

Cupid's Misfire: Of Blubber and Baked Goods
By Haxcall

It was Cheri's first day as an official cupid, a supernatural agent who visited the mortal world under a shroud of invisibility and brought together human couples. Her first task was simple one: A professional party organizer of high renown and influence who was known to have a severe attitude problem was to be put together with a humble baker who just started out his business. The woman would learn kindness from the gentle cook while the baker's business would have great luck and success thanks to her business acumen.

Cheri flew down from her home in the clouds to a park where a wedding party was being set up. Margaret, her target, was there organizing the event, acting like an overbearing drama queen to everyone there. The raven haired woman was in her thirties and had a notably stick thin body type with a chest and ass so flat that one could cut glass on them. She wore a padded bra underneath her expensive top to help make her seem busty but fooled no one due to how ridiculous and out of place it looked on her tiny, slender torso. The awareness of her unfeminine looks made her perpetually grumpy and she regularly took out her frustrations during her work, running about, barking overbearing orders and demeaning insults at her employees and frequently giving out unfair punishments for minor infractions.

Preparing the cake and pastries for the event was a young and pudgy chef named Philip. He had worked hard through culinary school, earned his dues by working hard in a dozen different kitchens and a few months prior he had finally managed to secure a business loan and opened a local bakery. Regarded as a cooking prodigy, his wares quickly grew in popularity and he was contacted by Margaret with an offer to work as her baked goods supplier after the last one quit. After working alongside her for just one day, he himself wanted to quit too but he didn't want to come off as unprofessional and decided to at least complete this one wedding party before parting ways with her.

He was just finishing setting up the large wedding cake and was about to head home before hearing the familiar, shrill shouting of his employer.

“Hey, baker! What’s the meaning of this?” Margaret snapped at him, rudely gesturing for him to come over to the desserts table.

“What’s wrong, ma’am?” Phillip said with a tray of cream puffs in hand, talking in a monotone voice to hide his contempt.

“We were supposed to have chocolate cupcakes with homestyle vanilla frosting. These are chocolate cupcakes with just regular vanilla frosting!”

“But that is homestyle frosting!” Phillip responded, having created the frosting by hand.

“Oh really, well I’ll just take a bite and if it tastes even slightly off I’ll fire you and get you blacklisted from every catering service in this city!” She declared.

Phillip became nervous as he doubted she could even taste the difference between homestyle and regular vanilla. He needn’t have worried since she had blacklisted so many before him that her negative references were considered worthless by most of her peers.

Cheri flew down and saw the scene unfold and when Margaret brought the cupcake to her mouth Cheri readied her bow and fired, shooting Margaret right through her fake breasts with a heart shaped arrow that evaporated into her chest the moment it struck. Margaret immediately ended her tantrum and looked at Phillip with wide eyes. Cheri believed her mission was accomplished and flew off back to the clouds to report her success, not noticing that Margaret wasn’t looking at Phillip but the pastries in his hands. Had the inexperienced Cheri paid attention during her training then she would have remembered that she should never shoot love arrows at someone in the middle of a meal. The sensitive nature of the magicks at work means that the target falls more in love with the food than the person in front of them and Margaret was no different.

Margaret spent a few moments staring wide eyed at the frustrated Phillip who was now frozen in awkward silence as his employer swallowed.

"Y'know, this is actually pretty alright." She remarked.

"You really think so?" Phillip said, surprised by her change in tone.

"Yes it is. In fact, it might be the best cupcake I've ever tasted. Why don't we meet tomorrow and we can talk some more. I have a few propositions I would like to offer you."

Six months later...

It was noon when Phillip finished his lunch at his favorite diner and returned back to his bakery, which was thriving more than ever thanks to Margaret's generous donations. Thanks to her influx of cash, he was able to upgrade his business with top of the line equipment which allowed him to produce nearly ten times as much goods without decreasing the quality of his food. He walked up to his bakery's door to find that it was already unlocked and as he entered, he could hear the familiar sounds of food smacking echoing from the other side of the building.

Margaret was in the backroom, greedily devouring the previous day's servings. As conditions for her investments into his bakery, she demanded she be allowed 24/7 access to the eatery and she also insisted that he adopt a policy of only serving the freshest of foods by only selling goods that are no older than three days with the promise that she would dispose of the overstock in a non wasteful manner. What she didn't tell him was that she would get rid of them by disposing of all the old cupcakes and cookies he made by throwing them down her own gullet. Whenever she wasn't away planning some party she could be found at his bakery loudly chewing on anything in sight.

The result of all this feasting meant that Margaret's rail thin frame quickly gave way to a portly figure that was well over three times bigger than the beanpole she used to be, now being even larger than the already full figured Phillip. She was outwardly annoyed by her weight gain and the fact that she had to replace nearly her entire wardrobe to accommodate her ever growing muffin top but she was also quietly ecstatic over now considerable amounts of feminine

cushioning for the first time in her life, with her rear now being so plump that her pants could no longer fit over her cheeks and her breasts now having expanded enough that her formerly padded bras not only now fit her but were becoming tight and pinching on her chest.

At first, Philip couldn't have cared less about Margaret glutting herself on his food. As a chef, he was happy to see someone enjoying his wares and as a businessman he was happy to let her stuff herself like a pig as long as she kept her investment money coming. However, after spending weeks and weeks watching her eat nothing but junk food, Phillip became uneasy as she seemingly had eaten nothing but his high calories offering since making the deal with him. Additionally, she was no longer the mean spirited harpy that she had previously been and this made Phillip much more willing to be concerned over her well being. She had become much more relaxed and chilled as the chubbiness grew on her and she spent much less of her time verbally abusing her underlings in favor of admiring her bulging chest and rear whenever she wasn't stuffing her face. Speaking of her now much larger ass and tits, Phillip couldn't deny that the weight gain had made her much more visibly attractive, even though he felt an increasing sense of responsibility to help her curb the bad eating habits that led to her substantial growth.

"Excuse me, but I feel like you've had enough sweets for one day." Phillip said as he approached her.

"Our deal was that I have full access to your kitchens!" She exclaimed through a mouthful of macaroons.

"I know but I was wondering if you would instead be willing to come with me to have dinner at a nice buffet restaurant nearby?" He proposed.

"Are you asking me out on a date?" She asked, taken off guard.

"Maybe I am."

Margaret considered his proposal. She had been eating a lot of his baked goods lately and while she wasn't tired of it, it had become less and less delicious as she ate more and more of it. A good dinner of some other, less sweet and tasty foods might be useful in giving her taste

buds a refresh. Besides that, Phillip was handsome, if a little chubby, and letting him pay for dinner wasn't the worst way to spend the evening.

“Alright, just let me fix myself up a bit and we can be on our way.” She said.

One year later...

Within the nicely furnished, upscale apartment that Margaret and Phillip now shared, the now 400 pound party organizer finished up her daily meeting with her employees to whom she delegated the day-to-day running of her business while she became focused on expanding her business at home where she also expanded her waistline as well. She had a home office but she preferred to conduct business on the comfort of her couch wearing comfy and elastic tracksuits.

Margaret was now morbidly obese but she no longer even bothered pretending to be upset by her size. In fact, she reveled in how huge and bloated she had become. The former twig of a woman had spent her life bitter over her almost boyish body and in her obesity, a massive part of her high BMI now rested in her boobs and butt, both of which she spent a significant part of her day groping and admiring in her extra wide full body mirror. She took pride in the fact that her 'girls' had gone from being flat as boards to being so big that she had to special order extra large bras for them and that her once nonexistent buns were now so huge that they could swallow the largest granny panties and make them look like a g-string.

As she finished up her video call with her workers, Margaret started looking at her boobs on her laptop screen as it filmed her and couldn't help herself. She started to grope and squeeze her mammaries, feeling her nethers moisten heavily from the titillation. She barely took notice when Phillip entered the room carrying a box of cupcakes, returning home after having finished his work day.

“Having fun?” He asked. Margaret continued on with barely a pause. She couldn’t feel awkward about feeling herself up around a man who did the same thing to her almost every night.

Phillip himself had also changed physically ever since starting his relationship with Margaret, becoming much more thinner due to having a lot of less opportunities for snacking due his girlfriend’s appetite keeping their fridge scant of junk food and more muscular due to regularly manhandling his former boss, whether it be in the bedroom or just needing to help the fat woman get back to her feet after she sat down for a long time.

Phillip, with Margaret’s help, had turned his bakery into the most successful one within the city and they were preparing to open up two more locations due to how much profits they were pulling in. While he had come to love both Margaret and her pillowy rolls of fatty flesh, he realized that too much of it was building too much on her frame too quickly. He knew that Margaret adored his cooking so he had started creating and serving her low fat baked goods that tasted close enough to his regular goods that she didn’t tell the difference. It somewhat worked, the lazy and gluttonous Margaret didn’t lose any weight but the growth of her blubbery bulk had slowed to a crawl.

“Did you bring me anything to eat?” She asked, expecting him to hand over the box.

“I have some double decker cakes out in the car. Since tonight is the anniversary of our first date, I figured you might want to save it for later.” He said with a sexual overtone in his voice.

Margaret was okay with waiting on this for once. Nothing made sex more enjoyable for her now than eating cake while being filled with Phillip filled her soft rear with his own special ‘creme.’

“However, I do have a little something to tide you over until then.”

He opened the box in front of her and revealed five cupcakes arranged in an x-shape. The two at the top and the two at the bottom each had a single word that when put together

spelled out 'Will you marry me?' and on top of the fifth cupcake in the middle was a bright and shiny engagement ring.

"Oh Phil, of course!"

As the two embraced and kissed, an invisible watcher gazed on them with interest. It was one of Cheri's supervisors having come down to get an update on the young cupid's first assignment. Upon seeing Margaret's physical changes and her clear obsession with Phillip's food, it was obvious to the inspector what had happened. However, he chose not to intervene as it seemed that the two were clearly happy and Margaret's love of Phillip's food had luckily progressed onto Phillip himself so there were no major issues to worry about in their relationship. Still, he would be sure to have a talk with Cheri later about the rules and regulations of magical arrow handling.

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