

# DOUBLE DATE

## A WEIGHT GAIN STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Weight Gain, Futaro Uesugi / Itsuki Nakano, Kazuya Kinoshita / Chizuru Ichinose

Characters in this story belong to the anime Kanojo, Okarishimasu (Rent-a-Girlfriend) and 5-toubun no Hanayome (The Quintessential Quintuplets)

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**Double Date**

## Chapter I

“Hey, Ichinose-san, want to have lunch with me?”

Chizuru finished making a note in her phone and looked up at her new friend. Itsuki Nakano was smiling in the eager way she got whenever conversation turned to food. Chizuru’s classmate was about her same height, maybe an inch or two shorter, and more than a few inches wider. A shameless foodie, Itsuki had long red hair that flowed around her torso with a luxuriant sheen. Her hair was held at her ears with star ornaments that should have seemed childish, but somehow worked for the serious girl.

“Yeah, let’s go!” Chizuru replied with a practiced smile.

As the pair walked, Itsuki briefly compared their figures. Chizuru Ichinose wore twin braids framing her face, and needed glasses to read just like Itsuki herself did. She wore simple, well-fitted jeans and a large sweater, pale blue complimenting her dark brown hair. Itsuki knew that, unlike her, Chizuru’s oversized sweater wasn’t hiding anything but a trim waist and well-proportioned breasts.

Itsuki wasn’t ashamed of her body. Maybe for a time in high school she had tried to hide the inevitable consequences of her love of food. But now as a college student she had grown in both self-confidence and dress size. Itsuki wore a light cream skirt that reached her ankles, and a pale green sweater that emphasized the bright red of her hair.

The redhead led the pair out of the school building and took a left turn.

“Aren’t we going to the cafeteria?” Chizuru asked.

“You’re done with classes, aren’t you?” Itsuki spun to reply, walking backwards. The redhead had produced a small snack cake from somewhere and was munching it happily.

“Well, yes, but...” Chizuru began, then “where did you get that?”

“Oh, sorry!” Itsuki replied with a mouthful of food. “You want one?”

She held the other snack cake out to the brunette. Chizuru knew it would be rude to refuse so she accepted it shyly, taking small polite bites in contrast to Itsuki’s large chomps.

“Anyway,” the redhead continued, sucking sugar off her fingers as she bounced around to face forward again, her sweater fluttering with the motion of her oversized chest.

“We’re done with classes, so lets go get some real food!”

“O–okay...”

The bell chimed above the door to an Italian restaurant as the two college students entered. A well-fed woman with slightly dark skin and well-coiffed hair greeted them from behind a counter.

“Ah, Miss May, welcome ba–” she cut off at a glare from the redhead.

“Oh, apologies, Nakano-san, welcome back!”

“Buona sera, Maria!” Itsuki replied with a smile. “This is my friend, Chizuru Ichinose.”

“Ah, Ichinose-san, welcome, welcome. Table for two today? I have just the spot.”

Maria led them to a corner table, and piled a large basket of bread with real, fresh butter, and a dish of herbs in olive oil. Itsuki dug in right away, and though Chizuru hesitated, once the taste hit her tongue she was chowing down as well, making appreciative murmurs.

Soon a young man approached their table offering either red or white wine.

“Just a little white for me please.” Chizuru said.

“Some of each please, Antony.” Itsuki smiled at the man who couldn’t have been more than a few years older than the girls. “And don’t listen to her, she wants a full glass.”

Chizuru didn’t protest, and she lifted her glass to meet her friend’s upheld one, clinking them together.

“Kanpai!”

“Mmm, this is really good.” Chizuru said, sipping her wine and grabbing another perfectly crusted chunk of bread. “I didn’t even know this place was here.”

Chizuru was filing the restaurant away as a potential location to bring clients on rental dates.

The two ate some more bread until Antony returned again with two heaping plates of Sausage Rigatoni.

“We didn’t even order.” Chizuru noted under her breath, while her eyes surveyed the pasta dish appreciatively.

“That’s okay, they know me here.” Itsuki was practically drooling as she clapped her hands together.

“Thanks for the meal!”

Chizuru made the same gesture with only a little less enthusiasm, and the girls dug in. The brunette very nearly squealed with glee, the spicy sausage and rich red sauce was even better than the bread and herbs. Normally she would have ordered a dish about half this size, (especially if she was on a date) but she was so lost in the flavors she soon found herself mopping up the last of the sauce with another chunk of bread.

The smaller girl leaned back in her chair, resting a hand on her trim middle.

“That was great, thanks for bringing me hear Naka–”

Antony had returned, this time with large bowls of Gnocchi soup with chicken. He also refilled their wine before dashing away.

Chizuru wanted to protest, but her redheaded friend was already scooping lumps of potato starch and poultry into her mouth. Besides, it smelled *really* good...

While Itsuki was rubbing her swollen middle and Chizuru was again wiping her dish clean with more bread, Antony came back with Fettuccini Alfredo.

“Oh no, I couldn’t eat another–” Chizuru’s eye caught the plate.

“Is, is that crab?”

Itsuki nodded enthusiastically.

“Well, maybe just a little more...”

Every bit of the Fettuccini disappeared as well. Along with two more glasses of wine, and a large piece of Tiramisu each. Before the dessert was done, Chizuru discreetly undid the button on her jeans below the table.

“Haaa, that was great. Thanks Nakano-san.”

“Call me Itsuki, there are at least four more Nakano-sans who look just like me.”

Itsuki put both hands on her large stomach and wobbled it meaningfully.

“Well... almost just like me.”

“How often do you eat like this?”

“As often as I can!” Itsuki patted her tummy contentedly.

“Isn’t it... expensive?”

“Well,” Itsuki blushed slightly, she was suddenly shy, “I get special rates sometimes, and my family is fairly well off, especially since we worked things out with Papa.”

Chizuru realized she was venturing into dangerously personal territory for someone she’d only know a few weeks, and decided to pivot the conversation.

“What do you mean ‘special rates?’ And what’s the deal with this ‘Miss May’ business? I’ve heard several people call you that, they can’t all be mistaking you for someone else. Is May one of your sisters?”

Itsuki’s blush deepened until her face was almost as red as her hair.

“Well, I sort of, um... I sort of have a secret persona.”

Chizuru almost spat out her wine. “A secret persona!?” Now it was her turn to blush.

“Yeah, I run a food blog, as MAY.”

“A... a food blog?”

“Yeah, I go to restaurants in town and review their food. But people have started recognizing me and giving me special treatment to get better reviews.”

“Well, that explains your erm...”

Itsuki raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“That is to say...” Chizuru had stepped in it now.

Itsuki let the brunette sweat and stammer for a moment before she burst out laughing, belly quaking and wearing an enormous grin.

“Ichinose-san, you don’t have to mince words. I’m well aware of how much I eat.”

“Hey, don’t laugh! It’s not polite to talk about. And if I can call you Itsuki you should call me Chizuru.”

“Okay okay, sorry Chizuru.” Itsuki wiped a tear from one eye. “I don’t care what’s polite or not. If we’re friends we should be able to be honest with each other, right?”

“Mmm!” Chizuru nodded with a smile, she’d been living two lives for a while and hadn’t had any real friends in a long time.

“Well anyway, I don’t think I should keep doing this, maybe we can do things together that don’t revolve around food.”

“What? Why would we do that?”

“Oh come on Itsuki, look at me!” Chizuru lifted her sweater to show the shirt below, stretched tight over her swollen stomach and nearly coming untucked from her jeans.

“I’ll put on the Freshman Fifteen just from today’s lunch!” The brunette suddenly realized what she was doing, and that her pants were undone, and pushed the sweater back over her middle with a blush. She had definitely had too much wine.

“Ha! I thought I caught you undoing those skinny jeans!” Itsuki made a placating gesture at her friend. “Chizuru, you worry too much. You remind me of my sister Nino. You should try to enjoy life more! Look at me.”

Itsuki lifted her own sweater, and Chizuru’s eyes nearly popped out of her head. The redheaded girl had curves for days, a fully fed and happy belly spilled over the elastic waist of her skirt, and two plump breasts at least twice the size of Chizuru’s own E-cups pressed against the camisole the redhead had on under her sweater.

“I put on the Freshman Fifteen before school even started.” Itsuki said, pulling her sweater back down.

“Sure, I could probably diet and keep the body Ichika has, or spend half my day sweating to be fit like Yotsuba, but I decided that...”

Itsuki gulped down the last of her glass of wine, her whole body seeming to pulse and swell with each swallow.

“-haaaa- ...I like food more.”

Chizuru smiled and they each let out a long, happy sigh.

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## Chapter II

Several months later, the two women were working on a group project together, and (as always) had met at a restaurant. This one was a more traditional family restaurant, but that didn't mean that the staff weren't going all out to impress “Miss May.” Chizuru didn't think she'd ever had such delicious curry in her life.

Or nearly so much at one sitting.

Chizuru had already upsized her wardrobe twice since she started hanging out with the plump foodie. She was used to regularly buying new fashionable outfits for her job, but now she was even upsizing her normal “Ichinose” pants.

Itsuki had swelled right along with her new protege, though the changes were less noticeable because the redhead was already larger, and she seemed to gain weight all over, where Chizuru gained mostly in her hips and bust.

“Alright and I think right here we should cite the research study done by Tokyo U in '94...”

“Hey, Itsuki,” Chizuru interrupted serious-mode Itsuki. She had been daydreaming about a certain rental client, trying to come to terms with her feelings for him, or whether she had them at all.



“Mmm?”

“You’ve got a boyfriend, right?”

Itsuki set her pencil down and scooped a mouthful of curry.

“Sure do, *-ulp-*, he’s in pre-med, his name’s Futaro. He’s the best.”

“How long have you been dating?”

“Oh, almost two years now.”

“Wow, and how did you meet?”

“Heh heh *-nom-* that’s a long story. We might not have enough curry for that. The short version is that Papa hired him to tutor my sisters and I, and I think we all fell in love with him in our own ways, but in the end I was perfect for him, and he’s my perfect one.”

“Hmm...” Chizuru was silently thoughtful for a long time. She ate several mouthfuls of curry while she thought.

“But how... how did you know he was right for you? Weren’t you very different, him being a tutor and you being, well... behind in academics?”

Itsuki chuckled a little too loudly, belly wobbling beneath a skin tight sleeveless top.

“You’re always so diplomatic Chizuru! Yes, I was pretty dumb in high school, and Futaro is super smart. He’s going to be a doctor and I’ll be lucky if I manage to pass Japanese Literature 101. Haven’t you ever heard how opposites attract?”

“I guess so...”

“Alright Ichinose-san!” Itsuki slipped into serious mode, staring intently at Chizuru and pointing an empty curry spoon at the brunette.

“Ichi-”

“I can tell you’re hiding some juicy secret, and I want you to spill it!”

Chizuru crossed her arms over her chest, inadvertently causing cleavage to bulge up in her top. She was still not used to how big they’d grown.

“How about a trade. You tell me what you’re hiding, and I’ll tell you about the first time Futaro and I made love?”

Chizuru went bright red.

“That’s not... I...”

“Okay okay, don’t faint on me Chi-chan.” Itsuki laughed. “How about our first kiss then? That’s almost as good of a story.”

Chizuru took a few deep, calming breaths, and a few swigs of her milk tea.

“Alright, I’ll tell you. But you have to promise not to tell anyone, the whole situation is kind of a mess and there are people who would be very hurt if the truth got out.”

Itsuki was back in serious mode now, she expected that Chizuru had a crush on some guy, but nothing this intense.

“Okay, I swear it.”

Chizuru sighed in relief.

“Well, I also have a secret persona.”

Itsuki almost choked on her curry. “Ehh!?”

“I’m a rental girlfriend.”

“Wait, what?”

“I work for a website that lets people rent girlfriends to go on dates with them.”

“What, like, like an escort?”

“It’s nothing as tawdry as that!” Chizuru was blushing again.

“I just get dressed up nice and go with them to dinner or other date activities. The whole thing is very safe, the clients aren’t allowed to touch us unless we initiate.”

Itsuki’s eyes were glittering wickedly.

“Have, have you ever...”

“No! Jeez... It’s not like that! I meant like, holding hands and stuff.”

“Oh.” Itsuki exhaled a disappointed sigh she hadn’t realized she was holding in.

“Well that certainly wasn’t what I was expecting, though I’m pretty sure there’s more to it...” Itsuki let Chizuru squirm for a few moments. “But we’ll save that for another time. You wanna hear my story now?”

“Yes please!” Chizuru said with relief, letting out her own sigh.

“Alright, well my sisters and I all liked the same guy. We kept waiting for a sign, fireworks at the festival, holding hands on the class trip, but nothing ever worked out. Eventually we started playing games with him, wearing wigs and stuff to see if he could tell us apart. After graduation he still hadn’t confessed to any of us, so we cooked up this crazy scheme to make him choose. We all texted him at the same time one morning to meet us at our favorite spot, then we spent all day waiting for him to come to whoever he picked.”

“Wow. That’s uh...”

“I know. In the end he never showed up where any of us were, but came and found us a few days later to yell at us about it. I don’t know what he said to my sisters, and I’ll never ask them, but when he found me...”

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### Chapter III

A slightly younger and quite a bit thinner Itsuki sat alone in a cafe, sipping a very sweet coffee and trying to read from a textbook. Several empty plates and dessert dishes littered her table.

“I knew I’d find you here.” A deep voice spoke as a shadow fell across the pages of her book.

“Took you long enough, you dummy.”

Uesugi Futaro took a seat on the corner beside the curvy redhead. He slid some empty dishes out of the way and set a plate with a single large meat bun between them. When Itsuki reached for it, he pulled it away.

“First tell me why?”

“Why what?” she met his eyes, then looked away.

“It was the only way.”

“The only way what?”

“The only way, to find out for sure!”

“To make *me* decide? To turn all six of our lives into some kind of contest? Do none of you idiot quintuplets have any self-respect?”

“S-sorry.”

“Don’t apologize to me! Apologize to yourself!”

Itsuki kept looking down, she had no excuses left. Just when she thought he might leave, walk out of their lives forever, he spoke again.

“Hey, Itsuki,” Futaro waited for the hungriest quint to meet his eyes again.

“Who am I, to you?”

“Who... you’re Uesugi-kun.”

She paused so long that he almost interrupted, but then continued.

“You’re a top student. The smartest person I’ve ever met. You’re infuriating and tenacious, you kept pushing us, pushing me, to be better than I was. I would have failed out of school if not for you.”

“That’s–” she cut him off with a finger, then looked away again, blushing faintly.

“You’re also sweet and caring, tender, and generous. Don’t think I didn’t notice that you made worksheets for us all those times, by hand! Who does that?”

Her eyes met his and there were tears forming.

“You do. The man I look up to, who made me want to be better, who brought out the best in me. The man who makes me forget about food. The man who makes my heart race just by being near me. The man I love.”

Futaro was silent for a moment.

“W-what about you?” Itsuki asked, suddenly unsure.

Now it was his turn to be shy.

“I... I see you. I see Itsuki.”

Slowly he raised his hand to ever-so-lightly brush the long strands of vibrant red hair near her ear.

“I see a stubborn, selfish, kind, caring, generous, and loving woman. A woman who taught me that’s it’s okay to not take everything so seriously. Who asks for things when she wants them and taught me to do the same.”

“A-and, what is it you want, Uesugi-kun?”

“I want you.”

In slow motion their bodies leaned toward each other, lips meeting in a kiss as his hand reached through her hair to hold her head softly but firmly. Her hand in turn clasped his forearms as they locked lips.

As soon as it began the kiss ended, the pair leaning back with sudden realization that they were in a public place. Fortunately the cafe was deserted, save for a barista who was so focussed on her task facing away from them that she had to have seen.

“You have me, Uesu– Futaro-kun.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“Futaro.... My Futaro.”

Futaro smiled, Itsuki smiled back. The two spent a moment locked in each other’s eyes, until they were interrupted by a rumbling from Itsuki’s side of the table. She blushed, and his eyebrow went up again.

“Forget about food, huh?”

“Stop!” She blushed again, looking down.

Futaro slid the meat bun back toward Itsuki.

“You.. you don’t mind?”

“Eat up, my hungry girl.”

Itsuki showed a rare moment of restraint.

“I love you, Futaro.”

“I love you, Itsuki.”

Itsuki practically melted into her chair.

“You love me even if I eat your lunch?”

“Even if you eat my lunch.”

“And you’ll love me *-chomp-* if I get fat?”

He reached out to pat the top of her head as she chewed.

“What did I say the day we met?”

“*-mmp-* something mean!”

He waited.

“You, you said I’d end up fat.” She said in a small voice.

“I predicted it way back then, why would I be surprised if it happens?”

“*-ulp-* Hey!”

He met her eyes again.

“I love *you*, Itsuki. All of you. I’ll love you any time, at any size. Thin or...”

He reached out to squeeze her leg above the knee.

“...thick.”

Itsuki almost spat out her food in shock. Her glare quickly melted as she smiled at him warmly through a mouthful of meat bun.

## Chapter IV

A few weeks later the girls were sharing burgers over another study session, and Itsuki brought up the topic again.

“Alright, so I know there’s more to what we were talking about the other day than just your day job.”

“Huh?”

“Come on, I saw the faces you were making when I told you how Futaro confessed!”

“Oh... th-that...” Chizuru was blushing again.

“Come on Chi-chan, spill it! –*chomp*–”

“Well, I have this repeat client. It turns out we were next-door neighbors and hadn’t met before he rented me.”

“Woah...”

“He’s kind of clueless, and was a bit of an ass after our first date.”

“Hm. I think I’ve mentioned how rude Futaro was when I met him...”

“Well we kind of made a mess of things with his family, and even though it’s my fault he’s always apologizing for it. We’ve been going on rental dates for over a year now. Honestly I’m not sure how he affords it.”

“Wait, so, this guy has been paying you to go on dates with him for over a year?”

“Mmhmm”

“And you’ve never done more than hold hands?”



“Well, we slept in the same room once.” Chizuru said with a blush. “But that was just a misunderstanding, and nothing happened.”

“Hmm... and?”

“Well and he saved my life once.”

“What!?”

“I mean I guess... I fell off a boat and he jumped in after me, even though he’s not a very good swimmer. He’s kind of an idiot.”

Chizuru was smiling at the memory.

“Hm hm hm... I don’t know what exactly your dilemma is, but I think you already have your answer.”

“I... I do?”

Itsuki grabbed a french fry and tossed it at Chizuru’s forehead.

“Hey! What was that for?”

“For you! You’re an even bigger idiot than I thought!”

“Th-that’s mean!”

“Ugh. He loves you, you idiot!”

Chizuru’s eyes went down to the table, blushing again.

“Y-you think so?”

“Well I only know what little you’ve told me, *-nom-* but it sure sounds like it.”

“He does sometimes do things that surprise me.”

“Oh yeah, like what?”

“Well...” Chizuru’s expression changed from shy to brokenhearted. “My grandma passed away recently.”

“Oh, Chizu, I’m sorry.”

“She and grandpa raised me, so it was really hard. But, you know how I’ve been trying to become an actress?”

“Mmm, I still need to introduce you to Ichika...”

“Well, I wanted grandma to see me in a real movie before she passed, and Kazuya helped me do it.”

“Wait. Is he a film student?”

“No, he’s majoring in business administration.”

“Oh, so this was like a school project or something?”

“No, we did it in our free time. He figured out all the crowdfunding and stuff, he basically produced it. And we got it done just in time for grandma to see it, he even set up a projector in her hospital room and everything.”

Chizuru was getting misty eyed now, and Itsuki found herself holding back a few tears, burger momentarily forgotten.

“Hey wait,” Itsuki said with sudden realization. “when I saw you downtown a few weeks ago all dressed up, were you with him?”

“Oh yeah! I forgot that I saw you there. Sorry for not saying anything, I try to keep the two lives separate. Even if Kazuya does already know this me.” She gestured at her ‘normal’ Ichinose clothes, still elegant and beautiful despite the new thickness around her middle. She’d gone up another bra size recently which didn’t hurt things.

“That day he paid for this big all-day date.” Chizuru continued. “I don’t really know why, but we spent all day doing fun things. Shopping, a fancy crab dinner...” The mention of crab made Chizuru lick her lips, even though she was already more than full. “...and even sparklers and fireworks at the end.”

Chizuru had a faraway look in her eyes.

“Well,” Itsuki said through a mouthful of fries. “normally I’d say wait and make him come to you like I did, but it sounds like he’s an even bigger idiot than you...”

“Hmpf!”

“Protest all you want Chi-chi, but I can tell you like him. Mama May sees all!” Itsuki pointed a finger at one eye and stuck out the tip of her tongue, before stuffing another handful of fries in her mouth.

“I’m sure you’ll know what to say when the mood is right. Anyway, are you going to finish that burger?”

Chizuru picked her second burger back up and held it away from her gluttonous friend, taking a big defiant bite.

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## Chapter V

A few weeks later, Chizuru staggered up the stairs to her apartment after her latest shared meal with Itsuki. She saw Kazuya at his door fumbling with his key.

“Hey, you’re getting in late.” She said softly.

His head of messy light brown hair turned to see her. He was not as drunk as she’d first assumed, and even in the low light she could see him gaze at her intently in a way that made her uneasy.

Chizuru was wearing a new pair of pants, elastic waisted, and the loose short-sleeved blouse over it could not hide the changes in her body since she started spending so much time with Itsuki. The blouse was light cream with a floral print, with puffy sleeves just over her shoulders. The sleeve openings were tighter than they should be with her slight larger arms, and she was showing more cleavage than she ever had. Her hips flared out well beyond the width of her shoulders, and the bottom of the blouse that should have been loose was snug against a belly that she'd spent the last 3 hours filling with wine and sushi.

Maybe Itsuki was right, and he had liked her once, Chizuru thought. There was no way he liked her now, not blown up like a little pig. Itsuki was lucky enough to have found a guy, this Futaro, who loved her as she was, but Chizuru had never been lucky. No, her 'relationship' with Kazuya had always been transactional. He paid her to go out with him because of the way she looked. The way she used to look.

At last he met her eyes. "I could say the same about you."

Chizuru put on a little of her Mizuhara persona, smiling.

"Yeah, my study partner insisted I stay for karaoke. Her boyfriend is doing a late night work study."

"Ah."

"What about you, what's your excuse?"

"Excuse!? Well, the guys wanted to go out drinking. I guess Kuri got dumped again."

"Oh, that's too bad." Chizuru vaguely remembered a blonde-haired boy who she had met on a double-date with Ruka, another rental girlfriend who was now obsessed with Kazuya.

"Maybe you should try and set him back up with Ruka?" She asked hopefully.

"Oh sure, like Ruka would take any love advice from me!"

“Ha ha ha, that’s a good point.”

The silence stretched between them, and finally he said,

“Well, I—”

“Hey Kazuya, do you want to come in for a minute? I’ll make us some tea.”

“Oh, sure!”

“Just tea, don’t get the wrong idea!”

“Yes ma’am, no ma’am!” Kazuya bowed enthusiastically and almost fell on his face.

Inside, Kazuya sat at the kotatsu while Chizuru heated water in an electric kettle, filling two mugs that she had dropped tea bags into. She placed one in front of him while she sat opposite. He took the mug in both hands and smelled it.

“Mmm. Thanks Mizuhara.”

Chizuru frowned briefly. He was always calling her that, even when they weren’t on rental dates. She couldn’t do this, she told herself. He was drunk, he probably wouldn’t even remember coming over tomorrow.

An angel appeared on her shoulder. An angel with long red hair, and wearing a robe that was too small. The white material that should have been loose bunched up under smooth head-sized breasts, swooped down to cover a well fed belly, exposing her legs almost to the knees, and hugged two orbs of a healthy rump behind her.

“That an awful lot of cleavage for an angel...”

“Pssh, you’re just jealous, Chi-chi!” The angel pulled a cheeseburger from nowhere and took a giant bite.

“What are you waiting for? Confess to him or whatever.” Ketchup dripped onto her white robes, but vanished without leaving a stain.

On Chizuru’s other shoulder appeared a demon. A short cute demon in a red bustier with short blue/black hair. Her cleavage would have been impressive in lesser company.

“Hush up fatty! She can’t confess while he’s drunk! Plus he’s already got me!”

Angel-Itsuki squinted across the room.

“He’s only a little buzzed, she’s not going to get a better chance! Plus you’re only a trial girlfriend! –*chomp*–”

“Why you big fat–” Demon-Ruka began, stomping her feet.

“You guys aren’t helping, go away!” Chizuru said, swatting at the hallucinations.

The demon huffed loudly, disappearing in a burst of flame. The angel shrugged, stuffed the last of the burger into her mouth and swallowed. Her robes tore open at the side by her belly, and she vanished in a puff of sugary smoke.

Kazuya was sipping his tea, oblivious to Chizuru’s turmoil.

“Hey, Kazuya?”

“Hmm?”

“I’m quitting my job.”

“Huh??”

“I put in my notice with Diamond Rentals today.”

“But why?”

“You don’t have to worry, I’ll still play your girlfriend with your family if you need me to. I keep my promises.”

“No, that’s not what I mea–”

“Anyway I’m quitting. I’ve been getting bad reviews lately and I’m tired of it. It’s not worth the hassle.”

“I guess if that’s what you want– What? Bad reviews!? Who would leave *you* a bad review??”

Kazuya was almost up on his feet now.

“Sit down, you’ll spill your tea.”

Kazuya sat down slowly, stunned.

“Some of the clients are disappointed because of my photos.”

“Your photos? Your photos are great, what’s wrong with them?”

“It’s not that the photos are bad, it’s that they’re out of date...” Chizuru trailed off, blushing slightly.

“Aren’t they from like, last year? I mean I guess you could get new ones taken, but I don’t know why...”

She couldn’t believe he was so dense. She was going to have to spell it out for him and embarrass herself.

“It’s because I’ve gained weight.” She said in a tiny voice, barely audible.

“Huh?”

“I’m getting fat, you idiot! It’s all Itsuki’s fault. She eats so much, and whenever we hang out she’s always ordering more and more. Or they just bring us more without asking, because she’s this secretly famous food critic. I swear

sometimes she's trying to fatten me up..."

Chizuru trailed off, muttering to herself. Kazuya sat with his mouth open like a fish.

"Mizuhara, I—"

"It's fine, it's fine. The good news is my agent says there are plenty of acting roles for a chubby Japanese girl, since we're so rare."

Kazuya was speechless yet again.

"Well anyway, that's that. I'll still help you out with your family. Maybe your grandma will stop praising me so much, that might make it easier to ease 'Mizuhara' out of your life. Maybe you can make things work with Ruka, or patch things up with Mami..."

"NO!"

Kazuya slammed both palms on the table and had risen up on his knees. He had on his most earnest expression. More earnest than she had ever seen, in fact. Maybe he was more drunk than she'd first thought.

"I don't know why you think I still have feelings for Mami, but I don't! She broke my heart, yes, but we were never right together. I think... I think I was more in love with the idea of having a girlfriend than with Mami herself. And Ruka... Ruka's still a kid! She may think she loves me but it's completely one-sided! I know that's a shitty thing for me to say but I've never looked at her that way..."

Kazuya's energy was winding down, and he sat back down on his knees.

"That's okay Kazuya," some of Chizuru's rental girlfriend persona was creeping in as she placated him. "you'll find the right girl someday. The perfect girl. I said back then that I'd help you find a girlfriend, and I will, if you want... I'd like it if... if we could be friends."

He met her eyes then, and she saw joy in his eyes, and a hint of hunger.



“Really?”

“Of course.”

“And what if...” His eyes flickered away for a moment.

“What if?” She was confused now.

“What if, the perfect girl for me...”

Time froze as Chizuru’s heart stopped beating.

“...is you?”

His eyes met hers again, and the hunger was unmistakable, a panicked desperation. She could feel those eyes looking into her soul. She felt in that moment that he saw her, saw into her and knew her. Knew her better than her grandparents, better than she knew herself.

Silence hung in the air, and when Chizuru’s heart started beating again, she managed to stammer,

“M- me?”

“Mizuhara, would you go on a date with me?”

Chizuru blushed faintly, but felt her willpower returning at his use of her professional name. She stared a challenge back into his eyes.

“That’s not my name. Call me by my name. Unless it’s ‘Mizuhara’ you’re interested in.”

Kazuya stammered, then mustered his own willpower to say, shyly,

“Ch- Chizuru.”

She couldn't stop her face from turning brightest scarlet. She'd never had a boy call her by her first name before. And no one at all had ever said her name the way that Kazuya just did.

"Will you go out with me, Chizuru? Will you be my real girlfriend?"

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## Chapter VI

A tall dark haired man led a voluptuous redhead through a dimly lit restaurant.

"She said they got room six." Itsuki told the host.

"This way, please."

The host led the couple to a row of private rooms, elevated with curtains secluding them from the outside. Itsuki and Futaro removed their shoes, and stepped inside.

As the curtain parted Kazuya and Chizuru shifted away from each other and sat up straight as rulers, both blushing furiously.

Itsuki made a wicked grin at this shameless display and gave Chizuru a wink so obvious that the brunette turns a shade redder and was sure the hostess had noticed. The redhead and her partner seated themselves opposite the other couple, and Itsuki made introductions.

"Darling, this is Chizuru."

The dark haired young man nodded respectfully.

The redhead turned to the young man beside the brunette.

"And you must be Kazuya."

“Nice to meet you.” Kazuya said politely, trying not to gawk at Itsuki’s plush figure. Something about her confident attitude made her size appealing instead of shameful.

He then turned to her date.

“So, you must be the big shot tutor who seduces his students? *ouch!*” He was grinning wickedly before Chizuru gave him a softened elbow in the ribs.

Futaro raised an eyebrow before cracking a smile of his own. “And you’re the pathetic pervert who has to pay girls to go on dates with him? Hey!”

Itsuki’s meaty hand clocked Futaro on the back of his head.

His eyes met hers, then Kazuya’s. Kazuya looked to Chizuru. The two girls looked at each other, then all four broke out laughing. They were still suppressing giggles when a server parted the curtain to deliver wine, sake, and beer.

Chizuru kicked off the toast, lifting her wine. “To family, in our lives and in our memories.”

“To new friends.” Futaro added with his sake cup.

“To life, and love.” Kazuya said with a silly grin, lifting his mug of beer.

“And most of all,” Itsuki concluded, lifting her own wine, “to good food!”

Soon they were served platters of sushi, with miso soup and ginger salad as sides, along with heaping bowls of edamame. The drinks flowed as freely as the conversation.

“We picked this place for the private rooms, Chi-chan, you don’t have to be shy with us!”

Chizuru slid close to Kazuya again, gazing into his eyes as he put his arm around her, then returning to her plate of sushi.

This was yet another establishment who knew the reputation of “Miss May” and the trays of sushi were regularly replaced and replenished. The two men had gotten their fill fairly early, and made conversation while the two women continued popping various sushi into their mouths, washed down by hungry gulps of wine.

Hours passed.

“So what ended up happening with your other girlfriend? The uh... high schooler?”

“Oh yeah, Ruka. So my friend Kuri, the one who was renting her when we met, still really liked her. We were all on this vacation my grandma organized, that’s it’s own whole story. Anyway it turned out she only thought she loved me because I made her heart race one time. I guess she has some kind of condition?”

“Mmm, might be bradycardia. I’m still learning all the cardiological conditions...”

“Well anyway, she and Kuri did some water park stuff together, and she realized she wasn’t really in love with me after all. They’ve been together almost four months.”

“Well that’s nice, glad it worked out for everyone.”

Itsuki nudged him, rubbing her bloated tummy with both hands, and opened her mouth.

Futaro blushed, glancing at the other couple, but picked up a piece of sushi with his chopsticks and held it out to his growing girlfriend, who snapped it up in a flash. Itsuki smiled happily and bobbed in her seated position, rubbing her stomach hungrily as she opened her mouth for more.

Kazuya watched somewhat stunned at the intimate display their dinner partners were putting on. They were in their own little world, Itsuki’s eyes alternated between closing while she chewed, and gazing up at Futaro between

bites. She had on a blouse that buttoned up the front, light blue with a large white leaf pattern. Kazuya couldn't help thinking that if Futaro kept feeding her like that he or Chizuru might get a button in the eye.

Kazuya realized he was starting when he felt a soft elbow in his side. Chizuru was looking up at him, expression unreadable.

Slowly, hesitantly, she reached across to take his right hand, the one that wasn't around her back, and drew it toward herself, resting it on her belly.

Kazuya glanced across the table again, but the other couple were still in their own little world. He didn't see Itsuki sneak a peek at them and grin happily as she chewed. Kazuya looked back to his former rental girlfriend, who was looking up at him nervously, a question in her eyes.

Kazuya's fingers pressed into the flesh of his girlfriend's middle, then ran his hand softly over her plump tum. His left hand drifted down to rest on her side, where a love handle had started forming, as his right left her tum to pick up his chopsticks. He squeezed with his left, pulling her tightly into his side, and lifted a sashimi to her mouth. She took it between her lips, and smiled at him, laying her head on his chest as she chewed.

Piece by piece the sushi and sashimi disappeared into Chizuru and Itsuki's bellies. Their respective men continued to feed them, and all four were as happy and contented as could be.