

**My Quiet Beach Vacation  
Is Actually a Government Population Initiative,  
as I Suspected**

**Story Starts**

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**Chapter 2.3 -**

**Obviously, All Scientific Progress and Governmental Reproductive  
Sponsors Are Entirely Above Board**

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***Disclaimer: Everyone here is an adult!***

The production truck's interior smelled of new leather and antiseptic—the particular combination of someone who had wanted this space spotless, either out of hygiene standards or to erase whatever memories these walls had already accumulated. Given the sponsor, probably both.

The volunteers had been led through the auditorium, past the blocked-off section around the truck, and into what initially looked like an antechamber. But the modified shipping container opened onto an exterior corridor that fed into a structure someone had assembled with the quiet efficiency of a film crew building a set overnight—which, Iroha suspected, was exactly what had happened. The changing area was climate-controlled, softly lit, and smelled faintly of cedar. Professional. Expensive.

The kind of space that said *we do this regularly and we're very good at it*.

Beyond the changing area, the five of them were guided into what could only be described as a luxury viewing gallery. Plush seating arranged in a shallow arc. Temperature-controlled air that kissed bare skin without raising goosebumps. And spanning the far wall like a cinema screen, a one-way mirror that showed the main chamber on the other side.

Through the glass, Senpai sat on the edge of a padded platform.

Hayasaka held his shoulders from behind with the professional neutrality of someone positioning a mannequin. Fujiwara adjusted his leg, angling him toward the viewing gallery as if presenting something prized at auction.

*'Did she just wink at us?'*

Konuki circled him with a penlight, checking pupil dilation, making notes on her clipboard with the unhurried precision of a mechanic running final diagnostics before clearing a vehicle for the road.

His jaw was set. That familiar dead-fish expression pulled tight over what Iroha could read—after years of careful study—as genuine alarm.

*'He looks good without hair.'*

Not that she'd ever tell him that. His ego didn't need feeding. But his body apparently did, because the pharmaceutical flush was creeping up his chest in a faint pink gradient, and whatever they'd injected him with was producing results that were—her eyes drifted downward—difficult to overlook.

*'Very difficult.'*

Iroha shifted in her seat and crossed her legs. Warmth pooled in her stomach that had nothing to do with the room's climate control.

She tore her gaze from the mirror and focused on Aria, who stood at the front of the viewing gallery with a wireless microphone clipped to the ribbon choker at her throat—the only viable attachment point, given that everything south of her collarbone was exposed—and a remote in her manicured hand. The screen behind her glowed with a sleek interface: contestant slots, a digital counter, a timer, all rendered in the aesthetic of a high-budget game show that happened to revolve entirely around sex.

Aria's voice carried that perfect blend of polished presenter energy and barely contained enthusiasm. The voice of a woman who had almost certainly calculated viewer retention metrics for every possible outcome and optimised accordingly.

"Alright, ladies! Welcome to the First Wife Throne Match—the opening event of our B.R.E.E.D. resort programme!" She spread her arms wide, her chest shifting and jiggling in response to her excited gestures. "We're keeping this competitive, fair, and extremely entertaining for everyone involved—especially our very virile central participant, Hikigaya Hachiman!"

*Virile.* She called Senpai virile. With a straight face. On a microphone.

Iroha bit the inside of her cheek hard enough to taste copper.

"The screen behind me will display the live pump counter, contestant number, and elapsed time." Aria clicked the remote, and the interface populated with colour-coded contestant blocks, numbered slots, and a central counter set to zero with a pulsing outline. "As a special twist — Hikigaya-kun will not be informed of the event's goals! He's simply here to provide the best possible service. Your job is to hit your personal targets before the pump limit runs out."

She let that sink in, then continued.

"Success means advancing in the overall rankings. The ultimate winner claims the title of First Wife and all associated privileges—bedroom priority, office selection, scheduling authority, and first night rights." A pause. A smile. "So let's go through the rules for each slot."

Aria held up one finger, her tone shifting to something almost instructional—a university lecturer covering syllabus requirements.

"Contestant One: one thousand pumps. Your target is five orgasms from Hikigaya-kun, and each must be a nakadashi. Rules are strict—penetration and kissing only, with kissing limited to his neck and above. You may use your hands to reset him to full hardness if needed—this won't count toward your pumps, but only up to the point of hardness, nothing beyond. Pure, classic, setting the benchmark."

*'Five orgasms. One thousand pumps. Penetration and kissing only.'*

Half of Iroha's mind was still marvelling at the precise moment she'd stopped questioning this reality and started strategising within it. The other half was already running numbers.

"Contestants Two and Three!" Aria's smile widened as she moved down the display. "Twelve hundred pumps for Two, fourteen hundred and fifty for Three. Each of you needs four orgasms. Handjobs are permitted freely, and you may touch or kiss any area from the waist up—chest, neck, shoulders, ears, the works. Still no oral or additional extras beyond the main event. This gives you more creative room as our performer begins to acclimatise after the first round."

*'So the later you go, the more freedom you get, but the less responsive he'll be. Every event planner knows you front-load the headliner. The opening act gets the fresh crowd.'*

"And finally—Contestants Four and Five!" Aria gestured grandly toward the final two slots, rendered in deeper colours on the display. "Seventeen hundred and fifty pumps for Four, twenty-one hundred for Five. Your target drops to three orgasms each. At this stage, anything goes—no restrictions whatsoever. Full body contact, oral, positions, toys if you wish to request them. The complete menu. We expect you to make the most of the accumulated experience and push our star performer to his absolute limits."

*'Three orgasms with anything goes and twenty-one hundred pumps. But that's after thirteen previous ones. Is that even physically possible?'*

Aria clapped her hands together, the sound sharp and final.

"Points are tallied automatically via the STORK monitoring system, synced to Komachi-chan's leaderboard app. Highest combined performance—orgasms achieved versus pumps used—wins the round and the title of First Wife."

She raised a finger.

"Your programme partner may assist you within the same restrictions as your slot. However—if Hikigaya-kun finishes inside your partner, it does not count

toward your target. But!" Her eyes sparkled. "If you achieve all your required nakadashis *and* manage an extra one with your partner involved, you'll receive bonus points."

She paused, letting the words land like stones dropped into still water.

"In the event of a tie, we'll use a weighted time average—mean interval between orgasms. Efficiency matters." A wink. "Now—who will be our Contestant One?"

Silence pressed against the walls of the viewing gallery.

Iroha scanned the room. This was what she did—read the field, assess the players, identify the opening before anyone else saw it.

To her left, Yukinoshita stood with her arms folded beneath her chest, spine straight, expression unreadable save for the faintest compression of her lips. Her cheeks carried a shade of pink that Iroha rarely saw on her, and her gaze kept drifting toward the mirror with the disciplined reluctance of someone trying not to look at an eclipse. Behind her, Shinomiya Kaguya leaned close and whispered something. Yukinoshita's ears reddened further. Whatever Shinomiya had suggested, it had landed.

To her right, Yuigahama twisted her fingers together, pink dusting her cheeks all the way to her ears. Her eyes darted between the mirror—where Senpai's pharmaceutical situation had reached a state that could only be described as *architectural*—and the floor. Sarashina Ruka, her partner, placed a small hand on Yuigahama's elbow and squeezed with the quiet solidarity of a fellow romantic who understood that some feelings required physical grounding.

"Y-You know," Yuigahama started, her voice climbing, "maybe we should, like, discuss strategy or—"

"Hai!" Totsuka's fist punched the air. Her delicate features blazed with the focused intensity of someone who'd just heard the starter's pistol. "I'll take any slot! Just tell me when to go!"

Sakurasawa Sumi, standing at Totsuka's shoulder, made a small squeaking noise and covered her mouth with both hands. Her entire body vibrated with secondhand intensity.

*'Of course. Tennis player treats everything like match point. Same energy, completely different court.'*

Miura shifted her weight from one foot to the other. Her arms crossed, uncrossed, crossed again. The Fire Queen's composure had cracks running through it like a dropped phone screen—still functional, but one more impact away from shattering completely.

"I didn't—" Miura started. Her jaw worked. "This is—the rules are really—I mean, are we seriously—"

Kujou Alisa, standing at Miura's shoulder with ice-blond hair and an expression of Nordic calm, tilted her head and murmured something in Russian. Then, in Japanese: "Need I remind you that you've already rehearsed with a vibrating replica?"

Miura's face ignited. "That's not—you can't just—Kuhjou-san!"

Iroha filed the reaction away. Useful information. Miura was flustered but not unwilling. The gap between those two states was where opportunities lived.

The room hung in hesitation. Everyone calculating. Everyone waiting for someone else to move first.

*'Which is exactly why I should.'*

Slot one. On paper, it looked like the hardest position—five orgasms, strictest rules, fewest pumps. But paper didn't account for what Iroha knew.

Slot five had the most freedom, sure. Anything goes, twenty-one hundred pumps, only three targets. But by slot five, Senpai would have been through four women. Thirteen orgasms. However effective their medications are, biology was biology. He'd be wrung out. Desensitised. She'd be working twice as hard for half the response, and her best tools—the full-contact permissions,

the oral option—would be wasted on a body that had already been pushed past diminishing returns.

But slot one?

Slot one was Senpai at maximum sensitivity. The limitation wasn't making him finish—it was making him finish *efficiently* within the pump count.

And efficiency was Iroha's entire brand.

She'd spent three years learning exactly which buttons to press on Hikigaya Hachiman. Which words made his composure crack. Which touches made his breathing change. She'd catalogued his tells the way other girls catalogued makeup tutorials—methodically, obsessively, with the long-term investment mindset of someone who always planned to collect.

*'Five orgasms in one thousand pumps. Penetration and kissing only. Face to face.'*

That meant eye contact. That meant proximity. That meant every weapon in Iroha's arsenal — the ones she'd spent years sharpening against his defences — would be deployed at point-blank range against a man who'd been chemically stripped of his ability to deflect.

*'I'm going to take him apart.'*

She stepped forward.

"I'll go first."

Yanami Anna, standing just behind her, let out a breath that was half laugh, half admiration. The food critic's instincts apparently extended to recognising someone who'd already tasted victory and was just waiting for the plate to arrive.

"Iroha..." Yuigahama's voice carried a note of worry. "Five is a lot. Are you sure?"

"Yui-senpai." Iroha turned, all honey and confidence—the smile she'd perfected in student council meetings when she needed a budget approved by people who didn't realise they'd already lost. "There's not much difference between the first, second, and third slot in terms of difficulty. But the first slot gets him at his best."

She didn't add: *And I get to set the standard everyone else is measured against.*

Behind the glass, Senpai sat with his head tilted back. Fujiwara appeared to be explaining something with enthusiastic hand gestures while both she and Hayasaka had their hands resting on his inner thighs—ostensibly for medical purposes that Iroha chose not to interrogate too closely. He looked resigned in the way of a man who'd accepted that his autonomy had been nationalised.

*'That's fine, Senpai. You were always going to end up belonging to me. I just let Yukinon-senpai and Yui-senpai think it was a committee decision.'*

"Very well." Yukinoshita uncrossed her arms. The movement was deliberate — a concession that cost her something visible. "If Isshiki takes the first slot, I'll take the second."

"Eh?" Yuigahama blinked. "Then—then I'll take three!"

Totsuka bounced on her heels. "Four! I'll take four!" Her eyes sparkled with competitive fire that Iroha found genuinely unsettling. Athletes were all a bit unhinged when you got close enough to see the wiring.

Which left—

Every head turned to Miura.

The blonde stood frozen, manicured nails digging crescent moons into her own arms. Alisa leaned close and whispered something. Miura's throat worked.

"...Five," she muttered. "Fine. Whatever. It's not like I—five has anything goes, so — shut up. Nobody say anything."

"Nobody said anything, Miura-senpai."

"I said shut up, Isshiki!"

Aria beamed at all of them with the warm satisfaction of a producer who'd just watched her cast chemistry click into place.

"Wonderful! We have our order!" She clicked her remote, and the screen populated their names into the slots with a cheerful animation that had no business being as polished as it was. "Contestant One: Isshiki Iroha. Contestant Two: Yukinoshita Yukino. Contestant Three: Yuigahama Yui. Contestant Four: Totsuka Saika. Contestant Five: Miura Yumiko."

"Iroha-chan, darling—you'll be escorted to the preparation area in just a moment. The rest of you will watch from this gallery. Live audio included."

Something tingled through Iroha at the thought of being watched.

Not everyone—the non-volunteers on the other side of the magic mirror could only see the exterior of the truck. This audience was limited to the four women who'd be following her and their partners. Nine pairs of eyes. Nine people who would see exactly what she was capable of.

*'Good. Let them watch. Let them see what they're competing against.'*

A flush climbed her neck. She stamped it down with the ruthlessness of someone who'd faked confidence for so long it had become indistinguishable from the real thing.

Iroha straightened her shoulders, lifted her chin, and walked toward the preparation door with the measured stride of a woman who'd been waiting for this moment longer than anyone in the room suspected.

The door opened. Cool air spilt out. Beyond it—

*'I'm coming, Senpai.'*

She didn't look back.

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The door opened.

Iroha walked in first, her bare feet padding against the cool tile. Behind her, the blue-haired girl—Yanami Anna, I was fairly certain—followed with a stride that suggested she'd arrived at a buffet rather than a breeding chamber. Both of them wore nothing. Not a stitch. Not even the courtesy of a strategically held clipboard or a conveniently positioned houseplant.

Fujiwara and Hayasaka stood from where they'd been flanking me. Fujiwara's fingers trailed across my lap as she rose, brushing against—

She definitely touched it. There was no ambiguity in the trajectory of that hand. Zero. None. That was a full-palm graze with what I could only describe as professional follow-through. The kind of contact that, in any other context, would require paperwork and a conversation with HR. In this context, it apparently qualified as a farewell.

"Have a wonderful time, Hikigaya-san~!" Fujiwara beamed, wiggling her fingers in a wave as she headed for the door. The wiggle was performed with the same hand. The hand that had just—

I was not going to think about the hand.

Hayasaka said nothing. She simply glanced down at my lap, then back at my face, and gave a single nod. The nod could have been clinical appraisal. It could have been pity. It could have been a quality assurance check confirming that the product met specifications. With Hayasaka, all three were indistinguishable, and I suspected she preferred it that way.

They left.

Iroha and Anna entered fully, followed by Aria, who wheeled in two flat-panel screens on a chrome stand. The screens were dark for now, their surfaces reflecting the room back at me in miniature—one naked man seated on what was essentially a padded shipping container, about to be observed, timed, and

scored like a gymnastics routine. I wondered if there was a difficulty multiplier. I wondered if wondering that made me complicit.

Iroha knelt in front of me.

She was fidgeting. Her fingers knotted together in her lap, then unknotted, then knotted again—a nervous origami project with no finished shape. Her gaze bounced from the floor to the wall to the screens to her own knees—anywhere and everywhere that wasn't my face. The fox-like confidence she usually wore like a second uniform had been left at the door, and what remained was something far more human. Far more Iroha.

It occurred to me that I'd never seen Isshiki Iroha genuinely nervous. I'd seen her perform nervousness—the calculated stammer, the strategic blush, the "oh no, senpai, I couldn't possibly" routine that preceded her getting exactly what she wanted. But this was different. This was the fidgeting of someone who had spent years planning a campaign and was now standing at the border of the territory she intended to conquer, realising for the first time that the territory could see her back.

Anna settled beside her with the casualness of someone claiming a picnic spot, tucking her legs beneath her and resting her hands on her thighs. Her expression was pleasant and faintly amused—the face of a woman who had accepted her role in someone else's romantic strategy and decided to enjoy the catering.

"Right then!" Aria's voice cracked through the silence like a starting pistol. She positioned both screens so they faced outward—visible to me, to Iroha, to Anna, and to whatever cameras I was absolutely certain were embedded in the walls. This was a Shichijou Productions facility. The cameras weren't a question of *if* but *how many* and *what resolution*.

She tapped the left screen. A digital clock blinked to life: **00:00:00**. She tapped the right. Four fat zeroes stared back at me: **0000**.

A timer I understood. Time was a concept I had a functional relationship with, even if that relationship had been under considerable strain this evening.

But a four-digit counter?

What was it counting? And more importantly—why did it need four digits? What scenario required tracking something up to 9,999? What unit of measurement could possibly—

Oh.

*Oh no.*

"Timer starts with a kiss," Aria announced, already retreating toward the door with the brisk efficiency of a director who'd called "action" and intended to watch from the safety of the control room. "Best of luck, Iroha-chan, Anna-chan. And Hikigaya-kun—" She paused at the threshold, one hand on the frame, and aimed a smile over her shoulder that contained the entire history of Shichijou Productions' catalogue. "—do try to keep up."

The door clicked shut.

Silence.

The kind of silence that had texture. Weight. The silence of two people and one bystander in a room with a timer, a counter, and no clothes, where everyone knew what was about to happen and nobody had yet committed to making it happen.

Iroha's shoulders rose and fell with shallow breaths. Her honey-brown hair hung loose, the tips brushing her collarbones. She still wouldn't look at me.

I opened my mouth.

"Isshiki, you don't have to force your—"

"Call me Iroha."

I blinked.

"No." She finally looked up. Her amber eyes were glassy, the skin beneath them faintly pink. Not the strategic pink of a calculated blush. The real

kind—the kind that couldn't be faked, that rose from somewhere beneath the performance and surfaced despite her best efforts. "Just Iroha. Please. And don't you dare say Iroha while thinking *Isshiki* in your head."

How the hell could she hear what was in my head? Was this some latent kouhai psychic ability? Had Komachi issued a decoder ring? Was there a frequency—a previously undiscovered wavelength on the electromagnetic spectrum—reserved specifically for junior girls who'd spent too long in proximity to their senpai's emotional wavelength?

*'Hachiman to Isshi—I mean Iroha? Can you hear me? Over.'*

No response. Either the telepathy was one-directional or she was choosing not to acknowledge the test signal. Both options were concerning.

"Since we're going to be getting very physical very soon," Anna chimed in from beside Iroha, her voice sweet as melon bread and approximately as dangerous, "you should call me Anna too. It'd be strange to hear 'Yanami-san' when I'm—well." She gestured vaguely at the room, the screens, the general situation—the universal gesture of a person who had run out of euphemisms and decided that a hand wave would have to suffice. "You know."

I didn't respond immediately.

Something genuine.

That was what I'd asked for, wasn't it? That night on the bridge, the words had torn out of me like a confession extracted under duress—which, in fairness to my emotional state at the time, it essentially was. I'd told Yukinoshita and Yuigahama that I wanted something genuine. Not a performance. Not a comfortable lie dressed up in social niceties and tied with the ribbon of mutual convenience. Something real. Something that would survive being examined under harsh light.

And now here I was, under the harshest light imaginable—literally; whoever had designed this room's fixtures had opted for interrogation-grade LEDs that left no shadow, no flattering angle, no merciful dimness in which to

hide—sitting in a government breeding programme, naked, chemically enhanced, with a counter whose purpose I'd just deduced and desperately wished I hadn't, about to—

A peck.

Soft. Brief. The pressure of Iroha's lips against mine lasted less than a second—gone before my brain could catalogue anything beyond the broadest sensory headlines. Warmth. Strawberry. The faintest tremor, transmitted from her lips to mine like a signal she hadn't meant to send.

I'd been so lost in thought that I hadn't noticed her move forward. She was between my knees now, her face centimetres from mine, pulled back just enough to study my reaction with those amber eyes that had spent three years learning to read me and were now, apparently, running a final exam.

Behind her, both screens flared to life.

**00:00:01**—the timer began its count.

**0000**—the counter stayed still. Waiting.

So a kiss started the clock but not the counter. The counter was tracking something specific. Something physical. Something that required forward motion and generated a number that someone—Komachi, probably, because who else—would later enter into a leaderboard spreadsheet and rank with weighted averages.

*'Don't think about it. Don't calculate. Don't—'*

Too late. My brain had already done the maths. Five targets. One thousand maximum on the counter. That was an average of two hundred per target, which meant—

I ordered my brain to stop. My brain filed the order under "acknowledged but declined" and continued calculating.

Aria's heels clicked somewhere beyond the door, fading down the corridor. She was gone. The last adult in the room—using "adult" in the supervisory sense rather than the content-rating sense, because in the latter sense, this room was about to become extremely adult—had departed.

Another peck. Lighter than the first. Iroha's lips barely grazed mine—a butterfly landing and departing in the same heartbeat. Testing. Calibrating. The Isshiki Iroha approach to any new situation: probe the defences, identify the weak points, then exploit them with surgical precision while maintaining plausible deniability.

"Senpai."

"Isshi—"

"I-ro-ha." She bit out each syllable, her brow pinching into a furrow that I recognised from every student council meeting where someone had filed the wrong paperwork. It was her *you have one more chance before I make this unpleasant* expression, and the fact that she was deploying it while naked and kneeling between my legs did absolutely nothing to diminish its effectiveness.

"...Iroha."

Her expression softened. Just a fraction. The furrow smoothed. Something in her eyes shifted—a gate opening, a lock turning—and for a moment she looked less like a strategist executing a plan and more like a girl hearing something she'd wanted to hear for a very long time.

The moment passed. The fox returned. But it had been there—brief, unguarded, real—and we both knew it.

Anna had moved. She now sat beside me on the padded seat, her legs crossed, one bare thigh pressing warm against mine. She'd settled in with the easy familiarity of a spectator at a sporting event—attentive, comfortable, ready to offer commentary at a moment's notice. The specific sporting event her posture most resembled was tennis, which was an analogy I immediately regretted because my brain—still performing calculations I hadn't

authorised—noted that tennis also involved scoring, and the scoring in tennis also went to love, and the word *love* had no business being within a ten-kilometre radius of my current thought process.

I looked down.

I actually looked down, properly, for the first time since Iroha had entered the room.

She was on all fours before me, her palms flat against the tile on either side of my thighs. Her body was—

Smaller than I'd expected. Not in an abstract sense; I'd always known Iroha was petite. But the visual difference between Iroha-in-a-school-uniform and Iroha-wearing-nothing was the difference between reading about the ocean and standing at its edge. Theory versus practice. The map versus the territory. And the territory was—

*'Stop using metaphors. You're stalling.'*

Her skin was pale and smooth—courtesy of whatever preparation Konuki had administered—with a faint flush spreading from her cheeks down her throat and across her chest. The flush tracked the same path as her nervousness, as if her body were drawing a map of everywhere her composure had thinned. Her breasts were modest, soft curves that shifted as she leaned forward, each tipped with a dusky pink that had tightened in the cool air. Her waist dipped inward before flaring gently at her hips—lines that were less editorial and more human, more *real*—the slight softness of her lower stomach, the dimples at the base of her spine. Between her thighs, pressed together, smooth bare skin that Konuki's handiwork had rendered almost sculptural.

And I could see all of it—because of course there was a mirror. Of course someone had strategically positioned a mirror at precisely the angle required to provide a view that no geometry of the human body was designed to offer from this position. Nine levels of hell, and Shichijou Productions had furnished every single one of them with reflective surfaces.

She was looking up at me through her lashes, lips parted, her expression caught in the space between vulnerability and determination—two states that, on Isshiki Iroha, had always been closer neighbours than she'd ever admit.

My body responded with the subtlety of a fire alarm in a library.

The compound surged. My heartbeat thudded in places heartbeats had no business thudding. Every nerve ending Tabane's pharmaceutical cocktail had enhanced was now reporting for duty with the overcaffeinated enthusiasm of a new recruit who'd been told today was important.

The counter on the screen read **0000**.

It would not read that for much longer.

*'Iroha's gaze dropped. She watched my cock twitch upward—still rigid from whatever pharmaceutical nightmare Konuki had injected into my bloodstream like it was auditioning for a role in some dystopian sci-fi JAV—and her throat bobbed as she swallowed. Hard. The kind of swallow that said her brain was running the same frantic calculations mine was, except hers probably included a five-step contingency plan for turning this into a decisive victory on Komachi's leaderboard.'*

I sat there, naked on the padded room of national service, trying very hard not to look like a man whose entire philosophy of minimal human interaction was currently being dismantled one heartbeat at a time. *'Naturally. Because when your little sister sells your future to the Ministry's population initiative, the logical endpoint is your kouhai staring at your dick like it's the final boss in a game she's been speed-running for three years.'*

Then, gingerly, she reached out.

Her fingers were cool against the overheated skin of my shaft. They wrapped around me one at a time—tentative, exploratory, as though she were handling something that might explode. Which, given the circumstances and the way my body was currently ignoring every evolutionary safeguard I'd ever relied

on, wasn't an unreasonable concern. For the first time in my twenty-plus years of existence, another person's hand was wrapped around my cock.

It was warm. Apparently.

"It's... warm," Iroha murmured, confirming the narration in that soft, wondering voice she almost never let anyone hear.

"It's twitching," Anna observed from beside me, leaning forward to peer down with the clinical fascination of a food critic evaluating a new ramen topping.

"And leaking a little. Is that normal?"

Yes. No. I had no frame of reference. My entire sexual education consisted of light novels, several profoundly regrettable browser history incidents I'm sticking to the "accidental" story on, and one health class where the teacher fast-forwarded through every relevant diagram like it was a war crime to show teenagers actual biology.

"Senpai."

Iroha's voice had dropped an octave. She'd closed her eyes, chin tilted upward, lips slightly parted—the universal posture of *kiss me now, you absolute disaster of a man*. I hesitated, because of course I did. My brain was still drafting a strongly worded letter to the Ministry about consent forms and whatever terms of service they'd already bound me to.

A low, frustrated sound rumbled from her throat—not quite a growl, not quite a whine, something uniquely Iroha that managed to convey both annoyance and raw want in the same breath. She closed the distance herself, rising on her knees, one hand still wrapped around me, the other planting on my thigh for balance.

Her mouth met mine.

This was not a peck. This was Isshiki Iroha declaring war with her tongue. Her lips pressed firmly, parting mine, and then she was inside—soft, warm, tasting of strawberry lip balm and something purely biological that made the

pharmaceutical heat in my veins surge like a blown transformer. She kissed with the same energy she brought to student council takeovers: determined, slightly aggressive, unwilling to accept half-measures. Her tongue coaxed mine into responding and my body betrayed me instantly, my hand rising to cup the back of her head, fingers threading into honey-brown hair like they'd been waiting for permission for years.

We separated. A thin trail of saliva stretched between our lips, caught the light, and broke with embarrassing finality.

"Wow," Anna said.

She clapped. Twice. Soft, genuine applause, like she'd just witnessed a particularly elegant magic trick.

Iroha's chest heaved. Her eyes were bright, wet, wide. She released my cock—when had her grip gotten that tight?—and shifted, rising higher, positioning herself above my lap. She reached down, took hold of me again, and began to align herself.

This was happening.

This was actually happening.

My first time. My actual, literal, government-certified first time. With Isshiki Iroha. In a breeding facility. On a padded shipping container with a magical mirror. With a timer and a four-digit counter that gave me existential dread usually reserved for tax season. And a blue-haired food critic sitting three inches to my left, watching like this was the main course at a five-star restaurant.

The househusband dream had not included this scenario. *'I wanted quiet evenings and minimal social obligations, not being ridden like a state-sponsored breeding stud while two very determined women kept score.'*

Iroha lowered her hips. The tip of me pressed against her—against impossible heat, impossible softness—and her face scrunched in concentration. She

pushed down. Nothing. She adjusted the angle, tried again. Her thighs trembled. A strained, frustrated “nngh—” escaped through clenched teeth.

“I think—” Anna’s brow creased with genuine concern. “I think maybe you need more lubrication? And to loosen up a bit. You can’t just— it’s like trying to fit a—” She stopped herself before the analogy landed. Wise choice. “Here, lean against him.”

Anna’s hands were gentle as she guided Iroha forward. Iroha’s body pressed against mine—the shock of skin on skin, back to chest, her small breasts flattening warmly against me, her forehead falling to my shoulder. My cock slid between her inner thighs, trapped in the warm press of her flesh, the underside gliding against the slick heat of her.

I was frozen. Not metaphorically. Every nerve ending screamed input—the warmth, the pressure, the scent of her hair, the vibration of her quickened breathing against my collarbone—and my brain responded by entering safe mode. Blue screen of death. Hikigaya.exe has stopped working.

A sharp pinch on my cheek.

“Ow—”

Anna’s face filled my vision. She was close—blue eyes steel, expression motherly in a way that felt deeply incongruent with our collective nudity. “This is her first time.” Her voice carried the weight of a sensei correcting a wayward student. “It’s your responsibility to make it special. So wake up.”

She took my right hand, lifted it, and guided it downward between Iroha’s thighs.

My fingers met smooth, bare skin. Hot. Slick. The waxing had left her completely bare, and the flesh beneath my fingertips was swollen, radiating heat like sun-warmed stone. I felt the seam of her, the soft outer lips, the wetness that had gathered there despite her body’s initial resistance.

“Senpai...” Iroha’s voice was muffled against my shoulder. She pulled back enough for me to see her face—pouting, eyes glazed with a sheen that was half frustration, half arousal. Her lower lip jutted forward. A strand of hair clung to her damp cheek.

I could feel us both shivering. Not from cold. From the heat building between us, from the pharmaceutical fire in my bloodstream meeting the natural warmth of hers, from anticipation so dense it had physical weight.

Anna pressed against my back. Her breasts—larger than Iroha’s, soft and warm—flattened against my shoulder blades as she sandwiched me from behind for a moment. One arm snaked around my torso; the other reached past me toward Iroha. Her fingers found Iroha’s nipple and pinched.

“Ah—!” Iroha jerked, her hips bucking involuntarily against my hand.

“Keep rubbing,” Anna instructed me, her breath warm against my ear. Her hand closed over mine, guiding my fingers along the slick groove of Iroha’s slit. Up, then down. Slow circles. She pressed my index finger against a small, firm nub beneath impossibly soft skin, and Iroha’s entire body spasmed.

“That’s her clitoris,” Anna said, with the pedagogical calm of a cooking instructor identifying the parts of a fish—or, given the situation, perhaps a particularly delicate bivalve. *‘Concentrate, Hachiman. Do not turn this into a metaphor about shellfish while you’re finger-deep in your kouhai.’* “Gentle circles. Not too hard.”

My finger moved. Iroha whimpered. Her hips rolled against my hand, seeking pressure, seeking friction. Anna guided my middle finger lower, to where Iroha was wettest, and pushed it inside.

The heat was extraordinary. Tight, slick walls gripped my finger as it slid in, and Iroha let out a sound I’d never heard from her before—raw, unperformed, stripped of every layer of social calculation and foxy charm. Just a girl, feeling something for the first time, her body responding before her mind could curate it.

“There you go,” Anna murmured. “Another finger. Slowly.”

Two fingers now. Iroha was rocking against my hand, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps that fogged against my collarbone. Her hands gripped my shoulders, nails pressing crescents into my skin. Between us, my cock throbbed where it was trapped between her thighs, untouched and aching.

Iroha pulled me into another kiss. This one was sloppy, desperate, her coordination deteriorating as pleasure crested inside her. Her tongue pushed past my lips and retreated, pushed and retreated, and her inner walls clenched around my fingers in a rhythm accelerating toward—

She broke the kiss. Her eyes flew wide.

“S-stop—”

Her hand seized my wrist. She pulled my fingers free with a wet sound that echoed in the quiet room. Her thighs were trembling, her skin flushed from hairline to navel.

“Not yet,” she breathed. “Not—I want—the first one has to be with you inside.”

Before I could process the sentence, she pushed. Both hands flat on my chest, she shoved me backwards. My shoulders hit the padded backrest, and then my head was—

In Anna’s lap.

She’d repositioned at some point, sliding behind me on the wide seat, and now my head rested on her bare thighs. She looked down at me with a grin and winked.

“Comfortable?” she asked.

No. Yes. My head was cradled on the soft, warm thighs of a girl I’d met thirty minutes ago. Her blue hair curtained around her face. She smelled like vanilla. This was not comfortable. This was psychological warfare involving too many sensational inputs, too many thoughts, too many things. *If Komachi ever asks*

*how I lost my virginity, I'm claiming temporary insanity and blaming the MAXX Coffee supply chain.'*

Below me—below my waist, where my cock jutted upward, rigid and glistening—Iroha was repositioning. She straddled me, knees planted on either side of my hips, and reached down with one hand to take hold of me again. She aligned herself. I could feel it—the tip of me pressing against her entrance, the heat, the wetness, the impossibly slight give of her body.

She lowered herself.

Slowly.

A millimetre. Two. The pressure was immense. She was tight, almost resistantly so, and I could feel every subtle adjustment as her body struggled to accommodate me. She rose, took a breath, and lowered again. More this time. The head slipped past the initial resistance, and the sensation that engulfed me was—

I don't have a metaphor. Every comparison I could summon—velvet, silk, warmth, tightness—fell short of the physical reality of being inside another person for the first time. It was wet, and hot, and alive, and it gripped me with a muscular intentionality that no philosophical deflection could approximate.

Iroha rose again. Lowered further. More of me disappeared into her. Her face was a study in concentration—brow furrowed, teeth sunk into her lower lip, sweat beading at her temples. She made small, bitten-off sounds with each descent. Rise. Fall. Rise. Fall deeper. Her inner walls stretched around me incrementally, and the counter clicked upward in the corner of my vision.

**0001.**

**0002.**

**0003.**

*'Kami, is that actually pump counter?!'*

She took more of me. The angle shifted as she settled her weight, and suddenly I was fully inside her—sheathed to the base, her pelvis flush against mine, every centimetre of me wrapped in that slick, clenching heat.

Her eyes went wide.

My vision went white.

The orgasm hit me like a freight train with no brakes and a personal grudge. It erupted from somewhere at the base of my spine and detonated outward, every muscle in my body clenching simultaneously as I pulsed inside her. I could feel myself—the rhythmic, involuntary spasms, the release, the raw biological event of ejaculation occurring inside another human being for the first time in my entire existence.

And Iroha—

Iroha was shaking. Her mouth was open but soundless, her back arched, her thighs clamping around my hips like a vice. She'd come at the same moment. Her walls spasmed around me in rolling contractions that milked every pulse from my body, and we locked together like that—frozen, trembling, flushed scarlet from head to toe.

**0005.**

The pump counter blinked accusingly.

Five pumps.

We had climaxed—both of us, simultaneously—in five pumps.

The silence that followed was the loudest thing I'd ever heard.

Iroha stared at me. I stared at Iroha. Both of us breathing like we'd sprinted a marathon, sweat cooling on skin still pressed flush together, my softening cock—except it wasn't softening, the pharmaceutical compound had other ideas—still buried inside her where I had just—

Oh god.

The twitch of my cock within her made Iroha shiver on top of me.

“Did you two just cum?”

Anna’s voice came from above. She was looking down at both of us from her position behind my head, expression cycling through surprise, delight, and undisguised amusement.

She laughed. Bright, genuine laughter that shook her shoulders and, by extension, my skull.

“Five pumps! You got there in five pumps!” She craned her neck to peer at the counter. “At least—well, at least you’re still hard.”

She was right. The compound had apparently decided one orgasm was insufficient. I was still rigid inside Iroha, still throbbing, the enhanced blood flow maintaining an erection that should, by all natural rights, have deflated like a punctured tyre.

Iroha’s flush deepened. She pressed her palms against her cheeks—I felt her weight shift on my hips as she did—and then, with both hands, she slapped herself. Two sharp claps against her own face. Her eyes hardened. Her jaw set. She pumped her fist once, twice, in that self-motivation gesture I’d seen her use before student council presentations.

Then the fox returned.

Her head tilted. Lashes lowered to half-mast. The corner of her mouth curved upward into that specific smile—the tactical weapon that had derailed countless meetings.

“Senpai~” she sang. “Are you hitting on me?”

Those words she always used as an accusation whenever I acted kindly—which was normally followed by a quick rejection.

“In what conceivable interpretation of the current situation am I—”

She rose. Dropped. Her hips slammed down and the pump counter ticked to 0006 and the retort died in my throat, replaced by a sound that was not words. A groan torn from somewhere primal and unedited.

She established a rhythm. Up. Down. Steady, deliberate, each descent taking me to the hilt with a completeness that made my vision swim. Her hands planted on my chest for leverage, fingers splayed wide, nails leaving faint red trails on my skin that I could feel but couldn't bring myself to care about. The wet sound of our bodies meeting filled the room—obscene, rhythmic, inescapable—and some distant, analytical part of my brain catalogued the sound as something I would never, ever be able to unhear. Every time she bottomed out, my thoughts scattered like startled birds, reforming just long enough to register the next descent before scattering again.

*'This is happening. This is actually, measurably, countably happening.'*

**0012. 0019. 0027.**

Iroha leaned forward. Her hair fell around us like a curtain—pink-tinged darkness that smelled faintly of something floral, something expensive, something utterly Isshiki—and she kissed me again. Softer now. Slower. Her tongue traced my lower lip with a patience that contradicted the relentless rhythm of her hips, as though her mouth and her body had agreed to wage two separate campaigns against whatever remained of my composure. The angle changed with her lean, and I could feel myself dragging against a spot inside her that made her whimper into my mouth. A small, unguarded sound. Not the fox's calculated moan. Something real. Something that bypassed every cynical filter I possessed and landed squarely in my chest with the weight of a confession.

My hands—when had I moved them?—found her waist. Not to stop her. Not to guide her. Just... there. Holding on. Because the alternative was drowning without an anchor, and even Hikigaya Hachiman had survival instincts.

**0048. 0063. 0081.**

Her pace quickened. The slap of skin on skin grew sharper, faster, each impact sending a shockwave through my hips that I felt in my teeth. Her kisses became erratic—missing my lips entirely, landing on my chin, my jaw, the corner of my mouth, returning in a breathless cycle that matched the mounting urgency of her hips. She wasn't performing anymore. Somewhere between 0048 and 0063, the choreography had collapsed, and what remained was raw, graceless need—her breath hot and ragged against my face, her thighs trembling with each rise, her rhythm stuttering and recovering and stuttering again like a heart learning to beat for the first time.

And I—who had spent the better part of a decade perfecting the art of emotional detachment—could not look away.

**0097. 0108. 0115.**

That was when Anna moved.

She slid out from behind me, repositioning smoothly until she was lying down beside me on the wide padded surface—her body pressed warm along my side, one leg draped casually over mine. Her blue hair spilled across the cushion as she propped herself on an elbow, looking down at me with that same amused, predatory curiosity. “My turn to contribute properly,” she murmured, voice low and honey-sweet.

Then she leaned in and kissed me.

Her lips were softer than Iroha's, fuller, tasting faintly of something sweet and indulgent like the desserts she probably reviewed for a living—melon bread and whipped cream and whatever other high-calorie sins a professional food critic indulged in when no one was looking. The kiss started gentle—almost exploratory—then deepened as her tongue slipped past my lips, coaxing mine into a lazy, wet dance that felt far too skilled for someone who'd supposedly just met me thirty minutes ago. Then she lowered, suckling at my neck with slow, deliberate pulls that sent sparks racing straight down my spine. She trailed kisses upward again, mapping the line of my jaw like she was tasting a new recipe and deciding whether it needed more salt.

*'Of course. Because why stop at one pair of lips when you can have a tag-team assault on my remaining brain cells? Iroha's riding me like she's trying to set a new personal record on Komachi's leaderboard, and now Anna's turning my neck into a tasting menu. If this keeps up I'm going to need a safe word for my own dignity.'*

Was that her tongue inside my ear?

The thought hit me like a freight train derailing into a philosophy seminar. Yes. Yes it was. Warm, wet, and far too invasive for something that should have been anatomically impossible without a formal invitation and several consent forms. Anna's tongue pushed into the shell of my ear with slow, deliberate strokes—licking, swirling, the kind of obscene little invasion that made my toes curl and my hips jerk upward without my brain's permission.

My thoughts tore themselves in half like a cheap convenience-store bento: one half completely occupied by the slick wet thing currently exploring the inside of my ear like it was looking for hidden treasure, the other half hyper-focused on the slick wet thing currently wrapped around my cock—Iroha's tight, fluttering heat that clenched around me with every downward slam of her hips. It was sensory overload on a governmental scale. 'Tabane's little cocktail was clearly designed by someone who didn't know the concept of "too much." I was supposed to be the reluctant delivery mechanism, not the main course getting seasoned from both ends.

**0121. 0126. 0130.**

The counter kept its merciless tally while Iroha's rhythm grew sharper, more desperate. Her hands planted firmer on my chest, nails digging in as she chased her own building peak. Anna's tongue never stopped—wet, filthy, perfectly timed to every one of Iroha's descents—and the combined assault had my body racing toward a second climax with the enthusiasm of a salaryman who'd just been promised overtime pay in the form of existential dread.

“Senpai.” Iroha’s voice was breathless, half-gasped between movements. She was watching my face the way she used to watch student-council opponents—calculating, hungry, utterly focused. “Let go.”

Her walls tightened around me—deliberately this time, a muscular squeeze that rippled along my entire length like she was personally negotiating with my refractory period.

“All those walls you put up.” Another squeeze. Her hips didn’t stop. “Around everyone.” Another. “Around yourself.”

**0133.**

“Let them go.”

I came.

The second orgasm rolled through me deeper than the first—less like a sudden detonation and more like a slow, inevitable collapse of every defence I’d ever built. Every carefully constructed wall, every practised deflection, every sardonic shield I’d ever raised against the world—all of it crumbled simultaneously, dissolving into white heat that radiated outward from my core like the shockwave of something I couldn’t take back. I felt myself pulse inside her again, thick and hot, filling her in long, sustained waves while my hips jerked up to meet her with a desperation that had nothing to do with conscious thought.

*‘So this is what it feels like to lose.’*

Not a competition. Not an argument. Something far more fundamental than that. The part of my brain still capable of forming coherent observations noted, with distant horror, that my body was moving entirely of its own accord—arching, pressing, giving—like it had been waiting years for permission to stop holding back.

Iroha’s rhythm stuttered for half a second, her breath catching as she registered the fresh heat flooding into her. Then her eyes sharpened—that

familiar, dangerous glint—and she ground down harder, chasing her own release with single-minded determination that would have impressed me if I'd had the cognitive bandwidth to feel anything beyond the devastating sensitivity of her body wringing me dry.

**0141. 0148. 0152.**

She found it. Her back arched sharply, thighs clamping around my hips like a vice as a ragged cry tore from her throat—half my name, half something raw and wordless that sounded nothing like the calculated kouhai I thought I knew. The sound hit me somewhere beneath my ribs, in a place I didn't have adequate emotional vocabulary to name. Her inner walls convulsed around me in powerful, milking waves, drawing out every last drop with a biological efficiency that Tabane would probably write a paper about, while Anna's tongue gave one final, wicked swirl inside my ear before she pulled back with a satisfied little hum—the sound of a woman who had completed her assigned task and found it personally fulfilling.

**0157.**

The counter stopped.

We lay there, a sweaty, tangled mess of limbs and heavy breathing, for what felt like hours but was probably nine seconds. My brain, running on emergency reserve power and whatever was left of my MAXX Coffee loyalty, began assembling facts like it was writing a resignation letter to my former self.

Fact one: I had officially lost my virginity.

Fact two: I had lost it to Isshiki Iroha while her partner tongue-fucked my ear like it was a competitive sport.

Fact three: The Ministry's population initiative was clearly operating on a "go big or go extinct" philosophy.

Fact four: We had already climaxed twice and the pump counter had barely cleared one hundred and fifty.

Fact five: Komachi was going to award herself so many points that the point economy will probably crash from the inflation.

Iroha slowly peeled herself off my chest, still trembling, eyes unfocused, skin glistening. She lifted herself off me and the sudden rush of cool air against my oversensitive, slick cock made both of us flinch. She flopped onto her back beside me, chest heaving, thighs still parted and showing the messy evidence of exactly what we'd just done—white and viscous, and a faint trail of red slowly seeping from her.

*'Oh yeah, she was a virgin.'*

Anna was already moving again, sliding closer along my side. Her fingers wrapped around my shaft—warm, confident, unhesitant—and began those long, slow strokes designed purely to reactivate the equipment. “Your turn to work hard,” she murmured against my ear, the same ear she'd just thoroughly violated. “She's done two rounds. You've just been lying there getting pampered.”

*Technically accurate. Uncomfortably so. 'I came here for a quiet beach vacation. Instead I'm getting serviced like a government-issue breeding machine while two highly motivated women treat my dick like a team-building exercise.'*

Iroha lay there on her back, hair fanned out, looking small and flushed and utterly wrecked in the best possible way. She reached up with both hands, fingers beckoning.

“Senpai.”

Her voice was quiet. Wrecked. Eyes half-lidded but still sharp underneath.

“Come here.”

Anna guided me forward—one hand still on my now fully rigid cock, the other pushing between my shoulder blades. I moved on all fours above Iroha, arms braced on either side of her head, knees between her spread thighs. She looked up at me with an expression that stripped away every last layer of fox-like performance and left nothing but raw, genuine want.

Anna positioned me at Iroha's entrance again. The slick heat kissed the head of my cock like a promise—or a threat. Then Anna withdrew her hand.

Iroha's fingers curled into the hair at my nape and pulled me down until our foreheads touched. Amber eyes held mine, glassy and unblinking.

The timer read **00:14:37**.

The pump counter read **0157**.

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**-=&<o>&=-**

**End**

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