

“Cupid”

Chapter 1: Kris

She’s a BBW (Big Beautiful Woman) age 34. Single. No kids. Looking for the One to spend the rest of her life with. Mister Right, not Mr. Right-now. Not looking for hook-ups or dick pics. If that’s your thing, you can show yourself to the door. Outgoing and adventurous. Always up for fun. Crazy and unpredictable. If you can’t keep up with her than you’re not the one for her. Enjoys camping and hiking. Dancing and movies. Not into the bar scene, (she’s not 25 anymore!) Loves cats and cuddling on the couch. Looking for a man who has a job, doesn’t live with his mom, knows how to treat a woman. Has a car. Financially secure. No players, cheaters, fakers or liars (been down that road one too many times!!) Ages 31 - 45

Kristina (Krissy to her family, Kris to her friends) typed all this, and more into her OkCupid account. She spent 2 hours writing and rewriting. Crafting it until she felt it represented her in the best possible light. Being honest, but with just enough gloss to make her more desirable to the opposite sex. (Hiking?! She’d never been “hiking” per se. She’d been on long walks outside, but she wouldn’t call that hiking, necessarily. She didn’t own hiking shoes, or ...or whatever other kind of gear you needed for clammering up a mountain or whatever hikers did.)

Now for pictures. This would require another couple of hours of digging through her Facebook and Instagram account to find just the right ones. The ones where she was smiling her “good” smile. (Sincere and sweet, with not too many teeth showing that she came across as aggressive or “loud”, but not too small that she didn’t look like she didn’t know how to have fun.) The ones with friends, but the “right” friends. The friends who looked attractive enough to show that she was socially capable of hanging with the “popular kids”, but not too attractive that she looked like the last place contestant a small beauty pageant. She also didn’t want the pictures where she was the most attractive one.

Don't want him thinking he's going to have to hang out with all of them. But then again... if he can't hang with her best friends, then he's not the one for her, is he? Why should she have to change who she is to please him? He still goes out with “the boys” and drags her along and she never complains. Nope. Not a peep from her. What a double standard! If he can't stand her friends then on some level he can't stand her. It's like he doesn't trust her choices. Doesn't trust her opinion in the type of people she chooses to be around. Well, fuck him! He knew what he was getting into with her before they started going out. He knew the kinds of friends she had! He knew because he'd seen the pictures!!....

She shook her head to clear herself. She'd gotten caught up in a fictional future relationship again. “Why,” she wondered, “why do her fictional relationships always end so quickly, and so badly?” Her real relationships never ended that dramatically. The two “long term” relationships she had had had ended with a slow fizzle instead of an explosion of emotion.

“Had had had”? she wondered again. Does that even make sense? It did, she decided, but also decided there must be an easier way to say it. Maybe this was why she couldn't keep a relationship going. Distracted so easily by anything. Who would want to put up with that?

“Is that what you're looking for Kris? Someone who has to ‘put up’ with you?” she thought and shut her laptop in one swift frustrated swipe.

Saturday night, 8:00, and she was home alone! It didn't matter what kind of profile she put together and threw out there to the world, she wasn't going to strike dating gold at this time of night.

Meanwhile across the street, hidden among the branches of a medium sized maple tree, a slender and mostly naked young man watched her through the leaves. He had short curly hair and fair skin. His eyes were a solid milky blue with no irises or pupils. The effect of his eyes should have been disconcerting, but people rarely

ever saw his eyes. If they did, however, they would have still been overcome with a feeling of warm compassion. Affection and optimism. Everyone who looked at him when he was like this felt the same way.

He had seen, in daylight hours, the Bonnie Tyler music video “Total Eclipse of the Heart” with the strange looking men with the glowing blue eyes, and something in the back of his mind stirred and whispered “That’s kinda how you look at night, when you’re doing your thing... kinda, but not as freaky.” It was a weird and vague whisper that didn’t illuminate anything to him, just caused a brief moment of recognition and vague confusion.

He was clothed only in a smooth white and flowing cloth covering only his genitals. It was an unknown and otherworldly fabric. So lightweight that it felt like wearing nothing at all. Attached in some way that can only be assumed to be magical with no pins, or knots, or seams. It had been the standard attire since after the Renaissance and was certainly a lot more comfortable than the fig leaf that had previously been the style.

A pure white piece of cloth that was surprisingly stain and tear resistant.

Strapped on his back was a quiver containing a number of thin black arrows. The shafts were black and rough, made of something like wood, but most definitely not wood. The arrow tips were either gold or lead. The golden tips shined brightly even in pitch dark and were as sharp as anything.

The lead tips were dull in all ways. Dull and heavy. They usually made a “thunk” that you could feel in your chest, no matter where they hit.

The golden tips, when they struck, sliced so smoothly that they made no sound, and caused no pain, but had an effect that was undeniable.

In his hand that hung by his side was a bow made of the same black

wood-like substance, with a thick black bow string that made a satisfying \*creak\* when pulled back with an arrow ready to fire.

At the moment he was standing on a thin branch. Too thin to logically hold his weight, but there he was anyway, defying gravity and other basic physics. He used his free hand to brush back some leaves and give him a clearer view of Kristina’s window. He’d been up there for more than an hour, watching her update her dating profile, bemused by the name of the site. The fact that no one noticed a 5 foot tall nearly naked man with pale almost iridescent skin glowing in the moonlight was yet another defiance of logic, but there he was.

The only living creature to take note of him was the squirrel that had made it’s home in the same tree. She popped her head out of her nest and sniffed him tentatively. Her nest was located inches away from the side of his head and as she craned her neck from the safety of her nest, her whiskers tickled his earlobe.

He brushed her away gently, but she came back. It had been going on like that for the past hour. At first, she was frightened by this strange man standing so close to her nest, but her fear quickly turned curiosity, then extreme interest, and finally... could it be love? As much as a squirrel can feel for a man, yes it could be called love. He had that effect on animals.

He didn’t know why he was here, he never knew why he went where he went. He was just compelled to go and watch. Watch and wait. Then, equally and involuntarily compelled to draw an arrow and shoot. Not only did he not know why he would go where he would go and watch who he would watch, his day time self had no idea what his nighttime self was up to.

Every morning he’d wake up, well rested but hungry, having no idea of night-time travels and adventures. Which was really too bad, because they often were quite exciting.

He brushed the squirrel away again absentmindedly.

Through the window he could see Kristina returning from her kitchen with a glass of wine. She was dressed in sweatpants and a loose comfortable looking t-shirt now. She opened her laptop again and closed the link to the OkCupid dating site, and opened Netflix instead.

He felt the pull again. That instinctual pull to move and go somewhere else. The night was young, so he'd probably head to another potential. Not time for home yet. He turned to the squirrel who was now sitting on his shoulder and rubbing her face against his cheek. He kissed her on the nose and she swooned. He didn't know if squirrels felt love the same way humans do, but this one felt something. She almost fell from his shoulder she was so overtaken by his kiss. He caught her before she fell and gently placed her back in her nest.

What do you say when leaving a squirrel? He didn't think he'd ever be back, and he felt he owed her at least some sort of closure.

“There there, young one, you'll find someone made just for you. There's plenty of nuts in the tree.” he said softly as he patted her head in a comforting way. She breathed in a deep breath, sighed and fell asleep, most likely dreaming of the softly glowing man with the warm comforting hands and pleasant smile. In her memory and dreams he smelled of green grass and clover.

He reached above his head grabbed a branch and pulled himself up, defying gravity once again. Up and up through the tree until he was pulling himself up by twigs and leaves. He popped up out of the foliage like a diver surfacing the water and floated above the tree. From his back soft white wings unfurled and with a single soft flap he took him soaring into the night.