up. A man rounded the corner, well in his forties with a beer belly and a creepy face.

“Hey there sweet cheeks!” he yelled at Nico, a broad smile on his face.

“Hey there sweet cheeks!” he yelled at Nico, a broad smile on his face.

“Great,” Percy face-palmed, “another drunk.”

“How about I take ya home, cutie?” the man leered at Nico, who wrinkled his nose in disgust, “I’ll help you out, we could have some fun…”

“No, ‘m good.” The Italian grumbled. Percy watched him, amused, knowing that Nico could defend himself if he wanted to. The drunk man looked between the two boys,

“You with him?” he asked, mood gone sour. After a second of hesitation, Percy nodded, sliding his arm around Nico’s waist. The Italian leaned against his shoulder and smiled drunkenly.

“Yeah, this is my boyfriend,” Percy said sternly, “so why don’t you go away and leave us alone?”

“Boyfriend, eh?” the old man’s eyes twinkled, “give him a kiss, then.”

Nico pulled a face,
“What’s ‘is? A porn show?” he said, speech slurred. Percy rolled his eyes and ignored his pounding heart,

“Just gimme a kiss, baby, and then the man can go home,” Percy glared at the old man who was leering again. Nico brightened up, his eyes foggy but a massive smile on his face. Percy couldn’t help himself from leaning down and kissing him, gently, softly.

But Nico wasn’t having any of that, he grabbed Percy’s face roughly, standing on his tiptoes, and kissing back fiercely. Percy wrapped his arms around the Italian’s waist more tightly, pulling him closer as their tongues fought for dominance. It was sloppy and wet, and Nico tasted like alcohol, but it was the best kiss Percy ever had, honest to Zeus.

Nico eventually let Percy dominate the kiss, melting against the taller boy with a small moan. The leering man let out a wolf whistle and Nico and Percy broke apart, having forgotten that he was even there.


“So boyfriends?” he asked.

“Definitely,” Nico said, and then passed out.
Leo ran up the stairs of the apartment complex. Apparently the lift was broken, just his luck. Luckily, the postman didn’t have anything too heavy on him. Just three letters and a box of beautiful hair ribbons. His curly hair was tucked under the red postman cap, that he wore backwards.

He disposed the letters quickly and then once again glanced at the address on his post-it-note. He definitely had the address right and so, with the box under his armpit, he knocked on the door.

To his surprise a boy opened the door. Leo blinked at him; the boy couldn’t have been much younger than the Latino, maybe eighteen, with dark circled under his intense brown eyes, pale milky, skin and messy black hair.

“Is your sister home?” Leo sent the guy his most charming smile, because *damn that guy was cute.*

“Sister?” the boy raised an eyebrow, “I don’t have a sister. That package is for me,” he pointed at the box under Leo’s armpit.

“O-Oh,” the Latino said after a beat, hastily giving the dark haired boy the box, “you do crossdressing?”

“No!” the boy scoffed, looking at Leo as if he were an idiot. He practically snatched the paper out of Leo’s hand, sighing it angrily. The Latino glanced at his name; NICO DI ANGELO.

“You’re Italian?” Leo asked.

“Goodbye,” Nico said, slamming the door in Leo’s face. The Latino blinked at the dark wood before sighing,
“You messed up once again, Valdez,” he grumbled to himself, running back down the stairs.

***

Leo wasn’t very surprised to find himself back in front of that building two weeks later. He often came back to similar locations.

He sighed and trudged up the stairs, since the lift was once again broken. This time the only thing he had this time was a sparkly tutu in a box. He barley glanced at the address, already assuming that it belonged to Nico.

“Geez,” Leo said to himself, “what does this dude do in his free time?”

He knocked on the door, that opened almost immediately. Nico, with his hair pulled back in a low ponytail and crazy blue eyeshadow on his eyelids wrenched the door open. His expression fell when he saw Leo,

“It’s not what it looks like,” he grumbled, snatching the parcel up, “is it blue?”

“What?” Leo was staring at him, mouth wide open.

“Is the skirt blue?” Nico repeated, more slowly. Leo closed his mouth,

“Ugh, yeah, think so,” he stuttered. Nico rolled his eyes and signed the paper,

“Thanks and goodnight!” he said, quickly closing the door.

***

The door opened and a tired Nico looked at him, dressed in an oversized t-shirt and pyjama bottoms.

“What the hell are you doing at my door?” the Italian mumbled, rubbing his eyes. He looked adorable, like a little kitten.

“I brought your tights?” Leo offered, holding up the box, “we’re a twenty four hour service.”

“Don’t you have school or something,” Nico grumbled, leaning against the doorframe and yawning. He was whispering so Leo lowered his voice too,

“I do. In the mornings,” he said, “I’m Leo by the way.”

“Nico,” the Italian said, offering Leo his hand. He was much more calm and nice when he was sleepy, “sorry for being a jerk.”

“It’s alright,” Leo grinned at him, “as much as I’d love to stay and chat, I have a job to do and you look like you could use a nap so…”

“Yeah,” Nico yawned again and took his parcel from Leo, “thanks.”

“No problem.”

Nico smiled sleepily at Leo again, and it made his heart speed up,
“Goodnight.”

“‘Night.”

***

The next time Leo found himself in front of Nico’s apartment he had a box filled with masks and pink feathered boas.

“I got your delivery,” he said happily when Nico opened the door. His clothes were stained with paint, the circles under his eyes a bit more faded,

“Oh. Thank you,” Nico said, “I wasn’t expecting it until Wednesday.”

“Well,” Leo shrugged, “I might’ve put it on speed delivery.”

Nico’s eyes widened,

“Really?!” he said, smiling slightly, “thank you!”

“’s okay,” Leo rubbed the back of his neck, blushing and looking at his feet. An awkward silence settled over the two,

“So, um,” Nico cleared his throat, “d-do you want to come in? F-For a coffee?”

Leo looked up at him. This was it. This was his chance,

“Yeah, sure,” he said easily, and Nico let him into his apartment. On practically every surface there was a mess; paint and books stacked on the floors, the couch had a floral blanket on it and there were shoes and makeup kits and headdresses all over the floor.

“S-Sorry,” Nico said, embarrassed, kicking a high heeled shoe under the couch, “It’s my…um, nevermind.”

“It’s okay,” Leo grinned, “my flat’s worse. Trust me.”

Nico led him into the kitchen, where he pushed dirty cups into the sink.

“You live here alone?” Leo asked, looking around.

“K-Kinda?” Nico offered vaguely, pulling out clean cups and putting the kettle on, “so what do you do Leo?”

“I’m a postman,” Leo said, like it was obvious. Which it was. Nico rolled his eyes,

“Well yes, but apart from that.”

“I’m doing a course in mechanical engineering,” Leo shrugged. Nico looked at him,

“That’s actually awesome.”

“What about you,” Leo leaned against the counter, “you in college?”

“No,” Nico averted his gaze, “I-I…I had to drop out, for personal reasons,” he picked up a random sketchbook laying around and quickly shoved it into Leo’s hands, “I’m doing online courses in teaching, and I do some art.”
Leo flicked through the book, impressed. Nico’s art was really good, especially the way he drew eyes…there were some self-portraits, pictures of a little girl, probably Nico’s sister, and…

“Did you draw me?” Leo asked, brows furrowed. Nico blushed a bright red and snatched the notebook back, cradling it to his chest, protectively,

“It’s just cuz you look…kinda nice i-in that hat,” he stammered, pointing vaguely in Leo’s direction. The Latino smiled,

“Thanks,” he said sweetly, “I think you always look nice.”

Nico blushed even harder and glanced at his paint-stained clothes, he groaned, and turned to the kettle while Leo laughed.

Later they exchanged numbers.

***

“I brought the lipstick,” Leo said solemnly when Nico opened the door. He looked panicked,

“I…err, thanks,” he said, taking the box from Leo.

“I also brought pizza?” Leo offered. “Nico is something wrong?”

“N-No,” something crashed in the back, and Nico winced, “it’s just not a good time. Sorry.” He said and slammed the door shut, just like the first time.

***

The next time Leo showed up it was because Nico texted him. The Latino was out of his usual postman uniform, instead wearing an orange t-shirt he got at summer camp where he was one of the supervisors, and black jeans. He knocked on Nico’s door and didn’t have to wait long for it to open.

Nico was wearing a nice white button-up shirt, and dress pants. He was blushing a bright red, his hair combed and less messy than usual.

“H-Hi,” the Italian stuttered.

“Hi,” Leo said, “you texted for me to come, and here I am,” he was grinning.

Nico let him into his flat without a word.

All of the mess was gone, everything was dusted and clean and put away. The table, which the last few times had been littered with makeup and skirts and paint was now set with candles and nice dinner plates.

“Nico?” Leo asked, confused. The Italian was fiddling with the bottom of his shirt, looking at the ground.

“L-Last time you b-brought pizza, but…y-you know, s-something came up,” he mumbled, “and I-I wanted to m-make it up to you…”

“You didn’t have to,” Leo said softly. He almost reached out to Nico. Almost, “but thank you. I’m actually starving.”

Nico smiled brightly,
“Great. I made lasagne.”

“I love lasagne.”

***

Leo and Nico were walking back from the grocery store, in the evening, where Nico was doing food shopping and Nico was buying booze.

“You should seriously come to the party with me,” Leo nudged his friend, grinning. Nico rolled his eyes,

“I can’t,” he said.

“But why?”

“I just can’t,” Nico bit his lip. They stopped outside of Nico’s apartment complex. The Italian bit his lip, “I’m just gonna head in. Have fun at the party,” he said a bit sadly.

“Nico,” Leo said. On impulse he suddenly leaned down and kissed the shorter boy. Nico gasped and stumbled backwards,

“L-Leo, what the-”

“I’m sorry!” Leo blurted, panicked, “it’s just that I really like you, and I thought you liked me too. Oh man, I fucked up, I’m so sorry…”

Nico stepped forward and pecked Leo’s lips, effectively getting him to shut up.

“I like you too,” the Italian mumbled, blushing. Leo smiled softly,

“Oh,” he said breathlessly, “okay. That’s cool. That’s great actually,” he leaned down to kiss Nico again, but the Italian turned his head.

“Wait,” he said quietly, “there’s something I need to show you,” he admitted, “someone actually. It’s the reason for…all those weird things I ordered.”

“Okay,” Leo said, because at this point he doubted anything could put him off the Italian. Unless he actually had a vagina, which would be a bit weird.

Nico took Leo’s hand gently and led him up the stairs (the lift was still broken) to his apartment. The Italian fished out a key from his pocket and slotted it into the lock, he took a deep breath and opened the door, not looking at Leo.

Inside the apartment there were two people. One girl, with curly hair and an almost identical face to Nico, was making mac and cheese in the kitchen, singing along to the radio. By the table, which was once again littered with all sorts of things, sat a little girl. She had dark skin, and crazy curly dark blonde hair paired with golden eyes. She was a tiny, chubby little thing, only about three years old. She was scribbling something on a piece of paper, but her head snapped up when she saw Nico.

The Italian let go of Leo’s hand.

“Daddy!” the little girl squealed. Nico opened his arms and the girl jumped up. The boy caught her easily and twirled her around, his face bright with such a brilliant smile that it made Leo’s breath catch. The girl from the kitchen came out, smiling softly, while the little girl hugged Nico
around the neck, hard, “daddy! See what I made!” she bubbled.

“In a second, baby,” Nico smiled, and turned to the taller girl, “Bianca, Hazel, I want you to meet someone. This is my…friend, Leo.”

“Hello,” the little girl said, grinning happily at Leo.

“Hi,” Leo waved, “what’s your name?”

“Hazel,” the girl said, “and I’m three!” she proudly held up three fingers. Then she pointed to the girl standing to the side, “that’s auntie Bianca!”

“Come along, Hazel,” Bianca said with a smile, “show me your picture, and then we can have dinner, yeah?”

“Yeah!” Hazel fist pumped the air and ran off. Nico turned to Leo, an unsure expression on his face.

“She likes to dress up,” he said.

“You didn’t tell me you had a child,” Leo frowned. Nico hugged himself and looked at the ground,

“The girl…that it happened with, she was gonna have an abortion,” Nico winced just talking about it, “but I begged her to not do it. I promised I’d take care of the baby…,” he ran a hand through his hair, “we were only fifteen, we were so stupid. But she gave birth to my little Hazel,” a small smile appeared on the Italian’s face, “and disappeared. Does modelling in France from what I see on Facebook. And I have my baby girl to take care of.”

“Oh,” Leo breathed, “wow. That’s amazing.” He said.

“You don’t mind?” Nico asked surprised,

“Of course I don’t mind,” Leo leaned forward and kissed Leo gently, “you’re more amazing than I thought,” he admitted quietly.

“Daddy! Leo! C’mon!” Hazel called. Nico smiled at Leo and let him drag him to the table.
Is that a challenge?

Chapter Notes

For Chloenitram88.
Frank and Leo have a competition.

Can you do a Freo where they go on a picnic?

“I bet you that you won’t eat all of that,” Leo grinned. Frank raised an eyebrow,
“Is that a challenge, Valdez?” he asked.

“Bring it on,” Leo said, grabbing a PB&J sandwich, “if I win, you give me a piggy back ride.”
“Okay,” Frank shrugged.

“…as a dragon,” Leo finished. Frank narrowed his eyes at him,

“Alright,” he said, and then smiled wickedly, “but if I win you'll have to go and kiss the person you fancy.”

Leo blushed to the roots of his hair,

“F-Fine,” he spluttered, suddenly embarrassed, “but you won’t win!”

The day was warm and sunny. Leo and Frank sat in central park while Annabeth sorted some Camp stuff in the city. Children ran around, chasing each other and squealing, dogs barked and ran after them. Balls and Frisbees flew around. Everything was calm peaceful.

Meanwhile Frank and Leo sat on a patchwork blanket, shoving food into their mouths. Leo was past four packets of crisps, two apples, eight sandwiches and two cans of coke when he gave up.

“I can’t do it!” he moaned, laying face down on the blanket. Eyes closed. Frank grinned and dusted crumbs off of himself,

“I win,” he said triumphantly.

“Mhm,” Leo mumbled, “whatever.”

“Oh no!” Frank poked Leo’s cheek, “now you have to go kiss your crush!”
“Leave me alone. Let me sleep. I’m gonna puke,” Leo grumbled, turning away.

“Leo!”

“I’m sleepy,” Leo yawned to prove his point, “I’ll do kissing later.”

“Leoo…”

The Latino sat up suddenly, his stormy eyes on Frank and then he leaned forward, sliding his arms around the Asian’s neck. Frank blinked at him, surprised, and the Latino pressed their lips together. Frank flailed for a second and then his hands came to rest on Leo’s slim hips.

The Latino pulled away, their mouth inches apart. He looked up at Frank shyly blushing.

“Leo, I-” Frank started.

“Zhang.” Leo said solemnly, “let me go. I’m seriously gonna be sick.”

“I disgust you that much?” Frank teased. Leo whacked him and then his face went green.

“Shit,” he groaned,

“Alright, let’s find Annabeth!” Frank said, taking Leo’s hand in his. The Latino looked at their hands, locked together, and some color returned to his face. He even smiled a bit.
Annabeth and Nico end up talking about Percy and why they like him so much. (or just nico talking to Jason, who's convincing him to express his feelings) then Percy shows up, having been listening in, and just kisses Nico.

Nico and Annabeth were working on one of Annabeth’s architecture project for renovating the Hades cabin to make it more liveable, when the topic came up.

Almost right after coming back from Tartarus, Annabeth and Percy split up, remaining friends, because they realized that they couldn’t stand seeing each other grow old. It led to a lot of sleepless nights where Annabeth, surprisingly, went to Nico. At first, the Italian was confused as to why the daughter of Athena came to him specifically, but then he realized.

Once, Annabeth loved Percy, and she thought that Nico had too. But she didn’t know that the boy still did, even after all those years. Well, she didn’t know until Nico told her after a night filled with tears and cuddling. She took it well.

So now here they were, sitting by an oak, in the shade of the tree, with papers strewn around them.

“…so I was thinking,” Annabeth continued, “that maybe silver would be nice? You know, paired with the black?”

Nico thought for a moment,

“Sounds a bit like Artemis,” he admitted. Annabeth sighed and scribbled her idea out. Nico winced, “sorry. I’m not in the mood to design stuff right now…”

Annabeth closed her sketchbook and looked at Nico, her gaze softening.

“Is this about Percy?” she asked gently. Nico buried his face in his hands and groaned in frustration,
“It’s just that…,” he bit his lip, “he’s always flirting with me, or touching my hand or something. And I know he’s joking but he doesn’t know how it affects me!”

“Nico-” Annabeth stared, her eyes wide, looking behind Nico’s shoulder. But the Italian wasn’t paying attention, his face red.

“Like, he’s just so sweet and adorable. And stupidly brave, I used to look up to him so much, because of how brave and strong he is,” Nico was rambling. A slow grin spread on Annabeth’s face, “and he’s so kind and caring and fucking gorgeous. And every time I see him I just want to kiss him and I want to wake up next to him every morning, and…ugh,” Nico groaned again. Annabeth was smiling, “I think I’m really in love with him.” The Italian said, deflating.

“Well that’s good to hear,” Percy said. Nico’s eyes widened and he whirled around. Percy was standing above him, smiling gently.


“I love you too, idiot,” he mumbled, before kissing Nico again.
I can't believe it

Chapter Notes

Mini-series for RoseBadwolf100
Leo sets himself on fire...multiple times.

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Leo accidentally sets Nico or himself on fire because of infatuation.

What most people didn’t know about Leo Valdez was that when he got excited or passionate about something, he tended to set himself on fire. So when he and the cute new boy at camp, Nico Di Angelo, who he might’ve been a bit infatuated with, were sitting by the campfire, Leo did just that.

Nico was sitting close to him, close enough that Leo could feel the warmth radiating off of his body, and see the flames from the campfire dancing in his eyes. Then Nico reached over and touched Leo’s shoulder, and Leo accidently set the Italian’s shirt on fire. Nico screamed and promptly shadow-travelled away, leaving an embarrassed Leo behind.

Let’s just say, nothing ever happened between the two.

***

Leo sets himself on fire on his first date with Jason at a fancy restaurant.

“I can’t believe we’re actually doing this,” Jason grinned at Leo across the table, sipping on his coke. Leo stuffed a piece of roast chicken into his mouth,

“What? Going on a date?” he asked, chewing, “I don’t blame you for being a bit awestruck. I am amazing after all!” Leo swallowed his food and grinned. Jason’s smile softened and he reached
across the table, taking Leo’s hand into his. Leo let out a surprised sound, but didn’t move his hands away. Jason’s eyes twinkled,

“Yes, you really are amazing,” he whispered. Leo blushed a bright red and then his shirt dramatically combusted. Jason scrapped his chair back while Leo jumped to his feet and began patting himself furiously,

“Shit, shit, shit,” he repeated as the people around the room began screaming. Someone tossed a pitcher of water at him, so Leo stood there, dripping wet with sooth on his now-naked chest and face. Jason was staring at him, everyone was staring at him.

“Are you okay?” a woman demanded, “should we call the ambulance?”

“No!” Leo said, with a grin, “I’m fine! Sorry! Don’t mind me!” he grabbed his bag and Jason’s hand and dragged them out of the restaurant. As soon as the cold night air hit them, Leo groaned,

“Oh my gods,” he said, “that was sooo embarrassing!”

Jason laughed at him, and then came to stand in front of the Latino,

“I’m not complaining,” he said, appreciatively eyeing Leo’s chest. The Latino blushed again, “c’mon. Let’s go mine,” the blonde leaned down and kissed Leo gently, before taking off his jacket and wrapping it tightly around the smaller boy.

***

Leo sets himself on fire when _ proposes.

“I can’t believe we’re doing this!” Leo said, grinning and slotting a key into the lock. Jason hovered behind him,

“Just hurry up!” he urged, “before we get caught!” he seemed more nervous than usual. Leo rolled his eyes but opened the door, and the two boys stepped out onto the roof of their apartment building. Jason closed the door while Leo bounded to the edge, looking over the city.

“Woah,” he breathed, watching the millions of lights lighting up Brooklyn, “gods, it’s beautiful.”

Jason came and stood behind him, wrapping his strong arms around Leo’s waist. The Latino leaned back into him with a content sigh.

“Leo?” Jason said softly,

“Yeah?”

The blonde turned Leo around slowly. Leo frowned,

“Jason? You’ve been acting weird all day….,” he trailed off when Jason suddenly knelt in front of him, producing a red box out of his pocket. Leo’s hands flew to his mouth, eyes wide. Jason cleared his throat, his hands shaking as he opened the box, revealing a ring,

“Leo…,” he started and then froze. He sighed, “I had a speech prepared but I forgot.”

“Jason-”

“Look. I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you,” Jason said softly, “so will you
marry me?"

Before Leo could reply he was engulfed in flames. Jason stood up and waited while Leo angrily patted out the flames,

“Shit, not again!” the boy whined. This time he was quick enough and his shirt didn’t burn. He looked at Jason apologetically, “S-Sorry,” he said, a smudge of sooth on his cheek.

Jason looked at him, still holding the box.

“And, um,” Leo looked away shyly, “yes.”

“Yes?”

“Yes, I’ll marry you.”

“Seriously?!” Jason exclaimed.

“Yeah,” Leo smiled. Jason picked him up and twirled him around, laughing. Then the janitor appeared and yelled at them.
I don't know shit about stars

Chapter Notes

For PJO_0924
Percy and Jason are stargazing

Can you do an au were Percy and Jason are on a school camping trip and decide to go stargazing and fall asleep together?

Everyone was having some stupid political debate over the campfire when Jason and Percy sneaked away.

“The teachers will notice,” Jason complained as they went into the bushes, “this is a school camping trip, remember!”

“Oh don’t be such a good boy!” Percy teased as he pushed past branches and tall grass. He could see a hill towering nearby, “that spot will be perfect for stargazing!” he exclaimed and eagerly began climbing. Jason looked behind him nervously, but none of their schoolmates have strayed away from the fire, at least not yet. Sometimes Jason really regretted having Percy as a best friend…he tended to be a bit impulsive.

“Jason!” Percy hissed, waving his hand. He was halfway up the hill, “come on!”

Jason sighed and then followed the other boy, deciding to just fuck it. The grass was wet under his shoes, and really slippery, but somehow Jason made it to the top in one piece. Percy was already getting comfortable on the ground.
“Percy!” Jason said, “it’s wet!”

“Stop complaining and lie down. We’re stargazing!” Percy proclaimed with a grin. Jason rolled his eyes but laid down next to the other boy, trying to ignore the wetness seeping through his shirt.

Above them, the moon shone brightly, surrounded by billions of twinkling stars.

“This is the bit where I should start describing the stars to you,” Percy said a bit breathlessly, shuffling closer to Jason. The blonde turned his head to peer at him,

“Then why don’t you?” he asked. Percy shrugged and grinned,

“I don’t know shit about stars,” he admitted, “I just wanted to get away for a moment.”

“Oh.”

Jason tentatively put his arm around the other boy. Percy glanced at him, still smiling, and hugged himself into Jason’s side.

“They are really nice,” Jason said, “the stars.”

“I know,” Percy yawned and cuddled closer to Jason, who was playing with his hair. Two minutes later both of the boys were asleep, curled around each other with the stars watching them.
“Leo you fucking idiot!” Nyssa yelled while her half-siblings carried Leo into camp. The multiple campers lounging around, picking strawberries or practicing sword fighting, all ran in to see what happened. Percy literally threw Riptide into the bushes and sprinted towards the commotion. He pushed past campers, without even saying ‘sorry.’

Leo was laying on the ground, face pale and eyes wide. His arm was bent at a grotesque angle, and his wrist looked crushed, oozing blood onto the grass. Several campers gasped, someone from the Aphrodite cabin threw up.

“Leo!” Percy yelled, feeling his heartbeat stutter and panic overtake him. He dropped next to the boy and grabbed his healthy hand, “Leo! What the hell happened?!”

“Hi,” Leo said shakily, offering Percy a weak smile. Then he winced, “how bad is it?”

“Leo what did you do?” Percy demanded, ignoring the smaller boy’s question. Because it was pretty bad.

“Um, t-there was this p-piece of steel, a-and everyone w-was busy,” Leo took a deep breath, “s-so I tried t-to take it down myself, a-and it fell on me, and y-yeah-”

“Leo! You fucking dumbass you know you’re not strong enough-” Jake Mason started, but stopped when Percy glared at him. The son of Poseidon knew that all of Leo’s siblings cared, but right now he was seeing red and felt that he would throw up from the worry consuming his body.

“Give him a fucking break!” Percy yelled, defensively, “He’s fucking dying…”

“He’s not dying,” Harley interrupted, frowning, “his arms just broken, and his wrist’s crushed…”

“Shut up!” Percy hissed, “and get someone from the Apollo cabin! And ambrosia!” he commanded. A few campers ran off to do so while Percy still clutched Leo’s hand, “Leo. Come on, talk to me!”
“It fucking hurts,” Leo whimpered, squeezing his eyes shut. Nyssa groaned,

“That’s what you get for doing stupid things-”

“Stop it!” Percy snapped, “can’t you see that he’s hurt!”

“It’s okay,” Leo squeezed his hand, “I was being stupid, I should’ve waited…”

Percy’s expression softened,

“Leo…”

Then Kayla and Lee Fletcher pushed past the crowd, with a stretcher and a first aid box,

“Move aside, Jackson!” Kayla instructed, “we’re taking him to the infirmary!”

“But…,” Percy faltered. Annabeth appeared by his side, pulling him up. Leo smiled at them,

“I’ll be okay,” he assured, and then he was being hauled up onto the stretcher. Percy started forward when he gasped in pain, but Annabeth held him back,

“He’ll be okay.” She said, smiling, “he’ll be okay.”
Chapter Notes

for S.C
Nico has a secret.
Thankyou y'all for commenting and leaving kudos, i really love you guys :*

Do one were Jason is a superhero and Nico, his best friend, doesn't know. Then Jason has
to save Nico and Nico finds out.

Jason Grace’s life was really awkward for three main reasons.

One; he was a superhero called Jupiter that was known worldwide and was adored by many
people. Thanks to Jason’s control over air and electricity, he was like a real life Batman. But
nobody knew his real identity.

Two; Jason’s roommate, Nico Di Angelo, was in love with Jupiter. He had his posters and
newspaper clippings on the walls of his rooms and would go on for hours about how amazing
Jupiter’s muscles were, with Jason right there, blushing.

And three; Jason was horrible, irreversibly, helplessly in love with Nico.

So yeah, awkward.

***

After a hard fight against a mob of gangsters trying to set a bomb off in one of the apartment
buildings, Jason came home limping, with a slash against his abs oozing blood onto his shirt. He
left his costume with his trusted downstairs neighbours, Annabeth Chase and Percy Jackson, the
only people who knew that Jason was Jupiter, and limped upstairs.

When he opened the door, as quietly as he could because it was the middle of the night, Nico was
waiting on the couch like a disapproving mom. Every time that Jason went out for the night, Nico
would stay up to make sure he got home okay. It was kinda sweet and kinda annoying at the same
time.

The second Nico saw Jason his expression morphed from a glare to worry.

“Jason!” he yelled, jumping to his feet. Jason gave him a tight smile and let the dark haired boy
lead him to the couch, where he collapsed.

“I got attacked down by the Polish shop,” he explained, lifting his shirt to reveal his wound. It wasn’t deep but it was bleeding a lot. Nico’s hands flew to his mouth,

“Jason. We have to call the ambulance!” he stuttered, “and the police!”

“No!” Jason said, a bit too quickly. “No,” he repeated, “Nico I’m fine.”

“No, you’re not,” Nico protested. Jason could feel the boy’s panic, “you’re bleeding out on our couch, and you’re so fucking pale. Oh my God you literally got slashed with a knife, if we don’t get someone you’ll die and-”

Jason grabbed Nico’s small hands in his and roughly pulled him forward so that the boy was standing in-between his legs.

“Nico.” He said, shutting the smaller boy up, “I’m Fine.”


He cleaned Jason wound, and the blonde flinched in pain.

“Serves you right for walking ‘round dodgy areas at night,” Nico grumbled, not looking up. Jason observed him; his dark eyelashes creating shadows on his pale cheeks, his gentle hands removing excess blood from Jason’s stomach. Jason wanted to run his hands through Nico’s dark hair that was falling into his eyes. Jason’s heart pounded with how much he wanted to reach out and touch the boy. “Sit up,” Nico ordered. Jason shook his head, ridding them of the stupid thoughts, and sat up.

Nico began wrapping the bandage around Jason’s middle. When he was done, his cold hands lingered a bit longer on Jason’s abs then necessary, but they were still gone far too quickly.

***

Nico was walking down the dark alleyway when it happened. The six men came out of nowhere, armed in knives.

“Hey there, baby,” one of them cooed. Nico froze and looked up. Without him realizing, the six had circled him. Nico felt panic descend onto him like a shadow. He began sweating, his heart beating fast.

“Excuse me,” he said, thankful that his voice wasn’t shaking, as he tried to push past the men. Unfortunately, he was a lot smaller and shorter than them, and the men easily pushed him back into the middle of the circle.

“Where ya going, sweetie?” another one asked. Nico tried to back up, but he had nowhere to go.

“I wanna have a go first,” another man spoke, grinning sleazily at Nico, “I betcha he’s a virgin.”

The men laughed and another one spoke, but Nico wasn’t hearing it. All he could hear was his heart beating fast, and his own panicked breathing.

And then, put of nowhere, Jupiter descended. He wore his black costume and face mask. The man closest to Nico barely had time to open his mouth before Jason kicked him in the teeth, knocking
him backwards.

“Oi! What the fuck!” One of the men spat. Two of them started at Jupiter, who raised his hand, summoning lightning. The two electrocuted men were thrown against the wall. The next two joined them soon enough, as Jupiter threw swift kicks and punches. Less than a minute later, all of them were passed out on the ground. Then Jupiter turned to Nico, and grabbed his shoulders, patting him up and down,

“Are you okay?!” he asked desperately, and his voice seemed familiar, “we need to call the police!”

“W-What…,” Nico was overwhelmed by everything that happened, “I-I we need to call Jason…”

“Jason?”

“M-My best friend,” Nico said shakily. His whole body was trembling, the terror was slowly passing. He didn’t even care that Jupiter was right there, “I-I need Jason,” Nico choked on a sob as sudden tears appeared in his eyes.

“O-Okay, we’ll call him but–” Jupiter started, lifting his hands to touch Nico, who flinched away from him, fumbling for his phone.

“N-No, don’t touch me, please,” Nico whispered, “I-I just want Jason…” he unlocked his phone and scrolled through his phone.

“Wait!” Jupiter exclaimed, but Nico wasn’t listening. He dialled Jason and pressed the phone to his ear with shaking hands.

A loud ringing filled the air, and Jupiter’s pocket lit up. Nico stared, open mouthed. Jupiter sighed and reached for the phone, picking up and pressing it to his ear,

“Hello?” he asked, half-heartedly. Nico finally recognised the voice.

“Jason.”

Jupiter tensed and moved back a few steps. Nico reached out and grabbed his hand. It slotted into his perfectly, familiarly… “Jason.” He repeated, breathlessly.

“Hi.” Jason said awkwardly. He let go of Nico’s hands in order to remove his mask, “are you okay?” he asked quietly, not looking at Nico.

“I am now.” Nico whispered.

“So, you said you needed me,” Jason offered him a small smile, “and I’m here.”

Nico crossed the space between them and threw his arms around Jason’s neck. The blonde wrapped his strong arms around Nico’s waist and hugged him tightly. Nico relaxed against him,

“Just so you know, the posters are not coming down,” Nico informed him. Jason laughed. “Why didn’t you tell me?” Nico stepped back.

“I was going to,” Jason shrugged, “but then you fell in love with Jupiter and I couldn’t-”

“I’m not in love with Jupiter,” Nico interrupted, frowning. Jason blinked at him owlishly,

“Who are you in love then?” he asked.

“Haha. That’s hilarious,” Jason said sarcastically, rolling his eyes. Nico glared adorably and then stood on his tiptoes, pressing a kiss to Jason’s lips. The men around them were starting to wake up, but at that moment they were all hit by another wave of lightning, because kissing Nico was fucking electrifying.
You may kiss the bride

Chapter Notes

For Birdie.
Dedicated to shipSHIPship who left the cutest review ever :3
Medival! AU

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Okay I'm super excited to write this one!!!

Do you think you could write a Freo Medeival/Fantasy AU? Where maybe both of them are royalty and they have arranged marriages, but they're lovers despite the arranged marriages. The day they get introduced to their future fiancés SURPRISE IT'S YOUR SECRET BOYFRIEND

12th July, 28 days until the wedding.

Frank Zhang was the prince of New Rome, soon to be king. The second he turned eighteen princes and princesses began flooding into his gorgeous castle, asking for his hand in marriage. There were so many that Frank forgot all of their names, not that he cared for them anyway.

Since Frank’s growth spurt at seventeen, he’s become the world’s #1 most desired prince. He was tall and strong, his kingdom, run by his grandma so far, was powerful and has a great army. So yeah, everyone wanted to marry Frank.

But Frank didn’t want to marry anyone, so he told his grandma who decided that the best idea was
to arrange a marriage for Frank.

“It’s a boy, two years younger than you,” his grandma informed him the day he found out, “from the Kingdom of Greece. The kingdom is very well positioned and is rich and powerful, like us. This arrangement will work well for everyone.”

“But grandma…”

“No butts, Fai Zhang,” his grandmother cut him off, “you will marry the Valdez son. You will go off to America for now, to stay with Prince Perseus. The Valdez son will be staying there too and you will meet him.”

“I will get to meet him, before the wedding?” Frank perked up.

“Of course not,” his grandmother said disapprovingly, “you will meet him on the day of the wedding. You know about our traditions.”

And because Frank knew that there was no point in arguing with her, he trudged up to his room, packed his bags, said goodbye to his best friend, the daughter of the duchess, Hazel, and was sent off to America.

***

In America everything was…bigger, Leo decided. He sighed as a butler opened the door for him, and Leo stepped out. He was dressed in a dress shirt and dark pants, complete with a bow tie. He hated it.

“The princess Annabeth is waiting,” the butler informed him politely.

“Thanks.” Leo said. He was still annoyed that his attempt to run away from home ended up not working. He blamed Jason and Piper, those two rascals, for not running fast enough. And now here he was, oversees, at some random castle, with two months before his wedding when he would meet his fiancée. Great, just great.

Leo stepped inside the castle, which was beautifully made with neo-gothic arched stained glass windows and glimmering chandeliers.

“Prince Leo,” Annabeth descended the staircase. She had beautiful, golden hair flowing down her back, and sharp grey eyes. She was dressed in a flowy green dress and her hands, which delighted Leo, were stained with ink, “welcome to America.”

“Thanks for having me,” Leo replied with a giddy grin. When Annabeth was close enough. He bent down to kiss her hand, and realized with distaste that she was taller than him.

“Oh no, that’s okay,” the boy shrugged, “sooo…why did we come up here?”

“Prince Leo,” Annabeth said, “perhaps we should speak in private?”

“That would be the best,” Leo agreed quickly. Here, with so many servants looking at them, Leo didn’t feel safe. He followed Annabeth up the grand, spiralling staircase, until they reached the drawing room. As soon as the doors were closed, Annabeth relaxed visibly.

“Sorry about the formality,” she offered Leo a tight smile.

“Oh no, that’s okay,” the boy shrugged, “sooo…why did we come up here?”

“Basically I’m sneaking out and I need you to cover for me,” the girl said quickly. Leo blinked at her,
“Huh?” he said intelligently. Annabeth groaned,

“I see that you’re not very bright,” she said.

“I am very bright, thank you very much,” Leo scoffed, “why do you want to sneak out?”

“I’m getting married in a week. I’m going to see my fiancée,” Annabeth said.

“Oh my gods, please let me come with you,” Leo begged, “we can say that you’re showing me the city?”

Annabeth looked at him for a moment through narrowed eyes,

“That’s not a bad idea, Valdez. Good thinking.”

“I know right,” Leo grinned, and held his hand up for a high five. Hesitantly, Annabeth gave it to him,

“I hope you have peasant clothes. We’ll need them,” she said.

***

Frank was walking through some dodgy bushes in his plainest clothes, following Prince Perseus, who was giddy with excitement.

“So, tell me more about this Annabeth,” Frank said, brushing leaved out of his hair.

“Oh my gods, she’s so beautiful, and smart,” Percy sighed dreamily, “she designed her own castle, you know,” he said.

“That’s awesome,” Frank said.

“Anyway, sorry to leave you like this,” Percy grinned at him, which indicated that he wasn’t sorry at all. The two stopped at the muddy crossroads leading into two different directions, “but I need my alone time, if you know what I mean. You can wait by the waterfall.” He pointed to one of the roads, “if that’s okay.”

“Yeah,” Frank shrugged, “I don’t mind.”

“Great,” Percy smiled, “see you in a bit!” and then he was off, running down the other trail. Frank sighed, wishing he had a way of seeing his betrothed before the wedding and inevitably, the wedding night, but unfortunately that wasn’t possible. Shoving his hands into the pockets of his dark trousers, Frank started down the path that Percy showed him.

Not three minutes later, he heard the steady hum of a waterfall, and he walked into the clearing. The grass and mud gave way to rocks of all shapes and sized. Above Frank was the cascading waterfall, gleaming in the sun as it slammed into the river, which snaked in between the trees. It was absolutely stunning, the trees were massive, and their branches created an almost-roof, that shielded Frank from most of the bright summer sun, and made bright spots dance on the rocks.

But what really drew his attention was the boy swimming around in the river. His skin was tanned and marred with multiple scars. His hair was a mixture of about ten different shades of brown, his eyes were closed, his eyelashes casting shadows over his cheeks. He was swimming lazily on his back, the sun making his skin seem golden. He was the most gorgeous person Frank’s ever seen.

The Asian must’ve made a noise because suddenly the boy went underwater, only to re-appear a
second later, standing up. The boy stared at Frank for a second, before crossing his arms over his chest,

“Didn’t your mother ever teach you that it’s not polite to stare at someone?” Leo snapped.

“My mother’s dead,” Frank deadpanned, sitting down on a big rock, “and I think it’s okay to stare at some idiot taking a bath in the river. Don’t have water at home?”

“Haha, very funny,” the boy bit back, “the truth is that I do have water at home, since I live in a pal-” the boy cut himself off abruptly, before continuing, “anyway that’s none of your business.”

“Okay, go back to flailing around or whatever you were doing,” Frank said meanly.

“I wasn’t flailing,” the boy said, “I was swimming. Though I doubt a peasant like you even knows what swimming is.”

“I’m not a pea-” Frank caught himself quickly, “I do know how to swim.”

“Great,” the boy bit back sarcastically, “can you pass me my pants?”

“You’re in there naked?!” Frank spluttered, face going red all of a sudden. The boy rolled his eyes,

“No I’m swimming in my clothes,” he scoffed, “of course I’m here naked. Now pass me my trousers…please.”

“No.”

“What?” the boy wrinkled his nose adorably.

“I said no,” Frank said stubbornly, “I’m not touching your dirty underwear. God knows how many diseases you have.”

“I-I don’t have any diseases!” the boy spluttered, “can you just pass me them?!”

“Fine,” Frank grumbled, he leaned over the rock to the heap of clothes by the side. Among a dirty shirt and brown dungarees he spotted a pair of white undergarments. With his face burning, Frank picked them up in two fingers and tossed them at the boy, who caught them easily.

“Now turn around,” he ordered. Frank glared at him, but he didn’t want to see weird so he turned around.

***

Leo climbed out of the water, dripping wet and shivering, and just in his undergarments. Thankfully, the giant of a boy was facing away, which saved Leo some embarrassment as he quickly tugged on the shirt that Annabeth gave him, alongside the dungarees. He folded one of the red bandanas he owned into a roll and tied it around his forehead, keeping his wet curls out of his face,

“You can turn back now,” he grumbled, and the boy did. Up close, he was more than just a pile of muscle like Leo originally thought. He has a strong jaw and dark, angry eyes, his hair was short, which gave Leo a perfect view of his really nice face. He realized he was staring, so he crossed his arms over his chest defensively. Since the other boy was sitting down, they were roughly the same size,
“So who are you exactly?” Leo asked.

“Name’s Frank,” the boy said, but didn’t offer Leo a hand.

“Swell. I’m Leo.”

“I don’t care,” Frank deadpanned.

“Oh. That’s nice,” Leo snapped, “what are you doing here anyway? This is my waterfall.”

“I don’t see your name on it,” Frank said, also crossing his, considerably more muscular, arms over his, considerably more muscular, chest. Damn, Leo really needed to stop thinking about those muscles, and those hands…

“Sod off,” Leo said.

“You sod off,” Frank replied. He had a nice, deep voice that made Leo want to shift closer. But of course he didn’t.

“Whatever. I’m leaving,” Leo grumbled and walked off. He barely made it to the edge of the tree line when he froze.

“What? Lost your way?” Frank teased, still perched on his rock. Leo turned around looking unsure,

“Um. I’m kinda new here,” he admitted, “and I don’t exactly know where to go…”

“Oh that’s just bloody perfect,” Frank rolled his eyes.

“Oh yeah? Why don’t you show me round then?” Leo asked, “if you’re so smart.”

***

That was probably a good time to tell Leo that no, in fact Frank didn’t know his way around either, but the Asian wasn’t about to lose to some little elf.

“Sure,” he jumped off the rock, “come on then, troll.”

Leo stared up at him for a second, eyes wide, probably wondering why the hell Frank was so tall, but in all honesty Frank was too busy marvelling at how tiny Leo was, perfect to pull into his arms and shield from the world…

“T-Troll?!” Leo spluttered, breaking their little staring contest. Frank ignored him and walked into the trees. Leo ran after him, “listen here, you mountain! I am not a troll okay!”

“Whatever,” Frank was concentrating on sticking to the mud path Percy was showing him, and then finding his way through the bushes while Leo ranted into his ear. Frank tuned him out until they broke through the trees. “See!” he said triumphantly, cutting Leo off mid-sentence, “we’re out!”

“Of the forest,” Leo deadpanned, “don’t get too excited. I’m hungry, we should find a bakery.” He decided, walking downhill toward the large town. On the hill on the other side of the town stood two castles.

“Who died and made you boss?” Frank scoffed, but followed Leo nonetheless. And anyway, from that position he had a great view of Leo’s perfect ass. Not that he’d ever say that out loud.
“Okay, mister city boy,” Leo said when they made it to the edge of town, “where’s the bakery?”

“Can’t you follow your nose?”

“Are you implying that I’m a dog?!” Leo demanded. Frank shrugged, but then on the other side of the cobbled street he saw a sign with a bagel,

“Just come on. I know where to go.” He said and walked toward the bakery.

***

Leo was happily munching on a croissant (that Frank insisted on paying for) when he spotted the church tower with the slanted roof.

“I reckon we could climb that,” he said. Frank looked up from his pie and frowned,

“Are you bonkers?” he demanded, “that is a church!”

“Aw, c’mon,” Leo shoved the last of his croissant into his mouth, “it’ll be fun!” he was already walking toward the church, wiping his hands on his trousers. Frank chased after him,

“We are not climbing the roof!”

“What? You’re scared?” Leo teased, smirking. Frank glared at him,

“If you really wanna climb something let’s find some stairs. There should be an attic in the tower,” the tall boy pointed at the tower where the clock was.

“Now we’re talking!” Leo grinned. He pushed open the church door and it was just their luck that there was a mass going on. Frank pressed his finger against his lips, trying to show Leo to be quiet. The boy nodded and then pointed to the old, wooden staircase close by. Frank nodded and followed Leo to it. They began climbing the rickety old thing while the sermon went on. Frank’s hands held Leo’s waist on their own accord, making sure that the boy didn’t fall.

At the top of the stairs, the two boys found a closed door, but Leo dove into his pockets and pulled out some kind of weird metal thing. He started fiddling with the lock until it clicked open.

He grinned at Frank and slowly opened the door. The two boys sneaked inside and closed the door behind them.

“I think we can talk now,” Leo decided. The room was musty and dirty. There were wooden boxes stacked in one corner and two dozen candle holders in the other one. One wall had a big, stained glass window on it. Upon seeing it, Leo ran toward it, looking out.

“Oh! I can actually see through it!” he told Frank, a happy smile on his face. Frank stared. The multi-coloured glass was reflected on Leo, making his face many colours. He looked like an ethereal creature, and it took Frank’s breath away for a second.

He felt guilty for thinking about how gorgeous Leo was when he had a fiancée, but it wasn’t like he could help it.

“Step away from the window, idiot!” Frank said, to make himself feel better, “before someone sees you!”

Leo was already dragging two of the boxes towards the window,

“It’s okay, you can’t see anything from the outside,” he said, like it was obvious, before plopping
down on the box, “Seriously. Relax, Frank.”

“Whatever, you troll,” Frank sat down on the other box, “so what are you doing in America?”

“Arranged marriage,” Leo said, before wincing, “um. It’s my parent’s idea, I’m marrying a farmer’s son.”

“Oh.” Frank said, and his heart fell a bit, “I’m here to marry someone too.”

“Who?” Leo leaned his chin on his hand as if he was really interested. Frank sighed,

“I don’t know. I’ve never met him.”

“Me neither,” Leo said sympathetically, “now tell me, how do you feel about this situation?”

“Angry.” Frank said.

“Tell me more,” Leo smirked.

***

“I can’t believe you disappeared for four hours!” Annabeth exclaimed, pacing the room. Leo winced,

“Sorry. I met someone.”

Annabeth froze,

“What do you mean?” she asked carefully. Leo shrugged and shifted nervously,

“Just this boy. His name’s Frank.”

“Leo,” Annabeth sighed, “you have a fiancée.”

“It’s not like we did anything!” Leo said, “we just…talked.”

***

“For everyone’s sake, I hope that’s all you did,” Percy said, sitting opposite Frank, “so what was he like?”

“An elf,” Frank sighed, “or a troll. He has a big mouth and he’s annoying and reckless. He wanted to climb the church roof.”

“Seems alright.” Percy mused, “is that it? Was there nothing else about him?”

_of course there was. Like how beautiful he was, or how passionate he got about defending spicy food. And how protective he was about his Spanish background. And how adorable his freckles were._

“No.” Frank lied, “nothing.”

***

_Three days later_

_15th July, 25 days until the wedding._
“Annabeth.” Leo shook the princess’ shoulder, “oi, Annabeth.”

“What?” the blonde groaned into her pillow.

“I’m going for a walk. I don’t feel well.”

“Mhmm,” the princess mumbled into her pillow, eyes already shut.

“…I’m going out of the window,” Leo clarified.

“’kay,” Annabeth said, and fell asleep again. Leo sighed but opened the window anyway. A soft, warm, summer breeze entered the room, ruffling Leo’s curls. The boy made sure that he was wearing a dirty peasant coat and patched up trousers before slinging his leg out of the window. He let himself down onto the windowsill of the window below him, and so on until he reached the low roof of the kitchen compound. He jumped off of that and after a moment of thought, sprinted for the woods.

***

When Leo made it to the clearing, it was even more beautiful than before. The moonlight made the waterfall look silver, and it was almost a source of light in the darkness of the forest. Leo sat on the rock that Frank sat on before, and wondered if he would see the taller boy again.

Leo never met anyone who was as easy to talk to as Frank, and for the past few days he couldn’t stop thinking about the boy, which was making him sick since he constantly felt guilty as he was already promised to someone else.

Something moved in the bushes, breaking Leo out of his mental breakdown. The boy stood up slowly and opted to approach the sound instead of hiding behind a rock. It was probably just an animal,

“Who’s there?!?” Leo asked in his loudest voice. Nobody replied but Leo could feel eyes on himself and it was unnerving him.

Suddenly he felt a warm breath on the back of his neck,

“Boo.”

Leo jumped a foot in the air before whirling around, fist raised and ready to punch. Frank easily caught his hand,

“Nice try, troll,” he was grinning. Leo slumped with relief before snatching his hand back,

“What the actual hell, Frank!” he yelled, “I nearly had a heart attack.”

“That’s because you’re weak,” Frank teased, sitting on ‘his’ rock, “why are you here in the middle of the night, Leo?”

“I couldn’t sleep,” Leo said, “what about you?”

“It was really hot,” Frank shrugged, “to be honest, it’s not much better here.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, should I leave?” Leo joked. Frank rolled his eyes and then took off his shirt. Leo’s eyes widened when he got an eyeful of rippling back muscles and glorious abs, before his brain caught on.
“What are you doing?”

“Going for a swim, obviously,” Frank said.

“The other day you told me I was an idiot for swimming in the river,” Leo said.

“That was the other day,” Frank shrugged and pulled off his trousers. Leo turned around and cover his eyes just as Frank began pulling off his undergarments.

“A little warning next time!” he said,

“Shut up and take your clothes off,” Frank instructed, waddling into the water.

“But me dinner first,” Leo rolled his eyes, “anyway, I’m not in the mood for swimming today.”

“Wimp.” Frank said. Leo stuck his tongue out at him, and Frank began swimming in slow circles,

“So where are you from?” Leo asked, wrapping his arms around his knees,

“Rome. You?”

“Greece.”

“No way,” Frank said.

“What?” Leo frowned.

“Nothing.” Frank said quickly, “anyway, does your mother just let you leave the house in the middle of the night?”

“No.” Leo said, “my mother’s dead.”

“Oh.”

“I live with my grandma,” Leo said quickly, “and I went out of the window.”

Frank stopped swimming,

“You went out of the window?!”

“Yes,” Leo grinned.

***

6 days later

21st July, 19 days until the wedding

Over the next few days Annabeth and Leo had cake tastings for both of their weddings, Leo got to briefly meet Percy. He and Annabeth read books on architecture and Leo showed her cool fire experiments. They sneaked off to the old pub near the palace and played tennis in the garden, they laid on the grass all day, catching a tan, and Leo commented on the ridiculous amounts of wedding dresses that Annabeth got to choose from.

Meanwhile, Frank and Percy went for morning runs and had food fights. They practice sword fighting and Percy tried to teach Frank how to play the guitar. They played pranks on the maids and stole Percy’s dad’s shoes.
And in between all of this, Leo and Frank met almost every night. Sometimes they went to the waterfall to swim and sometimes they went to the church tower to talk. They were good days.

***

“Frank, get up!” Percy said excitedly, flicking his new friend on the forehead.

“’hell do you want?” Frank grumbled. In reply, Percy chucked some clothes into his face,

“Get dressed. We’re going to the lights festival!” Percy said. Frank sat up. Percy was already dressed in brown trousers and a straw hat. Frank sighed but knew there was no point in arguing.

***

“I’m gonna go find Percy!” Annabeth yelled to Leo over the loud music. The Latino nodded and waved her off. His nose was assaulted by the smell of deep friend, spicy food, as he walked over to the chicken stall. There was a parade going down the middle of the street, colourful people in masks dancing to the marching band. On the sides, shops were open with greasy food and cheap, imported trinkets.

“Can I have some of that?” Leo asked the girl behind the chicken stall,

“Sure, darling,” the woman smiled and names the price. Leo paid and took his food, inhaling it in seconds. He scanned the area for a good place to watch the parade from and saw the roof of a nearby, closed shop. Without hesitation the boy ran there, and he climbed up the wall.

The roof was slightly slanted and gave Leo a perfect view of the street. He saw the dancers and a Chinese dragon make their way down, and the large crowds of people dancing and singing along, laughing and talking. He saw Annabeth and Percy in each other’s arms, he saw…Frank, waving at him.

Leo scooted up the roof to the make space for the bigger boy as he ran over,

“Climb the wall!” Leo yelled over the noise. Frank rolled his eyes but after two attempts managed to pull himself up next to Leo, “you’re so clumsy,” the Latino complained.

“Shut up, I’ve got bigger hands, that’s why.”

“They’re not that big,” Leo argued. In response, Frank just held up his hand. Leo wiped his hands on his trousers before lifting his own hand and pressing it against Frank’s.

Frank’s hands were warm, and quite a lot bigger than Leo’s.

“Told you,” Frank said smugly, and then slotted his fingers in-between Leo’s. The Latino looked at him, before pulling away his hand, no matter how nice it felt to hold hands with Frank. A firework exploded overhead and the crowd cheered. Leo turned away so Frank couldn’t see his tears. He wished he could marry Frank. He wished so bad.

***

7 days later

28th July, 12 days until the wedding

“Where the hell were you!!” Frank demanded, storming into the clearing. It was late at night, and the moon was full, lighting up the ground. For seven days, Frank checked the clearing and the
church tower, and Leo was nowhere to be found. For seven days Frank was miserable, walking through the streets of the town, trying to spot Leo’s wild curls in the crowd.

And now that little shit was sitting on their rock, looking calm as if he hadn’t just disappeared for a week. Frank stormed toward him until he was standing in front, towering over him. He poked Leo in the chest, hard,

“What the hell?!” Leo yelled, fighting to keep his balance, “what’s your problem?!”

“My problem is that you’ve been gone for a week!”

“It’s not like I have to tell you where I am at all times!” Leo growled.

“It would be nice to know so I don’t have to look for your dumb ass across the town,” Frank yelled. Leo’s glare faltered,

“You were looking for me?” he asked, surprised.

“Of course I was looking for you!” Frank threw his hands up in the air in frustration, “I thought we were friends.”

“Well I’m sorry but I have a fiancée that I have to think of, and wedding preparations,” Leo spat. Frank glared at him,

“Oh yeah! Bring your fiancée up now!” he exclaimed, “perfect fucking timing Leo!”

“What else am I meant to say?!” Leo demanded, “the truth is I don’t have time for you!”

“Oh you don’t have time for me?!” Frank laughed without humour, “oh you little shit-”

“Shut up, you have no right to insult me-”

“Oh and you have-”

“Why are you always so bloody rude to me?!” Leo yelled, “you’re such a dick you know!”

“I’m not asking you to put up with me!” Frank stepped back, face red, and Leo stood up, not that it gave him any extra inches. The Latino pushed at Frank’s chest and the Asian stumbled on the uneven ground,

“Quit it!” He yelled, but Leo just kept pushing him,

“I was having a perfectly good evening and then you had to go ruin it!” Leo shouted, face burning.

“Stop pushing me!” Frank yelled.

“Or what!? You can’t tell me what to do!” Leo reached out to shove Frank again but this time the Asian pushed him first. And because he was much stronger than Leo, the boy ended up on the floor. He groaned in pain as his back made impact with the bumpy rocks.

“Shit.” Frank cursed dropping down to hover over Leo, his knees on either side of the boy’s hips. His hands hanged a few centimetres from Leo’s body and Frank was unsure what to do.

“Get off me!” Leo said angrily, but Frank knew that if he got up Leo would run off and maybe he’d never see him again. Instead Frank was suddenly overcome by something that made him grab Leo’s hands, intertwine their fingers and press them against the warm rocks. “F-Frank?”
Leo’s voice faltered. Frank’s eyes searched his face, the freckles dusting his nose, his wide, confused brown eyes like chocolate, his messy curls, his lips, looking so soft and…

Without realizing, and having no power over it, Frank leaned down and kissed Leo with surprising gentleness. Leo gasped and Frank swallowed the sound, slowly, hesitantly licking his way into the Latino’s mouth. But Leo wasn’t fighting him, his body limp against the rocks. Frank let go of his hands in favour to cup the boy’s face and press himself closer.

Leo’s hands trailed up Frank’s back, feather light, and then fisted themselves in his shirt. Frank pulled back careful,

“Leo I-”

“I don’t care, kiss me,” the Latino demanded breathlessly, arms coming to wrap around Frank’s neck. Frank couldn’t say no. His thoughts were having a mad battle in his head, his brain was screaming no, no, no but his heart wanted him to take Leo right there and then, mark him as his before some other man got to do it. Leo was his, his, his, his…

Frank leaned down to crush their mouths together. The kiss turned desperate and heated, Leo kissed Frank back fiercely, pulling him impossibly closer. Frank’s hand slipped underneath the boy’s shirt, and the Latino moaned against his mouth. Frank’s tongue forced its way into Leo’s mouth, kissing him with so much passion that it made his body burn. Frank bit Leo’s lower lip before moving down to kiss a trail of fiery hot kisses down his neck. It was so intense that Leo couldn’t do much more than moan and arch up against Frank’s hot body.

Frank sucked bruises into Leo’s skin and bit his neck, leaving marks as the Latino melted against him, trembling hands clinging onto his shirt again. Without really meaning to, Frank ripped Leo’s shirt in half and peppered his chest with kisses, licking across his collarbones and making a trail of hickeys down his stomach.

“We shouldn’t be doing this,” Leo gasped, and his words ended in a moan as Frank kissed the inside of his thigh. Frank looked up at him through his eyelashes,

“Do you want me to stop?” he asked quietly. Leo looked down at him, cheeks burning red.

“No.” He whined helplessly.

“Good,” Frank smirked and pulled Leo’s trousers down his legs.

***

And that’s how it continued for the next two weeks. Leo and Frank would sneak off to make love in the woods or to steal a kiss by the waterfall. It was brilliant and wonderful and Leo loved every moment of it. So when the day before his wedding came up, Frank held him in his arms, kissing his tears away and telling him that it was alright. Even though it wasn’t.

“I love you,” Leo said, laying down on the floor of the church attic after he and Frank finished. The Asian, who laid next to him, leaned over to kiss him softly.

“I love you too,” he whispered, “and I’m going to miss you so much,” he pulled Leo closer and wrapped his arms around him, hugging him tight, and fighting back tears. Eventually Frank got up, put his clothes on and left the attic, whispering a heartbroken goodbye to Leo, who still laid on the floor, illuminated by the setting sun coming in through the stained glass windows. That’s how Frank wanted to remember him, beautiful and sleepy on the dusty floor, bright with the colours of the ending day.
August 9th, day of the wedding.

Annabeth squeezed Leo’s arm. She looked dazzling in her blue dress,

“It’ll be okay,” she promised, “it’s not as scary when you get up there.”

Leo nodded trying to fight back tears. He was about to get married to a man he didn’t love. Not only that, but he was actually in love with someone else. He blamed Annabeth.

“Okay. Let’s just get this over with.” Leo mumbled, sloting his arm through Annabeth’s. The blonde smiled gently and then the doors opened to the church. It was even worse because that was the same church that Leo and Frank met up in…

The music began playing and Annabeth led Leo down the aisle. The only reason why he didn’t trip was because the blonde was there to steady him. Leo’s heart beat madly in his chest and he wanted nothing more than to run off, but it was too late.

Leo could see a broad back and the dark hair of his future husband, but he couldn’t bring himself to look at him, so he just looked at the ceiling. The beautiful mosaic ceiling…

Annabeth let go of his arm.

“Good luck.” She whispered. Leo looked at his fiancée’s back, and frowned. It looked kinda familiar… the man turned around.

“Frank.” Leo gasped. The Asian’s eyes widened,

“L-Leo?” he stuttered, and then his face was lit up by the most brilliant smile ever. He didn’t even wait for the cue, he just surged forward and kissed Leo right there and then, damn the consequences.

Chapter End Notes

By the way, you know these can be sexual right...I mean Alyssa kinda got it...
How long is this song?

Chapter Notes

Ok, this will be in a different writing style.

Watching Disney Hercules (Nico/Percy/Jason/Will or one of those combinations. (like instead of the group it could be Jason/Percy or Will/Nico or Jason/Nico etc etc)

The lights come on. On a small, red couch sit four boys. Will has Nico in his lap, both of them are facing the flat screen TV on the opposite wall. Jason and Percy are sitting side by side, shoulders touching in a very bro like manner. The movie begins.

Nico (sarcastically): Oh great, it’s a Disney movie.

Will (poking his boyfriend’s cheek): Stop being moody.

- Gospel Truth -

Jason: Wait. Where did the other four muses go?!

Will: Hera looks so adorable, who wrote this?

Percy: (HISSES)

Will: Oh my Gods. Is that Hades?!

Percy (snickering): Nico, look at your dad, mate. His hair’s on fire.

Nico: At least my dad’s in this.

Jason: Burn.

Percy: At least they got those three old hags right.

Jason: Oh look. Zeus’ is still a shit father in the movie.

Percy: I seriously hope those snakes eat Hercules.

Jason: Dickhead. (Percy and Jason high five)
Nico (*Cackling*): Look how clumsy Hercules is.


**Percy & Jason (together):** Good.

Nico (*cuddling more into Will*): here comes the song.

- *I can go the distance –*

**Jason:** Only place Hercules can go is back to Hell.

**Percy:** Dickhead.

Will: Plot twist, he’s adopted!

Nico: His parent’s aren’t even ginger.

**Jason:** Neither is Zeus though…

- *I can go the distance continues –*

Nico (*annoyed*): Fuck’s sake. How long is this song?

Will: Now he’s talking to a statue…

**Percy:** Don’t do drugs kids.

**Jason:** Cue Zeus being a shit father.

**Percy:** Oh look, he has a horse too!

**Jason:** Dad never gave me a horse. I had to kidnap one.

- *I can go the distance -*

Nico: Oh my gods, this *fucking* song…

**Percy (excited):** OH MY GODS I DIDN’T KNOW COACH WAS IN THIS MOVIE!

**Jason:** So is he a satyr or a faun?

Will: Who cares?

- *One Last Hope -*

Nico: Those muscles though.

**Percy (Disgust):** Ugh.

**Jason:** Dickhead.

**Will (offended):** Hey, I’m right here, Nico.
Nico: It’s ok. I like your muscles better.

Percy: Can you not. *(to Jason)* I’m not his type.

Jason *(Patting Percy’s back)*: Wait, who’s Meg?

Will: Is he gonna kill her now or later…

Nico: He’s not gonna kill her. It’s a Disney movie.

Percy: She reminds me of Annabeth. She could probably kill everyone in the city.

Jason *(moody)*: Look at Hercules being a hero.

Percy: Dickhead.

Jason: Here come the muses minus four with their sassy song.

- *Zero to Hero –*

Percy: Zero to minus one more like.

Will *(to Nico)*: Meg’s putting her moves on Herc because your dad told her too.

Nico: Ew.

- *I won’t say I’m in love -*

Percy: WHY IS HE NOT LISTENING TO COACH?!

Jason: Dickhead.

Will: Is he gonna kill her now?

Nico: No.

Will: SHIT THE TITANS!

Nico: ugh.

Jason: Ew.

Percy: not again.

Will: Wish they were this dumb in real life…

Nico: The Gods are working together? Shocker.

Jason: Lol. They still fucked up.

Percy: Where’s that dickhead when you need him?

Jason *(Cackling)*: He’s lost his magic power.

Nico: Oh no, Meg.
Will: Does she die now?

Nico: No.

Percy: Yes.

Jason: Hercules is too slow.

Percy: Dickhead.

Will (to Nico): Oh-oh. Close your eyes, your dad’s about to get hit. (puts his hands over Nico’s eyes)

Jason: That’s not how Styx works!

Percy: That punch tho.

Will: Ah shit, Nico your dad is in the river.

Nico: Cool.

Jason: I hope that dickhead gets put on that damn island.

Will: Nope, he gets to become a God.

Nico: He chose to be with Meg, aw.

Will: He’s gonna kill her, piss Hera off and do all those tasks later…

- A star is born -

Percy: What a dickhead.

Jason: Dickhead.

Nico: So is there a sequel or…?
Please don't go

Chapter Notes

For RoseBadwolf1000
Nico has bad nightmares.

When Percy leaves for New Rome with Annabeth Nico's nightmare of Tatarus get worse.
He begins fading and only one healer can save him. (Aka. Will)

Camp Half Blood was different, but maybe that was just Nico. He remembered the day when
Percy told him.

“Look Nico. Me and Annabeth…we’re moving to New Rome. We’re starting a new life there,
we’ll come visit I promise…”

So yeah, Nico missed the two, now that they were gone for good. But he missed a lot of people,
he missed Bianca and Thalia, he missed his mother and everyone who was at Camp back when he
was growing up, Michael Yew, Silena Beauregard, Lee Fletcher… now, everywhere Nico looked
there were just new faces. People who were either scared of him or came up to him, asking for an
autograph.

At least Piper, Jason and Leo were still here, teaching, while Hazel and Frank moved to Brooklyn.
So Nico wasn’t technically alone, but one thing that he needed Percy and Annabeth for was to
keep his nightmares at bay. People often forgot that Nico was also in Tartarus, before Percy and
Annabeth. And when they all came back, the nightmares plagued them, worse than ever.

Annabeth understood that what was happening didn’t only concern her and Percy, and so she
often came up to check on Nico in the middle of the night, until it led to the three moving into the
Poseidon Cabin together, which meant that they would all wake up and have someone close by to
calm them down after a nightmare.

But since Annabeth and Percy left, Nico’s nightmares were only getting worse and worse. Nico
woke up after hours of screaming his throat raw, and clawing at the covers. In his mind he saw the throbbing heart of Tartarus pulsing under his hands, he saw the monsters born from the blisters of the creature’s skin. He could feel the fiery hot breath on his even as he laid in his own bed.

It was horrible. Nico couldn’t eat, tried not to sleep. He grew weak and depressed, and afraid to contact Annabeth or Percy about it.

“Nico, I wish you would tell me what’s wrong,” Will sighed, as he pressed one of his devices against Nico’s pale, fragile chest, asking him to cough three times, “it’s like you’re fading.”

“I’m fine,” Nico lied, “I’m just tired.”

“How much sleep are you getting?” Will inquired, gently pressing his hand against Nico’s cheek. The Italian sighed and leaned into the warmth of Will’s palm,

“Not much,” he admitted, “I can’t sleep.”

“Nightmares?” Will guessed.

“Yeah,” Nico nodded, not wanting to tell him how bad it really was. He was so tired and everything in his body ached, but Will just smiled at him warmly and it made Nico’s pain go away for a moment.

“Tomorrow there’s a meet up with all the campers from out years out in the old camping site, you know where?”

“Yes.”

“Well,” Will smiled, “you should go. Company will do you well.”

“Maybe,” Nico shrugged, looking away. Will moved his hand away,

“Nico, you know you can talk to me, right?” he asked softly. Nico nodded.

***

The camp meet up was great, and Nico got to see Annabeth and Percy again, which was awesome. But as soon as he came back to Camp Half Blood, the nightmares intensified, plaguing even his waking moments. He saw the fiery river of Tartarus behind his eye lids every time he blinked, could hear the screams of tortured souls in his ears...

“Nico,” Will said sternly, hovering over his bed. It was early evening and the sun was setting. Nico had taken to going to sleep during the day since it made the nightmares less intense. And now Will was running his already fucked up nap,

“What?” Nico rasped, his throat dry, burying his face in his pillow. Will knelt down on the floor next to him and brushed Nico’s greasy hair out of his face.

“Nico. Tell me what’s wrong,” the blonde pleaded, “I’m worried.”

“It’s the nightmares,” Nico sighed, closing his eyes, “they’re about Tartarus, and…well, they’re very vivid. I can’t sleep because of them because if I do all I can see is the death and destruction all over again,” as Nico spoke his voice got quieter and quieter until Will had to lean forward to hear him.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” the blonde asked.
“I didn’t want to be a burden,” Nico shrugged and looked at Will. His eyes were sad and there were dark bags under them. As their conversation finished, the sun finally set and the last of the day’s light disappeared. “Please don’t go,” Nico asked softly as the room was overtaken by darkness.

“Of course I’m not going to go,” Will scoffed, toeing off his shoes and climbing into the bed. He laid on his side and Nico turned around to look at him. The blonde opened his arms and smiled, “c’mere.”

Nico didn’t have to be asked twice. He swooped forward, pressing himself against Will’s chest. He was shivering, hands clutching at the back of the blonde’s shirt. Will put his arms around Nico, pulling him closer, and kissed the top of his head.

“Go to sleep,” he murmured. And Nico did

There were no nightmares that night, or the next night, or the night after that…
Don't you remember?

Chapter Notes

for guest, and some more Leo x Percy because Imtrash wanted some.
Leo looses his memories.

Leo looses his memories.

Percy was practicing sword fighting with Jason out in the courtyard when they heard it. Shouts were coming from the Hephaestus cabin, which wasn’t anything new since something there was always on fire. Percy and Jason shrugged and went back to slashing and parrying, when a breathless thirteen year old ran up to them, red in the face.

“P-Percy!” the girl stuttered. Percy lowered his sword, the panic in her voice worrying him, “It’s Leo-”

Leo. At those words, Percy stopped listening, instead dropping Riptide to the ground and sprinting down the hill, with Jason close behind him.

By the time they made it to the big house, there was a massive crowd around Leo who, thankfully, looked alright. If not a bit confused.

“Leo!” Percy yelled, throwing his arms around the smaller boy without warning and hugging him close, “Leo, what did you do?! I thought something happened…” he faltered when he didn’t feel Leo hug back. Percy stepped back and Leo looked at him with wide, scared eyes.

“Percy-” Piper started gently, but Leo was quicker,

“I can’t remember anything,” he whispered, sounding absolutely terrified.

“W-What?” Percy felt his mouth go dry. He watched Leo, who was looking at Percy as he was… a stranger.

“Hera,” Jason swore next to Percy. But the son of Poseidon didn’t care who was behind this right now. Tentatively he reached out to Leo, who hesitantly took his hand,
“You really don’t remember anything?” Percy asked, remembering how he himself woke up with no memories, how confusing everything was.

“Alright, end of party, go away,” Annabeth appeared, and shooed everyone away. Hesitantly, dragging their legs, the campers went back to their activities, “maybe we should go inside?” Annabeth offered.

“O-Okay,” Leo was looking around, wide eyed, but he was clutching Percy’s hand tightly. The group walked inside the big house, where Chiron was playing chess with Mr D.

“What’s this?” the Centaur looked up, seeing all the demigods huddle inside.

“Chiron! Leo lost his memory!” Jason sounded panicked. Speaking over each other, the demigods somehow managed to explain what happened to the director.

“Well, I’m out. It’s too early for this shit,” Mr D finished his drink and disappeared with a ‘poof.’ Annabeth glared at the seat that was now empty.

“Leo,” Chiron said gently, warmly. Piper nudged Leo forward, but the small boy refused to let go of Percy’s hand, instead tugging the boy forward with him, “do you recognise any of these people?” Chiron continued. Leo looked around, biting his lip,

“Well,” he said, “No not really. Nobody except him,” he lifted his and Percy’s intertwined hands. Everyone sagged with relief,

“Good, then it isn’t that bad,” Chiron nodded.

“Why?” Leo asked, his brow furrowing. He turned to Percy, “who are you exactly?”

“I’m Percy,” Percy said quietly, “your boyfriend.”

“O-Oh,” Leo said suddenly, shakily. Chiron smiled and clasped the Latino’s shoulder,

“Well, my boy. This should pass soon,” he boomed, “it was probably a prank.”

“Those bastards from the Hermes cabin,” Jason growled.

“Mr Grace I will remind you not to make any threats in front of me,” Chiron said casually, “now off you go. Percy why don’t you…err, remind Leo of a few things?”

“Yeah, okay,” Percy nodded and then dragged Leo out.

***

“We haven’t…changed…the sheets…in…two weeks…”

“What?” Percy asked, pulling away from Leo. The boy was laying sprawled out on the covers, breathing hard, his lips swollen from kissing. His hands were interlaced behind Percy’s neck,

“I remembered that we haven’t changed the sheets in two weeks,” Leo wrinkled his nose, “we should change them.”

Percy groaned and surged down to claim Leo’s mouth again.

“Out of all the goddamn things you could remember,” he mumbled in between kisses, “you remember that we haven’t changed the sheets.”
Leo laughed,

“I remembered something else,” he said, pulling himself up onto his elbows so that he was half-laying down.

“Oh yeah?” Percy raised an eyebrow, “What did you remember.”

Leo leaned forward and pecked Percy’s lips.

“That I love you,” he smirked. Percy’s eyes turned dark and he slammed Leo back down into the pillows, kissing him passionately.

“I still don’t know who the hell Jason is though,” Leo gasped as Percy licked down his neck.

“Good.”
Nico loved his job, he seriously did. Every day he got to come in and be his own boss, and he spent the hours sorting through flowers and making beautiful arrangements for weddings and christenings. He loved the old ladies who popped in to say hello, and the two art students from up the road, Piper and Rachel, who came by and brought him coffee or dragged him out to lunch in exchange for giving them flowers for their dorm room. Nico especially loved the boyfriends, who ran in at the end of the day, breathing hard, with sad eyes, asking for a bouquet of red roses. Nico liked those guys because he didn’t know them, didn’t know what was going on in their lives, but he knew that they messed something up and were now trying to fix it. And who could say no to red roses?

But Nico’s favourite part about his job was the tattoo parlour that was on the other side of the road. Or more importantly, the man that worked there.

Jason Grace was like a Greek God. Literally. Every time Nico saw him (he wasn’t spying, okay!), he would be wearing a tight black tank top that showed off his gorgeously muscular body decorated in multi-coloured, stunning tattoos. Nico always had a thing for blondes, and paired with Jason’s beautiful blue eyes…well, Nico just really liked him. And not only because he was insanely hot, but also because he was kind and caring and brave.
Nico got to talk to him a few times, mostly when Jason came in to buy some flowers. They talked briefly, about the weather or food or something big happening on the news. But every time Jason saw Nico on the street, he’d grin at him, and come say hello, inviting him to get a free tattoo at his place. Nico declined.

So it was all well and good, but there was one problem. Whenever Jason bought flowers, it was always the same kind.

***

“Bouquet of red roses, please,” the blonde was leaning on the counter, grinning. Nico popped in from the back, wearing green rubber gloves and gardeners.

“Jason. Hi.” The dark haired boy said, quickly snipping some roses from the big bunch he had behind the counter, “How was your day?”

“It was good,” Jason smiled, “how was yours?”

“It was alright,” Nico tied the bouquet off with a blue ribbon and glanced at Jason. Or more importantly at his newest tattoo; the letters SPQR on his right wrist, with eight lines underneath them. Above it was a hammer and a spear, “you got a new tattoo.”

“Oh, yeah,” Jason grinned, flipping his arm over so Nico could see better, “It’s for the eight years at camp I did.”

“Camp?” Nico asked. Jason glanced at his watch,

“Shit. Gotta run,” he said with an apologetic smile, and grabbed his red roses “come by and get a tattoo, yeah?” he winked and ran out.

“No!” Nico yelled after him.

***

“Red roses, please,” Jason said cheerfully when he walked in. Nico’s head pounded and his nose was runny. A polka dot scarf was tied tightly around his neck (courtesy of Rachel who came by earlier with paracetamol). Nico reached for the roses and Jason frowned,

“Nico? Are you sick?” he asked.

“Got a bit of a cold,” Nico shrugged, “it’s not a big deal.”

“Of course it’s a big deal!” Jason scoffed, “c’mere,” he said, stretching his hand out. Sulkily, Nico stepped forward and pressed his forehead against Jason’s hand. It felt nice and cool against his forehead. “Nico! You’re burning up!” Jason’s eyes were wide.

“It’s okay,” Nico mumbled, stepping back. To his surprise, Jason came up to the door and flipped the ‘OPEN’ sign to ‘CLOSED.’ “Jason!” Nico yelled, but the blonde has already jumped over the counter,

“The roses can wait,” he said, ushering Nico up the back stairs. The Italian complained as he clambered up, until he stood by the doors to his flat,

“Okay, I’ll sleep, now go away,” he said, fishing for his keys.

“Nope,” Jason grinned, “I’m making you some tea.”
“I hate tea.”

“Coffee then,” Jason said as Nico stepped into the apartment, letting the blonde in. Jason immediately stepped into Nico’s kitchen, which was small but cosy and clean. Beautiful house plants bloomed on the windowsill, and a bouquet of Daffodils stood on the fridge, “nice kitchen.”

“Thanks,” Nico grumbled, opening the cupboard and pulling out a coffee tin, “I don’t have tea, sorry.”

“It’s okay. I drink hot chocolate anyway,” Jason shrugged, inspecting the photographs in Nico’s living room.

“You drink hot chocolate?” Nico said sceptically. Jason grinned,

“You.”

“Well, you’re in luck,” Nico said, “I’ve got some.”

“You have hot chocolate?” Jason raised an eyebrow, leaning against the doorframe, towering over Nico. The Italian shrugged, hiding his blush and making the drinks,

“Move, Grace,” he grumbled, grabbing the cups and sitting down on the couch opposite the TV. He placed the drinks on the coffee table while Jason got comfortable next to him. Nico grabbed a blanket and wrapped it firmly around himself.

“What are we watching?” Jason asked.

“We?” Nico inquired.

“You,” Jason smiled, “We.”

***

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Nico was paler than usual. Jason smiled at him, cleaning the needle,

“Relax. It’s not that bad,” he assured Nico. The Italian sat in Jason’s chair, in his parlour, looking at the sexy chic and muscled men posters on the walls, alongside multiple tattoo designs. Jason did something and the needle began buzzing. Nico flinched. “Hey, calm down. We don’t have to do this if you don’t want to,” Jason said.

“No,” Nico was looking a bit green, “it’s okay. Just get on with it.” He looked right ahead, and spotted the multiple vases of red roses in the next room, through the half open door. Nico frowned, “are those my roses?”

“Technically I bought them so they’re mine,” Jason shrugged, he took Nico’s hand in his gently, “ready?”

“Nope. Do it,” Nico said, “does your girlfriend not mind you keeping all the roses in here?”

“I don’t have a girlfriend,” Jason said, and pressed the needle to Nico’s skin. A searing pain flared over his wrist, and Nico squeezed his eyes shut, holding his breath. *It burned, it burned, it burned…*

“Nico! Nico, do you want me to stop?” Jason demanded,
“No.” Nico said through clenched teeth. The needle began moving, and it felt like Nico’s skin was being ripped off, inch by inch. His breathing turned frantic.

“I don’t have a girlfriend,” Jason said, distracting Nico somewhat from the pain, “I bought those roses to have an excuse to talk to you.”

“Should’ve given you a discount,” Nico gasped out, his hands clenching into fists. Jason laughed,

“Yeah. Anyway, I really like you. You probably caught on to that,” Jason stopped, “sorry, is now not a good time?”

“Keep talking,” Nico mumbled, eyes still shut.

“Anyway. I just want to tell you that I’ve had a crush on you since forever. And that you’re really cute, and you make the most beautiful flower arrangements,” Jason said. The pain suddenly stopped. Nico cracked an eye open, in time to see Jason wipe blood from his wrist.

“Is it meant to bleed?!” Nico demanded, voice a few pitchers higher than usual. Jason smiled at him,

“Yes,” he said, “don’t worry. It looks alright.”

Nico carefully lifted his wrist to his eyes. The skin around the tattoo was red, and the tattoo itself was dotted with a few beads of blood, but overall it looked beautiful. ‘Bianca’ was inked prettily into Nico’s skin.

“Thank you,” Nico breathed, throwing himself at Jason and wrapping his arms around his neck tightly. Jason blinked, surprised, and then wrapped his arms around Nico in a tight hug,

“No problem.” He said with a content smile.

“You can have all the red roses you want,” Nico said solemnly, “for free.”

***

Jason walked into Nico’s flower shop with a smile,

“Red roses, please!” he said. Nico popped in from the back,

“Hi,” he said, a bouquet already prepared for Jason. The Italian passed it to the blonde, who looked at it for a moment, before handing it back to Nico,

“For you.”

Nico rolled his eyes,

“You’re such a sap,” he grumbled, but stuck the flowers into the vase before leaning across the counter and kissing Jason softly on the lips. The Bianca tattoo healed completely.
5 times that...

Chapter Notes

for icecream313

Nico and Will are just good awkward friends...for now.

Could you do a Solangelo "5 times people walk in on Will and Nico (but they actually didn’t and it was just an awkward situation) and one time they actually did?"

1.

Here is what Percy saw:

Nico, with a bright red face, sat on the bed, with his legs spread, while Will leaned over him, his hands fiddling with something in between Nico’s legs, a look of concentration on his face.

Here is what really happened:

“How did we even get them stuck?” Nico moaned.

“I have no idea,” Will sighed, wrestling with the zippers of their hoodies, which somehow got caught together, “it’s okay I’ve got this,” the blonde said. Nico sighed. “Can you sit back?”

Nico leaned against the headboard, and his legs automatically fell open. Will didn’t seem to notice, instead hovering above the Italian, getting a better angel at their messed up zippers.

“Are you done yet?” Nico asked, going red at how awkwardly close him and Will were.

“Almost,” the blonde promised. The door to the Hades cabin slammed open and Percy walked in,

“How Nico, can I bor-” The Son of Poseidon froze, and so did Will, with his hands still awkwardly close to Nico’s crotch. “OH MY GODS!” Percy screamed and ran out. Nico face palmed. With a quiet sound, his and Will’s zippers sprung apart.

“Great timing,” Nico glared at his hoodie, while Will laughed.

2.
Here is what Piper saw:

Will laying on the ground behind the shed, with Nico straddling his hips, hands pinning Will’s wrists to the snowy ground.

Here is what actually happened:

“Nico, you’re too weak to beat Leo up,” Will said sympathetically as they trudged through the snow. Nico glared at him,

“I could easily floor you,” he grumbled, scarf covering his mouth and muffling his words. The two were at the edge of camp, just by the weapons shed.

“I’d like to see you try,” Will teased with a grin on his face. In a flash, Nico lunged at him, kicking his legs from underneath the blonde. Will was send sprawling onto the freezing ground, with Nico landing on top of him easily, with a grin on his face.

“You were saying?” he teased. Will reached up to toss him off but Nico pinned his wrists to the ground. To be honest, Will could’ve easily overpowered Nico now that the element of surprise was gone, but he didn’t really mind letting the snow seep through his clothes, not if he got to be this close to Nico.

And then Piper had to ruin it all.

The girl came around the corner, carrying some shields to the shed, when she saw the boys. The shields went clattering out of her hands and into the snow. Nico winced.

“Oh my gods!” Piper yelled, “No in the snow you guys! I could’ve been some poor twelve year old! My eyes, ugh!” the girl walked off, groaning. Nico and Will exchanged a look, and the blonde sighed,

“Why does this always happen to us?”

***

3. Here is what Hazel saw:

Will had Nico up against the wall, their lips inches apart, the blonde’s hands caging Nico in, trapping him like a prey, making Will the predator who would take his innocence.

Here is what actually happened:

“I swear to the gods, Will,” Nico hissed, “I’m going to murder you.”

“Calm down, Nico. It’s not my fault that eleven year old beat you up,” Will rolled his eyes, walking next to Nico, “anyway since you’re so strong, you should be able to stick up for yourself.”

“I’m not gonna hit an eleven year old!” Nico scoffed. Then he grinned wickedly and ran at Will, planning to floor him again. However, the blonde was one step ahead and he easily caught Nico around the waist, slamming him into the closest wall.

“Ah, shit,” Nico groaned. Will flinched,

“Shit, you okay?” he asked, putting both hands on either side of Nico’s head to steady himself and then leaning down so that their faces were inches apart, to peer into Nico’s eyes, “eh, you’ll be
fine,” he decided. Then a hand was on the back of his shirt and he was literally being *ripped* away from Nico.

Will landed on the floor in a heap, with a fuming, furious Hazel standing over him, her hands bawled into fists.

“What the hell were you trying to do to my brother?!?” she demanded, face red,

“Haze-” Nico started,

“You are not allowed to ever touch my brother again you piece of Underworld poop,” Hazel fist her hand in Will’s shirt and with sudden strength hauled the bewildered boy to his feet, “if you ever hurt him I will set you on fire until there’s nothing left of you but dust, and I’ll scatter them in the deepest, darkest pits of Tartarus so some monster can sniff you like cocaine.”

“O-Okay.” Will swallowed, eyes wide, looking positively terrified. Nico burst out laughing and Hazel dropped Will back to the ground, before going over and fussing over her brother.

***

4. *Here is what Mr D saw:*

When he came to check up on the campers when they were doing real camping, Solace’s shirt was off and Di Angelo was in his sleeping bag, obviously after sex.

*Here is what actually happened:*

“Nico.”

“What?” Nico grumbled, half-asleep.

“Nico, there’s something in my sleeping bag,” Will sounded panicked.

“Unless it’s a Titan I don’t care,” Nico informed him, but cracked one eye open. Will laid in his sleeping back, facing the roof of the tent with wide, panicked eyes.

“Will?” Nico asked.

“I’m gonna cry.”

“Please don’t cry,” Nico sighed, “get out.”

Will slowly, very slowly, extracted himself from his sleeping bag, before kicking the offending thing into the corner of the tent,

“Check it,” he asked Nico in a whisper. The son of Hades sighed before shuffling out of his own warm sleeping bag in order to unzip Will’s one. A snake slithered out and fell onto the floor of the tent. Will screeched and scrambled backwards while Nico rolled his eyes, grabbed the snake by the tail, unzipped the tent and chucked it outside,

“There,” he said, zipping the tent back up, “now go to sleep before I kill you.”

Nico slipped back into his sleeping back but Will crawled over, unzipping his sleeping bag.

“What are you doing?” Nico snapped.

“Maybe it laid eggs in my bag,” Will shuddered, “I’m not going back in there.”
“Will-”

“Can you just move up,” Will gave Nico a desperate look, “please.”

Nico sighed but scooted up. Will pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the side,

“What are you doing?” Nico asked again, eyes glued to Will’s tanned, muscular chest.

“I don’t know if you realise but you’re like a tiny heater,” Will said, laying down next to Nico and trying to get comfortable, “and I’m not getting all sweaty.”

“Are you actually complaining?!” Nico demanded. Will ignored him, eventually opting to put his arm around Nico’s waist. The Italian glared at him, “for fucks sake, Nico. Can you just enjoy having a man in your bed for once?”

“This is a sleeping bag,” Nico deadpanned. The tent unzipped and Mr D poked his head in,

“Bill Shoelace! Michael Angelo! What on Gaia is going on here?!” he demanded,

“Erm,” Will tried to pull away from Nico but there was no space, “there’s was a snake in my sleeping bag…”

“Which doesn’t explain why you’re in the Neko cat’s bag!” Mr D fumed, “there will be no sexual contact on my watch!”

“W-We…We didn’t do anything!” Nico spluttered, going beet red,

“Silence!” Mr D turned to Will, “come, Capri Sun,” he grinned wickedly, “you’re sleeping under the stars tonight.”

“B-But snakes…”

“Silence, wimp! Come!”

***

5. This is what Apollo saw:

Nico and Will were both shirtless, with Nico’s legs wrapped around Will’s waist and his arms around his neck. They were both red as if they were just in the middle of a make-out session.

This is what actually happened:

“This is ridiculous,” Nico was sitting in the Hades cabin fanning his naked, sweaty chest with his hand, “I’m gonna kill the Hermes kids.”

“I’ll help you,” Will, also shirtless, offered from the floor. The heat in the cabin was so intense it made Nico feel like he was melting into a puddle on the floor.

“It’s the lightbulb,” he glared at the light, “they changed it so now its burning hot.”

“Come on then,” Will got up, “let’s unscrew it. I can’t handle this heat.”

“Isn’t your dad God of the sun?” Nico raised an eyebrow while Will tried to reach the light.

“So?” he asked sourly, “come here, I can’t reach.”
“Get a chair,” Nico said indifferently,

“You don’t have a chair.”

“Oh,” Nico said, “okay lean down then.” He instructed and when Will did, he tried to climb up onto his shoulders. Unfortunately, Nico’s balance wasn’t that great.

“Wait,” Will sighed and then fucking picked Nico up as if he wore nothing. Nico automatically wrapped his legs around Will’s waist, squeaking. Will rolled his eyes, “chill and get the lightbulb, before I melt.”

Nico’s pale neck was practically in Will’s face. Not that he minded. In fact, he really wanted to lean that extra inch forward and lick Nico’s skin. Weird.

Nico stretched his arms over his head, trying to get the lightbulb.

“Oh, shit!” he swore, burning his hand. Will wobbled when Nico’s arms started wind milling, but then steadied himself as the Italian’s arms wrapped around his neck.

That precise moment Apollo burst in.

“William!” he sang, “your siblings said you-” he cut off and blinked at Nico, before a bright smile returned to his face, “Oh I didn’t know you were with your boyfriend,” he winked.

“He’s not my boyfriend, dad,” Will said, but didn’t let Nico go.

“Whatever you say,” Apollo nodded, “anyway, I’m off. My business can wait, ta!” he waved and started turning. Will buried his face in Nico’s shoulder to shield his eyes while Nico squeezed his tight, and with a burst of light, Apollo was gone.

The lightbulb shattered.

***

+1. This is what Leo saw:

He opened the janitor’s closet to find some extra supplies that he needed, and instead found Will and Nico.

Will was sitting down against the wall, with Nico in his lap, kissing his neck with his hand up Nico’s shirt. Nico was moaning.

“Well, don’t let me interrupt you,” Leo said casually, walking in and grabbing a screwdriver. Nico gasped and pulled away from Will, who didn’t seem to care about Leo, instead kissing up Nico’s neck and jaw,

“Will! Stop it!” Nico hissed,

“Oh no, carry on,” Leo waved them off, “I’m out, peace, use protection.”

And he shut the door behind him.

That is exactly what happened.
Chapter Notes

For Alyssa
Excuse my shitty porn, apart from being Asexual i’ve only ever written one piece of smut before (Drarry Dust) so yeah. Oops, sorry, i tried XD

Can you do one where Percy and Nico are in the middle of the do (Percy topping) and Percy blurts out a marriage proposal and then they clear the air while lying in bed?

It was dark in the Hades Cabin, the only light coming from the moonlight that streamed in through the window. Nico was lying on his back, pale hands fisted into the silk sheets, as Percy thrust into him, mouth trailing hot kisses down his neck.

“F-Fuck… Percy, I can’t-” Nico moaned helplessly. Percy gripped his hips, knowing that bruises would soon bloom on Nico’s pale skin, and kissed his boyfriend deeply, slipping his tongue into his mouth. Nico melted against him, unable to feel anything but the burning pleasure coursing through his body.

Percy groaned, sucking a hickey just underneath Nico’s jaw, as the Italian whined, hands coming up to bury themselves in Percy’s wild hair. He roughly pulled him forward, crushing their lips together while Percy thrust inside Nico harder, his cock hitting the dark haired boy’s prostate with every press.

“Oh G-Gods,” Nico gasped, “Percy right t-there, don’t stop…”

Percy growled out Nico’s name and bit his neck, causing Nico’s back to arch off the bed. Percy soothed the wound with his tongue, hand grabbing Nico’s and intertwining their fingers before pressing them into the covers. Percy slowed his thrusts, teasing Nico, slowly pulling out before pushing back in, a smirk on his face. Nico looked up at him. His cheeks were flushed, his lips swollen. His hair fell onto his forehead.

“Stop t-teasing!” the boy groaned, his eyes falling shut. Percy leaned down and kissed him softly, “I love you,” he said, softly.

“Percy get on with it-”

“Marry me.” Percy blurted out. Nico’s eyes snapped open, widening as Percy stopped moving at


“T-This is really not the time!” he protested. Percy was watching him with an unreadable expression. His was still inside of Nico, one of his hands still held the Italian’s one and the other was drawing invisible patterns into Nico’s hip. The mixture of sudden emotion that overcame Nico paired with Percy’s hard cock made Italian’s whole body flare up with heat and desire.

“I’m not moving until you give me an answer,” Percy said solemnly. Nico gaped at him,

“W-What?! Right now?!”

“When else?” Percy cracked a smile, “it’s okay if you want to say no.” He added, gently brushing Nico’s sweaty hair from his face. Nico stared at him and bit his lip,

“Yes.” He whispered eventually, “yes I’ll marry you.”

The smile that lit up Percy’s face was enough to make up for all the awkward sexual experiences that Nico went through with the son of Poseidon, including this one. Without warning, Percy snapped his hips forward and just like that he was fucking Nico again, harder and faster than before, whispering ‘I love you, I love you,’ over and over.
Really sorry I didn’t upload in a long time, but my computer fucked up but I am a smart ass bitch and I got everything on my USB. So here I am on my sister’s laptop. Anyway…Aphrodite’s messing around again. For RoseBadwolf1000

Nico avoiding Percy and Percy is so confused, so he asks Hazel what’s going on and she just says, "I don't know," and guides him to where he can find Nico. Then talking and Percico happens.

It was starting to get really annoying. Nico avoiding Percy, that is. It all started after the war with Gaia ended, Percy broke up with Annabeth, who he realized was too much of a sister to him to date her, and decided to stay at Camp Half Blood as a part-time teacher while Annabeth moved to Brooklyn to become an architect. The two were still friends, and still loved each other, just not… like that.

Everyone settled down, even Nico, who finally decided to accept Camp Half Blood as his home. Percy and he grew closer and closer, and the son of Poseidon started to develop weird feelings for the Italian. And then everything fell apart.

Every time Percy would walk toward Nico, the boy would change the direction he was going in just to avoid speaking to Percy. It was really annoying, and really obvious. Especially when Nico went to ridiculous lengths to get away from Percy, like jumping over walls or out of windows.

Everyone found it hilarious most of the time, especially Jason, but not Percy. Percy just found it
really fucking annoying. All he wanted to do was get to spend time with the Italian, like they had before. Practice sword fighting and argue if DC or Marvel was better, make stupid cupcakes for Piper’s birthday. But he couldn’t do any of it if Nico was avoiding him.

***

Percy collapsed next to Hazel, who had her hair tied back with a bandana and was picking strawberries. The girl looked up, smiling brightly,

“Hey, Perce,” she said, “what’s up? You look down.”

“Haze,” Percy bit his lip, “do you know what’s going on with Nico?”

Hazel blinked at him for a second, before looking away. She could never look at someone when she saw lying,

“I don’t know,” she said quickly. Percy sighed, wishing the girl would tell him the truth, but he didn’t want to push her.

“I’m just really worried,” the boy admitted, squinting up at the sun, “He keeps avoiding me. And I haven’t seen him at all for the last week.”

Hazel looked over at Percy guiltily,

“Florence.”

“Florence?” Percy blinked at the girl.

“Florence,” Hazel repeated, “that’s where he is.”

“He’s in Italy?!” Percy demanded. Hazel nodded and Percy groaned,

“You should…go see him,” Hazel continued, “he might need it.”

“But how do I get there?” Percy stood up. Hazel shrugged, going back to the strawberries. The son of Poseidon groaned and then picked his way through the bushes, careful not to destroy any of the fruit. The boy walked across the camp, waving at all the kids yelling, ‘Good morning Percy!’ at him, and made his way towards the Zeus cabin. The son of Poseidon didn’t bother to knock, instead just storming in.

Piper and Jason were in the middle of a heated make out session, with Piper’s shirt off.

“Ugh, guys,” Percy complained, and the two pulled away, “it’s the middle of the day.”

“Percy!” Piper flushed and covered herself, “knock!”

“Knock, knock,” Percy deadpanned, “I need to get to Italy.”

“Is this about Nico?” Jason frowned. Percy nodded, “Why don’t you just take Mrs O’Leary? She hasn’t been anywhere in a while.”

“Of course!” Percy smacked his forehead, “Thanks Jas!” and then he was sprinting out.

***

Percy glanced at the address that Hazel scribbled down for him and then back up at the beautiful house by the canal. It was made of pale orange brick, with ivy snaking its way up the wall and
curling around the windows. All of it was hidden in darkness of the night, with just the streetlamps casting a warm glow on the houses.

“Seems right,” Percy said to Mrs O’Leary, who’s tongue was rolled out. The hellhound was grinning happily, her tail wagging. Percy glanced at her, “alright, big girl. You can go back home, I’ll be okay now,” he tossed the dog a treat and then she bounded into the shadows, disappearing completely.

Percy took a deep breath and then stepped towards the door, knocking.

The door swung open and a short, large woman in a tight bun and a flowery dress opened it. She began shouting at Percy in rapid fire Italian, and the boy looked at her like a deer caught in the headlights. When the woman was done shouting, Percy said,

“Um…I don’t understand,” he offered, “but I’m looking for Nico? Nico di Angelo?”

“Ah! Nico di Angelo!” the woman nodded, her face suddenly lighting up, she took Percy’s hand and pulled him inside the house. She was talking in a much kinder voice now, but Percy still didn’t understand her so he just nodded while the woman led him up the stairs. Then she pointed at the door with the number 13 on it, and left Percy alone.

The boy looked at the door for a moment, gathering his courage. What was he going to say to Nico when he saw him? Sorry, to bother you I just came halfway across the world to come see if you were okay. Just because we’re friends, didn’t sound very convincing. But Percy didn’t care at this point. He knocked.

Nothing happened, so Percy knocked again. Then he tried the doorknob. The door clicked and then slowly opened, revealing a cozy room with red walls, a king sized bed and lamps on the wall, turned low.

It was empty, but Percy knew that Nico was there because of all the clothes strewn across the room, and the boys Stygian Iron sword leaning against one wall.

The light on the bathroom was on, just a thin line underneath the closed door. Percy could hear that the shower was on. The idea that Nico was in there, naked, did weird things to Percy-

The water shut off. Percy froze, and then he desperately thought of something to do. He was just standing there awkwardly, thinking if it was too late to retreat back out into the corridor and knock again. But then the bathroom door opened, and Nico stepped out.

He was wearing nothing but a fucking towel. A white, fluffy fucking towel that hung low on his hips. His dark hair was damp, and longer than Percy remembered, framing his heart shaped face. His eyes were wide, staring at Percy.

“P-Percy?” Nico stuttered, and then groaned, “shit.”

“Hi,” Percy offered, “are you okay?”

“I was okay,” Nico grumbled, grabbing a bathrobe and wrapping it around himself, “until you showed up.”

Percy’s heart fell,

“Why are you avoiding me?” he asked softly. Nico sighed and then looked away, blushing.

“I-I’m not avoiding you,” he lied.
“You literally moved to Italy to get away from me,” Percy said, stepping closer to Nico, “Please. Tell me what’s wrong?”

“It’s…,” Nico flinched away from Percy, “It’s Aphrodite.” He said, sounding defeated.

“Aphrodite?” Percy frowned. Nico was backed up as far as he could from Percy, pressed up against the wall.

“She cursed me. Said it was a blessing,” Nico laughed humourlessly, “a-and now every time I’m near you I’m l-like…”

“Like what?”

“Like a fucking dog in heat,” Nico groaned. His cheeks were bright red, his legs were shaking. The boy buried his face in his hands, “It’s really hot in here. W-Why is it so hot!?”

“Nico-”

Nico ran toward the window and pushed the windows open. He rested his forehead against the wall and took a deep breath.

“You need to go,” he sounded like he was in pain. Percy was staring at him,

“Nico…”

“No!” Nico snapped, hugging himself, “y-you need to go, P-Percy please, just g-go, I can’t…”

“How do I fix it?!?” Percy demanded, “Nico, tell me how to fix it!”

“I-If you sleep with me,” Nico stuttered. He pulled off his bath robe, revealing his pale chest to Percy, “why is it so hot?!?” he whined.

“If I sleep with you, will you get better?” Percy asked.

“That’s w-what A-Aphrodite said,” Nico mumbled. Percy stepped closer to him again, and Nico backed himself up into a wall, “Percy d-don’t-”

But it was too late. Percy put his hand on Nico’s shoulder, and the Italian whined, leaning into his hand. His trembling hands reached up to clutch at Percy’s shirt. The son of Poseidon wrapped his arms around Nico’s waist, and the boy melted against him with a happy sigh. Percy kissed his cheek. Then he trailed his lips down his neck and across his jaw.

And then he kissed Nico, softly, gently. Nico’s skin was burning up, his eyes were dark. He looked feverish, but Percy just kissed him because he wanted to help, because he wanted Nico to feel better.

He kissed Nico because he realized that he’s in love with him.
But I love it

Chapter Notes

Luke likes public displays of affection. For Inlovewithsnow2002

Luke has a tendency to pull Percy into his lap in public and though Percy likes it there its still embarrassing for Inlovewithsnow2002

No matter how much Percy complained about Luke always pulling him into his lap in public, he secretly loved it. It made him feel warm and fuzzy, and he liked having Luke close, liked that Luke liked to make sure that everyone knew that Percy was his.

***

It was a normal night at camp, with everyone eating dinner. Percy finished shovelling his blue food into his mouth and stood up to say goodnight to his boyfriend. The Hermes table was rowdy as usual, filled with shouts and insults and laughter. A firework exploded down the opposite end, and it was followed by a scream and more laughter.

“Night, Luke,” Percy said, standing above Luke, who was sitting down, and kissing the top of his head. The blonde grabbed his hand,

“What you going?!” he asked.

“Yeah! Sit with us, Percy!” Cecil laughed.

“Yeah!” the Stroll twins exclaimed. Percy rolled his eyes but sat down next to Luke anyway. Well, at least he tried to sit next to Luke. The blonde, quick as lightning, wrapped his arm around Percy’s waist and pulled him into his lap.

The Hermes kids whooped and cheered, while Percy blushed, sitting sideways across Luke’s lap.

“Luke,” he grumbled, “why do you always have to do that?!”

“Do what?!“ Luke looked up at his blushing boyfriend and then tugged him down so he could kiss him softly. His arm was wrapped around Percy’s waist, his other hand resting on the boy’s knee. The Hermes girls squealed.

***

It was the fourth of July, Luke’s favourite day of the year. All of the campers were sat on the
beach by the ocean, watching the beautiful, crazy fireworks paint the sky red and orange and pink and gold. Luke smiled to himself, and then he saw Percy, and his smile widened more.

The beautiful boy was walking towards the blonde, his frame illuminated by the fireworks. Something twisted inside Luke. He loved the boy so much that sometimes he thought that his heart might explode.


“Hi,” Luke grinned at him. Percy glared, but he was blushing.

“I hate when you do that,” Percy grumbled, but he pressed himself closer to Luke and kissed him. Luke smiled against his boyfriend’s lips,

“You know you love it really,” he said.

***

The seven plus Nico and Luke were all having a movie night in the Poseidon cabin. The nine were huddled close together when Percy came out of the kitchen bit, carrying some popcorn.

“There ya go, Leo,” he said, passing the bowl to the Latino.

“Thank you!” he said, already stuffing his face. Percy went to sit next to Luke, but the blonde wasn’t having any of that. He grabbed Percy and pulled him into his lap.


“Shh!” Nico snapped. Percy sighed and relaxed. His back was pressed up against Luke’s chest, the blonde’s arms wrapped around his waist. The lights were off and the movie began playing.

Luke peppered Percy’s neck with small kisses. Percy turned his head to tell the blonde to stop distracting him, but when he saw the way Luke was looking at him he opted for kissing him instead.

Before either of the boys could deepen the kiss, Piper whacked Luke upside the head,

“Watch the movie!” she scolded. Percy stuck his tongue out at her, but then settled down in Luke’s lap. The blonde found his hands and intertwined their fingers together. Yup, Percy definitely loved this.
Percy draws people all the time and his sketch book has a bunch of pictures of Luke and Luke finds out.

People always assumed that in his free time, Percy practiced sword fighting or played pranks on people or something like that. Barely anyone knew that Percy actually loved to draw. Apart from his mother, Nico, Frank and Annabeth, nobody bothered to find out. Or maybe Percy was just really good at hiding it?

Because apart from some landscape and some Camp sketches, Percy loved to draw people. He had drawings of Annabeth working on maps, of Frank and Hazel sleeping, curled around one another. He has a sketch of Leo grinning and Nico glaring, and a sketch of Calypso singing to the nine year olds. He even had a sneaky sketch of Nico and Will kissing. He also had drawings of his mother and Tyson and Bianca, that he gave to Nico, and Thalia.

But the rest of his sketchbook was filled with one specific person; Luke Castellan. The boy’s stormy eyes and wicked grin, his strong, calloused hands and gorgeous, scarred face. Percy had a drawing of Luke, asleep against a wall, and when he was sparring shirtless. It was all just Luke and Luke and Luke, because Percy was kind of in love with him but shh nobody can know!
“What are you doing there, Perce?” Luke came out of nowhere, sitting down next to Percy on the porch of the big house. Percy flinched and hastily slammed his sketchbook shut,

“I-It’s Pipers!” he said quickly. Luke rolled his eyes,

“It’s okay, I won’t judge you for being an artist,” he said. He looked at Percy expectantly, “so…is it yours?”

“Yeah,” Percy shrugged, cradling the book to his chest.

“Can I see?” Luke asked gently, as if Percy was a scared animal.

“No.” Percy said abruptly, “No. It’s private.”

“Oh, come on,” Luke grinned, “don’t be like that! Let me see…”


Because Luke was a Hermes kid he easily got into the Poseidon cabin. He felt a bit guilty for going through Percy’s stuff, but he was really curious about that damn sketchbook. And anyway, it wasn’t like Percy actually had something to hide; he was probably just annoying Luke on purpose.

Luke rummaged through the cupboard filled with clothes, looking for that sketchbook. Most of Percy’s clothes were blue, sometimes broken by orange and purple. Before Luke realized what he was doing, he raised one of the shirts to his face and inhaled. It smelled like Percy – like the sea and chocolate chip cookies and something distinctly Percy.

“Ah! Don’t be creepy!” Luke scolded himself, chucking the shirt back into the cupboard, and went back to looking, ignoring the blush on his face. His hand was met with something hard and the blonde grinned, “Gotcha!” he yelled, pulling the sketchbook out. He stood up and opened the book.

The first page was a rough, unfinished sketch of Percy’s mom, Sally, standing by the stove, smiling warmly. Luke couldn’t stop a smile of his own appearing on his face. The next page was a picture of Percy, his arms around Annabeth and Piper. Luke’s fingers skimmed over Percy’s face, grinning at his from the paper, and his heart skipped a beat.

Luke continued flicking through the sketchbook, admiring the way Percy captured people’s emotions perfectly in his pain and pencil drawings, marvelling at how similar the Camp Half Blood drawing was to real life. He flipped the page and his own face was staring back at him.

“Woah. He’s really good,” Luke muttered to himself, and then flipped the page again. There was another sketch of him, leaning against a wall, asleep.

Luke’s brow furrowed as he continued going through the sketchbook. All he saw was sketches of himself; his hands, his eyes, his smile, even shirtless ones, drawn with a shaky hand.

“LUKE?!”

The son of Hermes whirled around, and saw Percy standing by the door. The sketchbook fell
from Luke’s hands and landed on the floor, face down. Percy’s face turned beet red fast and he dashed for the book, clutching it to his chest.

“I fucking told you that it’s private!” he shouted, tears suddenly appearing in his eyes, “get out!”

“Percy, look, I didn’t mean-”

“Get out!” Percy covered his eyes with his arm, and pushed past Luke, who didn’t move. Percy looked at him, there was anger shining in his eyes along with the tears and it made Luke’s heart clench; he made Percy angry, he made him cry. Percy opened his mouth again, “I said get ou-”

Luke stepped forward, gathered Percy up into his arms, and kissed him on the lips. The son of Poseidon let out a startled gasp and the sketchbook clambered out of his arms and hit the floor once again. Luke’s arms tightened around Percy’s waist and he pulled him closer. Percy’s arms were locked in between him and Luke, so the dark haired boy couldn’t push Luke away. Not that he wanted to.

Luke kissed him gently, as if he was trying to make it all better, and Percy’s eyes fluttered shut. He wasn’t able to resist the blonde, couldn’t stay angry at him. All he could do was kiss back and enjoy the feeling of Luke’s lips against his.

“I’m really sorry,” Luke whispered, pulling away slightly. Percy opened his eyes and wiggled his arms free.

“’s okay,” he mumbled, wrapping his arms around Luke’s neck. The blonde smiled and kissed Percy again.

“If you ever need a nude model, you know who to ask,” he said with a wink.
maybe one where Alabaster plays a prank on Ethan and he decides to take revenge on him, causing an awkward situation that changes into a fluffy/passionate one.

Ethan sometimes hated his best friend, Alabaster. Especially now, as he was covered in whipped cream, head to toe. Alabaster was rolling on the ground, laughing, while half a dozen campers joined in. Ethan glared at them with his good eye,

“I fucking hate you, Al.”

***

“And you’re sure it’ll work?” Ethan clarified. Lacy and Silena grinned.

“Of course it’ll work,” Silena nodded.

“Our truth serum’s are the best!” Lacy clarified, “and if you wanna get back at Alabaster it’ll be perfect!”

“You should tie him to a chair,” Drew offered from where she was doing her nails, “and ask him embarrassing questions. That way your revenge for that cream thing will be better.”

Ethan nodded and pocketed the small vial,

“Thanks guys!” he said, and then ran out.

***

Alabaster looked at Ethan over the rim of his cup, his eyes narrowed suspiciously.

“Truce?” he asked. The two were sitting in the Nemesis cabin, Ethan on his bed and Alabaster on a chair.
“Yeah, truce,” Ethan shrugged casually, sipping on his drink, “I don’t want this to become a prank war or something…”

“Alright then,” Alabaster grinned and stuck the hand with the cup forward. Ethan clinked his glass against it, “truce.” And then he downed the whole thing. Ethan grinned wickedly, finished his coke and then stood up. He pulled out a rope while Alabaster was busy choking and spluttering,

“Ugh, what the fuck was that?! It tasted like a mix of oregano, hot chilli peppers, olives and peanut butter,” he grumbled. Ethan lunged at him and in three quick moves wrapped the robe around Alabaster, “What the fuck, Ethan?!”

“What? Nothing,” Ethan grinned while Alabaster fought against his bindings. But Ethan was good at knots and the bigger boy couldn’t break free.

“What did you give to me?” Al growled.

“Just a little truth serum,” Ethan got comfortable on the bed, and cracked his knuckles, “and now, let’s play.”

“Fuck you Ethan,” Alabaster spluttered, “the serum does work.” The boy blinked, “I mean, it does work.” He shook his head, “what I’m trying to say is that it does work!”

“Ahh,” Ethan rested his chin on his hand, “so it does work then.”

“Come on, Ethan,” Al sighed and stopped fighting, “let’s not do this.”

“Oh let’s,” Ethan looked like an excited child at Christmas, “let’s start off easy – what is your biggest fear?”

Alabaster clamped his mouth shut but it was as if the words were trying to force their way out by themselves, and he ended up spilling.

“I’m scared of a zombie apocalypse.”

Ethan blinked at him,

“Zombie apocalypse?!” he asked in disbelief. Alabaster blushed and looked away,

“Yeah, I’m scared of zombies. Sue me.”

Ethan burst out laughing, going on about how ridiculous Alabaster was. The brunette glared at him,

“Well, what are you scared of?”

“Ah-ah-ah,” Ethan wiggled his fingers, “that’s not how it works! Next question; what is the biggest secret of your life?”

“I’m gay.” Alabaster muttered, and then winced. Ethan stared at him, mouth open and eyes wide,

“Y-You’re gay?!” he yelled eventually, “why didn’t you tell me?!”

“I-I don’t know. I was scared of how you’d react,” Alabaster was staring at his feet.

“Al…”
“Can you just ask the next question?”

“Fine,” Ethan sighed, but his mood has gone sour. Awkwardness settled over the two, and Ethan suddenly felt bad for making Alabaster embarrassed, but he didn’t know how to make it better, so he just asked the next question, “what’s your favourite colour?”

Alabaster snorted,

“Red. Now ask the real questions.”

Ethan smirked.

“What’s your favourite colour?” he asked.

“Red.”

“Have you ever had sex with anybody?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“With who?” Ethan demanded, feeling sudden jealousy flood him. Alabaster grinned and cocked his head to the side,


“W-What?!” Ethan spluttered, blushing, “that’s a lot of people. But I thought you were gay!”

“Meh,” Alabaster shrugged, “back in the day I thought I was just confused. Hence Katie, Victoria and Nyssa.” He grinned, “next question or do you want to stop?”

“No.” Ethan grumbled, crossing his arms over his chest, “so who was the best?” he looked unsure. He didn’t know why he was asking this, it would just make it hurt more.

“Austin,” Alabaster shrugged one shoulder like it wasn’t a big deal. Ethan looked down at his hands, blushing.

“Have you been in love with anybody before?”

“Yes, once,” Alabaster murmured, voice going quiet all of a sudden, “I’m in love with him right now.”

“O-Oh,” Ethan mumbled. He stood up and walked over to Alabaster. He began untying the knots on the ropes with shaking hands. The rope fell away from the taller boy’s body,

“End of questioning?” Alabaster raised an eyebrow.

“Just one more question,” Ethan looked at him, “who are you in love with?”

Alabaster’s eyes widened and then he slapped his hands over his mouth, squeezing his eyes shut. Ethan rolled his eyes and reached for Alabaster’s hands, prying them away from his mouth,

“Who are you in love with?” he asked again.

“You.”

Ethan’s heart skipped a beat. A silence settled over the room. Ethan realized that he was still holding Alabaster’s hands. The two were staring at each other, Alabaster looked determined and Ethan’s face was red.

“Al.”
“I love you,” Alabaster whispered. He reached up and touched Ethan’s face.

“Y-You’re lying,” Ethan stuttered. Alabaster smiled gently,

“I’m on your stupid truth serum,” he said, eyes twinkling, “I can’t lie.”

Hesitantly, face still red, Ethan pressed his hand over the one Alabaster had against his cheek. The brunette stood up so that he was towering over Ethan, and then cupped his other cheek with his free hand.

“Can I kiss you?” he asked softly.

"I-If you want to,” Ethan mumbled. Without hesitation, Alabaster leaned down and pressed his lips against Ethan's. But instead of it being all soft and gentle like Alabaster’s words, it was hot and rough and desperate. Al forced his tongue into Ethan’s mouth without warning and pushed him backwards until the dark haired boy lost his balance and ended up on the bed. Alabaster climbed on top of him, pinning the smaller boy down.

He licked every inch of Ethan’s mouth, swirling his tongue, eliciting helpless moans from the smaller boy, trying to memorize his taste while his hands undid the buttons on the boy’s shirt. Their mouths parted for two seconds, and the air around them was filled with heavy breathing and Ethan's gasps as he threw his shirt to the side. Then they were kissing again and Alabaster’s rough hands were back on Ethan, exploring his body; the gentle curve oh his hip, the hard muscles on his stomach, the sharpness of his collarbones...

Al broke his mouth away from Ethan’s soft lips in favour of trailing wet kisses down the Asian’s neck. Ethan tried to catch his breath as Al’s hand pulled off his trousers and tossed them to the side. Ethan tugged at Al’s shirt, hus brain muddled, eyes dazed and hazy. It's like he couldn't think properly,

“O-Off,” he muttered. The brunette grinned and pulled away from Ethan in order to pull his top off. He discarded it to the side where the rest of the clothes were. Ethan stared at Alabaster with wide eyes; at the boy's muscular, tanned body. The dark haired boy reached out and wrapped his arms around Alabaster’s neck. The brunette leaned down and this time he kissed Ethan gently.

“Are you sure about this?” he whispered, lips brushing against Ethan’s with every word. Ethan looked away, blushing,

“Y-Yeah,” he mumbled, as his heart stuttered in his chest, trying to keep up with all the new sensations coursing through his body; the way his lips tingled from being kissed, the way his body burned everywhere Al touched...

Alabaster pulled his trousers off and sudden panic overtook Ethan because he suddenly, awkwardly remembered that he was a helpless virgin and Al had fucked…Ethan tried to remember, counting frantically in his head. Nine. That’s how many people Alabaster slept with, and now Ethan had to live up to that, and to Austin as well. The boy bit his lip and Alabaster frowned.

“Ethan,” he murmured, brushing the boy’s dark hair out of his face, “are you alright? What’s wrong?”
“I-I just…,” Ethan looked away, embarrassment creeping up on him, "I’ve just never done…it before."

After a second of silence, Alabaster smiled and pressed their foreheads together,

“That’s okay,” he whispered, “just let me take care of you.”

“Are you still on the truth serum?” Ethan peered at him suspiciously, “try to lie.”

“My name is Alabaster.” Al said, and shrugged, “meh, it works.”

“What were you trying to say?” Ethan gasped as Alabaster went back to attacking his neck with bites and kisses.

“My name’s Batman,” Al said, wiggling his eyebrows. Ethan laughed, but rolled his eyes,

“Gods, I really do love you,” he said. And froze. *Shit, I can’t believe I just said that*, he scolded himself. But Al’s expression just softened,

“I love you too,” he said, and then pulled Ethan’s boxers down his legs. The dark haired boy blushed and pressed his hands over Al’s eyes,

“Hey! L-Little warning next time!” he stuttered. Alabaster pulled Ethan’s hands away and kissed his wrists, then he looked down at the boy, flushed and completely naked underneath him.

“You’re really gorgeous,” he said, eyes twinkling again. Ethan blushed and looked away, “Hey. I’m serious, you know I can’t lie.”

“I know,” Ethan mumbled. Alabaster leaned down and kissed him fiercely, slipping his tongue back into the other boy’s hot mouth while one of his hands reached down to wrap around Ethan’s hard cock. The dark haired boy gasped against Al’s mouth, while the brunette’s hand moved up and down his member, softly, teasingly. Alabaster pulled away so he could watch Ethan. The son of Nemesis’ eyes were squeezed shut, his hands fisted in the covers. His face was flushed, his mouth open, moaning as Al’s hand continued to stroke him.

“A-Al…,” Ethan whined as Alabaster’s thumb rubbed over the slit of Ethan’s cock, “Al…j-just fuck m-me…”

“S-Shit,” Al gasped against the other boy’s neck, “Ethan don’t say that or I won’t be able to hold back.”

“I don’t want you to hold back,” Ethan said. Al kissed him,

“Lube?” he asked.

“Second drawer,” Ethan blushed. The brunette reached over and produced the small bottle. He poured a generous amount of the liquid on his fingers,

“Turn over,” he told Ethan. The red-faced boy did so, burying his face in the pillow. Al pressed little kisses down Ethan’s spine, and then ever so gently slid one finger inside of the dark haired boy. Ethan shivered and bit the pillow at the weird sensation, “you okay?” Al asked, slightly breathless. When Ethan nodded, Al began thrusting his finger in and out of the dark haired boy, slowly at first and then gradually speeding up. Ethan’s breath’s came out faster, and he was moaning quietly.

Al’s pushed a second finger inside Ethan’s ass, and began scissoring them, stretching the boy’s
hole, trying to prepare him. Ethan whined, pushing back onto Al’s fingers.

“A-Al,” Ethan gasped, “p-put it in a-already, I w-won’t fucking b-break....”

“I know,” Al kissed the back of Ethan’s neck, “but turn around, I want to see you,” before Ethan could protest, Al grabbed him around the waist and flipped him over as if he weighed nothing.

Automatically, Ethan wrapped his legs around Al’s waist, looking up at him with wide eyes. Alabaster grabbed the lube and slicked himself, kissing Ethan’s shoulder quickly, before positioning his cock at the boy’s entrance, “you sure about this?”

Ethan nodded again and then Alabaster pushed into him slowly. Ethan sucked in a startled breath as Al buried himself inside him, inch by inch because shit that was so much bigger than his fingers.

“F-Fuck,” Alabaster groaned, “you’re so tight.”

The boy was finally balls deep inside Ethan, who was shivering, toes curling as Al’s finger’s trailed over his side. He could feel the burning sensation travel up his body, just on the verge of pleasure. It hurt, but not too badly...

Ethan shuffled against the covers restlessly. The burn was slowly disappearing, giving way to pain-tinted pleasure. But Alabaster wasn’t doing anything, just hovering above Ethan with his face pressed against the boy’s shoulder.

“M-Move,” Ethan stuttered, when he couldn't take it anymore, “Al, p-please, just move…”

Alabaster kissed him messily and complied. He began moving in and out of the smaller boy as Ethan moan helplessly, but it still wasn't enough. Ethan could feel every press, every twist of Alabaster’s xock inside of him but it still wasn't enough.

“Faster.” He demanded, “h-harder, Gods nnggh, please, Al…” Ethan was blabbering, but he couldn’t help himself. Alabaster sped up his thrusts, marvelling at how wonderfully tight and warm Ethan was, and how beautiful he looked impaled on his cock. “Al!” Ethan suddenly yelled, back arching off the bed,

“Found it,” Al said smugly. Ethan was breathing hard,

“What was that?!” he whimpered, eyes falling shut on their own accord, as if Ethan didn't have the energy to keep them open.

“Your prostate,” Alabaster grinned and kissed the spot just underneath Ethan’s ear. “Feels good?”

“Oh God, yes,” Ethan moaned, “d-do it again.”

So Alabaster did, thrusting into Ethan hard and fast while the dark haired boy sobbed at how good it felt, his body wracked with pleasure as Al continued to pound into him. It was all so new and confusing, and everything was hot, so fucking hot...Alabaster’s hands pressing bruises into Ethan’s hips were scorching his skin, his wet mouth was tracing a fiery trail from his mouth, down his neck and back up again...and his dick was burning Ethan up from the inside, creating wonderful friction against Ethan’s skin, forcefully hitting that spot inside him...

”That’s g-good, that’s s-so good,” Ethan moaned, “Alabaster, f-fuck, I’m not...I’m g-gonna…”

“Shh, baby, I know,” Alabaster whispered softly, and captured Ethan’s lips with his own. His hands curled around the other’s boy neglected cock, and he stroked it once, twice, and then Ethan
was coming, yelling Alabaster’s name and burying his face in the taller boy’s shoulder. His ass tightened around Al, and the son of Hecate groaned, before coming deep inside Ethan.

The world went blank for a second with white hot pleasure, and then -

"I didn’t put on a condom,” Al said suddenly, after he came down from his high. Ethan was still trying to catch his breath.

“Shit.”
Angels are crying

Chapter Notes

for Mogadorian_Wolf.

Solangelo guardian angel au.

Florence, Italy

Will, a guardian angel from the Soul-Safety department, paced the corridor nervously. This was it – the soul he was going to be protecting for the next lifetime. Will was excited and really terrified at the same time.

The hospital corridor was empty of family, which made Will sad. Did his soul’s family not love him? Or maybe he had none?

“Relax, Will,” Piper – also a guardian angel, and her boyfriend, Jason, were leaning against the white washed walls of the hospital corridor, smiling gently at Will, “I know you’re really nervous,” Piper continued, “but your soul will be even more so, being born and all. You have to keep your calm and be there for him, or her.”

“I know, I know,” Will tugged on his blonde locks and bit his lip, “I’m just scared that I’ll be a terrible guardian angel you know.”

“You won’t,” Jason clapped Will’s shoulder, “don’t worry. You’ll be fantastic.”

Then a baby’s wail exploded in Will’s head, and the boy doubled over. Piper’s eyes widened,

“It’s now!” she exclaimed, and pushed Will forward, “go!”

The blonde stumbled forward and then pushed himself through the hospital wall, to the room where the children were brought to be cleaned. He felt a tug at his heart and a glow coming from
the bathtub in the corner. Will sprinted over and looked over the midwife’s shoulder. His breath caught.

A tiny baby boy was wrapped in a fluffy white towel. He had pink skin and tiny hands. On top of his head there was a tiny tuff of black hair. Will thought his heart might explode, he felt the sudden need to protect this beautiful baby from the world.

“Sally,” a nurse walked in and came over, “the boy’s mother – she didn’t make it.”

“Oh no,” the midwife – Sally – whispered, “that’s so horrible. Poor boy.”

As if understand what just happened, the tiny baby burst out crying. His mouth was open letting out a heart wrenching wail. Will reached out and took his hand in his. The baby stopped crying and he opened his eyes. They were gorgeous, chocolate brown like cookie chips. They were filled with tears, but the baby blinked them away and smiled at Will.

“There, there,” Sally cooed, “it’s okay baby boy. Did the mother state a name?” she turned to the other nurse, who shook her head, “hmm…how about…”

“Nico,” Will breathed.

“…Nico.” Sally decided.

***

**Venice, Italy**

Nico woke up in the middle of the night from yet another nightmare. He rubbed his eyes and blinked at Will who was perched in the foot of Nico’s bed, reading a book. He was dressed in an orange t-shirt, his snowy white wings folded neatly against his back.

“W-Will?” three year old Nico mumbled, rubbing his eyes. Will’s head snapped up and he smiled gently,

“Hi, Nico.” He whispered, and winced, “that was a horrible nightmare. I’m sorry I couldn’t help.”

“It’s okay,” little Nico lisped. He reached out to Will and the blonde took his hand, “it was just a dream.”

Will squeezed his hand.

“Of course,” he assured him, “I’d never let anything or anyone actually harm you.”

“Thank you!” Nico smiled. Will’s heart warmed.

***

**Brooklyn, New York**

“Will. I’m scared.” Six year old Nico whimpered. Will sat next to him in the car and he put one of his wings around Nico protectively,

“It’s okay Nico. You’re just getting a new family,” he said gently. Nico huddled into Will’s side, clutching a teddy bear to his chest. The car stopped and Nico opened the door and clambered out. Will followed after him.
Outside a beautiful house in a nice neighbourhood stood a family. The mother had a warm smile on her face while the father tried to control two little girls.

“Nico,” the mother spoke, her voice gentle, “welcome to the Levesque family. My name is Persephone, but you can call me mom.”

Nico glanced at Will, who nodded in approval.

“Okay mom,” Nico said. Persephone opened her arms and Nico jumped into them, snuggling into the woman’s shoulder. Persephone patted his hair and rubbed his back before pulling away, “this is Hades. Or dad.”

“Hello,” Nico looked up at the tall, stoic man fearfully. Hades patted Nico’s head,

“Welcome to the family,” he said gruffly.

“And these two,” Persephone said with a bright smile, gesturing at the two girls, “are our daughters; Hazel, who’s four and Bianca, who’s ten.”


“See,” Will smiled brightly at Nico, “I told you it’s okay.”

***

When Nico was eight he stopped seeing Will. The angel cried and cried, sitting up against the wall and Piper came and put her arm around his shoulders and told him that it was okay, that it always happened – the children eventually forgot.

But it didn’t stop Will from caring any less, if anything; he protected Nico more fiercely, shielding him from particularly cold wind with his wings, following him everywhere he went like a good guardian angel. He urged him out of the road when he saw a car coming and made a boy trip up when he tried to pick on Nico, which ended in a bit of a fight with that boy’s guardian angel.

But in the end it didn’t matter to Nico. He couldn’t see Will anyway. Little Hazel still could, she sometimes had tea parties with Will when Nico was doing his homework on the couch. Nico would ask, “who’s Will?” and Hazel would just tap her nose. Her own guardian angel, Reyna, wasn’t big on tea parties.

***

When Nico was twelve, the accident happened. Will watched with shocked eyes as Bianca crossed the street, not looking where she was going. He saw the bus coming at her, and so did her guardian angel, Zoe, who stood helplessly to the side, her face buried in her hands. She couldn’t stop it, it was Bianca’s destiny to die that day.

The funeral was horrible and although Will stood beside Nico with a hand on the boy’s shoulder, he doubted that Nico could feel him there. And that night, when the boy curled up in bed, sobbing, Will laid next to him and took his hand, but Nico didn’t feel that either.

***

When Nico was sixteen he had his first heartbreak. He sobbed, buried underneath a pile of covers, hugging himself and Will wished he could do something to make it all better.
He found Jason and shouted at him.

“You’re soul, Percy, just broke Nico’s heart!” he accused, hands bawled into fists. Jason sighed,

“Will, I can’t make Percy gay. I can’t make him love Nico,” he said softly, “you know that. You
know the rules.”

“B-But…,” Will’s voice faltered, “he’s hurting.”

Jason touched Will’s shoulder lightly,

“I know he is. But this is his destiny.”

***

When Nico was eighteen he got into a motorcycle accident that put him in a coma for three days. Will got the message from above; *Nico di Angelo’s life is about to end. Let it happen.* And he knew he had to, an invisible force held him in place as he watched Nico speed on his bike. He remembered Zoe all those years ago, and how she disappeared into heaven when Bianca died. And he couldn’t let it happen-

*Abort mission. Nico di Angelo’s life must continue.*

Will hurled himself at Nico and pushed him to the side. The truck never hit him, but he did slam into the pavement. Not dead, but asleep for three days. Will sat at his bedside and held his hand and pushed his hair out of his face and forced his heart to remain beating. And it did.

***

When Nico was twenty two he fell in love again. A man named Jackson, who loved Nico and who Nico loved and who Will despised because he knew how it would end.

Jackson cherished Nico…for a time. Until he started to get bored, he’d cheat on Nico and leave him in their flat alone, crying, while he fucked prostitutes and sluts and bars. Nico hated it, and Will hated him.

***

When Nico was twenty five he left Jackson with a heavy heart and tear stains on his face. He moved in with Hazel, who lived with her boyfriend Frank, until he decided that he was too much of a burden and moved to his own flat. And Nico was so lonely, even with Will right there.

***

Nico was twenty eight when he met Percy again, and when Will saw Piper again. Percy wanted Nico but he didn’t *love* him and it ended in tears and goodbyes and Will holding Nico’s hand when he fell asleep, his brain riddled with alcohol.

***

Nico was thirty four, with dark circles under his eyes and a job he hated when he decided to take
his own life. Will screamed at him to stop, to leave it, to put the razor down, but Nico didn’t hear him, he couldn’t hear him. Will tried to force the phone to dial Hazel or Hades or Persephone, or anyone…but it didn’t.

So Will watched, with tears rolling down his face, as Nico wrote a goodbye note to his family and
sat down on the bathroom floor.

Will watched as Nico raised the blade and cut down his wrists, he watched as scarlet blood spilled onto the floor.

Will watched as Nico sucked in a deep breath and winced at the pain, he watched as Nico laid helplessly in his own blood and then the message came: *Nico di Angelo’s life is about to end. Let it happen.*

Will watched Nico. And Nico watched Will.

“Will.” Nico whispered. Will’s eyes widened,

“Y-You can see me?!”

“I’m dying, aren’t I?” Nico asked. Will nodded, tears still falling down his face,

“I’m so sorry.” Will murmured. “I wanted you to have a long, happy life.”

“It’s not your fault,” Nico shook his head. His moved were sluggish, his eyelids dropping, “can you hold my hand?” he asked.

“Of course,” Will wiped his eyes and then sat down next to Nico and took his hand. Nico smiled,

“I can feel your hand. It’s warm.”

Will leaned over and kissed his temple,

“Thank you,” Nico whispered, “what now?”

“Now we die,” Will whispered and wrapped his wings around Nico. And then they were flying.
My daddies

Have you done a kidfic of Leo and Frank or Percy yet? Like Leo is trying to get the kid to draw him but it ends up with the other father getting drawn. Can you please do that one?

“Okay Tiago,” Leo said, putting a clean piece of paper in front of his seven year old son, “now, draw daddy.”

Tiago blinked up at Leo with his dark brown eyes.

“Which one?” the boy asked. Frank laughed and ruffled Tiago’s dark curls. Leo glared at Frank,

“Draw me, of course,” he told Tiago. The child nodded and then grabbed crayons. Leo smiled
smugly at Frank and then walked into the kitchen.

“I swear everything’s a competition with you,” Frank rolled his eyes, walking in after Leo.

“No it’s not! Only essential stuff,” the Latino protested, and started making himself coffee. Frank
came and wrapped his arms around Leo’s waist, turning the boy around.

“You’re so annoying,” Frank informed him. Leo kissed the tip of his nose,

“Tell me about it,” he grinned. Frank’s expression softened and he hugged Leo close, wrapping
his arms around the smaller boy,

“I love you anyway,” he told him. Leo sighed happily and leaned up to kiss Frank softly. Tiago
padded into the kitchen, a bright smile on his face,

“Daddy!” he said to Leo, breathlessly, “dad!” he turned to Frank, “I finished!” he said proudly.
Leo extracted himself from Frank and knelt down next to Tiago,

“That’s my boy,” he said with a grin, “are you gonna show daddy?”
“Yes!” Tiago smiled. His front tooth was missing. He handed Leo the piece of paper and the Latino unfolded it. Drawn on it was a big man with short cropped black hair and a purple t-shirt. Leo’s eye twitched,

“It’s fantastic, Tiago,” he told the boy. Tiago smiled, said ‘thank you’ and ran back into the living room. Leo stood up and sighed, handing Frank the piece of paper. “He drew you. Again.”

Frank stuck his tongue out at Leo, gave him a triumphant smile and stuck the paper to the fridge, which was littered with half a dozen identical pictures. Leo pouted,

“Aw, c’mon,” Frank said, wrapping his arms around Leo’s waist, “face it, he just likes me better.”
It was a dark, warm night and William Solace was on watch aboard his majesty’s ship The Poseidon. He sat at the hull of the ship, his legs swinging over the chasm and sea below him. The sea rolled against The Poseidon gently, the waves licking at the wood as the vessel pushed through the dark waters. Will couldn’t see the ocean below him, only when the moonlight caught the waves every so often.

The boy sighed as he felt sleep descend upon him, and his breath came out in a white cloud. Will froze.

The Poseidon was in the middle of the Caribbean sea, and it was July. Only now Will noticed how chilly the air turned. There were goosebumps on the boy’s arms and his teeth were clattering. Panic overtook him as he scrambled over the edge and onto the deck. His white-knuckled hands gripped the bulwarks and he kept his sharp eyes trained on the water and then the moon came out from behind the clouds.

Bobbing in the ocean were a dozen heads. Their long hair was tangled and wet, their eyes the only things above the water line. For a second Will thought that they were ghosts, and he remembered the stories his father told him as a child, about the ghosts of sailors coming to take a ship down below the waves on a cold night. But then the boy looked closer and he realized...

“SIRENS!” he screamed, voice echoing around him. He ran across the deck and rang the alarm bell. Sailors streamed aboard deck, drunk or sleep-riddled or both. Will continued running down the ship, yelling warnings and rousing his fellow crew mates.

A song drifted from the sea, soft and gentle like a warm breeze. The men around Will, who had been tying ropes and commanding only mere moments before, dropped what they were doing. Their eyes turned hazy as they slowly crept towards the edge of the ship, smiles on their faces. Will tugged at his comrade’s arms and shouted at them to stop, to get themselves together.

The sirens drifted closer to the vessel, and they reached their slended hands up, singing their beautiful song. Will didn’t feel anything, he didn’t want to suddenly jump into the sea and swim
into the deep fathoms with the creatures. The second the first man was overboard, his panic grew. He could hear the man’s chocked off scream before he was dragged below.

“Men!” Will yelled, trying to shout over the siren song, “do not lose yourselves!” he ran to the edge and pulled a man off the bulwark. The sirens below were growing in numbers, and already half a dozen men were splashing in the water. Will tried again, desperately, “these creatures are not who they seem! They are monsters-”

Then his words failed him. Submerged in the freezing water, from the shoulders down, was a boy. No, a siren, Will reflected quickly, but the thought was gone as quickly as it had appeared.

The male siren had dark hair and dark eyes, and his skin was white, glowing ethereally in the moonlight. His gaze was fixated on Will, and Will only. The blonde ceased to hear the screams of his comrades as they drowned, and even the siren song grew to a soft murmur. Will reached out towards the merman, leaning over the bulwark. The siren flinched away suddenly. His mouth was closed; he wasn’t singing.

Will climbed onto the bulwark of The Poseidon steadying himself on a rope. The siren looked panicked, swimming away from Will, but still turned so he could stare at the blonde. Somewhere on the upperdeck a fire started, but Will did not care.

“Wait!” he called as the siren continued swimming away, his voice hoarse. And then Will jumped. He sailed through the air for a second, icy wind curling around him like fingers of a giant fist.

And then his legs broke through the surface of the water and he was under. He couldn’t breathe, couldn’t see. He thought that his body must have turned into pure ice, because all he could feel was the mind numbing cold seeping through his clothes. His brain was muddled, air bubbles swirled around him. Will tried to swim upwards but he was getting dragged down, he reached out...

A freezing hand clutched his, and the beautiful merman was suddenly before Will. The blonde’s already tired mind grew even more muddled. He forgot that he was under water, he forgot that he couldn’t breathe. He reached out, cupped the siren’s face in his hands and crashed their lips together.

And then the world went dark.

***

When Will opened his eyes, he was staring at the pale blue sky, dotted with white clouds. The sun had risen and it warmed the boy’s face, chasing away the chill in his bones. A seagull cried somewhere close by, and Will sat up abruptly. He looked out at the sea, the sirens were gone and so was The Poseidon.

*How did I survive?*! Will wondered as he stood up on shaky knees. His clothes were dry and stiff from the salty waters.

“You’re awake,” a soft, beautiful voice broke through Will’s train of thought. The blonde’s head snapped up.

Leaning against one of the rocks on the sandy beach, was the siren from last night. There were dark circles under his eyes and he looked sickly. From the waist down, his skin morphed into gorgeous dark green scales that glimmered in the sunlight. There was a slash on the side of his tail, oozing blood on the sand.

“You’re hurt!” Will gasped, falling to his knees next to the siren. This time his mind was clear.
His hands reached out to touch the wound but the siren flinched away, curling his tail away. Will looked at him, and saw that the other boy looked terrified, his eyes wide. “It’s alright. I will not hurt you, I just want to help,” the blonde said gently. The siren bit his lip but then nodded; moving his tail so Will could see the wound better. The human ripped a strip from his shirt and then gently touched the siren’s tail with his hand.

It was cold to touch and slippery. With skilled fingers, Will quickly wrapped the make-shift bandage around the dark haired boy’s tail, careful not to hurt him.

“Is that better?” he asked. The siren moved his tail restlessly and winced a bit,

“It still hurts,” he whispered, “but it is better. Thank you.”

“You saved me, did you not?” Will inquired, staring at the siren. The boy looked away, some redness rising in his cheeks, and shrugged. Will smiled, “well then I thank you. My name is William Solace, but you can call me Will.”

“I’m Nico,” the siren said shyly. His fingers were sifting through the sand, “the other sirens...they left.”

“Oh,” Will said, trying to sound sympathetic, but he was glad. The she-sirens terrified him. “Were...are they your friends?”

“No,” Nico winced again. His tail was shifting restlessly, flashing different colours. It was mesmerizing and Will found it hard not to stare, “They are...I am their bastard brother. They hate me.”

“Oh. I am sorry,” Will said sincerely, not understanding how many one could hate this gorgeous boy, “would you like me to carry back into the sea?”

“Yes, please,” Nico said. Will slid a trembling arm around Nico’s waist and the other one he slipped underneath his tail. He pulled the boy upwards and stood up. The siren was surprisingly light.

Nico’s skin was still damp as he wrapped his arms around Will’s neck. The blonde’s heart was beating fast as the siren pressed himself closer to him, but he was determined to help him. He easily made it to the edge of the beach, and there he regretfully put Nico down.

“Thank you, once again,” Nico smiled for the first time since Will met him, as he sat in the shallow waves and let his tail splash around in the water. Will sat down next to him,

“Are you going back home then?” Will asked. Nico sighed,

“I do not think I could swim in this state,” he admitted, ”and anyway. After last night I do not wish to go back home,” he shuddered.

"What happened last night?" Will asked. The breeze ruffled his hair.

"Your ship...it sank," Nico winced, "there was a fire and..." he trailed off. Will winced,

"Did anybody survive?"

"Only you," Nico said quietly.

"Well," Will turned to him, "thank you, again."
Nico smiled.

"What about you? Are you going back home?" he asked. Will sighed wistfully,

"I wish I could. Unfortunately, my parents and I...we had a bit of an argument before I left," he said, shrugging, "I cannot go back to America. Perhaps England or Spain..."

"England?" Nico wrinkled his nose, "Spain? What is that?"

"They are places," Will laughed, "countries if you will. With big towns and cities."

"What are towns and cities?" Nico asked, genuinely curious. Will looked out at the sea,

"Well, towns and cities are...many buildings close together, with shops where you can buy things like clothing and food and lots of different things," Will said. Nico nodded,

"That sounds splendid," he admitted, "I wish I could go with you to England or Spain."

"For now let us figure out what to do to get off this island, eh?" Will said, feeling warmth grow inside him. He really wanted Nico to come with him too...but that was impossible.

"Let me stay with you," Nico said suddenly, "I will make sure that the other sirens do not come here as you sleep."

"If that is what you want," Will said, grinning at Nico who smiled back shyly, "I will go look for food. Please wait here,"

"Alright."

***

Nico and Will sat on the beach as the sun set. Will started a fire going and was now roasting fish over it. He found some herbs and wild potatoes to go with it, and Nico managed to save a barrel of sweet water that was floating close by.

"I never had fish fried," Nico admitted,

"You eat it raw?!" Will asked, horrified. Nico rolled his eyes,

"There is no fire under water."

"Oh. Of course," Will bit into his fish, watching Nico. The siren was busy eating his own fish, nibbling at it. His tail was submerged in the water, and the colour had returned to his skin. He looked even more beautiful with the orange and pink light illuminating his skin.

The two ate in silence until they were done. Then they watched the sea, listening to the fire cackle softly.

"I think I will sleep now," Will decided, "would you like to sleep too?"

"No," Nico said gently, his eyes on the horizon, "I will keep watch. You rest."

So Will did.

***

"It looks a lot better," Will said, as he unwrapped the make shift bandage he wrapped around
Nico's tail. The wound was not bleeding anymore, and the salt water had disinfected it. It was not deep, which was also good. "Do you think you can swim?"

"I-I do not know," Nico said.

"Do you want to try?" Will asked, "I will come into the sea with you. Would you like that?"

"Y-Yes," Nico said, his face red. Will smiled and pulled off his shirt and the vest underneath it. He placed them on a rock and then picked Nico up again. He walked into the nicely cool sea until the water reached his shoulders,

"Ready?" he asked Nico sweetly. The siren nodded and bit his lip, looking at the sea. He took a deep breath and then jumped out of Will's arms. For a horrifying second, Will thought that Nico had left him. In a mad moment, he threw himself into the sea.

He opened his eyes. The salt stung for a second but then Will's eyes adjusted. He saw Nico swimming over a sudden drop in the ocean, doing back flips and turning in circles. He was smiling as he looked at Will.

He swam over quicker than any human could, and grasped Will's hands. Once again, the blonde forgot that he could not breathe as Nico pulled him into the deeper water.

Then he wrapped his cold arms around Will's shoulders and kissed him. The blonde almost sucked in a gulp of salt water in his sudden surprise. But then he gathered his wits and wrapped his arms around Nico's waist.

Will felt like he was flying, his feet were not touching the ground, but Nico somehow managed to hold both of them up over the chasm of water that turned from beautiful sapphire to darker and darker blue. Nico's hand tangled in Will's blonde hair and the human pulled him closer.

His lungs burned suddenly. Nico must have felt him tense because suddenly Will was being pulled up and above the water. He was gasping for air as his vision swam. Nico held on to him, keeping him up.

"Are you alright?!" he asked, panicking, "oh Neptune. Will, I am so sorry..."

Will kissed him again in between desperate breaths. Nico relaxed. The blonde smiled and his breathing calmed,

"I'm alright," he said. Then he looked over Nico's shoulder, "Oh no. A ship." He said, seeing the outline on the horizon. Nico panicked,

"I need to go, or they will catch me..."

"No!" Will said, "No, please don't go."

"I-I..." Nico did not know how to respond. He was scared, he remembered the stories of what happened to the sirens caught...

"Come on, swim back to shore," Will said. Nico nodded and then the two were speeding through the sea. As soon as the human was back on the shore, he grabbed his discarded clothing and then reached out to Nico.

"Do you trust me?" he asked. Nico looked at him, but did not hesitate,

"Yes."
Will hoisted him into his arms and then ran into the trees.

***

The ship stopped on the island. The men came down into the sand to look for more supplies. But Will and Nico were far into the forest. The blonde found a well hidden cave where he and the siren hid.

It was cool inside, but also dry.

"How long can you survive without water?" Will asked. It was dark in the cave, but he could still see Nico.

"I-I don't know," the siren was shivering. Will passed him his shirt and the siren shrugged it on over his slim shoulders.

"Are you alright?" Will frowned. Nico looked at him,

"I-I don't know. I'm scared," he whispered.

"Everything will be alright," Will reached out and took the siren's hand into his own, intertwining their fingers. Nico looked at him and then let go of his hand, opening his arms instead. Will pulled him into his lap and wrapped his arms around the smaller boy, rubbing his back and trying to warm him up, "Jesus. Why are you so cold?"

"I-I don't know," Nico said again, teeth clattering. He pressed his face against Will's shoulder, "Will...I feel really weird. I'm sleepy."

"Go to sleep. I will wake you up when they go," Will kissed Nico's forehead.

"Do you not want to go on the ship?" Nico's eyes fluttered shut.

"Not without you," Will whispered, feeling tired all of a sudden.

***

When Will woke up, it was pitch black inside the cave, and cooler as well. Nico felt warm against his chest where he was still curled up. The night was silent.

"Nico," Will grumbled, blinking sleep out of his eyes, "Nico. I think the ship is gone."

"Will."

"Come on, I will carry you out and-"

"Will!"

"Yes?" Will asked. Nico was staring at him but all the blonde could see was the outline of his face. Nico's voice sounded panicked. "Nico, what is it?"

The siren took Will's hand in his own shaky one and then pressed it against his tail. Or at least where his tail should be. Instead of slippery, cold scales, Will felt warm, soft skin.

"Nico!" he gasped. Nico had legs. Will had no idea what where or how.

"W-Will..." Nico was shaking. Will wrapped his arms around him and hugged him to his chest,
"Hey, shhh," he whispered, "everything is alright. Let's get back to the beach."

When the two exited the cave, Will got a better view of Nico's new legs. They were pale like the rest of him. Will's shirt, which was too big, came to his mid-thigh. Nico was standing shakily, looking so terrified that it made Will's heart hurt. The blonde wrapped one arm around the boy's waist,

"It's alright," he repeated as Nico leaned against him.

***

The campfires were strewn all over the beach when Will and Nico appeared.

"Who are you?!" Captain Percy Jackson demanded.

"Survivors from *The Poseidon,*" Will said quickly, "our ship sank here two days ago."

"Survivors," Captain Jackson nodded, and then clapped Will on the shoulder, "alright my friend. Come on board we sail for England on the morrow. Get some rum and food, and clothes for your friend."

"Thank you," Will said and then he pulled Nico toward the large ship close by. When he and Nico were in the shadows, the blonde took Nico's hands in his own, "Nico. If you want to go back to the sea, you can. I will not stop you, you are a siren, and it is your home. But...if you want, you can come to England with me..."

Nico smiled and kissed Will gently,

"I am going with you."
"Aw man, we really messed up," Jason sighed. He was sitting on the front steps of the Poseidon cabin, Percy sitting next to him. The son of Poseidon had his head buried in his hands. Jason patted him sympathetically on the shoulder, and let his hand linger a little bit. Then he shifted closer to Percy so that their knees were touching. The dark haired boy didn't seem to notice, "how did Annabeth react when you told her?"

"Was okay," Percy mumbled, "basically..."

***

"...I'm gay."

Annabeth gaped at Percy, her eyes wide.

"Percy don't joke about stuff like that," she whacked his arm, "someone could get offended..."

"Annabeth," Percy grabbed her hand and squeezed to give himself confidence. He took a deep breath, "I really am gay."

Annabeth stared,

"W-What?" she stuttered out eventually, "but...you said you loved me."

"I do love you," Percy said desperately, tears in his eyes, "just not like that...you're like a sister to me."

To his utter surprise Annabeth grinned suddenly and relaxed,

"I'm so glad," she said sincerely and then pulled Percy into her arms, hugging him tight.
"Huh?" now it was Percy turn to be confused. Annabeth pulled away,

"Before you ask, no I'm not lesbian," she said, "I'm bisexual, and I've been in love with someone else for a while. I just didn't know how to tell you...or her."

"Her?" Percy raised an eyebrow, but he was smiling, "who is it?"

"Piper." Annabeth shrugged. Percy's eyes widened, "no..."

***

"...way!" Jason gaped at Percy, "Annabeth fancies Piper?!"

"Seems like it," Percy mumbled. His shoulder still burned with a pleasant burn from when Jason touched him. And there were tingles running down his spin from where his and Jason's knees touched. He wanted to press himself closer to the blonde, but he didn't want to make it awkward, "why are you so surprised?"

"Because..."

***

"Piper," Jason said gently. He was sitting on his bed, with Piper opposite him. The girl looked nervous,

"Jason."

"I need to tell you something," Jason bit his lip,

"Me too," Piper admitted, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear, "do you want to say it at the same time?"

"Sure," Jason said. His hands were shaking, "ready? On three...one, two..."

"I want to break up."

The two blinked at eachother and then Piper smiled,

"That's convinient," she grinned, "you love someone else?"

"Yeah," Jason shrugged and winced, "sorry."

"It's okay," Piper patted his hand, "I love someone else too."

"Who?" Jason raised an eyebrow. Piper blushed,

"Um. Annabeth." She said, looking away, "what about you?"

"I..."

***

Percy gaped at him.

"That's it?!" he demanded, "you won't tell me who you're in love with?!"

"No." Jason said.
"Please."

"No."

"I'll egg your cabin," Percy threatened. Jason rolled his eyes,

"I'm not telling you, so just drop it."

"Pleaseee," Percy whined, "c'mon if you tell me then I'll tell you who I love!"

"You love someone?" Jason asked suddenly, his expression fell. Percy nodded smugly,

"So?"

"No."

"Jason!" Percy grumbled, "fine, I'm not talking to you until you tell me."

"Seriously?" Jason pulled a face, "how old are you?"

Percy crossed his arms over his chest and turned away. Jason sighed,

"Fine. Come here, I'll whisper it in your ear," he said, defeated. Percy brightened up and turned to Jason,

"Okay," he grinned. Jason looked at him for two seconds and then leaned in. Instead of whispering a name into Percy's ear, he kissed him on the lips.

And Percy kissed back.

Across campus, Piper and Annabeth did the same.
Could you do a solangelo where it's old fashioned and Nico or Will is a prince and one of them sneaks out and meets the other person who's a peasant and they fall in love and try to have a relationship despite how it's forbidden due to status?

Prince William Solace was bored. Typical.

He sighed and tried to look interested as his teacher continued speaking of the history of the glorious country. On his left sat Prince Frank, and Prince Jason, both watching with intent and writing down what they learned. On his right were two empty desks where Prince Leo and Prince Perseus should have been, but were not.

"Alright, boys," their teacher said, gathering his books. He was a tall man with a wild beard, and everyone called him Chiron, "that is all today. If you see Master Leo and Master Perseus please tell them that they are in big trouble. Good day," the teacher bowed slightly and left the room.

"I need sleep," Frank groaned, slamming his forehead against the table, "I'm sooo tired..."

"Well, I am going out," Will said, standing up, "I cannot stand to be inside anymore. It's simply boiling."

"Yeah, go on then," Jason waved him off, yawning.
Will wondered through the streets of the city. He saw things he liked; like children running around, chasing a ball, laughing together, and he saw things he did not like; beggars shoving their wrinkled, dirty hands out to him, begging for money.

Will sighed. He hated how he had to live in this place, so plagued with poverty and sickness. He saw beautiful ladies in big, colorful dresses walking past, chins raised high, but they reeked of sweat. It made Will sick.

"Oi, mister," a voice called. Will looked down and saw a dirty, thin boy with dark hair that fell into his eyes looking up at his expectantly, "spare some change for me, eh?" he said, sticking his hand up. Will wrinkled his nose in disgust but quickly reminded himself that not everyone was as privileged as him,

"How about I buy you some food?" Will asked. He did not think giving money to the poor was good, then they would go and spend it on something stupid, like wine or rum.

The beggar peered at Will closely,

"Alright then, mister," he struggled to his feet and Will finally saw how thin he was. The shirt he wore was tattered and stitched in multiple places and hanged loosely on him. The boy steadied himself against a wall, "What are you? Like a lord of something?"

"A prince actually," Will said. The boy's eyes widened but then he mocked-bowed,

"Prince William, sorry, I didn't recognize you." He said.

"Hey, none of that now," Will flushed, "What are you called?"

"Why do you wanna know?" the boy asked as they started walking down the street towards the bakery, "I'm just another beggar boy, it doesn't matter."

"It matters to me," Will said gently. The boy looked at him through his greasy fringe,

"Nico."

"That is a lovely name," Will said, smiling, "What would you like to eat, Nico?"

"I don't mind," Nico mumbled, looking at his feet. He seemed embarrassed and unused to people being kind to him. It made Will want to take care of him more,

"Alright, how about a meat pie?" Will asked, and Nico nodded. The two stopped by the bakery and the blonde disappeared inside. He had half a mind to expect Nico to run off, but when he came outside with the warm pie in his hand, the dark haired boy was still there, "Here you go," the Prince passed Nico the pie.

He watched, horrified and fascinated, as the beggar wolfed the pie down as if it was the first thing he ate in days. It probably was...

"Hey calm dow," Will said, "you will make yourself sick."

"I'm fine," Nico mumbled in between mouthfuls. Then he moaned in delights, "gods, this is so good."

Will smiled,
"I am glad," he said, "how old are you, Nico?"

"Eighteen," Nico said, still shoving the food in his mouth, and then licking his fingers, "and you? How old are you, prince?"

"Please just call me Will," the blonde winced, "and I am nineteen."

"Almost the same age and look at us," Nico rolled his eyes, "anyway, thanks for the meal, Will, but I gotta run now!" the dark haired boy said, turning on his heel. Will grabbed his wrist,

"Wait!" he said. Nico turned to him, confused, "come to the castle with me. I will give you clothes and a bath and more food, and a job."

"Really?" Nico's eyes lit up. Something tugged at Will's heart,

"Yes. Of course."

***

When Nico came out of the bath, he looked like a completely different person. His hair was wavy and clean around his pale face. Somehow the lack of dirt made him look younger. His large brown eyes were sparkling with excitement. He's really beautiful, Will thought guiltily. Then he caught sight of Nico's body.

"Hey, what is that?" he demanded, pulling away one of his shirts that the smaller boy was about to pull on. There was a slash on Nico's pale stomach, a scar that healed badly. His ribs were almost poking out through his skin. Nico snatched the shirt back angrily,

"None of your business," he said, quickly shrugging it on, "I did what I had to do to get by. This is just one of the consequences."

"Nico," Will said softly. Then he grabbed Nico by the shoulders and pulled him in for a tight hug. He squeezed the startled boy, "I am so sorry this happened to you."

"D-Don't worry about it," Nico stammered, hesitantly hugging Will back.

***

"Nico!" Will exclaimed. He had been walking towards the stables with Prince Perseus for their horseriding lesson, when he saw the dark haired boy. He was wearing a brown hat over his unruly hair, a package under his arm. Poseidon, Will's horseriding teacher gave the prince a disapproving look as he ran over to Nico, "how have you been?"

"I've been great," Nico grinned, having to look up at Will, "I'm just getting this package to the post office and then I'm back."

"I am glad that you are feeling better," Will said, smiling. Nico's face was clean and there was some more meat on his bones,

"Thanks to you," Nico said, "you got me off the streets."

"I am certinately glad I did," Will grinned, "I have to go, horseriding lessons and all. Will I see you later?"

"Probably."
"Alright, see you then!" the blonde said. He wanted to give Nico a hug, remembering fondly of how it felt to have the smaller boy safely in his arms, but he stopped himself, instead jogging off to meet Poseidon.

"You should not be speaking to peasants as if they were your friends," his teacher scoffed. Will winced but did not say anything.

***

"Will, we'll get in trouble," Nico bit his lip.

"Nonsense," Will waved him off, "come on. I will teach you how to ride a horse. There is a park nearby that will be suitable."

"But Will," Nico grabbed him by the sleeve, "you shouldn't be seen with me," he bit his lip. Will had to fight the urge to reach out and touch Nico, instead he said;

"It will be alright, now come on."

***

"See! You are doing marvelous!" Will called as Nico trotted on his horse, looking vaguely panicked. It was one of his many tries and the horse was finally listening to him just as the sun was beginning to set. The park was empty save for the two boys. Nico brought the horse around to where Will was.

"Good boy," the blonde patted the animal and then unbuckled Nico's feet. Then he opened his arms, "come on, I will help you get down."

"Please don't drop me," Nico said and uncertainly slid himself into Will's arms. The blonde held him up for a second, and they found themselves with their faces inches apart. They stared at each other and then Nico blushed madly and wiggled in Will's arm, "Hey! Put me down you giant!" he complained.

***

"You stupid boy!" Ares, Will's uncle, yelled. He raised his hand and hit Nico, hard. The boy stumbled backwards, blood pouring from his nose. His eyes were angry and he opened his mouth, probably to back talk and get hit again. But then Will jumped in between them,

"Uncle what are you doing?!" he demanded.

"This insolent brat had the audacity to tell me that I cannot have anymore wine!" Ares spat, "come here you little shit. Let my fist talk to you," he raised his hand again. Will grabbed it and held it and forced it down with an iron grip. Ares stared at him, wide eyed.

"Uncle, enough." He said, voice steely, "you will not touch Nico again. Understood?"

"You should pick your friends more wisely," Ares hissed, ripped his hand away from Will and stalked off. The blonde turned to Nico, who was glaring after Ares and clutching his nose.

"That stupid bloody lord," he growled, "thinking he can do anything. I swear if I saw him on the street he would get it..."

"Nico, let me see your nose," Will sighed.
"Go away. I can take care of myself," Nico grumbled. Will took his hand away from his face gently. His nose didn't seem broken, but it was red and oozing blood,

"Come to my room," Will said, "I will fix your face up. And stop going 'round and getting yourself into trouble."

"I didn't start it!"

***

Will finished wiping Nico's face and he discarded the hankerchief in the bin. It was completely soaked with the dark haired boy's blood and no use anymore.

Nico sat on Will's bed, looking around his room with curiosity.

"So this is how the prince lives," he mused.

"Stop calling me that," Will sighed and crouched back down in front of Nico to inspect his face.

"But that's what you are," Nico rolled his eyes, "you're a prince, Will. Just face it."

"And what are you, Nico?" Will asked, looking up at Nico intensely. The dark haired boy flushed and looked away,

"Nothing." He grumbled, "my nose hurts."

"Please do not be dramatic," Will sat down on the bed and turned Nico's head so that he was facing him. He pressed his fingers down onto the bridge of the peasant's nose, "does it hurt here?"

"It hurts everywhere," Nico complained.

"Here let me make it better," Will said and leaned forward, kissing the tip of Nico's nose. The dark haired boy's eyes widened, and Will hoevered inches away from his face, hands still gripping Nico's cheeks. The dark haired boy glanced down at Will's lips before pulling away abruptly, face burning up,

"It's all better now!" he said, voice higher than usual, "Goodnight Will." He stumbled out of the room, practically running.

***

"Nico." Will grabbed the boy's arms, whirling him around. Nico let the horse brush fall from his hand, startled. It was dark out, early evening and Will finally managed to corner Nico in the stables, "you have been avoiding me."

"N-No I haven't," Nico stuttered, trying to get out of Will's grip, "unlike you I have a job to do."

"Is it because of what happened last week?" Will frowned, "I am sorry if I made you uncomfortable."

Nico blushed,

"I-It's not that!" he said defensively, "can you let me go!?"

"Not until you tell me what I did wrong," Will said stubbornly. Nico started twisting, trying to get away, so the prince backed him into the wall of the stable, caging him in. Nico glared up at him, "I have all night," Will said innocently.
"Piss off."

"Just tell me what has been angering you," Will said.

"Will, just leave me alone," Nico begged.

"Am I making you uncomfortable? Is that what this is about?" Will asked.

"No!"

Will leaned forward and brushed his lips against Nico's cheek.

"W-What the hell?!" Nico spluttered. Will raised an eyebrow,

"So I am the one making you sad," he clarified.

"You're not!" Nico protested. Will leaned forward and this time pressed butterfly light kisses down Nico's neck. The boy tried to move away, but Will didn't let him.

"See," Will said, "you don't like it."

"It's not t-that-"

"So you do like it?" Will inquired. Nico blushed an even darker red.

"N-No, yes...well, m-maybe..."

"Nico," Will said softly. He touched Nico's cheek, "It's alright."

Something broke in Nico and he surged forward, crashing his lips against Will's. Will tugged him closer and kissed him fiercely. Everything smelled of hay and horses, and Nico smelled like the kitchens and flowers. He was warm underneath Will's hands and not as skinny as he used to be. His mouth was warm and wet and desperate.

"W-Will, we shouldn't, w-we can't...," Nico tried to protest but he was still kissing Will like his life depended on it. Will forcefully slowed the kisses down, cherishing the moment, knowing that he probably wouldn't get another chance to kiss Nico. He felt his heart would explode from the sudden surge of emotions he was feeling.

He pulled away from Nico's lips in order to kiss the top of his head and then his forehead. He kissed the tip of his nose, and the cheek he hadn't kissed yet, and then he kissed down his neck and his shoulder, he took Nico's trembling hands in his and kissed his palms and wrists.

"W-Will," Nico mumbled shakily. Will wrapped his arms around him protectively and pulled him against his chest, resting his chin on top of the dark haired boy's head.

"I wish I could do this all day, every day," the blonde whispered. Nico snuggled against his shoulder, hands clutching the back of Will's jacket.

"You need to go," the dark haired boy mumbled, "before someone comes."

Will pulled away again to kiss Nico hotly. The dark haired boy gasped, and his hands came up to tangle in Will's blonde locks.

"William!" someone called from the outside. The two boys jumped apart,
"I will see you tomorrow," Will promised and then ran off, leaving Nico breathing hard against the stable wall.

***

"Will, ouch, move your elbow," Nico complained as the two tried to manouver themselves in the garden shed.

"Wait, just move there and-"

"I can't you moron-"

"Nico-"

"I definately prefered doing it in your room," Nico grumbled, legs wrapped around Will's waist. He was somehow pouting and glaring at the same time,

"It's alright now," Will pecked his lips, "I wish there was more light so I could see you."

"Get on with it," Nico smacked his arm, "I ain't getting any younger down here."

"Oh shut up," Will kissed him again. So yeah, maybe their relationship had to be kept a secret and maybe they couldn't be together in public, but Will was grateful for these moment that made his heart beat fast, the moments that he could hold Nico and pretend that he could be with him forever.

Even if these moments were in a garden shed in the middle of the night.
Can we have a Percico highschool AU where they grow up as childhood friends but begin to grow apart? Nico is the shy nerdy kid and Percy is the jock/player. Nico realizes he's in love with Percy, and after reuniting after years in highschool Percy begins to realize he's in love with Nico, too.

Percy and Nico were best friends from day one. Their parents used to joke that they were soulmates, from how well they clicked together. Where Percy was outgoing and inappropriately hilarious, Nico was quiet and polite. Where Nico was protective and sarcastic, Percy was kind and brave. They fitted together like two piece of a puzzle, as cheesy as it sounds.

They did everything together since they were four; they went to the playground together and played pirated on each other's beds. They did homework together and argued all the time, they baked cookies and put plasters on each other when the other one fell over. They were literally the best of friends; Nico and Percy. Percy and Nico, two grinning, dark haired boys.

And then everything fell apart when they turned twelve.

"Y-You're going over to Jason's house?" Nico stuttered.

"Yup," Percy puffed his chest out proudly, "He invited me to his birthday party," his face fell a little bit, "but he says you can't come."
"Oh." Nico said quietly, feeling sadness wash over him. Of course he didn't get invited. He never got invited, "don't worry about it. You have fun."

***

"Percy, I thought you were coming over," thirteen year old Nico said into the phone,

"I know," Percy said apologetically from the other end, "but Jason dragged me to football practice and now I'm on the team!"

"Really?!" Nico brightened up, "Wow! Well done, Perce! We have to go celebrate, I'll get mom to take us to McDonalds..."

"Nico," Percy said guiltily, "I kind of already promised the football boys that I'd go with them."

"Oh." Nico said, "Well, can I come with you?"

"Umm...i'm not sure that's a good idea," Percy admitted, "I mean, it's football players only, and I know how much you hate sports."

"Yeah, of course," Nico laughed fakely, "Well how about Saturday then?"

"Er...," someone shouted something on Percy's end of the phone, "look Niks, I need to go. I'll call you later, yeah?"

He hanged up before Nico could reply.

***

Freshly fourteen year old Nico laid in his bed, crying into his pillow. The door to his room creaked open and Bianca stepped inside.

"Oh, Nico," she whispered and sat down next to her little brother on the bed. She rubbed his back gently,

"H-He didn't even call," Nico sobbed, "I-It's my b-birthday and h-he didn't e-even call..."

"I'm so sorry, Niks," Bianca murmured, "but people change."

Nico continued crying long after she was gone. His heart hurt. He knew he wasn't the most likeable person in the world and he didn't really have any friends except for Percy. And now the boy wouldn't even call him on his birthday.

It hurt. A lot.

***

Fifteen year old Nico sat in the school library, reading a tome about Greek Gods. A lot changed over the last year. Nico grew his hair out so that it fell into his eyes, he started wearing glasses and oversized jumpers. He also acquired multiple bruises from all the times the jocks picked him out as a target. He remembered the first time it happened,

"Nico di Angelo," Octavian, the head jock, grinned, "would you mind helping me out?"

"I'm busy," Nico tried to shove past Octavian, but the boy slammed him into the lockers. They were in the boys locker room and now Nico was surrounded by three jocks that were all bigger
and stronger than him.

"Where are ya going?" Octavian cooed, "don't you want to hang out with us?"

Nico didn't say anything. He was scared and didn't want to provoke the boys to do anything to him. Chris Rodriguez snickered,

"Just beat him up already, Ollie," he said, "stop toying with him."

"Leave me alone," Nico said.

"Now why would we do that?" Luke Castellan spat, "you little faggot."

"True," Octavian grinned and then he swung his fist. It connected with Nico's stomach making him double over with a moan as pain coursed through his body. He almost fell to the floor but Octavian kept him up with a steel grip on his arm, "fuck, this one really is weak," he complained, "can't even stay upright."

Chris and Luke laughed. Then Chris stepped forward and grabbed Nico by the hair. He slammed his head back against the lockers and the boy's head spun as he saw dark spots in front of his eyes.

"That was pathetic," Luke laughed, "move aside Chris. Leave this to the professionals."

He lifted his knee and it connected with Nico's gut. This time the already unsteady boy did crumbled to the ground. Luke kicked him in the face and Nico heard ringing in his head. His nose was bleeding, his lip oozing blood. Everything was spinning.

And then he saw him; Percy standing in the doorway, looking horrified. Nico tried to call out to him, but his voice failed him. But he knew Percy would help him, they weren't technically 'friends' anymore, but Percy wasn't one to stand by while someone innocent got hurt. Nico looked up at Percy-

But he was gone. He left Nico.

The boy squeeazed his eyes shut, trying to keep his tears at bay while the three boys above him laughed. And then Reyna, their head girl, stormed into the lockeroom and slammed Chris against the lockers. Nico heard raised voices, some threats, a slap, and then the boy disappeared. Reyna kneeled next to Nico and checked his face.

"Dickheads," she spat.

"Nico!" Reyna walked into the library, followed closely by Nico's other two friends, Rachel Elizabeth and Grover. Reyna kissed Nico's cheek, "where are you reading?" she asked as everyone settled down.

"Greek myth," Nico shrugged,

"Awesome! Let me see!" Rachel grinned. She had paint on her face from her art class and her hair was wilder than usual. Grover was rummaging through his backpack and bringing out different plastic boxes filled with food,

"Damn I'm hungry," he said.

"You're always hungry," Nico pointed out as Rachel flicked through his book.
"I got into the swimming competition," Reyna informed them. Everyone stopped what they were doing.

"Oh my gods!" Rachel grinned, "that is awesome. I request the highest of fives, sister!" Reyna high fived her.

"Wow, I'm really proud," Nico squeezed Reyna's hand across the table.

"Thanks guys," the girl blushed slightly. The door to the library opened and the whole football squad spilled in. Nico flinched, but the boys didn't seem to see him and his friends sitting in the corner. Nico's eyes followed Jason and his girlfriend Piper, and Chris and Clarisse, and Annabeth and Percy...

His heart started beating fast when he caught sight of his once best friend. His hair was styled perfectly and he was wearing a varsity jacket alongside a bright smile. But his eyes were sad.

"Don't look at him," Grover hissed, "Trust me, he isn't worth it."

"I know," Nico whispered. He gathered his books, "I'm gonna head home now. Anyone need a ride?"

"No. I have sooo much homework," Grover whimpered.

"I'll go!" Rachel offered, stealing an apple from Grover. The two got up and said goodbye to their friends. Then they headed for the door.

That's when Octavian saw Nico.

"Oi look!" he called, "it's the little gay boy!"

Clarisse's hand 'slipped' and she spilled water all over Nico. The boy sucked in a startled gasp as he felt the sudden cold seep through his clothes. The jocks burst out laughing, all but Percy, who looked away guiltily, Annabeth, Piper and Jason.

"Clarisse!" Annabeth scolded the girl, "don't be mean!"

"Sorry Nico," Piper said, and she sounded almost sincere. Rachel grabbed Nico's hand and pulled him out of the library. But not before the boy made eye contact with Percy. It made his heart beat faster.

***

"Alright!" Nico's drama teacher, Chiron, rubbed his hands together, "who's up for some duologue work?"

The class groaned in unison. Nico sat near the curtains in the back, hidden in the shadows with Reyna. The two were talking quietly.

"Miss Ramirez! Mr Di Angelo!" Chiron snapped his fingers impatiently, "it's obvious you two won't be together! Miss Ramirez with Miss Ellen please!"

Reyna sighed, offered Nico a tight smile and walked across the room.

"Mr Stoll...no, not you Travis, you go with Miss Chase." Chiron continued, "Miss McLean, with Mr Zhang if you may..."

Chiron continued to read out names and as the class continued to dwindle, Nico began to panic.
"Mr Di Angelo!" Chiron called, "with Mr Jackson, please!"

Nico's heart almost stopped, honest to fucking God. Percy glanced over at him hesitantly.

"Get a move on!" Chiron commanded, handing Percy a script, "we don't have all day! These
duologues should be learned to perfection in two weeks time, and you should chose your own
music, lighting and costume as well as..."

Chiron continued to talk, but Nico stopped listening. Percy was shyly walking over to him.

"Hi," he offered before sitting down.

"Hi." Nico said, throat tight, "what duologue did we get?"

"Err...," Percy eyes scanned the script he was holding, "the Long Wait?"

"Oh. Alright," Nico shrugged. He stuck his hand out for the script and Percy handed it to him.
Nico was thankful for something else to look at then Percy, "okay, do you want to be Tom or
Owen?"

"I don't mind," Percy shrugged.

The atmosphere was tense and awkward and it pained Nico. He remembered when he and Percy
could spend hours on the phone, talking to each other, and now they could barely stand to discuss
an assignment.

"So..." Percy cleared his throat, "how about you come to my house on Saturday? We could
practice it and add some music..."

The bell went.

"Great." Nico stuffed his script into his backpack, "send me your address."

"Y-You don't remember it?" Percy's voice faltered. Nico winced,

"Just send me your address," he said quietly, before hurrying out.

***

"Nico!" Sally Jackson exclaimed as she opened the door, "I can't believe my eyes!" she was
smiling as she pulled a startled Nico into her arms. They were warm and smelled of chocolate chip
cookies. Just like Nico remembered, "Percy didn't tell me you were his drama partner!" the
woman gushed, herding Nico inside, "come in, come in. Oh, how is Bianca? And Hazel?"

"T-They're good," Nico stuttered, assaulted by familar images. There were pencil sketches on the
wall in the kitchen that he and Percy drew when they were five. The door to the living room was
chipped from where Percy whacked his head against it when he was ten. Nico saw the stairs that
he tumbled down when he was seven. Percy held him in a tight hug afterwards when he cried as
blood poured from his nose.

_Nico heard ringing in his head. His nose was bleeding, his lip oozing blood. Everything was
spinning._..

The boy sucked in a breath and shook his head, getting rid of both the memories, the bittersweet
one and the horrifying one.
"Mom!" Percy said, "don't pester him!" he walked into the kitchen. He was wearing a dark blue hoodie and jeans that suited him well. Nico looked away, blushing. "Hi, Nico," Percy offered.

"Hi." He said, "let's get started."

"Nico, what about a cookie?" Sally asked kindly.

"No thank you," Nico smiled at her, "I'm not hungry."

Sally nodded,

"Let me know if you need anything, boys!" she called.

***

Percy room changed a lot. His bed and dresser and closet were still in the same place as two years ago, but his Star Wars and sea creatures posters were gone, replaced by photos of sexy girls in bikinis and famous football players.

"So...we should read through it," Percy said, sitting on his bed which had an Arsenal duvet over it. Nico nodded and hesitantly sat next to him, pulling out his script, "Okay," Percy continued, "so I'm Owen."

"Okay."

"Quiet isn't it?" Percy started, voice growing softer, more unsure.

"It is." Nico said, matching Percy's tone, "maybe we should have like a dim light at this part?" he offered. Percy looked at him and Nico looked away, "you know...to add like a mysterious feeling and stuff..."

"Yeah," Percy grinned, "that's a great idea...," he glanced back down at his paper, "You'd think with all these people in here somebody would be saying something."

"Someone is," Nico said. He looked up at Percy, who's eyes were down on his page, eyelashes making dark shadows on his cheeks, "You."

"I may be wrong here, it's happened before, but I'm getting the slightest feeling that you may not want to talk to me all that much," Percy continued, his voice growing slightly monotone."Maybe we should have our chairs back to back?" he offered silently, "to symbolise the strangeness between the two characters?"

"Yeah, alright," Nico nodded, his eyes scanned the page, "You know when people say to you that in certain circumstances you should follow your instincts?" he continued.

"Yeah?" Percy's eyes locked with Nico's.

"This is one of those instances."

***

When Nico was cornered again, it was in the empty biology classroom. Chris and Octavian were joined by Ethan this time. And Percy.

"I bet you that faggot gets wet dreams about you," Octavian snickered. Percy sighed,
"Guys leave him alone, we have a game..."

"Aw," Octavian cooed, "don't go all soft on me, Perce. You know this faggot probably has a massive crush on you."

"From the sound of it," Nico bit back, fuelled by sudden anger, "you're the one with a crush on Percy, Octavian."

*Bad move*, Nico though, before Octavian's fist connected with his face.

"You little shit!" he spat, "don't call me gay, you little twink, faggot boy!"

"Octavian!" Percy hissed, pulling at his friend, "stop it! You want to get kicked out of the football team?"

Octavian kicked Nico's legs from under him, sending the boy to the floor with a groan. Then he shook Percy's hand off,

"Let's go. This cunt is making me sick," he said, glaring down at Nico and then him and his goons filtered out of the classroom. Nico pulled himself up so that he was leaning against the desk. He could taste the coopery tang of blood in his mouth, and the sting of tears in his eyes.

"Nico?" Percy asked gently, squatting down in front of Nico, "are you okay?" he reached out to touch Nico's face, but the shorter boy flinched away,

"Don't touch me," he hissed, glaring at Percy from behind his glasses. Percy dropped his hand and looked at Nico sadly.

"I'm sorry." He said, and left the room.

***

"Do you think this place has a name, this section, this sector? Just this bit where we're sitting now, like area number five or row F, I suppose it must be called something, else how would they be able to find anybody when it was their turn?" Percy asked, only glancing at the script once. Him and Nico were sitting in the corner of the drama classroom, saying their lines to each other,

"Does it matter?" Nico asked. It kind of hurt to talk. His face was bruised on one side, his lip still tender from the beating he got. Percy winced when he saw him walk in that lesson,

"No not really but it would be nice to know don’t you think?" Percy asked as his character, "what music should we have for this bit?"

"None I think," Nico said, "maybe like a hum of the air con or something to give it a feel of a vast room?"

"Maybe...," Percy agreed. He looked at Nico's face, "does that hurt?" he asked, vaguely waving at the purple and yellow bruises on the shorter boy's face. Nico rolled his eyes,

"No, it feel fucking wonderful," he snapped, "I can’t say that it would make the slightest bit of difference to me what, if anything, it is called; I am sat here waiting and unfortunately so are you, that is all that matters." He snapped.

"What?" Percy asked intelligently.

"The script," Nico patted his paper, "this is a rehearsal, not a social club."
"Well aren't you a bundle of fun?" Percy snapped back, and it took Nico a moment to figure out that it was a scripted line.

***

"Let's get pizza," Percy said, putting his script face down on the bed,

"No." Nico stated, "this is a rehearsal..."

"...not a food club," Percy rolled his eyes, "I know, I know, buy I'm hungry so let's order pizza."

"Percy..."

"Please?" Percy made puppy-dog eyes at Nico, who sighed.

"Fine."

"Yay," Percy grinned, "pineapple and ham right?" he clarified. Nico blinked at him and looked away, blushing.

"Y-Yeah," he muttered,

"Cool. I'll be right back!" Percy said and then bounded out of his room. Nico watched him go.

Suddenly he found himself all alone in Percy's room. Hesitantly, he got up and against his better judgment, strolled over to Percy's desk. He opened the first drawer, biting his lip as it creaked.

There some papers and test on top. Nico pushed the paper's to the side and his breath caught.

There was a photograph of him and Percy laying on the bottom, probably the last one they took together. They were about thirteen on it, and sitting in front of Percy's webcam, pulling stupid faces at the camera.

They looked so happy that it made Nico's heart clench.

"Nico?" Percy asked. He was back in the room. Nico shut the drawer hastily, without realizing that he was still holding the photograph in his hand.

"Sorry," he said quickly, "I didn't mean to snoop..."

"It's okay," Percy shrugged. He gently plucked the photograph from Nico's hand and smiled at it. Then he looked at the smaller boy, "you know, I never wanted us to stop being friends."

"Percy..."

"And I'm sorry. For everything."

"You were my best friend." Nico said, voice tight, "that's all I wanted. For you and I to be friends."

"That wasn't a joke was it?" Percy asked, looking heartbroken.

"No," Nico whispered, "it wasn't." He grabbed his script and left.

***
"I forgot my script," Percy admitted, "can I share yours?"

"Didn't you learn your lines?" Nico sighed. They were back in the corner of the drama room, with all the pairs practicing lines around them.

"I know some of it," Percy offered.

"Fine," Nico sighed. The other boy plopped down next to him so that their shoulders and knees were touching. He pulled the script in between them,

"Thanks," he said, completely unaware of Nico's red face and escalating heart beat.

He's too close, he's too close, Nico ranted in his head as his hands shook.

"But I'm bored," Percy read. Nico shivered.

"I refer to my previous answer when I say that getting on my rapidly fraying nerves will speed the passing of time no more than if you did not. You would simply be doing me a service if you would please be as quiet and as motionless as you find possible," Nico said, practically on one breath, his face red.

"Got it, moving is out, noise is out, got it." Percy looked at Nico. The back of his hand brushed against the shorter boy's, "can I ask you a question?" he asked softly. Nico suddenly felt as if they were the only two people in the room. He turned to look at Percy too, their eyes locked, their faces centimetres apart.

"If you must," Nico mumbled, glancing down at Percy's lips despite himself.

"You do know what it is we're waiting for don't you?" Percy whispered. Was it Nico's imagination or did he shift closer?

"Of course I do. Why else would I be waiting?" Nico was waiting for Percy to kiss him. But he knew Percy wouldn't.

"Remind me again?" Percy smiled gently.

"If you do not know what it is we are waiting for it is not my place to say," Nico's voice was barely audible.

"Does that mean you're not telling me?" Percy asked.

"That is exactly what it means," Nico said, but it wasn't what it meant. Not at all.

***

Octavian was alone this time, and Nico didn't know if it was a curse or a blessing.

"Look who it is," the blonde grinned, "my favourite cunt."

"Leave me alone," Nico said, trying to walk around Octavian. He got a weird déjà vu feeling when Octavian grabbed his arm and slammed him against the doors. It was dark in the alleyway behind the school where Nico parked his bike.

"Come on Nico, don't be like that," Octavian murmured, shifting closer to Nico. The dark haired boy froze.

What the hell?!
"You've got nice lips you know," Octavian grinned creepily, "how about you give me a favour, eh?"

"N-No." Nico stuttered, trying to shift away, "Octavian, what the fuck are you doing?!

"The question is what are you doing?" Octavian smirked, "molesting me in the back alley. The boys won't be pleased when I tell them what a desperate slut you are, begging me to do you-"

"Let go."

"Oh come on Nico," Octavian cooed, "it's not like you're gonna get any other actions except for this. Might as well enjoy it."

"I said let go." Nico growled and brought his knee up. It connected with Octavian's crotch and the blonde went down with a howl. Nico sprinted forward, his bike forgotten. He ran through the abandoned parking lot, his lungs burning, tears streaming down his face. He got out of the school gates-

"Nico!" a pair of strong hands grabbed his shoulders, stopping him. For a horrible moment Nico thought that it was Octavian.

"Let go!" he fought against the person holding him, "Let go!"


"P-Percy?" he asked breathlessly. Percy peered at him,

"Nico, what happened?" he asked, "are you hurt? Why are you crying?"

"I-I...," Nico gasped out in between sobs, "he t-tried to... I don't e-even know...in the back a-alley and..."

"Shit." Percy swore. He reached out to Nico and without warning pulled him into his arms. He was leaning awkwardly over his seat, but he didn't care. Nico didn't fight him, instead relaxing in his arms and hiding his face against Percy's shoulder. Percy rubbed his back and hugged him close, "I'm so sorry. I'll tell the principal-"

"N-No, don't-"

"Nico, he needs to get kicked out," Percy said harshly, pulling away to look at Nico's face. His fingers traced the bruises on the boy's cheek. "I can't believe I let him do this to you," he whispered brokenly. Nico blinked at him, tears clumping his eyes lashed together.
"I should never have gone out with Jason," Percy continued, "I should've stayed and protected you. Fuck them, fuck the football team. I should've taken care of you."

Nico looked away and wiped his eyes angrily,

"You did what anyone would've done," he muttered, "it's okay I'm not mad."

"You don't like me very much do you?" Percy whispered.

"W-What?"

"I learned my lines," Percy leaned back into his seat, but his hand was still hovering close to Nico, just in case, "You don't like me very much do you?"

"I didn't say that," Nico offered Percy a weak smile.

"Didn't you, oh I thought you did, sorry. My imagination what is it like?" Percy continued. His took Nico's hand, and held it gently, "I've never been the cleverest."

"You don't say," Nico was properly grinning now.

"No really, I know I hide it well but some people are surprised but exactly how little I really know." Percy said and Nico laughed, because it felt like Percy was talking about himself and not his character.

"I am surprised that you believe that you hide it well."

***

"I can see right through you, you know," Percy whispered. He and Nico were laying on his floor, staring up at the ceiling. The lights were off, it was dark outside, and Percy's ceiling was lit up with glow in the dark stars. At least that didn't change.

"Can you really?" Nico asked, a bit breathlessly.

"Oh yeah, I noticed it earlier, I can see what you're doing, it's not going to work though," Percy said.

"I wasn't aware that I was doing anything aside from sitting here in the almost silence".

"You think I'm not for real don't you, that I'm all a big act, you think that there is no way someone like me can be this good natured all of the time, don't you?" Percy muttered.

"That, sir, is quite absurd." Nico couldn't help the giggle that escaped him.

"There you go you see, that's how I knew what you were up to, nobody talks the way you do in real life. This, this whole thing, it's a test isn't it. This is one of those get thee behind me Satan type of moments isn't it."

"Truly, it really isn't, you have hold of totally the wrong end of the stick here I'm afraid," Nico patted Percy's shoulder sympathetically.

"But there's no need to worry, if I'm an expert in one thing it's being friendly and making friends," Percy grinned.
"Even though that is actually two things."

"They're the same to me and they are what I do best."

"Oh joy." Nico said sarcastically.

"I am making it my mission to befriend you, no matter what you do or say, and then I will keep searching for a way to cheer you up for as long as we are sat together."

"Octavian's suspended," Percy told Nico breathlessly. Nico looked up from where he was rummaging through a stack of books, surprised,

"Oh. That's great," he offered Percy a smile. The taller boy hovered next to him, "What is it?"

"I...I just wanted to give you something," Percy bit his lip, "It's kind of embarrassing so I'd appreciate if you read it when I leave."

"Okay?" Nico raised an eyebrow. Percy took a deep breath, obviously nervous, and shoved a book into Nico's hands before sprinting off. Nico stared after him, confused, and then looked at the book in his hands. He recognized it. It was Percy's diary.

***

Nico sat on his bed and flicked through Percy's diary. He read past his eight year old diary entries such as 'Mom took me and Tyson to the amusement park today. It was awesome!!' and 'Nico shared his chocolate with me today. He is my best friend.'

They made Nico smiled. And then he got to the entry when everything fell apart.

Dear Diary,

Jason invited me to go out with him and his friends today. I'm really nervous because there really popular and I'm not. I want to hang out with them, but I wish Nico could come. I hate being away from him.

- Percy.

Dear Diary,

I got accepted into the football team today! I'm so proud, and Nico is too. On the phone he told me that he was proud. It made me feel really warm and happy but I didn't tell him that. He wanted to go celebrate but I promised Jason that I'd go with Nico. I miss hanging out with him every day.

- Percy.

Dear Diary,

I went out with Ethan and Chris today. They talked about girls in a really nasty manner and I freaking hated it. I wanted to go home and hang out with Nico but we don't really talk much anymore. I can't remember when that happened...we just grew apart. I miss him. I miss him so much that it makes my heart ache sometimes. I see him in the school hallways but Octavian told me not to talk to him or I'd get kicked off the team. I wonder if football is really worth it.

Anyway, I think Nico hates me anyway.

-Percy.
Nico’s heart clenched. He felt tears prickle the corner of his eyes, this entry was almost two years old and it made Nico want to curl up in a ball and cry. He wished he made a bigger effort to stay friends with Percy. Instead he just let him go, just like that.

Dear Diary,

Today it was Nico's birthday. I wanted to call but I was too scared. I'm a coward, I know I am. Nico always said I'm really brave but I don't think I am. I walked all the way to his house in the snow and it was really cold. I don't know why I went there. I just stood outside his window but his lights were out and I didn't want to wake him up.

I just want to hug him again, and talk to him. I miss him and I feel horrible for not calling him in the end.

- Percy.

Nico was crying at this point. He didn't even know why. He just knew that big, fat tears were rolling down his cheeks and splattering the paper below him, smudging the letters.

Dear Diary,

Octavian beat up Nico today. I saw him looking at me, and there was so much blood. I thought I would throw up. I didn't know what to do, for a second I just stood there paralyzed.

I hate myself so much. I should've helped him, that was my fucking best friend on the floor and I just walked away from him. I don't think anything hurt me more than that.

I think I'm in love with him. I think I've always been, that's why I distanced myself, because I couldn't stand it.

And now I just left him there.

I hate myself.

-Percy.

Nico stared at the words, eyes wide. His tears stopped falling. He flicked through the next few pages until he got to one of the newer entries,

Dear Diary,

I am Nico’s partner in drama. I have an excuse to talk to him, to touch him even. Fuck, he's really beautiful, it makes my heart ache.

But this is it – this is my chance to make it all alright. I won't let them hurt him again.

I love him.

-Percy.

Nico dropped the diary onto his bed. His heart was beating so hard that he couldn't hear anything else. He ran down the stairs and out of the house. He climbed onto the bike that he eventually got back, and pedalled to Percy's house like his life depended on it. The night was cold and Nico didn't have a coat but he didn't care. His legs burned as he zoomed down the deserted streets.

When he was outside Percy's house, cheeks red and breathing hard, he knocked. Percy opened the
door.

"N-Nico?!" he sounded panicked.

"I love you too," Nico gasped, tears appearing in his eyes again. Percy walked up to him and touched his face gently,

"God Nico. I'm so sorry about everything," he murmured, brushing a tear from Nico's cheek, "please don't cry. I don't want you to cry."

Nico leaned forward gently and Percy met him halfway, kissing him gently. The boy's world came to an abrupt stop. He couldn't think or hear, only feel Percy's hesitant, soft lips against his, kissing him with all the gentleness in the world.

***

Nico was so nervous he thought he might throw up. He and Percy were backstage, watching the audience fill in for their performance.

"I'm gonna be sick," Nico informed Percy.

"Please don't." Percy pulled a face. Then he reached out and squeezed Nico's hand,

"I need something to give me confidence," Nico decided, "I don't suppose you have some vodka or something?"

"No." Percy said apologetically, "but I've got this." He leaned forward and pecked Nico on the lips.

"Nico." Percy said worriedly, "please don't do this to me. I need you," his hands were gripping Nico's shoulders.

"Okay." Nico whispered, cheeks flushed,"Okay let's do this."

***

A bright light shone down on Nico's seat and he stood up,

"Well it looks like you're going to have to stop the gayety before it has begun. It would appear that my time is up, it is my turn." He said, turning to Percy, relief obvious on his face. Suddenly another light shone on Percy and the boy jumped up, whooping happily.

"Isn't this brilliant? It looks like I'm up too, we're going together, it must be fate that I sat next to you, looks like I'm going to get longer than we thought to get to know you. How good is that? Well, here it comes, any famous last words before we go?" he said excitedly, on one breath.

"As a matter of fact yes, what did I do to fate to upset it so much?" Nico breathed, but there was a smile on his face as the lights went out.
Leo was sleeping blissfully, something that didn't happen often these days, when he was woken up. Again.

Somewhere above him Frank fucking Zhang from apartment 14 was shagging his boyfriend. Again.

And his boyfriend was really, really loud and the walls were really, really thin. Leo groaned and buried his face underneath a pillow as over-exxagarated moans drifted from upstairs, assaulting his ears.

"Ohhhhhhh Frankkkkkk," the stupid boy who's name Leo couldn't remember, practically screamed, "ohhhhh fuckkkkk, don't stop! Ohhhhh!"

Leo cringed and made an unhappy sound. He refused to believe that a) that boy was for real and b) that Frank fucking Zhang was that amazing in bed.

Leo reached for his phone and glanced at the time. 3:24 am. Leo groaned again because he had college the next day and he really couldn't be asked to stay up all night listening to Frank having sex, which reminded him that he himself hadn't gotten laid in a while.

Leo sighed and sat up on his bed, rubbing his eyes and set on going out onto the freezing staircase to have a go at Frank, even if he was balls deep inside someone. Leo was about to stand up when he heard it.

Frank's stupid fuck boy stopped moaning like an idiot long enough for Leo to hear Frank's really...
low, kind of sexy groan.

**OH HELL NO VALDEZ YOU DID NOT JUST THINK THAT ABORT, ABORT! TELL YOUR DICK TO CALM DOWN OH MY GOD WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?!?!?! SOS**

Leo decided his brain must finally be giving up on him, because he did not just think that. The Latino's face was burning up and now he was too embarrassed to go upstairs and tell the lovebirds to shut up. So instead he fished out his ear phones and started playing some relaxing, calm music.

It didn't calm his dick. Fuck's sake.

***

It was happening again. Leo's eye twitched. Somehow, Frank's boyfriend managed to be even louder and more obnoxious than the night before. Seriously, those two were like fucking bunnies literally fucking. Leo sighed and slammed his laptop shut. There were dark circles under his eyes and he stifled a yawn as he went out into the staircase.

It was cold and Leo didn't bother to put on a jumper. Instead he just went upstairs wearing his pyjama top and grey sweatpants. And no shoes. When he got to the door number 14 about thirty seconds later, the noises were even louder.

It sounded like Frank's boyfriend was getting brutally murdered, and Leo had no idea how the Asian found it attractive, or even bearable. Trying to drown out the noises and also praying that Frank didn't make a sound because a boner right now would be really awkward, Leo knocked angrily.

Frank's boyfriend stopped screaming like a dog in heat and they exchanged a few words. Leo knocked again, just to give them confirmation that no, in fact they were not 'just hearing things.' Seconds later footsteps sounded across the floor and then the door opened.

Frank stood inches away from Leo. His muscular chest was sweaty and...well, really muscular. He was only wearing a pair of boxers which did nothing to hide his massive erection. His eyes were dark and kind of dazed and his messy hair was sticking up in all directions.

"Leo?" Frank asked, confused, his voice hoarse. A shiver went through Leo and he ignored the wild blush on his face, making sure he was staring somewhere past Frank's shoulder and not at him because hello, boners!

"You're too loud," Leo said, "tell your boyfriend to stop screaming so much. I can't sleep."

"Leo I'm in the middle of having sex!" Frank deadpanned. Leo shrugged,

"I have school tomorrow, so shut up," he snapped, suddenly angry. Frank's boyfriend appeared. His bleached blonde hair was sticking to his forehead and he looked pissed. A cigarette hung from his mouth,

"Oh not you again!" he spat. Leo rolled his eyes,

"I wouldn't be here if you weren't acting like you were in a shitty porn video," he bit back. The bleached blonde laughed,

"Gods you must be really fucking sexually frustrated."

"Guys, cut it out," Frank sighed. His boner went down. Good, Leo thought with satisfaction.
"I will cut it out if he can shut up," Leo said.

"Aw don't get jealous," the blonde pouted, "just 'cause you can't get a boyfriend who's as good in bed as Frank doesn't mean you have to be bitter about it."

"Look, just shut up and fuck off. People are sleeping," Leo hissed, but he knew he was blushing. Because yeah, he'd totally date Frank. And not just because he was apparently a God in bed.

"Fine, we'll be quiet," Frank said, sounding tired.

"Good."

"Fuck yourself," the blonde said sweetly, flipping Leo off, and then slammed the door in his face.

"God, can you believe how annoying he is?!" the blonde complained, "How can you stand him? Like I get that nobody wants to sleep with him, but damn!" the boy laughed. Leo winced and turned around before Frank could reply.

That night it was quiet.

***

At first, when Leo woke up, all sweaty and hard and confused, he thought it was because of his dream which featured a sweaty, naked Frank on top of him, kissing down his neck and doing other things...

But no. Leo woke up from the glorious dream because Frank and his boyfriend were *fucking again*. Leo groaned. He wanted to cry. He wanted to go back upstairs and kick down Frank's door and drag him out of bed, and drag him into Leo's bed and let him fuck him so that his idiotic boyfriend could see what it was like.

Of course Leo only wanted that because he knew it would piss blondie off. Not because he wanted to sleep with Frank or anything...

"Oi, quiet down or you'll wake Leo again," Leo heard Frank say through the walls. Leo sucked in a startled breath. Frank's voice was all low and breathy again and it just did things to Leo, okay? It took every ounce of the Latino's power to not reach into his trousers.

"Oh not him again," blondie snapped, "fucks sake, I don't care if that boy hears us. Let him. He's probably getting off of this anyway..."

Leo's hand snapped away from where it had been inching towards his waistband. That bastard. Frank tried to say something again but then there were some wet noises and then blondie was moaning again.

Leo couldn't stand it. He stood up, grabbed his wallet, keys and shoes, tugged on a coat and walked out of his flat, making sure to slam the doors shut.

***

He came back at six in the morning, shivering and exhausted. When he sneaked into the building and looked for his keys in the half-darkness, Frank came downstairs.

"Did we wake you up again?" he asked. Thankfully he was wearing a shirt, and his eyes were sleepy which meant the fuck session was over.
"Yes, you did in fact," Leo snapped. He was grouchy and moody and cold.

"Sorry," Frank said, and then frowned, "where did you even go in the middle of the night? I heard your door slam."

"I'm surprised you heard anything over that dickhead," Leo glared at the ceiling and then finally found his keys in his pockets, "and I went to a twenty four hour McDonald's if you wanna know."

"I'm sorry," Frank said again, running a hand through his hair, "I keep telling him to quiet it down, but he doesn't listen."

"That's because he probably can't hear you," Leo sighed and opened his door, "go back to your boyfriend, Frank."

***

Leo woke up in the middle of the night. It was silent. The Latino smiled and snuggled down into his pillows.

***

Two days later, Leo woke up again and once again the apartment block was quiet. So quiet that he could hear the traffic three streets away. Damn. Leo frowned but he was too sleepy, and he was soon snoring again.

***

Three days later, against his better judgment, he jumped out of his bed in the middle of the night and went out into the staircase. It was quiet, Leo could hear his footsteps as he walked up the iron stairs.

He stopped in front of flat number 14 and listened guiltily. He heard something clank in the kitchen and before he could stop himself, he knocked. Panic overtook him, because why did he just do that?!! It was too late to run back down the stairs, what if blondie opened and yelled at him...

The door creaked open. Frank stood in front of Leo, a mug in his hand, wearing a jumper. He raised an eyebrow,

"Did I wake you?" he asked.

"Where's blondie?" Leo asked, peering around Frank, "I haven't heard you guys in a while."

"Is that why you came?" Frank snorted, "because it was quiet?"

Leo blushed suddenly and looked away,

"Um...I-I just wanted t-to know what happened," he stuttered, "sorry. I'll go."

"No." Frank said quickly, "it's okay. Me and Nathan broke up."

Leo blushed suddenly and looked away,

"Um...I-I just wanted t-to know what happened," he stuttered, "sorry. I'll go."

"No." Frank said quickly, "it's okay. Me and Nathan broke up."

"What?" Leo blinked.

"We broke up," Frank shrugged, "wanna come in?" he asked and didn't wait for Leo's reply as he disappeared inside. Hesitantly, the Latino followed him, shutting the door behind him.

In a kitchen practically identical to Leo's, Frank placed the cup on the counter and leaned against a
"Did you break up because of me?" Leo asked, wincing, "because I made a big deal of the noise?"

"No." Frank said, then thought for a moment, "well, actually we did break up because of...you. But not because you complained."

"Then why?" Leo asked. His sleepiness was catching up on him and he yawned.

"I might've," Frank winced, "accidently said your name instead of his when I came."

Leo blinked at him,

"Oh," he said, "cool." Then it caught on and his eyes widened, "what?! When?!"

"When you went to the McDonald's...," Frank looked away, rubbing the back of his neck, "that kinda got him going."

"And why exactly did you say my name?" Leo inquired, face burning up.

"Err...heat of the moment?" Frank offered.

"Is this the bit where we kiss?" Leo asked suspiciously, because his brain was processing everything slower than usual.

"If you want."

"Yes I want," Leo decided happily, opening his arms, "come, let us celebrate for blondie and his annoying voice is gone."

Frank rolled his eyes but stepped forward and kissed the tip of Leo's nose. The Latino pouted, "Hey I thought you liked me," he complained, yawning at the end. When did he get so tired?!

"I do like you. I'll walk you to your room and we'll talk when you're less...sleepy," Frank offered, taking Leo's hand and dragging him out of the door, "come on sleep head."

Leo was grinning stupidly as he and Frank walked down the stairs.

"What's so funny?" Frank asked.

"Nothing," Leo said, "it's just that you said my name when you were having sex with another guy. 0-1 to Valdez."
I'm sorry this turned weird...
I'm sleep deprived.
For Delilah

Could you do a Solangelo in which they aren't together yet (a little older tho) and Will gets pranked/loses a bet and has too wear one of those tight male ballet outfits... result: Nico can't look at him anymore without blushing furiously.

After Nico turned eighteen and left camp, Will invited him to live with the seven, Calypso, Reyna and Rachel in a massive house in a nice part of Brooklyn. The idea was that they had a bigger chance of survival if they stuck together, even if they attracted more monsters.

So Nico said yes, because why the hell not?

Annabeth designed the massive house. It had ten bedrooms, two kitchens and four bathrooms. Annabeth and Percy lived in one room, Piper and Jason in another, Leo and Calypso also lived together and so did Frank and Hazel. Reyna, Rachel, Will and Nico all got separate rooms. The two spare rooms were converted into guest rooms for when Tyson, Sally Jackson, Thalia or any of the other campers wanted to visit.

One of the kitchens was strictly all vegetarian for Rachel and Will, and the other one was very...meaty, for everyone else. One of the bathrooms was for the boys, the other one for girls, the third one for emergencies and the fourth one for Reyna because she said so. The loft was converted into a massive 'social' room, with two TV’s, huge bean bags you could sit on, an assortment of couches and armchairs, low coffee tables, stacks of movies, books and videogames.
There was even a mini fridge.

The basement was the training ground. You could practice sword fighting, hand-to-hand combat, kung fu and basically anything else you wanted. Annabeth had another mini room with multiple computers and security cameras looking out, with sensors to detect any monsters of demigods.

Leo put multiple traps around the house, and Jason somehow managed to put up a force shield to protect them. Piper charmspeaked all the neighbours to not ask questions or mention their names when they were up and about.

It was weird, and confusing at first, but Nico loved it. He loved finally not being alone, coming home to Leo and Frank bickering or Calypso singing or Piper and Jason and Leo cuddling on the couch. And he especially liked that Will's room was right next to his. Nico thought it was kind of obvious that he has feelings for the blonde, but Will never seemed to notice.

When they celebrated him getting a job as a paramedic at the local hospital, Nico kissed his cheek, but Will didn't think any of it. And Nico wished he did, because he would rather get rejected and get over it than continue being hopelessly in love with Will-

Woah. Hold up. He did not just say he was in love with Will. It was just a stupid crush.

***

"Guys you have to see this!" Calypso yelled from downstairs. Nico sighed and continued reading. It was probably something stupid, like Rachel cooking again...

Several pairs of feet thudded down the stairs and it sounded like a mini earthquake. Nico sighed again and tried to concentrate on all the maps laid out in front of him. They were so confusing-

"Nico!" Percy burst into the room, making Nico jump.

"Jesus, don't you knock?!" he demanded,

"Not Jesus but close," Percy winked, "Now come downstairs you have to see this!"

"What is it?" Nico asked, not really interested.

"Will lost a bet," Percy grinned like a maniac and grabbed Nico's arm, pulling him up, "now come on. It's freaking hilarious."

Nico couldn't help his curiosity. He followed Percy out of his room and up the stairs to the loft. When he got inside, he saw that everyone was crowded together really closely, so Nico couldn't see Will.

Jason was howling with laughter rolling on the floor, while Nico had tears streaming down his face, unable to catch his breath. Piper was snapping pictures.

"Oi, let me see!" Nico demanded. Rachel grabbed him and pulled him forwards.

Will was standing in the middle of the room, arms crossed over his chest, glaring, his face red. The only thing he was wearing was a tight leotard. Nico stared.

Somehow, he could see Will's six pack and muscular chest through the thin material. Along with his bulge.

Nico's face flared up,
"Oh my Gods!" he screamed, hands covering his eyes, "my innocence!"

It didn't help. Even behind closed eye lids, Will's image was embedded in his brain. Nico wanted to cry. And then he wanted Will to fuck him, in that order.

"This is gold," Annabeth snickered, "I want a selfie."

"No." Will grumbled, "can I just take it off, you losers?"

"No, not yet!" Calypso pleaded, "I want a picture too!"

"Do you want a picture too, Nico?" Hazel asked.

"No. I'm good," Nico mumbled, then ducked under Percy's arm and ran out of the loft.

***

He was brushing his teeth in the boy's bathroom, the one with the shower stall instead of the bath, littered with razors and shaving cream and one, single bottle of body gel, when Will walked in.

"Morning," he said sleepily, blonde sticking up in all directions. He was wearing a long sleeved grey Henley and sweatpants, but all Nico could see was that fucking leotard. He couldn't sleep at night because of it. His eyes, on their own accord, travelled to Will's crotch. He remembered the bulge from last night and sweet baby Jesus and Mary. Nico choked on his toothpaste."Nico? You okay?" Will asked, frowning.

"fine," Nico mumbled and then sprinted to the emergency bathroom.

***

Nico was sitting on the couch in the loft, curled up with Reyna and watching re-runs of F.R.I.E.N.D.S when Will walked in.

"Whacha watching?" he asked. He wore a blue hoodie, but to Nico he was still in that leotard.

"Friends," Reyna said, looking suspiciously at Will,

"Cool. I'll watch too," the blonde decided. Nico's eyes widened,

"I actually have to finish an essay for college!" he said, jumping up and sprinting downstairs. Reyna and Will watched him go, confused.

***

Will and Nico sat on the beach, watching the rest of their friends play volleyball.

"It's really nice isn't it?" Will asked. He was wearing swim shorts and an open flannel. Nico, who was bundled up in black jeans and a black shirt, gods damn the sun, nodded.

"Yeah," he agreed, and then turned to Will, "you know, I really like you."

"I like you too," Will smiled at him. Nico turned away and gazed out at the sea. It shimmered in the sunset, all red and pink and orange.

"No. I mean I really like you. I even think I might lo-" he turned to Will and his eyes widened. "WILL WHAT THE FUCK?!" he demanded, jumping to his feet. Will was sitting, looking up at Nico innocently, wearing the cursed leotard. It hugged his body as if he was naked, which he
almost had been seconds ago, but the leotard was somehow worse than the swim shorts.

Because Will's dick pressed up against the material. Nico felt the blood escaping his face,

"Oh my fucking-"

He sat up in bed, heart pounding.

"I need to burn it." He decided.

***

Nico was sitting in the kitchen, shovelling cereal and trying to wake up for his night class, when Will walked in, looking exhausted. His scrubs had traces of some weird liquid on them but Nico didn't care, his eyes were trained on Will's crotch. He remembered the way his member looked in that leotard, and how it would look in Nico's-

"AH!" Nico screamed and whacked his head against the counter. Will's eyes widened,

"Nico. Are you alright?" he asked.

"Gotta go!" Nico said, one hand over his eyes, and he raced past Will.

***

Nico was sleeping blissfully when the hands appeared, pinning his arms down. Panic overtook the dark haired boy's sleepy body, his brain muddled. His first thought was that someone had gotten past their defences...

"What the-" Nico started, and then opened his mouth to scream. A hand slapped over his mouth,

"Chill it's just me." Will said calmly. Nico relaxed and Will removed his hand.

"What the fuck, Will?" Nico demanded.

"What's up with you lately?" the blonde asked, "you won't talk to me. You won't look at me..."

"Will, let go," Nico whimpered, trying not to stare at the outline of Will's boxers in the dark.

"What is this about?" Will asked stubbornly, "you weren't like this before. It all started with that leotard incident...," realization dawned on the blonde, "is this what this is about?" he demanded, "about that damn leotard?!"

"M-Maybe," Nico offered. He grew aware of how close Will was, the heat that radiated off of his body, his hands gripping Nico's wrists. All the blood in Nico's body went south, leaving him a bit light headed,

"Why are you so worried about that leotard?"

"It just...," Nico moved restlessly, "I-I don't even know," he admitted, sighing, "it's just that every time I look at you, all I can see is you wearing that damn thing, and it's in my dreams and your dick-."

"My dick?" Will clarified.

"Yes," Nico said, frustrated.
"You've been dreaming about my dick?" Will asked again. Nico freed his wrist and whacked him,

"Yes, fuck's sake, keep up," he said, "and not like your naked dick, which I wouldn't mind so much, just your dick in that fucking leotard. Do you know how frustrating it is?" he demanded. Will was staring at him, "in my dreams, every time I try and tell you I love you, you suddenly switch clothes to that ugly fucking thing."

"You love m-me?!" Will spluttered.

"Oh my gods," Nico groaned in annoyance, "of course I...," he trailed off, suddenly realizing what he said, "Fuck."

Will smiled,

"I love you too," he said, "and my dick loves you too. So should I take my boxers off or...?"

"I wanna burn the damn thing first," Nico growled, glaring and sleep deprived. Cursed leotard.
Fall asleep, Davy Jones calls for you

Chapter Notes

for Guest.

Leo has a concussion. I feel like this should be a Piper/Leo/Jason fic

Jason and Piper dragged Leo into the Zeus cabin.

"Zeus," Jason said, "Leo, you need to be more careful."

"You could've gotten so much more hurt...," Piper added, gently setting a dazed Leo down on his bed.

"Guys chill, it's just a concussion," Leo rolled his eyes and then winced because fuck, that hurt.

"Just a concussion?!" Piper demanded, "Leo you could've gotten seriously hurt! You really need to be more careful!"

"Alright Pipes," Leo smiled and lied down on Jason's bed, "thanks guys. I'm gonna take a nap."

"Woah! No, no, no!" Jason said, roughly pulling Leo up, "if you go to sleep you could die! Don't you know anything about concussions?!"

"No?" Leo grumbled, rubbing the back of his head, "but I'm really sleepy."

"Let's watch a movie," Piper offered, "and if you don't fall asleep during it I'll give you $10."

Leo's eyes lit up,

"Alright," he rubbed his hands together, "but we're watching what I choose."

"I beg you, not spirited away again," Jason groaned, moving Leo over easily so he could sit down on his bed. Piper turned the TV on and logged onto her Netflix,

"We can watch My Neighbour Totoro," Leo decided after a moment of thinking. He grinned at Jason wickedly. The blonde rolled his eyes,
"Fine," he said. Piper already turned the movie on and flicked the lights off.

"You're not allowed to fall asleep," she reminded Leo, climbing in next to Jason. The Latino grumbled something and then pulled himself up and into Jason’s lap, head resting on Piper's shoulder, arm linked through hers,

"I won't don't worry," he said, "I want that $10."

Jason wrapped an arm around the Latino's waist and settled his chin on top of his head. His other arm snaked it's way around Piper's shoulders. The girl took Leo's hand and intertwined their fingers. She squeezed his hand,

"I was really scared today," she said as the first scenes of the movie started playing, "you could've died."

"It's okay Pipes," Leo kissed her cheek, "I won't die. And I'll be more careful, promise," he squeezed her hand back. Jason kissed his shoulder gently,

"Watch the movie, and don't fall asleep," he said.

"I won't fall asleep," Leo promised.
It's a disease

Chapter Notes

for Guest.

Leo is in a trance and Nico is fighting the God that caused it. When Nico is done Leo passes out.

Nico and Leo were on a quest in Greece, currently fighting for their lives in the Temple of Epidaurus. Well Nico was fighting, Leo was standing off to the side in a weird trance that made his eyes go blank and his hands hang limply at his sides.

"What did you do?!" Nico demanded, slashing at the priest in front of him. The old man, who looked weak and fragile, moved with surprising speed and agility, dodging Nico's sword.

"Nothing. He is just asleep," the priest spoke, his voice was soothing and warm, like cough syrup paired with hot tea from Nico's mother. "An Incubus if you wish, he should be having divine dreams now."

"Why him and not me," Nico leaned on his sword, breathing hard. He knew there was no use fighting the priest, he was too fast, and anyway Nico doubted that he could hurt him anyway. As soon as Nico stopped attacking, the priest stopped moving, instead standing calmly in front of Nico.

"You Nico di Angelo," the priest mused, "you are too broken, too sick."
"Too sick?!" Nico scoffed, "what's that supposed to mean?"

"He," the priest gazed at Leo, "he can be fixed, he is only half way to being sick. But you," he gave Nico a sad look, "you are uncurable."

"Y-You," Nico spluttered, "you're talking about the fact that Leo's bisexual and I'm gay!"

"Perhaps if you dedicate your life to abstaining from...," the priest wrinkled his nose, "your way of life, then perhaps you can be saved..."

"Oh shut up," Nico growled, "and wake my boyfriend up."

"I cannot do that, Nico di Angelo," the priest said.

"I swear on the river styx," Nico growled, but then stopped himself, "this is meant to be the temple of the God of medicine, not of the God of homophobia."

"It was once considered a disease," the priest mused, "not here, but perhaps elsewhere...and I never agreed with it. Even when Apollo and Zephyr were fighting over that man, that Hyacinthus. The priest shook his head, "that did not end well."

"Who are you exactly?" Nico demanded, peering at the old man. The priest smiled,

"Only a humble priest," he said. Nico glanced over at Leo, who was levitating a few centimeters over the floor. His head was hung.

"Please, just wake him up," Nico sighed, "and we'll go."

"I can't do that my boy."

"You're Asclepios, aren't you?" Nico asked suddenly. The old priest blinked at him and then his features morphed. His beard turned to brown, his wrinkles disappeared, he grew taller, and his eyes grew brighter. He held a staff intertwined with live hissing snakes like Hermes,

"Smart boy," Asclepios seemed pleased, "too bad you're not worthy."

"Oh shut up," Nico said, and without warning raised his fist, slamming it into Asclepios' face. The God seemed surprised and then he disappeared. Nico blinked at where he was seconds ago, and then Leo grumbled to the floor. Nico dropped his sword, which he had been holding in his other hand and sprinted towards his boyfriend.

"Leo!" he said, "Leo!" he pulled the unconscious boy into his lap. The Latino's eyes fluttered open and for a second he seemed confused. Then he smiled goofily,

"What a beautiful view to wake up to," he grinned up at Nico. The Italian rolled his eyes but leaned down and kissed Leo on the lips, clinging onto him. Leo touched his cheek and as Nico began pulling away, he chased his lips, which caused him to sit up. Nico wrapped his arms around Leo and buried his face in his shoulder, exhaling.

"I'm really glad you're okay," he mumbled. Leo kissed the top of his head,

"Did something happen?" he asked gently.

"No," Nico mumbled, "I just punched a God."
In a town full of rubber plans

Chapter Notes

for Erik

Percy and Leo go on a road trip like on of those really cute road trips with montage bs and cute indie music plaing while they drive down the road but when they get to their first stop like national wonder stop of your choise a monster attacks and after they fight said stong monster they just look at eachother and laugh bc theyre so in love and even when theyre out on vacation and a monster attacks theyre happy they have eachother and they sorta just make out ((in the back seat to radiohead, sorry the one that got away came into my head at the end lmao))

"All ready?" Leo asked, leaning against the door of his and Percy's car. Percy threw the last bag in the back and slammed the doors closed. He came round, a grin on his face,

"Yup," he said, pressing Leo into the car door and kissing him. Leo smiled into the kiss, and wrapped his arms around Percy's neck.

"Oi! Get going you two!" Annabeth yelled from the doorway. Leo stuck his tongue out at her, and Percy pecked his lips again,

"Come on, we have whole two weeks together," he said. Leo grinned.

***

Leo had his hand out of the window, enjoying the wind on his face. Percy grinned at him from the driver's seat and took his hand in his free one, intertwining their fingers. The radio was on, blasting out Born With a Sound by the New Pornographers, and Leo was mouthing the words at Percy, who was still grinning stupidly.
They were driving down an empty dirt road, the fields on either side and mountains up ahead. The sun was far up in the sky, it was summer and they were in love.

Percy raised their intertwined hands to his lips and kissed the back of Leo's hand,

"I love you," he said. Leo undid his seatbelt and leaned across their seats to kiss Percy's cheek.

"I love you too."

***

They stopped at some random river. It was off to the side, hidden behind a line of trees, flowing by peacefully. Percy sat leaning against a rock, and Leo sat next to him as they both ate homemade enchiladas and drank cokes from glass bottles.

Leo was wearing out of Percy's flannel and relatively clean suspenders. Percy had on a blue shirt that highlighted his eyes, his Camp necklace and jeans. They looked Tumblr as fuck.

"We need to take a picture," Leo decided, wiping his hands on the grass.

"Alright." Percy whipped out his Nikon camera and started looking around, "let's locate like a rock or something..."

The next five minutes the two boys spent finding the correct angle to place the camera. Eventually, Leo ended up just putting the camera on a branch.

"Alright go!" he said, pressing the ten second timer and sprinting towards Percy. They stood next to each other, with Leo counting down under his breath, and then Percy suddenly wrapped an arm around his waist and kissed his cheek.

The picture came out kinda cute.

***

That night, Percy and Leo laid out a blanket on top of their car, which they parked off to the side of the road. It was a warm night, and fireflies flew through the air. Leo and Percy laid on the blanket, watching the stars for a bit, before Leo turned to his side, wrapped one arm around Percy's waist and rested his head on the dark haired boy's chest. They fell asleep wrapped around each other.

***

The next morning they had croissants and coffee for breakfast and after a small make out session they were on the road again. This time Leo was driving and some happy indie music was playing once again. Percy was napping, head pressed against the window, when his boyfriend woke him up by pressing a kiss to his shoulder.

"C'mon, we're at the grand canyon," he whispered. Percy smiled at him sleepily and then climbed out the car.

They stood in the queue for tickets, holding hands and talking, minding their own business. The queue went by fast and soon enough they were standing at the famous site, looking down at the valley snaking down below them.

"Wow, it's so beautiful," Leo mumbled. Percy squeezed his hand and then asked some random passerby girls to take a picture of him and Leo, which they did, giggling.
After about two hours, the boys left the site and walked over to their car. That's when everything went wrong.

A Minotaur suddenly appeared out of nowhere, roaring. The second Percy saw him, he pushed Leo behind him protectively and reached for Riptide, which grew in his hand into a sword.

"Shit," Percy swore. All the tourists seemed to have disappeared somewhere, so it was only the two demigods, the monster and a dozen parked cars. The Minotaur roared again in fury and then charged. Percy ran to meet him and slashed with his sword. The monster dodged and stamped down on some unfortunate car, setting off its alarm.

Percy began dodging the monsters fists and feet and horns, getting a slash in here and there with Riptide. Twenty minutes later, Percy was breathing hard and the monster had a dozen slashes on its muscular body.

"Let's end this," Leo growled. He thrust his hand out and a wild flame appeared, scorching the monster. When the monster was distracted by the flames rapidly licking up its furry legs, Percy thrust out Riptide, slashing the bull's head clean off. The monster turned into ashes before its head could touch the ground.

Percy and Leo stood, surrounded by car wrecks, breathing hard. Leo had sooth on his face and Percy was sweaty. Then the son of Poseidon dropped his sword and ran at Leo, who met him halfway and jumped into his arms. Percy kissed him and then both of the boys burst out laughing.

"Fuck, that was close," Leo was grinning. Percy's expression softened and then he leaned forward, kissing his boyfriend slowly, carefully. He cupped Leo's face with his hands and just kissed him.

Leo smiled again and leaned against Percy. And then another car's alarm went off and the boy gave each other guilty looks, before jumping into their undamaged car and driving off.

It was the middle of the day but they didn't care. Leo pulled over as soon as they were on a desert road and pulled Percy into the back seats, where the son of Poseidon's hands proceeded to tug him into his lap.

"We could've died," He laughed in between kisses, biting Leo's lower lip, one hand up his boyfriend's shirt.

"But we didn't," Leo gasped as Percy leaned down to kiss his neck. It was almost unbearably hot in the car, Percy's and Leo's skin was sticky with sweat, they were breathing hard. There was barely and space to move, but they didn't mind, the closer they were, the better.

And then Fake Plastic Trees by Radiohead came on and they both burst out laughing again. Then Percy's expression softened and he reached up to brush one of Leo's curls out of his face.

"I love you," he said hoarsely, voice suddenly filled with emotion. Leo smiled softly and wrapped his arms loosely around Percy's neck, pressing their foreheads together. Percy kissed him, soft, open mouthed kisses. Neither tried to deepen them, they just enjoyed the feel of each other's lips, hands trailing slowly up and down each other's bodies. They gasped out 'I love you's and kissed until their jaws ached.

And Radiohead just continued playing.
Under the mistletoe

Chapter Notes

for IceCream313
and by the way, yes I did also write the Stucky 30 day OTP challenge! Check out my other works!

Could you do a Solangelo where everyone tries to set them up and they're unsuccessful? And all their friends get really mad when they realized Will and Nico were dating the whole time? For IceCream313

Percy & Annabeth

"I don't wanna do this," Percy sulked, arms crossed over his chest like a little child. His girlfriend rolled his eyes at him,

"And why not? Don't you want Nico and Will to be happy?" she asked.

"But...," Percy pouted, "he said I wasn't his type!"

Annabeth smacked him upside the head,

"Get over it. You're not even gay," she mumbled as she peered around the corner to look at her target.

"Yeah...but," Percy sighed, "okay whatever."

"Shh," Annabeth snapped, "I think they're coming."

And sure enough, Nico and Will were walking down the corridor, chatting happily. Will was all sunshine and bright smiles and Nico was shy grins and shadows.
"They do look good together," Percy admitted grumpily. Annabeth ignored him and instead grabbed the stack of books she had resting on the floor,

"Remember the plan," she hissed at Percy, pecked his lips, and then came around the corner. She wobbled on her feet and deliberately tripped over. Her books went spilling all over the floor,

"Annabeth!" Will exclaimed, dropping to his knees, "are you alright?"

"Yeah, sorry," Annabeth gave him an apologetic smile, "having a clumsy day, and these books are hella heavy."

"Where are you putting them anyway?" Nico asked, also helping gather up the stacks.

"Oh, just into this closet," Annabeth said innocently, sauntering over to the janitor's closet. She had a stack of books in her arm and opened the doors with her foot, "you two mind helping out?"

"No, not at all," Will grinned as he and Nico picked up the remaining books.

"Thanks," Annabeth said, "I owe you one," she stepped into the closet and quickly disposed of the books on one of the empty shelves. The inside was musky and dirty, but there were no spiders, thank God. And it was tiny – perfect for Annabeth's and Percy's plan. As soon as the blonde put the books down, she quickly escaped the closet and let Will in,

"You really have to be careful next time," the son of Apollo said, "you could've been seriously hurt!" he said. Annabeth nodded and then watched as Nico walked in after Will,

"Wait!" she said, pushing the son of Hades further in, "put it on that shelf!"

"This one?" Nico asked, pointing to one. Will was squished in the corner, looking awkward.

"Yeah." Annabeth stepped out. Percy slammed the doors closed and locked it.

"Hey!" Will protested.

"Oh crap!" Annabeth said, grinning, "the door slammed closed." She tugged on the doorknob violently, knowing it wouldn't open. Percy and her grinned at each other slyly, "let me find Chiron!" she said, and ran off with Percy, giggling.

It didn't work.

They came back an hour later with the key. When she opened the door, she saw that the two boys have fallen asleep, not even touching.

"Damn," Percy sighed.

***

**Piper & Hazel**

"Are you sure you're up for this?" Piper asked, "he is your brother after all."

Hazel shrugged,

"Yeah but I want him to be happy and being with Will does," she smiled, "I can tell. So let's do this."

Piper nodded solemnly and then stood up on the table. She fastened the mistletoe right above the
refreshments table,

"Your turn." She told Hazel. The girl closed her eyes and concentrated, raising her hand. The mistletoe glowed and then faded back to normal. The two girls grinned and high fived each other.

"Perfect."

***

The Christmas party was in full swing when Leo and Frank screamed. Hazel pushed through the crowd,

"What is it?!" she asked, and then her mouth fell open. Leo and Frank were standing where Will and Nico were supposed to, glued to the spot.

"I can't move!" Leo gasped. Frank was looking panicked,

"Oh no," Piper groaned, "now you have to kiss."

"W-What?!" Frank demanded, "no!"

"It's the only way to break the spell," Hazel bit her lip.

"What spell?!" Leo's voice was an octave higher than normal.

"It's a long story," Piper sighed, "just kiss."

After two minutes of complaining, the two finally did, with disgust. By then Will and Nico were gone and the plan went to shit.

***

Frank & Leo

"I can't believe the spell was meant for Will and Nico," the son of Ares grumbled. It's been two weeks and he was still wiping his lips,

"Trust me," Leo agreed, "but this should get them," he proudly waved the potion in his hand around, "love potion."

"I don't know if this is a good idea," Frank hesitated.

"If we do this right then I won't ever have to kiss you again," Leo gagged, "Jesus that was gross."

"I know," Frank sighed and produced a water bottle, "go on then."

Leo didn't hesitate from pouring the liquid into the drink.

***

Everyone watched intently as Will finished drinking his water.

"Do you feel any different?" Leo asked. He was leaning forward without noticing,

"Erm, no?" Will offered, "should I?"

"No!" Frank said quickly. Will shrugged and glanced over at Nico,
"I'll see you later Niks," he said, ruffling his dark hair, "see ya, guys!" he gave a little wave and jogged off. Frank and Leo gaped after him.

***

Everyone was getting take out in Brooklyn after seeing the new Bond movie. Piper and Annabeth chatted happily while Leo, Frank and Hazel got into a heated debate about which Bond was the best.

Will's phone rang and everyone shut up so he could pick up. He talked for a few seconds and then hanged up,

"It was my sister," he said, "she lives round the corner and is requesting I come for dinner."

"But you just ate!" Percy protested.

"Let him go see his sister," Hazel scolded him, "bye Will," she gave him a hug, "see you later!"

"Bye, guys!" Will said, and then grabbed Nico's hand and leaned forward, kissing him briefly, "see you later Niks," he ruffled his hair and ran off.

"Bye!" Nico waved after him.

Everyone stared.

A minute passed.

Nico looked confused.

"N-No way," Jason spluttered, voice weak.

"What?" Nico frowned,

"You and Will," Hazel was gaping like a fish, pointing from Nico to where Jason disappeared seconds ago.

"Yeahhh," Nico said slowly, as if talking to a bunch of idiots, "he's my boyfriend."

"OH MY GODS!" Percy exclaimed, turning in a circle and hitting his own forehead.

"And we've been trying to set them up all this time," Piper said to Leo, clinging onto him and looking like she was about to cry.

"We literally kissed in front of you guys like three times," Nico deadpanned.

"Oh Jesus have mercy," Leo wailed, "we didn't see!"

"So much time!"

"And effort!"

"Wasted!"

The group walked off, moaning and wailing and complaining. Nico remained rooted to the spot, confused. Then he reached for his phone and speed dialled Will,

"You won't believe these idiots," he started.
Everything is grey

Chapter Notes

for bluecookiedough

I altered the events a bit, sorry.

Could you pretty please do a percy/luke for me! Maybe they are secretly dating throughout the titan war?

Percy, Annabeth and Grover somehow made it aboard The Princess Andromeda. Percy's heart was beating fast, but not for the causes that someone might've thought. No, Percy's heart wasn't beating fast because of the adrenaline or because he was scared. It was beating because he would see him in a matter of minutes.

And sure enough, as the three were taken captive, Luke Castellan appeared. He looked just as gorgeous as Percy remembered, with the sharp eyes and sandy blonde hair. He'd grown taller, his shoulder's broader. There were dark shadows under his eyes, but they still sparkled when they landed on Percy.

It took all of the Son of Poseidon's strength to not hurl himself into Luke's arms. He knew he couldn't do that, not with all the monsters watching. Not with Annabeth and Grover there.

They called it fraternizing with the enemy, Percy called it love.

When Luke suggested that he and Percy speak privately, the son of Poseidon agreed. As soon as the doors were shut behind them, Luke and Percy fell into each other's arms.

"Gods I missed you," Luke whispered, kissing Percy fiercely. Before Percy could kiss back, the blonde pulled away and touched Percy's face with such gentleness that it made the dark haired boy's heart hurt, "they didn't hurt, you did they?" Luke demanded, eyes full of worry.

"No," Percy reassured him, "they didn't. Are you alright?"

Luke exhaled and then pressed his and Percy's foreheads together.
"I'm fine," he whispered, "tired, but fine."

"Luke," Percy's eyes were pleading as he cupped his lover's face, "please. Leave this, come with me, we-"

Luke's expression grew hard and he drew his hands away,

"You promised not to argue with me," he said, voice broken, "you promised we wouldn't fight me at this. You know I hate the gods, and I support Kronos," he couldn't bare to not touch Percy when he was so close so he wrapped his arms around the dark haired boy's waist and kissed him gently, "I won't let him hurt you, I promise."

"Luke," there were tears in Percy's eyes, "I just want you with me. All the time, I don't want to go months without seeing you, I-" his voice faltered.

"Don't," Luke sounded like he was in pain, "please don't cry, not now," he begged, "we only have few minutes and I just want you to be happy."

"I am," Percy smiled although his eyes were still shining with unshed tears, "I am happy. Because you're here."

He pulled Luke forward so he could slot their mouths together,

"I love you," he whispered,

"Gods, me too, Perce," Luke mumbled, hands gripping Percy's hips, "I love you so much it hurts. I wish we could be like this all the time," he whispered as his lips trailed down Percy's neck, "I wish we didn't have to fight in this war."

"Shh," Percy pulled him back up and they kissed again. They alternated from hard and fast kisses to slow and gentle and long until their time was gone.

"We have to go," Luke said, although it was the last thing he wanted to do. Percy nodded and blinked rapidly, trying to get rid of his tears. Luke pulled him into a bone crushing hug and Percy clung onto him, trying to remember everything – how warm Luke was, his strong arms around him, how nice he smelled.

"DO it." Percy whispered. Luke squeezed his eyes shut and pulled away,

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Percy smiled. Luke curled his hand into a fist and, with his eyes still closed, punched Percy in the jaw, hard. The son of Poseidion crumbled to the ground with a groan. Immediately Luke was next to him, pulling him up and kissing the bruise that was already forming on his jaw,

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he whispered feverishly, clutching Percy close. The son of Poseidion kissed him,

"I love you," he said again,

"I love you too," Luke mumbled and this time he had to blink back the tears. Then he grinned, grabbed Percy by the arm and pushed him out of the room, "And now! Annabeth Chase..."

***

When Percy and Luke met again, they were fighting over the Fleece. Literally fighting. Luke was
enraged that Percy had it sent back to camp, and now both of their swords were drawn.

All sense came back to the son of Hermes when the swords clashed together for the first time. He saw Percy in front of him, terrified and fighting hard, a cut on his cheek and mud on his clothes. He wanted to drop his sword and embrace the boy. But he couldn't, not with his army watching.

*I will have to kill him*, his brain told him, *or he will kill me. This is it.*

Luke parried Percy's strike, knowing that no matter how fiercely he fought now, he would not be able to give the killing blow when it came down to it. And then his monster army would feed on his flesh.

Without realizing it, fuelled by the horrible realization that this was the end, Luke knocked Percy's sword from his hands. The son of Poseidon fell to the ground, breathing hard, and Luke's army roared at him to kill the dark haired boy. But Luke couldn’t.

He stood over Percy with his sword hanging in his hand limply, praying for a miracle. This couldn't be the end, he couldn't kill Percy.

The dark haired boy mouthed, 'I love you' at Luke. And then the miracle came, in the form of an arrow with a blue glove at the end, which whacked Luke in the face.

***

Percy watched helplessly as Thalia disarmed Luke. The blonde had nowhere to escape, backed up against a cliff. Annabeth was screaming at her to spare him, while Luke taunted Thalia. Is like he wanted to die. The dark haired boy felt his heart literally stop, as he stood there, glued to the ground, unable to move.

Annabeth and Thalia were arguing furiously. Luke took his chance and attacked Thalia. For a horrible, guilty moment, Percy hoped that he won. But he didn't. Thalia kicked Luke off the cliff.

Percy watched his body fall to the ground and crash into the rocks. His screams mingled with Annabeth’s.

***

When Percy found out that Luke was alive, the world seemed a brighter place. Yeah there was war all around him, people dying, monsters getting re-born.

*But Luke was alive.*

When Percy was captured in the labyrinth, awaiting his faith, the blonde sneaked into his cell. The second Percy saw him, he tackled him to the ground.

"Percy? What are you doing?!” Luke asked, but Percy shut him by kissing him on the lips. For a second, the dark haired boy dominated the kiss, but then Luke flipped them over, slamming Percy down into the dirty ground and pinning his wrists to the floor.

He bit Percy's bottom lip, causing the dark haired boy to gasp. As Luke forced his tongue into his mouth he could taste the coppery tang of blood in his mouth. Perhaps he bit too hard.

Percy ripped Luke's shirt off as the blonde kissed him furiously,

"I thought you died," Percy gasped, and then groaned as Luke sucked on his neck roughly,


"Why wouldn't I be angry," Luke growled, biting Percy's neck so hard that blood trickled down his skin. Percy whimpered as the blonde began stroking him, licking at the wound. His hands and lips were rough, but Percy found that he didn't mind, especially later after he beat the monsters and had to leave Luke once again.

***

And that's how it went, chance meetings, stolen kisses, brief touches. Short nights of passion and whispered promises.

Until it all stopped.

"L-Luke?" Percy whispered. But it wasn't Luke, not with that cold smile and those golden eyes,

"No, Percy Jackson," the creature wearing his love's face rasped, "It is I. Kronos."

That day Percy's heart shattered.

Later, when Luke laid dying in his own pool of blood, Annabeth held him. All Percy could allow himself was hold onto his hand tightly. Luke asked Annabeth if she loved him, but he was looking at Percy. When the girl replied that once upon a time she did, Percy leaned down to hug Luke tightly.

"I love you," he murmured into his ear. And then Luke died.
The room was dark. Sally Jackson stepped in, her feet not making a sound. Her husband was asleep next door, safe and sound. Yet the woman couldn’t sleep. Instead she sneaked into what was still her son's bedroom, even after all these years.

The world changed after the Titan's won the war. Everything was dark now, everything ruled by the monsters of Tartarus. The mortals were forced into slavery, the demigod's slaughtered or in hiding. Sally and her husband were pardoned of what the Titans liked to call 'the sin of mortality' because of her son's help during the war. Sally got to stay in her apartment with Paul.

Although Percy moved out a long time ago, now a general in the Titan's army, his room hadn't changed. The same posters, bed quilt, the same books and trainers and clothes. It was as if her son would come home any moment, and start complaining about another horrible day in school. But Sally knew her son wouldn't come back. Her son was dead and a horrible monster now wore his face.

The door creaked closed and Sally whirled around. A boy stood behind the door, now in plain view.

"Hello, mom," Percy said, grinning. His once lively blue eyes were dead, dark shadows underneath them. His grin was wicked. Sally shuddered and unconsciously stepped away from Percy,

"Percy," she whispered. Percy smiled. He had a bag in his hand, a garbage one.

"Mom, I brought you a present," he whispered.

"Percy, why now?" Sally asked, feeling her heart bleed. This was her son. This monster.

"The real question is why not now?" Percy asked. A whistle sounded from outside, "well, gotta run. You know, Tartarus business calls. I'll leave this here," he said, placing the bag on the floor.
Percy stepped towards his mother who flinched away. He even smelled differently, like blood and darkness, when he leaned down to kiss her cheek. Then he turned away and walked out of the room. Sally could hear his footsteps as he walked downstairs, matching her thundering heart. She heart the back door open.

*But I locked it!* She told herself. Frantically she ran to the window and pressed her palms against the glass. Outside she could see the broken down shadow of the destroyed neighbouring houses. Her son came outside, illuminated by the moonlight. There was another boy waiting for him, with golden hair, and a scar on his face.

He took Percy's face in his hands and kissed him roughly. Then he looked up right at Sally and waved. The woman felt dread fill her bones as the two turned and disappeared in the shadows. She blinked, but she hadn't seen wrong. The two literally stepped into the shadows and disappeared.

Sally couldn't remember Percy ever being able to do that.

Slowly, hands shaking, she turned towards the garbage bag in the middle of the room. She didn't want to look inside, but she knew she had to. The curiosity was too much.

Trembling, she undid the knot on the bag and took a deep breath. She looked inside and felt all of her blood drain from her face. She screamed and dropped the bag.

Out rolled the decapitated head of Nico di Angelo.

***

Luke watched, amused, as the demigod in the water bubble breathed their last breath. Her lifeless body drifted above the lake for a few more minutes, dead, drowned.

Percy lazily flicked his wrist and sent the bubble back into the lake. It smashes against the surface and seconds later the body was floating face down. Percy clicked his tongue,

"She died too fast," he decided, bored, "I couldn't hear her screams."

Luke smiled, amused, and wrapped an arm around Percy's waist, pulling him in so he could nip at his neck,

"You did well, Perce," he purred against his skin, "she's dead, isn't she?"

Percy sighed,

"Yeah, I guess you're right," he said, and then turned so he was facing Luke. The blonde was sitting on the rock, and Percy was in between his legs, arms wrapped loosely around his neck, "I love you," Percy murmured. Luke smiled gently and brushed a strand of Percy's dark hair behind his ear,

"I love you too, baby," he said, before pulling Percy down to kiss him roughly. The body continued floating for two more days before the nymphs feasted on the decaying flesh.

The demigod was Thalia Grace.

***

Sally Jackson sat in her bedroom, crying silent tears that fell on the photograph of her and Percy when he was twelve. It was right after he discovered he was a demigod. He had a bright grin on
his face and an orange t-shirt. Sally looked tired but happy, one arm around her son. How much had changed since then.

"Sally," Paul whispered, sitting next to her and taking her hand, "Sally, I'm here for you. Talk to me."

"He k-killed him," Sally whispered brokenly, "he killed Nico."

"I know," Paul murmured, brushing her hair out of her face. He was the one who had to dispose of Percy's gruesome 'present.' The photograph fell from Sally's shaking hand and fluttered to the floor. It seemed that nowadays her hands were always shaking.

Shouts came from the streets, faraway, and then growing. With them came the sound of laughs and marching feet.

"Oh no," Sally wailed burying her face in her hands, "not again."

Paul stood up and walked to the window, hiding behind the curtain so the marchers wouldn't see him. On the street there was a mob. Monsters; empousai and hellhounds and other disgusting creatures, came as one with the demigods who fought for the Titans, and some of the minor godlings and nymphs. They marched down the street with an inhuman roar, and at the front ran Percy, as if he was Peter Pan, leading the Lost Boys. He laughed and skipped ahead, a burning torch in his hand. Many of the other monsters, at least the ones who actually had hands, carried torches as well. With a horrible gripping feeling, Paul realized that they were heading for the abandoned building at the end of the street.

Paul hadn't told anyone but he saw movement there the other day, as if people were there. And they were about to be killed. Percy raised his hand and the mob stopped walking. A silence fell over the streets. The monsters made grotesque shadows on the burnt out, collapsed walls of what was once a beautiful street. Their torches flickered.

"Oh Annabeth," Percy sang sweetly, standing in front of the house, "come out, come out wherever you are."

Paul sucked in a startled breath.

"What is it?" Sally asked, voice hoarse, eyes red.

"Nothing, baby," Paul whispered, praying that it wasn't Annabeth. Don't let it be Annabeth.

Three people exited the crumbling house. One was a satyr with a bandage wrapped around his head. The other two were girls, one was a redhead with a cut on her face and the other...

"Oh, Annabeth," Percy cooed, "And you're with Clarisse and Grover! How nice!"

"Percy."

"I only asked for her," Percy mused, "why did you two come out?" he looked at Grover and Clarisse.

"This thing called fighting for your family," Clarisse spat. She was swaying on her feet, "but I guess you've forgotten all about that."

Annabeth drew her dagger, and Clarisse drew her sword. Percy laughed and took out a pen from his pocket. Casually he uncapped it until it grew into a shining, bronze sword.
"I haven't forgotten family," he turned the blade in his hand slowly, "my mom is right in that house, watching," he turned to the window where Paul was. The man hadn't even felt Sally come and stand next to her, "and now," Percy's eye gleamed evilly. Without warning he thrust his sword out and it pierced right through Clarisse, impaling her.

Sally's hands flew to her mouth. Annabeth stared with wide, horrified eyes as Clarisse tried to say something. Instead of words, blood poured from her mouth. Painfully slowly, Percy retracted Riptide and the girl slumped to the ground. And then Grover screamed like a wounded animal.

With one swift movement, Percy slit his throat. The boy crumbled to the ground next to Clarisse. Tears ran down Annabeth face,

"Clary," she shook the redhead, "Grover, c'mon, don't do this to me...

"Leave them, Annabeth," Percy dragged his blade across the pavement, making a horrible screeching sound and letting sparks fly. The monster army was silent as Annabeth straightened up. She was staring but it was as if she couldn't see anything. Her hand was red from where she touched Clarisse.

"Your turn," Percy smiled, "any last words?"

Annabeth looked at him, her eyes filled with tears. And then she spoke with a broken voice,

"You promised, seaweed brain." A tear rolled down her cheek. Percy smiled, and without a word slashed through the air. Annabeth's head fell off her shoulders and rolled across the pavement before her body hit the ground.

A cheer went up from the crowd and Percy turned to them, grinning,

"Let's have a campfire!" he called. With a roar, the monsters threw their torches at the three bodies, which went up in flames. The nymphs danced around the fire, laughing madly.

Paul made a surprised sound. Sally turned to him and screamed. There was a dagger sticking out of his throat. Casually, Luke retreated the weapon and let the man slump to the ground.

"No." Sally whispered, "God, please, no."

"Miss Jackson," Luke bowed, smiling, "don't worry. Percy loves you anyway," and then he left through the back door.

***

The next morning Sally quietly buried Paul, Annabeth, Clarisse and Annabeth. Alone. Always alone.

***

"Aw c'mon Piper," Percy grinned. Luke was leaning against the chimney of the house, observing, while Percy talked to his former friend. The sun was setting over the ruins of what was once New York, colouring everything amber and gold. Piper looked like an Indian princess against the golden light, her face painted, her clothes stained with grass and mud, "tell me where Jason is," Percy said. Piper was standing on the edge of the roof, her hair flowing in the wind. Her expression was scared but determined.

"I will never tell you," she spat, "you're not Percy. You're a monster."
"Blah, blah," Percy rolled his eyes, "where's Jason?"

"I hope you rot in Tartarus," Piper said. Percy stepped towards her,

"Tell me where Jason is." He growled. Piper glared at him,

"No." She said, stretched her arms out to either side of her and then stepped backwards off the roof.

"No!" Percy yelled, running to the edge. He watched Piper's body fall to the ground as if in slow motion. Then she hit the rusty car beneath her and the light went out of her eyes. Percy punched a brick wall while Luke watched impassive, "Titan's damn it," he growled, "now we'll never find Jason."

"Hey, calm down," Luke came over and wrapped his arms around Percy's waist. He kissed him comfortingly, "we found her," he touched Percy's cheek, "we'll find him too."

A scream sounded from the ground. Luke and Percy ran to the edge and peered down. Sally Jackson stood by the wreckage of the car, next to Piper's grotesquely twisted body.

"Sorry Miss Jackson!" Luke called, with an apologetic wave.

***

Percy was sleeping alone in his and Luke's bed. The two had had an argument earlier on, one that Percy couldn't even remember, and Luke took the couch. Percy couldn't sleep. He faced the walls and tried to find comfort in the cold pillows, but without Luke there it didn't feel right.

"Comfortable?" a voice asked. Percy sat up and reached for Riptide, but it wasn't there. Jason stood at the edge of the bed. He wore camouflage clothes and had a sword in one hand and Riptide in the other.

"J-Jason," Percy spluttered.

"If you scream for him I'll slit your throat," Jason warned. His face was impassive, not betraying any emotions, "Reyna's outside, and she will kill him too unless you listen."

"Listen to what?" Percy rolled his eyes, "just kill me."

"No." Jason said, "you know it's not my way." He looked at Percy and pain flashed in his eyes, "Gods Percy, what happened to us?"

"Well," Percy said casually, "I got fucked really good by Luke last night, I don't know about you."

Jason winced,

"You killed Annabeth," he whispered, "and Grover and Clarisse. And Thalia."

"Yes, yes," Percy waved him off, "and Nico and Hazel and Frank and Will and Harley and Chiron. What's your point?"

Jason's expression hardened,

"So it's true then. You're really a monster."

"Call it what you will," Percy said. Jason raised his sword,
"Percy Jackson, I sentence you to death for your war crimes-" Jason was cut off when Luke appeared behind him and snapped his neck. The blonde fell to the ground and Luke wrapped his arms around Percy,

"Fuck, are you okay?" he demanded, holding Percy's face in his hands and searching his face. Percy kissed him, suddenly so happy to see him,

"Yeah, I'm fine, just scared," he was trembling. Luke brushed his thumb over Percy's cheekbone,

"I'm sorry," Luke murmured and pushed Percy backwards onto the bed, "I shouldn't have argued with you. I love you."

"I know," Percy mumbled and pulled Luke down for another kiss, "and I love you too."

That night they made love with Jason's corpse in the room.

***

Sally Jackson sat on the cold floor of her cold apartment. The grey light of morning filtered in through the window and Sally cried. She was surprised she still had any tears left.

Slowly, the woman reached for the razor blade. She pressed it against her pale wrists and watched blood pull from the cuts. She didn't feel the pain, she didn't feel anything.

As her consciousness slowly began drifting away, she thought she heard the back door open and a soft voice say,

"Oh, Miss Jackson."

Chapter End Notes

please tell me what you think!
Percy woke up again in the darkness of Tartarus. His breathing sped up as he stood on shaky legs. The ground beneath his feet was unsteady, as if Tartarus was breathing. Which he was. Percy shivered despite the unbearable heat in the place. He tried not to panic, knowing it was just a dream.

But it felt so damn real.

It was deserted, from what Percy could see, so he began walking. The ground moved beneath his feet as if he was walking on balloons. It was hard to remember what balloons looked like in this place.

A sudden spark of hope appeared in Percy when he saw Damasen's hut in the distance.

"Oh thank the Gods," Percy mumbled and began running. The ground made it hard for him to move and he felt Tartarus' fluids slide into his shoes, wetting his socks, but he didn't care.

He ran for a long time, getting out of breath and exhausted, but the hut wasn't coming any closer. It was as if Percy was running in one place. The son of Poseidon cupped his hands around his mouth and screamed,

"DAMASEN!"

"He's not here," Luke Castellan said, suddenly appearing in front of him, "he died protecting you and the doors of death. He will not be reborn for a long time, and it's all your fault. He's in agony all because of you."

"L-Luke," Percy gasped, "b-but you tried for r-rebirth!"

Luke cocked his head to the side,

***

"Percy!" Jason was shaking his shoulders, "Percy wake up!"

The dark haired boy shot up, clutching at his chest where his heart was beating loudly. He tried to catch his breath staring blindly at the covers while tears fell down his face. His throat felt raw, his lungs burned, his legs ached. With the horrible realization that he had had another nightmare, Percy burst out crying.

"Oh, Perce," Jason whispered. He pulled Percy into his arms and suddenly Percy was really glad he was there, all warm and sleepy and protective and ready to make sure that Percy was okay. The blonde held Percy tightly, running his fingers through Percy's overgrown hair, the other hand rubbing slow circles against the boy's back.

Percy took a shuddering breath and his tears stopped, his terror passed.

"Thank you," he whispered, pulling away from Jason, and looking down, embarrassed, "and sorry."

"Hey," Jason wrapped an arm around Percy's waist and smiled, nudging his nose against his jaw and pressing a small kiss to his neck, "it's okay, you know I'm here for you."

Percy turned his head and let his and Jason's lips brush gently,

"Thank you," he said again, "I really appreciate you being here."

Jason's smile grew,

"Someone has to," he said, before pulling Percy back down onto the bed. The blonde manoeuvred them so that Percy's back was pressed against his chest, with Jason's arm wrapped around his waist, their fingers intertwined, "night, Perce," Jason murmured, kissing the back of Percy's head.

"Night," Percy mumbled, eyes closed, "love you."

Jason's eyes widened and his heart skipped a beat, but then he smiled gently and squeezed Percy's hand.

"I love you too."
When Percy found out that Nico was pregnant with his baby, he went bonkers. Well more than usually anyway.

***

Nico was a month in, trying to reach the cookie jar at the top of the counter. He was balancing on his toes, his hand stretched over his head, finger waggling to try and reach the jar, tongue poking out from the corner of his lips.

"Nico!" Percy protested, running into the kitchen, "don't do that! You'll injure yourself and the baby!" he exclaimed. Nico rolled his eyes,

"Calm down Percy, I'm only a month in."

"No, no, no," Percy herded Nico away from the shelf like a fussing mother, and then easily reached the jar himself. He passed it to Nico and kissed the tip of his nose, "I love you, and I won't let you strain yourself." He said, and then gently touched Nico's still flat stomach.

Nico rolled his eyes and stuffed a cookie in his mouth.

***

Nico was two months in, washing dishes after the dinner that Piper and Annabeth came over to, when Percy burst into the kitchen.

"What are you doing?!" he demanded.
"Er...washing dishes?" Nico offered.

"No!" Percy nudged him out of the way, "I'll do that, you go rest."

"Percy," Nico sighed, "I love you, but this is ridiculous. Me doing the dishes isn't going to harm the baby."

Percy bit his lip,

"I know," he murmured, "I'm just worried."

Nico kissed him,

"Just wash the dishes if it makes you feel better."

***

Nico was three months in when he got into the driver's seat.

"Nico." Percy said, "let me drive."

"Why?" Nico blinked at him,

"Um, I don't want you to get stressed out," the blue eyes boy said. Nico groaned, "Percy..."

"Please," Percy said quickly, "just let me look out for you. And drive."

"Fine," Nico grumbled, because he wasn't that bothered, and slid into the passenger's seat. When Percy made sure that his seatbelt was done up properly, he took his hand and kissed the back of it,

"I love you."

***

Nico was four months in when he tried to do up his shoe laces.

"Oh hell no!" Percy said, sit on the stairs.

"What?!" Nico asked.

"Sit down, you're leaning over," Percy commanded in his no-nonsense voice, "it's not healthy for the baby."

"Percy, I'm fine," Nico protested. Percy gently pushed him backwards until he was sitting on the stairs. Then he proceeded to double knot Nico's trainers,

"I don't want you to trip," he explained, "maybe we should get you those Velcro plimsolls?" he asked,

"No!" Nico scoffed, "I'm not five!"

Percy was still kneeling in front of him, slowly he leaned forward and kissed Nico's stomach, which was rapidly growing. Nico blushed,

"Percy."
"Come on," Percy offered the other boy his hand, "we're meeting Jason in twenty minutes."

***

Nico was five months in when Percy refused to have sex with him.

"No," the blue eyes boy said, trying to montage a baby's crib. Nico gaped at him,

"Percy," he growled after a moment, "come have sex with me."

"No." Percy repeated, "I could hurt the baby."

"You won't hurt the baby!" Nico groaned, "come onnn, I'm really horny!"

"Nico no," Percy said, "I'll cuddle you."

"I don't wanna cuddle," Nico plopped down next to Percy, "I wanna fuck."

"Language!" Percy said, horrified, "what if our babies first word will be the 'f' word?!"

"Oh for God's sake...," Nico complained. He leaned forward and kissed Percy's neck, "C'mon," he whispered breathily, "please..."

"No." Percy flinched away, "I don't wanna poke the baby!"

Nico glared at him, and then got up, cradling his belly,

"Fine, fuck you then." He said, walking out of the room.

"We can cuddle!" Percy yelled after him.

***

When Nico was six months in, he was walking back home carrying a 5p bag from Tesco's with a sixpack of toilet paper in it. He was about a street away when a sidetrungled looking Percy ran out.

"Nico!" he said, "you shouldn't be carrying stuff!"

"It's just toilet paper," Nico sighed, holding up the bag, "see?"

Percy snatched the bag away and took Nico's hands,

"I'll carry it," he said stubbornly.

"But-

"No buts," Percy said, "you're pregnant and I'm taking care of you."

***

When Nico was seven months in Percy said he shouldn't go outside.

"What?! Why?!" Nico demanded, "it just snowed!"

"Exactly!" Percy said, "the ground is slippery. What happens if you slip?" he asked. He knelt down in front of Nico, "I can't risk yours and the babies health."

"I won't trip," Nico assured him, "I just wanna go outside for a bit."
Percy rolled up Nico's shirt so that he could run his hand over his big, naked stomach. Nico smiled down fondly at Percy when he pressed a gentle kiss to his skin,

"Just not today," the blue eyed boy looked up at Nico, "please? Just stay in...just for today. I'm really worried."

Nico sighed and ruffled his hair,

"Alright, alright," he said, with an affectionate eye roll.

***

When Nico was eight months in, Percy insisted to carry Nico everywhere. Alright, fair enough, Nico's stomach was pretty big and heavy and his back did hurt, but he could still freaking walk.

The two boys were sitting on their couch, watching some TV show when Nico suddenly got up, groaning and clicking his back.

"Woah, where are you going?!" Percy asked.

"Er, I need to pee," Nico pointed at the bathroom.

"Here, let me help," Percy said quickly and without warning hoisted Nico up into his arms.

"Percy! Put me down!" Nico protested as Percy carried him to the bathroom, "I can walk by myself for fuck's sake."

"Hey!" Percy said, looking down at the other boy, "You're carrying our baby, so let me at least carry you."

***

When Nico was nine months in he went into early labour and Percy almost died of worry. He sat on one side of Nico, holding his hand, while Hazel sat on the other, holding his other one.

Everyone else was crowding the corridors but Percy couldn't hear them over Nico's screams.

The boy's face was sweaty and his lip was bleeding from where he bit it. His hand was squeezing Percy's tight, but the blue eyed boy didn't mind. He knew that Nico didn't want him to touch him, so he just held his hand and kept his eyes on his face, refusing to look at all the blood and stuff going on down there.

Finally a babies wail broke through. Percy's shoulders slumped with relief.

"is it out?" Nico gasped out, eyes dropping, face red.

"Almost," the midwife assured.

"What?" Nico asked, voice weak. And then he screamed again, "ah fuck!"

"Language," Percy said automatically.

"Shut up!"

In a few minutes, the midwife was pulling out another baby and handing it to a nurse,

"There you go," she said kindly, "all done. You've got twins!"
"Oh thank God," Nico groaned, slumping against the pillows. He looked absolutely exhausted.

"I'll go tell the others," Hazel kissed Nico's forehead and then ran out. Percy still held his hand as he got cleaned up.

When the sheets were changed and Nico was in clean clothes, they brought their babies in.

The midwife handed the boy to Percy,

"There you go," she said, "a healthy boy."

"And here's the wonderful girl," the other nurse said. Nico reached out for his baby and she handed her to him, "we'll give you a moment," she said, but Percy didn't hear her, too busy staring at the gorgeous little human being in front of him.

"Oh my God," he whispered, "our children," he had tears in his eyes. Nico was smiling gently at the girl. He scooted up the bed,

"C'mere," he told Percy. The boy didn't have to be told twice. He slid into bed with Nico and they held their children. Nico rested his head on Percy's shoulder,

"What should we call them?" he asked softly. Percy kissed his forehead,

"The girl could be Bianca," he said gently.

"Yeah, okay," Nico smiled, "I like that."

"And the boy?" Percy asked,

"How about Luke?"

"Luke and Bianca," Percy smiled, "I like that."

Nico nudged him with his nose and Percy turned his head so they could kiss gently,

"I love you," Percy breathed, "you're amazing."

"I love you too," Nico whispered. Then their friends spilled into the room, some crying, some laughing, and all happy.
I don't hate you

Chapter Notes

for Lucie.
Spoilers for Mark of Athena and House of Hades!!!

Percy Hates Jason and Jason is head over heels for Percy (with them ending up together)

Percy *hated* Jason. Apart from having perfect hair and perfect eyes and a perfect face and just being fucking perfect, he was also everything that Percy always wanted to be; a strong, fearless leader admired by all. And so when Jason started threatening his position as the leader, Percy's only defence was hate.

Jason loved Percy. He was kind and caring and hilarious. Jason felt himself drawn to the way Percy spoke, how he moved his hands when he was passionate about something, how his eyes sparkled when he got a chance to go for a swim. He loved the way he smiled softly at the younger demigods at camp and the way he treated his mother. He loved how feisty he was and how he fought during battles. He loved his hair and eyes and everything else. Jason just loved Him.

But Percy hated Jason.

***

"Alright, crew!" Jason yelled, standing up at the front of the *Argo II*. "Let's get this show on the road!"

The crew all cheered, except for Percy, who glared at Jason through his eyelashes. He couldn't believe how much of a dick Jason was. This was Percy's quest, not his! And now he was acting like the leader...

Percy stalked off the first chance he got and threw himself on his bed in his cabin. He buried his face in his pillow and sighed. Jason would be much easier to hate if he wasn't so kind and so good
at everything.

A soft knock sounded on the door,

"Percy?" speak of the devil, the dark haired boy thought as he saw Jason in the doorway.

"What?" Percy snapped.

"What's wrong?" the blonde asked softly. His eyes expressed real concern but Percy knew it was all an act, he was just trying to get Percy on his side so he could lead the quest,

"Nothing's wrong, go away," Percy spat, burying his face back in the pillow.

***

Jason didn't know what to do. Percy was sad and he didn't know how to fix it. He watched helplessly as the dark haired boy laid on the bed, not even looking at Jason. The son of Zeus wanted to touch Percy, ran his hands through his hair, rub his back or even hold his hand. He wanted to lie down next to him and pull the other boy in his arms and tell him it was okay.

But it wasn't okay because Percy hated Jason, and it fucking hurt.

Jason looked at the ground, shoulders slumping.

"Alright," he murmured, "if you need to talk to anyone, I'm here."

He turned around and walked down the corridor. He heard Percy scream after him, 'I don't want to talk to you!' and it made Jason flinch.

***

Frank and Percy came onboard the Argo II screaming at them to 'go, go, go!' Both were soaking wet, and Leo didn't ask any questions as he put the ship in air mode. Only when they were a few hundred feet above ground, did Percy and Frank collapse.

"Percy!" Jason said, dropping next to him, he quickly added, "Frank!" because he didn't want to sound suspicious, "are you guys okay?" he reached out to touch Percy's face, to check for injuries, but the dark haired boy glared at him and flinched away.

"Don't touch me," he flinched and stood up, proceeding to speak about their adventure. Jason stared at him, feeling his heart clench.

***

Percy didn't know why his heart was beating so fast and why he was so scared. An hour ago, Piper and Jason had gone down to the Pillars of Hercules to negotiate the safe passage, and they still weren't back.

And Percy was dying of worry. He imagined Piper, dead somewhere or a slave to Hercules while they sat here pointlessly. Then Percy imagined Jason's body washing up onto the shore, bloody and dead. He shuddered, he couldn't stand it if either of them died. Especially Jason.

*What are you saying you moron?* His brain supplied, *You hate him! Remember?*

But it was hard to hate him when the two spent so much time on the ship together. They practiced sparring sometimes because Percy and Jason were the best fighters, and Jason always made sure he didn't accidently nick Percy with his sword. His eyes were always kind, his voice always
warm, even when he and Percy argued.

*He's your enemy!* Percy reminded himself, *He tried to steal your friends away from you, your camp! He can't be trusted, he's only trying to get into your good graces so he can later use you when he needs you in the quest!*

Despite these thoughts, when Percy saw the two shapes flying across the sky, he slumped with relief.

"Oh thanks the Gods," he whispered under his breath. He thought that Hazel might've heard him, but she didn't say anything. When Jason and Piper landed on the deck in one piece, Percy had to stop himself from running up to Jason and throwing his arms around him. Jason looked up at him with a small smile, but when Percy only glared in response, Jason's smile dropped and he looked away.

***

When Jason knocked on Percy's cabin to tell him it was his turn to be on watch, he didn't knock straight away. He kind of looked at Percy at first, as creepy as it sounds. He watched his face, soft and relaxed and younger looking in the moonlight, the way his hands were clenched in the covers. Percy turned on his side and made a small noise, Jason blushed and shook his head, and then knocked on the door. Percy shot up in bed, eyes wide.

"Percy?" Jason asked worriedly, because the dark haired boy was breathing hard. Percy threw his covers to the side and pushed past Jason,

"I'm fine," he said.

***

Percy watched helplessly as the chunk of ceiling fell off and flattered Otis and turning him to dust. However seconds later he was already reforming. Percy glared at Bacchus, who looked bored, watching the whole ordeal.

"We can't beat them," Jason said. His face and hair was grey with dust, and Percy couldn't help but think that he still looked gorgeous, even beaten and dirty.

"Yes we can," Percy said stubbornly, he looked at Jason, and then the two charged together. Jason blasted the giants, and the mountain they were holding fell on Ephilates. Meanwhile Percy insulted Swan Lake and taunted Otis, causing the giant to throw himself at the two boys. Jason was ready, with a gust of wind he tossed the giant into the lake, and then it was all up to Percy.

The dark haired boy concentrated and then began moving the waters, pulling the particles of Otis apart before they could reform, over and over. They didn't see Ephilates come charging at them. In a matter of seconds the two were disarmed and on the ground. Jason could feel blood seeping from the wound on his head,

"Stupid mortals," Ephilates spat while his brother began reforming. Percy felt fear grip him. This is how he dies, with Jason in some weird cave, killed by a furious giant in a tutu while a God watches.

Still, Percy couldn't help but be glad that it was Jason. He glanced over at the blonde who was already looking at him, with the soft eyes that made Percy shiver. The dark haired boy was about to say 'I'm sorry,' when the *Argo II* appeared.

Jason and Percy didn't die.
Jason was going to tell him. He was going to tell Percy that he loved him as soon as they rescued Annabeth from Arachne. But he didn't get a chance to, instead he watched helplessly as Annabeth and his Percy fell into the dark pits of Tartarus. And he felt as if his heart was ripped from his chest and fell with them.

Jason was exhausted throughout the whole journey to the Doors of Death. He was plagued by monsters during the day, annoying gods and wind spirits, and by nightmares at night. He couldn't sleep, couldn't eat, it felt like his heart hurt all the time. He had to excuse himself all the time to hold back tears because he wanted Percy and his whole body ached for him.

The only thing that kept Percy going through Tartarus was his friends. Annabeth was right there, reminding him not to give up with every tight smile and hand squeeze. Percy knew he had to survive for them, for his friends. He had to survive for Jason, to tell him that he didn't hate him after all. He had to.

When Jason saw Percy and Annabeth spill out of the Doors of Death he felt his heart stop. For a horrible second he thought that Percy was dead, because he wasn't moving. But then he groaned and Jason's heart was beating again.

Everything happened very quickly after that, Hazel manipulated the mist and somehow she got rid of Pasiphae. Then Hecate appeared and everyone fought Clytius, but it was all a blur to Jason. All he could think about was Percy.

Then Nico was grabbing their hands and Jason was holding someone's hand, but it wasn't Percy's, and they travel shadowed onto a sunny hill. When they all spilled outside, Jason gathered himself up quickly, and saw Percy stand up as well.

He didn't care that everyone was watching. All of his feelings came flooding back to him, all the love and care and protectiveness he felt towards Percy, he remember how much he cared for the boy and without thinking he ran towards him.

Percy felt like crying when he saw Jason again, safe and in one piece. And when the blonde saw him he came towards him and Percy's heart ached at how much he needed to be close to Jason at that moment, and if he didn't he thought he might die.

Jason pulled him into a bone crushing hug and Percy returned the embrace fiercely, clinging onto Jason as if he was his anchor. He could feel Jason's rapidly beating heart against his chest, feel the heat radiating off of his body.

"Gods, Percy, I missed you," Jason whispered. Percy hugged him tighter, if that was even possible. Then Jason pulled away to say something, but Percy didn't let him. He grabbed his face in his hands and pulled him down to crash their lips together.

Jason seemed startled for a moment, but then he realized what was happening and he wrapped his arms around Percy's waist, kissing him back passionately. Jason saw fireworks behind his closed
eye lids, felt his heart explode, all he could think about was Percy, Percy, Percy...

Leo cleared his throat and Jason and Percy pulled away, but they weren't looking at the Latino, but staring into each other's eyes.

"I don't hate you," Percy gasped. Jason blinked at him and then smiled,

"I don't hate you either," he admitted, and then kissed Percy again. But they both knew what they meant.

_I love you._
Leo and Jason are on a train, Leo has a panic attack

Leo was your typical ADHD, hyper active Latino kid. Just another college boy taking the train to make it home after a tiring day filled with lessons and arguments with friends.

The sixteen year old sighed and leaned his forehead against the window. The train was packed with people coming back from work, and Leo was forced up against the door. He turned to look out of the window because he hated small, packed places and he preferred not to look at the people surrounding him.

Then the train burst into a tunnel, and Leo turned away. He preferred the people over the darkness.

There was a boy opposite him, a blonde one with glasses and a scar on his upper lip. He had warm blue eyes and offered Leo a small smile. The Latino smiled back and then looked away, because although the blonde was hot he didn't have the right to stare-

The train lurched and Leo tumbled forward, right into the blonde’s arm. The boy caught him and prevented him from falling to the ground. The carriage stopped and the lights flickered out. Leo began to panic. He could feel the warmth radiating off of the other boy as he held Leo's upper arms, steadying him.

The carriage drowned in darkness. Someone screamed, someone demanded what was happening. The intercom came on, but all the passengers could hear was shuffling, no voices. A child began crying.

"Oh fuck, please not now," Leo gasped, feeling his claustrophobia kick in. He was all too warm all of a sudden, and shivering. His heart was beating madly in his chest and his palms were sweaty. The blonde boy leaned closer to Leo and the Latino could see his face better in the green emergency lights that came on,
"Hey, are you okay?" the blonde asked, hands still gripping Leo's arms.

"Y-Yes," Leo lied and swallowed hard. The train lurched again and a dozen startled screams rang out. Without thinking about it, Leo pushed himself forward until his face was pressed against the tall blonde's chest. He was breathing fast, hands clutching at the back of the blonde's shirt.

"Hey, hey, calm down," the blonde said gently, and then wrapped his arms around Leo protectively, "don't worry, nothing bad's going to happen." He promised and Leo relaxed a tiny bit. Then blushed, realizing that he was hugging some random stranger.

"Shit, I'm sorry," Leo mumbled. Everyone in the train was talking and shouting, but the blonde still heard him. He smiled gently,

"It's alright," the blonde held onto his hand, "it's alright to be scared."

"I'm not scared," Leo protested. The blonde ruffled his hair,

"Of course you're not," he said, and squeezed his hands, then let go, "you're not scared, Leo."

The lights flicked on abruptly, blinding Leo and forcing him to shield his eyes. The train was moving again and in seconds it was out of the tunnel and out in the daylight.

Leo blinked. He didn't remember telling the blonde his name. He turned to ask him how he knew his name, but when he turned, the blonde was gone. Leo searched the whole carriage but the boy was gone. There hadn't been a station where he could've gotten off at.

Leo leaned back against the door and pressed his hand against his heart, and smiled.

He liked to pretend that the blonde stranger had been his guardian angel.
I pick my poison and it's you

Chapter Notes

for RedTears

Leo, Reyna, and Nico goes on a quest ad Leo gets poisoned

Before the monster crumbled to dust, it managed to bite Leo. Right in the fucking neck.

"Great!" Reyna spat, "what now?" she paced around the clearing aimlessly as Nico checked Leo's wound. It was over and not too deep, but the blood was tinted green and Leo looked really pale and sick,

"Does it hurt?" Nico asked gently.

"Not really," Leo mumbled, "just kinda makes me wanna puke."

"We're gonna have to suck the venom out," Nico informed Reyna. The girl blinked at him,

"Have fun with that," she said, before turning on her heel, "I am going to look for a water source
to Iris message the camp. By the time I'm back Valdez better be back to normal!" and with that she ran off. Nico stared after her, mouth hanging open.

"B-But," he spluttered.

"Nico," Leo mumbled, and his head rolled helplessly onto Nico's shoulder, as if he couldn't keep it up, "just do it...please..." Leo's voice sounded weak. Nico swallowed.

"A-Alright," he mumbled, and manoeuvred Leo so that the wound was in his face. Nico took a deep breath and then gently moved closer to Leo's neck. The Latino flinched away, "What is it?" Nico asked.

"Nothing," Leo mumbled, resting his forehead on Nico's shoulder. His face was bright red, "it just tickled."

"Okay, just don't move," Nico sighed and then pressed his lips against the wound. Leo gasped and his hands curled into the back of Nico's shirt. The dark haired boy rolled his eyes and then sucked. He tasted Leo's blood and the sickly sweet poison on his lips, and he pulled away quickly, spitting it out onto the grass and wiping his lips.

Nico turned his head sideways to look at Leo. Somehow the boy ended up straddling his lap. His eyes were closed, his mouth open as he gasped for breath. His face was bright red.

Unable to stop himself, Nico tucked one of Leo's curls behind his ear, "You okay?" he asked gently. Leo nodded, eyes still closed, "K-Keep going," he whispered. So Nico pressed his mouth back to Leo's feverishly hot skin, and sucked, trying to block out the taste. This time Leo gave a tiny moan, and Nico froze.

*Is he enjoying this?!* He thought. A wicked grin appeared on Nico's face as he wrapped his arms around Leo's waist, pulling him closer, his mouth latched onto the neck. As he sucked the last of the poison out, spitting it out onto the grass, he felt Leo's hardness against his stomach.

The fact that Leo was technically safe now didn't stop Nico from licking and biting his way up his neck, soothing the wound with his tongue. Leo was giving out little gasps and startled moans, hands buried in Nico's hair at this point.

The dark haired boy brushed his lips against Leo's jaw. Impatiently, the Latino tugged on the Italian's hair. Because of their position, Leo was slightly above Nico. The dark haired boy was grinning like a cunning fox, one of his hands rubbing circles into Leo's back, underneath his shirt. Leo's eyes were half lidded, and his lips were swollen from where he bit them.

Nico couldn't help himself. He pulled Leo down slightly and captured his mouth with his own. Their breaths mingled together as they kissed feverishly, tongues intertwining, hungry, hot mouths pressing together roughly. By the end of it, Leo was a shivering, aroused mess in Nico's lap.

"Are you two *quite* done?!" Reyna asked, a blush on her face.
And everybody wants to taste

Chapter Notes

for regentofthesun

Can you write a jasico/percico fic where they are on a date and Nico gets flirted with and Jason
Or percy gets jealous for regentofthesun

Percy's eye twitched as he watched the waiter flirt shamelessly with Nico when Percy was right there. In all fairness, Nico did his best to keep his replies short and asked the guy to leave, but the waiter was really fricking persistent. He reached out and touched Nico's shoulder playfully and that was it.

"Oi, fuck off won't you," Percy growled. The waiter blinked at him.

"Excuse me?" The man huffed.

"He's my date," Percy said, angry eyes trained on the waiter, "so why don't you fuck off and leave him alone, yeah?"

"Calm down, sir," the waiter rolled his eyes, "we were just talking."

"Well take our order and stop talking," Percy growled. Nico was giving him a weird look. The waiter rolled his eyes again and turned his back on Percy, turning to Nico,

"Is he always like this?" he asked casually, "must get annoying."

Percy's face was red with anger,
"Please just take out order and go," Nico said quickly. The waiter raised an eyebrow,

"Aw c'mon, sweet cheeks, you can do better than him," he tried again, "why don't we switch tables and I show you what a real man can do, eh?" he offered with a wink.

"No thanks," Nico deadpanned, face impassive. Percy stood up abruptly, causing his chair to slam into the floor. Everyone around them stopped talking to look at them,

"Stop hitting on my boyfriend!" Percy growled at the waiter. Nico quickly grabbed his hand,

"Come on, Perce, we're leaving," he said and the forcefully dragged Percy out, leaving the waiter standing there, confused and a bit embarrassed.

When the two were outside in the snow, Percy really started.

"I can't believe that guy!" he yelled, "he was just hitting on you right in front of me! Like I get that you're gorgeous and stuff, but I was right there!"

"Percy, calm down," Nico said, a small smile on his face. Percy blinked at him,

"Why the hell are you smiling?!" he demanded, "did you enjoy that guy hitting on you?! Is that it?!"

"No," Nico rolled his eyes, "it's just funny seeing you jealous."

Percy flushed suddenly,

"I-I am not jealous," he spluttered. Nico smiled,

"Yes you are."

"M-Maybe a little bit," Percy admitted, looking away, "but I have the right to! The guy was flirting with you!"

"Percy it doesn't matter."

"Yes it does!" Percy growled, walking up to Nico and taking his hands in his own, "you're mine."

Nico's smile grew and he pecked Percy on the lips,

"I know," he mumbled, "don't worry, I don't want anyone else but you."

Percy gave him a disbelieving look but then kissed him again. There was snow in Nico's dark hair and on his eye lashes, his cheeks were red from the cold. Percy kissed him until he felt his lips warm,

"I love you," he whispered. Nico slipped his arms around Percy's waist, under his coat where it was warm and pressed himself closer to him,

"I know," Nico replied, "I love you too. Only you," he kissed the top of Percy's nose, "so don't get jealous."

"Alright," Percy said, and kissed Nico again.
Here I am

Chapter Notes

For Theoretically.
This ones kinda dark but with a happy ending.

"percy is dealing with depression and ptsd from all that happened to him in Tartarus and Luke struggles to come to terms with the fact that Percy is changed for good." percy/luke au where luke never went bad:

The way Luke remembered Percy before the Titan war was as a perky, happy, carefree boy who jumped head first into quests and didn't bother figuring out if something was worth saving, if there was even the smallest chance for it to be saved. He was the reason why Luke left behind the hatred for his father, and his plans to betray camp and join the Titans. He was the reason that Luke had hope for a better future.

Whenever Luke started doubting the Gods and the cause the demigods were fighting for, Percy would be right there to smile at him and tell him that 'they were in this together.'

The way Luke remembered Percy before the Titan was a lot different than what Percy was like now.

The boy's smile never reached his eyes, and although his fighting skills got better, he hated to train. There were dark circles under his eyes and he was always tired, and never up for going out. This happened to practically every demigod after the war, but as time passed, they opened up again and started to live life. But not Percy.

The boy full of life and hope was gone, replaced by the shell of a human being. This didn't stop Luke from loving Percy any less.

***

Percy and Luke were sitting at the table in the dining pavilion on a sunny, summer morning, signing some papers for Chiron about new-found demigods popping up all over America, when Percy suddenly gasped in pain.

"What is it?" Luke asked, alert. The paper Percy was holding fell out of his hand as the boy curled
in on himself, clutching his chest.

"M-my chest hurts," he gritted out in pain, "j-just give me a sec-"

The sight of Percy in pain hurt Luke. He walked around the table and sat down next to Percy. He didn't know what to do. Percy's eyes were squeezed shut, hands curled into his shirt, his breathing sped up. Hesitantly, Luke reached out to touch his cheek. Percy flinched away,

"D-Don't touch me!" he gasped, scooting away. Luke stared at him with wide eyes and then dropped his hand, feeling guilt blossom in his chest. Of course he doesn't want you to touch him! Luke scolded himself,

"Sorry," he murmured, but didn't move. He wasn't leaving Percy alone. Gradually, the dark haired boy's pain seemed to subside and he dropped his hands. His hands dropped into his lap,

"I'm sorry, Luke," he whispered, not looking at the blonde, "I didn't mean to snap..."

"It's alright," Luke offered him a tight smile, "let's just get back to the papers."

***

Luke was asleep in his and Percy's bed, warm and cozy, when he was woken by his boyfriend's scream. The blonde sat up instantly, and grabbed Percy's shoulder. The dark haired boy was thrashing on the bed, yelling 'no, no, no!'

"Percy," Luke said urgently, shaking the boy, "Percy, wake up!"

The dark haired boy bolted upright, chest heaving with desperate attempts to suck in enough air. Tears clumped Percy's eyelashes together, and his eyes were wide and terrified.

"Percy," Luke pulled the boy into his arms, "shh, it's okay. You're safe now, nobody can hurt you."

It happened every night; Percy would wake up from a nightmare absolutely terrified, and Luke would have to calm him down. But if this was the price he had to pay for being able to love Percy, and be loved back by him, he was willing to pay it.

Percy was shaking in Luke's arms as the blonde held him tightly, whispering soothing words into his ear. Slowly, the dark haired boy relaxed, and wrapped his arms around Luke.

"Thanks," he mumbled, voice hoarse. Luke kissed his forehead,

"It's alright," he tucked a piece of Percy's hair behind his ear, "do you want to go back to sleep or do something else?" he asked softly.


"Alright."

They put on a Disney Movie.

***

Luke was brushing his teeth, about to go to bed. The door to the bathroom was cracked open just in case Percy called. The blonde spat out the toothpaste and rinsed his mouth, when the scream came.
Luke dropped his toothbrush into the sink and stumbled into the kitchen. Percy was holding a knife like a sword in a bleeding hand, his eyes wild and unseeing.

"Don't hurt them!" Percy yelled at nobody, "why are you doing this?"

Luke ran to him and forced the knife out of his hand. The dark haired boy hit him with his fists and screamed at him.

"Stop! Leave me alone!" he yelled, "Don't hurt them!" He accidently punched Luke in the jaw. The blonde groaned and stumbled back, but then quickly grabbed Percy's wrists.

"Percy!" he yelled. Recognition came into Percy's eyes and he blinked and stopped fighting Luke. Slowly, the blonde let go of his wrists, and the dark haired boy slid down the wall. Luke's shirt and hands were bloody from the wound on Percy's arm, the one he must've inflicted onto himself. "Percy," Luke whispered, crouching in front of the dark haired boy, who wasn't looking at him.


"No, no," Luke murmured, "shh, you didn't, it's okay, it was an accident," he assured Percy, even though he could feel the bruise forming on his cheek. He reached for the first aid box, "it's alright baby, let me look at the wound."

"I hurt you," Percy whispered, eyes glazed over. Luke took his injured arm in his hand gently and then proceeded to clean the wound on Percy's pale wrist. The dark haired boy didn't even flinch when Luke applied the antiseptic, or when he wrapped the bandages around his wrist. Luke took Percy's wrist in his hand and placed a gentle kiss on the bandage.

Percy's eyes snapped up to look at him. He hesitantly reached out to touch Luke's jaw. Unable to help himself, the blonde winced. Percy pulled himself up and placed a feather light kiss against the bruise on Luke's jaw. The blonde smiled,

"I'm sorry," Percy whispered.

"Don't worry about it," Luke said, still smiling. He hoisted Percy up into his arms and the dark haired boy wrapped himself around Luke like a koala bear and let himself be carried to the bedroom.

***

"Oh, Perce," Luke whispered, dropping the keys into a bowl. Percy was sitting on the couch, a bottle of almost finished vodka in his hand. His face was red, his eyes hazy. The blonde came up to him and took the alcohol away, "Percy, why are you drinking?" Luke asked, already knowing the answer.

"To forget," Percy slurred. There were tears in his eyes again.

"Percy, you don't need to forget," Luke's thumb brushed over Percy's cheekbone, "I'm right here, you can talk to me about the war."

"I-I don't want to," Percy mumbled, "can you hold me?"

"Yeah," Luke sighed but he climbed onto the couch and pulled Percy into his arms. The dark haired boy pressed his face against the blonde's shoulder. He was shaking again. Luke's hands rubbed soft circles into his lower back.
"I hate when you do this to yourself," Luke whispered, "I don't know what to do. I don't know how to help."

"You're helping right now," Percy said, eyes closed. "Luke?"

"Yes?"

"I'm going to be sick."

***

Luke walked into the apartment. All of the lights were off, the only light coming from the street lamps outside.

"Percy?" Luke called, but didn't turn the lights on. He knew Percy liked the dark sometimes. Slowly, the blonde climbed up the stairs and into the bedroom. There was a small bundled under the covers, shivering even though it was warm.

Percy was hiding again. Luke slowly kneeled next to the bed. He didn't throw the covers back, he didn't want to scare his boyfriend anymore than he already was.

"Percy," he said gently, placing his hand on the mattress, "it's me. Luke."

After several minutes, Percy hands slowly appeared from under the mountain of pillows and covers. It was shaking as he took Luke's hand. Then his face appeared, framed by the duvet,

"Hi," he whispered.

"Hey," Luke smiled gently, "how are you?"

"I got scared," Percy looked away, "sorry."

"Don't be," Luke squeezed his hand, "any space for me under there?"

Percy nodded and scooted up. Luke slipped under the covers, automatically wrapping one arm around Percy's waist. He kissed the top of Percy's nose,

"Want to tell me what scared you?" Luke asked. Percy shrugged,

"Just the dark," he mumbled, "reminded me of Tartarus. And the House of Hades," Percy shuddered. Luke pulled him in closer and the dark haired boy sighed, "I'm sorry I'm like this."

Luke frowned,

"Like what?" he asked.

"So...scared all the time," Percy said, "and weak. I wasn't like this when we started dating...," he looked away again, "and I'm sorry. I wish I could be better an-"


"W-What?" he stuttered.

"I want you to marry me Percy," Luke pressed their foreheads together. A blush rose to Percy's cheeks,

"B-But I'm broken-"
"No you're not," Luke said stubbornly, "you're perfect. You're so brave and beautiful and I love you, okay? And I want you to marry me, I want to be with you forever." He took Percy's hands in his, "and I want all of you, not just the good stuff. I want to hold you after you had a nightmare and be there for you when you get a flashback. I want to bandage your wounds," his fingers brushed over the bandage on Percy's wrist, "I want to be there for you, for always, if that's what it takes. And if you never get better than I don't care because I love you no matter what."

By the end of his little speech, Percy was crying again.

"So," Luke smiled gently, "will you marry me?"

"Of course I'll marry you," Percy laughed through his tears, rolling his eyes. Luke pressed their lips together gently.

"I love you," Percy whispered against his lips.

"I love you too," Luke murmured and kissed him again. And when he pulled away, Percy was smiling, and this time his eyes were smiling too.
You're hurt.

Chapter Notes

For RoseBadwolf1000

Prompt: Werewolf!Nico. Percy or Jason helping Nico through it and caring for and just being there for him.

Jason had been tracking the werewolf for a few days now. It seemed that the wolf was young still, or newly changed, because it left obvious marks behind; scratches on trees, footprint marks and carcasses of small animals. But the wolf was quick and alert, and probably terrified of the hunter, which made him just one step ahead of Jason.

But this was it – Jason finally had him, cornered in this meadow. He'd been hurt by something, maybe a bigger werewolf or animal, and was now cowering in fear from Jason. The sun was setting and the animal's black fur glimmered with gold and orange.

"Come on," Jason told the werewolf, making sure his voice didn't betray any emotion, "let's just get this over with. I promise to make your death quick."

The werewolf backed up into the rocky wall, whimpering helplessly and looking at Jason with pleading eyes. The blonde swallowed. He really didn't want to do this. As far as he was concerned, this specific werewolf hadn't killed any humans...but it was his job. With a deep breath, Jason raised his gun.

The werewolf howled and then his body began to morph.

"Oh not now," Jason growled to himself. He lowered the gun as the werewolf began thrashing and whimpering. The hunter wouldn't kill a human.

A minute later, where the wolf had been there was now a boy. His skin was deathly pale and he had bruises smudged underneath his dark, scared eyes. His messy, dark hair, the same color as his fur, was laced with leaves and mud. He was naked, and curled up on himself, leaning against the stone wall, breathing hard, trying to catch his breath.

Jason stared at him, and the boy stared back.
"P-Please don't kill me," he managed eventually, voice hoarse and weak. Jason sighed and then shrugged off his trench coat.

"Don't worry, I won't," he said, "put this on," he threw the coat down next to the boy, who hesitantly reached for it and wrapped it around himself. Then he winced and let out a tiny whimper.

"You're hurt," Jason suddenly remembered.

"Yeah," the boy gritted out and then tried to stand on shaky legs. He wobbled dangerously and Jason's instincts kicked in. He started forward and wrapped an arm around the boy's waist, steadying him. The boy looked up at Jason with wide eyes. He was trembling, and Jason found himself mesmerized by the way that the boy fit perfectly in his arms, and by his gorgeous eyes.

"Come on," Jason cleared his head and stepped away from the boy, immediately missing his warmth, "You're probably hungry. And you look cold."

"Why would I go with you?" the werewolf demanded, still backed up into the stone wall. Jason sighed,

"I know I might seem like a monster, but I'm just doing my job," he said, "so please, let me help you. I already felt bad enough for hunting you, you didn't seem to enjoy killing, and now that you're human I definitely won't hurt you."

The boy looked at Jason, his eyes narrowed,

"And when I turn back into a wolf?" he asked cautiously. Jason shrugged,

"I know I might seem like a monster, but I'm just doing my job," he said, "so please, let me help you. I already felt bad enough for hunting you, you didn't seem to enjoy killing, and now that you're human I definitely won't hurt you."

"I know I might seem like a monster, but I'm just doing my job," he said, "so please, let me help you. I already felt bad enough for hunting you, you didn't seem to enjoy killing, and now that you're human I definitely won't hurt you."

"I can hear your heartbeat." Jason said, "I'm Jason Grace by the way."

"I don't know," he admitted, "but for now I won't hurt you. What I will do is buy you some clothes and food and find you somewhere to sleep, sounds good?"

The boy still looked like he didn't trust the hunter, which Jason wasn't surprised about.

"Put the gun away first," he said eventually. Jason did, chucking into in to the bushes,

"I've got more at home," he said and the werewolf winced. It was probably a bad thing to say at the moment, "come on. I swear I won't hurt you."

"You don't sound like you're lying," the boy said eventually. When he saw Jason's confused expression he quickly explained, "I can hear your heartbeat."

"Oh." Jason said, "I'm Jason Grace by the way."

"Nico di Angelo," the boy introduced himself, "do you have a car or something? I'm kinda cold."

And he looked cold, with his bare legs and feet. Jason nodded,

"Yeah. I parked outside the woods. Come on."

***

Jason always carried spare clothes with him, in case he got any blood or stuff on the set he was wearing. So he let Nico pull his too-big sweatpants and t-shirt in the back, and then watched as the wolf climbed into the passenger's seat. He cleaned his face and hair with some bottled water and now looked much more healthy, and a lot younger.
"How old are you exactly?" Jason asked, starting the car.

"Eighteen," Nico said, playing with the strings of his sweat pants nervously, "what about you?"

"Twenty three," Jason shrugged, "where's your pack?"

"I don't wanna talk about it," Nico said, turning to face the window. Rain was starting to pour down in sheets, hitting the glass and making the world outside unrecognisable.

"Okay," Jason said, not wanting to push it, "so what do you wanna eat?"

***

Twenty minutes later they were sitting in a fairly empty McDonalds. Jason was picking at his fries while Nico shovelled in a third double cheeseburger.

"Slow down or you'll throw up," Jason warned. Nico glared at him,

"Don't tell me what to do," he snapped, "all I've eaten in a week is raw bunny." He pulled a face, "ugh, that's gross," he told himself and continued eating.

"We should take you to a hospital," Jason said, "to check that wound out."

"Oh no, it's fine," Nico waved him off. Jason frowned,

"Nico. You literally have a hole in your stomach."

Nico lifted his shirt with greasy fingers to show his flat, pale stomach, unmarred by scars, with dried blood decorating the healed skin. Jason gaped and Nico rolled his eyes, dropping the shirt,

"For a hunter you sure don't know much about werewolves," Nico mused.

"I'm kinda new," Jason shrugged, "my family...they kind of forced this whole thing on me."

"No way," Nico said, "out of all the hunters I meet, I get the one who really doesn't want to kill me."

"Is that so hard to believe?" Jason asked softly. Nico looked uncomfortable all of a sudden. He looked away, blushing,

"Um, well you do look like a hunter," he said quietly, "and you smell like one. And I though..." he put his cheeseburger down, not hungry anymore.

"Do you want to sleep at mine?" Jason asked, "I have a very comfortable couch."

"I mean you did buy me dinner," Nico smirked.

"I didn't mean it like that," Jason said, a blush rising to his cheeks. Nico smiled, a bit sadly,

"Of course you didn't," he joked, "after all I am just a dirty werewolf. Let's go." He said, standing up and walking out, leaving Jason to chase after him.

***

Jason woke up in the middle of the night, absolutely parched. He got up from the bed, and rubbed sleep out of his eyes, before padding downstairs in order to get some water from the kitchen. He walked into the living room and glanced at the couch.
His heart dropped because the covers were kicked to the side, and Nico was gone.

"Nico?" Jason whispered tentatively.

"Why are you down here?" Nico demanded. He was stood in the corner, surrounded by shadows, holding a kitchen knife in a trembling hand. It was pointed at Jason, "I knew you'd try to kill me in my sleep," the werewolf spat, "I should have never trusted you."

"Don't be stupid, Nico," Jason said, "I only came here to get a glass of water. I already said that I wouldn't hurt you."

"You're lying," Nico said desperately. There were tears shining in his eyes and Jason didn't have to be a werewolf to see that he was terrified, "your heart is racing."

"Because you're pointing a knife at me."

"Stop lying," Nico growled. He opened his mouth to say something more, but Jason dashes across the room and using his training, ripped the knife out of Nico's hands. He chucked it across the room and watch it skid across the floor before hitting a wall.

Jason now had Nico cornered all over again, defenceless. Nico pressed himself into the wall,

"Please don't kill me," he gasped, "I don't want to die, I w-won't kill a-anyone I promise..."

Jason pulled the terrified werewolf into his arms. He felt the dark haired boy tense and let out a tiny gasp, but Jason didn't care. He needed him to see that Jason wasn't going to hurt him. So he clutched Nico close and rubbed his back,

"I won't hurt you," he whispered, "I promise. I won't, so just trust me."

Slowly, Nico relaxed and buried his face in Jason's chest.

"I'm just really scared," he mumbled. Jason hugged him harder,

"I know, but I won't let anyone harm you," he whispered, and smiled when Nico hugged him back finally, with a small sigh of relief. "Nico?" Jason asked softly. The boy was slumped against him, breathing slow and calm. Jason pulled away slightly and realized that Nico had fallen asleep.

With a small smile, Jason picked him up bridal style and carried him back to the couch. He laid the werewolf down and threw a duvet over him, before going back to his own room, his water forgotten.

***

Jason was eating cereal, sitting opposite Nico at the table. The dark haired boy was also eating cereal. The two didn't speak of last night,

"So where are you going to stay?" Jason asked, in between mouthfuls. Nico shrugged,

"I don't know. I'll figure something out."

"Well, you should be gone by the evening," Jason said, "I'm going to work today. So gather your stuff and...you know, go wherever you have to go."

"Okay," Nico mumbled, looking down at his cereal, "thanks. For everything."
"No problem," Jason stood up, refusing to look at Nico, and put his coat on, "bye, I guess."

"Bye," Nico said, looking up at Jason, but the blonde was already walking out.

***

When Jason came home, the werewolf was gone. He had a long day at work, trying to explain to his superiors how he 'lost' a werewolf on the Mexican border. And now all that welcomed him was a cold apartment.

The blonde couldn't help but wish that Nico was there, so he had someone to talk to, so he wouldn't be so lonely all the time. Jason found himself thinking of where the dark haired boy was now. Probably running, maybe still wearing Jason's clothes, maybe already in his wolf form. Either way, Jason hoped he was safe.

He noticed that the dishes were washed and the covers Nico used folded. It made him smile sadly.

***

A week later Jason was filing out some paper work with another hunter, Annabeth, when their boss came in.

"James," Mr D barked,

"It's Jason," Jason sighed,

"Whatever," Mr D waved him off, "the runaway wolf you were meant to kill last week has been spotted in the woods."

Jason perked up, his heart beat picking up. Nico.

"S-Should I go after him?!" the blonde stuttered,

"Him?" Mr D raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah," Jason said quickly, "I think it's a he."

"Whatever," Mr D sounded bored, "but no. You stay here with Annabelle and fill out the paper work. I already sent a team to get rid of the wolf," and with that Mr D walked out.

Jason felt his blood run cold. They were going to kill Nico, or more likely he was already dead. Annabeth noticed his expression,

"You didn't actually lose the werewolf did you?" she asked gently. Jason looked up at her, and bit his lip,

"He was so helpless," he said in a small voice, "and so small...I just..."

"It's alright," Annabeth sighed, "everyone feels guilty at the beginning. Maybe you're not cut out to be a hunter."

"Maybe," Jason said quietly, looking down at the paper so Annabeth didn't see the tears in his eyes. Nico was dead, because Jason made him leave.

***

Jason parked his motorbike in front of his apartment building and dragged himself up the stairs.
He was numb, and his head was pounding. He really needed to cry but he didn't think he could make it happen. How did he get attached to someone so much?! And someone he knew for less than twenty four hours as well?!

The blonde was in his hallway now, and he ran a hand down his face tiredly. Then he froze.

There was someone sitting on the ground by his door, curled up on himself, knees drawn to his chest with his head resting on them. The boy was wearing Jason's oversized clothes.

"N-Nico?!” Jason spluttered. The boy looked up, his eyes wide again. Then, using his wolf speed, he was on Jason.

"Oh Gods, Jason," he gasped, hugging the man tightly. Jason clung onto him,

"Fuck." He said, "I thought they killed you. Why did you come back?!" he demanded, pulling away, suddenly angry, "now they know you're here!"

Nico bit his lip,

"I had nowhere to go." He admitted, "my pack disowned me and...,” he took a shaky breath, "I was so afraid. And there were these hunters and they were after me and I didn't know where to go--"

Jason forced Nico to shut up by pulling him into his arms again,

"Idiot," he mumbled, "you should've just stayed."

***

The two were sitting on Jason's couch, drinking tea. Nico took a shower and his hair was damp, curling gently around his face. He wore some more of Jason's clean clothes, and there was a blanket thrown around his shoulders.

For the first time Jason notice how beautiful Nico was, with his long eyelashes and trembling, delicate hands. It was hard to imagine him as a ferocious killer.

"Nico," Jason said softly, "you can stay here as long as you want."

"R-Really?" Nico blinked at him. Jason smiled,

"Yeah, I told you that I wouldn't let anyone kill you, didn't I?"

Nico smiled.

***

Two weeks later Jason and Nico fell into a comfortable routine. Jason bought Nico a toothbrush and a towel and some clothes. Nico stayed at home most of the time, watching TV or baking or reading. Sometimes he went out, but most of the time he was too afraid to be outside alone. Jason came home after work, and Nico would have dinner ready. They'd watch a movie or talk and then they'd go to sleep. It was a comfortable life, and Jason loved it. He loved having Nico there.

Then one day, something happened. Jason was kissed by a co-worker, Piper. She confessed that she liked him, but Jason turned her down, which she took surprisingly well. But when he came home, Nico went crazy.

"Why do you smell so weird?" he demanded.
"Er, what?" Jason asked, shrugging his coat off.

"You smell like," Nico wrinkled his nose, "I can't explain it. But you stink! What happened?" he seemed agitated,

"My friend from work kissed me?" Jason offered.

"What?" Nico growled, his eyes flashing red, "I'll kill her."

"Woah, Nico, calm down," Jason said, confused, "I'm allowed to kiss people."

"No you're not!" Nico said desperately, "you can't because it makes my skin crawl when your smell changes and just...ugh," he groaned and then clung onto himself, "fuck. I think I'm changing."

"What?!"

"Jason get out!" Nico said and then gasped. The blonde turned and ran for the door, but it was too late. Nico's bones creaked and then a howl sounded through the apartment. Jason's hands shook as he tried to open the door.

Nico, as the wolf, was on him in seconds. Jason fell to the ground, pinned by the snarling, black wolf.

"N-Nico...," he started, but the wolf just growled at him. Jason's heart was in his throat. He was so terrified and he didn't know what to do. Nico's sharp teeth could rip his throat out easily, and for once he didn't have any weapons on him.

Though he doubted he could hurt Nico even if he did have a weapon on him. So instead Jason squeezed his eyes shut, preparing himself for the pain of being ripped alive by a werewolf.

But it never came.

Instead, Nico pressed his nose against Jason's neck and sniffed along the skin, before licking it with his warm, rough tongue.

"Nico?" Jason asked, voice more breathless than he would have liked. The wolf looked down at him, and his eyes were still the same as when he was human.

Nico nuzzled against Jason's neck again, and the blonde realized that he was trying to make him smell like him. The thought made him feel warmer inside, and he smiled, one of his hands coming up to scratch behind Nico's ear.

"Come on big guy," Jason sat up, and Nico let him, "I need my sleep." He stood up. Nico sat down by the door and watched Jason with a sad expression, "you coming?" the human asked after a moment, because technically sleeping with wolf Nico didn't make Jason want to sleep with human Nico...right?

Anyway, Jason just shut his brain off and climbed onto his bed. Nico hovered next to the door hesitantly, but Jason just patted the covers,

"Come on, then," he said, smiling sleepily at Nico. The werewolf slowly neared Jason's bed, and then jumped on. He turned in circles for a moment before settling down next to Jason. The blonde reached out to bury his hand in Nico's warm fur, "Night, Niks."
In reply, the wolf licked his cheek.

***

Jason woke up sometime later, when it was still dark outside, to Nico, back to human, playing with his hair. He was completely naked.

"Nico?" Jason mumbled sleepily. Nico smiled happily,

"You smell like me," he said. Jason closed his eyes and wrapped an arm around Nico's waist, pulling him into his chest. After a moment he pressed a small kiss on top of his head. Nico looked up, startled, to see Jason looking down at him with soft eyes.

"Jas-" Nico started, but then Jason kissed him and the words died in his throat. The kiss was hot and demanding, and in seconds Jason had Nico underneath him. The blonde licked his way into Nico's mouth, pining his wrists to the bed. Nico felt heat flare across his body and he couldn't help the moan that escaped him when Jason licked down his neck, his brain screaming; *mate, mate, mate, mate.*
Hey can you make an AU where they have this big fight and break up with each other but the days following the break up they start to re notice the things that made them fall in love

"I fucking hate you! I don't know why I asked you out in the first place!" Frank yelled. Leo stood in the middle of the room, hands curled into fists, his face red,

"You should be glad I even wanted to date you!" he shouted, "you're a real piece of shit Frank!"

"Oh yeah?!!" Frank laughed humourlessly and picked up his coat, "good luck looking for someone who can deal with your bullshit, Valdez!"

And with that, he walked out of the Hephaestus cabin. Leo felt tears gather in his eyes as soon as his ex-boyfriend was gone. Nyssa, who had been sitting down with the rest of Leo's siblings, watching the exchange with wide eyes, stood up and hugged Leo,

"It's okay," she assured him, "He wasn't worth it."

"Yes, he was," Leo mumbled, "and I screwed up...again."
"Aw, don't say that, Leo," Charles ruffled his hair, "trust me, everything will work out-"

***

"-fine!" Clarisse yelled, "let's declare war on them! We held out great against the Apollo kids over that damn chariot, we'll do it again!"

The Ares cabin cheered. Frank sighed and dropped onto his bed,

"It's alright guys," he sighed, "I just wanna leave it."

"You sure?" Sherman asked, "we can beat him up if you'd like."

"No!" Frank snapped, sitting up, "anyone touches him and I'll kill them personally," he growled. Clarisse blinked,

"So...no war then?"

***

Leo was downright miserable. He played with his untied shoe laces, chin resting on his knees.

"Hey!" Jason ran up to him and sat down at his side, "Leo what's up?"

"Me and Frank broke up," Leo mumbled. Jason gaped,

"W-What?!" he exclaimed, "but you were so perfect for each other!"

"Clearly not," Leo said, eyes filling with tears again, "it's been two days."

"And you didn't tell me?!" Jason spluttered, and then winced, "shit sorry. I'm being insensitive...,"

he trailed off. The two sat in silence for a moment, "so what are you gonna do now?"

Leo shrugged,

"I don't know," he whispered, "I kinda miss him."

"Of course you do," Jason said sympathetically, patting Leo's back, "don't worry it'll get better."

"I hope so."

***

"Frank!" Clarisse said, whacking her half brother with a pillow, "get up you lazy lump!"

"Go away," Frank growled. Clarisse sighed and sat down on the bed,

"Come on Frank," she said, voice softer, "it's been two weeks..."

"And I can't stop thinking about him!" Frank rolled onto his back, and rubbed his hands over his face, "I just keep remembering all the good stuff about him..."

"Oh yeah?" Clarisse raised an eyebrow, "like what?"

"He gets a dimple in his right cheek when he smiles too much," Frank mumbled, "it's so fucking adorable."
'Alright," Clarisse rolled her eyes, "what else?"

***

"What else?" Leo snorted, "his fucking mouth that's what! Gods, this one time he did this thing-"

"Too much information!" Jake exclaimed quickly, face burning red. "how about..." his eyes scanned the room, "how about you write it down!" he said suddenly, grabbing a piece of paper and a pen off one of the tables. Leo raised an eyebrow.

"Write it down?"

"Yeah," Jake clarified, "like the pros and cons of dating Frank. I read it somewhere," he added quickly. Leo rolled his eyes but took the paper anyway.

"Fine, whatever," he grumbled, "but this is private so go away," he shooed him off. Jake rolled his eyes,

"Alright, fine," he said, and casually picked up another piece of paper. He quickly scribbled on top: *Write the pros and cons of dating Leo, trust me*. And then he ran out.

"Mark!" the Hephastus kid yelled, running down the strawberry fields, legs pumping faster than ever. The Ares kid huffed when he saw him, squaring his shoulders.

"Fuck do you want?" he spat. Ever since Frank's and Leo's break up, the two cabins have been unfriendly to each other. Jake bent over, trying to catch his breath and then shoved the piece of paper into Mark's hand,

"Give this to Frank," he said, gasping for breath, "please."

"Fine," Mark grumbled and stuffed the paper into the back pocket. Jake grabbed his sleeve to stop him from leaving,

"And when he's done...just like, take the paper without him noticing and give it back to me?"

"Why?" Mark's eyes narrowed.

"Just please do it?" Jake asked. Mark sighed,

"Fine."

"Now." Jake said.

"On it! On it, chill!" Mark raised his hands up in surrender and then stalked uphill, muttering curses about Jake under his breath. When he reached the cabin, he slammed the door open. All of his siblings looked up from where they were polishing their weapons, startled.

Frank was laying face down on his bed, ignoring the world. Mark whacked him upside the head.

"Ouch!" the Asian grumbled, sitting up, "what the hell?!"

Mark shoved the paper into his hand,

"Just do it," he added, with a menacing glare.

***
Mark met Jake back in the strawberry fields at sunset. He had Frank's folded piece of paper in his hand,

"What is this for?" he questioned when Jake took the paper from him,

"Just a little experiment," the son of Hepheastus said casually. He then put a different piece of paper into Mark's hand, "now leave this laying around near Frank."

"I seriously don't get you," Mark sighed. Jake grinned,

"Don't worry, not many people do," he leaned over and pecked Mark on the cheek, "thanks!" he added, before skipping off, leaving a startled, blushing Mark behind.

***

Leo looked at the note laying on his bed suspiciously.

"Where did that come from?" he asked. Everyone in his cabin looked away,

"I have no idea," Harley said, shoving her face into whatever new invention she was working on. Leo sighed and picked up the note. Then, after a second thought, he went out to sit on the front steps. A warm, summer breeze filled the evening, and the outside was more pleasant than the heated interior of Cabin nine.

Leo stretched his legs out in front of him and then opened the note. The first thing he noticed was the fact that everything was written in Frank's neat handwriting, and it made Leo's heart start beating faster. Then he noticed the top line; Write the pros and cons of dating Leo, trust me.

"Jake," Leo growled, but the curiosity was too much for Leo to go and kill his brother right that second, so instead he just carried on reading.

At the top there were several scribbled out words, as if Frank was nervous and couldn't decide what to write. Then came the cons. Leo swallowed.

Cons about dating Leo:

He's shit at sword fighting, so we don't get to practice together.

He's too skinny:

He flirts with everyone. It makes me jealous.

He's too stubborn and won't admit that he's wrong when he is.

He always puts his life in danger.

Leo blinked. That was it – there were no more cons. Leo bit his lip, and thought. He could definitely practice some sword fighting with Percy and Jason to try and get better at it, if it made Frank like him more...he could also try put on a few pounds, maybe stop working so hard and sweating everything off? Leo mused, he hadn't realized that he was making Frank jealous (he secretly liked it), but he could watch himself more...about the stubbornness and putting his life in danger...Leo didn't really think that he could do much about it.

He carried on reading, now on the pros. His eyebrows went up when he saw that this list was considerably longer than the cons bit.
Pros about dating Leo:

His hair. I really like his hair.

Leo self consciously touched his wild curls and smiled. Frank never told him this, but in all fairness they had been only dating for four months.

His eyes look like chocolate chips. Leo giggled at that.

I like that when he gets passionate about stuff he talks with his hands. Nobody else does that.

I like that he can make anything out of anything.

He's beautiful.

I like that he sometimes talks in Spanish. It's hot.

Leo blushed bright red, hoping that nobody else read this note, because it would've been kinda embarrassing...

I like how small his is, even if I am scared to break him.

I like that he's a bottom.

I don't want to see him with anyone else. He's mine.

Leo's heart fluttered at the last line, and he was suddenly filled with the horrible need to be close to Frank, to kiss him, to make things right...

***

Frank stared at Leo's writing on the paper and his brain went around in circles.

"Shit!" he said, and then started looking for the piece of paper he wrote on. When he couldn't find it he felt panic rise in him. He went for Mark, "WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT?!!" he demanded. Mark blinked at him,

"Huh?" he said intelligently.

"With the paper," Frank flailed, "the thing you gave me earlier!"

"Er...I gave it to Jake?" Mark offered. Frank groaned, "Look man, just read the letter," Mark tapped the paper from Leo that Frank was still holding. The Asian slumped. There was no point fighting Mark. Instead, he left the cabin, angry.

He found a nice space in the dark field, by a brazier of fire, and opened the letter from Leo again. He took a deep breath, forced his heart to calm down, and then began reading.

Cons of dating Frank:

He's a fucking dickhead.

Nah, for real though, he's so mean to me sometimes.

He doesn't know how to show his feelings to me.
He's too rough sometimes. And doesn't appreciate me complaining about it. Asshole.

He tries to hold me back in a fight. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

He doesn't like kissing or hugging me in public. It's like he's embarrassed to be seen with me. Way to make someone feel insecure, dumbass!

...

I don't really know what else to say.

I kinda liked dating Frank...

Frank looked at the words, trying to make sense of them. Okay, yeah, he was a bit of a douche towards Leo, he could admit that...Frank bit his lip. Maybe if I tried harder, been a bit more nicer...maybe things would've worked out. He thought sadly. He didn't mean to make Leo feel insecure. Every time he said that he's an idiot and that nobody likes him, or that he looked ridiculous in orange suspenders, he didn't actually mean it...And Frank knew that he wasn't the best boyfriend, and that he did loose control of himself sometimes...but it was Leo's fault that Frank couldn't hold himself back!

The son of Mars sighed. All he wanted to do was make sure Leo was safe during battles, that's why he pushed him to the back. Not because he thought he was weak or anything...and he didn't hug or kiss Leo in public because he didn't want to make him uncomfortable...

Stop beating yourself up over this! Frank scolded himself, your relationship is over, you can't fix it now!

Still, the Asian read on, onto the Pros.

Pros of dating Frank:

None. He's an asshole.

Frank winced. He must've made Leo really mad.

Oh, alright. There are some pros.

His back muscles are the vast majority of those pros...scratch, that, actually. All of his muscles! He's got good muscles...

But that's it. There's nothing more.

Except he's good in bed. That's it, seriously. Everything else is bad!

I quite like his jawline though.

And how protective he gets over me. It's cute.

And when he gets jealous. That's also cute.

"Cute?!" Frank huffed to himself, but continued reading,

He's funny as well. And he doesn't even realize.

And he's good at sword fighting.
And he sticks his tongue out when he's concentrating.

And he's really tall, which is always a plus...

I think I'm in love with him.

What now?

Frank's heart was beating fast as he came to the end of the page.

Love. Love. Love.

Was Leo really in love with him?! And more importantly – was he in love with Leo?!

Frank imagined spending the rest of his life with that feisty Latino at his side, and he found that he wouldn't really mind it-

"Frank." The Asian hadn't even noticed that Leo suddenly appeared in front of him. He was clutching Frank's piece of paper, a blush on his face. Frank sighed and looked away, scooting up a bit so Leo could sit on the grass with him. The two were silent for a moment, their breathing the only thing breaking the stillness.

"I love you," Leo whispered. Frank's heart skipped a beat, and he looked away, face red. "I love you," Leo said again, and he sounded like he was going to cry. When Frank looked over at him, he was clutching his hands in his lap, staring down at them, eyes shining with unshed tears.

Something twisted inside Frank and he reached for Leo's hand, intertwining their fingers.

"Don't cry, idiot," Frank mumbled, resting his head against Leo's shoulder to hide his blush. He kissed his shoulder, "please don't cry. I can't stand it you cry."

Leo took a shaky breath.

"Frank," he repeated, "I lo-"

"I know," Frank snapped, and then winced when Leo flinched. He pulled himself up to look at the Latino, and then on one breath quickly said-

"I'll hold you in public and kiss you and hold your hand, and anything you want really! And I won't be as rough, I'll be gentle, I swear. And I'll stop complaining and I'll let you fight properly, so please go out with me!"

Leo smiled at him, and a dimple appeared in his cheek,

"It's okay," he said, "I like you the way you are. You don't have to change."

Frank also smiled and reached out to press his and Leo's foreheads together.

"You don't change, either," he whispered, and kissed Leo softly. The Latino was smiling into the kiss, his hand still intertwined with Frank's. The kiss was slow and short, but sweet and gentle. Frank pulled away and Leo's eyes fluttered open,

"Your eyes are like chocolate chips," Frank mumbled. Leo snorted,

"Gracias," he grinned and the stood up, pulling Frank up with him, their hands still intertwined, "come on, let's go back."
Frank walked with Leo a few steps.

"Oh, by the way," he said suddenly, "I love you too."

Leo smiled and squeezed Frank's hand,

"I know." He said, "and I'll go out with you."

"Good."

"Good."
Well...this one's definitely the weirdest one so far.
For fanficobsessed

Can you do bob and damasen?

Damasen looked at the field of ashes, where once was the army of monsters that guarded the Doors of Death. The Doors themselves were gone, which made Damasen smile. At least his friends were safe.

Bob groaned where he was laying on the floor, one hand on his stomach. Golden ichor oozed out from between his fingers. Little Bob tried to lick at the wound, but Damasen didn't think it was helping.

"Come," he said, offering Bob a hand, "We can go to my cottage. I have herbs that will help your wound."
"Bob's friends," Bob gasped, "did they get away?"

"Yes," Damasen said solemnly, "They are safe now."

"Good." Bob closed his eyes.

"Oh no, you don't," Damasen growled, "I didn't leave my swamp for this. Get up."

"Leave Bob," Bob groaned, "Bob's tried."

"Bob can sleep in my hut," Damasen said pointedly. Little Bob mewedled at him, and the Giant picked the cat up, placing it on his shoulder. Then he forcefully pulled a protesting Bob to his feet, "Come on," the Giant said, throwing one of Bob's arms around his shoulders, "let's get to my hut," he said, and began walking, the Titan leaning against his side.

***

When Bob woke up again, he was laying on a soft bed, staring at the straw ceiling. Everything around him smelled lovely of herbs and stew. When the Titan sat up, he saw Damasen bustling around a cauldron,

"Ah, you're up," the Giant boomed.

"Yes," Bob confirmed, and then glanced down at the wound that had suddenly stopped hurting. There were white bandages wrapped around his middle. Bob smiled, "thank you, friend," he said to Damasen.

"It's nothing," the Giant waved him off, and then poured the stew into two bowls, "here," he said, passing one to Bob, "have some food. You will feel better, and then we can be on our way."

"On our way?" Bob blinked.

"To the world, of course," Damasen said, as if it was obvious, "the demigods promised that you would see the sky again. Although they couldn't keep their promise, which I don't blame them for, I intend to take you back up onto the surface."

Bob blinked at the Giant, shovelling food into his mouth.

"The stew is good," he said, "Bob likes it."

Damasen boomed out a laugh,

"Well, I am glad," he said, and began packing jars and smoked meat into an enormous backpack, "we won't be eating anything better for the next few...hm, maybe years."

"How are we going to see the sky?" Bob cocked his head up to the side, his bowl empty.

"The doors of death must be somewhere," Damasen shouldered his backpack, "and Damasen has many friends," the Giant offered Bob a hand and helped him to his feet. Little Bob jumped up onto the Titan's shoulder, and he grabbed his broom. "Ready to say hello to the sun and stars, Bob?" Damasen asked with a fond smile.

"Ready," Bob nodded. The two walked out of the hut arm in arm, in hopes of leaving Tartarus behind, maybe forever.
Will seriously needed a date for this gosh darn party. The blonde sighed as he walked out into the campus. He had half an hour before his first lecture, so the tired boy decided to think about his worries over a cup of coffee. He quickly located a coffee shop around the corner from campus, and he happily went there.

The blonde sat down by the window, and dropped his bag next to him. The interior was nice and very vintage, with pale yellow wallpaper decorated with roses, and wooden tables with floral couches.

"What can I get for you?" a voice asked. Will looked up and his mouth fell open. Above him was the most beautiful boy he'd ever seen. His hair was dark and long-ish, pulled back in a low ponytail. The boy had dark eyes and pale skin, and he was wearing a dark green apron that somehow suited him. His name tag said 'Nico.'

"Erm...can I get you anything?" the boy, Nico, tried again. Will shook his head,

"Um, yeah, black coffee please," he said quickly.

"Gotcha," Nico said, still giving Will a weird look, before sauntering off. Will stared after him, his heart beating furiously in his chest, mouth still hanging open, eyes wide.

_Fuck, that guy was really beautiful._

Will quickly pulled out his phone and texted 'SOS' to Rachel, before staring mindlessly at the
screen for a good five minutes.

"I brought your coffee?" Nico re-appeared, and his cheeks were a bit flushed. Shit.

"Um, thanks," Will stuttered, and took the cup from Nico, "uh, are you on your break?" he blurted before he could stop himself. Nico looked away shyly,

"Yeah." He said, "why? Want me to sit with you?"

"Sure! I-I mean," Will stuttered, "if you w-want..."

"Okay," Nico smiled sweetly, and went back to the counter to take his apron off. Underneath he wore a black t-shirt and dark grey jeans that hugged his ass. Will swallowed, and Nico came back with a croissant. He slid onto the armchair opposite Will and looked down at his food, blushing. Will stared at him,

"I-I'm Will," he managed eventually. Nico looked up surprised,

"Oh. I'm Nico."

"I know," Will said, then flushed, "I-I mean, your name tag s-said-"

"I know," Nico smiled softly, "why are you nervous?"

"I'm not nervous," Will huffed, and took a sip of his coffee. Nico smiled and bit is croissant. Will couldn't stop staring at him, his dark eyelashes and the soft curve of his mouth, and his red cheeks.

"I-Is there something on my face?" Nico asked, self consciously touching his cheek.

"No," Will assured him, quickly glancing away. Nico frowned,

"Then why do you keep staring?" he asked, confused.

"You're just..." Will trailed off, "like r-really pretty."

"P-Pretty?!" Nico spluttered.

"I mean like beautiful," Will said quickly, wincing, "sorry, that was creepy."

Nico was looking at him, wide eyed, his face tomato red. He then ducked his head, and he was smiling gently.

"Thanks," he said quietly. Will's whole being warmed,

"No problem," he said sweetly. Then he glanced at his phone and panic flooded him, "Ah shit! I'm gonna be late." He looked over at Nico, "Hey, there's a party tonight, want to come with me?" the blonde asked on impulse.

Nico blinked at him, and then shrugged,

"Um, okay?" he said, "wait. Give me your number then."

And Will did.
"Nghh," Percy gasped, and then immediately slapped a hand over his mouth, scared that someone might hear him.

The boy was hidden away in a forgotten store cupboard, away from the prying eyes of other demigods. He needed the privacy right now, because of one particular person - Jason Grace, who was currently parading outside shirtless.

And Percy had a really inappropriate crush on him. Hence here he was, with one hand wrapped around his achingly hard dick, the other one pressed over his mouth as he tried to contain the noises that threatened to spill from his lips.

Percy imagine that instead of his own hand, it was Jason's large, calloused one stroking his dick. The dark haired boy tried to imagine how Jason would do it; probably slow, rough strokes, teasing Percy.

The boy's breathing sped up as did his hand. He imagined the blonde kneeling in front of him, his thumb rubbing against Percy's slit instead of his own, hand wrapped around Percy's length while he pumped him, Jason's lips trailing down his neck, biting down...

Waves of pleasure raced up Percy's spine, making his entire body tremble with need. The dark haired boy couldn't contain a moan that escaped him as his body grew hotter and hotter, his skin slick with sweat as his mind went blank with the pleasure of imagining Jason's mouth claiming his while his hand continued stroking him...so fucking close...
"A-Ah," Percy moaned, eyes squeezing shut as he continued to pump himself furiously, forgetting to keep his voice down, "fuck, f-fuck...oh gods...nghh...Jason," Percy gasped, "Jason, ahh, fuck me-"

"Percy?!

Percy's eyes snapped open, hand stilling on his still hard dick. Panic flooded the boy as he realized that he forgot to lock the cupboard door and there was a person standing in them now. No one other but Jason fucking Grace.

Percy didn't know what to do, didn't know what to say. He felt fear creep up on him, any second now Jason will start shouting about how disgusting Percy was...

"J-Jason I-" Percy started. Jason's bright eyes darkened suddenly as he pushed the door shut, making sure to lock it. Percy blinked and then felt a blush appear on his cheeks when he realized that he was still naked and hard. He scrambled for his shirt but Jason's voice stopped him.

"Don't," the blonde commanded. Percy froze and then slowly dropped his shirt back to the floor. He didn't know what to do - Jason was standing above him, his expression unreadable, just staring at Percy. The dark haired boy grew more embarrassed so he brought his knees up to his chest, trying to hide himself from Jason.

Fast as lightning, the blonde dropped next to Percy.

"Don't," he growled again, this time directly into Percy's ear, making him shiver.

"Jason...," Percy's voice came out beathless and needy. The blonde looked at him and then pressed a demanding hand down on Percy's knee, forcing the boy to straighten his legs out.

Percy didn't know why, but something about Jason being so commanding was making him even harder. The boy looked away as Jason looked his body up and down. Percy found it hard to breathe with Jason so close.

"Touch yourself," Jason commanded suddenly. Percy felt the tips of his ears burn.

"W-What?" he stuttered.

"I said touch yourself," the blonde growled, eyes almost black with desire.

Percy didn't know what to do, so with trembling hands he reached down and took hold of his cock once again.

A sudden gasp was forced out of his mouth as he felt his own hand move up his length. His dick was sensitive and the boy felt as if every sensation was heightened. Shakily, the boy ran his thumb over the head of his cock, smearing pre-come everywhere.

Percy pressed a hand over his lips, trying to contain the noises as he pleasured himself, but Jason pulled his hand away,

"I want to hear you," he said, voice hoarse. It sent a shiver down Percy's spine but he didn't dare disobey. Jason watched Percy's hand move up and down his member hungrily, "faster," Jason commanded.

So Percy jerked himself off faster, feeling burning hot pleasure burn through his body. His cheeks were flushed, hair clinging to his sweaty forehead. His breaths came out in helpless gasps and moans, and everything was fuelled by how close Jason was to him, close enough to touch.
"A-Ahh!" Percy whined suddenly, "oh gods, f-fuck-

"Say my name," Jason whispered, warm breath making the skin on Percy's neck tingle.

"J-Jason," Percy gasped, eyes squeezed shut.

"Again." Jason demanded urgently.

"F-Fuck...Jason," Percy was pumping himself furiously, he was so close, he couls feel the heat coiling in his stomach. ".Jason."

"Stop," Jason said, and pulled Percy's hand away from his aching dick. The dark haired boy whined helplessly, as Jason lifted his hand to his mouth and licked the pre-cum off of Percy's fingers. The dark haired boy watched him with dazed eyes. "You're only allowed to come when I say so, understood?"

"Y-yes," Percy stuttered.

"Lie down on your back."

Hesitanty, Percy lowered himself down onto the floor, feeling his face burn with embarassement. Jason climbed on top of him, his eyes taking in Percy's flushed, wanting body. His expression softened.

"Can I touch you?" The blonde asked, his voice surprisingly gentle.

"Yeah," Percy mumbled, turning his face away.

Ever so slowly, Jason reached up to caress Percy's cheek. Where his words had been demanding, his hands were hesitant and gentle. He ran his fingers down Percy's chest and over his ribcage, down his sides and over his abs. Percy watched Jason.

"Are you going to fuck me?" He asked.

"No," Jason whispered, "i'm going to make love to you."
I swear I'll find you

Chapter Notes

MOVED THE DEADLINE TO JANUARY!
cuz my computer broke. again.
For Anon.

I was wondering if you could do a Jasico story where one of them is a mobster/crime lord and the other is trying to track him down.

Jason growled in frustration as he shoved the blurry photographs away from him. Hazel, his assistant, winced,

"Sorry," she said quickly, "I know these are no good but..."

"It's alright, Haze," Jason mumbled, "why don't you take a break? I heard Reyna's making fresh coffee." Hazel blinked at her boss and then smiled,
"Alright," she said gently, and left his office. The police officer was left alone. It was dark outside and the blonde was tired. He just wanted to go home and sleep, forget the days worries. But because of this damn person, a man going by the name 'Hades', he couldn't. It's been four months. Four fucking months since Jason first heard about his new assignment - an Italian drug lord. Jason never would've believe how much pain and annoyance this case would cause him. After four months, the police officers caught countless members of the Italian mafia, but none of them gave them any information about their boss. It was frustrating Jason more and more.

***

The police officer slammed his hand against the wall,

"Dammit!" he swore. The rain was pouring down over him, his comrades, and the body in the alleyway. The girl's eyes were wide and bloodshot, unseeing. Her mouth was open, a trickle of blood drying on her cheek. In her hand she clutched a bag of the new drug called 'Olympus' that the Italian mafia was distributing. It was the seventeenth victim in the last four months.

"Jason," Reyna said, standing up from the corpse, "this is getting out of hand. How are we ever going to find this drug lord?!!"

"I don't know," Jason growled, teeth clenched together. He was so tired of this man and all his crimes. He just wanted this case to be over. Reyna thought for a moment,

"How about...," she started slowly, "you buy some drugs off of the mafia?" she suggested. Jason blinked at her,

"Are you insane?!" he demanded, "I am a police officer! I'm not gonna go buy drugs off of him!" he scoffed.

"No, but think about it," Reyna said, "you've got a pretty big name - Grace, you could get right to the heart of the mafia, to Hades, and then you could put a tracker on him. We could find out everything," Reyna continued, "where he lived, what he looked like, his actual name."

Jason bit his lip...

"Well...I mean, I guess," he said eventually, "but only if we get a heads up from upstairs!"

***

"I can't believe they gave us a heads up from upstairs," Jason growled as he stood in the lobby of the expensive hotel. Crystal chandeliers hung from the high ceiling, and sunlight filtered in through the tall, arched windows. After some papers and looking, Jason managed to locate a dealer from the Italian Mafia, and after hearing his name they invited him to the hotel for a small 'exchanged.' Jason felt horribly out of place among the beautifully dressed men and women, sipping on their drinks and chatting happily. A heavy coat of smoke hung near the ceiling from all the cigarettes being smoked. Jason tried to not breath too much as he straightened out his suit.

"Mr Grace," a woman suddenly appeared in front of Jason. She was beautiful, with dark curly hair and twinkling brown eyes. Without thinking about it, Jason offered him her arm, and she took it with a smile, "we were expecting you. I am Plutona," the woman introduced herself, "and although unfortunately Hades could not be with us during this evening, he sent me to greet you."

"Hades isn't here?!" Jason blurted, bewildered. Plutona raised a perfect eyebrow,

"Is that an issue, Mr Grace?" she asked, with a smile, "will his sister not suffice?"
"His sister. Jason's heart beat sped up and he forced himself to smile,

"No. It's a perfect arrangement," he said, although it wasn't. It would just have to do. Plutona's eyes twinkled,

"I'm glad," she said, and led him into a throng of people.

***

The night was filled with small talk and dancing, drinking and going out for smoke breaks. Jason met so many people that it made his head spin, and he wondered who was a member of the Italian gang, and who wasn't. Plutona was always close enough to be in his line of vision, and although she wasn't flirting with him, she kept a watchful eye on him. Several times, Jason was afraid that perhaps she had figured him out, realized who he was. But then she'd smile and turn away, and Jason's heart beat would slow down.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, Plutona took Jason's arm again,

"Mr Grace," she seemed to always be smiling, "shall we proceed with our business now?" her voice was low enough so only Jason could hear her, "what are you interested in, Mr Grace?"

"Olympus," Jason said, feeling his hands began to sweat. Plutona smiled,

"Ah, yes, that is a popu-" she never got to finish, because at that precise moment a SWAT team poured into the building, guns raised, masks pulled down.

"FREEZE!" someone yelled as woman screamed and a glass smashed. Jason felt his heart go to his throat,

Not now! Please! he thought desperately. Plutona extracted herself from Jason, disappearing in the crowd. Seconds later, the blonde felt a hand tugging on his sleeve, and a male voice in his ear,

"This way," a boy hissed. Jason took one last look at the ballroom, before he was being pulled into the shadows. He was dragged through the back door and into the cold, night air. Jason glimpsed a beautiful boy in front of him, before he was off, sprinting off.

"Hey! Wait!" Jason yelled after him, and the chase began. The boy ducked out of the way and sprinted down an alleyway, but Jason was close on his heels. After a few minutes of back alley running, he managed to grab the boy's wrist, forcing him to stop, "why are you running?!" he asked, struggling to catch a breath. The boy turned slowly,

"Why are you not running home?" he asked in a small voice. There was something familiar about his face, but Jason couldn't place it. There were dark circles under his gorgeous brown eyes, and he was biting his plump bottom lip, also trying to catch his breath. His hand was shaking in Jason's,

"I-I wanted to thank you," Jason said, "for helping me out."

"Don't worry about it," the boy snatched his hand back and stepped away from Jason. He had to crane his neck up to look at the blonde. He was wearing a waiter's uniform, and there were foot stains on his shirt,

"You're a waiter?" Jason asked. The boy shrugged and looked away, blushing, and Jason smiled, "My name is Jason."

"I'm...Nico," the boy offered, looking nervous. Jason smiled,
"Well, Nico," he said, "why don't I invite you out to have coffee with me?"

"C-Coffee?" Nico spluttered.

"Yeah," Jason shrugged, "as a thank you for saving me."

"You could be a druggie for all I know," Nico rolled his eyes. Jason shrugged, "Sorry."

"Nah, it's okay," Nico looked slightly mischievous, "Okay, give me your number. I'll have coffee with you."

***

Jason was dressed in his uniform when Nico arrived. The dark haired boy's eyes widened when he saw Jason,

"You're a-a cop?!" he stuttered. Jason shrugged, "Yeah," then he winced, "is that a problem?"

"N-No," Nico said quickly, "I just...you were at the gathering yesterday and I thought..."

"Don't worry about it." Jason smiled, and then looked Nico up and down. He wore a black, over sized jumped paired with black ripped jeans. his long-ish hair was pulled back into a ponytail, "you look nice," Jason told him. The boy blushed, "T-Thankyou," he stuttered, staring at his feet. Jason smiled again, and then pushed the door to the cafe open,

"You coming?" he asked sweetly. After a second of hesitation, Nico nodded. The two picked a table near the window, and placed their coffee and cake orders. When the waitress was gone, Jason looked over at Nico, who sat opposite him, picking at the frayed edges of his jumper. "So," Jason started, "you're a waiter."

"Part time," Nico blurted, "I go to college."

"Oh," Jason's eyes twinkled, "what do you study?"

"Um...law," Nico mumbled, "and you?"

Jason tapped his badge, "I'm a cop."

"Oh. Of course," Nico flushed again, "sorry. I'm a bit nervous."

"Why?"

"I don't usually go out with people," Nico admitted. Jason blinked at him.

"That's surprising," he said.


"You're kind of beautiful," Jason shrugged and looked away, "oh look, our foods here."
And sure enough, the waitress was back at the table, placing their orders in front of them. Jason thanked her and then dug into his carrot cake. Nico pulled a face,

"Ugh, how can you eat that?" he shook his head, "carrots are vegetables! They're not meant to be in a cake!" he declared, eating a bit of his own triple chocolate cake. Jason rolled his eyes,

"Come on," he said, "it's actually good," he got some onto his fork.

"Here," he offered, "have some," he levitated the fork in front of Nico's face. The Italian blushed, but leaned forward to eat the cake. He chewed thoughtfully while Jason watched him, thinking about how cute the dark haired bot was.

"It's alright," Nico decided eventually, "but I prefer the chocolate."

"Don't I get a bite?" Jason asked, pulling on his puppy dog eyes.

"No," Nico said defensively, "Get your own."

***

"Have we managed to track him?" Jason asked, leaning over Hazel's shoulder. The girl was typing furiously,

"Not yet," the girl said, "Plutona remains in her flat or goes to the hotel, but we're sure that some time she will go visit her brother dearest, and then Hades will be ours."

Jason nodded,

"Good work."

"Thanks," Hazel piped up. Reyna walked into the office with an armful of papers and took Jason in,

"You look nice? Got yourself a date?" she asked with a sly smirk.

"Maybe, but that's none of your business," Jason grumbled, smoothing down his shirt.

***

"Oh. Wow." Nico stammered when he saw Jason. The blonde grimaced,

"Too much?" he asked, gesturing at the nice suit he picked up from the dry cleaners that morning. Nico himself was dressed in a nice, black, button down shirt and jeans.

"No!" the dark haired boy protested quickly, "you look wonderful!" he assured Jason with a small blush on his face. Jason smiled,

"Thanks," he said, "so do you."

The two walked into the restaurant they picked out. The Waiter came over and told them a long, complicated list of the day's specials, before pouring them some wine and handing them the menu's. He then walked off. Nico took a sip of his wine and pulled a face,

"Ugh, that's gross," he said. Jason frowned,

"Wait, how old are you exactly?" he asked. Nico shrugged,
"Twenty one," he said, "and you?"

"Twenty seven," Jason grimaced. Nico grinned,

"Really? You look younger," he leaned on his hand, "I bet your stamina's still great."

Jason nearly choked on his wine.

***

"Change the movie," Nico whispered, "please."

The face of the possessed girl came up on screen and Nico flinched.

"Aw, c'mon!" Jason grumbled, "that's so obviously make up!"

"Can we just change it?" Nico asked, eyes squeezed shut. He unconsciously pressed himself closer to Jason, which the blonde didn't mind. He hesitantly wrapped an arm around Nico's shoulders,

"What do you wanna watch, then?" he asked. Nico shrugged,

"Something that isn't scary," the dark haired boy mumbled.

"Alright, let's watch a comedy," Jason went back onto the main page of Netflix. Nico glared at him, but Jason didn't see,

"When I said Netflix and chill I didn't mean this," he grumbled.

"What?" Jason asked.

"Nothing."

***

"I-Isn't this a bit early?" Jason asked, looking up at Nico's family house nervously. Nico rolled his eyes,

"Chill. It's just a barbecue, don't worry," he said, "I'm not planning to marry you or anything."

"Harsh man."

"Oh shush," Nico said, and knocked on the door. They were immediately opened by a tall, grey haired man with twinkling eyes.

"Ah, Nico," he said, "how nice of you to show up."

"Hi, grandpa," Nico grinned. The man pulled Nico into a bear hug,

"It's good to see you again," he said, voice gruff, "and who's this?" he looked up at Jason.

"Oh...this is my...," Nico bit his lip, "boyfriend. Jason. Jason, this is my grandpa - Zeus."

"Boyfriend, eh?" Zeus glared daggers at Jason and the blonde felt lightning travel down his spine,

"well, just so you know if you ever harm our boy-"

"No threats now!" a beautiful woman with flowers woven into her hair appeared out of nowhere,
a hand on Zeus' shoulder. She smiled kindly at Jason, "Ah, you must be Nico's boyfriend. He told us loads about you."

Nico flushed,

"You have?" Jason looked at him.

"Jas," he said, ignoring his question, "this is my step-mom, Aphrodite."

"Good to see you," Persephone kissed both of Nico's cheeks and then both of Jason's, "come on in." She said, herding them inside and around Zeus, who was still glaring,

"Um, mom," Nico said nervously, "is Bianca here?"

Persephone gave Nico a weird look,

"No honey, she said she couldn't make it."

"Okay." Nico said, obviously relieved.

They walked round the house and into the garden, where a massive barbecue was being handled by a tall, muscular man, that Nico introduced as 'Uncle Hephaestus.' A beautiful woman with dark hair who Nico called 'Auntie Persephone' was in a deep conversation with Nico's step-mom. Many more of his aunts and uncles, Artemis, Apollo, Hermes and many more that Jason couldn't name, were running around, chatting. It was easy to get lost, so Nico took Jason's hand in his. The blonde couldn't help but smile as Nico dragged him around, introducing him to his family. It felt nice, to have someone like Nico close to him, and to be able to meet his family.

"Dinner!" Hephaestus boomed. The little children who were playing in the mud were herded by their mother's to go wash their hands, while the rest of the family sat down at the dinner table.

"Tell me, Jason," Nico's grandma, a regal woman named Hera, said, "what do you do for a living?"

"Uh, I'm a police officer."

"Ooooh," Aphrodite grinned, and nudged Artemis, who glared.

"A cop in the family," Nico's great-grandma, Rhea, huffed, "that's new."

Food was being passed down the table and Jason loaded a mountain onto his plate.

"Nan," Nico hissed, "don't be rude."

Rhea made a face and then took the ribs, which effectively stopped her from further comments. The rest of the dinner went by smoothly. Everyone ate and the little kids talked about what they did in school. Then Jason and Nico had a conversation with Artemis and Apollo, who talked about their jobs. Nico held Jason's hand under the table, which was comforting.

And then everything went wrong.

"I need to see him!" someone yelled from the kitchen. Everyone froze. The voice nudged something in Jason's memory..., 

"Bianca, please," Aphrodite was also in the kitchen, hiding the newly arrived out of view, "not now."
"No! They're on to us!" Bianca protested, and pushed past Aphrodite, "Nic-" she started, and then froze, staring at Jason. The glamorous dress and red lips were gone, replaced by a messy braid and over-sized hoodie, but there was no question to who was standing in front of Jason. The blonde stumbled to his feet and automatically reached for his gun, which wasn't there. Jason cursed,

"Plutona." He said. Bianca gaped and then glared at her grandad,

"You didn't tell me!" she yelled, and then turned to Nico angrily, "you're dating a fucking nark!"

"Don't call him that," Nico snapped, staring at his feet. Bianca laughed humorlessly,

"Oh will you drop that!" she said, "you fucked everything up!"

"No i didn't!" Nico jumped to his feet, "You weren't meant to be here! You ruined everything!"

"Which one of you is Hades?" Jason asked quietly, feeling his heart drop. A silence settled over the table,

"I am," Apollo said eventually.

"No!" Hephaestus boomed, "I am!"

"No!" Rhea complained, "I am!" Nico sighed,

"Stop it guys," he said quietly. There were tears in his eyes. Then he looked up at Jason, "it' me. I'm Hades."

The look on Jason's face was heart breaking. Without a word, the blonde walked past Nico, and out of the door. The dark haired boy stared at his feet when he heard the front door slam closed. A tear rolled down his cheek,

"Go after him!" Grandma Rhea yelled. And for some stupid reason, Nico did.

***

"Wait!" Nico yelled, catching up to Jason.

"You lied to me," the blonde was looking straight ahead.

"Jason, please-"

Jason turned on him, and grabbed his shoulders,

"I should arrest you!" he spat, "you deceived me, you're a fucking drug lord Nico, what the fuck am I meant to say to that-"

"I love you," Nico blurted. He was crying, hands clutching the front of Jason's hoodie, "I fucking love you, Jas."

"Don't," Jason snapped, trying to move away, but Nico didn't let him.

"I love you," Nico repeated, sobbing, "so please...I-I'll turn myself in. I-I'll go to jail, j-just don't hate me..." he broke off, choking on his tears. Jason's shoulders slumped. He couldn't do it, he just couldn't. Knowing that this went against everything he was, Jason grabbed Nico's face in his warm hand and kissed him, slowly, gently. Nico gasped.

"I love you too," Jason murmured, "so...don't turn yourself in." He swooped down to kiss Nico
again, folding the boy into his arms.

"What now?" Nico whispered.

"I don't know."
When Jason's eyes fluttered open, the first thing he saw was Percy staring at him. His eyes were sleepy, but still the same beautiful blue color they were the night before. Just not as dark, and this time not filled with want, but with some other feeling that Jason couldn't explain...

"Hey," Percy mumbled, voice hoarse. Jason smiled, but didn't know if it was alright to touch Percy. Technically, last night wasn't planned...and now Jason wondered with Percy regretted it. He sure as hell didn't.

"Hey," he replied, forcing his hands to remain where they were, shoved underneath his pillow. Percy looked away, a blush rising to his cheeks. And Jason couldn't help himself, he reached out and tucked a piece of Percy's hair behind his ear. The dark haired boy blinked at him, and Jason smiled, "Hey," he said again.

"Hi," Percy offered shyly. Jason grinned and opened his arms,

"C'mere," he said, so Percy did, hesitantly pressing himself up against the blonde, arms wrapping loosely around the blonde's waist, while Jason's arms wrapped around Percy's shoulders, pulling him closer, enveloping him in his arms. "Relax," he murmured, kissing the side of Percy's head. The dark haired boy slowly melted into Jason's embrace, his face pressed into Jason's shoulder. They laid in perfect, comfortable silence, just wrapped around each other. Percy's eyes were closed, Jason's thumb was brushing against the back of his neck, calming him down. It was nice and warm and perfect.

A bird chirped outside. They could hear the camp waking up, everyone heading down to the dining pavilion. Percy took a deep breath,

"Jason?" he asked quietly, voice quivering. Jason's hand stilled,

"Hmm?" he asked sleepily.
"I think...I-I..." Percy couldn't seem to find the right words, his body tensing again. Jason frowned, and Percy tried to wiggle his way out of Jason's arms. The blonde didn't let him, instead keeping Percy close,

"Hey, Perce calm down," he said sternly. Percy stopped trying to escape, and Jason could feel the dark haired boy's heart stuttering madly in his chest. He wanted to calm Percy down, to re-assure him, but he didn't know how. He wished he could read minds...

"Jason," Percy whispered again.

"What is it?" Jason asked in a gentle voice, "You can tell me."

"I...I just," Percy's shaking hands gripped the back of Jason's shirt. The blonde couldn't see his face, as it was still pressed into his shoulder. "I-I think I love you," the dark haired boy whispered eventually, voice breaking. Jason relaxed visibly, and smiled. "Please don't hate me," Percy added in a quiet, terrified voice. Jason was so startled that he accidentally loosened his grip, and Percy managed to scoot away. The boy had tears in his eyes as he sat up quickly, "I-Look," he started shakily, not looking at Jason, "I know that to you this was probably some one night stand thing," Percy was twisting his hands around, and it looked painful. Jason watched him, an unreadable expression in his face, "S-So I'm sorry i-if I'm ruining your d-day or whatever," Percy continued shakily, and then looked up at Jason, "but I love you, and I can't do anything about it."

Jason surged forward and grabbed Percy's face in his hands, crashing their lips together. Percy gave a surprised squeak as the two fell backwards into the pillows, Jason kissing Percy senselessly,

"Gods, Perce," he muttered in-between kisses, "you really are oblivious. I love you too."

"R-Really?" Percy breathed in disbelief. His hair was a mess on the pillows, eyes bright, cheeks red, lips swollen. Jason smiled and then lowered himself down to lie next to his...lover? Boyfriend? He wrapped an arm around Percy's waist and pulled him closer. Percy smiled brightly and cuddled into Jason's side with a content sigh. Jason kissed the top of his head,

"I reckon we have another hour," the blonde said sleepily. Percy hummed in agreement and then, with Jason's warmth next to him, he fell asleep.
He's so lucky, he's a star

Chapter Notes

I'm a make up artist for the Grease production at my school? XD

Percy/Jason where Jason is a star on Broadway and Percy is an excited audience member after the show.

Percy was literally vibrating with energy, unable to keep the bright grin off his face as he clutched his ticket to his chest. Tonight was the night that he'd finally be able to see his favorite Broadway in person!

Jason Grace had the main role in a musical called "Heroes of Olympus" which revolved around Greek myths and tragedies. For four years, since Percy had been eighteen, he'd been obsessed with Jason. It wasn't just the fact that Jason was the most gorgeous man on earth, with a perfect face, strong jaw, kind eyes and a killer body. No, Percy admired the man's confidence and passion for acting, he loved seeing how nice he was to all the fans and cast members.

So yeah, Jason was Percy's idol, and the dark haired boy was about to see him live. Vibrating with excitement, unable to stay still, Percy followed the throng of people pushing through the doors, and located his seat. It was pretty close to the stage, only the third row, and the thought made Percy even more happy.

He shrugged off his coat and sat down, hands fiddling with his ticket. He stared at the empty stage, set up with godly looking couches and tables. The audience slowly began to fill in, chatting quietly.
Two girls sat down on Percy's right.

"I can't believe you dragged me to this, Rachel!" The one with the long, brown braid and stern face complained. The ginger girl rolled his eyes and settled in his seat,

"Gods, Reyna, stop complaining," she said, "it's apparently a great show!"

"Heroes of Olympus?" the brunete, Reyna, questioned sceptically. Percy tuned out their conversation, because at that very moment the lights dimmed and blue-ish fog rolled onstage. Percy's heart stuttered in his chest and his hands gripped each other.

The first character came onstage, a blonde girl with steely grey eyes and a pile of old scrolls tucked under her arm. She sat down on the couch, not noticing the audience, and began gingerly looking through the scrolls.

"Athena!" a boy boomed. He walked on stage and Percy blinked. The boy had wild curly hair and was really, really short. The blonde girl - Athena - sighed,

"Hephaestus," she greeted him with a sour face, "what do you want?"

"Why," the curly haired boy frowned, "I'm looking for Hermes."

Athena snorted, and went back to her scrolls,

"Good luck with that," she said, dismissingly, "knowing your luck he's on the other side of the globe right now."

Another person appeared on stage, a girl with short, spiky black hair, dressed in silvery robes, with a bow and arrow slung over her back. She looked beautiful, and moved with an airy type of grace.

"What are you talking about?" she inquired, sitting down, letting her satin gown slip around her legs. Athena looked up briefly,

"Hephaestus is looking for Hermes, Artemis."

Artemis blinked,

"Oh," she said, "what for?"

"He owes me a favor," the curly haired boy grumbled. Just then a girl with brown curls and gorgeous smile came on stage,

"Hello, family!" she exclaimed,

"Aphrodite," Artemis greeted her coldly. Aphrodite didn't seem to notice her tone,

"How are you today, dear niece?" she chattered, and without waiting for a reply, continued, "Oh! Hephaestus! What are you doing here? Why did you leave your workshop."

"Looking for Hermes," Hepheastus looked away, flushing with embarrassment. Percy remembered that in Greek mythology he was married to Aphrodite, but she didn't love him, instead choosing Ares. Speaking of...

"Hephaestus!" a massive, muscular Asian man came onstage. He drew a short sword and pointed it at the curly haired boy, "Fight me! I will not let you take my lovely Aphrodite from me!"
Aphrodite swooned. Hepheastus rolled his eyes,

"Keep her," he said with a fake smile, "I'm going to look for Hermes."

Ares blinked at the boy,

"Hermes?" he asked, frowning and putting his sword away, "haven't you heard? He got captured by the Titans."

"W-What?!" Artemis, Athena and Hepheastus spluttered.

"Have no fear!" a blonde boy jumped on stage. He had black warpaint on his face, "I, Apollo, will go rescue him!"

"If you're going then I'm going!" Artemis jumped to her feet, drawing her bow.

"Me too!" Aphrodite squeeled.

"No!" Ares said, taking her in his arms, "it's too dangerous, my love!" he said, "let me go instead!"

"I'll go too," Hephaestus sighed,

"No!" Ares growled.

"Hey!" the curly haired boy complained, "I have business with Hermes!"

"Let him go," Aphrodite's eyes narrowed, "You're better than him anyway!" she said.

"Alright!" Athena stood up, "everyone go. Just don't tell Zeus, Hera of Hades about it-

"Tell me about what?" Jason Grace, AKA Zeus, sauntered on stage, and Percy's breath caught. The blonde was wearing a crimson cloak paired with a white chiton. A laurel of golden leaves crowned his folden head. Percy watched the blonde intently, as he spoke again, "If we are going to save Hermes, I am going!"

Percy was awestruck. In real life, Jason was even more breathtaking than on camera. His movements and lines seemed so real that Percy almost believe that for two hours he was taking part in a Greek God family drama.

But it was over now. The dark haired boy sighed as everyone spilled out of the hall. That was it, he wouldn't be seeing Jason again for a long time as the play was going to London for four months, and the on to Australia. Percy sighed again, what a shame, he thought.

He walked around the building, to avoid the thickest throng of people and try to get away from their unbearable chatter. As soon as Percy was alone, he leaned against an alley wall and looked at the night sky. It was so serene, so peaceful. Percy closed his eyes.

"Hey! Are you lost?!" for a second Percy thought he was imagining the voice, but as soon as his eyes snapped open he realized that he wans't. None other than Jason Grace himself was jogging towards the dark haired boy. Percy felt his heart beat pick up.

"Um, n-no, i'm fine! Thank you!" he said, as Jason stopped in front of him. He was out of his costume, wearing a green winter jacket and dark jeans. Up close he was even more gorgeous. Percy looked away quickly. Jason frowned,
"Where have I seen you before?" he asked.

"Oh. I just watched your performance," Percy said, blushing but looking up at the blonde, "I thought you were amazing."

Jason smiled softly,

"Thank you," he said sincerely, "so what's your name?"

"Percy Jackson."

"Nice name," Jason nodded. Percy's head was reeling, he couldn't believe he was talking to his idol. HE WAS TALKING TO JASON GRACE! Percy felt like hyperventilating. "Are you okay?" Jason peered at him, worriedly. Percy stepped back,

"J-Just a bit cold," he stuttered, feeling his face heat up.

"No need to be nervous," Jason smiled, and then pointed behind him, "you can come backstage if you want. We've got coffee and it's warm."

"R-Really?" Percy asked in disbelief.

"Yeah," Jason smiled. Hesitantly, Percy stepped towards him,

"Okay," he mumbled, staring at the ground. Jason smiled again and began walking, Percy hurrying after him.

"My name is Jason by the way," the blonde said.

"O-Oh, I know," Percy said quickly, and winced, "I'm a big fan," he mumbled into his scarf, embarassed,

"I'm glad you like my acting," Percy could've sworn that he was getting addicted to Jason's smile. The blonde stopped walking abruptly and pushed a back door open, stepping inside. Shyly, Percy followed behind.

Jason led him through a bunch of bare walled corridors, with cables running up the ceiling, and then into the changing room that read 'Heroes of Olympus.'

Inside sat the entire cast, out of costume.

"Guys," Jason's voice broke through their conversation, "This is Percy," the blonde took Percy by the shoulder and gently pushed him forward. A chorus of 'hi's' and 'hey's' rang out, making Percy blush more.

"Hey," he offered a little wave. Jason gestured to Aphrodite, who had her makeup off, hair pulled back into a messy bun.

"That's Piper," Jason introduced, "and the blonde girl is Annabeth," the steely grey eyed girl, who was Athena, waved from where she was braiding her hair.

"This is Will," Jason gestured at the blonde boy, "and Thalia," he pointed to Artemis, "and this is Frank and Leo," he said. Hephaestus was sitting in Ares' lap, busy making out. The curly haired boy pulled away for a second,

"'sup!" he offered breathlessly, before Ares, or Frank, pulled him back into a heated make out session.
"Oh my Gods!" Thalia exclaimed, staring at Percy with wide eyes.

"W-What?" Percy mumbled, self-conscious.

"He's the perfect Poseidon!" Thalia exclaimed. Annabeth peered at him,

"Hmmm..."

"I agree," Will interjected. At this point everyone was staring at Percy, making him uncomfortable. Jason's hand rested on the small of his back, as if to make him relax,

"Percy?" the boy asked, "do you have any acting experience?"

"I-I have an A level in drama," Percy stuttered. Will grinned,

"Perfect. I'll speak to the director," he said, before running off. Percy turned to Jason,

"Huh?" he asked, intelligently. Jason grinned,

"I think you just became an actor."
I'm not where I'm supposed to be

Nico/Percy where Nico is shadowtraveling while on a mission for his father (he is ghost king after all) and thinks wrong and ends up in Percy's lap, in the dining pavilion, with everyone watching.

Although after some time Nico began to accept Camp Half Blood as his home, he still felt uncomfortable staying there for long periods of time. He had to sit alone at the Hades table and sleep alone in the Hades cabin, and as well as feeling incredibly lonely, he was always scared. Scared of the Titans returning, or worse, the Giants. Scared of Gaia and the nightmares that plagued his sleeping hours. He was scared of people forgetting he was in his Cabin, buried under his covers to try and chase the darkness away.

So he much preferred staying at his dad's palace in the underworld, where servants scurried around, making Nico feel safer and much less alone. It was never quiet in the underworld - there were the screams of the tormented souls, which somehow comforted the son of Hades, as he knew that they were actually there, actually real, and not something his mind made up to try and cope with the war. Demeter and Hades were forever arguing, or Persephone and Hades or Demeter and Persephone, which helped too.

But the one downgrade to living with Hades was that the God always had some kind of mission for Nico. "Son, go to the Forges of Hephaestus and bring me..." or "Nico, bring me the ancient scrolls from..."

The missions were often long and very exhausting. Nico had to shadow travel everywhere, and it drained his powers. That's why he sometimes preferred camp.

But then again, Percy was at camp, and Nico was in love with Percy, but refused to tell him.

Nico slashes the monster into dust, watching it whirl into the sunny morning. He was in London, and for once it wasn't raining. The boy wiped the sweat off of his forehead, and then walked over to the closest shadowy wall.

The boy dreamed only of a warmth and comfort, that's all he wanted as he stepped into the shadows, feeling the familiar tug in his gut as he travelled. He accidently thought of Percy's lap,
with the boy's arms wrapped around him, all safe and snug...

The boy blinked when he suddenly appeared in the dining pavilion. All conversation ceased as Nico realized precisely where he was sitting - in Percy Jackson’s lap. It was dark out, the braziers full of Greek fire, warming the place. It was dinner time.

Percy blinked down at Nico, blue eyes wide, hands immediately going to Nico's hips to try and steady him. The Italian blushed,

"S-Shit, s-sorry," he stuttered, feeling his head spin. He was drained and tired, "I-I haven't been paying attention..." the boy's voice trailed off, eyelids dropping. Percy's concerned face blurred.

"Nico?!

Nico didn't care. He was safe and warm, in Percy's arms.

When the dark haired boy came to, he was in the Poseidon cabin. He could smell the salty sea in the air, and feel the soft, white pillows under his head. All the covers in the Hades cabin were black, and the air smelled of metal.

The voices woke Nico up.

"How can you treat him like that?!" Percy demanded, "he is your son!"

"He is strong enough," a cold voice replied. Nico recognized it as his dad, but he kept his eyes shut, listening in.

"Of course he's strong enough," Percy spat, "he's the strongest person I know! But even he can't stand you sending him around the world all fucking day!"

"If he can't take it, he should have told me," Hades snapped back.

"Maybe he needed your approval!" Percy growled, "and now he's almost dead! Because of you!"

Heavy, awkward silence followed. It was so unbreable that Nico almost opened his eyes. But then Hades spoke again,

"Perhaps I've been too harsh on Nico...I will think about you said, Son of Poseidon. For now, take care of him," Hades suddenly sounded like he was in pain, "please," he added, so quietly Nico almost missed it. The Italian's heart was beating fast.

A light flashed, so bright Nico saw it behind closed eyelids, and he knew that his father was gone. Nico didn't dare open his eyes, not now. And anyway, he was still very tired, and Percy's bed was so comfortable.

He felt the bed shift and his heart skipped a beat. Silently, Percy shucked off his shoes and chucked his hoodie to the side, before climbing underneath the covers, an arm slipping around Nico's waist.

"I know you're awake," Percy whispered.

"Sorry," Nico mumbled, eyes still closed, feeling Percy's heart against his back, slow and steady.

"It's okay," Percy whispered, "go to sleep."
Sit in silence waiting for a sign

Chapter Notes

For Notice me Senpai.
Also, I'm so freaking tired! I had Grease today and I think I did pretty well in the make up department!

Can you do one where Nico is being annoying and repeats everything Will says but then Will says I love you Nico copies him and they kiss?

Nobody ever suspected it, but Nico di Angelo could be really fucking childish, especially when it came to Will. The blonde never realized that it was Nico's way of showing affection; he'd throw a tantrum over stupid things, like Will not letting him borrow his books, or ignore him for hours until the blonde apologised. Another thing Nico liked to do is parrot what Will said, just to piss him off.

Like right now. Will refused to give Nico the alcohol that the Italian knew he had stocked up in that supply cabinet.

"Nico, I said no," Will sighed, putting his first aid kit away. Nico pouted and had to stop himself from stamping his foot,

"But whyyy?" he whined instead. Will gave him a disapproving look,
"I need it for disinfecting," he said, "why do you wanna get drunk on it anyway? It'll burn your throat raw before it reaches your stomach, you know."

"Willlll," Nico whined.

"No."

"No," Nico parroted, eyes angry. Will sighed again,

"Not this again," he said, giving Nico a pleading look. Nico crossed his arms over his chest,

"Not this again."

"Nico," Will warned.

"Nico," Nico said in a stupid voice. Will rolled his eyes,

"Gods, you're a moron."

"Gods, you're a moron," Nico said, giving Will a pointed look. The blonde glared.

"Nico di Angelo is a damn idiot."

"Nico di Angelo is a damn idiot," Nico raised an eyebrow in challenge. Will grew silent, finishing packing up his medical supplies. Nico didn't say anything, watching him with curious eyes. He always liked to look at Will working.

"I need to get back to my cabin," Will informed Nico after about five minutes of silence, "It's getting late."

"I need to get back to my cabin. It's getting late," Nico repeated, grinning. Will groaned, "Not this again," he mumbled.

"Not this again."

"Nico, stop," Will growled.

"Nico, stop," Nico was clearly enjoying this.

"Don't be a child," Will scoffed,

"Don't be a child," Nico parroted. The Italian could feel the anger flooding Will's system.

"You're so annoying."

"You're so annoying."

"How long are you gonna do this for?" Will sighed.

"How long are you gonna do this for?" Nico smirked.

"Supercalafragalisticspialidosius," Will said on one breath.

"Supercalafragalisticspialidosius." Nico copied. Will cocked his head to the side, his eyes growing gentler,
"I love you." He said softly. Nico's eyes widened, his mouth fell open as if he couldn't remember what words were. A blush rose to his cheeks. Will smiled and opened his mouth to say, 'Ha! You can't repeat that!' even though it physically hurt to know Nico would never say it back to him, but then-

"I love you," Nico whispered, but he wasn't smirking or laughing. He looked serious.

"Oh," Will let out a breath.

"Oh," Nico agreed, eyes glued to his feet. Will stepped forward and pressed his hand to Nico's cheek. The Italian had time to look up before Will leaned down and pecked his lips shyly. Nico's breath caught,

"I love you, Nico," the blonde said, thumb brushing against Nico's cheekbone.

"I love you, Will," Nico mumbled, knowing he lost the game, but not really.
When Beckendorf found Percy, he was curled up on his bed in the Poseidon cabin.

"Knock, knock," the tall boy said, not bothering to actually knock. Percy didn't reply, his back to the door. Beckendorf sighed; the son of Poseidon missed breakfast and lunch, and now dinner and campture the flag too.

"Ares won capture the flag," Beckendorf tried to sound casual, even as he felt worry fill him. Damn this kid for making him feel all sorts of weird things. For a moment the son of Hepheastus thought that maybe Percy was asleep, but then the blue eyed boy spoke,

"Oh," was all he said, in a quiet voice. Beckendorf slowly shut the door and sat down at the edge of Percy's bed. The mattress dipped and Percy flinched, "I thought you left," he mumbled.

"Oh. Sorry," Beckendorf said, but didn't offer to go, "wanna tell me what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"You haven't been out all day, everyone's worried." Beckendorf said. Percy ignored him, "c'mon, Perce, don't be a brat about this."
"This?!" Percy scoffed, voice muffled by the pillow, "you don't even know what 'this' is!"

"Why don't you tell me then?" Beckendorf willed his voice to sound gentler as he scooted more up the bed. Hesitantly, the older boy reached out and touched Percy's back. The boy jumped, but didn't flinch away. "Come on, Percy, what is this about?"

Percy sat up. His eyes were sleepy and red rimmed as if he'd been crying, making his eyes look bluer than usual. His already messy hair was even more messy, sticking up in all directions. It was kinda adorable.

"I don't wanna talk about it," Percy mumbled, looking away. His hands were fisted in his lap. Beckendorf sighed,

"Percy. I'm really worried, are you sick?" he reached out to touch the boy's forehead, and this time Percy did flinch.

"Don't," the boy's eyes were wide and he looked like he was holding his breath. Beckendorf frowned,

"Perce?"

"I-I just...," tears appeared in Percy's eyes. Beckendorf wanted to hug him, so he did, crushing the smaller boy against his muscular chest. Percy almost disappeared in his arms since Beckendorf was basically a fucking mountain.

"You can tell me," the boy said soothingly, as if trying to talk to a scared kitten. He felt Percy shiver in his arms, and then he was pulling away.

"I-If I tell you," Percy whispered, staring at his lap, "promise not to tell."

"Pinkie promise," Beckendorf said solemnly, sticking his pinkie up. Percy cracked a smile and wrapped his own pinkie around Beckendorf's finger, before quickly pulling away. He took a deep breath,

"S-So I-I think...I-I think that I-I...I might be bisexual," Percy stuttered. Beckendorf blinked at him.

"So you like boys and girls?" he clarified.

"Yeah." Percy looked up at him shyly. Beckendorf grinned,

"Awesome, you have a bigger pool to chose from," he said. Percy smiled too, and then Beckendorf pulled him into another hug. Percy liked that. A lot.

"You should tell people," Beckendorf said, "it's not that big of a deal," this time he pulled away. Percy was looking away again and Beckendorf frowned, "What is it? There's something else, isn't there?"

"Yeah," Percy whispered, "I-I kinda have a crush on a boy."

"That's great!" Beckendorf boomed, but then his voice faltered, "so who is it?" he asked uncertainly. Percy peered up at him,

"His name is Charlie."

"Charlie?" Beckendorf crinckled his nose, "is he from camp?"
"Yes," Percy confirmed.

"I don't know any Charlies...," Beckendorf jumped to his feet, "I'm gonna go look for Charlie!" he said, and ran out.

"Beckendorf-" Percy called after him, but the boy was already gone. He returned two minutes later, red in the face, breathing hard, and tackled Percy to the bed. The son of Poseidon let out a startled squeak, and then Beckendorf's mouth crashed into his. Percy was too surprised to kiss back, eyes wide, and then Beckendorf was pulling away.

"Woah." Percy mumbled, heart beating wildly. Beckendorf grinned down at him, his large hands gripping Percy's waist,

"It's me!" Beckendorf said, "I'm Charlie."

"Yeah."

"Yeah," Beckendorf's smile turned sweet as he tentatively leaned back down again, "can I?" he asked quietly. Percy hesitantly nodded, and then Beckendorf leaned down, kissing Percy gently, as if afraid that the boy would break. Percy's arms flew upwards to wrap around Beckendorf's neck pulling him closer.

"I like you too," Beckendorf clarified. Percy smiled,

"Yeah, I know," his eyes twinkled, "Charlie."
Dawn (You're hurt continuation)

Chapter Notes

This is a long one for multiple people; Anon, Annie, Goddess_of_Coffee_Addictions and High_inthe_clouds, who all wanted a continuation of the werewolf AU (chapter 76).

Werewolf- like just another scene of them doing domestic things, like baking or cleaning, and after being with nico for a while jason decides to quit being a hunter? So like he works from home in some other field so he can spend more time with nico and all the things werewolves go through? biologically i guess? they also actually get to "mate". ;) with jason topping. what would happen if a pup resulted between the hunter and werewolf because of this. Might cause others to get suspicious of Jason going out to buy baby things.

Nico was at home when Jason came from work, exhausted. He hated his job, he really did, and now he was thinking of ways to try and get out of it without seeming suspicious. And he was suspicious, he had a damn werewolf in his house. Although Nico grew more used to walking around, and going outside, he still preferred to stay indoors. He said it made him feel safer.

So when Jason came home he heard cursing from the kitchen. Curiously, the blonde dropped his bag to the floor and kicked off his shoes before walking into the kitchen area. Everything was covered in flour and eggs, and a heavy curtain of smoke hung in the air. Nico crouched helplessly by the over, which was spilling fire.

"Nico? What happened?!!" Jason demanded, "are you hurt? Did you burn yourself?"

"Jason!" Nico jumped to his feet, eyes wide, "Oh Gods...I'm sorry, I-I tried to bake a cake but t-then Game of Thrones came on a-and I-I forgot..." Nico was stuttering which meant that he would
cry soon. And Jason understood why; as a werewolf, Nico had an instinct to please his mate, and whenever something went wrong, he would start crying and apologizing. Because Jason was his mate.

The blonde was by him in seconds, gathering him up into his arms,

"It's alright, baby," he murmured, "it was an accident, don't worry about it."

"I'm sorry," Nico sniffled, burying his face in Jason's shoulder. The hunter rubbed his back,

"It's okay, don't worry about it," he stepped away and had to lean down a bit to look at Nico's face. His face was red, "Don't cry," Jason asked, "it's not a big deal, really."

"I know," Nico said, frustrated, "it's just my fucking instincts and-"

Jason kissed him gently,

"It's okay," he said again. Nico smiled,

"Thanks," he mumbled, and leaned forward to kiss Jason again, short and sweet, "welcome home," he breathed. Jason smiled and placed a kiss on top of Nico's head,

"Come on, I'll do the dishes and you'll wipe the floor and then we'll try make another cake, alright?" the blonde asked. Nico nodded, eyes brightening up, and Jason knew his wolf was happy.

Jason came home and dropped his bag in the corner. He finally did it - he left his job as a hunter. The blonde never felt so good in his life, especially since his friend in the department, Annabeth, offered him a place at a vet's office she knew, and he was set for an interview the following day.

"Nico!" Jason called, when he couldn't see Nico immediately. Nobody replied and Jason frowned, "Nico?" he asked, padding into the kitchen. There was a note on the fridge,

'Went out with Mrs Zhang, helping her with shopping, be back soon. - Nico.'

Jason stared at the note, feeling that it missed something. The three words that the two were afraid to say to each other, even though they already established that they were mates. The blonde sighed and opened the fridge; there was some steak and potatoes and vegetables. A brilliant idea came down on the human, and he decided to cook for Nico for once.

Humming to himself, the boy set to work.

"Jason!" Nico toed off his shoes as he came in, an hour later, "I'm back."

"Hi!" Jason popped out of nowhere, tackling his mate into a hug. Nico laughed and hugged back,

"What's gotten into you?" he asked. Jason grinned and then kissed Nico,

"I finally quit being a hunter!" he said excitedly. Nico's eyes widened,

"No way," he breathed, and then jumped up. Jason easily caught him and the Italian wrapped his legs around the blonde's waist, smashing their lips together. They kissed heatedly, and Jason's hands groped down Nico's body, while the wolf's hands tangled themselves in Jason's blonde hair. The human bit at Nico's lips, and when the dark haired boy opened his mouth, the human pulled away suddenly,
"I made dinner!" he remembered. Nico, with flushed cheeks and red lips, smiled and then dropped to the floor,

"Awesome!" he said, "I'm starving."

"So...wait," Jason was sitting on one edge of the couch, with Nico sprawled across it, his head in the ex-hunter's lap, "The Alpha is like the leader?" he clarified.

"Yes," Nico said patently, his face reflected with the blue light coming from the TV, which was on low. Jason played with Nico's hair,

"And a Beta is...?"

"Middle ground," Nico explained, "neutrals - neither Alpha nor Omega, they can kind of decide who they want to be, but they can't have their own packs...unless they kill the Alpha."

"Oh," Jason said, shuffling uncomfortably, "and you're an Omega?"

"Yeah," Nico shrugged.

"What does that mean again?" Jason asked, wincing.

"I'm the submissive, the 'carrier.' I can get pregnant-"

"What?" Jason squeaked,

"Calm down," Nico rolled his eyes, "I can only do that during my heat."

"Which is?" Jason asked, confused.

"You'll see," Nico grimaced.

When Jason came home two days later, really happy because he got the job at the vet's. When he got in, something smelled weird. Not unpleasant, quite the opposite really, but still weird.

"Nico?" the ex-hunter called tentatively. There was no answer. Jason checked the kitchen, but it was empty, as was the living room. Unsure and a bit nervous, he trotted up the stairs. There was no note on the fridge, and the blonde thought that maybe Nico had gone out...if it wasn't for the smell. It smelled...well, it smelled of sex, to be frank.

When Jason opened the bedroom door, he saw Nico curled up on the ex-hunter's side of the bed, wearing one of Jason's shirts, which reached his knees, and nothing else. His face was pressed against Jason's pillow, and he was whimpering. As soon as he felt Jason's presence, Nico shot up. His hair was a mess on top of his head, and his eyes so dark that they were black instead of their usual chocolaty color. Nico's cheeks were flushed and his gaze hazy and Jason didn't need to be a werewolf to smell the arousal rolling off of the wolf in waves. The boy was shivering,

"Jason," he whimpered. Jason was on the bed in seconds, brushing Nico's hair out of his face,

"Nico? What's wrong?!!" the blonde asked. Nico let out a shuddery breath and pressed his face against Jason's hand. His skin felt feverish,

"It's m-my heat," Nico stuttered.

"What does that mean?!" Jason asked.
"I-I...," Nico bit his lip, eyes squeezing shut, "it hurts, Jas."

"What hurts?" Jason asked, panicked, "baby, tell me what hurts..."

Nico fell forwards, face resting against the crook of Jason's neck. His breath came out in gasps, and he was burning up. His hands clutched at Jason's shirt. Not knowing what else to do, the ex-hunter too Nico's face in his hands and kissed him on the mouth gently. But the wolf wasn't having that. Instead, he laid down on the bed, pulling Jason on top of him, and turning the kiss hot and hard. When Jason's tongue slipped into his mouth, Nico moaned. Jason pulled away before his brain got too muddled with how gorgeous Nico looked lying underneath him.

"Nico." He said, "tell me what you need."

"You," Nico reached out, trying to pull Jason back to him. When the blonde moved backwards, he mewed helplessly, "Jason please...I-I need you to fuck me. E-Everything's so hot, a-and it hurts," there were tears in his eyes and he took in a shuddery breath. Jason couldn't stand seeing him in pain, so he climbed back on top of him and kissed his forehead,

"It's okay," he whispered and Nico relaxed against the pillows. Jason tugged off Nico's shirt, only to find that the boy was naked underneath it, with his cock hard and leaking onto his pale, flat stomach. Jason kissed along Nico's jaw and down his neck,

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, voice low and rough. Nico shuddered,

"Just...I-I need you inside, r-right now..."

"Okay," Jason said, deciding not to question anything. He reached for the lube but Nico grabbed his hand. His face was red, his expression dazed,

"W-We don't need it," he stuttered, "I-I already prepared myself...so just do it, please."

Jason couldn't deny him, so instead he leaned down again. Nico's legs wrapped around his waist and the ex-hunter felt the wetness between his legs. He frowned, because it didn't feel like lube, but decided not to question it, not now, when Nico looked like he needed Jason. The blonde kissed Nico briefly and then pushed his cock slowly inside Nico. The Italian gasped and then moaned, head thrown back, revealing his pale, flawless skin, and Jason suddenly wanted to mark, to bite, to let everyone know that Nico was his. So he did. As he entered Nico fully, he leaned down and sank his teeth into his skin.

Nico whined, and shuddered, one of his hands coming to tangle in Jason's hair, the blonde pulled away when he felt the wetness of his abs. He looked down and frowned,

"Did you just come?!" he asked. Nico nodded, eyes half-lidded, although his cock was still so hard it must've been painful.

"Move, p-please," Nico begged, "I-I need it, J-Jas I need you-"

Jason thrust in roughly. The mark on Nico's neck stopped bleeding, but it didn't fade like the rest of his wounds, instead remaining a faint outline against his skin, as if he wanted it there. Jason soon got into a rhythm of hard, deep thrusts that grazed Nico's prostate, which left the wolf a shuddering, moaning mess.

"Gods, Jason...f-fuck," he whined as Jason gave a particular hard thrust, "I love you, I love you, fuck, d-don't stop, Jason, Jason-" his eyes flashed red.
"Mine," Jason growled as his mouth latched itself onto Nico's neck, sucking angry red hickeys into his sensitive skin, and he continued to pound the wolf, hands gripping his hips. The room was filled with the blonde's low groans, and Nico's loud moans, as well as the sound of skin slapping skin.

Nico came again and again, and every time he just wanted more and more and somewhere in the back of his mind, past the haze of the sex and having Nico underneath him, Jason remembered that *Nico could get pregnant*.

Two months later Nico shuffled into the living room, wearing grey sweatpants and one of Jason's shirts. He had a bright smile on his face and he was clutching something in his hand.

"Jason," he said happily. Jason was making them tea,

"Yeah?" he asked, looking up. Nico came over and wrapped his arms around Jason's waist, kissing him on the cheek lightly. "Someone's happy," he grinned.

"Wanna know why?" Nico asked, eyes sparkling. Jason nodded. Nico held up his hand. He was holding a pregnancy test, with two stripes on it. Jason stared, "I'm pregnant," Nico beamed. Jason's cup, which he was holding in his hand, fell out and shattered against the floor. Nico winced and his smile disappeared,

"Y-You can't be," Jason whispered, horrified, mouth dry,

"J-Jason," Nico moved away, looking unsure.

"You can't be pregnant!" Jason yelled. Nico was staring at him with wide eyes,

"Jason, I'm an Omega," he said, "I'm made to get pregnant. We're going to have a baby! Aren't you happy?" he demanded, anger flaring. Jason pushed past him roughly,

"I can't do this," he informed Nico, "I'm a fucking hunter, I can't be a father to a werewolf." He grabbed his coat and shrugged it off. Nico ran after him, grabbing his sleeve,

"Where are you going?!!" he asked, tears in his eyes, "Jas, you can't go! This is our baby! And you're not a hunter-"

"Fuck off," Jason pushed him away. Nico stumbled, but remained upright. A tear rolled down his cheek, and he clutched his stomach, "I can't do this," Jason said again, and then walked out, slamming the door. Nico stood where he was, and then ever so slowly slid down the wall. The tears were flowing freely now and Nico swore he could fell his heart crack in two. He buried his face in his hands and started sobbing, heart pounding, his insides hurting so much he thought he could die.

Nico stayed up all night, waiting for Jason to show up, to apologize. But he didn't and dawn came and after hundreds of text messages with no replies, Nico gathered his stuff and called an old friend. And the car was there in an hour, and Jason still wasn't back, so Nico said goodbye to Mrs Zhang and then walked out of the apartment building, which he had come to know as home.

The girl was waiting outside, her golden hair shining in the sun, reflecting the rays. Her eyes were sad as she reached out for her half-brother, pulling him close. The girl next to him had an angry look on her face, and she hugged Nico fiercely.

"Hazel. Reyna. Thank you for coming," Nico said, voice hoarse from all the crying.
"No problem," Hazel whispered, "you know you can always count on us."

Nico's eyes filled with tears,

"I know," he mumbled. Reyna took his bag and tossed it in the back of her truck.

"We should get going," she said as gently as she could. Nico nodded, and glanced back at his home, illuminated by the early morning sunshine. Hazel jumped into the truck, and Nico clambered in after her. Reyna sat on his left and slammed the door shut. As Nico's sister started the car and began pulling out, the boy watched the road, trying to glimpse Jason's blonde head.

But he never came, and as Hazel turned round the corner and Nico's home disappeared from view, the boy began crying again.

Nico fell into depression as he was re-united with his old pack. Everyone was there; Hazel and her boyfriend, Frank, and Leo Valdez, Nico's best friend, and his human mate Calypso. There was Percy and the newly-returned Annabeth, who'd been undercover as a hunter, but came back because she missed her mate. There was Reyna and her mate Rachel, and their newly born son; Carlo. Their shared house buzzed with care and love and family but Nico was immune to all of it. His heart ached for Jason, and he cried himself to sleep every night.

He hated it. He hated it all so much, his heart yearned for his mate, but Reyna told him to get rid of all contact with him. So Nico threw away his phone and laptop, and kept only one of Jason's shirts as a reminder that he was real and not just some daydream that Nico conjured out of loneliness.

The wolf would've probably taken his own life if it wasn't for the one growing inside him. His own little pub, another reminder of Jason and his love. Or at least what Nico thought was love. A month passed, then another...Nico's belly swelled gently and everyone in the pack took care of him, letting off protective hormones. Nico appreciated it, but all he really wanted was Jason.

Jason sat in his dark apartment. A thick layer of dust gathered on every surface, and there was rotting food in his fridge. When Jason came home after two days, he found Nico and all of his things gone. Everything, as if they had never been together. Jason was angry but also kind of relieved because it was all too much at once.

A week passed and everything went to shit. Jason found himself reaching out for Nico in the middle of the night, or he would be in the kitchen and then turn to tell the boy something, only to find he wasn't there. He was in a constant bad mood and nothing could fix it. Then he began noticing the babies; out in buggies at the mall or sleeping at playgrounds, in mother's arms, in father's arms.

It made Jason crave it. He suddenly found himself wanting to hear a babies wail in the middle of the night, waking him up. He wanted to see Nico walking around with a child in his arms, he wanted to be a part of it. He wanted Nico back, and he wanted the baby as well. Jason tried calling and texting, but there was no reply. On lonely nights he would scroll through their old messages, and the ones that Nico sent on the night that Jason walked out on him.

*Jason, where are you?*

*Please pick up, I'm worried.*

*Can we just talk?*
Jason!

Please, I need to talk to you.

Where are you?

Jason.

Jason please don't be mad.

I didn't wanna screw everything up!

I thought you wanted this as much as I did.

Please don't leave me.

I can't bare to be without you.

Jason, please.

Please don't leave me.

The messages made Jason cry because Nico needed him and he wasn't there for him. The moment his mate needed him the most, and Jason told him the worst thing possible and then disappeared. The ex-hunter tried facebook and the police department, who had no files on Nico. He even went to the sour lady next door, Mrs Zhang who Nico befriended, but apart from having a massive go at Jason, the woman couldn't tell him where Nico was. And so two months passed and Jason grew more and more desperate, because he knew that Nico was somewhere, having to deal with this all by himself.

Jason opened the door and saw Annabeth standing outside.

"Jason." She said, before pushing past him into the apartment.

"Annabeth?" Jason blinked. The girl's eyes were cold as she looked at him,

"What the fuck have you done?!" she demanded.

"I-I...what?" Jason stuttered.

"What the fuck have you done to Nico?!"

"How do you know about him?" Jason blurted.

"Oh please," Annabeth snorted, and then her eyes flashed red. Jason stumbled back,

"You're a werewolf!" he yelled, almost tripping over a chair. She rolled her eyes,

"Yes, I'm an Alpha," she said, "you hunters are so oblivious. You couldn't see a wolf right under your nose."

"You know where Nico is?" Jason asked. Annabeth nodded, "I-I've been trying to contact him-"

"Reyna made him throw his phone away," the girl said, "you hurt him a lot."

"I know," Jason whispered, "but I want to fix it. I want to make it better. I want the baby." He
looked up at Annabeth, expecting her to argue, but she just smiled,

"Good."

Annabeth drove for over two hours, and then parked in front of a massive house. She led Jason to the front door,

"The pack know you're trying to make things better," Annabeth informed Jason, "but Nico doesn't. You have to patient."

"I'll do anything," Jason said stubbornly. Annabeth nodded in approval and then pushed the door open. The conversation that had been going on ceased. Jason looked around to see about a dozen people lounging around the massive livingroom, and all eyes were on him. The ex-hunter immediately zeroed in on Nico, sitting on a chair. His eyes were wide, his hair longer. His stomach was more rounded.

"J-Jason?" he stuttered.

"Nico, I...," Jason started, but Nico jumped to his feet and began backing away like a terrified animal.

"Nico, wait," Jason pleaded, and Nico flinched away,

"Don't touch me," he growled, eyes flashing red, a protective hand coming to his stomach. He turned on Annabeth, "How could you bring him here?!" he demanded. Before Annabeth could reply, Nico ran past her, using wolf speed, and out of the door. Jason saw him turn into a wolf mid step, and run off into the woods. The blonde felt tears appear in his eyes,

"Fuck."

"Just give him time," the Asian boy said, "I'm Frank. You can sleep on the couch and tomorrow Nico should be back."

When Jason woke up in the middle of the night, he saw the wolf's face by his. It's eyes were an angry red and for a second Jason had a flashback to that day when Piper kissed him and Nico turned into a wolf, backing him up into the door. Back then, Jason thought he was going to die. This time he felt it too, but he knew he deserved it. But Nico didn't kill him, instead backed away when he realized that Jason was awake.

"Wait," the blonde pleaded, sitting up, "Nico, please."

The wolf froze, and then sat down close by, not close enough to touch though. Jason knew this was his only chance,

"I know I fucked up," he whispered, "I know I hurt you. Gods, if I could take it all back I would," he was looking at Nico, "you're honestly the best thing that's ever happened to me. Without you...well, my life is literally meaningless. I know I'm human and I can't really feel the whole mate thing, but I think you're really it for me. I want this," Jason had tears in his eyes again, "I want you. I want to protect you and take care of you and of our baby, I want to be a dad with you. I want all of it. So if you'll just have me back, I promise I'd fix everything. I'll be the best mate ever." Nico's eyes softened. Jason reached out his hand, and the wolf came over and nuzzled it, before climbing onto the couch, on top of Jason's legs, and licking his cheek. Jason wrapped his arms around the huge animal, pressing his face into the soft fur, "I love you, Nico," he whispered.
The human felt the wolf change under his hands and seconds later a naked Nico was sitting in his lap, eyes wide, shivering. Jason stared at him for a second, and then he quickly tugged on his shirt, pushing it over Nico's head as if scared someone else could see him undressed.

"Did you mean it?" Nico asked quietly, "all of it?"

"Yes," Jason whispered, "I love you. I want you, all of you."

Nico looked away, and then slowly pressed himself against Jason. The blonde wrapped his arms around his wolf and hugged him close, kissing the side of his head. Nico clung on to him, and then he burst into tears. Jason held him through it, whispering 'sorry's and 'I love you's.' When Nico was done, the ex-hunter made him lie down on the couch, and the he pushed his shirt up slightly, to kiss the baby bump.

That night the two laid on the tiny couch, touching each other lightly, kissing and holding hands and whispering promises. And then as dawn came, they fell asleep.

"Congratulations," the nurse was smiling as she placed the tiny bundle in Jason's arms, "it's a girl!"

Jason gazed down on her, at his daughter, so tiny and innocent. There was a tuft of black hair on top of her tiny head. Jason sat down next to Nico, and passed the baby to him, feeling his insides go all soft and mushy from all the love he was feeling. Nico smiled down at their child, his hair stuck to his forehead with sweat. The baby's eyes opened and they were a brilliant, perfect blue.

"She has your eyes," Nico whispered. Jason kissed his cheek,

"What should we call her?" he asked.

"Dawn," Nico decided. Jason put an arm around him,

"Why Dawn?" he asked.

"You left me at dawn," Nico said quietly, "but then you came back at dawn as well. I think it's a good name."

"I like it," Jason smiled, "Dawn."

And Dawn's eyes flashed red.

Three months later Jason was shopping, a basket filled with nappies, when Piper found him.

"Jason!" she exclaimed, running up to him, "Haven't seen you in a while!"

"Oh! Hi, Pipes," Jason smiled, "I've been kind of busy."

The girl looked at his basket,

"You have a baby?!" she asked in disbelief. Jason's smile widened,

"Yeah," he shrugged, "I'm a dad."

"Wow," Piper grinned, "that's wonderful!"

"Jason!" Nico appeared, pushing a stroller with their little baby girl inside. Her eyes were blue, her
"Awweee," she said, "she's so adorable," she offered Nico a hand, "Hi, I'm Piper."

"I'm Nico," Nico said, "Jason's husband."

"You got married?!" Piper's eyes widened.

"Yeah," Jason said.

"And you didn't invite me?!!"

"It was a small gathering," Nico growled, and his eyes flashed red. Jason sucked in a breath, *oh shit-*

"I'm sure it was," Piper smiled sweetly, and her eyes flashed red right back, "catch you guys round!" she waved, and walked off into the crowd. Jason stared at her open mouthed, and he seriously began questioning this whole Hunter Corporation. Maybe they were all wolves all along...

"Come on," Nico took his hand. Jason squeezed it, "let's go home."

Jason kissed his forehead,

"I love you."

"I love you too."
"Take your clothes off," Percy commanded, storming into his and his best friend's flat. Leo was under the sink, fixing something, and he slid out, a confused look on his face.

"What? Now?" he asked bewildered.

"Yes, now!" Percy pulled out his sketchbook and pencils. Leo sighed but stood up and walked over anyway,

"I blame Rachel for your obsession with art," he grumbled, tugging his shirt off over his head.

"I blame you for being so beautiful that I just want to draw you all the time," Percy grinned at the boy, though he wasn't really joking. Leo blushed,

"I wish you would stop saying that," he grumbled.

"It's true though," Percy smiled as Leo sat down on the table. Percy instructed him to position his body the way he wanted to, until he decided that Leo was perfect. Then he proceeded to sketch him for four hours, with no bathroom breaks.

"I hate you," the Latino grumbled, rubbing his stiff limbs.

"I love you, thank you for being my muse," he said affectionately. Leo smiled gently when Percy ruffled his hair.

"You're a sap," he informed Percy, before taking the sketchbook out of his hands. He looked at the sketch of him, with Percy hovering over his shoulder. The drawing was really good, Percy managed to capture Leo perfectly, from his facial expression to all the lines of his body. After getting over how great the drawing way, Leo cocked his head to the side, wondering what Percy found so 'beautiful' about him. Not his hair - which was a bloody mess even in the drawing, or his
face with his too big eyes and a weird dusting of freckles and oil smudged on his cheek. *Definitely* not his skinny body, with no muscle and littered with scars. Leo offered Percy the sketchbook back,

"It's really good," he said, not looking at Percy, "I'm going to bed."

"Leo," Percy had his sketchbook out, watching Leo eat cereal in the morning, "can I draw you?"

"Right now?!"

"Yeah," Percy shrugged, "you look really cute with that bandana in your hair."

Leo blushed, and mumbled a 'ok' before shoving another spoonful of cereal into his mouth.

The next day they both got in trouble in class. Leo fell asleep during a lecture, and Percy decided to draw him instead of waking him up. Bad call.

"Come on, it's just me," Percy said soothingly. Leo glared at him but then shucked his trousers off, leaving him naked apart from the black boxers. Leo's hands were fists at his sides, and his face was bright red. "See, that wasn't so bad," Percy said, "now you just have to stand there for a bit, okay?"

"Yeah, whatever," Leo mumbled, looking away. Percy started on his face, staring intently. It made Leo feel all weird inside, having Percy look at him like that.

"I need you to look at me," Percy said, suddenly, "I'm drawing your eyes."

Leo looked up at Percy shyly, from under his eyelashes. Percy stared,

"Wow. That's gorgeous, just stay like that," he said, breathlessly. Leo had to force himself to not look away, but his hands were shaking at his sides. Every time Percy looked up to memorize more of his face, Leo felt like running away and putting on a onesie, to hide his body away from the other boy's searching gaze. Speaking of his gaze, it was now travelling down Leo's chest, and it was making him even more uncomfortable than when Percy drew his face. When the dark haired boy's eyes reached the waistband of Leo's boxers, the Latino couldn't take it anymore.

"Nope!" he said, moving to get his shirt, "I can't do this!" his face was burning red. Percy stood up, confused,

"Leo, what's wrong?" he asked, as the Latino searched for his clothes, "did I make you uncomfortable?I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..."

"I-It's not that," Leo held his shirt in front of his chest protectively, "I-I just...it's the way you l-

Percy deflated and his face fell,

"I'm sorry," he said quietly, "I didn't mean to do that. I'll stop if you want?"

"You don't get it!" Leo groaned in frustration, finally shrugging his shirt on. Percy frowned,

"How** do I look at you?" he asked. Leo blushed and looked at his feet,

"Like you actually mean what you say," he said.
"And what do I say?"

Leo shrugged and hugged himself.

"That I'm beautiful, and gorgeous," he said. Percy looked confused,

"But I do mean it," he said. Leo looked up at him,

"Can you stop joking for one second?" he asked, exasperated.

"Leo, I'm not joking."

"Percy..."

Percy stepped forward and kissed him on the lips. Leo flailed back in surprise, but Percy caught him and pulled him closer, still kissing him. Leo's eyes fluttered shut and his hands gripped the front of Percy's shirt. It was all over too soon,

"I'm not joking," Percy said again.

"Okay," Leo said breathlessly.

"And I do think you're beautiful," Percy said, "In fact I think you're the most beautiful person I've ever seen in my life, and I'll keep saying it until you believe me."

"Percy..." Leo blushed. Percy smiled and kissed him again,

"Now can you please go back to your position, my muse?" he asked sweetly. Leo rolled his eyes but extracted himself from Percy's arms and returned to his spot, pulling his shirt off. Percy sat back down on the couch and picked up his pencil and sketchbook. He drew for about two minutes, before looking up and smiling at Leo,

"Leo," he said.

"Yeah?"

"You're beautiful."
Percy carried a giggling Nico in through the door of the house that they rented for their two week honeymoon.

It was a one storey, warehouse flat type of thing, with the walls of the living room made of glass, giving the two men a perfect view of the gorgeous, private beach outside.

Obviously, Percy would've been awestruck by how close the sea was, if he wasn't too busy throwing Nico down on the king sized bed in the bedroom.

"I can't believe we're actually married," Percy whispered, gazing down at Nico with soft eyes and a tiny smile. Nico smiled back and reached up to touch Percy's cheek.

"Why? Having second thoughts, Jackson?"

"Never," Percy pulled Nico's hand away from his cheek and kissed it. They were slow, taking their time, knowing that they had the whole night to themselves, with no sudden quests or monster threats at the borders of the Camp.

Nico tugged at Percy's shirt in order to pull him down low enough so he could slot their lips together. The kiss was gentle, more like a caress really, open mouthed but with no tongue. Nico liked those kinds of kisses.

Percy's warm lips trailed along Nico's jaw, barely brushing against his skin, as the Italian began to unbutton Percy's dress shirt with practiced fingers.

"You smell nice," Percy informed him, kissing just below his ear. Nico rolled his eyes,
"Thanks," he said. Percy pulled away long enough to pull his open shirt off. Nico watched him do so, his eyes darkening slightly. Percy's body was a lot more myscular than when he was sixteen, his shoulders broader, his abs more defined. There were also many more scars littering the man's body, but Nico didn't mind.

"Like what you see?" Percy teased, moving back down to hover over Nico.

"Yeah," the Italian said, pulling Percy down for another kiss, this one more demanding but still more loving than passionate. When they broke away, Nico reached out to run his finger's over the biggest scar on Percy's body, the one running across his chest.

It was slightly bumpy, and a shade paler than Percy's skin. He got it fighting an Empousai to try and protect Piper, who was wounded. Nico remembered showing up just as the monster exploded into dust. He remembered Percy bleeding out all over his lap, breathing shallow, and he remembered saying, 'I love you, please don't die.'

Nico hadn't realized that he spaced out until Percy moved his hand from the scar and pressed it against his heart. Nico could feel it beat madly against his palm, and the thought that he was causing that, made him smile. Without a warning, he leaned forward and kissed the scar, causing Percy to suck in a startled breath.

Then Nico kissed the scar next to it, and the next one and the next until he was peppering Percy's whole body with kisses; his shoulder, his neck, his ribcage and tanned stomach. When he was done, Percy tugged him upwards impatiently, and crushed their mouths together.

This time it was hard and desperate. Percy's tongue forced itself into Nico's mouth, licking every inch if his hot mouth, pressing against the boy's tongue, fighting for dominance.

When Percy pulled away, both of the men were red faced and breathing hard. In a sudden surge of strength, Nico flipped Percy over, reversing their positions. Before Percy had time to process what was happening, Nico was already pressing wet, demanding kisses down his body, nibbling at the skin occasionally.

The Italian tugged off Percy's dress pants, along with his blue boxers, and tossed them to the side. Percy inhaled sharply as the cool air hit his half hard dick. Nico smirked and then leaned down to lick a wet stripe along the underside of Percy's member. The man stuttered out a surprised moan as Nico took him in his hand and kissed the tip of his dick.

Nico could feel the dick grow harder in his hand, and he didn't waste any time, taking into his mouth.

"N-Nico!" Percy's back arched off the be and Nico almost gagged as the cock was shoved further down his throat. He quickly grabbed Percy's hips and forced him to remain laying on the bed, as he began bobbing his head.

Percy moaned and gasped as Nico took him into his hot mouth, tongue swirling around the head, teeth scraping against the side occasionally. Nico enjoyed how heavy the dick was against his tongue, and he didn't really mind the taste of pre-come that gathered at the tip.

Percy watched Nico with heavy lidded eyes, breaths coming out in gasps as pleasure coursed through his body. Nico's eyes were closed, his swollen lips wrapped around Percy's member. The Italian cupped Percy's balls in his hand and Percy threw his head back with a groan, feeling the familiar tightening in his stomach.

Nico must've felt him tense because he pulled away quickly, climbing back up to kiss Percy again.
He tasted faintly salty.

Percy grabbed his hips and slammed him back down into the mattress, attacking his neck with lips and tongue and teeth. In no time, Nico was a trembling, helpless mess, his skin decorated with endless love bites. He didn't even notice Percy lube up his fingers until one of them was pressing inside him.

Nico let out a shuddery moan as he felt the digit press into him. Percy assaulted his neck with bites and kisses and then pressed their lips together as he pushed another finger inside his lover.


"Calm down, Niks," Percy grinned down at him, "we have all night."

"Maybe I wanna go again," Nico growled, "so hurry up."

"Greedy," Percy said but he forced a third finger inside Nico, thrust it in a couple of times and then withdrew his hand. Nico's naked chest was rising and falling rapidly as Percy lubed up his cock.

The Italian reached up and tangled his hands in Percy's hair, pulling him down into another kiss. Although Nico wanted it to be harsh and rough to try and urge Percy to hurry up, the older boy forced it to be more slow and passionate.

"Seriously, Niks," Percy kissed Nico's forehead, "slow down." He murmured, before entering Nico in one thrust. The boy's back arched from the bed and he let out a moan that ended in a gasp.

Percy was barely moving, just looking down at Nico with caring eyes, his hands brushing gently over his face, like he wanted to cherish him.

Nico's heart ached with how much he loved Percy, but his aching cock demanded that Percy fucked him instead of just looking.

"Percy," the Italian's voice was hoarse, "just fuck me."

"So demanding," Percy teased, grinning, and pulling his dick out a tiny inch, only to push it back in. Nico groaned.

"Percy," he meant to sound commanding, but his voice came out breathless, "just...please."

Percy's eyes darkened and then in one swift movement he flipped Nico over so he was on his hands and knees. Nico whined as he felt Percys cock move inside him, sending tingles up his spine.

"I love you," the son of Poseidon whispered, and the he pulled his member out, slamming it back in with so much force that it rattled the bed. Nico chocked on a moan, one of his hand curling into the covers, the other one clutching at the headboard.

Percy's thrusts turned hard and fast and desperate. Nico could feel every tiny shift inside of him, and every hard thrust against his prostate, causing waves of intense pleasure travelling through his body. His skin was burning up as his insides clenched with the promise of release.

"Percy, f-fuck...," Nico moaned and bit the pillow, "nghh," Percy sped up his thrusts even more, causing the Italian to cry out and arch his back, pressing his ass against Percy's cock.
Percy took Nico's member in his hand and begun stroking in time with his thrusts. The Italian didn't have the strength to hold himself up anymore, instead his upper half collapsed against the pillows as he turned into a shivering, moaning mess.

"N-Nico I'm going to come," Percy warned breathlessly. His hand pumped Nico faster and it was he who came first, splattering upwards onto his stomach. His hole unvoluntarily clenched around Percy, sending him over the edge.

When Percy finally stopped coming into Nico's tight channel, he pulled out and collapsed on the bed. Nico rolled over to kiss him sweetly,

"I love you."

"I love you too," Percy smiled.

"Wanna go again?" Nico asked, mischief in his eyes.
So Percy's sixteen and Leo's fifteen. For Seth.

Assassins in training where they are rivals and act like they hate each other but they're training right now and it get physical as in grappling etc and soon percy pins leo down and they're out of breath so theyre just staring and its sexy.

Percy Jackson and Leo Valdez were, without argument, great assassins. They had multiple clean kills on their lists, but sometimes things went out of hand when it came to them; especially if they started getting competitive. So alongside the dozens of good kills, they also had a few messy ones, where they would end up fighting over who gets to pull the trigger.

That's why it was best to keep the two apart. Which was easy, since they both had classes at different times, and different squadrons. Leo trained in stealth and gymnastics with his team; Nico di Angelo, Piper McLean and Hazel Levesque, while Percy did muscle training and hand to hand combat with Jason Grace, Annabeth Chase and Frank Zhang.

It was always like that - the small kids separated from the big ones. It was so people like Percy wouldn't break people like Leo's bones by accident. But fuck the rules, right?

***

Leo was in the training room, where he technically wasn't supposed to be because 1) it wasn't his class, and 2) it was after lesson, but he didn't care much. He wanted to practice some boxing, just in case his gun wasn't enough. He knew that he was better with knives but still...Jackson knew how to do this, and so would Leo.

The boy's shirt laid discarded to the side, his hands enveloped in red boxing gloves. He was breathing hard as he assaulted a punching bag, sweat causing his wild curls to stick to his face. His cheeks were red, eyes wide. His wiry, tanned body glistened with sweat. That's how Percy saw him when he walked in.
"Well, well, well," he sneered, trying not to let his eyes travel down the Latino's body, "look who's here. If it isn't Valdez, tired of ballet already?"

Leo stopped hitting the bag and caughed his breath, glaring at Percy,

"Fuck do you want, Jackson?" he spat.

"Oh nothing, seeing as this is my class," Percy said, "what are you doing here anyway?"

"What does it look like I'm doing?" Leo growled, but he wasn't about to train in front of Percy. He struggled with his gloves, unable to get them off. He sighed in frustration,

"Gymnastics not good enough for you?" Percy raised an eyebrow,

"Not since last week, apparently," Leo said, not looking at Percy. The taller boy winced. Everyone knew what happened last week - Leo went on a solo mission and after the assassination got attacked. He was almost killed, unable to reach his gun. Percy felt bad all of a sudden, and he stepped towards Leo,

"Here, let me take those gloves off," he said.

"Fuck off," Leo flinched away, "I can do it myself."

"No you can't," Percy rolled his eyes, "just give me your hands, Valdez."

"I can do it myself!"

Percy went to grab Leo's wrist, but the Latino was faster, darting away. The dark haired boy raised an eyebrow,

"Fine, be like that," he said. Leo glared at him and then lifted his glove to his mouth. Using his teeth, he undid the glove and pulled it off, revealing his small hand. Percy felt his throat go dry as he stared at Leo's lips, mesmerized, he did have really nice lips...

What the fuck are you thinking?! Percy scolded himself, don't be an idiot! This is Valdez!

Leo pulled off the other glove and threw it to the side. He made for the door, not looking at Percy anymore. The dark haired boy suddenly didn't want him to go, he barely got to see him nowadays. But obviously he just wanted him to stay so he could piss him off more.

"Oi, Valdez!" Percy called, "why don't you train with me?"

"What?" Leo scoffed, turning around, "no, I don't wanna train with you."

"Scared?" Percy grinned. He could see the anger filling Leo's body again, and knew he won.

"Of course not," Leo came towards him, anger flaring, and cracked his knuckles, "let's go!" he challenged. Percy smirked and tugged his shirt off over his head. He almost missed Leo lick his lips when he saw Percy's muscular body, peppered with scars from all the training and assassinations. Something tightened in Percy's belly at Leo's look, but he ignored it.

"Okay, come on then," he said, moving into a defensive stance, "throw the first hit."

Leo stood in front of him, looking unsure, as if he didn't know what to do with himself. Which he probably didn't, Percy reminded himself, after all Leo didn't take this lesson. But Percy wasn't about to start teaching him, he hated him, and he was only doing this to humiliate Leo.
So Percy threw himself at the small boy, who ducked away quickly, sudden fear appearing in his eyes.

"Scared?" Percy taunted, though he felt bad. He didn't want to scare Leo, not really.

"No," Leo spat, and then he curled his hand into a fist, and went to punch Percy. The taller boy caught his wrist easily, and threw him to the side. He didn't mean to put a lot of force into it, but he accidently did, and Leo ended up on the floor, groaning.

Percy started towards him, but then stopped himself.

"Giving up already?" he said instead, without the usual bite, as Leo struggled to his feet.

"No," he said again. There was a purple bruise blooming on his wrist and Percy suddenly felt really bad, which he didn't understand, because he didn't usually care about what happened to Leo. The taller boy was so lost in thought that he didn't see Leo throw himself at him, tackling him to the ground.

In seconds, Percy was on his back, with Leo straddling his lap, his fist raised. Fast as lightning, the boy punched Percy in the face. The dark haired boy groaned, feeling pain bloom on his jaw, but he guessed he deserved it. Then his hands shot out and he grabbed Leo's arms before he could throw another punch.

Percy easily overpowered the smaller boy, flipping them over so that Leo was now on the floor. The Latino lifted his knee quickly and it connected with Percy's groin.

"Fuck," the boy groaned again. Leo slipped out from underneath him and jumped to his feet, making a mad run for the door, but Percy's hand wrapped around his ankle and brough him down to the ground. Leo moaned in pain as Percy pulled him towards him. The two struggled, hitting each other, Leo trying to escape, and Percy trying to pin him back down.

They were both sweaty and breathing hard, cheeks flushed. Finally, Percy managed to slam Leo back down to the floor, gathering both of his wrists in one of his hands and pining them to the ground. The Latino's lip was split and bleeding, his eyes wide and dark, almost black. He was looking up at Percy with defiance, his mouth parted to suck in desperate gulps of air. His cheeks were flushed, his curls falling into his eyes.

He looked utterly and throughoutly fucked, and somehow it made Percy hard in his pants, which only fuelled his anger because why was he getting a boner over Valdez?!

Percy lifted his fist, wanting to hurt Valdez, hoping that when the boy was bruised and battered and not looking so fucking gorgeous, Percy's hard on would go away.

Leo squeezed his eyes shut and turned his face to the side, away from Percy's fist, unable to defend himself because the blue eyed boy still had his wrists in a bruising grip. Percy slammed his fist down, but stopped an inch from Valdez's face.

He couldn't do it - not when Leo was so fucking defensless underneath him. But he couldn't just leave now, that would be admitting defeat.

Not feeling the punch coming, Leo looked at Percy through his dark eyelashes.

"Jackson?" he asked, voice breathless and almost needy. Percy bit back a groan and then dropped his fist. Leo looked confused, but Percy's rage was gone, replaced by sudden, unexplainable arousal. Without thinking about it, Percy pushed his hips downward, and was surprised to feel his cock brush against something hard. But only for a second, because then he felt a spike of pleasure
course up his spine, and Leo’s eyes fell shut and the most beautiful noise escaped his mouth, half way between a moan and a whine.

"J-Jackson," he stuttered, "w-what the fuck are you doing?!"

"Shut up," Percy growled and then pressed back down again, sliding his buldge against Leo's. The boy made that sound again, and it went right down to Percy's cock. The blue eyed boy began rubbing himself against Leo, feeling the delicious friction through his shorts and boxers. The Latino's back arched,

"S-Stop," he gasped, but he couldn't get away, not with Percy pinning him to the floor, covering his body completely, "F-fuck, w-wait, nghh..."

Percy stilled.

What the fuck are you doing?! You're practically raping this kid! Percy's eyes widened, and Leo's opened. He looked up at Percy, looking confused and angry and aroused. Then his expression softened,

"Don't stop," he mumbled breathlessly. Percy crashed their lips together, wrapping his arms around Leo's waist and hauling him into his lap. The Latino wrapped his arms around Percy's neck, now sitting in his lap. Their breaths mingled together as they kissed. It was wet and hot and desperate and their teeth clashed together, but they didn't care.

Percy shoved his tongue into Leo's mouth, his hands coming down to grope at Leo's ass. The boy moaned against his lips, trying to push himself closer to Percy. One of the blue eyed boys hands came away from Leo's ass in order to reach under his waist band and wrap his hand around the boys cock.

As soon as he felt the pulsing, hot flesh in his hand, Leo broke away from the kiss, head falling against Percy's shoulder with a whine, hips bucking forward involuntarily.

"J-Jackson," he gasped, "I-I...ahhh, please j-just-" he cut off with a moan as Percy began stroking him. His mouth attached itself to Leo's neck, nibbling and kissing and licking. Leo was thrusting into Percy's hand, moaning helplessly, as if he couldn't stop himself. He got enough of his mind back to reach into Percy's trousers and wrap his hand around the boys cock.

Percy's hand stilled as he let out a surprised groan, but then Leo began jerking him off, and the blue eyed boy quickly matched his pace. Then he suddenly pushed Leo's hand away, and the Latino thought that he did something wrong, but then Percy wrapped his hand around both of their cocks.

Leo's world tipped sideways. Apart from the wonderful feeling of Percy's hand on his cock, he could also feel the friction of his dick against his, pulsing and throbbing and ohh...

"Ahhh, nghhh, I c-can't," Leo sobbed, clutching at Percy's back, "I-I'll come...Jackson, I-I'm going to come!"

"Me too," Percy admitted with a small moan, as his hand sped up on both of their cocks. Leo was gasping, moaning, his nails leaving red trails up Percy's back.

"Jackson, Oh G-Gods, J-Jackson," he moaned. Percy's thumb run over his slit and Leo threw his head back. The blue eyed boy attacked his neck again, "Percy!" Leo gasped.

Percy's cock twitched against his, as if he liked hearing Leo say his name. So the Latino pressed his face against the crook of Percy's neck,
"Percy, Percy, f-fuck, s-so close, Percy p-please-"

"Don't," Percy sounded absolutely wrecked, "Fuck, Leo."

And then he came, his come splattering against his hand and Leo's chest and cock, and the Latino moaned and his stomach tightened, and then he too was coming, sobbing with relief, clinging onto Percy.

When they were done, Leo remained holding onto Percy, shivering. The taller boy stood up with the Latino's legs wrapped around his waist and carried him over to one of the benches before setting him down.

He grabbed a towel and wiped himself clean of his come, before pulling his trousers and shirt on. Leo sat on the bench, boneless, and Percy gathered up his clothes and grabbed another towel.

He kneeled in front of Leo, who was watching him with a dazed expression, and then began cleaning the boy with gentle hands. When Leo was relatively clean, Percy helped him tug his clothes on, not speaking. When Leo was dressed, Percy picked him up, bridal style and walked out of the training room and up the stairs.

He didn't speak, and neither did Leo, who cuddled himself up against Percy's chest, melting against him. They didn't encounter anyone of the corridors, as it was late. Percy opened the door to his room and then placed Leo down on his soft bed.

It was dark and Percy didn't turn the light on as he climbed in after Leo, making sure the door was shut. As soon as he was underneath the covers, Leo pressed himself against him, and exhaled, relieved. Percy smiled and then pulled the smaller boy into his arms.

"Sorry about your wrists," he whispered hoarsely.

"Sorry about your jaw."
Can you do a Solangelo when they're not together and Nico just discovers that Will is gay/bi and has been dating someone else but they broke up because Will is in love with someone else? And Nico is really hurt that Will didn't tell him but is also really curious who Will likes and goes through the process of realizing he's in love with Will?

Nico was walking through Brooklyn. He and Hazel had a few errands to run, but it was early afternoon and they were almost done, so they decided to stop for some ice cream before going back to Camp.

They were strolling through the noisy streets and, just talking and enjoying the city life, when Nico saw Will. Holding hands with another boy, who he did not recognise. His ice cream fell from his hand and splattered to the ground as Nico was flooded with sudden anger and betrayal, and something else...

"Oh look!" Hazel exclaimed, "it's Will and his boyfriend."

"H-He's gay?!" Nico spluttered. Hazel blinked,

"Actually he's bi," she said, "didn't you know?"

"No," Nico's mouth was dry. He grabbed his sister's hand and began pulling her away, "come on, we don't wanna disturb their date," his words came out more angry than he intended.

It's been two weeks and Nico was still giving Will the silent treatment. Call him childish, but he
couldn't forgive Will for never mentioning that he was bisexual! Especially when he was the first one who Nico came out to!

And now Nico was holed up in his cabin, glaring at everything. He couldn't get over it - and the fact that Will had a boyfriend! That kind of stung, Nico couldn't lie.

But he didn't know why. Or more like, he did know, but he refused to acknowledge it.

A knock sounded on the Hades Cabin door and Nico got to his feet, but then the door slammed open and an angry Will walked it. He pointed an accusing finger at a surprised Nico,

"You!" he said, "why are you avoiding me?!!"

"Will!" Nico yelled, "Get out of my cabin!"

Instead, the blonde slammed the door shut and blocked it with his body, crossing his arms over his chest and looking down at Nico,

"Well?" he said.

"Well what?" Nico snapped, pulling on a hoodie.

"Why are you avoiding me?"

"Why didn't you tell me you were bisexual?" Nico counter-attacked. Will's shoulder's slumped and his expression fell,

"H-How do you know about that?" he asked, voice quiet. Nico rolled his eyes,

"I saw you in Brooklyn with your boyfriend," he spat out the last word as if it was poison in his mouth. Will sighed,

"We broke up," he said. Nico wasn't expecting that and his eyes widened, and his heart did a little happy jump. Hey! What the hell! Nico scolded himself, you should be sad for him! He and his boyfriend aren't together anymore, why are you so damn happy?!

"S-Seriously?" Nico asked.

"Yeah," Will shrugged. Nico shook his head,

"That's besides the point!" he said angrily, "why didn't you tell me you liked guys?!"

Will slumped against the door and looked down at his feet,

"I don't know," he admitted quietly, "I was scared...I thought that perhaps...that you wouldn't want to be friends anymore...I don't know why I thought that, really," Will looked up, pleading with Nico with his eyes, "I know you're not like that. That you wouldn't treat me differently...it's just...I was scared."

Nico sighed, and ran a hand through his hair, but he was glad - glad that Will was just scared of his reaction, and not because he didn't think Nico was worthy of knowing this information about him.

"Yeah, I know," he said, "It's alright. I'm not mad...anymore."

Will offered him a small smile,
"Thanks." Nico's heart skipped a beat. Damn, that smile could really make everything better.

"So why did you break up with your boyfriend?" Nico asked casually. Will bit his lip,

"Well...I kind of realized that I was in love with someone else."

Nico's heart fell,

"Oh," he managed. He didn't understand what was happening to him, why he was suddenly so affected by Will's words and actions. So what if he loved someone? So what if the someone wasn't Nico..., "So, who do you love then?"

Will looked at the door,

"Look, Niks," he said, "I need to go-" he went for the escape, but Nico shadowtravelled and appeared right in front of him, blocking his way. Although Will could've easily moved him to the side, he didn't, he just stared down at Nico, looking tired and a lot older than nineteen.

"Nico," he said. Nico couldn't place his tone - he sounded tired and dejected, as if he'd given up. It was worrying,

"Will? Are you okay?" he asked, feeling his heart beat speed up.

"I'm just tired of holding this fucking secret inside me," Will admitted with a sigh. Nico blinked, the blonde almost never swore, and it took the Italian by surprise.

"What secret?" Nico asked, desperately wanting to lose Will's burden, to make it okay, "Will, just tell me."

Will's whole body seemed to slump as if he had no energy left, as if he was emotionally drained. And maybe he was. He looked at Nico, his eyes sad,

"Nico," he said quietly, "I love you."

Nico didn't even hesitate, no matter that he was confused, and didn't understand the sudden want that flooded him at Will's words.

"I love you too," he whispered. Will groaned in frustration,

"No, Nico, you don't understand I-"

Nico stepped forward, took Will's face in his hands, stood on his tiptoes and kissed him. Will sucked in a startled breath and Nico smiled, pulling away,

"Will," he said slowly, "I love you."

"Oh," Will smiled goofily, "Okay. I love you too."

"I know," Nico smiled and kissed him again.
Frank was running, in his wolf form, through the woods. An arrow swirled through the forest, and embedded itself in a tree, just an inch away from the wolf. Frank could only feel basic emotions in this state; the pain in his side, the warmth of blood on his tongue, *his* blood, the fear coursing through his body.

The hunters were close, right behind him really, and any of the arrows shooting past could hit him, and then he’d be as good as dead. To be honest, he already was. There was no point in running because he had nowhere to go.

It's been three weeks and Frank was still wandering through random forests, with no purpose, with no one to turn to. His family, his pack, was dead way back in Canada. And Frank had no one.

He had half the mind to stop running and get killed, but then he saw the other wolf. Frank automatically recognized it as a he, with fur a dozen different shades of brown, smudged with dirt...and was that motor oil? The creature's eyes were a warm brown and he was pacing, agitated, those eyes locked on Frank. He was a good deal smaller than the black wolf, but he didn't radiate fear, instead it was urgency and safety that the wolf sent in Frank's direction.
Without really realizing it, Frank changed course, heading for the wolf. As soon as he was close enough, he darted into the bushes, and Frank followed.

They stopped half an hour later in a tiny, two storey cottage. It was beautiful, as if straight out of a fairytale, made of grey stone, with a red roof. The windows had floral curtains in them, and there were roses climbing their way up the side. The door was painted green with the number '9' on them, even though it was the only house for miles.

The hunters were gone, lost on the way. Frank watched as the brown wolf nudged the door, which swung open, and walked in. Frank, without any better ideas, followed behind.

The inside was dark, the lights off, but Frank could still see the other werewolf's outline as he straightened up into a human, reaching for clothes. Frank did the same, feeling his body shift, and after a flash of pain, he was back to his human form, completely naked.

The two stared at each other, and Frank took in the other human. His eyes were the same, a gorgeous brown, his skin a beautiful golden color. He was a good deal shorter and thinner than Frank, which secretly pleased his wolf, and had smudged of dirt on his face. He was wearing sweatpants and a flannel.

"Want some clothes?" the boy asked, "or are you just gonna sit naked on my floor?"

"Um, yeah, sure," Frank cleared his throat, scrambling to his feet. He was pretty confident with nakedness since he often changed around people, so he didn't mind being without clothes for a little while.

The boy re-appeared with an armful of clothing,

"That should fit," he said, pointedly not looking at Frank. The Asian took the clothes from him, careful not to touch him.

"Thanks," he said, and quickly pulled the clothes on. The shirt was a bit tight, but overall it was okay. By the time Frank was done, the boy had disappeared into a kitchen. The Asian followed him.

The kitchen was as beautiful as the rest of the house; with vases full of flowers standing on every surface, and a small wooden table big enough for two. A fridge stood in one corner and jars of conserves and other things stood on the shelves. Herbs hung upside down from the ceiling and a fire roared in the fireplace. The light coming from above was nice and soft and golden.

The smaller wolf was preparing food,

"You must be hungry," he assumed, "is steak okay?" he asked, turning a bit to look at Frank.

"Er, yeah, sure," the Asian said. This whole situation was really weird - the boy just accepted him into the house and didn't ask any questions, "I'm Frank," he offered. The boy hummed,

"Leo," he offered.

"You seem very trusting," Frank said and winced, the last thing he needed was to be kicked out. But Leo just smiled and opened the fridge,

"You smell good," he shrugged, "very trustworthy."

"Oh."
"So what are you doing on the run, Frank?" Leo asked. Frank liked the way he said his name.

"My family...they were killed by hunters," the Asian said, and couldn't help the sadness that suddenly emitted off of him. Leo must've felt it too, because he turned to Frank with a dried lavender bunch in his hand. He offered it to the Asian, who took it, confused, "Um, thanks?"

"It's calming," Leo said, rolling his eyes, "you reek of sadness. Though I'm not surprised, losing your pack...that must've sucked."

Frank was so overwhelmed. Sitting in this kitchen it felt as if he had been ripped from the real world and tossed back in time to cottages and knights and princesses. But here was Leo, in the middle of it all in a flannel, not really fitting in, but somehow making this whole place feel even better.

"In that case, thank you," Frank said softly. Leo smiled, and then the sun began rising, soft rays coming in through the window, illuminating Leo's face. It made Frank's heart skip a beat,

"No problem," Leo said softly, before placing the food in front of Frank, "come on, big guy, eat up so we can go to sleep."

When Frank woke up it was late afternoon. He sat up in bed and stretched his arms over his head. The room Leo gave him was small and cozy, with a fireplace, an oak wardrobe and a beautiful bed with fluffy covers. Frank put the bunch of lavender under his pillow and now everything smelled like it. It was nice.

It was raining as the boy got up. He padded into the corridor and marvelled at the silence of the cottage. The only thing he could hear was Leo's steady heartbeat and breathing, and the turning of book pages.

He walked into the living room. The Latino sat on a floral couch, reading a book. He looked up when Frank walked in,

"Hi," he said.

"'sup," Frank offered and yawned, "you've got any coffee?"

"Kitchen," Leo hummed to himself. Frank nodded and walked back to the room. The dishes were in the sink, so Frank decided to wash them, since Leo's been so kind to him. He didn't hear the Latino walk in over the water.

When he looked up he nearly jumped, because Leo was way too close, smelling of cinnamon and lavender and something underneath...like lust, but not really-

"I'm going out," Leo informed him, "you coming or staying?"

"Er...," Frank wiped his hands.

"You say 'er' a lot," Leo observed, smirking.

"Where are you going?" Frank grumbled, blushing at Leo's comment. The Latino shrugged,

"Got some business in town," he said,

"There's a town around here?" Frank's eyes widened. Leo smiled,

"Yeah. Come on, I'll show you."
It was silent. All Frank could hear was the soft rumble of the engine of Leo's old car, and the animals in the woods surrounding them. The car climbed up a hill, and it had stopped raining, the sun peaking out from behind clouds.

"So where is this town?" Frank asked, "I can't sense anything."

"Just wait," Leo smiled a smile that was like a secret that Frank didn't know. He wanted to figure that smile out.

Then the car reached the top of the hill and Frank's breath caught in his throat. Down below, surrounded by a lake on one side and forest on the three others, ringed with mountains, was a town.

Frank could see tall spires and beautiful medieval buildings with Chinese lanterns hanging between the houses, lighting the street up.

"We're here," Leo smiled and as he began rolling downhill, the noises and smells hit Frank; wolves, dozens of them, fresh pies and ice cream and apple crumbles, Italian bread and garlic and other spices, perfume and lavender. He could hear the laugh of the ladies and throaty chuckles of the men, rustles of clothing, beating hearts.

"What is this place?" Frank asked breathlessly as Leo stopped the car,

"We call it Half Blood Hill," was all he said, and then climbed out of the car. Frank followed him clumsily.

The town was even more breathtaking up close. The buildings were three storeys high at most, with random towers jutting out here and there. The people wore a weird assortment of clothing; there were normal ones, like Frank and Leo, who had on jeans and sneakers and hoodies, but then there were the men in suits smoking expensive cigars, ladies in knee-length dresses with head pieces of feathers, their hair styled in short bobs. There were men in leather jackets and girls with parasols and big skirts. Frank spotted someone looking like a native American conversing with a black man wearing a straw hat.

"What is this place?" Frank whispered to himself again, but he got no reply from Leo, who weaved through the crowded streets.

"Come on," he grabbed Frank's sleeve in order to not lose him the throng of people. He pulled the Asian towards a shop called, "Beth's Bakery" and tugged him inside.

It smelled of freshly baked bread and sausage rolls and apple pies. A beautiful blonde she-wolf stood behind the counter, wearing an old fashioned brown dress, her hair in a braid. Her face lit up when she saw the two boys walk in,

"Leo!" she exclaimed, and leaned over to peck his cheek, "how lovely to see you!"

"I know," Leo smiled, "it's been too long. Annabeth, this is Frank," he gestured at the boy who was hovering near him awkwardly, "I found him in the woods and he's staying with me."

"Good to meet you," Annabeth offered Frank a hand, and he shook it, giving her a shy smile. The girl turned back to Leo, "So, do you have my order?" she asked.

"Of course," the boy rolled his eyes and delved into his pocket, bringing out four horseshoes.

"Oh splendid!" Annabeth took them, "Thank you, Leo, Blackjack really needed new ones."
"Where the hell did you fit that?!" Frank asked. Leo gave him that secret smile and then tapped his nose, then he turned to Annabeth,

"My payment?" he asked innocently.

"Oh you little rascal," Annabeth said fondly, but she handed him a paper bag, "cinnamon buns, just as promised."

"Thanks," Leo grinned. Then a boy came in through the back door. He was wearing a leather jacket, sunglasses pushed into his slicked back hair

"Hello, Leo," he waved and then cocked his head to the side, "Who's this?"

"I'm Frank," Frank said.

"This is Percy," Leo introduced, "Annabeth's husband."

"Aren't you two a bit young to get married?" Frank blinked. They didn't look a day over seventeen. Percy, Annabeth and Leo exchanged a look, and then the Latino smacked Frank's arm,

"Hey, don't be rude," he said quickly, "Okay, we're going. See ya later guys!" Leo waved and then forced Frank out of the shop. The Asian rubbed his arm.

"Don't ask stupid questions," Leo scolded him.

"This is the weirdest thing that ever happened to me," Frank mumbled as a red wolf trotted past. Then Frank saw the Native American girl ran at them again, and before he could react, she tackled Leo into a massive hug.

"Piper!" Leo yelled happily.

"I missed you, kola!" (friend) she said, stepping back, "The Hanhepi-wi** is full tonight. Will you be coming for the run?" (moon) she asked, voice breathless. She wore what looked to be a goat skin, fashioned into a dress, with beads around her neck and tattoos decorating her arms. She had red paint on her face and feathers in her choppy brown hair.

"Of course," Leo assured her, "Piper, this is Frank."

"Hohahe," (Welcome) Piper did a complicated hand motion, something Frank though was out of Pocahontas, "micaje Piper." (I am)

"Hello," he offered, "Erm...micaje Frank?" he offered. Piper smiled, and nodded,

"Good," she told him, and then looked at Leo, "Is he nita?" she asked.

"English, Pipes," Leo reminded her. She grinned,

"Is he yours?" she gestured at Frank. Leo blushed a deep red and looked away,

"N-No, he's just staying with me," he mumbled. Frank's heart fell - of course he wasn't Leo's mate. He couldn't be. Piper didn't stop grinning.

A blonde man appeared next to her, wearing a World War Two officers uniform. He had a bright smile and a scar on his upper lip,

"Ah! Jason," Leo grinned as the newcomer gave him a tight hug. Frank felt jealousy flare in him, and Piper's sharp eyes landed on him, and the Asian knew she must've smelled it. He looked away
"Frank," she said, "This is Jason, and he is le mita." (mine)

"Hi," Frank said. This whole thing was confusing - he just met a 90's kid, a victorian baker, some random soldier and a native American girl. He wondered if this was some weird costume festival.

"Me and Frank have to go," Leo gave the pair an apologetic smile, "we'll see you at the dance next week?"

"Ya bet," Jason grinned.

"Toksha ake wacinyuanktin ktelo, shunkaha," (I shall see you again, Wolf) she said, still grinning, one of her hands linked through Jason's arm. The two walked down the street, fitting in perfectly with the rest of the weirdly dressed people.

"Well shit if that wasn't weird," Frank said. Leo smiled.

"Do you mind if I hold your hand? I need to do some shopping and I wouldn't want you to get lost," he said. Frank blushed but offered his hand to Leo,

"Sure," he mumbled. The Latino beamed and then slipped his small hand into Frank's larger one, and the Asian felt his wolf howl with pleasure. He himself smile, feeling the warmth of Leo's hand in his as he pulled him along.

Frank was sitting in the living room, where the table was littered with papers, thinking of what to do. A big part of him wanted to stay here with Leo, who didn't seem to mind, but he also had his doubts...everything here was so weird, like a completely different world.

There was no internet, no TV. It was weird, but Frank liked it.

"Frank," Leo's voice sent a jolt down the Asian's spine, "are you coming to the wolf run?"

Frank didn't bother asking what it was, knowing that Leo wouldn't give him a straight answer, so instead he just nodded and stood up.

He and Leo changed into wolves outside of the cottage. Before they run off, Leo walked up to Frank and pressed himself against him, sniffing along his neck. Frank didn't mind, it was a wolf's custom to scent someone if they felt close to them. So Frank let him and then the two ran into the woods.

Frank felt the wind whoosh past him, and he felt defiant running against it. He jumped over roots and felt the clean air around him, heard the rustle of leaves. He was the beating heart of the forest, he was wild and he was free.

And Leo ran next to him, fast as lightning, and Frank the heart of the forest felt his chest expand knowing that in some part, that night Leo belonged to him, his companion.

Then the other wolves emerged from the trees and they all joined Frank and Leo. Frank saw Piper with her rust colored fur and feathers in her hair, with Jason the blonde wolf at her side. And soon there were dozens and dozens of wolves, and they all ran together until they reached the end of the forest where the earth fell away in a cascade of a waterfall. And the wolves crowded together and raised their heads, and they howled to the moon.

Frank sat on the porch of the house, head in his hands. Leo came outside,
"Frank?" he frowned, "are you okay?"

"No, not really," Frank said, "I'm really confused."

"About?"

Frank stood up and hiked up his shirt, revealing his muscular, tanned stomach. Leo looked away blushing.

"Woah, Frank, laying it on a bit thick, aren't you?" he asked, as a wave of arousal rolled off of him. Frank tried desperately to ignore it.

"What do you see?" he asked. Leo raised an eyebrow,

"Really nice abs?"

"There was a wound here," Frank sighed and dropped his shirt, "last night I'm sure I got grazed by an arrow. I felt the pain and now it's gone."

"Maybe it healed?" Leo suggested.

"Nah, it was too deep for that," Frank muttered. Leo placed a hand on his arm,

"Hey don't stress about it." He said.

A week later Frank found that he was still in Leo's cottage, and not wanting to leave. His smell mingled with Leo's and together they created a different scent, one that smelled like home.

When Leo said they were going to the Hill again, Frank climbed into the car and sat silently as the radio fuzzed out old songs. It was nice, the last warm evening of Autumn, the car was heated from the sun earlier on.

As they drove over the hill, Frank saw the two below illuminated by hundreds of lights. Just like before, he couldn't hear anything until they began their descent.

When the two entered, a girl with wild curls and dark skin appeared in front of them, dragging a dark haired, pale boy with her.

"Hi Leo!" she said,

"Hazel!" Leo grinned, "How's it going?"

"Oh it's going swell!" Hazel grinned, she turned to Frank, "oh, is this your mate?"

"No," Frank and Leo said together. Hazel wrinkled her nose. She wore a 20's dress, her hair in a nice bob, lips red,

"You smell different," she said, "right, me and Nico gotta go! See ya!" she waved and disappeared in the crowd again.

Frank's nose was assaulted by the smell of fried food; chinese and indian and hot dogs. There were mince pies and meat pies and apple pies, there was ice cream and coffee and champagne and wine and vodka. A parade went down the main street, a massive Chinese dragon at the front, followed by dancers and flame throwers and flame swallowers and a dozen other people.

Leo had an excited grin on his face,
"Great, isn't it?" he breathed, looking up at Frank. The Asian couldn't help but smile at his enthusiasm.

"Yeah," he agreed. Leo took his hand without asking and pulled him into the crowd to watch the parade. Frank could feel the happiness rolling off of him in waves, and it made him happy too.

They got a takeaway box of noodles that they shared sitting on the curb of the cobbled street. Leo laughed and talked through the whole thing and Frank stared at him, a soft smile on his face.

A cheer went up from the crowd as a jazz band struck up somewhere. Leo gasped happily, his excitement visible.

"It's dancing time!" he said, and jumped to his feet. He offered Frank a hand and pulled him up, intertwining his fingers. Most of the people spilled on the street and were now dancing in twos or threes. Leo stood in the middle and Frank stumbled after him,

"I can't dance!" he said, panicking. Leo took his hands, grinning,

"It's okay," he said. Frank didn't know what else to do, so he just spun Leo in a circle. The boy laughed breathlessly and landed in Frank's arms. The Asian's arm wrapped around his waist, and pulled him closer. Leo smelled like lavender.

The two managed to dance the whole night, through the Jazz and the rock of the 90's and the classical music. It was a beautiful night, and Leo was even more beautiful with his flushed cheeks and bright eyes and soft laughs.

"Frank!" Leo ran into Frank's room. The man groaned,

"Huh?" he asked. Leo was grinning,

"Get up you big oaf!" he said, "It's snowing!"

Frank's eyes widened and he threw his covers back, running to the window and gazing outside. Sure enough there was a thick layer of snow laying over the world, bathing everything in white.

I've been here for three months, Frank remembered suddenly. His shoulder's slumped,

"Leo," he said, "I'm going to have to leave soon. Find my own place."

To see Leo's smile fall was heart breaking. The boy looked up at Frank with wide eyes,

"But...isn't this your own place?" he asked, uncertainly, then quickly shook his head. "Of course it's not! Right...," he laughed, humourlessly, "well, you're free to go anytime you want..."

"Leo-

"You could stay for Christmas though!" Leo said, perking up suddenly, "it's only a week away!"

Frank looked unsure, but Leo's eyes were so hopeful that he couldn't say no.

So he stayed for Christmas and Leo invited Annabeth and Percy and Jason and Piper and Hazel and her brother Nico, and they put a Christmas tree up and decorated it and they laughed and ate delicious food. And later, when Piper and Frank stepped outside for a smoke of her 'pipe of peace' she said,

"Is he nita yet?" (yours)
"No." Frank said regretfully.

Frank woke up four days after christmas and began packing. He was halfway through putting his stuff away; the clothes he and Leo bought for him, some books and souvenirs, when the other occupant of the house walked into his room.

"Frank?" he said sleepily, "what are you doing?"

Frank sighed,

"I'm leaving." He said. Leo's eyes widened,

"B-But..."

"No buts," Frank said harshly, "Look Leo, I need to figure out what's going on. This whole thing," he gestured between them, "it's just...I just need to go."

"It's me isn't it," Leo's eyes filled with tears and distress rolled off of him. Frank's wolf urged him to reach out, to comfort his- "I messed up! I did something wrong," Leo was hysterical, "Frank tell me what I did wrong, please! I'll fix it just don't go, don't leave me alone," he was sobbing now, "please don't leave me-"

Frank's instincts were stronger. He stepped towards Leo and gathered him up into his arms, hugging him tightly,

"I won't leave," Frank breathed and his wolf whined, "please don't cry, I'm right here, baby."

Leo shuddered and then relaxed against Frank, hands clutching the back of his shirt. And then, silently, Frank pushed Leo down onto his bed and climbed on top of him, and he kissed him and it was as if fireworks exploded in his heart.

Leo clutched at him and pulled him close, and Frank felt a heat grow inside him as he held his mate close. Leo moaned his name and clung to him and scratched his back until it was bleeding. And Frank claimed him and marked his neck with bites and kisses, and his wolf howled to the moon.

Frank was getting sick. He laid in his bed and felt his strength leave him. His skin grew paler as he threw up everything he ate. He couldn't sleep so he laid wrapped around Leo, one hand under his pillow, clutching the bunch of lavender.

Leo didn't know what was wrong, he called his friends and the doctors, but they didn't know either. Nobody knew what was happening, but it was obvious Frank didn't have long.

"Hecheto aloe," Piper told Leo, and he understood - it is over.

He laid with Leo one night, playing with his hair, and he said,

"It's this place," in a hoarse voice, "it's killing me. Leo I have to leave."

And Leo cried and said 'I know' and whispered 'I love you, I love you,' over and over.

Frank and Leo stood at the edge of the waterfall.

"Where's the road?" Frank asked, "there was a road."

"It's gone," Leo murmured, holding Frank up. "The only way is down."
Frank gazed down the waterfall, it disappeared in a cloud of white. Frank wasn't going to ask questions.

"Frank." Leo whispered,

"Come with me," Frank asked, turning to face Leo. He kissed him gently, "please."

"I-I...," Leo looked away, "Frank this is my home."

"And I am your mate and I love you," Frank whispered, "but I won't make you chose."

"No," Leo shook his head, "I dwelled too long here anyway. It's time to leave."

"Why? I thought it was your home."

"Oh Frank," Leo kissed him, "it can't be my home. I'm not dead yet." And he took Frank's hand and pulled him into the rushing waters of the waterfall.

Frank sat up on the bed with a gasp. The machine stated beeping,

"He's awake!" a nurse called, jumping to her feet. Another nurse eased Frank down,

"Please, relax sir," she said. Frank's heart was beating fast, his breathing came out hard and fast. He was confused, head swimming. Everything was dull, his senses muddled.

Leo.

"W-Where am I?!" Frank demanded. The nurse looked at him,

"Sir, do you remember your name?" she asked.

"Y-Yes, I'm Frank. Frank Zhang."

The nurse nodded,

"Sir this may come as a shock to you, but you were in a coma for six months," she said gently. Frank's eyes widened,

"W-What," his throat was dry. "B-But Leo and H-Half Blood Hill." He whispered. The nurse gave him a pitying look.

Everything came back to Frank - he was drunk, running through the forest, and then he fell. There was water, ice fingers clenching around his heart...

There was never a Half Blood Hill, and he was never a wolf and Leo didn't exist. Frank felt as if his heart shattered in his chest, nothing made sense anymore.

He wasn't the heart of the forest, and nothing was real. Or maybe it was an Frank had died and glimpsed what was the afterlife.

"C-Could I have a laptop please?" he asked the nurse. She looked confused but nodded and came back minutes later with a laptop. She handed it to Frank and he opened up a tab. With shaking, stiff fingers, he quickly typed in;

'Jason WW2 soldier'

Random results came up, but Frank couldn't find him. He also couldn't fine Percy or Annabeth or
Hazel or Nico. And then he tried again, 'Piper Native American.'

An article came up;

_Piper was a name given to one of the Native American's brought to England in the early 1500's. She was a doctor in her village, and a spiritual woman. After coming to England she could not adapt, and told many prophecies. She died at the age of seventeen._

The laptop fell from Frank's hands. He didn't understand anything,

"I need air," he told the nurse.

"Sir, please," she said, "let me consult the doctor." She hurried out. Frank fell back against the pillows. Then he smelt it - lavender.

Hesitantly, he reached under his pillow and pulled out a bunch of dried lavender. His heart skipped a beat.

Frank ripped off all the things connected to him and jumped up from bed. He sprinted downstairs, staggering, unsteady on his feet, until he found the room with the number '9' on it.

He threw the doors open.

Three nurses, a doctor, and half a dozen family members looked up at him.

"Sir, you can't be here-"

Frank pushed past the doctor. Laying on the bed, pale and unmoving, was Leo. His hair was matted and he looked dead, but he couldn't be. His heart monitor was beating rapidly.

"Do something!" a woman screamed at the doctor. Frank collapsed next to Leo,

"Sir, you need to leave," a nurse started.

"Shut up," Frank snapped, and then he took Leo's hand. His heart monitor stablised. "Leo," Frank whispered, "come on, wake up, please, please..."

Leo's eyes flew open and he sucked in a startled gasp.

"Oh my God," a woman breathed, tears running down her face.

"W-Where am I?" Leo asked weakly. Then he turned his head and his eyes widened,

"F-Frank?!"

The Asian grabbed his face and kissed him,

"I thought you died on me you moron!" he yelled, "you fucking idiot! What was that?!" Frank didn't even know he was crying. Leo sat up and smiled and then he pulled Frank into his arms and they hugged for a long, long time and for one more time, Frank believed that he was, in fact, the heart of the forest, and that one day he would return to Half Blood Hill and his and Leo's house with the number nine and Annabeth and Percy and Jason and Piper and everyone else. And one day he'd be a wolf again.
Can you do one where Jason comes home and finds Leo sleeping on the couch with the baby, with the tv one. The next day Jason questions Leo about his tv preferences

Jason was a police officer, and worked in Downtown Brooklyn. It was a good job, and he liked it. It paid well and gave him a sense of justice. Jason had a great team; Annabeth and Percy and Hazel. But his work was tiring and dangerous, and now that he had a little girl - Ollie Valdez - he feared that some day he might not come back home. But today wasn't that day.

Jason walked into the life and pressed his and his husband's, Leo's, floor. The lift went up quickly, and Jason's stomach twisted before the doors opened with a 'ping.' The blonde yawned as he walked down the brightly lit corridor. It was well past midnight, and Jason hated coming home so late, knowing that Leo was probably waiting up. But the officer couldn't help it - there was so much paper work to fill out, that he couldn't come home early. Anyway, as soon as he got promoted in a week, everything would be better and he'd get to spend more time with Leo.

The blonde pulled out his key and slotted it into the lock. He turned it and then quietly opened the door, trying not to wake the other occupants of the apartment up. When he closed the door, he realized that a soft blue flicker was coming from the living room. Leo was probably watching TV again. The blonde toed off his shoes, laying them neatly next to Leo's ones, and then padded into the living room.
He frowned at the TV, but then he felt his heart melt as he saw the couch. On it lay Leo, his wild curls pulled back in a ponytail. He was wearing a paint stained top and suspenders, laying on his side. One of his hands was underneath the pillow, the other one wrapped around their three year old daughter. Both of their eyes were closed, their breathing even. They were asleep. Jason smiled, and then walked closer.

He wrapped his arms around Ollie, picking her up. She stirred in his arms, her blonde curls tickling his skin, but Jason didn't mind as he carried her to her room. When he laid her in her bed, he tucked her My Little Pony covers around her and kissed her forehead. The girl let out a little sigh and turned to her side, still asleep. On his tiptoes, Jason walked out of the room and back into the living room.

Leo was awake, his eyes sleepy, eye lids heavy.

"Jas?" he asked quietly. Jason smiled and flicked the TV off. The living room drowned in darkness and the blonde offered Leo his hand, pulling him to his feet. Then he wrapped his arms around the Latino and hugged him tightly.

"Sorry I'm back so late," he mumbled against Leo's curls.

"'s okay," Leo murmured, pressing closer to Jason. The blonde kissed him gently and then led him to their bedroom where they both fell asleep, curled in each other's arms.

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Ollie woke them up before the alarm could. She jumped onto her two dad's squeeling, her hair a mess, brown eyes wide and open. Leo groaned and hugged his face into the blonde's chest. Jason rolled his eyes and opened his arms so a giggling Ollie could snuggle up to him. He kissed both her's and Leo's heads,

"Morning," he said sleepily.

"Hi," Leo finally opened his eyes. Ollie grinned, a dimple appearing in her cheek,

"Morning!" she said loudly, and then rolled over so she was squished inbetween Leo and Jason, still giggling. Jason smiled fondly and Leo closed his eyes, holding his daughter close.

"Too early," he mumbled against her head. She poked him and pouted,

"Wake up daddy!" she said. Jason frowned,

"Oh yeah, by the way, why were you guys watching Keeping up with the Kardashian's yesterday?"

"Cuz daddy wanted to," Ollie said innocently, lisping slightly. Leo's eyes snapped open,

"Traitor."
Imagine transboy!Nico coming out to Percy, and crying when Percy says, "Okay, I was going to ask you to be my girlfriend, but will you be my boyfriend instead?"

Nicole "Nico" Di Angelo was always more of a boy than a girl. She climbed trees and wore baggy clothing and her long hair was always messy. She fought with her Stygian Iron sword and didn't do the whole 'gossip' things that girls did. To Camp parties she came in tuxes and brought her best friend, Reyna, as a date. For a long time people thought that Nico was lesbian, but she angrily told people that she liked boys. But because of her boyish features and boyish behaviour no boy actually wanted her.

Perseus "Percy" Jackson was the love of every girl, and some boys, at camp. He was brave and went on a quest to save the camp, he was also a Son of Poseidon, which helped. He was great at war games and his body and face were to die for. He also had a helpless crush on Nico. The boy found that he didn't mind that she looked like a boy, in fact he kind of liked it.

Whenever his and Nico's hands accidently brushed, Percy would feel a tingle of electricity run up his spine, and always found himself leaning closer to Nico, casually putting an arm around her to try and get closer. But Nico always kept him at a distance, as if scared of what he might do.

But today was the day, Percy thought stubbornly, today he would ask Nicole Di Angelo out.
"Niks?" Percy walked into the Hades cabin, "you in here?"

A sniffled came from the bathroom, and Percy frowned. Then Nico walked out. Her eyes and nose were red, as if she was crying, her black hair messier than usual. She wore a black, oversized hoodie and shorts.

"Percy?" she asked. Percy made a hesitant step forward,

"Are you alright?" he asked. Nico's eyes filled up with tears again,

"No," she whispered brokenly, and then fell into Percy's arms. The blue eyed boy looked surprised, but quickly wrapped his arms around the sobbing girl, hugging her close, his hand rubbing her back,

"Hey, it's okay," he whispered soothingly, "what's wrong?"

Nico stepped back and wiped her nose on her sleeve. Her long eyelashes were clumped with tears,

"Perce, could you cut my hair?" she asked quietly, voice hoarse from crying. Percy blinked but then nodded,

"Yeah, okay," he said, shrugging his coat off. Nico walked into the bathroom and Percy followed her, "how short?" he asked. Nico handed him the scissors, her small hands shaking,

"To my ears. Make it choppy, like a girls," she said, "...please."

"Okay," Percy said gently, and then guided Nico to sit on the edge of the bath. Her hair was wavy, running a bit past his shoulders. Percy reached out and ran his hands through it,

"Are you sure about it?" he asked.

"Yes," Nico sounded sure, "just cut it."

"Okay," Percy said, and then got to snipping. He took bits of her hair and cut them, unevenly, chopply, until they curled around Nico's ears and futher up. It was messy and Percy didn't know what he was doing really, but he did it anyway. Bits of curls fell to the ground, littering the carpet.

When Percy was done, he stepped back.

"Done," he said. Slowly, Nico stood up and turned to face the other boy. Percy's breath caught in his throat as he stared at Nico. Now she really did look like a boy - her face framed by short, dark hair. It was beautiful, she was beautiful, and Percy couldn't stop his heartbeat from speeding up. The Italian bit her lip and then turned to face the mirror.

She stared at herself, wide eyed, for a moment, and then she burst out crying. Percy's heart fell, "Shit, shit," he said, "did I do something wrong?! Do you not like it?!!"

"I-I look like a boy," Nico covered her mouth with her hands, the sleeves of her hoodie pulled over her hands. Then she turned to Percy and threw herself at him. He caught her easily, "Thank you, thank you," she breathed shakily, "it's perfect."

"I-I...Nico-"

"Percy," Nico stepped back suddenly, her eyes still teary. She had gorgeous eyes, "I'm a boy."
Percy blinked at her,

"But...you have...you're...," he stuttered, confused. Nico was crying again,

"I-It's not that," she whispered as tears poured down her face, "I'm a boy on the inside. I want to be a boy. I h-hate this b-body...It's not right. I-It's a sick joke, I-I should've b-been a boy...," she looked up at Percy, and saw his wide eyes. "Percy, I-I'm sorry-"

"No," Percy said urgently, "don't be sorry. There's nothing to be sorry about. You're perfect, no matter if you're a girl or a boy."

"Percy...," Nico whispered. He took a deep breath,

"Okay, I was going to ask you to be my girlfriend, but will you be my boyfriend instead?" he asked, cheeks flaming red. Nico stared at him, unable to utter a word. And then she...no, he, just whispered; 'yes.'

Percy pulled Nico into his arms and kissed him on the mouth, holding onto him tightly. And he really didn't care if he was Nico or Nicole, he loved him either way.
Nico laid on the cold, hard ground. The cave ceiling above him drowned in darkness and he could hear water dripping somewhere far off, an echo of the sound reaching his ears. Nico remembered how he found himself in this mess - he was on a quest from Chiron and was led into this maze of a cave by the Minotaur. He remembered fighting the monster, and slashing it to pieces, but not before one of his horns had impaled itself in Nico's stomach. Although it disappeared with the creature, the wound remained, oozing blood down Nico's body.

The Italian tried to find his way out, but he just stumbled in the darkness, and as the adrenaline died down, the pain hit him. Searing hot waves of agony ran up his body, as the boy collapsed. Now here he was, laying on the ground in some forgotten cave, slowly bleeding out, all alone.

He was more scared than in pain. He was scared of the dark creeping up on him, of his vision swimming, of his body never being found. He was just fucking scared. The boy's breaths were shallow and each inhale seemed to burn his lungs. The boy long ago abandoned the idea of shadow travelling, he was too weak. He was always too weak.

Nico didn't even have the strength to cry. He didn't know how long he laid there, with water seeping through his clothes, the chill working his way into Nico's bones, and the Italian swore he forgot what warmth felt like. The darkness filled him with despair. The shadows, once his allies, were now freezing hands, ready to pull him to the underworld. Nico knew he wasn't good enough for Elysium. He never was.

A cough wracked his body and Nico tasted blood on his lips. He didn't have any ambrosia or a medical kit. This whole quest was a joke, Nico should've never went.

As he laid there, listening to the distant drip drip of water, Nico tried to think of the good things in life. He wanted to die thinking of his friends, not of how horribly cold and scared and hurting he
was. So Nico closed his eyes.

"Nico! Come on, the water's awesome!" Percy shouted, waving from where he was, swimming in the lake. Nico pulled a face and tugged on his hoodie,

"No thanks!" he yelled back. Percy pouted and then climbed out of the water. He left wet footprints on the sand as he jogged over to Nico. He pushed the massive umbrella that shielded Nico away,

"You're no fun," he declared, a sad expression on his face. Nico rolled his eyes, "Sorry?" he offered. Percy grinned wickedly and hauled Nico to his feet. The Italian squeaked, but the blue eyed boy just threw him over his shoulder and sprinted to the water, with a wild, free yell of happiness. And Nico almost smiled, before getting hit in the face with freezing cold water.

The boy flinched as a droplet from the cave ceiling landed on his cheek. His eyes opened but quickly closed. It was darker than he remembered, maybe he was close now, close to death.

"I hate this," Nico admitted. He was sitting at the porch of the big house, with Piper on one side and Annabeth on the other. The two girls were holding either of his hands,

"I know," Annabeth sighed, "me too."

Piper nodded sadly. The two stared at Half Blood Hill, at Thalia's tree, willing for their love's to appear. But they were already waiting for so long, and the thought that Will might not come back dawned on Nico. He still didn't tell him he loved him...and if he died now, if he never came back-

The boy shook his head.

"There!" Piper jumped to her feet, "I see them! JASON!" she yelled. And sure enough, the three figures appeared on the horizon, Jason and Will dragging a hurt Percy in between them. Nico's heart skipped a beat when he saw Will, battered and bruised but still in one piece. Annabeth sprinted towards the boys and helped them drag Percy into the Big House. When Will came out to give Nico a tight hug, the boy lost all of his confidence. He couldn't say it, those three words. And he wished he said it back then, as he laid dying in the cave. Now Will would never know how much Nico loved him, how much he cared...

A loud pop sounded and Nico winced. It was another monster, coming to finish him off.

"NICO!" Will fell next to his knees next to the Italian. The boy's eyes widened,

"W-Will?!" he gasped. The blonde looked terrified as his hands ghosted over Nico's wound,

"No, No, No," he mumbled. He reached into his first aid bag and pulled out an ambrosia square, "Nico, swallow," he commanded, and then pushed it into his mouth. Nico felt the ambrosia melt on his tongue and immediately the world became sharper. He felt his body struggling to close his wound. Will wrapped his arms around Nico's waist and then hauled him upwards. Nico groaned, feeling a sharp pain in his side. But his whole body felt light - Will was here to rescue him.

Only now the Italian noticed Mrs O'Leary standing in the cave. The hellhound crouched low and let Will climbed onto her back, with Nico in his arms.

"You'll be alright," the blonde said, "you hear me? Nico you'll be okay."

"I love you," Nico whispered, grabbed Will's shirt and hauled him down to kiss him. Mrs O'Leary
jumped into the shadows and when Nico pulled away the sun was shining on his face, and it took him a moment to realize that it was night and that the sun was Will's brilliant smile.
Take that as a no?

Chapter Notes

For Sword766

Can you do one were Leo invites Frank into bunker 13 and one thing leads to another, ending in Leo and Frank married couple

Bunker 13 was really something. Normally, people outside of the Hephaestus Cabin didn't get to go inside, in case they messed anything up. So as Frank neared the enormous metal door, he was cautious. But afterall, Leo was the one who invited him here, and Frank trusted him. It took them a long time, but the two eventually sorted out their differences and their friendship turned into something more, until they found themselves hopelessly in love.

That was four years ago, but Frank still felt his heart skip a beat whenever he saw Leo, as if it was New Rome all over again, with the Latino stepping off of the *Argo II* for the first time. And now, as the Asian entered the massive workshop, he felt that feeling all over again.

"Leo?!" he called tentatively. A crash sounded from far down the workshop. The place was big enough to fit half a dozen *Argo II*'s inside. Leo poked his head up from under one of the work desks.

"Frank!" he said breathlessly, a smile appearing on his face, "Hi!"

At twenty four years old, Leo still looked like a rugged nineteen. His hair was a bit shorter, but still wild and curly. He was clean shaven, a few inches taller, his body a bit more defined, his shoulder's slightly broader. Except for that he was still the same, the same carefree smile and sparkling eyes that made Frank's breath catch in his throat. Leo stood up on his tiptoes and pecked Frank on the lips.

"So why did you drag me here?" Frank asked, smiling. The Latino blushed suddenly and stepped away. He looked nervous and...scared? Leo rubbed the back of his neck and stared at his feet.

"Um...It's just that...erm, I-I...," he stuttered. Frank felt his stomach clench,
"Leo...are you breaking up with me?" he asked, voice steady, mouth dry. Leo's eyes snapped up, wide,

"W-What?! No!" he said quickly, then he flinched, "wait. Do you want to break up?"

"Of course not," Frank scoffed and Leo visibly relaxed, "stop scaring me like that." He took the Latino's hand.

"Sorry," Leo looked at their intertwined fingers. "Frank...I just...," he looked up, eyes determined even as his hand trembled in Frank's. The Asian frowned, but then the Latino finished his sentence, "Frank will you marry me?!" he said on one breath, eyes squeezed shut as if he expected Frank to hit him or something. The Asian couldn't utter a word, as if his brain suddenly shut down. The words rang in his head.

Will you marry me?

The answer was yes, of course it was yes, but Frank couldn't breath, couldn't speak, suddenly flooded with so much love that it made him physically ache. Leo bit his lip and let go of his hand, his eyes downcast,

"I take that as a-" he started in a broken voice,

"Yes." Frank said, before crashing his lips against Leo's. The Latino was taken by surprise and he flailed backwards, but Frank wrapped his arms around him and managed to stabilize him. "Yes, yes, yes," he muttered, kissing Leo's cheeks and the top of his nose and his forehead and hair and neck and hands. Leo was crying.

"I'm glad," he smiled, tears shining in his eyes. Frank kissed him on the mouth again.
Nico dodged as Percy thrust his wooden sword out at him, and swayed on his feet. Although he was still quick, quick enough to get away from the weapon, his movements were getting slower and more clumsy, and it was making Percy worried.

"Nico are you okay?" he asked, lowering his weapon. Nico tightened his grip on his sword but his eyes were unfocused,

"Fine," he mumbled, and then swung at Percy. The boy easily interjected the blow, throwing Nico's sword back. The Italian stumbled at the impact, his hand hanging uselessly at his side. Percy sighed,

"When was the last time you slept?" he demanded, stepping closer to Nico. The Italian lifted his hand up weakly,

"I'm a-alright," he stuttered, voice quiet. "J-Just spar with me."

"Nico, you're about to fall over," Percy said. The Italian raised his sword as if to say that no, in fact, he was doing great. He wasn't.

He clonked the wood weakly against Percy shoulder, and then his knees buckled. Percy saw it coming, and his arms shot out, grabbing the boy before he could fall.

"Fucks sake," Percy grumbled, hoisting the uncouncscious boy up into his arms. Nico weighed barely anything, which didn't surprise Percy. The boy was little more than bones and skin and a beautiful smile and passionate eyes.

Percy walked across the field from the training room to where the Big House and Cabins were. Campers looked at him curiously, but nobody asked questions. Except Jason.

"What's wrong with Nico?!" he asked, jogging up to the two. Percy shifted the boy in his arms,

"He has insomnia. Hasn't been sleeping," he sighed, and then looked down at Nico. The boy's eyes were closed, his breathing slow and deep. Percy smiled affectionately, and Jason patted him on the back,
"You take care of him, yeah?"

"Yeah," Percy agreed, and the blonde run off. The son of Poseidon walked up to the Hades Cabin, dark and cold, and then thought better of it. That place gave him the creeps, so instead he turned to the top of the column to reach the Poseidon cabin.

Inside everything was blue and white and smelled like the sea and fresh air. Much better then the stuffy, cold Hades cabin, Percy decided, placing Nico down onto his bed, and throwing a blanket over him, making sure to tuck the corners in around the boy.

Then he hesitantly touched his cheek, and ran a hand through his hair, smiling. Nico looked so young and peaceful and just...Percy's heart skipped a beat.

The boy's eyes fluttered open and Percy snatched his hand away as if it was on fire. Nico looked dazed and sleepy,

"Perce?" he asked. Percy smiled,

"Hi, you passed out."

"Oh," Nico said quietly, trying to sit up. The boy pushed down on his shoulders, forcing him to lie back down.

"Go to sleep," he commanded, "...or rest, at least," his eyes were pleading, "you're exhausted."

"But...the nightmares," Nico bit his lip. Percy's hand brushed a piece of Nico's hair behind his ear,

"It's okay," he said gently, "I'm here."

Nico smiled, but he couldn't keep his eyes open anymore, and he snuggled into Percy's pillow with a content sigh. Percy's hand moved away but Nico grabbed it and held it against his chest. His heart was beating steadily.
Percy Jackson was the son of one of the richest, most influential people in the entire United States. And that's what got him into the situation he was in now; tied up in the backseat of someone's car. Percy's heart was beating madly in his chest, even though he was in the same place for about an hour...maybe two. Actually, Percy didn't really know how long he was there for, but his back was cramping, and the rope on his wrists was burning his skin. His feet were also tied together, pretty tightly but at least Percy's socks protected him from getting too hurt. There was a blindfold across his eyes, so all he could see was darkness. There was a piece of tape on his mouth, so that his screams couldn't be heard. Not that Percy was screaming anymore - his throat was raw, and there was no point.

He could feel the leather seats of the car sticking to the bare skin of his lower legs. Percy was coming back from volleyball training when the hands appeared, knocking him out. He was still wearing his uniform - a white and blue t-shirt and dark blue knee-length shorts. Every muscle in Percy's body ached. It *fucking* hurt. He could hear the radio playing, and other cars speeding past. The vehicle he was in moved uneasily on the road, and every time it hit the bump Percy's stomach lurched.

He remembered all the news articles he read - about ugly, old paedophiles who kidnapped little boys only to rape them in abandoned warehouses and then kill them afterwards. Percy shuddered, feeling as if he would be sick, which would be really bad in this situation. He suddenly remembered that he wasn't an underage boy, but a nineteen year old who could defend himself. Or at least he hoped he would, when the man finally let him out of the car.

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Percy must've dozed off. Despite the uncomfortable position and the pain in his wrists and back, he was absolutely exhausted, the fear draining him emotionally. He woke up with a start when the
car engine shut off. Then his heart beat picked up as the driver's door opened and closed. Seconds later the door in the back also opened. Percy had a second to feel the chilly air on his skin, and he knew it was night, before he was being roughly hauled out.

Percy's world flipped upside down and everything swayed. He noted that the man had thrown him over his shoulder, and it made him scared; if he was strong enough to do that then Percy doubted he'd have the strength to fight him. Especially if he was tied up. He felt sick again, and absolutely terrified. He realized that the air changed, grew warmer as if they entered a building. Percy wondered if there would be more men, more people to fight. He was terrified.

The man roughly threw him onto a chair. It was hard and metal, and Percy immediately felt rough hands fasted his own behind it. He couldn't help the yelp of pain that escaped him.

"Sorry," a gruff voice replied. Percy felt a shiver run down his spine. It was a nice voice, low and deep and rough-

*Oi snap out of it!* Percy yelled to himself, this guy just kidnapped you!

Silence settled over the room. All of Percy's senses were muddled, he didn't know what was happening, where he was. At least from what he could sense, there was only one man in the room. That was good.

Percy shuffled in the chair uncomfortably, the ropes on his wrists biting in his skin. He could've sworn he was bleeding. Now that the fear was dying down a bit, since the man wasn't doing anything, Percy grew aware of the rippling pain in his body. He gritted his teeth together to try and contain the whimper that threatened to escape in. Suddenly he felt a presence in front of him and he sucked in a breath.

Surprisingly gentle finger pried away the tape on Percy's mouth. The dark haired boy hissed in pain as his lips tingled. He knew better than to scream, there was no point after all.

"Here," Hot Voice was back, "I brought you some food."

"What do you want?" Percy rasped, his throat raw.

"Money." Hot Voice said simply. "You want to eat or not?"

"Water," Percy mumbled, because no matter how much he hated this guy, and wanted to get away from him, he wanted to drink more. His throat felt as if it was on fire.

"Oh. Yeah, okay," Hot Voice said quickly. Then there was a water bottle pressed against his lips. Percy drank greedily, feeling the life-giving fluid slide down his throat. He flinched when he realized the guy could be poisoning him, and turned his head to the side, choking on the water. Hot voice sighed in front of him,

"What did ya do that for?" he grumbled, as Percy continued choking. "Do you want to eat? I've got a cheesburger."

A cheesburger right now sounded amazing.

"No," Percy croaked, "Let me go."

"Don't start that," Hot Voice said, and then moved away. Percy heard shuffling at the end of the room, which gave him a vague of idea of how big it was. And it was. Big, that is. Which meant there would be more to run, and Percy wasn't looking forward to that. He would need to get out of the bindings first...Percy twisted his wrists, which only ended up making the rope dig in deeper.
Percy hissed,

"Stop that, you'll hurt yourself more," Hot Voice snapped and Percy flinched away. He hadn't heard him come nearer, "don't worry, I won't hurt you," he said, "as long as your father pays the ransom."

"H-He won't," Percy cleared his throat, trying to get rid of the roughness, "H-He's a shit father."

Hot Voice 'tsk'ed.'

"You should eat," he said. Percy didn't reply, just shifted uncomfortably. Hot Voice stepped up to him and then untied him from the chair. Percy's heart skipped a beat, but he had no chance to even began thinking of an escape.

"Walk," Hot Voice growled. You really need to stop calling him Hot Voice! Percy scolded himself. The man stepped behind him and poked him hard in the back, forcing him forwards. Percy stumbled and his knees hurt the edge of the bed, he flailed and landed backwards on the soft bed.

Here it comes. I'm going to be raped! Like a helpless girl...Percy thought frantically, feeling panic flood him as Hot Voice handcuffed one of his wrists to the headboard, This man is just going to do this to me and I won't be able to do anything. I can't even see!

Percy felt hot tears gather behind his closed eyelids. But then Hot Voice's weight disappeared off the bed and Percy heard footsteps walking away from him.

"Don't fight it and nothing bad will happen," Hot Voice warned him, and then the door shut. Percy was too terrified to fall asleep, his heart beating wildly in his chest. He didn't know if the man would come back...the adrenaline buzzed through Percy's veins for hours after the doors shut. Eventually exhaustion upon him and he fell asleep.

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Three days. That's how long Percy laid on the bed, or sat. His captor tried to feed him, but Percy wouldn't take it. Now he was woken up by his stomach groaning hungrily. The boy whimpered and twisted in pain, curling around himself.

"Will you eat now?"

Percy jumped, his heart skipping a beat, as he hear the man's voice. The dark haired boy cringed away from Hot Voice, "Y-Yeah," he said quietly, because he knew he would be too weak to fight Hot Voice if he didn't eat anything. His captor pulled him upwards, making sure his hands were still tied behind his back, and then nudged a spoon against Percy's lips. Hesitantly, the boy opened his mouth and let Hot Voice feed him. The second he tasted the porridge he began spluttering, turning his face away again.

"W-What the fuck?!" he demanded, "what happened to the cheesburger?!!"

"I ate it," Hot Voice deadpanned, and Percy heard the amusement in his voice, "That's all I have...for now."

Percy pulled a face behind his blindfold, but let Hot Voice spoon porridge into his mouth. When Percy was done, Hot Voice moved from the bed. Another silence descended onto the two, but Percy wasn't scared now - at least not as much. Hot Voice didn't seem to want to hurt him, at least
for now. So Percy let himself relax,

"So...do you have a name?" he asked, voice more clearer now. Hot Voice didn't say anything for a moment,

"Why do you want to know?" he asked eventually, "it's not like you'll be able to tell your police - you won't see my face, all you have is my voice. When your father pays the ransom-"

"My father won't pay," Percy groaned in frustration, "don't you understand that?"

"We'll see about that," Hot Voice said gruffly. Percy sighed. Then he sat on the bed. It was silent.

"Sooo...," he started again, "what now?"

"I...I...now we wait for your father to call back," Hot Voice said, but he sounded unsure, as if he didn't know what he was doing, "and anyway," he snapped angrily, "shouldn't you be cowering in fear or something?"

"You didn't hit me."

"What?" Hot Voice demanded. Percy blinked against the blindfold, feeling it press lightly against his eyelashes. He wished he could see his captor, and wondered if he was as nice as his voice....stop it!

"You didn't hit me," Percy repeated, feeling as if he was digging his own grave, but he needed to be scared again, to stop feeling the pull towards Hot Voice, "maybe if you hit me I'd be more scared."

The light slap came out of nowhere, making Percy flinch. It didn't hurt, but it was unexpected. Still, Hot Voice removed his hand back quickly,

"Sorry."

Percy felt the horrible urge to say 'don't worry about it' before he remembered that he did have to worry. He was tied up somewhere, with no chance if getting out. Not like that anyway.

"Untie me. I need the bathroom," Percy said quietly, trying to not let his voice tremble. Tears gathered behind his blindfold again. He just wanted to go home, no matter how much he hated being there. He hated being here more.

Hot Voice didn't say anything, just wordlessly uncuffed Percy from the bed. The dark haired boy's adrenaline spiked and with a sudden burst of strength, he forced himself out of the man's grasp. His heart beat wildly as he forced his legs to move. He felt pins and needles in his thighs, but Percy didn't care as he stumbled across the room. It was larger than he thought.

"Oi! Stop!" Hot Voice yelled and Percy barely heard the sound of his footsteps slapping against the concrete floor as he heard the thrumming of his heart in his ears. He was breathing hard, sprinting forward, hoping that the man wouldn't catch him-

Percy slammed into a wall. The pain made the breath go out of his lungs, he heard a high pitched sound in his ears and he was sure that his vision would've swam if he could see. Percy let out a groan against his will and his knees buckled. Before Percy could hit the hard ground though, strong arms wrapped around him.

"You idiot!" Hot Voice scolded and Percy shivered at how close he was, his head still hurting fiercely, "See! I told you not to run, you're just hurting yourself!"
"So you just want me to sit here forever?!" Percy spat angrily, trying to wiggled out of Hot Voice's warm arms. The man didn't stop him,

"Not forever. Just until your father pays the ransom."

"My father won't pay!" Percy said again, exasperated, "don't you get that?"

Hot Voice didn't reply, but he took Percy's wrists in one of his hands. He had big, warm, calloused hands. That's all Percy could feel. Well, that and the horrible sting on the wounds on his wrists.

"For God's sake, Jackson," Hot Voice huffed, "I told you not to struggle. Why don't you listen to me?!"

Percy didn't understand why Hot Voice was treating him like that - like a friend, gently, not wanting to hurt him. Percy let the man haul him to his feet. There was no point struggling, not when Percy's head still spun. But later.

All of Percy's senses were sharpened; he smelled the metallic tang of the room around him, some warehouse, and food cooking. He could hear the very low murmur of traffic somewhere far away. He could feel the warmth radiating off the other man as he led him into another room. This one smelled like bleach.

"Sit," Hot Voice said, gingerly pushing down on Percy's shoulders. The dark haired boy sat, his hands automatically clutching at his sides. The material was freezing and smooth under his hands. A bathtub. "Give me your wrists, Jackson."

"No." Percy said, but he couldn't put any emotion into his voice, "fuck off."

Hot Voice sighed again. He seemed to be doing that a lot.

"Why can't you co-operate?" he said, more to himself than Percy, before grabbing Percy's hands and pulling them away from the bathtub. The dark haired boy's heart skipped a beat as he felt the man's hands slide against his. Then there was a wet cloth against his wrists, and Percy hissed, trying to pull his hand away. Hot Voice tightened his fingers, "Don't," he said, "I'm just trying to help. So just stop moving."

So Percy did, gritting his teeth as Hot Voice cleaned his wounds. The boy's wrists burned but they felt nicer, less raw, when the other man wrapped soft gauze around his wrists. When Hot Voice was done and Percy's wounds were treated, he lingered, his hands still holding Percy's hands. Then he moved away,

"You can take a shower if you want," Hot Voice said uncertainly, "you...you can take off your blindfold when I'm gone," he continued, "but you have to put it back on when I come back in."

"Why?"

"Can't have you seeing my face," Hot Voice said, and Percy could hear the smile in his voice. Hesitantly, Percy nodded, "Okay," Hot Voice said, almost fondly, and then Percy heard the door close. Slowly, the dark haired boy reached to the cloth on his eyes. He thought that maybe Hot Voice was trying to trick him, but Percy didn't think so. He seemed too...honest.

So the boy untied the blindfold and let it fall from his face. For a second, the boy was blinded by the light in the room, and had to shield his eyes, but when they adjusted, Percy looked around. The bathroom was plain with white washed wall, a full length mirror, a toilet, sink and bathtub.
The door had no lock on it, but Percy hoped Hot Voice respected his privacy.

*He's right behind those doors. You could see what he looks like...* Percy told himself. But what good would it do? The boy shook his head, ridding himself of his curiosity, and then turned to look at his reflection.

His face was dirty with, his hair falling onto his forehead in slightly greasy strands. His blue eyes were rimmed with red. Percy looked down at his wrists, bandaged in white. Hesitantly, the boy touched them, remembering how his captors hands felt against his.

**Snap out of it!**

Percy shucked off his training clothes, sweaty and smelling, and stepped into the bath and turned the water on. It felt nice, the warmth on Percy's chilled skin. He hadn't realized how cold he was until he wasn't. He needed to remember to ask Hot Voice to give him some new ones. As Percy stood under the fall of water, he contemplated what happened to him.

It felt weird calling Hot Voice, Hot Voice when he could see again, but Percy didn't know what else to call him. He wouldn't give him a name, a face, just that fucking voice.

Without realizing, Percy's cock grew hard. The boy almost groaned in annoyance, talk about bad timing. But he couldn't exactly go outside with a boner, so he wrapped a hand around his cock, biting his lip.

At first he tried to keep his mind blank, but when his thoughts kept drifting off, he thought of men. Men with long, hard cocks and washboard abs, men with rough, calloused hands who held him gently, a deep, rough voice groaning into his ear.

Percy smacked a hand over his mouth, containing his whimper. The pleasure burned through his body, as his wrists and back ached. The perfect mixture of pleasure and pain. Percy kept thinking of a voice, the roughness it had to it, saying all the things he wanted to do to Percy's body...before he noticed, Percy was coming, biting into his hand to not let a noise out.

His spunk splattered the bath and was washed down the drain as Percy caught his breath, cheeks flushed, wet hair clinging to his face. And the voice of the man outside the door rang in his head.

"C-Can you get me some new clothes?" Percy asked shakily, shutting the water off. There was no reply for a moment, and then there was a shuffle behind the door.

"Yeah, okay," Hot Voice grumbled, and it sent a shiver down Percy's spine.

"Shut your eyes," the man commanded, voice muffled by the door. Percy quickly grabbed the towel laying on the sink and wrapped it around his waist, before putting a hand over his eyes. He needed it or his eyes would open on their own accord. The door creaked open.

Silence.

Clothes fell to the ground, and then the door shut again. Percy opened his eyes and saw a pile next to the door. He reached for them and pulled them on quickly. The sweatpants fitted nicely, but the long-sleeved jumper was too big on Percy, falling off one shoulder. There was also a pair of socks that Percy pulled on over his cold feet, and then opted to leave his shoes off.

The dark haired boy wrapped the blindfold around his eyes, and this time the darkness felt familiar.

"You can come in," Percy called, "I can't see."
The door opened again. Percy felt a gust of air on his bare shoulder, and he quickly tugged the jumped over it. The gauze on his wrists was drying quickly. Hot Voice grabbed Percy's hand, but the dark haired boy snatched it away,

"I-I...um," he stuttered, "Y-You don't have to tie me up," he said, "I won't run. I promise."

Hot Voice was silent,

"How do I know you won't?" Percy could tell he was smiling again. The dark haired boy shrugged, feeling a blush rise in his cheeks. Suddenly he didn't want to run anymore.

"Alright," Hot Voice drawled, "I'll trust you, Jackson, but don't try anything."

***

Percy could hear his captor in the other room, and he doubted Hot Voice knew. Percy laid on the bed, the soft blindfold over his eyes, hands clasped over his stomach.

"Listen, you old cunt," Hot Voice growled, "I don't care who you are, you're going to pay thirty million on Wednesday or you'll never see your son again."

Percy smiled at the threat. There was silence for a second and then;

"He's worth more than thirty million."

Percy's smile softened. It was nice knowing that Hot Voice thought so.

"You'll never find me." Hot Voice growled. Percy contemplated reaching for his dick again, "You better pay or-

"Hello? Hello?!" Hot Voice growled,"Dammit."

Percy sighed. Hot Voice walked into the room,

"Told you," Percy said, "He won't pay."

But deep down he thought that maybe...maybe, his father would pay. At least he hoped so. But now it was obvious that his father really didn't care.

"Shut up," Hot Voice snapped, and then kicked something, "For fuck's sake."

"Just let me go," Percy sighed, "there's no point."

"Yes there is. I'll try again."

***

Two weeks later Percy was sitting on the floor in the bathroom, the door closed, reading a book, when he heard Hot Voice slammed the phone down again. He heard the chair smash and Percy closed the book, sighing.

"Calm down!" he called, "there's no point!"

"Shut up!" Hot Voice kicked the door. Percy rolled his eyes - it was the third try, and his father still refused to pay the money. The dark haired boy picked the blindfold up from the dry bathtub and wrapped it around his head, before coming outside.
"Why are you still asking him for money? He won't give you any," Percy leaned against the wall and turned his head in the direction that he thought Hot Voice was.

"Why?! You're his son."

"Because I'm gay," Percy shrugged, "I told him three days before you...borrowed me. He was planning of kicking me out of the family."

"Oh."

"It's no biggie," Percy said, but it was. He didn't mean to be the way he was, he just...

"I'm gay too, if it makes you feel better."

Percy snickered,

"Yeah, my kidnapper is gay too, great."

***

Hot Voice came back in, Percy heard the front door slam shut and quickly pulled his blindfold on.

"I brought you orange chicken," the man informed him, and Percy heard the rustling of paper bags.

"I wish you'd just let me take the blindfold off," he complained, "I swear we're past that-"

"No." Hot Voice said.

"At least give me your name."

Hot Voice chucked a paper bag at Percy,

"Shut up and eat."

So they did, the two, sitting opposite each other on the bed, and talking about random stuff, bickering. Percy finished his delicious food.

"So what now?" he asked when Hot Voice went to do the dishes.

"I don't know."

Percy bit his lip. Then he felt across the wall, to the other room. He heard the water running in the kitchen, and the radio on low. The dark haired boy clasped the phone, and the slid the blindfold down his face so it hung around his neck. He saw his father's number blinking on the receiver, and with a deep breath he dialled it.

His father picked up after the second ring,

"Poseidon Companies."

"Hi, dad."

There was a beat of silence. Percy slid his blindfold up onto his eyes again, and heard the water shut off. His captor was listening.

"I thought you were kidnapped," Percy dad said, emotionlessly.
"I was. I am." Percy said quickly, "but...dad why don't you just pay? So I can come home?"

"You're not my son," Poseidon snapped. Percy flinched and felt tears gather behind the blindfold.

"T-Then just pay him a-and I'll disappear...forever."

Poseidon pondered this.

"If I pay," he said suspiciously, "you won't come back and disgrace me?"

"No." Percy said, throat dry. A tear rolled down his cheek. He couldn't believe his father hated him enough to pay a kidnapper to get rid of him.

"Done. The money will be at his account, you can tell him," Poseidon said. Then there was a silence, "and Perseus?"

"Yeah?" Percy asked breathlessly, clutching the phone to his ear.

"I don't ever want to see you again." Poseidon said, and then hung up.

Percy stood in the middle of the room, still holding the phone, his hands shaking as another tear rolled down his cheek. His heart hurt. He put the phone down.

"Oh, Percy."

The boy hadn't heard Hot Voice come into the kitchen. Percy wiped his cheeks angrily,  

"You'll have your money," he said, feeling across the wall and back into the other room. He sat down on the bed, not knowing what to do with himself. He could feel the other man hovering near him, and then he sat down on the bed opposite Percy. Hesitantly, he reached for his hand.

"Here," he said gruffly, pressing Percy's hand against his cheek. The dark haired boy's hand trembled as he felt across the man's face. His jaw was chiselled under Percy's hand and clean shaven. Percy shifted so he could sit directly opposite the other man, and then he reached up with both hands to touch his hair.

"Luke."

"What?" Percy asked breathlessly.

"My name is Luke."


Luke's hair was soft underneath his fingers, silky. Feather light, Percy hands skimmed over the sides of his head, over his ears, his forehead and brows. The man closed his eyes when Percy's fingers ran over his eyelids and eyelashes, his soft cheeks, the strong, straight line of his nose. Then, he gently skimmed his hands over his neck and broad shoulders. Percy's heart was beating fast. He couldn't see, but he could feel.

He didn't see his captor lean in to kiss him, but he felt his rough lips against his. Percy sucked in a startled breath and he suddenly wanted to rip his blindfold off. Luke grabbed his face in his large hands and pressed himself harder against Percy, his tongue snaking into the boy's mouth.

Percy pulled away. He was shaking, panic creeping up on him.
"Shit. Sorry," Luke said, "I-I didn't mean-

"Let me see you." Percy whispered. Luke froze, but then he gently reached up and slipped Percy's blindfold over his head, and the boy saw his captor for the first time.

Luke was bigger than him, probably taller too. His messy hair was a sandy blonde, gleaming in the light from the lamp in the corner of the room. His eyes were soft, and blue, darker than Percy's. His skin was tanned and he wore a loose white shirt. There was a scar on his cheek, but instead of it making him ugly, it made him even more breathtaking.


"Disappointed?" he asked.


"When your father pays," Luke growled, kissing up Percy's neck, "We'll take the money and then we'll get the fuck out of here. Just you and me, okay?" he nipped at Percy's jaw. The dark haired boy grinned,

"Why would I go with you?" he asked, pulling Luke back up to kiss him again.

"There you go again," Luke pecked his lips, "not cooperating."
Most of the kids in the Aphrodite cabin were beautiful in some way or another; Drew's beauty was classical, Piper's was wild and untamed, Silena's was ethereal. Even Lacy was freaking adorable.

Mitchell wasn't any of those things. He had messy, curly mousy brown hair that never looked the way he wanted it. He wore thick, outdated glasses over his large blue eyes. His skin was pale and prone to blushing, he was always stuttering, his hands always shaking. He was clumsy and shy and submissive and couldn't stand up for himself. He was useless and he had a useless crush on Nico di Angelo, who, in Mitchell's opinion was more beautiful than everyone in the Aphrodite Cabin put together.

***

"Amokinesis," Lacy repeated, more slowly, "it's like...a love potion but not really." She finished lamely.

Mitchell blinked at her owlishly from behind his glasses.

"So do I just turn it on?" He asked self-consciously. Lacy shook her head,

"No. You're always subconsciously using it," she explained, "especially when you're meeting new people or talking to someone you like. It makes you seem more attractive."

Mitchell thought about this new information for a moment. He didn't recall Nico ever looking at him as if he was attractive. Maybe Mitchell just couldn't do it? It wouldn't be surprising.

"Try it on me," Lacy offered quickly. Mitchell flushed,

"U-Um okay," he stuttered, hands shaking. He looked at Lacy shyly, from under his eyelashes, picturing Nico sitting in front of him instead of the girl. Then he tried to imagine himself as more
attractive, just subtle changes - he imagined his freckles gone, his skin more smooth and flawless, his eyes a nicer shade of blue, his hair more tamed...

Lacy's eyes turned hazy, and she smiled,

"D-Did it work?" Mitchell asked shakily.

"Yeah," Lacy said dreamily, "I never noticed how nice your eyes were."

Mitchell blushed and ducked his head. So it works then, he thought, rubbing the back of his neck self consciously. He wanted to hide under his covers until he stopped looking like a tomato.

Lacy blinked, her eyes sharpening.

"Mitch?" She asked, confused. The boy smiled at her shyly,

"Thank you!" he said sweetly, a dimple appearing in his cheek, before standing up and running off.

***

Mitchell found Nico in the empty training hall, leaning against a sleeping Mrs O'Leary, polishing his Stygian Iron sword. The boy looked up when he saw Mitchell walk in, but didn't smile, barely acknowledged him with his intense dark eyes. It made the son of Aphrodite almost turn around and scratch the whole plan.

"You need anything?" Nico asked suddenly, voice rough, as if he just woke up. He looking back down on to his sword, which gave Mitch some courage. His heart was beating fast as he say down opposite Nico, feeling as if his legs would give out from under him if he stayed standing any longer.

"N-No." He said, picking at the shoe lace of his trainers, "I just...," he swallowed, "j-just wanted to see if you needed any help...w-with, um, p-polishing?"

"Oh," Nico looked up. Mitchell's heart skipped a beat and he frantically imagined; nice hair, no freckles..., "I don't really need help. But thanks." Nico finished, not unkindly.

He looked back down at his sword. Mitchell blinked, thinking that perhaps he was doing it wrong. He tried again. Bluer eyes, not as lanky...

"Nico...," he said, forcing to keep his voice steady, "do you have a boyfriend?" was the first thing that came to his mind. Immediately Mitch felt his cheeks heat up, and he wanted to disappear under ground and never face Nico again. What a stupid question!

The son of Hades' head snapped up, his eyes wide. Mitchell was so nervous he thought he was going to pass out, his head was spinning.

"No," the Italian said slowly, eyes trained on Mitchell, though he seemed to be immune to his amokinesis that the boy was still desperately trying to send his way, "why?"

"N-No reason!" Mitchell squeaked, blushing to the tips of his ears. Nico peered at him suspiciously,

"Are you okay?" he asked , voice softening, "you look a bit feverish."

"D-Don't...don't you see...," Mitchell swallowed, but he was determined to not look away from
Nico's captivating dark eyes, "s-something different about m-me?"

Nico blinked at him, and then his face went blank, as if he put a wall up.

"Stop trying to use amokinesis on me." He growled.

Mitchell froze. He forgot to breathe. He felt embarrassment flood him, felt his whole body heat up. Nico knew about his crush on him and now he would turn Mitchell down, tell him that he wasn't good enough-

Mitchell looked at the ground, feeling tears gather in his eyes. His face was burning, his hands shaking.

"I-I...," he stuttered, trying not to cry in front of Nico. Suddenly there were cold, gentle hands on either side of Mitchell's face. The boy looked up in shock, just as Nico's lips pressed gently against his own.

The brunette sucked in a surprised breath but Nico didn't deepened the kiss, instead brushing his thumb over Mitch's cheekbone, kissing him softly. Mitchell didn't know what to do - he'd never been kissed before, but his arms automatically came up to wrap around Nico's neck, pulling him closer, as he felt the nice coolness spread from his cheeks and down his body. Nico pulled away slowly, resting his forehead against Mitchell's, arms wrapped around the boy's waist.

"Your amokinesis doesn't work because I already think you're beautiful," Nico murmured, and he smiled gently. Mitchell blushed red all over and Nico just kissed him again.
Will gritted his teeth in annoyance, crushing the styrofoam cup in his hand. Piper watched him curiously over the brim of her own cup, sipping leisurely.

"I'm gonna kill your mother," Will informed her, with murder in his eyes.

"Please do," Piper blew on her green tea to try and cool it down. Then she looked up. Across the campus she could see Nico sitting at the Hades table, which was normally empty save for him and Hazel, but was now crowded with at least a dozen boys. Piper could see Jason and Percy, Leo and Chris Rodriguez, Mitchell and Austin and Butch, flexing his muscles alongside Beckendorf. All of them were arguing, pulling each other off the bench to try and get closer to Nico.

The Italian himself sat nervously inbetween Frank and Octavian, face beet red, trying to get away from both of them and not bump into Beckendorf at his back at the same time. Will growled low in his throat when Percy put a protective arm around Nico. Piper sighed,

"Just go save him," she said as if it was that easy.

"I-It's none of my business," Will spluttered, blushing slightly. Piper rolled her eyes,

"You know the only reason this is happening is because you refuse to confess your love to Nico?"

"I-I DON'T LOVE HIM!" Will protested. Piper gave him a 'don't bullshit me' look, and stood up.

"Well," she said matter-of-factly, "unless you want him to be ravaged tonight by a couple of horny boys who manage to sneak into his cabin, then I suggest you do something."

Will's eyes widened and he began to say something, but Piper just waved at him, and ran off.
Will knocked on the door of the Hades Cabin.

"W-Who is it?" Nico's scared voice rang out from the other side.

"It's Will."

"Are you under the Aphrodite curse, too?" Nico asked carefully. Will sighed,

"Don't be an idiot, and open the door," he said, "of course I'm curse-free."

Hesitantly, Nico opened the door. His cheeks were red, and his lip was bleeding from where he bit it. Of course, Will couldn't have known that. He stormed inside, fuming,

"Who's in here?!" he demanded.

"Um, no-one?" Nico offered, closing the door. Will whirled on him, and pointed an accusing finger at his lips, feeling anger flare inside of him,

"Then why are your lips swollen?" he demanded, grabbing Nico's shoulders and peering at his face, "who have you been kissing?!!"

"No one!" Nico wriggled out of Will's arms, "fuck's sake, Will, I just bit it by accident." He said, face red, "you said you weren't under the curse!"

Will blinked, and then blushed, rubbing the back of his neck nervously,

"Um...I'm not," he said sheepishly. Nico sighed,

"Then stop acting like a damn idiot and help me barricade the door."

"It's alright, you don't need to," Will said quickly, "I'll protect you."

Nico blushed,

"Y-You mean y-you'll sleep h-here?" he stuttered. Will shrugged, trying to seem casual,

"Yeah. I'm curse free, remember?"

"Yeah, you don't want to fuck me I know," Nico said, a bit bitterly, looking at the ground. Something inside Will warmed up with sudden hope...what if he loves you too?! Will asked himself. He weighted his options; he could pretend he had no feelings for Nico and fend off all those horny boys for him, or he could confess his love, face possible rejection, but end Nico's torment. He bit his lip.

"Will?"

The blonde looked up. Nico's cheeks were red, and he was staring at Will with a weird look in his eyes. The air cackled with static, as if electricity passed between the two. Nico shivered, looking away shyly and tucking a piece of his hair behind his ear. Will started forward,

"Nico, I promise I'm not under Aphrodite's curse," he said hoarsely. Nico looked up at him,

"Okay."

As soon as the word was out of his mouth, Will tackled Nico to the bed, and then proceeded to
kiss and lick his way into the Italian's mouth. Nico gasped, his mouth opening under the sudden assault, as Will slipped his tongue into his mouth. Will's hands grasped Nico's wrists and pressed them into the mattress as the blonde kissed down his neck, sucking an angry red mark into his neck, murmuring 'mine, mine, mine,' against his skin.

Nico's hips bucked under Will, and he let out a breathy moan. Will remembered what he had to say in order to stop all those other boys from being all over his Nico. He quickly kissed up Nico's jaw and captured his lips again.

"I love you," he gasped, pulling away for a second. Nico managed to free his hands and he tugged Will back down impatiently, lips searching for his.

"I love you too," Nico whispered, "only you."
The seven plus Nico, Reyna, and Calypso are playing truth or dare in New Rome. Nico is dared to shadow travel and pick them up something for dinner. When he goes everyone else dares Percy, who has been crushing on Nico for a while, but thinking he's not Nico's type anymore, to kiss Nico when he returns. So, when Nico gets back with McDonald's, what else, he sets everything down on a table and Percy sneaks up and kisses him passionately. Nico is just in shock but everyone cheers.

"Nico," Hazel grinned wickedly, which was unlike her, and tapped her chin, "I dare you...to shadow travel and pick us up something for dinner."

Everyone groaned in relief,

"Yes please," Frank said, mouth watering.

"Pizza," Percy said immediately.

"Nooo," Calypso whined, "Spaghetti."

"Yes, my girl," Leo high-fived her. Everyone started arguing, names of restaurants flying around. Reyna crossed her arms over her chest and glared down at everyone.

"McDonald's," she seethed. Everyone froze.

"O-Okay," Piper stuttered, "McDonald's is good." She said, and everyone quickly agreed. Nico sighed and stood up. He wrote everyone orders down on his wrist and then gave a little wave,

"See ya in a bit," he said, turned on his heel and walked into the shadowy wall, disappearing immediately. Percy watched him go, and sighed. Annabeth and Piper exchanged a look,

"Come on," Jason rubbed his hands together, "let's play without him," he said, grabbing the empty coke bottle in the middle of their circle, and spinning it. Percy watched as it landed on Piper, and everyone cheered. Jason grinned at his girlfriend,
"Piper," he purred, "I dare you to give me a kiss."

The girl rolled her eyes but leaned over the coke bottle to peck Jason on the lips. Leo 'booed,'

"That was some poverty kiss," he said. Calypso smacked his arm,

"This ain't a porn show, buddy," Percy grinned at him. Leo rolled his eyes and slung one arm around Calypso's shoulders. The girl snuggled up against him and Percy almost winced with longing. He wished he could hold Nico like that, but now that he knew that he wasn't his type...Percy sighed,

"Pipes, spin," he told her.

"Oh yeah," the girl quickly reached for the bottle. It spun slowly, and almost ended up on Reyna, to Percy's right, but at the last second it landed on Percy. The son of Poseidon glared at it,

"Truth or dare, Percy?" Piper licked her lips. Percy rolled his eyes,

"Truth."

Everyone groaned, except for Piper and Annabeth. The brunette looked at Percy solemnly,

"Are you in love with Nico?" she asked. Frank choked on the gulp of water he was drinking and started wheezing, Hazel patting his back furiously. Percy felt himself blush,

"W-What kind of question is that?" he asked weakly. Piper raised an eyebrow,

"Answer the question, Perce."

Percy looked down at the carpet, and then very quietly he said,

"Yes."

A silence settled over the group, and Percy had to laugh awkwardly to break the tension,

"It's alright," he rolled his eyes, "i'm not his type anyway. Who's turn is it? Oh- mine, great," with shaking hands the boy reached for the bottle and spun it with a lot of strength. It went flying and ended up on Annabeth.

"Dare."

"Annabeth, take a shot," Percy said half-heartedly, trying to loosen the atmosphere. The blonde didn't even protest and took the shot of vodka that Leo offered her. She gulped it down and made a sour face, Hazel giggled. The blonde girl reached for the bottle and spun it. It landed on Percy. Again.

"No fair!" the son of Poseidon complained.

"Shut up, Perce," Annabeth said, "truth of dare?"

"Dare," Percy said, not wanting anymore intimate questions. Reyna practically flew across the room in her eagerness to whisper something into the daughter of Athena's ear. Percy watched, worried, as Annabeth's lips morphed into a smile.

"Percy," she said, Reyna sitting at her side, looking smug, "I dare you to kiss Nico when he returns."
"No." Percy said, his heart skipping a beat.

"Yes!" Hazel said, "Pipes had to kiss Jay."

"But they're going out!" Percy protested. Reyna glared at him,

"Since you're not Nico's type anyway, it shouldn't make a difference." She said cool. Percy's shoulders slumped.

"Fine." He said, and spun the bottle with his foot. It landed on Calypso but before she could pick truth or dare, Nico stepped out of the shadows, carrying four McDonald's bags, and Percy's heartbeat picked up.

You have to kiss him.

Piper gave Percy a pointed look, and Jason gestured at Nico, who was laying the bags down at the table. Percy stood up, trying to keep his breathing normal. Nico's back was to him.

"Why are you so quiet?" the Italian asked, laying out the food. Percy took a deep breath and grabbed his shoulder, whirling him around. Before Nico had time to say something, Percy crashed their lips together. He was aiming for something quick and chaste, enough to satisfy the rest of the demigods, but when he felt Nico's soft lips against his, Percy couldn't stop himself. He grabbed the boy around the waist and licked his way into his mouth. Nico, who so far had been shocked to do anything, reached up to twist his hands into Percy's shirt, his eyes fluttering shut. He let out a breathy little gasp and Percy pulled him closer, kissing him even more fiercely.

The room exploded into cheers and Percy pulled away. Nico opened his eyes, they were glazed over, and his cheeks were flushed. The two stared at each other while the other's had a mini party behind them, jumping and high-fiving. Percy glanced down at Nico's lips, but the Italian was faster, pressing their lips together again. Percy couldn't help a smile appearing on his lips. Nico pulled away quickly, blushing,

"By the way," he said, "you are my type."

The cheering got even louder.
Could you do one where Beckendorf is dying and Percy is by his side, crying and telling him that he loves him and not to leave him, and beckendorf's last words are 'Dont cry, because I Love You Too'

Percy broke through the surface of the sea. His mind was dazed, too dazed to bother to keep him dry from the water. On the horizon the Princess Andromeda went up in a cloud of dark smoke, flames engulfing her quickly. Somewhere close by, Beckendorf came up gasping for air. Percy reached out to him,

"Take my hand! I'll take us to shore!"

Beckendorf winced, spluttered, and then his large, warm, wet hand was grabbing Percy. The son of Poseidon felt a sudden surge of happiness go through him. They have completed their mission, and the monster ship was no more, but the two of them were safe. Percy pulled Beckendorf closer,

"Hold on," he said, and the dark skinned boy slung an arm around Percy's waist. The son of Poseidon commanded the sea to take the two of them to shore, ignoring his stuttering heart beat at Beckendorf's touch, and then let the waves speed them through the sea. Beckendorf tugged Percy closer as they were roughly pulled along, and hesitantly Percy wrapped an arm around the bigger boy's shoulders. It was nice and warm, and over way too soon.

The sea spat Percy and Beckendorf out onto the sandy beach of Long Island. Percy spat out some salt water as Beckendorf collapsed onto the wet sand.

"That was quick," Percy shivered in his cold clothes. He should've paid more attention to the sea and water, and controlled his power. But the boy smiled. The sun was shining brilliantly in the cloudless sky and he was alive. The grinning boy turned to Beckendorf, "I can't believe we-" his voice died in his throat suddenly.

Beckendorf was laying on the white sand, his eyes staring right up, chest heaving in laboured breaths. His side was ripped open, bits of flesh hanging out, blood soaking the sand. The boy's
insides were tinted green - poison. Percy felt the blood drain from his face, and thought he might be sick.

Instead, he collapsed next to Beckendorf.

"Beckendorf?" he said, "Beck- Charlie, can you hear me?"

"I'm fine," Beckendorf lied through his teeth. Percy felt salty tears gather in his eyes and his heart gave a painful tug when he realized that the boy in front of him was going to die.

"Don't do this to me," Percy whispered, trying to keep his voice steady. He peeled back Beckendorf's shirt to try and get a look at the wound. The blood soaked through the material and coloured Percy's hand. The son of Poseidon found that he couldn't look at the jagged wound directly, "w-what happened?" he whispered, voice shaking.

"Piece of the princess." Beckendorf winced, "must've embedded in my side when the ship exploded."

"I-I...,"Percy's hands hovered uselessly over Beckendorf's middle, "maybe...we could get ambrosia."

"Quit it Perce," Beckendorf said, and smiled weakly, staring up at the younger boy, "it won't be long now."

"Don't say that," Percy felt his tears spill down his cheeks and he choked on his sobs, "d-don't-" he ripped his Camp Half Blood shirt off and pressed it against Beckendorf's wound. The boy hissed in pain,

"I'll save you," Percy said determinately, "I'll save you, I promise."

"You can't," Beckendorf's voice was quiet. Percy watched, horrified, as his friend's blood soaked through his shirt and onto his hands. He lifted them to his face, they were red and shaking. Percy burst out crying,

"Don't die," he begged, hot tears racing down his face, his bloodied hands clutching Beckendorf's, "please, Charlie...I'll do anything. I-I'll find a doctor..."

"Percy," Beckendorf said gently, squeezing his hand, which only make Percy cry harder.

"I love you, you oblivious idiot," he sobbed, "so don't leave me. Don't d-die...we can fix this."

"Don't cry," Beckendorf's voice was growing fainter, he struggled to lift his hand up to touch Percy's face, and when he couldn't, it flopped uselessly to his side. "Don't cry, I love you too."

Percy was sobbing, his heart aching. It wasn't one of those quiet, sad scenes in the movie when a second plan character dies. It was heart breaking and Percy's hands were dirty with blood and Beckendorf's insides were laying on the sand next to him, and he was in pain and he was-dead.

Beckendorf was dead. Percy realized this when he saw that the boy's eyes glassed over, and were staring at the sky. The son of Poseidon's tears stopped falling, he let the other boy's hand slip out of his.

Don't cry, I love you too.
A scream rang up the beach. Percy's head snapped up, and he saw campers racing towards him, Chiron at the front. The old centaur reached Percy friend.

"Percy, my boy," he said, "what happened."

"T-The Princess Andromeda," Percy said shakily, "it's done...the mission's complete."

"Beckendorf?" Chiron looked heart broken as he looked at the boy's lifeless body.

"He asked for Silena," Percy whispered, forcing the lie out. He staggered to his feet and pushed past Chiron, "he asked for you," he told Silena brokenly and then fell into Annabeth's arms. The girl rubbed his back and held him close, but it wasn't right. Nothing was right. It should've been Charlie's arms around Percy. The boy fought back tears,

"He said he loved me," Percy whispered against Annabeth's shoulder. The girl just held him closer and Percy squeezed his eyes shut.
Could you do a JerCy where they're all in the circus, Percy's a performer and Jason's an audience member? At first, Jason hates Percy, but secretly admires his beauty.

Percy sucked in a breath, trying to relax himself. No matter how many times he did this, his heart beat always escalated through the roof. And he'd done this for a long time, since he was nine, and that was ten years ago. The bright lights blinded the boy, which was good, since he couldn't see the audience, with their greedy eyes trained on him. It was just him and the rope, and the darkness of the ceiling above him.

Percy let out the breath through his nose, and urged his hands to stop shaking. Then he took his first graceful step. The rope was unstable underneath him, and Percy knew one wrong move could mean him falling to his death. Well...maybe not to his death, but to the breaking of bones and the end of his career.

Don't fall then, he reminded himself. The rope might've been unstable underneath him, but it was something he wielded, something he mastered. Percy knew that rope in and out, as it knew him, and he knew how to walk it to not slip into the abyss of lights far below. Dramatic music played, adding more suspense to his performance, but Percy didn't care.

He pressed the second foot in front of the first, and then again and again. The rope swayed, but stayed put as Percy walked across it. The boy breathed deeply, trying to keep his calm. It was just like doing it a thousand times before. He could almost sense the audience holding their breath below him.

And then Percy's foot slipped and his whole body slid off the rope. The audience screamed, and
Percy nearly did too, but he managed to catch himself on the rope at the last second, his hands wrapping tightly around it, stomach doing a flip. Percy felt the rope dig into his hands, and knew they'd be sore for the next few days, but for now he had to get back up onto it and finish the show.

Percy kicked his legs forward, swinging, and then back, and forward again. When he was swinging like a wild monkey he pushed his back upwards. He knew where the supporting rope was, and as he let go of the one under his hands, Percy went flying. One mis-calculated move could end his life. Percy grabbed blindly for the rope, and when his hand closed around it, he sighed with relief. He was now suspended in the air, and then, ever so slowly, eyes on his rope, the boy lowered himself down. When Percy's feet touched the rope, he let go of the supporting one.

The adrenaline coursed through his body, and he gracefully finished walking, one foot in front of the other. When he reached the raise on the other side, the crowd let out a wild cheer. Percy grinned, and waved down at them, before climbing down the ladder. He waved again as the crowd clapped and whistled at him. Percy smiled, bowed, and then skipped off backstage, as the announcer called out the next act.

As soon as the boy was behind the safety of the curtain, he was assaulted by his crew mates.

"You fucking moron!" Annabeth, one of the gymnasts, growled, "you're never doing that again!"

"You almost died!" Hazel agreed, fanning her face, as she hugged Percy tightly. She had surprising strength in her small body. Leo, the clown, Frank, the animal trainer, and Piper, the horse mistress, were also hugging him tightly, and making him promise not to pull a stunt like that ever again.

*It wasn't a stunt*, Percy thought, but didn't want to tell them, in case they worried more, *It was an accident.*

"Pipes," a voice said, "you're up."

Piper kissed Percy's cheek and then ran on stage. Percy turned towards the voice. It was Jason, the tech guy who had been travelling as support with the circus for the past two months. Percy winced when he saw him. For some reason, the gorgeous blonde hated him.

As soon as Piper began her act, Jason grabbed Percy by the shirt and dragged him off to the back.

"What the fuck were you thinking?!!" he spat angrily, "do you know how that could've ended? No, of course not, because you're the wonderful Percy Jackson and you don't care about all the paper work we'd have to fill out if you fell off that damn rope and broke your neck."

"Calm down," Percy rolled his eyes as he and Jason stepped outside. The blonde pulled him towards the medical van, "it was all part of the performance."

"Part of the performance?!!" Jason hissed, kicking the door to the van open. The light was on but it was empty. Percy gingerly closed the door behind him. The blonde grabbed his wrists and turned his hands, palms up. There were angry red welts on Percy's hands where he grabbed the ropes, and his left one was bleeding, "was this part of your performance too?" Jason demanded. Percy looked away, and didn't reply.

The blonde grabbed the antiseptic and a cotton pad.

"Fucks sake," he grumbled, "where's Will when you need him?"

"Probably with Nico," Percy offered, trying to calm the atmosphere. Jason glared at him and
pressed the antiseptic soaked cotton pad onto his bleeding hand. The dark haired boy winced in pain and let out a low hiss,

"Smartass," Jason said.

"Asshole," Percy mumbled, as the blonde cleaned his wounds, before wrapping gauze around them. He was silent and Percy took the time to look at him; his golden hair and angry eyes, his large, surprisingly gentle hands...

"There," Jason pulled away and stood up, "don't be stupid and go rest." He growled, before walking out. Percy remained on his chair, looking at his hands. He wondered what he did to piss Jason off so much...

The door opened and another blonde walked in.

"Sorry Perce!" Will gushed, cheeks red and lips swollen, "I was with-

"Nico, I know." Percy smiled at him.

"I heard about your little stunt," Will said worriedly, "you okay?"

"Yeah," Percy held up his bandaged hands, "Jason patched me up."

Will smiled softly,

"Wow. He must really care about you," he said. Percy blinked, and felt his cheeks flush.

"I-It's not like that!" he protested. Will grinned and opened the van door for him,

"Sure," he said, sarcastically.

Jason watched as Percy practised. The rope he was on was considerably lower than the one on-stage, so that if the dark haired boy fell off he'd only get a few bruises on his flawless skin.

Stop thinking that! Jason's mind hissed at him, and the blonde shook his head, before resuming glaring at Percy. But he couldn't deny it - Percy was flawless, from his graceful feet, up his slim, gently muscled torso, to his beautiful face with the gorgeous blue eyes and wonderful smile and wild black hair. Jason bit his lip as he watched the lithe boy walked slowly across the rope, his delicate muscles rippling under the tight body suit he was wearing.

Jason wanted to touch him so bad he had to shove his hands into his pocket to stop himself from doing so.

"You done yet?" he called instead, "I'm tired of supervising you, I have a show to set up!"

"You don't have to be here," Percy bit back.

"Yeah I do. Chiron's making me."

Percy sighed,

"Well Chiron can kiss my-" he wobbled dangerously on the rope. Jason was up in a flash hovering underneath Percy, ready to catch him. The rope-walked steadied himself, hands stuck out on either side of him. Instead of an armful of clumsy acrobat, Jason got a glorious view of the boy's perky butt.
"Ready to catch me, eh?" Percy joked, grinning down at Jason. The blonde glared,

"Shut up."

Jason and Piper were eating candyfloss outside of his caravan, talking quietly as the other tech's knocked down the tent for the night.

"Tomorrow we're going to Arizona," Piper said, around a mouthful of candyfloss, "how you feeling about that?"

Jason shrugged,

"I don't mind, as long as I'm with you guys," he told her sweetly. She smiled and ruffled his hair, "Ew!" he protested, "your hands are sticky!"

Frank ran up to them, out of breath. He had his costume still on,

"Guys!" he said, wide-eyed, "did you hear?!"

"No, Frank," Leo dead panned, showing up from nowhere and sitting next to Piper, "we didn't hear."

Frank rolled his eyes at him, but sobered up almost immediately.

"Well, I just heard that Percy got offered a deal with a bigger circus, in New York!"

Piper's eyes widened,

"No way!" she exclaimed. Jason felt his heart plummet to the ground.

Percy's leaving?!

He stood up. Leo frowned,

"Where ya going, Jay?"

"I need to find them," Jason told them, "I'll catch you guys later!" he waved and then ran off. He immediately headed for Percy's caravan, where he assumed the dark haired boy would be. And he wasn't wrong - Percy opened the door the second that Jason knocked. He was out of his tight outfit, instead wearing a dark blue, loose t-shirt and grey sweatpants, which didn't make him any less beautiful.

"Jason?" he asked, confused, "did something happen?"

Jason blushed, too late realizing that he didn't have an excuse to ask Percy about his plans. It wasn't like he cared or anything, but it was too late to turn back now...

"I heard you're leaving," he grumbled, turning to look to the side.

"Um...well, I got offered a deal," Percy said hesitantly. Jason's shoulders slumped and he looked down at his shoes.

"Oh."

"...I said no."

"What?!" Jason looked up. Percy was standing on the top step leading to his van, making him, for
once, taller than Jason. Now the boy's eyes were clearly hurt, "That was an amazing opportunity! Why did you turn it down?!!"

"Look," Percy crossed his arms over his chest defensively, "I know you hate me and want me gone and stuff, but why are you trying to get me to leave me family!? I'm not gonna leave, I like it here and--"

"Shut up," Jason growled, "just...just be quiet." He turned on his heel and stormed off. Percy groaned in frustration.

Jason was standing outside the tent, right after Percy's performance, smoking, when he heard it.

"Oh look! It's the little faggot!" some boy sneered. Jason frowned and snubbed out his cigarette. It was dark round the back, and he inched his way towards the voice.

"Look at him!" another boy laughed, "He's wearing a fucking leotard, like a little ballerina girl."

"I bet you he doesn't have a dick!" the first boy agreed.

"Why don't you piss off?"

Jason recognised that voice - it was Percy. The blonde's heartbeat picked up.

"He's trying to stand up for himself, how cute," first voice awed, "little gay boy."

"Leave me alone," Jason could see what was going on now. Two big boys had Percy up against one of the caravans, boxing him in. As the acrobat tried to sneak past them, the bigger boy grabbed his arm and wrenched it backwards. Percy cried out in pain, his legs buckling.

"Oi! Maybe he'll blow us, eh?" the smaller boy proposed with a disgusting smirk. Jason heard enough. He felt rage boil inside him as he dropped his cigarette and came out from the shadows. He grabbed the smaller boy by the back of the shirt and yanked him back. The boy stumbled, "What the-" Jason threw a punch, catching him in the face. The boy fell to the ground with a groan, clutching his face. The bigger boy turned on Jason, letting go of Percy, but before he could say anything, the blonde hit him in the stomach, causing him to double over. Then he kicked the boy's legs from under him.

"Jay!" Percy yelled, "behind you!"

The smaller boy was rising, fist curled, ready to attack but Jason whirled around, elbowing him in the gut, causing him to fall back down. He kicked the bigger boy in the face and felt a satisfying crunch. The boy was crying,

"Stop!" he begged, "p-please!"

"Get out of here," Jason spat. The smaller boy was already on his feet, running off. The bigger one pulled himself up and stumbled after him. When the two disappeared around the corner, Jason turned to Percy. The boy was wearing only his outfit and was shivering in the cold night air, his eyes glistening with tears. Jason felt his heart give a tug as he slipped off his jacket and wrapped it around Percy's shoulders.

"You okay?" he asked gently. Percy wasn't looking at him when he nodded hesitantly, even as a tear rolled down his cheek. Jason couldn't stop himself as he reached out and pulled the boy into his arms. Percy didn't seem to mind, hugging Jason back, face buried in his shoulder.
"Thank you," he whispered hoarsely. Something caused Jason to kiss the side of the boy's head. Percy shivered, but this time it wasn't from the cold, and pressed himself closer to the blonde. Jason took Percy's chin in his hand and forced him to look up at him. Percy bit his lip as his eyes slid to look at the blonde's mouth.

Jason couldn't stand it anymore - he leaned forward and crashed his mouth to Percy's. The dark haired boy stumbled backwards, his back hitting the van, and let Jason lick his way into his mouth. Percy let out a moan, hands tangling in Jason's blonde locks, tongue battling his.

"Mine or yours?" he gasped out before Jason claimed his mouth again.

"Mine," he offered, and the hauled Percy forwards, though the camp site, and towards his caravan. He reached for the handle and the door opened, light flooded outside. As the two boys blindly found their way inside, their lips still interlocked, hands groping everything they could reach, they heard a girl scream. They jumped apart and saw a horrified Hazel sitting on her bed.

"My eyes!" the girl screeched. Percy and Jason exchanged a look,

"Wrong caravan," Jason offered Hazel a sheepish smile, before grabbing Percy's shirt and pulling him out, their lips connected again, blindly looking for what they hoped was one of their vans.
I wanna hold you

Chapter Notes

For Percico Nicercy.
Also, I won't post over the weekend because i'm gonna be partying, ayye, so sorry my babies.

One where Percy and Nico have been growing up together both with secret feelings for the other and Percy thinks Nico is worth more than the stars and basically just a bunch of cute time skips until after high school when they finally get together? Please give me diabetes for Percico Nicercy

Nico di Angelo was bored of the playground. It was the same everyday - kids screaming and laughing, sliding down the same boring slide. The small six year old wanted to do something different, but his mom left him with his older sister Bianca, who didn't want to play with him. Little Nico pouted as he pushed his way through the bushes, his small legs pumping furiously to try and run faster. He didn't know how much time he had before Bianca found him.

The boy burst out to a small clearing with a river. The river wasn't very nice - it was a murky green and there were flies swarming around the surface, but at least it was more interesting than that playground. Hesitantly, the boy walked towards the edge, and nearly jumped when he realized that someone was already there - a smaller boy, curled up in a ball at the foot of a massive oak tree, where a rope swing hung from the longest branch, over the murky river.

"Hello," Nico said, deciding to ask what the boy was doing. The smaller child looked up from where he had his face buried in his knees. There were tears in his bright blue eyes, and Nico frowned, "are you okay?" he asked.

"No," the little boy's lower lip wobbled. He showed Nico his elbow, which was scraped and bleeding. "I f-fewl over."

"Oh," Nico bit his lip. Then he got a brilliant idea, "Oh! I've got a plaster!" he proclaimed, diving
into the pocket of his khaki shorts and producing a band aid. The small boy lit up, and Nico quickly knelt next to him, "Here, give me your elbow," Nico instructed. The boy did so, looking up at Nico with awe-filled eyes. His tears were gone.

Carefully, and slightly clumsily, Nico peeled back the plastic layer on the band aid and then carefully pressed it over the other boy's wound. The blue eyed child winced, but didn't cry out. Nico remembered what his mom did whenever he was hurt, and didn't hesitate in pressing a small kiss to the band aid over the other's boys elbow,

"There," Nico patted his shoulder, "you're very brave for no crying."

"Thank you," the blue eyed boy beamed, and twisted his body to try and see his elbow. Nico stood up and offered him a hand, pulling him to his feet. The boy was a few inches shorter than Nico.

"My name's Perwcy," he lisped, and offered Nico his chubby hand to shake. The Italian did so and smiled,

"I'm Nico."

"Nico!" Maria di Angelo pulled the covers off of her eight year old son, who curled up in a ball and grumbled something, "come on! Up you get - time for school!" the woman clapped her hands. Nico glared at her and she grabbed his foot, dragging him forcefully out of bed.

"Mooooom, I don't wanna gooo," Nico complained as his mom marched him to the bathroom and put toothpaste on his toothbrush.

"Why?" she asked, "I thought you wanted to show Percy your mythomagic cards?"

Nico immediately brightened up, the last trace of his sleep disappearing, as he shoved the toothbrush in his mouth.

"Happy birthday, Niks!" ten year old Percy grinned, wrapping his arms around the taller boy. Nico patted his hair, grinning,
"Thanks, Perce," he said, "in six months you'll be eleven too!"

"I can't wait," Percy grinned, "and maybe then I'll be taller than you!"

"I doubt it," Nico ruffled his hair and stuck his chest out proudly. He was eleven already and he had to take care of Percy, like a big brother.

"Come on boys!" Maria called, "your friends will be here soon! Help me put the crisps out!"

"Coming!" Nico called back. He took Percy's hand and pulled him along,

"Come on," he said, "we need to put all the crisps in the bowl."

"But not the salt and vinegar," Percy made a face, "I hate them."

"Why do I have to be Robin?" Percy whined as he fixed his mask in front of the mirror.

"Because you're shorter," Nico said simply, pulling on his Batman cape, he turned to Percy, "so...how do I look?"

"Horrible," Percy wrinkled his nose, "I would make such a better Batman."

Nico shoulders slumped and he self-consciously touched his masks. Percy felt a pang in his heart and he quickly batted Nico's hands away.

"I'm just kidding. You look awesome," he said, grinning. Nico smiled,

"Thanks, Perce."

"Thanks, Perce," Nico squeezed Percy's hand, trying to hide his tears. They were both twelve, almost the same height, sitting in the front pew at church. Bianca's closed coffin stood near the altar, and the whole church was filled with people in black. Even Percy ditched the blue in favor of a dark button-up shirt.

Nico's hair was a mess, there were dark circles under his red rimmed eyes. He sniffed and tried to not cry right now, in front of all these people. Percy held tightly onto his hand, rubbing small circles into his hand. It gave Nico comfort, knowing that although both his mom and sister were dead, he still had Percy with him.

Later, after the rest of Nico's family left, the Italian laid on the bed, arms tangled with Percy's, and he cried into his best friends shoulder. Percy rubbed his back and murmured sweet nothings into
his ear, and Nico cried and cried and cried.

Nico and Percy were fifteen and a lot of things changed. Nico lived with his dad now, who moved into town to be closer to his son, and Nico had a half-sister, Hazel. Both of the boys were in highschool and although Nico was a quiet nerd who dressed all in black and was studying music and Percy was a popular lacrosse player doing BTEC sport, the two were still best friends.

Percy was always invited to parties and he always took Nico as his plus one, no matter how many girls wanted to go with him. And that's when it happened.

The music was loud, too loud. It was Jason's houseparty and Nico liked him enough. However both Jason and Percy were pulled onto the dance floor by some girls and now Nico was stuck in the corner, drinking beer after beer after beer. His head was already fuzzy, his body too hot. Nobody paid any attention to him, just standing there, drinking.

Then Percy came out of nowhere with a drunken grin on his face. He slung an arm over Nico's shoulder, accidently knocking the beer cup out of his hand. The drink went slushing all over the carpet but nobody cared much.

"Great party!" Percy slurred into Nico's ear. The Italian nodded and leaned more into Percy's warmth. It felt nice. Once again Nico frowned. In four short months Percy had shot up like a fucking tree and now he towered over Nico. At least he was still lanky, like Nico. "Wanna go upstairs?!" Percy yelled over the music. When Nico nodded it felt as if he was doing it in slow motion.

Percy took his hand and tugged him across the dance floor. The two stumbled into the corridor and then up the stairs, giggling. Some people were lounging around the corridor, talking quietly, and they didn't pay Nico and Percy any mind. Then Piper, Jason's girlfriend, popped up from nowhere,

"Woah!" she caught Nico by the arm when he lurched to the side, "steady there!"

"Hi Pipes!" Nico grinned at her. She pulled a face,

"You reek of that cheap vodka." She said, and pushed herself between the two boys, linking them both through the arms and steering them to one of the spare bedrooms in Jason's massive mansion. Percy giggled breathlessly when the girl led them inside the dark room. "Lie down," she instructed, nudging the boys towards the king sized bed, "and go to sleep before you both get too drunk to control yourselves," she produced a big, plastic bowl out of somewhere and placed it next to the bed.

The two boys collapsed, laughing, onto the soft mattress. Piper rolled her eyes,

"Aim for the bowl," she told them and closed the door. The music was now only a quiet thud in
the background. Nico smiled and closed his eyes. The bed was nice and comfortable, and Percy was warm at his back. The taller boy slung a heavy arm around Nico's waist.

The Italian was almost asleep, his thoughts muddled, when he felt Percy's fingers slip under his shirt.

"Perce?" Nico mumbled, head spinning.

"Hmmm?" Percy hummed, his fingers running over Nico's stomach. His hands were warm.

"Nothing," Nico whispered, and closed his eyes. Before he fell asleep he heard Percy snoring.

"Voila!" eighteen year old Percy said, grinning, as he walked into his and Nico's new flat. It was bare and empty and cold, but it was theirs, "I can't believe it!" the blue eyed boy was grinning from ear to ear as he stood in the middle of what was to be their living room. Nico rolled his eyes and looked away. Sometimes Percy's smile was just too much for him.

Ever since that night when they were fifteen, when Percy cuddled up to him, drunk, Nico thought of him differently. He noticed how Percy slowly started filling into his clothes, his body becoming muscular and toned over the course of highschool, how his eyes grew lighter in the summer, how tanned his skin was, how nice his hands...

Nico shook his head. They were just friends, he reminded himself. And anyway...Percy had Annabeth.

Nico and Percy got off the bus and walked the short walk to their flat together, feet sinking in the snow. Percy was single again, as he'd broken up with his girlfriend - Annabeth. Which didn't mean Nico made any moves on him. There was no point.

"I'm so stuffed I think I'm gonna go into a food coma," Percy informed Nico, as they walked, shoulder to shoulder. The Italian rolled his eyes fondly. His hands were tucked into the pockets of his coat.

"Bit dramatic," he said. The skies opened up and it started snowing, soft white fluff drifting to the ground. Nico stopped in his tracks and looked up, mesmerized. Above him he saw the pitch black sky and the snowflakes coming out of nowhere. It was so serene, so peaceful, there was no traffic this late at night. The world seemed to hold its breath-

A freezing cold snowball hit the side of Nico's head and he quickly whirled around, feeling the snow melt on his skin and fall down into his collar.
"Percy!" he scolded, brushing himself off. Percy grinned, another snowball ready in his hand. He chucked it at Nico, aiming for his face, but the Italian moved and it got his shoulder. He huffed,

"What are you? Five?"

"No," Percy grinned and bent down to make another snow ball, "I'm twenty!" he said, forming another snowball. Nico quickly squatted down and picked a handful of snow up. Well, he could be a child sometimes too. The boy quickly formed a snowball and when Percy chucked his one and missed, Nico stood up and threw him, getting Percy right in the face.

The boy spluttered, brushing the snow out of his mouth, and Nico grinned, leaning down and making another snow ball. Percy had two in his hands, he chucked one and missed again and as Nico started running away, laughing, Percy chased him and got him in the back.

"Dickhead!" Nico screeched, feeling the cold seep through his clothes, and he threw his snowball over his shoulder. Percy ducked and the ball splattered uselessly on the ground. Nico turned around, speed walking backwards, and scooped up more snow. Percy formed another snowball and threw it at Nico, getting his knee.

They were both laughing breathlessly, chasing each other and chucking snowballs outside their dark apartment complex. The snow was bathed in warm yellow light from the lanterns, and snow was still falling from the sky. As Percy chased after Nico, who ducked behind a car, he slipped on a frozen puddle and went sprawling backwards.

He landed on his back with a groan and Nico was by him in seconds, looking panicked.

"Percy!"

"I'm fine," Percy said. The Italian offered him a hand and Percy took it. But instead of getting up, he tugged Nico down roughly, and sent him falling to the snow with a yell. Percy chucked and quickly climbed on top of his best friend, preventing him from getting up.

"No!" Nico whined, wriggling underneath Percy, "I'm cold! My whole back's wet! Let me up, you dumbass!" he complained. Percy grinned down at him. Nico grabbed a handful of snow and shoved it in the boy's face.

"Ughh," Percy pressed his face against Nico's shoulder and used it to wipe the snow, "dick."

"Look who's talking!" Nico rolled his eyes. Percy grabbed some snow and pushed it down Nico's coat. The boy screeched and his back arched off of the snow, accidentally pressing his and Percy's groins together. Percy sucked in a startled breath and Nico froze, eyes wide. Slowly, he lowered himself back down onto the freezing snow.

"S-Sorry," he said shakily. Percy was staring down at him with an unreadable expression. Nico's cheeks were flushed, eyes wide. His hair was a mess and there was snow in it as well as his eyelashes. He was laying helplessly underneath Percy,

"You cold?" Percy asked, voice quiet.

"Kinda," Nico whispered. He felt lost, unsure of where he was standing - or laying - because Percy wasn't disgusted, or trying to laugh the situation off. Technically nothing happened, but...Nico bit his lip. Percy's eyes snapped to the Italian's mouth.

Hesitantly, Percy reached for Nico's gloved hand and without a word pulled the glove off. Nico's hand, hit with the cold air, automatically curled into a fist. Percy noticed how small and pale it was compared to his, and then he brought his lips down to Nico's hand, kissing his palm.
Nico gasped, feeling warmth spread through his hand. Percy kissed down his wrist, not looking at Nico.

"Percy?" The Italian's voice was hoarse. Percy took off his own glove and slipped it back over Nico's hand. Then, still without a word, he reached for the boy's scarf and unwrapped it from around Nico's slender neck. The Italian let him, watching with wide eyes.

Percy leaned down and pressed his lips lightly to Nico's neck. The Italian shivered as Percy peppered his skin with tiny kisses, going down and then up again, and then along Nico's jaw. They were soft, barely-there kisses.

"Percy," Nico whined, eyes falling shut. He couldn't take it, it was growing so warm all of a sudden and he was so confused. Percy bit roughly at Nico's skin and the Italian let out a gasp again. Percy assualted his neck, pressing hot, wet, open mouthed kisses all over Nico's neck, licking and nibling and biting. He sucked a hickey just under Nico's jaw, where everyone could see, and the Italian let out a chocked off moan.

"Percy, n-not here," Nico stuttered breathlessly, feeling as if his body would burn a hole in the snow, "not outside. J-Just-

"I want to do it here," Percy growled, finally looking at Nico.

"R-Right here?" Nico stuttered.

"Yes. Right here."

Nico blushed and then he wrapped his arms around Percy's neck, pulling him down. Their mouths fit perfectly together. The kiss was slow, gentle, sweet. And then Percy slipped his tongue into Nico's mouth and the Italian's back arched, brushing their erections together again.

And they did it, right there, in the snow, and when Percy was close to coming undone, he whispered, 'I love you,' into Nico's ear. And the snow melted.
Alabaster took a deep breath. *It's for charity!* he reminded himself, before stepping forward. It was his turn to kiss Leo Valdez in the kissing booth and...well, the ever composed Alabaster was shitting himself. Of course, you couldn't see it on his face.

Alabaster confidently stepped forward, even though he wasn't confident at all. Leo, his all time crush, was dressed in a casual orange shirt, his long-ish curls pulled back in a short ponytail. His cheeks were flushed, lips swollen.

*He's already kissed so many people, Al thought, it's not like he'll remember your kiss or anything...*

"Al?" Leo blinked adorably, "what are you doing here?"

"Charity," Alabaster held up a dollar and put it in the box labelled 'donations.' Leo blushed bright red,

"I-I...um," he stuttered, "Drew's switching me in a m-moment if you wanna wait?"

*He doesn't want to kiss me,* Alabaster frowned.

"You know I hate Drew," he said, "I'd much rather kiss you."

"T-That rhymed," Leo said weakly. Al sat opposite him, trying to not show his excitement on his
"That rhymed," Leo said weakly. Al sat opposite him, trying to not show his excitement on his face, even as his heartbeat picked up. He looked expectantly at Leo, who looked away, shy all of a sudden.

"Okay, go on then," he told Al quietly. Alabaster leaned over the small table and then gently covered Leo's lips with his own. The Latino's lips were soft and plump and he tasted sugary, like he had been eating candy floss, which he probably had. It was lovely.

Not wanting to make the kiss awkwardly long, Al pulled away, lips tingling. Leo slowly opened his eyes, he looked dazed.

"Did you have candy floss?" Alabaster asked. Leo blushed red all over again,

"Y-Yeah," he said, "sorry."

"No, don't be," Alabaster mumbled. A girl behind him cleared her throat impatiently,

"Can ya hurry up? she asked, arms crossed over her chest.

"One more," Al said, glaring at her over his shoulder. He produced another dollar and slid it into the donations box. Leo blinked at him,

"Al, you can't do tha-" he didn't get to finish because Alabaster was leaning over again to claim his lips. Leo let out a tiny moan as Alabaster's tongue slid into his mouth without warning. Al's hands were squeezed into fists - he wanted to reach out and touch Leo, his face, his body, but he couldn't because of that fucking table. All he had was the delicious warmth of Leo's mouth, and the wonder if the rest of his body was also so hot-

"Oi!" Drew snapped, pulling the two apart, "enough!" she said, at both of the dazed boys, "this ain't a porn show, move on!"

"Goddamnit!" the girl behind Alabaster swore as Leo stood up shakily. Drew sat down and flipped her hair over her shoulder. She raised an eyebrow,

"We gonna kiss then or not?" she asked the girl.
Leo has a seizure and Nico and Jason panic or help him after it happens for BrokenTimes

"No, dumbass, pass me that box!" Nico snapped, pointing at the cardboard box next to Leo's foot.

"Oh, sorry," the Latino put down the box he was holding and picked up the other one. Nico sighed,

"Chill, Niks," Jason rolled his eyes, and put a box onto the top shelf. The three boys were on sorting duty, in a tiny cramped cupboard, because of a food fight that Leo started. Nico still didn't know why he was there.

The Latino hovered near the open door, never fully stepping inside the cupboard. It wasn't a big secret that he had claustrophobia and Jason and Nico knew he felt safer with his foot on the door. The Latino leaned over and passed Nico the box. The angry Italian passed it to Jason who pushed it onto the top shelf.

"Pass the last box," Nico told Leo as he leaned down to take the one by his foot. Leo bit his lip but stepped inside the cupboard as the last box was in the corner, too far to reach. He picked it up quickly and practically threw it at Jason in his haste to get back to the door. The blonde wobbled when the box hit him, and a gust of wind kept him upright. Unfortunately, that gust of wind also slammed the door shut.

Darkness fell on the cupboard. Everything was silent.

"Shit." Nico said. Leo blinked. It was so dark he couldn't see anything but he could feel how close the walls were, and the ceiling. He could feel the warmth radiating off of Jason and Nico.

Don't panic! Leo told himself, but his breathing already grew laboured as if there was no air in the box room. It was like a coffin. Jason wrestled with the door but it wouldn't budge,

"It's jammed!" he said. Leo's legs felt like candy floss, he couldn't breath, his thoughts were fuzzy. No, no, no...

"Leo!" Nico said suddenly, "Leo are you-"

The Latino crumbled to the floor, and he didn't even feel the pain of the impact as his knees hit the concrete. Nico was at his side in seconds, pulling him upright and propping him up against wall. Leo could see the ceiling crumbling on top of him, shattering his bones and his whole body, compacted into such a tiny space...he clutched at his chest, which hurt with the need for oxygen. He needed air.

"Jason!" Nico yelled. Leo could sense the blonde on his knees next to him, but he could barely hear Nico over the hammering of his heart, "he can't breathe!"
"Do something!" Jason was panicking.

"We need to get him to hold his breath!" Nico said suddenly.

"What?!"

"I saw it on Teen Wolf!" Nico said quickly. He turned to Leo, "sorry," he said, before crashing his lips with Leo's. The Latino's chest seized up, but he was still gasping for air, chest contracting. Nico pulled away - it hadn't worked.

"Kiss him properly!" Jason urged, desperately. His warm hand was on Leo's shoulder. Nico groaned in frustration, and then he leaned forward, kissing Leo 'properly'.

The Latino felt a hot, demanding tongue in his mouth, and two hands on his hips, squeezing. Leo's breath caught because Nico was kissing him. His vision cleared. It wasn't as dark in the tiny box anymore, and Leo could make out Nico's face close to his. And then the Italian twisted his tongue inside his mouth and Leo's insides grew hot and he moaned.

Nico pulled away abruptly. His face was red. Leo was breathing hard and everything was a bit fuzzy. Jason was staring at the two open-mouthed, his eyes hazy.

"Fuck," he said, "that was hot."

"Shut up," Nico scoffed. Leo felt arousal course through his weak body, felt his cock grow hard in his trousers, and he let out another tiny moan.

"Fuck this."

Suddenly Jason was kissing him hungrily and Leo wanted to tell him to stop, to wait, but the blonde's huge hand was cupping his erection and his tongue was in his mouth and it all felt so good.

Nico's mouth latched itself onto Leo's tanned neck, biting and kissing. Leo moaned and his hips bucked forward into Jason's hand. Nico pulled away to tug Leo's shirt off of his head and then he was sucking Leo's nipple into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the nub.

"Nggh," Leo gasped, "w-wait, Nico-"

Jason's free hand found his other nipple and the blonde rolled it between his fingers until it stiffened. Leo cried out and Jason pulled him roughly into his lap. Everything was hazy. Jason spread Leo's legs and the Latino rested his back heavily against the blonde's chest, unable to sit upright. Everything was happening so fast. Nico kissed down Leo's chest and pulled his trousers off. Then he wrapped his lips against Leo's hard length through his boxers. Leo bucked into his mouth with a helpless moan and Jason grabbed his hips with one hand, keeping his down. Leo's was panting, and Jason forced two fingers into his mouth.

"Suck," he ordered hoarsely, and it sent a shiver down Leo's spine. He did as he was told, swirling his tongue around the two digits as Nico continued to suck him through his boxers. Jason, satisfied, pulled his fingers out of Leo's mouth and then slipped them underneath Leo's boxers. The Latino didn't think about protesting, his eyes squeezed shut, hands tangled in Nico's hair.

Jason pushed a finger inside of Leo and the Latino moaned. Nico roughly pulled his underwear off and finally took his throbbing length into his hot mouth, swirling his tongue around the tip. Leo sobbed and his hips snapped forward, giving Jason better access to his twitching hole. Using this opportunity, Jason forced a second finger into Leo.
"J-Jason, what...n-no, no, oh Gods," Leo shuddered, babbling nonsense as Jason began fingering him roughly. The combination of Nico's hot mouth around his dick, sucking hard, and Jason's fingers pounding him were making Leo lose his mind. Jason pushed a third finger into the boy and Leo's head rolled helplessly onto the blonde's shoulder.

"Does it feel good?" Jason asked, licking a wet trail up Leo's neck, his free hand coming up to twist one of Leo's nipples roughly.

"Yes, y-yes," Leo sobbed, eyes closed. A shiver ran through his body as Nico fondled his balls with one of his hands, it felt like his every nerve was on fire, every part of him was being touched, fondled, kissed or rubbed. "I-I can't, I-I'm going to come...oh, o-oh please," Leo begged, "Please, h-harder, m-more-

Jason quickened his pace, his fingers abusing Leo's prostate without mercy. The Latino couldn't utter another word, he just moaned and whimpered helplessly as Nico sucked him harder and Jason fingered him faster. Everything was too much, too hot, too fast-

Without warning, something tightened in Leo's stomach and he came with a cry, hit dick twitching. Nico swallowed his cum without complaint, licking his cock greedily as Leo laid, boneless, in Jason's lap. The blonde turned his head so he could kiss him again.

And then the door opened.
Sailor Moon

Chapter Notes

Sorry I wasn't on for a while. Basically I was on holiday, so yeah. For FujoshiTime.

Could you do a Leo/Jason or Frank AU where they are superheroes but like Sailor Moon and Leo it's forced to dress with skirt when he transform into a superhero

The seven sat at their favorite table at the local cafe. It was late and dark outside, but warm for such late autumn. Frank sipped on his drink, staring out of the window. Leo was looking at him from underneath his eyelashes, pretending to read his car magazine. Piper and Annabeth were engrossed in a deep conversation that happened in hushed voices and Percy and Jason were shovelling chips into their mouths. Apart from them the cafe was empty.

"Sorry I'm late!" Hazel said, rushing in through the front door, making a soft chiming fill the room. The cafe owner didn't even look up as she slid in next to Jason.

"Where were you anyway?" Leo inquired, looking away from Frank as it was too risky to continue staring when the boy wasn't focused on the window.

"I-I...," Hazel stuttered, blushing furiously, "I w-was on a-a date."

Annabeth raised her eyebrows,

"Really?" she asked, "with who?"

"N-None of your business," Hazel said quickly. Jason rolled his eyes,

"Come on, Haze," Percy grinned, "just tell us."

"Yeah, tell us," Frank parroted. Hazel blushed even harder and opened her mouth - probably to finally spill - when Jason's communicator beeped. Everyone froze for a second, then-

"Shit," Piper jumped to her feet, and everyone followed hurriedly. Leo let out a loud groan,

"Not again."
"Come on," Annabeth shrugged on her coat and jogged outside, followed by Percy and Hazel, and then the rest of the group. Leo was at the end, dragging his feet, looking very, very unhappy. The seven rounded a corner and found themselves in a familiar dead end alleyway. Jaso pulled out his communicator,

"Alright, it's not far from here," he informed the group. He then held out his hands. Piper grabbed one, Percy the other. Annabeth took Percy's hand and offered her free one to Hazel, who accepted it and then grabbed Frank's hand. Without looking at him, Leo slipped his small hand into Frank’s and grabbed Piper's one. "Ready?" Jason asked. Everyone nodded. Leo grimaced.

The blonde whispered a spell underneath his breath and with a burst of light, Leo felt himself transform.

After the light died down, the seven were changed. Frank, Jason and Percy were all wearing black masks, top hats and three piece suits that looked nice and classy. There were roses tucked behind their lapels - Percy had pink, Jason red and Frank white. Piper, Hazel and Annabeth also wore masks, as well as the same uniform as if straight out of an anime - short skirts and sailor tops with little capes - in different colors; Piper had purple, Hazel green and Annabeth blue.

And Leo was also wearing a skirt, which was red. The sailor top was tight on him, even if his chest was flat, and the skirt barely made it half way down his thigh, revealing his tanned legs in knee-high white socks.

"Fuuuuuck," he groaned, because he didn't understand why this had to happen exactly to him. Frank stared at him, open mouthed. The girls giggled, Jason chuckled, Percy laughed at him,

"Come on," he grinned, "let's sort out that break in."

He started running down the alleyway, Annabeth, Piper, Jason and Hazel hot on his heels. Leo lingered behind, and, to his surprise, Frank did too.

"What?" Leo asked finally when he couldn't handle the stare anymore. Frank blushed and cleared his throat,

"N-Nothing," he said quickly, "just...your ass looks great in that skirt." he said quickly, and then sprinted after the rest of their group, leaving an awestruck Leo behind. Maybe that skirt wasn't so bad after all.
Will and Nico based on the prompt "You were chased by the cops, got in my car and just yelled 'Drive!'"

Will was driving his bright green jeep down an unfamiliar street. The houses on either side were massive, gated mansions that loomed over Will in a very unnerving way. The blonde tapped his fingers on the steering wheel nervously as he slowed down the car so he was inching his way down the street like a snail. It didn't really matter - it was well past midnight on Wednesday (or Thursday, technically, but for Will it was still Wednesday) and the paramedic's car was the only one on the spacious road. Most of the lights in the houses were off and the only thing illuminating the blonde's way were the street lamps above him.

Will sighed and tapped the screen of his iPhone, but the thing was really dead, meaning no GPS. The blonde groaned and banged his head against the steering wheel, which was a really bad idea. There was nobody to ask for directions, and Will had no way of getting home. Damn, he didn't even know what part of the city he was in, and it's not like he could call anyone, not with his phone dead...

Maybe if he found a payphone?

Will scanned the street, his car still moving sluggishly down the seemingly never-ending strip of road. There was nothing here except the expensive houses and neatly planted trees. The blonde sighed again, and then an idea struck him. A map! He was sure he had one somewhere...

The boy parked right there, in the middle of the street, and half-way bend over in an uncomfortable way, shuffling through the papers in the little compartment at the front. If he retraced his steps back to the hospital he should find a way home...

He heard a police siren, and froze. His head snapped up and he saw blue and red lights flickering somehow where behind him. Immediate panic overtook the blonde because although he knew he wasn't breaking any laws, he always got nervous around cops. Then he heard something else - the
sound of hurried footsteps slapping against the pavement. In his rearview mirror, Will saw a figure sprinting towards him and his heartbeat sped up.

Was it a criminal? A murderer?

The blonde had half a mind to start the jeep and get the hell out of there, but before he could, the doors on the passangers side of the car burst open. First a lime-green sports bag came flying in, whacking Will in the shoulder, and then a small, skinny boy with wild, black hair and even wilder, black eyes, jumped in.

"Drive!" he yelled at Will, his voice hoarse. The blonde blinked and then, for some weird reason, he did. He never drove so fast in his life, with the police behind him as well! Will's heart was in his throat as the boy gave him directions where to turn, at the same time trying to catch his breath. Will was officially lost (not like he was ever found), going through a maze of alleyways and roads, all deserted. They were out of the rich part of the city, going through the more middle-class bit.

Will's hands were unsteady on the steering wheel but at least he didn't hit anyone. The second he burst into the China Town area of the city, which was buzzing with life at such a late hour, the stranger next to him relaxed visibly and let out a shaky breath, rubbing his hands over his face as if trying to clean invisible dirt off of it. Will glanced over at him and noticed that the boy was wearing a tattered, old red flannel several sizes too big, and ripped jeans. His hair was long, curling over his ears, and when he looked up at Will, the blonde noted that he was really cute.

THAT IS A CRIMINAL! His brain told him frantically, and Will quickly turned his eyes back onto the road. He had to pay attention now, because there were loads of cars here now. But he wanted to ask the stranger questions - Who are you? Why is the police chasing you? What's in the bag? Did you kill anyone? But what came out instead was;

"Are you hurt?"

The stranger blinked at him owlishly, surprised,

"No," he said slowly, "but thank you."

Will nodded, his mouth in a tight line,

"Where should I drop you off?" he asked, a sense of calm coming down over him. The boy looked around,

"I live around the corner," he said hesitantly, pointing at a street off to the side, decorated by bright lanterns,

"Alright," Will nodded and turned the Jeep. He didn't know why he wasn't driving this boy to the closest police station.

Because you don't know where it is. Right.

Will sighed and parked the car. He was at some back bits of an apartment block. The paint was peeling off and the multiple, winding steel staircases, like the emergency ones in normal flats, looked unstable. There was smoke in the air from all the chinese food stands on the other side, and the sound of people talking, parties and traffic was overwhelming. The only light came from the few strands of lanterns hung in-between the staircases.

The boy climbed out of the jeep and, after a second thought, Will followed him out, dragging the sports bag with him. The two stood opposite each other for a minute, silent. The stranger was illuminated by the blue lanterns, giving him a weird glow and making his eyes sparkle. Will's
heartbeat picked up again as he stared at the boy. Then he passed him his bag. The boy took it and slung it over one shoulder,

"Thank you." He said. Will cocked his head to the side,

"Don't mention it," he said, "why were you running from the cops?" he asked finally. The boy looked away,

"They weren't cops," he admitted, "it was the Italian Mafia."

Will blinked at him, bewildered.

"Oh," he managed.

"It's a long story," the boy said quickly, "what's your name?"

"Will," Will said without hesitation.

"I'm Nico," the boy introduced himself. Then he bit his lip and looked up at what must've been his door.

"Would you like to come in, Will?" he asked.

No! Don't be stupid! He could be lying, the police could already be searching for you! You should turn yourself in. And even if he is saying the truth - THE ITALIAN MAFIA!? Are you insane, William? Do you have a death wish?

Will smiled.

"Sure." He said, and he was still officially lost.
Can you do a percico one where they're boyfriends and nico has a bakery and percy is visiting him, when a little girl comes in and asks for bread but nico gives her the cupcakes she was eyeing too - some percico fluff too

"Hazel!" Nico called from the back bit of his bakery. His half-sister poked her head around the corner.

"Yeah Niks?" she asked. The boy handed her a tray of perfectly made cupcakes with icing,

"Put those out will you?"

"Sure," Hazel dimpled at him and skipped off to do as he asked. The two ran a bakery together, called The Angel, and they loved their job. The bakery was in the middle of an old-school street in Oxford, in a fairly calm and quiet area. Apart from old ladies, tired university students and young couples, there was practically nobody else in the town. And Nico and Hazel liked it that way.

The Angel was all wood and big windows that let in loads of light. There were little round tables to sit at and have some coffee and there were flowers in vases around the place. Old black and white photo’s of Oxford from one hundred years ago decorated the walls which were covered in a nice creamy wallpaper. It was all very cosy. The baked goods looked amazing too, handmade by Nico every day - there was fresh bread dusted with flour that filled the bakery with an amazing smell, cute littl cupcakes with icing and edible roses, three-tier wedding cakes with little silver balls and silver leaves. It was all so gorgeous because Nico poured all of his heart into it.

As he baked in the back, Hazel sold in the front, smiling at customers and wishing them a good day. Nico was engrossed in decoarting a small birthday cake, tongue sticking out from the corner of his lips, icing on his cheeks, when Hazel called.

"Nico! Your boyfriend's here!"
Nico literally dropped everything and ran to the front of the bakery. Percy stood there, grinning. He was wearing his dark blue overalls, obviously coming straight back from work - the Repair shop in the neighbouring town where he helped their mutual friend, Leo, fix cars. Percy's hands were dirty from oil and there was some in his hair and plenty on his clothes but Nico didn't care - he threw himself into Percy's arms.

Even though the two knew each other for most of their lives, and have been dating for over five years, Nico's heart still skipped a beat every time he saw the other boy. Percy caught him and spun him around even though they saw each other eight hours earlier, and then he kissed the Italian sweetly on the lips. Nico smiled and Hazel 'awed.'

"Hi," Percy said, still grinning like an idiot.

"Hi," Nico replied breathlessly, "how was your day?"

"Tiring," Percy had his arms firmly around Nico's waist, "me and Leo had to fix a mini bus-"

Before Percy could continue, the doors chimed and a little girl walked in. Her hair was in two little buns and she had massive brown eyes. She couldn't have been older than eight, clutching a five pound note to her chest.

"I would like to buy some bread, please," she said loudly, lisping as she was missing a front tooth.

"Sorry, sweetie," Hazel, who had been clearing the display, said, "we're closed."

The child's shoulders slumped and she looked around, confused.

"Oh," she said, "but...but Mikey is back from school and he s-surprised us...and, w-we need some b-bread please."

Hazel sighed and Nico smiled,

"Alright, we'll get you some bread," he said, extracted himself from Percy's arms and disappeared in the back. He found a fairly fresh bread, packed it up and brought it back to the girl. He frowned, noticing how she was eyeing the last batch of his cupcakes still for sale. She had a brother who just came back...Nico bit his lip.

"Two pounds fifty," Hazel told the girl, and she handed her the money, still looking at the cupcakes. Technically, they'd go bad tomorrow and Nico wouldn't sell them. Hazel gave the girl the change and at the last second Nico took the cupcakes and handed them to the little girl. She took them, looking at him with those wide, surprised eyes.

"Merry Christmas," Nico smiled at her. Her whole face brightened up and she hugged Nico's leg,

"Thank you, mister!" she said and then skipped out of the shop, the cupcakes under one arm, the bread under the other. Nico watched her go with a soft smile and then he turned to his boyfriend. Percy was staring at him with wide eyes. Nico blinked,

"Perce?" he asked. Percy took Nico's hands in his.

"Marry me," he said seriously. Nico's eyes widened.

"H-Huh?" he offered, feeling his head spin. Percy looked determined,

"I love you and I wanna start a family with you so marry me," he said. Hazel slapped her hands over her mouth but Nico didn't notice because his heart was beating fast and he thought he was
going to faint.

"I-I..." he whispered, "yes. Okay, yes."

Hazel squealed, Percy grinned and pulled Nico into his arms, kissing him fiercely and Nico smiled against his fiancee's lips and remembered to give out more free cupcakes.
Leo Valdez was the brightest crayon in the box, the problem was that his revelation of brightness often happened at inconvenient times - like right now.

The Latino's chest ached from the lack of oxygen and he was already feeling the lactic acid building up in his muscles, making them hurt and making it harder for him to run. He tried to calculate the time it would take for his body to pay back the oxygen debt while his legs pumped furiously, taking him through another alleyway. He sent a woman with an umbrella flying and barely managed to yell 'sorry' at her as he sped away. The rain was coming down hard and the fog everywhere was working on Leo's side, as well as the crowds in Times Square that hid him and the rain, hitting the police chasing him in the eyes.

However, the fog also made it harder for him to see oncoming cars coming out of nowhere when he crossed the road suddenly, and the crowd was slowing him down considerably and the rain was also in his eyes, as well as the police. Leo hated this, it was the third time in six months that the police tried to deport him back to Mexico as his student visa ran out well over two and a half years ago. The third time he had to move and change names and all that bullshit. Leo was tired.

Literally. His lungs demanded oxygen, he felt he would pass out if he didn't stop and breathe.

You'll be breathing alright. The polluted, boiling Mexican air if you stop. Leo reminded himself harshly. Still, his legs carried him sideways into an alleyway hidden almost completely between two Chinese restaurants. Leo dashed into the foggy half-darkness hoping for a moment of peace so
he could gather up his strength. However, as soon as he entered the considerably hotter alleyway, he smashed face-first into a mountain of muscle. For a moment, clutching his nose, the Latino thought that it was Gregor Clegane from Game of Thrones, but no, the guy in front of him was much better looking.

Leo had to tilt his chin upwards to look at him, as the guy towered over him, almost a foot taller. His hair was short and dark, he had a nice jaw and bright eyes. He was Asian and Leo never really considered them his type, but he found himself weirdly attracted to the stranger who was looking down on him in confusion. The man couldn't have been more than three years older than Leo, and he wore a chef outfit over what must've been a really impressive body.

Leo heard the commotion outside the alleyway as if in another world.

"Have you seen a boy...?!!" a policeman demanded.

"Around five foot six with curly hair?!"

Leo panicked and then, without a second thought because fuck second thoughts, he hurled himself at the man in front of him and crashed their lips together.

Frank was confused. Frank was always confused. He slipped out of the restaurant ran by his grandma for a few minutes to try and catch a breath of fresh air outside. He hadn't been out there for more than thirty seconds when a boy came hurtling in. He smacked face-first into him, although Frank didn't feel the impact because...well, because he had a protective layer of muscle, but the boy must've. He reeled back, groaning and clutching his nose, but then he looked up at Frank and dropped his hand and Frank stared.

The boy was fucking tiny, that's for sure. Frank was a good head taller than him, save that his wild curls gave him an extra few inches. His chocolate brown eyes were wide and his cheeks flushed, his mouth open as he tried to catch his breath after obviously running for a long time. The rain matted some of his curls to his face, which made him kind of more endearing than he already was. Frank blinked and was about to ask something, anything, but then the boy looked fearfully towards the exit from the alleyway to the main part of the street and without warning kissed Frank.

Frank was, once again, confused. Apart from Hazel he couldn't remember anyone else he kissed. And where Hazel had been all soft and sweet, the boy was wild and demanding. What Frank didn't understand was why such a gorgeous boy was kissing him - and then he realized.

"Do you see him?" someone asked.

"Nah, just some kids making out," another voice, more disgusted, replied. Two pairs of feet ran off and disappeared in the usual chaos of the streets. Frank blinked, not really knowing what to do, if he should kiss the boy back or push him away. Then the Latino began pulling away and Frank decided to just go for it, so he grabbed the boys shoulders and whirled him around, slamming him into the wall, a bit roughly. The boy let out a startled gasp and Frank took the opportunity to slip his tongue into his mouth. When he did it with Hazel the girl pulled away, blushing, and told him it was too much. But the boy was very enthusiastic about it. He threw his skinny arms around Frank's neck and as if on instinct Frank hauled him upwards, so that the Latino's legs wrapped around his waist.

From this new position the boy had an extra few inches on Frank and the Asian had to crane his neck upwards to kiss him. The boy was light in his arms and their kiss was hot and wet and
demanding and somehow it felt really, really right. The Latino made a little sound against Frank's lips that the taller boy really liked and definitely wanted to hear more of.

Leo didn't usually do this - kiss strangers that is - but with this random boy...well, it just felt really nice. And after he manhandled Leo as if he weighted nothing, well, the Latino's figurative ovaries exploded. And now here they were - kissing like no tomorrow and it's been five minutes and the police was definitely gone but Leo didn't want it to end, wasn't ready to end. He wondered how big his oxygen debt was now, but he didn't care. Every fibre of his being ached - some because of the run, like his lungs and legs, and some because of being touched by this wonderful stranger.

Leo clung onto the other man like he was his lifeline, just in case the Asian decided to let go. Not that he seemed to want to - he was too busy licking and biting his way into Leo's mouth, big hands sliding under the Latino's shirt to brush against his heated skin. It was hot in the alleyway and the rain that managed to slither in made a wonderful contrast to the heat of Frank's mouth and the stuffy air.

When Leo thought he might die from how fucking fantastic it all was (or from the lack of oxygen, pick your poison) he pulled away from the boy. However, to his surprise, the Asian didn't let him go. From so close Leo could see that there were golden flecks in his dark eyes. Subconsciously, his thumb brushed against the boy's cheekbones and the Asian gently let Leo down, though he kept his hands firmly on the Latino's hips.

"I'm Frank," he said. Leo smiled, a bit shyly,

"Leo," he said breathlessly.
JASON

Jason, the adored, gorgeous Prince of Olympus, was reading maps over a large mahogany table in his royal chambers when his Lord father, Zeus, stormed in, fuming.

"Jason!" He roared, spit flying from his mouth. He was so furious that his snowy white beard trembled. The blonde Prince stifled a sigh and dragged himself off the bed, facing the other man and giving him a stiff bow.

"What is it father?" He asked as politely as he could. Apparently not politely enough because Zeus' beard quivered again.

"Does my hearing deceive me or have you sent another slave away?!" Zeus demanded. Jason's face remained impassive even though he had to fight a flinch.

So this is what it's about.
"Yes," he confirmed wearily, "I have."

"And why is that?" Zeus hissed, massive arms crossed over his massive chest. Jason sighed, tired of repeating himself.

"I told you I won't rape some poor defenceless person-"

"They're slaves."

"They're human!"

"They have been trained to satisfy," Zeus growled.

"Which doesn't make them any less scared!" Jason snapped, eyes flashing angrily. It was clear that Zeus had run out of arguments, but he wasn't about to give up on the matter.

"You're getting a new one tomorrow," he informed, glaring at Jason before leaving, slamming the door behind him.

The Prince collapsed onto his bed with a sigh, the maps long forgotten, promising himself that the first thing he'd when he became king was abolish slavery.

***

The king had been true to his word. The next evening, after a whole day of sparring and training, Jason returned to his room exhausted and sweaty, only to find a boy in the middle of the room. Startled, Jason dropped his weapon and stared.

The slave must've been beautiful once, they always were, but now he looked sickly, his skin deathly pale and dirty, his cheeks hollow. There were dark circles under his passive brown eyes, which were trained on the floor, and his hair was a greasy mess on top of his head. The boy wore only a dirty rag around his slim hips and Jason could see his ribs pressing against his papery skin. He wore a brown, leather collar around his long neck, and Jason noted that he was a good deal shorter and skinnier than him, looking as if he would break under the Prince's touch.

It's so I can overpower him more easily, Jason thought bitterly. The boy didn't even look up when the prince walked in. He was shivering even though the fireplace was ablaze, hands twitching as if he wanted to hug himself.

"What's your name?" Jason asked gently, keeping his distance. He opted to leave his weapon on the floor, to seem less threatening.

"Nico, master," the boy whispered at the floor. His voice was raspy as if he needed a drink, his hands bawled into fists. Jason winced at the title. Master.

"Alright, Nico," Jason said carefully, "would you like a bath?"

"I'd rather just get it on with, master," the boy said hollowly. One of his hands moved to hover over the clasp of his rag.

"Nico," Jason said softly, "look at me."

Hesitantly, The boy did. His eyes were mesmerising, the color of chocolate, and for a moment Jason was speechless, not expecting such gorgeous eyes on a slave. Something bloomed inside Jason's chest, something he hadn't felt with any of the other slaves. He wondered what would happen if he gave in, if he took Nico to bed. He imagined Nico underneath him, moaning, cheeks
flushed...Jason would be gentle with him, he'd make sure Nico wasn't scared...

But the Prince knew it wouldn't be like that. Nico would be crying, begging for him to stop, and his eyes would be even more afraid than they already were. Slowly, Jason said.

"I'm not going to have sex with you."

Over the past two years Jason had encountered plenty of reactions from slaves at those words; Piper yelled in happiness and threw her arms around Jason, Leo collapsed on the ground with relief and Percy...well, Percy still tried to fight him, but he did that no matter what Jason said.

Nico just stood there, looking at the floor again. A tear rolled down his cheek and the boy wiped it away quickly, as if embarrassed by his reaction.

"S-Sorry, master," he said shakily. His hand was so dirty that it left a smudge on his pale cheek.

"Don't be," Jason said, not really sure what the boy was apologizing for, "just...perhaps clothes?" He offered, and when the boy didn't reply he hurried to his oak wardrobe, and pulled a silk shirt out. It slipped through his fingers and landed on the floor. Clumsily, Jason picked it up, his hand shaking, and stuck his arm out, offering it to the slave.

Nico didn't move, but Jason could see his shoulders trembling from the distance. Hesitantly, the Prince placed the shirt on the bed and after a second thought he picked out a pair of clean undergarments, placing them alongside the shirt.

"I'll wait outside," Jason told Nico awkwardly when the slave didn't make a move towards the clothes, and then stepped into the corridor, giving the boy the privacy he deserved. When he shut the door behind him, the Prince was enveloped in silence. The castle was normally shrouded in echoes of the feasts going on in the banquet hall, but tonight everything was still. Jason held his breath and counted to one hundred.

After what seemed like forever, he knocked on his door.

"Nico?" He asked, but there was no reply so the Prince opened the door. The fire in the fireplace was buzzing wildly, swaying with the wind. The wind came in through the open window where Nico was standing. Jason's heart froze as he realized that Nico was about to jump, a breath keeping him away from falling to his death. And it was a long way down.

Quick as lightning, the Prince struck out. He grabbed the boy around the waist and hauled him back, kicking and struggling.

"No! No! No!" Nico screamed, voice hoarse as he fought against Jason's arms fiercely. It was the most life the Prince had seen in him so far.

"Shut up," Jason hissed, heart beating madly in his chest as he dragged Nico across the room, one of his large hands covering Nico's mouth, "Shut up before my father hears." The slave bit Jason's palm hard enough to draw blood. "Just be quiet!"

"Let me die," Nico sobbed and he stopped fighting suddenly, slumping in Jason's arms, "I-let me die, please."

Jason cradled the boy for a second, but when he realized it wasn't helping he removed his arms from around the trembling boy. He didn't know what to do, words seemed meaningless at that moment, and actions...well, Jason was scared that his touch would only scare Nico more.

So he just picked the shirt off the bed and slowly, careful to not directly touch the boy's skin, he
slipped it on over Nico's head. The small boy let him, and he was shivering again. The Prince walked over to the window and closed it. He rested his forehead against the cool glass.

"I'm sorry, master," Nico whispered at the floor. Jason sighed, and turned to face him,

"Don't call me that, please," he said, "my name is Jason."

Nico didn't say anything. Jason's shirt was too big on him, sliding off one shoulder, but long enough so that it went to Nico's creamy mid-thighs. The Prince sighed again, and turned his gaze away,

"You can sleep in the bed," he told Nico, "I'll rest on the floor."

He took the spare pillow and feather blanket off the bed and made himself comfortable in the corner of the room. This wasn't the first time Jason slept on the floor; he offered his bed to Piper and Leo, but Percy refused to take it, instead laying on the ground.

Nico didn't move from where he was standing, head hung low.

"Goodnight, Nico." Jason said pointedly, hoping to persuade the slave to rest. Nico didn't reply. For a few minutes after Jason settled down, he didn't move, but eventually be slowly walked to the bed and slipped under the covers.

Jason smiled and closed his eyes.

***

NICO

Nico was having a wonderful dream. In the dream he was eight again and his sister, Bianca, was still alive, running the bakery in the corner of the cobbled street that lived on. In the dream, Nico could almost smell the fresh bread baking as he ran around freely, without a care in the world.

That was before Bianca's accident that resulted in her death, before Nico's father went mad with grief and sold Nico to the slavers to pay his debts. In Nico's dream everything was alright, and Bianca took his hands and twirled him round and then she kissed his forehead and whispered; you're safe now, little Angel. And when Nico woke up in the soft bed, feeling rested in the first time in forever, for a minute he let himself believe that dream Bianca was right and he was safe.

Nico was untouched.

Early morning sunlight streamed in through the windows and Nico could see the petals of snow falling on outside. His master was asleep on the floor, mouth open slightly as he breathed in, eyes closed. His halo of golden hair made him look like a guardian Angel, and Nico wondered if it would really be so bad to let this man have him...

But then he remembered his best friends, Reyna's, words, back at the Harem.

You can't trust anyone, Niks, no matter how nice or gentle they seem. In the end they're all masters and we're all slaves and they will have their way with us.

Those words rang in Nico's head as he slipped out of bed, his feet touching the freezing wood underfoot. The fire had long gone out and Nico shivered. He caught sight of the trousers his master had discarded the previous night alongside a dark green cloak. Tiptoeing, his heart in his throat, Nico made his way towards the garments and slid them on. He was thankful he still had his
trusty shoes, no matter if they were falling apart.

Nico eased the door to the Prince's chamber open, wincing at the delicate creak of the wood, and glanced at the Prince. He didn't even stir and Nico stole outside before he woke up. He forced himself not to run, but walk along the hallways casually, as if he had a purpose. He saw some maids scuttling about, but they didn't pay him any mind. Nico ducked his head and walked down a winding servant's staircase, which swayed with each step. He made sure that his slave collar wasn't visible under the cloak as he made for the back door, heart beating wildly.

And just like that, he was outside. Nico breathed a sigh of relief, his breath turning into a white cloud in front of his face. The cold seeped in through the cloak, but Nico didn't care. He began walking to the line of mossy green trees, keeping close to the buildings incase he was seen. Only when he was among the cover of the trees did Nico let himself run. His thin legs carried him as he sped through the snow, the ice melting through his shoes, but he didn't care because he was free.

But his happiness lasted a brief moment, because a few minutes later Nico found that he was cold, lost and utterly alone. The boy hugged his thin body, scolding himself for not preparing better. He could've stayed at the castle a few more days, gather supplies...even if it cost him his virginity, he could do it...but he didn't and it was too late to turn back. The wind picked up and the sky darkened. It began snowing, but unlike before, this time the snow came down hard and fast and seeped through Nico's cloak. The slave shivered violently under his thin clothes and felt his stomach twist in hunger as he hadn't eaten anything in three days. The slavers did that before selling a slave to make them less able to defend themselves.

A strong gust of wind nearly made Nico fall into the snow. His teeth were clattering violently from the soul piercing coldness. *Stupid, stupid, stupid.* Nico's boots sank in the snow and he walked against the wind that tried to blow him backwards, chin pressed into his chest. Then he heard a horse snort close by and he froze, listening.

*You're so stupid and reckless! Of course there's someone here!* Nico scolded himself again. He turned in a slow circle, heart beating so hard that it hurt, trying to glimpse the horses and their riders. Then the King himself rode out from between the trees, with all his hunting men, a smug look on his face.

A deer's carcass was slung between the king's men and scarlett blood splattered onto the snow. Nico swallowed and said goodbye to life.

"Well, well, well," Zeus smiled cruelly, "if it isn't my sons slave. Trying to run away so soon, little lamb?"

"M-Master...," Nico's throat was dry, "I-I haven't...I'm not running..."

"Oh?" Zeus raised an eyebrow, "truly? You're not running away? Then why are you alone in the woods, wearing my sons cloak?"

Nico gaped like a fish for a second, wracking his slow, frozen mind for an excuse. He was, thankfully, saved.

"He's not alone," The Prince stepped out from between the trees, riding a wild looking black horse, "he's with me."

Nico was never so glad to see someone in his life, his head spun with relief and if his master wanted to take him right there in the snow, Nico would've probably let him. The boy dropped his head, feeling guilty for leaving the blonde. Afterall, the Prince didn't give him a reason to run.
Yet, Reyna's voice reminded him. Nico found it hard to concentrate with the coldness seeping into his chest.

"This is what happens to slaves when you don't discipline them," his father scoffed. Then something gleamed in his eye, "Jason. Perhaps if you don't want this slave then I should give them to my guards?"

"No," The Prince said sharply. Nico swayed on his feet but nobody seemed to notice, he was hearing everything as if there was cotton in his ears, and not registering any words. Zeus' expression hardened,

"Then claim him tonight or I'll give him as a toy to my men," he said cool, "how many do you think he can take before he breaks? Ten? Twenty? Fifty?"

"Enough," Jason growled. Nico's knees buckled and he fell face first into the snow, his world darkening.

***

When he came to, Nico was sitting in a tub of warm water that soothed his aching muscles and warmed his freezing body.

"Oh!" A girl Nico only now noticed, lit up, "you're awake!"

"W-Where am I?" Nico asked grogily, his head fuzzy. The serving girl was dressed in a simple brown dress, her wild curls pulled back in a ponytail. She looked younger than Nico, probably around seventeen with a warm, kind smile.

"You're back at the castle," the girl informed him, though Nico gathered that much, "Prince Jason brought you in, unconscious," she explained, folding a towel "he's very worried."

"Oh." Nico said. His head hurt.

"You're Nico right?" The girl cocked her head to the side. She had a nice, friendly smile. Nico shifted awkwardly in the tub, blushing under her curious gaze. She must've taken that as a yes because she smiled, "I'm Hazel."

"Hello," Nico looked up at her through his eyelashes. His skin was scrubbed and his hair freshly washed, falling in loose, damp waves into his eyes. Hazel let out a happy laugh.

"You don't have to worry about the Prince. No matter how many slaves he the he never had any of them," she assured Nico. The dark haired boy blinked at her,

"He had slaves before?" He asked, surprised. Did he kill them?!

"Of course," Hazel sat at the edge of the bath, "let's see...there was Piper - she was really pretty and nice. She let me wash her without complaint but I could tell she was scared. When Prince Jason told her he wouldn't bed her she jumped into his arms in happiness," Hazel smiled and Nico could tell that it was a fond memory of hers, "then there was Leo, he was really flirty and nice," her smile softened at this, "but he wouldn't let Prince Jason go anywhere near him. Not that he wanted to."

"Were there more?" Nico asked, suddenly curious about his predecessors.

"There was Percy. He was here a couple of weeks ago," Hazel said, "he was really feisty, kept trying to fight the prince even when he said that he wouldn't touch him. He was funny."
"What happened to them?"

Hazel shrugged and stood up,

"I have no idea," she held up a fluffy white towel, "time to get out."

***

**JASON**

Jason was worried sick. When he woke up in the morning and Nico was gone...well, he felt responsible for the slave, and he knew Nico was scared - Jason didn't blame him - but he didn't think that he'd be stupid enough to try an escape in the middle of the winter.

*He was stupid enough to try and jump out of the window,* Jason's mind supplied. *No,* he shook his head, *not stupid, just desperate.*

And then Nico passed out in the snow and his skin was so pale and his lips were blue...Jason shook his head, feeling the ghost of the worry he felt creep up on him. Although Nico was alive, Jason never wanted to see him in that state again, shivering and half-dead.

The door opened and Jason snapped out of his revieve, as Nico entered the room. His hair was fluffier and lighter when it was washed, and his skin a lot paler when clean. There was a pink scratch on Nico's cheek where his skin caught on a twig. The boy's eyes were still the same, looking up nervously at Jason, as if scared what the blonde would do.

But Jason just sighed, looking away from the other boy to control himself,

"Did I give you a reason to run?" he asked softly. Nico hugged himself and leaned against the wall, his fringe falling into his eyes, hiding his expression.

"What happened to Piper?" he asked quietly. Jason's eyes widened, "and Leo and Percy."

"How do you-"

"Hazel told," Nico bit his lip, and seemed to remember his place, "I'm sorry, Master." He said quickly, standing up straight, hands curled into fists at his sides once again, "I've forgotten my place."

"Don't call me Master." Jason snapped and rubbed his temples. Nico flinched. The blonde didn't want Nico to know about his predecessors - didn't want to give him hope, it was hard to try and get slaves out...And Jason didn't know if he could do it for Nico. He looked up at the boy, who was staring at the ground. The blonde could feel the mix of anger, frustration and a massive dose of fear radiating off of him and he sighed,

"I managed to send Piper to my cousin - Silena," he said, rubbing a hand down his face tiredly. He felt rough stubble under his palm. He needed a shave, "Silena takes good care of her, she's not a slave, more like a companion." Nico looked at Jason, surprised.

"Oh," he said.

"Leo's in a house with my good friend Frank, helping him out with building a ship so they can leave Olympus and go to one of the free countries," Jason continued, "and Percy's with my sister Thalia at Long Island...he's not a slave anymore."

"Y-You helped them?" Nico asked, looking unsure. Jason nodded, and suddenly he was
overcome by an unexplainable feeling of protectiveness towards the slave. He stepped forward and folded Nico into his arms, holding him close to his chest.

"I'm really glad you're okay," he whispered, not knowing where the sudden want to keep the boy close came from. He heard Nico breath catch and Jason's heart beat sped up, he kicked himself mentally for overstepping his boundaries but then Nico pressed his face into Jason's shoulder and relaxed. Jason's heart skipped a beat as Nico melted against him. Jason pulled away abruptly, before he got too comfortable.

"I can't promise anything," he warned Nico, knowing what the boy was thinking.

"I know. Still," Nico smiled shyly, unsure, and it made Jason's heart ache, "thank you, Jason."

***

NICO

A week later

Nico's hands were shaking as he dusted the wooden table in the corner of Jason's room, blinking tears out of his eyes. The Prince walked in, and Nico's heartbeat sped up, but he didn't look up from his work.

"I couldn't contact my friend, Annabeth," he informed Nico with a sigh, "I don't think she came back from his diplomatic trip yet. I'll try again in a few days." Jason shrugged off his cloak. Nico didn't say anything, barely registering the blonde's words, but the cloth fell out of his hands. The dark haired boy clumsily picked it up muttering a 'sorry' quickly. Jason frowned,

"Nico?" He asked, walking over and taking the cloth out of the slave's hands, "are you alright? Your hands are shaking."

Nico's fringe was in his eyes again so Jason wouldn't see his tears. He could feel the warmth radiating off of the Prince and wanted nothing more than to press himself into his arms, remembering how safe he felt the last time Jason held him. That was the first time someone showed his affection since Reyna.

"Nico," Jason said softly, and his warm, large hands squeezed Nico's thin shoulders. The dark haired boy looked up and Jason's eyes widened when he saw his teary expression.

"I-I...," Nico stuttered, "earlier t-today..."

Nico walked down the cold corridor. He shivered under the jumper that Jason borrowed him, already craving the warmth of the bedroom. But he couldn't return until he got Jason's dirtied shirts to the washroom. He felt a bit safer when he passed a smiling Hazel in a hallway, but the empty, stone corridors filled him with dread. Nico was terrified of encountering the King or one of his minions.

"Oi! Slave!" A voice echoed. Nico flinched and froze, slowly turning, his heart thrumming wildly in his chest. A guard was hurrying towards him, a spear in one hand, dressed in a mail shirt that clinked together. He was grinning sleazily at Nico and without warning slammed him into a wall as soon as he was close enough to reach. Nico's breath was knocked out of him as the hard stones of the wall dug into his back. He looked up at the guard with terrified eyes, trying to mask his fear. He knew that if the guard tried anything he wouldn't be allowed to defend himself. If Nico raised his hand at him he'd be executed.

"So you're the prince's new bitch?" the guard sneered. Nico fought a flinch,
"I'm his slave, sir," he said, keeping his voice steady. The guard was too close and Nico could smell his stench; unwashed clothes, rotting teeth and piss. Nico almost shuddered as the guard hovered over him, knowing that he couldn't do anything. He was powerless. Casually, the guard place both of his hands on either side of Nico's head, caging him in. Nico's heart was in his throat and he tried to breathe through his mouth to not smell the man in front of him.

"Tell me then," the guard spoke again, lazily. He twirled a piece of Nico's hair between his fingers. The slave looked for possible escape routes, but there were none he could see, which caused him to panic even more, "has the Prince fucked you yet?"

Nico's eyes snapped up, wide.

"S-Sir-"

"Don't 'sir' me," the guard hissed, and suddenly he was gripping Nico's chin in a bruising grip. The slave dropped his gaze, putting an expressionless mask on while the guard continues to speak through his teeth, "you're just a worthless lowlife. A good for nothing bitch, just a tight hole to fuck. You can lie all you want, but I know the Prince hasn't had you yet," the guard leaned forward and sniffed Nico like a dog, "ahh," he growled, "I can smell a virgin from a mile away," he grabbed Nico's hip without warning, "don't worry you won't be one for long!"

Nico couldn't take it anymore. A lifetime of groping and insults as if he was a piece of meat had made Nico hate himself more than anything else, but right now he hated the guard more. So as the man leaned in, Nico brought his bony knee up and connected it with the man's crotch.

The guard stumbled away, howling in pain and Nico made a mad run for it.

"...I'm sorry," Nico finished helplessly, "I dropped your clothes in the corridor and-"

Jason didn't let him finish. He wrapped one arm around Nico's waist, the other securely around his back, and pulled him into a bone-crushing hug. Nico flailed for a moment, surprised, and before he had time to relax and enjoy the prince's arms around him, Jason was pulling back.

"I'll fucking kill him," he swore, and then he rushed out of the room, leaving a startled Nico behind.

***

**JASON**

Jason burst into his father's room without warning. Zeus' head snapped up and he glared at Jason.

"What is the meaning of this?!" He demanded, "how dare you just stride in as if-"

"One of your guards attempted to rape Ni- my slave today!" Jason growled, catching himself just in time. Zeus smirked and relaxed in his chair,

"Let the boy's have some fun," he said nonchalantly. Jason gaped at him in disbelief, struggling for words,

"A-Are you serious?!" He managed eventually, "he's mine."

"You still hadn't bedded him," Zeus said, voice cold and hard. Jason opened and closed his mouth like a fish but the King held up his hand before the blonde could say anything, "don't bother. If you haven't had him by the next full moon, I will keep my word and give him to the guards as a
"Give me the name of the guard on duty at that time," Jason growled. Zeus regarded him coolly, "Octavian," he said, "do what you will with that information. Now leave my presence."

So Jason did. He fumed all the way to his tower, anger turning his vision red. But as he neared his bedchamber, the anger evaporated and was replaced by fear. Jason thought if his father would be true to his words and keep his threat. If so, what would happen in three weeks, at the full moon? If he didn't have Nico...the Prince imagined horrible things; the guards forcing themselves onto Nico. The boy was so small that Jason had no doubt that they'd break him.

The blonde hesitated at his door. He had to make a decision. It would be better for Nico if Jason just got it over and done with...And Jason...well, he wouldn't mind. Nico was beautiful, in his skinny, angular way, and everytime Jason was around him something unexplainable would happen to him, something that never happened around Piper or Leo or Percy. Jason's mouth tightened as he made a decision. Determined to finally take Nico to bed, Jason strode inside his room.

All of those feelings left him when he saw Nico laying on his bed, asleep. The boy's pale face was illuminated by the soft glow of the fireplace, his long eyelashes casting soft shadows on his cheeks. The slave was still clutching the cleaning cloth protectively to his chest. Jason didn't understand how anyone could bare to hurt such an innocent creature. The Prince took the cloth out of Nico's hand gently and placed it on the bedside table, before grabbing a silk blanket and throwing it over the boy, tucking the corners in around his thin shoulders.

"Goodnight, Nico," he said as he himself laid on the floor in the corner. The only answer he got was Nico's steady breath.

***

The next day Jason made sure Octavian was whipped for his crime and sacked from his job. He also took two of his most trusted guards; Charles Beckendorf and Luke Castellan, to stand outside his bedroom to make Nico feel safer.

Two weeks passed without incident - Nico cleaned Jason's bedchamber and did his washing, he tended to his horse and helped in the garden with Hazel. Jason made sure he ate and slowly the slave gained more weight, his ribs didn't stick out as much, his cheeks weren't as hollow. The Prince brought Nico books about dragons and fantastical creatures that he enjoyed, he made sure that the slave was warm and clean and safe. The two had more conversations, more interactions. Jason found that Nico was actually really funny and sarcastic...and as time passed Jason found it harder and harder to think about forcing Nico to sleep with him. He worked hard to get the slave to trust him, and he knew he'd have to break that trust soon.

***

NICO

Nico was laying on his stomach on Jason's bed, a massive tome about dragon riders bound in leather open in front of him. The fire crackled pleasantly in the fireplace, giving out enough light so Nico could read. Jason was on the floor, signing some papers. Nico flipped a page, and Jason sighed. The slave looked up,

"Are you alright?" He asked, frowning. Jason came over and crossed his legs indian-style, sitting in front of Nico. The slave turned so he was laying on his side, facing Jason, half his face buried in the covers. Jason smiled softly and it made Nico's heart clench. He didn't understand what he
was feeling, the only people he'd ever loved were Bianca and Reyna. But with Jason it was...different. He made Nico's heart flutter and his insides feel warm and there were butterflies in his belly...

...But it couldn't be love. Could it? Nico was so twisted that he doubted he could even recognize the emotion.

"How are you holding up?" Jason whispered, his hand softly brushing against Nico's cheek as he tucked a piece of his hair behind his ear. The slaves heart beat faster,

"I'm good," he smiled. And it was true - this life was much better than what Nico experience before, the dirty harlems where he was trained as a slave.

Jason nodded,

"Do you have any family?" He asked, "or friends? I could find them for you."

Nico bit his lip, now was his chance.

"U-Um I had this friend...s-she was like a sister to me-" he cut off, "but I don't know where she is."

Jason took Nico's hand and squeezed it. Nico felt a blush rising in his cheeks.

"I'll find her," the Prince promised, "just tell me her name."

"Reyna."

***

**JASON**

Reyna turned out to be a skinny, tall girl with a long braid and a cold stare that must've been the reason why she hadn't been bought yet. Jason found her in the same harem that Nico was once in and bought her, brining her to his father's castle.

Now she stood opposite Jason, glaring at him, the only indication that she was a slave was the collar around her neck and the scars on her arms.

"I'm Jason," the Prince said.

"Why am I here?" The girl demanded.

"I bought you," Jason said, and almost winced at the words. He hated being a slaver. Reyna glared at him and opened her mouth to say something, but then the door opened.

"Jason, I-" Nico started, and then his eyes widened and the basket of clothes he was holding tumbled out of his arms.

"N-Nico?!" Reyna gasped, her whole stance changing. The two sprinted across the room and fell into each other's arms like long-lost siblings. Jason smiled slightly as he watched the two embrace. Nico was crying, his head buried in Reyna's shoulder, as the girl clutched him close, muttering something to him, eyes filled with years. Then Nico broke away from Reyna and hurled himself into Jason's arms. The surprised blonde caught him easily and then Nico kissed his cheek.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," he gushed, the brightest smile Jason's ever seen on his face.
Then he ran back to Reyna and Jason subconsciously touched his tingling cheek, feeling happier than he had in years.

***

Zeus paced in front of his son, his shoulders stiff, his hands locked behind his back,

"So let's sum this up," the King spoke, "you refuse to bed another slave, you sack a guard, and then you go off and buy another slave!" Zeus fumed, "I assume you're not going to fuck her either?"

Jason didn't say anything, he just stared at his father.

"Your deadline is tonight," the King hissed and then he suddenly coughed violently, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and Jason glimpsed 're blood stain on his skin, but didn't say anything. "If you don't fuck him by the morning, you know what will happen," Zeus warned, and then coughed again.

***

**NICO**

Nico sat crossed legged on the bed, picking at a loose gold thread of the blanket when Jason walked in.

"Nico are-" he started but Nico interrupted him,

"I know what's meant to happen tonight," he said. Jason froze for a second, and then sighed and rubbed his eyes with his hand.

"Don't worry," he said, "I won't take you to bed." He assured.

The words stung.

*He doesn't want you. He'd rather the guards rape you.*

"I-I...," Nico looked away, feeling his cheeks flush, "I wouldn't mind doing...it with you."

Jason stated at him and Nico was so nervous he thought he might throw up. He self-consciously tugged on his slave collar, his heart beating wildly in his chest.

Jason took a hesitant step forward.

"I...," he really didn't know what to say - how to make it better, and Nico couldn't stand seeing him battle himself. Subconsciously, the slave knew that Jason didn't want to do this, but like the people at the harem said 'sex is sex' so he stepped forward, took Jason's face in his hands and kissed him. He found that when after some time Jason hesitantly kissed him back, it wasn't half bad. The Prince's lips were soft against Nico's and his hands rested gently on the slave's hips and it was actually kind of nice. Nico got a warm feeling in his stomach and he wrapped his arms around Jason's neck, tugging him down so Nico could get closer to him. Jason pulled away slightly and Nico thought that maybe he did something wrong but then he looked up and noticed that Jason's blue eyes were a few shades darker than normal.

"Are you sure about this?" the Prince asked, voice hoarser than minutes before. Nico nodded but he didn't want to seem too excited because although he was a technically a slut he didn't want to act like one, no matter how much the prospect of sleeping with Jason was becoming a better and
"I prefer you to all your father's guards," he said. Jason almost winced but then he dove right back in, kissing Nico again, but this time more hungrily. The slave was taken by surprise at the change in pace but he wasn't about to complain - he had to do this. Without warning, as if he weighed nothing, Jason picked Nico up. Automatically, the slave wrapped his legs around the blonde's waist and let him walk him to the bed. Jason laid him down gently among his pillows, which at some point became Nico's pillows as Jason favoured the floor. The blonde pulled away from Nico for a moment in order to look down at him. His expression softened as he brushed a strand of Nico's hair behind his ear,

"I'm so sorry about this," he whispered.

"Don't be," Nico murmured and then pulled Jason back down so they could kiss again because that was nice. Jason's tongue slipped back into Nico's mouth and the dark haired boy relaxed, hands tangling in the prince's blonde hair. Jason tasted like peppermint and chocolate and although he kissed passionately, there was a gentle undertone to it and Nico felt surprisingly safe knowing that Jason wouldn't intentionally hurt him. And then there were the tingles shooting up his spine every time Jason touched him, every time his tongue slid against Nico's.

Nico shivered and jumped a bit when Jason's hand slid under his cotton shirt.

"Sorry," the blonde said again. Nico wished he'd stop doing that - it made him feel like Jason was already regretting this. Well...he made it pretty clear that he was regretting it, but still, Nico preferred if he pretended that he didn't. The blonde's hands skimmed his ribs and his stomach with a butterfly touch that left Nico with the horrible urge to arch his back if only to get closer to Jason. This time it was the dark haired boy who pulled away from his partner's lips,

"Please...just do this properly," he whispered, cheeks red, breathing harder than normal. Jason's hair fell into his eyes and Nico brushed it away, "you can pretend, we can both pretend."

"Want do you want to pretend?" Jason asked quietly, grabbing Nico's hand and kissing the inside bit of his wrists. Nico got that weird feeling in his heart again, like it stopped for a moment.

"I-I," he started, voice shaky and breathless, "we can pretend that I'm not a slave and you're not a prince," Jason was still holding Nico's wrist, slowly kissing down the soft skin of the inside of his arm. "I-Instead," Nico tried to catch his breath, "we can pretend we're in love."

Except you're not really pretending are you?

"I like that," Jason said. He intertwined his fingers with Nico's and leaned back over him, pushing their hands into the covers, his free hand hovering over the dark haired boy's hip, "Nico," he said gently, "I love you."

Nico swore his heart stopped. For a second he couldn't breathe. Since Bianca's death he didn't think it was possible for anyone to love him - even if it wasn't real - for anyone to hold him like Jason was, to kiss him like that. He was told he was worthless and dirty and a good for nothing whore who deserved what he got. And then along came Jason and flipped his world upside down. Reyna had been wrong - he could trust Jason, he could let himself love him, even if Jason didn't love him back.

But in that moment Jason did love him, and Nico knew this was all he got. Without being able to control it, he felt tears fill his eyes. For a second Jason looked panicked but then Nico pushed himself upwards and crashed their lips together.
When he said those three words Jason thought he really messed up. Nico first looked shocked and then his eyes were shining with tears. The Prince had 'I'm sorry' on the tip of his tongue when Nico threw himself at him, kissing him fiercely. Jason didn't understand why, but he knew he had to make it better, he had to make Nico okay and if this is what it took then Jason was ready to take care of him forever.

He gently pushed the dark haired boy back down onto the covers and then pulled away just enough so he could pull his own shirt off, and then he was covering the slave's body with his own and claiming his lips again. Nico's hesitant hands slowly made their way down over Jason's muscular back. The blonde tugged on the edge of Nico's shirt and the dark haired boy let him pull it off and toss it to the side. Jason looked down at him, and Nico blushed.

"Don't stare," he said.

"I'm not," Jason grinned at him cheekily, and almost sighed with relief when he saw Nico didn't look like he was going to cry anymore. Instead he looked...Jason didn't know how to describe it. Nico's cheeks were flushed, his eyes almost black and staring up at Jason heatedly. His hair was like a black halo on the pillows, framing his heart shaped face. Nico's lips were swollen and red and Jason thought I did that. The boy was still skinny but he didn't look starved anymore, his skin was creamy and unmarred apart from a long scar on his side, a shade lighter than his skin. Jason ran his fingers down it and Nico trembled trying to cover himself with his arms. Jason took them and pushed them away from his body, "you're too beautiful for words."

Nico went bright red and covered his face with his hands. Jason smiled and then leaned down to kiss the boys forehead. Nico peeked at him shyly from between his fingers and then Jason ducked his head to kiss along the scar on his side.

"What happened here?" he asked against the boys skin.

"A-Accident," Nico whispered, "the cook skimmed me with a knife because she didn't see me standing behind her."

"I'm glad she only skimmed you."

"Me too," Nico said, and he sounded sincere. Jason could see his face again and he leaned back up to kiss him sweetly on the lips, then he kissed down his neck. Hesitantly, Nico reached to the waistband of Jason's trousers. The blonde blinked up at him, surprised at the dark haired boy's boldness,

"What?" Nico asked innocently. Jason rolled his eyes fondly and then playfully bit Nico's skin lightly where his shoulder met his neck. The Prince kicked his trousers off, still peppering Nico's neck with kisses and small bites. Nico wiggled himself out of his own breeches and then impatiently tugged Jason up to kiss him again.

The blonde's hand hesitantly rested on Nico's thigh. Kissing the other boy was nice and all, like really nice, better than kissing Annabeth and Apollo and Jake, but Jason knew kissing wouldn't do. And it's not like he didn't want to have sex with Nico, he did, a lot, but he was scared of losing control and hurting the boy and then regretting it for the rest of his life. As far as he was concerned this was Nico's first time, damn, it could've even been his first time feeling any type of affection. Jason knew harems weren't nice places. So he wanted it to be good for Nico too, he wanted to be in complete control over himself to make sure the other boy was alright.

Jason's hand slowly slid up Nico's thigh until he felt the soft material of his undergarments
underneath his fingertips. Nico didn't seem to realize what the Prince was doing, too engrossed in kissing him. He seemed to like that, which was good. Nico let out a shuddering gasp against Jason's lips when the blonde cupped him through the thin material, and the boy pulled away in order to bury his face in Jason's shoulder, panting. The blonde frowned in concern,

"Nico?" he asked softly, and moved his hand away, scared he'd gone too far. But Nico grabbed his hand and placed it back over his member, letting out a tiny whimper into Jason's skin when the boy touched him.

He's hard, Jason thought in awe.

It became increasingly difficult for the Prince to maintain control at that very moment, because that was the confirmation he subconsciously needed to know that he really wasn't forcing Nico into this. The slave liked it, he wasn't protesting, he consented...

Jason took a deep breath to calm himself and then his fingers slipped under the boy's undergarments. Nico's skin was soft and quivering under Jason's hand. He was nervous, but then so was the blonde.

**NICO**

In Nico's defence, his mind was pretty clouded. He lost the plot somewhere between Jason resting his warm hand on his thigh and touching his member. Nobody's ever touched him like that, nobody even told him it was okay for someone to touch him like that. It was always 'You have to make sure your master is feeling pleasure' or 'your master must climax, you probably will not, and if you will, count yourself lucky.' And here was Jason once again breaking all the rules that Nico was taught, completely forgetting about himself in order to take care of Nico.

The boy didn't know how to react to the touch so he buried his face in Jason's shoulder,

"Nico?"

The wonderful hand was moving away and Nico didn't want it to so he grabbed it a bit forcefully, which he was told he should never do, and placed it back over his hardness and when the Prince cupped him again, Nico let out an involuntary sound, that he immediately tried to muffle against Jason's skin. The Prince's hand was suddenly against Nico's bare flesh and the boy's mind went blank. He let out a stuttered moan and his hips snapped forward on their own accord. At some point Jason must've taken off Nico's undergarments but the boy's mind was foggy and he didn't recall when.

Jason pushed him back down onto the pillows and kissed along his jaw softly, and then down his neck, around his slave collar, and across his collarbones, while his hand stroked Nico's member ever so slowly. Sparks of warmth shot up Nico's body like shivers, it felt nice, but Jason was too gentle, and Nico wanted more without knowing how to ask for it. The boy forgot about his dilemma for a moment when the blonde took his nipple into his mouth. Nico gasped and his eyes fell shut as Jason smirked against his skin, rolling the pebble in between his teeth, gently nippling and licking before switching to the other one. Subconsciously, his hand sped up.

Nico's breath grew laboured and his face grew more heated. The friction against his member felt amazing, and when Jason's thumb run over the slit of his cock he thought he was going to come right then and there.

Snap out of it! You're enjoying it too much! His mind grumbled and as much as Nico wanted to tell it to shut up, he didn't want to put more points on the 'why Jason is an amazing person' list which would make him fall in love even more with the blonde. So Nico wrapped his legs around
the Prince's waist and pulled him forward so he could crash their mouths together. Jason seemed surprised and let go of Nico's member, which was unfortunate.

"We don't have to speed through this," Jason said in-between kisses.

"I can't wait," Nico mumbled, pulling an inch away. Jason searched his face and then rested their foreheads together. For a moment everything was peaceful. Nico pecked the Prince's lips and Jason smiled, and Nico actually thought his heart might break. Then the Prince pulled away and reached for the bedside table and grabbed a bottle of scented oil. Nico tried not to look nervous and he didn't know how well that was working as the blonde poured some of the thick liquid onto his fingers.

"You sure you're alright?" he asked Nico. The dark haired boy nodded and tugged Jason back towards him. Somehow he felt less scared with the blonde close to him. Jason kissed him sweetly, one of his arms coming to wrap around Nico's middle. His other hand found the boy's backside and he trailed his finger over his hole. Nico concentrated on the feel of Jason's lips against his instead of the cool feeling the oil left on his skin. But then Jason pushed the tip of his finger in and Nico's breath caught, and he continued to push in and-

It wasn't bad. Sure, it felt slightly uncomfortable and unfamiliar but it didn't hurt. Nico sighed against Jason's lips and his hands tangled in the blonde's hair. The Prince took that as a sign to continue and he slowly moved his finger in and out of Nico, steadily picking up his pace. When he slipped his second finger in, it still didn't hurt. Jason scissored his fingers together, stretching the slave for something bigger to come. Nico was gasping against the blonde's mouth and when Jason pushed the third finger in, his head fell back against the pillows, eyes squeezed shut.

"Does it hurt?" Jason asked worriedly, his hand stilling.

"No," Nico mumbled, although it did burn a little bit, the slave was already getting used to it, "you can carry on."

"Alright," Jason pecked him quickly and then his digits sped up, moving in and out with more force and speed, and with a wet sound as excess oil spilled out of Nico. The boy let out quiet moans at the feeling because it was beginning to feel increasingly good again and although that did scare him because he was told it wasn't meant to be good, he didn't have the willpower to fight it anymore.

Jason covered the slave's mouth with his own again as his fingers rubbed against Nico's hot walls, swallowing the boy's moans up. Something hot coiled up in Nico's belly and his body grew hotter and hotter with every rub of Jason's fingers inside him, but it wasn't enough. There was a metaphorical itch inside Nico, one that Jason's fingers couldn't soothe and the slave knew that he wouldn't be able to come with just them inside him.

*But this isn't about your pleasure,* a voice inside Nico reminded him sternly, so the slave pulled away from Jason's hot mouth. He meant to tell the Prince that he was okay and that he should proceed with the act, but what came out was a lot different.

"J-Jason, oh Gods, please just fuck me, please, p-please, p-please," Nico didn't even notice he was a blabbering mess but he must've gotten his point across because the next thing he knew was Jason was pulling his fingers out in one swift movement and capturing Nico's lips again.

"I love you," Jason whispered, and it sounded so *real.* And then he began pushing in.

***
For one tiny second Jason thought he died and went to heaven. Nico was so unbelievably tight and hot, clamping down around Jason's member that the Prince thought he could come at that precise moment. But then Nico sucked in a startled, pained breath and guilt vanished the feeling of ecstasy from around Jason. The blonde leaned his forehead against Nico's, looking down at his beautiful angel, with his eyes squeezed shut, biting his lip.

"Hey," Jason said softly. He was only about one third in, but there were tears at the corners on Nico's eyes when he opened them.

"I'm alright, keep going," the boy lied, but he was trembling. Jason smoothed back his dark hair from his sweaty forehead and kissed it gently,

"I'm sorry," he murmured, "I'll wait for you to adjust."

"N-No," Nico's voice shook, he turned his head and pressed his cheek into the pillow, eyes closed, "I-I just won't it over and d-done," he admitted. Jason felt a pang in his chest. He hated this.

He told himself and with a small wince he pushed himself all the way inside the boy. Nico jolted and let out a cry and Jason placed soothing kisses all over his face and; his forehead and temples and the tip of his nose and the corner of his lips and his cheeks and jawline, down his neck, around the slave collar, over his collarbones and all the way to his shoulder, where Jason rested his head and tried to control his hips.

He wasn't moving but it was becoming hard to keep still. Nico was clinging to him and clenching around him and Jason just wanted to move so bad. Instead he rested his head in the crook of Nico's neck below him and pressed butterfly kisses against his heated skin as he tried to catch his breath. Nico cradled Jason's head to him with one arm and they stayed like that for a few minutes.

"I'm really alright now, Jas," Nico murmured eventually. The fire was dying down slowly and it was growing darker but there was still enough light for Jason to see that the slave meant it when he pulled away slightly.

"Alright," Jason whispered and kissed Nico. He pulled out gently, and the ever so slowly pushed back in. Nico's breath hitched and Jason had to bite back a groan as he was engulfed by Nico's heat once again. The boy beneath him threw his head back against the pillows again, eyes squeezed shut and he let out a shuddery moan, hands curled into the silk sheets beneath him. Jason pulled out again, and pushed back in over and over and every time a tingle raced up his spine and heat trickled down to his stomach. His hands clutched Nico's hips and his breath grew more laboured. He changed the angle slightly, still keeping his thrusts slow and long, and Nico let out a whimper and his toes curled. Suddenly Nico reached up and grabbed Jason's face, pulling him down to kiss him hungrily. Their tongues battled for dominance and Jason grinned before speeding up his thrusts with no warning.

Nico let out a surprised moan against Jason's lips, which let the blonde slide his tongue into the brunette's lips. Jason explored his mouth and the slave's arms curled around his back, keeping him close. They couldn't continue kissing and as Jason fucked Nico into the mattress he just gasped against his mouth, enjoying the delicious friction he had from being inside the boy. It felt like jolts of electricity were travelling up his spine everytime he slid back inside the boy's tightness and he couldn't bear to stop. His thrusts turned harder and faster and Nico became a moaning mess beneath him. Jason changed his angle again and Nico cried out suddenly, back arching off the bed, hole and legs tightening around Jason.

"W-What?!" Jason asked, panicking that he hurt the boy. But Nico just looked up at him, dazed,
mouth parted to suck in air greedily, "Did that hurt?!"

"N-No," Nico whimpered when Jason shifted, "Oh God, t-that felt so wonderful, p-please do that a-again."

Hesitantly, Jason thurst in again and got the same reaction from Nico as before.

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**NICO**

Moans spilled from Nico's lips and Jason picked up his pace again, going hard and fast and abusing that spot in Nico that made him see stars and sob with pleasure. The slave actually thought he might melt, become a helpless puddle of pleasure on the covers. Nobody ever warned him it would feel this amazing, with Jason's throbbing member inside him and his hot mouth on his neck, sucking a line of hickeys into the milky skin.

Nico didn't even notice when he accidently scratched two bloody lines into Jason's back because of the pleasure that was clouding his mind. He was sure the entire castle could hear his moans and whimpers and cries as Jason fucked him over and over, and he thought he might die from the heat in his belly and the intensity of it all.

"J-Jason, Jason, hnnngh, a-ah, oh God, f-fuck-" he sobbed and Jason kissed him again and his aim was a bit off, and the kiss was messy and wet and Nico loved it and he clung onto Jason, making sure the other boy stayed in that position, "I love you, I-I love you," he whispered, and he wasn't lying.

"I'm not going to last," Jason warned breathlessly and his words ended in a groan as his hips stuttered and lost their rhythm. But Nico was okay with that because two seconds later, Jason was coming inside him, filling him with his hot seed and Nico cried out and his back arched again and he also came, with a desperate sob, feeling the most intense pleasure inside his body. His vision went white for a second and he clung onto Jason like a life rope and whispered a soundless 'i love you' against his shoulder.

Then Jason pulled out of him and rolled over and it was over. They cleaned Nico's semen off themselves with a wet cloth, not meeting each other's eyes, and dressed in silence. Nico looked up hesitantly, but Jason shrugged on his shirt and boots, even though it was the middle of the night. Nico's heart stuttered but he had to sit down because his legs felt like jelly and he knew he'd collapse if he didn't rest.

"Where are you going?" he asked, voice hoarse.

"To my father," Jason said, not looking at Nico. The boys heart hurt.

It was all pretend, he reminded himself.

"It's the middle of the night," Nico protested weakly, because yeah, he really wanted Jason to stay. And maybe hold him for some more time.

"He won't be sleeping," Jason assured Nico, and turned to the door. Nico laid down on the bed, away from Jason,

"Thank you," he whispered, feeling heartbroken tears gathering in his eyes and sorrow filled his heart. Jason didn't say anything, and walked out. Nico was asleep before he came back.
**JASON**

It was unbearable. Jason's father was smug and pleased, and he thought that after taking Nico's virginity, the two were fucking like rabbits. They weren't. In fact, Jason couldn't bring himself to touch Nico in fear that he would do something stupid - like try and make love to him again. Because that's all he could think about, Nico and Nico's soft skin and Nico's moans and Nico's hands and his eyes and how quirky he was when you got to know him he was hilarious and his stupid dragon books...

The two weren't talking. Nico slept on the bed, Jason on the floor, and it was unbearable. Jason felt like he ruined everything, he told Nico that he loved him and although the dark haired boy said it back, Jason was sure he only did so in the heat of the moment. And sometimes he swore he could hear his heart crack in the silence of the room, but he couldn't tell.

About a week later, Nico was dusting the bookshelf for the sixth time and Jason was looking through some maps when the door burst open and one of Jason's guards tumbled in,

"Jason!" He gasped, "it's your father! Come quick!"

**JASON**

Jason stared at his father's body, cold and lifeless on the stone floor, blood oozing out of his mouth.

"W-What happened?" He stuttered in stock.

"Poison, my Lord," the doctor - William - said, "he was poisoned."

"This means that you're the new King!" Chiron, the head priest, declared. Jason blinked - everything was too fast, too confusing...

"Tomorrow we shall have the proper coronation," Chrion spoke to one of the Lord's. There were many people in the room, discussing the situation in hushed voices. Jason's head spun.

"I'm abolishing slavery," he said suddenly. Everyone grew silent,

"Y-Your Grace..."

"I'm abolishing slavery," Jason repeated, "I will write a letter, Beckendorf," he turned to his friend, "you shall take your men and go to every harem in Olympus. I want them closed by the end of this week. All the slaves should be given clothes and food an money and a place to stay, understood?"

"Yes, my King," Beckendorf grinned, bowed and hurried off.

**NICO**

Nico stood nervously in the middle of the room and almost jumped when Jason walked in.

"What is it?" He demanded, breaking the silence of the past days, "what happened?!"

"I am the new king," Jason said, as if he couldn't believe it himself.
"A-And your father?" Nico's voice faltered.

"Dead," Jason said and then stepped towards Nico. He wanted to apologise, to say that he meant everything, that he didn't mean to hurt Nico. But then he saw the leather collar around Nico's neck and decided on different words, "close your eyes."

Nico peered at Jason suspiciously but then his eyes fluttered shut. Jason reached forward nervously and ran his fingers down Nico's neck. The boy smiled,

"Stop, it tickles," he giggled. Jason found the clasp at the back of Nico's collar and then pulled it apart.

Nico's eyes snapped open the second the piece of leather hit the floor. The boy's hand slapped up to his neck,

"W-what-" he asked, voice wavering. Jason stepped away,

"Slavery is now illegal," Jason said, "you're free."

Nico stared at him for a long moment. The silence was back and somehow it was more unbearable than before.

"Nico?" Jason asked tentatively, "say something...please."

Nico strode towards Jason, threw his arms around the blonde's shoulders and kissed him hard on the mouth. Jason sucked in a startled breath and pushed Nico away. The boy stumbled backwards,

"What are you doing?!" Jason demanded. Nico blinked at him, looking unsure. He felt his heart plummet to the ground.

"I-I...um, I just...I thought...," he stuttered,

"You don't have to do this," Jason said gently, as if explaining something to a child.

"But I want to," Nico said stubbornly, staring at Jason for once, hands curled into fists. "I love you."

Jason's shoulders slumped.

"Oh," he managed, his expression softening, "Oh."

"I'm sorry," Nico sighed, and looked away, "I know this isn't what you wanted, you never wanted to have me...but, I love you, I can't deny it," he looked up and gave Jason a tight smile, "you'll make a wonderful King."

"Only with you by my side," Jason whispered and then gathered Nico into his arms and kissed him hard on the mouth. Nico gasped and Jason smiled, "I love you too."

Reyna burst into the room and the two boys jumped apart.

"Did you hear?!" she exclaimed, "we're free!" then she frowned, "oh, sorry, did I interrupt something?"
So basically I have a list of all y'all's prompts in order from how I got them and I know your personal prompt might be taking a while because it's up to 19 right now and it's taking a while, so be patient.

And if I'm not doing your prompt it's because of one of these reasons:
1. I don't like the plot.
2. I find it hard to write/create a story around.
3. It's really vague, like just a pairing or something.
4. I've already written something similar. Please don't ask me for whichever chapter just with a different pairing. I won't write it, it's boring for me to do so. But yeah, sorry.
How about while Percy and Nico are on a quest by themselves, they end up having to hide underwater from some monsters for a while and to prevent Nico from drowning, Percy has to keep breathing in his mouth.

Nico and Percy sprinted across the forest, their shoes sinking into the thick, sluggish mud. Their laboured breaths and sound of feet slapping the mud and branches breaking were all they could hear apart from their heartbeats in their ears. They were escaping a pair of massive cyclopses that were chasing them with baseball bats. Normally Percy would face them but right now he had Nico with a twisted ankle, unable to shadow travel hanging off his shoulder.

The two were hurt and exhausted with no idea where they were. And Percy was so worried about Nico, he had fear blooming in his heart. If something happened to the boy because of him...Percy didn't know if he would be able to forgive himself. The two heard a roar behind them and they both flinched.

"Percy, leave me," Nico insisted, "you can't run from them with me hanging off of your arm. I'm fine, I've got my sword, I'll hold them back."

"Why are you always trying to be so brave?!" Percy demanded angrily, because even the thought of leaving Nico behind was breaking his heart. Of course, the boy couldn't possibly know that. "I'm not leaving you, you idiot. We're both coming back to camp."

"Percy-" Nico started again, but that precise moment the two broke into a clearing. There was a river ending in a lake a few feet away, and Percy could sense that it was deep enough to cover them,
"I've got an idea," he told Nico, but the boy seemed to read his mind. Already there was a
determined expression on his face,

"It's alright, I can hold my breath," he assured Percy. They heard a snap and Percy turned.
Somewhere not too far behind them in the forest a tree went down - the cyclopes were close. The
son of Poseidon dragged Nico to the water's edge, breathing hard from the fatigue. His side ached
from where one of the cyclopes nicked him with the sharp end of their bat.

"Ready?" Percy asked, and Nico nodded. The son of Hades took a deep breath and together the
two jumped in. The second Percy broke through the surface of the water he felt better. The water
felt nice and cool on his heated face - like a breeze, but it didn't soak his clothes or hair or drag
him down. Percy breathed through his nose, letting up little bubbles of air and felt his cuts and the
wound on his side heal. The lake was beautiful and pretty deep. The bottom was below Percy,
made of little and big stones, almost smooth. The sides were made of sand and mud and little
seaweed. Fish swam around lazily, shimmering in the sunlight from above. Percy smiled and
turned to Nico. The boy's eyes were open, his cheeks puffed out as he held his breath, hands
bawled into fists. His hair floated around his face. Percy swam over and held one finger up,
indicating for Nico to wait.

How long had it been - twenty seconds? Thirty?

Percy listened, he could vaguely hear the Cyclopes arguing in the clearing above them. They
were loud but Percy couldn't make out the words. He was beginning to become agitated, Nico
looked like he needed oxygen soon, but the cyclopes weren't leaving. Suddenly the Son of Hades
tapped Percy's shoulder, in a panicked way. His eyes were wide and he pointed at his chest and
then up to the surface. He didn't have air, but Percy couldn't let him blow their cover.

You need to give him your air.

Determined, Percy grabbed Nico's shoulders and hauled him forward. He pressed their lips
together and Nico jolted, but Percy held on. He marvelled at how soft Nico's lips were for a
second before he blew the air into his mouth. The boy sucked it in, surprised, and Percy pulled
away. Nico held the breath he now had and stared at Percy, wide eyed. Percy noticed that he was
blushing underwater and it was weirdly adorable and endearing.

Then Nico tapped his shoulder again and pulled him forward by the sleeve and Percy sloted their
mouths together and shared his air, which Nico took greedily. They lingered for a moment more
and then Percy pulled away and listened - he could still hear the Cyclopes, and now he realized
that if they looked through the clear water they'd be able to see them. So he swam forwards and
backed Nico up against one of the walls of the lake and the leaned in to give him more air. Nico
kept him there for a few seconds, their mouths open against one anothers, and their tongues
might've touched by accident.

Percy pulled away quickly, and listened. He almost sighed in frustration when he heard the low
grumbles of the cyclopes above him, and then swooped in to give Nico air. This time he just
stayed there, and Nico didn't seem to mind, holding him in place. Technically it wasn't a kiss,
because their lips weren't moving, just kind of touching, but Percy's heartbeat was still through the
roof. And then Nico accidently closed his mouth over Percy's bottom lip and it ended up being a
kind-of kiss.

Percy pulled away, but he had to hold on to the empty alcoves in the wall to stop from floating up
to the surface, and therefore he was kind of pressed against Nico. He waited ten seconds, and
upon still hearing the cyclopes, Percy leaned in again. Nico's hand clutched the front of his shirt
and when Percy tried to pull away his other hand came up to clutch his face, keeping him close.
And then, at the same time, they both ended up starting to kiss. Hesitantly, their lips moved against one another, and when neither reacted weirdly, Percy pressed closer and the slow movements of the two's lips sped up and the kiss turned more real, and Nico's eyes fluttered shut. Soon enough Percy had his tongue in Nico's willing mouth, and the two were holding onto each other, kissing hungrily, exchanging not only air but a few other components, their hands groping each other's body blindly, teeth nipping at lips, tongues twirling together. It was all desperate and messy and really wet and neither of the boy's really cared.

Suddenly, Percy realized that he couldn't hear the cyclopes anymore. He pulled away from Nico reluctantly, and pointed to the surface. Nico nodded and the two swam upwards. The second Nico was up he was gasping for air and Percy was scanning the area for the monsters, but they were nowhere to be seen. When he looked at Nico, the boy looked away, blushing.

"So," Percy said, trying to sound casual, "wanna try that again?"
Closing walls and ticking clocks

Chapter Notes

For Intense Shipper.

Alternate version of above where your clock is a countdown of how long you and your soulmate have left to find each other or else you both will die and if you find your soulmate you get to live longer." Where originally Jascico and Frazel are together until they get their clocks at eighteen and realize that their partner isn't the one they're meant for and then it turns out, that they've got two people that they're meant for.

Jason -

"I'm home!" Jason called as he walked into his and his boyfriend's - Nico's - shitty apartment in downtown Brooklyn. The ceilings were cracked, the paint peeling, the drains dripping, but it was Jason's and Nico's home and they both loved it. Well, they loved it on good days when the heating worked. Nobody answered Jason's call and when the boy walked into the living room, that had an old, floral couch, an armchair, a low coffee table and an old TV, he found that Nico was nowhere
The two were dating for four years now, ever since they found out they were soulmates. At birth, ever person was given a clock of some kind that ticket off exactly eighteen years of their life. A person could only live longer if they found their soulmate, their one true love. When they did so, their clocks both stopped at the same time. Jason found Nico when he was eighteen, a few days before his birthday, and now his clock was frozen at 6:18. Jason smiled, remembering the time it happened and looked at the golden wristwatch he wore. His soulmate watch.

The blonde sighed, looked away and dropped his bag in the corner before walking into the tiny kitchen to prepare dinner. Nico usually did that since he was a chef at a small Italian joint, but since he wasn't home yet, Jason decided to do it himself.

He was halfway through making spaghetti, the radio playing quietly, when Nico stormed into the flat like a hurricane, a metaphorical cloud of dust trailing behind him as the boy fumed. Jason blinked at him, surprised,

"Niks?" he asked.

"Pack your bags," his boyfriend growled, "we're going on a vacation."

Jason walked over to him slowly,

"Why? You know we don't have the money-"

"Jason." Nico glared at him, "we're. Going. On. A. Vacation," he grabbed the boy's arm and hauled him forward so he could yell, "Pack your damn bags!" into his ear.

"Okay, okay, Jesus," Jason held his hands up defensively, and backed away from an angry Nico, "I'll pack just calm down." He disappeared into their small bedroom and after a second thought reappeared and kissed Nico sweetly on the lips, which calmed the boy down considerably,

"welcome home."

Frank -

Frank didn't understand. He and Hazel were together since their clocks stopped at 1:02 when Hazel was fifteen and Frank was seventeen, and now that Frank was twenty one and Hazel was nineteen, the two decided to move in. Their flat was nice and spacious, a loft type in London, with fairylights around the balustrade to the half-floor on the second storey, high ceilings and windows, fluffy white carpets and loads of open spaces. Damn, Frank and Hazel even bought a massive black cat that they called Hades. That was basically like having a baby, in Frank's book.

So he didn't understand what Hazel was telling him right now.

"This is Leo," his beautiful girlfriend said, pointing at a boy her height, with wild curly hair, a smirk and large brown eyes, "he's going to live with us because he's our soulmate."

"W-What?!" Frank spluttered, "this is a fucking joke, right?"

"No," Hazel sighed and rubbed her face, "I was out in the city when my clock began ticking again," she held up a tiny wristwatch embedded with small diamonds up for Frank to see, and the Asian felt all the blood drain from his face. The time didn't say 1:02 anymore but 5:17.

"I-Is this your way of breaking up with me?" Frank asked faintly.

"No!" Hazel said desperately, grabbing Frank's hands, "I love you, and I think I will love Leo too,
and we're *all* meant to love each other, don't you see?"

Frank stared at her as if she was an alien. Then he glanced at Leo. The smirk was gone, replaced by an unsure look.

"Frankie," Hazel said, "let me see your watch - your time changed too, I'm sure."

"No. I only have one mate and that's you," Frank spat angrily. He grabbed Leo's arm and began dragging him outside.

"Ouch! Ow! What the fuck dude! Let go!" the Latino yelled.

"Get out of my house," Frank growled at him. Hazel grabbed his hand and tried to stop him,

"Cut it out! Frank! Stop!" But Frank wasn't listening, he freed himself from her grip and practically lifted Leo off of the ground as he walked to the door.

"Frank Zhang." Hazel hissed and Frank froze, dropping Leo and turning to face Hazel. She had a murderous look on her face, "Put Leo down or I swear to God I won't ever let you touch me again."

Frank stepped away from Leo fearfully. The Latino was rubbing his arm and glaring at Frank. Hazel relaxed and smiled and Frank glared back at the Latino,

"Fine, you two can have the fucking bedroom," he spat, "I'm taking the bloody couch."

**Nico -**

"Woah, it's beautiful," the boy breathed, looking out on the beautiful, mesmerizing sea. It was such a deep blue color that Nico thought that his eyes were playing tricks on him. Jason smiled down on him, wrapped an arm around his waist and kissed the side of his head. Nico grinned, "I mean, the sea is beautiful and all...but I can think of other things to do right now," he said, looking up at Jason suggestively. The blonde chuckled,

"Fine, let's get the keys to our cabin, okay?"

The cabin turned out to be a small wooden shack in the middle of the forest. It was a two minute walk from the beach, and it was warm inside. It had a toilet and a bath and Nico wasn't complaining. There was one massive bed with clean sheets in the corner, a nightstand and a few photographs of the sea on the yellowed wallpaper.

"It's nice," Nico delcared. Jason nodded and then came behind Nico, wrapping his arms around his waist. Nico smiled and leaned back against Jason,

"You should drop that job if you hate it that much," Jason murmured into his neck, peppering it with kisses, "you could open a coffee shop."

"I'd rather we talk about something else," Nico said, turning around to face Jason. The blonde grinned and leaned down so he could kiss Nico.

**Hazel -**

"I thought he'd like you," Hazel whispered, folded around Leo. The Latino sighed against her shoulder,

"I knew he wouldn't," he whispered, "I still don't really understand how you like me." He looked
up at her with those massive puppy-dog eyes and Hazel felt her heart melt. She didn't understand how Frank hasn't fallen in love with this boy - it's been a week and Frank still either avoided him or shouted at him. Hazel leaned over and kissed Leo sweetly,

"It's okay, I'm sure he'll get over it and see how amazing you are," she whispered. The two smiled at each other, "maybe I'll send you two on a date?"

"He'd never agree to it," Leo shook his head. Hazel grinned suddenly,

"I'll work on it," she kissed his lips, and then climbed out of bed, "I need to go see him now or he'll sulk."

"He's already sulking," Leo rolled his eyes and then spread himself out so he laid in the middle of the king sized bed, "night, Haze."

"Night, babe." Hazel smiled and then slipped out of the room. She made it down the stairs into the livingroom-kitchen area. Frank was just a lump on the couch, underneath the blankets.

"Go away," he grumbled when he heard Hazel approaching. She sighed and ignoring his protests she slipped underneath the covers. The boy wasn't about to let her fall off the couch so he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her to his chest. She smiled and kissed him and he nestled his face into her neck.

"I wish you'd give him a chance," she whispered, playing with Frank's hair.

"Why should I? He's just some random guy who's trying to steal my girl."

"Frank, he wants you as much as he wants me," Hazel said quietly, "don't you feel anything? Don't you see the way he looks at you?"

"No," Frank grumbled, and turned around so his back was to Hazel.

**Nico** -

Nico laid on Jason's naked chest in their bed in the cabin. The blonde played with his hair and the two just enjoyed each other's closeness. It was silent in the cabin except from their even breaths. Nico smiled, content, and closed his eyes, planning to nap. But something wouldn't let him, a weird, nagging feeling. Nico frowned and-

"Do you hear that?" he asked suddenly.

"Hmm?" Jason hummed. Nico sat up abruptly, "what?" Jason grumbled. Nico's eyes scanned the room and he could hear it distinctly now. A soft ticking.

**Tick Tock, Tick Tock, Tick Tock...**

With his heart in his throat Nico climbed out of the bed and shrugged on a pair of sweatpants before slowly, slowly nearing his backpack in the corner of the room. As he approached, the ticking got louder. Nico unzipped his bag with shaking fingers.

"Nico?" Jason asked confused. The Italian's breath caught as he produced his watch. It was on a small chain, like a necklace, made of black metal. And it was working again, the second hand speeding around the face. Nico thought he was going to throw up.

"Oh Gods," he showed the watch to Jason, who immediately looked at his own wrist, and sure enough, his clock was working again too. It was like a spell was broken. Nico felt tears pooling in
his eyes, but he didn't understand what was happening - was there a mistake? Was Jason not his soulmate?

"I need to breathe," Nico gasped and then sprinted out of the cabin, leaving a heartbroken, confused Jason behind.

Nico ran through the trees, his eyes burning, and sprinted out into the beach. It was a small strip of white sand and sea between two massive cliffs and there was nobody else there except for Nico. The boy couldn't run anymore and he collapsed on the sand, sobbing like a child, face buried in his hands, shoulders shaking. He loved Jason so much it physically hurt to think there could be anybody else that would replace him.

"Hey! Are you okay?" someone called. Nico looked up to see a boy jogging towards him, dressed in a white tank top and shorts. His feet were bare, his dark hair wet from the sea. He had a nice face and honest blue eyes and Nico's heart skipped a beat when he saw him. He quickly wiped his eyes,

"I'm fine," he said, turning his face away. The boy frowned at him and then sat down next to Nico on the sand,

"No you're not," he stated, "you're crying. What's wrong?" the boy sounded so kind that something in Nico broke all over again and he started bawling like a baby. Between stuttered breaths and sobs, he somehow managed to explain to boy what happened with Jason. The boy looked at him sympathetically and Nico noticed that his eyes were the color of the sea - absolutely mesmerizing. The boy placed a hand on Nico's shoulder and squeezed it gently and Nico felt a jolt go through him.

"If you love him then a stupid watch isn't going to change anything," the boy said. Nico sniffled and wiped his eyes,

"Thank you," he whispered, voice hoarse, "my name is Nico."

"I'm Percy," the boy grinned, and then looked out at the sea - the sun was setting, "Hey, Nico, fancy a swim?"

Leo -

Leo woke up in the morning and the pillow was wet from his tears. Frustrated, the boy sat up and rubbed his eyes. He hated this, and didn't know why he even decided moving in was a good idea...but when he saw Hazel that day...it was like his whole world stopped and everything fit together like puzzle pieces. And when he heard about Frank he wasn't sure it could work, but when he actually saw him for a second everything was perfect-

But no, of course Frank wouldn't love Leo. Sighing, the Latinio got up from bed and shrugged some of his clothes on. That night Hazel slept with Frank on the couch and the night was cold and lonely for Leo. Now he walked downstairs to see Hazel and Frank bustling around the kitchen, preparing breakfast, and the sight warmed his heart. The two were laughing and talking, Frank was making bacon, Hazel was making toast.

Frank's smile disappeared when he saw Leo, and it was replaced with a glare. Leo averted his gaze, feeling a pang in his chest. Hazel saw this and quickly walked over,

"Good morning, Leo," she said, and kissed him. He wrapped his arms around her waist and smiled. She made him feel a little bit better, but when Frank only brought out two plates of pancakes and two glasses, Leo's mood fell again.
"Frank," Hazel hissed. Leo smiled, "It's alright, I'm a big boy, I can get my own plate," he said, and grabbed a plate. But he noticed that Frank split the pancakes evenly between himself and Hazel, leaving none for Leo. The boy didn't let that affect him, and so he just piled some toast on his plate and grabbed a banana and a jar of nutella. He sat down at the table and Hazel and Frank sat opposite him.

"Thanks for the pancakes," Hazel kissed Frank's cheek, and the boy smiled proudly. Leo pretended not to notice, instead spreading nutella on his bread, before putting chopped up bits of banana on top. Frank snorted, watching him,

"What are you, like three?" he asked. Leo looked up at him and his eyes narrowed, "Eat your pancakes, Frank," he said, before going back to his sandwich. The three ate in an uncomfortable silence, until Hazel broke it,

"Oh yeah, guys, I need you both to go shopping today." She said.

"I'll go alone," Frank said immediately.

"No," Hazel glared, "there's loads to buy and you're not stealing another Tesco trolley."

"I'll take the car."

"No, Leo," she said, handing the Latino a roll of paper, "here's the shopping list, make sure you buy everything, I'm having some guests over tonight."

"You didn't tell me?!" Frank asked. Hazel grinned, and wiped her mouth with a napkin,

"I have different plans for you," she said, standing up, "now off you go, both of you, shoo."

**Percy -**

After meeting that beautiful boy, Nico, on the beach the day before, Percy made sure to go past that spot the next day. However he wasn't in luck because Nico was nowhere to be seen. Maybe he listened to Percy's advice and was back in bed with his Jason. The thought dampened Percy's mood and he almost didn't go running the next day. The thought of Nico with another guy was making him uncomfortably jealous, which was ridiculous because they were basically strangers, and yet-

Percy stopped abruptly when he saw the boy standing on the waters edge. It was undoubtedly Nico, with soft waves lapping at his feet. The boy was hugging himself, looking out onto the horizon, and Percy couldn't keep the smile off of his face as he ran over,

"Nico!" he called. When the boy looked up Percy's heart skipped a beat because he was also smiling,

"Percy!" he said, "hi!"

"Hi," Percy stopped in front of him, and he was breathless and his heart was beating fast, "how's...err, Jason?"

"Oh," Nico waved him off, "I think the clock just malfunctioned. When I got back it was working normally again."

"Oh." Percy's heart dropped, "that's good," he said half-heartedly. Nico nodded and then bit his
"Except... it stopped on a different time," he said. Percy blinked,

"Oh... well, maybe it's broken?"

"Maybe," Nico didn't sound convinced, he looked back at the sea, "and you? Do you have a soul mate yet?"

Percy shifted uncomfortably and rubbed the back of his neck,

"Um, no... I mean... my clock... it," he bit his lip. He couldn't just tell a complete stranger that his clock was frozen since his birth, could he? No matter how much he trusted Nico. "Do you want to swim?"

"Yeah, okay," Nico smiled fondly, and shrugged his shirt off. Percy looked over his pale skin appreciatively and then shook his head.

_He has a boyfriend!_ Percy told himself as he also shucked off his clothes, leaving them on the sand. The two boys raced down the beach together and Percy threw a squealing Nico over his shoulder as he pushed into the sea, before dumping them into the waves. It was wonderful, the sea was cool against the boys' heated skin, and they laughed and splashed about and dunked each other under water and Percy thought that yes, he could fall in love with Nico.

**Frank -**

"Not that," Frank snapped, practically knocking the shower gel from Leo's hand, "Hazel likes the passion fruit one."

"How was I meant to know that?" Leo asked, placing the shower gel back. Frank rolled his eyes at him,

"You shouldn't know that, why don't you move out already?" he asked, angrily chucking a passion fruit shower gel in the trolley. Leo's shoulders slumped,

"You shouldn't know that, why don't you move out already?" he asked, angrily chucking a passion fruit shower gel in the trolley. Leo's shoulders slumped,

"Quit it," he said weakly.

"God, I wish you'd just disappear," Frank grumbled, he was tired of constant fighting so he opted to just act coldly towards Leo until the boy decided to leave his life forever. The two moved through the aisles and Frank saw a boy and a girl, hand in hand, smiling and walking past, buying nappies. He felt sad - that's what he and Hazel were once like, planning their baby. And then Leo came along. Frank turned his head to glare at the Latino and with a start realized that Leo was gone.

Panic bloomed in Frank's chest as he scanned the shopping area, but the annoying mop of curls was nowhere to be seen. With his heart beating wildly, the Asian pulled out his phone and scrolled through his contacts before mentally kicking himself for not even bothering to save Leo's number. He left the trolley and then run through the aisles making a right idiot of himself, shouting the Latino's name.

_Maybe he went home?_

Frank thought and sprinted out of the shop and across the parking lot. His stomach was twisting with worry that he couldn't explain, because he didn't care for Leo, he didn't, he didn't, he didn't...

To make matters worse it started raining. Frank was shivering soon enough but he continued
running home, praying that Leo was there. When his apartment building came into view Frank slumped with relief, but then immediately picked up his pace again. He ran up the stairs and with shaking hands dug out his keys. He opened the door and fell into his flat and Leo was there, throwing his clothes into a suitcase.

"L-Leo?" Frank spluttered, feeling relief flood him. He thought his legs might buckle from it all. Leo's eyes widened,

"Frank...I-I...," he started, and then frowned, "Christ you're soaking!" he quickly disappeared in the bathroom and came back with a fluffy towel. Frank was dripping water all over Hazel's favorite carpet, staring at Leo in disbelief, because the Latino was acting like nothing happened. He threw the towel at Frank's head, but when the Asian didn't move, Leo groaned and moved over.

His hands grabbed the towel and he began drying Frank's hair. The Asian felt his heart jump at how close Leo was and he let himself actually look at the boy for the first time. His hair looked really soft and Frank found himself wanting to run his hands through it. Leo's eyes looked like chocolate chips and his lips were plump and really-kissable and he had a cute, upturned nose with a dusting of freckles across his cheeks. He was currently intently staring at the top of Frank's head, towelling his hair dry, and the Asian felt dazed from how close Leo was. He smelled like cinammon and motor oil.

"Why are you packing?" Frank managed. Leo's movements faltered,

"I-I...um," the boy looked down at his feet, "I'm moving out, you got what you wanted-" he didn't get to finish because at that precise moment Frank pulled him into his arms, hugging him tightly. Leo's breath caught in his throat, "F-Frank?" he stuttered.

"You scared me, don't run off again," the Asian muttered, "unpack." He added, and then decided that was enough sentiments, and walked upstairs.

Nico -

Nico felt bad. He spend all of his days with Percy and he realized with a start that he had fallen in love with him. This made him think that he didn't love Jason anymore, but he was wrong. His heartbeat still picked up whenever he saw the blonde, but because of his guilt he couldn't let the blonde touch him, no matter how much he wanted to. He had vivid dreams of both Percy and Jason in bed with him which left him wanting and hard in the middle of the night, and he couldn't wake Jason up to help him.

Nico sat on the wet sand, watching the sunset with Percy at his side. Their shoulders brushed together and Nico could feel the heat radiating off the blue-eyed boy. He really wanted to lean into him but he knew he couldn't. So he just bit his lip and watched the sun in a comfortable silence with Percy, until the boy spoke-

"How's Jason?"

"He's...alright," Nico asked, and more guilt hit him because he didn't think about how all of this could affect Jason. He must've thought Nico lost his feelings for him...the boy dropped his gaze. Percy frowned,

"You really love him, don't you?" he asked softly. Nico looked up at him and he saw the heartbeat in Percy's eyes and it was like a stab to the heart. Without another word, Percy leaned in and kissed Nico and it was oh so wonderful, like all those times Jason kissed him. Nico forgot his guilt an cupped Percy's face so he could deepen the kiss. The blue-eyed boys arms slung
around Nico's waist and pulled him closer. The Italian let out a shuddery breath against Percy's lips, and pulled away suddenly,

"Perce, w-we shouldn't-" he gasped, turning his face away.

"Nico, I love you," Percy growled and grabbed Nico's chin, forcing him to turn his head so Percy could kiss him again. The Italian tried to struggle against Percy's strong arms but he gave up when he warmth bloomed in his heart and he was filled with a sense of content. He sighed and then pressed himself further into Percy's arms and the boy held him close and kissed him like no tomorrow.

Hazel -

It was really unexpected. Frank and Hazel were cuddling on their couch, watching one of the Final Destination movies. The lights were off when Leo came downstairs,

"Whacha watching?" he asked, not sitting down as if scared Frank would shout at him.

"Final Destination," Hazel said, "there's a space beside Frank, sit down, babe," she said. Since that day she sent them shopping the relations between Frank and Leo changed. They became almost friends and Frank didn't protest when Leo sat down next to him, a respectable distance away. Frank's arm was over Hazel's shoulders and she held his hand, smiling. Finally there was peace.

Halfway through the movie Hazel realized that the boys were being really quiet, especially Leo, and when she turned her head she thought her heart might melt - Frank had his free arm around Leo's waist, and the Latino had his arms around Frank's neck. The two were kissing softly, shyly almost. Hazel smiled and turned her gaze back to the TV and smiled.

Jason -

The blonde couldn't believe what he was seeing. He knew something was wrong - when Nico slept with him he laid on his side, facing away, and wouldn't let Jason touch him. He disappeared during the day for hours...at the beginning Jason thought that it was a crisis because of the whole clock thing, but no, even after their clocks stopped at a different time, though both were the same - 11:59. So Jason didn't understand what was wrong with Nico.

Until now; he watched, heartbroken, as Nico sat with some random boy on the sand, laughing freely. What confused Jason even more was that his original emotion to witnessing this scene wasn't negative; he felt warmth and content flood him when he saw the two boys together, but then he understood that this meant that Nico most probably didn't love him anymore, and the thought broke his heart. And then they kissed and Jason thought he was going to throw up, because in his heart it all seemed so right and it was disgusting.

Jason turned on his heel and sprinted back to the cabin where he began packing his things. Tears blurred his vision as he turned to the door, wanting to get out of there as fast as possible. It hurt it hurt it hurt.

But there was someone in the door - a gorgeous boy with wide, apologetic blue eyes and messy black hair.

"Jason, I'm Percy-" he started, and Jason didn't even question how he knew his name,

"Get out of my way," he growled.

"Wait, please," Percy blocked the door with his body. He was almost as tall as Jason but he was
skinnier and Jason knew if he wanted, he could get past him, but he didn't want to hurt the boy for some weird reason. He wiped his eyes angrily and the boy continued talking, "please listen to me, Nico didn't cheat on you...t-that was all m-me, but he's...he's my soulmate."

"He's my soulmate," Jason growled. Percy winced,

"J-Just listen..." he stuttered, "I-I...I think we're all soulmates."

Jason froze,

"W-What?"

"I have this weird feeling towards you," Percy touched his chest, "it's not...it's not really love because I-I don't love you...but it's weird," he finished lamely. Jason sighed and rubbed his forehead, "and," Percy took a hesitant step towards Jason, "I only want to be with Nico if it means I can be with you too."

"Jas, please listen to him," Nico murmured, suddenly stepping into the room. He wrapped his arms around Jason, but the blonde didn't return the embrace, "his clock stopped at 11:59. We were just waiting for him."

"I-I...I don't know," Jason managed. His thoughts were a mess, his heart even more so. He felt angry and betrayed by the two and yet the idea of being in a relationship with both of them, being loved and loving the two, it made Jason feel so unbearably happy...

Nico cuddled up to him, arms wrapped around his neck and Jason sighed. He held out a hand to Percy, who was hovering near the door. The boy looked at him in disbelief and then hesitantly walked towards him. He took Jason's hand and the blonde felt a spark when their skin touched. He thought that maybe it was meant to be afterall.

Frank -

The three were getting ready for Hazel's brother, Nico's, wedding to Jason and Percy. Hazel straightened out her pale blue dress and frowned at her reflection,

"What do you think?" she asked the guys.

"You look gorgeous," Leo told her and kissed her softly, hugging her from behind. She grinned at him in the mirror and reached up to straighten his bow tie that matched her dress,

"You both look great," she said and took Frank's hand, pulling him towards her and Leo.

"Aw, we look so cute together," Leo cooed.

"You wish, Valdez," Frank said. Leo pouted,

"Haze, he's being mean to me," he said. Hazel laughed and Frank enveloped Leo in a bear hug,

"I'm sorry babyyyyy," he said as if speaking to a child. Leo rolled his eyes.

"Mamma?" a tiny girl walked out of the nursery. Everyone froze, and Hazel knelt down,

"Sorry, baby, did we wake you up?" she asked gently. The little girl had Hazel's golden eyes and Frank's pitch black hair and pale skin. She held a teddy bear in her hand and sprinted to Hazel on her short legs. Hazel cradled her in her arms,
"No," the girl lisped, "Miguel woke me up!" she proclaimed. A small boy with tanned skin and Leo's wild curls as well as Hazel's golden eyes sprinted out of the nursery,

"I did not!" he protested, "Mikky whacked me with her teddy!"

Frank laughed and took Hazel's and Leo's son, who he considered his own as well, into his arms,

"Come on now," he blew a raspberry on the boy's cheek and the child giggled, "no arguments on uncle Nico's wedding day, yeah."

"Yeah!" Miguel agreed. Leo smiled and hugged into Frank's side,

"Will there be cake?" Mikky asked her mom. Hazel stood up and handed the girl to Leo,

"Yes, loads of cake," he promised, "let's go now, okay?"

The wedding was beautiful and Hazel and Leo shed a tear when Jason, Percy and Nico said 'yes.' The party was wonderful but Frank didn't last until midnight, falling asleep on a bunch of chairs pushed together with Mikky and Miguel. Leo and Hazel danced and Jason danced with Nico and then he danced with Percy, who he grew to love just as much as the Italian, and for a moment everything was

Perfect.
PERCY

The way Percy remembered it was; at one moment he was driving his beaten up truck down an empty, dark road down Long Island, and the next the rain beating against his windshield turned more savage and he was blown off course. His car fell into a small pond, not deep enough for Percy to drown, but deep enough for him to curse his bad luck and swear at how much he'd have to pay to get his car out.

And then lightning struck and the world went blank.

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When Percy woke up everything was...weird. He saw his car, being hauled out of the water, but everything was black and white, varying shades of grey. Percy blinked, confused. Then he noticed everything was a lot bigger. The steering wheel towered over Percy's head and for a second the boy thought he would be crushed by it, but no, it stayed intact. The boy sneezed, and it came out weird and high pitched. He felt weirdly sluggish, like his body wasn't his own, and the voices of men shouting commands at each other outside were doing his head in.

The boy wanted to let out a groan, but what came out was a weird whiny sound. Percy blinked. He was confused, and didn't know what to do. It felt like his brain was too big for his body all of a sudden. The car was finally on dry land and a man practically ripped the door out in his haste to get inside. Percy sighed in relief when he saw that the man was none other than Jason Grace himself, Percy's best friend since high school.

The boy looked terrified - his eyes were red, his skin pale. There were dark circles under his eyes and a one day stubble on his chin. His eyes frantically searched the car,
"Where is he?" he demanded, "he's not here." Panic crept into his voice. Percy rolled his eyes and opened his mouth to say, 'stop messing around, I'm right here' but what came inside was a mewl. Percy frowned, he didn't know he could make that noise. Jason only now seemed to notice him and he looked just as confused. A paramedic came over and inspected the car,

"It doesn't look like anything happened - there's no blood...maybe Mr Jackson just left," he said, and turned to a colleague, "search the woods. Mr Jackson could be hurt or in shock, wondering around."

"Roger that," another paramedic replied. Jason hid his face in his hands and took a deep breath,

"You'll find him?" he asked, voice small.

"Of course," the paramedic smiled at his soothingly, "the police is involved now too - we'll definately find him."

"Alright," Jason turned back to Percy who was listening to all of this in shock - he was right there! How could they not see him?! Jason suddenly reached inside the car and pulled Percy out. A weird shrieky noise came out of the boy's mouth and he was surprised at how strong Jason became suddenly - and how huge. He held Percy in two hands and then pressed him into his chest. Percy was so confused, maybe he shrunk when the lightning hit him?!

But the thought disappeared quickly when the boy pressed his face against Jason's jumper and inhaled - he smelled nice, like peppermint and cologne and daffodils. Percy inhaled again and was about to ask what was going on, when Jason turned around and Percy saw his reflection in the car window.

He screamed, or at least he tried, as he couldn't really do it since he was now a fucking cat.

***

**JASON**

The blonde was worried sick. Literally. He felt like he was going to throw up at least a couple times a day. Percy was missing and just the thought was enough to make Jason want to curl up in a ball and cry. He couldn't believe it, so he had to see it for himself. When he got a call that they found Percy's car, Jason made his way to the lake slightly off the road, but there was no Percy inside. It broke his heart.

He did find a weird cat sitting in the drivers seat. He had pitch black fur with white paws, a cute little nose and beautiful blue eyes. He watched Jason as if he knew him and the blonde couldn't bear to leave it behind. He couldn't bear to be alone. So he gathered the cat up into his arms, and when he didn't protest, Jason took him to his own car and drove to his apartment.

The cat seemed completely at home. The first thing he did was sprint to the bathroom and stare at himself in the mirror. It made Jason laugh despite his foul mood, and he gently picked the animal up,

"You're a vain one, eh?" he asked, and brought the cat to the kitchen, "I think I'll call you Poseidon, and I'll give you to Perce when they find him," his voice grew sadder, "I think he'd like you." he added, pressing his face against the cats fur. It meowed like it wanted to say something and Jason laughed and then set him down on the floor, "I have no cat food," he admitted, "but there's milk and canned tuna, would you like that, Poseidon?"

Poseidon pulled a face and Jason laughed,
"You're cute," he said, rummaging through his cupboards on his search for a bowl and a plate. He put the tuna on a plate and poured the milk in the bowl and set both of them on the floor, trying to concentrate on what he was doing instead of thinking about what could be happening to Percy right now. He watched Poseidon circle the food, looking unsure, before eventually attacking it. Jason sat on the counter and smiled down at his new companion,

"I'm really glad you're here," he said suddenly, feeling a bit stupid of talking to a cat, but to his surprised Poseidon looked up from his food and gave him a little meow. Jason smiled, "I hope Percy's alright. I really do." He said, voice sadening again. The cat came over and rubbed himself against Jason's leg so the blonde smiled and picked it up, nestling him into his arms. Poseidon purred happily and pressed his face into the crook of Jason's elbow. He was asleep in seconds.

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**PERCY**

When Percy woke up he was face to face with Jason, who somehow ended up sliding sideways down the couch and falling asleep. Percy was curled up underneath his chin, trying to get used to the feeling of having paws and whiskers and ears at the top of his head. Percy licked his paw because his instincts told him too, but then he remembered he walked all over yesterday and the thought that he was putting all of those germs in his mouth made him drop his paw.

Instead, he watched Jason. The man was asleep, and Percy took his time to examine him since it wasn't awkward to do so as a cat. Jason had blonde eyelashes, a few shades darker than his hair and a little scar on his lip that was kind of endearing. Percy appreciated the muscles that bulged out of the jumper Jason wore, defined and...well, just really nice. Percy turned away, and if cats could blush, he would be doing so.

"Morning," a sleepy voice said. Percy turned to look at Jason again, and saw that the blonde was smiling at him sleepy. Without really thinking about it, just following his instincts, Percy pressed his nuzzle against Jason's cheek and rubbed his nose against the skin, purring. Jason laughed and one of his big hands came up to cradle Percy against his cheek, "someone's affectionate," Jason teased before sitting up and stretching, almost knocking Percy off the couch. The cat grumbled and turned in a circle, settling on the couch again. Meanwhile, the blonde got up and got his phone.

He checked for messages and his face fell when he saw he didn't have any.

"They still haven't found Percy," Jason mumbled and Percy felt bad because he was right there. He let out a little mewl and Jason offered him a sad smile, "I just want him to be alright, you know? I think my heart would break if anything bad were to happen to him."

Percy's heart throbbed. He wished he could show Jason somehow who he really was and wipe that worried look of the boy's face. But he couldn't, he couldn't even comprehend what has happened to him - he was a bloody cat with no idea how to reverse it. But he still knew how to comfort Jason, so he climbed onto his shoulder and licked his cheek. Jason smiled and rubbed his head, which felt really nice.

"Thanks, buddy."

***

**JASON**

The blonde didn't know how long he could function for - it had been three days and Percy hadn't been found, not a trace, like he evaporated into thin air. Jason cried into his pillow because his
heart felt like it was being ripped to shreds and the only thing that forced him to get up from bed each day was Poseidon. That little cat was so intelligent he seemed almost human. Every time Jason felt the depression descend upon him, the cat would come and lick his cheek or rub against his hand or something like that, and Jason would feel a little bit better.

He also liked to sleep with Jason - he'd curl on his hip or on his chest and start purring until he and Jason fell asleep. The arrangement worked for the human because it made him feel less lonely and heartbroken to have someone there. Of course he had Piper, his ex girlfriend, and Frank, Leo, Annabeth and Nico, his friends, to make him feel better. They had dinners with him, or took him out to lunches, but when a week past Jason just fell into bigger despair that before. One thought ran through his mind;

*He's dead, he's dead, he's dead.*

***

"Poseidon!" Jason called, "bath time!"

It was a week and a half and Poseidon hadn't bathed once and Jason thought it was about damn time. The cat padded in, looking nervous and suspicious. Jason smiled, kneeling on the floor in the bathroom.

"Come on, it's just a bath," he said, patting a small basin filled with lukewarm water. Poseidon came over and sniffed it, and then put a paw inside the liquid. He shuddered and backed away. Jason sighed, "I should've found a dog," he grumbled under his breath before he suddenly grabbed Poseidon. The car screeched and sank his claws into Jason's hand, scrambling to get away, "Ouch!" Jason wined, "cut it out!" he commanded, before he submerged the thrashing animal, still holding on, "It's just water, it'll be over quickly," he said.

Poseidon didn't listen, he continued fighting as Jason washed him with the things the lady at the vet shop gave him, holding on with one hand, and then he toweled the soaking cat dry until he was back to his fluffiness.

"That wasn't that bad, was it?" Jason asked as the grumpy cat sat in his lap, letting the blonde dry him off, "God, you're really stubborn. Just like Percy...," his voice faltered and the cat turned it's bright eyes on him. "Fuck, I'm so worried about him," Jason's voice broke and his eyes filled with tears, "I just want him back so bad," he sobbed. Poseidon meowed softly and rubbed himself against Jason's cheek. The man hugged him close, "I want him to b-be okay. God I-I'd give anything up for h-him to be okay."

Poseidon meowed like he understood.

***

**PERCY**

It's been two weeks and Percy was finally getting used to being a cat, hating water and eating tuna and milk one after the other without getting sick. He was also getting used to the weird dynamic he had with Jason - the constant, casual touches that the two didn't usually share, they were nice, awesome even. Percy definately wanted more of that. And he wanted Jason to stop breaking his heart by crying about him when Percy was right there.

It physically hurt to see Jason in this state, and Percy wanted to make it okay, make sure Jason was alright, but he couldn't do anything. Nothing at all.
Jason was typing away on his laptop in his room when Percy snuck in. He didn't like the rest of the house, shrouded in darkness when the human wasn't there. So he jumped onto the man's lap. Jason smiled. He wore those glasses that made him really hot...well, he was always hot but they enhanced that...why was Percy even thinking about this? Must be a cat thing.

"Hello there," Jason rubbed behind Percy's ear and the boy couldn't help the purr that escaped him. Jason always made it okay. The blonde shut down his internet and saved his work and Percy saw his desktop background. It was the two of them together, arms around each other's shoulder's, grinning stupidly. The picture warmed Percy's heart and he reached his paw out to touch his own digital face.

"That's Percy," Jason said quietly, "he's missing." Percy meowed, "beautiful isn't he?"

That took Percy by surprise, he looked up at Jason, who was staring at his wallpaper, and the cat felt his tiny heart might explode. He never knew Jason found him beautiful...

"I miss him so much sometimes I feel that I could die," Jason admitted in a whisper, the tips of his fingers touching Percy's digital cheek. Percy the cat shivered, "I want him back. I want him back so I can kiss him and tell him how much I love him."

Percy's breath caught, his mind spun.

What?
What...

Jason loved him?!

Percy couldn't understand that. He couldn't. How could this amazing person be talking about him like that...he couldn't take it. Percy jumped off the bed and sprinted downstairs and Jason shouted after him, but Percy was already whizzing outside through the cat door. The cool night air felt lovely against his face and his heartbeat calmed slightly when he wasn't in such close proximity with Jason.

Jason loved him.

Did Percy love him too? Was that what he was feeling?

***

\textit{JASON}

It was like losing Percy all over again. Jason ran out of his house after Poseidon and into the night. There were barely any cars, barely any people, and it was dark and Poseidon's dark fur blended in perfectly. Jason would never find him. Heart-broken and desperate, the boy sat down on the curb, his face in his hands, and he started crying. Why did it all hurt so much?! All he wanted was Percy back, and he couldn't even look after a cat. How was he ever meant to make sure Percy was safe?!

A soft mewl brought Jason back from his grim thoughts. He looked up to see Poseidon rubbing himself shyly against Jason's thigh. The human sighed in relief and scooped the cat up, his tears drying.

"Don't do that again," he whispered brokenly against Poseidon's fur, kissing his nose softly, "I can't stand losing you too."
He trekked home with Poseidon in his arms, trying to find a sense in life. Without Percy it all seemed so black and white. Jason sniffed and fished out his key with his free hand, opening the door to his house. It was dark inside and Jason closed the door. He walked to his bedroom, set a mewling Poseidon down on the floor and flicked the light on. He tried to make sense of what he was seeing. Where the cat had been seconds ago stood an utterly, completely naked Percy.

Jason's keys dropped to the floor with a clank and then he threw himself at Percy, wrapping his arms around him.

"Oh my Gods," he gasped into his hair, "you're alright, P-Percy, you're okay," he was crying okay. Percy hugged him back, taking deep, calming breaths.

"I-I don't know what happened," he whispered hoarsely, "one second I was a cat and then I-I wasn't, a-and everything's s-spinning..."

"Shh," Jason kissed the top of his head, "you're okay now."

He extracted himself from the boy and grabbed a bedsheets, draping it over his shoulder's, gaze averted so he wouldn't accidentally see Percy in all his glory. Percy wrapped himself up, looking self-conscious and Jason felt his heart expand. He folded Percy into his arms again, eyes falling shut, enjoying the feeling of the warm boy against him.

"I was so worried," he whispered. Percy held the sheet closed with one hand and wrapped the other one around Jason's back.

"You said y-you loved me," he whispered. Jason tensed up and his heartbeat sped up...

*He heard all those things! Oh you idiot!*

Percy looked up at the blonde shyly through his eyelashes,

"Did you mean it?" he asked in a small voice. Jason had half a mind to just lie, but he knew he couldn't do that to Percy, not now when so much happened to him. So he bit his lip and then said,

"Yes. I love you."

The smile that appeared on Percy’s face was the most brilliant thing Jason's ever seen and it made his heart stop.

"I love you too," Percy stood on his tiptoes and pressed his lips against Jason's. The blonde clutched him close, feeling dizzy from all the emotions flooding him and from the soft, shy kiss, "Thank you for taking care of me."

To solidify their relationships, Percy and Jason bought a cat and named it Poseidon.

Chapter End Notes

One of my reviewers mentioned, not in the nicest way, that Percy's eyes are green and blue.
I know. I've read the books. I prefer Percy's eyes being blue like in the movie so suck on my toe.


For RoseBadwolf1000.
If anyone knows Italian let me know what the correct translations are!

Can you write more Nico x Mitchell? Maybe their first date? (Sponsored by Mitchell's mom?) And they get sent to someplace both of them love or always wanted to visit? And maybe they get roped into a quest or something? Where Mitchell has to use his power? And Nico gets jealous?

Mitchell and Nico were laying around in the Hades cabin, watching some movie. They only just started "dating" and only held hands once because Mitchell wanted to take it slow. Like really slow. Not that Nico minded, no matter how much he wanted to kiss the boy or pull him into his lap or something like that, he respected that Mitchell was painfully shy. Nico liked that about him - how blushy and stuttery he was, it was pretty adorable.

Mitchell on the other hand lived in constant fear that Nico would get bored of him. The son of Hades was pretty popular around camp, especially with other boys, and Mitchell was scared someone would whisk him away. He knew he wasn't all that - pale and skinny and freckly, and he knew he had to try extra hard to try and get Nico to fall in love with him. And he was scared that soon enough he'd have to sleep with the other boy to keep him at his side, and that was a scary thought because Mitchell was never even kissed.

He sighed, barely paying attention to the movie, trying to gather up the courage to reach out and take Nico's hand. Before he could do so, the movie magically paused and the lights flickered on.

"What the-" Nico started, drawing his sword. A cloud of pink exploded in the middle of the room and a gorgeous woman appeared, smiling like she just won Miss Universe.

"Oh, Mitchell!" she squealed, "my boy!"

"M-Mom?!" the boy gaped at Aphrodite who sauntered over and kissed both of his cheeks. Nico didn't drop his sword and continued to glare at her. She regarded him coolly,

"Ah, Nico di Angelo," she said, like the name tasted bad, "not the best person for my son but
"Ah, Nico di Angelo," she said, like the name tasted bad, "not the best person for my son but you'll do. At least you're cute."

"What do you want?" Nico growled. Mitchell looked between the two nervously. Aphrodite waved him off,

"I came to send you two on a three day vacation, of course!" she said, sending them a brilliant smile. Mitchell gaped and Nico's grip on his sword faltered for a second, "No objections?" Aphrodite grinned, "brilliant!" she clapped her hands and two suitcases appeared in Nico's hands, "see you boys in three days!" she waved and before either Mitchell or Nico could protest, they felt a pull in their guts and were sucked out of the Hades Cabin.

They landed on a gorgeous beach where the sun was just setting. Mitchell spat out bits of sand from his mouth as Nico stood up, rubbing his head,

"Fuck," he groaned. There was a piece of paper laying at his feet and he read it quickly. He gritted his teeth, "There's an address here - for maniero di rose," he said with a perfect Italian accent, "Rose Manor."

"Sorry," Mitchell winced and dusted himself off. Nico offered him a tight smile,

"Don't be. It's not your fault," he said, and looked around. His eyes widened as something clicked in his brains, "Oh Gods," he said breathlessly, "we're in Italy."

"R-Really?" the brunette asked, whirling around, but he couldn't recognize anything. Nico grinned,

"Come on," he said suddenly, grabbing Mitchell's hand. The brunette squeaked and blushed at the feeling of Nico's fingers intertwining with his, but he wasn't protesting.

Rose Manor turned out to be a gorgeous white house with roses crawling up the walls, and curling around windows. The roof was red and the garden in front of the cottage filled with wonderfully smelling flowers. It was dark by the time Nico and Mitchell, still holding hands, made it to the front door.

"S-Should we knock?" Mitchell asked, unsure.

"No," Nico said, and then pushed at the door. It swung open easily, and lights magically lit up inside, illuminating the beautiful pink and yellow wallpapers, hand-carved oak balustrade, beautiful wooden kitchen and a fireplace in the living room.

"It's so beautiful," Mitchell breathed in wonder, looking around. Nico pulled a face,

"Looks like Dolores Umbridge decorated," he said under his breath, dropping the bags off by the fireplace. "So what now?"

"Hmm?" Mitchell asked, distracted, looking at the gorgeous china collection. Nico sighed,

"I'm gonna go take a shower, okay?" he asked. Mitchell blinked at him owlishly from behind his glasses,

"Um, okay," he said. Nico nodded and then disappeared. Mitchell waited a minute and then climbed upstairs. At the top there was only one door, and when Mitchell opened it he saw that the entire top floor was taken up by a bedroom. The whole thing was white and blue, with stars painted on the ceiling that glowed in the halflight from the lamp on the wall. Mitchell walked over to the window and opened it, letting a small breeze in. He smiled.
"Thanks, mom," he whispered under his breath. Nico was in the en suite bathroom, and the shower was on. Mitch turned from the window to try out the bed. It was nice and soft when he sat down on it. He laid down and closed his eyes. He heard the water in the shower hitting the floor and thought that Nico must've been in there, naked. The thought made Mitchell shiver. He knew what Nico looked like shirtless from all the sparring he did, pale and lithe, with nice abs and a strong back. Mitch smiled dreamily and then quickly shook his head.

He sat up, just as the door opened and Nico walked out. The Italian was towelling his hair dry, wearing nothing but pajama bottoms. Mitchell averted his gaze, feeling his cheeks heat up,

"You can wash now," Nico told him.

"H-How are we going to sleep?" Mitchell asked suddenly, hands curling into the silk covers below him, "there's j-just one b-bed."

Nico looked over at him, and his eyes softened,

"I can take the couch," he offered gently. Mitchell shook his head quickly,

"N-No, um...it's really small," he said, "I-I'll sleep on the left, okay?" he asked, and then pushed past Nico quickly, feeling his whole body heat up, and he disappeared in the bathroom.

"Can I hug you?" Nico asked in the darkness.

"W-What?" Mitch squeaked, surprised by the sudden question. He heard Nico's quiet chuckle,

"It's just a hug, Mitchie," he whispered, "but it's okay if you don't want to."

"No!" Mitchell said quickly, looking over his shoulder to try and make out Nico's outline in the darkness, "it's okay. Y-You can hug me...if you want."

He heard shifting behind him and then Nico's strong arm was turning him over so he could face the Italian. Mitch gasped at the sudden warmth of Nico's body against him.

"Relax," Nico mumbled smiling at his boyfriend in the semi-darkness. So Mitchell did, telling himself it was just a hug. He pressed his face into Nico's shoulder and the dark haired boy wrapped his arms around his waist. Self-consciously, Mitch clutched at the back of Nico's shirt, and closed his eyes. It was nice, being this close to someone,

"Night, Niks," Mitchell whispered.

"Night, Mitchie."

"I hate decisions," Mitchell whined, looking at the wide assortment of ice cream. He pouted, "I want raspberry but I want hazelnut and mango too!"

Nico smiled at him. He was dressed in a white t-shirt and black shorts with black trainers and sunglasses pushed into his dark hair. Mitch wore the opposite - flip flops and flowery shorts and an 'I HEART ITALY' t-shirt.

"Just take all three flavours," Nico advised. Mitchell bit his lip,

"You're right," he said after a moment. The ice cream woman looked at him expectantly and the boy blushed, or maybe it was the sunburn, and tugged on Nico's sleeve, "can you order, please?"
he asked quietly.

"You're like a child," Nico smiled and ruffled his hair. He turned to the lady, "possiamo prega di avere tre scoop, uno mango, un lampone e una nocciola per favore." Nico thought for a moment and then added, "e un gelato al cioccolato per me, per favore."

The lady smiled at them and started to scoop up their orders. Mitchell smiled up at Nico, because the boy was a good few inches taller than the brunette,

"Your Italian is really good," he said in awe. Nico smiled,

"Thanks, I was born here."

"Really?" Mitchell's eyes widened, "where exactly?"


"You never told me...," Mitch pouted. Nico laughed at him and the lady handed them their ice-cream. Nico handed her the money that Aphrodite left in an envelope at the The Rose Manor, and then he took Mitchell's hand with his free one. The boy flushed but squeezed Nico's hand and smiled up at him, "Do you know that people like Alexander the Great and Nero Claudius Cesear ate ice cream?"

"How do you know all of this?" Nico laughed.

The two spent the morning exploring and taking pictures, and the afternoon in the heat of the Italian sun on a nearby beach. The two laid under an umbrella and Mitch read a book while Nico napped.

"I think I'm going to go for a swim," Nico told Mitchell after he woke up. He pulled his shirt over his head and slipped his shorts off to reveal swimming shorts. Mitchell blushed and looked away,

"Um...okay."

"Come with me," Nico said. Mitchell shook his head furiously,

"N-No thanks," he said, "I don't want to get sunburnt," he said, although he already was. Nico reached into his backpack and brought out sunscreen,

"Here," he said, "this will protect your skin and then you can swim with me."

"N-Nico, I-I...," Mitchell blushed but then told himself that it was just a stupid shirt and his stupid body so he pulled off his t-shirt and, blushing, turned his back to Nico. The boy gently run his fingers over Mitch's pale skin and the boy shivered.

"You've got freckles on your back," Nico observed, running his hand over said freckles across Mitchell's shoulderblades.

"Yeah."

"They're cute," Nico said, and kissed Mitchell's shoulder before rubbing some cream into his skin.

"I can't believe you tossed me into the sea," Mitchell grumbled as he and Nico sat in an expensive Italian restaurant that Aphrodite reserved them a table at. Nico grinned at Mitch cheekily,
"You wouldn't go in by yourself. You just needed some persuasion," he said. Mitchell stuck his tongue out at him, and Nico pointedly ignored it, "do you want wine?"

"No, I want juice," Mitchell said. Nico rolled his eyes,

"Fine I'll have wine, you have juice," he called the waiter over and gave their order, obviously in Italian. When the waiter went off, Mitchell looked at Nico.

"I really like it when you speak Italian," he said. Nico blinked,

"Really?"

"Yeah," Mitch nodded, "say something more."

"Like what?"

"I don't know," Mitch rolled his eyes, "surprise me."

"posso tenerti la mano?" Nico asked, eyes sparkling. Mitch blinked and blushed under his boyfriend's gaze,

"What does that mean?" he asked, playing with the edge of the table cloth.

"Means can I hold your hand?"

"O-Oh," Mitchell blushed harder but he offered Nico his hand across the table, "s-sure."

Nico grinned and took the boy's hand in his. After a thought he brought it to his lips and kissed the back of it. Mitchell went completely red,

"Y-You're killing m-me," he stuttered, looking away. Nico smile softened,

"Sei bellissima," he said. Mitchell looked sceptical,

"What does that mean?"

"You look really beautiful," Nico smiled. Mitchell hid his face in his free hand and then the waiter showed up with the wine and the juice.

When they woke up the next morning, their limbs tangled together after another night of innocent cuddling, Mitchell found an envelope from his mother on the kitchen counter. He rubbed his eyes sleepily, slipped on his glasses and opened the letter.

"My dear son,

I hate to interrupt your lovely holiday, which I trust is going well, with this, but I simply must. An old friend of mine has just showed up in Rome with something of mine - a golden locket with the initials A.A engraved at the front. I ask you to bring it back to me when you return to America. The man lives at Via Vacuna 18.

Thank you, and enjoy your treat,

Aphrodite xx.

Nico was in utter disbelief when Mitchell showed him the letter.
"What a bitc-" he started outraged, but Mitch slapped a hand over his mouth,

"That is my mother," he exclaimed. Nico rolled his eyes,

"Fine let's shadowtravel there and get it over and done with quickly," Nico sighed. He shrugged on his black jeans and a dark blue t-shirt. Mitch grabbed his hoodie and then he slipped his hand into Nico's. He squeezed his eyes shut and felt the familiar tug in his gut as he was sucked out of existence only to be spat out on a street in Rome seconds later.

"Ugh, I hate that," the brunette grumbled. Nico dusted himself off,

"Come on," he pointed at an a shabby house with the number '18' on it, "let's just get in, get the locket, and get back to the Rose Manor."

Mitchell nodded and hurried after his boyfriend, who was already striding towards the door. He knocked like he knew what he was doing. After a minute a tall, pale man with greasy blonde hair opened the door.

"What?!" he spat. Mitch stumbled back but Nico kept his ground,

"We came to negotiate." He said. The man raised an eyebrow.

"Negociate what?" he demanded.

"You've got something someone wants back pretty bad," Nico crossed his arms over his chest, "will you invite us in Mr...?"

"Autolycus." The man kissed his teeth but stepped aside, letting Nico and a terrified Mitchell into the dusty interior of his flat. Nico walked to the living room, which was filled with loads of different things - half a dozen TV's with the prize tags still on, designer clothes for women and jewels. Autolycus was wearing flannel pajamas and a bathrobe and he sat down on the couch, not bothering to cover himself up.

"Well?" the man asked, picking at his yellowed teeth with a toothpick, "negociate."

"You have Aphrodite's locket. We want it back," Nico said simply.

"No." Autolycus said, laughing.

"Alright, bye," Nico grabbed Mitchell's wrist and proceeded to drag him out.

"Hey! Wait!" the brunette protested and shrugged Nico off. He turned to the man, "please Mr Autolycus! My mother really wants the locket back!"

"Mother, eh?" Autolycus peered at him, "demigods." He spat again, "what do I get in return?"

"I-I...um...I-I...," Mitch stuttered. Aphrodite hadn't offered anything in return. The brunette sent Nico a panicked look, but the boy looked just as helpless as Mitchell felt. Then the boy thought that maybe if he did this one thing he wouldn't be as useless. So he turned to Autolycus and smiled prettily, in his head altering his features so he became more and more attractive, "Mr Autolycus, it's just a dusty old thing. You have no use for it, sir."

The man looked dazed all of a sudden, and he smiled creepily at Mitch.

"Well...you are such a pretty boy," he nodded and stood up. He rummaged through the piles of gold, producing the locket with the A.A initials, "I don't usually do this, but for you...well, your
smile did make my day." the man handed Mitchell the locket. The brunette smiled,

"Thank you, sir!" he said, and let Autolycus walk him to the door, Nico trailing after him.

"Come again!" Autolycus said, daze, when the two were outside. He waved and Nico dragged Mitch around the corner,

"Well that was easy!" the brunette said happily. Nico didn't think so, apparently, because he slammed Mitch into the closest wall, which happened to be inside an alleyway.

"What the fuck was that?!" the Italian seethed. Mitchell blinked at him,

"I-I used my powers?"

"Why?!" Nico demanded.

"To get the locket back!" Mitch said defensively, "why are you so angry? I didn't do anything wrong!"

"You should've seen the way that guy looked at you," Nico made a disgusted face, "like you were a piece of meat."

Something dawned on Mitchell, and his eyes widened,

"Oh my Gods, you're jealous."

"W-What?!" Nico spluttered, stepping away, "N-No I'm not!"

Mitchell just laughed, kissed Nico's cheek and took his hand,

"Come on idiot. I like you better over some slimy fourty year old anyway."

Aphrodite's next letter told Mitchell and Nico that there would be a fireworks show and that they should go to the beach. So the boys grabbed some drinks and a blanket and went down to the empty beach. They made themselves comfortable, sitting in the warm sand, and even started a small campfire where Mitch roasted some marshmallows. He was wearing one of Nico's flannel's and the sight of him made the Italian surprisingly content.

The fireworks show started and it was mesmerizing, for five minutes the sky lit up with gold and green and silver and red, and it all took Mitchell's breath away. Nico took his hand but instead of just holding hands, Mitch slid into Nico's lap, so he was straddling him. Nico wrapped his arms loosely around the brunette's waist,

"You'll miss the show," he said. Mitchell threw his arms around Nico's neck and rested their forehead's together,

"I much rather look at you," he admitted, his embarassement gone for the moment. His fingers traced invisible patterns at the back of Nico's neck, "how do you say 'I love you' in Italian?"

Mitchell whispered. Nico's eyes widened,

"Um...," he stuttered, "ti amo."

Mitchell smiled sweetly,

"Nico," he said, with the fireworks exploding in the back, "ti amo."
Nico's breath caught in his throat and his arms tightened around Mitchell's waist and he leaned forward and kissed him. Mitchell let out a sigh against his lips and when Nico started pulling away from the soft, gentle kiss, Mitch grabbed his face and crashed their lips together. He didn't have any experience but he kissed with a raw passion that made Nico's heart stop. He held the boy close and kissed him back fiercely, it was messy and wet and uncoordinated, but somehow it was perfect.
Can you do a jerky one where they are at camp and are playing a game where they have to sit on each other's laps and Percy has to sit on Jason's then Jason gets a boner

"This is a very simple game," Annabeth clarified to the small circle of people who were still at the campfire at three in the morning. The squad consisted of; herself, Percy, Jason, Leo, Calypso, Clarisse, Jake, Beckendorf, Silena, Hazel and Luke. "You spin the bottle and whoever it lands on you have to sit in their lap for as long as they can stand it. When they say stop, you swap places and whoever sits longer in the other person’s lap is safe, but the other person takes a shot. Understood?"

"No," Jake clarified. Annabeth groaned and then went to explain the rules to him again. When the boy finally got it, he volunteered to spin first. The bottle skidded through the sand, and landed on...Beckendorf. "Oh fuuuuuck," Jake groaned. Beckendorf grinned and patted his knee,

"Come to daddy," he joked. Silena, his girlfriend, laughed the hardest. Jake, red in the face, sat down in Beckendorf's lap. The game continued and he stayed there. Next it was Clarisse's turn and as she spun it, it landed on Calypso.

"I'll crush the poor girl!"

"Bring it on," Calypso deadpanned, getting more comfortable. Clarisse sighed and then plopped down on the girl's lap. Calypso let out an 'oof' and almost fell backwards into the sand, but Leo saved her, laughing. She lasted two and a half minutes, and Clarisse lasted five. Calypso took a shot.

"Stop," Beckendorf said, bored, and Jake jumped off of his lap like it was on fire, "your turn Mason." Beckendorf grinned wickedly. Jake blessed himself and sat down in the sand. Beckendorf, and all of his muscle, collapsed onto Jake.

"STOP!" the boy screeched immediately while Beckendorf cackled. Jake took a shot and everyone cheered. Then it was Luke's turn and he lasted in Hazel's lap for three minutes, the girl lasted in his for seven and a half. She took a shot and left the circle to find Frank. Then it was Jason's turn. The bottle landed on Percy and everyone cheered.
Jason and Percy were both slightly tipsy.

"No fair," Percy whined, "he's heavier."

"Rude," Jason said, sitting down in Percy's lap. But the son of Poseidon didn't protest, instead nuzzling his face into Jason's back.

"Ah. He's so warm," he said happily. Silena and Clarisse snorted and Jason jumped up,

"Stop." He said. Percy pouted but his expression changed when Jason sat down and patted his lap. The boy happily clambered onto it, facing the rest of the circle. They stayed like that for two minutes and then the game continued. Silena lasted surprisingly long with Jake in her lap, and he had to take another shot, and then Leo took a shot after he got Luke. Percy was still in Jason's lap and the blonde's arms came to wrap around Percy's waist.

The dark haired boy was getting pretty comfortable and sleepy, listening to others bickering, taking shots and climbing into each other's laps, when he felt something hard against his lower back. He blinked at then turned his head to whisper into Jason's ear,

"Is that a boner?" he asked dramatically.

"No. It's a gun," Jason said quickly. Percy nodded his head and turned back to the circle. Then he got a wicked idea of how to make Jason's life a bit miserable. He shifted so the boy's hardon was pressed up against his crack and then gently moved his ass. Jason let out a tiny gasp, one only Percy could hear.

"What are you doing?" he growled against the nape of Percy's neck. The son of Poseidon grinned,

"Nothing," he whispered back innocently. He watched a blushing Annabeth sit in Luke's lap and when everyone was too busy watching them and cheering, he rubbed his ass against Jason's boner. The blonde let out a tiny moan that he muffled in Percy's shoulder, but nobody heard him anyway. Percy grinned when the son of Zeus' hand curled into the front of his t-shirt.

Jason mouthed wet kissed against Percy's neck.

"What are you two doing?" Hazel frowned.

"Nothing," Percy said casually. Everybody was too drunk to pay attention so they turned back to Leo who was now in his brother's lap, looking really uncomfortable. Jason's hips thrust up against Percy on their own accord, and his dick somehow managed to pull Percy's shorts in a certain way that it slipped between his ass cheeks and the only thing separating them were a few layers of material. Now it was Percy's turn to let out a quiet moan as he pushed back against Jason.

A cheer went up when Silena sat in Calypso's lap.

"I wanna fuck you," Jason growled. Percy's head spun with arousal and alcohol. He jumped to his feet and pulled Jason up. Everyone looked surprised.

"Where are you going?" Luke pouted.

"We have a gun!" Percy said dramatically and dragged Jason off so they could finish what they started.
It was a wonderful night, one of the best Nico remembered ever having at camp. For once, the cabins were mingling and not fighting, sitting in groups of around ten around campfires scattered on the beach. Nico sat at the fire with the seven, Calypso and Reyna, just enjoying the delicious drink that Piper made and listening to Leo telling another story, speaking excitedly with his hands. Nico smiled. He loved watching the boy - he was like a flame, always moving, speaking with so much passion that sometimes it took Nico's breath away.

The boy took a sip of his drink to try and cool himself down. He sat in between Hazel's knees, on the sand in front of her because he didn't want to sit on the log. He said it was uncomfortable but really Nico just didn't want the darkness of the cliffs at his back. Ever since he got back from Tartarus, his fear of the dark had only grown and now Nico panicked every time he was left without a light.

Thankfully, Nico had the campfires and his friends to chase the chill of the night away. The boy's phobia was actually getting pretty bad, he slept with the light on in fear that there would be monsters waiting for him in the dark, ready to shadowtravel back to Tartarus with him. Nico didn't think he could stand being in that place again. He shuddered and Leo, who had stopped talking, gave him a weird look. Percy was telling a joke and Frank was laughing hysterically.

Nico scanned their little group. Out of everyone gathered only three people knew about Nico's phobia; Annabeth, who he told in a fit of loneliness at the Argo II, Hazel, his sister who he trusted the most, and Leo, who found out by accident after a very unfortunate prank.

"Jason," Percy said suddenly, grinning and breaking Nico out of his thoughts, "I dare you to jump over the fire!"

Jason snorted and got up, dusting sand off of his shorts. Everyone cheered and even Nico clapped.
along. The blonde positioned himself and then sprinted in-between the logs, launching himself over the flames. They licked his shoes, but he landed gracefully without any burns. Everyone cheered again and Piper kissed Jason. The blonde turned to Percy,

"Your turn, bro," he said. Percy wiggled his eyebrows and then cracked his knuckles. Annabeth rolled her eyes and the boy prepared himself. He took off, sprinting for the fire, and just as he was about to jump, Reyna stuck her foot out. Percy tripped and with a shriek he landed in the flames, which he extinguished with a wave of his hand and a tonne of water. Everyone started cracking up as darkness fell and Nico felt sudden dread creep up on him.

The other campfires were just tiny pinpricks in the darkness. A cold sea breeze picked up and it seemed to whisper to Nico,

_Come home, Ghost King, come home...

Nico shuddered and reached out to touch Hazel's knee, to find comfort, only to find her gone. All of his friends were on their feet, laughing and picking Percy up. Nico could only see their outlines and they looked like monsters pulling their comrade from the ground, like in Tartarus. Nico felt panic descend upon him and he forgot how to breathe. He knew if he sucked any air in it would smell like smoke and sulphur and death. The boy's heart was beating madly - they were there for him and Nico would die, being dragged back to hell. He felt tears well up in his eyes and he couldn't utter a word. His chest ached.

"Nico," Leo was suddenly in front of him, cupping his face, "Nico breathe with me."

Something loosened inside the Italian. He wasn't alone, that little firebug was in front of him, and Nico could feel his heated touch on his face. But he still couldn't breathe, it's like he forgot how to. Leo grabbed his hand suddenly and pressed his palm flat over his own heart. Nico stopped struggling for breath when he felt Leo's strong heartbeat, a bit faster than usual, under his hand. Leo smiled reassuringly, his other hand coming down to clutch Nico's,

"Breathe with my heartbeat," Leo murmured.

_Ba-Dum, Ba-Dum, Ba-Dum._

Slow and steady, Nico sucked in a shaky breath, feeling the air loosen the pain in his lungs. Then he let it out and breathed again, and again. His vision cleared and Leo smiled, relieved. He let go of Nico's hand on his chest, but the Italian kept it on his heart. Leo set his free hand on fire and Nico welcomed the light and the warmth it brought.

"Is he okay?!" Reyna demanded, "What happened?!"

"He's okay?" Leo said, but it came out more like a question. Nico nodded at him, and Leo stood up, tugging Leo up. His legs felt like cotton candy, but the Latino wrapped a secure arm around his waist, keeping him upright. "I'll take him to his cabin," he told the worried group, who were starting the campfire again. Piper nodded hesitantly. Leo offered her a tight smile and then led Nico away.

The Italian leaned against him, letting out a shuddery breath as the boy walked him across the empty dining pavilion and into the Hades cabin. Leo held his hand and kept him close as he switched the lights on. Nico relaxed visibly,
"Thank you," he said shakily, dropping Leo's hand, embarrassed. Leo smiled,

"It's okay," he said. Then his smile softened and he reached out to touch Nico's cheek, "are you alright?"

"Yeah," Nico nodded, looking at his feet. Leo slowly pushed himself closer to the boy, and reached down to take his hands.

"Hey," he said quietly, nudging his nose against Nico's cheek, "look up."

When Nico turned his face up, Leo leaned in and kissed him softly on the lips. The Italian's breath caught and his shaking hands gripped Leo's tightly. To the Latino's surprise, Nico kissed him back shyly. Leo stepped away after a second,

"I better go."

"Don't," Nico said quickly, and then blushed, "I-I don't wanna be alone..." he admitted. Leo smiled and kissed his forehead,

"Okay," he said, "I'll stay."
can you do one where the gods offered percy godhood (the first time) and he declines, instead asking for luke back. and when they say they cant, he starts screaming saying they can and could, he starts crying and screaming more while being dragged out by annabeth.

Percy stood in front of the Gods, feeling his hands sweat. Those massive immortals loomed over him - Ares ready to kill him, Athena looking at him in distaste. On his left stood Grover, on his right Annabeth, and Percy tried to comprehend what he just heard.

They want to make you a God.

Percy took time to process this information; to be all powerful, to be immortal. He could live forever and take care of camp, save Demigods who were still lost in the world, confused and chased by monsters. He could create Demigods of his own and have his own cabin at Camp, he could be a real father to his children, and his legacy would live forever...the idea did seem appealing, but as Percy gazed on his two best friends, he knew he could never leave them, never bear to become as cold and distant as those immortal, all-powerful, pathetic creatures in front of him.

"No, thanks," he said. The Gods looked at him, eyes wide. Ares began cackling madly, Hestia, in the corner, nodded to herself as if she knew what was coming.

"You reject our offer, boy?!" Zeus demanded.
"Yes," Percy said, confidently, "instead I ask for something else."

"What do you think we are?" Athena demanded, "here to fulfill your every wish? You've had your chance, Percy Jackson, and you lost it. Now leave before the Gods stop being so merciful and blast you to pieces."

"Oh Athena," Apollo rolled his eyes, looking bored, sprawled in his throne, "calm down. We owe the boy, don't we?" he asked with a gleam in his eye. Annabeth subconsciously siddled closer to Percy, "let's hear your request, Percy."

The son of Poseidon took a deep breath, but he didn't need to think about what he wanted - he knew, he always knew. He straightened his back,

"I want you to bring Luke Castellan back from the dead," he said. The Gods were silent for a moment, even Ares stopped laughing. They all exchanged looks full of pity,

"Oh young love...," Aphrodite sighed wistfully, "Percy, darling," she said, as gently as possible, "we cannot bring people back from the dead."

"Hades can." Percy said stubbornly, refusing to give up the thought that Luke might come back to him, that he could feel his warmth again.

"But Hades isn't on Olympus," Athena said, though her voice was softer than usual, "and he has no place here. Neither do his tricks and powers, and no matter how much we would wish to help you...we simply cannot."

Percy looked at them desperately. They all looked guilty, sad even.

"Percy...," Grover said gently, tugging on his sleeve. Percy shrugged him off and stepped forward angrily,

"You have to do something!" he said, "you're almighty Gods are you not?!

"Well...," Poseidon started.

"Then bring him back!" Percy yelled, feeling tears gather in his eyes and pain tug at his heart. Subconsciously he knew it was impossible. Luke was dead and gone and although he could try for rebirth, Percy would probably never see him again. Poseidon hung his head, and the Gods remained silent, "Do something!" Percy screamed, feeling sorrow and misery rip into his heart all over again. Poseidon flinched,

"Son," he said softly, "we can't bring him back."

"Liar!" Percy screamed, tears running down his face, hands bawled into fists, "You have the power to, but because you won't put your feuds aside...," his voice was raw, "bring him back! Bring Luke back to me! You're Gods so do something!" Percy looked so heartbroken that even Hephaestus had to turn his face away. Annabeth wrapped an arm around his waist and Grover put an arm on his shoulder,

"Come on," Annabeth whispered gently, "Percy come on, they can't help-"

"Yes they can!" Percy sobbed, glaring at the Gods through his tears, "they can help but they won't, because they're selfish!" he gave them a pleading look, "I just want h-him back, that's all I want, I-I just want Luke...," his voice died, ending in a heartbroken sob, and he slumped in Grover's and Annabeth's arms.
"We're sorry," Aphrodite whispered, and there were actual tears in her ever changing eyes.

"Come on," Grover said gently. Percy shrugged them off and then looked up at the Gods and his eyes filled with sudden hate. He stared right at Poseidon,

"If you won't bring him back to me," he said, voice cold, "then I'll go to him." And without warning he sprinted for the balcony of the building. Annabeth screamed and Grover started after him but it was too late - Percy, without hesitation, threw himself off the Empire State Building.
Sweet dreams are made of this

Chapter Notes

For Kat Madi

I really need a really adorable free one shot to end with, where the two are already dating and Leo wakes up at like 2 am after a nightmare of the infamous quest of the prophecy seven, and it's just an abundance of adorable and Leo gets up to Frank burning pancakes in the kitchen, and maybe some sexy time thrown in there. I just need this okay please love me

Frank was sleeping on his side of the bed, facing the door, his arm hanging off and brushing against the soft carpet. He snored, face buried in his pillow, minding his own business and having a wonderful dream-free sleep, when he was woken. The Asian blinked at the clock, which read two thirty three in the morning, and groaned, wondering what the fuck woke him up. He looked around the dark room, and saw no obvious monster or person that could've been the reason for the end of his wonderful rest.

Then he heard it - the tiny whimper coming from somewhere behind him. Frank sat up abruptly and looked down at the reason for the whimper - his boyfriend, Leo. The boy was laying on his side, his forehead resting against the wall, his hands curled into the covers. Frank watched, confused, as the boy's closed eyelids twitched and his breath came out in desperate gasps. He whimpered, "don't" under his breath, and only then Frank realized that he was having a nightmare.

The boy kicked out abruptly and screamed and Frank's heart clenched as he reached for his shoulder.

"Leo, Leo, wake up," he said, shaking him. The boy thrashed and tried to throw Frank off, screaming and fighting. Frank held him down so he didn't hurt himself and spoke to him softly. Finally, after a hard kick too close to Frank's groin, the boy woke up. His eyes flew open, wide and terrified and his breath stuttered.

"F-Frank?" he whispered, voice hoarse. Frank let go of his shoulders and brushed Leo's curls out
"Yeah," he said gently, "I'm here. You're okay, it was just a nightmare."

Leo closed his eyes and let out a shuddery gasp.

"It was about the quest again," he whispered brokenly. Frank pulled Leo upwards and into his lap. He wrapped his strong arms around the small Latino and held him close. Leo started crying, "we...we crashed in the mountains when Annabeth and Percy were in Tartarus," he sobbed into Frank's shoulder, "and the Venti, they pulled Piper apart and tossed Jason over the side and," Leo took a moment to take in a gasping breath, "and I tried to save you but the Venti just ripped a hole in your chest and you died and..." Leo was unable to finish, his words ending in a heartbroken sob. Frank rubbed his back and cradled him to his chest,

"It's okay, I'm right here, we're all alive," he murmured, kissing Leo's forehead, "I won't let anything bad happen, I promise."

Leo leaned into him,

"I know," he whispered and after a minute he stopped crying, still curled against Frank's chest. The Asian held him close and murmured sweet nothing's into his ear, looking at Leo like he was the most precious thing ever. The latino pressed his face into the crook of his boyfriend's neck,

"Frank?" he breathed.

"Yeah?"

"Can we have sex?"

"Right now?" Frank sounded surprised. Leo nodded shyly against his neck, shivering,

"Yeah. I need it."

Frank smiled and kissed the side of Leo's head,

"Of course," he muttered, re-adjusting the Latino in his lap so he could see him better. Frank stared at him in silence and rubbed his thumb over the boy's cheekbone. The Latino's eyes were still a bit sleepy and red-rimmed from crying but he looked kind of content, pressing his cheek into Frank's hand. The Asian leaned in to kiss Leo slowly, trying to convey how much he loved the boy through the simple touch. Leo threw his arms around Frank's neck and leaned into him as they kissed slowly, lazily almost, as if they had all the time in the world.

Frank's hands slipped under the oversized hoodie that Leo used as a pajama, and that once upon a time belonged to him, and ran his fingers across Leo's soft skin. His tongue slipped into Leo's mouth and the Latino hummed happily, hands tangling in Frank's hair. Without warning, the Asian flipped them over so Leo was on his back on the bed,

"Cheeky," Leo said sleepily. Frank kissed the tip of his nose, and then trailed his lips further down, over the swell of Leo's cheek, across his jaw, down his neck.

"Clothes on or off?" Frank muttered into his shoulder.

"Whichever," Leo whispered. Frank kissed his shoulder briefly before grabbing the edge of his hoodie and tugging it over his head. Leo rolled his eyes, his messy hair spread against the pillows, "What's with you and clothes off all the time?"
"I just like to see you," Frank shrugged and then kissed down Leo's chest. The Latino gasped when his boyfriend took his nipple into his mouth and let out a tiny moan. Frank kissed down his stomach and dipped his tongue into Leo's navel, causing the boy to giggle.

"Tickles," he mumbled with a smile. Frank grinned up at him and then nipped his protruding hipbone playfully. Leo flicked his forehead, "get on with it," he grumbled and it was Frank's turn to laugh. He tugged off Leo's boxers and saw the the boy was already half-hard. The Asian raised an eyebrow,

"Bit excited, eh?" he teased. Leo blushed and groaned when Frank suddenly licked a wet strip up his dick. His member twitched when Frank reached the tip and Leo let out a stuttered moan when he took him into his mouth. Frank sucked him slowly, teasingly, his tongue swirled around the slit of Leo's member and nibbled the vein running down the underside. By the end Leo was painfully hard in his boyfriend's mouth, and a moaning mess on the pillows.

As he sucked him, Frank lubbed up his fingers and prepared Leo gently, inserting digit after digit until he was three in and Leo was panting against the pillows, begging him to 'just put it in already.' When Frank decided that his boyfriend had had enough, he went back up and kissed him hungrily and then flipped him over so he was laying on his stomach. The Asian grabbed a pillow and propped it under Leo's hips,

"Comfortable?" he asked, placing a kiss at the back of the Latino's neck,

"Mhmm," Leo hummed in agreement, "you?"

"Yeah," Frank grinned, "the view's great," he said, referring to Leo's ass which was, indeed, great. Leo grinned into the pillows and Frank leaned over him, "ready?" he asked more seriously.

"I always am," Leo sent a cheeky grin to Frank over his shoulder. The Asian took this opportunity to lean forward and kiss him again, slipping his tongue into the Latino's mouth. Then he slowly buried himself inside the boy, inch by inch. Leo let out a helpless moan against Frank's lips and his head fell forwards so he could lean against the pillows,

"You okay?" Frank asked, kissing the side of Leo's neck gently, his massive hands hovering over the boy's hips as he sheathed himself fully inside the other boy.

"Did y-you get bigger?" Leo managed, breathing hard. Frank grinned and decided that it was a rhetorical question. He grasped Leo's hips, relishing in the delicious heat around his dick, and pulled out only to thrust back in. Leo whimpered against the pillows, hands fisting in the sheets below him. He was gasping for air in minutes, even though Frank didn't speed up. He kept fucking Leo at a slow, lazy pace, but his thrusts were hard and hit home, making Leo buck helplessly under the dark haired boy's touch, and arch his back every time the Asian hit his prostate. They were both sweaty and breathing hard as Frank thrust into Leo roughly, somehow still keeping it really slow, teasing Leo.

"S-Stop," the boy whined into the pillows, "F-Frank, fuck, j-just...God f-fuck me properly, nghh..."

"Oh," Frank said innocently, pulling his dick almost all the way out, "I thought I was," he thrust back in with so much force that the bed slammed into the wall. Leo cried out, and unable to hold himself up, he collapsed onto the pillows. Frank grabbed his ass and pulled it up so he could still fuck him. Leo let out a weak moan and suddenly Frank started to speed up, his hips snapping forward faster and faster until Leo was sobbing again, but this time from pleasure.
"Oh Gods, y-yes, yes, yes," he whimpered against the pillows as Frank abused his hole, "harder, m-more, Frank...please..."

Frank bit his shoulder roughly, leaving a mark, and Leo's back arched. Frank went impossibly faster, fucking Leo harder and harder until the boy could barely breathe, and definately couldn't speak, letting out silent cries against the pillows. Frank groaned, feeling Leo's tight chanel tighten around him, and he knew he wouldn't last, not with Leo's heat around him.

"Leo," Frank growled into his lover's ear. Leo whimpered and ground his ass against Frank's cock. The man hit his prostate once more and it was enough to send Leo over the edge. The boy cried out, spilling his seed all over the covers. Frank let out a groan and then his dick jerked inside Leo and he came in him.

"I love you," he said afterwards, pulling Leo into his arms and kissing his sweaty forehead. Leo smiled against his chest,

"I love you too." He mumbled.

***

He woke up in the morning in an empty bed. Leo's heart fell for a second and then he smelled the burning, so prominent in his life. He jumped to his feet and sprinted to the kitchen just in his boxers. A bird circled around a burning frying pan, flapping it's wings to try and clear the air.

"What the hell?!" Leo yelled. The bird descended and halfway to the ground it changed into a wild looking Frank.

"I tried to make pancakes," the Asian blurted. Leo stared at him, open mouthed, before shutting down the cooker before it exploded. Inside looked a pathetic brown...something. Leo sighed.

Frank wrapped his arms around the Latino's waist and hugged him from behind.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled. Leo rolled his eyes fondly and turned around. He kissed Frank gently,

"You're hopeless," he informed him with a grin. Frank held him close and pulled him in for a longer kiss, when they pulled apart Leo rested their foreheads together, "There's the crepe shop around the corner. I'll treat you."

Frank grinned,

"Okay."
can you do one where Nico and Mitchell are dating and they run into Nicos ex (a really hot guy) and Mitchell and the ex compete for Nico

It was all going perfectly - Nico and Mitchell saw the new Star Wars movie (Mitch cried) and then got dinner and even ice cream and now they were at a fair. So Mitchell was pretty happy and content as he and Nico strolled down the street, holding hands. Then the guy appeared; he was short, but still taller than Mitch, with a really nice face, fluffy blonde hair and a rockstar smile.

"Nico!" he exclaimed when he saw the two. Nico blinked at him owlishly,

"Ben?" he asked, as if not recognizing the guy. Ben's smile widened and he completely ignored Mitchell, instead throwing his arms around Nico, giving him a very, very friendly hug. Mitchell dropped Nico's hand immediately and watched as Nico hesitantly returned Ben's hug,

"Woah," the blonde gushed, "it's been ages. You've gotten taller," he said appreciatively, eyeing Nico up and down. The Italian looked uncomfortable, "so how have you been, Nic-bear?" Ben continued, "how's Hazel?" he didn't wait for a response and turned on Mitchell, "who's your friend?"


"That's Mitchell," Nico said, "he's my-"

"I'm Ben," the blonde interrupted, shaking a confused Mitchell's hand, "Nico's good friend."

"Um...h-hi?" Mitch said shyly, withdrawing his hand. Ben laughed and gave him a pitying look,

"What, do you have a stutter or something?" he asked.


"Calm down, love," Ben smiled flirtingly at Nico, "I'm just kidding." he turned back to Mitch who wanted the ground to eat him up, "you know, me and Nico used to date."

"O-Oh...that's n-nice," Mitch's heart froze. He looked at Ben - the guy was freaking gorgeous and
he and Nico looked really good together.

*How am I meant to compete with that?!* Mitch thought. Ben lost interest in him and turned back to Nico, placing a "casual" hand on the boy's shoulder,

"Nico, remember that time we went to the arcade?" the blonde asked, smiling.

"Um...the time I won you that teddy bear?" Nico asked, unsure. Ben giggled,

"Yeah, I still have that teddy you know," he said, "it's my favourite," he added, looking right at Mitchell. Nico looked confused,

"So...," Ben continued nonchalantly, "are you guys fucking?"

"N-No!" Mitchell said, blushing to the roots of his hair. Ben laughed again, and Mitchell realised that he was laughing at him. The thought made him want to run away and cry.

"Gods, he's such a virgin," Ben said to Nico as if Mitch wasn't standing right there, "remember our first time? And the time after that? Gods it was glorious," he said as Nico blushed and gave him a weird look. Ben looked at Mitch, "we could do it four times a day sometimes," he whispered dramatically with a wink. Mitchell felt sick - he and Nico hadn't done it yet because he wanted to take it slow...

"Hey, Michael," Ben's eyes narrowed wickedly.

"His name's Mitchell," Nico said, untangling himself from Ben and stepping to the side. He neared Mitchell but he moved away.

"Whatever, let's not pay attention to the details," Ben waved him off, "how about you and me, Mikey, have a little competition?"

"C-Competition?" Mitchell stuttered, getting an uneasy feeling. Ben shrugged casually, and then he pointed to a teddy bear stand where you had to hit bullseye to win one,

"How about we see who can win a teddy bear?" the blonde continued. Mitchell looked at Nico uneasily, but the Italian wasn't looking at him - he was looking at Ben. Dread filled Mitch as he thought that Nico was losing interest because of Ben, who seemed to like him again. Mitchell swallowed - he couldn't back down from this challenge,

"What's the prize?"

"Hmmm...," Ben tapped his chin with a sly look on his face, "a kiss from Nico."

"What?!" Nico exclaimed, "No!"

Mitchell couldn't help but think that Nico didn't want to kiss him. Well...compared to Ben he really wasn't much. Mitch set his mouth in a thin line,

"Deal," he said.

"M-Mitchell!" Nico spluttered. Mitch wasn't looking at him, his hands in fists,

"Let's do this," he said, determined to beat Ben and win Nico's heart, to show that he was just as good. Ben sauntered over to the teddy bear stand and payed for his go. He winked at Nico over his shoulder and then aimed the dart at the bullseye. Mitchell hugged himself and watched, biting his lip. Nico walked over to him and touched his elbow,
"Mitchie, you don't have to do this," he said.

"I want to." Mitch said quietly. Nico sighed and rubbed his face,

"No matter the outcome-"

Ben threw the dart and it landed in the corner of the middle circle. The boy whooped,

"I got bullseye!" he exclaimed, and grinned cruelly at Mitch, "looks like I'm gonna get that kiss," he said, and threw his second dart. It also landed in the middle circle, and Ben did a little dance, purposely shaking his ass at Nico. Mitch couldn't bear to look up and look at Nico, what if he was looking at Mitch? He wouldn't be surprised...

The boy lifted his hand and send the dart flying. It landed a bit outside the middle circle, but still pretty close. The blonde grinned and turned to Mitchell,

"Your turn," he said, "better make an effort or I'm getting that kiss," he grinned at Nico. Mitchell took a deep breath and then stepped forward. He paid and took the first dart in his hand, his heart beating wildly. He closed one eye, aimed, and then threw the dart. It sailed through the air and, to Mitchell's complete surprise, landed perfectly in the middle. The boy smiled in relief and picked his second on confidently,

"Careful," Ben grumbled, "lots is at stake."

But Mitchell wouldn't let Ben kiss Nico. He thought that if he had to witness it, his heart would break. So he relaxed and threw again - BULLSEYE! Mitch felt like cheering when he picked the third dart. The girl behind the counter watched him, bored. Mitchell held his breath, closed one eye, the tip of his tongue sticking out, and let the dart fly...

It hit the outer edge of the board. Mitch felt his heart crumble to the floor as Ben cheered wildly. When the brunette turned around, defeated, he saw that the blonde was ready, facing Nico,

"Come on Nic-bear," he cooed, "give the winner a kiss."

Nico looked at him in silence for two seconds before turning and walking straight up to Mitchell. Before the brunette could react, Nico gathered him up in his arms and kissed him, right there, in front of everyone. Mitchell gasped as the Italian kissed him with a burning passion, and when Ben gasped in outrage, Mitch stopped caring. His eyes fluttered shut and he threw his arms around Nico's neck, kissing him back just as fiercely, feeling like his heart would explode.

When the two finally pulled apart, Ben was gone. The girl from the counter gaped at them,

"That was hot," she told them and handed Mitch his prize - a massive Eeyore. Mitch blushed and ducked his head and then handed the toy to Nico,

"For you," he mumbled. Nico smiled at him and kissed his forehead, tucking Eeyore under his armpit,

"Thank you," he said, and took Mitchell's hand and the boy never felt more happy in his life.
Could you do a story where Leo and Frank are on a quest in winter or in a place where the heat goes out in winter, and they need to cuddle for warmth? And while cuddling they might finally get around to confessing their love for each other?

The wind hurled snow into Leo's face and the tiny pieces of frozen water managed to sneak their way under the boy's collar and down his already freezing body. Leo's teeth clattered as he wadded through the waist deep snow, trying to persuade his dick not to fall off.

"I see a cave!" Frank called somewhere in front, his voice muffled by the wind howling through the trees. Leo briefly remembered Slenderman and all those other scary things he watched on YouTube, but he quickly shook his head and decided to try his chances with the cave rather than the snow.

It was dark and freezing cold inside the cave, but at least the wind wasn't trying to rip Leo's hair out. The boy shivered violently in his five layers of clothes as he followed Frank in the semi-darkness.

"Leo? You following?" Frank asked.

"Y-Yeah," Leo stuttered as Frank led him further into the cave. The more they walked, the warmer it got until they reached the end - an oval, small cave with a chimney like hole in the roof that didn't let in any snow.

"C-Can you start a fire?" Frank stuttered.

"S-Sure...," Leo looked around the cave, and to his surprise found some dry branches in the corner. He quickly piled them underneath the "chimney" and then rubbed his hands together. He
felt a spark on his skin and when he put his hands over the twigs, they grew bright with flames. Immediately Leo felt warmth seep through his drenched clothes.

"This quest sucks," Frank grumbled, eating some ambrosia. He offered some to Leo, "We need to get out of our wet clothes."

"W-What?!" Leo stuttered, "No way!"

"Don't be an idiot," Frank rolled his eyes and unzipped his coat, laying it down on the ground so it could dry, "do you want your nipples to fall off from frost bite?"

"N-No..." Leo blushed. He really didn't want to be naked around Frank. Not only was he scrawny and...well, not appealing, but he also didn't know how his body would react to the other boy.

Who was slipping off his t-shirt by the way, revealing his amazingly muscled back to Leo, who felt a blush rising in his cheeks as he quickly averted his gaze,

"Come on, Leo," Frank unzipped his jeans, "I won't look."

"Promise?" Leo asked sceptically. Frank snorted,

"Yeah, why would I want to look at you naked?" he asked. The comment stung but Leo ignored it, it's not like he expected anything else. Quickly he shrugged his wet clothes off, laying them on the ground like Frank did. The fire cackled happily, casting shadows on the cave walls. Frank stood, facing the wall, just in his boxers. Leo sat, hugging himself, blushing.

"I have a blanket," Frank remembered suddenly and turned around to rummage through his backpack.

"Oi!" Leo flushed, "you were meant to not look!" he said, shivering because it was still pretty cold. Frank rolled his eyes and pulled out a fluffy black blanket from his backpack.

"Whatever, I don't care," he informed Leo, not even sparing him a look, and then sat in the corner, the massive blanket wrapped around his shoulders, "we'll wait out the storm and finish the quest tomorrow, okay?"

Leo looked at him shyly through his eyelashes,

"Okay." He shivered. Frank frowned and then opened the blanket like a cape,

"C'mere, you look cold."

"I-I'm fine," Leo lied, trying not to look at Frank's muscular chest.

"Don't be an idiot," Frank rolled his eyes, "I'm kinda cold too, so just come on and share your body heat with me, firebug."

Leo sighed, but the wind was biting into his back and chest and he really wanted to cuddle Frank right now, so he got up, trying to hide his skinny frame from the other boy, and sat down next to him awkwardly. Frank threw the blanket around Leo's shoulders and they shuffled but somehow they were unable to wrap the blanket all around themselves, leaving their legs cold and expose. Leo shivered violently,

"Shit," Frank swore, "your lips are blue."
"I'm fine," Leo mumbled. Without warning, the Asian grabbed him and pulled Leo into his lap so the boy was straddling him. Leo found himself face-to-face with his crush and he flushed, "F-Frank?"

The Asian ignored him and instead wrapped the blanket securely around both of them, which caused him to hug Leo into his chest. His skin was warm against Leo's palms and he smelled really nice as well, like cologne and his apple shampoo. Frank shifted so his he could wrap his arms around Leo's waist and the Latino blushed, feeling himself grow hard in his shorts.

_Fuck not now._

At least he wasn't cold anymore. Frank frowned down at him,

"You went all pale," he informed Leo. The Latino shrugged and looked away,

"Your lips are blue," Frank said worriedly, then he cradled Leo to his chest more, "here, you'll warm up quicker."

"Frank...," Leo protested weakly. Frank's large hand rubbed circles into the small of his back,

"I always wanted to be with you like this," the Asian admitted quietly. Leo blinked, his face pressed into Frank's shoulder, he was warm and dizzy, "you're really breathtaking, you know."

"W-What are you talking about?" Leo mumbled, feeling warmth flood his body, why was Frank saying all those things about him?

"I don't know, I feel brave all of a sudden," Frank said breathlessly, then, "you're really beautiful."

"D-Don't say that," Leo flushed and buried his face in the Asian's shoulder.

"It's true," Frank's hand was gentle against Leo's back, "you're the most beautiful person I've ever seen."

Leo pulled away to look up at Frank, his face was flushed, eyes glazed over,

"I'm really dizzy," he mumbled. Frank touched his forehead as if to check for a fever, and then his hand slid down to cup Leo's cheek,

"Your lips around blue anymore," he said, glancing down at Leo's mouth. Leo shivered but this time it wasn't from the cold, he looked up at Frank through his eyelashes, he felt drunk...

"Can you check my tempature?" he mumbled. Frank frowned but then nodded, pressing his lips against Leo's forehead. The Latino surged upwards, causing his and Frank's lips to connect. The Asian sucked in a startled breath and tried to pull away but Leo grabbed his face and kept him there, kissing him fiercely. Frank couldn't resist him, his hands sliding down to touch Leo's body; his stomach, shoulders, back, as his tongue battled Leo's for dominance.

Suddenly Leo's mind cleared and he realised what he was doing. He pulled away and looked at Frank - flushed and looking at him like he was the eighth wonder of the world. Leo's heart stuttered,

"I love you," he told Frank. The Asian blinked at him and then he surged forward and kissed Leo again, harder and hotter this time, desperately. Leo moaned and let the other boy push him down onto the ground. Their breaths mingled together and Leo wasn't cold anymore, not with Frank right there, pressed against him.
"They're here!" Hazel said excitedly, peering out of the window. Calypso grinned and wrapped her arm around her girlfriend's shoulders and kissed her cheek,

"This is going to be a wonderful Christmas," she said. Her hair was in two strawberry blonde braids and she wore a rudolph the red nose reindeer christmas sweater. Hazel had one with a snowman that lit up. The two girls grinned and kissed softly, just as the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it!" Hazel scrambled over the windowsill and ran face first into Reyna. "Ouch!" the girl rubbed her nose as the Roman immediately turned to her, examining her face,

"Christ, Haze," she said, checking for injuries, "I told you don't run or you'll hurt yourself!" the girl's searching hands were gentle against Hazel's skin. The girl pouted,

"Sorry," she muttered.

"Is Nico here?" Reyna asked.

"Yup," Hazel brightened up and then pecked Reyna's lips, "I'll go open," she said when the doorbell rang again, and dashed off. Calypso came out of the living room and slid an arm around Reyna's waist. She kissed her cheek,

"I'm really glad you put the jumper on," she told her other girlfriend. Reyna rolled her eyes and Calypso kissed her shoulder playfully, "hey, it looks nice on you."

"Oh shut up," Reyna kissed her, looking fond, "now come on, I wanna see my brother in law."

The two girls followed their love to the front door, where she was busy hugging her brother tightly. Nico's boyfriend stood to the side, looking a bit awkward.
"Will!" Calypso extracted herself from her girlfriend in order to hug the blonde, "I haven't seen you in forever!"

"I know, I know," the blonde laughed as Nico went to hug Reyna. He was dressed in black as usual, and he let his hair grow out a bit more so it curled around his ears. He looked a lot less tired these days and he embraced Reyna warmly.

"Hi," he mumbled into her hair. He grew a bit and now they were almost the same height, "I missed you."

Reyna squeezed her almost-brother warmly,

"It's good to see you," she told him, feeling warmth flooding her - the family was home...well, at least part of it.

***

Leo ventured through the kitchen, practically drowning in Frank's Christmas jumper, following his nose. Everything smelled delicious - there was chicken roasting in the oven (f*ck turkey) alongside potatoes and vegetables. Salads littered the countertop alongside all the food that other people brought; Nico had insalata di mareand polpo, some weird Italian dish with octopus in it, as well as ricotta and spinach filled agnolotti. Leo himself brought ham, cheese and Spanish chorizo sausages and Mantecados, Spanish crumble cakes. There was Coquito, a Puerto Rican eggnog that Reyna made, Apart from that there was ice cream and chips and those weird Pierogi things that Will liked so much and other delicious stuff. Leo felt his mouth water as he reached for the cake, wanting to pluck one of the glazed cherries from the top.

Suddenly Frank was by him,

"What are you doing?" he asked, arms crossed over his chest. Leo froze, "You know Reyna's going to kill you if you eat that."

Leo snorted and rolled his eyes, reaching for the cherry again, "Calm down, it's just a cherry."

Quick as lighting, Frank grabbed Leo and hauled him over his shoulder as if he weighed nothing. Leo squeaked and began protesting but Frank ignored him, walking into the living room where everyone was relaxing before the dinner, and dumped his boyfriend into Piper's lap. The girl broke off mid-word, surprised,

"Oh, hello," she said.

"Keep him out of the kitchen," Frank said, "actually, someone should guard the kitchen."

Leo pouted and crossed his arms over his chest,

"Meany. You're meant to love me!"

"Not in my job description!" Frank yelled, returning to the kitchen. He glimpsed the cake...and the cherry was missing. The Asian looked up and saw a guilty looking Percy in the corner of the room, eyes wide.

"You didn't."

"I'm sorry," he squeaked, "please don't tell Reyna!"

"Tell me what?" Reyna asked, walking in.
"This year I'd like to thank Reyna," Annabeth said sweetly, reaching across the circle to squeeze the girl's hand, "for just maiming and not killing my husband."

"No problem," Reyna smiled at Percy, who sulked next to his blonde girlfriend, "this year I'd like to thank Frank for guarding the kitchen."

"Oh," Frank smiled shyly and rubbed the back of his neck, "no problem...I'd like to thank Hazel for being an amazing friend."

"Aww," Hazel pecked his cheek and then reached over to cuddle into her girlfriend, "I'd like to thank Cali for having a Gossip Girl marathon with me even though she hates it, and just being a wonderful girlfriend," she said. Calypso grinned and kissed her forehead,

"It was an excuse to cuddle," she admitted, "I'd like to thank Annabeth for designing our beautiful house," she turned to the blonde. Annabeth smiled,

"I'd like to thank Piper for helping me organise the wedding," she said, pulling her best friend into a hug. Piper laughed and kissed her cheek,

"Thanks. I'd like to thank Jason for being an amazing boyfriend," she untangled herself from Annabeth and kissed her boyfriend on the lips. Jason smiled and made the kiss longer then it was meant to be,

"I'd like to thank," he said, still staring at Piper, "Percy for being my best man."

"Bless you," Percy clutched his heart, "I'd like to thank Leo for helping me out with the car, like all the time."

Leo grinned at him, "No problem," he said. "I'd like to thank Frank-"

"You can't!" Reyna protested, "he already went."

"Oh," Leo sulked, "well...I'd like to thank Will for patching me up when I twisted my ankle."

Will smiled brightly,

"No problem!" he said, and then wrapped an arm around Nico, "and I'd like to thank Nico for being there for me for another year."

"Awww," Piper and Hazel cooed. Nico rolled his eyes, his face red,

"Don't be cheesy," he mumbled.

***

"God I'm stuffed," Leo mumbled, collapsing on the couch next to Frank. The lights were switched off and everyone went off to rest before going out to see fireworks. Frank was curled up on the couch watching Home Alone, a blanket thrown over him. He hummed in response to Leo's statement and then lifted the blanket. Leo weaseled his way in front of his boyfriend, his back to the boy's chest, and Frank wrapped an arm around his waist, kissing the back of his head.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" he asked sleepily.

"Yeah," Leo smiled. He intertwined his and Frank's fingers together over his stomach,
"I love you," Frank murmured. Leo nodded but his eyes were already dropping and he was too tired to say it back. Not that Frank minded, he knew Leo loved him too.

***

"It's snowing," Piper said in awe, staring at the snowflakes falling from the sky in awe, "woah."

"Yeah," Jason agreed, but he wasn't looking at the sky, instead staring at his girlfriend. He tucked a piece of her hair behind her ear and she smiled at him,

"What?" she asked when she saw him staring,

"Nothing," Jason whispered and pulled her into his arms so he could rest their foreheads together, "I just love you."

Piper smiled and kissed him,

"I love you too, dumbass."

***

"What are we doing out here?" Nico asked as Will dragged him out into the garden. There was a thin layer of snow on the grass, which secretly excited Nico. His boyfriend didn't answer him, instead pressing Nico up against a tree and kissing him passionately. Nico smiled against his lips and tangled his hands in the boy's hair. Will pulled away,

"Nooo," Nico whined, reaching for him, "come back."

Instead, Will went down on one knee in the snow. Nico blinked at him and then he flushed. But before he could utter a word, Will spoke.

"Nico, I love you and you're honestly the best thing that ever happened to me," he said, looking up at Nico with so much love that it nearly made the Italian's heart stop, "and even thinking of ever being without you breaks my heart. I want all of you, forever, all the good things and the bad, the nightmares and the arguments and your annoying habits, I want all of it," Will took Nico's hand and whispered, "so, will you marry me?"

And Nico, crying like a baby, said yes. Of course.

***

Reyna and Calypso walked into their bedroom and found Hazel asleep in the middle of their King sized bed. The two girls smiled at each other,

"Would you look at her," Cali said softly, "she's so gorgeous." she ran her hand through Hazel's curls.

"So are you," Reyna kissed the side of her head. Cali smiled and then kissed Reyna,

"Come on, I wanna nap," she murmured. Reyna flicked the light off and then lied down next to Hazel. Calypso lied behind the girl and wrapped her arms around her waist. Hazel woke up briefly and saw Reyna in front of her,

"Love you," she mumbled, pressing her face into the dark haired girl's shoulder. She squeezed Calypso's hand, "and you. I love you too."
"Annabeth?" Percy knocked on the bathroom door, worried, "Hey, you okay? You've been there a while..."

Annabeth didn't reply but two minutes later she opened the door, threw something at Percy, and then shut the door again. The boy blinked and knelt down picking up...the pregnancy test. He looked over it, once, twice, and he forgot how to breathe. He stood up on shaky knees and knocked softly on the door,

"Annabeth," he whispered, "open the door."

"No."

"Annabeth," Percy murmured, "please."

Slowly, hesitantly, the blonde opened the door. She was crying,

"I'm not pregnant," she whispered and her voice cracked. It broke Percy's heart to see her like this so he gathered her up into his arms and kissed her softly,

"It's okay, baby," he murmured, "it's not your fault. We'll try again," Annabeth nodded and pressed her face into Percy's chest. The boy kissed the top of her head, "I still love you."

"I know," Annabeth mumbled, "I love you too."
Chapter Notes

This turned really angsty I'm sorry, for Love.

Can u do a jerky fix where Percy is in love w Jason but Jason bullies him Jason tops for Love

Dear Diary,

He's beautiful. I think he's beautiful and it scares me because he's a boy and I'm a boy. I like girls, I'm sure I like girls. It comes naturally to me, thinking they're pretty and admiring their bodies. But so did this - I look at Percy Jackson and my heart stops and I can't breathe and it scares me because he's a boy. That's why I do it.

- Jason.

Jason slammed Percy into the lockers and the dark haired boy's breath left his body in a whoosh. The locker dug into his back painfully and he was sure he'd have bruises the next day. The old ones haven't finished healing yet...Percy winced and glared up at the blonde that had him backed up against the lockers.

"Aw, did someone shit on your parade, Jason?" he asked even as his back throbbed, not wanting to look weak. Jason pulled him forwards only to slam him back into the locker,

"Shut your mouth Jackson," Jason growled, glaring. Percy cracked a smile. There was a ring of people gathered around them and Percy knew he only had to endure it for a few more minutes before the principal came running. Percy didn't see the fist coming, he just felt it connect with his jaw. The boy felt pain explode in his face and he barely had time to suck in a startled breath when a knee came up to his stomach. Percy let out a groan as the wind was knocked out of him and he crumbled to the floor. He could taste the coppery tang of blood in his mouth.

Jason kicked him, hard.

"Get the punk!" One of his friends - Octavian - yelled. Percy saw the foot coming and he grabbed it and tried to trip Jason up but he couldn't because the blonde was a lot stronger. He grabbed Percy's throat and slammed him into the lockers again, cutting off his air supply. Percy didn't claw at his hand and gasp for breath no matter how much he wanted to, instead he just glared at the blonde as he felt his brain go fuzzy.
"What is the meaning of this?!" the principal - Chiron - demanded, pushing past students to haul Jason off of Percy. The dark haired boy's legs felt like cotton wool but he managed to stay upright somehow. In seconds his best friend, Annabeth, was at his side, keeping him upwards. Chiron was yelling at Jason, leading him to his office.

"Come," Annabeth said urgently when the bell went and everyone lost interest, walking off to their own classes, "you need to see the nurse."

"I'm fine," Percy protested, adrenaline buzzing through his body. Annabeth raised an eyebrow, and then Leo - one of Percy's few friends - was on his other side,

"Mate, you're bleeding," he informed Percy. The dark haired boy glanced down at his shirt and sure enough it was ruined, splattered with red liquid. Percy groaned, Gabe would kill him.

Dear Diary,

I had his blood on my hands today. Not much, it was just from his nose and his busted lip. He glared at me as I choked him and I felt something die inside me again, because I hate to see him hurt but I'm the one hurting him. I don't understand, I catch myself thinking about him and it confuses and scares me so much I sometimes think killing myself would be easier than facing him every day. I don't get these feelings...he's the only one who ever made me feel like this.

- Jason.

When Percy came into the house, Smelly Gabe, his step-father, was already waiting for him. The fat, ugly man sat in his favorite armchair, his fingers greasy from eating a cheesburger, his murky eyes angry.

"Percy," he said, trying to sound fatherly, "I heard of the little...incident at school today."

Percy dropped his bag in the corner, heart thrumping hard against his ribs. The bruise on his jaw hurt.

"It wasn't my fault," he said automatically, though he knew it wouldn't do him any good. Gabe stood up and cracked his knuckles and Percy flinched,

"If you were involved it's your fault, son," Gabe said, "and you know what the punishment is for beating people up."

Percy backed up against the wall, knowing it wouldn't help him but still feeling fear trying to push him into the darkest corner, away from Gabe.

"I didn't hit him," he said. His step-father glared at him,

"You should've, you pathetic excuse of a boy," he growled and then came the punch. Percy's head snapped to the side painfully and he felt pain bloom in his cheek. Gabe continued speaking, "you're a good for nothing piece of shit," he kicked Percy's legs from underneath him and sent the boy sprawling on the floor, "fucking faggot, I'll teach you respect," the man growled and then started kicking Percy. He wore his combat boots specifically for this occasion and every hard kick sent Percy gasping for breath. He curled into a ball on the floor, eyes squeezed shut as pain wracked his body, trying to think of something, anything else.

He ended up thinking about Jason - how he sometimes looked at Percy. He looked like he almost cared when he thought Percy wasn't looking and it intrigued the boy as well as scared him. He never knew what to expect from Jason - he looked like he wanted to kiss Percy but instead he'd
end up kicking him and Percy thought that maybe he was sick, trying to look for love where there was only hate. Gabe was right, he was disgusting, twisted.

The kicks seemed far away, Percy's head swam. Better him than his mom.

He didn't notice when he blacked out.

***

It was always like this - Percy the rebel kid who nobody wanted to hang out with, Piper the feminist weirdo vegetarian who hugged trees, Leo the hyperactive pyromaniac, Hazel the shy, quiet girl, Frank the silent jock, too afraid to speak out and Annabeth, the brightest of them all who would become someone great. Percy loved all of them, thought all of them were perfect the way they were.

At lunch they snuck out to a tiny forgotten clearing behind the school, surrounded by weeping willows on one side and a lake by the other, creating a fantastic cover from the sun and rain. Nobody ever came there because you had to go over a wall to get there. Nobody but the six. That's where they were now. Percy sat on the grass, enjoying the warm summer breeze, and Leo patched him up. He had skilled, frantic but careful fingers and he wrapped Percy's wrist in a gauze. It wasn't broken just sprained.

"I'll kill Gabe," Frank growled, still fuming over Percy's injuries. Hazel, his girlfriend, placed a hand on his shoulder,

"Calm down," she said, "your anger won't help anyone."

"Yeah," Piper added, cracking an eye open from where she was meditating, "you're scaring the squirrels."

"Fuck your squirrels, Pipes," Frank spat.

"That goes against my morals," the girl pointed out. Frank sighed and turned to Percy,

"Then at least let me beat Jason up. He deserves it, you know he does." Percy shook his head, picking at the grass, and Frank groaned, "Why do you always defend him?! He's such a piece of crap, always just beating you up, I don't understand what you see in him..."

"I don't know," Percy shrugged, "I just...I remember him as that sweet kid back in primary, before he became all of...this," he waved his hand in the air, unable to find the right word, "and I know somewhere underneath all that anger he's the same kind guy I once knew."

"Ugh," Annabeth stood up from where she was sitting on a piece of an old wall, "you're gonna make me puke." She over-exaggerated.

"No, but seriously," Leo said, finishing up his job and looking at Percy, frowning, "he's hurting you."

"A lot of people are hurting me," Percy gave him a fond smile and ruffled his hair, "I can handle it."

***

Percy liked to swim after school, it relaxed him and helped him clear his mind. And it meant he didn't have to go home so quickly. Afterall, he couldn't go to people's houses all the time, so he much preferred the underground swimming pool as an after school activity.
Percy was tired but content - he did loads of laps and although his muscles ached, he felt confident he could get a swimming scholarship. Percy smiled, so late in the evening there was nobody here to see his scars and bruises. And as he glanced at the clock he made sure that football practice was over so he wouldn't bump into any of the players. Or Jason.

Percy knew what the blonde was doing to him was wrong, but he was determined to turn the blonde around, to reveal the kindness he knew was there. The boy sighed and padded into the empty locker room. The harsh lights flickered on after a few seconds and Percy froze.

Jason sat on one of the benches, his head in his hands, still wearing his sweaty PE kit. His head snapped up when he saw the lights flicker on and his eyes narrowed when he saw Percy. He was up in seconds and had Percy backed up against a wall. The dark haired boy flinched when Jason punched the wall next to his head,

"What the fuck are you doing here, Jackson?" Jason seethed, his eyes boring holes into Percy's. The dark haired boy felt his heart-beat stutter at Jason's closeness. He wanted to reach out and touch the boy-

"I do swimming," Percy rolled his eyes, "duh." He added, trying to subtly cover himself with the towel. But it was too late, Jason saw. The blonde ripped the towel out of his hands, nostrils flaring, and he glanced down at Percy's torso. His glare fell away and the towel slipped from his fingers. Percy blushed. He knew what he looked like - there was a scar across his ribs and multiple bruises dotting his sides. There were cuts on his chest and thin stomach, and everything was yellow and purple and blue.

"W-What the hell is this?" Jason whispered, backing away. Percy quickly picked the towel up and covered himself,

"Nothing," he said coldly, "none of your business."

"I didn't do this," Jason said, eyes wide. His gaze faltered, "did I?"

"No." Percy said, because he couldn't bear for the blonde to feel guilty over what Gabe did, even if two of the bruises were his fault. The dark haired boy brushed past Jason and quickly tugged on a shirt and sweat pants, not bothering to take his wet swimming trunks off.

"Jackson-" Jason started uncertainly.

"Save it," Percy snapped and walked out as fast as he could.

***

Dear Diary,

I don't know what to do. Do I tell someone? Do I call the police?! Percy's being abused, probably at home...

And yet, I do the same to him. I can't do it anymore, the bruises might've kept my feelings at bay but if I have to pay for his safety with confronting my feelings then I will. I won't ever hurt him again, and I won't let anyone else do it.

- Jason.

Percy came home and immediately a beer bottle flew over his head and smashed into the front door. The boy flinched and watched shards of glass hit the ground and he considered running outside, but he knew if it wasn't him, it would be Sally the bottles were aimed at. So with his heart
trailing behind him and his stomach clenching painfully, Percy trekked into the living room to face Gabe.

"You!" his step father roared, "you piece of shit bastard child!"

Percy didn't say anything, just stared at his feet. Gabe slapped him, hard, and Percy clenched his teeth together, trying to keep his tears at bay. It hurt and he didn't know if he could stand it anymore. Where did the abuse stop. Gabe stank of alcohol, but it didn't surprise Percy, if he was drunk it meant he didn't need an excuse to beat Percy. The man punch Percy in the gut, causing him to double over in pain, and then he slammed his head into the wall. Percy slid down to the floor, clutching his skull as ripples of pain shot through his brain.

"S-Stop..."

"Don't talk to me, cunt," Gabe spat and kicked Percy forcefully in the stomach. The boy cried out and tried to shield himself from the blows, but it was no good. Gabe assaulted him with kicks and punches and then he broke a bottle on the table and advanced onto his step son. Percy was dizzy, his vision blurry, thoughts hazy. "This is it, it's over, I can't look at you anymore," Gabe growled and lifted the broken bottle. It gleamed wickedly in the light of the lamp.

Before Gabe could hit him, Jason knocked the man to the side. Percy had no idea were he came from - maybe he was just imagining him - but he watched hazily as Jason punched Gabe over and over and then called someone.

"Percy? Percy?" the blonde asked, crouching in front of him and taking Percy's face into his hands, "Percy, you'll be okay, d-don't...don't sleep, okay? Percy, oka..."

***

It took three weeks for Percy to come out from hospital. Over that time Gabe got a trial and got accused of child abuse and domestic violence and sentenced to three years in jail. Sally came every day and cried and held her son's hand and apologized. And Leo, Piper, Frank, Hazel and Annabeth came too - they brought Percy food and comic books and DVD's and told him about school and filled him in on the latest gossip - well, Hazel did anyway.

And, after a month, when Percy was back at home, Jason came too.

"Hi," he said, stepping into Percy's room. The dark haired boy averted his gaze. There was a bandage wrapped around his forehead and one of those massive, ugly plasters on his cheeks. His hands were bandaged up and he wore the horrible hospital gown. He didn't want Jason to see him like this.


"I-I...I hope you get better soon," the blonde mumbled. Percy offered him a small smile and stuck the flowers in a vase by his bedside,

"Thank you, they're awesome," he told Jason. Then he bit his lip, "I...I wanted to thank you, for stopping my step father."

Jason looked at him and his eyes filled with pain. He collapsed on the chair by Percy's bedside, "Don't say that," he murmured, "don't thank me. I'm a monster, I h-hurt you..."

"Jason," Percy said softly, "you're not a monster. Sure you beat me up but it's okay, I can take it,"
he smiled. Jason's shoulders dropped,

"You shouldn't have to take it," he whispered. Shyly, he took Percy's hand in his own, "you don't have to be brave and strong all the time. What Gabe did...what I did...it wasn't right. You didn't deserve it."

"Jason-" Percy started. Jason tightened his hold on Percy's hand,

"Listen, j-just please," he whispered, "I-I...the only reason I did what I did, is because I-I had these...feelings, for you," Jason looked up at Percy, who was watching him with wide eyes, "I was so scared because I never felt like that about a boy and...and I-I don't know, I kind of thought..." Jason bit his lip, "I thought if I hurt you and made your hate me then the feelings would go away."

"And did they?" Percy asked quietly.

"No." Jason whispered, he looked up at Percy with soft eyes, "you deserve someone caring and gentle, someone who can protect you and never lay a hand on you...I'm not that person, and although I promise to never hurt you again, I know that I don't deserve you, and I never will. Still...," Jason let go of Percy's shaking hand, "I love you."

The boy stood up to leave, but Percy couldn't let him, he wouldn't. His hand shot out and he grabbed Jason's hand,

"Please," he said in a small voice, "just do one more thing for me."

"Anything," Jason said, sitting on the bed next to Percy. The dark haired boy watched his face for a second, still holding Jason's hand,

"Kiss me," he whispered. Jason's eyes widened,

"P-Percy," he breathed, "I can't, I don't de-"

Percy didn't wait for him to finish. He grabbed Jason's face in his hands and crashed their lips together. Jason couldn't resist him, not when he finally came to terms with what he was feeling. So he wrapped his arms around Percy and pulled him close and told himself it was just a kiss. And when he licked hesitantly at the boy's lips, Percy let him in. Jason kissed him fiercely, passionately, and when he pulled away both of them were breathing hard.

"I don't deserve you," Jason murmured, still holding Percy in his arms because he couldn't bear to let him go. Percy caressed the blonde's face.

"Jas, I need you to touch me," he mumbled, pressing their foreheads together, lips inches apart. Jason let out a shuddery breath, "I want you, just you...a-and I forgive you," he said, seeing the pained look on Jason's face, "and all I need right now is for you to mark me with something else then pain and bruises. Can you do that for me? Just this one thing?"

Jason kissed him again, slower this time, more careful,

"Tell me if you want to stop," he murmured and pushed Percy backwards. But the boy didn't want to stop and he let Jason kiss him, letting out gasps when his gentle hands undressed him slowly, carefully. Percy began crying when Jason placed warm kisses all over his body, his bruises and cuts, handling him with so much care as if he was a priceless object.

Percy moaned when Jason prepared him, slowly, and kissed him like he wanted to keep him forever. Percy touched Jason's gorgeous body and thrust his hips upwards and when Jason entered
him. Percy thought that all those years of pain were worth it because now Jason was holding him, cherishing him, looking at him as if he was the only thing in the world. Jason made love to Percy slowly, sweetly, as if trying to reverse all the times he hurt him. They kissed passionately but Jason never once hurt Percy, kissing and biting his skin lightly, making sure not to push Percy, murmuring sweet nothings into his neck as Percy's back arched and he cried out, Jason stroked Percy to completion and then he himself came.

"I love you, I love you," Jason whispered into his skin and Percy cradled him close, eyes fluttering shut, completely exhausted.

"Stay?" he murmured and Jason nodded. He wrapped himself around Percy and threw a blanket over them and promised himself that he would never, ever let anybody hurt his love ever again. And if he ever hit him himself, well...the world wouldn't miss him.
Jason lived alone in a small house in Brooklyn after Piper moved out. The two were still good friends, but they couldn't bear to live together after Jason admitted that he was gay. So they parted on good terms and ever since then Jason was alone in his small mansion. Until now, because there was a stranger sitting on his doorstep. Mind you, it was the middle of winter and the snow was falling down hard, layering the ground. Jason locked his car and then uncertainly walked over to the bundle outside his front door,

"Excuse me?" he called over the wind, "are you okay?"

The person looked up - it was a boy. His face was dirty, his eyes wide and scared.

"I-I...," he stuttered, "I'm so sorry, I'll go now-" he started, and he got to his feet. His swayed dangerously, and stumbled into a wall as if he was drunk. Jason was at his side in seconds, wrapping an arm around the boy's waist, steadying him.

"Woah, there, are you okay?" he asked worriedly. The small Latino leaned on the blonde, "I'm cold," he mumbled, "so c-cold."

Jason didn't care that the boy was a stranger, and dirty at that, he hoisted him up into his arms and carried him to the front door. The boy pressed his face against the warmth of Jason's chest and the blonde felt a pang in his heart, feeling the sudden need to protect the person in his arms. He somehow managed to unlock the door with one hand and he stumbled inside, the stranger clinging onto him.

Jason shut the door and set the boy down in the living room. His lips were blue,

"Shit," Jason swore and then sprinted to the bathroom. He unscrewed the tap and let warm water fill the tub, before running back into the living room. The stranger slid down the couch, so he was
half-sitting, half-lying and Jason would terrified he'd die. He crouched down in front of the Latino and shook his shoulder, "hey, hey wake up."

The stranger's eyes cracked open. They were beautiful, like chocolate chips, and Jason’s breath caught for a second,

"I'm going to have to give you a bath so you can...unfreeze, or whatever," the blonde said quickly, "can I undress you?"

"Buy me dinner first," the guy mumbled weakly, but he threw his skinny arms around Jason and let the blonde carry him to the bathroom. Jason set him down on the closed toilet seat and gently began undressing the boy. He imagined that he was somewhere else, preferably with some old lady with saggy boobs, and not in front of a dying, really attractive boy.

He took the boy's coat on and then his jumper and shirt. Jason's eyes lazily scanned the tanned, skinny body in front of him and the boy felt himself flush before shaking his head and reaching for the guy's trousers.

"So what's your name?" he asked, trying to distract himself and get the guy to stay awake.

"Leo," the guy mumbled sleepily and helped Jason to get him out of his khaki pants. He was left just in his boxers. Jason blushed and averted his gaze, before pulling the boxers off in one swift movement. Leo seemed too cold to even notice, and Jason picked him up quickly. He felt the boy's freezing cold body press against his and he felt something stir inside him but right now was not the moment.

The blonde put Leo gently down in the warm water. The boy let out a sigh as the water washed over his muscles. Jason accidently looked at the rippling water and saw the boy's naked, tanned body, stretched out, all in front of him. Leo's head rolled back and his cheeks flushed at the sudden rush of warmth, hair sticking to his cheeks from the wet air. Jason's heart beat picked up, he couldn't ever remember seeing someone so hot in his life.

The blonde turned away hurriedly but Leo's hand shot out and he grabbed his sleeve, "Don't," he said, voice hoarse, "I can't feel m-my legs, I might drown."

"My name's Jason," he said. Leo hummed in reply and Jason heard the water slushing around in the bath when the boy shifted. The two sat in silence as Leo's bones un-froze. Every once in a while Jason would squeeze his hand and Leo would squeeze back, letting know he was alive.

"So how come you were freezing on my doorstep?" Jason asked after a while. Leo peered at him over the edge of the bath, and he looked a lot more alive now,

"I ran away."

"From?" Jason raised an eyebrow.

"An insane asylum," Leo grinned. Jason ripped his hand away,

"Jesus!"

"I'm kidding," Leo rolled his eyes, "I...," he bit his lip, "I'm kind of here illegally," he admitted quietly, turning his eyes away, "they kicked me out of the house."
"Oh," Jason's heart twisted - Leo looked so heartbroken that the blonde didn't understand how anyone could throw him out of his own home. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Leo mumbled, he looked up at Jason shyly, "d-do...do you mind borrowing me some clothes?"

"Sure," Jason scrambled to his feet and ran out of the bathroom, almost tripping in the kitchen. He made it to his bedroom and rummaged through his closet, looking for something that could fit the Latino. In the end he decided on a pair of grey sweatpants and one of his red t-shirts. He left them in the bathroom and closed the door before going to the kitchen and putting the kettle on.

He prepared some tea and when he was done, Leo padded out of the bathroom. He looked adorable in Jason's oversized clothes, and a lot more alert and clean. Jason offered him tea and the boy took it, and plopped down on the couch. He drank in silence, a blush on his cheeks.

"Are you alright?" Jason asked. Leo looked at him,

"I'm sorry," he mumbled. Jason smiled,

"It's okay, don't worry about it," he said, taking the empty cup from the Latino, "you can stay as long as you want," he said, turning to put the dishes in the sink without Leo noticing his blush. Did he go too far?

"R-Really?" Leo asked, awed. Jason shrugged.

"Yeah, it's cold, you can stay here."

Suddenly, Leo's arms were around Jason and there were soft lips against his cheek.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," he whispered against Jason's soft skin. The blonde flushed.

And Leo did end up staying...forever.
I wonder

Chapter Notes

For OneTimeVulcun

See the end of the chapter for more notes

can you do a story when Percy visits Leo in the hospital (Leo's be in a coma for 6 months) and Leo wakes up 2 days later

Leo Valdez never believed in soul mates, because he didn't think anybody could ever love him, and he was okay with that. His mother loved him but she died and the rest of Leo's family wouldn't take him in, and he knew why - it was impossible to love him, but that was okay.

He had other things to live for; Jason and Reyna and Calypso. They were amazing friends and Leo loved them (even if they didn't love him back), he loved his job at the repair shop and his cosy little flat and his cat Munchkin. So no, no matter how much everyone told Leo that he was 'lonely' and 'needed to find someone' and no matter how many doctors diagnosed him with depression, Leo thought he was happy.

Or as happy as you can be in a love-less life. So what if he cried himself to sleep? Lots of people did that...

Then the accident happened - a drunk driver slammed into Leo's motorbike. The boy went flying, broke three ribs and two bones, and had a pierced lung. After the operation he just...didn't wake up. A coma, they said, but Leo couldn't hear them. Jason and Reyna cried over him and came almost every day at the beginning, but when the days stretched into weeks and weeks into months, they stopped coming.

Percy Jackson never believed in soul mates...

Okay, that's a lie. Once upon a time he did believe that there was one person out there for him in the world, someone so perfect that Percy would never fall out of love with them, someone to spend the rest of his life with. And for a long time Percy thought that Annabeth was that person;
she was beautiful and funny and outrageously brave. She was everything he ever wanted and they were happy-

Until they weren't. Until Percy fell out of love and left her. She hated him now - wouldn't answer his calls. He was sorry, so damn sorry, but he didn't know how to make it better, he couldn't force himself to love her, no matter how much he wanted to. That's why he did it, he spent nights in his cold apartment, all alone, and all his friends turned from him. Hazel and Piper couldn't forgive him for leaving Annabeth when she was waiting for him in a wedding dress, and Frank thought he was heartless.

So the boy was all alone, heartbroken, with nothing for live for. So he bought the pills and the alcohol and he drowned his sorrows in the drink. His neighbour called the ambulance and they got to him in time. And then it was white walls and IV and injections for days...

Nobody came to visit.

Percy couldn't stand it anymore. The constant beeping of the heart monitor was making him go insane. He was so glad that he was being let out the next day, because he didn't think he could stand staring at the white washed walls any longer. The TV was a relief, but there was only so many re-runs of Keeping up with the Kardashian's that Percy could watch before falling asleep.

On his last day, he decided to do some exploring. He was so excited, buzzing with life. The doctor's and psychologist decided that he wouldn't try suicide again, and he was left with no guards. So Percy slipped on his shoes and then slipped out into the corridor. It was just as white-washed as his room, but there were family-friendly posters on the walls, advertising all the ways you can prevent suicide.

Percy walked past the empty chairs and rooms - he didn't care for the suicide ward, he wanted to see something else. So the boy slipped downstairs. It was dark outside and visiting hours were over. It was Percy's least favorite time because everything was eerily silent, and there were no families visiting their loved ones. The boy walked into the coma ward because he decided that that's where he would least likely be attacked by some suicidal maniac.

Sure enough, the whole place seemed to be asleep. Percy hummed to himself and walked past the rooms. In each one there was either an empty bed, or a death-like person lying on the covers, unmoving. Percy was getting pretty bored when he heard the footsteps around the corner, and the voices of two nurses. Panic flooded him and the boy quickly sneaked into the closest room, shutting the door behind him.

The nurses walked past without looking inside and Percy breathed in relief, before turning around. The only light in the room was a bedside lamp, and there was a bump under the covers. Hesitantly, Percy slid into the chair next to the bed. There were very old, dried up flowers in the vase on the bedside table, as if nobody visited in a long time. Percy bit his lip and looked at the coma patient.

It was a boy - a tiny, skinny boy. His eyes were close, his lips slightly open. There were tubes up his cute button nose and his curly hair was kinda greasy. Percy blinked at him, and then took the boy's hand. It was surprisingly warm in Percy's, and unmoving,

"Hi," the dark haired boy said. The Latino didn't reply, and his heart monitor continued to beep evenly. Percy rubbed his thumb over the soft skin at the back of the boy's hand, "my name is Percy. Looks like nobody visited in a long time..." Percy murmured and smiled, "nobody visited me too. I tried to kill myself, because the love of my life turned out not to be the love of my life," he whispered, not knowing why he was telling this strange these things. It wasn't like he could
hear him anyway, "I wonder what happened to you...you look like you suffered a lot." Percy noticed some papers laying on the bedside table, in a mess as if someone forgot them. With his free hand, Percy flicked through them.

*Patient name: Leo Valdez.*

*Patient number: 00092*

*Family: Unknown*

*Patient is to be taken off life support on May 19th.*

Percy blinked and glanced at the unconscious guy. He was going to die. Percy squeezed his hand and put the papers down.

"Leo, huh?" he said softly, "I'm sorry you have to die." Leo remained silent, "I wonder...I wonder if maybe there could've been something between us. Maybe we could've fallen in love?" Percy felt tears gathering in his eyes. He was fucking crazy, but somehow his heart ached for this poor boy with the unknown family, all alone, about to die in two days, "Hey," Percy smiled through his tears, "maybe we could've gotten a house and a dog...we'd name him Sparky because I'm a sap like that. We could travel the world and get married, maybe we could adopt a child, would you like that? It doesn't have to be me, but you...you deserve someone. You deserve someone to grow old with," Percy's voice was nothing more than a heart-broken whisper, "you shouldn't die, you deserve so much more than this." He couldn't stop the tears falling down his cheeks and a sob escaping his chest.

He couldn't take it - the loneliness.

"Goodbye, Leo," Percy whispered, kissed the boy's cold forehead and rushed out of the room, tears streaming down his face, heart clenching.

It was a week since Percy left the hospital and the boy couldn't stop thinking about Leo - Leo who was probably dead by now, another body in the morgue. Percy wondered if Leo got a proper burial, if there was anybody at his funeral. Percy hoped there was - and then he thought about his own funeral. If his suicide worked, would Annabeth have come? What about Hazel and Frank and Piper?

Percy sighed. It was early morning on Sunday and he didn't have work. He entertained himself with flicking through the channels on TV but every time he saw Keeping up with the Kardashian's he flinched. Was this what his life was going to be like now?

Before the boy could dwell on that thought there was a knock on the door.

"Coming!" Percy called, scrambling off the bed. Who could it be? The boy quickly checked he was presentable - his grey sweats were presentable, his hair not so much but oh well. The boy stumbled to the door and opened them. He blinked, surprised.

On the other side stood a random boy with wild, brown curls and beautiful chocolate brown eyes. Percy checked behind him for a house mate he didn't have,

"Uh...are you selling something?" he asked. The boy raised an eyebrow, and Percy felt his insides melt. Gods, he was gorgeous.

"I'm looking for Percy Jackson," the Latino said. Percy blinked,
"Oh!" he said suddenly, "that's me!"

"Really?!" Leo eyed him up and down before smiling, "you probably don't remember me."

"No," Percy shrugged apologetically, "who are you."

"Leo," the stranger said, "Leo Valdez. I was told you visited me?"

Percy stared and his brain tried to explain this situation to him - here stood Leo, who yeah, he looked like Leo, but more...alive. But he was meant to be...

"Dead," Percy whispered, "they were going to take you off life support."

Leo shrugged,

"I woke up two days after your visit, for unknown reasons."

"R-Really?!" Percy stuttered.

"Yeah, so...um, thank you, I guess," Leo said shyly. Percy's heart beat picked up,

"N-No problem. I really didn't do anything."

"Yeah you did," Leo stared at his feet, "I...I heard what you told me," the boy hugged himself, "About how I could live my whole life with someone I love," he looked up at Percy through his eyelashes, "and I think that's what woke me up."

"Oh." Percy whispered. He was so overwhelmed and his heart felt weird...he looked at Leo and all of his loneliness disappeared, "I...would you like to come in?" he asked. Leo looked surprised but then he smiled sweetly,

"Yeah, okay."

Chapter End Notes

Some guy just inboxed me asking for straight fanfics, and when I said no he called me a jerk. Listen bitch, I ain't fucking santa claus, suck a dick.
Is it my fault

Chapter Notes

Domestic Violence warning.
For GreenFeathers_88
I hate this guy called Cameron. Hence the name.
Dickhead.

Could you write one where Percy has an abusive boyfriend and Luke is the neighbor who interferes and falls in love with Percy and they get together?

Percy was used to it. The abuse, he grew up with it and it was one constant thing in his life. Maybe that's why he took it, because he didn't know anything else. First it was Smelly Gabe who used him and his mother as a punching bag, then the boys at school who hated Percy because he was gay, and now his boyfriend - Cameron - who beat Percy because he loved him.

Percy didn't understand love, sure there was his mother but she was dead now and Percy didn't have her to turn to. He knew what he felt towards Cameron wasn't real love, more like a desperation of sorts, because Percy wanted to be loved and cherished and held gently and treated like he was worth something. Cameron...wasn't like that.

He liked to drink and hated taking Percy anywhere. He was a business man, three years older than Percy, and wanted to keep his reputation clean. He would never bring his friend's round, wouldn't introduce Percy to any of them. He said he loved Percy and yet every time he was angry or frustrated he'd punch or slap the boy until the bruises layered on top of each other. His favorite place to hit was Percy's stomach, where 'nobody could see.'

He'd have sex with Percy and force the boy to wear his clothes, they always did it with Percy laying on his front, so Cameron couldn't see him. It would always be rough and quick and not all that great. And the abuse didn't stop there; Cameron called Percy ugly and disgusting, a slut and a whore, a worthless bastard, son of a bitch. Only when he was drunk. When he was sober he brought Percy flowers and kissed his cheek and said 'I'm sorry, I love you.'

When Percy found the text messages on Cameron's phone, to some random girl, he cried and shouted at him, and Cameron admitted to cheating. And then he beat Percy up in his favorite place and afterward he apologised and kissed him and fucked him on their bed, with Percy on his stomach, crying silently. And the dark haired boy thought that it was always meant to be like that, cold and hard and heart-breaking. He thought that was love.
Until Luke Castellan moved next door.

Percy first saw him when he was coming back from grocery shopping. He had a 5p plastic bag from Tesco's in one hand, earphones in his ears, when he saw the moving van at the house next door. There were people bustling around, carrying in furniture and cardboard boxes. Percy froze and tugged his earphones out. Then a guy appeared in front of him.

He was tall, taller than Percy, with a wonderfully muscular physique. His face was like a Greek Gods, with kind blue eyes and a playful smile. The guy had fluffy blonde hair and a scar on his cheek that made him look really endearing. He had paint on his other cheek and was wearing dirty dungarees.

"Hi," he said, voice all deep and nice. He offered Percy a hand over the fence, "My name's Luke Castellan, I just moved in."

"Um...hi," Percy quickly juggled his plastic bag to his other hand so he could shake Luke's one, "I'm Percy Jackson."

"Percy," Luke smiled and his eyes twinkled. Percy's breath caught in his throat and he realized that the boy was still holding onto his hand. Hastily Percy pulled it away blushing, "nice to meet you."

"You too," Percy said politely. Luke turned to the other people bustling around the front yard, "These are my friends, they're helping me move. That's Piper," he pointed at a girl with feathers in her hair who waved happily, "Leo - that's his van."

"Yo!" a curly haired Latino in a bandana said, sticking his head out from the back of the van to pass a muscular blonde a box,

"That's Jason," Luke introduced the blonde, who nodded at Percy, "Annabeth and Hazel," he pointed to two girls arguing over some paint, "and Frank...Frank! Wake up!" Luke yelled at a tall Asian who was napping on the front porch. The man jumped to his feet, looking around with wide eyes,

"I'm up, don't shoot!" he yelled. Luke and Percy laughed,

"It's really nice to-" Percy started but then the front door to his house burst open and Cameron walked out. His dark brown hair flopped into his angry eyes and his nostrils flared. Percy fought a flinch,

"Who's this?" the brunette demanded.

"T-This is Luke," Percy said quickly, "he just moved in."

"Hello-" Luke started, a friendly smile on his face.

"Stay the fuck away from my boyfriend," Cameron growled, grabbed Percy's wrist and dragged him inside. As soon as the door shut behind them, Cameron slapped Percy, hard. The boy's head snapped to the side, eyes wide with surprise as his cheek stung. His boyfriend pointed an accusing finger at him,

"You're so lucky that's all you get. What the fuck was that?!" he demanded. Percy blinked the tears out of his eyes,

"N-Nothing," he whispered, "we were just talking."
Cameron slapped him again.

"Wrong fucking answer," he growled, "you're not allowed to talk to him anymore, understood."

"Yes." Percy whispered, staring at the ground.

"Good."

But Percy broke his promise just three days later when both he and Cameron got an invite to Luke's housewarming party.

"We're not going," Cam informed Percy, flicking through the channels. Percy climbed into his lap and pouted,

"Come onnn," he whined, "pretty please?"

Cameron knocked the boy onto the sofa,

"We're not going."

"We haven't been out in ages," Percy said, kissing Cameron's cheek. The man pushed him away,

"Would you stop?!" he growled, "why do you want to go to the party so much? Is it cuz you've got the hots for that guy?"

"N-No," Percy stuttered quickly. Cameron's eyes narrowed,

"I don't believe you."

"It's alright," Percy said quickly, trying to calm his boyfriend down, "we don't have to go. We'll just stay home."

Cameron snorted, "Nah, let's go. Maybe there will be some good asses to look at," he said, turning back to the TV. Percy's heart fell at those words and he got up and wordlessly walked to their bedroom where he cried into his pillow. Cameron came in later to get his fuck and when he was done, he lit a cigarette and turned to an aching Percy.

"You need to cover up those bruises better," he informed him, poking Percy's side, where purple-green dotted his skin. Percy winced,

"Don't smoke inside."

"Shut the fuck up."

The party turned out kind of great. At first, Percy hated it because he had to stay at Cameron's side and watched as he flirted with every single girl at the party. But then the man was too drunk to stand up straight and Percy took him home, before returning to the party. He knew he'd get a beating for it the next day but he couldn't bring himself to care - he just wanted some freedom.

And freedom he got. He played a great round of beer pong against Frank and Jason with Piper on his team, and then he shared some of Hazel's cookies with her. There was a wonderful toast to Luke's new home and then some dancing. Percy didn't like to dance so he just chilled on one of the couches, sipping on his coke with a tiny bit of whiskey mixed into it.
Luke collapsed next to him,
"Hi," he yelled over the music. Percy grinned at him,
"Hi!" he yelled back.

"Where's your boyfriend?" Luke asked, leaning in so Percy could hear him better. He smelled really nice.

"Went home," Percy replied, "had too much drink."

Luke nodded solemnly as if he understood the problem. Then he peered closely at Percy,
"What's that on your neck?" he asked loudly. Percy's hand self consciously went to cover the bruise,

"I-I...um...," he stuttered, "Cameron likes to...," no! no! no! his brain supplied. He almost blurted it out, but he managed to catch him at the last second, "bite." He finished, "Cameron likes to bite when we...," Percy waved his hand in the air. Luke laughed,

"Okay, I don't need to hear about your sexual encounters," he said, before pulling Percy to his feet, "come let's dance."

"N-No, w-we shouldn't-" Percy stuttered, but it was too late. Luke pulled him into the crowd of people going wild on the section of the floor that didn't have any furniture on it. Luke immediately started swaying to the music, his hands resting respectively on Percy's waist. The touch made the dark haired boy feel weird because...well, he wasn't used to hands that didn't bruise him.

"Relax!" Luke yelled into his ear. It was dark in the room with only the multi-colored lights lighting up the room. Hesitantly, Percy moved his hips to the music, "See?" Luke grinned, and Percy blushed, "you can do it!"

Hazel popped out of nowhere, completely smashed, and she wrapped her arms around Percy from behind,

"Sick party!" she yelled and Percy flinched. Luke noticed and gently pried the girl off of him,

"Come, let's find Frank, okay?" he asked, leading him off. Percy touched his chest, feeling dizzy and sick. When Luke came back Percy was already gone.

Percy saw the blonde a few times during the week, but he didn't risk talking to him because he knew Cameron could see through the window. But a week later, when it was Percy's day off work and Cameron was out, Luke knocked on their door.

"Luke!" Percy brightened up when he saw his neighbour. Luke grinned,

"Hi, sorry to bother you," he said, though he didn't look sorry, "I'm trying to bake a cake - it's Annabeth's birthday - and I wondered if I could borrow some flour?"

"Sure!" Percy said and ran to the kitchen. He looked over the array of flours he had - brown and normal and potatoe, and after a moment of thought he grabbed a handful of the bags and carried it to Luke, "I didn't know which one you needed," he said apologetically. Luke laughed,

"Just the normal one, please," he said. Percy hurriedly put the others away. Then he and Luke stood opposite each other, not sure what to do. Percy bit his lip,
"Do you want to help?" Luke asked suddenly, "with the cake?"

"Oh...," Percy looked away, "I don't think Cam would appreciate that."

"Piper's there," Luke offered quickly, like he actually wanted to spend time with Percy, "would that be okay."

"Yeah, I guess," Percy shrugged, because he couldn't bear to say no to Luke. He grabbed his house keys and then followed the blonde into his house. It looked a lot different since it wasn't shrouded in the darkness of a party: the couches were leather and the walls painted colorful colours. There were little bits and pieces laying about, along with loads of photos but everything was really clean. It was nice.

Percy tiptoed after Luke into the kitchen, where Piper was already elbow deep in dough.

"Oh!" she piped up, "Hi, Percy! Did you come to help with the cake."

"Yup," Percy rolled up the sleeves of his flannel. Piper sighed in relief,

"Thank God. Luke can't bake for shit."

"Hey!" Luke protested. Percy cracked a grin as the two started arguing. Then, when they calmed down, they turned on the radio and started the baking session. The three worked surprisingly well together, especially Luke and Percy, and after four hours and sixteen snack breaks, the cake was baking safely in the over and the three were running around, screaming along to the radio.

"HEY I JUST MET YOU!" Piper yelled, twirling on the couch. She tripped and Luke caught her, halfway through singing 'and this is crazy.'

"But here's my number," Percy chucked a pillow at Luke and he caught it easily.

"So call me maybe!" the three yelled together, laughing and out of tune. Percy hadn't felt so happy in a long, long time. It was wonderful, baking with Luke and Piper, as if they were actual friends.

But every wonderful moment comes to an end and Percy had to go home before the cake was finished. Cameron noticed the flour missing, and Percy went to sleep with four extra bruises on his ribs.

Percy was running from the grocery store two weeks later in pouring rain because Cameron insisted he had to take the car to go to a friends house for a beer. Percy's breath came out hard and fast as his feet pounded the concrete. There was a plastic bag hanging over his arm as he sprinted, trying to get home before the cold rain threatened to consume him.

His clothes were soaked, rivulets running into his eyes, and Percy was freezing. He was so glad when he saw his house come into view that he thought he might collapse. The boy stopped in front of his door and fished in his coat for keys.

They weren't there. Percy searched frantically and the rain came down harder, but it was true, he was locked out. The boy whipped out his cell phone and dialled Cameron.

"Hello?!" The man answered. Percy could hear that he was in a pub,

"Cam. Come home, I'm locked out."

The man groaned, "God's sake, just wait, I'll be home in a few hours."
"It's pouring down with rain," Percy's voice shook.

"Just go to a library or something, fuck's sake," Cameron growled and hanged up. Percy stared at his phone screen, but he couldn't pretend he was surprised. Of course Cameron wouldn't come.

Percy sat down on his front step and buried his face in his arms, trying to shield it from the rain as hot tears ran down his face. It fucking hurt, that Cameron didn't care about him.

Suddenly the rain stopped. Percy looked up surprised to see Luke standing over him with an umbrella and a soft smile on his face.

"L-Luke."

The blonde crouched down next to Percy,

"You okay?" he asked gently. Percy really wanted to say no, but instead he just bit his lip.

"I forgot my house keys."

"Where's Cameron?" Luke asked, frowning.

"Out," Percy mumbled. Luke sighed, stood up and offered the dark haired boy a hand,

"Come on, you can't stay in this rain or you'll catch a cold."

Percy didn't even know why he followed Luke. Maybe because he was cold and tired.

"Here, these should fit you," Luke said, offering Percy a pile of clothes, "you can change in the bathroom. Take a shower if you want."

"Okay," Percy mumbled, "thank you."

"Don't mention it," Luke patted his shoulder. Percy smiled despite himself and then walked to the bathroom. He shut the door and then quickly began stripping - his hoodie and t-shirt, his jeans and sock. He hung them all on the radiator and contemplated getting in the shower, when the door opened abruptly.

"Perce, I brought you a towel-" Luke started, and said towel tumbled out of his hands when he saw Percy. The dark haired boy sucked in a startled breath as Luke took him in. He knew what he looked like; there were scrapes and cuts on his hips and bruises decorating his chest and back and arms. Luke's eyes were wide.

"D-Don't look," Percy whispered helplessly, though it was too late.

"It was Cameron, wasn't it?" Luke gritted through his teeth.

"Luke, don't," Percy mumbled, feeling tears fill his eyes, "please, don't. I love him," he said, even if it wasn't true. Luke passed Percy the towel and walked out of the bathroom. For a long time Percy fought back tears as he tugged on Luke's oversized clothes. He was scared of facing the blonde, but he knew he couldn't stay in his bathroom forever. So he walked out, head hung low.

Luke had a gentle smile on his face and he passed Percy hot chocolate with marshmallows in it, without a word.

"T-Thank," Percy stuttered.
"I put the Avengers on," Luke said, "if you wanna watch it."

Percy nodded hesitantly and he sat down on Luke's couch with him. They watched the movies, occasionally exchanging remarks and Percy drank his chocolate. He felt warm and safe and maybe that's why he dozed off on the blonde's shoulder. Luke woke him up half an hour later, telling him Cameron was calling him. Feeling like absolute shit, Percy walked over to his house and waited twenty minutes for his boyfriend to show up.

At least it stopped raining.


It was Percy's fault really - Luke was watering the rose bushes in his garden and started talking to Percy, and the raven haired boy couldn't stop looking at him and laughing at his jokes, and when he walked into the house, late with the shopping, Cameron was waiting.

"You were talking to him again," the man seethed. He hadn't shaved and there was a mad look in his eyes. He reeked of alcohol. Percy winced and put down the shopping, trying not to make any sudden movements.

"He was asking about a recipe," Percy lied, forcing his voice to not shake. Cameron grabbed his shoulder and whirled him around, slamming him into the counter. Percy let out a hiss of pain, and his boyfriend slapped him. Percy saw it coming,

"Don't lie to me you worthless cunt," Cameron growled, "you were flirting with him. You're such a slag I don't know why I even bother to stay with you. You're everything that's wrong in this relationship," Percy turned his face away, but Cam grabbed his chin, forcing the boy to look at him, "I bet you're fucking him. You are aren't you?" Cameron laughed, "you're cheating on me!"

"Like you cheated on me?!” Percy said, before he could stop himself. He knew he should've kept his mouth shut when he was on the floor in seconds, Cameron's hands around his throat.

"That was your fault," the man spat, "you weren't enough for me. If you'd been better I wouldn't have to turn to other people."

His hands tightened around Percy's throat and the boy clawed at them, trying to get them off.

"Oh? It hurts?" Cameron laughed again. His eyes were bloodshot, "well you hurt me too, all the fucking time," his hands loosened on Percy's throat.

"I'm sorry," the dark haired boy whispered. Cameron punched him in the face and Percy's head hit the floor. The boy let out a groan as he felt blood run from his nose, which was throbbing in pain,

"You're not sorry enough," his boyfriend growled, standing up. Percy struggled to sit up but Cameron kicked him in the stomach, forcing him down again. Percy's head swam, his eyes hurt and there were dark spots in his vision. Cameron continued punching and kicking him until the boy couldn't breathe, it felt like every fibre of his being was on fire or in pain. He heard Cameron stumble out of the house, slamming the door shut behind him.

Percy took deep breaths, curled up in a foetal position. He thought about getting up and treating his own wounds but he couldn't lift himself up. Instead he reached for his phone, pain shooting through his wrist, and with blurry vision he dialled the only person he could think of.

"Hello?"

"Luke," Percy managed, even though his throat ached. The phone lay next to him on the floor as he couldn't keep it pressed to his ear. His breathing was shallow.
"Percy? Percy are you okay?"

"C-Cameron...h-he..." Percy coughed up some blood.

"Oh fuck...God, wait, just...I'll be there soon, don't move okay?"

"'kay."

"I'm coming to get you."

Luke hanged up and Percy waited in the silence, cheek pressed against the cool tiles. The pain was subsiding to a dull ache and his head cleared a bit. He heard the window open and then there were footsteps and cool, gentle hands on his cheeks. Luke's concerned face swam into Percy's vision,

"Percy," the blonde breathed and pushed back the hair from his forehead, "oh Gods, what did he do to you?"

Percy couldn't reply. His throat felt like it was scraped raw. Luke seemed to understand as he ever so gently pulled Percy into his arms and stood up. Pain shot up through Percy and he let out a quiet whimper.

"Shhh, I know, I know," Luke murmured, and Percy felt them step outside, "I'm getting you to mine, everything will be fine. I'll call the police."

Panic shot through Percy.

"N-No...," he managed. Luke looked down at him and there was so much despair in the boys eyes that it made him pause,

"We need to get you to a hospital."

Percy shook his head, and clutched at Luke's shirt. The blonde carried him inside his warm house and then walked into the bathroom. He laid Percy down gently in the bath, and then looked at him helplessly. He stood up and rummaged through some cupboards, bringing out a whole load of stuff.

"I need to take off your clothes," he said gently. Percy just hummed in agreement, unable to move his head. "It's gonna hurt," Luke warned. Percy hummed again and Luke reached for his shirt. It was an incredibly long process; they had to get one of Percy's arms out and then the next one, and then pull the shirt over his head. Luke sucked in air sharply when he saw the mess that was Percy's body - bruises and cuts and dried blood. He tugged his trousers off, but left his boxers on.

Luke didn't ask question, there would be time for that later. He first took care of Percy's face; he wiped the blood off of his nose, which was thankfully not broken. Percy's lip was split but there wasn't much Luke could do about that, so instead he went and got frozen peas for Percy to put over his bruises. He looked at the boy's neck with the purple outlines of Cameron's fingers, and further down, his whole chest dotted in blood and cuts. Luke cleaned as much as he could, checked for broken bones (there were none).

Luke started the water and watched Percy relax as the warmth flooded up his body. Luke's sleeves were rolled up, his eyes softened as he watched the boy. He reached out and brushed his knuckles over the boy's cheek. Percy opened his eyes,

"Thanks," he croaked. Luke sighed and then pushed Percy back gently so his hair got wet. He
began washing it, getting the blood out of it. By the end of the bath Percy looked a bit more alert, though he was still pretty battered up. He had a black eye.

Luke drained the bath and pulled Percy out gently. The boy didn't make a sound and Luke hoped it didn't hurt as much anymore as he towelled the boy dry. He grabbed his Iceland 2008 T-Shirt and pulled it over Percy's head. Then he passed the boy pajama bottoms and closed his eyes. It took Percy some time but he managed to kick off his wet boxers and pull on the new trousers. Luke then wrapped his wrist in some gauze. He also wrapped some around his head because it was bleeding at the back and stuck a plaster on the cut on his nose.

"It was my fault," Percy said suddenly, voice hoarse.

"Don't say that," Luke said harshly, "you didn't do anything wrong."

"I reminded him that he cheated on me...," Percy's eyes filled with tears. Luke was speechless, he literally didn't know how to respond. Here was Percy, thinking he provoked that monster to beat him up. And the guy cheated on him as well!

But Luke didn't want to argue, not now. He helped Percy to his own bed because he wouldn't let the boy lie down on the uncomfortable couch.

"I should go home. He'll be waiting," Percy mumbled, but he was already hugging himself into Luke's pillow and it was obvious he didn't want to go back. The blonde brushed back his hair from his forehead,

"It's okay. I'll let him know, you just sleep, okay?"

"Yeah."

Luke tucked the covers around the boy,

"Does anything hurt?"

"Not really...just aches. My heart aches," the boy whispered, already dozing off. Luke walked out of the room, down the stairs and out of his house, feeling rage boil inside him. He made it over to Percy's house and knocked on the door. Cameron opened it, a bit more sober now.


"Not dying, thanks to me," the blonde fumed, "listen to me you piece of shit, the only reason I didn't call the police is because he asked me too. He's staying at my house now, and I'm going to take care of him," Luke glared at the surprised Cameron, "and you better move out by the end of the week or I will call the cops and they will arrest you, understood?"

"Whatever," Cameron spat, "you two are worth each other. Keep the whore."

Luke punched him in the face, hard. Cameron tripped over his own feet and went down groaning. His nose was broken.

"Great we came to an agreement," Luke growled, and then went back to his house. He slept on the couch.

It was a long four weeks; Percy barely ate and slept or cried most of the time. Cameron moved out after three days and Luke went against Percy's wish, calling the police on him anyway. They caught him somewhere in Miami.
Percy slept in Luke's room and the blonde cooked for him and changed his bandages and went out for walks with him. He got Percy books and watched movies with him. Piper and Hazel came over too, and they cuddled Percy and gave him all the affection he needed. But the boy wouldn't let Luke or any of the other guys touch him and that hurt the blonde, because he wanted to properly take care of Percy.

Because he was in love with him.

After four weeks Percy went back to work. His bruises and cuts healed leaving only small scars behind. Percy brightened up, he started talking and eating more, and Luke found himself hopelessly in love with him; the way he moved his hands, the way he smiled, the way he cried at the Notebook and how he played GTA. It was all so wonderful that Luke didn't know if he could take it.

Percy came home after a long day at work. He worked at a nursery for handicapped children and he freaking loved it. Every day his smile grew brighter and it warmed Luke's heart.

"I'm home!" Percy called, dropping his bag off at the door and toeing off his shoes. He shrugged his coat off and hung it on the coat rack. He frowned when he didn't get a reply, "Luke?"

He walked into the living room and froze. Luke was sitting on the couch, his head in his hands, and Percy's phone was vibrating on the table, CAMERON flashing on the screen.

"It's been ringing for half an hour," Luke muttered. Percy came over and with shaking hands he picked up.

"H-Hello?"

"Percy?" Cameron's voice was quiet and he sounded drunk.

"What do you want?" Percy tried to stop his voice from shaking.

"Percy, I'm so sorry."

"I don't want to hear it."

"I love you. Please come back to me, I can't live without you." Cameron whispered and Percy almost believed him.

"I don't want to talk to you right now. Luke's taking care of me-"

"Are you cheating on me again?" Cameron's tone of voice changed. Suddenly he was angry and it scared Percy even over the phone.

"I never cheated on you, Cam," he tried softly, "and we're not together anymore."

"You're such a fucking slut."

"Don't say that," Percy's eyes filled with tears, "I'm not."

"I don't know why I fucking bother."

"Don't call me again," Percy managed and hanged up. He dropped his phone onto the table and the clang rang throughout the room. It was silent for a moment, Luke stared at Percy. And then the dark haired boy burst out crying. His shoulders were shaking and there were tears running down
his eyes and he was sobbing helplessly. The blonde stood up in front of him, unsure of what to do. He didn't want to touch in case it made things worse.

"Perce," he murmured, "Please, let me fix this."

Before he could react, Percy threw himself at Luke, folding himself against the boy's chest, sobbing against his shoulder. Luke got over his shock and wrapped his arms around the smaller boy. He held him close and murmured 'shh' against his hair and rocked him like a child, and Percy clung onto him, letting it all out.

When he was done, Luke craddled his face in his hands,

"Percy he doesn't deserve you," he said, "you're so amazing and beautiful and absolutely wonderful and he has no right to even be around you. He's a monster and nothing that happened was your fault; he cheated on you and hurt you and all you ever did was love him," the boy pressed their foreheads together. Percy's eyes were wide, "he didn't deserve your love," Luke continued, "God, Percy, you're so perfect. He didn't have the right to touch you."

"Luke...," Percy mumbled, "what are you saying."

Luke backed away suddenly,

"Um...I-I don't know, forget it...I-I juts-"

"I love you."

Luke's eyes widened and he stared at Percy. The dark haired boy's hair was in his eyes so Luke couldn't see his expression,

"W-What?" the blonde felt his mouth go dry.

"I love you," Percy repeated, "you're the only person who's ever been kind to me, the only person who never hurt me a-and...," Percy hugged himself, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to suddenly dump all of this on you."

"Don't be sorry," Luke stepped towards him, "don't you dare be sorry," he took Percy's face in his hands and kissed him.

It was slow and gentle and careful. Luke's and Percy's lips fit together perfectly and their bodies intertwined as the two boys held onto each other. They somehow ended up on the couch in minutes, Percy laying underneath Luke, as their kisses became more hungry and demanding. Luke's tongue slid into Percy's mouth, exploring, while the dark haired boy's hands grasped at his back.

"I'll take such good care of you," Luke promised, trailing a line of kisses down Percy's neck, "I won't ever hurt you, I promise."

Percy pulled him into another kiss, arms wrapped around the blonde's neck. Luke's hands caressed the dark haired boy's body and he held him like he would break any second.

"I didn't know it could be like this," Percy murmured against Luke's lips. The blonde only kissed him, and so much more.
Freo, Leo is upset that he's so much shorter and smaller than Frank, but Frank loves his tiny boyfriend so he keeps carrying him around and putting Leo in his lap. Leo pretends to hate that but he secretly loves it.

Frank first noticed when he and his boyfriend, Leo, were shopping in the Tesco near their flat. The Asian wasn't really paying attention, musing over which toilet paper they should buy, when he noticed Leo reading the back of some body builder cocktail thing. Frank raised an eyebrow,

"Am I not good enough?" he teased. Leo hastily put the thing away, blushing and shoving his hands into his pockets,

"It's not for you, dumbass," he grumbled, grabbing the trolley and walking off. At twenty three he was still pretty sure, barely reaching Frank's shoulder. He was still scrawny and pretty much just really, really tiny. Frank loved it, it's like having a boyfriend and a cat at the same time. But now he frowned and thought about it; Leo rarely took his shirt off, even when they were having sex, and he hated when Frank manhandled him. The boy bit his lip and followed his boyfriend without a word.

It came up again about a week later. The two were laying on their couch at their weekly movie night, watching the illegally downloaded Star Wars: The Force Awakens, and everything was
going well, until Frank decided that he was cold and wanted his little fireball. He casually wrapped one arm around Leo's waist and hauled him into his lap.

"Stop doing that!" Leo protested, struggling weakly in Frank's massive arms. The Asian looked up at him confused,

"Stop what?"

"Stop moving me around like I'm a feather," Leo grumbled, but he hugged himself into Frank's broad chest, "it's annoying."

"Don't tell me you're insecure," Frank said after a moment of silence. Leo bit his lip and shrugged, pressing himself closer to Frank so his boyfriend wouldn't see the blush on his face,

"It's just annoying, y'know," Leo mumbled quietly, "I'm not a sack of potatoes."

"Stop being dramatic," Frank rolled his eyes, watching the movie. Leo punched him in the chest weakly,

"You don't take me seriously."

"Yes I do," Frank grumbled, annoyed, "now will you just shut up and watch the movie?"

"No," Leo got up, "no I fucking won't." He said, and walked to the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind him. Frank sighed.

"I'm fine," Leo said. The seven plus Nico and Reyna were in the park near Leo's and Frank's house, playing a tournament of football (Girls VS Boys) when Leo slipped. Now the Latino was on the ground, his ankle swollen.

"I'll call Will," Nico said, pulling out his phone. Leo sighed,

"It's fine, I'll walk home and get an ice pack and something," he waved his friends off.

"Yeah, he's right," Frank said, "there's no need to worry Will."

"You sure?" Nico didn't sound convinced but he put his phone away anyway.

"Positive," Frank said and then hauled Leo into his arms.

"Oi! I told you I'm not a bag of potatoes!" the Latino protested, blushing. Frank looked unimpressed,

"Yeah but you're hurt and I'm carrying you home so shut up or I'll drop you," he said, then turned to their friends, "sorry guys. See you Sunday?"

"Sure," Annabeth waved, going back to the game, "call us if you need anything!"

Frank smiled at her and then started walking towards his and Leo's home. The Latino sulked in his arms, but he looked kind of happy. Frank liked him like that; safe in his arms, a tiny bundle that the man could protect. Without really thinking about it, Frank leaned down and pecked a surprised Leo on the lips,

"You're adorable."

"Shut up and put me down," Leo grumbled, but his hand was already gripping Frank's shirt.
Leo's back arched and a moan escaped his throat as Frank thrust into him. The Latino looked beautiful like that; skin sweaty, hair a gorgeous mess on the pillows, eyes shut, mouth open as sweet sounds spilled out of him. His legs were wrapped tightly around Frank's waist and the only problem was that he was still wearing a shirt. Frank pulled away from sucking hickeys into his boyfriend's neck for a second, and he got a wicked idea.

In one swift movement he sat up, hauling Leo with him, and then flipped so his back was against the headboard and Leo was sitting in his lap, still impaled on his cock. The Latino was breathing hard, eyes wide and dark,

"W-What the hell was that?" he stuttered. Frank pressed small kisses into his neck,

"Take off your shirt," he mumbled. Leo groaned, although Frank couldn't tell if it was in arousal of annoyance, or both.

"Not now," Leo whined, "finish fucking me."

"Nope," Frank said, popping the 'p' and looking up at Leo smugly, "I wanna see you."

The Latino let out a frustrated sound and then angrily tugged his shirt over his head. Automatically, he crossed his arms over his chest and looked away, blushing.

"Happy?" he grumbled. Frank didn't reply. He gently pulled Leo's arms away from his chest, and the Latino let him, defeated. Frank looked at his boyfriend's body, thin but with slight muscle, tanned and peppered with scars. The Asian leaned forward and kissed across Leo's collarbone.

"W-What are you doing?" Leo said, a bit breathlessly. Frank stayed silent, kissing down Leo's chest. The boy's breath caught in his throat as Frank peppered all the skin he could see with tiny kisses. Then he looked at Leo and pulled him so that they could kiss.

"You're beautiful," Frank whispered and Leo ducked his head, embarassed. Frank smiled and kissed behind his ear, before sucking on his neck. Leo let out a small moan,

"W-What now?" he managed weakly. Frank grinned against the boy's heated skin,

"Now you ride me."

Frank was cooking some pasta for dinner when he heard Leo walk into the flat. The Asian wiped his hands and went to say hello to his boyfriend. He froze when he saw him,

"Jesus Christ," Leo grumbled, pulling off his soaked coat and hanging it on the radiator. His shirt stuck to his skinny frame and his wet hair fell into his eyes, "I haven't seen rain like that in a long time," the Latino said, kicking off his shoes. He frowned and looked up at Frank, who was staring at him with wide eyes, "Frank?"

In two steps Frank was in front of him. He picked the Latino up easily and Leo automatically wrapped his legs around the Asian's waist.

"Oi, Frank I'm soaked-" Leo started protesting, but Frank ignored him, instead crashing their lips together. Leo was cold and wet in his arms but Frank didn't care, he had to have him right now. Leo moaned into his mouth, arms wrapped around Frank's neck as his boyfriend kept him up by grabbing two handful's of the Latino's ass.

"The food," Leo said weakly, but Frank was already pulling his shirt off.
"Fuck the food."
Could you write one where Percy is about to jump off a bridge or something and it's raining a lot and Jason (being a total stranger) tries to get him to come down and he takes him to his apartment?

Jason Grace wasn't a hero. Damn, he wasn't even a good person. He didn't give money to the poor on the streets, he argued with his friends and sometimes he lied. Yeah so he gave up seats on the bus and helped old ladies on the streets but that didn't make him a good person. In fact, it was like a mask that he put on to try and pretend he was better than he was. But all of that; the constant battles between good and evil, didn't prepare Jason for Wednesday evening.

Wednesday evening Jason went to poetry slams. He was a teacher's assistant at a nursery and he loved his job. This also meant he went off early and so he often went to visit Piper, his best friend, at her café 'Aphrodite' where their other friend - Nico - ofted read out poetry. It helped Jason relax.

So on Wednesday night he sat in his usual table near the back, and watched people read out poems, originals or famous ones. Some were good, some were better, but one particular person captivated Jason's attention; a girl that was a couple of years older than him, with short choppy hair and bright eyes, dressed all in black.

"Hello," she introduced herself into the microphone, "my name is Thalia, and I will be reading one of my original poems tonight."

The crowd clapped and cheered loudly to urge her on. Jason leaned forward a bit and the girl unfolded a piece of crumpled paper and cleared her throat...

"There was once a boy with bright eyes and a painted smile,

"Oi, Percy," Annabeth laughed, throwing her arm around her friend's shoulder's, "what's with
the long face?"

Percy shook his head quickly and forced his lips to stretch into a smile, no matter how much it
tired him. He was tired of smiling all the time, when all he wanted to do was curl up in a ball and
cry.

"I'm fine," he assured her. Annabeth smiled and ruffled his hair,

"Alright, catch ya later!" she called and ran off, and Percy's smile fell right off his face, because
he didn't have the strength to keep it there.

and he believed that one day he'd take off and fly.

Percy always wanted to be a pilot, have his own little plane with some insult drawn on the side
and go on all the missions, like during World War II. Maybe go to Afghanistan or some other
place. But then his mother got sick and Percy couldn't leave their little town, he had to take care
of her. And when she died it was as if being woken from a dream - Percy realized that his life has
passed him by, that he was twenty two with no real education and no real talents.

And the Royal Air Force told him that no, sorry, but he couldn't become a pilot.

That boy lived in a fairytale of dragons and knights,

Percy's life was black and white, like a fairytale. There was a good guy, a bad guy and a princess
to save. Sometimes Percy was the good guy - putting in all of his strength to go out with his
friends and force his laughs, and sometimes he was the bad guy - curled up in a ball in his room,
throwing up or sleeping for days on end. But he always needed saving, with nobody to really save
him.

and he saved princesses and won all his fights,

When Annabeth called him, crying, in the middle of the night, Percy didn't think twice. He hopped
into his car and drove to her house. He knocked down the door and punched her abusive
boyfriend in the face. He called the police and gathered the girl's stuff, taking her to his house.
And then she too cried for many days and Percy smiled for her.

but that boy's eyes were only bright,

"Percy are you high?!" Annabeth demanded. Percy looked at her blankly, dazed. It was so nice,
like he was floating, he couldn't feel any of his pain, none of the pain of his wrists. Annabeth's eyes
filled with tears but Percy didn't feel regret. "What would your mother say?" the girl whispered.
Percy turned his gaze away,

"My mother is dead."

because of the tears he cried out at night,

"Percy breathe!" Annabeth was in front of him, holding his face, "breathe with me, in...out...in...

Percy's lungs ached, and they demanded air, but for some reason, Percy didn't want to give it to
them. He let the tears fall down his face silently.

and when there were no more princesses to save,

"Luke's here to pick me up," Annabeth said apologetically, but not really, clutching her suitcase,
"will you be okay?"
"Yeah," Percy's smile was more forced than usual, "I'm always fine."

and the boy couldn't be brave,

Percy looked at the noose tied in front of him. The chair wobbled ever so slightly under his feet and Percy just stared. The rope looked so innocent, swaying in the freezing winter air coming in through the window. Percy's eyes filled with tears and he reached for the noose and slipped it over his head. He swallowed, and his throat was dry. He looked down at the floor, so close, and yet he would never reach it, not like this.

He needed a drink.

Percy took the noose down and left the room, too afraid to hang.

he asked 'who will save me,'

"Annabeth," Percy whispered in the phone, fighting back tears. His phone was slippery from the blood oozing from the cuts on his wrists, "can you come to my place?" Percy's breath came out all shuddery. There was loud music on the girl's end,

"Huh?!" she called, "What?! Did something happen?!!" she called loudly.

"I-I just need somebody...," Percy bit his lip, trying to keep his sobs at bay.

"Look Perce, I can't talk," Annabeth called something to someone in the back, "I've got to go, Luke wants to dance. Call Leo."

And she hanged up and Percy burst out crying, alone on his bloodied bathroom floor.

and when nobody could set him free,

"I need the medication," Percy deadpanned, "I can't sleep."

The doctor looked at him through his glasses and wrote something on his piece of paper,

"Look, Mr Jackson, I cannot prescribe you these pills-"

"Just fucking give them to me!" Percy yelled, "I need to sleep!"

"Mr Jackson-"

"Give me the fucking pills you cunt!" Percy screamed. He was dragged out.

from the chains that bound him and turned his world black,

"Percy," Annabeth's worried voice sounded from behind the closed door. Percy sat in his dark, stinking apartment, silent. "Percy are you in there?" the girl knocked again. Percy didn't reply.

"Come on," Luke said to the girl, "he's obviously not here, maybe he's on holiday."

Their footsteps walking away lulled Percy to sleep.

he took off flying and never looked back."

Maybe he got braver, maybe he just got more tired. But Percy Jackson decided to die that Wednesday night.
Jason was walking back from the poetry slam, Thalia's poem circulating in his head. He didn't know why but for some reason it stuck in his memory and he just couldn't seem to forget it. It was dark out and there weren't many people about since it was also pretty cold. Jason shoved his hands into his pockets and pushed on through the freezing night, dreaming of his warm bed and a cup of tea.

He almost missed him; the boy standing on the bridge over the Thames, clutching the railing and looking down at the churning, dirty water. Almost, because something made Jason look up. The blonde froze, but the other boy’s back was to him and he couldn't see his face.

"Um...hey!" Jason called, "are you alright, mate?"

The stranger turned around. He had hollow eyes and tears raced down his face. Jason's heart beat picked up when he realized that the boy was going to jump.

"P-Please go away," he begged, "I-I want to be a-alone."

Jason's eyes narrowed and he stepped closer,

"What are you going to do?" he asked. The boy laughed bitterly,

"What does it look like?"

"Don't jump," Jason said stupidly, "the water's cold."

"This isn't the Titanic," the boy snorted.

"You have so much to live for?" Jason tried. The boy shook his head,

"You don't know me. I have nothing."

"What's your name?" Jason tried a different tactic, desperately trying to keep the boy occupied.

"Percy. Not that it matters anymore," the boy shrugged.

"I'm Jason," Jason said even though Percy didn't ask, "I'm coming back from a poetry slam."

"I don't care."

"Well...," Jason bit his lip, "do you like poetry."

"No, I think it sucks," Percy admitted. Jason suddenly remembered Thalia's poem,

"Why are you up there?" he asked.

"Stop asking stupid questions and leave me alone," Percy grumbled. Jason stepped closer, so that if he reached out he would've been able to touch the boy,

"Hey...can I tell you a poem?"

"No." Percy deadpanned, "go away."

"Well...can I tell you a story?" Jason tried again. Percy sighed,

"If I let you will you leave me alone?"
"Okay," Jason agreed. Percy leaned against the barrier and sighed,

"Go on then."

"Once upon a time," Jason started. Percy groaned,

"Please, no."

"Shut up and listen," Jason growled in warning, "once upon a time there was a beautiful boy with bright blue eyes and a wonderful smile," the blonde said, looking directly at Percy. The boy rolled his eyes but at least he wasn't crying anymore, "and he was a brave knight that killed all the bad dragons and saved all the princesses."

"What a feminist he was," Percy said. Jason smiled,

"Shhh, just listen," he said, "the boy saved all the princesses and the kingdom loved him. However, none of the princesses ever wanted him and the knight fell into a deep loneliness. He sat at his empty, dark castle all day long, and he dreamed."

"What did he dream of?" Percy asked quietly, a far away look in his eyes.

"He dreamed of being free. Free of everything he had to pretend to be in front of the kingdom, a brave knight." Jason thought, "he wanted to be a dragon instead, and he wanted to fly away and see the world, away from the selfish princesses and dark castles."

"And did he?"

"Did he what?" Jason frowned. Percy looked at him,

"Did he fly away?"

"Well, first he tried to find a reason to stay." Jason said, "he didn't have any friends because he never had time to make any, and he didn't have any family because he left them a long time ago. And he didn't have a loved one, he was all alone in the world, and there were no more dragons for him to fight. So the boy went out onto the highest point in the kingdom and looked out onto the world below him, and he dreamt of flying."

"What happened to him?" Percy's voice was a whisper, snatched away by the wind.

"I'm looking at him right now," Jason said softly. Percy's head snapped to the side and he stared at Jason with wide eyes. The blonde saw those blue eyes fill with tears and one rolled down the boy's cheek.

"I-I..." Percy stuttered.

"There's still someone for you to save," Jason said, unsure of where all of this was coming from.

"Who?"

Jason extended his hand to Percy. The boy stared at it and then he looked out onto the dark river below him, and then back at Jason's hand. Then, ever so slowly, Percy reached out and took the blonde's warm hand. Jason helped him down from the railing and then pulled the shaking boy into his arms, hugging him tight. Percy started crying, loud sobs ripped from his throat mixed with salty tears that wetted Jason's jacket. The blonde held him close,

"Shhh, it's okay, I've got you, I won't let you go," he murmured, and his own eyes filled with
tears. He didn't realize how lonely he was until he had someone just as lonely in his arms. He wrapped his coat around Percy's shoulder's and took his hand and together they walked to Jason's apartment. The blonde gave Percy tea and borrowed him a jumped and threw a blanket over him. Before he went to sleep he threw away the whiskey and sleeping pills he had ready for him for that night. A killer dose.

Jason was the boy all along, and Percy saved him that night, even though neither of them realized that.
In this world, everything is black and white. In this world, everybody has a soul mate. The moment you meet your soulmate; at birth, when you're twenty or when you're eighty alike, the world's colors flood back and you know you've found the one. Because there is only one, for everyone in the world, there are no exchanges. And some people go their entire lives with their worlds being black and white.

The boy stood in the shabby bathroom. The walls were bear, the floor cold concrete, the mirror cracked and smudged. There was a tiny show in the corner with an old curtain hanging in front of it. Only cold water came out of the tap and the boy couldn't wash his hands without his leg touching the dirty toilet. The light flickered and Nico stared at himself in the mirror; sunken, hollow eyes, sharp cheekbones, pale, almost see-through skin, messy hair...the boy sighed and pooled some of the freezing water into his hands. He quickly splashed it onto his face before it could trickle out, and turned the tap off.

"Nico!" someone yelled from outside the door. The boy sighed. He could hear the music playing downstairs in the club, two floors below. Nico di Angelo glanced at his reflection one last time, painfully black and white, before stepping out of the bathroom. He was an escort, a fancy name given to the prostitutes, at Dionysus' Club, The Gods, for a little over two years, and it was a busy night.

The room that was beyond the bathroom was not much better; single beds were packed next to each other to make two dozen, with relatively clean sheets. There was a tiny window in one corner of the room, near the cracked ceiling, like a prison. Nico came face-to-face with a girl with a long, black braid. At least Nico thought it was black, it could've been dark brown.

"Niks, you're up," the girl - Reyna - informed him, "dancing until one and then shift until three."
"That's not that bad," Nico said half-heartedly, "who am I up with?"

"Rachel and Leo," Reyna said, "now hurry up, go to make-up."

Nico nodded at her, ducked under her arm and went to the door in the floor. He popped it open and then climbed down an unsteady ladder to the second floor of the bulding. The walls were plain but at least not as cracked as the ones upstairs, though the wallpaper was peeling in some places. There were several open doors down the hallway; two of which were bathrooms, and there were plenty of girls and boys in skimpy clothes hanging around, smoking cigarettes, either their shift was over or it was about to begin. Nico ducked into the closest room, which was a type of make-up studio.

There was a long mirror along one of the walls, with a table top piled with make-up underneath it. There were clothes racks and shoes laying around and bedside lamps placed around to give some light to the several make-up artists that were preparing the escorts.

Rachel Elizabeth Dare, one of Nico's closest friends, was powdering a girl's nose, a lamp pointed at her face.

"Hi Annabeth," Nico said, sliding into a chair next to her, "hi Rachel."

"Hi Niks," Annabeth said, as Rachel applied some pale lipstick onto her lips,

"Aren't you off duty?" Nico frowned. Annabeth shrugged and Rachel grinned. Her normally frizzy hair was curled into classy locks around her face,

"She's going to see that Percy guy again," she winked. Annabeth rolled her eyes and smacked her lips together,

"Does he know what you do for a living?" Nico asked, eyebrow raised. Annabeth shrugged one shoulder and grabbed her coat,

"Not yet. It's nothing serious." She said, and looked at herself in the mirror. She smiled slightly, "nice color," she said, gave them a little wave, and ran out. Nico sighed, his shoulder's slumping and rotated the chair so he was in front of Rachel,

"She's lucky," he mumbled as the girl began powdering his face to reduce the shining of his skin. Then Nico frowned, "wait, since when can Annabeth see color?"

Rachel froze, halfway through opening the eyeliner, and blinked,

"Well shoot," she said, "do you think that Percy guy...," she trailed off and bit her lip. Nico shrugged.

"I don't know. Maybe," he offered as Rachel began applying the make up. She applied a thin line of eyeliner and glittery gold eyeshadow onto his eyelids and then contoured his face, before adding some glitter onto his cheeks. She smiled at him gently,

"Okay, get to hair and I'll see you in," she glanced at the clock (which was an hour and thirteen minutes late so you had to calculate the real time), "twenty minutes," she finished and turned back to her own makeup. Nico pecked her cheek and then walked across the room. Several people off-duty were clearing out, either taking a shower, going out for drinks or going to sleep. Nico slid into the empty chair next to his friend, Leo Valdez, and reached for the hairspray.

"Did Reyna tell you tonight's timetable?" Leo asked immediately, he was trying to tame his wild
curls, tongue sticking out of his mouth.

"Yeah," Nico combed and sprayed his hair so it looked like 'I just woke up from having amazing sex' messy, "it's not bad."

"Yeah," Leo grinned, "not like that one week in April last year. My ass was sore for a month I swear."

Nico snorted, only Leo could find such a situation amusing. Nico glanced at him in the mirror and then took a deep breath,

"Annabeth said something weird today."

"Oh?" Leo sounded interested, "what was it? Did she proclaim she's not a virgin anymore?" he snickered to himself. Nico rolled his eyes,

"No. She said that...," he bit his lip, "she said that the colour of the lipstick Rach gave her was nice."

"So?"

"The colour."

Leo froze, hands buried in his hair, and turned to stare at Nico with wide eyes,

"You think...," his voice was quiet. Nico shrugged,

"I think that the Percy guy she's been seeing could be her soulmate, yeah."

Leo dropped his hands and stared at himself in the mirror,

"Shit."

"And...," Nico started again, "if he is...then...then, I was thinking, you know how we've been saving up," he didn't wait for Leo to reply, "well...I want to give her my share."

"R-Really?" Leo spluttered.

"She needs ten thousand," Nico said, "and I know she has four and a half. If we...I mean if I give he another five and a half then she could get out of this place."

"And how much do you have?" Leo asked. Nico sighed and looked away,

"Three thousand."

Leo smiled at him gently and clasped his shoulder,

"Well then I'll give her two and a half. I have seven anyway," he said. Nico brightened up, "and one of us has to get out of here, eh?"

"Oi! Leo, Nico, we're up!" Rachel called.

"Is this really good idea?" Will asked, sighing, as Frank fixed his long sleeved black top.

"Yeah mate," Jason gave him a pointed look, "you need to get over Miranda, man."
"But," Will protested, "It's only been a couple of months, and I don't think going to bed with a prostitute is going to change anything."

Frank groaned,

"What colour's my eyes?" Jason raised an eyebrow. Will bit his lip. Everything he saw was black or white or grey, "exactly," Jason deadpanned, "Miranda wasn't the one."

"And a prostitute will?" Will glared. Frank shrugged,

"Maybe yes, maybe no," he urged his friend out of the car, "unfortunately for you, me and Jas are taken, so have fun in there, and don't catch anything."

Will glared one last time,

"Pick you up in the morning," Jason grinned, and then he pulled their car out of the driveway. He honked once, flashed the lights at Will, and then the two boys drove off. Will sighed and turned around to face the looming building above him. It was four storeys high in the red light district in Amsterdam. A neon sign saying 'The Gods' flickered above the blonde. He was in Amsterdam for Jason's and Piper's wedding, and spending a night with a prostitute wasn't really his idea of fun.

Will decided to just drink and watch the whole night, so he walked inside. He was immediately hit with a wave of alcohol, sweat and...well, sex. A girl dressed in a corset and thigh-high heels smiled at him sultrily,

"Hey there, big boy," she said. She had long dark hair and wide, pale eyes, "I'm Silena. welcome to The God."

"Um," Will backed away from her slightly, trying not to be rude, "thanks."

"Shall I take you to a table?" she asked. Will nodded hesitantly, looking around the interior, and followed Silena. There were heavy drapes in different shades hanging from the ceiling, and as Will neared the source of the music that made the floor vibrate, they grew lighter and more see through. Apparently Mr D didn't like doors. Silena led the boy into the main, hazy, smoky hall. It was littered with round tables, with a massive stage with a pole at the front. Almost all the tables were taken up with men; fit and young or creepy and old alike, shouting and cheering at the dancers onstage. Everyone was smoking or drinking or both, and dancers and prostitutes slinked around tables to give private lap dances. The room was dark, the only illumination coming from the swivelling lights near the stage, and the stage lights themselves.

Silena led Will to a table near to the side, in the shadows, swaying her hips. But Will wasn't interested in girls. He sat down in the private little table and Silena smiled,

"Can I get you a drink, sir?" she asked. Will cleared his throat awkwardly,

"Um, a whiskey please," she said, "and my name's Will."

"Okay, Will," Silena purred. Will winced,

"I'm gay."

Silena blinked, and then she hid her smile behind her hand,

"Okay I'll get you that whiskey then, mate," she giggled and hurried off. Will smiled and got more comfortable on the soft sofa beneath him. It was really comfy. Will turned his eyes on the stage where some girl was finishing her dance. A guy stuck a tenner behind her pants and she gave him
a flirty smile before sauntering off the stage. Will sighed and Silena came back with his whiskey. She gave him an actual smile,

"You look bored."

"My friends forced me to come," Will shrugged. Silena nodded like she understood,

"Sad times. Anyway, this act is good," she said.

"Oh?" Will asked, interested.

"Yeah, pay close attention to the boy with black hair, he should be wearing red. He's really good," Silena winked and walked off, but her words struck Will because she could see colours. And yet she was forced to work here...the blonde sighed and touched his heart. He felt for her on so many levels. To rid himself off the thoughts that dampened his mood, he took a sip of the whiskey.

Meanwhile, the next dancers were announced as the girl from before ventured into the crowd, immediately getting groped by some sleazy guy.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing to you our next performers; Hephaestus, Oracle and Hades."

The crowd cheered so loud that they almost silenced the music. 'Pony' by Ginuwine came on, and three different people came on stage. The boy to the far left was latino, with wild curls that fell into his cute face. He was hot, although quite short, with wiry muscles. The only girl had her hair in gentle waves and was wearing a short skirt and a bra. The girl on the right had Will's attention immediately; he looked vaguely Italian, with dark hair that fell messily into his pretty eyes and a thin, pale body.

The second he started moving, Will forgot all about the other two. He swayed his hips lazily against the pole and then hooked his leg around it. His hair fell into his face, and he pulled himself upwards onto the pole, body arched beautifully. His movements were filled with the grace of a ballerina, his body moving in such a sensual way that Will was hard in seconds, staring at Hades with wide eyes, mouth falling open.

He was absolutely mesmerizing, and Will's heart was beating fast, his hands growing sweaty. By the end of the song, Hades' hair was plastered to his face and his body was shining with sweat, chest heaving with desperate breaths. The song ended and the boy lowered himself back down onto the ground. His tight leather boxers clung to his perky ass and slid down slightly, revealing his sharp hipbones.

The crowd went wild, throwing bills at the three dancers, and they all grinned and walked off-stage. Silena reappeared next to Will.

"Close your mouth, blondie," she grinned. Will did so, blushing and sitting back against the pillows, "anything else I can get you?"

"C-Can...," Will's throat was dry, "can I request a private dance?"

"Sure, but there's always a long queue for Hades," Silena said. Then she winked, "I'll put in a word."

"Thanks." He said. The girl hurriedly stuffed the money into one of her boots, smiled, and hurried off. Will drank all of his whiskey in one go for confidence. He saw the Latino boy and the girl that danced with him disperse into the crowd, and then Hades came out. Silena came over to him and whispered into his ear. The boy's dark eyes snapped up and he looked right at Will, and for a
second the blonde's heart stopped.

Then Hades made his way across the room, weaving his way through the tables. A guy reached out and squeezed his ass and anger flared in Will's body, he wanted to kill that guy, and he didn't know why. Meanwhile Nico finally got to Will and he stood in front of the blonde, practically naked. The blonde got a strong urge to take his shirt off and put it over the guy, to shield him from the hungry eyes of the other men.

"You requested a dance?" the guy gave Will a flirty smile. The blonde gaped at him, and the boy slid into his lap, grinning, "cat got your tongue?" he purred, casually throwing his arms around Will's shoulders. 'I wanna fuck you' by Jeremih came on, and the lights dimmed. Hades smiled, "No kissing on the lips and no marks," was all he said and then started to move his hips sensually against Will, and then he pressed a feather light kiss just under Will's jaw. A wave of heat hit the blonde and he sucked in a startled breath, hands coming to grip the escort's waist despite himself.

The boy moved his hips in time with the beat, slowly rubbing their crotches together. He was kissing Will's neck and then he grinned,

"You can touch me too, you know," Hades murmured and turned Will's face so he could look at him, his hips never once faltering as he rubbed himself against the blonde. Will felt a spark of electricity shoot up his spine as the stared into the escort's dark eyes. The blonde's hands slid down to Nico's ass and he squeezed the soft flesh, almost like he couldn't stop himself. The dark haired boy's hips faltered and he let out a small gasp.

The song continued and Hades flipped around, so that his backside was now against Will's crotch. At this point the blonde was dazed from the whiskey and the heat of the boy's lewd body against his. Hades rubbed his ass against Will's bulge and let the boy go enough so that Will could kiss down his neck, licking the heated skin, hands digging into the boy's bony hips.

The song ended and Hades turned around so that he could give Will another lingering kiss. The blonde let him go and then passed him two hundred dollars. Hades blinked at him, surprised, and then Will stood up. He towered over the escort, and he slipped a gentle arm around his waist and kissed his cheek, "Thanks," was all he said, and then walked out of the club.

Nico couldn't get that stranger out of his head for the whole next day. He deposited the two hundred dollars with Mr D's assistant, Juniper, and took a shower. For once he didn't want to wash off the touch of a man, he wanted to keep it...the way that guy touched him, it was different than anything else Nico ever felt. Nico actually got hard, which hasn't happened since he started working at the club.

He asked Silena about the man, but all she said was that his name was Will and he was gay, which was kind of obvious. When Nico's shift finished at three, he climbed up to the attic where everyone who wasn't fucking anybody that night slept. The Italian was happy because Will tipped him enough that he didn't have to go to bed with some drunkard, and for that Nico was grateful for that.

He lied down on his bed, in between Annabeth - who didn't come back for the night - and Drew, who was also not present, probably on duty. Nico lied down on his side as the giggles and gossip in the room died down gradually, thinking about the night. His heart was still beating fast at the memory of Will's strong hand on his hips, not doing anything, just holding him. Nico shivered and pressed his face into the pillow, pressing his legs together in case he got some weird ideas.
He fell asleep with the thought that there would be more money to give Annabeth. The girl returned when the night was turning into morning, and she kissed Nico's cheek, waking him up. Her makeup was smudged and she had her heels in her hand, but she looked so freaking happy.

"I think I'm in love," she whispered to him. Nico squeezed her hand and as she lied down to sleep, he thought he saw a golden reflection in her hair when the sun came up.

Nico woke up at four in the afternoon, feeling more rested than he had in two years. Most of guys and girls were already up and about. The club opened at nine, so they all had time for themselves until then. Nico brushed his teeth and combed his hair, before slipping on a dark, soft jumper and ripped jeans. Reyna came into the room, clapping her hands and effectively waking up anyone who was still sleeping.

"Alright," the girl said, "Mr D told me who's on duty today," eleven escorts worked every night, and then they had a day off. This worked so people had a night of rest before going back on stage. "I'm at the door from nine to one with Luke, then we're swapping with Calypso and Octavian," the said people sighed in relief. Inviting people at the door in was one of the better jobs, "Alright, then we have dancers for nine to midnight, which are going to be Annabeth and Ethan. Then Chris you're going to be on for an hour, and at two Harley and Mark will dance until five. Butch and Alabaster you got a hen party. Everyone else you're off."

The people off sighed with relief while the dancers started complaining. Annabeth just sat quietly on her bed, picking at a loose thread of her covers. Nico sat next to her,

"What's up?"

"Nothing," she offered him a weak smile, "wanna grab some lunch? I've still got time."

"Okay," Nico nodded. He glanced around the room; out of the extravagant clothing and wild makeup, eveyone just looked like young adults, dressed in pjs or jeans and hoodied, "Oi, we're getting lunch, who's up for it?"

"Me!" Katie Gardner jumped to her feet, "I've had a shit night. The fat pig that I had to go with wanted to cuddle," she shuddered and everyone laughed.

"At least he was too tired to go three rounds," Leo rolled his eyes and shrugged on his coat.

"I'm starving," Alabaster agreed, "I fucking hate hen parties."

Nico was sitting in the 'dorm room' scrolling through facebook on his phone. It was almost midnight and the room was relatively quiet, all the dancers were downstairs getting ready. Nico wore a grey t-shirt (everything was grey to him) and sweatpants, and was ready for a night of relaxing. He even had his glasses on, so his eyes didn't get even more fucked up. Rachel was sketching him, sitting on Annabeth's bed, Drew, Jake and Nyssa were out somewhere, Lou Ellen and Grover were asleep, Leo was taking a shower, Katie Gardner was reading a book and Silena was texting someone furiously.

"Calm down or you'll poke through the screen," Leo informed her, coming out of the bathroom shirtless, towelling his hair dry. Silena glared at him,

"Shut up Valdez," was all she managed to get out, before Reyna burst into the room. She had strong make up on, and was only in her bra and a a pair of tight boxers. Her hair was piled ontot of her head messily.
"Nico! Get ready, you're going down!"

"What?" the Italian protested, "that's not fair, I was dancing yesterday!"

"Well, you've got a client that's asking specifically for you so you better get your cute ass downstairs," Reyna said breathlessly, "he is paying up."

Nico groaned but dragged himself off the bed. He really didn't want to spend the night with some fat dude that could be his father, but he remembered that he had to get as much money as he could for Annabeth, so she could get out of the club and go live with this Percy dude. So the boy made his way downstairs, and did his own make-up and hair half-heartedly, before pulling on some tight leather leggings and an open white shirt that revealed his pale skin. The boy sighed at himself in the mirror and then went downstairs. The top floor of the club was obviously the dancer's bedroom, the one below it was the floor where everyone got ready. Below it were the rooms where clients took their escorts if they wanted to fuck, and it was all red wallpapers and low lighting. The bottom floor was of course the club itself. Nico sighed as he made his way to the ground floor, annoyed that he had to be in that atmosphere only to entertain one man.

Still, this was his job and he had to get the money. With a heavy heart, Nico opened the back door to the main hall. At least he didn't have to dance. The boy slipped out of the shadows and made his way to one of the back tables, number thirty two, where he was said the client was waiting. Annabeth was up on stage, wearing nothing but white lace underwear and a bride's veil.

_I hope he pays well_, Nico grumbled to himself, and put on his best smile. He turned to the booth and froze when he saw who sat there, his smile falling off of his face. It was Will. His heart beat picked up and Nico quickly plastered the smile back onto his face,

"Back again?" he asked the man, grinning, even though his heart pounded painfully. The man blinked at him. He wore a nice, tight t-shirt and jeans. His hair was nice and wavy as if he just spent a day at the beach, and he had kind eyes and a nice smile. So yeah he was gorgeous, but he wasn't the first hot guy to come to 'The Gods' so Nico just slid into his lap. "You requested a dance?" he murmured, teeth grazing Will's skin. The guy's arms slid around Nico's waist and he leaned down to kiss him. The Italian panicked and turned his head so the man's lips connected with his cheek instead,

"No lip kissing." Nico whispered, out of his depth. Nobody ever wanted to kiss. 'Lollipop' by Lil Wayne came on and Nico smirked, this he could do it. Before Will could be disappointed, Nico arched his back and pushed their hips together. "Glad you came," he whispered into his ear. He slid down Will's lap until he was on the floor and then playfully trailed his lips down the inside of Will's thigh. The man's breath hitched and Nico smirked before sliding back into Will's lap, so his back was pressed against the man's chest. Nico bent over and rubbed his ass against the man's crotch, and felt a weird kind of satisfaction when he left the bulge that Will was sprouting. That was the first time Nico ever enjoyed giving a lap dance.

He turned in the blonde's lap. The guy had a dazed look on his face, and his eyes were darker than Nico remembered, though he didn't know what colour they were. Nico glanced at his lips, but quickly looked away. Instead he pressed wet kisses along the guy's jaw, his hips thrusting forward so his erection rubbed against Will's.

_Woah._

_Wait._

_What erection._
Panic flooded Nico as he recognised the heat he was feeling as arousal. This was not happening. He didn't notice he stopped moving, tense against Will.

"Hey," the man said gently, "you okay?"

Nico climbed off of his lap,

"S-Sorry," he said, "I need to go," he turned around.

"Wait!" Will said quickly. He grabbed Nico's wrist and pulled him forward. He put a two hundred dollars in the boy's hand and then kissed his cheek. Nico blushed and then sprinted away to the closest back door.

"Nico," Annabeth shook his shoulder, "babe, wake up. It's almost four and Reyna's coming up to let everyone know who's working."

"'kay," Nico mumbled and shuffled out of bed. He made it halfway to the bathroom when Reyna appeared,

"Valdez," she growled, poking the bundle under the covers with her toe, "get up."

"Whaat?" Leo whined, sitting up, his hair looking like a birds nest,

"You're working."

"Great," Leo huffed and fell backwards against the pillows,

"You're dancing," Reyna added.

"Even better," Leo grumbled, "I'm going back to sleep."

Reyna sighed, "alright. Grover and Katie you're at the door for nine, and then it's gonna be Drew and Nyssa."

Jake and Nyssa high-fived.

"Tonight at nine Drew and Lee are dancing. And then we're going to have Lou Ellen, Leo and Silena. Rachel you're giving a private dance to some CEO and at the end it's Jake and Nico."

"What?!" Nico demanded, "That's unfair, I danced yesterday and on Monday."

"You gave privates yesterday," Reyna reminded him.

"Yeah," Octavian snorted, "who is this guy that's paying you so much."

"None of your business. He won't come here anymore now piss off and go put your lipstick on."

Octavian glared at him and left the room. Nico gave Jake a tired look and the boy sighed,

"At least I'm not dancing with Octavian," he grumbled.

Nico was dressed in a pair of black boxers with suspenders that crisscrossed on his back. He spent the last half an hour with Jake, trying to figure out what the easiest way to undo it was.

"Ready?" Jake asked. Nico nodded and gave him a grin.
"Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing to you our next performers; Hades and Vulcan."

The lights went down and Nico and Jake quickly made it onstage, sitting in their chairs. The smoke machine let out a gust of fog with a low hiss and the lights came up, still pretty low. The crowd went wild, and Nico noticed that there were at least two hen parties taking place in the club, which meant more ladies audience. No wondered he had an act with Jake. Nico tapped his thigh in the rhythm of the music, his snapback pulled low over his face, making only his smirking lips visible. He and Jake jumped to their feet and started dancing around each other, touching skin and pressing their bodies together. Jake playfully tapped smacked Nico's ass at the 'tap tap' of the song and the boys slid away from each other, hands on their crotches. They got down low before thrusting against the floor, which made the ladies in the audience go wild. Nico climbed into Jake’s lap and slid one of the straps of his suspenders off, their faces inches apart, almost kissing. Jake threw Nico backwards so he was lying on his back. It was meant to look rough but actually wasn't because Jake knew exactly how and when to throw Nico so the boy could catch himself and not smack his head against the floor. Then the boy climbed on top of Nico and he thrust down onto him. Nico arched his back and then Jake rolled off of him. They continued like that for the rest of the song, and the audience loved it, they always did.

When the lights went down, the two boys slipped off stage.

"Great job!" Juniper informed them, smiling, "Also, Nico you're requested in one of the private rooms."

"Oh." Nico's heart fell. He really wasn't up for being someone's fucktoy right now, but this was his job. He sighed, bumped fists with Jake and then walked upstairs. He checked his reflection in a mirror he passed, and deciding he looked decent, he walked into the room.

Will sat on the bed, twidling his hands nervously. He looked up when Nico walked in and the boy's heart skipped a beat.

"Do you usually do that?" Will asked.

"Do what?" Nico frowned. Will looked away, "Dance like...that, with other guys."

"It's my job," Nico said simply. He began unbuttoning his trousers. Will's eyes widened,

"Woah! Woah! What are you doing?!" he demanded. Nico blinked at him,

"Um...sorry, would you rather I keep my clothes on?" he asked. Will frowned,

"I don't want to sleep with you."

For some reason, that was the biggest disappointment of Nico's night. He managed a quiet 'oh' and then he buttoned his trousers back up.

"So what do you wanna do? I can give you another lapdance if you want," Nico offered. Will shook his head,

"No, I just wanna talk," he admitted, "sorry if that makes you uncomfortable."

"No," Nico smiled and sat down on the bed, leaning against the headboard, "talking's fine. Actually, talking sounds wonderful right now."
Will smiled, "You ran away yesterday."

"I...had an emergency." Nico lied. Will nodded, not pushing it.

"You're a really good dancer."

"Thanks," Nico smiled, "and why are you in the red light district? You look respectable."

Will shrugged,

"My friend's forced me to. I'm here for a wedding."

"You're getting married??" Nico's eyes widened. Will laughed,

"No, one of my friends is." he said, "I promised to go to a club for one night."

"But you came back," Nico frowned. Will shrugged one shoulder and looked down at the sheets,

"You're mesmerising."

Nico blushed. He never heard stuff like that, usually it was 'nice ass' or 'you're hot.'

"T-Thanks," he mumbled, and then quickly changed the subject, "so what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a doctor."

"Seriously?!!" Nico said, "wow you're full of surprises."

Will gave him a shy smile, "thanks. So how come you're here?"

"Oh..."

"You don't have to answer that," Will said quickly.

"No, it's okay," Nico shrugged, "basically my mom died when I was a baby and my sister died in a crash seven years ago. My dad he...he found out I was gay and he kicked me out of the house," the boy's voice got quieter, "I tried to live off a bunch of different things but it wasn't enough. I ended up on the streets, got into a bit of a drug situation. Mr D, the guy that runs this place, promised he'd get me out of trouble with the police if I worked for him. And here I am," Nico concluded with an awkward smile. Will's eyes softened,

"That sounds horrible," he admitted.

"Sorry to ruin your night."

"No," Will said, "You didn't ruin it, don't worry...," he bit his lip, "so if you could do anything right now, what would you like to do?"

"You're the client, you decide," Nico said. Will shook his head,

"No, come on, what do you want to do right now?"

Nico glanced at the window. The sun was rising,

"Right now," he said quietly, "I just really want to sleep."
Will smiled,

"Alright. You sleep," he said, and stood up. Nico caught his sleeve, for some stupid reason, his heart pounding furiously in his chest. For a second Will's hair flashed gold, but Nico told himself it was just his eyes playing tricks on him. He wanted to ask Will to stay, but he reminded himself that he was a whore and Will was only here for a wedding.

"Are you gonna come back?" he asked instead. Will smiled and kissed his cheek,

"Sure."

"I'm not working tomorrow."

"Okay," Will smiled, and slipped out of the room and Nico fell against the pillows.

"Nico," Leo popped his head around the door, "someone's here to see you."

"Oh," Nico jumped to his feet, hope rising in his chest. He followed Leo out of the room and then grabbed his hand suddenly, "I nearly have all the money for Annabeth," he said. Leo grinned,

"Me too, I bet we can give it to her by the end of next week."

"And then?" Nico asked, letting go of Leo. The Latino smiled,

"Then we start saving again," he said, "now come on."

The two boys ran downstairs. It was eight thirty and the club would be opening soon. They passed loads of people getting ready for the show, but Nico wasn't paying attention to any of them as he and Leo made it to the ground floor.

"Good luck," Leo grinned at him and the run off. Nico took a deep breath and stepped outside. It was a cold night, and Will was dressed in a nice coat, a scarf wrapped around his neck. He smiled brightly when he saw Nico,

"Hi," he said, breath changing into a cloud in front of his face,

"Hi," Nico replied, "what are you doing here?"

"I...," Will bit his lip, "okay I know this is really random, but there's this party that Piper and Jason are throwing, for their wedding, and...and I was wondering...," he looked at Nico, "I was wondering if you'd like to come with me?"

"I-I...what?" Nico gaped.

"Do you wanna go to a party with me?" Will asked again. Nico blinked and then flushed,

"Why do you wanna go with me?!"

Will shrugged and blushed, "I don't know. I like you."

"Will," Nico sighed, "I'm an escort."

"So?" Will's eyes softened. Nico was so close to saying yes. He wanted to run away from the club, just for one night feel like a decent human being. But that wasn't fair on Will.

"No, sorry," Nico mumbled, stepping away.
"Why not?" Will frowned. Nico laughed bitterly and looked up at the sky,

"I'm a whore."

"Don't say that," Will said softly, and reached for Nico, who moved away,

"Do you know how many people have fucked me?" Nico asked. Will winced, "yeah, me neither. I don't even remember. I'm a good for nothing whore and you...," Nico's eyes filled with tears when Will's hand dropped, "you shouldn't come here again." Was all he said and then he turned on his heel and ran back inside.

"Nico?!" Leo asked, but Nico just threw himself onto his bed and started sobbing. Leo touched his shoulder gently. "Nico?"

The Italian shrugged him off violently,

"Fuck off!" he shouted and everyone in the room flinched, "get out! Get the fuck out! All of you g-get out..." he finished with a heart breaking sob. Grover, Lou Ellen, Silena and Rachel, the only others in the room, walked out. Rachel took Leo's hand and practically dragged him out. She closed the little door in the floor after her. Nico broke down sobbing, curling in a ball on his bed, hugging his pillow to his chest. He didn't understand why everything hurt so much, why he cared about Will, who he only knew for a few days. It wasn't love...

but Nico's heart felt like it was being ripped out of his chest.

After God knows how long, Annabeth came in through the door in the floor. She had dark tear stains down her cheek from mascara.

"I told him," she whispered brokenly, "I told Percy."

From her tone, Nico knew that it didn't go well. He opened his arms and Annabeth lied down next to him, and they cried until they fell asleep, wrapped around each other.

Nico was fucking miserable the next night. He laid in bed, even when Reyna came in,

"Alright people," she said, "tonight at the doors we have Leo-

The boy whooped happily and Reyna glared at him,

"...with Rachel. Then Annabeth and Drew. Grover and Lou Ellen you're doing a dance together, and then Nyssa, Jake, Lee and Silena, you have a group number."

A cheer went up from them, group dances were easy.

"And Nico, you're doing a private."

Nico hummed into his pillow, not really caring. He didn't notice when he blacked out, but the next thing he knew was Lee Fletcher was shaking him awake,

"Come on Niks, you need to start getting ready."

Nico dragged himself to the shower, and cried a bit as he scrubbed himself clean. He made it downstairs and Rachel gave him gentle makeup, to make him look less dead and eliminate the dark circles under his eyes. He was dressed in a pair of hand-cut booty shorts that might've as well been underwear, and a mesh top. With a heavy heart he went down one floor to the private rooms
and opened the door to the one he was assigned to.

Will looked up at him when he walked in. Nico froze,

"I-I told you not to come back," he stuttered and then turned on his heel to run away, but Will caught his wrist, slammed the door shut and pressed Nico against it,

"Hey, calm down," he said, "I didn't come here to do anything weird. I just want to sleep with you," he admitted. Nico's shoulder's slumped,

"Okay," he said quietly, and reached to slip his shirt off. Will caught his hand,

"Let me do that," he whispered. The light was low in the room, to make it more atmospheric, and the sheets were black instead of white. Or they could've been blue. Nico couldn't tell. He let Will pull his shirt over his head and it all felt weird. Will took Nico's hand and kissed his cheek and the escort didn't know how to react. His heart was beating fast, and he was confused. Usually the men just chucked him on the bed, took a minimum amount of time preparing him, did their thing and left. But Will...Nico didn't know what to do with him.

The blonde was now kissing Nico's neck gently, pressing feather light kisses against his skin. He guided Nico to the bed and pushed him down, his mouth never leaving the boy's neck.

"No lip kisses," Nico said breathlessly, because that's the only rule he could hold onto.

"I know," Will pulled away and brushed Nico's hair out of his face. He rubbed his thumb against the Italian's cheek,

"You're wearing makeup," Will frowned, "I wish you wouldn't.

"It's my job," Nico glared, "can you just get on with it?!

But no, Will couldn't get on with it. He kissed down Nico's bare chest slowly, taking his time to kiss or lick or bite every inch of the boy's exposed skin, until Nico was squirming underneath him. Will sucked on his hipbone and then he pulled down Nico's shorts. The escort had the horrible urge to cross his legs, because he wasn't wearing any underwear, but then Will licked his cock and all of Nico's thoughts flew out of his head.

"No," he breathed as he felt heat shoot up his spine, he tried to push Will's head away, "no, no, no, you're not a-allowed to do that, s-stop-

"I thought the only rule was no kissing," Will raised an eyebrow and then, ignoring Nico's weak protests, he engulfed his member in the heat of his mouth. Nico threw his head back and let out a long moan, his hands tangling in Will's hair. The blonde bobbed his head, licking and sucking on Nico's throbbing flesh and the Italian didn't have the strength to fight it. He laid on the soft pillows, his eyes squeezed shut, desperate moans escaping his throat as heat coiled up in his stomach, and his toes curled.

"Will," he gasped, "Will, p-please, stop, I can't, I c-can't-

Will pulled away, sensing that Nico was close and came up so that their faces were inches apart. Nico's eyes were half-lidded, his cheeks flushed red. Will glanced at his lips,

"Don't," Nico said weakly, chest heaving with heavy breaths, "Will, don't."

Will took his hand and kissed the back of it,
"Don't worry," he murmured. He reached for the bedside, but then he stopped. He looked at Nico, "Hey. Is it okay if I have sex with you?"

The whole situation was so ridiculous that Nico laughed.

"Course," he snickered. Will frowned and tucked a piece of his hair behind Nico's ear,

"No," he said gently, "is it really okay? If you weren't an escort, and I wasn't a client, would you let me sleep with you?"

"If I wasn't an escort would you want to sleep with me?" Nico asked.

"Yes," Will breathed.

"Then yes," Nico said, "It's okay," he reached into the drawer and pulled out lube and a condom and pressed them into Will's hand. The blonde gazed down at him,

"I want to kiss you," he whispered. Nico turned his face away,

"Don't."

So instead Will kissed his bare shoulder. Nico tugged on Will's shirt and the boy silently pulled it over his head, Nico stared at his chest, his stomach, and then looked away. Will smiled and took his hand, placing it on his chest, over his frantically beating heart,

"You can touch me too, you know," he said. Nico looked up at him with wide eyes, and then slid his hand down over his muscular body, to his belt. Nico undid it quickly and Will kicked off his trousers, leaving him in his boxers. Nico's fingers hovered over their waistband, and he bit his lip. Will leaned forward and placed wet, open mouthed kisses against Nico's neck, while he pulled off his underwear and rolled on a condom.

"I-I should-" Nico struggled to sit up, but Will pushed him back down onto the pillows,

"You don't have to do anything," he said, "I'll take care of everything. Let me take care of you."

"Fine, alright, whatever," Nico looked away, his cheeks flushing. Will smiled and then grabbed the lube. The next thing Nico knew was that there was a finger inside of him. And that was okay, that was alright, that's usually happened.

So why was he shivering and why was his heart pounding.

Second finger. Then a third. Nico squirmed as Will prepared him slowly, throughoutly. The Italian closed his eyes and tried to calm his breathing. It was as if it was his first time all over again, except better because there was no fumbling and awkward questions. Nico forgot what gentle sex was like, he was so used to drunk men who couldn't aim properly or went too hard or too fast.

Will wasn't like that. He looked down at Nico with soft eyes.

"Is this okay?" he breathed.

"Yeah. I'm okay, you can put it in," Nico mumbled. Will faltered,

"Can I kiss you?" he asked. Nico gave him a pained look,

"Will you drop it?" he asked, "you can't."

Will sighed and then poured lube on his (really nice by the way) dick. He positioned himself at
Nico's entrance, and then began pushing in. Nico's breath caught in his throat and his head fell back against the pillows. Will kissed his neck, his chin, his jaw-line, behind his ear.

"Are you okay?" he murmured. Nico nodded and his breath hitched when Will pushed in another inch. The boy felt so wonderfully full and warm and cherished that he never wanted to leave that damn bed.

"Is it alright?" he asked Will. The blonde laughed against his shoulder,

"Are you kidding?" he asked, looking up at Nico. He kissed his shoulder and Nico blushed, "it's wonderful. You're wonderful."

"Are you all the way in?" Nico grumbled, looking away. Will smiled and then thrust forward sharply. Nico gasped, feeling the blonde bury himself deeper inside of him,

"I am now," Will said cheekily. Nico tried to catch his breath and the other boy wrapped his strong arms around his waist.

"What are you doing?"

"I wanna hold you," Will said innocently. Nico rolled his eyes,

"This is uncomfortable," he informed the blonde, "how about I ride you?"

"What?" Will blinked. Nico rolled his eyes,

"Let me ride you." He said. Will sat up, pulling the escort up with him, and then manoeuvred them around so that he had his back against the headboard. When Nico sat in his lap, Will re-wrapped his arms around the Italian's waist. "Told you it would be better," Nico grinned smugly. He placed his hands on Will's shoulders and pulled himself upwards, causing Will's dick to slip out of him, and then he forced himself down again. The boy's breath came out suddenly,

"F-Fuck," he swore shakily. Will's head fell against his shoulder and he let out a groan, shifting inside Nico. The escort pulled himself up again and slammed down on Will's cock. He let out small whimpers as he buried himself on the blonde's cock over and over. In minutes both of them were sweaty, clinging onto each other. Suddenly Will grabbed Nico's thighs and lifted him, before pushing him back down onto his cock, hitting the same spot. Nico moaned and before he could say anything else, Will just lifted him up as if he weighed nothing and fucked up into him, hitting that spot over and over. Heat filled Nico's body and he clawed at Will's back, trying to focus, to find something to hold on, but he couldn't. Everything inside him was tensing and throbbing with want and heat and Nico couldn't concentrate.

"Will...s-stop, I-I'm going to...ahhh, n-no, stop-" he sobbed, trying to get the blonde to slow down because he really, really couldn't control himself, "Will, Will, Will," Nico begged, not really knowing what he was asking for.

"Gods, Nico," Will murmured, "you're so perfect. I want to kiss you, let me kiss you, please-"

"N-No, Will-" Nico's words ended in a moan. Everything was burning hot, his insides, Will's skin. Then the blonde flipped them over and Nico was back on the covers and Will was thrusting
into his furiously and all Nico could do was moan and cry out and arch his back, trying to get closer, deeper, before it was all over.

"Fuck it," Will growled, and then he kissed Nico. The Italian froze, and then pushed Will away,

"N-No...," he started, but when he saw Will's heart broken expression something inside him snapped. He wrapped his arms around the blonde's neck and pulled him in, pressing their lips together. Will's thrusts sped up again, fucking into Nico's prostate mercilessly, and they kissed. It was messy and wet and desperate, Nico couldn't breathe and he was seconds away from coming, and it was absolutely perfect.

"Mine, you're mine," Will growled pulling away slightly.

"Yes, y-yes, yes," Nico sobbed, gasping for air, "I-I'm yours, only yours, Will fuck, please, I-I can't, I-I'm going to-

Will kissed him. He wrapped a hand around Nico's cock, gave it two tugs, and then Nico was coming all over their chests, and Will followed soon after.

Their eyes were closed. Will leaned against Nico's shoulder and tried to catch his breath. When the white glow of ecstasy faded slightly, Will pulled up and looked down at Nico with a fond smile. The Italian opened his eyes and frowned.

"Your....," he whispered hoarsely, "your eyes."

Will blinked.

"What about them?"

"Your eyes are blue."

Will sat up. He looked around the room. Nico followed him. The walls were deep red, the night outside during gray.

"What the-" Nico's mouth was dry. Will turned to him,

"I-I think...," he swallowed, "I think we're soulmates."

Nico stared at him for a long, long time, trying to process this information. Will took one of his hands,

"Nico," he said gently, "say something."

"I-I....," Nico's eyes filled with tears, "I'm just so, so happy right now I think I could die," he whispered. Will smiled and pulled the boy into his arms. And then he kissed him.

Percy forgave Annabeth and he paid Mr D to get her out of 'The Gods.' After the night with Will, Nico returned to his room and gathered all his stuff.

"Where are you going?" Reyna asked.

"I found my soulmate," Nico said happily, and then he hugged everyone, "Thanks guys, and good luck. I'll come to visit."

"W-Wait," Rachel's eyes filled with tears, "First Annabeth and now you?!"
"And not only me," Nico's eyes softened, "Rach, I know about the money you're saving. You can leave too."

Rachel squeezed his hands,

"Not yet," she smiled, "but good luck to you. Don't forget about us."

"I won't," Nico smiled, "Oh by the way," he reached into his bag and pulled out his three thousand. He handed it to a surprised Leo, "you can pay Mr D off too."

"No way," Leo stared at him with wide eyes and then threw his arms around Nico. "Thanks, bro."

The two pulled apart.

"Good luck," Nico smiled at them again, and waved, before he descended that crappy little ladder one last time. He went past the make up floor, where everyone was getting ready for the show.

"Good luck, yeah," Octavian told him. Nico smiled,

"Thanks," he grinned, "It was a great show," he said, and then he walked downstairs. Will was waiting for him by the front desk,

"Ready?" he asked, taking Nico's hand.

"Yup," Nico smiled. And as the numbers changed to nine pm and everyone swarmed in, Nico and Will walked out, for the last time. And the world never looked so bright.
"Luke putting a hex on Percy under Kronos' orders, but things turn out unexpectedly for Luke instead"?

Percy didn't understand how it happened. When he, Annabeth and Grover made it onto the *Princess Andromeda* Percy thought it would be a quick mission, where they might've not even been found out, and he might've not seen Luke at all. But things didn't go as planned and now Percy was separated from his friends, tied up to a chair, facing Luke himself.


Luke's gorgeous blue eyes were replaced by cold gold, that looked down at Percy with a type of superiority. And yes, notice that Percy said gorgeous, because although he never told anyone, Luke was his first, and right now only, love. Even before he chose the Titan's side, Luke was someone Percy looked up to, wanted to be. Until it turned into a different type of want - Percy wanted to be closer to Luke, to touch him, to be loved by him,

And then Luke turned away from him and it left Percy heartbroken. But that didn't matter because Percy only found himself more and more in love with the son of Hermes, despite his f*cked up morals. So it pained him to see this monster wearing his Luke's face.

"Well, well, well," Kronos leaned over Percy in what must've been a menacing manner, but he still smelled like Luke, and quite frankly Percy wasn't scared, "if it isn't Percy Jackson himself."

"Kronos," Percy regarded him coolly. Kronos grinned, and his eyes flashed,

"Ah. Something's changed about you, I can see that now," he said, and cocked his head to the side. Percy shuffled uncomfortable under his gaze, the rope bindings digging into his skin. He scanned the room trying to look for something that might've helped him escape Kronos' clutches, when the Titan grabbed his chin and forced him to look right at him. Percy swallowed hard. They were so close, barely inches apart, close enough that if Percy leaned forward he'd be able to kiss Luke.

No, Kronos.
Percy leaned back and Kronos' eyes narrowed, his mouth sliding into a smirk,

"Does your precious Annabeth know you like boys?" the Titan purred. Percy flushed and his eyes widened. Kronos laughed, "I'll take that as a no."

"You...y-you can't tell her," Percy mentally congratulated himself on his acting. Of course Annabeth knew he was gay, she was the first person he told when he figured it out. But as long as Percy pretended that he didn't want her to find out, he might get a chance to see her. Kronos' smile grew,

"Oh I can, and I will," he told Percy, "how do you feel about hexes?"

"I-I-...," Percy's blood ran cold, "Huh?"

In reply Kronos picked up what looked like a golden urn and turned it thoughtfully in his hands, He opened the lid and reached inside. He pulled out a handful of what looked like sand mixed with golden glitter, shimmering in the dim lights of the room. Percy swallowed,

"W-What's that?" he mumbled. Kronos gave him a sly smile,

"Percy Jackson, I hex you to confess your love to whichever boy you love," his smile widened, "and that will break your precious girl's heart. Then perhaps I could have a duel," he mused, and without warning he threw the golden sand at Percy's feet. It exploded in a cloud of dust and Percy coughed and wheezed, trying to get it out of his mouth and nose. Kronos laughed and Percy couldn't stop the sudden words rising in his throat.

"Luke, I love you," he said helplessly, staring right at Kronos. The Titan froze and the smile fell off his lips,

"What did you say?" he seethed.

"I love Luke," Percy said stubbornly. Kronos started cackling again,

"Oh that is splendid!" he clapped his hands, "you love such a weak human-"

"Luke's not weak," Percy spat, "he's the strongest person I know!"

"Oh really?"

Percy couldn't keep the words back. They bubbled under his skin and he wanted to make Kronos understand, to make him sorry for possessing Luke when Percy loved him so much,

"Yeah! He's the strongest and the bravest, he left everything he knew behind to follow a cause he thought was right and you tricked him into making him give away your body to you. No he's not weak, he was never weak," Percy strained against the bindings.

"That's enough," Kronos hissed.

"No!" Percy said definitly, "it's not enough, it'll never be enough," his eyes filled with unexpected tears, "I love Luke so much sometimes I think my heart will break, and I can't have him because you stole him away from me! I never even got the chance to tell him this, because he was ripped away from me."

"Shut up," Kronos grabbed his head suddenly, "shut up. Stop talking you pathetic mortal."

"I won't!" Percy's tears blurred his vision and he couldn't see those disgusting golden eyes. All he
could see was Luke, so close to him, "Luke I love you," he said again, and his voice cracked, "please come back to me, I-I can't stand it-

"Shut up!" Kronos growled, but his knees buckled and he crumbled to the ground, clutching his head.

"I love you," Percy sobbed, tears streaming down his face, "I love you so much i-it hurts."

"No, No, No," Kronos gasped under his breath.

"I love you, Luke."

"Shut up!" Kronos said weakly. The urn on the table broke and the words that threatened to continue leaving Percy's mouth stopped pushing. That didn't stop Percy from saying it again,

"I love you," he managed through his tears. Kronos picked himself up off the floor.

"Oh Percy," he sounded heart-broken, and it took Percy a second to realize that it wasn't Kronos anymore, it was Luke. It shocked him so much that he froze. Then there were skilled hands undoing his bindings and suddenly Percy was free. The boy pulled the sleeves of his jumper over his hands and rubbed his eyes, clearing his vision. He looked at the boy standing in front of him.

And his eyes were blue.

"L-Luke?" Percy whispered, eyes wide. Luke pulled him into his strong arms, holding him close. His heart was beating wildly.

"Percy, I-I,...," the blonde whispered, unable to find the right words. It all hit Percy at once; that Luke was right there, holding him. The dark haired boy wrapped his arms around him and squeezed furiously. Luke pulled away and took Percy's face in his hands and Percy's heart clenched almost painfully.

"I love you too Percy," Luke murmured, and then he was kissing Percy like there was no tomorrow. Percy gasped and then he wrapped his arms around the other boy's shoulders, pulling him impossibly closer. They kissed for what seemed like an eternity, lips moving together desperately, trying to push closer. The two clung onto each other and whispered 'I love you' over and over until Percy couldn't breathe.

Only then did Luke pull away.

"We need to get Annabeth and Grover," he told a dazed Percy.

"I-I...are you going to come back with me?" the dark haired boy asked. Luke's expression softened and he smiled,

"Of course I'm coming with you. I love you, don't I?"

Percy pulled him in for another kiss and his heart slowly repaired itself.
"We were playing in the snow and you suddenly tackled me to the ground and now we're just...staring...at each other?" Solangelo, Valdangelo, or Jasico?

Jason and Nico did it every year. On the first day it snowed, they would walk home from school, knees deep in the freezing substance, giggling. They used to play a game. The purpose was for one of them to trip the other one up and cause him to fall into the snow. The winner could request anything.

When they were seven, Nico won. He was a few inches taller than Jason, who was a chubby kid and couldn't run as fast. Nico got him easily, and tackled him to the ground. That time Jason ended up with a face full of snow and Nico requested that Jason give away his lunch cookies to him for a week.

When they were eleven, Nico still won. The two boys were the same height but Nico was a lost faster at dodging. He saw Jason coming at him from the back and he side-stepped, and stuck his foot out. The blonde was send sprawling into the snow with Nico cackling madly and he requested that Jason borrows him his GTA 3 for a week.

When they were fourteen, Jason finally managed to get Nico down. That was the year he got that growth spurt that made him tower over Nico, and he kicked Nico's legs from under him when the Italian wasn't paying attention. Jason's requested that Nico would talk to the girl he liked and ask her if she liked him too, which Nico did with a red face.

When they were seventeen, everything changed.

Jason and Nico stepped out of the school and took simultaneous breaths, sucking in the chilly afternoon air. Here was the day of the first snow.

"Ready?" Jason grinned at Nico. The Italian's heart stuttered. Over the years Jason filled out into his height and now he was tall, muscular and gorgeous, the heart throb of every girl in the school. Nico, in comparison, was still kinda short and skinny.

"I'm always ready, Grace," the boy grumbled, and the two set off. The snow fell down in soft
petals, to the ground, layering it until it reached Nico's ankles. The boy craned his neck upwards to look at the sky. It was grey and the snowflakes looked like they were coming out of nowhere. Nico smiled, he loved the snow. He closed his eyes and slid his tongue out. A petal melted on his tongue.

Jason should've probably taken that chance to try and get Nico in the snow, but he was too busy staring at him. His dark hair and coat made a wonderful contrast to his pale skin and the snow falling around them. He looked out of this world, like something out of a fairytale. Jason looked away quickly, before Nico caught him, and marched on.

The two teased each other and joked as they entered the small woods that was on the way to their houses. Now it really felt as it they were in a different world; the snow seeped through their clothes and the cold wind cut their faces, but neither cared. The trees were coated in snow as if it was icing sugar and little birds flew from branch to branch. Nico smiled.

Jason attacked. He scooped Nico up into his arms and the Italian shrieked, before kicking Jason in the balls. It was an automatic reaction. Jason squeaked and dropped Nico, who somehow managed to land on his feet. The blonde hopped around, clutching his crown jewels.

"T-That was unfair," he managed in a choked up voice. Nico lifted his hands up in surrender,

"Everything's fair in love and war."

"This ain't war," Jason grumbled.

It's love, Nico wanted to say, but didn't because he didn't know if it counted if it was one sided. The boy's mood dampened a bit and he shoved his hands into his pockets, walking ahead of Jason. The blonde noticed this and he frowned, before catching up and throwing an arm around Nico's shoulders.

"I'll be there for youuuu," he started singing, incredibly loudly and out of tune. Nico snorted - whenever he was sad Jason would sing the FRIENDS theme tune at him, and it always cheered him up, "when the rain starts to pouuuur! I'll be there for you, like i've been there beforeeeeee. I'll be there for youuu," Jason nudged Nico. The Italian rolled his eyes but he joined in, pressing himself into Jason's warmth.

"'cause you're there for me too," Nico smiled. Jason ruffled his hair and then Nico tried to kick his legs from underneath him. The blonde stumbled but caught himself on a tree,

"Nice try, Nico," he said, and then walked on. They were just at the edge of the woods when Jason suddenly threw himself at Nico. The boy stumbled backwards, and hit feet slipped on an iced over puddle. He fell backwards into a pile of snow and Jason accidently landed on top of him. The blonde winced and then whooped,

"Ayy! I win!" he pumped the air. Nico rolled his eyes, feeling the snow seep through the back of his coat. He shivered, "cold?" Jason teased, hovering above Nico. The Italian was about to make a sassy remark, when he gazed upwards. The cold winter sun peeked out from behind the clouds, and illuminated Jason's hair in a way that it looked like a halo. The snow fell around him, coating his hair and eyelashes. "Nico?" he asked quietly.

Nico couldn't find his voice, but Jason didn't seem to mind because now he was studying Nico took. He reached down and brushed some snow from the boy's collar. Then somehow he ended up cupping Nico's cheek in his hand. The Italian leaned into his touch,

"You're pretty," Jason mumbled, dazed, "When did you get so pretty?"
Nico's breath caught. He let out an awkward laugh and then tapped Jason's shoulder. The blonde climbed off of him quickly, flushing, and rubbing the back of his neck.

"Just kidding," he said awkwardly. Nico dusted himself off, his face heating up,

"Yeah, I know," he said, and winced at how sad he sounded, "so you win. What's your request."

"Let me think about it," Jason rolled his eyes, "It's between getting you to buy me a fake ID and going to a One Direction concert with me."

Nico groaned and just like that the scene from before seemed like a distant memory. The two fell back into their comfortable routine of pushing each other around, stopping to have a massive snowball fight. When they got to the crossing that they usually parted ways at, it was dark. The snow was still falling and everything seemed magical. Nico didn't want to go home.

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow," he told Jason, and gave him a little wave, about to turn around.

"Wait," Jason said abruptly, grabbing Nico's wrist. The Italian blinked and gave him a questioning look. Jason looked down at his shoes, "I...I have my request."

"Oh," Nico blinked and then pulled a face, "please tell me it's not the One Direction."

Jason smiled,

"No," he mumbled, "could you...close your eyes?"

Nico stared at him for a moment, but then he let his eyes flutter shut. His heart was beating furiously against his chest. He felt Jason step closer and he bit his lip,

"Don't do that," Jason whispered, and the Italian let go of his lip. Jason placed his warm hands on Nico's waist, and then leaned forward, kissing Nico softly. The Italian stumbled backwards as soon as he felt Jason's lips against his. He slipped and landed on the snow.

"Oh shit," Jason said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that," he offered Nico his hand. The Italian took it hesitantly, and with a sudden burst of strength he pulled the blonde down as well. Jason managed to catch himself at the last moment so he didn't crush Nico. "Nice one, genius," he glared at the boy below him. With a determined look in his eyes, Nico grabbed Jason's face and hauled him down, crushing their lips together. He didn't give Jason the chance to pull away, holding him close and kissing him fiercely with his slightly numb lips.

Apparently, Jason wasn't going to pull away because he kissed back just as hard, slipping his tongue into Nico's mouth. The two kissed hungrily, freezing hands slipping under coats, right there on the crossroads. When they pulled apart, Nico grinned,

"I win," he said smugly, "and I request you to kiss me again."
Percy walked into his flat with a bouquet of roses in his arms, for his boyfriend. The boy sat down on the stairs and unlaced his shoes,

"Nico?" he called, kicking his shoes off, "where are you?"

"Bedroom!" Nico yelled back. Percy grinned and then run upstairs. He opened the door with a swing, and stepped inside,

"I got you-" he started, but then froze. Nico stood in front of their full length mirror, drawing a black dot on the end of his nose and whiskers on his cheeks. He wore black short shorts on suspenders and knee-high black socks. He also had on a long-sleeved t-shirt and a fake tail attached to his...Percy flushed, thinking that he was going to get a nose bleed.

"Oh!" Nico perked up, "You got me flowers," he chucked the eyeliner to the side and then took the roses from Percy, "thanks," he grinned and kissed Percy's cheek.

"Why...w-why are you a cat?!" Percy spluttered. Nico blinked,

"Oh, there's a costume party at Piper's," he said innocently, "I'm going as a cat."
"N-No you're not!" Percy protested, openly eyeing Nico's legs, "Jesus fucking Christ how short are those shorts?"

"Long enough," Nico shrugged and went back to his eyeliner.

"Am I supposed to be okay with this?!" Percy demanded.

"You better be," Nico raised an eyebrow, "because I'm going either way." Then he pouted, "don't you like it?" he asked quietly. Percy sighed and rubbed the back of his neck,

"It's not that," he admitted, "it's just...well, you look really hot. And there's going to be guys there."

Nico gaped,

"Are you jealous?!"

"Oh shut up," Percy grumbled and walked over, wrapping his arms around Nico's waist. He kissed him gently, "What am I dressing up as?" he asked when Nico looked up at him fondly,

"Catwoman."

***

Jason sighed and opened the door to his and Leo's dingy little apartment in downtown Brooklyn. The smell of delicious Spanish food hit Jason's nose and he remembered why he agreed to live with the ball of curls and hyperactivity going by the name of Leo in the first place. That, and he got to see Leo parading around in a towel sometimes, which was a definite plus, but of course Jason wasn't supposed to say that out loud.

The blonde placed his shoes neatly next to Leo's, considerably smaller, ones. He walked into the kitchen and grinned when he saw the food waiting for him. Oh, it was good to be home.

"Jasoooooon?" Leo shouted from upstairs.

"What?"

"Come I need your help!"

Jason sighed, gave a longing look to the food, and then trekked upstairs. He didn't bother knocking and just entered Leo's room.

"Oh thank God, I need your help with the zipper," Leo said, turning around. Jason's eyes widened. Leo had little flappy ears among his wild curls and was dressed in brown shorts and a brown top. He had a furry tail attached to his perky bum, and had a black dot at the end of his nose. He was struggling with the zipper at the back of his shorts. Jason just stared. "Oi!" Leo said, "come on, we have a party to go to! You're going to be superman and-" Leo didn't get to finish because Jason tackled him to the bed.

"What the-"

Jason crashed their mouths together, kissing Leo passionately, licking his way into the surprised boy's mouth. Leo tried to comprehend what was happening, but when Jason's hand slipped under his shirt, his mind went blank, and the Latino kissed back.

"Okay, fuck the party," he said breathlessly and Jason ripped his shirt off.
"I'd rather fuck you."
I was wondering if you could do a freo where Leo and Frank switch physique, so Leo is tall and buff while Frank is short and skinny and Frank's powers act up so he wakes up with like cat ears and a cat tail. Leo then teases Frank by tugging his tail or tickling his cat ears and petting him. When they kiss Leo just pulls Frank's tail to get a reaction out of him.

On a usual Saturday morning, Leo woke up curled up into Frank's side, with the larger boy's arms wrapped tightly around him, and their legs tangled together. However, that particular Saturday morning, Leo woke up feeling a deep ache in his muscles, with someone small and warm curled up on his chest. Leo blinked up at the ceiling and frowned, before looking down.

He tried to comprehend what he was seeing.

There was a boy curled up on his chest. He was really small and skinny and had fucking cat ears on top of his dark hair. The stranger was currently sleeping soundly, until Leo knocked him off and rolled off the bed.

"What?!" the boy demanded, sitting up. Leo stared at him from the floor.

"Who the fuck are you?!"
The boy blinked and looked at Leo. And froze, "L-Leo?!" he managed. Leo cocked his head to the side and it finally hit him,

"Oh my Gods," he gasped, "Frank."

"What?" Frank looked around wildly, "what's happening?!"

Leo gaped at tried to understand exactly what was happening. Then he saw the tail peek out from behind Frank, moving in the air restlessly. Leo jumped to his feet, and stumbled. His body felt weird, the floor far away. The boy stumbled to the bathroom and clutched the sink as he stared at himself. He was hit with wild panic because he did not look like himself.

His hair and eyes were still the same, but his face was more chiseled and he was at least six foot two. His arms were bulging with muscle that wasn't there the day before, and he had a great six pack on his stomach.

"Shit." The Latino breathed, and Frank popped up next to him. The cat-boy stared at himself, mouth hanging open. After getting over his initial shock, Leo noticed that Frank's face and hair were still the same, but his height and muscle were gone. He was shirtless, and his pale stomach was flat. And there was a tail peeking out from under his shorts, "you're a cat," Leo managed. Frank turned to him,

"What the fuck did we drink yesterday?" he mumbled.

"Err...vodka?"

"I HAVE CAT EARS YOU BELLEND!" Frank yelled, face going red. Leo grinned at him, "why the fuck are you smiling, Valdez?!"

"No, nothing," Leo backed away, still smiling, "how about we go see Chiron about this? It's probably just your powers acting up."

"Oh, no way!" Frank threw his arms up in the air, "I am not leaving the house like that," he said determinedly and stalked out. Leo followed him in time to see the Asian pull out one of Leo's shirts from the closet and pulling it on. It fitted him perfectly,

"Maybe this is one of the Gods jokes," Leo offered, "don't get so worked up. Anyway," he poked his own stomach, "this could be fun."

"Whatever," Frank grumbled, walking out, "I'm gonna make breakfast."

Turned out he couldn't make breakfast because he couldn't reach a lot of stuff and Leo had to help him. After they ate their pancakes, Frank curled up under a blanket, watching the Sherlock special, and sulking. Meanwhile Leo walked to the bathroom and stared at himself in the mirror - he finally had what he wanted, the height and the muscle. He finally didn't look like a pre-pubescent boy, but somehow it felt wrong.

The Latino sighed and grabbed Frank's hoodie, pulling it on,

"Oi," he told the pissed-off Asian, "I'm going to the grocery store. Do you want anything?"

Frank peeked out from under his blanket and one of his cat ears twitched,

"Get me milk."

Leo snorted, "Okay kitty, don't go anywhere."
The two spent the whole day inside, watching TV and cuddling. Frank didn't seem to be able to get rid of the cat ears and tail, and in this state he was incredibly cuddly. He was currently sitting in Leo's lap, with the Latino's arms wrapped around him. It was dark in the living room, the only light coming from the TV where 'I'm a Celebrity Get me out of Here' was playing.

Without realizing, Leo reached up and started playing with Frank's hair. His fingers inched their way forwards until Leo was rubbing the base of one of Frank's ears. The Asian pressed his face into his boyfriend's neck and started purring. The sound seemed to vibrate through the dark haired boy's entire being and when Leo started to properly rub his ears, Frank tried to push himself impossibly closer to the Latino.

"You okay?" Leo asked quietly, craning his neck to look down on the small boy in his lap. Frank looked up at him and his cheeks were flushed. He pulled himself upward slightly and kissed Leo. The Latino smiled. He liked this affectionate Frank. Leo kissed him slowly, their tongues sliding against each other, and then he reached down with one hand, and rubbed the base of Frank's tail.

He didn't expect the reaction he got. Frank let out a startled moan against Leo's lips and his back arched, pushing his ass into Leo's hand. The dark haired boy pulled away, panting,

"I-Leo," he warned, "d-don't..."

Leo grinned mischievously and pressed their lips together, turning the kiss more passionate. Slowly, his hand started playing with Frank's tail again. It twitched in Leo's palm and Frank mewed, but seemed unable to tell Leo to stop, so instead he wrapped his arms around the Latino's neck and tugged him closer.

"Someone's needy," Leo teased,

"S-Shut up," Frank stuttered, flushing and clutching at Leo's shirt. Now that he was bigger, Leo decided to take advantage of the situation. He easily picked Frank up, wondering if this is how the Asian usually felt, and carried the boy to the bedroom. Leo threw him on the bed and climbed on top of him, kissing him passionately.

"Wait-" Frank started, hands coming up to push Leo away, but the Latino grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the bed.

"What is it?" he murmured, kissing down Frank's neck. The Asian shifted and blushed, looking away.

"N-Nothing."

"Good," Leo grinned, and let go of Frank's wrists in order to pull his shirt off. The Asian covered his flushed face with his hands, and Leo pried them away gently and kissed his boyfriend softly, "What's wrong?" he asked, worried. Frank looked up at him shyly, and bit his lip.

"I...I just...I've never bottomed before...," he mumbled. Leo smiled and kissed his cheek,

"It's okay. Trust me."

Leo woke up the next morning with a human mountain snoring on top of him.
"F-Frank...," he wheezed, "get off-"

The Asian woke up and blinked sleepily,

"Huh?" he asked. Leo's circulation was getting cut off and he glared at his boyfriend, "Oh!" Frank said intelligently and rolled off the boy. Leo gasped for air, and when he was sure he wasn't going to spontaneously die, he looked down on himself. Frank's shirt that fit him the night before, was hanging off of one of his bony shoulders. Leo sighed and turned to face his boyfriend. Frank was already looking at him, smiling,

"What?" Leo asked. Frank grinned,

"Nothing," he said, and tucked on of Leo's curls behind his ears, "I just realized I love you no matter what you look like." He said, pulling Leo close and kissing the top of his head. The Latino smiled fondly,

"I know," he said, "I love you too."
So, it was well known that Gryffindor and Slytherin hated each other. It dated way back to James Potter and Severus Snape, and then Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy. That's why now potions, which were taught by Professor Chiron, a centaur, were split so Ravenclaw and Gryffindor had it together, and then Hufflepuff and Slytherin.

Mitchell Venus loved this because it meant that he, being a Hufflepuff, could be in the same class as his best friend and crush, Nico di Angelo. Another plus was that Nico was amazing at all the potions, while Mitchell was clumsy and usually ended up in the hospital wing with a cut finger or worse.

Today was worse.

***

"No!" Nico groaned, "I said two pinches of Bezoar, not half!"

"S-Sorry," Mitchell mumbled, but it was too late. Nico sighed, and nudged his friend out of the way,

"Don't worry about it. I know how to neutralize it...I think."
Mitchell watched, defeated, as Nico got the potion the color it was meant to be; a dark purple. Snape clapped his hands, signaling the end of the lesson, and everyone took a step back from their cauldrons. The teacher walked around slowly, inspecting their potions.

"Mr Potter do you care to enlighten me why your potion is blue?"

"Gravity," Percy said solemnly. Snape poured the potion remover into his potion with a swift move of his hand, "that's a zero, Mr Jackson."

Percy gritted his teeth but didn't say anything. Snape continued walking around, sneering and making cruel remarks about almost everyone's concoctions.

"Ah, Mr Di Angelo, Mr Venus," Snape leaned over their potion, "looks like Mr Venus didn't trip for once. Tell me, Di Angelo, do you always fix his mistakes or is it just in my lesson?" before Nico could defend his friend and get a detention, Snape turned to the rest of the class, "Now," he seethed, "we will have Mr Di Angelo test out the potion. If it works correctly, Mr Di Angelo will say anything that comes to mind. If it doesn't," Snape offered the class a thin smile, and didn't finish the sentence, turning to Nico's and Mitchell's potion.

Mitchell sent a panicked look to Nico and then stepped forward,

"I volunteer to try the potion!" he said. Snape raised an unimpressed eyebrow,

"This isn't the Hunger Games," he hissed, "But by all means - be my guest." He poured a portion of the purple liquid and then passed it to Mitchell.

"Mitch-" Nico started, but the brunette took a deep breath and swallowed the potion. He felt a chill run through his body and he shivered. Nico stepped closer to him, his face worried. Snape smiled,

"So, Mr Venus, how do you feel?"

"I'd feel better if you got your ugly face away from me," Mitchell said immediately. He flushed and slapped his hands over his mouth as the whole class erupted laughing. Nico snickered and Snape's eyes narrowed.

"Get out," he seethed.

***

Nico tapped his fingers against his table and scanned the great hall. It had been two years after Harry Potter left, and now there were certain students who switched tables to sit with their friends. Mitchell usually sat with Nico at the Slytherin table, but that evening Nico couldn't see him anywhere in the swarm of the yellows. It had been three days. Every time Nico saw Mitchell the boy would quickly disappear, as if he was avoiding him. He didn't come to meals either, and Nico was sick and tired of it.

He sighed and got up, walking over to the Hufflepuff table. The dorm-rooms have changed and now there were two to a room, so Nico tapped Silena - Mitchell's half sister and roommate - on the shoulder. The girl turned around and grinned at Nico,

"Hi! What's up?"

"Have you seen Mitch?"

"Yeah, actually he stayed in our room, refusing to go to dinner," Silena shrugged, "he said
something about a babbling potion?"

"It's still working?" Nico frowned, "well, thanks anyway." He left the Great Hall. As he walked to the dungeons near the kitchen, he thought. Why would Mitchell be hiding away just because of a stupid potion? Nico's footsteps were the only sound in this part of the castle, and it echoed off the stone walls as he descended.

He made it to the Hufflepuff basement, which was hidden behind a stack of barrels and tapped the barrel two from the bottom, middle of the second row, in the rhythm of 'Helga Hufflepuff.' Nico had the unpleasant experience of once tapping the wrong barrel, which ended up in him being doused in vinegar. But not this time. The barrels slid apart revealing a small tunnel that Nico had to crawl through. It was pretty short and in seconds he was in the Hufflepuff common room.

"Hi, Niks!" Hazel, Nico's half sister, said from where she was curled up on an overstuffed armchair. The whole common room was incredibly cosy, with small circular windows near the ceiling that showed the grass rippling in the night air,

"Why aren't you at dinner?" Nico asked. Hazel shrugged.

"Not hungry. I have a date later," he eyes twinkled. Nico raised an eyebrow,

"I'm not going to even ask," he sighed, "I came to check up on Mitch."

Hazel nodded, "He's upstairs and he's refusing to come out. Go talk to him."

Worry sprung in Nico's chest and he quickly made it up the short stairs to Mitchell's and Silena's dorm room. He knocked but there was no reply, so Nico slipped inside, shutting the door behind him quietly. It was dark in the room, and Nico could barely make out the outline of the lump on Mitchell's bed.

"Mitch?"

"Nico, go away please...," Mitchell's voice was shaking. Nico sat down on the bed next to him and lit a candle so he could see better. Shyly, Mitchell poked his head out from the mountain of blankets he was laying under. His eyes were rimmed red and his brown hair was a mess.

"What's wrong? Why are you hiding?" Nico asked, frowning. Mitchell looked away and his eyes filled with tears,

"I-I...I just...," he bit his lip, "I can't stop saying things. Like I'm constantly talking and no matter how much I try I can't seem to shut up. I told Silena earlier that I was gay by accident...," he took a deep, calming breath, "and I'm just so scared that I'll blurt something stupid out."

"Like wha-" Nico started. Mitchell was up in a flash, slapping his hand over Nico's mouth, his eyes wide. Nico blinked,

"P-Please don't ask me anything," Mitchell was trembling, "because then I'd have to answer. Nico I don't want to talk, I just want t-to shut up...it was meant to w-wear off, I-I don't know what to do-" he was crying again. Nico pulled him into his arms and hugged him tightly,

"It's okay, it'll wear off soon," he whispered. Mitchell relaxed against him and let out a shuddery breath,

"I love when you hug me," he mumbled, "see?! I can't stop myself from saying these things!" Mitchell whined. Nico laughed.
"Hey it's okay, it's nothing bad." he said, pulling away.

"W-Wait, don't-" Mitchell started and then put a hand over his mouth.

"Come on, just say what you were going to say," Nico said gently.

"I-I...," Mitchell lowered his hand and blushed, looking away, "I was going to say that I want you to hug me for some more time because your hugs are really nice and comforting and they make me f-feel safe and-" in response, Nico pulled him into his arms again. His heart was beating fast all of a sudden as he held a shivering Mitchell in his arms, and he didn't understand why. Somehow Mitch saying that he liked Nico's hugs made him feel special, and so incredibly happy. It was stupid.

Nico rested his chin on top of Mitchell's head. He realized how intimate the surrounding was. They were sitting on a bed, with one candle casting a warm glow onto them, drowning the rest of the room in shadow. Mitchell was clutching onto Nico like he didn't want to ever let go and something bloomed in Nico's chest, and he didn't want to let go either.

"C-Can you stay with me?" Mitchell asked quietly. Nico frowned, "I just don't want you to go," Mitch said quickly, "for some stupid reason I always feel really lonely at night and I-I get cold and I-I get these nightmares...it's okay if you want to go, o-of course, I-I won't force you, b-but I-I...I just...I want you to hold me for a bit more..."

"Okay," Nico said simply, tightening his arms around Mitchell, "I'll stay. He let go of the boy and blew out the candle, before pulling the curtains around Mitchell's bed. The Italian murmured a silencing charm under his breath and felt Mitchell lie down. Nico slipped under the covers. The two laid next to each other for a moment,

"Can you hug me?" Mitch whispered into the darkness, "I want you to touch me." He gasped at his own words, "N-Not like that, I-I mean t-that I-I just..." he stuttered. Nico folded him easily into his arms,

"Calm down," he murmured, "you're getting worked up again." He reached out and touched his cheek. Mitchell flinched away,

"D-Don't," he mumbled, "t-this whole thing. We're...we're too close, and umm, you're making me feel all weird and warm and...oh-oh I'm talking again. Nico I-I'm sorry if I say something weird, I don't mean to, b-but you just make my heart pound a-and I'm so nervous," Mitchell groaned in embarrassment, "Oh Gods someone please shut me up."

So Nico did. He pressed himself forward, grabbed Mitchell's hips and kissed him. The brunette gasped against his mouth and Nico rolled over so he was on top of him, kissing him passionately, his tongue slipping into the boy's mouth in order to make sure he was quiet. Well...he wasn't 'quiet' technically. He let out these tiny, hot moans against Nico's lips and he kissed back, and his hips pushed upwards on their own to brush against Nico.

So no, Mitchell wasn't quiet for the rest of the night, but he sure as hell couldn't utter a word.
Of Quests and Caves

Chapter Notes

For Hopeless.

A jercy fic where Jason and Percy are on a quest and they are fighting then they go to sleep and Jason starts spooning Percy...

It was a two person quest, and Jason and Percy were chosen. Originally it seemed like a great idea to Percy; he would be able to prove to Jason that he wasn't useless and could fight just as well as him. But as the quest spread on through days to two weeks, Percy grew more and more agitated because Jason just wasn't paying attention to him!

The only way Percy got the guy to show any kind of emotion towards him was by starting an argument, and Percy was tired of those. It's not like he wanted to be friends with Jason. He just...well, he just wanted the guy to admit that Percy was better. That's all.

Yeah.

Totally...

***

They were fighting a Hydra, and were now up to thirteen heads.

"Stop cutting the heads!" Jason yelled angrily, as he tried to get the monster in the gut. They were somewhere in the snowy forests of Russia and it was fucking cold. Percy growled, annoyed, and tried to hit the monster in the face with water, but before it could reach it, it froze and shattered as it hit the ground.

"What do we do then?!" Percy demanded, feeling hopeless and useless for asking Jason for answers. He didn't see the head come out of nowhere, but the blonde threw himself at Percy and they both landed in the snow. Percy heart skipped a beat even as his back throbbed from the
impact as he felt Jason's warmth against his front.

"Pay attention!" Jason yelled, jumping to his feet and pulling Percy up. The blonde continued to strike and parry but it wasn't doing any good. The snow was smoking where the poison from the creature's mouth hit it, and the dark haired boy looked around desperately for something, anything to start a fire. He was wet and cold and everything ached. He just wanted the battle to be over.

The boy raised riptide and slashed at yet another hydra head, because he didn't know what else to do.

"Brilliant genius!" Jason spat. Percy wanted to cry, he didn't want Jason to think he was so fucking useless. The boy turned and sprinted into the woods, heart hammering away, trying to find something dry enough to light. He had the matches in his pocket, but he needed wood.

"Poseidon, please, please, please," he whispered under his breath, "help me, I need to save us..."

A branch fell from the tree. It was old and dead and somehow, magically dry. Percy grinned and felt his spirits lift. He grabbed the branch and ran back to the clearing where Jason was fighting. His heart dropped when he saw that the blonde's hand was hanging limply at his side, and that he was almost dead. Percy fumbled for the matches and opened the box.

There was one.

With trembling hands Percy pulled it out and lit it. Somehow, maybe with Poseidon's help, the match didn't go out in the wild wind and in seconds the wood was blazing with fire. One of Hydra's heads came at the boy and he thrust the burning branch into its mouth. It screeched horribly and Jason turned to look at Percy. This time it was the dark haired boy who knocked him into the snow, wanting to shield him with his body. But Jason wasn't having that - he flipped them over so Percy was in the snow and Jason had his arms around him.

The hydra exploded and Jason hissed in pain as a burning bit of something his his back. The monster was dust in seconds, getting swept away by the wind. Percy stared up at Jason with wide eyes, and the blonde rolled off of him.

"Shit," Percy swore. Jason's coat was burned and his back was bleeding, his hand looked twisted.

***

By pure chance they managed to find a cave. There was no snow inside, thank God, and Jason pulled out a lighter, which Percy used to start a fire with some twigs they found inside. It was a tiny cave and the two had to sit close together to fit.

"Take your shirt off," Percy instructed after he gave Jason a square of ambrosia, "I need to look at your wounds."

"I can do it myself," Jason snapped. Percy rolled his eyes,

"Fine, then, genius," he grumbled and went to start frying bacon over the fire. He watched, out of the corner of his eye, as Jason pulled his shirt off over his head, his muscles rippling. Percy blushed and looked back down at the food. Jason bandaged his injured hand and then tried to reach the wound at his back. For five minutes he struggled before giving up,

"Percy, can you help me?" he asked, defeated. Percy smiled and took the bacon off the fire. Wordlessly, he grabbed some bandages and then looked at the blood on Jason's back. Biting his lip, Percy grabbed the tattered remains of Jason's shirt and concentrated. In seconds, the cloth was wet and Percy started cleaning Jason's back. The blonde didn't even flinch, even though it must've
hurt. The wound wasn't deep, thank God.

Percy started putting on the bandages when Jason finally spoke,

"You did great today."

Percy froze, feeling his heart skip a beat,

"Um, thanks, so did you."

"Sorry for shouting at you," Jason added. Percy smiled,

"Nah, it's okay," he said, finishing treating the wound, "let's eat and then sleep. I'm dead."

***

Percy was sleeping further away from the fire, wrapped in a blanket. Jason was a few centimeter's away, his back to Percy. The dark haired boy couldn't sleep. He watched the shadows of the fire dance on the stone walls and tried to get his thoughts to shut up for a moment. But he couldn't. Every time he close his eyes he'd see Jason's naked back or his soft smile or something, and he'd get really uncomfortable.

And then things got worse. Or better, depends how you look at it.

Jason rolled over so his chest was pressed against Percy's back. The dark haired boy tensed up when he felt something hard press against his ass, and Jason's warm breath stirred the hairs at the back of his neck. Percy bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut, pressing himself into the wall to try and get away from the blonde, but Jason wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him close.

_He probably thinks I'm Piper_, Percy thought, as Jason spooned him in his sleep. The boy tried to weasel his way away but when it was obvious that wouldn't work, he sighed and closed his eyes trying to sleep. He just managed to relax when Jason started moving against him. Percy let out a startled squeak as Jason held onto him, thrusting his dick against Percy's ass.

"Oh this is not happening," Percy whispered, mortified. He twisted in Jason's grip, with the thought of waking the blonde up, but the second that Percy found himself face-to-face with the blonde, something inside him broke. Percy realized that this could be his only chance to ever be close like this with Jason. So the boy pressed himself closer to the blonde, and buried his face in the boy's shoulder. Jason was moving his hips gently against Percy's and it wasn't a problem until he started to thrust properly.

Percy didn't notice when he got hard in his pants, but suddenly there was a hard cock rubbing against his and Percy let out a startled moan, before slapping his hand over his mouth, not wanting to wake Jason up. Not yet.

Percy was breathing hard and Jason unconsciously slipped his hand underneath his shirt. Percy whimpered when Jason rolled his hips, sparks of pleasure shooting up his spine every time his dick rubbed against Jason's. Percy was dizzy and he was scared to even breathe, but Jason held him close and continued his movement, still asleep.

Percy risked it. He reached between their bodies and undid his trousers, pulling down his underwear. His hard cock sprang free, pulsing, and Percy quickly did the same to Jason. He gulped when he saw Jason's sizable member but at this point he didn't really care. He pressed his face back against Jason's neck and let the blonde press their dicks together. The friction was delicious and Percy was shaking, clinging onto Jason as much as he dared, gasping and whimpering. Jason let out a quiet groan,
"Percy..."

Percy froze, but Jason kept moving, gripping his hips tightly in his hands. Percy tried to control his breathing but everything was just too hot and there was something tightening in his stomach, and Jason just kept pressing their dicks together. There was some precum, Percy wasn't sure from who, and it added to the wonderful feeling.

Percy pulled away and he stupidly kissed Jason. He just couldn't help himself, there were all these helpless noises being drawn out of him, and he felt so good and he didn't know what to do. He wanted Jason to wake up, to do this properly.

And Jason did.

"P-Percy?!" he asked confused, and his hips stilled. Percy let out a weak moan,

"J-Jason, I-I...," he started. Jason glanced down between them, their hard dicks pressed against each other.

"Oh." he breathed, "oh." He said, and then he wrapped his hand around both of them and started stroking. Percy cried out and his hips bucked forward at the sudden additional heat. Jason rolled him over so he was ontop of Percy, and kissed him messily. His hand speeding up gradually until Percy couldn't take it anymore. His back arched and he shuddered and came all over his chest and Jason's hand. The blonde followed soon after.

When they got their breaths back, the fear hit Percy. Jason was going to accuse him now, and call him a freak and...

Jason threw a blanket over himself and Percy and wrapped an arm around the surprised boy's waist. He kissed his forehead,

"Night, Perce," he murmured, and fell back asleep. This time, Percy followed him.
"So what now?!!" Nico demanded, standing on the opposite side of the living room to Will, "your career is more important than me?!!"

"That's not what I'm saying!" Will groaned in frustration, "but I have to go to that conference, don't you get it? This could be the breakthrough that I need!"

"And you wanna move our wedding for some stupid conference?!!" Nico yelled, tears shining in his eyes. His face was red from anger, "I can't fucking believe you! We've planned this for so long, everything is ready and now you just want to leave?!!"

"Just?! Just?!" Will yelled, "this is so important to me, you know that! But the wedding can wait-"

"Oh can it now?!" Nico laughed humorlessly, "You know, I won't wait forever!"

"Jesus, Nico!" Will groaned, "why are you so selfish?!"

Nico froze.

"Oh." He said, calmly, "I'm selfish? Fine, go to your stupid conference, but if you walk out that door I won't be here when you get back. I'm done waiting."

Will fumed, his nostrils flared, then he grabbed his suitcase, turned on his heel, and strode out. The second the door shut behind him, Nico crumbled to the ground, sobbing.

Hazel glanced over Nico's shoulder at Frank, who gave her a worried look. Nico was curled up on their couch, sobbing, a bag laying at his feet.
"I'll make tea," Frank said awkwardly, and slipped out, leaving Hazel with her brother. She wrapped an arm around his back and patted his shoulder,

"So tell me again what happened," she said softly. Nico grabbed a tissue and blew his nose loudly. His eyes were rimmed red from all the crying and his throat hurt,

"H-He...He chose his job over me. H-He c-cannoted the w-wedding and...I-I told h-him that i-if he w-walked out, I-I wouldn't w-wait...," Nico's voice cracked, "and h-he did. Haze w-what did I do? I-I love him and n-now he's...he's g-gone," he broke done again. Hazel hugged him, hard,

"Oh Niks," she murmured, "I'm sure he'll come around. He loves you," she murmured. Nico shook his head,

"H-He won't. H-He doesn't l-love me...n-not like I love him."

The apartment was so incredibly lonely when Will got back after a week at the conference. Everything was dark and cold, there was no Nico to welcome him home. When he was at the conference, Will's heart ached for his boy and he wanted nothing more than to go home and take him into his arms and never let go. But now that he was home, Nico was gone.

Will sat down on their shared bed and sighed, running his hand over Nico's side. It was cold. His clothes were gone, all of his stuff. The blonde called and texted him but Nico never answered and eventually Will gave up. He just decided that Nico was happy without him, afterall, all Will ever did was hurt him. He knew how lonely Nico got when Will left, and yet he still did it.

The blonde rubbed his eyes furiously, trying to stop the tears from falling, and stood up. He grabbed his phone and dialled,

"Hello?"

"Pipes." Will's voice broke.

"Will? What's wrong?" Piper demanded, her voice worried. Will took a deep breath,

"There will be no wedding."

Wasn't the whole point of breaking up the point that everything was meant to get better? Nico sighed as he nursed his drink in the corner of Percy's and Annabeth's living room. They had a little gathering for some close friends because Annabeth was announcing that she was pregnant. Nico was obviously happy for them but he couldn't really bring himself to celebrate.

It's been two weeks since he and Will broke up and Nico was constantly thinking about him, constantly missing him. It's not like Will was missing him. He was probably euphoric over the promotion he got, maybe even started seeing someone...the thought sent a pang through Nico's chest. It hurt to think Will could have someone else.

"Hey, Niks," Jason sat down next to the boy, "what's up?"

"The usual," Nico shrugged. Jason patted his shoulder,

"Has Will not called?" he asked. Nico shrugged,

"He has, but...I don't know. I can't bear to hear his voice right now," he mumbled, which was a lie. He'd love to hear Will's voice right now. The doorbell rang,
"Hey," Jason nudged Nico, "I'm sure it'll get better. Didn't you think of going to a club or something?"

Nico gave him a weird look, "I'm not ready for that yet," he admitted. Jason nodded solemnly and then someone walked into the crowded living room. Nico looked up at he froze the same time his heart started beating fast. Will, looking like he hadn't gotten any sleep in ages, walked in, smiling palely at Annabeth,

"Congrats," he said in a hoarse voice and kissed the girl's cheek, handing her a present, "you too, Percy."


"He wasn't meant to be here," Nico whispered, horrified. Will turned around and looked at him. He blinked, and then, without a word, turned back around to Percy, as if Nico was a complete stranger. The dark haired boy felt his heart plummet to the floor. He got up, fully aware that everyone was giving him worried looks. Annabeth rushed over and Nico squeezed her hand, "I don't feel well. I'm gonna head home," he said, even as his eyes filled with tears, "congratulations, again," he pecked her cheek and then slipped away before anyone could stop him.

The boy jumped into his car and drove into the closest alleyway, where he parked and let the tears spill. Everything hurt, he didn't know seeing Will could make him feel even worse than he already did. All he wanted to do was jump into the boy's arms, but he couldn't, not when Will was clearly over him. Too late Nico realized that he made the biggest mistake of his life by telling Will he wouldn't wait.

Of course he'd wait, he would wait forever if it meant he could have Will back.

Will didn't know it was possible to be heartbroken and really, really horny at the same time. But it had been three weeks since Nico left Will, and the blonde didn't think he could stand it any longer. Especially when he saw Nico at Annabeth's party, he just looked so goddamned gorgeous and it was like it was the first time Will saw him all over again. But he was talking to Jason and he obviously didn't want to see Will...and Will didn't want to ruin his night.

Will couldn't even think of going on a date with someone else, or going to bed with them. Everything just kind of...hurt. So when Will laid in bed for another sleepless night, he thought about Nico. It started off pretty innocent; the way Nico smiled, how his eyes filled with tears when Will proposed, how soft his skin was...and it kind of went downhill from there because now Will was thinking about Nico shirtless, and then what he looked like during sex, how flushed he got, his little moans.

Before he knew it, Will had his cock in hand and was biting his pillow, trying to not accidentally moan Nico's name. It didn't work.

Will was already regretting his decision to go to the club, but his sexual frustration was getting the best of him and...well, Will couldn't stand it. He couldn't mope about Nico forever, so here he was, scanning the sweaty crowd for a potential partner. And he saw him - a short, small boy with dark hair. He looked similar to Nico, but Will didn't even notice that. He took a deep breath and walked over,

"Hi," he said, offering the guy a smile. The boy blinked up at him and then put on a flirty smile,

"Hey there, gorgeous," he grinned. Will sat down next to him,
"Can I get you a drink?" Will asked, buzzing a bit from the vodka he drank. The boy moved a bit closer to Will,

"Sure," he licked his lips, "I'm Oli."

"I'm Will," the blonde introduced himself and ordered a whiskey for the boy. However, Oli had different things in mind. He slid his hand up Will's thigh,

"How about we scratch the foreplay and we go to my place," he whispered into Will's ear, warm breath brushing against the blonde's skin, "I wouldn't mind a good fuck."

*Shit, this is progressing way too fast.*

Before Will could respond, Oli was suddenly yanked away. Will blinked at his heart skipped a beat when he saw a furious looking Nico holding the guy by the arm. Now Will could see that Oli looked nothing like the Italian. Nico was so much more beautiful.

"Fuck off," the Italian told Oli, eyes shooting lightning. Oli 'tsk'd' and ripped his arm out of Nico's grip, before disappearing into the crowd. Now that he was gone, Nico seemed unsure of what to do. He looked at Will with wide eyes and then turned around, probably to run off. Will grabbed his arm,

"Wait," he said. Nico tried to pull himself away,

"Let. Go." He hissed, fighting Will.

"Oi, is this guy bothering you?" the massive barman asked, glowering at Will. Nico froze, and then grabbed Will's hand,

"No, we're fine, thanks," he said quickly and then pulled Will off the stool. They weaved their way towards the exit and all Will could concentrate on was Nico's small, warm hand clutching his. Before he knew it they were outside, but the cool night air did nothing to the heat that started to grow in Will. Nico was already pulling away, but Will was tipsy enough to get brave. So he grabbed Nico's hand and dragged the protesting boy to his car.

Will pushed the boy roughly into the backseat.

"What the fuck are you doing?!” Nico demanded.

"I want to talk," Will said, also slipping into the car. He faced Nico with a determined expression. The Italian huffed and looked away,

"This isn't the best place for this," he grumbled.

"I'm sorry," Will breathed, "I'm sorry I picked my job over you."

"Bit late now," Nico glared at him, "I'm over you."

Will snorted, "Yeah, okay, me too. I'm over you."

"Then why are we here?" Nico demanded. Will blinked,

"I-I don't know," he admitted, "I wanted to know why you left."

"Because you're an asshole, that's why!" Nico growled, "Now let me out!"
"I'm trying to have a civilized conversation with you!" Will yelled. Nico punched his shoulder,
"Well stop! I don't want to talk to you, I'm perfectly fine without you!"

"Oh yeah?" Will grabbed Nico's wrist before the boy could punch him again, "is that what it's called nowadays? Perfectly fine?!"

"Let go," Nico growled, trying to free his hand,
"If you're over me then why did you get rid of Oli, huh?!" Will asked, "you ruined a great night."

Nico pushed against Will and the blonde groaned in frustration before pushing the Italian down onto the car seat and pinning his hands down,

"Stop trying to hit me," he hissed.

"That guy looked just like me," Nico laughed humorlessly, "trying to find a replacement?"

"He looked nothing like you," Will growled angrily, squeezing Nico's wrists, hard, "he was a lot hotter."

Nico froze. Will felt a pang in his chest, he hadn't mean to say that.

"Let go," Nico said quietly.

"No."

"Will, for fuck's sake, I get it okay! Just let go!" Nico yelled, and there were tears in his eyes. Will didn't want him to cry but he was so, so angry. He wasn't really thinking straight so he crashed his lips against the Italian's. Nico struggled against him but Will didn't care as he forced his tongue into Nico's mouth.

The Italian stopped struggling as his tongue fought for dominance with Will's but it was no use because the blonde clearly had the upper hand.

Nico's legs fell open in their own accord and he let out a small moan, giving Will permission to kiss him. The blonde licked his mouth hungrily and his hands still pinned Nico's wrists down. The kiss was wet and messy and Will's aim was kinda off, but Nico didn't care.

Will bit down on his lower lip hard and Nico gasped. He pulled away, satisfied, and started to lick his way down Nico's neck. He bit harshly at the skin, hard enough to draw blood and Nico moaned, legs opening more so Will could get more comfortable inbetween them. The blonde was achingly hard and it started to get hotter in the car, the windows going foggy from their desperate breaths.

Nico was panting below him, mouth open, eyes darker than normal. Will wanted to take his time with the boy but he was still do angry and he couldn't control himself. Without warning, the boy ripped Nico's shirt in two.

"You asshole!" Nico yelled, "that was my favourite shirt!"

"Shut up," Will growled and he took Nico's nipple into his mouth, sucking on the sensitive flesh. Nico's back arched and he cried out, his hands tangling in Will's blonde locks. He tugged on them painfully, bringing Will up for a harsh kiss.

The blonde pulled off his own shirt and then kicked off his trousers. He tugged off Nico's ones
and then groped him roughly through his underwear. Nico let out a whimper and Will licked his lips at the sight of the boy spread out below him, panting and hard, covered in bite marks.

Will was pressing the feel of his hand against Nico's clothed cock and the boy was whining below him. Suddenly the Italian grabbed Will's hand and started pressing down harder on his own cock. His thighs trembled as he forced Will's hand to grope his dick, it looked painful but Nico's eyes were squeezed shut and moans were spilling out of him.

Will realised that Nico wanted it to hurt, he wanted it to be rough.

"Look at you, you fucking slut," Will growled, "so needy."

"S-Shut up," Nico gasped. Will pulled his hand away and ripped Nico's boxers off. The Italian glared at him heatedly but his cock was throbbing against his stomach, an angry red. Will looked at Nico hungrily and then flipped him over so he was in his stomach, cock trapped between his own body and the leather seats. "What the f-fuck are you doing?" Nico demanded angrily.

"Appreciating the view," Will licked his lips and roughly grabbed Nico's ass. The boy whimpered when the blonde pulled his ass cheeks apart, revealing his tiny hole, clenching around nothing, "you want a cock in there don't you? Fuck, your ass is just begging to be fucked," Will said hoarsely.

"N-No," Nico lied, face pressed into the seat. Will smirked, "We don't have any lube," he mused, "but that's okay."

The blonde leaned down and thrust his tongue into Nico's hot asshole. The boy cried out, back arching as Will fucked him with his tongue, licking his tight channel vigorously, thrusting in and out. Nico shook feeling the wet tongue wiggle in his passageway,

"N-No Will...not t-there, o-oh God s-stop, W-Will...ahh, n-no more...fuck, fuck," he sobbed, thrusting his hips down unconsciously so that his dick rubbed against the seat and his ass impaled itself on Will's tongue, over and over.

The blonde pulled away suddenly,

"There," he said, "you're all wet now. Should I prepare you for my cock?"

Nico couldn't speak so he just nodded weakly against the car seat, shivering. Will smiled sweetly, "Okay," he said and then thrust two fingers into Nico at once. The boy's hole swallowed him up greedily as Nico sobbed with both pain and pleasure. Will pounded him roughly with his fingers, curling and twisting them in the wet heat as Nico's moans and whines here louder, hands clawing at the leather below him.

"W-Will," Nico gasped, "Will, f-fuck nghh, give me your cock, o-oh God, I-I can't s-stand it, p-put it in, I-I need you to f-fuck me..."

"Fuck," Will swore and withdrew his fingers. Nico's asshole glistened with spit, red and needy. Something caught Will's eye and he grinned. He reached and grabbed the scarf, tying Nico's hand together behind his back.

"What a-are you doing?" Nico asked shakily, craning his neck to look at Will. The blonde smiled and didn't reply. Instead he reached for the chunky bead necklace that Rachel left behind. Nico's eyes widened and Will licked the beads, making them wet. "W-Will, wait, don't-" Nico started but Will didn't listen.
The Italian whimpered when the first bead slipped into him.

"Stop," he told Will, breathlessly, "W-Will, Will, nghhh..."

"Shhh," Will murmured and pushed the second, slightly larger bead into Nico's awaiting asshole. As the Italian moaned helplessly, Will pushed the third one in.

"S-Stop, I-I can't," Nico keened and his ass pushed up against the beads. Will watched his asshole hungrily eat them up, each larger than the previous one, "Ahh, W-Will stop p-pushing them i-in, I-I'm already s-so full, s-stop," he whimpered. Will looked down at the last bead in his hand, considerably larger than the rest, and in one swift movement he pushed it into Nico. The Italian let out an aroused sob, his tied-up hands twisting desperately.

Nico tried to catch his breath and Will leaned over him,

"Here comes the best part," the blonde whispered into Nico's ear.

"N-No," Nico whimpered. Will grabbed the string sticking out of the Italian's hole, and pulled.

The beads slipped out of Nico with a wet sound, one by one, abusing his asshole and Nico sobbed and cried out and his dick twitched and he came all over the car seat.

Will chucked the beads to the side and flipped the limp Nico over. The boys cheeks were flushed and he looked exhausted. His chest heaved with desperate breaths and Will lifted his hips and pushed his cock into Nico's loose heat.

The Italian moaned weakly but soon enough he was screaming in pleasure as Will fucked him raw, abusing his prostate and thrusting in so hard the car shook. Nico looked like he didn't have control over his body; his dick grew hard again and his asshole clenched around Will's stiff rod, and soon enough Will was filling Nico with his seed and the boy came again.

Will stared at Nico, trying to catch his breath. The Italian's head was turned to the side and his hair was in his eyes. All of Will's anger evaporated and was replaced by guilt. He grabbed his jeans and pulled them on quickly, then he looked at the dark haired boy,

"Nico...," he started gently, not really sure what to say. Nico threw himself at Will, wrapping his arms around the blonde's neck, and kissed him. Will was startled for two seconds, and then he looked at the dark haired boy,

"I love you. Don't ever leave me, okay?" he mumbled. Will smiled,

"Okay."

***

"Ah, Will," Rachel said two months later during the wedding. Nico was sat in his now husbands lap, "I remembered that I left something in your car."

"What was it?" Will asked, looking at Nico with soft eyes.

"A bead necklace."
Shut Up

"Shut up" "Make me" Please? Jason tops for GryfindorGirl94

Jason adored Leo, he really did, but course Leo didn't know that but that's besides the point. Jason loved the fact that when he smiled a dimple appeared in his cheek, or that he was forever dirty with smudges of motor oil and how he could make something out of a few screws and a wire. Jason loved that Leo stole his shirts sometimes, and then he'd sit on the couch, watching TV, the garment slipping off his shoulder, torturing Jason by revealing inch by inch of flawless, tanned skin.

Leo didn't know that. Leo didn't know that Jason was hopelessly in love with him, and that's why he proposed that they should move in together. And now Jason was seriously regretting it.

The conversation started off when an unusually nervous Leo said,

"I'm in love with a guy."

Of course Jason pretended he was happy for Leo, even as he felt his heart twist in agony over knowing that he could never have him. And then it got worse, because Leo wouldn't stop talking. First it was all adorable stutters;

"I-I don't really k-know how it h-happened, I just woke up this m-morning and I s-saw him and I-I felt like my heart was g-going to burst out of my c-chest," and Leo was wringing his hand out nervously and he was blushing and looking down at his feet.

And then it changed and Leo brightened up and his eyes were sparkling and he was talking with this breathless voice about how amazing this guy was and it physically hurt Jason.

"...and he's so gorgeous and every time I see him I just want to jump into his arms," Leo gushed, "I didn't even realize that I wanted to do that because I was in love with him..."

"Yeah," Jason said lamely, staring at the TV. Leo was sat to his side, just talking and talking and it felt like he was stabbing Jason in the heart over and over.

"And I don't even know what to do with all these feelings," Leo grew quiet all over a sudden, "it's like he doesn't pay attention to me at all...well, he does...obviously, he's a friend, but-"

"Leo," Jason interrupted, "shut up."

Leo gaped at him for a second, and his face went red,

"Rude!" He managed eventually, "I'm opening up to you!"
"Well shut up," Jason turned to glare at him, and froze because Leo was suddenly a lot closer to him, and the blonde could feel his heat.

"Make me," Leo said. Jason crashed their lips together. Leo seemed prepared because he wrapped his arms around Jason's shoulders and let the man slip his tongue into his mouth. Jason didn't question it because Leo was kissing him desperately and clinging onto him and the blonde was dizzy with how wonderful the Latino felt in his arms.

"What a-are we d-doing?" Leo gasped.

"I'm shutting you up," Jason murmured and then moved his lips down Leo's neck. The boy let out a shuddery breath,

"Wait Jason I-I wa-want-" he didn't finish because Jason came back up to loss him again,

"I don't want to hear about him," the blonde whispered, his hands undoing the buttons on Leo's shirt, leaving it hanging around his shoulders,

"H-Hear about w-who?" Leo's sentence ended in a moan when Jason kissed down his chest, lower and lower, until he was sucking on his hipbone,

"It's your fault for teasing me all the time," Jason murmured, "wearing my clothes, showing all that delicious skin," the blonde pulled Leo sweatpants off and kissed the inside of his thigh, "and then you go off talking about some other guy-"

"N-No Jason," Leo gasped, "it's not like that-"

He didn't get to finish because Jason pulled his boxers off in one swift movement and enveloped Leo's hard dick in the wonderful heat of his mouth. The Latino chocked on a moan and his hands buried themselves in Jason's hair. He tried to tell him, to explain, but all that came out of his mouth as a breathless;

"J-Jason..."

The blonde bobbed his head up and down, taking more of Leo's cock into his mouth. There was so much pleasure coursing through the Latino'd body that he thought he might die. He chocked on a moan and bucked into Jason's wet, hot mouth, his toes curling as the blonde ran his tongue over the slit at the tip of his dick.

"A-Ah, fuck, J-Jason...I need to tell you-"

Jason pulled away and flared, "are you still talking?" He demanded and then surged upwards, pushing Leo down onto the couch and kissing him roughly.

"From now on you're only allowed to say my name," Jason growled and went back down before Leo could protest. He was sucking on his dick again and Leo couldn't think straight, his back arching and moans spilling helplessly from his mouth.

"Jason," he gasped, "Jason...s-stop, I'll come...I-I," Leo whimpered, "Jason, J-Jason..."

That was all the warning the blonde got before Leo was coming into his mouth. Jason didn't pull away, instead of swallowing Leo's come as the Latino floated in white ecstasy.

When he came to again, Jason was hovering above him worriedly, brushing his hair out of his face,
"You okay?" He asked softly as Leo tried to catch his breath. I'm reply, the Latino grabbed his face.

"Don't you dare interrupt me again," Leo growled, looking up at the surprised Jason, "what I've been trying to say all evening is that I'm in love with you, you idiot!"

Jason stated at him and then a slow, goofy smile spread on his face,

"Oh," he breathed happily, "I love you too."

Leo grinned and then squeezed Jason' bulge,

"Now let me take care of you."
Percy Jackson was cold. And when Percy Jackson was cold, he was not happy. Something messed up at camp and now it was snowing. And not like gentle, beautiful snow, no like a fucking snow storm. For three days. Of course nobody in camp was prepared for this, so everyone was basically freezing. Except the Hephaestus kids (lucky bastards).

So Percy made it his mission to find a cuddle buddy who would keep him warm through the shit storm.

He started off with the girls. He tried Annabeth, his all time best friend, but of course she was busy enforcing the walls of the cabins and trying to figure out how to make the dining pavilion snow-proof if it had no walls. Piper gladly cuddled Percy, and she was a great cuddler, but only for the time being.

Percy had his eyes closed, smiling happily, cheek resting on Piper's shoulder. The girl shifted, probably the fourth time in the last three minutes,

"Pipes," Percy complained, "Stop moving."

"I'm sorry, Perce," Piper sighed, "but how can you lie here all day and just...lie here?" she asked. Percy frowned and pulled away.

"I'm cold," he explained, like it was obvious,

"Yes, obviously," Piper rolled her eyes, "But...," she bit her lip, "I kinda have stuff to do. Get a blanket or something, yeah?" she said, and walked out. Percy stared at the door with his mouth hanging open. He did have a blanket. He had six. And four sweaters. The boy groaned and buried himself underneath the blanket of pillows and covers, shivering with the cold. He'd have to find someone else.

"I'm the big spoon," Jason deadpanned, sitting opposite Percy, arms crossed over his chest,
"No!" Percy protested, "I'm the big spoon!"

"Percy..." Jason growled, "I'm the big spoon or no cuddles."

Percy pouted, "Fine. I don't need you to cuddle me."

"Fine." Jason shrugged and just left. Percy gaped after him and felt like crying. He was so, so cold and he just wanted someone to keep him warm so why the fuck was everyone being such a little bitch?!

Percy whimpered and pressed his face into the pillow. Leo walked into the room in a vest top and shorts.

"Hi, Percy," he said, "I came to borrow some...what are you doing?" he asked. Percy peeked out at him from behind the pillows,

"I'm cold," he mumbled, looking like a kicked puppy, "how are you so warm?"

"All of the Hephaestus kids are," Leo shrugged, "you know fire powers and that," he offered Percy his hand and when the son of Poseidon took it he sighed. It was really nice and warm. He gave Leo a pleading look, but the Latino just offered him an apologetic smile, "I'm going to go cuddle with Hazel and Frank. Sorry." Percy fell back onto the pillows, defeated. Leo brightened up suddenly, "Hey! I know who can be your cuddle buddy!" he exclaimed, and ran out.

Percy sulked for two more minutes before the door to his cabin burst open suddenly, letting in a gust of freezing air and snow.

"Leo said you were dying!" Beckendorf had a wild, panicked look in his eyes. Percy blinked at him, "Are you hurt?!" Beckendorf demanded, throwing the covers off of Percy to check for wounds. The boy whined and curled into a ball, hugging himself,

"I'm freezing g-give me my b-blankets b-back!" he yelled, teeth clattering. Beckendorf blinked at him and then he snorted,

"I thought something actually happened," he said, relieved. Percy sat up and glared at him,

"S-Something did h-happen! I'm f-freezing to d-death!"

"Shit," Beckendorf frowned, "you've gone all pale. And you're shaking."

Percy was about to make a smart remark about yeah, that's the point, when the larger boy suddenly moved him across the bed and slipped underneath the blankets, kicking his shoes off.

"W-What are you doing?" Percy asked shakily, Beckendorf shrugged,

"Cuddling you so you don't get hypothermia," he said simply and then folded Percy into his arms. Compared to him, the son of Poseidon seemed tiny, almost disappearing in Beckendorf's muscular arms. And he was warm. Percy let out a delighted sigh and pushed his face into Beckendorf's chest, feeling his body begin to heat up. But it wasn't enough and not really thinking about what he was doing, Percy quickly undid the buttons on Beckendorf's shirt.

"Woah, woah," the boy said, "what are-" he didn't finish because the second his bare chest was exposed to Percy he pressed himself against it,

"You're so warm," he mumbled and shivered at the sudden change in temperature, feeling the heat from Beckendorf's skin seep through his jumpers. He felt like he had a fever all of a sudden.
"Fuck, you're like an ice cube," Beckendorf grumbled and pulled Percy closer. After a second thought he grabbed the blanket and pulled it over his and Percy's heads, so it was like they were in a world of their own. Percy scooted upwards so he was facing Beckendorf. He looked sleepy, his cheeks flushed, eyes closing. Beckendorf kept one arm wrapped around him,

"Better?" he asked softly. Percy nodded,

"My face is still cold," he whispered. Beckendorf frowned and touched his cheek,

"Yeah it is cold," he admitted, though it wasn't. It was just an excuse to touch Percy a bit more. The boy looked up at Beckendorf shyly and bit his lip, looking away. Beckendorf brushed his thumb over his cheek and then tucked a piece of his hair behind his ear.

"I'm sleepy now, Charlie," he mumbled. Beckendorf felt a little pang go through him and he wrapped both of his arms securely around Percy, like he was never going to let him go. His heart was pounding wildly and he was pretty sure the son of Poseidon could feel it against his own chest.

"Go to sleep, then," he whispered.

"Will you stay?" Percy pulled away slightly to look up at Beckendorf through his eyelashes. The son of Hephaestus felt his heart melt and before he could stop himself he swooped down and kissed Percy. The boy shivered and just when the panic settled over Beckendorf and he began to pull away, Percy looped his arms around his neck and pulled him closer, angling his face so they could kiss properly. Beckendorf's surprise evaporated and then he was kissing back, softly and slowly, as if he didn't think it was real. Percy let out a sigh against his lips and then pulled away.

"Night, Charlie," he whispered, and then he turned around so his back was to Beckendorf. He grabbed the bigger boy's arm and wrapped it around his own waist. Beckendorf smiled and kissed the back of Percy's neck.

"Night, Perce," he murmured. Percy smiled and was asleep in seconds, safe and warm in the other boy's arms.

It stopped snowing the next day.

Thanks, Aphrodite.
Mitchell and Nico started officially dating on Tuesday at 2:15 pm, and of course the Aphrodite cabin found out first. Nico was afraid that they'd start organizing dates for him and Mitchell, squealing, fainting and throwing paper mache hearts at them. That was not the case.

But Nico was right to be afraid.

***

**Tuesday, 2:32 pm**

"Nico!" Silena Beauregard waved at him, and skipped over. She linked her arm through his, and the boy blinked in confusion, "can we talk?" the girl asked. Nico nodded hesitantly,

"Yeah, sure...," he said, and let the girl, who was surprisingly strong, drag him off. They somehow ended up behind the equipment shed, under the shadow of an oak. Silena gave Nico a sweet smile,

"So, I heard you're dating Mitch," she started. Nico sighed in relief,

"Oh, so that's what this is about," he said, "yeah, we're dating."

"So...," Silena inquired, "do you love him."

Nico felt himself flush,

"L-L-Love him?!" he stuttered, "it's a b-bit early for t-that!"

Silena leaned in close and smiled her honey-sweet smile,
"If you break his heart I will come into the Hades cabin in the middle of the night and pull your intestines out through your dick," her smile widened, "okay, see you 'round, Nico!" she waved and skipped off and Nico stood, paralyzed, for another half an hour.

***

**Tuesday 6:11 pm**

Nico was walking, carrying the flag for the game later, when Drew barged into him, sending him flying into a wall.

"What the fuck?!" Nico demanded as she slammed into him, glaring at him fiercely,

"Listen, punk," she growled, "maybe me and Mitchell aren't close, but he's my brother and if you ever think about hurting him just know that I will kill you, bring you back to life and kill you again. Nobody messes with my fucking family so you better take care of that boy, you hear," she slammed her fist into the wall next to Nico's head,

"Do you love him?" she demanded,

"I-I d-don't...I-I don't know!"

Drew glared, "you better figure it our, death boy," she growled and walked off. The boy flinched, eyes wide, and looked around. There were a dozen campers staring at him with wide eyes,

"Shit," Nico gasped, clutching his heart, "fucking shit," he swore and melted into the shadows.

***

**Wednesday 02:41 am**

Nico woke up because someone was knocking on the door. The boy growled in annoyance, thinking the Hermes kids were pranking him again, and slipped out of bed. He walked to the door and opened it,

"What?!" he spat.

The little girl standing in front of the door in her pajamas backed away fearfully. Nico blinked, and frowned,

"Lacy? What are you doing here?" he asked. The little girl looked at her feet nervously,

"I-I...I heard that you love Mitchell," she mumbled. Nico sighed,

"We're dating, which doesn't mean I love him. I like him a lot though," he explained. The girl bit her lip,

"Oh...well I think he loves you because when Drew was talking to him today about you he got really happy and excited and stuff," she said, "so please don't break his heart," she looked up at Nico pleadingly. The boy felt his heart warm at the thought that Mitchell loved him...he didn't know why but it just felt really, really right.

"Don't worry," he ruffled Lacy's hair, "I won't. Now go back to bed before the Harpies see you're gone."
Lacy grinned up at him and then hugged him hard. Nico smiled,

"Night Nico!" Lacy said, and then ran off.

***

**Wednesday 11:13 am**

"Nico di Angelo!" Piper ran into the fighting ring where Nico was teaching a bunch of eleven year olds. He looked up,

"Pipes, I have a class-" he started. The children watched them, interested.

"What's this I hear about you dating my brother?" Piper put her hands on her hips. Nico sighed and ran his hand down his face,

"Give me a break," he groaned.

"If you hurt him-" Piper started. Nico held his hand up,

"You'll kill me in the gruesomest way, I know, I know, there are children present."

"Oh," Piper looked at Nico's class, "oops. Anyway," she turned back to Italian, "what do you feel towards him?"

"Well, I like him. A lot. obviously," Nico rolled his eyes, "why does everyone keep asking me that?"

"So...you just like him?" Piper raised an unimpressed eyebrow. Nico sighed.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked.

"What you really feel..."

"This ain't a counselling session-"

"So you don't have deeper feelings-"

"Can everyone just leave me alone-"

"Nico, just tell me how you feel him-"

"I love him, okay!" Nico exploded, red in the face. Both of them fell silent, and Piper stared at Nico with wide eyes, "I love Mitch," Nico whispered to himself and realization dawned on him. He grinned and tossed his sword at Piper, "Take my class!" was all he said before sprinting off. In his euphoria he completely forgot that he could shadow travel.

He burst into the strawberry fields where the Aphrodite kids were working, and ran right to Mitchell, who stood with Drew and Silena.

"Nico?" Mitchell looked confused but then Nico pulled him into his arms and kissed him, right there, in front of everyone. It was a quick chaste kiss and when Nico pulled away, grinning, Mitch looked up at him, dazed and red faced, "Nico?" he asked uncertainly.

"I love you," Nico said breathlessly. Mitchell went so red he could've been one of the strawberries. The boy buried his face in Nico's shoulder and Silena and Drew high fived.
"I-I love you too," Mitchell mumbled, flushed and then he stood on his tiptoes and kissed Nico and everyone present 'awww'ed.'
What would I do without your smart mouth?

Chapter Notes

for Blue_Cookies, SHIP_HARD_EVERY_DAY and I_SHIP_YAOI_xx

Can you do a Solangelo fluff based on All of Me by John Legend? And proposal? Like, the song is playing at Percabeth wedding and then Will proposes to Nico? Pretty please?

Will took a deep breath and nervously straightened out his tie. Annabeth smiled at him brightly, looking radiant and beautiful in her wedding dress. She took his hands and squeezed them,

"You'll do fine," she said with a grin, "I'm sure he'll say yes."

Will took a shaky breath and offered her a small smile,

"I feel like I'm going to throw up." He admitted.

"It's okay. You just have to tell him that it's not enough for you and that you have to move forward," the girl told him, "I know that when Percy proposed it was the most wonderful moment of my life. And how beautiful it will be when you and Nico get engaged at our wedding," she added with tears shining in her eyes. Will smiled,

"Thanks, Annabeth," he said, and offered her his arm, "wanna go back inside before your husband starts getting worried?"

"Yeah," Annabeth linked his arm and together they walked back into the hall that was hosting dozens of demigods. The bride kissed Will's cheek and then run off to find Percy. Will smiled fondly and scanned the hall; Clarisse and Leo were taking shots in the corner, all of the Hermes kids were huddled in the corner with mischievous looks on their faces. Jason, Piper, Frank, Hazel
and many other couples danced in the middle of the room. Chiron sat and ate at the head of the table with Annabeth's father, while the bride and groom spoke with Sally Jackson.

Will's heart swelled. This was what he wanted with Nico, to have a beautiful wedding and then whisk him off to some island so they could stay in bed for two weeks without anybody bothering them. Speaking of Nico, Will couldn't see him anywhere. He walked over to Calypso who was having an energetic conversation with Reyna,

"Hi, guys," Will said, "did you see Nico?"

Calypso frowned and scanned the room,

"I think I saw him go outside a second ago. I don't know," she shrugged. Will smiled, thanked her and then slipped out of the room.

Nico wasn't crying. Not yet anyway. He sat outside, around the end of the hall that Annabeth and Percy rented, staring at his hands shook. He felt strangely detached as if his emotions were felt by someone else, even though he felt his heart clenched as it struggled to remain in one peace. The boy took a deep breath, and bawled his hands into fists to stop the shaking.

He couldn't believe what he just heard, but he knew it was true. Annabeth had been talking to Will and before the Italian could say anything, he heard it.

"...you just have to tell him that it's not enough for you and you have to move forward."

Nico didn't really know how to react to that. His heart plummeted to the ground and he felt like he couldn't breathe so he turned around and walked out of the hall as quickly as he could. And now he was here, alone, though he could still hear the loud music spilling from the inside.

The boy knew it was just a matter of time before Will got over him. Nico knew he was a mess - he had nightmares about Tartarus almost every night, he cried way too much, he was shy and sometimes wouldn't leave the house. He was the complete opposite of Will. Wonderful, happy Will who filled the room with his laugh and could brighten Nico's day with his smile. Will, who Nico loved so much it hurt.

Will who was going to break up with him, today, at a wedding. Nico stifled a sob, finally feeling the bitter tears flood his eyes. It's not like he expected anything else, even such an angel as Will would give up on him eventually. Apart from his mother and Bianca, nobody ever loved Nico. Except the blonde but even he couldn't stand it.

Afterall, Nico was pathetic. He was sarcastic and moody all the time, he didn't like public displays of affection, or just going out in general. He was possessive and clingy, and just overall annoying. He had dark circles under his eyes and he forgot to cut his hair all the time, he was pale and skinny and short and he had scars and...well, Will was just perfect, so obviously he wouldn't want to be with Nico.

The boy felt a pain in his chest and slid down the wall, tears streaming down his face. He pulled his knees up to his chin and buried his face in his hand, his shoulders shaking as he sobbed, feeling as if his entire world came crashing down. He didn't want it to end, this dream that he was living in. Nico wanted to wake up next to Will in the morning and see the boy smile that soft smile at him, he wanted to come home to the blonde, he wanted him to hold him, touch him, kiss him.

The thought that Will would never say 'I love you' to him again made Nico's heart clench. He felt so helpless, heartbroken, and he didn't know what to do, how to pick himself up.
"Nico?!

The Italian's head snapped up and he saw Will kneeling next to him,

"W-Will?" he mumbled, and then quickly turned his face away so the blonde wouldn't see the tears in his eyes. But Will had other ideas - he grabbed Nico's chin and forced him to look at him,

"What happened?" Will asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Nico just shook his head, unable to speak from the pain in his chest. Will cupped his face in his hands gently,

"Nico, please tell me why you're crying. Did something happen?"

In response Nico threw himself at Will, practically making the boy fall backwards, and clung onto him.

"Y-You can't g-go," Nico sobbed, voice muffled by Will's shoulder. The blonde wrapped his arms around the Italian, confused, "You c-can't l-leave me...W-Will, I love y-you, if you l-leave I-I think I-I'll die..."

"What?" Will managed. Nico pulled away to look up at the blonde,

"I-I'll get b-better, I-I promise, we c-can do anything you w-want," more tears threatened to spill from his dark eyes, "a-and I'll e-change if t-that's what you w-want, I'll b-be a better person, j-just please d-don't go, I-I don't t-think I can survive it." Nico's voice steadily grew quieter until he was just whispering brokenly.

"What are you talking about?" Will asked, "Who said anything about leaving?"

"A-Annabeth, I-I heard your c-conversation," Nico took a deep breath to stop his voice from shaking. "S-She said I'm not enough and t-that you should move on," Will's eyes widened but before he could say anything, Nico grabbed one of his hands in both of his, "Will, I know I-I'm not good enough for you, I know I'm a-annoying and stupid and...b-but I love you so much," Nico couldn't find another argument to get Will to stay by his side.

You're emotionally blackmailing him into being with you, his brain said accusingly, you know he won't leave you because he's an angel.

Nico looked away and let go of Will's hand. He staggered to his feet and laughed humorlessly,

"It's a-alright," he lied, "forget everything I-I said, I just want you to be h-happy." Nico sniffed - All of Me by John Legend was playing in the hall and it just broke Nico's heart more. Will got to his feet, but Nico found that he couldn't face him, so he turned around, "goodbye," he said quickly and started to walk away, but Will grabbed his wrist and forced him to stop.

"Nico."

"P-Please don't say it," Nico whispered brokenly, "I get it. I'll move out. But don't say it out loud."

"Nico," Will said more urgently and pushed Nico into a wall, placing both of his hands on either side of Nico's head, caging him in. Nico wouldn't look at him, "Nico," Will said again, softly, "listen to me. What you heard is all wrong," he reached down with one of his hands and took Nico's one, intertwining their fingers together, "I love you," he said and Nico looked up at him with wide, tear filled eyes, "I love you so much that sometimes I don't know what to do with myself," he murmured, "and I know you have your nightmares and that you're antisocial, and
that's okay, because I love that too, because it means that I can hold you in my arms when you're scared and make sure you're okay, and we can stay at home all day and watch Netflix."

Will pressed their foreheads together. Nico was holding his breath and Will gently brushed his lips against the Italians, "Nico, breathe baby."

Nico let out the breath he was holding. His cheeks were flushed. Will smiled and wiped away a stray tear that rolled down Nico's cheek,

"You're the best thing that ever happened to me," he whispered, "I love everything about you - your hair, your eyes, your skin, your mouth," Will emphasized this by kissing Nico softly again, "I love your body, your short temper, how funny and sarcastic you are," his thumb was brushing patterns into the skin of Nico's hand, "and just the thought that I could ever leave you is something I can't imagine. It breaks my heart that you think I'd ever be capable of breaking up with you, that I'd give up being able to touch you every day...that I'd give up you."

"B-But...," Nico stuttered, "what did Annabeth mean?" he asked shakily, his heart going wild in his chest. Will went down on one knee and the Italian's breath caught in his throat.

"Nico," he whispered, and reached into his pocket. He pulled out a box and opened it, revealing a simple, silver ring, "Will you marry me?"

The words registered in Nico's brain, but he couldn't really comprehend what he was hearing, so he just whispered, "yes," and watched as Will slipped the ring onto his finger. And then he was tackling the blonde to the ground, hugging him fiercely and Will smiled and kissed him and it was all okay again.
For Ro17
DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO THE LOGISTICS. I AM FAMILY. YOU ARE FAMILY. WE ARE ALL FAMILY. OHANA, BITCHES, OHANA.
But don't pull a Cersei and Jaime on me I beg.

Can you do one where nico has a big family with siblings and lots of cousins with percy as his friend, and nico's family keep trying to set them up -they eventually succeed- -also blushy!percy and cute older brother!nico

Ages:
Rhea - 92
Zeus - 68
Hera - 66
Hephaestus - 61
Hades - 46
Ares - 43
Persephone - 40
Aphrodite - 39
Bianca - 30
Beckendorf - 27
Nico took a deep breath. This was it. He was twenty, an adult, and it was about time he moved out of his home town. Which, in his case, meant travelling halfway across the world from England to New York. Nico's family was never short of money; there were loads of business-men and his great-grandfather left them a fortune and there might've been a few drug deals with his dodgy uncle Hermes but nobody talks about that. So, in other words, Nico had enough money to afford a nice loft-like apartment.

He worked, of course, in a small coffee shop because he couldn't get a job as a photographer anywhere, but still.

But Nico didn't want to live alone, he hated being alone and he lived all his life in a house full of people. So that's how Nico met Percy.

At first glance you wouldn't think Percy was the son of multi-millionaire, Poseidon. He wore a scruffy looking hoodie and worn out blue trainers and his hair was a mess. He had a gorgeous smile though, and sparkling eyes, and a great sense of humor so of course Nico couldn't say no to him, and they started living together.

And Nico absolutely loved it; Percy liked to share his food and he'd invite Nico for movie marathons by slipping a note under his door. He'd rant about his job and his annoying father and put blue food coloring in everything. He randomly took Nico out for ice cream, even if it was the middle of the night, and he didn't mind if Nico wore his hoodies. Which he did. A lot. Because
Percy smelled nice.

Percy poked at Nico at got under his nerves, he liked spontaneous water fights and drinking games. One time the two fell asleep on top of each other on the couch, passed out drunk. When Nico was sick Percy made him instant chicken soup (he couldn't cook), physically carried Nico to the couch so he could watch TV and tucked him in. He even poured his puke down the toilet.

The two bickered and stole each other's stuff, and Nico always had a fit because Percy never put the toilet seat down and left all the cupboards open, but it was good. Actually, it was great. Nico really, really liked Percy.

Too much, maybe. Because sometimes he woke up in the middle of the night drenched in sweat because of a dream in which he and Percy were shirtless, and panting and-

But nobody talks about that either.

***

Percy popped his head around the corner and blinked at Nico, who was neatly folding his (mostly black) clothes into a suitcase. The boy admired the Italian's ass for a few moments before tearing his gaze away.

"Whaaaat are you doing?" Percy asked. Nico looked up at him. His hair was getting longer and it was pulled back into a bun at the top of his head. Percy thought that he looked adorable.

"I'm packing."

"No shit Sherlock," Percy rolled his eyes, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to England for Christmas," Nico sighed, "I told you this."

"Was I drunk?" Percy frowned.

"No. You just weren't paying attention, as usual," Nico said, "I'm going back to my family home for the holidays. What about you, what are you doing for Christmas?"

Percy shrugged, "Nothing really. Mom's going to Costa Rica with her new boyfriend."

Nico stopped packing and stared at Percy,

"You're going to be alone on Christmas?" he demanded. Percy blinked, not knowing what the big deal was,

"Yeah?" he offered. Nico stood up abruptly and pushed Percy muttering 'you are taking the piss' under his breath. He disappeared into the living room where Percy heard him muttering something on the home phone, before coming back to Percy.

"Book a ticket," the boy announced, "you're coming to my house for Christmas."

***

19th December

"Are you sure they won't mind?" Percy bit his lip as he and Nico got off the town bus. The Italian rolled his eyes so hard he thought they might pop up,
"I told you already - my family loves people. They really won't mind."

Turned out that Nico lived in Fairlight in Hastings, which was by the sea. The two walked down a cobbled street, which was surrounded by small shops and houses taken right out of a Shakespearean play.

"Prepare yourself," Nico warned, "it's kind of a long walk."

And it was. The two trudged through grassy fields and walked on the edge of cliffs, where there were no roads, occasionally passing a lone cottage. It was magical almost, it was one of the only warm, sunny days in winter, and Percy could see the waves crashing down below. The sea breeze whipped his hair around and filled his nose with a wonderful smell, and the boy talked to Nico excitedly and gave him a piggy back and sang some stupid song.

It was nice - walking, just with Nico, the two of them alone.

About two hours later they finally reached the Di Angelo house. Nico told Percy that his family moved from Italy somewhat over fifty years ago, but were still pretty traditional. Percy didn't mind, he actually liked it. Nico intrigued him, with his soft hair and dark eyes and mysteries. The house itself was gorgeous; it was two storeys high plus an attic, and stood practically on the edge of the cliff. There was a happy light in the windows and a couple of cars parked in the front. Behind was a beautiful garden with olive trees and dried out dead bushes, and a few trees. Everything was surrounded by a white picket fence that opened up into the field behind the house.

It was like a fairytale.

Nico confidently walked up to the front door and knocked. Percy stood nervously behind him, and he could hear child laughter and loud voices inside. Then the door opened. A beautiful, dark-skinned woman stood there, with a smile on her face.

"Nico," she opened her arms and gave him a huge hug, "it's so wonderful to see you."

"You too," Nico smiled. He pulled away and the woman cocked her head at Percy,

"Who's your friend?" she asked.

"This is Percy," Nico said quickly, "Percy, this is my step-mom, Persephone."

"Nice to meet you," Percy shook her hand, "thanks for having me."

"Oh, it's not problem at all," Persephone waved him off, "Now come in boys and say hello to everyone else."

Percy shuffled in after Nico and his step-mom closed the door. The hallway was decorated with family pictures, but Persephone led them to a huge living room, filled with people. Everything was creamy white or dark oak or red. There was fire in the fireplace. The second the boys entered everyone exclaimed 'Nico!' in varying degrees of Italian accents.

The kids sprinted towards Nico, and hugged his legs. The boy laughed and picked two of them up.

"Hello," he said to them. A little girl with wild curls and golden eyes kissed his cheek. She was mixed race so Percy assumed she was Persephone's and Nico's dad's kid. The kids started all talking at once and Nico laughed. He looked at Percy, his eyes twinkling, and Percy's heart skipped a beat.
"Perce," Nico said, "this is my little sister, Hazel," he nudged the girl in his arms with his nose, "and this is my niece, Carmela," he nudged his nose against the other little girl in his arms, a lot younger, who hid shyly in his shoulder. She had his dark eyes, "This is my nephew, Joe," a boy with similar dark eyes grinned at Percy from the ground, "and my cousin, Frank." Frank must’ve been the shy, Asian kid, hiding behind Nico’s leg, "guys, this is Percy."

"Hi," Percy gave them a little wave. The kids stared at him for a moment, before Carmela stuck her hands out to him. Nico blinked, surprised, and handed him the child, "Hello," Percy told her with a smile. She offered him an adorable smile and then cuddled into her shoulder. Nico was looking at him weirdly.

"Aw, she's sleepy," a gorgeous woman with chocolate brown curls and eyes like Nico's came over, "Hi, I'm Bianca, Nico's older sister," she pecked Percy’s surprised cheek, "Carmela and Joe are my kids."

"Oh," Percy said quickly, "do you want her back?"

Bianca's smile widened,

"No, it's alright," she kissed Carmela's forehead, "she doesn't usually like strangers. You must be special," her eyes twinkled just like Nico's when he won a water fight. Bianca went over to Nico and kissed both his cheeks. Percy was glad for the child in his arms because he had an excuse to wait while Nico said hello to his sister. The girl eventually shooed off all the children, even little Carmela, who fell asleep, and Percy followed Nico around the living room.

A bunch of men were smoking cigars in the corner and playing poker.

"Percy," Nico said, and the men stopped their game, "these are my uncles; Ares and Hephaestus," he pointed to two grumpy looking men, "and my grandad, Zeus."

"Finally got yerself a boyfriend, eh?" the white-bearded man grinned at Nico. The Italian flushed a deep red,

"N-Nonno!" (Grandad) he hissed, "Percy's not my boyfriend."

The men roared in laughter and Nico glared at them heatedly. Finally Zeus extended a hand to Percy and shook it firmly,

"Nice to meet ya, Percy," he said, and his eyes twinkled just like Nico's and Bianca's. Percy smiled and let Nico lead him away. The next stop was who Percy feared most - Nico's father, Hades.

"Son," Hades said, a bit stiffly, and hugged Nico briefly. Then his eyes turned to Percy and they narrowed,

"Dad, this is Percy."

"Stai cazzo di lui?" he asked with a raised eyebrow, (Are you fucking him?)

"No," Nico spluttered, turning red,

"hai intenzione di scopare lui?" Hades asked, unimpressed (Are you planning to fuck him?)

"No."

Hades huffed, "Fine," he had a thick accent, "Welcome to the family, Percy."
And for some weird reason it made Percy feel all warm inside and he smiled at Nico, who blushed all over again, but Percy must've imagine it. Nico mumbled a 'come on' under his breath and led him to three women. One of them had a stern expression and dark hair, another long auburn hair and grey eyes that looked silver, and the other had long blonde curls and a charming smile.

"Oh Nico!" She gushed when she saw him, stopping mid-sentence, and pulled him into a tight embrace, before kissing both his cheeks, "I haven't seen you in so long! Who's this?" the woman asked, peering at Percy, she didn't wait for an answer before also hugged Percy and kissing both his cheeks. She smelled like roses, "I am Aphrodite, Nico's aunt, Frank's step-mom and Ares'," she gestured at the man in the leather jacket playing poker with Zeus and Hephaestus, "wife. Are you Nico's boyfriend?"

Nico groaned but Percy just grinned,

"No we're just friends," he said, and Aphrodite's face fell, as if she just heard of some tragedy.

"Anyway," Nico said quickly and pulled Percy to the other women,. The auburn haired one was now kissing a girl with a black braid, dressed in a grey-silvery jumper, "This is my grandmother, Hera," Nico gestured at the dark haired woman.

"Hello," She said cooly. Percy gave her a shy 'hi.'

That's my auntie Artemis, and her girlfriend - Zoe." Nico finished.

"'Sup!" Artemis pulled away from the girl before diving right back in. Aphrodite rolled her eyes at them and walked off. Nico tugged on Percy's sleeve,

"C'mon," he said. Percy smiled. He liked this, it felt like he was Nico's boyfriend, meeting the family for the first time. To his surprise, the Italian led him outside, where a bunch of young adults were smoking cigarettes. They all cheered when they saw Nico,

"We were wondering when you'd decide to show up!" A small, Latino-looking boy with curl hair did a complicated hand-shake with Nico.

"Hold my cig," a boy with blonde curls shoved his cigarette into another blonde boy's hand. He embraced Nico tightly, "Ah, my child, I could write a poem about how much I missed you."

"Get off me, Apollo," Nico grumbled, voice muffled. A girl a head taller than everyone else pulled the man - Apollo - off.

"Cut it out, old man," she said, before also hugging Nico.

"Who's this then?" the blonde guy handed Apollo's cigarette back to him. His eyes were trained on Percy.

"Where did you come from?" a blonde girl blinked, confused.

"He was here all the time," a girl with choppy brown hair rolled her eyes.

"Percy, these are my cousins; Apollo, Leo, Annabeth, Jason, his girlfriend Piper, and Reyna," Nico said on one breath. Then he winced, "guys, this is my friend, Percy."

The whole group let out a delighted 'ooooh' before nudging each other and giggling,

"'friend' eh?" jason asked, grinning,
"Maybe we should switch their rooms so it doesn't get too loud at night," Leo joked and Percy turned red as all of them burst out laughing. Apollo said something to the blonde girl - Annabeth - in Italian,

"Ha Nico finalmente perdere la sua verginità?" (Did Nico finally lose his virginity?) She hit him upside the head, while everyone but Piper, who wasn't Italian, giggled. Nico buried his face in his hands,

"We're leaving," he told Percy, and glared at his cousins, "you guys suck."

Apollo blew him a kiss. Then a shout came from the inside,

"Silena's here!"

Apollo and Leo dropped their cigarettes and everyone rushed inside. Nico accidentally grabbed Percy's hand instead of his sleeve and the boy wasn't about to pull it back because...well, he enjoyed how the other boy's hand fitted into his, small and cold. When they were back in the living room, he saw that everyone was crowded around two people. One of them was a brown haired girl, and the other a tall man. When Percy came closer he realized that everyone was awing over a beautiful child in her arms.

"That's Silena," Nico pulled his hand out of Percy's, "my cousin, and her fiancee, Charles, just call him Beckendorf. They just had a daughter - Lili."

Percy smiled,

"Woah, that's awesome," he smiled at Nico, "your family's great," he added quietly. Nico blushed and looked away and Percy grinned. Beckendorf came over to hug Nico and he shook Percy's hand. Then Silena came as well and she handed Lili to Percy, and the boy watched the child look up at him with chocolate chip eyes and he was mesmerized and really, really content.

"Great-Grandmother's coming!" Artemis materialised out of nowhere. Nico looked panicked and he quickly looked at Percy,

"Chi è questo ragazzo?" (Who is this boy?) the woman asked.

"Lui è il mio amico , bisnonna," (He's my friend, great-grandmother) Nico said carefully. The woman eyed Percy up from head to toe, and then she slowly, ever so slowly, smiled. She reached up and Percy hesitantly leaned down. Everyone in the room gasped when she kissed both of his cheeks affectionately.

"Benvenuto in famiglia," (Welcome to the family) she said.

***

After dinner, which happened quite late because of Silena and Beckendorf's arrival, everyone split up to go to sleep. Carmela, who had latched onto Percy for most of the evening, fell asleep in his arms again. By the time everyone finished showering, it was almost one in the morning.
Hephaestus slept on the couch, and Grandmother Rhea had her own little room by the kitchen. Hera and Zeus took up one bedroom on the first floor, where there were also two bathrooms, and Silena, Beckendorf and Lili took another. All the little kids were put in one room. Artemis and Zoe roomed together in one bedroom on the second floor, and Ares and Aphrodite in another while Persephone and Hades too the last. The spacious loft was split up into three sections; a massive dorm-like space, a smaller room and a tiny closet that literally fitted on bed, and nothing else.

They played rock - paper - scissors. Jason won and he and Piper took the bedroom. Percy was given the closet room. He said goodnight to everyone and then went to the closet. He lied down on the soft bed and thought. There was a small triangular window near the ceiling that let in lovely moonlight. Percy recalled the day; getting on the plane with a terrified Nico who held his hand, the walk they had over the cliffs, how easily Nico's hand fitted into his when he dragged him around his living room, how amazing his family was, especially Rhea. Percy smiled at the memory of her accepting him. He also liked that Carmela liked him, it made him feel wanted.

A burst of laughter from the dorm section interrupted his thoughts. The cousins were staying up late, apparently. Percy sighed and closed his eyes. He was almost falling asleep when he heard the door open. He turned around and saw Nico closing it softly. He wore an over-sized t-shirt and long sweatpants.

"Hi," he told Percy, almost shyly. He hugged himself, blushing, "they wouldn't let me sleep. Do you mind if I sleep with you?" he asked, staring at his feet. Percy's heart warmed and he scooted over and lifted the covers invitingly. Nico gave him a small smile, "thanks," he said and slipped underneath. He sighed contently when he felt the heat envelop him. He closed his eyes but Percy couldn't stop staring at him in the moonlight; all pale skin and dark eyelashes and long-ish hair falling into his face. Percy wanted to reach out and touch him, but instead he turned around and faced the wall with a confusingly heavy heart.

***

20th December

The next morning after an incredibly loud breakfast, Zeus sent the teens off so they could 'get some fresh air before decorating.' Nico was used to this, so he wrapped himself up in a jumper and a coat and headed out with Percy and all of his cousins. Everyone bickered and joked all the way down to the beach. It was a cold day and the waves were angry, but that didn't stop Jason from suggesting hide and seek.

"I'm sorry," Nico said to Percy as they both jogged away from Jason, who was counting loudly, "they're such kids sometimes."

"It's alright," Percy scanned the beach for a good hiding place, "I liked games."

"Oi!" Piper hissed and waved at the two, "in here!"

They ran up to her, squatting next to a bunch of bushes, and the second they were close enough, she pushed both of them in, and ran off to find her own hiding place. Percy groaned as he ended up on his back in the sand, the bushes hiding him from Jason and the harsh wind, and Nico landed on top of him.

"Shit, sorry!" the Italian whispered and rolled off to the side. There was barely any space in the bushes so they had to lie side-by-side, shoulders and legs touching. It felt weirdly intimate, and Nico knew his face was probably red. He didn't want to face Percy.
"Ready or not here I come!" Jason yelled somewhere in the distance.

"Now be quiet," Percy whispered. Nico closed his eyes and shifted. The backs of his and Percy's hands were pressed against each other and he really wanted to reach out and tangle their fingers together, but he was too nervous to, so he pulled his hand away and rested it on his stomach. He took a deep breath. It smelled like Percy; strawberry shampoo, chocolate and something just him. The sea breeze calmed Nico down and he was thankful for it.

He didn't know how long he and Percy laid there for, maybe an hour. They didn't talk in fear of being found, just enjoyed each other's warmth. It wasn't until Nico realized that Percy fell asleep that it hit him that he couldn't hear anything but the ocean waves crashing in the distance. The Italian shook his friend's shoulder.

"Hmm?" Percy blinked, still half-asleep, and smiled slowly when he saw Nico, "Hi," he murmured, and Nico looked away, face red and heart beating wildly.

"Those assholes ditched us, come on," he grumbled. The two climbed out of the bush and trekked up the cliff to the house. Nico threw the front door open, fuming. He immediately found Apollo, and shouted in Italian-

"You left us!"

Apollo shrugged, and grinned, "We were giving you guys some alone time to relieve the tension," he winked. Percy watched this exchange, clueless, not understanding a word.

"You fucking dickhead." Nico started but then Hera walked past and hit him upside the head, "No swearing," she growled in English. Nico glared at Apollo and walked off to the closet room in the loft. Percy followed him,

"Hey, come on," he said, sitting down in the corner of the bed while Nico laid face down in the middle, "it's not that big of a deal, they were just messing around." When Nico replied he added, "do you really mind spending time with me that much?"

Nico looked up, blinking,

"N-No, that's not-"

"I'm kidding," Percy winked, "I didn't know you could speak Italian," Nico shrugged, "say something?"

"Perché tutti chiedono sempre che?" he groaned. Percy cocked his head to the side,

"What does that mean?"

"Why does everyone always ask that?"

Percy laughed, "Sorry. I like it though," he said, "You speaking Italian."

"Grazie," Nico mumbled, feeling his heart flutter in his chest. He looked up at Percy shyly, "Mi piaci davvero." (I really like you.)

"And that?" Percy asked, "what does that mean?"

"You're annoying," Nico said quickly, face flushing.
"NICO!" Artemis shouted from downstairs, "PERCY! TAKE THE KIDS TO THE CANDY SHOP!"

***

Percy watched, mesmerized, as Nico walked towards the main part of Fairlight with the kids. He held Hazel's hand, who held onto Frank's, and his other hand was clutching Joe's. Carmela was sitting on Percy's shoulders and he held her tiny hands as they walked. Nico was telling the kids the Christmas Carol story, and they looked at him with big, awed eyes.

It was adorable, seeing Nico smile when he was around the youngsters. It warmed Percy's heart really, and he couldn't really tell why. They all walked into the cozy sweets shop that looked like something out of a WW2 evacuee movie, with shelves stacked with assortments of delicious looking candy and chocolate. A man in a wheelchair with a brown ponytail smiled at Nico as they came in,

"Nico," he said kindly, "lovely to see you."

"You too, Chiron," Nico smiled. Chiron rolled out to the middle of the shop and little Hazel flung herself into his arms,

"Look at you," he said, setting her down in his lap, "getting so big, eh?"

"Look at me, Mr Chiron!" little Joe puffed out his chest, "I'm a man now!"

Chiron ruffled his hair, "you sure are," he said, "and who's this lad?" he asked, looking at Frank.

"That's Frank," Hazel said excitedly, "We're getting married!"

Nico laughed, "he's Aphrodite and Ares' child," he said, gently taking Frank's hand. Chiron nodded and said hello and then he turned his gaze on Percy,

"Hello, my name is Chiron," he introduced himself.

"I'm Percy," Percy said quickly, "Nico's friend."

Chiron nodded, "Well, let's get your order then."
He set Hazel down and rolled behind the counter. Everyone ordered whatever they wanted, and Chiron packed all of the sweets into paper bags and handed them to the children, who started munching happily. Nico reached for his wallet but Chiron waved him off, "No need. Merry Christmas."

When they were all walking back through the grassy cliffs, Nico let the children play tag ahead of them, making sure that none of them got too close to the cliffs. He walked side by side with Percy and it all just felt really right.

***

21st December

"Oi, don't hang it there," Annabeth complained from the doorway. Nico glared at her over his shoulder, balancing on a chair with tinsel in his hands, trying to position it on the Christmas tree, "it has to be symmetric!"

Nico sighed but moved the tinsel an inch to make it 'symmetric.'

Everyone was spread around the living room, putting up chains and bells and baubles and other
Christmas stuff. Hera, Persephone, Rhea and Aphrodite were in the kitchen, starting the food, and Ares, Hephaestus and Zeus were outside, fixing the old truck. Bianca was taking care of the kids in the dorm area and everyone else was putting up decorations.

Nico climbed down from the chair and looked around. Percy was finishing off putting sparkling, snowflake chains around the windows, with Zoe helping him.

"All done," Apollo collapsed on the couch and sighed with relief. Everybody piled themselves ontop of him, giggling, and Nico rolled his eyes fondly, going to light the candles, and Percy followed him. He had time to grab the matches before Artemis gasped dramatically,

"What?" Percy looked around. Artemis pointed to the ceiling and when Percy looked up he saw an innocent bunch of mistletoe.

"OOoOOOooOoOOhhh," everyone on the couch yelled, poking each other.

"Now you have to kiss!" Silena grinned.

"What? No!" Nico spluttered,

"Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" they all chanted. Percy went beet red but before Nico could protest he stepped towards him and pecked his cheek,

"T-There," he grumbled and everyone cheered.

***

22nd December

Percy didn't really know how it happened. Zeus, Ares and Hephaestus asked him, quite innocently, if he'd like to play poker with them. With vodka. What Percy didn't know was that all that lot were fucking gamblers, so when he stumbled into the closet room at two am, with Nico already sleeping, he was pretty smashed.

"Percy?" Nico asked as the boy fell face first into the covers.

"Hi," he mumbled. Nico wrinkled his nose,

"Are you drunk?"

"Maybeee," Percy grinned at him. Nico sighed and rolled over so his back was to Percy. The boy pouted, "Oi, talk to meee," he whined, and flipped Nico around, hovering above him,

"Nicoo-" Nico slapped his hand over Percy's mouth.

"Shut up or you'll wake everyone up," he hissed. Percy kissed his soft palm and Nico snatched his hand back, flushing. He looked nice like that, underneath Percy, all sleepy and adorable, "d-don't d-do that..."

"Why?" Percy asked, completely serious. Nico tried to turn away, but Percy climbed on top of him and caged him in, "what's wrong?"

"N-Nothing get off, you're drunk," Nico mumbled. Percy reached out and brushed his thumb over Nico's cheek. The Italian turned his face away, biting his lip. Percy frowned,

"Am I scaring you?" he asked. Nico shivered,
"A-A bit," he whispered. Percy rolled off of him,

"I'm sorry," he said, "My head's pounding."

"My heart's pounding," Nico said quietly. Percy turned to him and pulled the boy into his arms, hugging him gently,

"Goodnight, Nico," he said, and was out like a flashlight.

***

23rd December

"CARMELA'S GONE!" Bianca's scream woke everyone in the house up. Percy sat up and groaned, feeling the hangover descend upon him. Nico rolled over him and sprinted downstairs. Everyone was gathered in the living room around Bianca, who was sobbing hysterically.

"What do you mean gone?!" Zeus demanded.

"S-She wasn't i-in her b-bed and she's n-not in the house..." Bianca couldn't finish and she choked on a sob. Percy stumbled into the room and Zeus started organizing search groups, splitting people up and sending them off. Nico stayed, with Bianca clutching his arm.

***

It was six in the afternoon and pitch black outside. Percy could see flashlights swiveling around on the cliffs but they still haven't found Carmela and she was obviously not up there. So the boy picked his way down the cliff to the beach. It was freezing, the wind cutting into his skin and hands, but he didn't care. There was a deep panic in his chest and he felt like he couldn't breathe.

The tide was coming in and Percy knew he didn't have much time. If the girl was on the beach he had five, maybe ten minutes tops before he'd have to go back up.

"CARMELA!" He yelled, and his voice was snatched by the wind immediately, "CARMELA!" There was no answer, just the angry roar of waves and the darkness, closing in. Percy's hands shook and the light from his flashlight jumped around on the sand. He felt a wave sweep over his shoes and more panic descended onto him. Time was running out, "CARMELA!" he yelled again. And then he heard the faintest...

"Help!"

Percy took off sprinting. His feet slapped at the waves and wet sand and he didn't care. He made it to the opposite side of the cliff, where it was jutting out like a broken tooth out of the ground.

"Carmela!" he called, shining his flashlight upwards.

"Percy!" the little girl was standing on a little ledge about ten feet above Percy. She was shaking and wet,

"What are you doing up there?" Percy called. The little girls lip trembled,

"I wanna g-go home," she sobbed. Percy scanned the cliff. There was no way she'd be able to get down without killing herself or breaking something. Percy would have to climb. The sea level rose, reminding the boy he didn't have much time.

"Listen, baby, don't move, I'm coming to get you," Percy called up to her. He shoved the
flashlight between his teeth and then reached up. His hands found jutting out rocks from the cliff wall and Percy pulled himself upwards. His feet scrambling for purchase. The cliff was cold and slippery and soon enough Percy cut his hand, but he didn't care. He gritted his teeth and climbed upwards.

Carmela screamed as a piece of her ledge broke off, crumbling to pieces as it hit...the waves below. Percy swore in his head. The sea was here and they wouldn't be able to get down now. He scanned the cliff wall, and saw another ledge, close to Carmela's one, which looked a lot more sturdy. He swung himself up on it and shoved his flashlight into his pocket. Now it was just the moonlight illuminating his way.

"Carmela," he said as calmly as he could, looking at the girl on the unsteady ledge, "you're going to have to jump."

The girl burst out crying at this and pressed herself to the cliff wall as another piece of the ledge tumbled into the sea.

"Trust me," Percy called, "I'll catch you. But we have to move. Do you think you'll be able to do it?"

Carmela gave him a fearful look but then she nodded slowly. Percy smiled reassuringly at her as his heart thumped wildly against his chest,

"Okay, on three," he said, "one...two...THREE!" as he shouted, Carmela squeezed her eyes shut and flung herself at him. The ledge broke away the second Percy caught the girl in his arms. She was sobbing into his shoulder and he clutched her close and told her how brave she was, while he blinked his own tears away. He looked up at the edge of the cliff. It looked close and it was the only option.

Carmela clung onto Percy's shoulders as he climbed. His lungs and legs and arms ached and he was shaking with effort as he pulled them up, inch by inch, but he knew that he was closer to safety every second. Below them, the waves crashed wildly into the cliff. If they fell, they would be carried out to sea and maybe never found. When he felt the grass beneath his hands Percy swore he was the happiest man on earth.

He pulled himself over the edge and onto the grass. The boy and the child lay side by side, catching their breaths and looking up at the stars for a few minutes. They were alive.

Then Percy shrugged off his coat and wrapped it around Carmela, before he took the little girl into his arms and started walking towards home.

Yeah, home.

When Percy saw the lights he smiled with relief. The family was outside, discussing things with the local police, and they all froze when they saw Percy.

"Mamma!" Carmela yelled happily. Percy put her down so she could sprint to Bianca who was sobbing as she hugged her child. Everyone slumped in relief,

"You found her," Persephone hugged Percy tightly and Zeus slapped his back,

"Well done, son," he said fondly. Then Percy got an armful of sobbing Bianca who whispered 'thank you, thank you' over and over as she kissed his cheeks. When she pulled away everyone hugged Percy and went to Carmela, who was telling a story about how Percy climbed a cliff to save her. Percy looked up and saw Nico staring and something inside him just broke, because he was exhausted and all of his fear was used up and it felt like he was coming home.
So he walked up to Nico, wrapped his arms around him, and kissed him right in front of everyone. Nico gasped, and tensed, but half a second later he was kissing Percy back.

"I fucking told you!" Apollo yelled triumphantly,

"No swearing!" Hera hit him upside the head. Percy didn't care because Nico was soft and warm in his arms and he was so, so happy.

***

**Next year, 22nd December.**

"Mom," Percy smiled at Sally, holding Nico's warm hand in his, "This is Nico. My boyfriend."
Percy was always meant to be the strong one. He couldn't show fear and couldn't back down from a challenge because people would think he was weak. And that's what Clarisse did - she challenged him. Obviously she didn't mean it in a malicious way, it was just a stupid challenge; who could win capture the flag. The loser would have to eat a bowl of olives. It's just that...Percy really fucking hated olives. But he hated losing more.

Ares banded with Hermes and The Big Three banded with Apollo. So now Percy was sprinting through the woods, breathing hard, wielding his sword. He just turned a manticore to dust, and couldn't see any other players. Nobody but Annabeth knew that ever since he came back from Tartarus he's been having breathing problems. Asthma to be precise.

It popped up at random moments which was really inconvenience, but at least it didn't happen all the time, just sometimes. Like right now. Percy stopped near the rock that once upon a time an army tried to come through to storm the camp, and he felt his chest clench in sudden pain. It's as if he was drinking fire water again, and it turned to ash in his throat. The boy slumped against the rock and clawed at his chest as he tried to breath. He kept sucking in desperate gulps of air but none made it to his lungs, so he was just panting, and gasping. His vision blurred, he couldn't breathe.

Percy tried to reach for his inhaler but he couldn't. He couldn't move. His knees gave up on him and the boy slid down the rock, not feeling the impact as he sat down. The boy's lung and heart ached and he just wanted to breathe but everything hurt and his vision swam and...

***

Luke had the flag in his hand and he sneaked through the woods. From his experience he knew that outright running usually just got things chucked at you, so sneaking was a lot better. Nobody was following Luke and the boy couldn't wait to see the look of the Ares kid's faces after Hermes declared that they won as a cabin and not an alliance.
Luke grinned and sped up walking, when he heard it. Normally Luke would ignore this and continue on his merry way, but something made him stop and venture into the woods, where the breathing was coming from. Luke walked out into a little clearing and saw Percy, on the ground, gasping for air.

The blonde dropped the flag as if it was nothing and fell to his knees next to Percy, feeling sudden panic fill his chest.

"Percy," he said, taking the boy's face in his hands, "Percy what's wrong?"

Percy's hand shot out and he gripped Luke's shirt. The blonde looked at him helplessly and then it all fell together - Percy was having an asthma attack. The blonde shoved his hand into the pocket of Percy's jacket. Nothing. He tried the other one and his fingers closed around an inhaler. He pulled it out and flipped the top of. As gently as he could, he pushed it between Percy's panted lips,


"L-Luke?"

"You scared me, moron," Luke smiled, clutching Percy's hand in his. Percy smiled and closed his eyes tiredly,

"You should take the flag to the finish line," he mumbled weakly.

"Fuck that," Luke said, "I'm not leaving you."

Percy struggled to sit up,

"I'm fine," he said. Luke pushed him back against the rock,

"No you're not," he said softly, "stop pretending everything's okay. You almost died just now."

"Don't be dramatic," Percy rolled his eyes.

"I'm not," Luke pulled Percy into his arms suddenly, and clutched him close, "don't ever scare me like that again."

"Luke..."

Luke pulled away slightly and pressed his forehead to the other boy's.

"You're a moron." He whispered, arms still around Percy. For some stupid reason he didn't want to let him go. Percy smiled and wrapped his arms around Luke's neck,

"Yeah, but I'm your moron," he mumbled. Luke wasn't really sure who leaned in first but suddenly they were kissing and something was lifted off of the blonde's shoulders and he felt Percy melt against him and it was just perfect.

Will sprinted past and grabbed the flag,

"Later idiots!" he yelled, disappearing into the trees. Luke pulled away and sighed,

"Ugh, my cabin will have my head for this," he grumbled. Percy smiled and brushed his nose
against Luke's.

"Let me make it up to you."
So let me hold both your hands in the holes of my sweater

Chapter Notes

For RedTears

can you do a story where Leo and Frank are in a secret relationship, and Leo accidentally wears Franks hoodie outside the house. Secret gets out

"Leo."

Leo and Frank were sitting in the Hades cabin since Nico was in New Rome, watching How to Get Away with Murder on the TV. They sat close together on the couch, shoulders touching.

"What?" Leo asked. Frank turned to face him,

"Are you gay?"

Leo looked at him with wide eyes and opened and closed his mouth a few times. Then he looked away, blushing.

"Yeah," he mumbled, "is it that obvious?"

"No," Frank shook his head. He bit his lip and then, "I think I'm bisexual."

"You think?" Leo laughed, eyes on the screen,

"It's...it's cause I think I like this one guy," Frank admitted. Leo tensed next to him,

"Oh," he said, "Care if I ask who?"
"Will you hate me if I tell you?" Frank asked quietly, staring at Leo, the show forgotten. Leo looked at him slowly,

"No, 'course I won't hate you," he gave the Asian a lopsided smile. Frank looked down, "Hey," Leo said softly, "so who is this boy you like?"

"You." Frank still wasn't looking at the Latino. Leo laughed. It sounded forced,

"Come on," he said, "Who is it actually?"

"You," Frank said, annoyed. Leo sighed and rolled his eyes, turning back to the TV.

"Yeah, sure," he said sarcastically. Frank huffed and pulled away, crossing his arms over his chest. A moment passed before,

"Leo."

"What?" Leo snapped, turning his head. Frank was already there and he kissed the surprised Latino, his hand coming to rest on the boy's waist. Leo sucked in a surprised gasp and Frank pulled away, so his and Leo's faces were a few inches apart.

"I really like you," he muttered. Leo blushed,

"O-Oh," he said shakily.

"Do you want to go out with me?" Frank asked softly. Leo's heart skipped a beat and he nervously bit his lip, before nodding shyly. Frank smiled and pecked his lips again, "okay," he said, and pulled away so the two were sitting next to each other. Frank watched the show but couldn't concentrate. Ten minutes later Leo couldn't stand it anymore and he climbed into Frank's lap and wrapped the bigger boy's arms around himself, before sighing contently.

***

3 Months later

"You know," Leo said, slipping out of bed to pull his boxers on, "We really should tell everyone."

"Shut up about that," Frank grumbled. Leo glared at him,

"Nico won't be gone forever. What will we do then?" he asked, hand on his slim hips, "do you propose sneaking around tool sheds?"

"As opposed to me fucking you with all the siblings in the room?" Frank raised an eyebrow. Leo flushed a pretty red and Frank pulled back the covers, "Come back to bed."

Leo sighed and slipped into the amazing warmth. Frank wrapped himself around the Latino and kissed his forehead.

"Sometimes I feel like you're embarrassed of me," Leo admitted quietly, voice muffled by Frank's shoulder. Frank pulled away slightly,

"Leo, you know that's not the reason why," he kissed the boy softly, "I love you. It's just...I'm not ready to come out."

Leo sighed and cuddled into Frank's chest, "Yeah, I know," he whispered, "I just wish we could hold hands and cuddle and kiss in public."
Frank didn't reply, just kissed the top of his head.

***

2 Months later

Leo was lazing around in bed, looking up at the ceiling. Frank sneaked out to get them breakfast. The Latino pressed his face into the pillows, which still smelled like his boyfriend. He smiled.

The door were flung open and Frank spilled inside,

"Nico's back, get up!" he yelled. Leo's eyes widened and he was up in seconds. He pulled his trousers on and then his shirt, and Frank was already gone. Leo didn't bother lacing up his shoes as he made his way to the exit. Then he saw Frank's hoodie laying to the side. If Nico found it everything would be lost. Without thinking, the Latino tugged the hoodie over his head and ran out. The hoodie was too big, reaching his mid-thighs and going over his hands. But it was warm and cozy.

He made it to the dining pavilion and slid into a seat next to Harley.

"Hi guys," he said, reaching for a plate. Nyssa peered at him from across the table.

"Leo." She said slowly. The Latino looked up and she cocked her head to the side, "is that Frank's hoodie?"

Leo froze.

"Umm...I-I...t-that is...erm, umm...," he stuttered, flushing bright red. Nyssa grinned and everyone at the Hephaestus table 'oooh'ed.' Leo buried his face in his hands, embarassed, and then Frank was suddenly behind him.

"Leo, can we talk," he asked calmly. The Latino swallowed and then got up and followed his boyfriend out of the dining pavilion, with everyone's eyes on him. The second the two were around the corner, Frank pushed Leo into a wall. Leo winced,

"Frank, I'm sorry...I-I just...," he started. Frank silenced him with a kiss.
Heat

Chapter Notes

For aheadcounsellor

**Frason werewolf Au Frank takes his rightful place as leader of the pack need to claim a male mate pls because I need more bottom! Jason in my life**

Frank's life was perfect. He lived in a wonderful warehouse that he and his pack changed so it was cosy and livable, and he had his family with him. By his family he meant his loyal pack. His omegas; Piper, Leo, Nico and Hazel and his betas; Percy, Annabeth and Reyna. Although nobody knew his deepest, darkest secret, and Jason had to live with it everyday, he was happy. He was so, so happy.

And then Frank Zhang had to come and ruin everything.

***

Frank was...well, Frank was really something. He was tall, taller than Jason even, with amazing muscles and an unimpressed expression constantly on his face. He just kind of appeared one day, at the door of Jason's warehouse.

"Who's your Alpha?" he asked upon arrival, soaked from the rain, his voice all deep and growly. Piper immediately took a protective stance, eyes flashing blue,

"Jason Grace," she said, "what business do you have here?" she growled out. Jason came down the stairs and his heart skipped a beat when he saw Frank but he quickly controlled his emotions and glared,

"It's alright, Pipes," he told the girl, who backed off. Jason's pack formed a protective wall behind him, ready to pounce if Frank started getting aggressive. The Asian raised an unamused eyebrow,

"My name is Frank," he introduced himself, "and I came here to become an Alpha."
"Hell no!" Annabeth said immediately, "we already have an Alpha!"

"Oh really?" Frank eyed Jason up and down and the blonde had to suppress a shiver from running down his spine. He was in front of Jason in a flash and the blonde could feel his pack tense behind him, but his heart almost drowned it out because it was pounding so hard. Jason tried not to breathe as Frank sniffed the air, "Why do you smell so weird, then?"

"How about you stop sniffing me," Jason gritted his teeth and pushed the taller boy away, "and get out of my house."

"I will. After you all become my pack," Frank shrugged.

"That will never happen," Percy hissed. Jason's shoulders slumped - how was he meant to tell them?

"He can't protect you," Frank gestured at Jason and his words stung, "but I can."

"Yeah, right," Reyna said sarcastically, crossing her arms over her chest.

"We'll see about that," Leo growled, "I bet that you'd make a shit Alpha."

Frank flashed his eyes blue at the boy and the Latino flinched. Hazel took his hand and squeezed it, glaring.

"Don't threaten my pack," Jason stepped up towards Frank, "and leave. They already have an Alpha."

Frank smirked, "You're scared because you know I'd be a better leader than you."

Jason growled low in his throat, and felt anger boil inside him, "One month. Then we'll see who really is the Alpha."

And that's how Frank ended up moving in. And it was probably Jason's most wonderful mistake.

***

3 weeks, 4 days

The blonde watched, eye twitching, as Frank trained with Hazel. She was the first to give in, and Jason couldn't really blame her. Frank moved like a skilled fighter but with an edge, as if he could rip your throat out if he wanted to. Which he probably could. His back rippled with strong muscles as he sparred with Hazel with wooden sticks. Jason kissed his teeth and walked back inside the warehouse, fuming.

How dare Frank steal his pack away from him?!

The wolf turned the coffee maker on and leaned against the counter, chewing on his lip. Was he a bad Alpha? Was that why Hazel, the newest member and an Omega, was drawn to Frank. There was no doubt that he was stronger than Jason, and a better leader too...maybe he should just back down? After all, it would be better for his pack...

Piper walked into the kitchen and touched Jason's shoulder gently. The blonde looked at her and forced a smile,

"Hey, Pipes."
"Don't mind Hazel," she said, as if reading his mind, "she's confused, doesn't understand where her loyalties lie."

"It's not that," Jason rubbed a hand down his face tiredly, "if I was a good Alpha then she wouldn't feel the need to-

"You are a good Alpha," Piper said stubbornly, "you're a great Alpha."

"She could've asked me to train with her," Jason said quietly, "but she didn't. She went straight to him."

"I'll talk to her," Piper said. Jason kissed her cheek,

"No, it's okay." He said, and walked out. He went straight to the bathroom where he stood under the spray of warm water, pressing his forehead against the cool tiles. The water ran down his body, washing away the sweat and grime of the day. Jason felt tears spring to his eyes and he blinked them away angrily. He was a strong Alpha, and he was going to keep his pack.

No matter if Hazel was friends with Frank, because she was still Jason's Omega and would stand by him in the end. And Frank would leave with nothing in three weeks and four days. Jason gritted his teeth and shut the water off before brushing himself dry. He looked at his hazy, steamy reflection in the mirror. He was strong, he could do this.

The boy tied the towel around his waist and then walked out of the bathroom, into the coolness of the hallway. He turned to go to his room, and ran face-first into Frank. Jason stumbled back and the Asian's hand shot out, grabbing his arm and steadying him. For a second everything seemed to stop. Frank was illuminated by the soft light from the bathroom and nothing more, and surrounded by the steam crawling out of the doorway. His hand was warm and strong against Jason and his eyes soft. The blonde's heart-beat picked up. Frank's eyes slowly slid down his naked body, taking him in, and suddenly Jason needed to-

He shook Frank off angrily,

"I don't need your help," he hissed and pushed past the Asian.

***

**3 weeks**

Jason was actually having a pretty good day. He went out jogging in the morning, which made him feel more powerful and restored his confidence in the fact that he was a strong Alpha. He took his pack out for lunch, except for Percy, who wanted to stay in, but when they came back, laughing and joking, everything fell apart.

Percy and Frank were sitting on the front porch, side by side, laughing and drinking beer. Jason fell his blood ran cold and his wolf growled. Percy froze when he saw his pack heading up the driveway, and then jumped to his feet, guilty. Piper gave him a dirty look but Hazel hesitantly took a sip of his beer.

"Jason-" Percy started.

"Save it," Jason didn't mean to growl. He felt like crying. Percy, his best friend, had betrayed him. Sure, not outright, but he basically accepted Frank! Jason brushed off a worried Reyna and Piper and headed to his room. He gritted his teeth and stared out of the window for a long, long time, until it grew dark. Then he opened his window and jumped outside.
The cool air felt nice on his heated face. He felt his body shift and re-arrange. His senses grew sharper and he fell onto four legs, before shooting off into the woods. In this form, all Jason could feel was emotions, he couldn’t think. He felt pain, pain so horrible he felt like curling up into a ball and whimpering. Instead he made his way through the forest, to a cliff overlooking a waterfall, and he looked up at the sliver of the moon and howled.

Jason felt a presence. He turned around, his fur tugged by the wind, and saw another wolf. He was bigger and darker, with black, glittering eyes. He growled at Jason, trying to get him to submit. When the blonde took a defensive stance, to his surprise, Frank didn't attack, instead he slunk back into the shadows. Terrified, Jason sprinted back to the house.

When he laid in his bed, staring at the ceiling and trying to figure out what scared him so much, he realized that it was the fact that he wanted to submit to Frank.

***

2 weeks, 5 days

Nico fell next. Somehow, Frank managed to woo him and when Jason saw them together, cuddled up on the couch, watching a movie, it felt like someone had stabbed him. The plate he was holding clambered out of his hand and hit the floor. Nico jumped and looked at Jason with wide eyes but the blonde was looking at Frank. And Frank actually looked like he was sorry.

***

2 weeks, 2 days

Jason really lost hope when Reyna and Frank came back one morning from jogging together. He went up to his room and Piper came and hugged him and told him that it was okay, that everything would be okay. And Jason almost told her.

When he went out for a run later on in his wolf form, he came across Frank again. He backed away from the black wolf but Frank just came and pressed his nuzzle into Jason's neck and licked, and then run off, leaving Jason very, very confused.

***

2 weeks

When Leo fell asleep on top of Frank, Jason didn't even feel anything. The three were alone in the house and when Jason saw the two cuddled up he just went straight to the kitchen, and made himself hot chocolate. He heard Frank quietly slip in,

"Jason," the Alpha said gently. Jason squeezed his cup so hard that it shattered in his hand. He felt a sudden pain in his palm as blood splattered the floor and then Frank was there, holding his hand in his warm, large ones, gently picking out the glass,

"Shit, you need to be more careful," he said, and it made Jason weirdly warm. For some stupid reason, he let Frank pull out all the glass and then bandage his hand, "it doesn't have to be like this," Frank said softly, looking at Jason, "I'm not trying to make you leave."

Jason snatched his hand back, and narrowed his eyes at Frank,

"You're stealing my pack."
"They're warming up to me, willingly," Frank took a step forward, "Jason..."

Jason turned around and ran out of the kitchen, his heart beating wildly.

***

1 week, 4 days

Jason didn't really notice when Annabeth turned to Frank. He was so busy being paranoid and hating Frank that Jason began to neglect his pack. When he saw all of them having a picnic together it felt as if his whole life had crumbled away, as if he'd lost a limb. He pretended not to see even as tears stung his eyes. Piper sat inside, alone at the kitchen table.

When she smiled at Jason, he turned away and left her alone as he went to his room. That was another one of his mistakes.

***

3 days

"Jason," Piper said gently, taking his hand. They were alone in the house, sitting on his bed, as everyone went to get ice cream. "I think...we all agreed that it would be best if we let Frank into our pack."

Jason was expecting it, but that didn't make it any less. It felt as if someone knocked the breath out of him.

"We're not kicking you out," Piper said quickly, squeezing his hand, "we all love you and we want you to be part of the pack. It's just..." she bit her lip, "Frank is strong and kind..."

"And I'm not?" Jason's mouth was dry.

"Of course you are," Piper said softly, "he's just...better," she immediately winced at her words and Jason pulled his hand away.

"I understand," he said quietly. He was ready for this. He walked to the corner of the room, feeling as if he left his heart back on the bed, and picked up his backpack. Piper was crying. Jason kissed her forehead, "thank you for everything," he smiled at her, "tell everyone I said goodbye."

"Jason," Piper pleaded. Jason shook his head - it was time for his weekly time off anyway, so at least he wouldn't be able to concentrate on anything for the next five days. He'd already booked a hotel room...

Jason looked around the room one last time and then walked out of the house. He could still hear Piper crying as he drove away.

***

Jason's motel room was...plain. And cheap. And familiar. Because here was where Jason came once every two months for five long days, where he laid on the bed, trying to deny what u was.

Tears gathered in the blonde's eyes as he felt the heat, that so far was just a warm trickle in his stomach, bloom, becoming hotter and hotter. Jason felt every bead of sweat of his body as his wolf called out for someone...someone specific this time round.

Jason was prepared for this. He was always prepared for this, afterall, it happens every time
without fail, each time worst than the last.

The blonde whimpered low in his throat as he ached, alone on the bed, feeling as if he was on fire. It was hours already, and there would be days more to come, so much more, and the heat would turn into pain and the pain into agony. But Jason was ready - he was always ready.

Except he wasn't ready, not for the knock on the door.

Breathing hard, feeling as if his legs were made of cotton wool, Jason pulled himself up and stumbled to the door. He didn't bother to listen - it was probably just room service anyway - and he pulled the door open.

When he saw Frank his knees almost gave up on him.

"F-Frank?" Jason whispered, a shiver running through him. Frank frowned and sniffed the air. He pushed past Jason and the blonde jumped to the side to prevent the other man from touching him.

Frank burst into the room and turned around in a circle. Jason slipped in and closed the door, leaning against it heavily. He was now locked with Frank's smell - apple shampoo and his musky cologne and his own smell that made Jason's head spin.

"Someone's in heat," Frank growled, "Who's in heat?!" He demanded, turning to face the blonde, "Jason who's in-"

He froze as he looked at Jason, really looked at him. He saw his flushed cheeks and swollen lips, his dark eyes and shaking, sweaty body. And he could smell him, the want deep inside of him, calling out to Frank. He smelled like sunshine and honey and sex. The man's shoulders slumped,

"You're in heat," he whispered. Jason turned his gaze away, "You're an Omega," Frank couldn't believe it, he stepped towards the blonde and Jason flinched, "why didn't you tell me?!" Frank asked.

Jason shook his head desperately, "W-We'll talk later," he gasped, "I-I can't b-be around you r-right now."

"You need an Alpha," Frank said, and it felt like an order, "where is your Alpha?"

"I-I don't h-have one," Jason said shakily, feeling a wetness between his legs, heat making him dizzy, "F-Frank y-you need to g-go, I-I can h-handle it."

"But you're hurting," Frank whispered and stepped closer.

"W-What do you c-care?" He gasped, eyes squeezing shut. Frank ignored his question, "Let me help you," he said softly, "Let me make the pain go away."

Jason wants to protest - to tell Frank that he wasn't some pathetic Omega and that he could take care of himself but all that came out of his mouth was;

"Frank."

"Jason I can't stand to see you like this," Frank's hands itched to touch Jason, "please let me help you."

Jason just couldn't take it. It was as if his entire being was calling out to Frank. His knees buckled and he would've crumbled to the ground if Frank hasn't caught him.
The second the Alpha touched him, all of Jason's walls crumbled away. He pushed himself into the taller man and Frank wrapped his arms around him without hesitation. Jason crashed their lips together; his cock was hard and leaking in his trousers, and heat flared in his belly. He wrapped his arms around Frank's neck.

The Asian held him tightly in his arms, licking and kissing his way into Jason's wanting mouth. The blonde was trembling against him, letting out these tiny whimpers that went straight to Frank's cock. His howled happily as he pushed Jason onto the bed, before climbing back on top of him and kissing him messily, tongue exploring the blonde's mouth.

"F-Frank," Jason moaned as the Alpha kissed down his back, sucking on the blonde's skin and biting teasingly at the flesh. The Asian grinned and came back up to claim Jason's mouth once again.

Jason was a mess, panting, body burning with desire. Frank had been around Omega's in heat before but they never made him feel like this. All he wanted to do was mark Jason, with his mouth and his hands and his cock until the boy couldn't breathe anymore.

The Omega pulled his shirt off, revealing his slim, gently muscled body to Frank. The Asian lowered his head down to kiss the exposed skin, causing Jason's breath to catch in his throat. Frank sucked Jason's nipple into his mouth and it hardened instantly against his lips. The Alpha licked down the blonde's chest, nipping at his skin, leaving little marks all over.

"You okay?" He murmured, staring up at Jason. The blonde looked at him helplessly, panting, his whole body flushed, hands gripping the Alpha's shoulders tightly. Frank felt something in him heat up at the sight and suddenly he just wanted to kiss Jason...so he did.

The dark haired boy slid his hot tongue into the blonde's mouth, hands groping at his ass and hips. When he pulled away, Jason was looking even more dazed than before. Frank pushed a strand of his hair out of his face,

"You're making my wolf really happy right now," he murmured. Jason shivered,

"F-Frank," he whispered. Then Frank's hands were pulling his trousers off in one swift movement.

Jason didn't really understand what was happening. Everything was hazy and Frank's strong hands were all over his body and it felt like the greatest thing ever. There wasn't enough air in his lungs and his wolf was arching in submission, and Jason just wanted Frank to take him, dominate him.

"F-Frank, f-fuck please j-just...," he whimpered. All of a sudden there was wonderful heat around his aching cock and a litany of moans spilled out of the Omega's mouth. Jason bobbed his head once, twice, taking Jason's member deeper, and then the boy was spilling inside his mouth.

The ecstasy was short lived as Jason's cock grew hard in the next minute. The boy let out a helpless sob. Frank kissed him gently,

"Shhh, baby I know," he murmured and then he reached down into the wetness between Jason's legs, pushing one finger into him. The Omega let out a moan and soon enough he was gasping for air, clinging onto Frank as the Alpha fucked him with his fingers, making Jason's toes curl. Frank leaned down an captured Jason's lips, kissing him messily.

"N-Now," Jason gasped, "I-I need you n-now," his hands tangled in Frank's hair, "p-please, F-Frank-"
Frank kissed him again and then he pushed into Jason. He meant to go slowly but the Omega's hole pulled him in greedily and the second Frank was fully buried inside him, Jason's hands tangled into the sheets and he came again, crying out.

Frank pressed his face into Jason's neck, his hips stilling inside the boy.

"No, no, n-no," Jason sobbed as excess slick slid out of him, "p-please move, f-fuck me, A-Alpha p-please...F-Frank-"

Frank was weak, his wolf commanded his to take his time and make sure Jason was okay, but the Alpha couldn't stop himself so he started trusting roughly, desperately into Jason's wet, tight heat.

Jason's back arched and his toes curled and he cried and moaned as Frank fucked him into the mattress, feeling the heat inside him grown, but not in a bad way. It spread through his body and curled in his stomach and made his skin tingle. Jason was so close to Frank that he thought his heart would explode.

"Mate," Frank growled and it suddenly hit Jason and he felt so fucking content. He pulled Frank into a bruising kiss.

"I love y-you," Jason whimpered, his hole clenching around Frank's length as the Asian continued to pound him. The blonde clung into him, and he threw his head back, exposing the graceful line of his neck to Frank. The Alpha gasped his hips in a bruising grip and bit his neck, hard.

Jason sobbed out Frank's name and came again and this time the Alpha came as well, deep inside Jason, dosing his heat for a moment.

Jason felt something hard at his entrance and his eyes widened.

"I think I'm knotting you," Frank murmured apologetically. Jason growled and his cock twitched back to life.

"Oh Gods y-yes," Jason gasped. Frank kissed him passionately,

"Wanna go again?" He murmured.

When four days later Frank and Jason returned to the warehouse, the pack threw themselves at Jason, hugging him tightly.

"You idiot!" Nico yelled, "don't ever disappear again!"

"Sorry," Jason said sheepishly. Piper kissed his cheek and Annabeth grinned,

"We never wanted a different Alpha," Hazel whispered and took Jason's hand, squeezing it. He smiled at her and Frank took his other hand, kissing the top of his head. And it was all good. Actually it was better.
so maybe Alabaster and Ethan being all domestic n shit moving in together, cooking, kissing, being all cute maybe a lil smut?

Alabaster and Ethan were sitting outside Ethan's family home, where the boy still lived, eating cookies they sneaked out of the kitchen. They snickered and huddled close together, munching happily and getting crumbs everywhere. When the evidence was gone Alabaster pulled his boyfriend into his lap and the two looked up at the stars.

"I love your family," Al said, playing with Ethan's hand. The Asian smiled,

"I love them too," he said, "I just wish they weren't so nosy all the time. It's tiresome."

"You don't like living with them?"

"I do," Ethan sighed, "it's just...I'm twenty three, bit old to live with my mom and dad and siblings, eh?"

Alabaster was silent. Ethan thought that maybe he'd dropped the conversation or nodded off, but then suddenly the man slotted his fingers through Ethan's.

"We should move in together."

"W-What?!!" Ethan spluttered, looking at Alabaster, his eye wide. Alabaster smiled at him gently,

"I want to wake up next to you everyday, and fall asleep with you. I wanna have dinner with you and argue about chores and ...," Al bit his lip, "I just want to be close to you. All the time."

Slowly, Ethan smiled and kissed Al,

"Okay," he murmured, "Okay."
Alabaster and Ethan gazed up at the wall of what would become their living room, tins of paint at their feet. Alabaster's long-ish hair was toed back with a bandanna and Ethan was wearing one of his boyfriend's old, over-sized t-shirts.

"Ready?" he asked determinedly. Alabaster nodded solemnly and the boys reached for the brushes, dipping them into the sunflower yellow paint. The radio played happily in the back while the boys painted the walls; Ethan perfectly, making sure he didn't smudge the ceiling, and Alabaster carelessly, getting yellow everywhere, "Ugh, you're such a clutz," Ethan groaned, rolling his eyes. Alabaster grinned at him and then flicked some yellow paint at his cheek. Ethan made an outraged face and then drew his brush down Alabaster's surprised face, making his entire skin yellow.

Alabaster dunked his hand into the paint and Ethan squealed, sprinting away, with Alabaster chasing after him.

"No!" Ethan yelled, laughing and running around, "I'm sorry! Mercy! I yield!" Alabaster caught the hysterically laughing boy from behind and Ethan continued laughing as Al ran his yellow hand through the Asian's hair, giving him highlights. Ethan stopped struggling, giggling quietly, and Alabaster turned him so they were facing each other. He leaned in and kissed the other boy softly. He tasted like toothpaste and apples and smelled like paint.

Al walked Ethan backwards to the room where the yellow paint was drying, and gently laid him down on the floor, which was littered with newspapers. The paint on Alabaster's hands was mostly dry now and there was a yellow smudge on his face and Ethan had some in his hair but they didn't care as they crashed their lips together.

"You wanna do it on the floor?" Ethan laughed breathlessly as Al tugged his shirt off and kissed down his body. The older boy shrugged, "Yeah, why not," he said, lips trailing against Ethan's warm skin. The Asian shivered and wiggled out of his jeans.

"Maybe we should s-shower first," he mumbled as Alabaster placed wet, open mouthed kisses along the inside of his thigh,

"Scared of a bit of paint?" Alabaster grinned up at him, nuzzling into his leg. Ethan rolled his eyes, "We don't even have lube-" he didn't finish because Alabaster smirked and produced a small bottle from his pocket. He wiggled his eyebrows, "Always come prepared."

"Al!" Ethan yelled, wobbling dangerously on the top step leading to their narrow house, squished into a line of identical ones. There were two boxes in the Asian's arms and they proved a bit too heavy for him. Ethan was about to topple over but suddenly Alabaster appeared out of nowhere, pulling the boxes from Ethan's arms as if they weighed nothing, "thanks," Ethan sighed in relief. Alabaster smiled and pecked his lips before going inside the house to put the boxes down. Their house.

So yeah, maybe it was a shitty, cheap one with a wanker of a landlord, but Alabaster and Ethan could finally live together, wake up curled around one another, hands tangled together as they
slept on the mattress, thinking of buying a bed, but neither really caring because they were together and that's all that mattered. Ethan yawned tiredly, glancing over the boxes stacked on top of each other. They still had hours of work left. The Asian groaned and rested his forehead against Alabaster's shoulder. The taller boy smiled and kissed the top of Ethan's head lovingly, slinging an arm around the boy's waist,

"Hey, we don't have to do everything today," he said gently. Ethan looked up at him,

"I'm just really tired," he mumbled. Alabaster kissed him sweetly on the lips and Ethan smiled. He let his boyfriend drag him to their little room, and they both collapsed on the mattress, exhausted. Ethan flicked the light off and slipped under the covers. Alabaster immediately hugged him, taking up the position of the big spoon, and kissed the back of Ethan's neck,

"We did it. Our house." He murmured fondly. Ethan turned around and snuggled into his boyfriend, smiling up at him,

"I know," he kissed him briefly, "I'm really happy," he added quietly. Alabaster wrapped his arms around the boy,

"Me too. Night, baby."

"Night, Al," Ethan mumbled, "I love you."

"I love you too."
Would you do a Percico prompt in which Percy was spider man and also the brooding, bullied teen and Nico was a basketball player of the school came to every basketball match to watch Nico. One day, Nico got into trouble and Percy saved him, resulting in the spidey kiss (upside down kiss).

By the way this is my own variation of Spiderman.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them...well, Percy had greatness chucked in his face and it hurt like a bitch.

Percy Jackson wasn't...spectacular. He wasn't an angsty kid with a deep backstory; he was kind of just there, the person at the edges of photographs and in the library at lunch. Yeah he got his lunch money stolen sometimes, yeah he got pushed into lockers occasionally. He just dealt with it. He liked comic books, a lot, he liked to sketch them and read them at the back of the library. He liked action movies and weirdly colored food. He slept too much and not nearly enough. Just a normal teenage kid.

On the other side of the spectrum you get Nico di Angelo - star basketball player with a gorgeous smile, dark eyes and fluffy hair. And a killer body. He was quiet but nice and really sassy. Percy listened to him in class, making sarcastic remarks and riling the teachers up. Yeah he was pretty great, and he was the only person who ever passed the ball to Percy in PE. He even told him to join the team once, but Percy and Octavian, the team captain, didn't get along.

Still, it didn't stop Percy from sitting at the back of the hall and watching Nico play at every basketball game. Percy would sketch him, as he moved gracefully with the ball, pivoting on his foot, hair tied back in a bun, face scrunched up in concentration. He was gorgeous.

***

Percy shuffled at the back of the group, keeping close with his best friend - Grover - and listening to what was going on around him. Their teacher, Chiron, came up with the brilliant idea to take
them to a spider museum. And now here they were, staring at these tiny insects weaving webs or skittering around cages in glass panels, separating them from the world.

Percy tapped his fingers gently on the glass, peering at a red spider, which disappeared into a little cavern, afraid. Percy smiled softly and pulled away, not wanting to hurt the creature anymore. Instead he moved onto the next glass box and pulled out his sketchbook. He had one pencil with him and it hoped it wouldn't break as he started to sketch the beautiful insect in front of him, suspended in the air by a sliver of silvery thread, motionless.

Percy nearly jumped when Nico popped out of nowhere,

"Hey," he said. Percy glanced up at him, yes up, damn that boy was tall,

"Hi," he said, and turned back to his paper so Nico wouldn't see his flushed cheeks. The basketball player leaned against the glass, completely uninterested in the spider behind it,

"You're drawing again," he stated, amused. Percy couldn't focus,

"Um, yeah," he said, hand shaking slightly as he sketched over his already sketched lines, making the picture a bit messier. He nervously tucked a piece of his hair behind his ear.

"You're really good," Nico said, peering over Percy's shoulder, "did you ever think about art school?"

"Not really," Percy shrugged and gently moved away from Nico before he passed out from how close he was, "I wanna become a professional swimmer."

Nico blinked owlishly, "You swim?"

"Yeah," Percy cracked a smile, "I'm on the-" he froze and his eyes widened as he stared at the glass in front of him. It was cracked and a chunk was missing. And so was the spider. Nico followed the line of Percy's gaze and stumbled back, grabbing Percy's wrist and hauling him away,

"Shit!" he swore, "the spider's gone!"

Percy felt a stab on the inside of the wrist that Nico wasn't holding, and he looked down, seeing the red spider had bit him. The boy shook his hand out frantically and the creature fell to the ground and skittered away. Nico grabbed Percy's wrist, which looked red and infected,

"Fuck, was it poisonous?!" he demanded, as students ran towards them, "are you hurt?"

"It stings a bit," Percy winced, "I'll be fine," he added, gently pulling his wrist back.

***

Percy wasn't fine. He laid on his bed in the middle of the night, his hands fisted in his covers, breathing hard, pupils dilating and widening, chest heaving. His skin was prickly and his hairs stood on end, he was sweating and his stomach was churning, heart beating fast. Percy wanted to scream for his mom as if he was still a little boy but he couldn't because it was as if there was a hand squeezing his throat, preventing words from coming out. He couldn't move. His head swam...

When he woke up in the morning, with no memory of falling asleep, he saw that his entire room was in cobwebs. The boy sat up, groaning, and his stomach flipped, as if he was going to be sick. There was a dull ache at the base of Percy's skull and a flaring pain in his wrist. But when the boy
looked down at his skin, the spider bite was gone.

The boy slid off the bed and was about to pick his way to the door through the cobwebs, when he swayed on his feet. On instinct his hand shot out and Percy watched, confused and almost in slow motion, as a thin silvery line shot out from the softness of his wrist and hit the wall, steadying him. Percy blinked, confused and kinda scared.

He had just shot a cobweb out of his wrist. Slowly, the boy smiled. This could either be a complete disaster or the best thing ever.

***

Percy whooped happily, the cry almost ripped out of his throat by the wind, as he swung in between tall buildings, his cobwebs pulling him along. It felt like flying, the wind whooshing past Percy's ears, drowning out everything else. The sunset licked the tops of buildings, giving everything a gorgeous yellow glow. Percy suddenly yearned for the sea, to really fly above it, with no limitations. Just the endless blue sea stretched out below him as he soared, just him...and maybe Nico if he wanted to come.

Percy closed his eyes, smiling, imagining he was soaring through the endless sky with Nico, grinning, at his side.

He slammed face first into a building.

***

The next few weeks were filled with frantic sketching and coloring, sewing and cutting and sticking. Percy didn't mean for it to happen...it kinda just did. One night he looked up, sweating from all of the work he just did. The floor was strewn with bits of blue fabric and scissors, and in front of him was the costume. It had a black cobweb motif, and was red and blue. There was a mask that would cover Percy's face...the boy looked at his creation breathlessly.

He would be a hero. He would be Spider Man.

***

Like he mentioned - Percy Jackson wasn't spectacular. And he certainly wasn't a hero. He went out that night to try this whole spider thing again, to fly and whoop in joy, rush past people's windows. But that's not what he got.

As Percy raced across a dark rooftop, his heart soaring, he heard it. There was no way he really could, after all it happened almost a kilometer away, but somehow his ears picked it up, and Percy froze.

"Give us your money, kid."

"Fuck off."

"You won't be so talkative with my fist in your face, punk!"

Percy's heartbeat picked up as he recognized the voice - Nico. The boy didn't even think as he shot out the cobweb and pulled himself through the buildings frantically, desperately. All of his senses were sharpened and he used them to navigate his way to Nico. He needed to save him!

The alleyway was dark. Nico was up against the wall, held back by three fat men. One of them had a knife,
"Why don't I cut your pretty face?" one of them hissed, aiming the knife at Nico's face. Percy saw red. He swung down and kicked the man in the jaw, sending him spinning into the wall. Percy watched the guy slide down, unconscious.

"What the-" another man started. The third stumbled back. Percy lowered himself to the ground and dodged a surprise punch, before hitting the man who threw it in the gut. The man choked and Percy struck him across the face. Blood dripped from his nose as he ran away, screaming something about the devil. The third guy picked the unconscious one up and started lumbering away. Nico watched Percy, open mouthed, and the boy quickly jumped onto the roof.

"Wait!" Nico called. Startled, Percy froze. He bit his lip and looked down at the boy below him, "come back down," Nico asked softly.

Percy couldn't say no to him. He took a deep breath and then threw himself backwards, lowering him down on a thick line of web. He hung upside-down, ankles crossed. Nico smiled at him,

"Thank you," he said.

"No problem," Percy said, thankful for the mask because Nico couldn't see his blush. Nico stepped closer to him with that flirtatious little smile and Percy thought his head was spinning, but maybe it was just all the blood travelling to his brain. Nico's hands were locked behind his back,

"Can I repay you in any way?" he asked, and there was a weird undertone to it. Percy's heart was hammering wildly and he thought he might pass out. Nico stepped even closer, so their faces were inches apart. Percy swallowed hard when he realized their lips were aligned perfectly.

"Sure," he said hoarsely. Nico smiled and slowly reached for the bottom of Percy's mask. He did it so Percy would have time to back away if he wanted to. But he really didn't want to. He let Nico roll the mask down just enough to reveal Percy's lips.

"Well," Nico said quietly, his hands brushing over Percy's masked cheeks, "thank you," he said, and leaned forward. When their lips met Percy sucked in a startled breath but the other boy held his face steady as he kissed him gently. Their lips slotted perfectly together, even upside down. Nico tasted like peppermint and chocolate and smelled like sweat and rain. His hands were calloused from all the basketball he played, but gentle against Percy's face. He kissed Percy with a quiet passion, open mouthed and demanding, but somehow gentle and sweet at the same time. Percy though he might melt right off his spiderweb and end up in a heap on the floor.

Nico pulled away gently, so his and Percy's breath still mingled in the cold night air,

"Thank you, Percy," he murmured. Percy did fall then, but thankfully Nico caught him, flipping him upright.

"H-How did you-" he spluttered when he stood next to Nico, the boy's arms still around him. Nico smiled,

"Your voice," was all he said. Hesitantly, Percy reached up and pulled his mask off. His hair was a mess, his eyes downcast. Nico smiled at the sight and tightened his arms around Percy,

"You kissed me," Percy mumbled, "even though it's me."

"I only kissed you because it's you," Nico clarified. He pressed their foreheads together, "and I'd like to kiss you again, Spider Man, if that's okay."

Of course it was okay.
"...birthday cake." Leo proclaimed proudly, arms spread, proud look on his face as if he was the one who discovered water on mars. Percy raised an eyebrow,

"You want to bake my mom a birthday cake?" he clarified. Leo pouted,

"Yes. It's a great idea." Percy said, standing up from the couch, "good luck," he added, and went upstairs. Leo glared after him but he was determined to do this right so he shuffled to the kitchen and whipped out the laptop. He got up a relatively easy looking recipe and started looking around for ingredients. Eggs, flour, milk, chocolate chips...Leo laid it all out on the counter. So far things were going great. The boy took a quick snap-chat and put it on his story.

He ventured into the living room and grabbed a bandanna, pushing back the curls from his forehead so they wouldn't get in the way. He flipped the radio on and started humming along to Jubel by Klingande, socked feet sliding against the slippery tiles of the floor. Leo smiled and then proceeded to (kind of) follow the instructions. He might've added three eggs instead of two, and just kind of sipped in as much flour as he thought appropriate because who the hell had time to measure that shit.

Maybe a bit too much sugar, but at least it would be sweet, and milk, chocolate chips...

Half an hour later, Leo bit his lip looking down at the mess on the counter; egg shells, spilled milk and flour, and the watery substance in the cake pan. He looked at it from another angle, hoping that maybe it looked a bit better, but no such luck. It still looked like crap. Leo sighed, knowing now that it was a bad idea for him to cook. Since he couldn't do it.

"Percy!" Leo called, still nibbling on his lip. Percy was down in seconds, looking unimpressed,

"I knew you'd call," he said. Leo glared at him and then dumped the messed up cake batter into the bin,
"I wanted you to help, but of course you're just gonna make fun of me," he grumbled and tried to push past Percy. His boyfriend grabbed his shoulders and kissed him gently,

"Hey," he said, "I'm sorry," he pulled away, "c'mon, I'll help you with the cake."

Leo pouted and crossed his arms over his chest, turning away from Percy. The taller boy wrapped his arms around the Latino from behind and kissed his neck,

"I'm sorryyyy," he sang. Leo rolled his eyes and smiled fondly, turning around so he and Percy could kiss again.

"Okay. Come on then, let's make the cake."

The two pulled put new ingredients. Percy turned up the radio. 'Love Yourself' by Justin Bieber came on and Percy sang along cheerfully as he broke the eggs into the bowl. Leo grinned at him and let the boy hug him again, mouthing the words against his shoulder as Leo stirred the batter.

"Looks better," he admitted, looking into the bowl.

"Mhmm," Percy hummed, "you look better."

Leo snorted and then freed himself from the embrace so he could pour the batter into the cake pan. He shoved it into the oven and then turned around, proudly. Percy came up to him and hooked his fingers into the little straps on Leo's jeans, pulling him forward. Their lips pressed together in a familiar way, and they kissed sweetly.

"We should clean up," Leo murmured. Percy nodded and pecked his lips again, before going to the counter and chucking away the egg shells. Leo grinned as he suddenly noticed the open flour. He dipped his fingers in it and when Percy turned back around, the Latino threw it in his face. Percy spluttered and stumbled back and Leo laughed.

"Oh you little shit," Percy pulled a face as he got some flour on his tongue, "I'll get you!"

Leo's eyes widened and he tried to duck under Percy's arm, but the dark haired boy grabbed him, grinning, and smudged flour on the boys face as he squealed and struggled but his boyfriend just held onto him. Suddenly Percy tackled him to the ground and started tickling him mercilessly. Leo laughed, tears appearing in the corners of his eyes,

"I y-yield!" he screamed, "I yield!"

Percy finally stopped and he looked down at Leo fondly, both of them trying to catch their breaths, giggling. The song on the radio changed and 'Heaven' by Bryan Adams came on. Percy’s expression softened and he reached down to tuck a piece of Leo's flour-stained hair behind his ear.

"I love you."

Leo flicked his nose, "Don't be sappy," he muttered, but smiled. Percy leaned down and kissed him gently. Leo wrapped his arms around the boy's neck and pulled him closer, smiling. This was perfect. He was with Percy in their home, after baking a cake, listening to sappy romantic songs. Leo loved it, he loved Percy.

"I love you," he mumbled.

"Who's being a sap now?" Percy teased, kissing Leo's cheek and pressing little kisses down his neck.
"Let's stop being sappy and get down to business," Leo said, and pulled away to tug his shirt over his head. Percy looked down at him surprised and Leo lied back down on the cold tiles. He reached up to cup Percy's cheek and smiled. Percy kissed the inside of his palm and leaned down to press their foreheads together.

"I love you," he said, because for some reason he couldn't get anything else out.

...they burned the cake.
Could you do a AU where all the boys(frank, leo, percy, jason, will, nico, alabaster, and ethan) compete for a girl's love like in the bachelorette? At first, they compete for the girl then each boy slowly falls for another boy.

The girl was beautiful. Her long chestnut hair flowed gently down her back, and her pale blue eyes sparkled in her heart shaped face. When she smiled it seemed that the sun came out from behind the clouds, and her laugh sounded like the twinkle of soft bells. And all the (straight) boys (and lesbians) went insane. Cyprian was the most gorgeous demigod anyone's ever seen. Damn, she was more beautiful than Helen of Troy. And she started another war.

***

"Cyprian!" Nico di Angelo materialized out of nowhere, making the girl jump.

"Oh! Nico!" she smiled her sweet smile and pressed her hand over her heart, "you scared me. How can I help you?"

Nico looked at the ground nervously, blushing.

"I-I just wondered...you know, the l-light festival's in t-two weeks," he swallowed, "and...and I
just w-wanted to ask if-

He didn't get to finish because suddenly Will leaped onto the porch and threw Nico to the side. The Italian stumbled and fell into the shadows, melting away like snow in the spring. Will didn't even notice as he offered a bouquet of red roses to Rian.

"It's for you," he declared proudly. Cyprian batted her eyelashes and blushed prettily, accepting the flowers,

"Thank you, Will!" she said happily. Will smiled,

"So I was wondering if you'd like to go to the light fes-" Nico jumped out of the shadows and barged right into Will, sending the taller man sailing.

"Wanker!" he yelled defensively, "I was here first!"

Will scrambled to his feet, fuming, hands curled into fists as if he was going to punch Nico.

"You little shit-" he started.

"Sorry, boys," Rian smiled apologetically, "gotta run. Give each other a break. Ta!" she waved and skipped off, leaving Will and Nico gaping after her. Then Will turned to Nico and poked him in the chest, hard,

"Stay away from her," he growled, and walked off.

***

Ethan took a deep breath. He could do this. He saw Cyprian approaching, as beautiful as ever, and the boy pushed himself to his feet.

"You're Cyprian, right?" he asked. The girl blinked at him and then smiled,

"Yes," she said, "and you are?"

"E-Ethan," the boy said, a bit embarrassed that she didn't know his name. But then the girl shook his head and Ethan stopped thinking, mesmerized, "S-So anyway," he continued hastily, "I wanted to know if you're free...or, m-more like, if you'd like to go out with me some time."

"Oh," Cyprian frowned, "but...I already promised Alabaster that I'd go out with him."

"A-Alabaster?!" Ethan spluttered, feeling a sudden pang of jealousy surge through his system. Of course Al got there first. Ethan's shoulders slumped. He told Alabaster he wanted to ask Cyprian out and he took advantage of that, getting there before him. The boy managed a strained smile, "Alright. Don't worry about it."

"Sorry," Cyprian said gently. Ethan smiled, gave her a little wave, and ran off. He went straight to where he knew Al was at this time - the training grounds. Sure enough, the brunette was training with a wooden dummy, hacking away at its body with his sword.

"Alabaster!" Ethan roared, fury clouding his vision. Al froze and turned around. Ethan stood close by, heaving, face red with anger, "How could you?!" he demanded, "I trusted you! I told you I liked her, and then you went off and-"

"Look," Al rolled his eyes, "it doesn't matter. She said yes to me which means she would've said no to you anyway."
"W-What, b-but," Ethan spluttered. He stared at Alabaster and then his eyes filled with angry tears, "Fuck you," he spat, and turned on his heel, storming out. Alabaster watched him go helplessly, and his shoulders slumped. He growled in frustration and in one swift movement chopped the dummy's head off.

***

Percy regarded Jason coolly.

"I'm going to ask Cyprian out." He stated. Jason raised an eyebrow,

"Not if I get there first," he said, and then dashed past Percy. The surprised boy blinked as Jason seemed to be fueled by a sudden gust of air. Percy blinked for a second and then he charged after the blonde, heart beating fast. His feet slapped against the grass as he chased Jason though the strawberry fields. He couldn't let the son of Zeus get to Cyprian first. Couldn't see them together.

For a second Percy thought he might win, overtaking Jason. Then the blonde reached forward and grasped his arm, hauling him backwards. Percy stumbled and fell hard, groaning. Jason stopped, "Percy-" his eyes widened as he saw the boy on the floor, rubbing the back of his head. He almost reached out to him, to help him up, make sure he was okay. At the last second he pulled back and with a worried look on his face took off running again. Percy laid back down on the ground, head throbbing.

***

"Go out with me please," Frank said, breathlessly. His shirt was off as he was halfway through training, and he was all sweaty. Cyprian didn't seem to mind as she gazed up at the boy with a happy smile.

"Of course, I'd love to," she said, dimpling at him. Behind her, Leo dropped his sword, mouth gaping open.

"B-But..." he stuttered. The girl turned around and only then noticed him, "You said you'd go out with me."

"Oh! Leo!" Cyprian made a shocked face, "I'm so sorry. I completely forgot," she gazed between the two boys, "maybe...oh, I don't know, Leo I'm sorry," she turned to the Latino, who shook his head.

"It's okay," he said, "another time?"

"No, back off Valdez," Frank spat suddenly, "I'm going with Cyprian to the lights festival. Go with someone else," he gave him a hard once-over, "if someone even wants you."

***

When Nico heard the knock on his cabin door he didn't expect Will to be standing there, arms crossed over his chest. Nico's heartbeat picked up, but only because he was already prepared for the next fight over Cyprian. Nothing else.

"What do you want?" Nico seethed.

"To talk," Will said simply, emotionless, "can I come in."

Nico wanted to be mature about this, so he stepped to the side and let the blonde in. He closed the
door and leaned against it, subconsciously trying to prevent Will from leaving. The Italian tucked his hands into his pockets self-consciously and then looked at Will, trying not to let his emotions show.

"What is this about?" he asked. Will bit his lip,

"I thought you were gay," he said slowly. Nico's eyes narrowed and his heart beat picked up. Did Will somehow also figure out who Nico had a crush on...?

"Yes. I am," the dark haired boy said cautiously.

"Then how come you're fighting with me for Cyprian?" Will asked, "wouldn't it be better for you to just find yourself some nice guy and leave the girls to me?"

"Find myself a nice guy?!" Nico snorted, "like anybody would want me. Besides, I have complicated feelings towards Cyprian."

"Don't say that," Will frowned.

"That I have feelings towards Cyprian?" Nico raised an eyebrow.

"No," Will said gently, "that nobody would want you. It's not true."

Nico froze and his heart hammered away in his chest.

"Will why are you really here?" Nico whispered. Will sighed and ran a hand through his hair,

"Look..." he said quietly, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry we're fighting over some random girl that we...that I don't even love. Damn, I don't even know her," the blonde laughed humorlessly. He took a deep breath, "I guess what I'm trying to say is-

"That you want to be friends again," Nico rolled his eyes fondly, "yeah I know."

"No," Will interrupted, looking at Nico with his warm, blue eyes, "What I'm trying to say is that I think I'm in love with you and I want you to go out with me."

Nico froze and his heart hammered away in his chest.

"W-What?" he managed weakly, knees shaking all of a sudden, blood rushing around in his body.

"I love you," he repeated, more slowly, "and I want you to go out with me."

Will grinned, "Zeus, that's a relief," he said, and then he placed his hands on either side of Nico's head, caging him in, and pressed their lips together. They kissed for a long time, just pressed against the door, preventing anyone from coming in.
Alabaster couldn't take it - the knowledge that he hurt his best friend. He couldn't sleep or stop thinking about Ethan's heart broken expression. Al did a shitty thing by asking Cyprian out, especially when he knew that Ethan liked her. In fact, he felt so bad that he cancelled their date. The girl took it surprisingly well. But Alabaster still felt crappy so he took it upon himself to find Ethan.

And he did. The dark haired boy was sitting by the lake, angrily sharpening a long stick, creating a spear.

"Hi," Al offered. Ethan looked up at him from the grass, and then looked away,

"Fuck off."

Alabaster sighed and sat down next to Ethan. The boy's movements grew more jerky as he continued sharpening the spear. Alabaster watched him work,

"You'll hurt yourself if you keep doing it so carelessly," he said.

"Shut up," Ethan growled, "leave me alone."

"Ethan just listen-" Al didn't finish. Ethan's knife slid off of the wood and nicked him in the hand. The boy hissed and dropped both the things in his hands. Alabaster was kneeling in front of him in seconds, "I told you!" he said, exasperated, "why are you never careful?!"

Scarlet blood welled up in the shallow cut on Ethan's finger.

"Idiot," Al grumbled and then pulled the finger into his mouth. Ethan sucked in a startled breath as Alabaster's gentle tongue slid over the cut soothing it. Vaguely Ethan could remember about the healing properties of the children of Hecate. Still, all he could do right now was stare at Alabaster as the boy gently held his hand, licking his finger. It sent a jolt through Ethan and he forgot all about Cyprian.

"Al..." he started. Alabaster pulled his finger out. It stopped bleeding.

"There," was all he said. The two stared at each other nervously, Alabaster was still holding Ethan's hand, but he didn't seem to realize he was doing it. His eyes were soft on Ethan's face, "I'm sorry," he said suddenly, "for going after Cyprian when I knew you liked her."

Ethan shrugged and looked away, "It's okay," he said, "I don't think I really liked her."

Alabaster looked down at their hands in his lap and slowly he intertwined their fingers,

"Me neither," he admitted quietly. When he looked up Ethan was smiling. Alabaster gathered up his courage, "Hey...wanna go to the light festival with me?"

"Do I have any other option?" Ethan asked, but he seemed happy.

***

Percy didn't know how it happened. One second he and Jason were inside the Zeus cabin, arguing heatedly over who would take Cyprian to the Light festival, and then Jason said it; *You're not good enough. You could never protect her. You couldn't even protect Bianca.* Percy couldn't handle it. His hand curled into a fist itself and when it hit Jason's jaw it sent him stumbling back.
When the blonde looked at Percy with wide eyes, clutching his jaw where already a bruise was blooming, Percy understood what he did. His hands flew to his mouth and his eyes filled with sudden tears of guilt and regret and pain, because he hurt Jason. His Jason.

"I-I'm s-so sorry," he ran to the blonde and gently pulled his hand away, skimming his fingers over the bruise. He started sobbing, "Oh my G-Gods J-Jason, I-I didn't m-mean to...Oh s-shit, w-what did I-I do...," Percy was shaking.

Jason grabbed his shoulders,

"Hey," he said sternly, "it's okay," he added, more gently, "You got angry. You hit me. I shouldn't have said that, I'm sorry," Jason said gently. Percy shook his head frantically,

"No. N-No, Jas, this wasn't your fault," he insisted, gripping the front of Jason's shirt in his clenched palms, "I-I hit you, I-I'm such a-a horrible p-person..."

"Hey," Jason tried again, more softly. Percy sniffed,

"Hit me back."

"What?" Jason demanded.

"I want you to hit me back, so we're e-even," Percy said, looking at the blonde.

"Percy, don't be an idiot," Jason sighed.

"Just do it," Percy said quietly, eyes squeezed shut, "please."

Jason looked at him helplessly. Percy readied himself for the punch, but instead he felt a gently tap of two fingers against his cheek, barely there, and then soft lips on his, kissing him hungrily. Percy's eyes snapped open in surprise and he tried to step back but Jason wrapped his arms around him and kissed him passionately. And Percy didn't understand why but all of the girls he ever liked flew out of his head, and all he could think about was Jason, Jason, Jason...

***

"So you're going to the Light festival with Cyprian?" Leo asked through gritted teeth. Frank looked up at him from where he was pulling off his shoes,

"None of your business," he said. Leo glared at him and then clapped slowly,

"Well done," he said sarcastically, "stealing a girl right from your comrade's nose."

"Oh shut up," Frank growled, "I got there first. Besides," he was already regretting his next words, "she would never like someone like you."

"S-Someone like me?!" Leo demanded angrily, stepping more into the room.

"Short, skinny, spastic," Frank said casually, "If you haven't realized she goes for the tall, buff guys," Frank stood up, towering over Leo as if to prove his point.

"Y-You....," Leo started, but he didn't know what to say. He was shaking in anger, his face red, "You're such a fucking dickhead you know."

"Leo....," Frank frowned, "are you crying?!"

Leo's eyes widened. He hadn't noticed the hot tears gather in his eyes. He quickly turned his face
away. Just...hearing those words from Frank fucking hurt, even though Leo heard them a million times before.

"Forget it," the boy whispered, "enjoy your date."

He turned on his heel to leave but Frank grabbed his wrist.

"Wait," he said, not really sure why. Leo tried to free himself,

"Let m-me go, dumb-ass," he said, fighting Frank. The Asian pulled Leo into his chest and folded the boy into his arms, hugging him hard. Leo fought against him weakly but for some weird reason Frank felt terrible. He wanted to take all of his words back, and apologize, and go to the Light festival with Leo instead.

However, all he managed to say was,

"I like that you're short."

"Frank-"

"Don't," Frank hugged him closer and finally Leo relaxed into his embrace, "I'm sorry," Frank managed, "I didn't mean to say all that."

"Cyprian is waiting," Leo said quietly, but his hands had snaked across Frank's back and he was hugging him too.

"I don't care," Frank murmured, "I rather be here with you."

Leo smiled and Frank pulled away gently. He wiped the tears from Leo's face with the back of his hand,

"So don't cry, okay?"

Leo kissed him softly, on impulse.

"Okay."

***

Later on that week, all the new couples were sitting at the tables in the dining pavilion, eating happily, when Ethan noticed.

"Hey, where's Cyprian?"

"Who's Cyprian?" Chiron asked, trotting past.

"Oh," Percy said, "the new girl."

Chiron raised an eyebrow, "We don't have a new girl," he said slowly, "all I know is Aphrodite said she would be visiting sometime this week." He shrugged and walked off and all the boys stared at each other, open mouthed.

Nico banged his head on the table,

"Thanks, Aphrodite," he grumbled into the table.
"I bumped into you on the street and I thought you looked familiar but it turns out I only know you as my favorite twink" with Nico as a pornstar (with good cause of course) and Percy as the awkward uni student who believes in love at first sight and wants to get Nico away from porn

Percy sighed and settled on his bed. He might've been twenty one now, and legally an adult, but he swore that sometimes his body had a mind of its own. Like right now. The boy relaxed against the pillows and pulled his laptop out, logging onto his user and placing it next to him so he could watch the screen but have free hands. The lights were switched off in the room, the only illumination coming from the blue glow of the screen. Even though he lived by himself, Percy always felt nervous doing this.

He quickly typed in the name of the porn site and then looked up his favorite guy (yes Percy had a favorite.) The dark haired boy's heart was hammering away and he prayed that Angelo uploaded something new. If not...well, Percy wouldn't go looking for other videos, he'd just pick one of his older ones. He watched the screen as his slow internet processed his request.

Finally the 'Camp Half Blood' logo loaded and with blood rushing south, Percy realized that Angelo had uploaded a new video. With weirdly trembling hands, Percy clicked it and paused immediately, waiting for it to buffer. He leaned back and took a deep breath. His weird obsession with this particular porn star started a couple of weeks back when Percy accidentally stumbled upon one of his videos.

Apart from being obviously gorgeous, Angelo had something about him that hooked Percy right
in. The guy was pretty popular, and Percy saw his fair share of disgusting comments from old men, describing in detail what they would do to the boy. He hated it but he wasn't much better. Angelo just had something special, every time he did anything on-screen he’d make it feel so damn real. Like he was really staring at Percy, and not at the camera lens.

Percy loved watching his facial expression, his body, but he hated the faceless men that got to have him. That made wanking a whole new thing because Percy had to get over himself and just imagine he was the one thrusting his dick into Angelo, and not some random stranger who didn't appreciate the boy.

Percy was pulled out of his thoughts when his screen dimmed. He quickly moved his mouse around and then pressed play. With his heart beating fast, the boy watched what was going on on-screen. Angelo was sitting on an unfamiliar bed. There were fairy lights wrapped around the bed frame and posters of rock bands on the walls. With a jolt Percy realized that it must've been Angelo's real room. The covers were thrown to the side and the boy himself wore boxers and a thin cotton shirt. His hair was an artful dark mess, and his brown eyes peered at the camera.

Percy waited for another man to walk into the shot, but he didn't. Angelo bit his lip and then tugged his shirt over his head, revealing his small, pale body. He looked at the camera shyly through his eyelashes and Percy's heart almost stopped. There was a light blush dusting Angelo's pale cheeks, and it seemed he was looking right at Percy.

The boy's mouth went dry as his eyes skimmed over the star's skin. He wanted to mark it, to suck hickey into the paleness, to bite and soothe with his tongue. He watched as Angelo tucked a piece of his dark hair behind his ear, and then he reached into somewhere off camera. He pulled out a dildo and Percy groaned.

***

Percy wasn't really paying attention to where he was going, but neither were the people around him. Everyone was going somewhere, and nobody bothered to acknowledge anyone else. Percy's hands were in his pocket, his messenger bag filled with packages and letter hanging over one shoulder. The boy's hood was up, and he had earphones in his ears, Seafret by Oceans blaring out, muting the traffic of New York out.

Percy was hiding his face from the sharp pinpricks of rain, when someone suddenly barged into him. Automatically Percy's hand shot out and he grabbed the boy's arm, preventing him from falling over.

"Shit, are you okay?" he asked, one of his earphones falling out of his ear. The boy blinked at Percy. His long-ish black hair was pulled back into a man bun, and there were dark circles under his eyes. All Percy could do was stare, his hand still wrapped around the boy's arm. He was beautiful. And familiar. Percy wrecked his brain for any memories...maybe he went to school with this guy?

"Where do I know you from?" Percy frowned. A look of panic overtook the boy and he pulled away from Percy,

"Nowhere," he blurted.

"Wait!" Percy shouted after him, but he already disappeared in the morning crowd. Percy stared after him. Then it clicked.

That was Angelo. And he was even more gorgeous in real life.
Percy tried to forget about the encounter. Chances were that Angelo was in New York for a job...Percy sighed. It had been a week but forgetting the boy's eyes was near impossible. It was creepy how attracted Percy was to Angelo, especially since he probably fucked more people than Percy would in his lifetimes.

The boy desperately tried to find a boyfriend or a girlfriend, but going to clubs brought no results. Plenty of people were interested, it's just that Percy wasn't up for it. So he took extra hours at his job. That's how he met Angelo again. He was walking through one of the more dodgier estates Downtown. It was around six, but it was already dark since it was November. Percy climbed a pair of rickety old stairs. The inside was damp and cold but Percy didn't expect any better.

He knocked on door number 12 and waited patiently. He heard shuffling footsteps on the other side and when the door opened, Percy froze. Angelo stood on the other side, dressed in an oversized grey sweater and sweatpants. His hair was let out, curling gently around his face. The boy stared at Percy with wide eyes.

"Um...I-I...," Percy stuttered, "you need to...err, s-sign this," he shoved a clipboard with a piece of paper at Angelo, who was blushing a deep red. The boy scribbled down a signature and Percy handed him his order, which was in a cardboard box. Percy wondered if it was dildos. The two stared at each other awkwardly, "so...," Percy started, "I-Is Angelo your real name?" he automatically wanted to smack himself after that question. The boy just blushed harder,

"No. It's Nico," he muttered, looking at his feet,

"Then..."

"L-Look," Angelo - Nico - looked uncomfortable, "can you just go. This is really...uncomfortable."

"S-Sorry," Percy stuttered and bit his lip. Then he reached out and with a pen scribbled his number on top of the package that Nico still held in his arms, a surprised look on his face. And because Percy was a mature adult he ran away.

***

Nico texted him two days later.

*Unknown Number: So what's your name?*

*You: New phone who dis?*

It was way too early on a Sunday. Percy squinted at the screen and almost fell back asleep waiting for the reply.

*Unknown: It's Nico.*

*You know...the pornstar?*

Percy sat up abruptly, all of his sleepiness gone. He saved Nico's number quickly.

*You: Oh! yh, hi :) I'm Percy.*

*Nico: why did you give me your number?*
You: Err...I think ur cute?

Nico: If you think I'm gonna have kinky sex with you then I have to warn you that I won't.

Percy smiled,

You: Nah dw i was thinking coffee?

Nico: you want to go out for coffee with a porn star?

You: No i wanna go out for coffee with a cute guy i met

Percy's phone was silent for so long that the boy thought that maybe Nico had backed off. But then it pinged softly.

Nico: Piper's Coffee. 12:30 tomorrow. Don't be late.

***

When Percy walked into the cute little coffee shop, Nico was already waiting.

"I thought you wouldn't show up," Nico said, as Percy slid into the booth on the opposite side of him. Percy smiled,

"Well...here I am," he said. A pretty waitress with choppy brown hair came over,

"Hi, I'm Piper," she introduced herself with an adorable smile, "and I'll be your server for today. Did you guys decide what you want?"

"Why so formal Pipes?" Nico rolled his eyes. Piper raised an unimpressed eyebrow,

"Didn't want to intrude on your little date," she said, smiling at Percy.

"This is Percy," Nico said, blushing, "and it's not a date."

"Right," Piper rolled her eyes, "I assume you want the usual," she noted something down on the little pad she carried with her, and then turned to Percy, "and you?"

"Err..." Percy offered, "I'll have what he's having," he gestured at Nico with his chin. Piper nodded and then walked off. The two boys were left alone and before it could get awkward Nico spoke,

"So."

"So," Percy smiled, "how old are you?"

"Nineteen," Nico said. He wouldn't look Percy in the eye, "but I guess you already know that." Percy winced, "anyway, why did you want to meet up."

"Like I said," Percy shrugged, "I just think you're cute."

"But I'm a pornstar."

"So?" Percy asked, "It's not like we're getting married."

"Right," Nico said, playing with the flowers in the middle of the table, "it's not like this is a date."
"It can be if you want," Percy said gently. Nico rolled his eyes,

"How old are you?"

"Twenty one," Percy offered. He leaned his chin on his hand, "let's play twenty one questions."

"What are you like twelve?" Nico scrunched his face up adorably.

"No, I'm twenty one," Percy grinned at him cheekily. Nico shook his head, but he was smiling too,

"Fine," he said, relaxing more, "ask away."

"What type of TV shows do you watch?" Percy asked, genuinely interested.

"I don't watch TV. I prefer books," Nico shrugged.

"Okay, what type of books then?"

"Fantasy. Game of Thrones, that kind of thing," Nico smiled, "I love dragons."

"Same, but you need to see the TV show," Percy interjected, "it's amazing."

"Only if you read the book," Nico smirked.

"What makes you think I didn't already?" Percy scoffed.

"Oh please," Nico rolled his eyes, "you didn't even read the menu in here."

"That's cuz I trust you," Percy grinned. Nico flushed slightly. Piper came with their orders - two black coffee's and two almond croissants. Percy took a bite and made a delighted face, "Damn, it's good," he said appreciatively, "if you are in a situation where you are very dirty, extremely tired and very hungry, would you eat, take a nap or take a shower first?"

Nico shifted uncomfortably, "Shower," he said, and took a sip of his coffee.

"I'd eat," Percy shrugged. They carried on like that - innocent, stupid questions; best thing about highschool? Most overrated thing? If you could turn into anyone, alive or dead, who would it be? Nico said that the best thing about highschool was finding yourself and trying things out, the most overrated thing was Justin Bieber's new album and if he could turn himself into anyone he'd be Shakespeare.

Percy said the best thing in highschool were the drama lessons, the most overrated were those ugly white shoes and if he could be anyone he'd be Justin Timberlake.

Percy found out loads of things about Nico; he loved naps and wanted to be a nursery school teacher. He had a little sister called Hazel and wanted to travel to Asia. He could watch Brother Bear on repeat and he cried every time, his favorite food was Kebabs and he hated pop music. Hours passed at the world outside darkened and Percy and Nico just talked and talked. Percy forgot how he even recognised Nico, he was just so mesmerized by him - the way he talked, his shy little laugh, his sarcastic jokes.

Before they knew it, Piper was telling them, very politely, to get the hell out. Nico and Percy stumbled into the early night, giggling. They faced each other for a moment,

"I should get home," Nico said, trying to hide his smile.
"Okay," Percy said, "I'll...call you?"

"Yeah," Nico smiled, "I'd like that."

***

Percy couldn't do it. He got onto the Camp Half Blood site, and for once was glad Nico didn't upload anything new. The boy's dick was hard and he needed release but for some reason, now that he knew the real Angelo, he couldn't bring himself to wank to his videos. Frustrated, the boy closed his laptop and laid down in his bed. He tried to sleep, but he just couldn't. For an hour he turned in his bed, unable to go under.

Finally the boy just gave up. He slid his hand into his pants and wrapped his hand around his cock, and he thought of Nico laying underneath him, eyes shut closed, flushed, gasping out Percy's name. In Percy's head, Nico was his and just his, without anyone else looking at him.

***

A month later, Percy and Nico were sitting on the couch in Nico's flat, watching Brother Bear. Percy looked around; the flat was small and a bit run down, but clean.

"Hey, Niks," Percy said.

"Hmm?" Nico was wrapped in a blanket.

"If you're...you know, a pornstar," Percy managed to get the words out somehow, "how come you live in such a small flat?"

Nico looked over at Percy and then looked away. For a moment Percy though he overstepped his boundaries, but then Nico spoke softly,

"You never asked the reason for why I'm in porn," he mumbled, "I...my sister, Hazel...I'm fighting my dad to get custody over her."

"What?" Percy shifted so he could see Nico better, "seriously?!"

Nico nodded, staring at his feet,

"My dad...he's abusive. I grew up with him and...", he took a deep breath, "I got disowned when I came out as gay. I was in a bad place but...Hades, he used to hit me." Nico had tears in his eyes, but he still wasn't at Percy. The blue eyed boy's heart clenched, "I don't want that for Haze. She's just five. I...I want her to live with me, but...", he gave a little bitter laugh, "I'm a fucking pornstar. And t-the lawyers c-cost so much and...I-I don't know what to do." Nico sniffled. Percy stared at him. Nico looked at him shyly, "Percy?"

Percy threw himself forward, cupping Nico's face in his hands, and kissed him hard on the lips. Nico gasped, and flailed backwards, landing on his back on the couch. Percy kissed him fiercely, keeping Nico in place with his hands. Kissing the boy...it felt wonderful. Nico grew all soft and pliant underneath Percy, and the blue eyed boy's heart nearly jumped out of his chest when Nico wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him closer, parting his soft lips so Percy could slide his tongue into his warm mouth.

Nico made a small, breathless sound against Percy's lips, his hands tangling in the boy's hair. They fitted together perfectly, Nico was small and angular and Percy was strong and muscular, shielding Nico from the world with his arms. The two pulled away when Percy had to breathe,
and leaned their foreheads together panting,

"I love you," Percy whispered, and Nico was finally *looking* at him, "I don't care how many people you've slept with. I love you and I want you to be with me." He reached down and tangled his hand with Nico's bringing it up to press against his hammering heart. Nico had tears in his eyes, "I'll help with Hazel. You'll leave your job and we'll get you a new one." Percy kissed the back of Nico's hand, "so please, be mine. *Just* mine."

Nico smiled slowly and pulled Percy in for another kiss,

"Okay," he mumbled, drunk on this new feeling, "Just hold me."

"Alright," Percy said, and kissed Nico again.

Angelo didn't upload again, and one by one his videos disappeared. Hazel moved into Percy's and Nico's nice, new flat two months later.
Could you write a story where Calypso broke up with Leo after the last book and he's thrown himself into his work at Bunker 9, working himself to hard and not eating or sleeping enough? Then Frank, who has recently mutually broken up with Hazel, notices and starts to feel guilty for acting jealous and pushing Leo away when he sacrificed so much for everyone? Maybe Frank could try taking things into his own hands to help Leo, and they start to fall for each other? for Dark3Star

Guilt. Frank wasn't really used to it. He loved Hazel and when they broke up he didn't blame himself - the flame they once had had burned out, and Frank was okay with that. What he wasn't okay with was seeing Leo the way he was after Calypso broke up with him. Calypso was the first girl to notice Leo, to pay him any mind, to kiss him and say she loved him. And when she disappeared Leo was left feeling worthless all over again and Frank felt like he was the only one who saw it - Leo ate less and slept less and worked more.

And Frank felt guilty because he was the one who pushed Leo away when the boy was most lost. Whenever Frank saw Leo hammering away on some project with those thing arms of his, saw the determination and sweat on his face, it sent a pang through it. Frank excluded Leo, there were seven for a reason and it was always Annabeth and Percy and Jason and Piper and Frank and Hazel. And just Leo.

But now suddenly it was Annabeth and Percy and Jason and Piper. And just Frank. And just Hazel. And just Leo.

Frank laid in the Ares cabin, listening to his half-siblings snore away, staring at the ceiling and thinking about the Latino. Leo sacrificed so much in life; his mother died and Leo was forever tormented by it, his family never wanted it, he had fire powers that were known to be a bad sign, nobody ever wanted him. He built the Argo II all by himself, and fought so hard during the prophecy of the seven, but now that Gaia was asleep again, everyone seemed to forget that. Even the rest of the crew. But not Frank.

The boy couldn't stand it anymore - he decided he would try and pick up the broken pieces of Leo and put him back together.

***

"Whaaat's going on?" Leo asked, confused and smeared with motor oil. All of his half-siblings were bustling around the cabin, throwing Leo's clothes and stuff into a suitcase.

"You're going on holiday!" Nyssa declared.

"W-What?!" Leo spluttered. Harley closed the suitcase with a happy smile,
"Yup," Jake said, "monster and magic free. Tickets to go around America, courtesy of Chiron."

"B-But why...?" Leo didn't understand. Nyssa clasped him on the shoulder,

"You've been working really hard lately, Leo," she said, "you deserve it."

"B-But..."

"Frank's going with you," Harley grinned. Leo blinked,

"He is?"

Jake didn't reply, instead pushed Leo out of the cabin and chucked his suitcase at him.

"See ya in two weeks!" Harley waved and closed the door. Leo looked around confused.

"Oi! You coming or what?" Frank yelled, coming out from the Ares cabin, "hurry up or we'll miss the plane!"

***

Leo was so tired he fell asleep on Frank in the plane. But the dark haired boy didn't really mind.

***

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Frank watched fondly as the light from the Strip lit up Leo's eyes.

"Woah," Leo breathed, "look at all these billboards and signs. They're powered from the back and...," Leo grinned, "maybe we can take one down and I could just tinker around a bit-"

"Leo," Frank said, "we're not here to work. We're here to relax."

Leo sighed, and his shoulders slumped. Frank felt a pang in his chest, "Fine, let's find the hotel then."

Frank followed the sulking boy across the crowded street, thinking of things he could do to cheer Leo up. For now all he seemed to be doing was annoying the other boy. The two made it to the grand hotel, the Mandarin Oriental, and the second they passed through the door, it was as if they were in a different world. Statues of Buddah stood around the golden room, chandeliers hung from the high ceilings, and the floor was covered in a luxurious carpet.
"Woah," Leo gazed at the ceiling in awe, "Annabeth would love this!" he gushed and pulled out his phone, snapping pictures. Frank sighed - the Latino couldn't stop thinking about others even for a moment. The Asian decided to leave the other boy to it and he headed to the front desk. Behind it a pretty girl with dirty blonde hair and brown eyes smiled. She had a nametag that said 'Lizzie' on it.

"Hello, sir," she said politely, "do you have a reservation?"

"Err, yeah," Frank said, "under Zhang?"

The girl nodded and tapped something into her computer, "Yes. Room 58." She said, and pulled out a small silver key. She placed it on the counter in front of Frank and the boy took it nervously, shoving it into his pocket. Lizzie looked over the lobby, which was empty, except for Frank and Leo, who was dangerously close to breaking one of the Buddah statues, "Why don't I take you to your room?" Lizzie offered suddenly. Frank nodded uncertainly,

"Leo!" he called. The Latino blinked at him, "come on!"

They followed Lizzie to the lifts and all got in. Leo immediately started talking,

"Do you have an ice box? What's the WiFi password?" he asked.

"Zeus9002."

Leo blinked, and gave Frank a weird look. The Asian shrugged and then watched, nervously, as the girl pressed a button that lead to the roof.

"Er...," Leo started, "is our room on the roof...?"

Lizzie didn't reply, just smiled. The two boys looked at her uncertainly. This was stupid - they shouldn't have gotten into a lift with a stranger. She could be a monster, this could be a trap. Almost without thinking about it, Frank's hand went to rest on the hilt of his sword, concealed behind his long coat.

The lift dinged and the three walked out. Instead of being on the roof, they found themselves in a long corridor with oriental wallpapers and dark oak doors. Lizzie casually walked them to door number 58.

Leo peered at her more closely, "you're not human," he blurted, unable to stop himself. Frank wanted to face palm. Lizzie just grinned, and her eyes flashed red. Leo stumbled back,

"Enjoy your stay, demigods," she said politely, and then she walked back down to the lift as if nothing happened.

"Monsters and magic free, huh?" Leo said weakly as soon as she disappeared.

"She didn't seem dangerous," Frank shrugged and opened the door. Leo flicked the light on and they froze. The room was gorgeous; the floor covered with a plush red carpet, the walls a nice yellow. There was a low glass table and a kitchen area in one area. A leather couch sat opposite a massive TV that took up on of the walls. Three doors led off to other rooms but the best thing was the floor to ceiling window directly opposite the door.

Leo flicked the lights off and whispered,

"Woah."
The Latino walked over to the window and pressed his hands against the glass, gazing down at Las Vegas, illuminated by hundreds of lights, alive with a hundred hearts. Leo's eyes were wide and sparkling, and Frank wasn't looking at Vegas because he was looking at Leo. The Latino looked up at Frank, and smiled properly for the first time in weeks. It melted Frank's heart.

***

Frank was sleeping in the ridiculously comfortable bed in one of the two rooms when he was woken up by quiet sounds coming from the living room. The boy sat up, confused. It was dark in his bedroom but he could hear laughter and music drifting from the streets. Frank threw his covers back and walked into the living room.

Leo sat at the kitchen table, one of his hands on fire to shed some light on a paper that he was furiously scribbling on. Frank flipped the light on and the fire in Leo's hand went out. The boy looked up.

"Oh, Frank," he said, "Sorry to wake you."

"Why aren't you sleeping?" Frank asked. Leo shrugged,

"I can't sleep," he admitted, sketching some more. Frank sat down next to him and peered over the boy's shoulder. The paper was filled with little scribbled notes and equations around a very life-like sketch of...

"Festus," Frank said, almost surprised, "you're trying to rebuild Festus."

"Yeah," Leo said quietly. Frank smiled and then he looked at the Latino. His curls were tucked behind his ears so Frank could see his face. His cheeks seemed more hollow, his skin paler. There were dark circles under the boys eyes, and Frank frowned,

"Leo," he started, "when you said you couldn't sleep...how long have you been awake for?"

Leo tapped the pencil against his lips and looked up at the ceiling as if trying to remember.

"Two weeks," he said.

"What?!" Frank's eyes widened, "aren't you tired?"

Leo put the pencil down and sighed, burying his face in his hands,

"Course I'm tired," he mumbled, "but I just..."

"Have you tried sleeping pills?" Frank asked gently. Leo shook his head,

"No," he said in a small voice, "I'm scared that if I take them I might not wake up...," he took a deep breath, "I'm scared of sleeping in the dark. And it's always dark in my cabin. If I ask for light they'd make fun of me. I can't sleep during the day because I don't want them to worry," he looked up at Frank, "I don't want you to worry, Frank."

Frank's hand itched to reach out and touch Leo, comfort him.

"Leo," the Asian didn't know what to say. Leo gave him a small smile,

"It's okay," he said, "I'll be fine. Go back to bed."

Frank bit his lip and nodded, unsure of what else to do. He couldn't just invite Leo to come sleep with him...not right after Hazel. Frank didn't want Leo to think he was a replacement...the boy...
stopped halfway to the bedroom,

"Leo," he said suddenly.

"Hmm?"

"Do you wanna watch a movie?"

***

Frank woke up the next day around four in the afternoon. The boy blinked at the light that streamed in through his window. He and Leo went to sleep at six in the morning, so no wonder they woke up so late. Frank got up from bed and went to take a shower. The apartment looked different in morning light, slightly less magic but no less beautiful. The interesting thing was that the Strip was mostly asleep now, apart from the restaurants open for dinner.

After a refreshing shower in the seriously awesome bathroom, Frank walked out in sweatpants and no shirt. Leo was sitting at the kitchen table, looking not really awake, but a bit more rested. His hair was a mess and he wore an over-sized jumper, his hands wrapped around a cup of coffee.

"Morning," Frank said. Leo looked up and his eyes traveled down Frank's body. He didn't really seem to notice that, to Frank's amusement.

"Sup," Leo said eventually, turning back to his coffee, "I made you coffee. It's on the counter."

"Thanks," Frank smiled and sipped at the drink. It was really nice. Frank looked at Leo who was absent-mindedly sipping on his coffee. He looked goddamn adorable and Frank's heart clenched. He just wanted to cuddle Leo and keep him safe from the world,

"Wanna grab dinner?" Frank asked suddenly when his stomach rumbled. Leo just nodded.

***

Night fell over Vegas again and the Strip came to life. Frank pulled on a black, tight fitting t-shirt over his body and paired it with black jeans and his letterman jacket. Leo shrugged his leather jacket on and tied up his boots,

"You ready to partyyyy?" he asked happily. Frank rolled his eyes and the boys raced down the stairs to the lobby.

"Hi, Lizzie!" Leo waved to the receptionist.

"Have fun!" the girl called after them. The two stepped out into the warm, spring air. There were people bustling around, talking, laughing, shouting. Drag Queens and strippers, groups of tourists and skimpily dressed girls, fancy looking older couples. Everyone was there. It smelled like sweat and perfume and street food.

Frank remembered his plan; the seven steps of making Leo happy again. And the first step was...

"No regrets," Frank told Leo. The Latino blinked at him,

"What?" he asked.

"Tonight you're going to do whatever you want and not regret it in the morning," Frank said. Leo looked confused,
"Like what?"

"I don't know," Frank looked around, "Go to a casino and spend all your money, drink until you black out," he bit his lip, "sleep with a stranger. Tonight is about letting go and for once not worrying about the consequences."

Leo smiled slowly,

"I like that," he said, "and I think I'll take the casino."

***

Frank and Leo climbed downstairs, carrying their bags over their shoulders. It was another beautiful morning in Las Vegas and Leo was two hundred dollars richer.

"Leaving so soon?" Lizzie asked, behind the desk.

"Yeah," Leo shrugged, "gotta get on with the adventure."

Lizzie smiled, "Well, I hope you enjoyed your stay."

"Yeah, it was great, thanks," Frank smiled. Lizzie grinned,

"No problem. Was last night good?"

"Yeah," Leo's smile widened.

"No regrets?" Lizzie's eyes twinkled.

"None at all."

***

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

The beach house Frank and Leo rented was a big change from the Mandarin Oriental, but it wasn't bad. It was a two story thin house in a row of brightly painted ones. Frank's and Leo's one was a bright blue and it was right on the beach. There were white shutters in the windows, and it had two balconies. Leo smiled up at it,

"At least it's not pink," he said. Frank smiled and followed the Latino up the stairs and onto the porch. Leo produced a key and opened the door. Inside it was incredibly homey, with a nice
wooden kitchen filled with sunlight streaming in through the window. There were cute little staircases leading up to the second floor, and flowers everywhere.

Leo immediately threw himself onto a quilt covered bed in the first bedroom,

"Oh wow, this is amazing," the boy moaned. Frank looked at him from the doorway, wanting nothing more than to join the Latino. But he knew that would be weird. Leo sat up and gave Frank an adorable look, "would you mind terribly if I took a nap?"

Frank rolled his eyes, "Go to sleep, batman," was all he said, shutting the door. Frank couldn't sleep so he walked out to explore. The beach was filled with people as it was a deliciously warm day. Frank shoved his hands into the pockets of his shorts and walked along the shoreline, watching the sapphire waves twinkling in the sun. He contemplated everything that happened so far; Leo seemed a lot more happier and well rested than at camp, which was good. But...Frank's feelings were getting hard to control. His urge to have Leo was almost unbearable.

The Asian sighed and tugged off his shirt, because damn it was way too hot. After a second thought he chuckled it onto the white sand and then waded into the water. It was nice and cool against Frank's heated body and as he dived under his thoughts cleared. Frank didn't know how long he swam for - he turned into a fish at some point and dived deeper into the water, exploring the coral reefs and other animals.

When his skin was wrinkly and Frank started to get cold, he made his way back to the beach. To his surprise, Leo was waiting for him with a towel, holding Frank's discarded shirt in his hand. He smiled when he saw the Asian emerge from the sea,

"You alright, little mermaid?" Leo teased. Frank rolled his eyes and accepted the towel from the other boy,

"Thanks," he said. Leo smiled up at him, "not tired anymore?" Frank asked.

"Nah," Leo admitted, "what's next on your vacation plan?"

"You have to be selfish."

"You be selfish," Leo scoffed.

"That's not how that works," Frank rolled his eyes, "You choose something you wanna do and we can go do it."

"What if I don't wanna do anything?" Leo challenged, crossing his arms over his skinny chest. Frank gave him a heavy look. Leo blew out air, annoyed, "fine," he looked around the beach, and smiled slowly, "I have an idea."

***

Frank looked around the fairground. It was close to eleven at night and all of the kids were gone, leaving teenagers wandering around, laughing and joking, half undressed because of the heat. They scored at games and won prizes and rode on all the rides,

"So what do you wanna do first?" Frank asked. Leo made a 'hmm' noise and then brightened up,

"Let's go on that!" he said, pointing at a massive roller-coaster right over the sea.

"Right," Frank didn't expect any less. He followed an excited Leo through the crowd and then they stood in the queue, bickering over their favorite Game of Thrones characters. A girl snapped
a picture, and Frank glared at her,

"Sorry," she said sheepishly, "you two are just such an adorable couple."

"W-We're not," Frank spluttered but the girl already left to giggle with her friend. Frank sighed and Leo gave him a grin, which kinda made Frank a little bit happy. They finally got to the ticket box.

"Two tickets for whatever the hell that is," Frank pointed at the roller-coaster curling overhead. The girl behind the glass was chewing gum, looking bored. Her black hair was streaked with blonde and tied back with a pencil.

"Six dollars," she said. Frank paid and the girl waved them off. Leo sat at the far end of the seat for two and Frank sat nervously next to him. The Latino was already tinkering with some device, and Frank was kinda scared.

"Arms up please," a blue eyed boy said, coming up to their seats. The boys raised their arms and the boy pushed the belts over them, double checking that they were closed properly, "All good, Kay!" he shouted to the girl in the booth. She gave him a thumbs up and the boy stepped away from the car. Frank took a deep breath and Leo grinned at him like a child in a candy shop.

"Get ready," he said, and the car started. It went slow at first and then started to climb upwards. Leo leaned out over his side as much as he could, gaping at the dark sea below.

"Leo, sit back in," Frank asked in a strained voice as the car climbed higher.

"Aw, scared?" Leo asked.

"Yes," Frank admitted, "I don't want you to fall out."

Leo sobered up and leaned back into the car, as the car climbed higher up Frank felt panic rising in him. Then he felt a small, warm hand on his,

"It's okay," Leo said, as they stopped on top of the roller-coaster rise. Frank turned to the Latino. For a moment everything was silent, peaceful. A cool breeze picked up and it cooled Frank's heated face. He looked at his and Leo's hands, clutching each other, and then at Leo's smiling face. Then the car fell forward and Frank was screaming as they whooshed upside down over rises and falls. His stomach did wild flips as Leo laughed in glee. Frank saw the sea spiraling towards them and he nearly had a heart attack. Leo raised his arms, and one of Frank's since he was still holding his hand, and whooped with joy.

By the end Leo was jumping with excitement and Frank thought he was going to be sick but it was worth it if he got to see Leo smile. The stupid idiot even bought a picture of them that a camera snapped halfway through. Frank's eyes were squeezed shut and Leo's mouth was open in a joyful shout, his and Frank's interlocked hands raised above their heads.

***

SKAGWAY, ALASKA
Frank was hesitant about going to Alaska, knowing it was out of the God's reach, but it just added more excitement to his next point on the list; letting go. Frank knew Leo had to let go of a lot of things - his past, the fact that he made mistakes in the past, the whole Camp Jupiter affair. But most of all he had to let go of the constant need to please everyone.

Skagway was a gorgeous town seemingly taken right out of the past, laid right next to a beautiful river. Leo and Frank easily navigated the small town and found the lodging center that they had a booking in. It was made of rounded wood, with cosy curtains in the windows and steam rising from the chimney. It was snowing and the boys gladly got out of the freezing cold and into the warmth of the lodge house.

"Hi!" the redheaded girl behind the counter said. She was dressed in a navy sweater and had an earphone in one ear, "Frank and Leo right?" she double checked. Leo nodded, "I'm Dora. Catch!" the girl called and threw a key at them, "Sorry we're a bit full up," she apologized, "room arrangements changed. I'm sure you'll live."

Frank and Leo exchanged a look and shrugged before climbing up the wooden stairs to the second floor. There were several open doors on the floor and people spilled out of them, shouting stuff at each other, and passing stuff around. Leo and Frank smiled awkwardly and ducked into their room to avoid any awkwardness. There was just one bed in the all-wooden room.

"Fuck," Frank swore.

"Shit," Leo added. They looked at each other and then Leo hurled himself onto the fluffy bed, "dibs!" he called. Frank glared and then grabbed Leo's ankle, easily dragging him off and dumping him on the floor,

"Nice try, fire bug," he said, laying down. Leo pouted,

"What happened to doing what I want to do?" he asked.

"That's gone," Frank said. Leo glared and then climbed on top of a surprised Frank. Before the
Asian could say anything, Leo's skilled fingers were tickling his sides and the boy was bending over in laughter, trying to get away, "N-No! S-Stop!" he said in-between little bursts of laughter. Leo smiled down at him wickedly but then Frank flipped them over so Leo was underneath him and it was his turn to tickle the Latino.

Leo screeched and squirmed and Frank watched him, amused. Before he got hard all of a sudden from seeing Leo's flushed face and messy hair, breathing hard and gasping for breath underneath Frank. So close. Frank rolled over and got off Leo,

"I'll take the floor!" he declared and disappeared in the bathroom, leaving a confused, flushed Leo behind.

***

"So what do we do now?" Leo and Frank were sitting on the lower bits of a mountain, in the snow. They were both bundled up in scarves and coats and hats, holding thermoses of hot chocolate. They looked out onto the river below, which was just a silver ribbon among the white from this distance.

"Now you need to let go of the need for everyone to love you," Frank said.

"I don't have that need!" Leo protested.

Frank raised an eyebrow, "Don't lie to me, firebug."

Leo scowled, and turned away. Frank waited a few minutes, sipping on his drink calmly, enjoying the peace. Finally, Leo sighed,

"How do I let go?" he mumbled quietly, turning back to face Frank but not looking him in the eye. Frank smiled,

"You need to accept that your blood family isn't your real family and it's not your fault that they're heartless," he said. Leo looked at him skeptically.

"When did you become so smart, Zhang?"

"I was always smart," Frank said proudly, "one of us has to be." Leo rolled his eyes, "No but seriously, you need to know that you have a real family at camp and that you don't have to blame yourself for what happened," Frank's voice grew quieter, "with your mom."

Leo tensed, and Frank thought that maybe he overstepped the boundary, but then Leo let out a small breath.

"I don't blame myself," he whispered, "It was Gaia. I know that now," he looked at Frank through his eyelashes, "and with my family...they didn't even know me."

"I know," Frank said, "they were just prejudiced. But it's okay because you have us now."

Leo nodded, absent minded, and looked out onto the horizon,

"You need to let go of trying to please everyone all the time," Frank continued. Leo groaned, "Seriously though, you working so hard all the time isn't helping anyone. You trying to make sure nobody's annoyed at you...we're friends, Leo, and friends get angry at each other sometimes. You don't have to feel as if your friendship with everyone is a thin thread that can be snapped at any point. It can't," Frank touched Leo's shoulder, "our feelings run deeper than that, and you making a rude comment or taking the piss out of someone isn't going to change anything."
Leo turned to Frank, he opened and closed his mouth a few times, unsure of what to say.

"My butt's cold," he managed eventually. Frank smiled, but then grew serious again.

"You need to let go of Calypso," he said quietly, "she doesn't love you."

"Way to make me feel good about myself," Leo said sarcastically, and his eyes filled with tears. Frank's heart clenched,

"Leo," he said as gently as he could, "she did love you. I'm sure she still does, as a friend. But you can't put yourself down just because she loves someone else," Frank was sure he was fucking this up, "you're a great guy and just because she's moved on doesn't mean nobody else will ever love you, because I know that they will."

Leo rolled his eyes, trying to blink his tears away, "Yeah, right," he muttered.

"I'm not telling you to get over her," Frank said, "but you'll be in love again. Damn, I know for sure someone already loves you." *Shit, shit, shit.*

Leo smiled at that, "what now?" he asked quietly, "Do we stand on this mountain and scream?"

"If that's what you want."

"We're back to what I want now, eh?" Leo's smile widened. He got to his feet and offered his hand to Frank, pulling him to his feet. For a moment the boys just stood next to each other in the freezing air, watching the sun sink slowly behind the horizon. Then Leo spread his arms and screamed, voice carrying over the snow and river and up, up and away. Frank smiled and he spread his arms and he screamed too.

***

**Yellow Stone, Wyoming**
Frank and Leo sneaked over the fence that said 'NO TRESPASSING.'

"I can't believe we're actually sneaking into Yellowstone," Leo hissed, and there was a bright smile on his face. Frank smiled at him as the two ran into the tall trees. It was dark out and Leo's hand was on fire, lighting the way. The two sneaked through the forest, hoping there were no wild animals around, until they heard the rush of the waterfall. It was too dark for Frank to really appreciate anything, but he didn't mind.

They found the waterfall, glittering in the moonlight, and after half an hour of struggling and bickering, they managed to put up a tent against one of the cliff walls. They both climbed inside, getting out of the night chill.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Leo repeated again.

"I told you we're going on an adventure," Frank shrugged off his coat, rotating in the tiny tent to dispose of his clothes in one corner. He pulled his shirt off and Leo averted his gaze, also pulling his shirt off, "We'll go exploring tomorrow, okay?"

"Yeah," Leo nodded and slipped into a sleeping bag, hiding his body from Frank before the Asian could see it. Frank smiled as the fire from Leo's hand died away and he pulled out battery powered fair lights. Leo's stared at him, wide eyed.

"What are you doing?" he asked quietly as Frank hung the fairy-lights around the tent,

"You don't like the dark," Frank shrugged, "and I don't mind the light," he slid into his own sleeping bag, "Night, Leo."

"Night," Leo mumbled. Then, after a moment - "thanks."

***

Leo woke up in the middle of the night to heavy, loud breathing. Too loud to be human. His heartbeat picked up but he was too scared to look around the tent, which was still illuminated by the fairy lights.

"Frank," Leo whispered. In reply there was a snort. Slowly, Leo turned his head to the side and his heart almost jumped out of his chest. There was a fucking bear by his side, laying down as if nothing was wrong. Leo's breathing sped up and he sat up slowly, trying to not wake the creature. He had to find Frank.

The Latino shifted and the bear's eyes snapped open. Leo squeaked and the monster rose above him. Leo tried to scramble away but there wasn't enough space and he was pressed against the cliff wall, panicking. He looked at the bear, terrified, and it regarded the human coolly, before coming closer. Leo started praying in Spanish, his whole body quivering in fear.

Then the bear licked his cheek shyly. Leo's heart stopped.

"F-Frank?" he managed. The bear licked him again and when Leo looked into his eyes he saw that it really was Frank. The Latino slumped down, "Oh Gods, you scared me you fucking acorn," he gasped. Frank made a distressed noise and sniffed at Leo's shoulder. The Latino sighed and his hand came up to stroke one of Frank's ears. The bear made a happy sound and then climbed so he was half lying onto Frank's ears. The Latino rolled his eyes and then closed them, comforted by Frank's warmth.

***
When they woke up in the morning, Frank was back in human form, still laying on Leo. The Latino blushed and poked at the Asian,

"Whaa...," Frank mumbled, blinking.

"Get off you sack of potatoes," Leo growled. Frank flushed and practically flew off. The two ate breakfast that they made over a home made fire. Then they gathered their stuff and set off on their adventure. They ventured through Yellow Stone, and Leo sang stupid songs and took selfies with trees and occasionally with Frank. They kept a count who could spot more animals, and Frank won because - family.

By the time they reached the grand prismatic spring they were both sweaty and dirty from climbing over rocks and cliffs and rolling around in the underbrush, and seeing the water was like the best thing ever. Leo smiled at it and snapped a picture.

"We should swim in it," he declared. Frank's eyes almost bulged out of his head,

"Are you insane?!" he demanded, "that is a geyser!"

"Calm down, I'm just kidding," Leo grinned at Frank. He flipped his phone so it was on selfie mode and positioned himself so the spring was behind him. "C'mere," he stuck his hand out to Frank, who hesitantly took it. Leo tugged him so they stood next to each other and maneuvered the camera so they and the spring fit together in one picture, "gimme a kiss on the cheek," Leo commanded.

"What?!"

Leo glared, "Give me a goddamn kiss, you radish."

Frank blushed a deep red but then he leaned and gently placed his lips against the softness of Leo's cheek. His heart was beating fast and the moment seemed to last forever although it only took Leo two seconds to snap the picture.

"Perfect!" he grinned at his phone and Frank moved away. And it was, perfect.

***

MAUI, HAWAII

"And here our adventure ends," Leo said wistfully. They sat on a gorgeous beach in Hawaii after an entire day of swimming, eating ice cream and exploring.

"That's kinda sad, but I miss home," Frank admitted. The sun was long gone and now only the campfires gave off light. And the moon. Leo didn't seem to mind the dark anymore. The two sat in
comfortable silence, just enjoying their last hours away from Camp and quests and monsters. Frank looked over at Leo, who looked deep in thought, chewing his lip, "What is it?" Frank asked after a moment. Leo looked at him shyly,

"I found your list," he admitted, pulling out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. Frank's heart beat sped up as he read over his own neat handwriting.

Ways for Leo to be happy again;

He needs to be selfish for once.

He shouldn't have any regrets.

We should go on an adventure.

He has to let go of the need to be loved by everyone.

He needs to do something he loves.

Frank turned away from the list, blushing. Leo wasn't angry about the scheme though, he just smiled gently,

"Frank," he said, "thank you. I didn't know you cared so much."

"Of course I care," Frank mumbled, sulking.

"There's still one point left," Leo said, pocketing the list, "and we're leaving tomorrow."

"It's okay. I think sleeping counts as doing something you love," Frank shrugged.

"Do you know what I love more?" Leo asked quietly. Frank turned his face and was surprised to find that Leo was dangerously close, only inches apart,

"What?" he asked, mouth dry suddenly.

"You." The boy whispered, and pressed their lips together. Frank's heart threatened to escape his chest as Leo pressed himself into him, arms coming up to wrap around Frank's neck as if he was afraid that the taller boy would push him away, lips shyly moving against his. As if Frank was even capable to do that. Instead he pulled Leo into his lap, wrapping his arms around the Latino and kissed him back fiercely.

Leo's hands tangled in Frank's hair and the Asian kissed Leo more heatedly, trying to convey his feelings without needing to break away from Leo's hot, demanding mouth. The two kissed and kissed and Frank slipped his tongue into Leo's mouth, and they fought for dominance. Of course, Frank won and soon enough he was pressing Leo into the sand, kissing him even more passionately than before, and Leo clung onto him, gasping into Frank's mouth as the dark haired boy grinded their hips together.

Leo's skin was the most softest thing Frank's ever touched and the noises that spilled out of his mouth when Frank entered him, right there on the beach, were the most wonderful thing he's ever heard. Frank kissed Leo and thrust into his delicious heat and whispered 'I love you' against his shoulder and all Leo could do was arch his back and cling onto Frank, and whisper his name feverishly.

After they were done they sat on the beach for some more time. Leo straddled on Frank's lap, wearing his shirt, and the dark haired boy had his arms around the boy's waist. He was shirtless
but at least both of them had their pants on. Leo traced patterns into Frank's cheek mindlessly,
"You know," he said after a moment. Frank, who was still kinda boneless, muttered 'hmm?'
"would it be horribly selfish if I just wanted to keep you forever, just to myself?"

Frank looked at him with soft eyes and then pressed butterfly light kisses into his neck, "Not if I
get to be selfish and keep you in return."

"And," Leo said quickly, looking away, "I-I don't regret d-doing this and I w-wanna do it a-again,
and I don't need a-anyone else to love me, just y-you."

"Okay," Frank smiled, and kissed Leo gently, "I love you."

Leo smiled, "I'm happy," he whispered.

"I'm glad."
It's My House

Chapter Notes

For YahooFangirl

Can you do a fanfic where it's alpha/omega and nico is omega and Percy needs to drop him off at Jason's place because of Percabeth vacation and Jason is an alpha and by the time Percy gets back they are hooked up? (•-•) Please? And nico is shy and cute and Jason loves him at first sight?

Percy knocked on the door to Jason's flat.

"Coming!" came a muffled reply. Nico gave Percy a nervous look. The Italian had just turned eighteen and moved to New York to live with his cousin, Percy, and his fiancee, Annabeth. However now the couple was leaving for a holiday, and since Percy didn't want to leave Nico alone, he decided to drop him off at his best friends, Jason's, flat for the two weeks. He gave the smaller boy's a reassuring squeeze,

"Don't worry. I'm sure you'll like Jason," Percy said.

Jason was a twenty two year old electrical engineer. He was also an Alpha, and Nico was an Omega...that was the only reason Percy was a bit worried. He knew Jason wouldn't do anything stupid, he was the most careful and morally stable person Percy knew, but it was just that Nico got quite needy during his heats, and one of them was coming up. But it was too late for either of them to change their mind because then Jason opened the door.

"Hey, bro," he grinned at Percy and the two exchanged a complicated handshake. Nico glanced up at Jason. The boy was tall, even taller than Percy, with short blonde hair and kind blue eyes. There was a small scar on his upper lip. He wore a tight blue t-shirt and grey sweatpants. Nico felt himself flushing at the proximity of the blonde. Percy warned him that Jason was an Alpha but being this close to him...Nico tried not to breathe through his nose.

Jason turned to him,

"Hi," he offered Nico his hand and the Omega shook it shyly, "I'm Jason."
"Nico."

"Percy!" Annabeth yelled from downstairs.

"One second!" Percy yelled back, smiling sheepishly at the two other boys,

"Hi, Annabeth!" Jason yelled. The girl yelled 'sup back. Percy quickly hugged Nico,

"You'll be okay?" he asked. Nico nodded, "alright, see you in two weeks. I'll call you when you
get there." with that the boy ran downstairs. Nico blinked at Jason, clutching his bag shyly.

"Wanna come in?" Jason offered. Nico bit his lip and nodded, heart hammering against his chest. He followed the blonde into his flat. Everything was a bit of a mess, there were clothes laying on the couch and dishes in the sink but overall it was nice. There were loads of pictures of Jason with different people, including Percy and Annabeth. Nico smiled slightly at one of them pulling goofy faces.

"Err, I set everything up for you in the guest room," Jason said, hastily picking up some boxers and t-shirts off the couch and chucking them into what Nico assumed was his bedroom, "are you hungry? Thirsty? Can I get you anything?"

With a start Nico realized that Jason was nervous. He made himself smile,

"Anything's fine," he said, "I like spaghetti?"

Jason's shoulder's slumped with relief. "Cool. I can do that. Right." He moved to the kitchen, "last door down the corridor. Make yourself comfortable."

Nico nodded even though Jason couldn't see him anymore. He slowly made his way down the corridor and opened the spare room. Everything was white and black and pretty modern. This room also smelled less like Jason than the other rooms, which for some reason made Nico a bit sad. Still, there was a gentle scent of mint and cologne lingering in the air, enough to satisfy Nico's wolf.

The boy opened his suitcase and chucked his all-black clothes into the wardrobe. Then he looked around the room. He wondered if he should go back to Jason...deciding to stay in the room a little longer, Nico took out the three books he was sure to finish by the end of the two weeks, his CD's and the big secret - his cat.

Jason didn't know Nico had a cat. Damn, even Annabeth and Percy didn't know he had a cat. The furball was tiny, and it fit in Nico's palm. The all black munchkin cat with the stunted, short legs was the most adorable thing ever and pretty easy to hide from Percy. Nico just hoped that Jason wouldn't discover Mrs O'Leary.

The cat was currently asleep and Nico put out some food for her, leaving them by the door before walking out, making sure to close the door. He padded into the kitchen in his socks and saw Jason humming along to some number one song on the radio, while cooking pasta and frying some

"Do you want help?" Nico asked softly, his heart beat escalating slightly. Jason looked up, "You could cut some onion?" he offered. Nico nodded and wordlessly made his way to the chopping board, which was already laid out on the counter top with the onion sitting on top of it. Nico peeled it slowly and thought about what he knew so far; Jason was an electrician and he was four years older than Nico. He was also an Alpha, obviously, and Nico could feel his wolf shifting weirdly inside him whenever Jason looked at him, but that was normal because he was an Omega.
Nico wasn't even thinking as he started cutting and soon enough his eyes were stinging mercilessly and then he was crying. The boy stepped away from the board, blinking rapidly to try and get rid of the burn, and bumped into Jason.

"Woah, you okay?" he blonde demanded, grabbing Nico's shoulders, "What's wrong? Why are you crying?! Should I call Percy?!"

Nico's hand gripped Jason's shirt and his free one covered his own eyes,

"Onion." He managed, gasping. Jason blinked,

"Oh!" he said, "Ohhh." He extracted himself from Nico and led him to the sink. The blonde couldn't hold back a small laugh as Nico frantically rubbed water on his face and then glared at Jason with red eyes, "Sorry, sorry," Jason bit back a smile.

"Asshole," Nico grumbled, "I'll do the sauce. You do the onions."

Soon enough Jason was crying too.

***

Nico woke up the next morning in the comfortable bed and found that Jason was gone. Grey morning light streamed in through the windows and Nico rubbed his eyes. There was a croissant on a plate and a glass of orange juice waiting on the counter with a little note.

Morning, Nico,

I went to work. Didn't want to wake you.

I hope you slept well, call me if you need anything, spare key's on the fridge.

See you later,

Jason :)

Nico smiled, getting a weirdly warm feeling in his chest from the note. He cradled it to his chest for a second and then went to his bedroom and hid it in his now empty bag. When he went back to the kitchen, Mrs O'Leary was already waiting for him, meowing. Nico gave her some milk and then ate the breakfast Jason made for him. He took a quick shower, put some clean clothes on and grabbed the art folder and spare key.

"Alright, big girl," he said, crouching down to speak to his cat, "you know what to do. The second Jason's back you just go back to my room, okay?" Of course the cat didn't reply, as usual. Nico sighed and kissed her small head, "See you in a bit!" he said, repeating Jason's words, and walked into the crispy morning air, ready for his art classes.

***

Nico got back home later than he expected and Jason was already there. The flat smelled delicious and for a moment Nico panicked, thinking that maybe Jason found Mrs O'Leary before Nico got back. But when he walked into the living room he saw that Jason was eating some Thai takeaway, not looking like he just found a mysterious third occupant of his home, scribbling something down, wearing glasses.
"Hi," he said when he saw Nico, "there's food in the kitchen. It's still warm."

"Thanks," Nico said timidly. He took the food and sat opposite Jason. The silence was weirdly comfortable but Nico wanted Jason to talk, so he started quietly, "How was your day?"

"It was good," Jason said, putting his notes away, "me and my partner, Piper, had a bit of an issue with this one woman who thought her washing machine stopper working but turned out that she just didn't plug it in," the blonde shook his head in disapproval and Nico cracked a grin, "she still had to pay us though. Felt kinda bad for her. And what did you do all day?"

Nico picked at his noodles with his fork, "Went to class. Worked on my painting a bit," he shrugged, "nothing interesting."

"I disagree," Jason leaned his chin in his hand, "I didn't know you paint."

"Oh," Nico blushed, "It's nothing really."

"Can I see?"

"M-Maybe some other time," Nico stuttered. Jason smiled,

"Okay," he said, and took a bite of his food, "there's this new series on Netflix called Orange is the New Black. Do you wanna watch it?"

"Sure."

***

Nico had afternoon classes so he slept in. He had a stupid craving for frosted flakes, which only ever happened when he was in heat. He hated it. Getting heats. The Omega sighed and leaned his forehead against the fridge, trying to gather his thoughts. He always grew distracted and clumsy as his heat approached.

He took a post-it-note and quickly scribbled a note for Jason on it.

Had to go out for a run, please could you buy some frosted flakes if you're going to the shop. Thanks.

Nico.

The boy made sure Mrs O'Leary was fed and then he let her out into the backyard. He himself walked quickly to the Central Park. There was a small forest to the side, and it was perfect for what Nico wanted to do. The second he was shielded from the gaze of the humans, shielded by the wonderfully smelling green, he linked with his inner wolf and felt his body shift, giving his animal complete control.

He knew what his wolf form looked like; small and black. He wasn't strong but he was fast and quick to think. Nico took off running and the world narrowed to single pinpoints of his reality; the crunch of branches under his paws, the smell of winter approaching in his nose, the birds flitting around in the branches. For a moment it was just the wolf and the world.

Nico found a small stream and he lapped at the water. It was icy coolness sliding down his throat and paws sinking into the mud. It was his ears picking up the distant voices of humans. It was the smell of nature all around him. Nico loved moments like these, when everything was so simple, so black and white. When submitting himself to an Alpha was something natural and heats were a beautiful things that didn't mean days locked in a dark room, in pain.
Before he realized it, it was pitch black outside. Nico, still in wolf form, trotted back to Jason's flat. He made it up the fire exit and then snuck in through one of the open windows and into the corridor, which was thankfully empty. Unsure of what to do, Nico clawed at Jason's door, letting out a small whine. Jason opened it after a few seconds,

"There you are!" he said, brightening up. A sudden burst of emotion made Nico tackle the blonde to the ground and lick his face. Jason laughed and ruffled the fur at the top of Nico's head, "Alright, come on let's get you some clothes."

He urged Nico, who was still trying to rub himself against Jason's leg, into the bathroom, and threw some clothes in after him. A few minutes later Nico walked out sheepishly, wearing one of Jason's oversized shirts.

"Sorry 'bout that," he mumbled, staring at the ground. Jason smiled,

"It's okay," he said. Nico shifted,

"I...um, I-I'm gonna be in h-heat soon," he added quietly. Jason tensed,

"I know. Percy told me," he said slowly, then, "I got your frosted flakes."

***

"Yes, Percy," Nico rolled his eyes, the phone pressed to his ear, "Jason's feeding me."

"He didn't try anything stupid did he?"

"Percy!" Nico said, appalled, "of course he didn't!"

"Good...how's the whole heat thing coming along?"

Nico sighed, "It didn't really hit yet. I'll be fine. How's the holiday?"

"It's great!" Percy obviously perked up, "Annabeth got pinched by a crab yesterday."

"Sounds wonderful," Nico said dryly. Jason signaled that dinner was read, "Okay, I got to go, Jason made food."

"Okay," Percy said, then paused, "Look, take care of yourself, okay?"

"Yeah," Nico smiled.

"We both love you, Niks."

"Love you guys too. Don't get Annabeth pregnant," Nico teased.

"Wanker."

"Twat."

"I'll call you on Wednesday," Percy said. Nico said bye again and hung up. He sighed.

***

Nico sat on his bed two days later, reading one of the Harry Potter books and petting Mrs O'Leary, when Jason knocked. Immediately Nico panicked,
"One s-second!" he yelled, but it was too late. Jason walked in. Nico tried to shield his cat with his body, but Jason already saw her. He blinked, then looked from Nico to the animal and back again. "I-I can explain!" Nico stuttered, jumping up. The cat meowed,

"What the-" Jason started. A wave of heat suddenly hit Nico, making his knees buckle. He groaned and would've hit the ground if Jason hadn't caught him.

"I-I think m-my heat j-just started," Nico whispered weakly, leaning against Jason. He was breathing hard and his head was spinning. His body grew uncomfortably warm and he was trembling in the blonde's arms, clinging onto him.

"S-Shit," Jason managed as Nico's pheromones hit him, "What do I do?" he wrapped an arm around Nico's waist to keep him up. Nico moaned weakly against his neck and pressed his body into the Alpha's,

"Jason," he whined, "f-fuck I-"

Jason pushed Nico down onto the bed in a sudden burst of speed and quickly dug out his phone, calling Percy.

"Hello?" Percy was obviously asleep. Jason kept Nico down by having a hand on his shoulder, and the boy stared up at him, wide eyed and flushed.

"What's going on?" Jason heard Annabeth's sleepy voice in the back.

"Nico's in heat," Jason blurted, "What do I do?!"

"I-I...look, don't touch him," Percy was awake now.

"Bit late," Jason winced and Nico whimpered underneath him.

"You didn't-"

"No!" Jason said quickly, "don't worry, I-I didn't touch him l-like that."

"Good," Percy sighed in relief, "he'd hate you. Just...I don't know, leave the room."

"I can't," Jason groaned, "Fuck, Percy he's just laying here, I-I don't know if I c-can stop myself-"

"Don't do anything stupid. He can't consent in this state, you know that."

"Nico, talk to Percy," Jason took a deep breath, and pressed the phone against Nico's ear. The boy cradled it to his head with shaking hands.

"Nico?" Percy breathed on the other side.

"Percy," Nico whined, "it hurts..."

"I know," Percy said reassuringly, "but don't do anything you'll regret."

Nico's eyes filled with tears, "'m sorry," he mumbled.

"It's okay. Jason will take care of you."

The blonde took the phone away,

"Percy-"
"Just do what you think it's best. He trusts you. Don't hurt him," Percy said, and hung up. Jason's phone tumbled over the side of the bed but the blonde didn't care. He looked down at Nico, who was looking at him pleadingly. He looked drunk. And beautiful. Jason kissed his forehead,

"Can you fall asleep?" he asked.

"No," Nico whimpered, hands digging into Jason's shoulders. Jason kissed his cheek and then his jaw, gentle, soft kisses. Nico gasped, "Jason, please, p-please, please-"

"Shh," Jason brushed Nico's hair behind his ear. Then he stood up and picked the shivering Omega up. He carried him to the couch where Jason sat down with Nico in his lap, curled against his chest. Jason rubbed his back and kissed the top of his head. He put on some random movie and Mrs O'Leary curled up next to Jason.

The whole night Jason just held Nico, without properly touching him, telling him it was going to be okay. He kissed his face and brought him water and when Nico fell asleep he just carried on holding him.

***

Jason woke up with the sunlight dancing on his face. Nico was still comfortably nestled in his lap, asleep. His heat seemed to be a short one, and he was now exhausted. Jason smiled down at him, proud that he didn't do anything stupid no matter how tempted he was. Nico's cat meowed loudly all of a sudden and her owner's eyes fluttered open. Nico frowned at Jason.

"Morning," the blonde whispered. Nico cocked his head to the side, studying Jason, and then he reached up and touched his cheek. Neither of them really knew which one moved first but suddenly they were kissing, Nico's hands tangled in Jason's head, pulling him closer. They broke apart to stare at eachother,

"Do you want to move in with me?" Jason blurted suddenly. Nico smiled,

"Can Mrs O'Leary move in too?" he asked, glancing at the cat. Jason kissed his cheek and held him close,

"Sure."

The door burst open and a panicked Percy tumbled in, followed by Annabeth,

"Nico! Are you okay?!" he demanded. Nico blinked at him,

"What? Yeah, I'm fine."

"Jason," Percy growled suddenly, noticing the two's position, "if you did anything-"

Nico jumped to his feet,

"He didn't do anything!" he blushed, "I swear on Mrs O'Leary."

"Alright," Percy sighed, "fine. We're going home, Niks you coming?"

"Err..."

Jason came and stood next to Nico. The dark haired boy took his hand,

"I mean...I should come. I have to collect the rest of my stuff."
Can you do a Jason x Percy where Percy admits to Jason that he is transgender (transitioned from a girl to boy) when Jason and He are VERY close to having sex.
"No," Percy frowned, though he was still kissing Jason, "leave it on."

"I want to see you," Jason protested breathlessly, kissing down Percy neck. The dark haired boy squirmed and the panic returned suddenly,

"Jason, wait," he gasped. The blonde looked up at him, confused,

"What's wrong?" he asked, sitting up, "you said you wanted to do this?"
Percy blinked rapidly and looked away, "I-I know, I-I j-just..."

Jason sighed and kissed Percy again, gently, "What is it?" he asked, "What's wrong? Talk to me, Perce."
Percy's eyes were glazed over with tears he desperately didn't want Jason to see, "I...I-I wasn't completely honest with you."

"About what?" Jason asked, his thumb brushing against Percy's cheekbone gently. A tear slid down Percy's cheek and Jason kissed it away, "Baby, we don't have to do this," he said, "we can wait. I don't mind."
Percy shook his head and buried his face in his hands, "It's not that," he whispered brokenly.

Jason leaned back over Percy and peppered his face with kisses. The dark haired boy peeked at him through his fingers.

"I love you, Percy," Jason murmured, "so please...you're scaring me. I'm worried," he took Percy's hands and brushed them away from his face, "tell me what's wrong."
Percy took a deep, shaky breath.

"Jason. I used to be a girl."

Jason stared at him. Then he blinked. He made a confused face.

"Huh?" he managed, intelligently.

"I know I-I lied to y-you, but I-I was scared," Percy stuttered, "that you w-wouldn't w-want to be w-with me...t-the way I-I am. I g-get it if you w-want to g-go, I-I just..."

"I don't understand," Jason frowned. Percy wiped the tears running down his face away and then he grabbed the bottom of his shirt, tugging it over his head and revealing his pale body to Jason. The blonde stared again. There were two, faded pink scars on Percy's chest.

_He used to have breasts_, Jason realized. Percy couldn't stand his gaze anymore and he covered himself, turning away.

"Jason I-"

"You're an idiot." Jason's hair fell into his face, hiding his eyes. Percy blinked up at him, "I love you. I love you so fucking much, and you're fucking beautiful." He pulled Percy's arms away and then kissed down his chest. Percy's breath caught when Jason brushed his lips against his scars, and then came back up to kiss him deeply, still holding the boy's hands in his. "I love you," Jason repeated.
Percy burst out crying, pulling Jason into his arms. The blonde held him close, kissing anything he could reach; Percy's cheek, his neck, his bare shoulder. When Percy's sobs subsided he laid back
down on the bed and rubbed his eyes. Jason smiled down at him gently,

"You okay?"

"Yeah," Percy let out a breath. His eyes were red, "thank you. And sorry for ruining the mood."

"You didn't ruin the mood," Jason kissed Percy's jaw, "I still wanna make love to you. Like right now. If that's okay."

"Yeah," Percy mumbled, "it's more than okay."
Don't mention it

Chapter Notes

For GreenFeathers_88

One where Percy is kinda molested by another guy in an alley and Luke saves him from almost being raped and takes him home (Luke's) for GreenFeathers_88

Percy hated the bit of the city which he had to get through to get home. It was dodgy, full of people with their hoods pulled up. Percy lived in the rich part of the city, in a nice, big house with his mom and step dad. He hated that to get from his prestige college he had to go through all these alleyways. Usually he had the family's butler pick him up, but this time his mom needed to be driven to some meeting and so Percy was stuck walking.

But it's not like anybody would try anything, afterall, Percy was the son of the city mayor. Nobody would dare touch him. The boy reassured himself with that as he ventured into the alleyways. The first one wasn't so bad, lit up by a few lanterns with the occasional car passing by. It was drizzling and Percy pulled his hood up, trying to shield himself from the elements.

He walked deeper into the dark alleyway maze. It got steadily darker, the only light coming from the flat windows far above. Back windows, back doors. Nobody would hear Percy scream here. The boy shuddered at the thought. A dog barked somewhere. Percy thought of playing some music but he didn't want to distract himself. There was fog curling around his shoes. Or maybe it was just smoke.

Percy heard the footsteps and at first he thought it was just his accelerated heartbeat. The boy tried
to stay calm even as he felt the wave of fear hit him, almost knocking him down. The footsteps came closer and Percy wanted to run or pull out a phone and pretend to call someone. When he reached for his IPhone though, he saw that there was no signal. He cursed silently and-

He was slammed into the alleyway wall so hard Percy thought he might've dislocated his shoulder. His vision went blank for a second and when it cleared he saw the massive man looming over him. The guy's face was hidden by a hood and he regarded Percy coolly, his hands keeping the terrified Percy pinned to the damp wall.

"Well, well, well," the man tutted, "what have we here?" he leaned in and licked a long, wet strip up Percy's neck. The boy squeaked and tried to get away, but he couldn't,

"W-What are you doing?!!" he demanded, "let me go!"

"Relax, babe," the man grinned and then he roughly squeezed Percy through his trousers. The dark haired boy thought he was going to puke. He was dizzy, the man reeked as if he didn't know what a shower was. The fear almost made Percy pass out,

"Get away from me," he said weakly.

"Don't scream and this will be over quickly," the man hissed and then he flipped Percy around, slamming him into the wall once again. His hand palmed Percy's ass roughly as the boy fought against him,

"Stop it!" he yelled, "Let me go! Stop! N-No, d-don't-"

The man wasn't listening. Of course he wasn't listening. There was a hardness against the back of Percy's thigh and he thought he was going to pass out. Salty tears ran down his face and he sobbed, "Stop, no!" he yelled.

Suddenly the disgusting weight of the man was pulled off of Percy.

"Get the fuck off him," a hoarse voice growled. Percy turned around and saw another hooded figure slam the rapist into the wall.

"I'm s-sorry," the man stuttered, "p-please d-don't-"

The newly arrived stranger pulled the man's wallet out of his pocket. He pulled out a wad of cash out of it, kicked the man in the nuts and then let him go. The rapist scrambled off, crying, and the hooded figure turned to Percy.

"You alright, kid?" he asked. Percy's heart was so loud in his ears that he almost didn't hear him. He was shaking, and had to lean against the wall to not fall to the ground. the stranger frowned and pulled his hood off.

The stranger was a handsome guy with blue eyes and blonde hair. He was tall and muscular, with a scar on one cheek. There were bandaged wrapped around his knuckles and a plaster over the bridge over his nose. He came closer to Percy, and for some weird reason the boy wasn't scared of him. The blonde peered at him,

"What's your name? Should I call you a cab?"

"I-I...," Percy's throat was dry, "P-Percy."

"I'm Luke." The blonde introduced himself, "do you want a cab?" his voice was surprisingly soft for such an appearance, and his eyes were gentle. Percy's fear left him in a whoosh and he
collapsed against Luke, sobbing, and clinging onto him. The older boy seemed surprised at the sudden affection, and he patted Percy's back awkwardly, "alright, kid, you'll be fine."

"I don't wanna go home," Percy sobbed. Luke nodded and then gently took Percy's hand in his larger, calloused one,

"Okay, come on. My house is just round the corner," he said, "I promise I'm not a creep. Or a pervert."

Percy nodded, hand clutching Luke's, hard. The boy let the stranger lead him through the maze of alleys and soon enough they were climbing a rickety fire escape of a dodgy apartment block. Luke let Percy into his flat.

It was small and not the cleanest. It smelled like cigarette smoke, and there were beer cans laying around alongside dirty clothes.


"I don't mind," Percy said quietly. The blonde gathered some stuff to try and make it more clean and then grabbed a clean set of clothes. He pushed it into Percy's arms,

"Bathroom's on the left. Take a shower," he said. Percy nodded absent mindedly and walked to the bathroom. He locked the door and almost mechanically stripped. He looked at himself in the mirror; his eyes were red rimmed and his lip was split from where he bit it. There was a violet bruise blooming on his hip and it made Percy want to cry. Instead he climbed into the small shower and turned the warm water on. He scrubbed himself almost raw, and cried a bit and rubbed at the bruise, willing for it to go away.

When the water turned cold, Percy climbed out and dried himself off with one of the clean towels. He pulled on the clothes Luke gave him; grey sweat pants and a black hoodie that both smelled faintly of smoke. Percy glanced one last time at himself in the mirror. He was a mess, his eyes were puffy and his nose was red. The boy sighed and walked out into the living room.

Luke took his hoodie off and was now in a white tank top, revealing his muscular, scarred arms. He was smoking a cigarette by the open window, an absent minded look on his face. The sound of traffic spilled into the flat.

"Thanks," Percy said. Luke looked up and gave Percy a lopsided grin,

"No problem, kiddo," he said. Percy started shaking helplessly again and Luke frowned, "hey, you okay?"

"N-No," Percy mumbled, "not really." His voice was quiet. Luke took a hesitant step towards the dark haired boy and he placed a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, it's okay," he murmured, "that guy won't try anything again. You're safe."

Percy bit his lip and nodded. After a second thought Luke pulled him into a quick, warm, reassuring hug. Percy relaxed against him, but then Luke was pulling away.

"Do you want anything? Food? Drink?"

Percy didn't think he could handle any food but a drink sounded wonderful right now.

"T-Tea would be nice."
Luke nodded, finished his cigarette, and threw it out of the window. He walked into the tiny kitchen and Percy followed him shyly. He watched Luke prepare a tea in two mismatched cups, and then he poured a bit of whiskey into one of them. He handed Percy the alcohol free one and the boy sipped on it gratefully.

"So how old are you, exactly?" Luke asked.

"Seventeen," Percy mumbled into the rim of his cup. Luke whistled,

"Damn," he said. Percy looked up at him with his big blue eyes,

"And you?" he asked, "how old are you?"

"Twenty four," Luke shrugged. Percy nodded and stared at his feet,

"Where do you live?"


"Whacha doing here at this hour then?"

"Coming back from college club," Percy mumbled.

"What do you do?"

"I swim," Percy said.

"That's cool," Luke grinned. Percy finished his tea,

"Thanks for helping me."

"Don't mention it," Luke gave Percy another one of those endearing lopsided smiles, and Percy found himself smiling too. These were the weirdest circumstances ever but somehow Percy felt helplessly comfortable next to Luke, and it scared him a bit.

"How about I walk you home? Make sure nobody messes with you again."

"Thankyou," Percy smiled.

"Don't mention it."
"could you write a Nico/Thanatos story where Thanatos is really old-fashioned and courts Nico the proper way (giving him flowers, asking for Hades' permission to date Nico, being a secret admirer) and then they get married and have really hot steamy sex on their wedding night?

Thanatos didn't fall for Nico straight away. The God had an old soul and had seen millions of love stories fall apart, a million hearts broken. He vowed he'd never fall in love after he saw what Helen's and Paris' love did to Troy, he said he'd never have such feelings for someone. Feelings to wipe out an entire nation. But Nico di Angelo snuck up on him slowly, just a breeze at the beginning, which turned into a full blown storm that swept Thanatos away.

They both spent a lot of time in the underworld, and at the beginning didn't even talk. But then Nico would strike up quiet conversations, about the geography of the underworld, the myths about Tartarus. Thanatos replied with 'yes' or 'no' or vague grunts, trying to get rid of the little runt and do his job. But Nico was persistent, he showed up more often. He helped Thanatos at work sometimes, and asked about his past, all the things he saw, which Thanatos told reluctantly. The mortal was the first person to pay attention to him in a thousand years and it was peculiar, but not entirely unpleasant.

Slowly, Thanatos opened up to the other boy; he broke the seal on his lips and let out the stories of millenniums. He told of the great love story of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra, Orpheus and Eurudice, Jason and Medea. He spoke gently about the heart breaking stories of all the deaths in history; Martin Luther King's assassination, The drenched, shaking souls coming out of the sea from the sinking wreckage of the Titanic, thin, sickly people coming back from Auschwitz.

"How was I meant to make their passing peaceful?" Thanatos would ask in a soft voice. Whenever he spoke, Nico would watch him with those big, dark eyes of him, filled with so much wonder that they took Thanatos' breath away like none of the great battles ever did.

Every time Nico came, Thanatos was always surprised. Whenever the mortal left, the God would feel as if it was all a dream, sitting side by side with the boy, guarding the doors of death or peacefully leading a soul to the afterlife. But Nico came, without fail, and he'd sit close enough for Thanatos to feel the heat radiating off of him, close enough so the God could see the light dusting
of freckles on his pale cheeks, and the flecks of hazel in his gorgeous brown eyes.

Nico would laugh quietly and tell Thanatos about things that went on in the mortal world, things that the God didn't care about, but somehow Nico's voice made everything seem like such an adventure. Soon enough Thanatos was left yearning to join Nico up above, to feel the son on his face. He'd want the boy by his side constantly, but he didn't understand his heart beat speeding up or the smile appearing on his face whenever he saw the mortal. He didn't understand his own emotions.

Until one day, Nico laughed the most splendid laugh that didn't belong among the dead, and Thanatos suddenly understood.

And he knew that for Nico, he was ready to destroy more than just a nation.

Thanatos sat in Charon's boat, resting his face in his hand. He let out a deep sigh.

"Get off my boat," Charon said emotionlessly. Thanatos couldn't tell his expression because of the shades covering his eyes.

"I need to talk to someone," Thanatos said stubbornly, "I think I'm in love."

"And I think you need to leave," Charon informed him. Thanatos groaned, "I just wanted to talk to you, but you have to go off and be all rude," the God stood up, "Fine. You're not getting a raise," he said, and then stepped off the small boat, his wings opening to carry him over the river and back to shore. Thanatos sighed as he eyed over the fields of Punishment, and Asphodel. He didn't know what to do with himself, he was just so confused. And he had nobody to talk to about it.

Suddenly, Thanatos became very, very lonely. He landed next to the Doors of Death, and folded his wings back against his body. He tucked a strand of his long, black hair behind his ear as his golden eyes searched for someone he could pour his heart out to. There was nobody. He was alone, for once, in Hell. The God thought of going to Hades, his trusted friend, but then he realized that it would be really weird since Nico was his son.

The God closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the door. It's not like telling Nico would change anything - what could happen anyway? It's not like Nico would want to be with an immortal being, who was the God of Death. Thanatos was not good enough for the boy, nowhere good enough...

"Oh would you stop moping?" a voice growled. Thanatos cracked one eye open,

"Ah," he eyed the God dressed in leather up and down, "I thought it might've been you."

"Shut it," Ares said, a toothpick sticking out of the corner of his mouth as he glared at Thanatos from behind his sunglasses, "What's with that pitiful expression? You're the god of Death for fuck's sake."

"Peaceful death, Ares," Thanatos sighed. Since that whole ordeal with Sisyphus, the two had been pretty good friends.

"Still death!" the God of war grumbled and sat down next to Thanatos. If anyone tried to get through the Doors of Death now they would have a hard time with it. The two sat in silence for a moment, listening to the screams of the damned souls. Finally, Ares spoke again, "So what's buggin' you?"
"I think I might be in love," Thanatos said quietly.

"No shit," Ares snorted. Thanatos glared at him,

"Shut up."

"Who is it then?" Ares grinned at him. Thanatos bit his lip, not knowing whether he should say it. But...he had nobody else to talk to, so he might as well.

"Nico di Angelo," the God blurted, and immediately winced. Ares stared at him, open mouthed, before bursting out laughing. Thanatos glared some more as the other God rolled on the floor, crying of laughter.

"Y-You're in l-love with Hades' k-kid!" Ares managed, chocking on air as he continued to laugh, "Oh man, you're so screwed," he snorted again. Thanatos got up and dusted himself off,

"Well fuck you too."

"No, c'mon," Ares calmed down and wiped the tears from his eyes, scrambling to his feet, "You should tell him."

"Oh really?" Thanatos raised an eyebrow. Ares shrugged, "You're a great guy. Ask him out," he saluted the dark haired God and disappeared in a flash of light. Thanatos slumped against the door and took a deep breath. He might as well give it a go - if it didn't work out, he could just hide until Nico...well, died. And if it did work out...a small, hesitant smile appeared on Thanatos' lips.

If.

Thanatos felt like a creep, watching Nico. But...he just couldn't help it. For some stupid reason he arrived in the Hades Cabin in Camp Half Blood and was now sitting in a chair by Nico's bed, watching the sleeping boy.

He wasn't really a boy. Not anymore. He'd grown taller and more muscular, and older too, but to Thanatos he would forever be that kid that bugged him about the Troyan Horse. The God cocked his head to the side, watching the moonlight dance on Nico's porcelain skin. His hands seemed to be the only calloused part of him, made hard by years of wielding a sword.

Thanatos wanted to reach out and hold his hand, just for a second, to feel Nico's skin against his in the most innocent of ways.

"Thao?" Nico sat up. Thanatos' heart skipped a beat - he hadn't noticed when the boy woke up and now he had no excuse for creepily staring at him while he slept. So instead he just looked away,

"I-I...err...," he stuttered. Nico looked at him with sleepy, confused eyes, his hair a mess on top of his head. His night shirt slid off one shoulder, revealing pale skin that Thanatos just wanted to kiss so bad.

"Why are you here?" Nico mumbled. Thanatos thought that if he could blush he would be right now,

"I-I couldn't sleep," his hands were shaking for some stupid reason and he curled them into fists at
"You don't sleep, idiot," Nico rolled his eyes. Thanatos sighed.

"I know. I just...," he bit his lip. He seemed to be doing that a lot these days but somehow it stopped him from tackling Nico whenever he saw him, which was good, "I was restless."

"So you came here?" Nico didn't seem to be creeped out by that. In fact he kind of smiled gently, in that adorable way that made Thanatos’ careful plans fall apart. He just gave an awkward shrug because it was as if his breath was snatched away. He wanted to kiss Nico, touch him, he was so close just- "Wanna watch a movie?" Nico asked, pushing the hair out of his face, "since you so rudely woke me up."

"U-Um...s-sure," Thanatos stuttered, not really wanting to sit with Nico in close proximity out of fear he'd do something stupid, but unable to bring himself to leave the boy either. Not yet.

Nico stepped out of the shadows into his father's palace.

"Father!" he called and his voice echoed through the castle, bouncing off walls.

"Ah, Nico," Hades seemed to come out of nowhere. His face was cold as usual, "Back again?"

"Yeah," Nico said, "I'm going to see Thao."

Hades raised an eyebrow, "Why are you constantly spending time with Thanatos? He has a job, you know."

"I rather spend time with him than you," Nico said, brushing past Hades. The God sighed, "Nico-" he started, but the boy was already gone, trudging down the dead fields to where the Doors of Death were currently. The boy found Thanatos leaning against the chains next to them, playing Candy Crush on his black IPad. The second the God saw Nico coming towards him he jumped to his feet. Nico's step faltered, for some time now Thanatos had been acting weird around Nico and it was seriously unsettling.

Though if it meant they got to watch movies together in the middle of the night, than Nico didn't really mind.

His feeling towards Thanatos were weird...it's like every time Nico was with him his heart would do a little happy dance and butterflies would fucking explode in his belly and he'd feel stupidly safe even though he was in hell. It's like everything stopped existing when he was around Thanatos. With Percy it wasn't like that - it was a blind admiration and then anger turned into lust. With Thanatos it was all...so complicated. It's like Nico couldn't understand the extent of his emotions, was too afraid to try and accept them.

And now Thanatos was acting all weird and Nico was even more confused.

"Hi," Nico said carefully, stopping in front of the God. Thanatos was nervous, and...was he blushing?! "I-I got you something," he stuttered, and from behind his back he drew a bunch of...something.

"Err...," Nico peered at the dead, withered things, "What...what is it?"

Thanatos took his eyes off Nico and looked down at his present. His face fell,
"Oh," he said in a small voice, and the look on his face made Nico die a bit inside, "they were flowers. I guess they died." He drew his arm back, "Sorry-"

"No!" Nico said quickly and snatched the flowers away. Then he grabbed the God's hand in his and then shadow-traveled them into the Hades cabin. When they arrived inside, Thanatos was staring down at their interlinked hands and only now Nico noticed how warm the God's one was in his. It made his flush and step away and he frantically searched for a vase to put the flowers in, babbling about something stupid.

When he wasn't getting a response, Nico saw that Thanatos was gone, and he had left behind a vase filled with silvery water. Unsure, Nico put the dead flowers into it. Silvery threads wrapped themselves around them, and miraculously restored them back to full health. Nico stared, his breath taken away. The vase was filled with the most gorgeous red roses the boy had ever seen in his life.

He sat on the bed and stared at the flowers with a stupid grin on his face, and his heart fluttered in his chest as if it was going to fly away.

"Where are we going?" Nico blinked. All Thanatos told him was to dress nicely, so Nico had - in a white button up shirt and black jeans - and now he was walking with his friend through New York. Thanatos himself was dressed in a similar shirt to Nico's, but in black, and his long hair was tied back in a ponytail. Some strands escaped to frame his face, and Nico really wanted to brush them away if only he could goddamn reach, but Thanatos was just too damn tall.

"I told you," the God said, "I'm taking you out to eat."

"Why?" Nico's brows furrowed.

"Because we're friends," Thanatos said, and it stung Nico so much that he grew quiet. Friends.

Thanatos led Nico into a fancy restaurant. The carpets were red and little tables were set around the room, candles glowing brightly on them as the chandelier's illuminated everything else. It all had an intimate feel to it, especially the small band playing slow songs in the corner. Nico felt horribly out of place here so he stuck close to Thanatos, who confirmed his reservation.

A waiter walked them to a table in the corner and the two sat down. Nico fidgeted nervously, "What is it?" Thanatos frowned.

"N-Nothing...," Nico mumbled, "this is just...weird."

"Weird?" Thanatos asked, "do you want to go somewhere else?"

Nico offered him a small, shy smile, "No, it's okay."

They picked up the menu and somehow they both started giggling at the names of the dishes, before blindly ordering some. The waiter brought wine. They both had some and the atmosphere loosened up,

"I can't believe you took shots with President Kennedy."

Thanatos nodded his head solemnly. They were half-way through their meal and Nico was getting a bit tipsy, although the alcohol wasn't affecting the God. He ate the food off his plate and then Nico groaned in delight,
"You need to taste this," he mumbled, and stabbed his fork into some seafood on his plate, offering it to Thanatos. The God felt his face heat up, which he didn't even understand because he like never blushed, and shyly ate the food off of Nico's fork. The boy watched him fondly and Thanatos leaned back,

"It's good." He said quietly. Nico grinned happily at him. The two finished their meal, Thanatos paid, and then they were out on the cool streets again.

"Thanks for taking me out," Nico slurred, leaning against Thanatos heavily. He was tired and over-fed and sleepy and a tiny bit drunk, "it was awesome."

Thanatos smiled softly at the boy and wrapped an arm around his shoulders to keep him steady.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"The flowers, this date," Nico mumbled, "are you trying to woo me?" he looked up at Thanatos as if he figured out his whole plan. Which he kinda did.

"Now why would you think that?" the God asked, trying to play innocent. Nico's eyes were weirdly fixed on the God's lips,

"I don't know," he said quietly, pressing closer into Thanatos, "I just...I kinda wanted that..."

"That?"

"Wanted you to woo me. Not that you haven't already," Nico said. Then suddenly he tackled Thanatos into a wall.

"Woah! What are you doing?!" the God gripped Nico's shoulders, keeping him at bay. The boy leaned in determinedly.

"I want to kiss. Come on, just kiss me," he demanded.

"Nico! You're drunk!" Thanatos spluttered, "no!" he was so confused and surprised by this sudden outburst from the mortal that he didn't know what to do. Nico desperately tried to get closer, and the God pushed him away, hard. Nico stumbled back and caught himself on a low wall, looking at Thanatos with wide eyes. The God suddenly felt horrible for pushing him away,

"I-I'm sorry," Nico's eyes filled with tears, "I-I just thought t-that you wanted me t-too-"

"Nico-" Thanatos started desperately extending a hand towards him, but Nico flinched away,

"Fuck. I'm so s-sorry," he whispered and then melted into the shadows.

Nico came into his cabin, exhausted after a whole day of teaching Ares kids how to fight without hacking each other's body parts off, and he found a black envelope on his pillow. The boy looked around in confusion, but the cabin was empty. From experience Nico knew that it would be better not to touch things he didn't know anything about, so he put his sword in the corner of the cabin and then disappeared into the bathroom.

He and Thanatos hadn't seen each other since that fatal evening when Nico tried to kiss him. It all just kind of got out of hand, Nico's emotions took over and...he just didn't know why he did it. He was just so confused and it seemed like Thanatos was trying to court him. Nico liked that, and he loved Thanatos. A lot. And his rejection hurt like a bitch.
When the son of Hades came out twenty minutes later, he had a towel wrapped around his waist and his hair was damp and the envelope seemed to be glaring at him. Nico couldn't stand it - he was too curious. He sat down at the edge of his bed and picked the envelope up, turning it in his hands. It was soft, not like the common Tesco envelope, and sealed properly. At the back, in silver, spidery handwriting, it was written 'Nico.'

The boy's hands were shaking as he gently undid the seal. A creamy piece of neatly folded paper spilled onto his bed alongside several rose petals. Nico's heart sped up when he realized it was a love letter, and he was almost too nervous to read it. Still, his curiosity got the better of him and he unfolded the paper, biting down on his lip.

His hands shook too much for him to read it properly, so Nico put it down on his pillow and hugged himself as he read the words, written in the small spidery handwriting but this time in inky black.

*My love,*

*I don't know what to say that would even begin to express the feelings I have for you. Unfortunately I am too afraid to say this to your face, and so I'm writing it here, on this paper. My hands are shaking and I can't really think straight but I just want you to know that I have fallen in love with you in a way that I have never fallen for anybody else. I know that you don't share my feelings and I am good with that if only you remain at my side.*

*No, but seriously, Nico. I'm so in love with you. I'm sorry to dump this on you all of a sudden but I don't know what else to do. You're the only one who's ever cared, and you're the most beautiful person to walk the earth, for all the time I've been alive. You're so wonderful and if you find this too hard to bear then I understand if you choose to not see me again.*

*But I love you. That's all I really wanted to say.*

- Thanatos.

Nico stared at the paper, reading over it again and again, his heart twisting painfully in his chest, until he couldn't read it anymore because his vision was blurry with tears. He clutched the letter to his heart and cried quietly, tears streaming down his face, as everything dawned on him. He shoved the piece of paper under his pillow and wiped his tears and scrambled to his feet and - came face to face with Thanatos.

"Hades." Thanatos stormed into the castle. Hades, who had been arguing with Persephone, turned to his friend,

"Thanatos," he blinked, "I haven't seen you in a while."

"I came to ask you something."

"What?"

Thanatos took a deep breath and Persephone walked out, leaving the two men alone.

"Hades, I would like to ask for your son's hand in marriage."

A heavy silence settled over the chamber and Hades looked down at his friend with wide eyes,

"You're joking, right?" he managed eventually. Thanatos shook his head,
"No," he said in a small voice, "I love him. I want to be with him."

"That's absurd!" Hades growled.

"Hades, please," Thanatos started forward, "I'll be good for him. I'll protect him-

"You?!" Hades spat, "You're an old man in a young body. You know love, Thanatos, and you know death. This...infatuation," Hades waved the word off, "you have with Nico is nothing! Years pass in a blink of an eye and he will be gone soon, and then what?!"

"Then make him a God," Thanatos said desperately.

"Are you insane?!"

"I love him," the God of death pleaded, "I can't leave without him," Hades turned away, "Hades please. I come to you as a friend. I never asked for anything but... Nico's everything I ever wanted. He's the only thing I ever wanted." The king of the dead turned to face him, and his face was unreadable, "Hades," Thanatos said softly, "Please let me marry Nico."

"If he'll have you," Hades said quietly, "then I think you're worthy. You have my blessing."

Thanatos shoulder's slumped in relief,

"Thank you," he gave Hades a quick bow and then he unfurled his wings and took off, soaring out of the underworld.

Now...would Nico have him?

The two stared at each other, holding their breaths.

"Nico-" Thanatos started.

"I got your letter," Nico was blushing, and his eyes were glazed over. Thanatos didn't know how to respond, but Nico continued speaking, "I thought you hated me."

"No," the God of death said softly, "I don't."

"Why do you want to be with me?" Nico asked suddenly, "I'm just a pathetic mortal and I'll die soon anyway and-

"I don't care," Thanatos said, fiercely, stepping forward. He took Nico's hands in his, "I'm in love with you, and I'll be in love with you until you die, and then I'll still love you then," he swore.

"Thao," Nico said softly. Thanatos dropped to one knee, still clutching Nico's hands,

"I know I don't have much to give you," he whispered, "I know I'm just some God guarding a door and that we can't be together forever but...fuck, Nico, I love you. So will you marry me?"

Nico tackled him to the floor, arms wrapped around the God, and he hovered above him,

"Yes, yes, yes," he whispered, pressing their foreheads together, eyes squeezed shut to stop the tears, "a thousand times yes."

Thanatos flipped them over so Nico was below him and he pressed their lips together. Nico exhaled against the God's mouth as if he'd been holding his breath the whole time, and maybe he
had. Thanatos' hands gently gripped Nico's waist as they kissed slowly, as if suddenly they had all the time in the world. Their lips fit together perfectly, as if the two were meant for each other and it physically hurt to know that this would end soon. But for now, neither of them cared as long as they were close to each other.

"When do you want to get married," Nico asked, in-between feverish kisses.

"Tomorrow. Today. Let's get married right now." Thanatos jumped to his feet and pulled Nico up with him,

"Let me find Zeus. I'm getting us married right now."

They got married right there, in Hades' palace, and literally just managed to get Hazel and Frank down, before Thanatos whisked Nico off to their honeymoon. Nico wasn't really complaining, or paying attention to anything, because he was too busy kissing Thanatos, clinging onto him, drunk on how close they were. Everything was spinning, it all seemed so surreal. Only hours before Nico felt so goddamn lonely and now here he was, in another man's arms, and he never felt so happy in his life.

They were in a cottage by the sea. It was dark inside, the only light coming from the Chinese lanterns strung outside of the windows. But neither of the men cared, hands searching each other's bodies. Thanatos somehow found the bed and then he pushed Nico onto it. He gazed down on to the man with gentle eyes and then he kissed Nico. The mortal smiled,

"I love you," he whispered. Thanatos unfurled his wings and tucked them snugly around the two of them, like a blanket.

"I know," he brushed his nose gently against Nico's. He pressed the boy down into the pillows, their lips sliding together in a perfect dance, breaths mingling together as the God explored Nico's mouth, the mortal's hands curling into the sheets.

Thanatos snapped his fingers and suddenly all of Nico's clothes were gone.

"Woah," the mortal gasped against the other man's mouth, "what happened to going slow?"

"Don't worry," Thanatos was already marking Nico's pale, flawless body with his hot mouth, sucking angry red and pale pink kissed into his skin, "we have all the time we need right now," but not forever, "and I will use it to map your gorgeous body and etch it into my memory," he grinned up at Nico, "but we'll leave that for later."

He swooped back up and nipped at Nico's collarbone, before kissing a messy, wet trail up his neck. Nico's breath hitched in his throat and he let out a surprised moan when the God kissed him on the lips roughly, tongue sliding in between the boys parted lips,

"Unless you want me to go slow," Thanatos whispered, his fingers brushing softly against the inside of Nico's thigh, dangerously close to his cock, "To take my time on you," he felt the mortal shiver underneath him, his beautiful eyes wide and dark. There was a blush on Nico's cheeks that Thanatos found terribly endearing.

"W-Whatever you want," Nico mumbled, dazed. So Thanatos captured his swollen lips again in a hungry, bruising kiss. As their tongues fought for dominance, he snuck his hand down between Nico's legs and stroked the boy's cock into complete hardness. Nico moaned softly and Thanatos roughly manhandled him so his legs were wrapped around the God's waist.

Thanatos whispered something under his breath and suddenly Nico felt his hole being stretched
and lubed up magically. The boy's back arched at the sudden intrusion of invisible fingers fucking him fast and he let out a helpless cry as heat coiled up inside him.

Thanatos groaned into Nico's shoulder and he couldn't hold himself back any longer, pushing hard and fast into the wanting, ready man beneath him.

"No, no oh please," Nico whispered breathlessly as Thanatos' massive, cock entered him. The boy couldn't seem to catch his breath as they were all wasted on the loud moans pulled from him as he was filled to the brim with throbbing hardness. Thanatos groaned at the heat hungrily swallowing him up, and gazed down at Nico, who was flushed and panting. The God kissed his neck,

"N-Nico, baby," he whispered, "are you okay?"

"Yes, yes," Nico keened, hands coming up to grip Thanatos' shoulders, "f-fuck o-oh gods...feels so good, T-Thao, fuck me, fuck me, o-oh yes p-please-"

Thanatos bit Nico's neck and then he was thrusting into the boy, hot and hard and fast, stuffing his hole full of cock. He might've used a bit of godly power to eliminate any pain but Nico didn't seem to mind as he sobbed in ecstasy, hips pressing desperately into Thanatos. The God felt drunk on Nico, his perfect body, his smell, his taste. He couldn't control himself, with a growl he pulled himself up and got Nico into his lap, impaling him on his cock.

The mortal moaned and arched his back, sweet glistening on his body as his hips desperately lifted and dropped on Thanatos' cock, swallowing him up feverishly.

"Nico," Thanatos whispered hotly against the boys neck, "Jesus you're so perfect, fuck just look at you. So needy, so desperate..." he captured Nico's mouth in his own.

"I'm g-gonna come," the Italian sobbed against his lips.

"No," Thanatos growled and Nico felt an invisible hand wrap around the base of his dick, preventing him from reaching completion. Nico gasped and suddenly Thanatos was on his feet, slamming Nico against the wall, and the mortal forgot his protests.

"Yes, y-yes," Nico growled, hands scrambling on the wall for purchase, "fuck me, h-harder, more...fuck, m-more please-"

"You're mine," Thanatos whispered, spreading Nico's legs apart and watched Nico's hole pull his cock into him, further and further.

Nico's hair stuck to his sweaty face, eyes closed and mouth open, his body riding up and down the wall as Thanatos fucked him. The God realized that he was going too hard, too fast on Nico's human body, but somehow the mortal was taking all of it, an begging for more.

"L-Let me c-come," Nico sobbed, "I-I have to, it's s-so hot, please-"

Thanatos slammed Nico into the floor and the boy's legs fell open on their own accord. Nico was boneless as Thanatos fucked him mercilessly, reduced to a screaming mess on the ground, the pleasure overtaking his body.

Thanatos wasn't going to last, not with the noises Nico was making, hole clenching around the God's cock.

"I love you," Thanatos whispered and kissed Nico. With a flick of his wrist, the hand around Nico's cock was gone and he was coming, so, so much, splatterig white everywhere, riding his
ecstasy. Thanatos gasped and then he was filling Nico with his cum, which somehow caused the mortal to come again, whimpering helplessly.

After they were done they fell asleep, tangled in each others arms, Thanatos' wings wrapped protectively around Nico. They woke up a few hours later and then Thanatos kept his promise and he took his time taking Nico apart again, kissing every freckle on his cheeks and kissing invisible shapes into his chest. He fucked Nico slowly until the boy was shaking underneath him, hands tangled in the God's hair.

It was all so perfect it hurt. The two sat on the beach later on, just the two of them, and kissed and held onto each other, and they only had a few measly years but it was okay because at that moment it seemed like forever.
Jason loved his job. From an ambulance technician he became a paramedic and then proceeded on to becoming a nurse at the age of twenty five. And now he worked in the cancer ward and although it was a hard job, both physically and mentally, and a lot of the time Jason ended up curled in a ball at home, crying because he lost another patient, it was worth it for the huge amounts of people that survived and came back to thank and hug him. They were worth it. The lives saved made it all worth it.

Leo Valdez made it worth it too. He stayed in the mixed ward for a long time, after being diagnosed with stage two lung cancer. He graduated university and worked at a little mechanics shop with his half brother, Charlie, and half sister, Nyssa. He was twenty two and the most full of life person Jason had met. He came on and off to the hospital, and stayed anywhere from a couple hours to a few weeks.

And Jason was kind of in love with him.

***

Leo walked into the hospital, a bag slung over one shoulder, his curls kept out of his eyes with a
bandanna. Jason was wearing his ugly pale blue overalls and a bright grin on his face,

"Well, well, well, look what the cat dragged in," he said when he saw Leo. Beckendorf and Nyssa were behind him.

"Beat it, Grace," Leo rolled his eyes fondly but when Jason pulled him in for a quick hug, he didn't protest. "I would say it's good to see you buddy, but I guess in this case it isn't." Leo offered a lopsided grin to Jason. The blonde ruffled his hair,

"Hey, you'll be okay," he said, "Room 9. As usual."

"Gotcha boss," Leo winked and then hugged his siblings quickly. "I'll call you guys later."

"Okay," the girl nibbled on her lip, "we'll come tomorrow and dad should be here Wednesday."

"You sure you'll be okay? You have food and everything?" Beckendorf made sure.

"Yes, yes," Leo laughed, eyes twinkling, "i've got Jason to take care of me, don't I?"

The two nodded, hugged their half brother again and walked off. Jason saw Leo's shoulders visibly slump and then he gave Jason a tired smile,

"It really is good to see you," he said quietly, and only now Jason noticed the dark circles under his eyes. He reached out and squeezed the boy's shoulder and then Leo was off, walking towards his room, and Jason felt weirdly empty. He made his rounds for the evening, telling families that they had to go because visiting hours were over.

He made sure that Annabeth was ready for her operation tomorrow and that Nico was comfortable in his new room. Then he walked back to Leo's room and knocked on the door. He didn't wait for the Latino to let him in, and just slipped inside. Leo was unpacking, placing all of his little trinkets around the room. He had gotten skinnier since the last time Jason saw him.

The nurse leaned against the door and crossed his arms over his chest,

"I'm going home. Wanted to see if you've settled in."

"Yeah," Leo said, "this place is practically my home, as sad as that sounds."

Jason nodded and bit his lip, "Hazel wanted to see you. She fell asleep."

Leo's face softened, "I know. I'll talk to her tomorrow. Give Thalia my kisses when you get home."

"I will," Jason noticed that Leo's small hands were shaking more than usual, "Leo." He said softly, "are you okay?"

"Yeah, course," Leo gave a strained laugh that sounded so fake that Jason winced.

"No you're not," he said gently. He wasn't really meant to pry into patients private lives but this was Leo, and Jason was his friend. He watched the Latino's smile fall off his lips,

"My boyfriend broke up with me three weeks ago," he whispered brokenly, "my dad's getting another divorce. I've got an operation on Friday," he took a shaky breath and Jason realized that he was crying. Leo almost never cried, "I can't stand it."

Jason pulled him into his arms, this time hugging him tightly. Leo calmed his breathing, and stopped his tears as he clung onto Jason.
"It's okay to cry," Jason whispered. Leo shook his head against the blonde's shoulder, "No," he murmured, "I'm saving it for later." He stepped away, "Give my kisses to Thalia."

***

Jason just finished checking someone's blood pressure and he went down to the cafeteria to get a coffee, when his phone buzzed.

*Leo the King: You on break?*

Jason smiled and ordered two coffees; one black and one over sweetened with lots of sugar and spices.

*You: How did you know? XD*

*Leo the King: I stalk you.*

*Nah, joking. Wanna go for a walk? My room stinks like death.*

*You: Gimme 5.*

Five minutes later Jason meet Leo in front of the hospital entrance. It was a warm day and nurses were wheeling around patients in wheelchairs, and families walked around with their kids, enjoying the small amount of time they had together. Jason took a moment to look at Leo, leaning against the wall with an absent look on his face. The sunlight danced on his beautiful face and lit up his face, and it made Jason happy to see that maybe he hadn't changed.

He came over and handed the black coffee to Leo without a word. The Latino smiled, "Thanks," he said, "the stuff they give us tastes like ass."

"Oh," Jason raised an eyebrow, "and you know what ass tasted like?"

"Ugh, you know what I mean," Leo playfully smacked his arm. The two walked away from the main, crowded bit of the hospital and ventured into the nearby park. It was a lot calmer here since it was a Tuesday and everyone was working or at school. Jason and Leo walked around a bit, just catching up on each other's lives. Jason told Leo about the fact that Thalia, his sister, finally got her shit together and decided to move out. Leo ranted to Jason about his dickhead boyfriend who broke up with Leo over text because he couldn't handle the fact that Leo had cancer.

Jason shook his head but didn't try and justify the dickhead boyfriend, because he was so insanely jealous. That guy had Leo and he just let him go, like he was going to find anyone better. Jason would give anything to be with the Latino.

The two sat down on the park bench and Leo pulled out a crusty baguette (he refused to tell Jason where it came from) and they fed ducks. There was one lonely duck in the back that the two constantly tried to feed, but the other ducks kept stealing its food because they were bigger and stronger. Leo got increasingly more frustrated.

"Fuck this," he growled. Before Jason could react, Leo jumped into the lake, scaring all but the lonely duck away.

"Leo!" Jason yelled. The Latino broke away bits of the baguette, waist deep in water, and fed it to the duck from his hand. When he was done he waded back out, dripping wet. "You idiot!" Jason
growled, wrapping his hoodie around Leo's skinny shoulders, "you're so stupid! You're gonna catch a cold!"

"A cold's not gonna kill me," Leo grinned up at Jason, huddling in his hoodie, looking like he was having the time of his life.

***

Jason was slumped against one of the uncomfortable plastic chairs in the corridor, drinking coffee. His clothes were stained with blood from the A&E accident that happened earlier. He was still shaking from it, so many patients...it's been a while. Jason got so used to all the calm, quiet patients in his ward that he forgot how hectic A&E got.

"You alright?" Leo appeared at his side and Jason brightened up. He looked up at the boy, dressed in an over-sized beige sweater. Leo hated hospital gowns.

"Accident in A&E," Jason mumbled. Leo nodded solemnly,

"I can see," he gestured at Jason's clothes, "my dad came to visit today."

"Oh. How did that go?"

Leo shrugged, "Awkward. It's like he's forgotten how to act around me since the whole cancer thing."

"What about Beckendorf and Nyssa?"

"They're coming tomorrow."

"Give them my kisses." Jason smiled.

"I've got the operation on Friday."

"I know."

"Chemo." Leo whispered.

"Chemo." Jason nodded. A silence settled over them, a tired silence. And then Leo spoke again,

"Curfew's in a few minutes. Do you want to go out and get smashed?"

Jason snorted and stood up, "Leo, you're a patient and I'm your nurse. If you think I'm going to sneak you out."

"I want to pick someone up," Leo said. Jason blinked, surprised, and then winced at the sudden pain in his heart, "While I still have hair and stuff." Leo shrugged, "So...please?"

Jason sighed.

***

The blonde waited in his car outside of the hospital. It was cold but dry, and Leo slipped into the car with a bright grin on his face.

"Guess who got away," he sang. Jason rolled his eyes and pulled out, driving up the deserted road,
"So where do you wanna go? A club?" he asked.

"Nah, I changed my mind," Leo said, "let's just go somewhere and get drunk. Just us two. I don't want strangers around me."

His words warmed Jason's heart so he drove to a little playground. The two of them walked out of the car and Jason made sure Leo was warm enough. They sat down on the swings and Jason pulled out the vodka bottle,

"I'm the worst nurse ever," he complained, passing it to Leo.

"But you're the best friend ever," the Latino said, drinking some. Leo drank half the bottle and soon his body was buzzing with warmth. Jason didn't have any because he had to drive. Leo swung lightly on his swing, "Thanks for coming tonight, I needed someone."

"No problem," Jason smiled, "I'm always here for you."

"I know," Leo whispered, "I'm scared for Friday."

"I know."

"Jason," Leo looked at him with wide, fearful eyes, "I'm not gonna die am I?" he whispered. Jason's heart almost broke in two and he reached out to take Leo's soft, warm hand in his,

"No, Leo," he murmured, "you won't die."

"Will it hurt more?" Leo bit his lip, "More than it already hurts?"

Jason rubbed his thumb over the back of Leo's hand wishing he could take the pain away.

"No. I don't know." he whispered, not wanting to lie, "But I'll be here. No matter what. And you'll be fine."

Leo shook his head, "I'll lose my hair," he slurred. Jason shrugged.

"So?"

"Nobody will want me," Leo had tears in his eyes, "I'll look like an egg."

"No you won't!" Jason stood up and hugged Leo into his chest, "You'll look great. Like a real badass."

Leo smiled softly and sniffed a bit, "Thanks."

***

Jason didn't see Leo on Thursday, but Friday morning Piper from Midwifery came and got him.

"Leo is going into chemo and they're putting him under. He's asking for you," she said breathlessly. Jason dropped the paperwork he was filling out and sprinted to Oncology. Leo was dressed in one of the operation gowns, looking petrified. He was hooked up to an IV.

"J-Jason," he stuttered when he saw the blonde. The nurse took his hand,

"Hey, it's okay. You're okay."

Leo shook his head desperately,
"N-No," he whispered, "I'm g-going to die-"

"You won't die," Jason said, determined, "you'll be fine. Okay? Yeah?"

Leo's blinking got slower, "I don't want to die," he slurred.

"You won't," Jason said, squeezing Leo's hand. He didn't realize he was crying until one of the doctors gently pulled him away and out of the room. He collapsed into a plastic chair and for once understood what all those families went through.

***

A few hours later Jason was called to Leo's room. He found the Latino hooked to tubes and IV's, a cap on his head, and tubes up his nose. His eyes were half lidded and he didn't look fully awake. But he was alive and to Jason that was wonderful.

"Hi," Jason whispered,

"Hi," Leo looked at him tiredly. He unclenched one of his fists and Jason slotted his finger's inbetween the other boy's,

"How do you feel?" Jason asked.

"Shit."

Jason smiled, "You're alive."

Leo closed his eyes, "Yeah...thank you."

"For what?" Jason frowned.

"For being with me...a-and hold my hand."

"It's my job," Jason smiled softly.

"It's not your job to hold my hand," Leo whispered, "or to be my friend. The world's spinning. I can't feel my legs."

"It's the anesthesia wearing off," Jason reassured him. Leo nodded softly,

"I think I'm going to sleep it off," he murmured. Jason squeezed his hand,

"Okay. I'll go."

"You can stay...if you want."

Jason smiled, "Okay."

Leo shifted to get more comfortable and shut his eyes. Jason thought he fell asleep after a few minutes but then Leo spoke again, in a tiny, tiny voice.

"Jason?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you."
And then he did fall asleep and Jason's heart didn't stop beating fast for half an hour.

***

Leo didn't remember it. The confession. Jason spent more time with him, and somehow he couldn't bring himself to tell the boy that he loved him too - not when he knew that Leo would push him away because of his cancer. So Jason kept him in even though it slowly killed him. Leo's hair came out in clumps and every time Jason saw him more patches appeared on his head. Leo would go red and avoid mirrors and it hurt Jason because he was still beautiful.

But eventually Leo couldn't stand it anymore.

"Are you sure?" Jason asked again, meeting Leo's eyes in the mirror. The Latino nodded and tucked a curl behind his ear,

"Do it."

Jason sighed and switched the machine on. It buzzed and soon curls were falling to the floor as Jason shaved Leo's head. It was a long process, cutting all the curls and then making sure there were no weird left overs. And Leo wouldn't look at himself, wouldn't talk. When it was done, Jason put the machine away,

"Hey," he said softly. Leo shook his head and a tear rolled down his cheek,

"I don't wanna look," he whispered. Jason turned the chair around so Leo could face him,

"Well, can I look?" he asked. Leo peered at him shyly. He might've been bald but he was still fucking stunning and Jason really wanted to tell him that but somehow he couldn't find the words. Silently, Leo picked up the bandanna and tied it around his head.

"Don't," Jason tugged on it, getting it down. Leo rolled his eyes, "Come on. At least look."

Leo sighed and turned angrily to the mirror. Jason watched his expression change from shock to anger to disgust. The Latino turned away quickly,

"I hate it," there were tears in his eyes. He tried to duck under Jason's arm, but the blonde wrapped it securely around him,

"Leo," he breathed. Leo tried to free himself, but Jason wrapped his other arm around him and held on tight.

"You're beautiful," he said.

"Shut up," Leo hissed. He was crying, tears rolling down his face. Angry at the world, Jason pushed him down onto the bed. Leo looked surprised when Jason pinned him down, and then his surprise turned to anger, "Get the fuck off me, Grace," he growled.

"No."

"Jason!" Leo tried to free himself, trying to hold back tears, "Just let-"

He didn't get to finish. Jason leaned down and kissed him on the lips, hard and demanding. Leo gasped and his body tensed. Jason gently cupped Leo's face and forced himself to make the kiss more gentle, and Leo's eyes fluttered shut, his body relaxing against Jason's. The blonde pulled away slightly,
"You're beautiful," he repeated, more quietly, "absolutely stunning. And quite frankly I don't care if you have hair or not. You're gorgeous either way," Leo stared at him with wide eyes, "and it doesn't matter because even if you were a troll I'd still think you're the most beautiful person on earth because I'm in love with you."

Leo opened and closed his mouth a few times, his eyes filling with tears again.

"I-I-I...," he stuttered. Jason smiled,

"It's okay. You don't have to say anything - you already did."

"W-When?"

"When you were under anesthetic. Before you fell asleep, you said you loved me."

"Oh man," Leo blushed and buried his face in his hands. Jason kissed the top of his head,

"It made me really happy," he murmured, "you make me really happy."

Leo peered at Jason through his fingers, "Jas, I could die."

"I don't care. It doesn't make my feelings for you any weaker," the blonde said solemnly.

"But the chemo..."

"I don't care," Jason said again. Leo exhaled and then reached up to wrap his arms around Jason's neck, pulling him down,

"I'm glad," he murmured, their lips sliding together again.
The Things Leo Hates

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this one turned kinda shit I can't feel my fingers. for PrayMyHeartBeats

Can you do one when Nico finds out that Leo is cutting (his hips so none sees) and that he doesn't sleep

Leo hated loads of things - when it got cold, his friends getting hurt, waking up late, cold showers, bullying, chick flicks...but he hated one thing more than anything else.

His body.

Leo had a massive personality and it was all compressed in a tiny, weak body. The Latino knew his power was in his hands and mind and fire, but not in his body.

Surrounded by strong demigods it constantly irked him, knowing that he would always be worse than them. All his life he was told that he was not good enough for anyone, and that nobody would ever fall for him.

And Leo's defense mechanism was to hurt himself. He cut his wrists - it relieved his hate for himself and pulled him away from the grim reality of everyday, the constant reminder that he would always be alone. It was Annabeth and Percy, Hazel and Frank, Piper and Jason, and Leo and his razors. But then his friends started asking questions and he had to stop the cutting.

Then he found a new place. A new place where everyone always told him nobody would look.
His hips. His bony, ugly hips.

Leo pressed the razor into his hips and slit the soft skin, letting blood travel down his legs. It stung and ached and Leo was sobbing every time he did it but it helped.

Then Nico ruined everything. Not only did he confess his love to Leo, but he also demanded that Leo went out with him. And Leo were just sitting in the Hades cabin, sketching some maps, when Leo suddenly looked up and saw Nico staring at him.

"What?" Leo said self-consciously touching his face. Nico smiled the softest smile ever,

"Nothing," he murmured, cupping the back of Leo's head and pulling him forward to kiss him. Leo relaxed when he felt Nico's lips touch his. But Nico didn't stop at a mere, innocent kiss. He slipped his tongue into Leo's mouth and then shadow traveled then on top of the bed.

Leo gasped for breath, head spinning from the sudden place change and gazed up at Nico.

"I want to have sex with you," the Italian informed him, mouth coming down to place hot kisses down his neck. Leo moaned at the heat curling in his stomach, and fuck, he wanted to. But he already thought he wasn't enough for Nico, and if the other boy saw his scars...Leo bit his lip and gently pushed Nico away.

"I...err, um..."

Nico frowned and gently touched Leo's face, "Something's wrong." He said, "what is it?"

Leo forced a strained laugh, "What? N-No, nothing."

"Leo Valdez you are a terrible liar," Nico scoffed. He was still above Leo, and could pin him down if he wanted to. But he didn't. He didn't want to keep Leo down by force, he wanted him to stay by choice. Leo looked up at him with unsure eyes. The Latino trusted Nico more than anyone, and yet...when he found himself around the son of Hades his insecurities only grew, because Nico was so stunning and he...wasn't.

"It's okay if you're not ready," Nico continued in a soft voice, "I get that...but for some reason I have a feeling its something else."

"I-I..." Leo's heart was beating fast, "It's just that...I have scars."

"We've all got scars," Nico whispered, tucking Leo's curl behind his ear. The Latino made a frustrated noise,

"You don't get it," he sighed, "my scars...they're different."

Nico sat back on the bed and tugged Leo up with him, "Okay, I'll show you mine if you show me yours?" he said with a cheeky grin. Leo rolled his eyes but then he sighed,

"Can we at least turn the lights off?" he asked in a small voice. Nico stood up and flipped the lights off before lighting a candle, casting enough light so he and Leo could see each other. The Latino sighed. Of course Nico wouldn't let them do this in the dark...and his scars were a bit too symmetric to put them down to accidents at work.

The Italian settled himself back opposite Leo and smiled,

"Should I go first?" he asked. Leo nodded and watched as Nico pulled his shirt over his head. He was tall and pale and nicely muscled, not too much, just enough. Leo wanted to touch his skin,
feel Nico's body beneath his hands. Nico took Leo's hand and placed it over a barely visible, jagged cut on his ribs,

"I was fighting a Chimera," he said softly, and with a fond smile, "it got me with a claw."

Nico's skin was warm under Leo's trembling fingers, and the scar felt like a part of him, small and pink. Nico moved Leo's hand up onto his shoulder, where a scar ran from the bottom of his neck to his elbow, "A shallow cut," Nico said quietly, "When I was teaching Hazel she nicked me with her sword. She never got over it."

"Did it hurt?" Leo asked, shifting closer so he could admire Nico more.

"A little bit," The Italian shrugged. He let go of Leo's hand and the Latino ran it up to just underneath Nico's ear, where a small, darker scar rested. Leo frowned and Nico shivered from the warmth radiating off of him,

"What happened here?" The Latino breathed.

"A Drakon blew fire onto someone's shield. It exploded and a bit hit me. I didn't realize until after the battle, when one of the Apollo kids pulled it out."


"It didn't hurt," he murmured, "your turn."

Leo gathered up his courage. He knew he'd have to show Nico sooner or later, and Nico wouldn't be rude about it. Leo knew that although Nico could leave him, he'd do it kindly. So he took a deep breath and tugged his shirt off, over his head. Nico gazed over his skinny chest and then wrapped an arm around Leo's waist, bringing them together so they could kiss again.

"You've got no scars," Nico whispered.

"No," Leo wiggled out of his embrace and laid down onto the pillows, thinking he might be sick. Nico climbed on top of him, frowning. The Latino slipped his sweat pants off and he watched as Nico's eyes widened when he saw his hips. There were red and pink and pale brown lines decorating his skin, crisscrossing, not neat. Ugly, just like the rest of Leo.

And Nico just kept staring and staring and staring...

"I can't do this," Leo whispered and tried to get up, tears stinging his eyes. He was going to be sick, he hated himself so much and now he was pushing this monstrosity onto Nico, who would surely-

Nico pushed him back onto the pillows, this time forcefully keeping him down.

"Leo," he whispered gently, "when did this start?"

"Let me go," Leo whimpered, tears in his eyes. Nico pulled him into a tight hug, holding the protesting boy close and pressing small kisses onto the top of his head.

"Don't push me away," Nico breathed, "Please. I can't stand seeing you hurt."

"But it helps," Leo whispered shakily. Nico pulled away so he could kiss Leo soundly on the lips,

"Leo," he murmured against Leo's soft mouth, "my Leo. You're breaking my heart."
"I'm sorry." Leo pulled away.

"Don't be," Nico whispered. He turned his wrists so that Leo could see the inside of them, and the soft pink lines decorating his skin. The Latino's breath caught in his throat, as his brain tried to understand what he was seeing. Slowly, the Latino turned his own hands over. The scars on his own wrists were a lot fresher than Nico's, but still there. Nico took Leo's hand and kissed the back of it, "I love you," he whispered.

Leo threw himself into Nico's arms and the Italian held him in his strong arms. Their hearts beat at the same frantic pace and Nico pushed Leo back down onto the covers, his thumbs brushing over the scars on Leo's hips. The Latino shivered and Nico slid their lips together in a messy, wet kiss.

"God, you're gorgeous," he told Leo, who flushed. Nico ducked his head down and kissed each and every scar on Leo's hips and when he was done, the Latino was a panting mess, and for once he didn't hate himself.
I kissed a girl

Aphrodite causes everyone to switch gender until the person's soulmate kisses them. Now that all the hottest and popular couples aren't apparent soulmates, it becomes utter mayhem as everyone wants to kiss them! The changed heroes will be protected by their soulmate and they kiss or fall in love. Those names which have a bracket after specifically mean that their gender was changed. (F)- Female & (M)- Male

Pairs- Jason x Percy (F); Frank x Leo (F); Luke and Nico (F); Will x Charles Beckendorf (F); Alabaster x Ethan (F). Piper (M) x Annabeth; Reyna (M) x Calypso; Hazel (M) x Silena Beauregard.

Percy blinked at the sunlight dancing on his face, and yawned. Another great day at camp, and the weather was beautiful. Percy smiled sleepily into his pillow and looked at Annabeth's sleeping face. His mood feel a bit as he was once again burdened by the realization that he didn't love her anymore. Even though they weren't having sex, weren't even kissing, Percy still felt guilty about telling her those three, hollow words.

He watched anxiously as the girl shifted in her sleep and then opened her eyes. She didn't smile at Percy, and for a moment the two stared at each other, awkwardly. Then Annabeth spoke slowly,

"Percy. What the actual fuck."

Percy's nose scrunched up, "What?" he asked. Annabeth jumped to her feet so fast it made Percy dizzy. She pulled the boy to his feet and then frog marched him to the mirror in the bathroom.

"Annabeth, what's going on?!" Percy asked, confused, "what's wrong-" the words fell from his lips when he saw his reflection. His hair was longer, falling in choppy sheets slightly past his shoulders. His face was still the same but his lips were bigger, jaw softer, eyebrows...more contained. Percy gulped and looked further down, he now had a slender neck and narrowed shoulders, and fucking boobs. They were really nice boobs as well, but Percy didn't care at the
moment. His stomach was flat, and his boxers hung loosely at his hips.

"Shit," he breathed.

"Cover yourself!" Annabeth chucked one of his t-shirts at him. Percy clutched it to his chest, still staring at his reflection, open mouthed.

"I'm a girl," he whispered. Annabeth came and stood next to him, looking panicked,

"Aphrodite," she stated.

"I'm a girl," Percy repeated. Annabeth growled low in her throat,

"Come, I'll give you some clothes. We need to sort this out."

Calypso was sitting with Rachel Elizabeth Dare in the Big House, playing a game of scrabble and talking about art, when her peaceful morning was disturbed by one, panicked Leo Valdez. Kinda.

"Calypso!" a girl screeched, tumbling into the room. Calypso blinked,

"Err...who are you?"

"It's me!" the girl glared at Calypso. She was pretty short, shorter than Cali, and her wild brown hair was spilling out past her ears out of the bandanna tied at the top. Her brown eyes were wide and panicked, and she wore male suspenders and an orange camp half blood t-shirt. Calypso cocked her head to the side,

"Leo?" she asked in disbelief.
"Yes, moron!" Leo exclaimed, collapsing on the bed next to Rachel. The redhead sighed and patted his shoulder,

"I knew this would happen," she said, "Aphrodite...she's been restless lately. And this morning I got a letter. We better gather everyone," she told Calypso.

"Yes," Cali said, still staring at the distraught Leo, "let's...I need to go talk to Reyna, sorry Leo," she said and hastily got to her feet, sprinting out. Leo watched her go sadly. The strawberry blonde haired girl ran across the strawberry fields, which were full of panic and chaos, and made it to the Camp Jupiter honorary cabin. A little bit out of breath, the girl started banging on the door.

"Wait, wait!" Reyna's disgruntled voice called. Calypso froze, her heart beating fast. Reyna's voice sounded deeper and rougher than usual, could it be...

When the door opened Calypso saw a tall, lightly muscled boy with black, wavy hair and a stern expression. Calypso stared, and stared, and stared.

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Nico could hear the mayhem going on outside but he didn't much care to go and join into it. He sat in the Hades cabin, which was dark thanks to the drapes obscuring the windows, and just stared at his reflection. He was a girl, that was unquestionable. He had longer, black hair and small breasts and his dick was definitively gone. But unlike everyone else, Nico was a bit hopeful. Maybe as a girl he'd finally have a chance with Luke. Maybe...possibly...Nico bit his lip.
Out of all the Apollo kids, Will was the only one hit with the curse that descended onto camp. All of his siblings crowded around him,

"So...," Will swallowed, "does it look okay?"

"Are you kidding?" Michael Yew said, "you're pretty hot. From a non-romantic point of view of course."

"Err...thanks, I guess...," Will looked at himself in the mirror again. Kayla borrowed him one of her Camp t-shirts and it was a bit tight, hugging his chest. He wore a pair of Austins really really skinny jeans and his long, curly blonde hair was pulled back in a braid. Will sighed, he didn't like this. He didn't like himself like this...

"Come on," he stood up and let Lee Fletcher paint two lines of warpaint on his cheeks, "In this chaos someone's bound to get hurt."

"So nothing happened to Jason?" Annabeth asked again.
"No," Piper said in a small voice. Small, deep voice because she was sitting opposite Annabeth in a man's body. Her hair was short save for one braid that hung behind her ear, and she was taller than Annabeth, which the girl was not used to. The blonde sighed,

"It means you guys are meant to be together, right?" she asked.

"I don't know," Piper bit her lip and rubbed her hand self-consciously on her chin, "I think I've got stubble."

Annabeth leaned forward and rubbed Piper's jawline, feeling the roughness under her palm. She quickly leaned back, feeling her cheeks heat up,

"Yeah," she said, "Definitely stubble."

Frank just kept staring and it was really annoying Hazel. Technically the two have broken up but they were still pretty close. Like right now. Frank reached out and touched Hazel's short hair. The girl glared at him heatedly, crossing her arms over her now flat chest.

"You actually look a bit like Leo," Frank mused. Hazel rolled her eyes so hard it hurt,

"Does that mean you wanna screw me again?" she raised an eyebrow. Frank made a face,

"No."

The reason...or at least one of them, why Hazel and Frank broke up was because of Frank's sudden epiphany that he was in love with Leo. The epiphany was pretty awkward as Frank had been balls deep inside his at the time girlfriend, when he whispered a very quiet 'Leo' against her shoulder. Talk about a mood kill. Hazel didn't hold it against him though,

"You should probably go check up on him," she sighed. Frank nodded absently,

"I just wanna make sure you're okay too," he said quietly.
"I mean, I just have a-a...," Hazel flushed unable to say what she now had, "except for that nothing's changed."

A gong sounded and Hazel and Frank exchanged a look,

"Chiron's calling. Maybe someone has some explanation to what's going on," Hazel stood up, "Let's go."

Ethan stood nervously in the crowd gathered to hear what Chiron had to say about he spontaneous sex changes. He found it incredibly awkward because although everyone still looked like themselves no matter if they switched bodies, Ethan felt that he stood out the most because of his eye-patch. He had chin-length, straight hair and size-able boobs, hidden in an over-sized hoodie, but he was still himself, and people could tell.

Ethan was also a few inches shorter so practically everyone towered over him. The boy hugged himself, wanting Chiron to just get on with it. Someone pushed through the crowd and Ethan looked up. Alabaster was suddenly at his side, giving him a soft smile. He leaned down and whispered 'you okay?' into Ethan’s ear, making the boy shiver. Ethan nodded and stared at his feet, his heart beating fast. He could feel Al's gaze on him.

"Alright, everybody," Chiron spoke from the porch of the Big House, "It appears that Aphrodite is behind this...err, incident. She left a letter. Rachel - if you wouldn't mind..."

The oracle stood next to Chiron and she produced a piece of paper out of her pocket. She cleared her throat, "Dear Campers, things have been a bit dull lately and I have grown tired of watching you all chase one another. So I decided to help you a bit with finding your soulmates," a nervous murmur went through the crowd but Rachel just continued reading, "to change back into your original bodies all you have to do is kiss the person you love. Should be easy, just follow your heart. Good luck, ~ta!"

Angry shouts came from the crowd as everyone started protesting,

"Wait!" Clarisse said, and everyone quietened, "let's start off easy! Wonder couple," she pointed at Annabeth and Percy, who was now a girl, standing next to each other, looking like deer caught in headlights, "why don't you kiss and then we can see if it really works?"
Annabeth and Percy exchanged sheepish looks.

"Kiss! Kiss!" Lee Fletcher yelled, and soon enough the crowd was chanting. Ethan stood silently next to Al. Annabeth glared at the crowd and then she leaned forward and kissed Percy. The crowd seemed to hold their breath, but when Annabeth pulled away, Percy was still a girl. Gasps rang out from the crowd,

"One down!" Annabeth yelled angrily, and stormed off.

Percy was walking nervously around his cabin, biting his nails and trying to figure out what to do, when the knock on the door sounded. Percy opened it nervously, scared that it was Annabeth. He really didn't want to see her right now.

But no...it was Jason. Percy slumped in relief and let him in.

"Do you mind if I move in until all of this is over?" the blonde asked nervously, his eyes trailing down Percy's body.

He never looks at me like that when I'm in my normal body, Percy thought bitterly.

"Why? Did something happen in your cabin?" Percy tried to sound casual. Jason sighed. Only now did Percy notice the bag in his hand.

"Piper kicked me out."

"Out of your own cabin?" Percy asked, "damn."

"She's pretty strong as a guy. Anyway, Annabeth moved in...she's having like a mental breakdown."

"I should go see her," Percy said half-heartedly.

"No," Jason said, "she's got Piper. You need to focus on finding your soulmate."

"I don't even know where to start...," Percy sighed, staring at the ground, "and I'm not gonna go round kissing everyone in camp."

"I'm gonna go round kissing everyone in camp," Leo declared.

"W-What?!" Frank spluttered. They were sitting out in the strawberry fields, and Leo was shoving strawberries into himself. The boy shrugged,

"You have a better idea?"

"Yes, how about you follow your heart?" Frank grumbled. Leo gave him a sour look,

"This ain't a Disney movie," he said, "besides, I could have some fun in this body. Everyone likes short girls right?"

"What about Calypso?" Frank asked suddenly. Leo froze,

"O-Oh...," he said, "I-I...I forgot. I-I-I don't..." he bit his lip. Frank wanted to hug him, her, whatever. He wanted to gather Leo's tiny body in his arms and tell him it was going to be okay and then kiss him so he could go back to his normal body. But before he could even begin to comprehend these thoughts, Leo stood up and dusted off his trousers, "I'm gonna go find her," he
said to Frank. The Asian nodded,

"I'm here if you need me."

Leo leaned down and pecked Frank's cheek, which sent the Asian's heart into chaos.

"Thanks, Frank."

Nico looked at Luke from where he was sitting up against the wall, wrapped in covers.

"Are you not even gonna let me look at you?" Luke teased. Nico glared at him,

"No. Tell me what Chiron said," he grumbled. Luke rolled his eyes. Of course because of all the mayhem going on outside, Nico was completely forgotten by everyone but Luke, his closest friend after the war. Not that he minded. Luke quickly told him about the kissing situation and Nico nodded, feeling his heart plummet to the ground. It looked like he would be a girl forever. Still, he tried to play it off, "So...this a great opportunity for you to go snog girls."

"Nah," Luke rolled his eyes, "I'm not like that. Besides, they are always throwing themselves at me anyway," he winked. Nico snorted,

"Okay, take it down a notch, Mr Confident."

Luke frowned softly,

"And you?" he asked, "you're a girl aren't you?"

"My soul is masculine, thank you very much."

"You know what I mean," Luke didn't seem to be up for jokes.

"Yes," Nico sighed, "I've got boobs."

Luke nodded, "Can...can I look at you?"

Nico shifted uncomfortably under his blankets,

"I rather you didn't," he said in a small voice.

"Why not?"

_In case you like me better like this, Nico thought, In case you don't like me at all._

"Can you go?" Nico asked quietly. Luke sighed,

"I'm sorry. I'm overstepping my boundary," he stood up, "Just...if you need me-"

"I know," Nico said. Luke nodded and bit his lip before walking towards the door. He had his hand on the handle when he turned back around,

"And Nico?"

"Hmm?"

"Don't go outside. I don't want anyone trying to kiss you."
He left Nico with a pounding heart. What the fuck did that even mean?!

Calypso and Reyna were looking through old scrolls, trying to figure out a way to reverse the magic without walking around camp and kissing everyone. The strawberry blonde haired girl growled in annoyance and chucked the papers across the Camp Jupiter cabin,

"Fuck this," she said, plopping down onto the bed. Reyna raised an eyebrow,

"Calm down. The problem won't just solve itself."

Calypso sat up, glaring, "Well what are we meant to do?! Sit here for days and read through some old bullshit to figure out how to get rid of your magical dick?!"

"Why are you so angry?" Reyna demanded, "it's not you with said magical dick. I'm the one that has to deal with this male body."

"Then why don't you just go and kiss someone?!" Calypso yelled, standing up, "it would sure go faster than reading all those scrolls!"

"Alright, humor me!" Reyna stood up and she was also angry now. She towered over Cali, "Who should I kiss first? Percy? Jason? How about Ocatvian, huh?" she yelled, "Who should I fucking kiss, Cali?!"

"Me!" Calypso yelled and then she flushed bright red. Reyna stared at her. Cali dropped her gaze to the ground and hugged herself, "you should kiss me," she repeated in a small voice. Reyna's eyes softened and he took Cali's face in her hands and leaned down, pressing their lips together. Calypso sucked in a surprised breath and then Reyna saw a flash of white behind her closed eyelids.

When she opened her eyes again, she was shorter, though still taller than Cali, and could feel the familiar weight of her braid down her back. Calypso stared at her with wide eyes,
"Oh my Gods," she whispered, "you're back."

"C-Calypso?" Leo whispered. The two girls whirled around. Leo was at the door, staring at the two with wide, horrified eyes. Calypso bit her lip,

"Leo, I-I..."

Leo turned around and sprinted off.

"I'm breaking up with you."

Silena slapped Beckendorf and the boy's head snapped to the side. Immediately the girl's eyes filled with tears and she touched the boy's cheek. His lip was split.

"Oh...C-Charlie I'm s-sorry...," she gasped. He took her hand in his and smiled,

"It's okay. I deserved it."

Silena shook her head desperately, "N-No you didn't. I'm so sorry."

Beckendorf kissed her forehead.

"Don't worry about it. I still love you...just not like that."

Silena exhaled, "Okay." She whispered, "Okay. I'm going to go f-find someone...a-and I'll bring Will, okay?"

"No!" Beckendorf's eyes widened, "wait-

But Silena already walked out of the otherwise empty Hephaestus cabin. Beckendorf sank to his bed, this was exactly what he fucking needed. Not only had Will's sudden body change prompted him to finally break up with Silena, but now she was bringing him here. Beckendorf didn't think he could handle it, and it would all be worse when Will's soulmate finally kissed him and it would all hurt so much...

Leo, still in his girl body, burst into the cabin, tears streaming down his face.

"Leo?!!" Beckendorf demanded, "what's wrong?"

The Latino just shook his head, his long curls whipping around his face. He typed a code into the pad next to his bed and it moved to the side with a hiss. The boy ran down the steps to the secret chamber, and the bed moved back over the hole. Beckendorf blinked...looked like whatever happened with Cali wasn't good. Maybe she wasn't his soulmate...though it didn't surprise Beckendorf. He was pretty sure Frank was in love with Leo, judging by the way he looked at him, and-

"Silena told me what happened," Will strode into the cabin. Beckendorf stared at him. *Fuck* he was beautiful. Like this and in his normal body as well. The son of Hephaestus scooted up the bed and Will sat in front of him.

"Look, I'm fine-"

"Hush now," Will gave him a stern look. His eyes were still the same, "your lips bleeding. And your cheeks swollen." He grabbed Beckendorf's chin in his hand and pulled him forward to examine his eyes with a tiny flashlight. Beckendorf's heart was beating fast...Will was so close that
he could literally lean forward an inch and they'd be kissing. Gods, Beckendorf really wanted to kiss Will.

The blonde moved back, "Okay. No concussion."

"It's Silena," Beckendorf gave him a weird look, "she wouldn't give me a concussion."

"You never know," Will shrugged and then he pulled out some antiseptic. His fingers skimmed lightly over Beckendorf's broken lip and the boy had to fight the gasp that threatened to escape his throat. His cheeks were red but Will didn't seem to notice as he dabbed antiseptic into the wound.

"So," Beckendorf said, a bit breathlessly, as Will pulled out an ice pack, "You didn't try kissing anyone yet?"

Will shrugged, "I didn't have time. Didn't even think about it...," he sighed, "it's madness out there. Someone broke an arm, three people fainted, Clarisse beat someone up for trying to kiss her...," Will smiled, "I just didn't have time."

"You should start looking," Beckendorf said as Will pressed the ice pack to his cheek, "I'm sure your soulmate's not far."

Will rolled his eyes, "Hold it there," he instructed. Beckendorf pressed his hand over Will's, which was still holding the ice pack. Will's eyes widened and he blushed and quickly tugged his hand away, "I...um," he stood up quickly and gathered his stuff, "I have to go. See you later!"

"Wait!" Beckendorf called. Will turned around at the door. Beckendorf grinned, "If you need to kiss anyone I'm up for that," he winked. Will went beet red and sprinted out.

"Ethan?" Alabaster knocked on the bathroom door gently. He was thankful that Ethan was the only known child of Nemesis because this would be pretty awkward with an audience, "Ethan open up."

"Fuck off." Came a muffled reply. Alabaster sighed,

"Ethan, come on," he said, "what's wrong."

"What's wrong?! What's wrong?!" Ethan opened the door roughly and Alabaster stumbled back to avoid being hit. Ethan was fuming, his face red, his eyes angry, "I have a fucking vagina and now there's fucking blood coming out of it and my stomach is trying to stab itself," Ethans' eyes filled with tears, "And I'm a wreck and everything hurts and I just want candy-"

"You're on your period," Alabaster said gently. He was used to this since he had loads of sisters. Ethan blinked at him, tears clumping his eyelashes together,

"What?" he sniffled. Al took his shoulders and steered him to the bed. He pushed him down gently and then chucked a hoodie and sweat pants at him,

"Put that on. I'll be right back."

Ethan sniffed again. He was so confused - one second he was so fucking pissed at the world, the next he wanted to curl up into a ball and cry. Then Al showed up and first Ethan wanted to punch him, then he wanted to cuddle him and now...now he was just really horny. The boy groaned and tugged off his jeans and t-shirt, pulling on Al's hoodie and sweat pants. They were warm and comfortable and too big. As soon as he was done changing, the other boy walked back into the cabin, with an armful of stuff.
"Right," Al said, and waved a hand in the air. A glass of water appeared and he passed it to Ethan, "how much does your stomach hurt?"

"Like...seven," Ethan said weakly.

"Take two," Alabaster gave him a packet of paracetamol and then watched the boy swallow two, "Now," he passed Ethan a box of pads, which the boy took in disgust, holding it between two fingers, "Come on, be mature. It's your vagina, take care of it." He ushered a sulking Ethan back into the bathroom. After about twenty minutes of wrestling with the packaging, Ethan walked back out.

Alabaster was sitting on his bed, under a mountain of blankets and pillows, and was scrolling through movies on Netflix. Ethan didn't need to be asked, he slid under the blankets next to Alabaster, drawn to his warmth. Alabaster picked a movie - some chic flick, and passed Ethan a bar of chocolate. The boy groaned in delight and undid the wrapped.

Alabaster smiled and lifted his arm. Ethan pressed himself into the boy's side and let Alabaster cuddle him as the movie started playing. When he finished the chocolate, Ethan chucked the wrapper onto the floor.

"You feeling better?" Al asked softly. Ethan nodded, all drowsy and warm. He turned his face to Alabaster, and they were inches apart. Ethan looked at the boy sleepily and neither really knew who moved first but suddenly they were kissing. Seconds later Alabaster had an armful of a very-male Ethan in his lap, kissing him senseless.

"Much better," Ethan whispered against his lips.

Hazel worriedly passed Silena another tissue.

"Thanks," the girl mumbled and blew her nose loudly, "am I a terrible human being?" she whispered. It was dark out and the two were sitting on the front steps of the Big House. The chaos of the day had ended for now, as everyone went to sleep.

"You're not a terrible human being," Hazel felt weird in her new body, but around Silena she still felt as comfortable as ever, "You slapped him, which was a horrible thing to do, but that doesn't make you terrible...like at all."

Silena gave her a watery smile, "Thanks." She laughed, "Look at us, I'm crying over something like this when you have a bigger problem. Have you kissed anyone?" she asked. Hazel sighed and ran her hand through her short hair,

"I tried Frank. It didn't work...obviously."

"Hey," Silena squeezed her shoulder, "I'm sure everything will work out."

"Yeah," Hazel didn't sound convinced but right now she was too busy staring into Silena's beautiful eyes to really be bothered by it, "So what's everyone up to?"

"Well," Silena started, "Al and Ethan are together...but not like together together, yet. Al came and asked me for pads and didn't leave the Nemesis cabin yet. I haven't seen Leo all day, Reyna changed back and she's comforting Calypso...probably over Leo. Err...I think Beckendorf likes Will. I haven't seen Nico, Luke's just walking around all worried, Percy and Jason are drinking beer in the Poseidon cabin because Annabeth and Piper took over the Zeus one...and yeah."
Hazel nodded, but she wasn't really listening, just staring at Silena's lips.

"Haze?" Silena waved her hand in front of Hazel's eyes. The girl blinked and jumped to her feet.

"I-I should check up on Nico," she said quickly, "I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah...okay...," Silena mumbled, but Hazel was already walking off.

Percy dreamt. In his dream he was standing in an oval room with no doors. The boy's heart beat fast as he realized where he was - the Labyrinth. Percy whirled around but there was no other exit, not way back.

"What are you searching for, Percy Jackson?" a familiar, cold voice hissed. Percy turned around. Janus slid out of the shadows and Percy stumbled back,

"You," he gasped. Janus smiled,

"Ah. I see Aphrodite...changed you a bit," he eyed Percy up and down. The boy looked down and cursed - he was still a girl. He reached into his pocket and pulled out Riptide,

"What do you want?" he growled, uncapping the pen. The bronze sword seemed to glow in the dimness of the chamber. Janus tutted,

"Ah, no need for that. I didn't come to fight. Just to be entertained."

"Entertain your own damn self," Percy yelled. He slashed at Janus but the God stepped away,

"Percy Jackson, make a choice and I'll let you go."

"Like hell!" Percy whirled on the God again, but Janus was gone, suddenly replaced by Annabeth.

"Percy," she stepped forward, "don't you love me?"

"A-Annabeth," Percy dropped his sword, "it's not that I-I just..."

"Why don't you love me?!" Annabeth screeched and threw herself at Percy, her nails turning into talons, teeth sharpening to deadly pinpoints, eyes flashing red. She tackled Percy to the ground and the boy groaned at the impact and when he looked up it wasn't Annabeth who was above him, but Jason.

"Percy?" he asked softly. Percy's heartbeat sped up,

"Jason," he whispered breathlessly and reached up to touch Jason's face. But the blonde melted away and Percy was alone in the room with Janus again, who was cackling.

"Oh that is priceless," he said, "you love him!"

Percy staggered to his feet, head spinning.

"N-No...I-I...," he started, but it was too late. The words were said and Percy knew they were true. As if through a fog Percy heard Jason's voice calling him, and Janus' smile faded a bit,

"You are welcome, Percy Jackson," he hissed-

Percy jolted awake, gasping for air. Jason was above him, pining him down. It was dark outside,
but the sky was lightening up - almost dawn.

"Percy," Jason sighed in relief. "you were having a nightmare."

Percy rubbed his eyes and was startled when he felt the tears wetting his cheeks. He didn't know why he was crying, but when he looked up at Jason he wasn't scared anymore. Janus just freaked him out. Percy reached up and touched Jason's warm cheek and he was **real.**

"Wanna talk about it?" Jason asked gently, pressing his own hand over Percy's.

"I-I...it was Janus. He made me realize something."

"Are you okay?" Jason frowned, and brushed a strand of Percy's long hair from his face. Percy hated this body.

"Jason," he whispered softly.

"Yeah?"

"Could you do something for me?" Percy bit his lip,

"'cause," Jason smiled.

"Could you..." Percy swallowed hard, "could you kiss me?"

"Why?"

"I think I'm in love with you," Percy said weakly. Jason's eyes darkened and in seconds he was pushing Percy down into the mattress, kissing him senseless, claiming his mouth with his tongue and lips. Percy gasped and his arms wrapped around Jason's neck, pulling him even closer. When their jaws ached and they finally pulled apart, Percy was back in his normal body.

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Nico ventured out of his Cabin the next day because he got pretty hungry. He pulled his hood over his head, and shoved his hands in his pockets, walking with his head tucked into his chest. There was not as much chaos as yesterday but a lot of the campers were still panicking. Nico hoped Luke wasn't around. The boy walked to the dining pavilion, hoping there were some leftovers from breakfast lying around.

He never made it to the pavilion because suddenly he was being pushed into a wall by a guy - Octavian. What was he even doing here?!

"Nico di Angelo," Octavian grinned, "as a girl."

"Fuck off," Nico tried to shake him off but he wasn't stable in this body. Octavian grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the wall,

"Now, give us that kiss," he grinned and leaned in. Nico panicked. He did **not** want his first kiss to be with this slug. He turned his head to the side and Octavian's lips ended up connecting with his neck. Octavian didn't have time to pull away because suddenly Luke was there, looking furious, and pulling the Roman off.

"Ouch!" Octavian landed on his ass on the floor, "What the fuck?"

Luke advanced on him, fuming, "You piece of Roman shit-"
Nico watched with wide eyes as Octavian scrambled to his feet and sprinted away without another
word. Luke whirled on Nico,

"I told you not to-" he faltered. Nico's hood slid from his head, and now Luke could see him. He
looked in silence.

"Stop it," Nico snapped, pulling his hood back up, "Stop staring." He made as if to walk off but
this time Luke pinned him to the wall. Nico glared heatedly up at him,

"Stop-" he started.

"I never told you this," Luke said, and he was fucking _blushing_. "But I think you're beautiful."

"Shut up." Nico growled, "If you think that you should find yourself a bloody girlfriend."

Luke made an annoyed sound and then he leaned forward and kissed Nico. The Italian squeaked
and his eyes widened, and Luke just wrapped his arms around him and pulled him closer. His lips
were soft but rough, and his tongue slid past Nico's parted lips, deepening the kiss. Nico didn't
know what to do, how to kiss back. He just kind of melted against Luke and let out a shuddery
gasp, his hands gripping the front of Luke's shirt. His knees would've gave up on him if it wasn't
for the wall behind him and the warmth of Luke in front. Nico's eyes fluttered shut and then there
was a flash of light.

Luke pulled away and gazed down on Nico. The boy looked down at himself too and realized he
was back to normal. Which meant Luke was his soulmate. His soulmate. _Luke was Nico's
soulmate_. The boy looked up at the blonde with wide eyes. Luke was smiling,

"Nico," he said, "I already told you this, but I'm gonna say this again. I think you're beautiful."

Piper pecked Hazel on the lips. Nothing happened.

"Sorry?" Hazel offered. Piper shook her head,

"Nah, don't worry bout it," she sighed. Hazel offered an apologetic smile and then walked out of
the Zeus cabin. Annabeth crossed her name off the list with a shaky hand. Piper buried her face in
her hands,

"Well...who do we have left?" she asked, defeated.

"Er...," Annabeth looked down the list, "Percy, Silena and Ethan?"

Piper shook her head, "It's obvious Silena is Hazel's soulmate."

"And Jason and Percy are too, they found out this morning," Annabeth sighed, "and Ethan's with
Al."

The girl put the paper away and sat down next to Piper. The girl - boy - smiled at her,

"There's you left."

Annabeth rolled her eyes but turned to her friend, "Fine, go on then," she joked. Piper made a big
show of grabbing Annabeth's face and giving her an over-exaggerated kiss on the lips. Both the
girls snorted when nothing happened but Annabeth felt herself die a bit inside. She wasn't Piper's
soulmate. Their laughter died down and they sat next to each other, both lost in thought,
"Hey," Piper said quietly.

"Hmm?" Annabeth asked.

"Maybe we're not doing it properly," Piper bit her lip and turned to Annabeth. The blonde still felt weird with Piper like this - looking like a guy, sounding like a guy, "maybe we need to actually kiss," Piper continued, glancing down at Annabeth's lips. The blonde shifted, heart in her throat, to face Piper,

"Okay," she whispered, "okay, let's do it properly."

The two exchanged a look and then Piper leaned forward and kissed Annabeth. It was slow and sweet and suddenly Piper was gasping and pulling away. Annabeth didn't notice when she closed her eyes but suddenly they were snapping open and she was staring at the real Piper. Piper with her messy hair and feathers and skinny body. Annabeth grinned as happiness exploded inside her, and she tackled Piper to the bed to kiss her, again and again, and they were both laughing and maybe crying a little bit as well.

Beckendorf didn't really know why he went to the medical room. He was a bit bored, a bit lonely, and he just wanted to talk to Will for a bit. Although it was late, the lights in the room were still on. When Beckendorf came in, he thought that there was nobody in there. The beds were done up, all the equipment put away. The son of Hephaestus was about to turn away, when he saw someone on one of the beds.

Will fell asleep. His long hair fell around his shoulders and his breathing was even. Beckendorf smiled and then just kinda stared down at him. He reached down and tucked a curl behind Will's ear.

You could just lean down and kiss him. It wouldn't matter. He's sleeping, just one kiss...

Beckendorf bit his lip, knowing this was wrong, but somehow he couldn't stop himself. He leaned down, feeling weirdly like a prince in a sleeping beauty fairytale, and pressed his lips against Will's. The boy was soft and pliant beneath him, and Beckendorf wanted to touch him, hold him, but that would've been really wrong.

He pulled away but his plan shattered when instead of the gorgeous blonde girl, he saw a gorgeous blonde boy, staring at him with blue, twinkling eyes.

"Where are you going?" Will asked quietly. Beckendorf was in shock and Will sat up, staring at him.


"Sorry?" Will said sheepishly.

"No," Beckendorf pulled Will into his arms, "Don't be sorry. Don't ever be sorry," he murmured and kissed the boy again.

Hazel saw Silena at dinner again, and came to sit next to her at the Aphrodite table.

"Hi," she said. Silena ignored her, stabbing her mash potatoes viciously. Hazel frowned, "Silena?"

"So," Silena turned to Hazel with a sweet smile, "I heard you kissed Piper."
"Um," Hazel blushed, "Well yeah. It was a peck...she just wanted to check I wasn't her soulmate."

"Did you think you could be her soulmate?" Silena huffed. The Aphrodite table quietened but neither of the girls noticed,

"No. Not really," Hazel admitted, "why are you mad?"

"I'm not mad!" Silena scoffed, stabbing her potatoes again. Hazel frowned,

"Are you jealous?" she asked in disbelief. Silena froze and her eyes widened. She was quiet for a second,

"And what if I am?" she asked defiantly. Turning to face Hazel. The daughter of Hades gaped, mouth opening and closing like a fish. Silena groaned, "Screw this," she leaned forward and kissed Hazel, right there, in front of everyone. When she pulled away, Hazel was back to her short, girl self. Silena stared. Hazel stared. The entire dining pavilion stared. And then everyone exploded into cheers, and very, very slowly Hazel and Silena smiled. Hazel leaned forward to kiss Silena again.

Frank had had enough. He hadn't seen Leo in three days and the horrible feeling that the boy was hidden away somewhere with some other guy, making out, was making Frank sick. So he strode into the Hephaestus cabin with a purpose.

"Where's Leo?" he asked. All the campers in the cabin grew quiet.

"Um...I think he's in the room under his bed?" Nyssa offered, "I haven't seen him in a while."

"And nobody bothered to check?" Frank growled.

"We had a bit of a situation-" Harley started. Frank glared and walked to Leo's empty bed, typing the code for the room in furiously. The bed slid to the side and with a final glare, Frank went below. The bed slid closed behind him.

The room Leo built was soundproof. The walls were material, like pillows. There was a tiny shower in a room to the side, and there were games and a massive bed and a TV and cushions everywhere. Leo was sprawled on the bed - still in his girl form - watching FRIENDS. He jumped to his feet when he saw Frank.

"What...how did you get in?" he demanded angrily.

"You gave me the code," Frank said, "have you eaten? Why are you hiding?"

"None of your business." Leo advanced onto Frank, "Go away."

"No. You need to tell me what's wrong," Frank said. Leo fumed and pushed angrily at Frank's chest,

"Fuck off."

"Leo," Frank sighed, exasperated, "I just want to help."

"I don't need your help."

"Don't you at least want to know what's going on upstairs?" he asked. Leo froze and bit his lip. He nodded softly and then sat down on the bed. Frank sat down next to him.
"So?" Leo prompted, picking at a pillow.

"So Jason and Percy are soulmates."

"No surprise there," Leo snorted.

"So is Calypso and Reyna," Frank said gently, and Leo nodded, "and Silena and Hazel."

"Good for them," Leo whispered,

"Ethan and Alabaster are also soulmates, and Luke and Nico. And Will and Beckendorf."

"Is that it?" Leo looked up,

"What do you mean?" Frank frowned.

"What about you?" he asked, "no soulmate?"

"I've been too busy looking for your ass to go around kissing people," Frank smiled fondly.

"So what?" Leo rolled his eyes, "do I owe you a kiss now?"

Frank grew serious all of a sudden, "It would be nice, yeah, but you don't have to."

Leo blinked at him, "Seriously?"

Frank shrugged, "Look, I came down to see if you're okay."

"No. Not really," Leo laughed, "but stop trying to change the subject."

"What's wrong?" Frank frowned,

"Frank, this isn't about me."

"Yes it is," Frank said stubbornly, "now tell me what's wrong."

"Do you want the kiss or not?" Leo growled.

"Yes," Frank said, "but tell me what's wrong first."

"No," Leo climbed into Frank's lap, and the Asian wasn't even surprised, "I'll kiss you first and then tell you what's wrong."

Frank lost his train of thought because his hands were now on Leo's hips and he was so close that Frank felt drunk,

"Okay," he whispered. Leo crashed their lips together and kissed Frank fiercely. In seconds Frank had control over the kiss, sliding his tongue into Leo's mouth, the Latino's arms pulling him closer. They kissed hard and fast, in a blur of sudden emotion.

"F-Frank," Leo pulled away slightly. Frank didn't let him, chasing the boy with his lips, kissing him passionately. Leo moaned, "F-Frank wa-" he tried again but Frank silenced him with his mouth. Leo was trembling and he reached for Frank's hand, pressing it over his chest.

His flat chest.

Frank pulled away, eyes wide. Leo was panting in his lap, lips swollen, eyes dark. He was back to
himself, and Frank couldn't help the grin that appeared on his face,

"Fuck, I love you," he breathed, folding Leo into his arms. The Latino kissed across his jawline,

"Thanks, Aphrodite," he murmured.
Underneath the ink of my tattoo

Chapter Notes

For Guest

can you do one when Frank finds out that Leo has tattoos

It was an accident really. Frank and Leo were sword fighting in the training room, when Leo’s shirt hitched up, revealing the bottom of a tattoo. It was gone as soon as it appeared but it bugged Frank to no end. He wanted to see the tattoo - since when did Leo have tattoos anyway?! Frank started paying more attention to Leo - to his skin. He saw flashes of ink in weird places and his curiosity just grew and grew.

Until he couldn't take it anymore.

Leo walked into the honorary Camp Jupiter cabin and the second he closed the door, Frank tackled him to the ground, pining him down. Leo stared at him with wide eyes,

"W-What the fuck Frank?!" he spluttered, "you scared me!"

"You've got tattoos," Frank said sternly. Leo blinked,

"Err...yeah?" he offered, not sure what this was about. He wore a long sleeved jumper so the only skin Frank could see were his hands and face and neck. He wanted to see more. It was weird like an obsession - he needed it.

"Let me see," Frank said, voice hoarse.

"Now why would I do that?" Leo teased. Frank pinned his skinny wrists to the ground and the smile melted off of Leo's face. "Frank?" he asked in a small voice. With a start Frank realized that he was scaring Leo...the thought hurt him and he sat up quickly,
"Shit. Sorry." He said. Leo stood up. Frank was sure he would walk out of the door and never speak to him again, but instead the Latino plopped down cross-legged on Frank's bed and patted the covers opposite him. Nervously, Frank sat down. Leo rolled up the sleeve of his left hand and turned his wrist upside down, showing Frank the paler inside bit. There was a tiny blue diamond tattooed there. Frank stared at it, mesmerized. It seemed to be a part of Leo,

"That one's for Hazel," Leo said softly.

"Can I touch it?" Frank asked. Weirdly, the moment seemed intimate. Leo bit his lip and nodded. Slowly, Frank cradled Leo's hand in his own and then ran the fingers of his free hand over the tattoo. It was smooth, just like the rest of Leo's skin. Frank's heart clenched for some reason, and he didn't understand why but it felt like Leo was baring himself to Frank.

When Frank let go of Leo's hand, the boy pulled the jumper off and over his head. He was wearing a tank top and he pushed it to the side, turning slightly. On his shoulder at the back there was a tiny golden anchor.

"This ones for Percy," Leo said quietly. Frank shifted closer and he touched that tattoo as well. Leo's skin was warm, almost feverish. The boy shivered. As is possessed by something, Frank leaned forward and pressed his lips against the tattoo, feather light. Leo's breath caught in his throat,

"What are you doing?" he whispered.

"I don't know," Frank's breath ghosted over Leo's shoulder. He leaned forward and took Leo's wrist in his hand gently, bringing it up to kiss it as well. Leo trembled but he didn't protest, "Do you have anymore?" Frank asked. Leo nodded, his face red, and turned back to face Frank. He wasn't looking at him as he pulled the tank top over his head.

There was a long passage tattooed down his side, to his hip. Frank didn't understand the language and he frowned as his fingers ran down it.

Επτά μισό-αίματα πρέπει να απαντήσετε στην κλήση,
Για την καταιγίδα ή πυρκαγιά, ο κόσμος πρέπει να πέσει,
Μια όρκο για να κρατήσει με τελικό ανάσα,
Και εχθρούς φέρουν όπλα στις πόρτες του Θανάτου

In inky black.

"What does it mean?" Frank asked.

"It's the prophecy of the seven," Leo breathed, "written in-" he didn't finish because Frank leaned forward and kissed down his side, mouth soft and gentle, "...Greek." Leo finished weakly. Frank looked up at him when he was done, Leo's skin tingling all down his side. Frank pulled back slightly and his hand came to rest over a celestial bronze knife at Leo's hip,

"Annabeth?" Frank asked quietly. Leo nodded weakly and when Frank's lips pressed themselves to his skin he was ready for it. it still left him slightly breathless though. Frank trailed his lips up Leo's side, which surprised him, to the feather that was tattooed just underneath his nipple.

"That's for Piper," Leo started and his words ended in a gasp when Frank kissed along it and then took Leo's nipple into his mouth, sucking. Leo let out a startled moan, his hands curling into Frank's hair. But then Frank was pulling away. Leo tried to regain his composure and he turned
around, so his back was to Frank.

"This one's for Jason," he said breathlessly, pushing his curls up. Just below his hairline, at the back of his neck, was a tiny lightning bolt. Frank smiled and leaned forward, kissing it, before pulling Leo flush against his back and peppering his whole neck with butterfly kisses. Then he pulled away.

"Where's the one for me?" he asked. Leo blushed a deep red and bit his lip. Then he reached for his sweatpants. Frank watched as the Latino pulled them off and tossed the to the side. He spread his legs, still blushing, and Frank saw an incarnate, small arrow tattooed on the inside of Frank's thigh. He didn't move for a second, just stared at it. And then he launched himself at Leo and pushed him down onto the pillows, crashing their lips together.

Leo gasped and Frank took that opportunity to slip his tongue inside the boy's mouth. Leo shivered and melted into the pillows and Frank's tongue tangled with his, his strong hands holding Leo's hips in a bruising grip. Leo kissed back fiercely, arms wrapping around Frank's neck as he let himself grow dizzy from the heat of the boy's body against his and the lack of oxygen in his lungs.

When Frank pulled away, Leo was a disheveled mess. The boy leaned down and kissed the inside of Leo's thigh. And he didn't stop there.
Okay this is just an afterword as this fanfic is officially done.

Thankyou everyone for reading and reviewing, this has been incredibly fun, and your prompts were awesome (at least most of them)

My sincerest apologies if I didn't do yours because I ran out of time, or it was just too wrong for me to write. I hope you enjoyed these stories as this is officially, and probably forever will be, the longest fan-fiction I have ever written.

You guys are amazing and I hope you stay that way, and please tune in because I have a Harry Potter fanfiction planned, and maybe even an original work ;) Please look at some of my other stuff, inbox me if you'd like me to write anything (a separate story) and you never know, I might do it.

Shoutout to these amazing people;

A Headcounselor
amura
AnnahhT
AkaKuroLux
Alyssa
Amazon_Head_Of_Security
Bailici
Birdie
bottedblonde
BurningBright
CassidyFisher415
CCWriter1411
chloenitram88
ChrisVigilante
Curious
Blue Cookies
BlueFire
BlueStreet
Dark3Star
Darkanny
Deejayhearts13
DreamAsIRead
elisamoony
EnglishMafia
Esa_The_Great
fanficobssessed
FlyHighTonight
FrieDa
FujoshiTime
Goddess_of_Coffee_Addictions
Green_Feathers88
GryffindorGirl94
HEARTBROKEN
HetaliaNerd
High_inthe_Clouds
Hijacking_Hearts
hurtzygurtburtzy
IceCream313
Inlovewithsnow2002
Jeffgangfan
Johanna
Jules
Ro17
Sarah_The_Odity
s.c
shipSHIPship
Shipper of Gays
silver_bleeding_earth
Smile
smilingcrescent
solangelo_shipper_forever
Sword766
thereadingturtle
thespritworlds
theoretically
undying_young
Vampiresswolf
WensdaySandwhich
wifey
Winde

And a special shoutout to Mogadorian_Wolf and RedTears, forever my muses and to Thalia Quinn, who is now officially my wife<3

You lot, and so many more of you who don't have usernames, helped me during my writer's block and gave me awesome ideas to work with. Thankyou for that.

Peace out,
~ShameTheDevil
Hola my friends go check out my new HOO/PJO work "Inspiration"

Please leave kudos and comments!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!