

**Disclaimer: I don't know if Percy and Tyson are ship nerds or not, but for this story they are. Age of sails and the like, rather than the modern stuff.**

**I have good news and bad news. Good news first, I have discovered the wonders of One Pace, yes *Pace* not *Piece*, and that combined with a media player that can handles 2x speed without busting the voice lines, has allowed me to already watch all of Whole Cake Island season in one day. By GOD, it was a freaking SLOG! Undoubtedly, the weakest arc of One Piece so far. Anyway, this means that I am scratching my previous plans of shelving this story, although it will still be a sporadic update.**

**The bad news will be in the after notes.**

**Thank you for your support and reviews. Feel free to check out my other fics or join me on Discord, code is in my profile.**

**This chapter has been edited by Gladiusx. Do check out his awesome works on HP and ASOIAF**

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**August 19th, early morning.**

“Are you sure you have everything you will need? Nothing at all missing?” Percy asked sarcastically as he looked at the veritable mountain of luggage that Rachel had just unloaded from the taxi that drove them here.

Rachel ignored him as she counted, ensuring none of her luggage was missing. Once satisfied, she paid the driver, whom she had whistled for once they exited the building as if she were a recurring client, and they both watched him drive off.

*‘It was an impressive taxi whistle,’* Percy thought idly.

“Why do you even need so much luggage anyway? We should only be gone for a couple of weeks or a month at most.” Percy asked, probably for the sixth time that day.

“Here’s the thing, Percy. Girls, in general, will always have more luggage than boys,” Rachel replied with a sigh; she was dressed casually for a girl on an adventure; brown cargo shorts, a green T-shirt, her trusty boots, and a sun hat. In Percy’s opinion, she also had a pair of shades that were a bit too big for her face, though Percy could have sworn he saw a glimpse of that swimsuit she bought worn under it all.

“Sure, I’ll buy that, but it doesn’t explain why you would have six suitcases, a satchel, a purse, and a backpack to my lone suitcase and backpack,” Percy scratched his nose.

“Hey, there was no way I was leaving behind my art supplies! Nor my camera and photography equipment, nor my laptop...or my clothes,” Rachel began strongly but gradually lost her steam near the end. Probably wondering if... maybe she did take too much?

“Let’s just hope they can carry them all.” Percy surrendered and looked around at the pier where Tyson was supposed to meet them.

“You never did mention how we will get to Tyson. Also, what do you mean by carrying the stuff?” Rachel asked, confused.

“Better to just wait and see for yourself. Here, I think I can see them now.”

There seemed to be a slight disturbance in the waves.

“Where?!” Her eyes eagerly roamed over the horizon, and soon, Rachel could see three figures making their way to the pier at top speed. “Are those...Seahorses?”

“Close. They are Hippocampi. Loyal steeds of my father and the big one in the lead is Tyson’s friend, Rainbow.” Soon enough, the Hippocampi arrived at the pier and neighed for them to get moving. Rachel cooed and reached out to pet them, making him sigh. “Let’s get moving; they do not like the polluted water much.”

She nodded sadly at him.

As the Hippocampi settled by the pier, they noticed the large chariot cart swaying on the waves behind them. Large enough for five people or two with a lot of luggage. Understanding quickly, Percy first helped Rachel on board, and then they started to load their effects. Once they were secured with the provided ropes and tarp, the Hippocampi swam away as fast as they could.

Percy waved at a mortal fisherman as they sped off, who waved back. Clearly, the Mist was working well, probably seeing them riding a speedboat or something. They sped through Upper Bay, past Governor Island and the Statue of Liberty, and made quick time to the open ocean.

“This is fun!” Rachel spread her arms in excitement.

The Hippocampi neighed in appreciation and earned soft, pearly laughter from the girl. Both teens were holding onto the provided handrails; there were no leashes or reins, as the Hippocampi knew where they were going.

Soon enough, they were in the middle of nowhere when their ride stopped, but Percy could easily tell he was exactly 40 degrees North and 73 degrees West...or about 50 miles south of Long Island. Very fast, considering they have only been traveling for fifteen minutes since they cleared Lower Bay.

Percy could also tell why they stopped, as he could see Tyson waving at them enthusiastically from the deck of a warship. If Percy was right, this is either a Corvette or a Sloop of War. Both were very closely

related to each other in design and usage; patrols, pirate hunters, fast response ships, and extremely maneuverable thanks to being full-rigged; he could see the three masts that designate a ship as such. It wasn't really anything special in a huge naval battle two hundred years ago as it barely rated as a warship...but that was the ship nerd in him speaking.

For what they needed to get to the Sea of Monsters and perhaps beyond?

It was perfect!

The hippocampi quickly swam towards the ship's port side, with Rachel looking amazingly through a gun port, only for Percy to drag her away. A glance told him those guns looked real and had powder kegs and cannonball baskets next to them, though not loaded, thankfully, something he will need to address Tyson with.

He willed the sea to raise them to level with the main deck, forming a platform of solidified water that was *not* ice, and Tyson quickly helped them unload. Once both teens were aboard and their luggage safely piled, they waved farewell to the Hippocampi, who stared amused at them.

"Why aren't they leaving? Oh, could they be joining us on the voyage?" Rachel asked excitedly.

"Looks like it," Percy shrugged before turning to Tyson, "Well, brother, thank you for sending us the ride."

"No problem, Percy," Tyson smiled happily, "We should get your stuff in the galley and then set sail."

They waved gratefully to the Hippocampi one last time before dropping their belongings in the galley. When Percy asked about his room, Tyson insisted he take the captain's quarters, and Percy couldn't refuse him.

An hour later, they were finally sailing, the ship's hull cleaving through the dark waters of the open sea. With Percy's powers, he could easily have the ship travel above its maximum speed without the risk of structural damage. They were currently sailing at twenty knots, the fastest the corvette could go on its own. Though it could go higher with better winds, once Percy took over, he easily got the ship to go twice that at forty knots without factoring in the wind; reducing the friction of the water with the hull did miracles to the speed.

While Percy could also encourage the wind to blow in their favor, it would be quite more taxing than what he was already doing. Nevertheless, his father watched over them as the winds soon picked up, and he could tell the ship's speed had reached 50 kt!

This was unheard of for a sailing warship of this size.

They would probably arrive at the Sea of Monsters by tomorrow morning. Tyson's friend, Rainbow, easily overtook them - even the ship's speed couldn't rival the hippocampi at sea.

It was finally time to get a tour of their new vessel.

Tyson smiled, happy to show off his knowledge, "This ship is an old project of Dad's that he finished a few years ago and promptly forgot about. It's based on the USS Constellation, a 22-gun Sloop of War that can hold over 200 crewmen. Dad didn't want to have so many people on his private ship when he cruises with Auntie Amphitrite, though, so he turned all the extra space and parts of the hold into several rooms and modernized the ship as much as possible without breaking the immersion of it still being a warship from the age of sails. It should still have enough room to accommodate 30 people comfortably, though, in an emergency, we can shove as many as it can hold."

All of this was said ad verbatim, as they first bypassed the galley and led them to the birth deck, or what used to be it, as half of it was transformed into amenities as Tyson recited.

In fact, *'he seemed to switch his voice to be more similar to Poseidon,'* Percy thought, *'probably repeating what their father said about the ship.'*

"Amazing, Tyson! You really know a lot." Rachel looked at Tyson in awe; the poor girl had no idea about the cyclops' voice imitation powers and their excellent memory.

His brother blushed but continued as they passed by a modern gym that had, from what Percy glimpsed aside from lifting machines, a pool and ping-pong table, and a dartboard on the wall; next to the gym was a spa, complete with a jacuzzi and a large swimming pool along with an assortment of showers. Next was what could only be a gaming and recreation room, with a wide-screen TV and a large, comfy couch to watch movies or play games on.

"Not really a lot, just what I know." Tyson's voice was shy, "The ship does have an engine and generators to provide electricity and can be powered by all sorts of fuel in an emergency. It also powers the capstan that drops and pulls the anchor, as well as the bilge pump. However, the biggest advantage of this ship is the Greek Fire Reactor that Dad installed but never activated. It's supposed to be even more efficient than Nuclear Power and cleaner! I'm not very sure how it works, only that it requires Greek Fire to operate. I will take a look and read the manual for it, don't worry, though, Percy. The engine is powered by a Celestial Bronze Core that Dad charmed himself for now. It should last us a few months, but we have supplies of coal just in case."

The ship was seemingly fully stocked, and next, they were led to the aforementioned engine room, which looked quite alien to Percy. Nothing like any engine he had ever seen before, but he trusted Tyson to know how to operate and maintain it. This was all interesting for Percy, but he highly doubted he would need any of that extra luxury for his journey. He was used to traveling rough on his quests, and the

ship didn't even need wind to travel as long as he was onboard. Still, he won't stop Tyson from showing off as it really was interesting stuff. However...

"Are you sure the engine is safe? Greek Fire is incredibly volatile."

"Perfectly safe! The only worry is if someone boards the ship, sneaks down to the engine room, and blows it up. At that point, we would have already lost anyway."

Percy hummed in thought. Some additional security would have been nice, but hopefully, it would not be a problem for their short journey.

There was what appeared to be a workshop near the reactor, complete with a smithy and other tools and equipment, "My workspace, but it's not really as efficient as a proper one." Tyson had a sad look on his face for not being able to work the forges anymore. He pointed out a large, neat pile of metals, one of which Percy recognized was Celestial Bronze, though he was unsure of its grade. There were a couple of other metals he thought were magical as well, but he wasn't the best at metallurgy.

"Celestial Bronze is easy to come by if you know the right person. I managed to get the ones reserved for Dad's forges in case we need to make or fix weapons. Dad likes to call it Orichalcum to differentiate the quality grades. I also got regular grades for the ship itself. Most of the metals of the engine and reactors are made from it. Oh, here." Tyson moved towards one of the worktables and handed him his shield, "Good as new."

Percy smiled as he latched the shield on his left arm, then turned it back into watch form, "Thanks, Tyson."

They made their way back to the galley, where the gun ports and mess hall were supposed to be, and walked past a small infirmary that was to the bow of the galley. Naturally, Poseidon would have no use for it, but Tyson explained he kept it for aesthetic reasons.

Nevertheless, Percy was ecstatic to find it stocked with Ambrosia and Nectar, "Don't ever try to eat or drink these, Rachel, unless you want to combust spontaneously!"

The warning halted Rachel who was moving her hand towards a bar of ambrosia, followed by a flinch as she remembered what those were. There were also other standard medications and equipment that would help a mortal like Rachel.

Next came the kitchens, fully stocked, of course, and they were happy to see how modern it was with fridges, freezers, ovens, and other things they didn't really recognize but could tell were of the highest quality despite that none of them had any brands, strangely enough. There was also a large dining room with a table big enough to seat twenty people and several smaller tables around it. All of them had benches instead of seats, though.

Next, they came upon a locked door that Tyson said was the armory. After opening it and taking a peak, Percy was surprised to see it stocked with rifles, pistols, and what looked like two Gatling guns or rotary guns: he was not sure as his gun knowledge was very basic. Apparently, despite his father liking old-school cannons and cannonballs, he still preferred shooting with more modern guns. Or, at least, ones that didn't take a lifetime to reload.

Tyson pointed out crates and boxes with Greek Fire ingredients, "too dangerous to store them prepped. They are easy enough to get, but Nectar is an important and the rarest ingredient for the recipe," There was also a small crate that had Greek Fire ready for use though it was well-secured.

They continued towards the stern of the ship, past a large communal bathroom with showers and toilets, and several regular-sized bedrooms that apparently took the space where the regular sailors would sleep on hammocks until they reached the captain's and the officer's cabins.

They were pleasantly surprised to find them all transformed into luxurious apartments for a ship this size. The standard rooms had a single bed, a simple wooden desk and chair, as well as a wardrobe. The officers' rooms had double beds, a large desk with a comfy chair, a large wardrobe, and space for its occupants to redecorate as they saw fit. Each room also had a small bathroom with a toilet, sink, and shower head, all crammed within four square feet.

The Captain's quarters, though, were like a royal suite from a five-star hotel. Even Rachel, who was used to luxury, was super impressed with it, considering it was in a sailing boat. It had a king-sized four-poster bed, carpeting on the floor, an excellent view of the stern with many windows, a dining table that could seat eight people, a large desk with a very comfortable chair behind it as well as a coffee table in front of it with three seats for guests. There was also a large bathroom with the standard amenities expected and a fixed Celestial Bronze tub large enough to fit five people. To the side, there was a walk-in closet for the captain's robes and suits connected back to the main quarters. Other rooms were also available, large enough to be separate rooms in their own right, though they were empty. They could be repurposed for a map room or his own personal game room, Percy thought idly.

Eventually, they made their way back on deck and followed Tyson to the galley, where Percy asked Tyson about the cannons.

"Oh, Dad liked to see things go boom. Sometimes, smiting things or drowning them can get stale, he tells me." Tyson said nonchalantly, to both Percy and Rachel's bemusement.

"I guess boys will always be boys!" Rachel chortled.

They brought some lounge chairs and drinks to sit back and chill on the main deck. Before they could sit, Percy noticed an open-aired enclosure at the stern of the deck and wondered what it was about.

“So, what do you think of the ship?” Asked Tyson shyly as he stood by the double helm.

Before they could reply, they heard the flapping of wings overhead, and Percy heard someone calling his name.

*“BOSS!! Huff-puff, Why hee-huh did you leave me behind?!”* It was Blackjack, who nearly crash-landed on the deck of the ship from exhaustion.

“Blackjack!” Percy hurried to his friend with worry to see if he was okay.

*“I’m alright, boss,”* Blackjack breathed heavily, *“Just got carried away chasing those feathery demons all day yesterday.”*

“Flying pony!” Tyson hurried to hug and pet the half-dying Pegasus.

“We should have him rest in the shade. Isn’t there a stable on board, Tyson?” Rachel asked worriedly.

“Yes! It’s right there,” Tyson pointed to the enclosure Percy noticed earlier, “Dad made it specifically for Pegasi. It has everything to care for them, and the roof can be closed in bad weather.”

“Great, come on, Blackjack, we’ll get you some rest. You must have flown all the way from New York, I thought you returned to camp when I couldn’t find you yesterday?” Percy asked as they led the tired Pegasus to a stall filled with water and feed.

A few minutes passed while they patiently waited for Blackjack to eat and drink his fill before the Pegasus replied, *“I did return to camp, Boss. I had a race with Guido and Porkpie, and there was no way I would back down from that challenge. Raced them from Camp to Maine and back again; I won, of course, but then you didn’t call me Boss!”* Blackjack was initially smug about his victory, yet the whine at the end was funny, making Percy feel guilty.

“I didn’t expect you would want to come on a sea voyage, Jack,” Percy said simply.

*“Nah-uh, not any simple sea voyage. I can feel it, Boss, that if I didn’t join you now, I would never have the chance to see you again. I owe you my life for saving me from that accursed ship. I’ll follow you anywhere you go, can’t get rid of me that easily.”* Blackjack laid down on the hay to rest, *“I’m going to sleep; I’ve been flying non-stop for hours. Wake me up if you have an apple, would you boss?”* At that, Blackjack started snoring, leaving Percy to stew at his Pegasus friend’s ominous warning.

“Well, that certainly is an interesting way to meet my first Pegasus; wish I could understand what he was saying, though,” Rachel tutted before making her way back to the lounge chairs. Percy and Tyson followed her, and soon, they were enjoying the voyage to the Sea of Monsters.

"I could have sworn the USS Constellation was a bit smaller than that, though," Rachel asked suddenly, "Is this model bigger?"

"A little. Dad redesigned it to fit the extra things he wanted to add. He wanted to add more cannons, actually, but Auntie decided that sixteen in the galley were enough. So, in addition to making the cannons out of Orichalcum to be able to handle Greek Fire, he had an entire armory filled with contemporary rifles and small arms. That's also where the mortars and Howitzers are kept." Tyson said as he snacked on the donuts that Rachel bought him this morning.

Percy did not like the look on Rachel's face; no, sir, he did not like it at all. She looked like Christmas had come early, and he could guess why.

He decided to steer the conversation away from things that go boom, "You never mentioned the ship's name, Tyson?"

"Dad named it the Sea Queen for Auntie, but they only ever sailed it once before growing bored with it. He had it refurbished and intended it to be a birthday present for you someday," Tyson's eye widened, "Oh no, I should have mentioned that earlier. Dad says *Happy birthday, Percy, and sorry for not giving you a present personally when we met yesterday. My original gift didn't seem appropriate after our conversation.*" Tyson said the last few lines in such a perfect rendition of Poseidon's voice that he could tell it was a real message from his dad.

He felt so damn happy about it and nearly burst out laughing at Rachel's shocked look.

"Cyclops, Rachel. Excellent memory and voice imitation."

She nodded in understanding as Tyson continued, "*I didn't stay long enough for a spirit to form on the ship, so you are welcome to rename it if you wish. Perhaps you will form one yourself, as would be expected from a son of mine.*"

"Ship spirit?" Rachel asked, intrigued.

"Yeah, they sometimes form from the essence of a god who has claimed the ship as his own and used it for some time. There are even legends that it can form from regular mortal sailors, although Dad tells me that usually, it's just a sea nymph playing a prank." Tyson was happy to explain, It honestly pleased Percy how much Tyson had found something he was so knowledgeable about and could show off those random bits of trivia.

'*Not that I knew that last tidbit,*' Percy thought wryly. He wasn't sure about the idea of a spirit forming out of his essence. It felt like having a child, and he was way too young to have children.



“We’ll think about names later; more importantly, Tyson, did Dad say anything about how we can get to Ogygia? Is it related to why Rainbow is joining us?”

“Dad said that Rainbow would be helpful in taking us to our destination. He said something about your gift, helping him know where to go, but to only give it to him once we are close.” Tyson said with a thoughtful look at Rachel, “He also said that Rainbow will only bring us to the general area of the island and that you will be vital in breaking through the Mist surrounding the island.”

Who would have thought a quest without a prophecy would make him this lost? It sounded even more vague than the ramblings of the oracle. Percy looked at his Moon Lace, placed on a table under an umbrella, and frowned in thought, “So we proceed to the Sea of Monsters, and once we are past the two guardians, I have Rainbow smell the plant, and he will know where to go?” Percy looked at Tyson and Rachel in confirmation.

“That’s what Dad says; apparently, Hippocampi, and Rainbow in particular, have an excellent sense of smell and taste, but even he will have trouble tracking things in the Sea of Monsters. He would be able to track it when we are a day away or so,” Tyson replied while Rachel had a thoughtful look on her face, but it suddenly went completely blank. In fact, her eyes were a bit hazy, and Percy got a little worried before she recovered and looked straight at him.

“Those guardians you spoke of, I take it they are not the friendly kind?” Rachel asked with a serious face.

“Not at all, they are not. You may have heard of them, Scylla and Charybdis?” Percy replied.

“I did read about them. Wasn’t Charybdis Poseidon’s favorite daughter but was cursed by Zeus because she was too loyal to her father?” The girl’s brows scrunched up with concern, “That would make her your sister too.”

Percy chuckled, “Poseidon has fathered a great many beings, Rachel. Some may joke about how Zeus likes to sleep around a lot, but Dad takes the cake in that department. If I had to worry about every being in myth being my family, I would start calling the Crooked One grandpa, then.”

Rachel smiled sardonically at that, “Your pantheon is one whole big family feud, isn’t it?”

“That it is. Anyway, the last time we went through the Sea of Monsters, we had to sail between the two guardians. Supposedly, there is a tight gap where it is safe to sail through.”

“Supposedly, you say? I take it things didn’t go as planned.”

“It did not, but that’s a story for another day. Unless you want a detailed account of how a foolish daughter of the war god decided it’s a good idea to pick a fight with my monstrous sister with her rust bucket of a boat?” Percy raised his eyebrow while beside him, Tyson shivered at the memory.

"I'm good, thank you very much." Rachel chuckled wryly, "I believe I can lead you through that safe route between them, though. We just need to get there, and I will be counting a lot on your sailing prowess."

Percy was glad for that, even if he was confused about how she seemed to know things she should not know, "You can count on me; I can control basically everything on this ship that has to do with its operation."

"Even the cannons?!" Rachel asked excitedly, to his slight concern.

*'Is she secretly a gun nut?'* He thought in wonder.

"I'm not sure; let me see." Percy concentrated on the 12-pounder howitzer on the deck. It was one of the smallest cannons onboard, yet still made from Celestial Bronze. Percy made sure the cannonballs were regular steel before he started.

They could all see the cannon rotating in position outside its gun port. Powder, primer, and other things were loaded, and then the cannonball. The cannon rotated again into the gun port while a fuse was lowered into the firing hole. A booming sound went, and they watched the cannonball splash in the water about 200 feet away. The cannon recoiled heavily and moved back a few feet onto the deck.

"Oh shoot, I forgot to make sure it was secured." Percy sighed as he pointed at the ropes that secured the cannon to the deck to avoid recoiling out of control.

"I didn't know you knew how to load a cannon, Percy."

Memories of when he was in fifth grade and *accidentally* fired a cannon, which hit the school bus when he was on a field trip at the Saratoga Battlefield, flowed into his mind. Turns out that cannon had either seen service on a ship or was designed to work on a ship. Probably why he could fire it in the first place; it all came instinctively to him.

"While it looks like I can load the cannons and shoot them, I don't think I can aim them well. Probably my archery curse transferring to the cannons as well." That elicited a few rounds of good-nurtured laughter.

"Well, I'm sure we won't need to use those cannons anyway. If a sea monster comes by, I can just jump in the sea to fight it the old-fashioned way."

"Or, you can have me aim the guns, and you can do your thing. You would help me load them, right, Tyson?" Rachel asked quickly.

"Uh-mm, sure I will," Tyson replied after looking at Percy, who shrugged.

“Anyway, back to our plan, you can lead us past the guardians, and then once we are in the Sea of Monsters proper, we can give Rainbow one of the petals from the Moon Lace. We will follow him to the general area of the island, and then you will lead us through the Mist. Does that sound right, Rachel?” Percy summarized the plan, and Rachel nodded.

“Okay, everyone, my first order as captain of this vessel is to rest and relax till tomorrow. If you want to do some preparation or need me for something, let me know. I will be training in the gym for a bit.” Percy announced as he stood from the lounge chair.

“I think I will practice shooting the cannons with Tyson. You can never know what we will meet. It *is* the Sea of *Monsters*, after all, right?” Rachel asked as she, too, stood up and looked expectantly at Tyson, who was certainly happy for an excuse to watch things go boom.

“Fair enough, just be careful, Rachel. We don’t have any way to magically treat a mortal, nor do I even know anything above basic first-aid.”

Percy couldn’t help but worry for the girl; He may have gotten too used to Rachel’s presence, but he must remind himself that she is still human, a regular mortal.

“Oh, don’t worry about me. I’ll be careful. I’ve got Tyson with me, after all.” Rachel shrugged and dragged his brother to the nearest gun.

“Tyson, keep a close eye on her. Don’t be shy to scold her if you think she’s doing something dangerous, and don’t make too much of a racket; Blackjack is trying to sleep.” Percy shouted at them from afar before he made his way to the Gym. He had never tried exercising with the sea nearby to help him recover. This should be an interesting experience.

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**So the bad news; I’m going on a family vacation for two or three weeks. I have my laptop and internet, but I doubt I will have any time to write anything. Expect the next chapter to be Lament sometime in mid to late September.**

**I plan to reach One Piece in this story by at least chapter seven and at most chapter ten. So sometime next year :)**

**Personally, I did not like the Argo II and found it both wanting and limiting. Why the heck would they settle for an ancient design like the Trireme when they could have updated it up to something more modern and badass?**

**For reference, The Sea Queen (New name currently pending) is bigger than the Thousand Sunny which is considered a regular Sloop.**

If you like my works and would like me to ease up on the overtime shifts and write more instead, then feel free to leave me a tip. My Patre(on) name is the same as my pen name. The full link is on my profile.

Comments? Criticisms? Leave a review. I read them all, even if I don't answer them all. If you do have any questions, though, feel free to PM me or join me on Discord (rvxqmhqnh). I will answer to the best of my ability.