

Dealer's Choice - Quintuplets WG



Time was running out.

The bills were emblazoned with thick, red warnings, the kind any poor household hated to see. “Final Notice” and “Absolutely Last Warning” were not words to be taken lightly but were ones which Futaro had seen at every stage of his youth.

The Uesugi household was not a wealthy one by a long shot, but they were hard working and earnest. With his father away all the time, it was largely down to Futaro to provide for his little sister Raiha amid their run down, single room apartment. They were barely getting by with every money saving trick in the book just to afford school, rent and food as it was so when he scored that tutoring job from a wealthy family, it was an offer he simply could not refuse.

Until he realized why others had refused it before.

“Why are these girls so dumb...”

Teaching one problem student was bad enough, but he was saddled with five of them. They were quintuplets to boot, making it even harder to discern them from one another outside of their terrible grades. Each one was lacking in something which another excelled in, but rather than take the time to try and teach each other, they squabble and bickered about so many other things without realizing their futures were on the line.

“If only I could just get them to sit down for a moment and actually study!”

He had spent the last few days writing out mock exam questions by hand and it seemed as though for all his efforts, they weren’t improving by any significant margins. If he did not succeed this time, their wealthy father was sure to cut off his funding and plunge their family back into the pits of poverty.

He could take it, but he couldn’t subject Raiha to that hardship, not again.

“Studying is easy, Onii-chan! It’s all about making it fun!”

Futaro looked up from the piles of misery he had on his desk and into a cream puff. Raiha’s cheery smile beamed over its edges like a tiny sun.

“See, I learned to cook these all by myself by making it into a kind of game! I make a few and then try and sell them and if I make all the sales, I spend some money on more ingredients and some of it on our dinner!”

“Idiot, you can’t spend your time doing that,” Futaro grimaced. *“You need to work hard on your own studies so you can get a good job and make some real money in the future.”*

“Oh, it’ll be fine,” Raiha smiled back, unperturbed by her brother’s gloomy nature. “Besides, we need money today to get to the future, right?”

Futaro could sense his little sister’s awareness of their situation as much as she tried to cover it up. She wouldn’t be young forever and with those moments of youth slipping away, he had to work fast. He had to think. He had to-

“Aren’t you going to take it? My arms are getting tired.”

The cream puff sat outstretched before him, oozing its fluffy white center from one side. Now that he had a chance to focus, he could see that it was more like a hodge podge attempt at a pastry, befitting his little sister’s expected abilities. As much as she took pride in her simple curries, crafted sweets were an aspect she still had a long way to go towards perfecting.

“I know it’s not the prettiest, but I tried really hard with it. I think Itsuki-san and her sisters would really like them too.”

“Those idiots can afford the finest cakes at any time,” Futaro wilted. “Itsuki adores you but I’m not sure if-”

Raiha would hear no more of his self pity as she crammed her creation into his face. His cheeks bulged momentarily before he started chewing thoughtfully.

“They’ll like it because I made it, and that’s all there is to it,” Raiha said firmly. “I’m the one who manages the finances in this family and it is thanks to them that we have enough. Now, let me sort the bills while you go out there and do your tutoring job. They’re counting on you, you know.”

“Raiha…”

There was no talking her out of it. Even being that much younger compared to him or their father, she was often the more mature one of the family. She dropped a nicely wrapped box of the mangled creations on top of the worksheets he had prepared and urged him out the door. Pushing him to act was always the best way to get her brother out of such a foul mood.

She was right, as always. In all his time moping, he had forgotten their next tutoring session was also about to start. Her words still rung in his ears as the door to their rickety apartment swung loosely on its hinges as he pushed his way out and onto the street with her box of sweets in tow.

“The end of year exams are coming soon, so you’d better get your act together. Tell them if they succeed, we can have a big party together to celebrate!”

“And that’s why you have to pass your exams this time.”

Ichika Nakano lays sprawled out on the couch like a lazy cat as she tucked into yet another cream puff. Uesugi could glower at her all he liked but it was far too hot to study after all.

“Listen, I appreciate your efforts in trying to motivate me, but as you might recall, we all failed that last exam anyway. You’re supposed to give the motivational speeches BEFORE we sit the exam, not after.”

“That’s why I’m doing it now,” Futaro said firmly. “We’re doing this summer break study so you pass your end of year exams. You all need to score more than your 20% average that the five of you get!”

“Ah, but don’t you see,” Ichika smiled. “With the five of us combined, we each score a total 100% across five subjects!”

“That’s not how it works, and you know it.”

The eldest of the quintuplets stretched herself further in reply, allowing her school uniform to ride up and out of her skirt. Futaro hadn’t noticed before, but there was a discernible thickness to her body which had accumulated over her summer time snacking.

“Hey, Ichika, have you gotten kind of fat lately?”

Such a straight forward question was one which the sisters had been dodging asking each other for weeks blatantly erupted from her tutor’s mouth. She immediately attempted to curl back up into a ball in an attempt to hide her exposed tummy rolls from his scrutinizing gaze.

“H-hey it’s just a little summer weight! I haven’t had any major modeling gigs to do lately outside of some plus-sized swimwear jobs. It’s not just me but girls all over Japan have been getting a bit bigger lately so a market has emerged for that kind of thing!”

“Are you saying that girls around Japan have been skimping out on their tutoring to just pall around with their sisters and eat the sweets brought to them day after day without actually taking their studies seriously?!”

Ichika sat up at the accusation, shielding her pride and her enlarged chest and midsection with a hand at the sheer audacity at his claims.

“W-who asked you to bring so many of these anyway! I know you said you wanted to turn our weekly sessions into three-times per-week sessions but did you have to always bring snacks with you whenever you did!”

“Raiha has been making these non stop trying to sell them to supplement our income! The entire house reeks of that artificial butter smell and if I eat another one of these to make her happy, I think I’m going to contract diabetes! I had no choice but to bring them here!”

He eyed the thick white pillars of flesh which her thighs had become, sandwiched between the ever shortening length of her skirt and her socks.

“Besides, I think that you girls have found a great way to give these a good home. There’s five bellies here but only two at mine so it was the logical choice.”

“Y-you’re just lucky that my modeling contract wanted me to gain a little weight for their summer swimwear line. Maybe if this school thing doesn’t work out, I’ll just go into it full time.”

Try as she might to keep herself covered up, it was becoming increasingly clear to Futaro just how much of her bulged out of her uniform. He prodded her exposed belly roll playfully, causing her to yelp.

“Right-right, you can become a big fat ass for money later after you graduate. I’m not going to accept your resignation after we’ve come so far with your studies.”

She slapped his hand away from her bulge as she reluctantly slid off the couch and back towards the table where her math problems remained only half completed.

“Geez, someone out there has got to teach you how to choose your words more delicately around women...That’s why Nino always gets into fights with you...,” Ichika grumbled as she took up her pen.

“Unlike her, you’re lucky that I like you enough to let you do that to me...”

“What was that?” Futaro scoffed as he looked over one of her completed answer sheets, still littered with mistakes.

“Nothing...just me mumbling to myself!” Ichika scrambled. *“Say, if I get this next one right, can I have another cream puffy?”*



“I don’t understand.”

“What’s not to understand? It’s very simple.”

Tea cup shuddered on the table top as Nino Nakano slammed an open palm onto its wooden surface. The ultra sweet mix she enjoyed while she studied splashed out of the tiny saucer and onto the paper she was working on as though it were representing her disdain.

“I’m not talking about math questions, I’m talking about why you keep coming over to my rooms when I’ve told you to butt out of my business!”

The second eldest quintuplet liked her privacy. Storming off after a fight with any of her sisters usually meant a stay in a private hotel, but this was not one of those times. Futaro was the one she had been doggedly trying to avoid and yet he found her every single time. Changing hotels so often was getting expensive and she was mindful of the accumulating cost.

“And like I said,” Futaro repeated patiently. “It’s very simple. You do your homework and I won’t have to chase you all over the city. You rich girls seriously have no concept of money.”

Nino angrily grabbed her cup and drained its sugary contents into her stomach. Dealing with this man on top of her studies took some serious brain power and always made her thirsty.

“I wouldn’t have to have had to zip around the city if you had just given up on us in the first place. I’ve been stress eating like no tomorrow to cope with that last exams results and it’s really made a terrible impact on my figure! You just showing up out of the blue with all these cream puff treats and ordering room service for us certainly isn’t helping either!”

While Futaro had to admit that Nino looked quite a good deal rounder than when he had last seen her, he would not accept that all of her poor eating choices were entirely his fault. She always had been the one to provide the girls with their balanced food intake and with her out of the house, it was certainly impacting their total study time.

Rather than get angry and fight her on her own terms, he decided to take Ichika’s advice and listen to her rant before setting the record straight. Nino sighed heavily as she poured herself another cup of sugar laden tea,

“We’ve failed before and we’re just going to fail again anyway. There’s no point in continuing.”

Much to her dismay, Futaro gripped her chunky wrist and forcefully wrenched the teapot from her grasp. She gasped as his face zeroed in on hers and gazed into the very depths of her soul.

“W-what-what are you-”

“Cooking,” Futaro said flatly.

“What?”

“If you blame me bringing over all this bad food and stopping you from focusing on your studies because you’re getting fat, then we shall turn our tutoring sessions into cooking sessions.”

“HUH?!”

Nino scoffed loudly as she flicked her long pink locks over her shoulder and rose to her full height. Her belly, quite visibly round and protruding from her overly tight uniform, jostled as she took a challenging step forward.

“You want to teach ME?! I’m the best cook out of the five of us and you couldn’t even discern the taste of my gourmet meals with Miku’s terrible burnt omelette! What could you possibly show me that I don’t already know?”

“I am far from a master chef and my pallet is not nearly as refined as yours,” Futaro said slowly as he met her challenge with a forward step of his own. His aggressive passion had caught the second eldest sister off guard as she hastily took a step back. *“But you’ll be teaching me how to cook like you so that all of you can still eat healthy and focus on your exams!”*

“F-fine!” Nino quavered, her eyes looking wildly in either direction to avoid meeting his gaze directly. *“But if I win, then you have to take double remedial lessons with me alone!”*

“The same rules apply to you! If I make you something yummy, then you’ll study twice as hard!”

Nino gulped loudly. She hadn’t expected Futaro of all people to challenge her at her best subject. There was no way on Earth that she would allow their tutor to get the better of her. Besides, if she won, that would mean that he would spend more time with her...exclusively...

She twirled her hair thoughtfully as she considered the idea.

“We should probably start with something low in calories,” Futaro continued. *“You’re getting pretty fat these days.”*

Nino felt her rage return.

“Well, EXCUSE ME for being so refined that I appreciate the finer things in life! My body is a figure of beauty and I’ll not have the likes of you trying to point out how fat my thighs look in my stockings or how my skirt is being held together with safety pins!”

“I didn’t actually mention tha-”

“Just for that, your first cooking lesson is going to be the ultimate, heavy cream, ultra decadent chocolate éclair and you’re just going to stay with me until we get it right!”

She waddled over to the little makeshift kitchen and began to pull out the small cups and tea spoons which hotels had for guests, barely stocked to microwave food and boil water at the best of times.

“But we don’t even have-”

Nino waved her finger knowingly and opened one of her many suitcases she had taken with her before leaving. Much to Futaro’s surprise, all sorts of cooking paraphernalia tumbled out with a metallic clang onto the floor.

“I’m always prepared when it comes to food. I want you to pass the recipe onto Raiha too so if you can’t teach it to her, then you certainly aren’t qualified to teach anything to me!”

"But you still have questions to do," Futaro asserted as he gestured back towards the tea-stained sheet she had left on the table.

"We'll do them after dinner, you have my word on that," Nino shot back as she gestured to her cooking implements. "If you don't want me wasting more time ordering junk food and getting fatter, then you'd better get down to the grocery store and pick me up some ingredients! Seeing if you can choose quality ingredients will be your first lesson!"

Futaro considered Ichika's words again and sighed. At least she was meeting his challenge head on. It would be faster to just cook and feed her so they could get back to the real work required.

"Alright, but you'd better have finished that paper by the time I get back!"

"Consider it done," Nino smirked as she tapped the side of her plump cheek with a wooden mixing spoon. "I always keep my promises."

Futaro begrudgingly walked to the door and prepared to slip his shoes on to go outside as Nino continued to stare at him from her kitchen space.

"You know," he sighed. "If they say that you are what you eat, I think you're really like that tea you enjoy so much."

"Y-You mean s-super sweet when I want to be?" Nino replied shyly, trying hard not to let him see her smile grow larger. It was rare that he would give a genuine compliment.

"No, I meant overbearing and fattening underneath that refined taste."

A pained scream echoed through the hallways of the hotel as the sound of a small wooden missile found its mark as it sailed through the air and cracked loudly across the back of his head.



It was nice to have Nino back at home again.

Noise complaints and reports of a possible domestic disturbance were among the rumors of why she had not been allowed to stay at the hotel any longer, but everyone welcomed her back without question. Their apartment had just felt so empty without her.

Their food situation had also suffered immensely as Miku Nakano had been put in charge of keeping the girls fed in her stead.

An unbalanced diet led to an unbalanced body and mind of course which had made it harder to study. Miku knew her cooking skills weren't great but even with all her burnt offerings consumed down to the last crumb, no one was truly satisfied. Ordering take out and eating out had become too much of a distraction which is why she had spent much of her time in the school library.

Reading always made her sleepy so it was by Futaro's recommendation that she try and listen to lessons which he had recorded for her. The headphones she often wore around her neck were being more actively used now to hear his voice whenever she wanted to rather than to drown out the sounds of a life which she once felt had been going nowhere fast.

Miku cracked open her green tea flavored soft drink and took a long and thoughtful mouthful as she allowed both the taste and the lesson to wash over her. She giggled to herself as she listened to Futaro's recordings of ancient Japanese history, complete with all the voices he did for the different heroes and villains for every age. He was trying his best to make learning fun for her and that was an effort which she appreciated greatly.

Another of his brilliant ideas was to associate answers with tastes. Between Nino's return and the deluge of new snacks Futaro had brought with each lesson, there was always a variety of new foods which she had to dance upon her pallet. She had soon learned that salty, sweet, bitter and spicy could all be associate with answers A through D on any multiple choice question which became an invaluable study aid. She readied her snacks in front of her as she allowed Futaro's words to sink in.

“The Sengoku Jidai occurred in which year?”

“Numbers...odd...something sweet...1465!”

“If you said 1467 then you’d be right! If not, rewind the tape and try again.”

“Darn...I was so close...”

It was easy enough to cheat such a system, but Miku knew that was the dishonorable thing to do. Like the samurai of old she admired, she would not besmirch or honor or that of her lord Futaro. She dutifully flicked a plump thumb to rewind the section and listened to the lecture again.

They were only small snacks she took part in with each question, but the fullness within her large, swollen belly would not yield to just how intensely she continued her lessons. With only the small sips of tea flavored soda to keep her mouth from drying out, she swore that she would at least have her favorite subject memorized to the last even if it meant she stuffed herself silly with each and every effort.

Her newest uniform was already skin tight against her curves which bulged and sagged out of every weak spot they could. She could feel her panties stretch as they rolled into her gelatinous rear while she made herself more comfortable. The cool leather of the couch she lay upon felt good against the parts of her belly that poured out of her uniform in spite of Autumn well and truly setting in.

Physical endurance was never her thing, unlike Yotsuba’s but even the weakest sister could rise above her expectations if she tried.

That was the Bushido code, after all.

That was the precious first lesson which Futaro had taught her.



“After all the weight she’s put on, she’s still the best.”

Futaro was at a loss for words.

Among the sisters, Yotsuba Nakano was the most active, popular and cheerful of the bunch, with an insane aptitude for sports. Her prowess at almost any game she touched was so legendary among everyone in their year group that she was often in high demand to fill in for any team missing a member or in need of an ace to win a championship.

Not even reaching a quarter of a ton was enough to slow her down even a little.

In retrospect, he had not expected his snack association plan to have gone over so well with each of the girls, but when Miku swore that her grades had gone up a whole ten points on average, the others were quick to follow her example. Yotsuba in particular always had a knack for being a little too gung-ho on any suggestion he made but he certainly never expected it to have impacted her metabolism like it had.

With all the marathons, swim meets, tennis matches and basketball championships she had under that ever expanding waistline, it seemed that all the carbohydrate loading she did to prepare herself for each and every sport had pushed her body to its very limit as it struggled to keep her thin. A little extra snacking in between had pushed it right over as the pounds which had struggled to cling to her once slender frame surged forth with a vengeance.

“Nakano! Take the shot, it’s all you!”

Futaro had agreed to watch her play on the condition that if she won this game, she would quit the team for a little while to pay more attention to her studies. He had been coming by every day to tutor her after practice and sometimes quizzed her while she ran laps or did her drills. He had borne witness to her body expand quite rapidly over the last few months until she was at least three times the width of any other girl on the basketball court.

“A three pointer! Nakano did it!”

Uesugi could hardly believe it as her grateful teammates quickly swarmed her in a shower of praise, head pats and even attempted to hoist her up in the air. When it became clear that the entire team couldn't do it, they even recruited the members of the opposite team to join in out of respect for her command of the ball. They only managed to do it once, but that alone was a commendable effort.

Sweaty and out of breath for quite possibly the first time, Yotsuba jogged towards the bleachers where Futaro was waiting for her.

“Well, that’s the end of their season. I’m all yours for the rest of the school year, coach!”

“Seriously, you don’t even let any of that weight slow you down.”

“Nope!” Yotsuba beamed happily. *“But I do find I get a bit hungrier after practice than I used to.”*

“If only you showed that same kind of energy when it came to studying, you’d be the one doing the lecturing instead of me.”

She smiled even wider as she draped one of her enormous arms over his shoulder. He could feel her heart pounding like a jackhammer through her chest as she leaned as much of her weight as she felt he would be comfortable carrying into him.

“Actually, now that you mention it,” Yotsuba huffed as she mopped the sweat from her brow. *“Maybe we should take a little study break today. I think I’m feeling a little exhausted.”*

Futaro sighed. The Yotsuba he knew was always so full of boundless energy, she didn't even know how to act like she was tired. She always was a terrible liar.

“What about if I take you out to dinner as a reward and incentive to study? Your father did give me a bit extra after he noticed your food bills were going up.”

He immediately felt her weight shift as she instantaneously blew away any exhaustion.

“I want a steak, a really big one! And I want it just for me and you! The other girls don’t get to come!”

“Fine, I suppose I can only afford to feed one of you anyway. But afterwards, we hit the books again.”

She squealed gleefully as she bounded about him in a large energetic circle, allowing him full view of her enormous body as every inch of her bounced and jiggled with a little delay after she landed.

“You got it, coach! I’ll be the best student ever!”

“I don’t know about the best but at the very least, you’ll be the widest I’ve ever taught...I think...”



Itsuki Nakano didn't need anyone's help.

She might have been the youngest of the five, but she was the most responsible and motherly of them all. It had been a good while since Futaro had seen her after all the trouble which the others had caused for him but it was good to not have to keep track of at least one of them.

With exams just around the corner, she was the only one to have stuck to his plan without wavering and quite frankly had the best shot of actually passing for all the effort she put into her work. Her sheets were always nicely stacked on the table when he walked into the apartment, ready for him to grade and none of the others knew where she disappeared to each day. He wished that he could have at least had a chance to congratulate her but she was always the first out the door of the apartment and the last to come home.

At long last, it was finally his turn to come home and he could do so a bit earlier for once. The exam was tomorrow and he had enough of this hellish tutoring job. Now all they could do was wait and see.

"Raiha, I'm back!"

"Welcome home, onii-chan! We started dinner early so you can eat before having a shower if you like. We're having hamburger today"

"We?"

Futaro did not like the sound of that implication. His feet bounded through the entryway in order to confirm his suspicions.

"Eep, w-welcome home, Futaro."

Sitting in HIS living room and nearly breaking HIS work bench in half, was by far the widest of the Nakano quintuplets, munching away on HIS hamburger steaks.

“So, this is where you’ve been hiding,” Futaro glowered as he watched the flimsy bench bend underneath Itsuki’s prodigious girth. Her belly overflowed her custom uniform just as it did with the other girls, but hers was the only one to graze the floor when she was seated.

“Itsuki onee-chan has been helping me taste test since you’ve been helping everyone. I really think I’ve got the cream puff recipe down well enough for us to sell as a little side hustle.”

“I can see that,” Futaro observed as he watched the enormous girl caught in the loop of eating faster and desperately trying to mop the crumbs off her face.

“S-sorry to have intruded, but I really do my best study alone you know. The apartment can get so noisy and well...your place...kind of reminds me of my own.”

“Huh? You mean this old dump? It’s hardly like the palace you girls live in or carries the luxuries you’re so used to.”

“We weren’t always rich, you know,” Itsuki huffed, taking a defensive final bite out of the hamburger she had been eating before starting on another. “In fact, back when our mother was alive, we lived in near poverty. We don’t like using our step-father’s money when we can avoid it, but since he’s working all the time, we know that’s how he shows his love for us.”

Futaro was taken aback. He had no idea.

“In fact, we can do things just as well on our own when we really try. We appreciate you being there to help us realize that, but sometimes you just have to let someone do things on their own for them to learn. Here, take a look.”

Like parting a veil of blubber, she reached behind the fold of her belly hang to reach her school bag, perfectly hidden underneath her nearly seven hundred pounds. Itsuki’s pudgy fingers withdrew a simple sheet of paper which she thrust out towards him, a simple act that sent her body into a rhythmic jiggle that lasted a few seconds after she had stopped. Futaro looked it over carefully.

“I still failed one subject,” Itsuki said quietly as he looked over the mock exam.

“But you passed four of them,” Futaro replied as he put the paper back down. “And this was a month ago! I’m sure you’ve studied more into where you went wrong.”

“Yeah...I hope so...” Itsuki continued as she took another bite of her burger before starting on yet another. “It was really stressful...and I kind of eat when I’m stressed...”

“Yeah, your other sisters said the same thing. You girls really are more alike than you are different.”

“You’re not mad at me for not passing them all?” She said, hopefully.

“Considering you were barely getting twenty percent averages across all your subjects, I’d say you’re the one who has grown the most.”

He patted her reassuringly on the head.

“Good work today, I think you’ve got the next exam in the bag.”

Itsuki let out the largest sigh she could muster as the tension she had kept pent up inside for so long finally allowed itself to leave her body. She could feel her enormous breasts, her flabby arms, her wobbling thighs and her mighty belly almost slouch a bit lower as the waves of relief washed over her.

In fact, she could feel everything sink at least a good few inches.

With a mighty crack, the seat she had taken collapse beneath her enormity, sending her tumbling backwards and through the flimsy drywall of the apartment with an almighty crash, sending dust and debris flying through the air.

When everything had settled, she could only see Futaro’s face buried into the palm of his hands to mask his expression. Rage, annoyance, disappointment and amusement seemed to peek out of what little she could see before he lowered himself to meet hers.

“After this exam is over, I’m putting you all on a strict diet together with your studies! No more using food as an exam aid!”

“EH!? How did you know that was my secret technique! I thought it was very clever to have come up with that!”

“It’s no secret when anyone sees the size of you! And if you’re all too big to fit the seats of the examination hall, they’ll throw you out!”

“Oh yeah...” Itsuki grinned sheepishly as she attempted to hoist herself back up to a seated position. *“Also, do you think you could give me lessons on how to get up at this size? Ever since I passed six hundred pounds, I’ve really tried not to lay completely flat...”*