

This chapter got too long, but the next one will assuredly be when they leave.

This chapter has been edited by Gladiusx.

Day 1 on Ogygia

The abrupt outburst caused everyone to gawk, and Percy accidentally dropped Calypso on her bum. Calypso pouted at the boy before turning to her with an incredibly brilliant smile that had Rachel take an involuntary step backward. The woman was implausibly beautiful, yet Percy was right when she said it was all natural. No makeup, no otherworldly feeling, and certainly not ethereal like the queen of the gods. Calypso was simply bewitching without even trying, and to have such a mesmerizing beauty staring at you so intently...

"I was just thinking about you, girl. Have you come to see the wedding gift? It's already blooming!"

The red-haired girl stared incredulously at the woman, making Calypso giggle giddily.

"Uhm, you're talking to me? What are you talking about?" She took another step back as the Titaness approached her.

"Yes, I'm talking to you, silly. Tell me, Hera. How did you trick your husband into allowing you to turn mortal? I'm sure the Fates would have made a fuss about using that as a loophole to visit me." The beautiful woman grabbed her hands and looked at her with such happiness and sincerity that it caught her flat-footed.

Rachel was flabbergasted. She knew from what that Forge God said that the Queen of the Gods had *somehow* claimed her as a daughter of sorts. While the girl would have loved a prior discussion, she still felt incredibly...*honored*? No, that's a bit of a foreign word. Pleased and delighted to have such a motherly figure truly caring for her.

That feeling Rachel got when she sacrificed a slice of cake to the goddess was the best she had ever had, and the newly acknowledged daughter of Hera had taken a liking to the powers she was blessed with.

Still...

"I-I think," she could almost lose herself in those wide honey eyes of the Titaness, and she was sure she was straight as an arrow, dammit! Percy had warned them of her beauty, but she thought it was because he was an enamored boy, and boys go silly in front of pretty girls.

"Yes?" The woman, for she was not at all a sixteen-year-old as Percy said, got even closer; her face barely inches from hers, and Rachel could smell cinnamon from her hair and vanilla from her breath.

No, she just couldn't do it. In situations like this, Rachel knew what she had to do.

"Percy?" Even she could hear how pathetic her whimper sounded, and it was then she noticed her crewmates seemed to be watching the drama with great amusement, the traitors! Even her new bosom friend, Hylla, was covering her mouth to hide that grin.

"That's enough, Calypso. This is my friend, Rachel." Her captain finally came to her rescue as he extracted the exuberant immortal from her. The woman seemingly remembered his presence and latched on to him enthusiastically instead, but Calypso still stared at her in wonder.

"Rachel? So, not Hera?"

"Well... I'm not sure." Rachel glared at the boy's teasing grin. "Hey, now, we really aren't sure what Hera did to you. I mean, she did claim you in front of us as a daughter, but how would that work when we know for a fact she didn't give birth to you, nor had she ever met you before this quest."

"I see," Calypso nodded knowingly, and Rachel's eyebrow twitched as the woman idly rubbed her cheek with Percy's while her hand traced his muscled chest. At least, she finally understood that—"So she really is Hera!"

Gods dammit!

It was a few hours later when they all settled down, and Calypso finally got a measure of control on herself and did not try to glomp both her and Percy at the same time. Rachel was still not sure how to address the woman; was she a nymph? A Titaness? Sorceress?

“Just Calypso, dear.” Rachel jumped as the woman in question patted her hands from their picnic seat under the glorious tree Calypso led them to. The immortal woman smiled at her with such sincere delight that the red-haired girl averted her eyes. How could she look so alluring and beautiful yet maintain such pure innocence when she stared at her?

“Did I say that out loud?”

“You were napping and, like my dear hero, you both seem to talk in your sleep.”

And it was true; Rachel had not yet recovered from yesterday’s adventure. After Calypso led them to the massive tree above them, she had her shy servants bring a picnic table where they had breakfast.

The servants were an interesting sight; short and slender with pale skin, elfish features, and hair a myriad of colors though blue, white and purple seemed to be the most common. They stared at her strangely when she thanked one of them, which ended up having Calypso grinning brightly at her.

“Oh, well, uhm. Where’s Percy and the others?” Rachel recalled Percy and Calypso getting far too lovey-dovey for her tastes and took a nap after she finished eating.

“Percy is with his brother, moving the ship to a cove on the other side of the island, Hylla and Reyna are exploring with Blackjack. Such lovable girls you have brought me, Hera, you have no idea how much I craved company.” Calypso smiled beatifically, and Rachel couldn’t help but feel relaxed as the woman continued to rub soothing circles on her palm.

“Please don’t call me that.” That did not mean she liked being mistaken for arguably the scariest goddess from Greek myth.

“Why not?” The witch tilted her head, for she must be a witch with how she could make her feel so relaxed and cozy despite the overbearing and clingy way she acted. Gods, why did Percy leave her alone like this?!

“Because I’m not Hera! I only met the goddess for a few minutes, where she somehow made me her divine daughter, against my will and without even asking me beforehand. Like, seriously, who does that?”

Before she knew it, Rachel was unloading the stress she had been bottling up ever since she discovered what Hera did to her. Worse, she didn’t truly feel as appalled as she thought she would be about the whole matter. In fact, the more she thought about Hera finding her worthy of being her daughter, the more ecstatic she felt.

The more Rachel compared the goddess with her real mother, the more she found her lacking despite living with the woman for her whole life compared to the God Queen whom she only met once.

“Sounds just like Hera. She always knew what she wanted and how to take it without annoying the wrong people...” The woman's expression turned slightly morose, “or at least from the few stories she tells me, for I’m sure she hides a lot from her big sister.”

The daughter of Hera was surprised to hear the vulnerable tone in Calypso's words, and it reminded her that the immortal sorceress had been trapped on this island since before half of the Olympians were born.

“Doesn’t she visit you?”

“She used to, but I suppose she had gotten busier with her duties. Or perhaps the Fates denied her entry, as they were wont to do on occasion, just to make sure I was miserable. Maybe that’s why Hera sent you to me instead... Rachel.”

“Aha! So you finally admit I’m not Hera?”

“You are missing the point, you might have been born as Rachel the mortal to two mortal parents, but who says Hera might not have placed a bit of herself in you during the reincarnation process?”

Calypso's words gave Rachel pause as she remembered the intricacies of the Greek afterlife. "Hera did complain about the amount of domains she was foisted with over the millennia and how she couldn't find a suitable immortal to take off some of the load."

"So, you think I might actually have a piece of her divinity in me that has nothing to do with whatever she did that day?"

It was a lot to take in, and Rachel wasn't even sure if any of that was true. She never thought herself special in any way all her life, aside from her excellent eyesight and ability. Heck, the first time she met Percy, the boy tried to cut her in half with that sword of his, only for it to just pass through harmlessly. If she even had a drop of divinity in her, then she would have been dead.

"I'm just guessing, as I have little experience with the afterlife. I don't think I've ever met the god of the dead, nor have I ever met a Chthonic deity aside from Nyx, and I would rather not think about that woman." Calypso's grimace had Rachel feel bad for the woman, and she hurried to change the topic.

"You mentioned being lonely here, yet I see you have plenty of company in your servants."

"It's not the same." The immortal sorceress shook her head. "They are too subservient, too shy, and I could not bring myself to force them into my company. Despite their loyalty, they are too reclusive and prefer each other's company over others. At least, the older ones do."

"Are there no males among them?" Rachel found it strange that she had only seen girls so far. She was not even sure how old they were, they could have been anywhere from twelve and forty.

"A few, but they take care of the more laborious jobs and the women tend to keep them *busy*." Calypso giggled as Rachel realized what she meant and tried to change the topic.

"How did Hera even make me her daughter anyway?"

"You must have consumed something from her flesh." Calypso simply shrugged at her wide eyes.

"As the goddess of motherhood, anything from Hera's body is a divine elixir to a mortal."

"B-But, the only thing I consumed was... no wonder that coffee tasted so heavenly." Rachel didn't know whether to feel grossed or not, even as she recalled the milky taste of that drink. Looking for a distraction, the sound of the rustling leaves in the wind provided one for her.

"So, what's up with that tree?"

"Oh, you like it? Hera gifted it to me just before your arrival, and I had wondered what she meant by it, but now it is crystal clear." Calypso's eyes shined, and her smile had gotten so wide and infectious that Rachel found herself mirroring it.

"Come on, then. Don't keep me in suspense!" Rachel might have been wary of the overly clingy immortal sorceress, but she couldn't help the soothing and warm feeling she got from her presence. Besides, having more friends who were girls was always a bonus.

"Why, of course, it's a wedding gift." Calypso declared with such certainty as her eyes trailed to the distant figure of the ship sailing around the corner. "First, Hera sends me Percy during his quest, then she helps him get back to my island, and finally, she gifts me this tree."

"Well, I'm sure Percy would be happy to hear of Hera's approval." Rachel felt an unbidden grin grow on her face despite feeling a small hole forming in her heart. "His mother and I had to beat it into his head that the only way he would be able to free you is if he truly accepted that he's also going to be marrying you."

The immortal witch turned to her, her hands holding her own and her eyes full of sympathy. "You love him too, don't you?"

The words struck Rachel like a hammer to the head, and her eyes widened. Did she love Percy? She certainly respected him a lot and will admit to finding him as hot as he was goofy, but love? The redhead had known Percy for a while, and she knew his character very well. Was that the type of man she would love? Did it matter? What could she possibly offer that the gorgeous *immortal* in front of her could not?

"I-I... Percy is... uhh." Why was it so hard to just say it? That she had no interest whatsoever in that boy and his sea-green eyes, his lopsided grin...

“You don’t have to rush for an answer, Rachel. Once we are free, we will have all the time in the world to explore our options. Hera did send you to me for a reason,” Calypso stood up, dragging Rachel with surprising strength, and gave her a sisterly hug. “She had always been like a sister to me, and I wouldn’t mind having another sister... or niece for that matter.”

The immortal sorceress let go of her with a sly grin before leaving her alone under the massive tree. Rachel couldn’t help but think the queen of the gods was trolling her, especially when a bronze leaf fell on her nose at the thought, causing her to sneeze.

Yep, definitely a divine troll.

P*O*D

Day 2 on Ogygia

She woke up to find herself in the arms of her sister, using her as a plush pillow, abusing her much shorter stature yet again. Slowly and silently, Reyna wiggled herself from her arms and out of the comfortable bed in the marble house on one of the island’s hills. Hylla had always been a heavy sleeper, and easily went back to sleep once Reyna was up. Staring at her older sister for a minute, Reyna couldn’t help but feel a sort of tension forming between them, and Hylla had been overly clingy lately to compensate. She did not like it, but she knew the reason.

Shaking her head, Reyna quickly made her way to the bathroom deeper inside the manor.

Once she was refreshed, the shortest member of the crew found herself in a sort of living room and balcony mix where she found Rachel sitting cross-legged on a rug with her back to her, working on something she couldn’t see. Approaching the red-haired girl, Reyna was about to greet her before halting, her eyes widening and her breathing growing heavy. Suddenly, she wasn’t standing on the patio, but back in her *old* home as her father turned into a hideous monster and was about to kill Hylla. A sound of thunder reverberated, and the monster’s head was blown off...with a smoking gun in Reyna’s shaking hands.

“Are you alright, Reyna?”

Rachel's worried voice brought her back to Ogygia. She shook her head and noticed the girl and her disassembled guns lying on a tarp over the rug.

"I'm fine, it's just..." She took several deep breaths to regain her composure, but the young girl couldn't take her eyes off the guns even when they were in pieces.

"You can talk to me if you like." Rachel glanced inside the house before smiling kindly at her, "I know some things are difficult to speak about to family. Maybe an outsider's perspective would help."

Reyna hesitated, but the older girl's smile felt genuine. Her sister always told her she was a good judge of character, and Reyna found herself sitting next to the green-eyed girl as they watched the sun slowly rise from their high vantage point.

"Thanks. How come you're up so early?"

"Slept well. So well, I got up an hour ago feeling more rested than any fancy bed could make me feel. Percy and Calypso woke after me and took a morning stroll to the beach." The older girl shrugged, even as her lips quirked upwards at the thought of their captain and the beautiful sorceress probably having a romantic morning date. She returned to her disassembled guns, cleaning and oiling them. "So, want to tell me what's wrong?"

"I don't like guns." Reyna leaned her head on her knees as she stared at a few nearby birds singing a beautiful melody.

"Oh," Rachel halted her cleaning of her guns. "Do you want me to pack them away?"

Reyna hesitantly glanced at the dull iron parts sitting innocently on the green tarp before ultimately shaking her head. "I'll be fine."

"Is that why you refused to take any from the armory back on the ship?" Rachel returned to her gun maintenance, "You didn't seem as shocked then."

"I was already expecting it. It's not like I would normally freeze at their sight, but it's just..."

They sat in silence for a few more minutes, Reyna occasionally glancing at the older girl. Eventually, Rachel finished her work, putting her guns back together and securing them in her holster before setting them aside.

“Well, want to talk about it?” The older girl had turned fully to her, a kind smile on her face that had Reyna unconsciously smiling back.

“It’s nothing, I just...” Fear and worry filled her heart. What if the older girl thought differently of her? She looked at Rachel again, only to find nothing but patience and kindness in her eyes, and before she knew it, Reyna blurted the first thing that came to mind. “I shot my dad when I was six.”

Rachel blinked, her mouth clenched as she bit her lips and her eyebrows raised. Reyna held her breath for a moment, only for her eyes to widen in shock as the older girl held her sides as she tried to stifle her laughter.

“What are you laughing at?” She felt a little hurt at the girl laughing at her worries, yet it was still not the reaction she expected at all.

“Sorry, sorry.” The red-haired girl finally regained her composure as her face settled back into an easy smile, “It’s just, you would not believe how many times I fantasized about shooting my own dad.”

“Wait, what?”

“Not to death, of course, but... let’s just say he isn’t a good man and leave it at that.” Rachel waved her hand carelessly before placing it on her shoulder. “Now, I take it your story is much more complicated?”

“Yeah, but,” glancing hesitantly inside the dwelling, she was surprised when Rachel stood up and dragged her with her. “Let’s go for a stroll, maybe check on Tyson by the forge.”

Reyna nodded rapidly as they left the marble house, their destination the makeshift forge the Cyclops had built by the cove where they docked their ship. Along the way, she found herself pouring her heart out to the older girl. Rachel was a good listener and did not judge her for being forced to kill her father.

"Sounds like you were a hero to me, Reyna. Saving your older sis like that."

"Yeah," Reyna awkwardly kicked the sand as they walked barefoot along the beach, the sun steadily rising on the horizon. "You don't think she blames me for it?"

"Of course she doesn't!" She halted at Rachel's confident outburst and stared at the taller girl. "She cares a lot about you. If Hylla had blamed you for it, then she would not have taken care of you for so long."

"I see... yeah, that makes sense!" Reyna smiled genially as they continued their stroll along the beach. She turned her head to a large rock as she thought she heard something from there, but was distracted by Rachel's nudge.

"So, does that mean you would like to try guns again?"

"... No, I don't think I'll ever like them." Reyna decided after a moment of thought, "I wouldn't mind trying a bow and arrow, though."

"That's cool! Gonna be like Legolas?"

"Who?"

"Eeekk?!!! You don't know Legolas? Lord of the Rings? These are the bestest movies ever!" The older girl's green eyes were comically wide as she grabbed Reyna's shoulders and shook them hysterically.

"Uh, no? Rachel, I've been stuck on a magical island since I was six. The Mistre— I mean, Circe only ever watched fashion shows and dramas."

"Oh, you poor child! Let's hurry to the ship, and I'll get you caught up. No, wait. Let's get back to the house and grab your sister as well."

Reyna didn't have a chance to object before she was grabbed by Hurricane Dare and sprinted back to the marble house. Still, she couldn't help the wide smile that bloomed on her face.

"Are they gone?" A breathy voice whispered in his ear as he felt the warmth of his lover embracing him from behind.

"Yeah." Percy peeked from behind the rock at the two girls leaving hurriedly, yet his mind could only focus on the interruption they caused as he tried to bring down the aching in his groin.

"Finally." Calypso sighed as she hugged him tighter, and Percy could feel her large globes getting squished on his back. "Do you want to continue?"

Without a thought, he turned around and kissed the woman he had strived so much to reach. They had not done anything besides kiss and *embrace*, though things had gotten a bit frisky as he glanced at his discarded T-shirt. Calypso's dress was half off, exposing one of her magnificent breasts, and he found his hand rising up to pinch the caramel-colored nipple, but he quickly shook himself.

"No, we'll stick to your decision. Remain pure until we get out of here and have a proper wedding, right?"

He still could not believe that barely a week ago, he would have been a stuttering mess if he had seen so much skin and kissed such a beautiful girl so many times. Yet, with Calypso, it all came naturally for both of them; Percy couldn't explain it, not even to himself, but it just felt right for him to desire his lover so much.

"Yes, your mother and mine need to be present. Hera, too, and all your friends. I want this to be as big a spectacle as possible before we retire to our wedding bed." Calypso's eyes shined so brightly that Percy could have drowned himself in them, her full lips had such a wide smile he couldn't help but give her a few more kisses as they sucked on each other's lips. "Thank you so much for going along with my whim, Percy. You have no idea how difficult it is for me to hold back."

"Anything for you, Calypso." Percy never thought he would ever talk like this to a girl. He was sure a few weeks ago, he would have gagged at the mere thought of acting like a lovestruck sap.

Yet the way her face flushed and her eyes shone as if he had hung the moon for her made it all the more worthwhile. "Shall we head back as well? I'm interested in what they were talking about."

“Sure, let's head on to the ship, they'll catch up to us. Tyson could use some company instead of the obsessive work he's been doing.” Once they were decently clothed, they strolled along the sandy shores to the ship, Hands clasped together.

“Oh, are you two still arguing over the naming of the ship? I think Tyson's suggestion was great.”

“Of course, it's great, but the ship was still built by my Dad for his wife, and changing the name sounds... insulting?”

“Don't worry about Amphitrite, if my younger sister cared about the ship, she would have objected to being given to you. She has temples and palaces named after her. I am certain she would not care about a ship she only used once.”

Percy hummed in thought as they continued their stroll, relishing the feeling of the warm sand under their feet. Calypso hugged his arm and leaned her head on his shoulder. They enjoyed a comfortable silence until the ship was in sight. So far, they hadn't discussed any escape plan, but Percy didn't care. Spending time with Calypso was far more important, yet he had to be careful with time on this island.

He did hope to return to school before the semester ended, for Rachel's sake, if nothing else.

Hylla frowned as she stared at the reflection of her face on her polished shield. She always kept a strong facade for her sister, but the Latina girl wished the scar didn't mar her face so much. Shaking her head, she returned to trying to divine how some of the enchantments she detected on the shield worked.

The oldest mortal in the crew had enjoyed the movie marathon that Rachel had dragged them to watch, but when the redhead declared it was time for some sort of Japanese cartoon session, she excused herself. Hylla would admit to greatly enjoying Lord of the Rings, despite its long run-time, but she balked at the prospect of sitting on her bum for hours on end again.

The former attendant preferred to be more active and efficient with her time.

Reyna was all for it, while the captain and his brother opted to play video games, with Calypso merely content to watch over with that warm smile of hers.

“There you are, Hylla.”

She jerked from her seat on the deck where she was inspecting her shield. The evening had fallen, yet the skies were bright with stars and other celestial bodies that would never be so clear in the Sea of Monsters. Turning to the voice, Hylla was surprised to find Calypso walking towards her, smiling curiously.

She hurriedly tried to stand to properly greet her, “My lady—”

“Ah-ah, I will take no formalities from a friend of Percy.” The Queen of Ogygia waved her finger at her. “Call me Calypso.”

“Calypso,” Hylla smiled at the other woman’s pleasant hum. “How can I help you?”

“Just taking a stroll,” she looked curiously at the shield in her hand. “May I?”

“Sure, but it’s a bit heavy...” The words trailed uselessly as the shorter woman held the shield easily and spun it around with one hand. It was such a ludicrous display, for the shield was easily half the Titaness’ size and easily over a hundred pounds.

“A superb shield, and quite ancient too. I can recognize the work of Hera’s boy, but this must have been one of his earliest works. Imperial gold as well? From my understanding, that only became popular during the time of the Romans, though I am not certain as all my knowledge comes secondhand. Whoever it was made for, he must have been overly confident in defending himself.”

“How so?” Hylla had felt a tingle in her spine at the terms *Imperial Gold* and *Roman*. It was as if the words were important to her, but she filed it for later.

“All the enchantments on the shield are offensive ones. For instance,” Calypso did *something*, and the shield’s rim turned razor sharp, causing Hylla’s eyes to widen. “There are more enchantments and abilities, but I don’t think it would be wise to activate them. Wouldn’t want the shield to

recognize me as an owner, and I guarantee you there is a spirit sleeping in this shield, considering its age. Here, I'm confident you would be able to find a way to master it."

Hylla accepted her shield back and couldn't help but look at the immortal sorceress with reverence. "Thank you. How did you activate it? I could sense the enchantment, but... was that magic?"

"I have been called a witch and sorceress for a long time, my dear. Of course, it was magic. Now, come, I have need of you." Calypso's teasing tone made her snicker, and she followed the woman down the deck. They stopped in the library, just opposite the entertainment room, where she could hear her sister and the rest of the crew having fun.

"I have a project I've been working on that I would like another's input, Interested?" The sorceress asked once she closed the door, and the silence of the library took over. Hylla turned on the lights and took one glance at a table where papers and maps were strewn on, and she felt her lips widen in excitement.

"So you have all these spell matrices carved into the island and even the seafloor?" Hylla's eyes were wide as she stood over the table, looking over the notes and maps of the carvings the sorceress had made for her. She might not be a witch, nor did she know how to use magic, but as Circe's closest attendant, Hylla had witnessed, prepared, and even participated in many rituals and spells for her mistress.

"Indeed, it took a lot of my blood and magic to make sure they stick in. It helped that Ogygia housed my divine essence and that the connection to my island had gotten even stronger than before despite the many years it took me to get it done. Then again, time was all I had." Calypso shrugged from her seat next to her, idly spinning the blue crystal the captain received from the Forge god.

A few hours had passed since Calypso had invited her over. Hylla had nearly freaked out when she saw the crystal, remembering the god's warning about its volatile nature, but Calypso assured her that she had it under control yet refused to elaborate.

"It's well-made, I can see aspects of Time, Space, Void, and even Destiny woven in. I dare say this could easily make Circe's formulas seem like scribbles." Hylla couldn't stop comparing designs and matrices with what she knew. Calypso was knowledgeable about magic, though she wasn't shy about dismissing Circe's abilities.

"Oh, that girl knows nothing of magic compared to her mother or myself." Case in point, the immortal sorceress waved her hand dismissively at the much more famous witch. "I had nothing to do but practice my abilities and study tomes of magic gifted to me by the gods over the eons, though rarely would any master of the arcane visit to compare. I suppose this allowed me to take magic to heights unseen from my time, yet without a proper adversary to polish my craft, I'm sure it looks primitive to you."

"I won't deny that some designs could be modified for more energy efficiency. The power requirements to even activate this formula is immense, probably more than Circe could call by herself." Hylla bit her lips in hesitation for fear of offending the powerful witch, but Calypso only smiled encouragingly. "Are you sure you have the power to activate, maintain, and direct this spell formula?"

"To activate? Certainly. Maintain? That will be a lot tougher, but maybe if I had a few days rest and got drunk on nectar as well as had another's help. Direct? Provided I shall be intoxicated, then no. I shall have neither the power nor the mental capacity to direct the formula." Calypso shrugged carelessly, even as she fiddled with the crystal. "Do you think you can modify any of the designs?"

"After they were already set deep on the island? Impossible, but even if you had not set them yet, I'm just not confident in touching any of it. Circe never allowed me to practice magic, claiming it was too dangerous for me or that I didn't have the aptitude." She gritted her teeth as she looked back to her life on the resort island. "Now, I feel she probably didn't want any potential competition from her servants."

A warm hand rested on hers, and Hylla stared down at the shorter Titaness, who winked at her. "It's a good thing I'm such a generous witch, then. Once we are out of here, you can join me as I discover how far magic has advanced. In the meantime, I'll gladly take you in as an apprentice if you would like?"

Hylla was shocked, no, she was thunderstruck! Offer her lessons in magic? From one of the mythical witches from ancient times? Before she knew it, she found herself on her knees, staring up at the surprised face of the sorceress. "Of course, I would love to! It would be an honor, but I'm not worthy--"

"Shush now, you are worthy." A finger was placed on her lips, and Calypso's kind eyes had Hylla breathing deeply as she calmed herself. "I confess that this isn't completely austere of me, as I will need your help breaking the spell on my island. Furthermore, I admit to never having students before, so you will not be the only one learning."

The Latina girl smiled, yet she remained on her knees. "Still, Even if you spend years training me, I don't think I will ever have enough power to feed this formula and help you with the spell. How will we get around this issue?" Suddenly, she had a bad feeling and couldn't help but blurt out, "Are you going to use the Captain? Or one of us?"

She immediately knew she had said the wrong thing as she beheld Calypso's falling expression.

"... I will admit there are ways of harnessing an obscene amount of magical power from mortals, demigods in particular being worthy sacrifices." The witch lost the glimmer in her eyes as her smile melted to a morose and sad frown. "Has my reputation gone so terrible that you would expect me to use that kind of sacrificial blood magic on the love of my life or his friends?"

Hylla was horrified at her outburst and lowered her head in shame at the Titaness' melancholic tone. "Forgive me, my lady. I didn't mean to imply that. Of course, I don't think you would do such a thing, but... I confess that my judgment had been clouded by my former mistress's perception of you and... I knew Circe was capable of such acts and..."

"You thought that all witches would be like that foolish girl?" At her nod, Calypso lifted her head up, and Hylla found her smiling sadly at her. "It's not nice to judge others from the act of one, but perhaps I need to demonstrate how different I am from others."

The former attendant of Circe stared dumbly as the immortal witch sang a melodic tone as she rubbed over her forehead. So beautiful was the sight and so soothing were the unintelligible words

that Hylla didn't notice the slight heat from her forehead spreading all over her body until it was gone when Cal– the *goddess* retracted her hand.

“What have you done to me?” She rubbed her forehead in wonder as she tried to discover anything strange. Her head felt smooth, far too smooth.

“See for yourself.” Calypso summoned a hand mirror from the side and held it for her. Hylla looked in wonder as the scar on her face was gone, replaced by smooth olive skin. Looking over the rest of her body, not a single scar or unnatural blemish remained. “What do you have to say?”

The Latina girl chuckled at the woman's teasing, glad she was smiling again. “Thank you, my lady.”

“You're very welcome, Hylla, and please call me Calypso.” Hylla nodded and found herself being brought to her feet by the shorter woman, reminding her again that Calypso was surprisingly strong for her size.

“As you wish, Calypso.” A thought struck her, and she bit her lip to prevent herself from blurting it, but her new mistress' gentle squeeze of her hands gave her confidence. “Would you be willing to also teach my sister? I'm not sure how safe she would be in the outside world, but I would prefer if she had as many tools to protect herself as possible.”

“Sure, I will. In the morning, we can grab her and Hera's daughter as well. The more of you with magical knowledge, the safer we will be later on.”

“Oh? So she isn't Hera anymore?”

“Who knows?” Calypso said in a singsong voice as she placed the crystal around her neck to settle on her generous chest. Hylla couldn't help but compare them to her own, only to find them severely lacking. Her body was tall and slender, and she was proud of how athletic it had become over the past year, yet her curves were lacking in comparison to her new mistress.

“I suppose we will find out.” Hylla shook her head, she would not grow jealous over something like that. Plenty of mortals went mad from comparing themselves to the divine. “By the way, we have yet to solve the power deficit for the ritual.”

“Have we not?” Calypso’s giggle as she gently flicked the crystal around her neck had her gawking. Surely, it wasn't that simple?

“It certainly is. Heavens, it makes me fall in love with my hero again for being such an amazing help without even trying. Now, time for us to go to sleep. If we want to start our lessons, we must rise early in the morning.”

Hylla smiled fondly as her new mistress led the way to the cabin area before stopping by her shared room with Reyna. Calypso waved good night as she continued to the Captain's cabin, Perseus’ voice greeting her once she opened the door. The aspiring witch shook her head at how smitten the both of them were with each other - it made her wonder if there was someone like that for her in the wide outside world.

She opened her door to find Reyna gently snoring in her bed, and Hylla couldn’t help the unbidden smile on her face.

Reyna would always come first.

P*O*D

Day 4 on Ogygia (Final day)

He lifted the heavy bar high over his head before lowering it to his shoulders. Repeating the exercise for ten reps, Percy lowered the bar to the ground, did ten jumping jacks and ten push-ups, then grabbed the easily over four-hundred-pound weights and lifted them again over his head. Percy’s spare time on the island was completely dedicated to burning as much energy in training as possible, yet for good or for bad, his stamina had been endless. Perhaps it was the sea or Ogygia’s magical nature, but it didn’t matter; Percy had fallen in love with the training regiment, especially as he enjoyed the peace and quiet of his own corner of the island to do his thing without any interruptions from the girls.

... Who was he kidding? He was blue-balled as fuck!

Percy grunted as he increased the pace of his exercise; never in his life had he been teased so damn much without any sort of relief. The son of Poseidon couldn't even relieve himself in

seclusion because of a certain warning from Chiron. As the son of the most powerful nature god among the Olympians, as well as being incredibly powerful in his own right, there was a real fear that his seed could give life to some kind of abomination if he spread it carelessly.

Percy remembered talking to his father about Antaeus, and Poseidon had let slip that his least favorite son was the result of a bad pull-out game.

Shaking his head at the dilemma he faced, he decided that there was nothing he could do about it except train harder before jumping into the sea and swimming with the Hippocampi... though he wished the water was colder instead of the pleasant warmth it was eternally on.

He idly wondered what the others were doing as he continued to train.

Calypso was off with the girls, all bonding over magic of all things, especially when the immortal sorceress took them on as students.

He chuckled as he thought of Reyna skiving off to fly around with Blackjack yesterday before he somehow managed to get her interested in sword practice. Percy wondered if she was doing the same right now.

Tyson was still in his workshop, though the demigod of the sea recalled Calypso asking his brother about something she was working on, and the cyclops eagerly agreed to help.

Thinking about the Titaness so much made him reminisce about the past few days, easily the best time of his life. Calypso was even more beautiful than he remembered, and the moment his eyes fell on her, all thoughts faded from his mind. Even now, Percy could still recall her soft lips on his own, and he could still feel the weight of her hefty chest in his hands and the few times they almost went too far.

Calypso's desire to take things properly was incredibly vexing for the hormonal teenager, as he resorted to his extreme training exercises to burn off his rising libido. Yet, Perseus Jackson was not one to deny his lover the respect and propriety she deserved, not to mention he was in favor of having an actual wedding where his mother could see him at his proudest moment.

She was always an old-fashioned woman, and while Sally Jackson would never admit to it, Percy knew she suffered greatly as a single mother, doubly so when she married Gabe. It was the reason she raised him to be careful with girls, or else he would prove to be his father's son and *'end up siring an army of kids before he was twenty'*.

Percy held his father in high regard, but even he would admit Poseidon gave a new meaning to the word *deviant*, especially once he got around to learning about his exploits. Suffice to say, what the mortals say he did was but the tip of the iceberg.

The son of Poseidon just hoped he could keep his eyes from wandering, as despite Calypso's beauty, he would be a fool not to recognize how gorgeous Rachel and Hylla were. Still, his lover kept him quite distracted, though hopefully, he wouldn't be so distracted he would fail to notice people walking by their hiding spot again like Reyna did.

"Percy, over here!"

Speaking of the precocious child, Percy dropped the heavyweights on the sandy beach with a dull thud before turning to the younger girl as she waved at him from behind the trees.

"Reyna, weren't you supposed to be with Calypso? Or did you fly off with Blackjack again?"

He walked into the sea, willing the water to rise and clean him from the sweat. It still surprised him how this vast sea in front of him was actually fresh water, yet it listened to his commands as well as any sea. Even the Hippocampi loved it, as he brushed Cobalt's scales when he swam by to say hello.

"You have to stop Blackjack! He's gone mad."

Frowning at her urgent tone, Percy quickly put on his shirt and hurried after the girl deeper into the island. Within a few minutes, they were standing behind a tree, and Percy stared blankly at the scene in the meadow in front of him. There was a herd of beautiful horses that must have been magical in nature, yet his gaze was fixed on the sight of Blackjack among them.

"Reyna?"

"Y-Yes, Captain?" At least the girl sounded subdued and hesitant.

"What could possibly have made you think I would want to see my pegasus porking a couple of mares?"

The sound of horse neighs, wings flapping, and a particular guttural grunt, which translated so clearly in Percy's mind that he wanted to smash his head into the nearby tree, caused Reyna to shuffle awkwardly.

"They weren't... *mating* when I left. Blackjack was fighting the males of the herd, and some of them got hurt!" The young girl looked distressed, and Percy noticed that some stallions had bruises and bite marks but stared sullenly in defeat from a distance at their mares getting plowed.

"And why did he start a fight with them in the first place?"

"Because it's kinda my fault?" Percy gazed at the petite girl as she blushed deeply, "I-I didn't know he would understand me when I joked about wanting my own pegasus since he was yours."

Another loud grunt, and the winged horse whinnied loudly before quickly moving to another mare. Reyna looked strangely as Blackjack mounted the pretty golden/bronze horse. "Shouldn't he need rest?"

"Probably, but how would you know?" Needless to say, Percy was feeling incredibly awkward, and the fact he could understand those horses was worse. Who knew mares had rape fetishes?

"We had a stable on the island that the witch got on a whim. I was assigned to help the horses there for as long as I can remember, though the older workers did most of the work. I usually just brushed them and made sure they were comfy. They would always let me ride them around during exercise time."

"Huh," he looked at Reyna in a new light. "That explains how good of a rider you are. Practically born on the saddle, aren't you?"

"Yep." The younger girl giggled giddily as she fidgeted shyly on her feet. "I'm sure I'm not as good as you, but yes, I do love horses a lot."

Before he could rib her some more, a familiar breathy voice echoed in the wind.

"Percy, it is time. Bring Reyna to the Tree. We're all waiting."

"Did you hear that?" Reyna yelped excitedly.

"Yep, sounds like the girls are done with the preparations. Let's head on to the cliff, Blackjack clearly has everything under control here."

The girl nodded, only to grimace at another loud grunt and a neigh from the pegasus, and, glancing over, found him mounting *yet another mare*. The two of them hurried away, not willing to witness any more of this awkwardness.

At least, it completely killed his libido and proved he wasn't *totally* his father's son.

Calypso and Hera/Rachel bond easily. She doesn't actually know if Hera left a part of her in Rachel or not. She was simply making conjectures, and Rachel debunked her theory quickly enough. Or did she?

And we finally know how Rachel became a demigod. Yep, Hera fed Rachel her milk, a la Herakles. Though this time, it was hidden in a latte, lol. They say a mother's milk is the most nutritious thing to drink (so long as it's from the same species), now imagine what the *Divine Mother's* milk would be like.

Reyna has issues with guns, but she is a resourceful girl and surely would be able to make do with any kind of weapon instead. Being the daughter of a war goddess helps.

Hylla was raised to be a follower. How she managed to become queen would be a very interesting short story I would love to read, but sadly, all we got was she just did it. Here, she easily switches from her old mistress to a new, and much more worthy one. Anyone figured out who the owner of that shield was yet?

Poor Percy, getting blue balled like that must be torture. I will not be shying away from the fact he is the son of probably the most *deviant* god in Greek myth. Zeus has nothing on what Poseidon has done, lol.

I wanted to have them be gone to One Piece by the end of this chapter, but I had to establish the crew's dynamics first. Hope you all enjoyed it.

If you would like to read three chapters ahead, or just support me, feel free to join me on Patr(eo)n under the same pen name.