

The Cupid Connection

By

Andrew C. Thune

Cupid had never had such a rough time finding love for people. Just one arrow and he could make two people become infatuated with one another to the point where the rest of the world just to drift away. He could create that twinkle in someone's eye that would incite such an overwhelming amount of lust that people would be unable to contain themselves. But now, in the 21st century, it was rough!

No fats.

No fems.

Masc only.

Whites only.

Tops preferred.

Everyone had such stipulations that it was nearly impossible for them to find love, and that caused so many to live such long lonely lives. So he decided that he would take a different route for the first time in almost a millennia. He wouldn't try to find people to match the rather, demeaning or racist qualifications that people had set for themselves. Instead he would open their eyes to the world around them and the men that they overlooked, or downright denied. No longer would Cupid obey the restrictions people set around their hearts. He would take love back into his own hands and create a world where even the most different people would find love. But first, he had to make the perfect medium for them to meet. And in this day and age, nothing connected people more than an app.

All Cupid needed was a little bit of magic and time to create the perfect application for people to meet. And he knew the exact way to make sure his plan was full proof. No mortal ever read the Terms and Services from what he observed. What better way to hide a magically binding contract than to bury it within a 200 page long Terms and Service that people will accept too without a second thought.

Brian Henderson

Brian Henderson sat at the bar of local Italian restaurant waiting for his blonde date to arrive. His crisp suit, perfectly slicked back hair, and clean shaven face gave him the air of confidence. Passerby's would see him and think he was a man of wealth or importance. He could hear them whisper as he drank his martini.

"Who is he?"

"I think I had seen him on television."

"That dude looks loaded."

Brian smirked as he heard the men and women that surrounded him whisper back and forth as they tried to place him. Though he would never tell them, but he was truly a nobody. He worked a mid-level management job at a no nothing company, and barely walked away with forty thousand a year after taxes. But that didn't mean he had to live that way. He spent what money he had on designer suits, and expensive watches. He maxed out his credit cards on vacations he couldn't afford and repeatedly made late payments on a luxury car he didn't need. But that was why he went on Cupid. He had read the reviews online and saw that every person got exactly what they needed. And what Brian needed was a man who made a lot of money to keep him afloat. He wanted a man who had a car for every day of the week, and a penthouse apartment with its own entrance. He wanted to live the high life, the life he deserved. He looked to his phone and saw the blank profile of the man he was supposed to be meeting.

"Clifford Braxton," he read to himself. The app gave little to no information about the other person; no picture, no stats, no even a bio. The rules were very strict when he signed up. If there was a match then he was supposed to go on the date, and if he didn't show he would be booted from the app and his IP blocked so he wouldn't be able to join again. It was rather odd, but the reviews were good and if thousands of people said they found their "perfect match" then why shouldn't he try it. Though he was beginning to worry that he had been stood up.

Where was here?

Brian began to worry. Brian had waited at the bar for twenty minutes, and that was after already showing up ten minutes later than their specified time. He looked to his watch one final time before he downed the rest of his martini.

“Well, there’s already Grindr,” he said to himself as he waved over the barkeep to pay his tab. He had just finished signing his check when he felt a tap on his shoulder and a deep voice spoke behind him.

“Brian?” The accent was clearly not from around here, but Brian put on his toothless fakest smile before he turned around. Time to put on the charm.

“Yes that’s – me.” He would say that he was surprised when he finally saw his blind date and realized at that very moment why he never did blind dates. “Clifford?” He asked, still not believing this to be the man he was supposed to meet. The man laughed a deep belly shaking laugh and put out a meaty paw to shake.

“My friends call me Cliff. Nice ta’ meet yah.” Brian stared at the large calloused covered hands. Clearly stained from years of working outside in the mud and god knows what else. Brian regretfully stoke the mans hand and immediately felt oils pass from his hand onto Brian’s. “I hope your hungry. I hear this place got some good pasta!” The man said, smiling. His crooked off colored teeth showed through his long red mustache and beard.

“I don’t -,” Brain began to say but was interrupted by a hostess that said that their table was ready. Brian followed behind the rotund man as they walked towards their table. He was nearly twice the nice of Brian in width, and his gut was nearly the size of a beach ball. The man’s dirty jeans and tucked in flannel looked beyond out of place in this restaurant. His thick upper body was matched by his even large bottom half. The jeans were stretched around his waist and buried underneath a large spare tire, and looked to be worn down and ready to rip with one wrong move. And if the sight of the man wasn’t bad enough the stench that followed him was even worse. Brain could tell the man hadn’t bathed in at least a few days or ever heard of deodorant. When they sat Brain heard the seat strain underneath *Cliff’s* immense weight and wondered if the chair would last through their very SHORT date.

“Can I start you two off with something to drink?” The hostess asked as she gave the two men a very confused looked.

“Beer for me,” Cliff said as he placed his hands on his large belly as if it were a table.

“I will just take a water.”

Keep it short, Brian thought to himself. Short date. No appetizers. Salad for dinner, and he would be out within the hour and be able to stay on the app.

“Come on boy. Have a drink. Two beers ma’am,” Cliff said giving the woman the same large smile that he gave Brian earler. The woman gave a nod with pursed lips as if she had finally caught a

whiff of whatever Brian had been smelling the entire time. The two men sat in silence for several long seconds until Brian finally decided to break their silence with a question.

“So your profile says you’re an entrepreneur? What exactly do you do?” The question seemed more like an accusation than a question, but it was one that Cliff was more than happy to answer.