

Fixin' Vixen Extended Epilogue

Jack

Vixen was wailing as she gripped the sheets on my palace bed. We didn't stay here often, but considering the situation, I thought it best. "I can't believe I'm missing Fiji for this shit. Ow, it hurts. It fucking hurts, Jack. Can't you just freeze me numb until this monster comes out of my womb?"

"I've told you several times it doesn't work that way. You're the strongest person I know. You'll get through this. It won't be long now, Flame. And our child will not be a monster."

The truth was I didn't know that for certain. Fae and other supernatural beings would often reproduce, but I'd found no evidence of fae and reindeer shifters, so we were going into this blind. I had faith in us though. She truly was the most remarkable of people.

But I had the fae healers there in the room, just in case. Hence, the palace.

I glanced at my pocket watch. The contractions were very close. Our child would arrive soon. And I was going to murder Yeager and Hart for not being here. I'd texted them hours ago.

"Oh, my soul, Jack. Please, please help me with this pain," she shouted. "Distract me."

I made some ice from the chandelier over her head drip, dropping small frigid droplets on her forehead. She instantly smiled. "That reminds me of the first time."

"I know. Me too. You were so beautiful then. You're beautiful now too." I kissed her forehead, letting the coolness of my skin soothe her. "I had never in my years encountered someone like you. And I hope our daughter will be just like you."

"No, I want her to be like you," she said through panted breaths.

"Cold and distant? Daddy vibes? Unable to stand warm locations?"

She laughed through another contraction. "No, strong, reliable, smart. All the things you have been to me, to us, for years. I want her to have your piercing eyes and your ability to think your way out of anything. I want her to rule her future kingdom with grace and regard for her subjects. I want her to look at someone, or maybe even several someones, the way you look at me every day and every night. I want her to feel the love we have for each other, all of us."

My heart seized at her words. I didn't deserve her, of that I was certain, but I had her, and I was going to do everything in my power to help our child achieve all that she'd said and more.

She released a screeching wail. The healer rushed over and pulled back the sheet. She looked up at me with certainness in her eyes. "It's almost time to push."

I pulled her up and positioned myself in place behind her, propping her up and giving her all I had. A commotion in the hall drew our attention.

“Get the fuck out of our way, Burl. Don’t you know we’re having a baby today?” Yeager came bursting through the door, shoeless, belt hanging halfway out of the loops, hair disheveled beyond belief. At least he had on a shirt, unlike Hart behind him.

Burl shuffled in. “Sir, Yeager and Hart are here to see you.”

“Thanks, Burl. That’ll be all.” I loved my most loyal butler, but he was getting on in years. I’d given him a full retirement package, but he insisted on staying on for me at the palace. I didn’t have the heart to refuse him. It was no surprise he’d had trouble keeping up with the two of them.

Vixen screeched in front of me, riding through another painful contraction. As soon as it passed, she lifted her head. “Were you two assholes fucking while I laid here in pain delivering a dinosaur out of my vagina?”

Uh-oh.

Yeager said “yeah,” while Hart said, “nah.”

Vixen literally growled. “Which one is it?”

Hart popped over, taking her hand and kissing her knuckles. She swiped it away from him. “Technically we hadn’t gotten to the actual fucking part yet. But in our defense, the baby’s early, and my phone died after the run last night. Yeager’s is back in the cabin. We didn’t know to be here *now*, now.”

Yeager strode over, kissing her temple, which she shied away from. “It’s true. If we’d known, we’d have been here. Nothing is more important than you and this child.”

She grunted.

Her anger wasn’t real. She didn’t mind when the two of them strayed off together at times. Just like we all did with her. Hart and Yeager alone didn’t happen often, but when it did, we all understood it for what it was. Just another reason I found her so remarkable. She loved that they loved each other.

And the flip side of it was that the two of them were going to love this child as much as I would. While I got the honor of being the first to father children with Vixen, we were all going to be her Daddy.

My soul, I pitied the boys who’d want to date her in the future.

She let out another roaring yell and the healer nodded. “Okay love, you need to push on the next one. Your baby girl wants to meet you.”

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A couple hours later, a sweet bundle of pink was wrapped in Vixen’s arms, sound asleep as she listened to the thump of her mother’s heart. All three of us were stuffed in the bed around her. We hadn’t gotten up since the moment she was born.

Hart ran a finger over her round cheeks before leaning in to kiss Vixen. “You know, this spot right here still hasn’t been claimed.” He thumped his chest. “Today would be a great day to tell us your name, Ginger. I’ve got my artist on standby.”

“Nice try, next.”

He shook his head, unable to stop himself from touching our little bundle. “She’s so tiny. And so very beautiful. If you won’t give up her name, have you at least decided what to call her?”

We’d decided as a group that I, as her biological father, would choose her name. Vixen had total veto rights, naturally, but she and I had talked privately about it at length, coming up with what I hoped would be the best name for her. I cleared my throat because for some reason I couldn’t get rid of the lump in it. I was in total love, deeper than I could ever find words to express. Different from what I felt with Vixen, but just as potent. It had happened between two heartbeats. “Her name is Ivy for the vine that stays green throughout the Winter.”

A broad grin stretched across Yeager’s face. He placed a sweet kiss on Ivy’s head. “That’s perfect, Ice Man. Hello there, Ivy. Welcome to our family.”

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Four years later.

Hart

Vixen had our baby boy in her arms, bouncing and singing as she paced behind the counter, trying to get him to settle for a nap. Jack was at the coffee table attempting to teach a four-year-old chess. Ivy kept making towers out of the pieces. The whole time she had a serious look on her face, just like Jack. But she had her mother’s laugh and when she used it, we would move any mountain for her.

Yeager unhooked his suspenders and they fell over his ass in that perfect way. He went for his son, grabbing him to give Vixen some rest and swinging him around, causing him to laugh too. “Cedar’s going to be a reindeer on his papa Hart’s fleet one day, aren’t you little guy?”

It was possible. He’d taken the reindeer DNA from his mom and thankfully wasn’t born with those yeti tattoos that would’ve been very concerting on a baby. I loved me some tats, but I could not stomach Yeager’s baby photos.

Cedar had his father’s light hair and sunny disposition, hardly ever crying and making everyone laugh with his constant gurgling baby sounds. He was a little confused on the Dad thing thus far, but he’d eventually sort it out. Ivy had no trouble calling us all Daddy. Maybe she was as smart as Jack and had already figured out how to play us. Because what we wouldn’t do for that girl.

And for that chunk of a boy.

I had planned all this. Not the timing or the names, but everything else had come with my last miracle. First Jack would give her a child, then Yeager. Mine was yet to come. I hadn’t even hesitated to flip that top and drink the miracle down for us.

Vixen had been the very best kind of mother, giving to our kids at the same time managing the Inn year round, and running the silly games that we still did for the clients I'd send when I crossed paths with those who needed a special kind of Christmas cheer. Every group had been a success and it was all thanks to Vixen.

Now that Yeager had taken Cedar off her hands, I snuck up behind her, pressing in so she'd feel my jingle bells. I kissed her neck, reaching around to cop a feel as I placed my hand over her heart. "You know I'm still waiting to get that tattoo. You better tell me today or I just might tattoo some other woman's name over my heart."

She turned around, grabbing my face in her hand and kissing me like she did the first time in the kitchen behind us. "Idle threats aren't a good look for you." Called my bluff. Always did.

"They're here," Jack called from his position at the window. He was as excited for our guests this week as the rest of us, not that he'd admit it out loud.

Beside him, Ivy bounced in a circle. "They're here, they're here, they're here." She paused, glancing up and frowning. "Who's here, Daddy?"

It's funny. He never called himself Daddy in the bedroom anymore. Stopped the minute Ivy was born. He scooped her up in his arms and opened the door. "Very special friends of ours. Ivy, this is Isaac, Mandy and Cherish, and..."

Cherish was gripping the hand of a tall muscular blonde guy, grinning that huge smile she had. Her braids were gone, replaced by a sleek pixie style that framed her face. She'd turned into a beautiful young woman, and I swear on my life I choked up about it. Pictures and NickTocks had not done her justice. She was radiant, confident, and that smile was so bright. "You remember Xayden? He's a little taller than the last time you saw him."

Xayden reached out to shake Jack's hand, stopping for a second at the coolness of Jack's skin, but recovering nicely. Points for that. "Nice to formally meet you. I've heard nothing but good things about all of you. Which one of you is Hart?"

I raised my hand. "That's me. Are you going to come at me for being her crush before you?"

He strolled over and grabbed me for a long hug. "Nope, I'm going to thank you for bringing her to my house all those years ago."

"No sweat, man. Nice to meet you." I had to turn away so he wouldn't see me choking up over it. Cherish and I had a bond like no other and it was fucking hard to give her up to him, but I knew the way they looked at each other, she was in good hands. They both were. And to think, I'd had the idea to take her on the ride that night because she didn't believe in Santa. I suppose that was my first official act, even before I knew I was meant to be Santa.

Luckily Vixen squealed and ran over, distracting everyone long enough for me to take a deep breath and reign in my emotions. Yeager sidled up to me, handing me Cedar. “You okay?”

“Yes. Shut up.”

“I didn’t say anything.”

“You’re thinking it.”

“Oh yeah, you can read minds? That’s a new skill. What am I thinking right now?”

I looked up at him, reading the heat in his emerald eyes. I covered Cedar’s ears and whispered so only Yeager could hear me. “You’re thinking about putting that Redwood in my hot mouth until I gag.” I uncovered Cedar’s ears, kissing him on the head.

“Damn, you’re right. Guess you know what we’re doing later then.” He winked then went over to greet Cherish and the rest. He’d successfully distracted me and kept me from being a blubbing nostalgic mess. He was good. We fit together in ways I still didn’t quite understand. But it didn’t matter. Our family got it and that was all that was important.

After Vixen and I fixed an amazing dinner, we waited in front of the fire for our next guests to arrive. Jack was understandably tense about the rest of the company, but Yeager had volunteered to do all the dishes he was so pumped about it.

It had been a happy Christmas for all of us this year. While I was out on my run—most of the other Santas hated Christmas Eve, but it was my favorite part, so I did it more often than the others—Vixen and Jack had spent time in the Frost court with the kids while Yeager had gone to visit his parents, Ivan, Nadia, Camilla and Destiny. She was full of sass, and she’d learned to use her gift already. We’d even helped Nadia and Camilla open up a clinic where Destiny often helped out. Uncle Yeager had not only helped them build it, but he’d—we’d—paid for the setup and kept them stocked in supplies.

We had the bank to do it.

No one in my family had believed I’d give up all my ops just because I was Santa. Sure, I was a little more careful about them, but Buck Marigold had turned out to be a suitable second. I still enjoyed the best of two worlds.

It was a running theme for my life, I guess.

The energy in the lodge shifted and in the next second, Holly and John Sun stepped into the room, each wearing sunglasses. She ripped hers off and ran—sprinted—at Yeager who wrapped her in his arms and spun her around like he always did Cedar. “Holl, you look amazing! You’re all tan.”

She was wearing a black sweater that had a sunshine made of rhinestones with a Santa hat on its head. Yeager chuckled when he sat her back down and noticed it. “I guess you can take the girl out of Christmas, but you can’t take Christmas out of the girl.”

“Indeed. Now let me smooch the cheeks of these babies before I explode.”

John Sun stood in the middle of the room, fidgeting. “I’ll take my leave now. You know how to get back Holly. I’ll see you in few weeks when we meet up for minigolf.”

The awkward silence was tangible. First of all, John Sun played minigolf? With Holly?

Record scratch.

Jack broke the silence with a voice that sounded like glass. “Wait. There’s no reason you can’t stay for a drink. Have a seat.”

Vixen swung her head around, looking at Jack to make sure he heard him right. She had. It was subtle, but as Jack poured John a drink, she went over to him and whispered in his ear. He smiled in response.

Over the past five years, Jack had rarely mentioned John. They’d stayed in their own lanes and had very little business to conduct at all. I guess Jack was finally thawing to the idea of John being something that wasn’t an enemy.

Still, I kept my eye on him, just in case. Yeager and I could still pack a punch.

Later when all our guests were settled in their cabins and we’d tucked the kids in, the four of us climbed the stairs together. Even though we had a routine that included splashy baths, forcing Ivy to brush her teeth, and bedtime stories, we still—all four of us—made our relationship a priority.

Because at the end of the day, yes, we were a family that shared so much love it was Immeasurable, we still liked to smash like crazy.

That night, it started with Yeager’s cock in my mouth while Vixen sat on his face and Jack stood next to the bed with his cock in her mouth. And it ended with us in a big lump on the bed.

No miracle I could ever have used could’ve been better.

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Two years and two months later.

Vixen

This time Jack had been forced to bring the fae healers to our realm for the pregnancy. I’d had complications. Nothing serious, but none of them wanted to move me and the healers could do their jobs anywhere. I’d been on bed rest for a week and was going a little stir crazy. Especially knowing that the Inn was running without me.

My men were capable, but I still hated making them do the things I normally did.

They didn't mind. Just like they didn't mind taking the brunt of the childcare responsibilities while I was laid up. Ivy and Cedar usually spent afternoons napping with me and evenings entertaining me so that helped.

Ivy turned out to be quite a serious artist. She drew sketches of everything she came in contact with, sometimes from the inside out. She was curious and wanted to know how everything worked, then she'd go and draw it piece by piece. I imagine Jack being like that when he was a child.

Cedar, on the other hand, was a one-kid swirling tornado. He was never still, never quiet, but always loving. I'd seen him running from room to room to room, then stopping on a dime to look over Ivy's shoulder and study what she'd drawn. He'd always give her what she called 'green googly eyes' which was her way of saying he was looking too closely, but then he'd hug her neck and say, "Oh, I wike dat one Sissy. Good job," then take off flying down the hall again.

I loved them so much.

And I would love the next one. If it ever decided to arrive.

Hart popped into the room carrying popcorn. I almost lunged off the bed trying to get my hands on my salty snacks. He jerked the bowl away at the last second. "Nope, not until you tell me I'm your favorite."

"You're my favorite."

"No, say it like you mean, Ginger. I want details."

"You're my favorite. I love the sound of those jingle bells when you make me come."

"Much better." He set the bowl in my lap and plopped next to me, leaving room for Yeager beside him.

Jack came in next after tucking Ivy in bed. He was going through the works of Shakespeare as bedtime stories. She was either going to be the smartest kid in her class or the most traumatized. Jury was still out. She certainly loved the sound of her Daddy's voice, and she wasn't wrong about that. "What are we doing tonight?"

"Vixen was just about to tell me her name, actually."

"Nope, I don't think I was."

"Was what?" Yeager strolled in, looking like he'd battled with Cedar and lost. He slid in next to Hart, leaning over him to give me one of his slow, panty-melting kisses. And stealing some of my popcorn in the process.

"Get ready for it. Vixen is going to share her name with us. Weren't you?" Hart batted his eyelashes, and he looked so ridiculous that I cracked down the middle. He was still next-level sexy, but when he did adorable silly things, I melted even more.

“Okay, you asked for it, but you’re never going to be able to unhear this. You’re all going to go through the rest of our very long lives knowing you could’ve prevented this knowledge from escaping into the world, so that’s on you.”

Hart, in particular, sat up and paid attention.

I couldn’t believe I was going to tell them after all these years. It was time though. Time to put it to bed. I took a deep breath. “My last name is Shore.”

Jack cocked an eyebrow. “That’s an unconventional way to introduce yourself.”

I held up a finger, telling them to wait for it. “My first name, the one my parents thought would be a super cool name for someone with the last name of Shore is...Sandy.” I closed my eyes, waiting for the brunt of it to hit them.

To give them credit—they didn’t laugh right away.

It took about three or four seconds for Yeager to let loose a gut-busting chuckle that almost woke the kids. Jack followed suit, but Hart just sat there blinking. He popped away and we didn’t see him again for an hour.

During the time he was gone, I went into labor. With his child.

It was slow going, so not a big deal that he wasn’t there yet, but still, I had no idea where he’d gone and if I was honest, I was a little pissed. If he narrowly missed the birth of yet another child because of my birth name, I might have to hurt him.

When he popped back, he lifted his shirt, showing me the white patch covering a new tattoo. Yeager stripped him of his shirt and peeled back the bandage and started laughing. So hard. “What? Let me see it.”

Jack strolled over and all I got from him was a raised eyebrow.

“If you don’t come over here and show me that tattoo right now, Hart Brandywine, I am going to refuse to birth your child.” I kind of had that Mom voice down.

He pushed Yeager aside, crawling in the bed and facing me. Right there over his left pec was ‘Ginger.’

I couldn’t help but laugh. “I told you.”

“You’re right. I should’ve listened, but there is no way I was going to get Sandy Shore tattooed on this body. None. Sorry, you’re Ginger and I love you for it.”

“I love you too. All of you, now find me some entertainment while we wait for this baby to come out.”

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Nearly seven hours later and I was still not fully dilated. The healer was checking things out down below, so Yeager took the remote and flipped some channels. “Oh, I forgot the Olympics were going on.”

“Yeah. Me too.” Something on the screen made me pause, so I sat up, leaning in to get a better view. “Is that?”

“Holy shit, turn it up.” Hart said, fumbling for the remote.

Yeager grabbed it out of his hand and turned up the volume. All four of us were glued to the screen. The announcers were getting ready to call the four-man bobsled races and they were doing one of those special segments about the teams. The ones that made you want to root for the participants no matter the country.”

‘This may be the strangest story to come out of these Olympics, Bob. A surprise entry from the brand-new nation of Transylvania has taken the world by storm.’

Jack crossed one leg over another, smiling from ear to ear. “They actually won their independence. I can’t believe it wasn’t on the news.”

I laughed. “Yeah, leave it up to the vamps to quietly form a nation and not tell anyone about it.”

‘You’re right, Olivia. Transylvania is a brand-new country, and they brought a four-man team to the Olympics. They’re the only Transylvanians to make the trip, but we’ve learned they’d been training for this event for many years.’

‘Yes, they have and what’s even more bizarre is that the four-man team go by the names Lestat, Edward, Dracula and Spike.’

I put my hand to my mouth. What more could I do?

‘Those are some interesting monikers for certain, Olivia. It kind of makes me hate my parents for naming me Bob.’

Hart elbowed me as I said, “Same, Bob.”

‘We spoke with team captain Lestat earlier. Here’s what he had to say about Transylvania’s first Olympic team.’

The screen flickered and zoomed in on Lestat and the rest as they stood in front of their black bobsled in their black bobsled suits with their black helmets and face covers. Yeager laughed so hard, he tipped over the popcorn. “They have to keep their gear on for people to see them on camera. That’s fucking brilliant.”

An offscreen reporter shoved a mic in Lestat’s face. “Lestat, we heard your team has done some unusual training for this Olympic event. Can you tell us about that?”

“Of course, thanks for asking. Twelve years ago, my team and I found ourselves at a lovely cabin near the South Pole. We went there in hopes of acclimating to the colder climate and preparing for this event. While we were there, we met some amazing people who became our friends. They helped us build a course and functioning bobsled made from a fir tree. I know, you must think this is unusual, but it was our first foray into bobsledding and what we learned there in those cabins at the time was the catalyst for

many good things to come. So, we would not be here if it weren't for Jack, Yeager, Hart, and Vixen. If we win any medals, they belong to them as much as us."

Yeager wiped the tear tracking down my face. It was the hormones I was certain.

"That's an amazing story and your team has definitely got the mysterious vibe going on. Your nation's flag has a skull on it, and I hear your bobsled has an unusual name. Can you share it with the audience so they can cheer you on?"

"Of course. Our sled's named Frostbite."

"I'll be damned. If that's not a kick in the ass," Hart murmured as the announcers went back to the race.

My heart was thumping in my chest. Like the salty snacks, it probably wasn't too great for the baby, but I couldn't help it. Never in my life had I wanted someone to win so badly. When I say we cheered for those vampires, we fucking cheered. Loud enough to wake up both kids who came in our room to see what was going on. Cedar immediately picked up our enthusiasm by jumping all around the bed shouting "Frostbite, frostbite" over and over even though he had no idea what it meant. Ivy stood there with her head cocked to the side watching, trying to figure out the physics of the race.

In the end, they failed to qualify, coming in second to last. Yeager gave me a squeeze, reading my disappointment. "At least they beat the Jamaican team."

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Several hours later, the kids were back in bed and Hart was holding our child against his bare chest. I don't think he felt the pain in his newly acquired tattoo either. "She's stunning, Ginger. I can't believe we made her."

Yeager reached around from behind him, hugging him tight and pressing a kiss on her head. "I love that we finally got one with red hair."

Jack slid in next to them. "It means she'll be fiery."

Hart shrugged. "We're used to that."

He finally handed her back to me and I snuggled her against my breasts. She was smaller and more delicate than our other kids, but perfect in health and had wailed like a banshee when she came out. I stuck my finger out and she gripped on. I couldn't help but cry at the feeling of it.

Hart slid in next to me, trying to calm me down. "Sh, it's okay. Everything worked out."

"It's not that. I'm relieved she's healthy and yes, I'm tired right now, but I'm so full of love for all of you, I think it's spilling out of me. I just *know* now. Our family is complete, and this is just the beginning for us. I can't wait to see what's next."

“You’re right. I wished for this, you know? Your last night as Vixen, while you were talking to Santa Craft, before I walked into the cabin, I took my last vial of Christmas miracle and wished for us, for these kids that I didn’t even know yet, for a life like this.”

Yeager spoke again. This time, there was a choke in his voice. “Then? We didn’t even know we were planning to be together as a unit that night. Not until Vixen came in and asked us to run the Inn.”

Hart looked him with such love I broke in half. “Are you saying you didn’t know then, Redwood?”

“No, I’m not. I knew, or at least I hoped more than I dared to.”

Jack had been very quiet. More than normal. I looked up and found him standing there with his hands stuffed in his pockets and tears in his eyes. He gave me that quarter-grin, then turned to Hart. “You may just get another fro job for that.”

Hart laughed, turning to Yeager as if to ask his permission. He knew Jack was kidding, but deep down I think he always hoped one day.

Still reeling from Hart’s revelation, Yeager kissed him, softly. He could say so much with a kiss. When he pulled back, he was crying too. “I don’t think I have the ability to express what I feel right now. Maybe you should just tell us her name.”

I gave Hart the nod, giving him what he wanted on the name. How could I not, especially after I had confirmation of what I’d suspected for years. He’d made this life for us. We did our part in it too, but if it weren’t for him? I don’t know what our life would’ve been like. Didn’t want to know.

‘Her name is Belle.’

Yeager laughed. “It’s perfect. She’s perfect.” He leaned down to kiss her once again before he said. “Welcome to the family Belle. Let me tell you how we met your mom. It’s a long story and you won’t understand it for a lot of years, but this is how you began so I want you to know.

“It was a cold winter night at the South Pole...”

*** THE END ***