

Cupid's Confession

by HallowsEveWrite

After an awkward encounter with his crush Cupid finds a love spell that doesn't seem to work the way he wanted. Will he be able to get a true kiss and return to his age or will he be stuck the adorable mascot of Valentine's Day.

The Costume Box

2024

Chapter 1

Cupid's Confession

Cupid didn't actually enjoy gym class, he was more the type to boast that he was a sporty guy, in reality though he hated how sweaty the whole ordeal made him. His white t-shirt with the name of the school, Saint Valentine's High School for Boys, printed on it clung to his back as he tried to keep up with the others. The matching red gym shorts all the students wore really sold the colour scheme of the school. Cupid always thought red and white were normal school colours; it was just extra noticeable today, since his name was Cupid, the school was called Saint Valentine's and it just so happened to be February fourteenth.

The blue eyed curly blonde teenager still managed to look put together even though he felt like he was going to collapse, it was like a super power of his. Once Coach Russel blew his whistle indicating the class had a couple minutes to catch their breath Cupid rushed over to the fountain. After a long refreshing swig he filled his palm with some water and ran it through his curls, letting the cool water drip down his face. He let out a deep sigh when he saw Fabian waiting for his own drink.

Cupid dramatically got out of his way, motioning Fabian to take the faucet. Fabian's lip twitched upward to the right. The dark haired, tan skinned classmate of Cupid had been a bit of an idol to him. If he was really honest with himself he would agree that the only reason he even took gym was to look at

him. Fabian somehow managed to skirt every rule there was when it came to dress code. Even now he wasn't wearing the standard issue gym t-shirt everyone else had, with its 100% cotton material still clinging to Cupid's back. Fabian wore his school basketball jersey, it was still white but had Fabian's team number on it. Lucky number seven. Cupid assumed it was so he could show off his muscular arms, which he was thankful for. It was the only reason he was here.

"Thanks." Fabian said. "You okay, you look lost."

Cupid snapped out of his daydream about Fabian's arms and how technically he shouldn't be wearing a leather bracelet to gym class either. Fabian got away with everything. "Just pushed myself a little hard." He tells him coolly and leans his back against the wall, probably to hide the massive sweat stain.

"Yeah?" Fabian asked after wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Looked like you were having fun out there."

Cupid couldn't tell if Fabian was mocking him or genuinely giving him a compliment. "Really?" He asked him.

"Yeah." Fabian reassured him, then smacked his chest with the back of his hand. "We should get back." He told him and rushed towards the Coach.

Cupid's heart had just stopped, Fabian smacking his chest sent a wave of emotions through him. He sucked in a deep breath trying to calm down, then his heart beat again, finally. He felt warm, too warm. His face was hot and he was pretty

sure that stain on his back was turning into steam as he sauntered toward the circle forming around the Coach.

Cupid made a decision, today was the day. He was just going to tell Fabian that he was into him. How hard could that be? Fabian might be gay or bi or whatever orientation allowed them to date. Cupid was pretty sure he was bi, it was hard to tell when he was around him. Especially when the back of his hand had just been inches away from his actual beating heart! Maybe he was just Fabian oriented, wasn't everybody?

The rest of gym class was mostly a wind down, Cupid got a clear view of Fabian stretching. He was pretty sure at one point he had noticed him noticing. The Coach dismissed them early to change before their next class, luckily for Cupid he actually had a free period next.

Fabian lagged behind since he had something to talk to the Coach about. This might create just the opportunity for Cupid. Most of his classmates would rush to their next class, or atleast leave the locker room as fast as possible.

He sat down on the bench talking to some of the other boys, the non-Fabian boys who were going on about basketball stars and girls from the other school. He joked with them appropriately, he didn't really want Fabian to feel pressured if he wasn't actually into him. He wanted to play it cool. So he didn't change and sat on the bench. He explained to his classmates he might just take a shower instead of smelling like deodorant all day, that at least got him some laughs.

Fabian eventually entered the room, thankfully in a good

mood. Whatever he had been chatting with the Coach about must have gone well. The other teenagers were filing out of the locker room with their gym bags. Just like he had planned, it left Cupid and Fabian alone.

“You going to change?” Fabian asked him as he pulled out his tight black jeans from the locker. Another dress code violation since they were supposed to wear slacks.

“I have a free period.” Cupid told him. He felt nervous all of a sudden, a chill ripping through him. He was usually great at banter with classmates and teachers, he felt strangely awkward.

“Right...” Fabian said, a little confused. “Can you like, stop staring then?”

Cupid’s face went red, this time it wasn’t the running or the touching. Did Fabian think he was some kind of creep? “Sorry!” He snapped out. “I uh... Have something I wanted to say...”

Fabian’s lip twitched again. “Oh yeah?” He asked. His tone made it sound like he had some kind of idea. To make things worse Fabian just started changing right in front of him. He pulled down his shorts revealing his black boxer briefs. He just kept glancing stares at Cupid who was too nervous to even turn away. Fabian didn’t seem to really mind though.

In moments Fabian’s black jeans had been worked up and clung to his muscular legs. “I kinda um...” Cupid stuttered trying to form a clear sentence. “I uh... like-like you?”

Cupid's eyes went wide. Why did he say it like that?

"Like-like?" Fabian snorted. "What are you? Four?" He said and then actually laughed at him.

That was all Cupid needed to hear. He couldn't take another moment staring at Fabian when he completely blew a perfect opportunity. "Nevermind!" Cupid said, throwing his hands up and rushing for the door. He didn't even bother changing, deciding he would just come back during his free period once Fabian was for sure not there. Then he might just leave the school, get on the next bus to the airport and leave the country.

Cupid didn't even turn around, he practically ran through the halls like a kid late for class hoping to create enough distance between him and his classmate as possible. Luckily he knew Fabian's schedule, he had Spanish, which he didn't even need since he already spoke Spanish.

Cupid went to the other end of the school, where the library was. He probably would have ended up here anyway. At least normally he would be in the regular school uniform, black pants and a white or red polo shirt, instead of the sweaty gym outfit he was currently adorned with. Nobody said anything though, it was still technically standard issue.

The embarrassed teenager slid into the library. The place had been decorated with red and white hearts with love quotes from popular romance novels. Cupid had been a fan of romance and even recognized a couple iconic ones. It wasn't long before he hid in the bookshelves away from onlookers and hopefully able to recover from the horrible attempt at

confessing his feelings for Fabian.

The library had never been modernised and had the worn, scratched wood panelling from the original design of the school. The shelves were the same way with scuffs and pen marks marking most of the surfaces. The books seemed to be new though, there were classics and modern romance novels appropriate for teenagers. Cupid ran his finger along the spines wanting to find something that told him how to actually save face with Fabian. His finger stopped on a leather bound tomb. “What the hell?” Cupid said to himself and pulled it off the shelf.

‘Saint Valentine’s Book of Wishes and Love’ He read aloud. The brown leather bound book looked like it belonged in an antique shop rather than a school library, it looked hundreds of years old.

He flipped the first couple pages open. The text was small and hand written. This wasn’t a run in the mill special edition, this was someone’s personal journal. Curiosity got the better of him and eventually Cupid stumbled upon a page titled. ‘True Love’s Spell’.

Cupid felt compelled to read it out loud. Like there was something in this text that would solve all his problems. He had to look and concentrate on the curvy shapes of the handwritten poem, he wasn’t used to reading someone else's handwriting.

“With the magic of Valentine's spark, let love ignite from a flame in the dark.

By this enchantment, pure and divine, draw to me a love that's forever mine.

Cupid felt a shiver run through his spine, the sweat on his back must be cooling down uncomfortably. He shrugged it off and continued reading.

To break this enchantment, hear these words:

First, the kiss of true love, sweet and profound, is the key to undo the time's bound round. Not just any kiss, but one that's true, to turn the clock and make all anew.

Yet, for this kiss to work its art, true love must know the heart. Your real self, unveiled and clear, must be believed by the one you hold dear.

Lastly, know this spell does more than it says, a curse that turns back the clocks, to youthful days.”

Cupid's head felt heavy, like he actually felt dizzy. He grabbed the sturdy wooden shelf and slid down it until he was sitting on the ground. He looked up at the shelves now towering over him. “What's going on?” He said in a voice that sounded confused and scared. The book slipped out of his hand and his eyes dropped until they were closed. He took in a deep breath and before he knew it fell asleep.

Cupid felt a large hand on his tummy giving him a little shake. He didn't want to wake up though. He tried rolling over but the hand kept him in place. He groaned a little and

opened his eyes. The bright library lights made him squint. How long had he been sleeping? Had he already missed class? “What time is it?” He grumbled in a weirdly high pitched voice. He took both hands and tried rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

“Hey sweetie.” A voice that could have only been the librarian, Ms Hartly, cooed at him. He had never actually heard her talk like that. He was used to harsh shushes and vague directions for hard to find books. “Where are your parents?”

“My parents?” Cupid asked, confused. The librarian let him sit up and he realised he wasn’t wearing a shirt. “Did I miss class?”

Ms Hartly bit her bottom lip. “Are you one of the teacher’s boys?” She asked him. “What’s your name, little guy?”

“Cupid.” He offered quickly, although Ms Hartly already knew that.

“Oh I see.” She told him. “That’s why you’re just in a diaper, you’re all dressed up for Valentine’s day.”

Cupid’s eyes narrowed in confusion and looked down. Sure enough he was dressed in only a white diaper. His gym shorts, shirt and everything else was gone. That was almost the least of his worries. He never had an athletic build but what had used to be a moderately attractive teenager had been reduced to a pudgy little boy. “What happened?” He asked the librarian hoping she would have answers. “I’m all little.”

“You were having a nap.” Ms Hartly explained with concern behind her voice. “Where is your grown up?”

“Uhh.” Cupid stammered not even sure what she was asking. He tried thinking back on what happened before he fell asleep. His eyes went a little wide recalling the spell and how it talked about clocks and time’s flow. It must have been real since he had been reduced to a little kid who still wears diapers. The thought of needing diapers brought a frustrated pink glow to his cheeks. He quickly looked around for the leather bound tome only to find nothing around him. Like his clothes, it was gone.

“It’s Okay.” Ms Hartly reassured him and reached underneath his armpits and picked him up. Leaving the ground and soaring into the air with only the old librarian supporting him was frightening. He quickly got scared he was going to fall. When Ms Hartly brought him closer he clung to her red dress with white hearts. “There, there.” She patted his back and supported him on her hip.

Ms Hartly brought Cupid over to her desk. “So you’re Cupid, huh?” She asked him sceptically.

“Yeah...” Cupid said now feeling overwhelmingly shy, like when he was actually a little kid.

“Did your Mommy or Daddy bring you in today for Valentine’s day?” She asked him.

Cupid just shook his head. His index finger quickly found its way into his mouth, a long lost habit he once had. He noticed

his blonde curly hair was longer than it had been, when he was a little kid his Mom had kept it pretty long, it fell almost to his shoulders.

“Okay sweetheart, you just stay right here. I need to make a phone call.” She informed him and settled him onto his bum on the ground.

Cupid sat there not entirely sure what to do next. He could try and sneak away but didn't think that would be a good idea. He looked at Ms Hartly as she dialled a number into the old touch tone phone the school used to make calls to the office. She clearly thought he was some lost little boy in the school. He was thankful this was a high school, it would be a quick trip back to kindergarten otherwise.

The high school library wasn't really a place for little kids, the wood panelling didn't have the inviting colourful characters and there was no soft furniture for Ms Hartly to put Cupid near. Cupid stood up, his new height still foreign to him. He took a few steps, thankful he wasn't so small that he had to crawl everywhere.

“I see, so there is a little boy who is going to pretend to be Cupid.” Ms Hartly said loudly and looked at Cupid toddling around. “Well I found him and can get him ready for you.”

Cupid tilted his head in confusion. What did she mean by that? He decided enough was enough and just started running. He had more important things to do. The spell said he needed a kiss from his true love, he needed to kiss Fabian. The thought of kissing Fabian made his heart beat a little

more rapidly.

Ms Hartly was pretty fast on her feet though, or maybe Cupid's legs were just very short and he was quickly scooped up again. His feet dangerously getting further and further away from the ground made him stop squirming, just in case the librarian accidentally dropped him.

"Looks like you wandered off from Mommy, hmm?" Ms Hartly asked him.

"No." Cupid whined. "I'm Cupid."

She chuckled at him and carried him out of the library. "Oh but you aren't Cupid, you're just pretending for Valentine's day."

"I am Cupid!" He spat at her.

"Okay, okay. You can be Cupid." She agreed and entered the teacher's lounge. It was empty except for a couple teacher's clacking away at keyboards.

Ms Hartly found a bag sitting on a desk. "Here it is." She said and pulled out a plastic wrapped outfit. It had a picture of a little boy about his size, his new size, wearing a robe with wings and holding a heart shaped bow and arrows. "Let's get you ready then Cupid."

"I-" Cupid was about to protest but stopped himself. Even if it was a cutesy Cupid costume it was certainly better than wandering the halls in just a crinkly white diaper.

Ms Hartly pulled out the fluffy feathery wings of the outfit

and took one of Cupid's arms and worked it through the harness, then doing the same with the other one. She didn't let him help at all even though Cupid tried to fight a little. He didn't want to wear the wings, only the robe. It was no use as every attempt at squirming a fleeing was stopped by the overpowering librarian.

"Hold still." She instructed as she held out the white robe and started wrapping it around him. Cupid didn't feel like it was very secure and would slip off around him at any moment. Ms Hartly wrapped it so that each wing wasn't covered by the cloth and could be easily seen. "You're so cute." She cooed at him.

Cupid's lips pursed into tight pucker, he didn't like being called cute and adorable when he was young and those feelings rose quickly back to the surface. His cheeks burned red, he could feel anger and frustration boil inside of him. He sucked in a deep breath trying to keep himself from having an outburst. It was almost as if he had lost control of his emotions.

His tantrum was extinguished by a knock on the door and the appearance of the student council. Cupid had considered joining the council at one point and figured he could have gotten a position if he really wanted to. When he learned all they did was organise fundraisers he had quickly lost interest. The latest affair had been to sell and give away chocolates for Valentine's day. Most of these were gifts, some savvy partners had arranged to have chocolates delivered to their partners in the middle of class. Cupid had considered sending

one to Fabian but decided to keep things just between them for his big confession.

“We are here for Cupid.” Dirk, the student council president, said and smiled down at him when he saw him. “Hi little guy.”

“I found him in the library.” Ms Hartly said a little harshly. “You need to keep an eye on him.”

“Yes Mam.” Dirk told her seriously. Ms Hartly wasn’t convinced but nodded.

Cupid was given the bow and arrows and Dirk took his hand. Another student was pushing a cart that had the Valentine chocolates neatly organised by classrooms. “Okay little guy, ready to be Cupid?” Dirk asked him sweetly and gave his hand a reassuring squeeze.

“I am Cupid.” He told him and frowned. He really should have just given up at this point. He had to focus anyway, he needed to find and convince Fabian that he was Cupid. Not some glorified fundraising council president. “Did Fabian get a chocolate?”

“Fabian!” Dirk gaped a little shocked that this little boy knew one of the school’s star athletes. “Is he your babysitter or something?”

Cupid froze up, stopping in the hallways. His little feet had been making clapping sounds on the linoleum. The idea that Fabian would see him as just a little kid, maybe even a little kid that he would have watched. If he did, would he have made him dinner? Read him a book? Tucked him into bed?

The thought of an evening with Fabian playing pretend games sounded exciting, but he knew it was wrong. He wanted to spend the evening at the movies and making out in the back of his car. The conflicting appeal of a date night versus a play date was leaving him confused and upset. “He’s not my babysitter.” Cupid pouted at Dirk.

“Okay little guy, but we have to keep going.” Dirk told him and knocked on the first classroom door. “We’ll make sure Fabian gets a chocolate, okay.”

Cupid nodded up at Dirk and started walking again, the inside of the English classroom all turned silent as they interrupted. The room filled with the sound of boys cooing the little Cupid, some were trying to act as if they didn’t care but they were all staring.

Dirk called out each name individually and Cupid then carried the single treat to each student. At first it was impossibly embarrassing, he was pretty sure his diaper could be seen in some of the folds of the robe. His faux wings bounced around as he toddled up and down the rows of desks. He just told each student “Happy Valentine’s Day” as he dutifully listened to Dirk’s instructions. He knew if he tried to run away now he would just be returned to Dirk. There must have been another similarly sized toddler somewhere in the school who was supposed to be Cupid but it didn’t seem to be causing any issues.

It didn’t take long to visit the rest of the classes. He wasn’t sure if Dirk had done it on purpose, however Fabian’s class

was last. He knocked on the Spanish door and like all the others were let in. Cupid's eyes darted to Fabian, he leaned back in his chair with his arms behind his head. He still didn't understand how his barley unbuttoned polo shirt didn't get him dozens of dress code violations.

Dirk had Cupid go to the four other boys who had received chocolates from strangers and finally pulled out a final one. "This is a special one." Dirk announced to the class. "This is from Cupid to Fabian." He said sweetly and smiled down at Cupid.

Cupid's cheeks went bright red and he covered his face with his hands. Why did Dirk say it like that, now he's going to think I had planned this before I asked him out. This was his moment though, he needed to get that kiss from Fabian if he had any intention of returning to a sixteen year old and going on a proper date with Fabian. One that wouldn't end in story time.

Taking the chocolate from Dirk and nervously heading toward Fabian who had now taken a much more serious expression. He was sitting up and watching Cupid approach. Cupid's bow was strapped to his back and arrows stored on his hip, his wings bounced up and down as the Valentine's Day mascot approached Fabian.

"Uhhh. I. Uhhh." Cupid stammered not sure where to start.

Fabian looked at him, he could tell he was incredibly nervous. "Those for me buddy?" He asked sweetly. He was so nice, the way he said it made him feel like he was one of

his friends.

“Uh huh.” Cupid hummed and held out the heart shaped chocolates to him. “They are from me.”

“Oh...” Fabian said, he almost sounded disappointed. “I thought they were from a different Cupid.” He said and took the chocolates from him.

“We are the same Cupid.” He blurted out needing to get right to the point. There was no use trying to pretend to be a little boy any longer, he needed Fabian to believe him to break the curse.

Fabian tilted his head a little and narrowed his eyes. “Oh, is that it?” He asked him. “You know Cupid who goes to school here?”

He reached over and ruffled Cupid’s hair. The feel of Fabian’s hand running through his blonde hair is not how he wanted this to go the first time. He had dreams of them making out and Fabian running his hand through his curls, complimenting how soft they were. He giggled, involuntarily, the head pat still felt good.

“I am him.” Cupid said, less firmly. He started fiddling with his hands nervously.

“You his little bro or something?” Fabian went on. “You got the same hair.”

Cupid scrunched his face. It was hard to tell if Fabian actually liked him or not. Was it normal to remember the way

someone's hair was? Was it fine to just talk about it in front of the class when he didn't even think he was here?

Cupid finally went and reached up to Fabian, he needed to be closer if he was going to get a kiss. "I am Cupid." He told him again.

Fabian reached down and lifted up Cupid. This time instead of feeling like he was going to be dropped at any moment Cupid felt safe. He knew Fabian's strong hands weren't going to let go of him. He knew Fabian wouldn't let that happen.

"Is your name Cupid too? Or are you just pretending?" Fabian asked him, and settled his feet so Cupid was standing on his thighs and looking at him face to face.

Cupid's face felt warm again. He was so close to Fabian, his feet were literally standing on his legs and he was being supported by his strong hands. His whole world was Fabian. He stared directly into Fabian's eyes, trying to get him to see him for who he really is. "Remember earlier..." Cupid started trying to convince him he was actually his classmate. "In the locker room."

Fabian took a serious look as if he was starting to believe him. His eyes looked as if he saw him for who he really is. Cupid wasted no time, he needed to break the curse. If Fabian believed him for even a moment he needed to take it. Cupid grabbed each side of Fabian's open red polo shirt and with all his might pulled him closer to him. He sucked in a breath and planted a wet kiss right onto Fabian's lips.

The classroom erupted into a cacophony of whispers and laughs as the little tyke kissed the much bigger teenager. Cupid felt a tingling sensation as the magic of Saint Valentine seemed to spark for a moment, then it was gone.

Cupid looked around and he was still standing on Fabian's lap, who just was looking red faced himself, holding his shirt with both hands. Dirk was quick to collect Cupid from Fabian. "It didn't work!" Cupid complained but by then the crowd of students had already started creating too much noise.

Fear struck Cupid's eyes as he realised he was going to have to break the curse the long way, though elementary school.