

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

Story Starts

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Chapter 2.71 -

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

Disclaimer: Everyone here is an adult!

Yuigahama and Sarashina-san began stretching. Proper stretching. The kind you'd do before swimming or a sports event.

Which, given the circumstances, was both completely appropriate and utterly absurd.

Well, then again Yukinon did point out that this was exactly like a sports event—with the timer and the counter.

I watched them bend and flex, preparing their bodies for what was essentially a government-mandated sexual athletics event. Sarashina-san touched her toes with practised ease whilst Yuigahama attempted the same and managed to reach approximately mid-shin.

Some things never change.

Though perhaps I should skip the pleasantries. Everyone before them had insisted on first names. Iroha had practically demanded it. Yukino had used mine with such careful deliberation that I couldn't go against the sincerity. Kaguya had—

Well. Kaguya had done a lot of things.

"Yui—" I began.

Yuigahama's face lit up like someone had flipped a switch connected directly to her happiness receptors. Her eyes went wide, her lips parted, her whole body seemed to lean towards me in anticipation.

"—gahama."

The light died.

It didn't fade gradually or dim slowly. It simply extinguished, like a candle meeting a fire extinguisher. Her shoulders slumped. Her smile inverted. Even her hair seemed to droop.

I looked away and scratched at my chin, feeling heat creep up my cheeks. This was ridiculous. I'd just had sex with four women. I'd ejaculated inside Yukino multiple times whilst Kaguya literally guided my movements. I'd witnessed Iroha's face during climax from approximately three centimetres away.

And yet calling Yuigahama by her first name was somehow the thing that embarrassed me.

The human psyche is a fascinating disaster.

"Yui," I said to the wall.

I didn't need to look to feel the pleased energy radiating from her. It was like standing near a space heater that ran on emotional validation instead of electricity.

Former classmate? Friend? Close friend?

Close friend made sense. It had been the three of us from the start—me, Yukino, and Yui. The Service Club's founding and sole members. Three people united by their mutual inability to function normally in society, though Yui had always been better at faking it than either of us.

Well, technically it had been me and Yukino first. Then Yui had bulldozed her way in with that request.

Wait.

Was the initial request—help with baking cookies—actually *for* me? Had she been trying to make cookies *for me* this entire time?

I'd like to think I'm someone with reasonable self-awareness. I pride myself on understanding the subtle social dynamics that others miss. I see through facades. I recognise manipulation. I understand the complex web of teenage relationships that—

Was I actually a harem protagonist?

The thought hit me like a truck driven by my own obliviousness.

All those moments. All those lingering glances I'd attributed to my dead fish eyes being off-putting. All those times Yui had gotten flustered when I accidentally said something that could be construed as romantic. All those instances where Yukino had looked away with a slight blush that I'd assumed was just her natural paleness responding to temperature changes.

Had I been living in a romantic comedy without realising I was the main character?

No. Impossible. Harem protagonists are dense. I'm perceptive. I notice things. I analyse social dynamics with surgical precision.

...

'Oh no.'

And if Yuigahama had liked me this whole time, why would she subject me to the torture of her cooking? Unless—

Unless the point was never the cookies themselves. Unless the act of cooking together, of me tasting her attempts, of sharing that domestic activity—

My brain short-circuited.

Every cooking session. Every "Hikki, try this!" followed by flavours that defied culinary science. Every time she'd watched my face with barely concealed anticipation as I chewed through what could generously be described as food-adjacent substances.

She hadn't been feeding me.

She'd been *courting* me.

With biological warfare.

I looked up at the two women before me, desperate for a distraction from my own epiphany.

Sarashina-san was cute. She had that tomboyish short hair—black with subtle blue highlights that caught the light—but even then she felt distinctly feminine. There was something about the way she held herself. Confident but gentle. Athletic but soft. The kind of person who probably exercised because she enjoyed it rather than out of obligation.

Disgusting.

She was holding a bottle of clear liquid.

'Ah, smart. Hydration is important.'

The pharmaceutical compound from earlier was still doing something to my system. My mouth felt dry. My body felt warm. My—other parts—felt like they'd been connected to a car battery.

I then looked towards Yuiga—Yui.

'No. She might have Iroha's mind-reading abilities. Stay consistent. If I slip back to "Yuigahama" in my thoughts, she'll sense it. She'll pout. The pout will escalate to the lip wobble. The lip wobble will escalate to actual tears. I cannot handle tears right now. My emotional bandwidth is fully allocated to processing the fact that I've become a government-sponsored breeding stud.'

Yui smiled hesitantly, her arms crossing over her chest in that universal gesture of self-conscious modesty. Her chest, I couldn't help but notice, was quite substantial. Compared to the previous... entanglements... I'd experienced today, Iroha's had been respectable, Yukino's elegant, Kaguya's refined, and Yui's were—

'Generous,' my brain supplied unhelpfully.

My eyes travelled downward before I could stop them. Yui's stomach had a soft curve to it. She wasn't fat—that wasn't the right word at all—but she wasn't as slim as Yukino either. She had that comfortable softness that came from enjoying good food and not obsessing over caloric intake.

The kind of body that suggested contentment. That suggested someone who ate cake when she wanted cake and didn't spend three hours afterwards calculating macronutrients.

It suited her. It looked—

"Hikki!"

Alert. Alert. Incoming fire.

I knew that tone. That was the tone Yui used when she caught me doing something that disappointed her. Usually it involved me being cynical about friendship or dismissive about social events or accidentally insulting someone's intelligence whilst trying to help them. This time it apparently involved me analysing her body composition like a livestock judge at a county fair.

Instead of protecting her breasts, Yui's arms dropped to cover her midsection. Her cheeks flushed pink. Her lower lip jutted out in that pout that I'd seen approximately eight thousand times during our high school years.

'Called it.'

Then something cool grasped my cock.

"You shouldn't stare at a girl's stomach!" Sarashina-san admonished, her grip firm but not uncomfortable.

'Then where am I supposed to stare?'

The obvious answer was her face. But I'd discovered over the past several hours that this island seemed to have some kind of gravitational anomaly. My eyes kept being pulled downward by forces beyond my conscious control. Newton would have been fascinated. Einstein would have revised his theories. Schrodinger's cat would have been irrelevant because the box was already open and the cat was definitely naked.

"Sorry," I muttered.

Sarashina-san's grip tightened. Not painfully, but with clear intent.

"Yui, just like we planned."

'Plan?'

'They had a plan?'

'When did they have time to make a plan? Did they plan this in the viewing gallery whilst watching me with Iroha? Did they take notes? Was there a whiteboard? Did someone bring colour-coded markers?'

I thought about the one-way mirror. About Yui watching me penetrate Iroha. Watching Anna guide my hands. Watching me lose control over and over whilst the counter ticked upward.

Had she been analysing my responses? Cataloguing my reactions? Building a strategic framework based on observed data?

That was the kind of thing I would do.

'Oh no.'

'She learned from me.'

'I taught her this.'

But before my mind went down that particular road—I remembered that the one-way mirror is from my side, not the opposite; she wouldn't be watching through the mirror.

But then again, there was a camera at the corner of this room.

Yui reached for the bottle I'd assumed was water. Clear liquid oozed out—definitely not water—drizzling over my cock with a viscosity that suggested something far more specialised. Lubricant. Medical grade, probably, knowing this facility's obsession with preparation.

That or a sponsored product—though there wasn't a label I could see.

Sarashina-san—Ruka, I should probably call her Ruka given where her hand currently was—began pumping. Her fingers were small and dainty, barely able to wrap around my girth. But then another hand joined from the opposite side.

Yui's hand was warmer. Softer. Her grip less confident but no less effective.

'Two hands,' my brain noted clinically. 'Well, technically three hands on that specific area—well now two as Yui stopped drizzling lubricant on my member.'

Suck.

I inhaled sharply as two mouths descended simultaneously. Ruka took my left nipple, Yui my right. The sudden wet warmth, the flick of tongues circling, the gentle suction—

I hadn't known that was a thing. That men could feel things from nipple stimulation. In all my theoretical research—conducted purely for academic purposes—no one had mentioned this particular neural pathway.

But apparently I could feel it. Apparently I could feel quite a lot.

The sensation travelled directly downward, connecting chest to groin through some biological circuitry I'd never been aware of. Every flick of their tongues sent a pulse through me. Every suction pulled at something deeper.

'This is unfair. This is coordinated. They definitely practised.'

Yui's thumb found the crown of my cock and began tracing circles. Ruka matched her rhythm from below. Up and down. Up and down. Synchronised like they'd rehearsed this specific choreography.

'Had they practised? Was there a rehearsal? Did Komachi provide instructional materials? A training video? A peer-reviewed study on optimal technique?'

Given my sister's apparent transformation into some kind of matchmaking supervillain, I couldn't rule anything out.

Yui looked up, her mouth releasing my nipple with a soft pop. Her eyes were half-lidded, cheeks flushed, expression somewhere between nervous and determined.

"Hikki," she said softly. "Touch us."

It wasn't a request. It wasn't quite a command either. It was somewhere in between—that unique Yuigahama communication style that managed to be both passive and assertive simultaneously.

Ruka released my other nipple and nodded encouragingly. "It's only fair."

Fair. Right. Because there were rules of engagement in government-mandated breeding programmes. Reciprocity clauses in the social contract of forced reproduction. Terms and conditions that no one had read before clicking "accept."

Both women shifted, opening their legs whilst maintaining their grip on me. Presenting themselves. Offering access.

'Okay. Think. You read things. You researched things. You definitely didn't spend several hours reading very detailed articles about female anatomy for purely academic purposes during third year. That would have been inappropriate.'

'You did, though.'

'Shut up.'

Plus, I already had practical hands-on experience—well, that was not even a few hours old.

I reached out tentatively. Left hand towards Ruka. Right hand towards Yui.

'The clitoris is at the top. Small nub. Very sensitive. Don't attack it directly—circular motions around it first. Build up. The vaginal opening is lower. Two fingers, curling upward, there should be a slightly rougher texture that—'

My fingers made contact.

Ruka gasped. Yui squeaked.

'Too hard? Too soft? Wrong angle? Were my nails trimmed properly?'

"Like this," Ruka breathed, adjusting my wrist angle slightly. "Slower."

I adjusted. Slower. Gentler. Circular motions around rather than direct contact with—

"Ah—" Ruka's hips twitched.

'Success. Partial success. One data point doesn't establish a pattern but it's encouraging.'

I applied the same technique to Yui. Same angle. Same pressure. Same circular motion.

"Hikiiiiii—" Yui's voice went up approximately two octaves.

'Two data points. Now we're getting somewhere. Statistical significance requires at least thirty, but I'll take what I can get.'

The four-way stimulation continued. Their hands on me, my hands on them, mouths occasionally returning to nipples or necks or wherever seemed most

effective. It was chaotic and awkward and nothing like the smooth choreographed scenes from any visual novel I'd ever read.

Elbows bumped. Angles needed constant readjustment. At one point Yui's hair got in my mouth and I had to pause to extract it whilst she apologised profusely.

But somehow it was working.

I could feel pressure building. That familiar tightening sensation that meant—

"He's close," Ruka announced, her grip shifting to something more deliberate.

'How does she know? Is there a physical tell? Am I making a face? Is my breathing pattern changing? There's a counter somewhere tracking pumps but this isn't technically pumps yet; well, the number is going up—'

Yui moved.

One moment she was beside me, the next she was straddling me, positioning herself with determination that bordered on aggressive. Her entrance was wet—my fingers could attest to that—and she didn't hesitate.

She dropped.

I slid inside her in one smooth motion.

"YUI—"

Her mouth covered mine, swallowing whatever I was about to say. Her hips began moving immediately, not giving me time to adjust, not giving herself time to adjust. Just motion. Urgent, desperate motion.

This was different from the others.

Iroha had been playful. Teasing. Building towards something.

Yukino had been careful. Deliberate. Treating it like a problem to be solved correctly.

Yui was neither. Yui was raw. Yui was need given physical form.

I could feel Ruka's hand still working where our bodies connected, adding stimulation, adding friction, adding—

The counter on the wall continued to clicked upward. Each number representing a movement, a thrust, a moment of this completely insane situation I found myself in.

Yui's internal muscles clenched around me. Her kiss deepened. Her hips moved faster.

'She's chasing something,' I realised dimly. 'She's not waiting. She's not pacing herself. She's trying to—'

The pressure that had been building crested.

I came.

Inside Yui.

Inside Yuigahama Yui.

Inside the girl who'd made me terrible cookies and dragged me to social events and cried during the cultural festival and somehow, impossibly, apparently loved me this entire time despite every reasonable indication that she shouldn't.

The counter read 200.

Yui kept moving. She hadn't finished yet—I could tell. Her rhythm was becoming erratic, her breathing more ragged, her kisses more desperate. And I was still hard—that damned pharmaceutical ensuring I remained functional regardless of how many times I—

Ruka's hand found my balls, rolling them gently, adding sensation to an already overwhelming experience.

"Don't stop," Yui gasped against my mouth. "Hikki, don't—"

I thrust upward to meet her. My body responding automatically now, muscle memory from the previous sessions kicking in. Angle adjustment. Depth variation. That particular twist at the apex that Iroha had responded so strongly to—

Yui's back arched. Her internal muscles spasmed. A sound escaped her throat that was half moan and half sob.

She came.

Her whole body shuddered, her movements stuttering to a halt as pleasure overtook motor function. She collapsed against my chest, breathing heavily, still wrapped around me.

I hadn't come again. The pharmaceutical was doing something strange to my refractory period—I could feel the arousal but the release remained just out of reach.

"Swap," Ruka said quietly.

Yui lifted herself off me with obvious reluctance. She wobbled slightly as she stood, legs apparently unsteady from exertion.

"Lie back," Ruka instructed me.

I lay back.

Yui positioned herself above my face.

'Oh.'

'Oh no.'

'This is—I've read about this. This specific configuration. But reading about something and actually doing it are—'

Yui spread herself with her fingers. I could see everything. *Everything*. The pink flesh, the glistening wetness, and—

'That's my—'

'That's inside her. That white—that came from—'

She pushed downward. Some of my release oozed out, trailing down. Yui caught it with her fingers and then—

She pressed her pussy against my mouth.

The taste hit me immediately. Salt and musk and something distinctly *her* mixed with something distinctly *me*. It should have been strange. It should have been off-putting.

It wasn't.

Ruka, meanwhile, had positioned herself above my cock. Unlike Yui's aggressive descent, Ruka lowered herself slowly, inch by careful inch, her expression one of intense concentration.

"This is—" Ruka breathed. "He's big."

'I don't think I'm particularly—wait, is that a compliment or a complaint? The tone suggests surprise. Surprise could go either way. Should I apologise? Should I say thank you? What's the etiquette here?'

I couldn't ask. My mouth was currently occupied with an entirely different task.

'Okay. Oral. You read about this too. Tongue on the clitoris. Varied pressure. Flat tongue versus pointed tongue. Suction but not too much. The alphabet technique—tracing letters, varying patterns—'

I licked experimentally.

"AH!" Yui's thighs clamped around my head.

'Too much? Not enough? Letter choice was "A"—maybe start simpler. Circle. Just circle.'

I tried again. Softer this time. Tracing patterns. Varying pressure.

Yui's hands found her own breasts, squeezing and kneading as she ground herself against my face. Above her, I could see Ruka beginning to move, her hips rising and falling in a steady rhythm.

The counter clicked upward with each of Ruka's movements. 250. 300. 350.

'I can't see the count properly from this angle. My face is currently buried in—'

"Hikki," Yui moaned, her hips rolling. "More. Right there—no, left—back to—yes, THERE—"

'Found it.'

I found a spot that made her voice crack. I focused on it. Circling. Flicking. Applying pressure then releasing.

Her thighs tightened around my head with each flick. Her hips jerked erratically. Her moans became less coherent, more primal.

Ruka's movements were becoming more urgent. I could feel her tightening around me, her internal muscles gripping and releasing in a rhythm that matched her thrusts.

"I think—" Ruka gasped. "I think he's close."

'Am I? I can't tell anymore. Everything is sensation. Everything is—'

"Swap!" Yui commanded.

They moved with practised coordination. Ruka lifted off, Yui swung around, and within seconds their positions had reversed. Yui impaled herself on me whilst Ruka lowered herself onto my face.

'Different taste. Still good. More—floral? Is that a word people use for this? Probably not. Probably deeply inappropriate to review sexual encounters like wine. "Notes of citrus and desperation, with a finish of government overreach."'

Yui was chasing another orgasm, her hips moving with frantic energy. She was close—I could tell from the way her internal muscles were fluttering, from the sounds she was making, from the way her nails were digging into my chest.

Ruka ground against my mouth. "More," she demanded. "Use your fingers too."

I slid two fingers inside her whilst maintaining tongue contact with her clitoris. The curling motion. Find the rough spot. Apply pressure whilst—

"OH—" Ruka's thighs squeezed my head.

Yui slammed down one final time.

I thrust upward.

Three voices cried out simultaneously.

The counter read 800.

For a long moment, no one moved. Three bodies connected in various configurations, all breathing heavily, all processing what had just occurred.

Then Yui slowly lifted herself off me. Ruka rolled to the side. I stared at the ceiling, trying to remember how thought worked.

"That was—" Yui started.

"Yeah," Ruka agreed.

"We should—" I attempted.

"Again," both women said in unison.

They looked at each other. Some kind of silent communication passed between them. Then they both looked at me.

Yui reached for the lubricant bottle.

"From the top," Ruka said, settling beside me.

'The top? We're starting over? The counter reset or—no, it's still showing 800. So this is continuous. This is—how many rounds is this now? I've lost count. I've lost track of whose turn it is. I've lost—'

Cool liquid drizzled over my cock once again.

Two hands wrapped around me. Two mouths descended towards my nipples.

The rhythm began anew.

Up and down. Suck and lick. Circle and stroke.

I closed my eyes and tried to remember a time when my biggest concern was whether the library would have the latest volume of my favourite light novel.

That time felt very far away.

The counter clicked steadily upward.

'I thought Yui was a virgin?'

Well, not that it really matters

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End

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