Getting Uneven

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Getting Uneven

by CryingCircusConductor

Summary

Nico and Logan don't get along. Not even a little. But as a son of Ares, Logan is undeniably Nico's best choice to spar with. When Logan calls him over, Nico's pride won't allow him to admit he's not feeling well.

Notes

All warnings are spoilers:
High fever. Punches. Bad coping. Fainting. Shame. Crying.

Chapter 1: I

The small screen trembled in his hand. [Ready if you are] the message read. Nico swallowed. Was he…? A coughing fit answered the question for him. With a scowl, he swallowed the last of the coughs back down.

Why? Why did he have to agree to *another* bout of sparring? Why did Logan have to message him *right* when he got sick for the first time in years? More importantly, why did his pride absolutely *refuse* to let him back down? There was no way Logan would let him live that down. If it had been *anyone* other than him…

Nico jammed his phone back into his pocket as smoothly as he could. Only three tries, promising enough, right? The corner of his mouth twitched, not a smile, not even a wry one.

He took a deep breath and pushed off the wall he'd been leaning on. A sudden dizzy spell reminded him just why he'd been doing that. The shadows pulled forward to catch him as he almost stumbled into them.

He quickly straightened up on the other side, upstate New York, just a little closer to the now familiar porch than he'd aimed for.

Logan seemed to think so too, taking a step back in surprise. He almost let go of the porch fence, then tightened his grip instead.

Nico grinned as Logan's startled expression turned to annoyance. Logan ground his teeth, then narrowed his eyes. Nico's grin strained as Logan slowly eyed him up and down. All annoyance in Logan's expression turned smug when Nico accidentally let a shiver slip.

"You look even worse than last time" Logan jabbed.

Nico's grin turned into a scowl, unable to even feign amusement anymore. "Are you worried about me?" he jabbed back. His voice had sounded a little raspier than he'd wanted it to, but that was fine.

The corner of Logan's mouth twitched. He opened his mouth, then paused, rapping his fingers against the porch fence.

Nico blinked. *Huh…?* He shook his head a little, forcing the grin back on his face. "Don't tell me you're going to go *easy* on me?" his mouth taunted with much more bravado than the rest of his body could afford.

Logan huffed, expression hardening. "Whatever…" he muttered, reaching down and pulling his sword out from between the floorboards. He didn't even turn to look at Nico as he walked past him, just beckoning him along.

Nico's sigh of relief didn't hold up at the pace he needed to move to keep up with him.

By the time they'd made it to the clearing between the trees, Nico was already panting. He pretended to huff when Logan glanced over, trying to hide how out of breath he was. Logan seemed intent on making that impossible, keeping his eyes fixed on him as he tested the weight of his sword.

Nico watched the sword turn a few times, rolling his shoulders in anticipation. He blinked when Logan moved his sword from his left to his right hand. His *non dominant* hand. Nico tutted in frustration, not leaving any room for the small sense of relief that had tried to creep up. "You *are* going easy on me" he complained, voice shaky with anger. Well, not *just* anger.

Logan's expression darkened, his grin got a menacing edge in the corner. "Oh, you're up for a challenge? Cool…". He tossed his sword aside, fast enough to make the dirt gasp sharply when it stabbed into it. "Fuck swords. Let's pick up where we left off last time". He beckoned at his face. "I'll give you the first hit. *Let's see if you've learned anything*". His tone lowered to downright threatening as he finished the sentence, all traces of the grin gone, just leaving the menacing.

Crap. Nico's Achilles' heel. Swordfighting would have been bad enough… He swallowed, silently cursing himself. Subconsciously, he moved to twist his ring. He stopped himself, suppressing a wince at the touch of the cold sweat on the back of his hand.

Logan stared at him, arms crossed, no expression. "Are you going to make me come to you?" he taunted, almost quietly.

Nico clicked his tongue. That *insufferable* asshole… That was enough motivation. Without further warning, he closed in. Logan hadn't bothered to teach him much about throwing punches, but that didn't mean he hadn't learned anything from last time.

Nico went in with a left hook. As expected Logan caught his fist with ease, barely bothering to uncross his arms. Before Logan had the chance to twist his arm, Nico tossed out his right fist. He let out a short laugh at the sound of the satisfying, dull thud of the impact. Logan's face snapped to the side.

Nico's smirk wavered when the grip on his fist tightened, and Logan slowly turned to reveal a smirk easily twice as smug.

"Really? Is that all you've got? That's not going to get you anywhere" he taunted. He tugged Nico's hand up, closing a vicegrip around his wrist.

Nico scowled at the sudden pain and took a sharp breath, ready to tell him to fuck off. A cold shiver ran down his spine, almost making him choke. He tried to catch his breath, then tried harder. Too hard? He shook his head at the sudden dizzy spell.

"What happened to all that attitude?" Logan taunted on.

Nico almost couldn't hear him over the loud ringing in his ears. He tried to pull his wrist free.

Logan huffed. “*For fuck’s sake.* Just give up already, dude. What’s wrong with you?!”. He pulled Nico’s wrist up high.

The sudden movement pulled Nico off balance. The grip on his wrist tightened when he toppled to the side. He didn't even notice the arm hooked behind his back before he almost folded over it.

The grip on his wrist let go, letting his hand drop uselessly to his side. He wanted to lift it back up, grabbing something, *anything*, to help him stay up. *No use.* It was too heavy. He could barely move his fingers. *Wait. No use?* Wasn’t that supposed to mean he was going to fall…? He stopped squirming and held his breath, bracing himself for impact. To his surprise, only his head fell back.

The arm around his back shifted a little, a warm hand held onto his waist, pulling him a bit further upright. Nico clenched his eyes shut, trying to resist any more movement, and swallowed back the overwhelming nausea.

He gasped when his hair got swept out of his face and a hand pressed to his forehead. Not quite gently. Still, he sighed in relief at the cool touch. A stark contrast to the warmth of the other hand. *Ha… Weird…*

Logan huffed in annoyance right above his ear. “*I fucking figured…*” he grumbled quietly, mostly to himself it seemed.

Nico groaned when the hand on his forehead slipped away and pulled on his collar, forcing him mostly back on his feet. His elbow got yanked up. Despite his attempts to protest, the world tilted upside down under him. The hands moved undeterred, much too strong. He gave in, releasing all tension in his body with a final shudder.

Nico felt warm. Too warm. He moved his hand, over fabric…? He grabbed onto it and pulled. *Yeah,* definitely fabric, he realized as he pulled it off of himself. Cool air touching his arms made him take a deep breath. Not quite relief, as he immediately felt too cold. He cracked his eyes open through the shivers. Bright light blinded him, making him groan. Slowly, he was able to make out what he was looking at. *Who* he was looking at. Standing right next to the couch he found himself to be laying on.

Before Nico had time to process, Logan narrowed his eyes, only hiding half of the two angry little flames that flared up in them. “You didn't think the fact you have a hundred and three degree fever was interesting enough to share?” he asked with more constraint than Nico expected.

Nico glanced away and tried to shrug. “I don't have a thermometer…”.

Logan's jaw twitched. He opened his mouth, revealing his tightly clenched teeth, then closed his eyes and took a sharp breath. “You can’t *smartass* yourself out of this one!” he hissed.

Nico grinned humourlessly. “Ha”. He pushed his elbows down, trying to get up. “Watch me” he countered. Before he could even make it half way, Logan shoved a hand onto the base of his neck, pushing him right back down. *Keeping* him down, with *way* more pressure than needed. He slowly sat down on the couch, eyes and hand fixed on him.

Nico heaved under his grip, glaring up at him. Logan glared back down at him. He didn't even try to keep the flames at bay this time. “*I'm not messing around, Spooky”* he growled. Pushing down even harder, that was *more* than just a warning.

Nico shuddered, ruining any chance his glare had to look threatening.

The fire in Logan's eyes died down a notch. His jaw relaxed.

Nico's eyes darted down to Logan's hand when the pressure let up. Annoyingly, Logan didn’t move it away, rapping his fingers against the side of Nico's neck.

When Nico swallowed, Logan finally pulled back. “Look, I know we're not exactly *friends*, but I'm not going to let you *self-destruct* right in front of me” he sighed. “You're staying here. At least until Gwen's had a chance to look at you” he stated. *Ordered*.

No! No way! Not even *more* embarrassment! Nico couldn’t bear that. This shitshow had been bad enough. *More* than bad enough. The absolute fucking worst. *A nightmare.* One that was going to haunt him forever! Even if he could somehow ever find it in himself to let this go, there was no way Logan was ever going to let him… He gripped onto the blanket and prepared to protest when his throat closed up. Another cold shiver rolled down his shoulders. He clenched his eyes shut.

He felt Logan shift next to him. “Hey, are you-?”.

Wait… Was that *genuine* concern…? No way, right? Nico opened his eyes in surprise. Not as surprised as Logan, apparently. Nico blinked, only just then feeling the tear roll down his cheek.

Oh…

Fuck!

Nico quickly swiped the tear away with the back of his hand as the heat of the fever mixed with shame. His fingers trembled. He stopped wiping, leaving his wrist right there, in front of his eyes, to hide as much of his face as possible.

Neither of them moved for a few seconds.

Nico couldn't take it anymore. He rolled onto his side and curled up a bit, holding his breath as long as possible. At that, he felt the weight next to him lift. He winced when the blanket got pulled over his shoulder, so *careful* it hurt...

“Don't forget to drink your water…” Logan warned… Pleaded?

When the quiet footsteps moved out of earshot, Nico finally let go of the sob he'd been holding in.

Chapter 2: II

Chapter Notes

All warnings are spoilers:
Soup, physical restraining/sort of choking, almost fainting, shame, crying.

When Nico woke up, he pretended he didn't, keeping his eyes shut and his breath steady. All his senses sharpened when he picked up on something, or *someone*, moving next to him. Whatever it was, was clearly trying to *not* to get picked up on, moving with a dangerous level of care, stalking like a *predator*.

Where had he fallen asleep again? Hades…? It sure felt like it. Everything was foggy. Unbearably warm and cold at the same time. But, he couldn't actually remember, with the way his head pounded… *That couldn't be good.*

He felt the presence move down lower. Crouching…? He dared take a slightly deeper breath, bracing himself to run, or *fight*, if need be. Either way, the element of surprise was all he had right now.

Nico was barely able to keep up the facade when a warm hand picked up his wrist and lifted his arm off of his face, just a few inches.

"*Good*" a familiar voice huffed quietly. The warm hand pulled on his wrist and laid it down above his head.

Logan, Nico realized. He couldn't hold back a long exhale. In relief? Well, *no.* If anything, Logan was worse than whatever the underworld had in store. Much worse. So much worse, in fact, that Nico decided he wasn't going to deal with him. He tried to roll on his side, away from him.

Nico scowled when the warm hand gripped his chin, keeping him still. He clenched his eyes shut tighter and tried again, with a bit more force.

The grip on his chin tightened, with *quite* a bit more force. "Gods, you're just as fucking *impossible* in your sleep" Logan whispered angrily.

Nico wanted to open his mouth to snap at him, when Logan did it for him, shoving his thumb over his bottom lip and prying it open. He gasped when Logan damn near *stabbed* the inside of his cheek with something.

Nico squirmed, trying to get it out. No use. The hand wouldn't move.

“Relax. Just a couple more seconds…” Logan whispered. Surprisingly, besides the obvious annoyance in his tone, he might have actually sounded reassuring.

Nico took a few deep breaths until a high beep finally got Logan to pull back, both his hands and what Nico now realized had been a thermometer. *Thank fuck.* It was finally over. His muscles couldn’t hold on to the strain any longer. A few painful shivers rolled over him.

Logan sighed next to him. By the sound of it grabbing something off the table. It clinked against something. Glass. *Right.* The glass of water. The now *empty* glass. Sometime between the shame and suffering, Nico had actually managed to make the time to drink it all.

Logan noticed too, apparently. “Good job. Actually following instructions *for once*…”. A nearly inaudible, nearly *genuine* sounding laugh broke through the huff.

Nico froze when the warm hand pressed down on his head, messing up his hair with a few *nearly* gentle movements. *What?!* His eyes shot open, immediately finding Logan, right in front of him, a bit closer by than expected. He blinked frantically.

Logan stopped himself from getting up. He pushed the hand on Nico’s head back, moving the hair out of his face. Tilting his head, he met Nico’s eyes. By the wary look of the bright amber, he was easily as surprised as Nico was. “You awake…?” he asked.

Shit. Nico pulled back. Well, flailed back. “*No*” he said dryly. It only would have sounded a *little* less stupid if his hair hadn’t fallen right back in his eyes, ruining his attempt at a deadly glare. He swiped at his hair, apparently only ruining it even more.

“Okay…” The corner of Logan’s mouth twitched, up. Trying not to laugh, Nico realized to his annoyance.

Logan got back to his feet, looking down on him. He crossed his arms. Nico braced himself when Logan opened his mouth.

“Want something to eat…?” he asked.

What…? Nico blinked. “*What?!*” he repeated out loud, even more taken aback.

Logan shrugged. “I dunno…? Whatever you think you can stomach?”. Puzzled quickly became annoyed. “How the fuck should *I* know… *Soup*, or something?!” he added with a huff.

Wait… Were they *actually* doing this…?

Nico stared at him, then huffed back. “*You…?* Make *me* food? I should’ve known you were gonna use this opportunity to *poison* me”.

The corner of Logan’s mouth twitched again. Much more violently. Amber sparked dangerously. “From a can, *you asshole”*.

Nico worried he’d taken it too far, until an undeniable laugh shook Logan’s shoulders.

“Can *and all,* if you’re going to be such a bitch about it…” Logan grumbled through his smirk.

Nico dared to smirk back. “Fine…”. *He could have this one.…*

Waiting had been awkward. Eating had been *horrifyingly* awkward.

He’d been smart enough to jitter himself upright before Logan got back. That way he’d spared them both the embarrassment of having to do that in front of him. Or *worse,* needing his help to do so… Not entirely unlikely given that he’d needed multiple attempts…

Somehow, though, Logan had caught on anyway… Nico glared at the arm behind him on the backrest, over the finger tapping frustratingly close behind his shoulder. *Very casually.…*

Nico shuffled forward, further away from it, and put his empty bowl on Gwen’s coffee table.

Logan dragged his arm away to rest the side of his head on his fist. “How was that?” he asked, tone deceptively calm.

“Fucking terrible” Nico reassured him dryly. “But knowing you, you probably could have done even worse”. He got to his feet. “Thanks anyway…” He faced away, hoping Logan wouldn’t catch he *wasn’t* being sarcastic.

Logan got up next to him.

Nico gave him a quick glance. He took a step away from him seeing Logan’s serious expression.

Logan stepped closer. “You don’t think you’re *leaving*… Do you?”. It wasn’t a question, the now downright intense little flames in his eyes warned.

Nico pulled his eyes off of them and took another step away. “Well, I feel a lot better” he lied.

Logan took another step, even closer. “Thermometer said otherwise…”

Nico switched tactics. He took a step closer too, putting on the sharpest smile he could fake. “You’d believe a piece of plastic over me? Oh, you *wound* me so…”

Logan stopped right in front of him, straightening up and narrowing his eyes. “Well, in my defense. Piece of plastic is a lot smarter than you are”. His serious expression cracked in a smug grin.

Good. Nico grinned back. If this wouldn’t get physical, he actually stood a chance. “Well, *you* sure aren’t” he shrugged. “You probably used it wrong”.

Logan grinned wider. The flames in his eyes flickered. “Oh yeah? You think I should’ve put it *somewhere else?*” he snickered.

Nico sucked in his lips to prevent himself from screaming. He threw up a hand. “Welp. That was weird. I’m uncomfortable. Time to get myself somewhere *safe*”. He grabbed his coat off of the armrest.

Logan grabbed his upper arm. Nico elbowed him to break free, unsuccessfully. He glared over his shoulder. Then just stared over his shoulder. At Logan’s expression.

Logan let go to hold up his hands in a peace offering. A pretty desperate one judging by his worried expression. “Look” he started. “My bad… I shouldn’t have said that. But you’re obviously not okay, dude… I told you, Gwen needs to have a look at you first…”

Nico looked from one hand to the other. Logan fidgeted with his fingers. Was he nervous? Or getting ready for something…

Logan’s fiery scowl answered before his words did. “*I really don’t want to do this the hard way*”.

“Ha!” Nico scoffed, the shadows already at his feet. “This isn’t a swordfight, you idiot. I don’t have to get *physical.* Good luck trying to stop me!”. At that, he turned around and raised the shadows with his hand. He ignored the way both shook and wavered.

He wasn’t fast enough. An alarmingly strong hand closed around his throat and yanked him into an even stronger hold around his stomach.

Nico thrashed. The shadows did too, making the light flicker around them. He tried to rise them back up. If Logan insisted, he could come too, to the middle of the Goddamn ocean!

“*Calm down*” Logan ordered in his ear.

Nico obeyed. Not by choice… He felt all fight drain out of him. All *everything.*

“Wow-*kay!”* Logan scrambled at the sudden lack of resistance. “Not *that* much!”

The arm around Nico’s stomach slid up, leaning him back and giving him some room to breathe. The hand on his throat loosened, tilting his chin up until the back of his head fell on Logan’s shoulder. The hand stayed there while he panted, eyes shut, trying to get everything to stop spinning.

It wouldn’t. But it slowed down.

Nico tried to turn his face away in shame. The hand wouldn’t let him. He swatted at it. “Let go” he panted.

“No” Logan replied.

“I’m serious” Nico warned shakily. His panting built up, unsteady, the same way the shame did. He needed to get away. *Right now.* Or…

“So am I” Logan made clear. Tone angry. Disappointed. *Done.*

Nico took a sharp breath and bet everything on a final, hard jerk with his shoulder.

“*Hey!*” Logan yelled, painfully loud. The arm around him locked, almost lifting him off his feet.

Nico gave up. He trembled. And *sobbed.*…

“Hey…” Logan muttered, painfully soft. Another arm locked around him, squeezing out another sob.

Nico moved to swipe at the tear rolling down his jaw. He didn’t bother with the ones after.

Chapter 3: III

Chapter Notes

All warnings are spoilers:
Exhaustion, mild mental/nervous breakdown, lawn assault, guilt & shame.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When he let the last of his tears fall, he was fully drained of emotion. No shame or frustration left, but no relief to take their place either.

Nico lugged his head off of Logan's shoulder and let it hang low, eyes on the floor, but not really looking. Not until he noticed the floor slowly started to come closer. He had the presence of mind to move his legs so that he could sit down before Logan got him all the way to Gwen's rug.

He sighed when he landed, still not quite relieved. His stomach churned. His head churned too...

The arms around him slipped loose, but didn't fully retreat. Nico pulled up his knees and hugged them, trying to get as far away as possible from Logan's warmth looming behind him. He threw two wary glances at the knees pressed against his sides. The fists clenched on top of them caught his attention instead. They were *trembling?*

Nico winced when Logan suddenly shot up behind him, ripping himself away. When he twisted himself around, he could see *all* of Logan was trembling. No expression, but the fires in his eyes flashed and faltered. *Unstable.*

Nico braced himself, hugging his knees tighter. He almost let go when Logan finally spoke.

" *I'm sorry I hurt you* " His voice almost cracked under the tremors. He clenched his fists tighter and pushed on. " *I didn't mean to* ".

For a second, Nico was afraid Logan was going to cry. So afraid, that he decided to yell at him. "You didn't-!" *Well…* "That's *not* why I'm crying!" he corrected with some pissed off hand gestures.

Logan ignored him. Or simply couldn't hear him. He raised his hands and forced them open. "*Look"* he started. "I messed up. *I made it worse.* I get that. But… *You stay.* Wait here. For Gwen. *Please…*" The attempt he made at a reassuring smile was so unsettling Nico couldn't even protest. "*I'll* leave" Logan upped his unsettling smile with a shaky nod. He didn't wait for an answer and fled to the kitchen.

Nico blinked at where Logan had just been standing. He slowly turned around to look at the kitchen door, still open.

The sound of a chair falling over and the backdoor slamming got him back to his feet. “Ha…” he told Gwen’s living room. He shook his head and picked up his coat, the shadows already creeping out of the darkest corners. Finally, there it was. Relief…

He clicked his tongue and threw his coat back down, staggering towards the kitchen. Staggering really *angrily!*

He was in time to catch Logan nearly tripping down the porch steps, coat only half on.

Logan hadn’t noticed him. He stopped when he hit the grass. Fighting with his lighter. And losing…

Nico already knew Logan was a sore loser, so he wasn’t surprised to hear him growl at it. He watched Logan try to crush it in his fist, fall to his knees and punch it into the grass. He kept punching. The thuds sounded less and less sure of themselves until his fist finally stopped, in a small dent in the ground. Logan folded over it, face down in the dirt.

If Nico had tried, he could have laughed. If he’d tried a bit harder, maybe he could have even *actually* found it funny. If only Logan’s shoulders hadn’t started to jerk…

Fuck…

Nico gripped the bridge of his nose and sighed. He didn’t want to do this. He didn’t even *need* to do this… He decided to step out the door, past the point of no return.

Logan startled when Nico kicked his leg with the side of his foot. Nico could see his jaw flex, but Logan didn’t turn to look at him. “ *The fuck are you doing?* ” He swung a hand back, towards the door. “ *Go sit down* ”.

The corner of Nico’s mouth curled up. *Really? You’re gonna try to order me around? Even now?* “Oh, *sure* ” he replied coyly. He dropped himself down on the step.

The loud creak of the wood finally got a fiery amber glare on him. “ *Inside, smartass* ” Logan spat from behind his arm.

Nico forced the corner of his mouth to stay up. “Don’t push it” he warned. “This is all you’re gonna get”.

Logan turned back to the ground. The *coward.*

Nico gave him another kick, then leaned forward on his knees when he didn't get a reaction. "Now, what the fuck are *you* doing?" he asked, quickly burying all his concern under annoyance.

Logan shrugged with as much indignance his position allowed. " *Going for a walk. To clear my head* ".

Nico slid his eyes over the single foot between Logan and the steps, and the trembling hands on the back of his head, literally keeping it grounded… "I see both those things are going *fantastic* " he noted.

Logan didn't react, other than another jerk with his shoulder. He quickly pulled his arms tighter around himself. To stop another one, Nico reckoned.

More concern meant Nico needed even more annoyance to hide it. That wasn't all that hard. After all, *this was all Logan's own fault!* "Why couldn't you just let me leave, you dumbass?!" Nico snapped at him.

That got a reaction. A big one. Nico winced when Logan threw himself upright, sitting on his heels, his eyes already burning into him.

Logan took a few short, sharp breaths through his teeth. "How can you ask me to just let you *kill yourself?!* ". His voice wavered the same way the flames did. " *That's fucked up…* ". His broke and the flames died. He took a shaky breath, searching Nico's face. Whatever he was looking for, he didn't seem to find it. Logan shook his head. He kept shaking his head as he turned it away.

Nico tried to process. He closed his eyes and scoffed. *What?!* That wasn't what he was asking *at all!* He wouldn't have *died!* Probably…! Only… A *little* bit … *Oh.* He sucked in his lips.

"Did you already forget what happened last time?" Logan asked, voice low. "Cause I didn't" He threw a dirty look over his shoulder. " *I can't* ".

Nico scoffed again, a lot less comfortable. "Well… Why do you care so much?! It's none of your-!".

Logan cut his words down. " *Of course I care!"* He ripped at the grass, throwing it in Nico's face. "*You fucking asshole!* "

Nico swatted it away. " *Yeah!* ". He choked on his words, gesturing wildly at him instead. " *I can see that…!* " The confusion in his voice almost turned it into a question.

Logan's confusion had a bit more direction. " *Why would you think I wouldn't…?!* "

Nico shook his head, eyes still fixed on Logan's. He started stammering. "Well… I'm not… Used to that…" *Anymore*. He swallowed the last word. He swallowed again. Man, everything hurt… Especially his head… He buried his face in his hands.

"You okay?" Logan asked. There was still some fire left, but it sounded sincere enough.

“Yeah” Nico lied. “No…” he admitted. He dragged his hands down his face and looked at Logan’s equally exhausted face for a bit. “You?” he asked.

Logan let his hands fall in his lap, caught off guard. He nodded, but only seemed to actually think about it after. “I’m just…?” he searched.

“Stupid?” Nico offered helpfully.

Logan huffed. “ *Yeah.*.. That too”. Nico could hear the smirk before it showed. “Can you *please* get back inside now?”. The exaggerated irritation didn’t do much to hide the desperation of that plea.

“You get inside too” Nico threw right back at him.

Logan smiled painfully. “Better not…” he exhaled.

Nico took a deep, dramatic sigh. He rolled his eyes, keeping them away from Logan. “Don’t laugh. But I might *actually* need some help…”

Logan leaned back a bit to throw a wary look over his shoulder. When Nico returned a guilty smile, Logan pouted. “Sly bastard…” He punched a fist into the grass and pushed himself to his feet. He offered a hand.

Nico took it, trying not to smirk too wide. When Logan pulled his arm over his shoulder, he stopped pretending he could support all his own weight. It seemed like the *polite* thing to do…

Chapter End Notes

I decided to stop overthinking it, and just write. I need to practise letting go of control. So I just went with my own flow. Because of that, this might seem like a bit of a weird turn. It probably is. But it's tied to an old memory that I was interested in revisiting. So to me personally, this is a nice ending.

Because this has turned into somewhat of an actual side project now, I'm also going to post this on Sufficient Velocity. If you think it's fun, you can read my notes on it there (soon).

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!