



PRETTY BOY

A NERDY BOY
SPIN-OFF

WEST GREENE

PRETTY BOY

NERDY BOY SPIN-OFF

NERDY BOY UNIVERSE
BOOK 5

WEST GREENE

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For Riley, my reason for everything that I do.

*For everyone who always shows these boys so much love, this short story is
for you. <3*

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Family Vacay

Tattoo My Life

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NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:

This book contains elements that some readers may find triggering. These include mentions of child abuse, mentions of child neglect, trauma, PTSD, and brief mentions of past sexual assault.

If any of the above is triggering for you, I advise against reading.

If you have any questions before reading, please reach out to me at authorwestgreene@gmail.com, Instagram ([authorwestgreene](#)), or Facebook ([Author West Greene](#)).

If you choose to continue on from here, happy reading! And maybe have some tissues on hand. They *might* be needed.

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CHAPTER 1

Logan

“I won’t lie,” Preston said as he appeared in the open doorway of my office, “when Shane told me you’d picked the kids up for me, I had a moment of panic.”

I smirked and leaned back in my seat, steepling my fingers over my stomach. “Awe, you didn’t think Uncle Logan could handle the job of two kids?” I dramatically draped my hand over my heart and pouted. “I’m wounded, Preston.”

Axel looked up from his coloring book and waved at his daddy before going back to coloring. Felix, Axel’s little brother, had fallen asleep shortly after I’d picked them up from school and hadn’t woken since. Even now, he was snoring lightly on the small loveseat that was situated across from my desk, my leather jacket covering him to act as a blanket.

Preston rolled his eyes. “No. You just don’t usually take kid duty alone unless someone is holding you at knife point.”

He wasn’t wrong. It wasn’t that I didn’t like kids. Kids could be cool. And I liked Axel and Felix, the brothers Shane, Preston, and X had adopted, just

fine. They were good kids. A bit traumatized, but hell, I could relate to that.

It was just... kids freaked me out, especially when someone expected me to take care of them on my own. I hadn't had a proper upbringing. The only positive parenting experience I had was Jaxon, and fuck, I didn't even get that until I was fucking nineteen. What the fuck did I know about kids? And hell, I was so screwed up, I was terrified I'd screw them up, too.

But when Preston's hurried message came through the group chat, asking someone to get the kids from school because they were having really bad days and lashing out, and everyone else had something going on that they couldn't cancel, it came down to me. I wasn't doing anything but paperwork anyway, which I fucking hated. So, I'd sucked it the fuck up, went to the elementary school, and picked the boys up. We got McDonald's because they hadn't had lunch yet, and then, I brought them back here until one of their parents could pick them up.

"I'm not that dramatic," I huffed.

He snorted. "You actually are. But thanks anyway. I really mean it. I would've picked them up, but there was an emergency at work."

"This is what family is for, right?" I questioned. "Or well, that's what Jaxon is always drilling into my fucking skull."

Preston sighed heavily at my cursing. He'd tried to get all of us to not curse around the kids, but honestly, that was hard as fuck. Cursing was my first language, English my second.

"Have they eaten?" Preston asked.

"Uncle Logan took us to Mickey D's!" Axel exclaimed excitedly. "I even got a toy, Daddy!" He held up his little plastic toy that I knew would

probably break in a week, if that. Axel was rough with toys, and fast-food restaurants were known to give out cheaply made ones.

Preston smiled at him. “I see, sweetheart.” He ruffled his hair. “Did you eat all of your food like a big boy?”

Axel nodded. “Yep! Uncle Logan promised to take us racing if I did, so I ate *all* my food! Didn’t even leave a crumb!”

Preston shot me an accusatory look. I mimed shock, despite the dread I suddenly felt filling my gut. “I did not,” I gasped. “I said we would go fast. That’s all.”

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“I swear...” Preston muttered, pinching the bridge of his nose. “They’re going to have stomach aches later from all the grease.”

Okay, that actually made me feel like shit. “Sorry, man.”

Preston shook his head. “No, no. It’s fine. Not your fault. You didn’t know, and it’s the first time you’ve ever had to watch them by yourself. I’ll get them some medicine. No biggie.”

His *no biggie* still didn’t make me feel any better. It just made me feel worse. He was brushing off something I should have known. I ate garbage food all the time, so I’d just assumed it was alright to give to little kids.

See? What the fuck did I know about kids?

“Thank you for watching them, Logan. I really do mean that. Next time though, just... don’t go speeding with them?”

I laughed softly. “We didn’t even go that fast, Preston. I swear. We went like ten over the speed limit. It only felt like racing to them because of how I was shifting. That’s it. I would *never* put your kids in danger.”

His expression softened, and he smiled. “Thank you.”

“Hey, boss, we’ve got an irate customer out here,” one of the mechanics, Leo, said, popping his head into my office. “She’s *raging*, man.”

I groaned and stood, clapping a hand to Preston’s shoulder. “Anytime you need a hand, just holler.”

He smiled. “Yeah, you too. We’ll be out of your hair in a couple of minutes.”

“No rush,” I assured him as I headed out of the office. “Bye, Axel!” I called.

“Bye, Uncle Logan! Loooove you!” he sang.

My heart squeezed, making it a little hard to breathe. It was still a little unreal to me that those kids *actually* loved me—a man who barely felt like he had his shit together.

“Love you, too, kid!” I called back, thankful my voice was strong and steady despite how much his simple declaration had unraveled me—just as it always did.

What it must be like to be a kid and know the adults around you actually loved you and wanted you...

I was so fucking glad Axel and Felix had that, but it made me a tad bit jealous, too. Because why couldn’t someone have come through for me like

that?

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CHAPTER 2

Ezra

I jerked awake when someone straddled my thighs. Logan smirked at me when our eyes met, mischievousness lighting up his. I groaned tiredly, but still palmed his ass, giving it a squeeze because it was nearly impossible to resist him.

I was *exhausted*. Work had been draining, and everything that could've gone wrong did. One of my employees fell off a fucking ladder and broke his wrist trying to ease his fall. Another guy put a fucking nail through his fucking finger. Between emergency room trips, frantic—and angry—family members, and the goddamn paperwork, I'd gotten the migraine of the century.

Logan's cocky smile fell, and he gripped my chin, leaning in close like he was inspecting me. "Tell me how to help."

I sighed, a small smile tilting my lips. Logan, an asshole to literally everyone else, was always sweet, tender, and soft with me and Spencer. Hard to believe once upon a time, he and I couldn't even be in the same room together without throwing hateful words and our fists.

“Just a migraine,” I told him. “It’s been a *long* fucking day.”

His frown deepened, and he got off my lap, much to my dismay. Without a word, he pulled the curtains over the windows, blocking out the light, then grabbed the fan from the corner of the room. After plugging it in, he aimed it my way on full blast, then turned on the ceiling fan for good measure.

“Logan...” He always went above and beyond to take care of us, but I really didn’t need him to do all this. I just needed a little while to rest.

“Shut up,” he muttered, making me snort.

I watched him head into the kitchen, and a couple of minutes later, the familiar aroma of peppermint tea hit my nostrils. My throat tightened. It didn’t matter how many years went by that I was married to these two incredible men. Didn’t matter how many years went by that Jaxon acted as my father figure because my own parents were shitty in an emotional aspect.

I would never get used to people taking care of me when it was difficult for me to do it on my own.

“Here,” Logan murmured, crouching in front of me. He placed a medium sized, round pill in my palm. “Spencer said to take this. Put it under your tongue and let it dissolve. Then drink this peppermint tea.”

“You texted Spence?” I asked before putting the pill under my tongue. It tasted like a soft peppermint, which was a nice surprise.

“Of course, I did. He’s the doctor, after all.”

I nodded. That he was. Our nerdy boy had done years of schooling and even more years as a resident before opening his own small practice. We told him all the time how proud of him we were, but I wasn’t sure he fully understood.

Spencer was fucking incredible in so many ways. Logan and I would be *nothing* without him. Hell, without Spencer, we wouldn't even have each other.

Logan handed me the tea, and I sipped at it. It wasn't much—probably no more than six ounces—so it didn't take me long to get it down, and he'd added honey to sweeten it a bit, which helped. When Logan reappeared, the mug was on the coffee table and I was laying down, my arm thrown over my eyes.

“Sit up.”

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“Why?” I grumbled, not moving. “My head is fucking splitting, baby.”

Logan sighed and grabbed my shoulders, moving me easily despite me being twice his body weight. It just went to show that even though Logan was lean and lanky, he had a hidden strength many didn't see.

He settled behind me despite my complaints, but when he tugged me back to rest against him, I sighed in contentment. He smelled like his shower gel and shampoo, and the scent was addictive. And it was helping the migraine and easing the tension from the back of my neck and my shoulders.

“Better?” he quietly asked as he tugged a throw blanket over us.

I nodded. “Yeah.” I pressed a kiss to his chest. “Thanks, babe.”

He just carded his fingers through my hair and began to massage my scalp, humming in response.

When I woke up, I was alone, and the house was silent. Frowning, I pushed the blanket off of me and sat up, looking around. All of the lights were off, and the curtains were still drawn. Grabbing my phone, I glanced at the time, noting it was nearly after ten at night.

Had Logan and Spencer gone to bed without me? They'd never done that before. Even if one of us was ill, we still always went to bed together.

I stood from the couch and headed for the bedroom. Immediately, I stopped in the open doorway because the bed was empty. Discomfort swirled in my gut. Communication was a *huge* thing for us, and we'd never not done that, but had they gone somewhere without telling me?

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Seriously, where the fuck were they?

Spinning on my heel, I headed for the front door to see if their vehicles were still here. But then, I heard their murmured voices coming from the back patio, and I immediately changed directions, heading that way, my anxiety easing when I realized they had, in fact, not left without telling me first.

Logan was smoking when I slid the door open, staring out over the small backyard. Spencer was sitting beside him, curled up against his side. Upon hearing the door though, they both looked over. Spencer offered a small smile.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

“Better,” I assured him. I leaned over and softly kissed him. Then, I glanced at Logan, my brows furrowing in concern. “Everything okay?”

Logan sighed and dropped his head back on his shoulders. “I can’t get something out of my head,” Logan confessed, his voice low and quiet.

“Okay...” I sat on the chair across from him, then leaned forward so I could grip his knees. He dropped his chin to look at me when I stroked my thumbs along his hair-roughened thighs. “What’s going on?”

Logan took a hit off his blunt. I looked to Spencer for help, but he just shrugged, and mouthed, “I don’t know.”

“Do you two want kids?” Logan blurted.

I blinked. Spencer’s eyes widened. We’d never really discussed kids. I was fine without them. And Spencer had never brought it up or even seemed like he wanted any of his own. With Logan’s past, I’d always assumed he didn’t want them, but maybe I shouldn’t have?

We were also still kind of young. My business was still growing. Spencer had just opened his practice. I wasn’t sure if kids would really fit into our plan right now.

“Never really cared either way,” I finally said.

“Neither have I,” Spencer agreed. “I kind of like it just being the three of us.” He sat up a little, frowning at Logan. “What brought this on?”

Logan swallowed thickly. “I got stuck with kid duty today.” I nodded. I’d been shocked he’d agreed to take Axel and Felix for a little while by himself, honestly, but when no panicked messages came through, I’d assumed everything had been fine. And he’d seemed fine earlier when he’d been taking care of me.

But now, I knew he’d probably been either trying to hide this from me, or he’d been more focused on taking care of me. Could have been both. I should have put aside my pain and inquired about his day. *Fuck*.

“I think I fucked up,” he finally rasped before leaning forward and bracing his elbows on his thighs, right above where my hands were resting. Dropping them, I slid closer, bringing his head to my chest, and slid my fingers into his hair.

Spencer met my eyes over his shoulders, looking as worried as I felt. I was sure Logan hadn’t fucked up, considering nothing had come through the chat and no one had called us. So, what the *fuck* had our man so worked up?

CHAPTER 3

Spencer

I wouldn't lie and say I wasn't currently internally freaking out. It'd been a long time since Logan had gotten this stressed out. Honestly, I hadn't seen him like this since we were in high school. Therapy had helped him so *much*. He was always chill and collected. Sure, he still had outbursts of anger when it came to our family and he felt like someone was threatening our safety or our happiness, but beyond that, Logan let everything roll off his shoulders.

Seeing him like this was tearing me apart inside. I didn't want to see him spiral. Not again. *Fuck*, not ever again.

"Okay," Ezra started, his voice calm and soothing. "Logan, baby, I need you to look at me."

Logan lifted his head. He'd been smoking for a good few minutes now, but he didn't look any more relaxed than he had when we'd come out here. I'd sensed something was wrong a little while ago and finally coaxed him outside to smoke, hoping it would either get him out of his head or he'd open up to me.

Neither had happened until Ezra came outside.

Ezra... the pillar of our relationship. Our strength when shit felt too hard. Our solid ground when we felt unstable.

“I need you to start at the beginning, baby. Tell us what happened so we can work through it,” Ezra coaxed.

Logan sighed and lifted his blunt to his lips. We waited, watching him, but we kept silent. Logan sometimes took a minute to begin talking, and that was okay. We knew to let him do things on his own time. Forcing it never helped the issue.

“Axel and Felix hadn’t had lunch yet when I picked them up,” Logan started. “So, I took them to McDonald’s. I didn’t think shit of it because I’m always eating that shit.” I nodded. I didn’t agree with Logan’s food choices but sometimes, he got so busy at work, all he could manage was a quick double cheeseburger and fries.

“And you know those kids love hearing the car rev and they like feeling it shift, so I went over the speed limit. Ten over, but at the time, it didn’t feel like a big deal to me.”

My gut tightened. I was sure I was seeing how this was going. A glance at Ezra told me he did, too.

“When Preston came to get the boys, Axel told him I got them McDonald’s and we raced. I swear to fuck, I didn’t think much of my decisions. I’m just the cool uncle.” He gritted his teeth, and the sound of them grinding together was audible in the otherwise quiet night air. “Preston wasn’t happy. And when he explained it all, I realized how goddamn stupid I was. And I just... maybe it’s proof I’m not all that different from my own piece of shit mother.”

“Stop,” I snapped, my voice a little harsher than I’d meant it to be. Logan snapped his head around to look at me, surprised by the vehemence in my voice. I swallowed thickly and leaned forward, cupping his beautiful face in my hands. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to snap. I just... I can’t fucking stand it when you compare yourself to her, Logan.”

He closed his eyes, but he didn’t do it fast enough. I saw the pain there. The lingering self-hatred he couldn’t seem to completely shed.

It fucking tore me to pieces.

“You are *not* her,” I rasped. “You are a good man. An amazing uncle. Those kids *adore* you.”

“They’re going to have stomach aches because I fed them absolute fucking garbage. I don’t ever want to hurt a kid, Spence, and *I did*.”

“You fed them a greasy burger and fries, baby,” Ezra said gently. He reached out and grabbed Logan’s hips, and Logan grunted when Ezra dragged him forward so he was on Ezra’s lap, straddling his hips. “That’s not intentionally hurting them. *Plenty* of kids eat McDonald’s, and none of us knew greasy food caused gastrointestinal issues for the boys. You can’t fault yourself when you *didn’t know*.”

Logan sagged, tucking his face into the crook of Ezra’s neck. “I feel like shit.”

I stood and rubbed his back. “I know. But you’re not a terrible person. You aren’t a child abuser. And I bet if you call Preston right now, he’ll be just fine and chipper, and he’ll thank you *again* for taking care of the kids.”

“You think X hasn’t done dumb shit with those boys?” Ezra asked. Logan lifted his head, frowning in confusion. Ezra chuckled. “Don’t forget Preston

having a near coronary when X took them swimming with no sunscreen. Remember how burned those boys got? Does that make X a child abuser?"

Logan sighed. "No. Just a dumbass."

I laughed softly. "Exactly. Are Preston and Shane keeping X from the boys? No. Preston scolded him, bitched about it in the group chat, and then moved on from it. But guess what, babe? Preston has only said the boys had an amazing time today, that they won't shut up about Uncle Logan, and thanked you again."

Logan frowned, and his Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "He did?" he rasped.

God, my heart.

How could he not see how much this family fucking loved him?

"Yeah, baby." I pulled my phone from my pocket and opened up the group chat. Scrolling past Zeppelin and X bickering back and forth, I found Preston's message and showed him. Below that was also Jaxon's message.

PRESTON

The kids won't shut up about how cool Uncle Logan is. They had a great time. Thank you again, Logan, for coming through, even though it was out of your comfort zone.

JAXON

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He adores your kids, Preston.

PRESTON

I know. He just doesn't usually take them by himself.

JAXON

He has his reasons. But never doubt he loves Axel and Felix, and he'd put his life on the line for them.

There would never be a day in this lifetime that my dad would never sing Logan's praises. He sung all of our praises, but Logan... Logan had gone through hell and back, and sometimes, he needed this entire big ass family to love him extra on his rough days.

Somehow, Dad had known he would be struggling. And he'd written those messages in the hopes that Logan would see them and know that Dad would always advocate for him, would always stand ten toes down for him.

"There Jaxon goes, aiming for the Dad of the Year award," Logan snarked.

I rolled my eyes, but I couldn't stop the smile from tilting my lips. If Logan was being snarky, then he was beginning to calm down and feel a little better.

"Feel better?" I asked, carding my fingers through his inky black hair.

Logan nodded. Ezra kissed his jaw. "Good. But don't think you don't deserve to be a dad, Logan." Logan looked at Ezra, his jaw tightening. "I mean it, baby. If you don't want kids, that's fine. Spencer and I don't particularly care either way. We love being uncles and it just being the three of us. But if you *ever* want the idea of kids brought to the table, don't let your past hold you back."

Logan sighed. "Stop being my therapist. I pay Dr. Helen a lot of money to do that."

Ezra snorted and smacked Logan's ass. "Smart ass."

Logan winked at him, then leaned in to kiss Ezra. My chest tightened all while warmth pooled in my gut when their kiss turned languid and hot. Ezra gripped Logan's ass, tugging him closer.

"Don't start something you two don't intend to finish," I rasped.

Logan pulled back, looking up at me, his dark eyes like molten pools of chocolate. My breath hitched in my throat, and a shiver raced down my spine. Logan pushed himself off Ezra and prowled toward me. "You saying you want something, pretty boy?"

Fuck.

I swallowed thickly. "What do you have in mind?"

His grin was *wicked*, and I squeaked when he suddenly leaned down and shoved his shoulder into my abdomen before tipping me over, his arm banded around my thighs. Ezra was already on his feet, and he was smiling knowingly.

"Let's get you in the bedroom, and I'll *show* you, pretty boy."

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CHAPTER 4

Logan

Spencer's body bounced when I tossed him onto the mattress, but he didn't even have a true moment to be stunned before I was straddling his narrow hips, gripping his chin, and slanting my lips across his. He moaned, going all soft and pliant beneath me, just like he always did.

A throaty groan sounded from my throat when Ezra's calloused hands slid beneath my shirt and glided up my back, his thumbs applying just the right amount of pressure to somewhat relax me and also make my cock drool in my sweats.

I was so fucking hard, it hurt. The night had been rough. Fuck, the whole afternoon had. Spiraling wore me down in a way physical labor never could.

But there was something about the way my men fiercely protected me, even from myself, that got me all hot and bothered.

"Look at the two of you," Ezra murmured as Spencer moaned into our kiss again, his hips rolling up to seek friction. "The two of you together is so fucking pretty."

“Nah,” I rasped, leaning up. I traced Spencer’s kiss-swollen bottom lip with the pad of my thumb, a smirk tilting my lips. His pupils were blown wide, and his cheeks were flushed. *Christ*, I could never get enough of how fucking sinful he looked when he was all turned on and needy. “He’s our pretty one, aren’t you, *pretty boy*?”

Spencer made a small noise in the back of his throat before slowly nodding his head. Ezra leaned over my shoulder, his hand pressing into the mattress right above Spencer’s shoulder. “Yeah, he is,” Ezra agreed. Then, he turned his head and sucked my lobe between his teeth. I groaned, grinding against Spencer, which just made Spencer whine. “But no one said you couldn’t be pretty, too, baby.”

My heart squeezed. Ezra always knew what to say to get me in my fucking feelings.

“And you’d be even prettier with this fucking shirt off,” Spencer grumbled, pulling at the fabric like it was personally offending him.

Whatever he wanted, he fucking *got*.

Gripping the hem of my shirt, I tugged it over my head and tossed it to the floor. Spencer sat up, his lips pressing to my collarbone before he trailed them over my shoulder, then down to my chest. I cupped the back of his head, hissing a breath through my teeth and gripping a handful of his hair when he scraped his teeth over my nipple.

“Which one of us is topping Logan tonight?” Ezra asked.

Christ. I was kind of hoping Spencer would take the opportunity because I wanted to ride him. And if I got to ride Spencer, then that meant I could choke on Ezra’s cock. It’d be a damn good way to end a shitty day.

Spencer just shrugged, distracted. His hands skimmed up my sides, and I shuddered, my breath hitching in my throat. He was such a tactile lover, and I was so fucking here for it.

“I’ve got a—*fuck, pretty boy*,” I hissed when he swirled his tongue around my nipple. “You trying to fucking kill me here?”

He just hummed before laving his tongue over the sensitive nub. I rolled my hips, hissing a breath through my teeth. How the fuck was I supposed to think when he was so goddamn good with his mouth?

“You’ve got a *what*, baby?” Ezra asked. Spencer moved to my other nipple, scraping his teeth over that one, and my eyes nearly rolled to the back of my head. *Shit*.

Strong fingers gripped my chin and yanked my head around. My heavy-lidded eyes met Ezra’s. He smirked and pressed his thumb to my lips. I parted them, sucking his thumb into my mouth, our eyes locked.

“I asked you a question.”

“*Hm?*” I could barely goddamn think. Spencer was driving me *nuts*. My nipples were always so fucking sensitive, and our man knew how to fucking play me.

“Tell me what you were going to say,” Ezra commanded, his voice dropping an octave. I groaned. Hearing Ezra get all commanding never failed to turn me into his own personal slut. I was a cocky son of a bitch who liked to run his mouth, but the moment Ezra hit me with *that* voice, all low and throaty and demanding, I turned into putty.

“I want to ride Spencer,” I rasped around his thumb. His eyes darkened when I swirled my tongue around the digit. “And I want to choke on your

dick.” My eyes flickered to the bulge in his sweatpants, giving it a pointed look.

“Say less,” Spencer muttered before removing his lips from my skin. I groaned at the loss, but then, he was gently pushing me off his lap. I started to protest, but when I saw him stripping out his pajama pants and his t-shirt, my complaints died before they ever left my lips.

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“Come on then, baby. You can’t get what you want if you’re sitting there dressed,” Ezra teased, hooking his thumbs into the band of his sweats before shoving them down his thighs. His cock hung heavy and hard between his legs, a bead of precum beading on the tip.

My mouth salivated. Fuck, I was desperate.

I quickly shucked my pants, then snatched the lube off the nightstand. I should have still been loose enough from the night before. Sure, it would hurt a little to take Spencer with no prep, but I knew every bit of discomfort would be worth the end result.

“*Shit*,” Spencer hissed when I slicked his cock with the lube. He dropped to lay back flat on the bed.

“Shit is right, pretty boy,” I growled as I tossed the lube aside.

Moving over him, I gripped the base of his cock. His hands landed on my hips, and his fingertips dug into my hips as I began to lower myself on him.

“Fuuuuuuck,” Spencer moaned, his eyes rolling back in his head. He swallowed thickly before licking his lips and forcing his eyes back on me. “You’re so *tight*.” His fingers spasmed on my hips.

“Yeah, pretty boy?” I taunted through gritted teeth. Having him stretch me stung, but not as bad as I thought it would be. “Christ, you fill me so fucking good.”

“Less talking,” Ezra snarled before pressing his fingers into my cheeks and prying my mouth open. I stuck my tongue out, and he slapped his cock on my tongue three times before sliding inside at the same time I finally got Spencer all the way inside me. I moaned, my cock leaking all over Spencer’s belly.

“You’ve gotta move,” Spencer groaned. “Logan, *please*.”

His wish was my command.

I rolled my hips, and my eyelids fluttered closed as I began to suck Ezra’s cock like the greedy bastard I was. Spencer moaned, his grip tightening on my hips as he fucked up into me in time with my thrusts. Ezra’s fingers slid into my hair, and he tugged on the strands, angling my head the way he wanted before he took over, thrusting into my throat like I was nothing more than his own personal cock sleeve.

This was my happy place. Right here with my men. They were the *only* people I could ever be this vulnerable with. Because even in this moment, when to anyone else it might seem like they were just using me and mistreating me, using me like a toy, I knew the truth.

Even in this moment, when we were high off the rush of being together, they were taking care of me. They were watching for any sign I was triggered, even now, *years* later. The proof of how much they loved me was in the way they watched me and the way they held me.

“Look at him, baby.” I pried open my eyes to find Ezra looking at Spencer. I glanced over, moaning at the sight of him. He was so close. His head was thrown back, his face flushed. I did that thing with my hips he liked so much, and he came apart, crying out my name.

I gripped my own aching cock and slid my fist over myself a couple of times, my jaw falling slack as I found my own release. Ezra cursed and pulled my head forward, burying my face in his pubes as he shoved his cock down my throat. His cock pulsed, and his hot seed filled my throat.

When he pulled me off, I gasped in a breath, then fell to the bed to lay beside Spencer. Immediately, he rolled into my arms, tucking his face against my chest. I was leaking his cum all over my ass and the bed, but I didn’t care. I wasn’t sure if I could stand, much less walk to the bathroom to clean up.

“Feel better now?” Ezra asked as he laid down behind Spencer. His arm banded over both of us, coming to rest on my lower back.

I nodded. “Yeah,” I croaked. Shit, my throat was fucking wrecked. “Sorry for being such a fucking mess.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Spencer grumbled, his voice muffled by my chest. I laughed softly. “You’re human, and you’ve been through a lot. If you didn’t feel safe opening up to us, this marriage would never work.”

I kissed the top of his head. “I love you, pretty boy.”

I felt his smile against my chest, and my heart skipped a beat. “I love you, too,” he said around a yawn.

Ezra rested his chin on Spencer’s head and pressed his lips to mine. Neither of us said a word, but we didn’t need to. Ezra and I were sometimes just fine being like this and letting the intimacy of the moment speak for us.

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CHAPTER 5

Logan

“You got a minute, kid?”

YI paused, my fingers tightening around the wrench I was holding. My gut tightened. It was an automatic response to someone—anyone, really—wanting to talk to me. My therapist said it was a trauma response and was probably something that would never stop happening to me. I thought the feeling was highly inconvenient because it gave me a feeling similar to an adrenaline rush.

Jaxon kicked my boot lightly, making me grunt in annoyance. “I know you hear me, Logan. Come on out from under the car.”

I made a *tsking* noise. “Unless you’ve got something to bribe me with, I’m not budging, old man. Do you know how long it took for this part to get—*bruh*.” I looked up at Jaxon, blinking against the sudden light. It was overcast, but compared to being beneath the car, where it was dark, the sun might as well have been shining. “Did you just drag me out by my fucking ankle?”

He dropped a small, white bag on my chest. “Donuts,” he said, then turned and headed for the porch, no doubt expecting me to follow.

I should’ve known some shit like this was going to happen. No doubt, Spencer had talked to Jaxon on his way to work and had explained what happened yesterday and why I hadn’t been present in the group chat when Preston had been thanking me. *Fuck*. Nothing slipped past that man.

Jaxon had seen me at my lowest—well, maybe not my *lowest*, like bottom of the barrel lowest because only Ezra had seen that—but he’d seen how bad shit could get for me, and he’d basically held my hand like the supportive fucking parent he was as I got back on my feet. Still, I hated being this old and still having times where I spiraled. Not only did it feel like I was letting down my husbands, but it felt like I was letting down Jaxon when it happened.

And *fuck me*, I hated letting Jaxon down. He was the only adult who had ever looked at me for *me* and didn’t try or even want to change me. I knew I got on his nerves, but he loved me despite my sometimes-shitty personality.

Because, according to him, that was what dads did.

Wasn’t like I’d ever fucking known. I’d never known my sperm donor. And I never cared to either. If he was dumb as fuck enough to knock my mom up, he wasn’t worth knowing.

Picking the bag up off my chest, I pushed myself off the ground and headed inside. Jaxon was pushing out the back door. Rolling my eyes, I grabbed an energy drink from the fridge, then followed him out.

“To what do I owe the pleasure?” I drawled as I dropped into a chair beside him and opened my donut bag.

Jaxon had gotten my favorite—plain ass glazed donuts. Goddamn him for always remembering the little shit. He definitely knew how to soften me up a little.

“You were quiet on the group chat last night,” he said, looking over at me. “And you ignored my texts when I asked you if you were okay.”

Oh, well, in all honesty, I’d forgotten he’d sent those after I found the package waiting on the porch a little while ago.

I bit into my donut. “Awe, worried about me, old man?” I asked around a mouthful of food just because I knew talking with my mouth full irritated him.

He shot me an unamused look. “Don’t do that, Logan. Talk to me. Spencer told me you had a rough night, but he refused to go into detail. He said he wouldn’t break your trust.” My heart squeezed. I knew Spencer vented to his dad a lot about shit me and Ezra were going through, but to know my husband had drawn the line at that... Fuck, I loved him so much.

“What happened?”

I groaned. “Can I eat the donuts before I lose my appetite?”

Jaxon nodded and slouched a little in the chair. He shut his eyes, and the sound of the world around us filled the silence. I continued eating my donuts while listening to the birds chirping. Far away, I could hear sirens—probably first responders heading to the scene of an accident. Accidents were a frequent thing in this city.

I wiped my hands on my cargo pants when I was done, and Jaxon just sighed, shaking his head the tiniest bit in disapproval. But eh. I was only working in these, and then, they’d go in the washer while I showered since

they were already greasy and dirty from me working on my newest project car.

“It’s kind of stupid,” I warned him.

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“Anything that makes you shut down like that is not stupid, Logan. Anything you feel is *not* stupid. Don’t say that again.”

“You’re doing that hot dad thing,” I teased. I never had and never would see Jaxon like that, but teasing him was fun. I couldn’t fucking help it. Too bad his husband, Zeppelin, wasn’t here. I *loved* teasing Jaxon while Zep was around. It always got me the arguments and the back-and-forth I was seeking.

Jaxon sighed heavily. “Stop evading my question, Logan.”

“Christ, you’re being a hard ass today,” I muttered, slouching in my chair and even pouting.

Jaxon just stayed silent, not taking the bait. His son was the same way sometimes. They knew when to give back what I handed out, but they also knew sometimes silence was the best response.

And I guessed today, Jaxon knew going back and forth with me wouldn’t get him the answers he was seeking.

“I did some stupid shit with Preston’s kids yesterday, but I worked through it with Spencer and Ezra, and I promised them I would talk to my therapist

about it at my next appointment. We really don't need to hash this out, Jaxon."

Truth be told, I didn't want him to know. If Spencer, Ezra, and I ever wanted kids in the future, how could I expect to have Jaxon's support in that if he knew how reckless I'd been with Axel and Felix?

The mere thought of him disapproving of me made me want to puke up the donuts I'd just eaten.

"You're looking a little green, so I think we do." Jaxon closed his eyes once more, looking the perfect picture of calm and relaxed. "No pressure though."

No pressure though. What a load of shit.

"Gee, fucking thanks," I muttered.

Crossing my arms over my chest, I stared out at the backyard, wondering how long I had to wait before Jaxon grew tired and left me to my own vices. He was usually pretty big on the 'come to me when you're ready' thing, so I didn't know why he was pushing me so hard today to open up.

I wished everyone would just fucking drop it.

"Jesus fuck, you're really not leaving, are you?" I demanded about fifteen minutes later. I'd *really* tried waiting him out, but *fuck*, he was not budging.

"Nope," Jaxon replied, popping the P. He never once opened his eyes. "If Spencer won't talk to me about it, then whatever happened is pretty serious. So, I'm waiting, and I'm prepared to wait however long it takes."

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“Fine,” I sighed, my gut twisting. Swallowing thickly, I muttered, “I fed Axel and Felix food that upset their stomachs, and I sped with them in the car. And when Preston said something about it, I freaked out, thinking I wasn’t safe for the kids, and it led to this whole bullshit spiral about being like my mom.”

Jaxon still never opened his eyes. He didn’t even budge—not even a twitch of his lips. I got *nothing*.

“Want to know something I did once?” he finally asked instead of doing his usual therapy shit that he’d gotten damn good at since I’d been attacked several years ago.

“What?” I grumbled.

“Penelope was working later than usual one day. Spencer was about six, I think. We’d just bought a new golf cart, and Spencer had been begging me to ride it, but Penelope wanted to do the first ride as a family. And usually, that’d have been fine. But Spencer had a bad day at school, and I wanted to cheer him up, so we went riding.”

Jaxon shifted a little, like he was getting more comfortable. “The thing to know about golf carts like that is that they’re easy to flip. But when I nearly missed a turn and took it too sharp and Spencer laughed for the first time all day, I forgot about how dangerous it was to do that. I just wanted to hear him laugh and see him smile, so I kept doing it. And then, I tried doing donuts.”

My eyes widened a fraction. Jaxon had *never* seemed like the kind of parent to make that kind of irresponsible decision, yet he was sitting here telling

me he had. That he'd made dumb choices that, if I were to guess correctly with the way this story was going, had dumb consequences.

"We flipped. Both of us woke up in the hospital with major concussions. I had a broken wrist and a couple of fractured ribs. Spencer was okay apart from his concussion, for which I was extremely lucky. But you want to know something?"

"What?" I asked, my throat feeling a little thick.

"Penelope fucking *raged* at me. She was *furious* that I not only landed both me and Spencer in the hospital, but that I'd been reckless and stupid. But Spencer was still *happy*. He was scratched and bruised up, and he had a headache from hell, but he was still giggling as he remembered that ride. So... yeah, I made a dumb fucking decision. A *really* dumb decision. But that smile and his laugh?" Jaxon smiled a little as he remembered. "Fucking worth it."

He looked at me then. "So, take it from me—you live and you learn, Logan. But no one got hurt. The food you gave them was easily solved with some medicine. And I'm sure those kids had a blast when you were speeding."

They had. Both of them, even Felix, who was usually quiet and kept to himself, had been squealing in the backseat.

"They did," I said quietly. "I didn't even go too much over the speed limit—only ten." Which Jaxon knew was rare for me. I usually drove everywhere like I was in my own personal Nascar race.

Jaxon nodded. "Exactly as I thought. Do you think I'm a terrible parent? Do you think I'm anything like your mother?"

"Of fucking course not," I snapped. Jaxon was the best fucking parental figure I'd ever known.

“Then don’t think that of yourself either, Logan. You’re not her. Personally, I don’t think you could *ever* be her.”

I scrubbed a hand down my face, nodding, my throat thick. Spencer and Ezra had helped *a lot* last night, talking through it all with me and cementing in my brain that I was not my mother. But hearing Jaxon, the man I fucking idolized, had made mistakes, too? And knowing Spencer had turned out fucking incredible still?

That helped more than I wanted to admit.

Jaxon stood, like he knew our heart to heart was over. “I don’t know anything about cars, but come show me what you’re working on.”

I pushed to my feet, thankful all that was over. “It’ll probably bore you to death.”

Jaxon shrugged. “Or you might teach me a thing or two.”

I scoffed. “I doubt it. You were the one helping me study in school, remember?” He’d been the reason I’d passed my mechanics classes. While I’d been in school, he’d bought a junk piece of shit car, and in the evenings after he was done working and I was done with my classes, we worked on the car together, and he walked me through everything, giving me that extra bit of help.

I’d never known it, but back when Jaxon was younger, he used to work on cars in his free time. Who fucking knew.

“Maybe, but now you’ve been doing this for years, Logan. I’m sure there’s something you know now that I don’t.”

I smirked. “We’ll see, old man.”

EPILOGUE

Logan

“You’re going to burn the steaks.”

Y I rolled my eyes. “You mean like you burned the last ones?” I retorted, turning to arch a brow at Zeppelin. “Don’t you have someone to annoy?” I made my voice sound baby-ish. “Oh, wait—did Jaxon forget your wittle tabwet, Zeppy?”

Instead of taking offense, the bastard grinned. “Did Ezra forget to pull the dildo out of your ass?” he hit back.

I smirked. “Spencer did, actually. It’s lodged right up there—all snug and warm.”

He mimed gagging. “Fucking gross. I need bleach for my fucking brain. I did *not* need the mental image of my... son-in-law—God that still feels weird to say—fucking you with a dildo.”

I barked out a laugh. Jaxon, who had just stepped outside, paused. His brows furrowed as he looked between the two of us. “Which son-in-law is using—actually, no. *Don’t*,” he warned, pointing a finger at me when I

opened my mouth to answer his question. “I don’t want to fucking know, Logan. *Christ.*”

I snickered. “You sure, old man? Because Spencer—”

Jaxon spun around and hurried back inside, slamming the door behind him in his rush to cut me off. Laughing, I turned back to face the grill so I could flip the steaks. Zeppelin passed me a beer once I set the tongs down. Lifting it, I held it up to the sun. “What’d you put in it?”

“God, you’re such a fucker,” Zeppelin muttered. “Ezra told me to bring you the fucking beer.”

I grinned. “Oh, well then.” Pulling my lighter from my pocket, I popped the top off, then lifted the beer to my lips.

“Why did Dad slam the door?” Spencer asked. Turning, I ran my eyes over him, taking a moment to appreciate how fucking handsome he was. He hadn’t bothered taming his hair today like he usually did, so his waves were all over the place. In a pair of white linen pants and a loose cream-colored short sleeve shirt, he looked every bit the polished, wealthy doctor he truly was.

Fuck, he looked good enough to *eat*.

“I said something about you putting a dildo up Logan’s ass,” Zeppelin said before lifting his beer to his lips.

Spencer pinched the bridge of his nose and heaved a long, loud sigh. “Can you two *not*? Why is it your life’s purpose to traumatize Dad?” Spencer asked me.

I gasped in mock outrage and flattened my hand over my heart, miming offense. “I beg your finest pardon.”

Zeppelin cackled. Spencer's lips twitched with an aborted smile. Sighing, he made his way onto the patio and lightly patted my cheek. I grinned down at him. "You're such a prick sometimes."

I set my beer aside so I could wrap my arms around him. Leaning down, I lightly kissed him. "You knew what you were getting into when you decided to be with me for the long haul."

He snorted. "Yeah, you're right." He glanced around my shoulder at the grill. "Steaks almost done? We're done with the rest of the food."

"Yep." I pressed a kiss to his forehead. "Go ahead and bring the food out."

He stepped back from me and headed inside, calling for Ezra once he opened the door. Zeppelin held the tray for me so I could place the steaks on it. He was just sitting the tray on the table when X walked out, Axel on his shoulders.

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"When'd y'all get here?" Zep questioned, reaching out to take Axel from his shoulders. Axel giggled and squealed when Zeppelin lightly tickled him.

"A few minutes ago," X told him. "Preston wanted to let Felix sleep a while longer because he didn't sleep well last night."

I frowned. "He okay?" I always got a tight, uncomfortable feeling in my chest when one of the boys wasn't doing well. They'd come from hell—abusive parents and a nasty as fuck home. I hated that they would likely never forget the trauma they'd already endured.

X nodded at me. The doors behind him opened, and Jaxon made his way outside, Felix's hand clasped in his. The moment Felix laid his eyes on me though, he beamed and released Jaxon to hurry over to me. Grinning, I caught him in my arms and lifted him before planting a big kiss on his cheek, making him giggle.

"Hey, kiddo. Whatcha doing?"

He shook his head and shyly hid his face in my neck. I chuckled and tightened my hold on him before taking a seat at the table, knowing I was going to be on Felix duty for the evening. Felix tended to find his preferred adult during family functions and stick to them like glue.

Thick, veiny arms draped over my shoulders, and warm lips pressed to the shell of my ear, making me shiver. "I've gotta say, baby, you look good holding a kid."

I turned my head to look at Ezra. "Don't get any ideas."

He smirked. "Who, me?" I snorted. His smirk widened into a grin. "I'm not. I promise. Just thought you should know." He winked.

I laughed and pressed my lips to his in a quick kiss. "Where's our man?"

"Right here, watching you two flirt without me." A little pout was settled on Spencer's lips that made him look nearly ten years younger and fucking adorable. It reminded me of when we were mere teens falling in love for the first time.

"Not around my kids please," Preston begged as he took a seat between X and Shane. Shane nodded once at me, but in typical Shane fashion, he didn't say a word. He never really did, honestly. Not unless he was scolding X for being bratty, talking to Preston, or dealing with the boys.

“This family needs a woman in it somewhere,” Eros complained as he took a seat between Jaxon and Zeppelin. Zeppelin immediately draped his arm over the back of Eros’s chair. “There’s too much testosterone.”

“What’s testosterone?” Axel asked, looking up at X.

Preston groaned and dropped his head back on his shoulders. Shane’s lips twitched with the beginnings of a smile. And X, in classic X fashion, bluntly said, “It’s a hormone.” And he left it at that as if Axel wouldn’t want to know even more.

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“What’s a hormone?” he asked next, just as I figured he would.

Spencer snickered and lifted his glass of wine to his lips. He looked at me, his eyes twinkling with laughter. My heart skipped a beat in my chest. I’d never get over the fact that *I* was one of the people Spencer chose to spend the rest of his life with. He truly had no idea how big of a gift his love was.

“I think this is solidifying my stance on not having kids of our own,” Spencer said quietly.

Ezra snorted. “Agreed.”

Jaxon cracked a grin, obviously overhearing us. “Kids with Logan as a dad?” he asked, his voice teasing. “It’d be a disaster.”

I laughed, feeling lighter than I had in days. “I’ll have you know my kids would be the life of any party.”

Jaxon snorted. “Sure, kid.”

“Can we eat and stop discussing hormones and bodies?” Preston pleaded.

“Mashed potatoes?” Felix suddenly asked at the mention of eating. He lifted his head from my shoulders, looking at me hopefully.

I booped his nose with my finger, making him giggle. “I’ll give you all the mashed potatoes in the world, kiddo.”

“He needs protein,” Shane spoke up, his voice deep and a little rough from lack of use.

I looked at Felix. “If you won’t tell, I won’t,” I whispered.

Felix eagerly nodded his head. Shane shook his head. Preston looked at us. “Eat the steak we put on your plate, and you can have all the mashed potatoes you want after. Deal?”

Felix pouted but nodded. I kissed the top of his head. “I’ve got the good sauce,” I told him, referring to ketchup. I, personally, thought ketchup with steak was a fucking abomination, but Felix would eat *any* meat if he had ketchup to dip it in.

I could suffer through watching a perfectly good steak be ruined by ketchup if it meant he ate and got the nutrients his body desperately needed.

He eagerly nodded his head. Ezra chuckled and stood. “I’ll go get it. You want another beer, baby?” he asked me.

I shook my head. “Just an energy drink.” If I was on Felix duty, I didn’t want to drink more than I already had.

Spencer, seeming to understand, gripped my knee under the table and gently squeezed it before whispering, “I love you. You’re doing great.”

My heart flipped over in my chest.

I was the luckiest son of a bitch in the fucking world.

Be on the lookout for an announcement for the next book in the series, which will be Shelby's book. Don't remember Shelby? She's Spencer's best friend in *Nerdy Boy*.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

West Greene is a romance author that specializes in short, steamy books and erotic shorts.

All your instalove needs can be found in one of her books, whether you're looking for possessive men, men with no morals, spicy FF romance, a boy just needing his Daddy, a twink just needing love, or even the other woman to get her HEA.

West Greene refuses to be stuck in one trope or type of romance. She loves variety, and she's definitely going to share that variety with her readers.

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