

The camp had become a battlefield.

Gavin ran, guided by the light of the full moon. Everywhere he looked campers fought monsters or enemy demigods. His bow bounced on his shoulder, a gift from his mom. The bow was magic, shooting silver arrows of moonlight that would never deplete.

He gripped his twin hunting daggers tightly. The only other physical gift she had given him. The forbidden child. After thousands of years Artemis broke her sacred vow and had him. Furious, the spirit of the Styx personally cursed him.

“The boy will never see the light of day. As long as the sun shines, he will sleep. Only active in his mothers light.”

The blades glowed a soft white. Made from moonlight, there was no animal or monster hide they couldn't pierce. Gavin's body moved on autopilot. He didn't register how many or exactly what kinds of monsters he turned to ash: and while his fellow campers were only wounding or incapacitating the enemy demigods, He was different. Every camper wearing that purple t-shirt he killed. He had somewhere to be. Nico's side: and they were getting in the way.

Finally Gavin saw him, Nico fought with his Stygian iron blade and used the shadows to his advantage.

As Gavin pressed his back to Nico's they became surrounded.

What kept you?”

“Would you believe I couldn't find my shoe?”

Nico snorted. “Moron”

“Nico listen, in case we don't make it....”

“Zip it lover boy, we're not dead yet. Besides I know. I love you too.”

Gavin smiled before falling to a single knee.

“Gavin? What happened?” He looked up. Clouds had covered the moon. It had drained him a little and it took him by surprise. He stood and together Nico and him beat back the monsters.

As the clouds revealed the moon, the same weakness took Nico instead.

They couldn't fight like this, suddenly weakening as the clouds drifted.

Gavin had but one choice. He could strengthen Nico, give him enough power to even end the war.

The price though was his life.

There was no question. For Nico he would die a thousand times.

Gavin sheathed the daggers, raised his right hand and began to chant in Ancient Greek.

As he spoke, a thread of moonlight shone down and he gripped it tightly.

Nico climbed to his feet and stared dumbfounded as the monsters took a few steps back, fearful as if they sensed something.

Gavin called out the last word, jerked his arm down and the moon shattered into millions of tiny glass like shards. He crumpled to the ground, as Nico felt an intense surge of power within him. His abilities skyrocketed and Nico knew that while it was only temporary, Gavin had granted him godhood.

“Open. Door to darkness, abyssal void that which consumes all. I beseech you, avenge him.

Tendrils of Ombra”

From every inch of his body, long tendrils of darkness erupted. The merest touch caused the monsters to disintegrate and the enemy demigods to collapse. Though they were uncountable, not one touched a Greek demigod or any of the creatures that fought beside them.

In an instant, an army was decimated.

Nico could feel the power draining, his time as a God nearly over. As powerful as he was, it wasn't his place to defeat Gaia. He was neither storm or fire. There was something he could do though, if he was quick. There was just enough power left.

He crouched before Gavin's body, cradled the young man's head in his lap: and kissed him. The merest touch of his lips to his saviors. He pulled back and whispered

"Wake up, sleeping beauty. Please"

Gavin's eyes fluttered open and he smiled at his death boy.

"Hey, since when do I sleep at night?"