

NOT SO STUPID CUPID by Cat Collins

extended Epilogue

HOLDEN

6 months later.

“Goooooooooal,” Mr. Humphries shouted. The word began as a shrill piercing sound but somehow ended in a deep baritone. “Spoony scores the winning point! North Pole Lads take the South Wind Winders, three to two in the last seconds of the game! How exciting. I may pass out!” The rest of my team ran onto the field, lifting Spoony on their shoulders and celebrating and cheering their victory.

I never saw myself as a soccer coach for a bunch of reformed Dark Magic kids, but there I was coaching them to victory with my assistant, Huxley, and my biggest cheerleaders, Cupid, Trey, and Wick by my side. I’d done a lot of things I never thought I’d do after meeting Cupid and this one had been more rewarding than I’d expected.

Running over to the middle of the field, I shook the Winders’ coach’s hand. “Great game, Layaan. I think that makes us tied up for the season.”

“Ay, you’re right. Somehow, I feel as if Santa has magicked us to be evenly matched.”

“I was thinking the same thing. How are things going at the equator? Liking your new gig as the South Wind?”

“I’m loving it. To think I almost spent my entire life as an ifrit, doomed to haunt ancient temples and ruins, but now I’m one of the two most powerful beings on earth. It’s quite the mindf-u-c-k.”

Clod giggled as he approached us, slapping one of Layaan’s players on the back. “It’s cute they think we can’t spell.”

I wrapped my arm around Clod, giving his hair a good shake and pushing him away. “The grownups are talking. Go ask Cupid and Wick to serve the snacks. We’ve got to run soon.” He scurried away, dragging Slammy and Gully with him.

Layaan shook his head. “It’s hard to believe they were once the little evil lads they were.”

“Tell me about it. After Cupid’s yeti connection restored them to their original state, it sure did make it easier to accept them. They’re good kids, for the most part. They’re doing well living with Huxley and his parents in their new home. Grades are good. And we only get the occasional slip-ups involving mischief.”

“I think that’s thanks to you, Holden. You’ve gone above and beyond for them. You all have.”

I nodded, not knowing what else to say to that. How could any of us just walk away from them? It had been Gryla who’d stolen them from their homes and changed them into what they were. Coaching soccer took two afternoons out of my week and nothing more. Those poor kids were owed a lot more than that. Which is why we had to pop off right after the soccer match. It was an important night for a lot of reasons.

I jogged over, grabbed a couple of juice boxes then nodded at Wick. “Layaan said he’d pop everyone else back home since we’re tight on time. We’ll be late if we don’t shower and get ready.”

Wick huddled us together, popping the four of us to Cupid’s apartment. Trey stepped away after she did, but I pulled him back. “Nope. We have to shower separately or we won’t make it on time.”

He raised an eyebrow and ran his hand down my back. “And this is a problem because...?”

I pushed him away as he began to kiss my neck. “It’s your event!”

He laughed. “Nah, it’s Cupid’s.”

She pulled him off me, shoving him back at Wick. “It’s ours and we can’t be late. Take him home Wick.”

Wick popped him away and I was left with Cupid, who wrapped her arms around my neck and went on her toes to give me an earth-shattering kiss that was so hot I was left panting. “I thought we weren’t showering together.”

“We aren’t. That was a congrats on the win.” She shoved me back, right into Wick’s arms. He popped me away before I could do anything else. The shower ended up being a cold one.

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North’s Department store was decorated to the hilt. Once the place had sparkled and shone with bright blue jewels, but the massive Christmas tree on the first floor was adorned with gold ornaments and garland, topped with a giant sparkling yellow sun for Cupid’s “Christmas in July” event.

The shoppers were dressed in formal attire as they browsed the racks and sipped margaritas, chatting and waiting for the big event to start. I’d even slipped on some black tux pants and a white tux shirt, left way unbuttoned at Cupid’s request. While she and Trey both had a lot to say about my look, I couldn’t even begin to outdazzle them. Trey wore a bright shiny ocean blue suit with a white shirt and yellow tie and Cupid was stunning in her lacy white off-the-shoulder dress that flowed behind her. Even Wick had made an effort, throwing on a tight pink t-shirt over a white suit.

Together we were a tight unit that screamed summer elegance.

Or that’s the way Cupid had described us.

As the clock struck eight, Trey stepped onto the makeshift stage they’d built and laid over the jewelry and perfume counters. He winked at us before grabbing the mike and doing his thing.

“Thank you for coming tonight, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the grand Re-opening of North’s Department Store. We’re so glad you’re here to celebrate Christmas in July! I know you’re anxious to hear Brandy Bliss debut her brand new song for you here, but I wonder if you’d give me just a few minutes of your time first.”

The crowd clapped and cheered. Almost everyone in attendance had paid a shitload of money for the privilege of being in attendance. They knew what had happened and why they were here. Trey had been a force during the rebuilding and organizing of the store, paying homage to his father’s legacy and stepping out to do things his own way too. I couldn’t have been more proud of him for how he managed it and still maintained his charm and likability. He was a force.

“When my father sacrificed himself for the good of the North Pole and of Light Magic, I learned to sink or swim. Rebuilding this store was the first thing in my life I’d ever done without him. Okay, maybe I did some things without him.” He glanced down and winked at us and the crowd roared. *“I can only hope that what I’ve done here will help carry the North’s legacy forward and that the people of the North Pole will honor us by your continued patronage.”*

When the group stopped cheering, he held out his hand to Cupid, asking her to come to the stage. *“Before we begin the show and you guys start making your early Christmas purchases, please welcome one of the most important people in my life. The brilliant woman who put this event together and who keeps me—and others—on my toes on a daily basis. Not only did she help save Santa and Christmas, but she works tirelessly to help others around her and I cannot be happier to say she’s with me. Here she is, ladies and gentlemen, Cupid.”*

Cupid took the stage. She was a sight as she raised her hand and fake-whispered into the mike, *“I’m pretty sure he keeps me on my toes.”*

We’d decided to keep Wick and me out of the spotlight. I’m sure a lot of people knew what went on behind closed doors, but Cupid and Trey were the most visible of our quad, so when there were public

events and times like these, they were front and center. Not that we asked for it, but both Cupid and Trey made sure to make Wick and me feel special and loved after. It's how we worked and we were all comfortable with it.

Cupid continued, *"As most of you know, we were to give away the North Star Diamond at the last event I planned here. Since that didn't go according to plan, Trey and I, along with Santa and also the new South Wind decided what to do with that North Star bauble. I hope—no, I know—you'll be pleased to hear that we gifted the diamond to the fabulous couple who agreed to take on the fostering and adoption of the thirteen Yule Lads.*

"They did this out of the goodness of their hearts as they were already fostering a troubled youth at the time but couldn't stand the idea of breaking apart the lads who'd been abused and tortured by dark magic. They offered to do this in a four-bedroom home with two bathrooms and a hefty mortgage to boot.

"Talk about being on the Nice List, am I right?"

The people cheered until she used her hands to calm them.

"When Santa heard of their generous offer, he called us together and we unanimously decided to give the North Star Diamond to them so they could build a bigger home and pay for the needs of fourteen children now and long into their college years. It was a no-brainer as far as we were concerned. We hope that you agree with us on the decision.

"But don't worry. We've got a fun contest here for you tonight. As soon as Brandy Bliss is done, we'll be giving away the Sun Stone, a three-hundred, forty-carat yellow diamond! Stick around for the details. I'll be back to share how to win soon.

"Now without further ado, the hottest recording artist the North Pole has ever produced, Miss Brandy Bliss, is here to entertain you! Let's welcome her to the stage!"

As soon as Brandy was thirty seconds into her first song, I pulled Cupid to me. She was holding onto Trey's hand so he came along too. "How long is her set again?"

"Forty-five minutes, give or take. Why?"

I shrugged, then nodded for Wick to follow me. I led the three of them off the showroom floor and down the stairs to the basement. Trey had filled it with a lot of inventory, but a portion of the room was still cordoned off with plastic sheeting as kind of a shrine to the time we'd spent there. Though sadly, the bouncy house had sprung a leak the last time we'd had our fun on it. Trey had been a little zealous with my belt, throwing it behind him, then grabbing me for a kiss. As I dove for him, he hit the belt and the buckle punctured the house, though we thrust the air out of it until it was completely deflated.

I held the plastic sheeting back for them. "What are we doing?" Cupid asked innocently, her eyes soft and blinking.

"Oh, I think you know exactly what we're doing, Tart," I purred as I swept her into my arms. Wick swept in and pressed himself against her back and Trey stood behind me. That's all it took for us, just being close to each other brought out our lust, our hunger for each other. That's one of the things I loved best. We just fit together. These people were my family and I would never again think about leaving the North Pole. "What do you say? Think we can all come in the next forty-five minutes?"

Trey put his hand on my cock. "Challenge accepted."

TREY

Two months later.

I'd just done the finishing touches on my house—no longer my father's house—and had around three minutes to admire the results before the doorbell rang. I laughed at myself for being nervous as I

crossed the floor to answer it. I knew exactly who it was and why they were there. This was the final step in my effort to claim my place and put my father's reign to rest.

Swinging the door open, I found Cupid, Holden, and Wick standing there, huddled together. "You know, you could've skipped the doorbell and just popped inside. This is your home too now." Saying it aloud caused a lump to form in my throat. I was so grateful for these three people and I wanted everything to be perfect for them.

Wick shrugged. "Yeah, I could've but I feel like we have to do this properly." He swept Cupid off her feet, putting her in a cradle hold as she giggled, then he nodded toward a surprised Holden and I understood.

He was bigger than me, for sure, but I used my wind magic to help me pick him up as Wick had Cupid and together we stepped over the threshold of our home.

Holden punched my arm. "I'm not sure if that move was equality for all or a statement on me being the sub in our relationship. Either way, I'm going to dom the shit out of you later." He grabbed my hair the way I loved, tugging my face toward him so he could kiss me, hard and deep. I was so into it and the thought of him manhandling me later I accidentally dropped him.

Thank the stars he was a cat because he landed on his feet.

He went for Cupid next, slapping Wick's back and kissing her while she still lay in his arms. Then it was my turn to kiss Cupid and grope her ass a little in the process.

A comfortable silence fell over us as we righted ourselves and I led them out of the foyer into the living room. I'd insisted on being in charge of the move and while they did the necessary things to sell their homes and such, I took bits and pieces from each of them and blended them with my things to make our home comfortable and uniquely us.

Wick whistled. "Shit, Trey, I had no idea you were such a designer. This place looks great!"

Cupid sat on the couch, the one I'd gotten her to replace her stolen one. It was the keystone to the entire room. I'd changed out my father's stuffy formal furniture that he got from his dad and put the modern white leather couch along with a black leather seat from Holden's house and a bright red recliner I'd gotten from Wick. There were nicknacks from each of us and one special piece of artwork I'd commissioned hung over the mantle.

The moment Cupid's gaze settled on it, she squealed. "Bo painted that, didn't he? It's us."

Bo, the lad formerly known as Bowl Licker had an artistic side. Nobody knew until he was restored to his original factory settings. His style was abstract and fun with bright colors and dark lines. People had already started buying up his works and commissioning art from him. I'd asked him to create a painting of the four of us, however he saw us, and he did not disappoint.

To most people, it probably looked like four blobby ghost figures of different colors, but to anyone who knew us, it would be clear. Holden's blob was black with a red and a green circle to represent his eyes. There was a tail that stretched over and wrapped around the jade green blob with a bright blue necklace and a huge smile, meant to be Cupid. One of her arms reached over to Wick's bright red blob. It held a white jump rope. The other stretched around the blue tornadoish blob who wore a huge smile and a tie.

"That's cool, Trey. It looks great in here," Holden said as he wrapped an arm around me.

"I agree. Now let me show you to your rooms."

Cupid jumped off the couch and approached me with a stern look. I know she wanted to look tough, but she was so damned adorable when she tried to boss me. "Excuse me? Did you just say rooms with a plural s? We just moved in *together*."

"Patience, love," I told her. I got the side-eye all the way up the stairs until I got to the first set of doors in the large hallway. Opening the door on the left, I nodded to Wick. "This is your room and before anyone yells at me let me explain."

I felt them boring holes in my head. It made me laugh. "Yes, we're doing this together, but I know there may be times when we need privacy. What if one of us gets sick and doesn't want to spread germs? Or if you're tired from work and you don't want to participate in the shenanigans? Or, Santa help us, when Cupid's got her visit from Aunt Flo and she's cramping, huh? We will all need a little alone space,

so each of us has a room for the personal belongings we didn't want to get rid of and your clothes and shit. Trust me, these rooms will not be used much."

After everyone recognized the brilliance of my ideas, I showed them each to their space. Wick and Holden in the first set of doors, Cupid and I in the second. I'd even put Cupid's curtains and bedding that Holden had gifted her in her room.

Then I led them to the room on the far left. It had been my father's master bedroom suite previously, but after I hauled his stuff out and stored the important things, I got us a California king-sized bed and decorated the room with the picture frame Wick had given Cupid and a few other things we'd gifted her in our time together. The bathroom was fitted with an extra-large shower and tub too. I spared no expense and no thought as to how this was going to be for us. "This is *our* room."

Cupid gasped. "Trey, this is amazing."

"Yeah. You outdid yourself," Wick offered.

Holden had been very quiet since we'd come upstairs. Not unusual for him, but I suddenly got nervous about his acceptance. This was the house my father had been in when he betrayed us both and split us up. I would've died before I made him uncomfortable, but he still harbored feelings over what my dad had done. "Pussycat? What do you think?"

He kicked the door closed with his foot, then prowled to the bed, shucking his shirt and jeans as he went. Perched on the edge of the bed, he cocked an eyebrow. "I think we need to christen this fucking bed. Is anyone going to join me or am I doing this solo while you all watch?"

I chuckled. "Don't have to ask me twice."

The three of us fumbled with shoes and clothes as Holden stood to take off his underwear. He was a beautiful man with a beautiful body and while I wanted Cupid on a molecular level, I wanted him too. I was lucky to have them both and Wick too.

Cupid approached the bed first, untying her hair from her bun, and sighing as it fell over her shoulders. "Where do you want me?"

Holden laid her on the bed on her back. "Here." Looking over his shoulder he called to Wick. "You should give her something to do with her mouth."

"On it," he replied, popping over to her with his hand on his cock, stroking and looking down at her with lust. "Open up like a good girl." She complied and was licking up and down his shaft and moaning within seconds.

I stepped close, running my hand over Holden's back, then slapping his ass. He spun around on me, so quickly, I gasped. "I told you, I'm in charge now. Bend over and get your head between those legs. I want to hear her falling apart from what you do with your tongue." He pressed me down, forcing my head between Cupid's thighs. "Go on. Lick that beautiful pussy and make her squirm."

I did as I was told. One, I loved it when he took charge like that, and two, Cupid's pussy was the tastiest thing I'd ever eaten. Running my tongue over her center first, just to tell her I was there, I finally went in, sucking and nipping at her bud until she was squirming underneath me like Holden had wanted. I was so into the taste of her and the way Wick was groaning his pleasure I lost track of what Holden was doing, but I quickly realized he'd found the lube in the nightstand because I felt it drizzle along my crack.

He ran his finger through the lube, pausing to play with my entrance for a few minutes as I lapped at Cupid. Before I knew it, he'd lined himself up with that big cock of his and he'd thrust inside me. No warning, no casual warmup, he just pressed his way into the hilt and grabbed my hips, forcing me to still.

The moan I moaned.

"What are you waiting for?" I mumbled, my lips still sucking Cupid's clit.

He smacked my ass. Twice. Then he went into overdrive, pulling out and pushing back in eagerly. Goosebumps erupted over my body and I was keenly attuned to the way his strong hands gripped my hips. I'd probably have bruises after, but I gave no fucks about that.

The sounds of our pleasure echoed across the room. We truly were christening the bed and the house and each other. After we'd all come, we collapsed, talked about the future and jobs and kids and pets, then climbed into a different position and began again.

It went that way for hours upon hours, then we cleaned ourselves up in the shower, got dirty in there, then cleaned up again, finally collapsing into our bed to sleep. Wick snuggled in behind Cupid, then Holden got on her other side and I took the spot behind Holden. We'd slept like this a lot of times—sometimes Holden and I switched positions—but this time felt different. This time it was permanent and I couldn't think of a better way to start the rest of our lives together.

CUPID

Ten years later.

I tried not to wail at the top of my lungs, but I failed. “Yooooouch. It hurts!”

Trey pulled me into his lap. “It'll pass soon.”

“You say that, but I have two more months of this windy madness!”

“I know. In my defense, I was never told what it was like to carry the literal North Wind in your womb. My mother was human and she never wanted me to know anything about the birds and bees before she died. My dad never bothered to share much of anything, as you know.” He paused, making puppy dog eyes at me to smooth this over. “I'd apologize, but I don't think you'd accept it.”

“You're right. I would not,” I barked.

I'd chosen this. Trey had never pressured me to give him an heir, but I knew it was the only way to keep the North family in the North Wind position. He wanted that, his father before him wanted it, and his father too. How could I not do it for the man I loved so deeply?

Holden and Wick had been fine with it. We'd always talked about having kids with all of them one day, but Trey had been the first since his family line was important.

We were ready for kids. We longed for them, all of us. We were Christmas beings who had hearts full of light magic so it was inevitable we would start our own family one day.

Well, as I reminded Trey. I still had two months to go.

When the baby shifted into his wind form inside me, it was a literal cyclone in my womb. I longed for the times when he just kicked me with his feet and hands. At least it was a few bumps, then nothing. This wind thing could go on for hours.

Thank the stars.

It meant he was healthy.

Holden grabbed the lotion from the nightstand, rubbing it over his hands before he took my foot and began to massage it. He was so good and patient with my moods and he was the very best masseuse in the world. I groaned as he bore down on my arch. “I love you,” I sighed.

He kissed my ankle. “I love you too.”

Wick popped into the room, sitting on the edge of the bed. “Here's some tea. Hope it helps.”

I kissed him and took the tea from him, sipping it slowly before telling him how much I loved him.

“Not as much as I love you, Bud.” He took my hand. “Squeeze if it helps.”

Another whirl of wind passed through me and I nearly broke the bones in his hand as I clutched it.

“What about me?” Trey asked, pressing a kiss to my temple. “I didn't get a love you.”

I groaned. “Yeah, the jury's still out on that.”

I imagined a sad look on his face, so I turned to him. “I will love you immensely when this wind calms down.”

He put both hands on my swollen belly. “You need to chill little guy. Mommy’s a little grumpy and Daddy wants to have special time.”

Both Wick and Holden winced as I whipped my head toward him. “You have got to be joking right now.”

He was a big joker, but he never joked about sex. Somehow it seemed to work because the wind instantly stilled inside me.

*

Abel Boreas North, the fourth was born almost two months to the day later. We’d decided to call him Abel though Trey had fought hard for Quad. Thank the stars Holden convinced him how silly that sounded.

He was a beautiful baby with dark blue eyes like his father and blonde hair like me. He hardly ever cried, but that was likely due to the fact he was hardly ever alone. We all loved cuddling with him. He loved us all equally though as he grew he was told who his biological father was. He called Holden and Wick both Daddy or Pops or whatever he felt like at the time. They were all his father to him. I’d wondered if that would bother Trey, at least on some level, but it didn’t. He loved how Abel loved them like he did.

Holden had been great with feeding and schedules and getting up at night when he was fussy. Wick had been a great distraction with his jump roping and juggling and elf tricks. Trey was the ultimate father, teaching him things as early as a month, making sure he had every advantage and knew all there was to know about being the North Wind. He was more than we all wished for and we couldn’t have been happier.

When he was six years old, I gave birth to his sister. She had the father’s dark hair and green eyes and she was a serious thinker like him too. We named her Hunter because she was also a cat like her father. She was Holden’s mini, and her older brother was immediately enamored with her. He was her best friend and protector and watching them together was one of the simple joys of my life.

Next came Wick’s son, Chance. He was a ball of energy that loved to joke like his Pop, Trey. He was a reindeer like me and his sister treated him like her own personal baby doll.

“Guys, it’s nearly time to go. Check for shoes and coats and don’t forget the diaper bag for Chance,” I called down the hall to my guys.

Wick popped in holding Hunter’s hand. “Mama, Chance is dressed and ready. I put on his socks and shoes and combed his curls the best I could.”

“Thank you, baby. Is Abel ready too?”

“He won’t let me in his room, but Dad is in there with him, so I think he’s getting in trouble for not being ready.”

“Well, Daddy will take care of it. Please tell everyone who is ready to go to the foyer. I’ll be there in a second.”

Wick popped her away, then popped back instantly. “I just wanted to tell you that you look edible. I plan on demonstrating that as soon as we get home tonight.” He pulled me into his arms and kissed me like it was our first kiss. He always did that to me. I could feel his love and desire in every stroke of his tongue.

“Promise?”

“Yep, I do.”

“Good. Get the others at the door if you love me.” He popped away and I knew everyone would be in the foyer before I walked down the stairs.

Sure enough, I was right. All three kids and all three men were waiting for me. They were dressed in their Christmas finest and I stood in awe of my beautiful family. I’d never realized how full a heart could be before them.

Holden picked me up, swinging me around in his arms, whispering in my ear. “Hey Tart. I don’t want to spread rumors, but Wick tells me we are going to fight over your hot pussy tonight.”

I laughed, though my cooch was doing anything but. She was already starting to purr at the idea. “Well, I don’t want any fists thrown over little ole me. You know sharing is caring, Officer Naughty.”

He licked his lips, then turned and picked up Chance to put on his coat while Abel fidgeted with his tie. “Where are we going again?”

“To visit Santa and some of our friends at his workshop. There’s a big party tonight and you’ll probably get presents if you stay on the Nice List.” He lowered his hands and stood stock still, practicing for the right list no doubt.

Trey opened the door for us and we trudged out into the winter snow. The fresh clean scent always made my heart happy. He stopped to kiss the top of my head. “I’m on the Nice List. What do I get?”

I put my hand to my mouth, whispering to him, “Santa and Mrs. Claus are keeping the kids for us tonight, so you, Holden, Wick, and I get a night without interruption. I can promise you we’re going on the Naughty List.”

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