Need you like a hole in the head

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1400.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	General (non relationship-focused)
Fandoms:	Percy Jackson and the Olympians & Related Fandoms, Percy Jackson and the Olympians - Rick Riordan
Relationships:	Nico di Angelo & Original Demigod Character(s), It's not gay but it's pretty gay
Characters:	Original Demigod Character(s) (Percy Jackson), Nico di Angelo, Nico is pretty much just a comatose prop though
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort, Whump, Medical whump, I think?, Medical inaccuracies (Probably), Head Injury, Fainting, Restraints, Stitching, Stitching without anesthesia, Pain, Crying, Blood and Injury, Enemy to Caretaker, Rival to Caretaker, Undressing, Worry, Beta reader was drunk
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-06 Words: 2,216 Chapters: 1/1

Need you like a hole in the head

by CryingCircusConductor

Summary

Gwen gets ready for some long overdue ‘me time’. Then Nico breaks into her house, makes a giant mess and passes out on her little brother.

Notes

Missing scene from chapter VI. From Gwen’s perspective.
A little writing exercise to try and do a 2000+ words continuous scene. Would it have been better with breaks? Probably. Would I have written it without turning it into a game? Probably not.

All warnings are spoilers:
Blood (lots), head injuries, medically warranted manhandling, medical inaccuracies (probably), sibling typical animosity.

'Beach' scented candles, that smelled like… Beach, apparently. Expensive rosé, in the *fun* glass that's sorta hard to clean. M&M's, only the blue and yellow ones, to go with 'beach'. The smutty vampirate novel Valentina had lent her… *Perfect.*

Gwen hummed a delighted little tune.

She flipped the tray and dunked everything into the bathwater at the sound of an explosion down in the kitchen. Loud enough to shake the floor.

She looked through the hole in the bubble mountain. At what was supposed to be her evening. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, stomped, screamed and raced down the stairs.

Logan was dead. She was going to make sure of it!

She shouldered through the door, and found him. On the floor. Covered in… Red. Red *everywhere.* The scream she'd prepared for him changed pitch. "*Logan, what-?!* ".

"*He's bleeding!* " Logan screamed back, grabbing onto whatever was on top of him. *Who* was on top of him?

Gwen's relief lasted not even a second. "*Who's bleeding?!* "

Logan rolled over, kicking a streak of blood over the tiles. Whoever it was, sprawled out under him. "His head…!" Logan's hand trembled at the back of the intruder's head while his other searched frantically, wiping hair and blood around, trying to reveal a face. " *His forehead!* " he realized, pressing his palm down on it.

Gwen flipped her switch. " *Hands off!* " she ordered, already at the counter.

Logan shot her a desperate look when she glanced around, hand barely an inch above the wound.

She tried to smile at him while grabbing a clean hand towel. Her softest, *favourite* hand towel. "Probably fractured" she only barely explained, throwing the towel at him. "Use that!" Without checking if he did, she turned back to the next task. *Saline would have been better,* she lamented as she filled a bowl of water.

Bowl in one hand, her other pulled the cabinet open, feeling around.

Bingo.

She knocked her medical kit open on the floor next to her patient, spilling most of the water she'd just gathered on her lap when she dropped down too. *Gods damnit…!*

She grabbed Logan's arm to get him to make room, only making it tense and tremble harder.

With a more reassuring squeeze, he finally adjusted.

When she pressed her fingers onto the stranger's neck, waiting for a pulse, she finally recognized him. *Nico.* Despite the horrific amount of blood slicking his hair back, the slightly haunted eyes hidden behind clenched eyelids, and the entire stoic demeanor broken down to a terrified frozen grimace, it *had* to be him.

Gwen didn't waste any more time being surprised. Leaning in close, ear to his mouth, she listened to his breathing. At the same time, she counted a few weak, but steady heartbeats. *Good enough.* Still alive, at least.

She stared at the clock. The second-hand inched forward.

"What do we-?" Logan started to ask.

"Fifteen more minutes" Gwen answered briskly.

Logan shifted. "But-" he tried again, giving the blood soaked hand towel an anxious look.

"Yeah" Gwen answered, just as briskly. She shot up and grabbed another hand towel. Her second favourite… She reached out, then pulled back just before he could grab it. " *Over* the other one. *Don't let go!* ".

Logan ripped it out of her hand, she could see the corner of his mouth twitch.

She sat back down, pretending to stare at Nico, just like Logan, while watching Logan grind his teeth from the corner of her eyes. "Sorry" she offered curtly.

Logan's expression softened a bit. He hummed in disagreement. "S'all good…".

Gwen's expression softened too. She hummed in agreement.

With a sigh, she started peeling the blood-splattered leather of Nico's coat back, trying to check for injuries as best she could while Logan kept his face together. With some fidgeting, fussing and fumbling from both of them, they managed to keep his head completely still, and get his coat completely off. With the same strategy, she got his shirt up to his chin and his shoes off.

Not too bad, her carefully prodding fingers concluded. A couple of bad bruises. Nothing to worry about. Well… Nothing she could *treat* .

She watched the second-hand make its final two laps around the clock, mentally preparing herself for what was next.

Gwen met Logan's eyes. She could feel the same determined, *terrified* flames burn in her own. "Lift the towel" she told him, bowl of water ready.

Logan nodded. He adjusted the grip on the back of Nico's head and *very* slowly lifted his

other hand. The crumpled fabric left a single lack of bloodstain on Nico's face. Mostly. Just a little less drenched than the rest of it. *Good.*

Gwen cupped Nico's cheek and tilted his face to the side, then poured the water past the cut. Tilting his face back, she inspected a bit closer. No loose bone fragments. *Even better.*

Logan looked at her expectantly, rapping his fingers on his knee.

Gwen sighed through her smile. She kept that smile pinned in place when she explained what was next. "I'm going to stitch him up".

Logan raised an eyebrow. "I figured" he replied, scanning her face.

The pins in her smile strained. "I don't have anesthetics". Her voice wavered. "I'm going to need you to hold him down".

Logan opened his mouth, paused, then finally seemed to realize. "Right…" he mumbled, averting his eyes. Without hesitation, he grabbed onto Nico's jaw, locking it in place. He gave Nico's upper arm a gentle shove, far enough that he could press it down with his knee.

Gwen did the same with his other arm, sifting through her medical supplies for the suture needle and thread. She took a few deep breaths, taking a last look at Nico's now almost peaceful expression, *before stabbing a needle in it …*

Whatever fight Nico had left in him, suddenly came out all at once. He cried out and fought Logan's grip, kicking at the floor.

" *Careful!* " Logan growled at her, forcing him back down.

" *Shut up sweety!* " Gwen growled back at him, focussing on getting as many stitches in as she could. "I'm trying my best here!".

"I know … " Logan groaned, tone somewhere between apologetic and hopeless. "It's just…" He didn't even need to finish, having to force Nico down yet again.

"Yeah…" Gwen agreed solemnly.

Nico gave up about two stitches away from done, letting out a whimper and trying to curl into himself. When Logan couldn't allow that either, two tears rolled down in defeat. His breath slowed down to quiet sobs and gasps.

Gwen bit her lip as she finished up. Part of her wished he'd kept fighting. Having to do this to him while he did nothing but shudder was much harder… She cut the thread and took a few deep breaths.

Logan reluctantly let go of Nico's face and looked at her. The fire in his eyes had died completely, somewhere along the fight against time.

Gwen hadn't even realized she'd started crying, until Logan wiped a tear off her cheek with his thumb. "Whew…!" she let out with a terrible attempt at a laugh.

They gave each other a weak smile.

No time for rest, though. Not yet.

"Let's get him out of *those* " Gwen went on, picking at Nico's bloodsoaked t-shirt.

Logan nodded and shifted position. He bent down close, sliding his arm under Nico's lower back to grab onto the hem of his pants. He slowly lifted him up, using the hand at the back of his head to press Nico's face into his shoulder, and got both of them to their feet. "I got him" he told Gwen over Nico's shoulder. The faintest amber spark returned to his eyes.

Gwen huffed with pride and got to work.

The shirt was easy enough. Some peeling and bending was all it took to get into a crumpled mess on the floor. The pants were more of a challenge. When she got them down to the ground, Logan tossed Nico a bit higher up, locking an arm around his upper legs and getting him off the ground.

Nico clearly didn't like that idea. He swerved his face into Logan's neck and gasped. His hand grabbed for the first thing it could find. Logan's dog tag. Logan's *super dead mother's* dog tag.

Oh, no.

Gwen froze. She held her breath when Logan's hand shot away from the back of Nico's neck and grabbed onto Nico's. His eyes blazed, teeth bare. Both their hands trembled under the strain.

Gwen was about to throw her own hands around them, until Logan relaxed. He ran his thumb over Nico's and pried it in between his grip and the dog tag. With some quick measured movements, he wrenched it free.

The small metal plates jingled in relief when they hit his chest.

Logan dropped Nico's hand over his shoulder, where it immediately grasped a fistful of t-shirt. "There… You can break that as much as you like" Logan muttered at him with a disgruntled pout, ruffling the back of Nico's hair before pressing his hand down again.

Gwen finally exhaled, throwing the pants next to the rest of the bloody mess. She got up and gave Logan a quick check over, noticing the fresh bruise under his eye. Tutting disaprovingly, she wiped a finger over it... Wiping of blood all over it... "Whoops" she muttered, looking at her bloodstained hand with betrayal.

Logan's quiet snort got her to smile. Until Nico quivered in his arms.

"He's cold" Logan huffed, pressing him even closer.

Gwen watched his arms tighten around Nico's upper legs. She let a giggle slip.

Logan hit her with a fiery scowl.

She couldn't help it. Everything had been so… *Awful!* "You seem pretty eager to *grab his ass* " she teased.

The fire in Logan's scowl sputtered for a second. "That's not-!" Then came back tenfold. "That's his legs, *you-!"*

Nico made just the *hint* of a noise.

And just like that, it was like Gwen never existed. She had to hold back another giggle when all Logan's attention was suddenly on his shoulder.

He leaned back, trying to check, carefully wiping Nico's hair out of his face as best he could. "I think he's okay…" he muttered.

"Yeah" Gwen assured him, barely able to keep her voice straight.

Logan shot her a final dirty look before turning around and stomping into the hallway.

Gwen hurried after him. "What are you doing?" she asked, trying to catch up.

"Getting him in bed" Logan grumbled.

"*Your* bed?" Gwen asked innocently.

Logan didn't look at her.

Probably for the best, Gwen had to admit. Her amused smirk turned into a pitiful pout when she looked at Nico, still dead to the world. One arm dangled past Logan's shoulder, fully trusting Logan to keep him from falling. The other hooked tightly behind Logan's neck, apparently not *as* sure of Logan's capabilities.

She followed them into Logan's bedroom and threw the covers back. Biting back unsolicited advice, she looked on as Logan moved to lower Nico down. He shoved a knee into the mattress and bent down. Making sure to keep the hand on the back of his head in place, he very slowly placed it on the pillow.

Nico's fist trembled on Logan's back, fighting to keep its grip. It was too weak to manage. It was too weak to even get Logan to notice.

Logan straightened up, looking him over. When he bent back down to adjust him the *tiniest* bit, Gwen had to swallow another giggle.

'*What?!'* the two raging amber flames in his eyes snapped at her silently.

She tried not to smirk.

She smirked.

"*What?!"* the two raging amber flames in his eyes snapped at her loudly.

"No! No…" Gwen reassured him. "It's just… You're such *brutal* enemies…"

Logan ripped himself away from the bed to get in her face. "*Gwen.* Cut it out already! This isn't *funny!* He could've *died!".*

Gwen crossed her arms and pouted defiantly. She might have taken it a bit too far… But still…

The amber cooled down a little. "Put that pout away. I swear, if you didn't just save his life…".

"Oooh… But I *diiid~!* " she hissed through a much, *much* smugger pout.

Logan closed his eyes and drew out an exasperated sigh. It ended in a smile. "Yeah". He kissed her forehead, then punched her in the arm. "You did. Thanks. A bunch…" He winced and wiped at his mouth with the back of his hand. "Why would you put *ash* on your face?!" he complained more than asked.

Oh, that's right. Gwen felt at the face mask she'd put on earlier, now most likely everywhere except her face, given the cold trails of sweat down her neck. "It's charcoal" she corrected. "It clears the… Nevermind".

They smirked at each other. Relieved. Grateful. Completely fucking drained.

But they weren't all done yet. She patted Logan on the cheek. "You clean him up, yeah? I'll clean *this* up" she gestured at her face. "And fix him something to eat for when he wakes up!"

She strutted back into the kitchen.

All cabinets open. Medical supplies strewn about. Squashed pack of cigarettes. Blood everywhere. A single brown banana and two bruised apples in the fruitbowl. *Perfect.*…

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