

## Ohana Means Family, Family Means Everything

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# **Ohana Means Family, Family Means Everything**

by [SoCalGirl28](#)

## Summary

Steve McGarrett has very little family left. And he also knows next to nothing about his grandfather's side of the family.

Percy Jackson is destined to fight a War. A War that will decide the Fate of the entire world, he needs all the help he can get.

And Nico, well, Nico was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or possibly the right place at the right time.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

Lieutenant Commander Steve McGarrett was sitting in the beach chair on his personal beach, sipping a beer. He was reflecting on what day it was; December 7, 2010. Almost seventy years to the day of his grandfathers death. He knew next to nothing about him, other than he had died a hero at Pearl Harbor. His father hadn't liked to talk about what he knew of him, and now would never have the chance. Steve had never felt more alone. He had very little blood family left, and none on the island. He had his Five-Ohana though, and they were always there for him.

He was watching the waves go in and out when suddenly a dark shadow coalesced beside him. He leaped out of his chair, grabbing his gun off the side table. He had seen some weird shit on this island and around the world but never like this. Abruptly the dark mass spat out a boy no older than fourteen.

He had medium length black hair that looked like he had just rolled out of bed. His olive colored skin was slightly pale, like he was going to be sick. He was wearing an old WWII aviators jacket, and had a sword on his belt. The sword was strange as the blade was black. Steve had no idea what type of metal it was.

"Where? Where am I?" The boy muttered.

"Hands!" Demanded Steve, brandishing his weapon. "Show me your hands."

The boy held his hands up in the air.

"What's going on?"

"You mysteriously popped up on a Cop's property is what's going on. I don't know how you got here but I need your name, and age."

"Nico di Angelo. I'm thirteen. Can you put the gun down, please? I mean you no harm." The boy, Nico, asked.

"Okay, Nico. I'm Lt. Commander Steve McGarrett, and I'll put the gun down if you unholster your sword and lay it on the ground. Slowly."

Nico grabbed his sword by the hilt. He pulled it out of the holster, and laid it on the ground in front of him. He looked at the man holding a gun to him. He had short black hair that was sticking up in front, and his skin was tanned. His eyes were greenish blue, and Nico thought he looked remarkably like his Cousin Percy.

Nico had been Shadow Traveling from Percy's House to the Underworld. He must've overshot again. At least this time they spoke English.

Steve lowered his gun and laid it back down on the table beside the beach chair.

"You can see my sword?" Asked Nico.

"Of course I can see it. It's got a black blade, which is weird. What type of metal is it made of?"

"Are you a Demigod? Mortals can't see Stygian Iron unless they're Clear-Sighted."

"Demigod? Mortal? What?"

"You can see my sword, so you're either a child of the Gods or you're a Mortal who can see through the Mist." Explained Nico.

"The Gods? The Mist? Do you mean the Hawaiian Gods?"

"Possibly. You could be a child of them and see through the Mist. Or you could be a child of the Greco-Roman Gods. Both Pantheons exist. Is that where I am? Hawaii?"

"Yes, we're on Oahu. And okay, I believed that the Hawaiian Gods were real. I've seen too much to believe otherwise. But you're telling me that the Greek Gods exist too? Like the Ancient Greek Gods? Like Poseidon and Hades?" Said Steve, puzzled.

"Yes. They move with the Heart of the West. It started in Greece, moved to Italy. Then Spain, England, and now they're in America."

"Okay. This is news to me. Demigods?"

"Sometimes the Gods come down to Earth and fall in love with Mortals, you know, regular humans? Then you know, next come children. They're called Demigods or Half-Bloods, because we're half human, half God." Said Nico awkwardly, scratching the back of his head.

"We're? You're a Demigod?"

"Yeah. I am. Nico di Angelo, the Ghost King, Prince of the Underworld, Son of Maria di Angelo and Hades; Greek God of the Underworld, the Dead, and Riches; at your service." He held out his palm, and a small ball of black flames shot out. He closed his hand and they extinguished.

"Okay. Wow. So you think I'm a child of either the Greek or Hawaiian Gods? I know both my parents, and I know for a fact my DNA matches both of them. So I can't be a Demigod." Said Steve, carding his hands through his hair.

"Most likely the Greek Gods. They sleep around more than the Hawaiian Gods. And like I said you could just be a Mortal who can see through the Mist."

"What's the mist?"

"The Mist is the Magical Veil that separates the Mystical World and the Mortal World. Trust me, if Mortals saw half the things I've seen there'd be mass panic in the streets." Explained Nico.

"Okay, so I'm probably a Mortal who's, what did you call it, Clear-Sighted?"

"Yeah. Or you're a Legacy."

Steve sighed, "What's a Legacy?"

"A Legacy is the child or descendant of a Demigod. They're really rare though. Most Demigods don't live long enough to have children."

Suddenly the ocean waves came cresting up to the beach chair. When they washed away, a man in board shorts and a Hawaiian shirt was standing next to Steve.

Nico bowed, "Uncle Poseidon."

"Nephew. Thank you for looking after Percy, your idea will be needed in the upcoming War. Keep trying to convince him, it is the only way."

Nico blushed. "It's no problem, my Lord. He's my Cousin, I'll always look after him."

"If only the same could have been said of your Half Brothers, seventy years ago. If they had been as loyal to Family as you are, my son would not have died by their hands."

"You had another son in the Forties, Lord Poseidon? I only know of Winston Churchill and FDR."

"Woah. Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt were sons of Poseidon?"

"Yes." Said Nico, "The entire Second World War was basically a family feud. The Sons of Hades; Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini, and Hideki Tojo; against the Sons of Zeus, Douglas MacArthur and Charles de Gaulle, the Sons of Poseidon Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. Other demigods fought in the war as well, Eisenhower was a son of Athena and Patton was a son of Ares."

"Okay. That's a whole new perspective."

"I had another son in the Nineteen Forties. He died in the attack on Pearl Harbor, his name was Steven McGarrett, your grandfather, Steve. You are my Great-Grandson." Said Poseidon.

"I'm what? Why didn't I know? Why didn't anyone tell me?"

"Your grandmother never knew, and because she didn't know, his children never knew. It was safer to never tell your family unless it was necessary." Explained Poseidon.

"Once a Demigod or Legacy knows of their Heritage, they become targets for Ancient Greek Monsters. Like the ones you read in the Myths." Said Nico.

"So why tell me now? And I'm guessing I shouldn't tell my sister Mary?"

Nico looked sheepish. "No, you shouldn't tell her unless she suspects. It will keep her safe. And I apologize, Uncle Poseidon. If I hadn't shown up on his beach, he never would have

known."

"It's okay, Nico. I was considering telling him, myself."

"You were?" Asked Steve, "Why now?"

"Your Uncle. My son, Perseus. He is destined to fight a War. A War that is escalating rapidly. He needs all the help he can get. You have training Percy does not. I was hoping you could help him."

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"My Uncle?" Asked Steve.

"Technically, Percy would be your Granduncle." Said Nico, "Godly Family can be kinda strange but you get used to it."

"How old is this guy?"

"Perseus is fifteen, the War will truly begin when he turns sixteen, next year." Said Poseidon.

"Fifteen?! You want me to train a fifteen year old to fight a War?" Exclaimed Steve.

"Whether you train him or not, he will have to fight. There is a Prophecy. If you help him, he will have more skills than if you do not. He will have more of a chance for survival." Said Poseidon.

Steve sighed. He just found out he was related to a God, and now he had to decide if he was willing to train a Child Soldier. He had seen Child Soldiers before in Afghanistan and Africa, but never in a million years thought he would have to train one.

"Percy is not a Child Soldier, Grandson. He is much more than that. He has been fighting Battles since he was twelve. He has lost friends, he has defeated enemies. Treating him like a child will only infuriate him." Said Poseidon.

"Did you just read my mind?" Asked Steve turning to Nico, "Did he just read my mind?"

Nico smirked, "Of course he did, he's a God. You get used to them knowing what you're thinking."

"Why does he have to fight? Does the Prophecy say he *has* to fight?"

"Steven, I don't want him fighting in this War anymore than you do. If I thought I could hide him away until the War was over, I would. Regardless of the Prophecy, he will fight. It is pointless to try to stop him when he thinks Family or Friends are in danger."

"It's his Fatal Flaw." Said Nico.

"Fatal Flaw?" Asked Steve.

"A Fatal Flaw is a trait all Demigods have. Pride, Power, Grudges, Personal Loyalty. They're all flaws that can get a Demigod killed. Flaws we have to learn to keep in check. Mine is Grudges. I had a grudge against Percy this past year that almost got four people killed, possibly more. I learned to control it, but Percy has a hard time controlling his Flaw." Explained Nico.

"It's one of the things I hoped you could teach him. Lady Athena once said that Percy would destroy the World to save a friend. That's true. You could teach him to see the big picture. To see that you can't save everyone, especially if saving them means the end of the world. I worry about this, that he would let those friends and family cloud his judgement. You could teach him balance."

"I don't know about this." Said Steve, rubbing his hand over his face.

"Lord Poseidon is right," said Nico, "this could really help him. He is the Prophecy Child not Thalia, or me. He's Olympus' only hope. If Olympus falls, so will the entire Western Civilization, because they're connected. So by helping him, you'll help America. You were sworn to defend America right? Training him is defending America. Plus, he is Family."

"Fine. I'll help. But my partner won't be happy about it. And frankly neither am I. But if he's going to fight no matter what, its best he has all the training he can get. I'll only do this on two conditions, though."

"And what are they?" Asked Poseidon.

"One, he has to come to Hawaii. I have a job, and friends here that I can't just get up and leave behind. Two, when this fight comes, I want to be there. If I can't stop him from fighting, I can at least watch his back." Said Steve.

"I accept your conditions. Percy's Winter Break starts in a few days, and lasts for three weeks. And then he has two weeks off in April. Is that enough time to teach him what needs to be taught? If not, I can speak to his mother about moving to Hawaii."

"Well, I'll see how he takes the training, then decide if that'll be enough time at the end of the first week. It might not though, there's a lot to prepare him for. And like I said, I have a job." Said Steve.

"I will talk to him, and prepare him for a possible move. Nico, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Yes, Uncle?"

"Will you move Percy here through Shadow Travel when the time comes? It's five thousand miles from here to New York, and my brother will never allow him on an airplane."

"Of course, Lord Poseidon."

"I have also spoken with your father,"

At this, Nico paled further.

"He agrees with Perseus that you have been too sheltered since your Sister's Death. If Percy moves here, he will be enrolling you in school with him, as Sally already has Legal Guardianship over you in the Mortal World."

"Ms. Sally has Legal Guardianship of me? How did that happen?" Said Nico, in amazement.



"I believe it happened after Percy's fifteenth birthday. You kept showing up looking haggard, and Sally was worried. She called for my brother."

"She talked to Father? She's okay, right?"

"Hades and Sally get along very well actually. Hades was only one of two Gods who knew of Percy's birth. Just like I knew you and your sister were still alive, all these years."

"Oh. So what if Percy doesn't move here? Will I be enrolled in his school in New York?"

"Yes. You will be moving in with them regardless. Sally has already set up the guest room in her apartment as your room. I believe this is why Hades called you to the Underworld, to discuss this with you."

Nico wasn't quite sure how to deal with revelation. On one hand he was moving in with Percy, one of the only members of his Family left. On the other, well he kinda had a crush on him. He tried to ignore it, most of the time. But living with Percy? He knew it was wrong, Percy was his Cousin. And then there was the fact he was a boy. Nico had read that it was supposedly acceptable to have those types of feelings, but Nico wasn't raised that way, and was confused.

"Okay." Said Nico, a bit apprehensive.

"Good, then this is settled. I must be on my way. My Palace is currently surrounded by the enemy, and while my Heir is holding down the fort, I'd rather like to be back on the front lines to keep an eye on things."

"Atlantis is under attack, my Lord?" Asked Nico.

"No, they have yet to attack. Though I assume it's only a matter of time."

"Who's attacking you?" Asked Steve.

"It has to do with this War. My father has risen from the Pit, and aims to retake the World. His allies are surrounding us."

"Your father?"

"Don't speak his name if you know it. Names have Power. To speak the true name of a being calls their attention to you. You're not prepared to fight that kind of battle yet." Said Poseidon.

Steve looked offended.

"He doesn't mean it like that, Commander McGarrett. He means you don't have the right tools. Mythical beings can only be defeated by four types of metal. The kind my Sword is made of, Stygian Iron, which is generally only used by children of the Underworld. Celestial Bronze, which is what most of the weapons used by Demigods are made of. Olympian Silver, which is only used by the Hunters of Artemis and minor Deities. And Imperial Gold, which is very rare."

Poseidon eyed Nico, "I'm going to ignore how you are aware of Imperial Gold weapons."

Nico blushed again, "My Lord, I don't-"

"We both know how you are aware, Nikola. Do not speak of it to anyone other than Percy, or Thalia. You can trust them. Do not tell Athena's daughter. This will be a Children of the Big Three only secret. Perhaps Steve, here, may be told. He is technically a Child of the Big Three. Well, grandchild. Understand?" Said Poseidon.

"Yes, Lord Poseidon. Father knows, I take it?"

"Oh, he knows. I had him complaining about it to me in the middle of the night. But the Fates say this was meant to be. That eventually all the Demigods shall know, and be at peace with each other. Your actions were the catalyst, and were Fated to be."

"There's going to be another War, isn't there? After this one?"

"We must hope it does not come to that."

"Okay, so what's this all about Imperial Gold?" Asked Steve, cocking his head to the side in confusion.

"I'll explain later." Said Nico, "The first thing we should do, no matter what, is get you a Celestial Bronze Weapon. Now that you're aware of your Heritage, you're in danger."

"Speaking of that. I have your Grandfather's Weapon, I know he would want you to have it. It was on him when he died, but all Magical Weapons return to the Demigod's Godly Parent or Patron when they die. It's how I knew he'd been killed." Said Poseidon.

Poseidon held out a knife. It looked like a World War Two USN Camillus Knife. Though the blade was a bronze color that glowed in the fading sun.

Steve took it from him, looking at it reverently. His grandfathers weapon. The blade he had used to protect himself.

Nico frowned, "Huh, I would have thought he would have had Celestial Bronze Bullets or a Gun or something."

"Knives are only for the best of Greek Warriors. They have to be sneaky and quick, something I'm sure you're quite good at." Poseidon shot a grin at Steve, then glanced at Nico. "I don't believe I've seen a gun that shoots Celestial Bronze Bullets before." He said.

"Annabeth's Dad made some last year. He shot them from his World War 1 plane's guns. It's how they got away from Mount Orthys." said Nico.

"You know a guy who can make Celestial Bronze Bullets? I'd like some of those if you can get in touch with him for me. I'd like some for my friends too, just in case." said Steve.

"Mortals?" asked Nico.

"Yes. Is there a problem with that?"

"We generally don't tell Mortals things like this unless necessary. But, I'll see what I can do."

"You can make an exception for Steve's friends, as he considers them family." said Poseidon.

"Alright. So does the Blade have a Name or should Steve name it?"

"It's called Wave Rider. I believe he called it that because the first time he used it, he ended up surfing the Monster he stabbed with it like a Wave. It's a Magical Weapon."

"Magical Weapon?" Asked Steve.

"It means it either has returning properties or a Mortal Disguise or both." Said Nico,  
"Magical items are coveted, as they are specially made by the Gods."

"This one does not have a Magical Disguise, though it does return to its sheath. Rather like your Uncle's Bolt." Said Poseidon.

He held out a plain black knife sheath to Steve.

"Always wear the sheath and the blade, no matter how far away it is, will always return to it within a minute."

Steve took the knife sheath, and strapped it to his ankle.

"I must be going now. I need to talk to Sally, Paul, and Percy about all of this. Nico, your Father is expecting you at his Palace in a few hours. I assume you need some rest before you go after accidentally traveling two thousand miles too far." Said Poseidon.

"He can stay here. After all, he is Ohana right?" Said Steve.

"What's Ohana?" Asked Nico.

"Ohana is the Hawaiian word for Family. Family means everything, here."

"Oh. Yeah, then we're Ohana. Just like three times removed or something. Thank you for letting me stay." Nico yawned, "Traveling this far makes me really sleepy."

"And probably hungry. Come on I'll get you something to eat, and then you can crash in the guest room." Said Steve.

Poseidon smiled as he nodded his head and faded into sea mist, floating away on the breeze.

Okay so Nico was raised in the 30s and 40s where liking same genders was still taboo. Steve and Danny will help him get past that.

Nikola is the Italian version of Nicholas

## Chapter 3

Steve led Nico onto the Lanai, and through the sliding glass doors to the kitchen. He sat Nico down at the table.

"What do you usually eat?" He asked.

"Um, usually lots of Happy Meals unless I'm at Percy's."

Steve grimaced, that stuff was not good for you.

"Okay, how about a peanut butter and banana sandwich? Protein and fruit, and as long as it's not fried and is on whole wheat bread, good for you. It's the Elvis Special."

"Okay, but who's Elvis?"

"Who's Elvis? How do you not know who Elvis is?" Said Steve, astonished.

"Probably because I'm about the same age as your grandfather."

"You're what?!"

"I was born January 28, 1928."

"How, how is that possible? Are all Demigods like you?"

"No, only my sisters and I are like that. It's because of World War Two, and the fact that it was the Sons of Hades against the rest. I was put in a Casino in Las Vegas where time stands still. I thought I was there for three weeks, turns out it was seventy years."

"Your sisters? I thought Poseidon said your sister died. You have more than one?" Asked Steve as he turned around and started preparing a sandwich for Nico.

"Remember how I said I'd explain about Imperial Gold? Well it has to do with that. My sister Bianca was two years older than me. She is, was, my Full-Blooded Sibling. We have the same Mother as well as Father. That's rare for Half-Bloods. She went on a Quest and didn't come back, last year."

"A Quest?"

"A Quest is like a Mission from the Gods. I've been on one, by accident. Percy has been on four." Nico Explained.

"Four? That seems like a lot." Commented Steve.

"It is. Most Demigods, if they're lucky, get one Quest from a God in their lifetime. It's pretty much a rite of passage for us. But Percy is special."

"What were the quests? If you don't mind me asking."

"Percy led the first one. His quest was to retrieve the Master Bolt from whomever stole it. He was twelve. The second one was actually Clarisse's quest. She's the daughter of Ares, the God of War. Her quest was to find the Golden Fleece. She succeeded but only because Percy was there to help. The third quest was Zoë Nightshade's. She was the Lieutenant of Artemis before Thalia. Lady Artemis had been kidnapped by Olympus' enemies and she was to get her back. She succeeded but at the cost of her life and my sister's." Nico said bitterly.

"First question. Master Bolt?" Steve asked. He had a myriad of questions.

"Lord Zeus' symbol of power. It's more powerful than the strongest nuclear weapon ever created. The Traitor of Olympus, Luke Castellan, Son of Hermes, Host of Kronos, stole it for the Titan Lord. Percy was blamed at the time because Poseidon and Zeus fight all the time. He retrieved the Bolt and returned it to Zeus and stopped another World War from breaking out. All at the age of twelve. That's why Uncle Poseidon told you he was more than you thought he was."

"Because he's done more than I could have ever dreamed of." Steve said with a nod. "Why did Percy go on the second quest if it wasn't his?"

"It's traditional for a team of three demigods or satyrs to go on a quest. Clarisse didn't ask for his help but he went anyway and met up with her along the way. She would've failed, she didn't take any others with her."

"Seems like a stupid move for a child of the God of War. Arrogance?"

Nico shrugged. "I don't know, it was before my time at Camp. I know what I know through stories or from Percy."

"So the third quest is the one your sister died on." Steve said slowly.

"Yeah, she left me." Nico muttered. "I'd rather not talk about it."

Steve nodded. Obviously he'd touched a wound that hadn't healed yet. "So the fourth quest?"

"The one this summer. That was Annabeth's quest. Her job was to close the Labyrinth. She succeeded but barely. I was on that quest for a little while too but not long enough to be considered a member. The quest ended with a battle. The Battle of the Labyrinth. I participated in the battle and we lost quite a few good demigods, satyrs and nymphs that day."

"So what makes Percy so special that he goes on so many quests? Is it because of what you said? He's a Prophecy Child? What did you mean by that?" Asked Steve.

"In 1938, I was ten, the Second World War was starting. A Prophecy was made by the Oracle of Delphi. She's our main resource for Prophecies, other than Lord Apollo. It's been kept a secret from Percy to protect him."

"I understand. What did it say?"

"That a Child of the Big Three would live to sixteen and make a decision that would decide the Fate of the Entire World."

"The Big Three?" Asked Steve, setting down a plate of two sandwiches on the table, and taking a seat.

"The three sons of the Lord of Time. Zeus, Hades, and Poseidon. It was decreed at the time that all children of the Big Three under the age of seventeen were to be turned over to Camp Half-Blood."

"Eat." Said Steve, pointing to the plate. "What's Camp Half-Blood?"

"It's a safe haven for Demigods. A place where we can train and not worry about Monster attacks. Or well, it was. It's less safe now that there's a War on." Explained Nico, taking a bite of his sandwich.

"So how are you still alive and only thirteen?"

"Father was worried that because of the War, Bianca and I would be killed once we went to Camp. So he put us in the Casino, and only took us out about two years ago."

"And your other sisters?" Asked Steve.

"I only have one other sister. A half-sister. Her name is Hazel, and she died in 1942. I smuggled her out of the Underworld because I could tell that the time of her death was not her Fated Time to Die."

"Smuggling her out of the Underworld brought her back to life?"

"Yes. But it only worked because she was related to the Gods. Mortals don't generally remember their lives before they die. And you're not supposed to do it, it's against the rules."

"But you did it anyway."

"I was looking for Bianca. I couldn't accept she was dead. I found Hazel instead. She's my sister too, I had to save her." Said Nico.

"So what's the big deal about Imperial Gold and what does it have to do with Hazel?"

"Imperial Gold is only used by Roman Demigods. Which is what Hazel is. She's the Daughter of Pluto, not Hades."

"Pluto is the Roman version of Hades, right? What's the big deal?" Asked Steve.

"Greeks and Romans don't know the other exist. The Gods keep us separate because every time we meet, we have a tendency to start a War. For example, both the English and American Civil Wars were caused by the Romans and Greeks fighting each other."

"So it's kept secret? What did Poseidon mean, it'll be a Secret of the Big Three Children. Why let you know?" Asked Steve.

"Probably because the Big Three's personalities don't change as much as the other Gods."  
Said Nico.

"Who's Thalia?"

"The other Child of the Big Three. She's the Daughter of Zeus. And the Lieutenant of Artemis."

"Lieutenant of Artemis? You mentioned that before."

"Lady Artemis has a band of girls all under the age of eighteen. It's a safe haven for all girls or women. They run around the country killing Monsters, protecting Demigods, women and children. To join they have to swear off all romantic relationships. They're given partial Immortality. Thalia is Artemis' Second in Command."

"Partial Immortality?" Asked Steve.

"They're immortal unless they die in Battle."

"Oh. So you, Thalia, Hazel, and Percy are the only Children of the Big Three alive?"

"That we know of. But Hazel said something the other day, I don't know. I'll have to investigate." Nico yawned.

Steve could see that Nico was falling asleep at the table.

"Come on, you need some sleep."

Steve grabbed Nico's shoulder, guiding him up the stairs to the guest bedroom. Nico collapsed on the bed and immediately started snoring.

Steve smiled and shook his head. He closed the door and walked back down the stairs towards the kitchen.

He cleaned up, grabbed a beer from the fridge and sat down in the living room. He picked up his cell phone and dialed Danny's number.

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Percy Jackson, the only living Half-Blood Child of Poseidon, was sitting in the kitchen of his Manhattan apartment doing his homework when a bright light appeared behind him. He knew that was someone in their Godly Form, and waited until the light faded then jumped out of his chair and fell in to a bow.

"Percy. Good to see you're keeping up with your homework."

"Dad. Hi, is something wrong? The War?"

Poseidon laughed, "Percy, relax. The War hasn't escalated since I've last spoken to you. I'm here to talk to you and your family about something. Are your mother and stepfather here?"



"Um, yeah. They're in the living room."

Percy walked towards the room adjacent to the kitchen, "Mom? Paul? Dad's here. He says he needs to talk to us."

Percy's mom, Sally, came into the kitchen followed by her husband, Paul Blofis.

"Poseidon." She said.

"Sally." Poseidon smiled at her. "Paul." He nodded his head.

"What's going on? Is Percy in danger?" Asked Sally.

"No. but perhaps you should sit down. This may be a long conversation."

The four of them all sat around the kitchen table. Sally brought out lemonade and cookies.

"So, what's all this about, Lord Poseidon?" Asked Paul.

"Percy. What do you know about your brothers during the Second World War?"

"I know Winston Churchill was my brother. And that his family is relatively safe because they live in England. I don't know any other than the main player of the War. I had another brother?" Asked Percy.

"Wait a minute, Winston Churchill was your brother?" Asked Paul.

"Yeah and FDR. Douglas MacArthur and Charles Du Gaulle were Thalia's and Hitler and Mussolini were Nico's." Said Percy.

"That's fascinating." Said Paul.

"Yes, anyway. You had another brother in the 1940s. My youngest at the time, his name was Steven McGarrett. He died in the attack on Pearl Harbor." Explained Poseidon.

"Wow. I had no idea. Chiron never told me." Said Percy.

"He never told you at my request." Said Poseidon, "Steven was married and had two children. His wife wasn't aware of his Heritage, and neither were his children."

"It was safer that way, right? Not to tell them if they didn't already know." Said Percy.

"Safer?" Asked Paul.

"Once anyone related to a God is aware of their Heritage, they become targets for Monsters. It's why I never told Percy about his Father until it was necessary." Said Sally.

"Yes, well his grandson has recently become aware of it because of your Cousin Nico."

"Nico?"

"Yes, he accidentally showed up on Steven's private beach in Hawaii while Shadow Traveling."

"Okay, and what does that have to do with me?"

"Steve, named after his grandfather, has very little Blood Family left. He wants to get to know you. And I believe he has skills he could teach you that will help in the fight against my Father."

"Okay. Well I'd love to get to know him. I don't have much Family left either, Dad. It's why I'm so close to Thalia and Nico. They're my only Cousins."

"How does he have skills Percy doesn't?" Asked Sally.

"Steve was trained as a Navy SEAL. He has a different way of fighting then Chiron teaches. In light of the fact my Father has risen from Tartarus, I believe Percy needs all the training he can get."

"I agree." Said Sally, "I want Percy to have the best chance he can get of surviving. Receiving unusual training will give him an advantage Kronos won't expect."

"Well, Steve has agreed to train Percy. On two conditions."

"What are they?" Asked Sally.

"One, that Percy goes to Hawaii to train. And two, that when the fight comes, he wants to be there."

"Why does he want to be there?" Asked Percy.

"He was upset at the fact that a teenager will be the deciding factor of this War. He said that if we can't stop you from fighting, the least he can do is be there to watch your back."

"I like him. And I like the idea of a Navy SEAL watching your back. I agree. Are we going to have to move there to get his training?" Said Sally.

"I would recommend it. As all three of you know, Nico will be moving in with you regardless of where you live. Should need be, he can move you back to New York in a few seconds."

"I agree with Sally. If you have to fight in this War, I want you to have every advantage you can get. I have a few friends in Hawaii that have offered me a job at one of the schools there. I can call him, and we can transfer when Winter Break starts." Said Paul.

"Nico can get me back to New York if needed?" Asked Percy.

"Yes. And if need be, I can send Chiron to come get you. You'll only be a couple of minutes away at all times."

"Alright. I want to get to know my Family. And moms right, I need all the help I can get." Said Percy.

"Wonderful. I'll let Steve know and let you get the logistics figured out."

"Sounds good." Said Percy.

Poseidon got up from the table and gave Percy a hug.

"Close your eyes, all of you."

There was a flash of light and the God was gone.

"Let's get packing." Said Sally.

## Chapter 4

Steve sighed as he waited for Danny to pick up the phone. They had only begun dating two months ago, and now this was being dropped on his head. They had kept their relationship on the down low for two reasons.

One, they didn't want to get Grace's hopes up. She already loved Steve as an 'Uncle' but would love it even more if Steve became her new stepfather. Steve knew for a fact she loved him more than StepStan. (Which he was insanely proud of, and so was Danny.)

Two, a little thing called Don't Ask, Don't Tell. Steve may be in the Reserves now, but he still had to adhere to the rules. Though rumor had it DADT was going to be repealed soon, they didn't want to chance it and get Steve kicked out of the Navy. (Danny had ranted about that for awhile.)

"What?" Barked the man on the other side of the line.

It looked like Steve had woken Danny up. He glanced at his watch, 2:00 in the morning. Christ, it was later than he thought.

"Hey, it's me."

"Steve. Hey, babe. What's up?"

"I got some news tonight. Weird news." Said Steve.

"Like what?" Asked Danny.

"I found out I have more Ohana still alive then just Aunt Deb and Mary."

"Really? How'd you find that out?"

"My little Cousin literally showed up out of nowhere in my backyard."

"Cousin?"

"His name is Nico. Our familial relationship is complicated. But he's like my third cousin."

"That's strange. You sure you're actually related and he's not just a stranger looking for money or something?"

"Positive. And I know he'd never do that. He's just a kid looking for some family. His mother's dead, father is absent and his older sister, who's been taking care of him, died recently."

"Poor kid. Steve. You aren't thinking of taking custody of him, are you? What do you know about raising a kid?"

"No. He's in the Custody of my Cousin Percy's mother. But, uh, it's a bit complicated."

"What? What did you do, Steven?"

"I don't want to discuss this over the phone. You don't have Gracie today, do you?"

"No. Next weekend. You want me to come over in the morning so we can talk?"

"Would you? I've got the kid staying here and I don't really want to leave him."

"Fine. I'll be there around 9."

"Thank you, Danny."

"Uh huh."

Steve hung up the phone and went to bed, checking on his guest as he passed. Nico was sleeping soundly and looked more peaceful than he had seen him in the few hours he'd known him. He actually looked like a thirteen year old with his eyes closed. When awake, Nico looked like he had the weight of the world on his shoulders and his eyes betrayed the terrible tragedies of his short life.

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Steve woke up bright and early at 6:00am sharp. He went for his morning swim and by seven was on his way to his shower but decided to take a short detour and check on Nico sleeping in the guest room.

Nico was tossing and turning on the bed.

"Bianca! No. Don't leave me. Hazel!"

Steve walked in to the room.

He shook Nico's shoulder gently, "Kid, wake up. It's a nightmare."

Nico shot up from the bed, eyes wide.

"Woah, it's okay. You're safe."

"Where-" Nico rubbed his eyes.

"You're in Hawaii. You overshot, remember? And you met me. Your Cousin Steve."

"Steve. Hawaii. Right."

"Do, uh, you want to talk about your nightmare?"

"No. I'm fine." Said Nico quickly.

"Alright." Said Steve, skeptically. He knew Post Traumatic Stress dreams when he saw them. But if Nico didn't want to talk about, it couldn't force him. "My boyfriend is going to be coming over soon to talk about you and Percy's family coming to stay."

"Boyfriend?" Nico knew that same sex relationships were more tolerated in this time than the 30s and 40s but he had never met anyone who was in a relationship with a member of the same gender.

"Yeah. His name is Danny. He's got a daughter who's eight. But she's at her mother's house this week. He wants to meet you. He's a worrier and he thinks you're trying to extort me for money or something."

"Is he one of the people Uncle said you could tell?"

"Yeah."

"Alright. I'm going to try to get in touch with Percy. See when he wants me to move him here."

"You sure you don't want to try to go back to sleep? You look like you could use a few more hours and Danny isn't going to be here for about two."

"No. I'm fine." Said Nico curtly.

In truth, he could use a few more hours but between Demigod Dreams and his nightmares, it was unlikely he would be able to get back to sleep. He kept dreaming of Bianca and Hazel. He'd lost one sister and he could admit to himself that he was terrified Kronos would take his newly found one too.

He walked out into the living room intending to go out back and use the hose to make an Iris Message.

Steve followed, "Do you want me to make you something to eat before I hop in the shower?"

Nico ignored the question because he had paused at the distinct feeling of Death in the house that he had been too tired to notice before.

"Someone died here, didn't they?" Nico asked. It wasn't really a question though, he knew the answer. Someone had died in this house in the last year and it hadn't been peaceful.

"Yes, my father. How did you know? Is it one of your godly powers?"

"Yes."

"Is my dad here? Like a ghost?"

"No. I can summon him if you'd like though."

"You can do that?" Steve said in shock. He believed in the mystic and magical, he'd seen too much to be blind to the fact of its existence but he hadn't ever truly been exposed to it.

"Yes. I'm the Ghost King. It's one of my powers. Every demigod is different."

"Really? How many powers do you have?"

"Yes. Every demigod is different but Children of the Big Three tend to have both major powers and multiple abilities." Nico took a deep breath, "Bianca, my late sister, was especially good at hellfire. You saw me summon some when I first appeared but I'm not very good at it. My powers lie in Father's Realm of the Dead. My sister Hazel's powers lie in the Riches part of his Realm. She can control everything that's underground but she doesn't have any Death powers that we've noticed. I can also Shadow Travel which is how I got here. I'm still learning though and I overshot my destination."

"Wow. What can children of Poseidon do?" Steve asked, curious as to whether he had inherited any powers from his godly side of the family.

"Water gives them power. It also can heal them if they're not too far gone. They can breath underwater too. And control it." He said bitterly.

"You sound upset by it."

"I'm a freak even by demigod standards. Everyone avoids Hades and his children because they're scared of our powers over Death. It doesn't help that about half of us have gone mad over the years."

"You're not a freak and anyone who tells you that is probably jealous of your powers."

"Thanks." Nico snorted. He doubted anyone at Camp Half-Blood was jealous of his powers. They thought he was a freak and would probably go insane like the past three generations of his brothers.

Steve frowned. He could tell Nico had low self esteem and determined that one of his new jobs now that Nico and his cousin were coming to stay was going to be building that up. He let it go for now as he could see that Nico was set in believing he was a freak. Maybe his cousin Percy could help with his self assigned mission.

He changed the subject, "So do you think I inherited some godly powers?"

"It's kind of a fifty-fifty chance. Some Legacies inherit nothing, others inherit major powers. I know one Legacy of Poseidon inherited a major power once. Poseidon is also known as the Earthshaker. His many times descendant inherited that power and accidentally caused the San Francisco Earthquake in 1906."

"That was caused by a demigod?"

"Yeah, the incident made him an outcast among fellow demigods even though it was an accident."

"Wow. Well I've never caused an earthquake so I think we can rule that out."

"Do you ever get tired in the ocean?" Nico asked.

Steve thought back to his SEAL training and how he had never lost energy during the exercises in the ocean or water and how he had always come in first in his class in those exercises.

"Never. In fact I was always first in my class during exercises involving water. You think it's because of my ancestry?"

"Probably. Did you feel a sudden exhaustion when you got out of the water?"

Steve's eyes widened, "Yeah. I thought it was just normal. It's not?"

"Well yeah for some people but the water was keeping you alert and energized and once you're out, you're not getting that boost anymore."

"Well I guess that explains why I always beat my classmates in wide margins." He frowned, "Though now I feel like I cheated."

Nico shrugged, "Is it cheating when a gifted math genius finishes a test quickly? No. It's just a different gift than other people might have. And it's not like you used your gift to cheat someone out of something they earned, you used it to help people."

"I suppose you're right. Where were you going before this whole conversation got started?"

"Oh. I was going to use your hose to send an IM to Percy."

"An instant message? Why would you need a hose to do that?" Steve asked with his eyebrows furrowed.

"Not an instant message, an Iris Message. Iris is the Goddess of Rainbows and a Messenger of the Gods. If you pay a Drachma or sometimes if you ask nicely, she'll open an image through a rainbow of the person you ask to speak to. It's kinda like the godly version of Skype." Nico explained.

"Oh. That's pretty neat."

"Yeah, you can come watch and meet Percy, if you'd like."

"Sure."

Steve followed Nico back onto the porch and watched as he turned on the hose and held it out to him.

"Here, hold the nozzle and point the water in the direction of the sun so it creates a rainbow."

Steve did as he was told and watched the rainbow shimmer into existence.

Nico fished a golden Drachma out of the pocket of his aviator jacket and tossed it into the rainbow where it disappeared.



"Oh Iris, goddess of the Rainbow, accept my Offering. Show me Percy Jackson in Manhattan."

The rainbow flickered and an image appeared of a teenaged boy with black hair and sea green eyes. He was tall and tan, with slender muscles that showed he worked out but he wasn't a body builder.

Steve's eyes widened, he was staring at someone who looked almost identical to the pictures of his grandfather. If there was any doubt they were related, it was erased at the sight of Percy.

"Nico!" Percy said with a grin. "Hey, how are you? Is that my nephew I see lurking behind you?"

"I'm fine." Nico grumbled, "And yeah, this is Steve. Steve, this is your uncle Percy."

"Sup, nephew." Percy nodded at Steve and laughed, "Man, that's weird. I'm never going to get used to Godly relations. I'm an uncle to a guy who's probably twenty years older than me. So Nics, you calling about moving us over to Hawaii? I'm so excited. I want to learn to surf, I've never vacationed in Montuak long enough to learn how."

"Don't call me 'Nics'." Nico growled at Percy, "Yes, when do you want me to move you guys. And I'm not doing your bags. I'm not a bellhop."

Percy scratched his head, "Um, give us about a week? We're going to ship our luggage and Paul has to inform and transfer schools. Luckily lots of people move during school breaks so it shouldn't be too hard. I've also got to get ahold of Chiron and Annabeth and tell them. Annabeth won't be pleased, or maybe she will. I can never tell with her. Girls, honestly."

"Is Annabeth in New York or did she go to San Francisco to be with her dad?"

"She went back to SF now that she's realized her dad does love her and her step mom doesn't actually hate her. I'm proud of her. She's lasted four months and hasn't come running back to NYC, so we're making progress." Percy grinned happily.

"I'm happy for her." Nico said, "Alright so I'll pick you guys up in a week? That's a good amount of time for me. I can recover from overshooting and make sure I'm prepared with Ambrosia or Nectar so I don't passed out."

Nico's eyes widened suddenly, "Oh I just remembered, you may not have to ship your luggage. You know Mrs. O'Leary can transport you using Shadow Travel, right?"

"She can?" Percy said incredulously, "That's so cool!"

"I'll teach you how to get her to places you want when I come to pick you up. You can come over on Mrs. O'Leary and I'll take Sally and Paul. Mrs. O'Leary can carry you and your bags with no problems."

"Awesome!" Percy grinned widely, "So I'll see you both in a week?"

"Yes. See you then, Percy." Nico nodded.

Percy nodded at Steve, "Thank you, uh, how about I just call you my cousin, Steve?"

Steve gave a small smile, "That works for me."

"Anyway, thanks for taking us in and helping me with the war. And Nico, thanks for helping move."

"You're family, Percy. Around here, family means everything." Steve said.

"It means everything to me too." Percy said seriously.

"Don't forget to contact Chiron and Annabeth. And your brother."

"Yeah, I won't forget. Kay, see you in a week!"

"Yeah." Nico swiped his hand through the rainbow, cutting the connection.

"So he's got a brother?"

"It's a long and complicated story. Can we eat first?"

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Nico wasn't sure what to make of the shorter man who was standing beside Steve and staring at him intently. He had blonde hair and eerily familiar electric blue eyes.

Nico didn't think he was a threat but he didn't like the way he seemed to read Nico. He didn't like feeling exposed and twisted the skull ring on his finger uncomfortably.

"So, you're Steve's cousin." He said finally.

"Yeah." Nico said. "And you're his boyfriend."

"Steve said that you had some things you needed to explain."

"Let's sit down." Steve interjected. He could feel a headache coming on. Nico was being defensive and Danny was being offensive. He needed the both of them to calm down before this whole meeting turned uncivil.

Steve and Danny sat down next to each other on the couch, and Danny placed his hand on Steve's thigh in a move that Nico thought was almost protective. Not that it looked like Steve needed protecting.

Nico sat restlessly in the armchair beside the couch and got straight to the point. "What do you know of the Greco-Roman gods?"

Danny's hand tightened on Steve's thigh. "You've got to be kidding me! You're a demigod?!" He turned to his boyfriend in accusation.

"Not exactly." Nico said. "He's a legacy, the great-grandson of Poseidon."

"How did you know?" Steve asked.

"My family - wait, *Poseidon*? You mean Neptune."

"Your family is Roman." Nico observed.

"Yeah." Danny said. "We're legacies of Jupiter. My four times great-grandmother was a daughter of Jupiter. Don't tell me those old fears of the Greeks being around is true."

"Yeah, we're around." Nico said. "Nico Di Angelo, son of Hades. The gods keep us apart because we don't get along."

Danny nodded. "So, you're Steve's cousin on the godly side of the family. Technically so am I." He made a face.

“It’s so far removed it doesn’t matter, even by mortal standards. I remember Queen Victoria was married to her first cousin and the current queen is married to her third. Besides, the gods don’t have DNA.”

“Hm. True, it’s just I grew up in the mortal world where this sort of thing is looked down upon.” Danny said. “So what’s going on exactly? Did you know before he showed up?” He directed that question towards Steve.

Steve shook his head. “I didn’t know. My grandfather was the demigod in the family and he died before passing on that knowledge.”

Danny nodded. He imagined there was a lot that Steve’s grandfather had hoped to tell his children one day.

“There’s going to be some other people moving in. My cousin and his family.”

“Uncle.” Nico said.

“Uncle?” Danny asked.

“Percy is the only living demigod child of Poseidon. With the war on, Poseidon has asked Steve to help train him.”

“What war?” Danny asked, alarmed.

“You don’t keep in contact with Camp Jupiter? I see the tattoo.”

Steve glanced at Danny’s arm where Nico had pointed. He saw a tattoo that he had never noticed before, even during their times alone. Maybe the Mist had obscured it from his vision? It had an Eagle with SPQR below it and ten lines that almost looked like a barcode.

“Not since I retired from the Legion when I was twenty-eight. I’ll send Gracie there when she’s eighteen to attend college and get training but until then, I try to avoid the mythical world.”

Nico nodded. “Kronos - Saturn - has risen from the Pit. He means to overthrow the gods and destroy the Western World as we know it.”

Danny paled. “Please tell me you’re kidding.”

Nico shook his head grimly. “I’m afraid not.”

Danny ran his hand over his face. “By Jove. I had hoped that I could avoid telling Gracie about our ancestry until she was at least a teenager. She has no training.”

“Percy is coming here so I can give him some one on one training. Why don’t you and Grace join us?”

Danny nodded. “It’s not a bad idea. Thanks babe. She’s too young to send to Camp yet and it’s probably not safe at a time like this.”

Nico stood up. "I need to go see my father. I'll be back in a week with Percy and his family."

"Nice to meet you, kid." Danny said.

"Be careful." Steve said. "Don't overshoot again."

Nico glared at him and disappeared into a shadow.

---

A week later, Percy and his family had settled in rather quickly. As strange as it was to have people occupying the house again (and not people he knew well yet), it was nice. It reminded Steve of happier times before his mother died. Though the house had never been so full.

Steve had, of course, stayed in the master. He had given Percy his childhood bedroom, after Danny and he had boxed up most of his stuff from his teenage years and put it in storage. Nico had begun to occupy Mary's old room, which had been cleared of her stuff and shipped to her in California. He gave Percy's mother, Sally, and her husband, Paul, the guest room.

Two days after they moved in, Nico had left for a day trip to visit his sister (not that he had yet told Percy about her and her particular heritage). Sally and Paul were off exploring the island leaving Steve to get to know his cousin.

Getting to know his younger uncle/cousin was an engrossing experience. Steve was pulled into the tales of the journeys his cousin had been on to help save the world. It was more than he could have ever imagined doing when he was Percy's age and more than he had ever done in the Navy as an adult. Percy had earned his respect faster than most of his colleagues.

Steve realized what Poseidon had meant by not treating Percy like a kid. He had truly been through terrible things. He didn't act like traumatized child though. He held himself almost like a soldier. An adult soldier who had been through training and had been prepared for a war. Steve supposed Percy had been trained at the camp Nico had told him about.

"So you've done a lot of what Hercules has done." Steve observed.

It was the wrong thing to say, apparently. Percy made a face of annoyance.

Steve backtracked quickly, "Sorry. I guess you don't like being compared to him."

"Yeah but not because I'm jealous of him or anything. Hercules isn't what the myths make of him. He was a great hero but a major asshole. He really hurt one of my friends back in the day." Percy scowled and fiddled with his pen.

"A friend of yours? Isn't Hercules a few thousand years older than you?"

Percy gave a sad smile. "Zoë was as old as Hercules, if not a bit older."

Steve raised an eyebrow. "Really? Was she a goddess?"

Percy shook his head. "Nico told you about the Hunters right?"

“Yeah, they’re an immortal band of girls and your cousin is the lieutenant right? She replaced someone recently? I don’t remember who exactly.”

Percy nodded. “Zoë Nightshade. She was the lieutenant for like two thousand years until she gave her life on the Quest to save Artemis.”

He continued to fidget with the pen in his hand. Steve wondered why he was so attached to a cheap ball point pen.

“She was a nymph, the daughter of the Titan Atlas, and a Hesperide until she betrayed them to help Hercules steal some of the golden apples.” Percy explained.

“She helped Hercules?” Steve asked. It had been a long time since he had studied the myths of Ancient Greece (and it was clear he needed to brush up on his mythology) but he didn’t remember any mention of Hercules having helping on that quest.

“She’s the reason he succeeded but he was selfish. He flirted with her and promised her things and as soon as he got what he wanted, he ditched her. She lost everything because of him. Her job, her family, her life, her immortality. If it hadn’t been for Artemis, I never would have met her.”

There was a rumble of thunder in the clear blue sky and Steve stared up in confusion.

“It’s the gods.” Percy explained. “They like to eavesdrop and I was speaking poorly of a minor god who is the son of the King of the Gods.”

“You’re not going to be like, smited, are you?” Steve glanced at him.

Percy smirked. “Irritating gods is kind of my speciality. Between the prophecy and the fact I’m Poseidon’s kid, I’ll be okay for now.”

That didn’t really reassure Steve but he dropped it. He was starting to understand why Danny got so upset at his reckless ways.

“When Zoë died she was turned into a constellation, the Huntress.”

“That constellation has been there forever.” Steve protested.

Percy laughed. “That’s the Mist, cousin. It just makes you *think* it’s always been there. In reality it’s only about a year old.” He looked sad. “Almost exactly a year old.”

“Does it bother you that you’ve done some things like other heroes have done?” Steve asked. “Do you feel the need to be different?”

“You can’t really go anywhere in the world without running into something a previous hero hasn’t already done.” Percy shrugged. “I mean, my half-brother Theseus did the Labyrinth back in Ancient Times. It doesn’t annoy me too much because it lets me learn from their experiences but it does bother some people, like...” he trailed off and stared out at the ocean.

“Like?” Steve pressed.

“What did Nico tell you of the War?” Percy asked finally.

“That your grandfather is attempting to return and overthrow the world as we know it.”

Percy nodded. “That about sums it up. Kronos has possessed my...” he paused and seemed to search for the words, “someone I thought was a friend. He can’t regain his old body because it was chopped up into little pieces in the first war.”

“Did this friend of yours give his body willingly?” Steve asked.

“Yeah.” He sighed. “Luke, Kronos’ host, complained that he never got a real quest. The quest he was given by his father was one Hercules did millennia ago, stealing the golden apples. But he didn’t have the help of a Hesperide nymph and failed. Annabeth said he became bitter after that.”

Percy gripped the pen tightly, his knuckles going white. “He betrayed all of us because of his daddy issues.”

“Do you think there’s a possibility he was brainwashed? That Kronos played on his issues?” Steve asked.

Percy huffed out a breath. “I don’t know. Annabeth would like to think so but she’s biased, he practically raised her. In the beginning, I thought he was brainwashed or something and I tried to give him chances to get out but after awhile and many attempts on my life, I can’t think like that anymore.”

“You’re right, you can’t think like that. You have to remember that regardless if he is brainwashed or under mind control or something, he is still a threat to the world and the safety of others.”

“Yeah.” Percy sounded defeated.

Steve nodded. It was time to change the subject. “What’s with the pen?”

Percy grinned. “What pen?”

He took the cap off and a three foot long bronze sword of Ancient Greek design was suddenly in his hand, the cheap ballpoint pen nowhere in sight.

“It’s a magic weapon?”

Percy nodded. “It’s called *Anaklusmos*.”

“Riptide.” Steve said. He furrowed his eyebrows. “How did I know that?”

“It’s part of your godly heritage.” Percy explained. “All demigods and legacies can understand Ancient Greek. It’s worse for demigods though. Our brains are hardwired for it and because of that, we have a hard time reading any other language. It presents as dyslexia.”

“No dyslexia here.” Steve said.

“Then you may only be able to understand it if it’s spoken. At least I think that’s what Annabeth said.” Percy rubbed the back of his neck. “I kinda tune out when she gets real technical.”

“So your sword... was it made just for you?”

Percy touched the cap of the pen to the tip of the sword and it shrunk back down to a pen.

“No. I think it was created as a gift for Zoë. I know it was hers and she gave it to Hercules. He discarded it soon after he got what he wanted just like her and through the years it went from one hand to another. Dad arranged for it to be given to me.” Percy gave a sad smile. “Zoë was mad that I had it at first but one of the last things she said to me before she died was that she was glad I was the hero using it.”

The sound of a car pulling up in the drive way broke the silence that settled between Steve and Percy.

“That’s probably mom and Paul.”

Steve nodded. “I’ll take you guys for some real Hawaiian food tonight. We start training at five.”

“A.M.?” Percy groaned. “We don’t normally get up at Camp until seven.”

“You’re not at Camp. Tomorrow some of my friends are coming over for a barbecue. We’re going to tell them about everything then. They’re going to give me a hand with your training and my boyfriends daughter is going to join us sometimes.”

Percy nodded. “Okay. Do you think we can add surfing lessons?”

Steve grinned. “Of course. Come on.”

They headed back into the house.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter is brought to you by Hercules: The Animated Series on Disney+. It’s horribly inaccurate but wildly entertaining.



# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So not only are the Greek Gods real but so are the Roman?” Percy asked.

“I’m beginning to wonder if all pantheons are real.” Nico said in thought. “There’s something going on in Brooklyn and Boston, dad told me to avoid the areas because they’re not ‘our territory’. But yeah, the Romans exist.”

Percy shook his head. “At this point, it really wouldn’t surprise me to see other pantheons around. Hazel is your sister?”

Nico nodded and looked down at his lap, twisting his skull ring again. “I was looking for Bianca.” He said quietly. “I wanted to sneak her out of the Underworld like Orpheus did.”

Percy felt a pang of sorrow and guilt in his chest and swallowed harshly. His broken promise to look after Bianca who had gotten killed on his watch. “But you found Hazel instead.”

Nico nodded. “Dad caught me. I thought I was done for but all he did was tell me to take her to Camp Jupiter, the Roman Camp. He warned me not to do it again though. Even Bianca chastised me, she’s thinking about being reborn.”

“Hades didn’t like throw you in Tartarus?” Percy asked incredulously.

“No, he was pretty angry though until the Fates showed up and said this was supposed to happen.”

“This was supposed to happen?”

“The Greeks and the Romans have fought since ancient times, maybe it’s time for us to start getting along. I mean most of us are siblings, just different aspects.”

Percy nodded. He didn’t see why they would want to fight each other. “Hades and Dad said you could tell me?”

“Yeah and Thalia. But Poseidon said not to tell Annabeth about it.”

Percy seemed a bit mad at that. He didn’t see why, Annabeth was the smartest demigod around. She probably already knew or suspected.

“Romans don’t like Athena.” Nico said quickly before Percy could voice his protestations.

“What?”

“Romans think that maiden goddesses should be completely untouched. So they would see Annabeth and her siblings as oath-broken children.”

“But they’re not born of...” Percy looked uncomfortable and a bit green, like he was imagining something unpleasant. “You know, that way.”

“Doesn’t matter.” Nico said. “They think maidens shouldn’t have children, period. They only make an exception for goddesses like Lady Artemis, her Hunters are technically adopted daughters.”

“Annabeth would be fine knowing.”

“It’s not time for her to know.” Nico said. “The Fates said that eventually every demigod would know and we would be at peace with each other, but not right now. We have more important things to worry about.”

Percy nodded. “Kronos. I assume the Romans are helping where they can?”

Nico nodded. “I think their camp was put on the west coast to be close to Mount Orthys. We were put in the east to protect Mount Olympus.”

“When the fight comes to New York, which we know it will eventually, we should coordinate with the Romans. They can take Mount Orthys while we defend Olympus.”

Nico looked thoughtful. “That might actually help a lot, assuming the Titan’s thrones help their power as much as the gods’.”

“Who’s the leader of their camp? Is it someone we can talk to?”

Nico nodded. “Hazel said that Camp Jupiter has two leaders, Praetors, Jason and Reyna. Reyna is the daughter of Bellona, the Roman aspect of Enyo. We can’t talk to her, she’s not a Big Three kid. Jason is a son of Jupiter, though.”

“Enyo is Ares’ twin sister, right?” Percy said, squinting as he tried to remember his lessons from Camp. There were so many gods, major and minor, it was hard to keep track. It would be even harder now with Roman aspects to remember.

“Yeah and Jupiter is Zeus’ Roman form.”

“Can you set up a meeting? Does he know about you?”

Nico nodded. “I’m known as the Ambassador of Pluto at Camp Jupiter. Father officially introduced me to them when we brought Hazel to camp, so that I would be trusted.”

Percy smirked and Nico’s stomach fluttered. He cursed himself mentally for being so effected by Percy. It was embarrassing, even if he was the only one to know.

“Looks like you’re going to be the Ambassador to both camps.”

“I don’t even go to Camp Half-Blood.” Nico protested.

“But you are the one who is going to go back and forth between us.” Percy said. “Embrace it, it’s a big deal.”

Nico scowled.

“Tell Jason what’s going on. See if he’ll meet up. And I want to meet your sister too, if possible.”

Nico grumbled. “I’m not a servant boy.”

“We need all the help we can get, Nico.”

Percy said seriously. “All the allies we can find. I’m sorry that it has to be you but you’re the one they know.”

“Yeah, alright.” Nico sighed. “I’ll see what I can do. I’ll be back in time for dinner.”

“You better be or I’ll send Mrs. O’Leary after you. Don’t forget dinner is at seven.”

Nico scowled at him and disappeared into a shadow.

---

The day of the Ohana barbecue was upon them. Sally and Paul had taken it upon themselves to prepare the sides and were in the kitchen. Nico had disappeared but Percy had said he could be awkward around groups of people and had promised to be back in time for dinner.

Danny had been avoiding telling Grace exactly what was going on until the last possible minute. He done a good job too, Chin and Kono were due to arrive in an hour and he still hadn’t managed to bring it up. Finally, he got up the nerve and called Grace out of the ocean where she had been playing with Percy and Steve.

Danny had been reluctant, to say the least, about allowing his daughter into the ocean. Finally Percy had pulled him aside, reassuring him that Poseidon wouldn’t do anything to hurt her when she was with him.

Grace came running up to Danny with a gigantic smile on her face. She loved the water so much he wondered sometimes if she was actually his. A child of the sky god who loved the water, wonders never ceased.

“Danno! Did you see the dolphins?” She grinned up at him. “Percy said they came just for me! I told him there was no way.”

Danny smiled. He didn’t doubt for a second that Percy had called the dolphins when Gracie had mentioned that she loved them.

“Gracie.” He started. “We need to talk.”

Grace’s face fell and Danny realized he had chosen a poor choice of words. The last time Grace had heard that phrase uttered from her father’s mouth, her mother and he had announced they were getting divorced.

“It’s not bad, sweetheart.” Danny reassured quickly. “Just something serious I need to speak to you about.”

“Are you and Uncle Steve breaking up?”

Danny sputtered for a minute. “You know we’re together?”

Grace rolled her eyes. “Duh.”

“Duh.” Danny repeated. “You’re too smart for your own good, monkey. No, we’re not breaking up.”

“Oh, okay.” Grace said. “Then what did you want to talk about?”

Danny rubbed his forehead. “How about we sit down?”

They sat down on the beach chairs.

“You know that Disney movie you like, Hercules?”

“Yeah.” Grace said slowly.

He thought bringing up that movie would make explaining this easier. It didn’t. “So you know about the Greek gods, right?”

“Yeah. Hercules was the son of the King of Gods, Zeus.” Grace said. “What’s this about, dad?”

“The gods are real.” Danny said bluntly.

“Step-Stan says that the Greeks made up the stories about the gods to explain what was happening in nature and stuff.” Grace said.

Danny scowled. “Step-Stan is wrong. The gods exist, we’re actually related to Hercules.”

Grace looked skeptical. “Really, Danno?”

“I’m serious, Gracie. Deadly serious.”

“If we’re related to Hercules then that means we’re related to Zeus?”

“Jupiter, actually. When the gods moved to Italy they adopted new names. Hercules’ Greek name was Heracles.”

“So Jupiter is our...?”

“Our ancestor. Jupiter had a daughter, many years ago, and that woman was our many times grandmother on the Williams side.”

Grace nodded. “Okay.” She still looked a bit skeptical.

“You think I’m joking.” Danny said.

“Dad.” Grace groaned, drawing out the word dramatically. “It’s just... kind of unbelievable.”

“Alright.” Danny raised his hands. He called out to Percy. “Fish boy, can you please prove to my daughter the gods are real.”

Percy gave a thumbs up and smirked, waving his hand upward. The water rose up from the sea and formed into a dolphin which did a few jumps in the air and then turned into a trident.

Grace’s eyes widened.

“When Percy told you that the dolphins came just for you, he probably called them.” Danny said. “He’s our very distant cousin, the son of Poseidon, God of the Sea.”

“Wow. He can talk to them?” Grace asked excitedly.

“Yep.”

“That’s awesome!” Grace exclaimed. “What can we do?”

“Well, because Eagles, Wolves and Lions are Jupiter’s sacred animals, we can understand them.” Danny explained. “Some of us can fly by controlling the wind and others can create electricity and storms.”

“Cool! I want to fly.”

Danny laughed. “You don’t get to choose your gift, Gracie. We’ll just have to wait and see what you’re good at.”

Grace pouted. “How come you’re telling me this now?”

“I didn’t want to tell you until you were older.” Danny admitted. “But, there’s a war on and you need to know so you can protect yourself.”

“So when I saw that centaur a few years ago and you said I had good imagination, did I actually see a centaur?” Grace asked.

Danny grimaced. “Yeah, you did. I’m sorry I lied to you, princess. When a demigod or legacy becomes aware of their ancestry, we become targets by the monsters of that world. I wasn’t going to tell you until you were a teenager.”

“It’s okay, Danno. You were trying to protect me.”

Danny got up and pulled her into a hug. “You’re too nice, kiddo.”

---

An hour later, Steve was introducing Sally, Paul and Percy to Chin and Kono, who looked excited to meet his family.

“So is he your nephew or something?” Chin asked Steve. “He looks quite a lot like you.”

Percy smirked. “Other way around actually.”

“Seriously? You’re his uncle?” Kono asked.

Steve groaned. “I thought we agreed on sticking to cousin.”

“Sorry, nephew. It was too funny.” Percy twisted his lips in a teasing smile.

“So what’s all this about, anyway? I’m guessing this is about more than just your cousins moving in for awhile. And how is he your uncle?” Kono asked.

“What do you guys know about the Greco-Roman gods?” Sally asked with a small knowing smile as she placed her hands on Percy’s shoulders.

Chin and Kono glanced at each other and Percy could see that they understood where this was going but weren’t too surprised by it, which was interesting. How weird would it be to find two more Clear-Sighted Mortals?

“We know they exist.” Kono said evenly.

“Don’t tell me this whole team is made up of demigods?” Danny groaned. “My life is never going to be normal.”

“Well, we’re not demigods.” Chin said.

“We’re Legacies.” Kono said with a smirk.

“Greco-Roman?” Steve asked.

Kono shook her head. “Hawaiian. Kanaloa is one of our ancestors.”

“Who?” Percy asked.

“Hawaiian god of the sea.” Chin said.

“Really?” Percy smiled. “I’m the son of Poseidon, Greek god of the sea.”

“Cool, brah.” Kono said, holding out her fist for a fist bump. Percy reciprocated with a grin.

“If you’re his uncle, then?” Chin asked.

“Yeah, I’m a descendant of him. My grandfather was his son. So if we’re all children of the sea, are we like cousins?” Steve asked.

Kono and Chin glanced at each other and shrugged.

“Works for me. Welcome to the Ohana, cuz.” Kono grinned.

Danny groaned. “Why can’t I just have one job filled with mortals like a normal person living in the mortal world?”

“Are you part of this too, Danny?” Chin asked.

“Danno and I are descended from Jupiter!” Grace chimed in cheerfully.

“Jupiter, huh? King of the Roman gods?” Chin asked.

Grace nodded. “We’re related to Hercules!”

Percy scowled. He knew that Grace was excited about it because she only knew the Disney version of his story. He had also admired Hercules when he was younger for the same reason. He knew better now.

Steve saw his face and changed the subject. “Percy is here because there’s a war going on in the Greco-Roman world.”

Kono and Chin shared another knowing look.

“We’re aware of it, there are a few Greco-Roman demigods on the islands. We heard that the Titan King is looking to make a return.” Chin said.

“He’s already risen.” Percy said with a pinched face as he remembered the circumstances that brought it about.

Sally sighed heavily. “Percy is the subject of a prophecy about the war and his grandfather. His father suggested that he come here to receive supplemental training to his summer training.”

“He normally only trains in the summer?” Steve asked, raising an eyebrow.

Percy shrugged. “I do what I can in the other months but there not much room for sword fighting in Manhattan.”

Steve shook his head. “Yeah, we’re definitely training everyday from now on. I don’t do swords but Danny?” He looked at his boyfriend.

Danny nodded. “We’re taught sword fighting at Camp Jupiter. I’ll help there.”

“Can we get in on the action? We may not be Greek or Roman but we know the stories of the Titan King. He’s no one we want in our backyard.” Kono asked.

“Maybe you can help me with my water powers?” Percy asked. “I don’t have anyone who knows how to control it like me. I just find out things randomly.”

“Sure, Kono’s the best for that.” Chin said.

“Danno.” Grace pulled on the edge of Danny’s shirt to get his attention. “Can I watch you and Percy fight?”

Danny looked down at his daughter and chuckled. “What do you say, water boy? Want to help me put on a demonstration before dinner?”

Percy grinned.

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Ten minutes into the fight and Percy could admit that Danny was a good swordsman. He didn't fight quite like the Greeks were taught at Camp Half-Blood but he was excellent all the same.

"You're good, kid. I'll give you that." Danny panted. "But I was a Centurion of the Twelfth Legion."

Percy grinned with sweat dripping down his face. "Yeah but when's the last time you had a real opponent? You're rusty, old man."

He attempted to use the move that Luke had taught him in his first sword fighting lesson at Camp Half-Blood but was blocked by Danny.

"Watch it, kid." Danny smirked. "I may be old but that just means I have more experience than you."

The fight went on for a few more minutes. Percy could hear his mom, Paul and Kono cheering for him while Grace, Chin and Steve cheered for Danny.

"You're tiring." Percy taunted.

"Hm." Danny said. "I've still got enough energy for *this*."

As their blades clashed again, Imperial Gold against Celestial Bronze, there was a spark of electricity that connected from where the two blades met. It traveled down Riptide and shocked Percy's hand. He dropped the hilt of his sword with a hiss.

Danny smiled widely. "I win."

"You cheated." Percy groaned as he shook the pain out of his hand. It didn't hurt worse than a joke buzzer or a bad jolt of static electricity but he had definitely not expected it.

"Always use what you've got." Danny said. "I'm sure you've heard that before. Your enemies, especially the demigods that the Titan King is using, are not going to fight fair and neither should you."

Percy frowned. "But they're brainwashed by him."

"Danny's right." Steve said as he came up to Percy and put his hand on his shoulder. "This is life and death. You don't have time to think about their innocence. When I was in Afghanistan, I saw kids who were tricked and brainwashed into becoming human bombs. Their situation is similar to the enemy demigods. They're being used but they don't know it. They've been brainwashed and you won't be able to convince them otherwise. You will have to make hard choices, you will have to do things to protect yourself and your friends that will haunt you for the rest of your life. But, you have to remember they're as much a victim as the people they hurt."

"But we should help them." Percy protested. "Not kill them."



“Give them a choice. Offer them a way out. If they take it, great. But you need to be prepared to fight them if they don’t.” Danny said as Steve nodded in agreement.

“So, where’d you learn the electricity trick?” Percy asked as he changed the subject. He had a lot to think about and didn’t feel like mulling it over in his head at the moment.

“Child of Jupiter, remember? My great-grandfather was actually the one who figured out we could send a small shock from our hands through our swords and shock our opponents. Gold and Bronze both conduct electricity.” Danny explained.

“Cool. My friend Thalia is a daughter of Zeus and she uses her Celestial Bronze spear to conduct her electricity, usually in big bolts.”

Danny nodded. “I can’t conduct anything stronger than a taser charge, anything larger exhausts me.”

“Dad!” Grace came bouncing up to her father. “That was awesome! When do I get a sword?”

“You’re a bit too small for a *gladius*, Gracie.” Danny said.

Grace pouted.

Danny smiled gently and knelt down, pulling the sheathed dagger off his belt. “This was your great-great-great-great grandma’s knife. It was given to her as a thirteenth birthday gift by her father, the King of the Gods, Jupiter.”

He unsheathed the Imperial Gold Parazonium. It was a triangular blade. Percy recognized it as the type of knife that was usually ceremonial but worked well in a fight too. It was also worn by the royalty of Ancient Times, an appropriate weapon for a child of the King of the Gods.

Grace took it by the hilt reverently.

“It’s called *Caelum*.” Danny said.

“Sky.” Grace said with a smile. Her eyes widen when she realized she had perfectly understood Latin.

“It’s yours now. I’ll teach you how to use it properly.”

“You want to know what rule one of being a demigod is, Gracie?” Percy smiled.

“What?”

“Always carry your weapon.” Percy said. He had learned that the hard way.

“But won’t people see?”

“Only people who can see through the Mist. Clear-Sighted Mortals and others of godly descent. And monsters, of course.” Danny said.

“Clear-Sighted Mortals are pretty rare. I only know two. My mom,” Percy pointed with his sword towards his mother. “and my friend Rachel.”

“The Mist will make it seem like something harmless to mortals.” Danny said. “Grace, I want you to promise me you’ll always carry it.”

Grace nodded seriously. “I will, Dad.”

“That was an awesome demonstration, guys.” Chin said. “Bet you guys are hungry.”

“Starving.” Percy said with a grin. “But we’re just waiting for my cousin.”

“Your cousin?” Kono asked.

“His name is Nico. He’s the son of Hades.” Percy explained. “He should be here in a few minutes, he left to run an errand that could help in the war.”

## Chapter End Notes

Percy Jackson is getting a Disney+ show! \*screams in delight incoherently\*

Also, this chapter ends kinda abruptly because I didn’t know how to end it. \*shrugs\*

## Chapter 7

The first couple of weeks in Hawaii had been amazing. He finally had enough space to train without people staring at him and easy access to the ocean to relax when training got a bit too much or the war seemed too close for comfort.

The barbecue had gone great. Everyone had gotten along (despite some grumbling from Nico and Danny) and had enjoyed their time getting to know each other. Percy had enjoyed the fact that everyone at the table knew about the mythical world and that he didn't have to hide it.

Kono, as promised, had begun to help Percy learn to control his water powers, which was new because he always seemed to discover his abilities on the fly. It was nice to be able to learn things about himself without it being a life or death situation.

She usually showed up around five thirty in the morning and would take him out on a surf board, telling him that he needed to feel one with the ocean. Despite growing up on an island, Percy had never spent this much time in the ocean before. The water in the rivers around Manhattan was toxic and they only managed to make it down to the beach once a year if they were lucky.

Late one Saturday morning, after his lessons with Kono and before his combat lessons with Steve and Danny, Percy contacted Camp Half-Blood by IM. He had promised Chiron that he would call about a week after they'd settled. He hit the button by the sliding glass door as he made his way onto the porch of the house. A few days before, Steve had installed a mister on the awning of his porch so that they wouldn't have to use the hose every time they wanted to IM someone.

Chiron seemed pleased when Percy told him that Chin and Kono were legacies of Kanaloa and that they wanted to help him expand his powers over the oceans.

"I'm glad people who have water abilities can help you train." Chiron explained. "In the old days the older children of Poseidon helped train the younger ones but the last half-blood child of your father died fifty years before your birth."

"It's been pretty cool." Percy said. "I'm glad to have someone to ask questions. No offense, Chiron."

Chiron gave a small smile. "None taken, I am limited in what I can teach you."

"Are you alone?" Percy asked seriously as he changed the subject. "There's something I wanted to talk about but it's supposed to be secret."

"Yes, it's afternoon here. All the year-rounders are should be finishing their activities for the day." Chiron raised an eyebrow. "What did you wish to speak to me about?"

"Dad told me about the Romans." Percy said bluntly.

Chiron looked surprised. “That is an unusual turn of events.”

“Nico came across his Roman sister. Hades found out and the Fates showed up saying that soon we would know about each other and be at peace but that Nico finding out would be the catalyst.”

Chiron looked weary. “I can hope for peace but we have thought that many times over the millennia. What is different this time?”

“A mutual enemy.” Percy stated. “What’s that saying? Annabeth said it once. The enemy of my enemy is my friend or something?”

“Perhaps.” Chiron stroke his beard in thought. “None of the previous Greek and Roman interactions had a bigger enemy to defeat.”

“Maybe this will make us see that we’re really not that different.”

“We can hope.”

“I’m arranging a meeting with the Big Three leader of the Roman Camp through Nico. He’s supposed to bring him tomorrow afternoon.”

“Are you sure that is wise, Perseus?” Percy always knew it was serious when Chiron called him by his full name. He only ever did it when he wanted Percy’s full attention.

“I think if we want to defeat the Titans, we need to work together.” He explained. “There aren’t enough of the Greeks to take down the whole Titan army, especially if most of the minor gods are on *His* side.”

Chiron looked lost in thought. Percy waited for him to process, finally he said. “Perhaps you are right. We have been having trouble raising allies to fight. I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to put out feelers to the Romans. But Percy, please be careful. I remember the last war we had with them.” Chiron got a haunted look in his eyes.

“Of course. I’m only meeting with one of their leaders.”

“Just trend cautiously, the Romans and Greeks have a long and contemptuous history. It will not be discarded overnight.” He warned.

Percy nodded, taking Chiron’s advice to heart.

“I’ll keep you updated.”

“Thank you and good luck with your extracurricular training.”

Percy swiped his hand through the rainbow and watched as it reset. He dug out another drachma. “Oh Iris, goddess of the Rainbow, accept my offering. Show me Annabeth Chase in San Francisco.”

The rainbow shimmered and an image of Annabeth assembling a lego city with her twin brothers in the living room of her house appeared.

“Hey Annabeth!” Percy called out to her.

She looked up startled as her brothers said, “Cool!”

“Hey Matt, Bobby.” Percy said.

“Hi Percy!”

“Percy!” Annabeth said. “Where are you? Is that Hawaii? Did you get a quest from your dad and not invite me?” She accused.

Percy smiled. “No, Wise Girl. I’m at my cousin’s house in Oahu.” He ran a hand through his hair. “Well, actually I was asked to come here by Dad so I guess you’re kinda right?”

“Poseidon asked you to go to Hawaii? Why?” Annabeth furrowed her eyebrows in thought.

“I have a cousin on his side who’s a Navy Seal. Dad thought I could get more training out here in preparation for what’s coming than I would in the city.”

Annabeth looked thoughtful. “Why didn’t he just ask you to return to camp for some year-round training?”

“I think it’s his way of making sure I can stay with Mom. Her and Paul wouldn’t be able to see me but maybe once every couple of weeks and I wouldn’t be able to finish the school year.”

Annabeth looked impressed. “I’m glad he thought of your education. And there really isn’t a lot of room to train in New York. I mean there’s Central Park but so many mortals go there and they all stare at you like you’re crazy when you practice your combat moves.”

She frowned like she was remembering an unpleasant experience and Percy held back a laugh. He lived less than a mile from Central Park and it was where he usually went to train on the weekends. He didn’t care that he was usually viewed as one of the crazy park people because mortals couldn’t see his sword.

“Yeah. Steve has a whole plot of land, including his own beach!” Percy grinned happily.

“And Steve’s boyfriend is a Legacy of Zeus so he’s helping out when he can. It looks like San Francisco is going well for you.”

Annabeth smiled down at her brothers who had gotten bored with the conversation and had begun knocking down the buildings, pretending to be monsters. “Yeah, it’s been pretty great. Part of it is probably that I can defend myself now.”

“You talked it over with your dad and step-mom?”

Annabeth nodded. “She apologized to me.” She still seemed a little shocked by the idea that her stepmother actually cared. Percy figured she had villainized Mrs. Chase in her head a bit.

“I’m happy for you.” Percy said.

“Thanks. So what are you learning?”

“Well some of Steve’s friends are descendants of the Hawaiian ocean god, so they’re teaching me how to control my powers better.”

“Sounds fun. You’ve always discovered them on the fly.”

“Percy!” Steve called. “It’s time for training.”

“Coming Steve!” Percy called back into the house and then turned to Annabeth in the IM. “I gotta go, talk to you soon?”

“Yeah. Stay safe, Seaweed Brain.”

“You too.”

He swiped his hand through the mist again and went inside, interested in what Steve had planned for his training today.

Training with Steve was always interesting. Once he dropped him blindfolded out of a helicopter ten miles off shore and told him to find a way back to the islands. He was entertained when Percy came back an hour later riding a hippocampus. Then he made him redo the exercise using only his senses. He used the currents to push him back to island and barely had use any effort to swim, though he was still a bit tired when he walked out of the ocean.

Danny’s lessons were more about his land abilities. He had helped Percy discover that as Poseidon was called “The Stormbringer”, he could actually summon hurricanes. Together with a little help from Danny and Grace he had accidentally unleashed a Category One on Hawaii. It was a good trick to know and hoped he and Thalia could try to do it together too.

Danny was reluctant to try anything involving Percy’s “Earthshaker” abilities, especially after he learned that Percy had set off Mount St. Helens early that year. But, he agreed (after a loud argument with Steve and Kono) that Percy needed to learn to control it so he wouldn’t set off a volcano or cause a major earthquake by accident... again.

Steve and Kono took Percy on a nice yacht out to Lō‘ihi, Hawaii’s active undersea volcano. (Danny had refused to come. Though Percy had tried to reassure him that Poseidon wouldn’t harm him with Percy on board, Danny didn’t want to risk it.) They chose that volcano because it was out of the way of civilians and in a sort of neutral zone between the Hawaiian Gods and the Greek Gods.

They discovered that Steve could in fact breath underwater like Kono and Percy. They dove down three thousand feet to the volcano itself, which Percy noted was bigger than Mount St. Helens.

The volcano hadn’t been active in a few years and Percy discovered that if he laid his hand on the surface and concentrated he could feel what was going on inside it. Kono led him to

one of the small vents and told him to activate it.

It had taken longer than he wanted to admit to figure it out. It was surprisingly hard to cause even a small eruption now that he wasn't in mortal danger. Danny suggested it was because Geo-Thermokinesis wasn't one of the main powers he had inherited from his father. His specialty lied in Hydrokinesis and Tempestakinesis.

He always came home from his lessons exhausted but happy. His mother seemed to enjoy being able to watch what he did for new lessons. He supposed that it was reassurance and evidence that her son was prepared for the war that was coming.

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The day after speaking with Chiron and Annabeth, Percy was sitting in the living room waiting for Nico to show up with the leader of the Roman demigods. He had gotten so lost in his thoughts about the Romans and the Titans that he was startled when Nico appeared in the middle of the living room. He slid out of a shadow holding the arm of a blonde haired, electric blue eyed boy wearing jeans and a purple t-shirt who looked about a year or two younger than Percy.

He stood up and had opened his mouth to greet Nico and the Roman when the front door of the house swung open, Steve and Danny coming home from work (they had not been pleased to be called in on the weekend).

Nico had had to grab Jason after lights out at Camp Jupiter so no one would wonder where he was. It was his co-praetor's turn to be woken up if they were needed in the middle of the night. So while it was around seven in the evening in Hawaii, it was ten at night in San Francisco.

"Uncle Danny?!" The boy who had to be Jason sounded surprised but he grinned happily as he caught sight of the blonde man who walked into the living room with Steve.

"Jason?" Danny said. "What are you doing here? Come here, give me a hug."

Jason embraced Danny tightly.

"Jason is here because I wanted to meet the leader of Camp Jupiter." Percy said. "Nico brought him. You two know each other?"

"I was sent to Camp when I was six. I was too young to join the Legion, you have to be at least eight, so I was put into the custody of the Fifth Cohort's Centurion at the time, Danny Williams." Jason explained. "He basically raised me for those two years until I was old enough to join. He retired the same day I joined up."

Sally was leaning in the kitchen doorway where she had been preparing dinner for everyone when she stood up straight with a raised eyebrow and asked. "Your mother sent you to camp when you were six?"

Jason shook his head. "Lupa did."

“She’s like their version of Chiron.” Nico said.

Percy nodded. “What about your mom?”

Jason shrugged. “I don’t really remember much of her. She gave me to Lupa to train when I was two.”

Sally smiled sadly. “I’m sorry to hear that, Jason.”

Percy couldn’t understand that. His mother had loved him so much that she had waited until literally the last possible second to send him to camp. He didn’t say anything about Jason’s mother, though. He knew lots of demigods had hard lives in the mortal world and that he was very lucky. He had a mom who not only understood what was really going on in the world but who also loved him with all her heart. Some demigods had neither of those things and others only had one.

“They gave him to me because I was the only Legacy of Jupiter in the Legion at the time.” Danny grinned. “It’s so good to see you.”

“You got my letters?”

“Sure did. You made Praetor, I’m proud of you.” Danny patted Jason on the back. “Did you get mine?”

“Yeah. Grace is beautiful, man. Did you name her after me?” Jason grinned teasingly.

“Nope. Didn’t even occur to me.” Danny smirked.

“Uh, I feel like I’m missing something.” Percy said.

“Guess we should do full introductions.” Jason said, holding out his hand for Percy to shake. “I’m Jason Grace, son of Jupiter, Praetor of the Twelfth Legion Fulminata.”

Percy took his hand. “Erm, Percy Jackson, son of Poseidon, representative of Camp Half-Blood. Your last name is *Grace* and you’re a child of Zeus?”

He looked at Nico who shrugged with raised eyebrows. “I never knew his last name, Hazel has only ever called him Jason.”

“What’s wrong with my last name?” Jason asked defensively.

“Nothing.” Sally said soothingly. “It’s just that Percy and Nico have a friend who’s the daughter of Zeus. Her name is Thalia and while she prefers not to use her last name, it’s Grace.”

Jason’s eyes widened. “You know Thalia? Do you know how to contact her?” He asked eagerly.

“Um.... yeah, man. It shouldn’t be a problem. We should tell her anyway.” Percy said. “She has a right to know she has a brother.”



"I think she knows." Jason said in thought. "I remember her. I don't know what separated us though."

"Your father may have separated the two of you. Probably because you're Roman and she's Greek." Nico said.

Jason nodded. "Maybe. Or it might have been my Patron."

"Who's your Patron?" Percy asked.

"Juno."

"Who?" Percy shook his head. "Sorry, I haven't studied the Roman forms as much as the Greek."

"Hera." Nico groaned.

Percy grimaced.

"What's wrong with Juno?" Danny asked. "I mean, she's not the most friendly to demigods but she's not a Titan or a monster."

"I don't know what she's like as a Roman God but as a Greek, she kind of likes to make our lives miserable." Nico said.

There was a clap of thunder in the cloudless sky.

"That's not to say she doesn't help." Percy said hastily. "She helped a lot on the quest last summer. But she also has it out for my best friend for just speaking the truth."

"Maybe we should change the subject." Steve glanced up warily.

"Yeah." Jason said. "Anyway, it's nice to meet the leader of the Greek camp."

Percy shrugged and ruffled a hand through his hair awkwardly. "I'm not really the *leader* of Camp Half-Blood. We don't have the type of leadership like you guys seem to."

"You are the one who people look to for a leader, though." Nico pointed out.

"Yeah but I wasn't elected or anything. They only follow me because I'm supposed to be the child of the prophecy and I'm a powerful child of the Big Three. When Thalia was still at Camp, they all followed her first."

"What kind of command structure do you guys have?" Jason asked.

"We have the Head Counselors and Chiron, our activities director. Mr. D is 'camp director' but it's really just a formality."

"Mister D?" Jason asked.

“Dionysus, the god of wine. He’s serving a hundred year banishment from Mount Olympus at camp for chasing some nymphs that Zeus declared off limits.”

It was Jason’s turn to raise his eyebrows. “Wow, you guys have an actual god at your camp.”

“Yeah, I mean... it’s not that weird is it?”

“Kinda. The gods, at least the Roman ones, don’t interact with us much.”

Percy cleared his throat. “They interact with us a lot. Sometimes too much.” He mumbled to himself.

“A lot of Romans would be jealous. We hardly ever even meet our parents once.”

“I’m sorry, man. Maybe that’s something we change, everyone deserves to meet their parents at least once.” Percy said.

“It would be nice. Some of us are lucky like Hazel.” Jason said.

Nico made a face but kept quiet. He wouldn’t call Hazel lucky. Yes she had gotten to meet her father but soon after both she and her mother had lost their lives. Of course Jason probably didn’t know that.

“So have you guys been kept aware of the Titans rising again?” Percy asked.

Jason nodded seriously. “We’ve been monitoring Mount Tam closely. The camp is nearby and we have guard shifts to keep an eye on it.”

Mount Tampalais, in the mystical world it was known as Mount Orthys, was the base of the Titans. Had the Romans been placed their strategically by the Gods?

“Your camp is by Mount Tam and ours is by Olympus.” Percy realized.

“They placed us there on purpose. We guard Orthys and you guard Olympus.” Jason finished Percy’s thought.

“And it has the added benefit of keeping the Romans and Greeks far apart.” Percy said.

“Chiron said that we’ve always fought when we got near each other but we’re far enough apart now that we probably hardly ever run into each other.”

“Wait, your camp is in New York.” Jason said.

Percy nodded. “Let me guess. You were told that you shouldn’t go to New York because it was crawling with monsters?”

“Yeah. They’re supposedly attracted to Olympus.” Danny said.

“We were told not to go to San Francisco because the monsters are attracted to Mount Orthys.” Percy turned to Danny with a smirk.

Jason shook his head in disbelief. "They lied to us to keep us apart."

"In their defense, there were major wars between both of your groups for years that cropped up whenever you were close to each other." Sally said. "The American Civil War caused at least 600,000 deaths."

Jason nodded. "Fair point."

"The Romans and Greeks should keep in contact about operations and intelligence." Steve said. "That way everyone knows what's going on and who's fighting where."

Jason grimaced. "That's probably a good idea. I'd hate for someone like Octavian to run into a Greek half-blood while on a quest."

"Octavian?" Percy asked.

Nico groaned. "Annoying teenage fortune teller."

Jason laughed. "Octavian is the Augur of Camp Jupiter. It's his job to figure out what the gods want us to do by reading the omens we receive."

"So...."

"Think the Oracle but less accurate, more annoying and subjective." Nico said.

"Oh." Percy nodded.

"When did Octavian replace Cassie?" Danny asked.

"Last year." Jason said. "Cassie finished her years of service and left Camp for the mortal world."

"He wouldn't have been my first pick to replace her." Danny said. "He's very..." He paused and tried to think of how to describe the descendant of Apollo nicely.

"Machiavellian?" Jason supplied.

Danny nodded. "That boy is going to get himself and others killed one day because of his power hungry tendencies."

Jason shrugged. "He was confirmed by the Senate a few months before I was made Praetor. Not much I can do but try to curtail his schemes."

"Just, keep an eye out at all times." Danny warned. "I wouldn't put it past him to assassinate you like Julius Caesar."

Jason nodded. "Luckily he annoys Reyna as much as me so I'm not alone in trying to stop him."

"That's good. So how are we going to keep in contact?" Percy asked.

“I have no idea.”

“You can’t use those Iris Messages?” Steve asked.

“What’s an Iris Message?” Jason asked.

Percy explained to the wide eyes of Jason and Danny who, as Romans, didn’t use that type of communication.

“It would work but we’d have to be careful not to reveal ourselves to people that shouldn’t know.”

“Like Octavian.” Percy said.

“Yeah. How about a set time for contact? After 11 at night for me.” Jason said.

Percy nodded. “Alright. Unless there’s a major emergency?”

Jason nodded. “That’s fine.”

“I’m fine for whenever contact for awhile. This summer might be different but right now, just IM me whenever you need me. And I’ll IM you as soon as I can get ahold of Thalia. She’s been incommunicado for the last few months.”

Jason looked worried for his sister and Nico, knowing the feeling well, reassured him. “She’s okay. I’d know if she was dead.”

“She’s the Lieutenant of Artemis and has been really busy with the war on.” Percy said.

Steve nodded in understanding, “They’re like a combat unit, moving wherever they’re needed.”

“Yeah, they have safe houses around the country and are better prepared for scouting and recruiting right now than we are.”

“Okay.” Sally said. “Enough shop talk. Jason, would you like to stay for dinner?”

“I would love to, Mrs. Jackson, but I’ve already eaten and it’s late back at Camp. I have to be up at dawn.” Jason turned to Nico. “Can you get me home?”

“I don’t like how pale Nico looks right now.” Sally said. “His shadow traveling can be very draining, especially with long trips.”

Nico blushed. He was still having trouble accepting Sally’s mothering. His mother had died three or four years ago for him and Bianca had been gone for a year now.

“Why don’t you take Mrs. O’Leary?” Percy said.

“Mrs. O’Leary?” Jason asked.

Percy smirked. “Come on, I’ll introduce you.”

Percy led Jason outside to where his large pet hellhound was sprawled beside the house, taking up the entire side yard. He knew she was really happy to be able to see him everyday as opposed to once a week when he could only keep her at Camp Half-Blood. And she really enjoyed the hikes in the forests of Hawaii that they went on with Steve and Danny.

Jason paused at the sight of her and took a step back. “Woah. That’s a hellhound.”

“It’s okay, man. She’s domesticated. She belonged to Daedalus before he died and he left her to me to take care of.”

“Wow. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a domesticated hellhound before.”

Percy smiled and rubbed Mrs. O’Leary’s head as her tail thumped like thunder on the ground. “Yeah, he rescued her as a puppy and raised her. Anyway, climb on her back and hold on to her collar.”

Jason did as Percy said carefully. He perched on her back gingerly, like he was straddling a ticking nuclear weapon, which to a demigod she might as well have been.

“Okay. Where’s Camp Jupiter besides in San Francisco?”

“The Caldecott Tunnel.”

“You hear that girl?” Percy said, “Take Jason to the Caldecott Tunnel and then come straight home.”

“WOOF!” Mrs. O’Leary slicked Percy’s hair back as she licked the top of his head and vanished into a shadow, Jason clinging tightly to her back.

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

I am so sorry it's taken me this long to update. Life has just been crazy lately! I moved cross-country and went back to college to get my doctorate. I promise, none of my stories are abandoned though!

It was a week later, just before dinner, when Steve and his team barged into the house with three people Percy didn't know. Steve explained that they were protecting a foreign general and his family but there were people on the island out to kill him. Steve had brought them here as the closest safe place he knew.

"Chiron always taught us not to use our powers against mortals." Percy protested when Steve shoved a steel knife into his hands.

"We don't have time to argue about this, Percy." Steve said, "This is life or death for all of us, your mother and step-father included. The only reason I haven't pushed you or Nico into the safe room with the other civilians is because I know you both have combat skills and abilities to protect yourselves."

Percy nodded in understanding.

"Is Mrs. O'Leary near?" Steve asked him.

Percy shook his head. "I sent her to one of the state parks for a romp. She was getting restless and cooped up."

Steve cursed. The hellhound would've been handy.

"I still don't like this." Danny said, "I know it's not their first fight but I still don't like kids in the line of mortal fire."

"We can handle ourselves, Danny." Nico said as he watched Kono and Chin make Molotov cocktails. "You'd trust Jason to do it, right?"

"Yes and I do trust you both but I wouldn't be putting him in this situation either if there was another option, which there is."

"Well we're here and it seems like you guys need all the help you can get, so we're going to help where we can." Percy said as he turned to Nico. "Can you summon some warriors like you did at the battle last summer?"

Nico took a deep breath. “Yes but I’ll have to concentrate. It’s difficult here because of the conflicting powers of the Hawaiian and Greek gods.”

“Be careful. I don’t want you to pass out again.” Percy said.

“I passed out last time because I didn’t have much practice at it. My powers have grown since then.” Nico said.

“Is this a good idea?” Steve asked. “Won’t they freak out to see skeletons fighting?”

“We’ll use the Mist before the real cops get here to obscure their memories.” Danny said. “If there’s any left alive.”

“Do what you can but don’t make yourself noticed, if possible. He won’t hesitate to kill a child who’s in the way of his target.” Steve warned.

Nico nodded, sat on the ground and closed his eyes, focusing on calling the warriors of his father’s realm. He could pick up thousands of warrior bodies in the soil of the island but many of them felt like ones he shouldn’t attempt to call; probably because they were Native Hawaiian and fell under the Hawaiian gods. He got the feeling if he tried to call them to their aid, it wouldn’t end well for *anyone*. But there were plenty of warriors who fell under the Greeks here too.

Steve watched Nico and turned to Percy. “Your job is to protect him while he does his Hades thing.”

Percy nodded. “I can help make it uncomfortable for those outside too.”

“Call up a mini hurricane?” Danny smirked.

Percy nodded with a smirk of his own. “Wind, lightning, rain. It won’t be fun for them out there.”

“Do it.” Steve said.

Percy nodded and closed his eyes in concentration, taking a deep breath. They heard the loud growl of thunder outside and Steve peeked out the window to see dark heavy clouds roll in from the ocean, lightning flashing and wind swaying the trees surrounding the house.

“God, I’m glad Grace is with her mother this week.” Danny muttered under his breath.

Steve had insisted that Danny move into his house about a month after they started dating since he kept having to move apartments and hotel rooms to find a good place for Grace to visit. He would never be able to buy a house on the island with them being so expensive on Oahu and he on a cop’s salary.

Steve was lucky to have inherited a large house and property that his grandfather had purchased in 1940 when he had been stationed at Pearl Harbor.

He had installed a bunk bed in Percy's room so that when Grace visited she could stay in Nico's room and Nico would bunk with Percy. Nico had grumbled about it but Percy had just shrugged and said that it was no big deal. He was used to sharing a cabin with his brother and used to the cramped space of an NYC apartment.

Steve had recently begun asking around about contractors. He had decided to add on another room or two to the house. His family had expanded and they needed the space.

"Let me know when they set foot on the property." Nico cracked an eye. "I want this to be a surprise."

Percy watched as Steve talked to his old comrade on the phone and gripped the blade in his hand tightly. He didn't like the thought of hurting mortals but this was life or death. He was sure he would receive Chiron's disappointed face but he would hopefully understand.

A shot flew through the window.

"This is it." Steve said as he ducked. "That was a warning shot, he won't miss again."

Percy nodded and said. "Nico, now."

Nico inhaled deeply and called. "Serve me."

There was rumbling outside, not from the sky but from the ground.

"Sorry, this is going to ruin your yard." Nico said.

"That's okay."

The fight was fast but felt slow. Percy's heart was beating wildly, adrenaline pumping through his veins. It was one thing to fight monsters and immortals but mortals?

He had stayed out of the way of the fighting for the most part, concentrating on the storm outside and staying by the side of Nico, who, despite claiming his powers had grown and he could handle summoning a large amount of dead warriors, still looked like he would pass out.

Percy knocked out one assailant who had noticed the two teenagers and attempted to attack them. He hadn't even needed the knife to subdue him, the combination of Camp Half-Blood's hand to hand training and Steve's supplemental SEAL training being no match for the hired goon.

He had just tied the attacker up when he saw a man disarm his nephew and grab him in a tight chokehold. He didn't hesitate. He threw the knife as hard as he could, willing it to meet its mark. He prayed to whoever was listening that he wouldn't lose a member of his family tonight.

The knife flew clean through the air and lodged itself in the middle of the man's back. The attacker bellowed out in pain, releasing Steve and grabbing at his back before he collapsed.



There was a lot of blood and Percy felt his own drain from his face as he begun to feel lightheaded. He'd just killed a man. A man who was going to kill his nephew but still. He'd killed a man.

The world went quiet as he lost concentration on the storm he had brewed and the fighting ended.

"You did good, Percy." Steve said gently as he removed the knife from Taylor's body and wiped down the handle, cleaning off Percy's fingerprints and replacing them with his own.

"Why are you-" Percy croaked.

"Because they don't need to know who killed him." Chin said gently, maneuvering Percy to the couch as he looked him over for injuries. "You'd get off on the defense of others but there would be a trial. This way, Steve killed him under the authority of the government."

"Are you okay?" Steve asked, putting a hand on Percy's shoulder and squeezing gently.

"I-I don't know." Percy admitted. "I've killed monsters before but never a person. It doesn't feel right."

"Killing should never feel right." Steve said softly, "It should always unsettle you."

Percy nodded. "I'm not going to kill people unless I have to."

"Good." Danny said as he handed Nico some ambrosia. "Killing is always a last resort. You aim to disarm and disable first."

Nico ate the square of godly food and said. "I'm going to make sure the warriors I called make their way back to the Underworld."

Danny nodded. "Alright, just don't strain yourself."

"But I'm going to have to kill people in the war." Percy said as he took a sip of nectar from the flask Chin had pushed into his hands.

"Probably." Steve said bluntly. "But only when there are no other options. You take prisoners when you can, and disable when you can't. Only kill when there is absolutely no choice."

"New lesson tomorrow." Danny said. "I'm going to refresh you on how to disable and disarm. And how to take prisoners. I'd ask Steve to join us but he's a kill first, ask questions later kinda guy. Actually that's not a bad idea." He grinned. "Would you like to join us, babe? You could use a refresher in disarming and arresting instead of taking out."

"No I'm good, Danno, thanks." Steve said with a smirk.

"He should have lessons on setting up a base camp." Danny said. "And if the final battle comes to New York like we're going to assume it will - he'll need to study the terrain."

"I'll add strategy lessons to the list."

Percy gave a small smile. Annabeth would both jealous of the lessons and glad that he was receiving them.

“Um, there’s a soldier outside who won’t leave even though I’ve dismissed him.” Nico said, coming back into the living room.

“What?” Percy said.

“Steve.” Danny said as he stared out the window.

They all made their way out into the front yard where a skeletal, gray man in Vietnam era BDUs was standing.

Steve stopped dead in his tracks. “Dad?”

The dead warrior’s face flashed on the skull. He nodded his head towards his son and saluted.

“Babe, you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah.” Steve said, sounding like he was choking back tears. “I’m fine.”

“Percy!” They heard Sally shout from inside.

They spent the rest of the night cleaning up and being smothered with love by Sally Jackson.

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Later that night, after the kids had gone to bed, Steve pondered what his life had become. There was so much more to the world than he had ever known before.

Steve couldn’t believe what the Mist was capable of. There had been a huge battle in his front yard and no one had remembered a thing. Danny, Nico and Percy had gone through and wiped the memories of everyone on the block and all the survivors.

Now that he had some experience with the Mist, he was starting to learn how to see through it. He had discovered that he had been intimate with his boyfriend yet completely unaware he’d had a tattoo. He assumed that either Danny covered it or it was hidden by the magical veil.

He turned over in the bed to examine the marks and rubbed his fingers along the edges of Danny’s newly revealed tattoo. They felt like burn scars. He propped himself up on his elbow and looked over at Danny snoring softly.

“Danny.” Steve hissed quietly so as not to wake up the other members of the house. It was strange having to be quiet in the house now. But, he’d always liked to keep his private life just that, private. Everyone knew, of course, but he didn’t think they’d appreciate the noises of their sex life. “Hey, Danno.”

“Steven, I’m trying to sleep.” Danny groaned as he lifted his head off the pillow and stared at Steve, blinking his eyes open sleepily.

“Did they burn this tattoo into your forearm?” Steve asked.

Danny plopped his head back on his pillow with a sigh. “Yeah.”

“Jesus. Why?”

Danny shrugged. “I don’t know, Steve. It’s just the way they do it. Can I go back to sleep?”

“Did it hurt?”

“What the hell kind of question is that? Did your tattoos hurt?”

“Well, yeah.”

Danny rolled over on his side facing away from Steve, closed his eyes and grumbled. “So did this one but it was quick unlike mortal tattoos. Go to sleep.”

“Why did they tattoo you? Is it a demigod thing? Percy doesn’t have one, as far as I know.”

Danny grunted as he snuggled deeper into the covers of their bed. “I assume it’s a Roman demigod thing not Greek. It marks my years of service within the Twelfth Legion Fulminata.”

“You served in the military?” Steve raised an eyebrow. Danny was always so blasé about the military. Not that he didn’t have respect for those in uniform but he never seemed overly impressed by it or idolizing it like some men did.

“Roman military, not the US.” Danny muttered with his eyes closed.

“But you *did* serve, you were a-what did you call it?”

Danny cracked an eye, “I retired a Centurion of the Fifth Cohort, yes. But the Roman military is very different than the US military.”

“Is there an equivalent rank to Centurion in the US military? What’s the differences? I haven’t read about the Roman military since high school.” Steve asked eagerly.

Danny huffed out an exasperated breath. Of course Steve would be interested and excited to learn about the Roman Military. And of course he could choose the middle of the night to interrogate him about it.

“Captain. There are five cohorts - units - at Camp Jupiter, forty to a cohort with two Centurions - captains - for each one. There are two Praetors, they’re the equivalent of generals and they lead the Camp.”

“You’re a higher rank than me.”

“Mm.” Danny said. “Not really. We’re more army than navy. We have a very small naval fleet, as in, one boat. So I think my rank is more like an army captain than a navy captain.”

“So you’d be a lieutenant in the navy.” Steve said with a small smirk.

“I guess.”

“Cool.” Steve settled back into the bed with a grin on his face.

Danny groaned knowingly. “This is going to be a thing, isn’t it?”

“Mhmm.” Steve murmured softly. “I outrank you.”

Danny could hear the smile in his voice and rolled his eyes. “Go to sleep.”

## End Notes

Hello! I know this is kind of a weird crossover, but the idea popped in my head and wouldn't go away.

Steve is obviously a descendant of Poseidon, he's too addicted to the ocean not to be.

Are there other members of the Five-0 team who are Demigods, who knows?

Are there possibly Demigods related to the Five-0 team?

Stick around and find out!

Oh this is set after the Battle of the Labyrinth. I couldn't remember the dates for BOL and the Battle of Manhattan, so I rearranged it to fit my story. I don't think I'm too off though...

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!