

The Cupid Connection

By

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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 earlier. 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.

“I own my own business,” he said while he beamed with pride.

“And that business would be what? Ugly flannel shirts?” Brian asked with a layer of contempt on his words. Cliff’s smile fell and his brows knitted together.

“I own a porta potty business. I own over three hundred and make damn good money with it,” Cliff said, beaming with pride at his business. But looking at him, loads of money was the last thing that Brian thought when he saw the man.

“Explains the smell,” Brian said snidely as the waitress came back with the beers and set them on the table.

“Have we gotten a chance to look -?” She began to ask but was cut off by Brian.

“I won’t be staying for food. We can take the check whenever you have it. Quicker the better,” Brian said as he stared at the large man, realizing that this was more than a waste of time. The waitress nodded and then rushed off towards the other end of the restaurant. “This clearly isn’t a match. So why don’t we both just open our phones. Mark that the other showed, and we can move on with our night. Maybe there you can find some, more within your league if you leave early enough.” Brian pulled out his phone and saw Cliff do the same. But before Brian was able to click not a match, the screen flashed with a banner. “Match? What the fuck man! What is your problem?” Cliff took a swig of this beer.

“Just cause you don’t think I’m a match for you, doesn’t mean that you aren’t exactly what I am looking for. Entitled, stuck up, clean; someone that I could show the...smellier side of life too.” Brian felt his phone vibrate in his hand and when he looked down the screen flashed a multitude of colors in rapid succession. His eyes blinked rapidly at the sight and grew nauseous the longer he stared. Nearly as quickly as it began it ended. But when he looked up to Cliff a second time he didn’t see an overweight, smelly, waste of space. He saw a strong, robust, musky man. He sniffed the air and couldn’t help but moan at his scent. He knew he should have been revolted by the scent but something in his head told him to like it, to love the rich sweaty scent that wafted towards him.

“Sorry, what were you saying? I think I drifted off for a second,” Brian lied, trying to remember what they had just been speaking about. It was like the last few minutes had been wiped clean from his memory. Cliff laughed, and Brian couldn’t help but stare at his heavy belly as it jiggled and bounced.

What would it feel like against his face?

"I was saying that I should probably stay away for the spaghetti. Garlic tends to give me the worst gas. Unless you're into that kind of thing." Cliff said with a wink.

Brian was clearly not into it, but he couldn't help but wonder how they would smell. How would Cliff's round ass feel as it sat on his face and blasted one long fart after another with nothing but Brian's mouth to catch them. Brian's face grew red as the thoughts overtook his brain and blurted out a dismissive, "I don't care." Cliff smiled.

"Here's the check," the waitress said as she sat down the bill on the table, but it was pushed away by Cliff.

"Actually we will be staying for dinner. Can we get two large helpings of y'all's spaghetti with extra garlic? And two more beers for me and my date here," Cliff said with a wink and Brian blushed like a schoolgirl. The waitress gave an uneasy look as her eyes went from Cliff to Brian. "Did you want to order something as well?"

"Can I just get a Cobb salad?" Brian asked, but before she could write down his order. Cliff interrupted this time.

"He will take the pasta as well sweetheart. We gotta get some meat on those bones if he thinks there's gonna be a second date." The woman looked between the two again and then back to Brian.

"Pasta it is!" He said in agreeance with Cliff. The waitress nodded and then shuffled away once more, clearly confused by the turn of events. The two men talked through their wait, leaning more about one another. Brian taking even more interest in what Cliff had to say then during the first half of their dates and when the food, Cliff turned his attention from his date towards his piles of carbs.

It was about halfway through the first plate when Brian heard the muffled sound of Cliff as he passed gas. Brian felt a throb in his pants as the sounds grew louder the more he continued to eat. By the end of his first plate, Brian watched as Cliff lifted his left and pushed out a loud one. The sheer sound of it was powerful and the smell was even worse. But Brian felt enticed by the smell. His cock continued to thicken at the smell, even though he knew he should have been disgusted. The surrounding tables grew irate at the noises and the smells that came from Cliff and openly excused themselves to other tables while Brian moved his chair closer.

"Sorry man told you this shit gets me gassy," Cliff. Punctuated his sentence with a lift of his leg and a hard thunderous fart. The sound make Brian shake with pleasure. He could feel his cock as it began to ooze precum in his underwear with fantasies of feeling it against his dick. "But you don't seem to mind at all. Now do you?" Cliff asked, calling out Brians's attraction to his stench. Brian looked down at himself and the wet spot that grew throughout their meal.

“No,” he whispered, feeling embarrassed by his newfound attraction.

“Then why don’t we get out of here and I can show you what this ass can really do?” Cliff asked with a wiggle of his eyebrows. Brian could not have asked for the check fast enough, but not before Cliff put in five orders of dessert to go. Brian had rented out a hotel room across the street if the date went well, and the date had gone really well. The two hurried across the street and up into the room with their hands full of multiple leftovers and to-go orders.

When they entered the room Cliff walked in first, and before Brian even could shut the door he pushed out the loudest fart of the evening. Brian couldn’t contain the attraction that he felt for this man any longer. He fell to his knees and pressed his face against Cliff’s denim covered ass and huffed one and deep, wanting every molecule of stench in his system.

“Fuck!” Sniff. “Smells so good!” Sniff. “Why does it smell so good?!?” Longer sniff.

“That’s right. I wanted a man who really loves to kiss ass. So probably made you addicted to ass in all of its forms. Better open up here’s another one!” Cliff bent over slightly and Brian pushed his face into Cliff’s ass and felt his chubby cheeks vibrate as his hole pushed out another long one. The smell could have peeled paint but Brian wanted more.

“Please! I need more! I want to taste your hole!” Brian pawed at the man’s belt, feeling the weight of Cliff’s heavy gut as he fondled the front of his jeans. When the buckle fell free the zipper easily became undone and Cliff waddled toward the edge of the bed and laid down with his ass propped up on the edge. His large gut gave the perfect amount of lift for him to see Brian as he saw Cliff’s bare ass for the first time.

“Get to eating piggy,” Cliff said as he wiggled his gelatinous ass back and forth.

Cliff’s ass was as Brian would have expected; fat, hairy, and unclean. He knew he should have retched at the sight but all he could think was how he needed to taste it. How he needed to run his tongue deep between his cheeks and bury it deep within Cliff’s gassy hole. How every moment of his life had led him to this moment when he would worship the manliest person he had ever met.

Brian fell to his knees and crawled towards his new god and planted his face between Cliff’s cheeks. Brian’s tongue connected with Cliff’s asshole as it pushed out to meet him. His lips formed a seal around Cliff’s hole as he felt it expand and push a fart into his mouth. Brian hungrily swallowed the taste after he felt his cheeks bulge. With every mouthful, he felt his body begin to inflate, specifically his stomach, almost as if he were being inflated. The farts were endless and Cliff did nothing but worship his cheeks and hole with every mouthful he was fed. Brian could feel his clothes growing tighter the more he swallowed, he could feel his face growing rounded, and his hands softer but nothing stopped his lust.

It wasn't until the stream of gas ended did he break free from Cliff's hole did he realize that his belly had grown so large that it had burst through his shirt and had begun to sit on the ground due to its massive size.

"What's better than a pig addicted to farts?" Cliff asked Brian as he rubbed his hands on his gut, perplexed that such a thing had happened.

"What?" He asked, noting the hint of a southern accent in his voice.

"A fat pig who is addicted to farts," Cliff grunted and pushed out another fart and Brian quickly dove his chubby cheeks back between Cliff's ass and feasted once more.

Every time he pulled away something was different. Brian found a beard on his chubby cheeks and a dark forest of hair now covered his body. He found it harder to think and remember what his old self was like – was he always this fat? This hairy? Was his cock always so short and stubby? Was he always so turned on by a man's farts or even his own? By the end of his exploration of Cliff's ass, he came out looking more like Cliff than his old self and had come more times than he could have counted.

"Come let daddy have a taste," Cliff said as he rolled over onto his back and propped himself against the headboard. Brian crawled onto the bed, while it groaned loudly by the immense weight of two obese men. Cliff took several licks of Brian's face, enjoying the taste of his own hole and farts on his dates lips and mouth. He pushed his tongue into Brian's mouth as he explored Brian's new robust form and found every chubby curve to his liking.

"Now go get daddy those leftovers and we can fill this tank up for round two," Cliff said with a smack of Brian's newly inflated cheeks.

"Yes, sir!" Brian said, nearly giddy with excitement. He crossed the room to the food and his phone, seeing a message from the dating app asking for his thoughts on the date. Brian looked to the overweight, gassy, hairy beast that rubbed his obnoxiously large belly on the bed. Without a second thought, Brian selected match and threw his phone back onto the table and brought the food to his hungry man.