

Cupid's VALENTINE



FUTA EROTICA SERIES
RAVEN RENGUARD

Cupid's Valentine

Transgender Romance

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CUPID'S VALENTINE

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Written by Raven Renguard.

Eros, the Greek god of love, roams the earth as the sexy Cupid, a man destined to spend his days shooting humans with his magic golden arrows, matching them with their true loves. As yet another Valentine's Day approaches, Cupid grows frustrated with his job, sick of finding love for others. Through a simple mistake, he's forced to right a wrong, throwing a beautiful woman into his life, a woman whose true love he's forced to find. But Cupid soon realizes the woman is different, in all the good ways. He needs to keep his hands off her though, but as time goes on, that becomes increasingly hard to do.

Cupid's Valentine is a transgender romance with a HEA. The main female character is a transgender woman who has not fully transitioned. There is an "on-screen" sexual encounter. Intended for mature audiences who enjoy LGBTQ romances.

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[Disclaimer](#)

[CHAPTER ONE](#)

[CHAPTER TWO](#)

[CHAPTER THREE](#)

[CHAPTER FOUR](#)

[CHAPTER FIVE](#)

[CHAPTER SIX](#)

[CHAPTER SEVEN](#)

CHAPTER ONE

THE MAN BLEW OUT A heavy breath of frustration. His thin, silk boxers rode up his thickly muscled legs as he plopped quite unceremoniously onto the park bench. He wiggled his silky shorts down, trying to maintain what was left of his dignity as a beautiful woman walked by, dressed in a perfectly tailored business suit, a leather briefcase in her hands. She wiggled her fingers at him.

“Hey, Cupid,” she purred.

Cupid smiled and lifted a hand in greeting, but there was no emotion behind his gesture. A normal man would be leaping off the bench to go greet the woman, but Cupid knew she wanted nothing to do with him; she just wanted his gold, pointy arrow jabbed in her ass. And no, it’s not what you’re thinking. She wanted to be shot by a *literal* arrow, Cupid’s magic arrow that gives you your true love.

Cupid—or Aros to his friends—grumbled under his breath and adjusted his white silk shorts once again as the dammed things managed to slide themselves into his butt crack even further. He wrapped his long trench coat over his muscular frame, not because he felt the brisk winter air swirling over him, but because he was sick and tired of walking around town in nothing by his white boxers. He’d begged his mother, Aphrodite, to allow him to wear something else, but he got the speech filled with *time-honored tradition*, *blah blah* like he always did. “Well, times have changed, mother!” he hollered toward the sky.

A man with his daughter skirted around the belligerent Cupid, and he didn’t blame them. He’d been extra ornery lately. Of course, it was almost Valentine’s Day. The day for Cupid. But nothing sucked worse than a single Cupid. Single for his thirty-fourth Valentines.

And why couldn’t Cupid just go stab him his own woman? Well, the dammed arrows didn’t work that way. Cupid was forbidden from shooting himself a soul mate. He could not have true and direct intent when bagging himself a mate. She needed to come to him. And guess what, no woman in her right mind approached a grown-ass man wandering around in nothing but silk boxers with a golden bow and arrow strung to his back.

His knuckles burned as he gripped the bow, anger and frustration, and... sadness coursing through his body. He knew his cheeks glowed red, they always did when he was upset, like a little beacon into his emotions. He tried to relax, releasing the grip on his bow.

“*Hey-ey*,” came a sing-song voice, startling him. He turned to the voice at the same time his hand slipped off his bow. A golden arrow shot out, past the woman standing next to him, and across the park.

“For the love of the gods,” he groaned. He jumped to his feet, startling the woman before him. “*Umm... gotta go!*” he exclaimed. “People to shoot and love to bring!”

He scurried off across the park, his golden quiver bouncing against his back as he picked up his pace, jogging across the grassy knoll and toward the shops where he’d last seen his arrow heading.

He stopped dead in his tracks once he hit the sidewalk. There, on a raised platform in front of Sally’s Playtime Boutique, stood a row of women, all dressed like.... presents.

Bright red silk ribbons wrapped their bodies, their arms currently poised above their heads like mannequins on display. The two women on the left held their pose, but the woman on the right looked confused. She’d twisted her body around, her pert backside facing the street. The cute little ass, wrapped as a present, currently held Cupid’s golden arrow.

She appeared bewildered at the sight, like she tried to work through the thought of if she’d last remembered her ass with an arrow in it or not. Cupid stepped forward, ripping the magical arrow from her bottom.

“Umm, thanks,” she said, shaking her head like he’d just knocked her out of a trace. Her doe-like brown eyes stared down warmly at him.

“Yeah, *ummm...* you better come with me.” Cupid grabbed her by the wrist, pulling her down off the platform.

She stumbled as her legs could barely move with the thick, red ribbon wrapped around her. There wasn’t much left to the imagination, and Cupid turned from her as she tried to settle the ribbon back down over her hips.

He desperately searched the streets, trying to find a suitable mate for the woman he’d just shot. Too many women with children and too many people who just didn’t seem right for her.

Right for her? He’d only just met her. He tried to clear his mind. He tried to erase the memory of her full breasts pulled tight with the silky red ribbon. He tried to ignore the curious doe eyes he felt staring at his back. *Think. Think. Find her a partner.* He squeezed his eyes shut, readying to open them and shoot the first single person he saw when he felt a tap on his shoulder.

He opened his eyes, turning to the girl behind him. “Excuse me,” she said, her arms wrapped around her middle, her breasts spilling across her arms. “Shouldn’t I have a say in this?”

"I need to find you a partner. I can't just shoot you; that's not how this works."

"Did you... did you find my soul mate?" she asked, nervously.

Cupid wrinkled his brow, afraid of his confession. "I..." he didn't want to disappoint the woman who stood before him, the woman who stared at him expectantly with those big brown eyes, but he had to tell her the truth. "It was kind of an accident."

She jammed her hands on her hips, her barely contained breasts jiggling with the movement. "You did what?" she asked loudly.

"*Shh...*" Cupid said, wishing she'd keep her voice down. "You'll get me in trouble."

"Oh, *I'll* get *you* in trouble?" she said haughtily. "It seems to me that *you* got *yourself* in trouble."

Cupid opened his mouth to speak but she pulled his bow from his hands, startling him with her boldness.

"You will not shoot a random person as my soul mate," she said angrily.

"You can't take my bow!" Cupid exclaimed, trying to reach behind her and retrieve his magical weapon.

She slapped his hand away from her, taking a step back from him.

Cupid grumbled. He was going to be in so much trouble. It was Valentine's season for the gods' sake. He couldn't walk around without his bow.

"Okay," he said, holding up his hands in surrender. "I'm sorry for accidentally shooting you with my arrow."

"Good," she said. "I accept your apology."

Cupid held out his hand and she just stared down at his empty palm.

"What?" she asked after a moment.

"*Umm...*" Cupid said. "I need my bow."

"Absolutely not," she said. She shuffled her tied body behind the platform, pulling out a long wool coat. She slipped into the coat before reaching beneath it and shimmying the red ribbon up her thighs. After a couple of tugs and a few incoherent mutterings, she whipped the long ribbon out from underneath her coat. After relieving herself of her bondage, she moved forward, standing toe to toe with Cupid. Even though he stood at least a foot taller than her, her presence almost made him step backward. "You will not be getting your bow back until you find me a proper mate."

Cupid's mouth fell open, but then he closed it. He should have just shot the first single person he saw after he shot her, and then he wouldn't be in this mess.

"It's just that... I find people their soul mates and *then* I shoot them with my arrows. It just doesn't work the other way around. The next arrow is set for your mate. I won't be able to use my bow until I find a..." Cupid looked down at the woman, wondering, hoping that it was a man she was looking for. *Shut up*, he told himself. *It doesn't matter to you. You're not part of the competition.* "Man?" Cupid finally asked.

The woman nodded slowly, her eyes never leaving Cupid's.

"Okay," Cupid said. "I promise I won't shoot any arrows until we've found your soul mate."

"Good," said the woman, her eyes lighting with excitement. She reluctantly handed Cupid his bow, her excitement seeming to suddenly shatter into nerves.

"It's not painful," Cupid said, seeing the fear on the woman's face. He shrugged. "I've already shot you. Now we just need to find the man you're supposed to be with." He looked down, his eyes trailing over the delicate features of her face. She really was beautiful. "It shouldn't be that hard of a task."

"Yeah," said the woman, her voice soft.

Cupid nodded to her, and turned to leave, happy he'd at least recovered his bow from the woman. He'd gotten a few feet down the sidewalk when he realized he was being followed.

He turned, looking down at the clunky high heels on the woman's feet. *Man, she could stomp—*

She cleared her throat, and his eyes rose to her face.

"What are you doing?" she asked him.

"What are *you* doing?' he countered.

"I'm following you," she said.

Cupid snorted. "I hope you weren't trying to be stealthy in those damn loud shoes."

She scowled at him. "What's your problem? Shouldn't the man who brings people love be a bit more cheerful?"

No, Cupid thought, but he kept the words to himself. He was just grumpy knowing he'd spend yet another Valentines alone. He knew he shouldn't be taking it out on the woman he'd just shot.

"Okay," he conceded. "But at least walk by my side so you don't look so creepy following me down the street."

The woman raised her eyebrows at him. "Says the man walking around town in nothing but silk boxers and a trench coat. You look like you're about to

start flashing people.”

Cupid grumbled. “Come on,” he said. “We can go back to my place. I need to make a plan.”

Cupid moved forward but realized at once that the woman wasn’t following him. He stopped, turning toward her.

“What’s the matter now?” he asked.

“Back to your place?” she questioned.

“Well, yeah,” he said. “I have a home.”

“Oh,” the woman said, like the concept of him living like a real person completely surprised her. “We need to stop at my place first though. I can’t spend the rest of the day wearing nothing but a ribbon.”

Cupid involuntarily laughed, but he quickly pressed his lips shut. “If you don’t have a change of clothes on you, what did you wear here?”

The woman opened her coat, revealing the matching set of a red bra and panties. She quickly reclosed her coat as Cupid’s eyes widened.

He swallowed hard, turning from her as he felt a stirring within his shorts. *A job*, he reminded himself. *This is just a job. Find her soul mate and you can get back to your life.*

“Well?” the girl asked. “We can stop at my apartment first?”

“Uh, yeah,” said Cupid. “Yeah.”

“So,” the woman said after they started walking toward her apartment.

“What should I call you?”

“Ahh, just Cupid.”

The woman giggled, her voice soft and cheerful. “I like it,” she said. “You certainly won’t get mixed up with anyone else.”

“You mean because I walk around mostly naked in the middle of winter?”

She tipped her head back, her laughter ringing through the streets. The couple passing them by stared a moment, but as they moved past, the woman slipped her hand into her wife’s, giving Cupid a nod and a smile. Cupid remembered them from five years prior. He remembered all the couples he helped.

He followed in silence as they walked down Main Street. Soft slush filled the edges of the street, the ground wet as the day had risen above freezing. Even the air itself seemed wet, and Cupid inhaled deeply, trapping the cool, moist air in his lungs. It’d been a while since he just took in the scenery. Usually, he was too busy sorting everybody into couples. But for now, he only needed to keep an eye out for the woman’s partner. No one else mattered right now.

“Hey,” he said suddenly. “I never asked your name.”

The woman looked back at him, her strawberry hair falling over her shoulder. “Do you know the names of all the women you shoot?” she asked, her voice light yet Cupid heard the suspicion in her question.

“Nah,” he said. “I suppose not.”

They continued on in silence for a moment more, before she said, “It’s Alexxia.”

“Hmm,” Cupid said, his voice low and throaty. He liked the way the name sounded. Strong yet feminine.

Alexxia turned down West Broadway, and Cupid followed. They seemed like an odd pair, so different yet the same, him hiding silk boxers beneath his coat, and her hiding red silk panties beneath hers. He couldn’t help but think back to the vision of her opening her coat, showing off the matching undergarments. He’d liked how soft her skin seemed to be, how pale it was against the bright red fabric. Cupid pulled his own coat tighter as his body warmed with thoughts of pleasure. It’d been a long, long time since he’d bothered to enjoy the pleasure of another human. Hell, the last person to even put the moves on him had been the bouncer down at St. Elmo’s Bar in Redhook. And he’d just wanted to convince Cupid to go looking for his true mate. Of course, the person destined for him was none other than St. Elmo’s barmaid. The fool had just been too blind to see what was right in front of his face. The last Cupid had checked, they had set a wedding date for the spring.

“Here we are,” said Alexxia as she stopped outside of a three-story brownstone with a set of steps leading up to the first floor. Cupid looked up at the building, seeing that it’d been converted into apartments some time during its long life. The buildings on this street were over a hundred years old, wrought with old memories and lead pipes.

Cupid moved to walk up the stairs, yet she held him back. “I’m good,” she said hurriedly. “I’m just going to change and pack a couple of things, and I’ll meet you back here.” Just then, a cold drizzle started. Alexxia wrinkled her nose, her dark eyes squinting in distaste. She sighed heavily. “Okay,” she said. “You can come with me. Just don’t...” she looked down at the god of love from the top step, eyeing him suspiciously. “Just don’t touch anything.”

“Cross my heart,” said Cupid as he drew an invisible X across his chest.

Alexxia led the way up the two flights of stairs to her apartment. Cupid couldn’t help it; he liked the way her legs sashayed in exaggerated movements. When she stopped at her door to fish her keys from her coat pocket, he almost slammed into her back.

He cleared his throat, looking around the third-floor walkup like he'd just been distracted by the house's décor. Alexxia unlocked the door, pushing it open to a large apartment. "Not bad," he said, eyeing her minimally decorated apartment as they entered the front door. The aesthetic was a lot more muted than he expected from a woman who'd just spent her afternoon decorated in nothing but a bright red ribbon. She turned to him, scowling as if she could read his thoughts.

"I don't always spend my days wrapped in red ribbon," she retorted when she saw the amused look on his face.

"That's—" Cupid pressed his lips together tightly. He'd almost said, *that's too bad*. He wasn't supposed to be hitting on the poor woman he'd just shot; he was supposed to be finding her life partner. She was already slated for someone else. He just needed to find out who.

After one last suspicious glance his way, Alexxia moved through the apartment, entering what Cupid assumed was her bedroom. He tried to distract himself with his surrounding as thoughts of her removing her coat to reveal her red panties swirled through his mind. He looked up at the ceiling, trying to logic out some sort of plan to find her intended partner and then move on with his life. Every minute his bow sat on standby was another person who wouldn't get their special sweetheart for Valentine's Day—and forever. Plus, the longer he spent around this woman the more distracted he became. He needed to get back to his place, back to familiar surroundings where he could think and figure this whole mess out.

Alexxia stepped from the room, her soft, strawberry hair pulled loosely on top of her head. A thick sweatshirt hung down over tight black leggings. She moved to Cupid, silent on her bare feet. "What are you staring at?" she asked, startling him.

She stared up at the ceiling where he'd been looking but saw nothing.

Although her sweatshirt was oversized and baggy, it did nothing to hide the swell of her breasts beneath it. Cupid pulled his coat tight around him, turning from her and toward the kitchen.

"Are you hungry?" she asked as she caught him eyeing her fridge.

His stomach took that moment to growl audibly, and a giggle escaped Alexxia's mouth before she covered her lips with her hand. "I'll take that as a yes," she said, her eyes lighting with amusement.

"We could just order takeout," Cupid said, unwilling to put her out by cooking him something homemade.

Alexxia waved her hand at him as she made her way to the kitchen. "No sense buying something. I can cook."

Cupid smiled, making his way to the bar stools on the opposite side of the counter.

“*Nuh-uh*,” she said as he started to lower himself onto one of the stools. “If you want to eat, you need to help.”

Cupid looked at her aghast. “I can’t cook!” he exclaimed.

Alexxia shook her head. “Another bachelor that can’t take care of himself.”

He opened his mouth to retort, but then pressed his lips shut. “I guess I could help,” he said.

“You bet your ass you can help,” she said, giving him a firm swat on his backside as he moved to her side of the counter.

The pain and the pleasure of her hand on his ass spread through his body and up through his face. He turned from her before she could see the red warmth spreading across his cheeks.

Alexxia started pulling ingredients from the fridge and piling them on the counter. She reached down, opening the bottom drawer, while Cupid watched her pert ass in her tight leggings. He noticed a bulge at the front of her pants, wondering if it was just the angle that made her pussy seem so plump. He turned his eyes away quickly as she stood with the last of the ingredients. “Like Thai food?” she asked as she dropped a container of bean sprouts on the counter and turned to fetch a jar of peanut butter from the cabinets.

“Umm,” said Cupid nervously as he eyed the weird ingredients. “I like the food they send me from the Thai Palace.”

Alexxia shook her head at him, amused by his seemingly innocent view of the world. “Well, lover boy, you’re about to make your own Thai food, so get chopping.”

She passed him a heavy wooden cutting board and a knife that put his golden arrows to shame. He set his bow on the countertop, careful that it remained within his reach. The last thing he needed was Alexxia taking it from him again. He sensed the girl was more than she appeared on the surface and that the sweet girl wrapped in a silk ribbon was just an act.

Cupid got into a rhythm with his chopping, and Alexxia had set to stir-frying the veggies in a big pan. “Soo…” he said after a while of them preparing the food in silence. He cleared the lump from his throat. “What is it that you do when you’re not wrapped up in a red silk ribbon?” Heat rose up the sides of Cupid’s cheeks. He hadn’t meant to make his question so sexual, but from the fiery heat he thought he saw in Alexxia’s eyes, she’d felt the same way about his choice of words.

She turned from him, going back to stirring the vegetables. She kept her eyes on the pan as she answered him. “I’m kind of in-between jobs at the

moment.” She didn’t say more, but Cupid remained silent, feeling as if she still wanted to tell him something. “My last boss and I, we had our differences,” she said. “I’m still trying to figure out what I really want to do with myself, but for now, I’m enjoying the temp jobs I’m getting from the agency.”

Cupid didn’t know what to say at first. She was hard to read. He couldn’t tell if she was happy or sad about bouncing around from job to job. He felt a tinge of jealousy over her freedom. He’d had the same job for his entire life— being Cupid.

Alexxia moved to him. She placed one of her hands on his arm, her eyes looking up sadly into his own. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“Nah,” said Cupid, trying to shrug off his discomfort. “It’s okay. I see how humans struggle with work. I’m content to always know I have a job.” Even his own words didn’t seem to ring true on his ears, but when he turned toward Alexxia, he smiled. He tried to turn the subject back to her. “So, what’s it like being wrapped up in ribbons all day?”

Alexxia’s face lit up with a smile before she turned back to stir the contents of the frying pan. “I like the attention,” she said. “It’s kind of freeing in a weird way. Instead of worrying that I’m being stared at for some bizarre reason, I don’t know, but up there, the point is that I’m there to get stared at.”

She shook her head, worried that what she said made no sense.

“Yeah,” said Cupid, his voice lower, huskier than before. “I can understand that.”

“Can you?” she asked, turning to him.

Cupid slid his coat off his shoulders, revealing powerfully muscled arms and rippling abs. Alexxia’s face heated and a warmth stirred between her legs. She thought she should turn from him, but before she could, he turned away from her. There on his back, right between two heavily muscled shoulder blades was a set of red wings.

Alexxia snorted, her voice echoing through the tiny kitchen. Cupid turned back to her, embarrassed by her reaction. She laughed, shaking her head at him. “You teased me for dressing up in a red silk ribbon and you have *actual* red wings on your back?”

Before he could stop her, she moved to him. “Can I touch them?” she asked in awe. Cupid nodded and then she reached up, stroking her hand down the silky soft feathers. “Oh my,” she purred. “They are literally the softest thing I’ve ever felt in my entire life.”

Cupid turned back toward her, his embarrassment gone as he saw the look of wonderment and desire on her face. Without thinking, he reached forward,

cupping her cheek in his hand, her face pressing into his palm as she rested it there.

She reached for him, her hands exploring his strong chest as he stood there only in his white silk boxers. Alexxia traced her hands down his arm, her nails sending shivers across his skin. His cock throbbed with desire, and he pressed his hand between his legs, trying to quell the hardness that threatened to overtake it.

She looked up at him, her lips parted into a soft O. He leaned forward, pressing his lips against hers. His tongue reached out, tasting the sweet and salty sauce on her lips. She moaned into his mouth, and he pulled her body tight, pressing her soft form into his own hard body. She suddenly turned her body away from him, breaking their connection. She tipped her head down, touching her finger against her lips. She swallowed heavily before stepping back from him.

"I'm... I'm sorry," she said.

"No," he said, his voice deep and husky with desire. "I'm the one who should be sorry. I shouldn't be mixing business with pleasure." He almost choked on the last word, wishing he'd kept his trench coat on so he could hide the raging boner he was trying to ignore.

And then, just to make things worse, as Alexxia's eyes trailed down to the bulge in his boxers, the front door of the apartment slammed open. Cupid's eyes widened in horror as he stood there exposed, wearing only white silk boxers, a massive hard-on trying to poke out of his shorts, and his wings unfurled on his back. The whole world was paparazzi now that all phones had cameras on them. He did not need this kind of publicity, especially around Valentine's Day.

"I can't be seen here like this," he hissed under his breath.

But Alexxia already had the same thought. She grabbed him by his arm, and he could only grab his coat before she hurried him into her bedroom, softly pressing the door shut behind them.

Just then he heard footsteps coming down the hall, a soft, feminine voice calling out for Alexxia. Then a moment later the voice called out in panic. "Your food is burning! Alexxia!"

They heard pots rattling in the kitchen and Alexxia turned to Cupid, fear in her eyes. Not just fear, but terror. "Listen," she said sternly. "I don't let people in my private space. Ever. Don't look. Don't touch. Just stay put and be good until I go talk to my roommate and I can get us out of here unseen. You will *not* show your face and you will *not* tell her that you're here to find my soul mate. Do you understand me?"

Cupid nodded his head, uncertain what else to do. Alexxia inched open her door, looking quickly into the hallway, before slipping out the door and shutting it tightly behind her.

Cupid sighed heavily, flopping down across Alexxia's bed. A waft of her scent stirred up from the comforter, soft and fruity, like a warm cup of hot tea. Cupid sat up quickly, scrubbing his hand across his face. It was too corny for even the love god himself to think of someone akin to a comforting cup of hot tea. He had to get out of here.

A low grumble sounded in his throat as he realized his situation. He couldn't just leave, his bow and arrows were sitting on Alexxia's counter.

He listened to their hurried voices as they disposed of the burned meal. His stomach still grumbled, reminding him that he hadn't eaten since the bagel he'd grabbed from the bakery early this morning. If he was going to sort this mess out, he needed to get out of her apartment. He couldn't think straight with her smells swirling around him and the thoughts of her lips on his. He was an idiot to kiss her. *Or had she kissed him?* Right now, he couldn't even remember. He only remembered looking down at her lips and then they were pressed hotly against his own.

He stood quickly from the bed, grabbing his coat and buttoning it up over his bare chest. He needed to leave. He moved to open the door when it suddenly flung open and Alexxia pushed her way into the room. "Where do you think you're going?" she asked.

"I need to leave," he said.

"Keep your voice down," she growled. "I don't want to explain to my roommate why there's a man in my room."

He raised his eyebrows. "You've never had a man here?"

"I just— it's none of your business what I do and don't do here."

Just then he realized she had his bow and arrow behind her back. He pulled it from her hands, looping the quiver over his shoulder, and holding the bow in a death grip. He wasn't letting that thing out of his sight ever again. He was already in enough trouble for one day.

"I'm leaving," he said, moving for the door.

Alexxia stepped in front of him, pushing a hand into his chest. "You're not going anywhere."

"Yes, I am," he insisted.

"You're not even wearing pants!" she hissed, before lowering her voice to a whisper. "You're not even wearing pants," she said, her whisper harsh between her teeth.

“Well, I don’t carry pants with me when I’m working any more than you carry clothes with you when *you’re* working. I can’t spend all night in here. I need to find you your soul mate so I can shoot him and get on with my life.”

Alexxia’s hand slid down from his chest. She stared sadly down at her feet. “Yeah,” she said quietly. “I guess someone getting who they’re meant to spend the rest of their life with is no big deal for someone like you.” She shrugged. “It’s a big deal for me though.”

Cupid left off a heavy breath as he hung his head. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I know it’s a big deal. Most people don’t even know it’s coming because I’ve already found their mate before I’ve shot them with my arrow. But you, you’re a bit...”

“Different?” Alexxia questioned.

“Yeah,” Cupid said, quietly. “Different.”

Alexxia raised her head, searching for something in his eyes. He wanted to reach for her, feel her soft lips on his once again, but he knew he couldn’t. She wasn’t for him. She was meant for someone else. He just needed to find him.

CHAPTER TWO

ALEXZIA HAD DISTRACTED her roommate long enough that Cupid slipped free from her apartment. Once outside, he'd thought about just leaving, figuring out this mess without her following him around, but he'd lingered too long in the thought, and when he looked up, she stood on the top step of the brownstone, staring down at him with a curious gaze.

"What?" he questioned.

She shrugged, walking down the steps to stand next to him. "If it wasn't for the fact that you have no pants on and are wearing sandals in February, you'd look just like any other guy on the street." Cupid twisted his body so she could see the quiver resting behind his shoulder. "I know," she said, most guys don't walk around with a golden bow and arrow either. But it is Valentine's season, and my roommate totally bought that that thing was a part of my costume for the boutique."

Cupid snorted. "You humans are so gullible."

"Hmm," she said, looping her arm in his as they started down the street toward his home. "I guess I didn't really think of you as non-human. Your parts certainly appear to be human. Although, like a ten-out-of-ten human." She pressed her lips shut, realizing her thoughts had gotten away from her. After a few minutes of silence, she spoke. "I guess your mother would be Aphrodite? The goddess of love and beauty, yes?"

Cupid nodded, then spoke aloud. "Yeah," he said. "And my father is Ares, the god of war. What about your parents. Do they live around here?"

"Yeah," said Alexzia. "Things between us are a bit rough at the moment though. They think I'm having some sort of existential crisis."

"Ah," said Cupid. "I've had a few hundred of those myself."

Alexzia smiled, her eyes lighting when Cupid smiled back at her. "What do your parents think about your crises?" she asked.

Cupid laughed, his voice filling the otherwise empty streets. The night had grown colder, a soft rain still falling from the sky, hurrying most pedestrians in off the street. But Cupid enjoyed Alexzia's company, and he slowed his pace, matching the gait of her shorter legs. "They're used to it," he said. "I've been handed my purpose in life. I'm the immortal son of two gods." He shrugged, shaking Alexzia's arm against his side as he moved. "I think life is meant to be questioned. If we don't question things, life becomes too complacent. And complacency usually equals unhappiness."

“Exactly,” Alexxia said, her voice a whisper as she flipped the hood of her coat over her head.

Cupid remained in silence as Alexxia seemed content just walking at his side. It felt nice to just take a stroll for the fact of taking a stroll, even if it was in the near dark in a cold rain. “Here we are,” he said after a while.

Alexxia flipped her hood off her head, her mouth falling open in awe as she looked up at the ornate mansion rising behind the massive gate. “You are not telling me this is your house,” she said, turning to him in disbelief.

Cupid shrugged. “Yeah,” he said. “The love business treats me pretty good.”

“But look at it,” she said. Alexxia leaned forward, peering through the gate. “You’ve got to have what? Room for a hundred concubines in there?”

Cupid pushed the code on the gate pad, waiting as the gates swung clear. “I don’t have any concubines, thank you very much. That sort of thing is more suited for Poseidon. Here it’s just me.”

Alexxia’s eyes grew wider as they traversed the long, winding drive. “It’s like walking into a magical kingdom,” she exclaimed, her voice almost singing as her excitement grew. She turned to Cupid. “Doesn’t this excite you? I mean, seriously, look at this place. It’s out of a fairy tale.”

“I mean, yeah, it’s cool and all, but... I don’t know, it’s just *home* for me.”

“Well, shit, I’ll live here and be excited enough for the both of us.” She clamped her lips shut, looking quickly to Cupid before turning away.

The front doors suddenly flung open, a woman in a soft, white gown standing before them.

Alexxia’s eyes widened at the sight of the woman. Her long, wavy brown hair draped elegantly over her shoulders, cascading down her back. Her white gown seemed to float around her legs as if a soft breeze blew against her. Her eyes were kind though, and Alexxia smiled as their eyes met.

She turned to Cupid then, her head tipping to the side in confusion. “Brother Eros, where are your pants?”

Alexxia snorted but quickly pressed her lips closed.

“I’m lucky mother allows me to wear an overcoat in this weather,” Cupid said to her. “Time-honored tradition of running around in my skivvies and all that.” He shook his head. “It’s good to see you.”

“It’s good to see you too, Aros.”

The woman turned to Alexxia. Alexxia expected a look of judgment, but the woman pulled Alexxia to her, embracing her into a fierce hug. “You must be Cupid’s girlfriend,” she said, as she held her at arm’s length to admire her.

Cupid was busy looking around the room before he turned back to the woman. "I see you've rearranged my house again, sister."

"A bit of harmony in one's life never hurt anyone," she said.

She turned, looking down at Alexxia who wished she'd changed out of her oversized shirt and leggings. From the looks of her, she guessed the woman standing before her was some sort of goddess. She tried to sort out who she was in her head, but she knew Aphrodite had many children with many different men.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman, "Where are my manners? I'm Harmonia," she said, extending her delicate hand toward Alexxia.

Alexxia took her hand in hers. "Alexxia," she said, suddenly timid.

"Will you be staying with us?" Harmonia asked her.

"Us?" croaked out Cupid. "You'll be staying?" he asked his sister. She just waved him off.

"Let's get you settled in," Harmonia said to Alexxia.

Alexxia suddenly wished she'd let Cupid go off on his own to find her soul mate and she'd just stayed back home. She stared down at her empty hands. "I..." she stammered. "I didn't even grab a bag."

"Nonsense," said Harmonia. "There's no worries like that around here. I've brought enough things for the both of us." She looped her arm through Alexxia's, leading her through the massive foyer and up the winding staircase.

"She's not my girlfriend, by the way!" Cupid hollered, his voice echoing loudly through the vast space, but he knew from the girls' lack of reaction he'd been perfectly ignored. It was well enough though. He needed to figure out how to find Alexxia's soul mate and he needed her out of his way so she would stop distracting him. Maybe having Harmonia here would be a good thing. He just needed to make sure she didn't find out that he hadn't intentionally shot Alexxia with his arrow.

CHAPTER THREE

"SO," SAID HARMONIA, standing before Cupid with a freshly showered and freshly dressed Alexxia at her side. "I hear you shot Alexxia here with one of your arrows."

"Oh for the love of the gods," Cupid mumbled. He sent Alexxia a scathing glance but she ignored him, instead she plopped her pert little ass atop a bar stool like she planned on settling in for the near future. "It was an accident," Cupid said to his sister. He was trying to ignore Alexxia. She was dressed in one of Harmonia's white dressing gowns, the fabric sheer against her pale skin. She looked like a goddess herself, even with her strawberry hair wet and slick against her head.

"Ah," Haromia said, distracting him. "An accident is way better than running around shooting random girls in their backsides with your arrows on purpose. Mother will be so much more pleased with that story when she finds out that you've ruined Valentine's for half the world because your bow is on lockdown until you find Alexxia her true mate."

"Yeah," he said, sarcastically, "I already know the mess I'm in."

Alexxia looked down at her hands, acutely aware that she was at the center of a royal mess that involved the gods.

"Hey," said Harmonia, reaching across the table and placing her hand over the top of Alexxia's. "Don't worry about it. My brother may be a bit... careless at times, but Mother wouldn't entrust him with such a powerful task if she didn't think he could handle it."

Cupid stood angrily from the table, snatching the phone off the side table before walking into the other room.

Harmonia lowered her voice, leaning in as if she was about to share a great secret with Alexxia. "I promise you, Aros takes his role as Cupid very seriously. If Aros so chose, he could bend men of great power to his will. Women too actually. It's amazing what those in love will do for their soul mates. Aros could change the course of the entire world if he so chose. Gods fear him. And rightly so."

She turned away from Alexxia as Cupid reentered the room. He slid his coat down from his shoulders, shrugging out of the garment and tossing it onto a nearby chair. Harmonia rolled her eyes and went to hang up the coat, while Alexxia watched in wonder as his red silken wings unfurled from his back. They appeared to almost sigh in relief as they stretched outward before settling against his powerful body. Although he mostly held the body of a human, he

had the power of the gods. Alexxia couldn't help but stare, in awe of the fact he could exert his will upon the humans of the earth at any time. Yet he chose to do good. Cupid turned to Alexxia, and she lowered her face, trying not to get caught staring at his unfurled wings.

"It's okay," Cupid said as he rejoined her at the counter. "I know they're weird."

Alexxia's eyes widened. "No," she said, her voice soft and delicate. "They're not weird at all. They're... magical."

Cupid's lip curled, and Alexxia almost reached forward to stroke the strong lines of his face. "So, yeah," he said, turning as if he hoped Harmonia was walking back into the room. When he didn't catch sight of her, he reluctantly turned back to Alexxia. She smelled so delicious after her shower that he was afraid to get too close to her. "I ordered us some food," he said suddenly.

"Thanks," Alexxia said. "I'm so sorry about that, by the way."

Cupid's cheeks warmed at the memory of her lips against his, and he turned from her as he heard Harmonia's heels clicking across the marble foyer. He willed the warmth to exit his face before she entered the room. He moved quickly, opening the refrigerator and jamming his face inside like there was any chance he'd find some actual food inside of it. Just as he thought, a bottle of water. But there was one thing in there he wasn't expecting, a plate of cupcakes. He'd assumed Harmonia's children had baked them for their Uncle Cupid by the looks of the messy icing and gobs of sprinkles. He pulled the plate from the fridge as Harmonia entered the room. He quickly jammed one of the sweets into his mouth, hoping a mouthful of cupcake would distract from his reddened face. "It's good," he mumbled.

Harmonia shook her head at him. "They're from the kids," she said. "Making sure Uncle Cupid gets something special for Valentine's Day too." She turned to Alexxia, whose eyes widened in surprise. "Not you, sweetie," she said. "Once Cupid shoots his arrow into you, the only person who's for you is your mate." She eyed Cupid. "You are looking for her mate, right?"

Cupid swallowed down the last of the cupcake, before licking the frosting from his lips. He nodded. "I kept my eyes out the entire way over here." He hadn't really. He'd been too busy enjoying his time with Alexxia, but it wasn't always just a visual thing with him. A lot of times he could sense a person's mate. Or, their bodies were wrapped in a bright red aura. Everybody tended to be different. "It's not that easy though," he said. "I don't usually go about things this way—shooting random people and *then* finding their match. For all I know, her mate isn't ready to be paired up, and..." he stopped, looking down at Alexxia. Her eyes were sad, and he hated that he was the one who'd made her feel that way.

“So I could have no one then?”

“There’s a mate for everyone,” Cupid promised, but Alexxia didn’t seem so sure.

“It’s not that you don’t have anyone,” said Harmonia, trying to explain better than her brother had. “Your someone may just not be ready for you yet. And, let me make something clear, that has nothing to do with *you*, and *everything* to do with them not being ready to be a partner. They first must be whole within themselves before they accept another.”

“But I was an accident,” Alexxia said. “I mean for all we know, it’s *me* that’s not ready, right?” She looked over to Cupid then back to Harmonia. “For all we know, I’m the one who’s not whole.”

Harmonia pressed her lips closed, reaching over the countertop and patting Alexxia on her hand. Harmonia moved from the room, leaving a heavy silence in her wake.

CHAPTER FOUR

CUPID STOOD IN HIS room later, his freshly washed body glistening against the moonlight pouring through his windows. His wings were unfurled, the smooth feathers drying against the cold breeze coming from the open windows. It was nights like these he wished he were human. He wished he could stand before the window and feel the bitter cold upon his skin, just something to remind him that he wasn't so different, something to remind him he was alive like the rest of the people he walked the earth among.

A soft knock sounded on his door. Before he'd even turned, Alexxia walked into the room, her body barely covered in the soft white dressing gown. She moved to him and he didn't stop her. He wrapped her soft body within his strong embrace, a sigh escaping her lips as he held her within his powerful arms. She reached upward, her hand caressing his strong jaw, a hint of stubble scratching across her soft skin.

"We shouldn't do this," he said, as she pulled his head down to hers.

His lips crashed into her own, spreading their warmth through her body. He pressed her to him, wanting to feel every inch of her against him. As a heat stirred between his legs, a hard warmth pressed against him from below Alexxia's abdomen. She pulled back from him.

She stood before him, her body bathed in the moonlight, her white dressing gown shining like she was an angel sent to him from another world. His eyes slowly slid down her body, over the curve of her breasts, down across her flat stomach, down to where a thick bulge pressed against the skirt of her nightgown.

He licked his lips as she watched his reaction. "Is that why you're worried I won't find your soul mate?" he asked.

Alexxia blinked long and slow like she'd expected such a different reaction from the powerful god standing before her.

"Where is your fear?" she asked him. "Your horror over the girl with a penis?"

Cupid chuckled. "When I tell you there is a mate for everyone, I mean that. The world would not be so cruel as to exclude someone based on what? Being different?"

"Then where is your mate?" she countered. "Surely the son of Aphrodite has a way with the women?"

Cupid chuckled. "I have a way with the women *and* the men. But that is beside the point. Sex and being ready for your true mate are two very different

things.”

“So my cock does not scare you?” she said.

“Your cock excites me,” he said.

Her eyes ran down Cupid’s naked body until she caught sight of his own erection, its form thick and pleasing to the eye.

“But that doesn’t matter,” he said, crossing his arms over his throbbing member, hiding it from view. “You are slated for someone else. You are not mine to have.”

“But I don’t have someone else,” Alexxia pouted as she slid her dressing gown from her shoulders.

Cupid tried not to watch as the silk negligee slid across her pale skin, her full breasts now in full view. “I can’t,” he said, now staring at the ceiling, pressing his hard cock tighter against his body so it wouldn’t spring free on its own.

“You said yourself that my mate may not be ready for me. So I’m expected to live in chastity until you find him?”

“Well...” Cupid wanted to argue, but she was right. Normally all his pairings were off-limits to him. Even the women and men he slept with outside of his Cupid business weren’t for him. Their soul mates were out there somewhere, and with Cupid, he knew they were just passing through his life, soon to go on to better things.

But the people he shot with his golden arrow were off-limits when he shot them on purpose. For all intents and purposes, Alexxia was still single. He risked sneaking a look at her breasts. Her gown had been trapped by her erection, the soft silk caught around her waist. He moved to her, loosening the sash and allowing the fabric to fall free from her body. Out popped an exquisitely thick shaft, her balls thick and pristinely hairless. A heavy heat swirled through his own cock. “Not a word of this to my sister,” he said, his eyes never leaving the throbbing phallus.

Alexxia giggled before zipping her lips shut with an invisible key. She grabbed Cupid by his hand, pulling him over toward the bed. “I should shut the window,” he said, as a tremor crossed her body.

“No,” she said as she reached his bed, pulling him down on top of her. “I like the cold against my skin. It reminds me that I’m alive.”

Cupid smiled, his thick body pressing down upon her as she wrapped her legs around his back. Her thick cock pressed into his abdomen as her full breasts pressed into his chest. He loved the incongruous feel of her body. *The best of both worlds*, he thought.

Her lips caressed his own, soft and tender at first, as her nails traced lazily over the skin of his back, swirling around his wings. He felt his cock tickle the warmth between her legs, her thick cock bouncing against his stomach as she became even more aroused. She gyrated against him and a warm, smooth liquid slicked the head of her cock as pre-cum dripped from its swollen head.

Her nails dug into his skin as her hands massaged into the muscles of his back, the pain bringing prickles of pleasure through to the tips of his wings. His red silken wings fluttered out, expanding above him as his cock tapped against her back door. She groaned into his mouth, wrapping her legs around his stomach, pressing her cock tight against him.

“Get on the bed,” she said into his mouth, her tongue licking delicately across his lips. Cupid climbed up over the top of her, her fingers delicately grazing against his thick balls as he moved onto the bed. “No,” she said when he lay down on his back. She swirled her finger in the air, indicating that she wanted him to flip over onto his stomach. A wicked smile spread across his face before he turned obediently onto his front.

Alexxia crawled between his legs, pushing her knees into his thighs to spread out his legs further. She lightly kissed his back, her delicate lips sending shivers down his spine.

Her fingers traced up his back until they reached the base of his wings. “Can I touch them?” she asked. He nodded against the pillow, and she stroked her hands along their full length. “They’re so soft,” she said, her voice practically purring with desire. She collapsed her body over top of him, her erection pressing into his back. As her lips traced down his body, she slid downward, her thick cock pressing open his ass cheeks as she slid herself between his legs. As she continued downward, she softly bit against his firm ass, and he groaned as her tongue flickered against his skin. “I’ll be right back,” she whispered.

In a moment she was gone, her disconnection from him pushed a fiery burn of sadness into his chest. *She’s not yours*, he reminded himself.

“Found something good,” she said as she emerged from the ensuite bathroom. Cupid waited in silence as she crawled back onto the bed. Even in his power, he felt helpless with her above him. He felt a soft warmth pool upon the flesh of his ass, before the liquid slipped down, between his cheeks, and then down further across his balls. Alexxia spread his cheeks wider, allowing more of the slippery liquid to spread across his skin. With both hands, she massaged his firm ass, his cock swelling as it pressed tight beneath him. She pushed his legs apart, exposing his center to her. She gripped her thick cock in her hand, slowly, delicately pressing its swollen head in between his cheeks. She slowly rotated her hips forward, his ass spreading as her bulbous head

entered him. A soft sigh left his lips as his ass tightly gripped her hard shaft. The warm oil spread across her cock as she slowly entered him.

Her balls squished against his own as she completely filled him. She lay down over his back, her head resting next to his wings. He sighed as her body connected with his, her hard nipples pressing tight against him.

She rocked her hips, pulling her cock slowly from within him. She stopped as the tip tickled at his exit, the thick head widening him more. She groaned as she slid back inside of him, pushing herself deeper until her hips pressed firmly into his cheeks. He could feel her filling him up completely, his cock stroking between his abdomen and the bed as she pumped her cock inside of him.

The weight of her against him felt tender yet firm, her small frame seeming to consume his own. As she slid her cock slowly out of him, her full head teasing his ass wide, he felt the warmth of his arousal build within his chest. As she slid slowly back inside of him, he groaned, his voice guttural and deep. Alexxia gripped his hands within hers, and he wrapped his hands beneath him, trapping her upon him.

Her breath came out as pants against his ear, her strokes coming faster as her pleasure rose. He knew he was close, his chest heaving with breath as she pounded her cock swiftly in and out of him. Upon her next thrust, a surge of heat lit through his body, and he moaned loudly, a heavy orgasm bursting free from him, his cum spurting out across his stomach and into the sheets beneath him. His asshole clenched as his body throbbed in pleasure. Alexxia gasped as her cock was squeezed tight, her own orgasm rising within her. A shaky breath of air left her lips, her body trembling on top of his as she pumped faster and faster inside of him. Upon the last stroke, she thrust her cock deep, an orgasm wracking her body as she screamed out in pleasure. Her cock pulsed, sending rivers of cum deep inside of him, filling him as her pleasure flowed through her.

She suddenly relaxed against him as a soft breath left her lips, her delicate, feminine scent mixed with his own musky desire. She lay there for moments, them both content in the glow of their lovemaking. Her cock slowly grew flaccid, the soft shaft sliding free from between his cheeks, her warm seed running down between his legs.

“Thank you,” she whispered as her body disconnected from his own. She moved away from him, her warm body rippling with a heavy shiver as she neared the open window. Her pale skin glowed ethereally in the moonlight; her beautiful curves accentuated against the glow. Cupid watched as she slid her dressing gown over her shoulders, fastening the silk belt around her waist. She silently left his room and he didn’t ask her to stay. *She’s not yours*, he reminded himself as she softly closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER FIVE

CUPID AWOKE THE NEXT morning, his body faced down on the bed, the mixture of his and Alexxia's juices a reminder of the night before. He shouldn't have touched her. He knew better. He turned the water in the shower to the hottest setting, hoping he'd feel something, anything besides the burning ache in his guts. He could feel it inside of him. Just like his father Ares sensed the coming of war, Cupid sensed the call of soul mates. Today, he'd find Alexxia's mate.

CHAPTER SIX

HE SHOT ALEXXIA A QUICK glance across the kitchen counter. Harmonia sensed something had happened within these walls, but she didn't know what. She kept arranging and then rearranging his living room, trying to bring harmony to something that Cupid knew would never be. Alexxia turned her eyes bashfully toward his, and for the first time this morning, she spoke. "It's today; isn't it?" she asked.

Cupid nodded before turning his eyes back down to the cold eggs on his plate. Heat swirled within his chest, and he roughly pushed his plate away from him, the ceramic rattling against the hard countertop. Alexxia's eyes startled up to his face, but he turned from her, unwilling to meet her eyes.

"Do we leave now?" she asked. A mixture of hope and fear in her voice.

"Not yet," said Cupid, trying to rub the deep pain out of his chest. He sensed her pairing. The transition of her mate from half to whole. *He was happy for her*, he thought, and he smiled across the table to her. Her eyes lit at his smile, and she returned the gesture.

"I'm going to miss you," she whispered. She pressed her lips closed as Harmonia entered the kitchen, muttering about the lamp that set the whole feeling of the room off.

Harmonia looked to Cupid, who sat silently watching Alexxia push her breakfast around her plate. She scurried from the room, fighting against the discourse that Cupid knew she'd never be able to make right.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THEY WANDERED THE STREETS in the near darkness. Cupid had spent his entire day worrying about this moment, sensing its arrival as if a cataclysmic event approached to wipe clean the world.

The sensation inside of him remained, that stirring sensation deep within that sounded in his guts when he knew a soul mate was nearby. But mixed within that sensation was an ache. A deep ache knowing that at any moment he'd be piercing a stranger's skin with his golden arrow, and handing Alexxia over to them. His fist clenched his stomach as he moved forward, an ache swirling within his guts. Cupid stumbled from the shadows of the side street, Alexxia at his side. The almost physical blast of the sounds and sensations of a party surrounded them. The entire courtyard was lit up. Pink heart balloons bobbed on strings. Men dressed as Cupid and women dressed in red and pink attire in varying degrees of sensuality.

"Cool costume, dude," said a tipsy man as he passed Cupid by. The man eyed his wings a moment as he paused before he stumbled back into the bustling crowd.

"Is that him?" Alexxia asked, her voice a mixture of awe and fear. She pointed forward, to a man across the room, his body wrapped in a foggy red aura.

"You see it too?" he asked. She nodded in silence, stepping forward into the crowd.

Cupid moved to follow her, but his guts wrenched, his muscles twisting in pain. He'd never experienced anything like this before. He squeezed his eyes shut, waiting for the feeling to pass. He wondered if this was what happened when he didn't do things right.

When he finally saw Alexxia again, she stood before the man, unnoticed in the crowd. The red and pink lights reflected off her face, glistening upon the single tear sliding from her eye.

Cupid stumbled forward, bumping into a group of people. Whether they thought the powerful man with red wings on his back was drunk or unhinged, they still scurried from his presence. He stood upright, with a fist still pushed into his side, trying to abate the pain coursing through his body. The man standing before Alexxia glowed with a more powerful aura than he'd ever seen before.

Cupid sucked in a deep breath, the smoke and fervor of the crowd entering his lungs. He released his quiver from his back, pulling a single golden arrow

from within. He glanced one last time at Alexxia, knowing that after his arrow hit home on her soul mate, he'd never see her again.

He swallowed past the heavy knot in his throat before raising his bow, nocking his arrow, and pulling back the string. His hand trembled, and he left off a long, slow breath, trying to steady his aim. As he released his arrow the man shifted, stepping free from the bright lights and into the shadows. As if time itself stood still, Cupid watched as what he had thought was the man's aura stayed in place beneath the lighted canopy. The lights, it was nothing but the lights. The man wasn't Alexxia's soul mate. Even though he sensed him so near.

Alexxia turned to Cupid as his golden arrow whizzed past her face. When the arrow entered the spot the man had been standing in, it banked hard to the left. Cupid assumed it sought out its intended victim. He closed his eyes, unable to bear witness to the loss of Alexxia to another man. A quick whisper upon his ear, and then a sharp pain lit through his abdomen. His eyes flew open, seeing his golden arrow stuck within his own skin, vibrating until it came to a rest. He blinked in utter confusion before he gripped the shaft of the arrow and ripped it free from his skin. When he looked up again, Alexxia stood before him. Tears poured from her eyes, her mascara streaking down her cheeks.

"I knew it," she said. "I knew from the moment I met you that my soul waited for yours. It waited for you to be ready for me."

Cupid opened his arms and she fell into them. As he pressed her into his chest, his wings curled outward, stumbling the crowd back away from them in awe and terror. His wings curled downward, pressing forward across his body, and wrapping Alexxia within. Containing her just for him. For now. And for forever.