

A Cold Day in Erebus

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A Cold Day in Erebus

by [Darthkvzn](#)

Summary

A couple months after the Battle of New York, the Olympians decide they want in on the superhero business - and it seems Stephen Strange is recruiting. Why they thought to send Nico, though, he'll never know.

(Now has a sequel in "Thanatos Scowled"!)

Notes

Hey there! This work takes place in the same universe as most of my other fics on here, so be sure to check those out if the concept behind it piques your interest! This little oneshot is really just an MCU-style "Nico will return" thingy I wrote ages ago and forgot to upload. Hope you like it!

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

Chapter 1

If you've ever tried to imagine the Underworld - or whatever equivalent afterlife you subscribe to - let me give you some friendly advice: *stop*. Whatever you've imagined, it doesn't do this, or *any* Realm of the Dead justice. Most people fail to realize that *everyone*, good, bad, or in between, has a soul. That means most every human that's ever died could be theoretically found around Hades' domain - not that you'd ever *succeed*, of course, with the billions upon billions of Shades endlessly milling around the great Fields of Asphodel, suffering their rightly deserved fates on one of the many Fields of Punishment, or living it up at Elysium. The Underworld is *big*. That's the best way I can describe it.

Me being Nico di Angelo, son of Hades, greek god of the dead - the bastard Prince of the Underworld. *Hooray*.

Why I was there this particular time, I didn't know. Father, though admittedly much more lenient in his treatment of me than ever, was not exactly fond of my presence in Erebus.

We demigods tend to be sore subjects for our divine parents' spouses, you see, and while Persephone was cooler with my existence than most other godly step-parents, I was still a reminder of Hades' lack of commitment.

I walked through the dark halls of Father's palace, skeleton servants pausing their activities and standing at attention, smoothing down their crumpled, ragged clothes before taking a fist to their empty chests. I barely acknowledged them. Hades had long since advised me not to encourage their sycophantic behavior.

Soon enough, I found myself at the doors of the throne room. Adjusting the carefully sheathed stygian iron sword hung at my belt, I swung the doors open.

The god of the dead lazed about his throne. He looked as intimidating as the first day I'd seen him - dark eyes, dark hair, and dark robes - poised as a panther might be, if it were given human form.

“Nico.” –he said, picking at his robe. The souls trapped within the black fabric moaned in eternal torment – and really, who could blame them.

“Father.” –I shortly replied, giving him a half bow.

He hummed. “It has been some time since I last summoned you, yes?” –he said, pretending not to remember.

I nodded anyway. “Almost a year and a half, I think.”

Hades rubbed his chin. “That seems accurate. You are *slightly* taller than I remember you. How does your relationship with that spawn of Apollo fare?”

If I blushed, he didn’t comment. “Well enough, Father. Thank you for asking.” –I said, mildly embarrassed, but genuinely thankful.

“I’m surprised he has not sent you away yet. You hardly look like the Prince of Erebus ought to.” –he said, disapprovingly.

Of course. Couldn’t compliment me and miss the chance for a scathing remark. “Will happens to *like* my looks.”

He shrugged. “Poor taste on his part, then. Though the boy seems a good influence on your demeanor, I suppose. You no longer slouch, for one, something not even Allecto and her sisters could ever correct.”

“In my defense, the Furies are somewhat hard to please.” –I replied, sarcastically.

Father conceded the point. “In any case, he’s a far better choice than my insufferable nephew.”

I rolled my eyes. “You know, Percy and I are still friends. We *did* save the world together a few times.”

He mimicked the gesture. “And what a pity that is. The world could use a little destroying, in my opinion. Then again, I suppose my opinion is hardly worth anything, since my *brother* had the gall to request your assistance.”

“Lord Poseidon wants my help?” –I asked, perplexed.

Hades shook his head. “*Zeus* .” –he spat, as if cursing. I waited for the indignant thunderclap that should’ve followed, but I guess those didn’t reach the Underworld.

I scowled. “Whatever for?”

“It appears the mortals are growing savvy. The Titan War and the return of the Giants were bad enough, but now, with all those alleged mortal heroes, the alien invasion...the Mist barely fools them anymore. *Lord Zeus* has grown *scared* , and his bright idea for preserving the status quo – no doubt originally suggested to him by Athena – is to reveal our existence to the world. On our own terms, or so he claims.”

I crossed my arms. This was *not* looking good for me. “Surely that would be contradictory.”

He raised an eyebrow in agreement. “My point exactly. Let them stay in the dark for however long the Mist lasts, I said. But alas, a consensus was reached, my vote be damned. *Curse* the day Jackson gave me a seat in that infernal hall.” –he sulked.

I shook my head, slightly amused. No matter how much he claimed to hate it, I knew Father was secretly pleased with his newfound status as honorary Olympian. As long as it didn’t conflict with his interests, of course.

“So, what am I to do, then?” –I asked.

Hades leaned back on his throne. “There is a mortal traversing the world, searching for young, *magical* heroes to recruit. He is a powerful sorcerer, I suppose, for someone utterly lacking Hecate’s blood. His name is Stephen Strange. You are to present yourself to him, on behalf of the Olympians, and offer your services for whatever mission it is he seeks to complete.”

Taking orders from a mortal, huh? *Wonderful* . “How long is this task supposed to take?”

Father shrugged. “Days, weeks...years? I’ve no clue, and neither does the Council. We’re not exactly the best at keeping time straight.” –he said with a cruel little smile at his awful joke. I doubt Kronos would appreciate it as much as he did.

I sighed. “Fine. I accept the quest. Why they want *me* , I have no clue, but I suppose I have nothing better to do for the foreseeable future.”

Hades waved me away. “I’m sure Lord Zeus is *ecstatic* . Now, off you go. Represent the House of Hades well, and all that. And wear the armor Persephone gave you, for Olympus’ sake, you look like a vagrant!” –he shouted as I left the throne room, a fond little smile on my face.

The shadows spit my now armored self at a small apartment in Midtown. Specifically in a bedroom – one I very well knew was not my own.

“HOLY ZEUS!” –I heard a grown man scream.

Angry thunder rumbled in the distance as I struggled not to laugh my ass off at the scene. Percy Jackson, son of Poseidon, and the greatest hero since the Classic Era, pressed a bed sheet against his bare chest, eyes wide, his hair an inky black mess.

“Cousin.” –I smoothly replied. In another time, I might’ve blushed at the sight, but I was quite used to my former, unrequited crush.

Annabeth came out of the adjacent bathroom dagger first, clad only in a see-through nightgown and underwear, yet managing to make herself look lethal. “Nico?” –she asked, her eyes widening.

“Other cousin.” –I said, turning towards her.

The daughter of Athena put the celestial bronze weapon away, then walked up to me and gave me a big hug. “It’s been too long.” –she said happily.

I shrugged. “Just a couple of months, really. I’ve been a little busy.”

Percy grudgingly walked up to me, and shook my hand. “I’m *sure* it could’ve waited a few hours.” –he said, though his shaky smile was genuine.

I smirked. “Well, *duh* . But where’s the fun in that?”

Annabeth shot her boyfriend an amused look. “You *did* say he could drop by anytime.”

He scoffed. “Remind me to stop *saying* things. Only serves to get us in trouble.”

The blonde swat him, which earned her an indignant look. She rolled her eyes. “ *Anyway* , what brings you here, Nico? And armored, too.” –she asked, noticing the metallic plate under my admittedly pretentious trench coat, her mind already running through the possibilities.

I shrugged. “A quest, actually. If you could call it that. It appears Lord Zeus has need of my particular set of skills.” –I said, cryptically.

Percy frowned. “Zeus? Doesn’t he hate your guts? And, y’know, almost everyone else’s?”

Thunder rumbled again. Just a coincidence, obviously. “That’s what I thought, too, but it looks like he’s willing to make an exception. That, or he needs a particularly *expendable* demigod. You know of the issues with the Mist, I wager.”

Annabeth nodded. “Yeah. Ever since Seaweed Brain here couldn’t keep it in his pants.” –she said, snickering.

“There were *aliens* flying around. I couldn’t afford to miss that action.” –he tried to defend himself.

“A surprise alien invasion is no excuse for taking your sword out and waving it around in plain view of the mortals, cousin.” –I chastised him.

Percy guffawed. “Ok, that one was good.”

I laughed. “*Anyway*, the Olympians want me to meet some magic wielding mortal. Guy by the name of Stephen Strange.”

Annabeth frowned. “I thought that guy was dead.”

“You know him?” –I asked.

She shrugged. “I know *of* him. Barely, at that. He was – or, I guess, *is* – a very famous surgeon. He got in a car accident, years ago, and his hands got... *damaged*, bad enough that he couldn’t operate anymore. No one’s seen or heard from him since. Everyone just kind of assumed he died.”

I shook my head. “Well, he’s *definitely* not dead.” –I told them, “My ‘death senses’ would’ve tingled.”

Percy had a scowl on his face. “Why are they sending *you* , though? I mean, not that I *want* to go, but I’m *usually* the *schmuck* they send - and it’s because of me that the Mist is broken.”

Every demigod knew that, of course. Percy, soft idiot with a heart of gold that he was, hadn’t been able to stop himself from intervening during the Battle of Manhattan, a little under two months ago. While the Avengers did their thing, Percy had taken to the streets, rallying the terrified citizens behind him, protecting the mortals with his water powers and killing the aliens – which apparently counted as ‘monsters’, for celestial bronze – with his trusty sword, Riptide.

“Percy, let’s be honest here. We both know you’ve earned the rest. You beat the odds. You have a life, here, finally. Meanwhile, I’m still *me* . Sure, I’ve got Will, but that’s about it. No family, no job, no real place to stay at.” –I reasoned.

He tried to talk, but I shut him up. “And *don’t* say Camp Half-Blood, or Camp Jupiter. You *know* I don’t feel the same way about them as you do.” –I said.

Percy seemed deflated. “You’re still Ambassador, though...” –he half-heartedly tried to argue.

I rolled my eyes. “That was never a *real* job. Just a made-up title Reyna made up to fit me into the Camp’s structure without causing a fuss. And it’s not like greeks and romans need help with diplomacy anymore.”

Annabeth looked at me, smart grey eyes framed by thick bruising, a glaring reminder that their unfortunate extended stay in Tartarus was still a heavy burden upon their psyche. “You’re sure?” –she asked me.

I nodded. “You guys deserve your peace. Besides, the gods want me to go. Who am *I* to question their wishes?” –I asked, sarcastically.

My best friend and I shared a look. I glanced at her belly, and she barely nodded. I *knew* I felt *something* beyond the three life auras in the room. I nodded towards Percy, questioningly, and she shook her head.

Meanwhile, the son of Poseidon looked at both of us. “Ok, it’s *too early* for one of your creepy silent conversations. You *know* I can’t understand what you’re saying.” –he complained.

Annabeth wrapped her arms around his neck. “Oh, don’t worry about it, Seaweed Brain. You’ll know soon enough.”

I snickered as I willed the shadows of the room towards me, feeling their comforting cold embrace slowly envelop me. “Good luck...”

The last thing I heard from the real world was a fairly anxious demigod, asking what I meant by *good luck* .

My last stop before I went on with my quest was at Camp Half-Blood, of course.

The Camp grounds were quiet, as the moon shone brightly above my shadowy form. I could hear the harpies in the distance. I was hardly worried – they steered way clear of me, with my supposed ‘death stench’ and all. I walked the short distance to the Apollo cabin, the usually flamboyant golden exterior muted during Lady Artemis’ turn riding across the sky. I summoned a clump of dirt to my hand, packed it into a misshapen, rock-hard ball, and tossed it at one of the windows.

It didn’t take long for Will to come out, looking equal parts annoyed and joyful at seeing me. “What in *Hades* are you doing here so late, Romeo?” –he asked me, drowsily.

I raised an eyebrow. “You wound me, beloved. Who’s this Romeo you speak of? I’ll send hordes of the undead after him!” –I said, overly dramatic.

He rolled his eyes. “Sorry. *Nico* .”

“I came to say goodbye, actually.” –I said, a little sad.

Will frowned. “Where are you going?” –he said, uncertainly.

“I actually don’t quite know. Lord Zeus seems to have it out for me-“ –I said, and thunder boomed. I glared at the sky. “Oh, shut up, you *know* you do.” –I remarked, which must’ve been true, because no further thunderclaps were heard. “ *Anyway* , the Olympians have a quest for me. I have to meet some old mortal and pledge my services to him for the duration of the quest. I wanted to see you before I looked for him – who *knows* how long he’s gonna need me for.” –I explained.

He nodded slowly. “This mortal, what’s his name?”

“Strange, I think. A former surgeon, if I’m not mistaken.”

Will groaned. “I *hate* the gift of prophecy.” –he muttered.

I raised an eyebrow. “Come again?”

He sighed. “I guess I had a prophetic dream, three days ago. Nothing major, y’know – I’m hardly the Oracle – but I’ve heard of this man before. I should’ve told you about it, but I just thought it was a weird dream at the time.” –he confessed.

“Don’t worry about it. What was the dream about?” –I asked him gently.

“It’s a little hard to remember, but I think there was a man in the sky. He was dressed in red and black robes, old-school, but...somehow, fitting. I thought he was strange, and that’s how I knew his name. I could see the Sound from where he stood. Some kind of metal platform, suspended in the sky. That’s all I’ve got, sorry.” –he said apologetically.

I smiled. “It’s more than enough, Will. Thank you.”

He nodded, though his expression was still glum. “So, no clue how long this quest will last, then?” –he asked.

“No. Father gave it to me and *he* didn’t seem to know. He says *hi*, by the way.” –I said. Not *strictly* true, but Lord Hades did seem approving of my boyfriend.

Will gave me a sarcastic look. “Lord Hades, god of the dead, and King of the Underworld, told you to say *hi* to me.” –he stated in disbelief.

I coughed sheepishly. “Maybe not his *exact* words, no, but he did seem...content, about us.”

He searched my face skeptically. “*Uh huh*. I’ll take your word for it, Nico. Just...take care, will you?” –he asked me.

I hugged him tightly, not resisting in the slightest when it turned into a soft yet passionate kiss. “I’ll do my best.” –I told him, amused.

As we separated, I thrust my hand out towards the ground, which rumbled slightly. The skeletal remains of a horse climbed out of the shifting soil, assembling into an undead steed as they did. Before I could even think of mounting it, lightning fell from the sky, striking it and scaring the *Hades* out of both of us. When I opened my eyes, instead of seeing the charred bits of bone I expected to see, I found my horse had gained flesh and blood – barely, as the ebony skin clung to its skeletal frame.

Even better, it now had *wings* . Large, bat-like ones, but still, a rather appropriate facsimile of a pegasus. It had a note, gilded in gold, hung around its bony neck. Glowing red eyes regarded me curiously. I opened the note, which read, in fancy golden cursive:

To my rather ungrateful nephew:

I give you leave to traverse my domain, as the circumstances of your quest require it. I have bestowed life unto your undead steed as a Thestral, a magical creature rarely seen in this age. It is smart, tenacious, and loyal. Not unlike you, I suppose. Ride the skies well, Prince of the Underworld.

Lord Zeus, god of the skies, King of Olympus

Will, who was looking over my shoulder, regarded me fearfully. “Just *what* are you getting into, Nico?”

I shook my head, equally awed. “I don’t know, but I think I *have* to find out, now.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Most demigods get a prophecy of some kind when starting a quest, but Nico's not like most demigods. All he has is a Thestral and Will's dream to go on - but, as it turns out, that's more than enough.

In the skies above the Long Island Sound, Nico finds a flying boat, a man with an eyepatch, and the Sorcerer Supreme.

Chapter Notes

So, I know I said this would be a oneshot. And that's how it was intended! ...but I feel like that cliffhanger was kind of cruel, and I've also been a bit hyperfixated with Percy Jackson again, so I finally workshopped a follow-up (along with, like, the timeline of PJO events in this crossoververse). I hope you enjoy this little surprise!

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

I named the Thestral 'Shadowmere', because – Prince of the Underworld or not – I guess I never really stopped being a nerd. I'd never heard of their species before, and the name didn't really sound Greek, so I was left to wonder where Zeus had pulled the strange creature from. Certainly, there were many spheres of magic outside of the purview of the Olympians, but the gods tended to be...*territorial*, to say the least.

In any case, my steed was clearly intelligent – Percy had taught me some, but I wasn't exactly an expert rider, and yet Shadowmere seemed to know exactly where I wanted to go. My quest hadn't come with a convenient *prophecy*, but I figured Will's dream was close enough – a metal platform from which the Long Island Sound could be spotted.

Not exactly a *small* area, but something to start with, at least.

I thought about what little I knew of the Olympians' plans to go public; that, of late, the Mist had failed to fool mortals a concerning amount of times, leading to several reports of mythical monsters and teenagers wielding bronze weapons. Hecate, ever the elusive one, had failed to heed Zeus' summons, so the gods could only guess at the causes for the Mist's thinning. Some believed that some hidden, leftover factions of Gaea's forces were plotting some kind of revenge, waging war by pitting the mortals against us. Others thought that, perhaps, this was but the prelude to another war on the scale of the previous two.

The more *sensible* ones figured that the mortals were simply growing aware of our world because theirs was quickly becoming a *lot* crazier; with all the larger than life superheroes running around, creatures of myth simply didn't seem as farfetched as they had before – and so, the Mist couldn't exploit their disbelief as it used to.

Athena's plan – surprise, surprise – wasn't a bad one; stay one step ahead of the mortals, capitalize on the fact that they wouldn't know what to make of ancient gods and monsters existing, and establish a presence on their own terms. Perhaps they would pose as benevolent patrons, or even demand to be worshipped as they had been back in the day. More than likely, given my own quest, they would have us demigods be the ones getting our hands dirty.

That's where my mind was at when Shadowmere hissed and grabbed my attention; with good reason, too, as the cryptic message Will had given me became clear. Ahead of us, nestled between the clouds, was a boat – not just any boat either, but an honest-to-goodness *aircraft carrier*, easily over a thousand feet from stem to stern. I shook my head in disbelief – the gods could ridicule and belittle humanity all they wanted, but proof of their cunning and true capabilities floated right in the midst of Zeus' domain. The boat seemed to have been recently damaged, but repaired enough to remain aloft.

Almost immediately, a pair of strangely shaped airplanes flanked us, switching their thrusters off and activating each a pair of rotors cleverly hidden on their wings. **“YOU ARE IN VIOLATION OF S.H.I.E.L.D. CONTROLLED AIRSPACE.”** –one of them blared over loudspeakers. **“PROCEED TO THE HELICARRIER AND PREPARE TO BE DETAINED.”**

I pursed my lips, my hand resting on the pommel of my sword, and nodded at the pilot. Shadowmere hissed at the aircraft, but headed straight towards the Helicarrier's flight deck, where there was already a sizeable contingent of soldiers decked in black and gray combat gear waiting for us. I sighed, wondering what in Hades I'd gotten into now.

Shadowmere touched down gently, red eyes glaring at the uneasy soldiers standing before us. I dismounted, trying not to make any sudden moves.

“That's a real freaky horse you've got there, son.” –said a man's voice, behind the double line of soldiers. They parted at once, letting two men through, both likely around their fifties. Their age – and facial hair styles, actually – were the only similarities between them, though; the first man wore a black trench coat over navy blue combat fatigues, and had an eyepatch over his left eye, gnarly scarring apparent around it. The second man was familiar, if only from Will's description – he wore comfy-looking blue robes, held in place by an ornate leather belt, a lush red cloak around his shoulders and a beautiful – and *potently* magical – eye-shaped pendant hanging by his chest.

“He's a gift from Zeus.” –I said, flippantly. “Or she? I'm not much of a horse person.”

“The Thestral is female.” –the robed man said. “Males can only have white eyes.”

I raised an eyebrow, and patted Shadowmere's bony flank. “Huh. Learn something new every day.”

“That you do.” –the man with the eyepatch said. “Like the fact that *flying zombie horses* exist, for one.” –he said, resigned. “I’m Director Fury, and this is Doctor Stephen Strange.”

I crossed my arms. “Nico di Angelo.”

Doctor Strange narrowed his eyes, examining me. “...demigod?” -he said, less a question than an identification.

I sighed. “That’s me.”

“And a *powerful* one, at that.” –Strange noted. “It seems we have much to discuss.”

Doctor Strange was something of an enigma. He wasn’t a demigod, Greek or otherwise – not even a far flung legacy, like the wizards and witches descended from ancient children of Hecate – and he wasn’t blessed or sponsored by any divine being that I could tell. Really, he felt no different than any other mortal on the street, except for the fact that he could *clearly* perform magic, and that my senses were on high alert around him.

After being led by Fury to a meeting room in the bowels of the Helicarrier, Strange introduced himself as Sorcerer Supreme, a title I’d never heard of, but could tell was legit by the slight, otherworldly that ran down my back. He described his ‘job’ as that of a guardian, protecting Earth from magical threats both internal and external.

He *also* invited me, in no uncertain terms, to form and lead a team of supernaturally inclined heroes.

“*Huh.*” –I said, sarcastic, ignoring his proposition. “Didn’t see *you* at the Titanomachy, Doctor. *Or* the subsequent Giant War, for that matter.”

“I’m rather new to the position.” –he said, apologetic. “And my predecessor was often...*uninclined* to lend her aid, unless the situation was truly dire. Sometimes, not even then. I’m trying to be a little more...*proactive*, as Sorcerer Supreme.”

I scoffed. “By recruiting a *teenager* into the war effort?”

“By reaching out, building bridges. Gathering allies with the kind of expertise I lack.” –he corrected. “I’ll admit, I’m not very *comfortable* working with others – least of all those on the *younger* side – but the situation has evolved in such a way that we in the magical community cannot afford to work apart anymore.”

I raised an eyebrow. “The alien invasion, you mean.”

He sighed. “That, yes. But it’s not the only threat on the horizon.” –he said, dour. “I’m sure you’re aware of the situation with the mystical barrier your pantheon calls the Mist?”

“If I’m honest, I thought that’s what this whole thing would be about.” –I admitted. “The Olympians plan to reveal themselves to the mortal world on their own terms – I just figured I’d be running PR, be some kind of figurehead.”

“We’re aware of this plan, but we’re not sure we’re on board, yet.” –Director Fury said. “The Norse god of thunder fighting as one of the Avengers is one thing; asking the public to accept that the *entire ancient Greek pantheon* exists is a bigger ask – our analysts predict *massive* consequences and changes to the way people view everything from politics to religion.”

“Make no mistake, disclosure is happening.” –Strange affirmed. “But we *must* find a way to mitigate the impact it’ll have on people’s daily lives.”

I pursed my lips. “And this...*team* of yours, that’s your answer?”

Strange nodded. “The Avengers have already proven that the concept has merit.” –he said. “Think about it; it’s barely been a couple of months since absolute confirmation of the existence of extraterrestrial life made *every headline* in the world. Every projected scenario included at *least* some measure of hysteria from the populace, but the people saw heroes rise to the occasion and successfully thwart the invasion. However lucky they were, the Avengers proved to people that, worst case scenario, they will always have champions giving their all to defend them.”

“There would be other measures taken, of course.” –Fury added. “Outreach and education programs, training the various militaries and law enforcement agencies in recognizing and facing threats of magical nature, developing tech that can deal with them...”

I imagined an assault rifle equipped with celestial bronze bullets, like the ones Annabeth’s father fashioned for his biplane. I then imagined a whole *army* of people equipped with these weapons, and shuddered at the implications.

Strange clearly noticed my growing doubts. “Of course, your team would first on the scene, akin to first responders; as I said earlier, we know that *you’re* the experts on dealing with these kinds of threats. Our role would be to support your team’s endeavors, supplying you with whatever resources you need to ensure there’s no need for...” –he trailed off, glancing at Fury. “...*further* intervention.”

If Fury noticed the barb, he didn’t comment on it.

I sat back on my chair; this wasn’t what I’d expected out of this quest *at all*. I thought about what I could’ve *possibly* done to make the Olympians think I could be any kind of decent leader – to be responsible for anyone’s safety but my own. If the Quest of the Seven had proven anything, it’s that I didn’t play well with others, even when I really, *really* liked them. I’d made peace with the idea that, aside from a handful of friends and my boyfriend, my circle of trust would always be tiny – that even though I’d become accepted and even *trusted* by my demigod peers, I wouldn’t ever be like Percy, Jason, or even Thalia.

“I understand that this is a lot to consider.” –Strange said, apologetic. “It’s a significant commitment, especially for someone so young. But we’ve closely studied your profile and accomplishments, along with those of several other candidates, and we believe you’re the best choice to lead this team.”

“Because I’m a son of Hades?” –I asked, well aware of the power I could wield.

“No.” –Strange said, though he was obviously appraised on that front, too. “Because even after all you’ve experienced – after all the loss, the distrust, the *suffering* – you remain a *good person*. And *that’s* the mark of a hero.”

I looked into the older man’s silver eyes, expecting to find the glint of deceit, but what I found instead was honesty – and, oddly enough, something akin to *solidarity*, as if this mortal could relate to my struggles.

If nothing else, I wanted to know what might make him think so.

But there *was* something else; for all that this *accursed* world had taken from me – my mother, sister, and the innocence of my youth, to name a few – it had also given me much. For once, I didn’t know any specifics about the threats ahead, but I *did* know that I wanted to face them – and that, apparently, I wouldn’t be facing them alone.

I sighed, because I knew this wouldn’t be easy. Still, I made my choice. “Yeah, alright. When do we start?”

Chapter End Notes

As always, thank you for your attention! Make sure to comment or message me if you have any questions about this story. Look me up on Twitter as Darthkvzn or Tumblr as darthkvznblogs if you'd like.

I haven't done something like this in a while, but: easter eggs! Shadowmere's name comes from the eponymous nightmare horse from the Elder Scrolls series, where he/she (depending on the character you ask) is the loyal steed to a couple of acclaimed Dark Brotherhood assassins. I actually flubbed the fact that Thestrals actually have white eyes, so I threw in a little headcanon that females of the species can have red eyes sometimes. When life gives you lemons, and all that.

This time for sure this fic is finished; there will be a bunch more stories following Nico's adventures - think similarly short stories about him "recruiting" heroes for the team - but they'll be their own fics, so keep an eye out for those! I suggest giving me a follow so you don't miss out, but y'know, up to you. Hope you enjoyed!

EDIT: This story now has its first follow-up in "Thanatos Scowled", a PJO x Danny Phantom crossover! Go give it a read!

Until next time!

End Notes

As always, thank you for your attention! Make sure to comment or message me if you have any questions about this story. Look me up on Twitter as Darthkvzn or Tumblr as darthkvznblogs if you'd like.

Until next time!

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