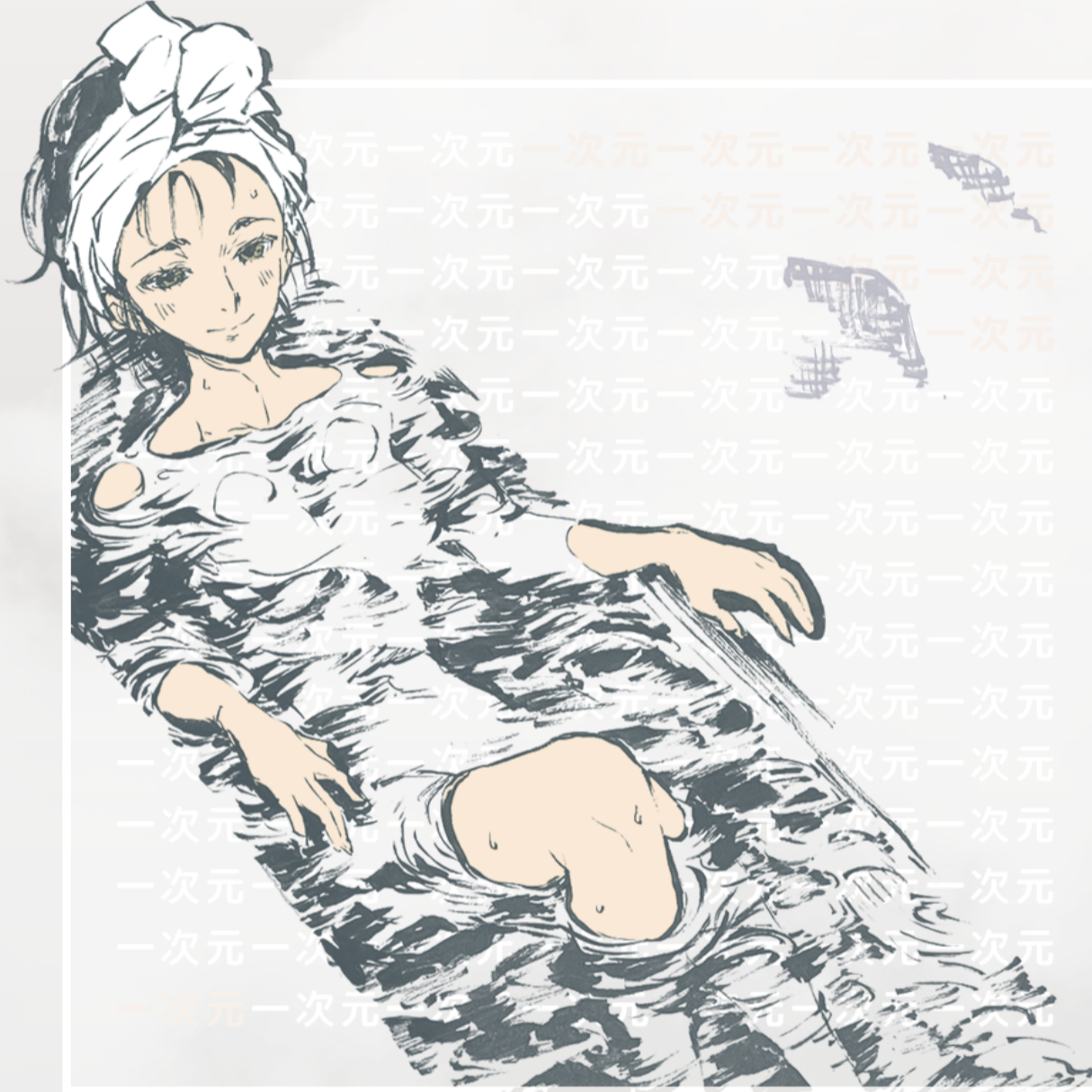


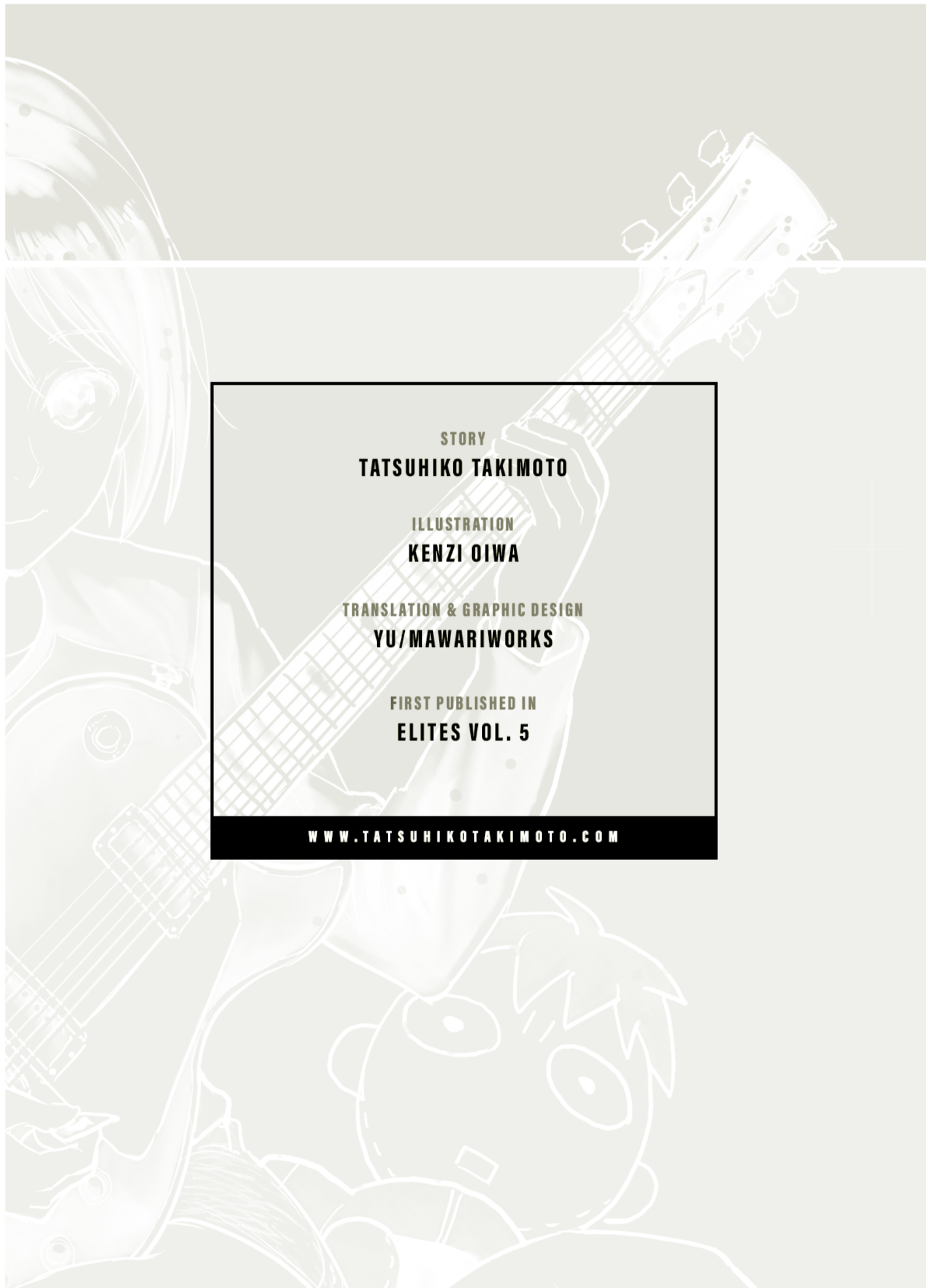
REBUILD of **WELCOME TO THE NHK!**

新 ・ N H K に よ う こ そ !



STORY: TATSUHIKO TAKIMOTO • ILLUSTRATION: KENZI OIWA

The existence of the evil organization of "NHK", I happened to find it. All the reasons why I dropped out from the university, being unemployed and "Hikikomori" - homicidal young person - are due to NHK's conspiracy. I'll keep fighting till the day I will beat the vice organization. But one day, an assassin from a religious group show up to kill me. She is a neat and beautiful girl, Misaki-chan, with a parasol. Who is she? What can save our future contaminated with eroticism, violence, and drug? Love, courage or friendship? This is an ultimate Hikikomori sequel!



STORY  
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新 ・ N H K に よ う こ そ !

**#3 Seeking for Dreams in the Unseen First Dimension**

## Part One

Night. I was in Yamazaki's room, peering over at his laptop.

Yamazaki pushed his glasses up, turned around, and pierced his eyes towards me.

“Listen up, Satou-san. With a click of this button, the first episode of our hypnovoice will be released worldwide.”

“Oh- Ohh.....”

Since it was nearing summer, we had the air conditioner on, but before I knew it, I was sweating.

“Now, if you're all set, let's release this. Our hypnovoice!”

“.....”

This project of Yamazaki and mine..... This plan to strike gold by the two of us making something..... Somewhere deep down, I had already given up, assuming we'd fail yet again.

However, surprisingly this time, our “adult orientated hypnovoice” first episode, was sitting on this rundown Macbook Air, ready to be uploaded, complete with subtitles.

At that, this completed version had Yamazaki's voice actress friend from school, Nanako's, voice recorded.

Nanako..... As expected from the voice acting department, she sounded very convincing.

The other day, while listening to the voice files, Yamazaki was struck by inspiration and started drawing with his pen tablet.

“Our concept of being led by a little sister to deep hypnosis! This is good! Very good!”

While my passion had already cooled down, Yamazaki improvised a little sister design. I was amazed by what he had drawn.

Up until now, Yamazaki’s character designs tended to pile too many traits.

Perhaps it’s his lack of confidence in drawing. That’s why he threw together concepts like “ghosts” and “robots” to fill them up. It’s character design by playing with additions.

The more traits he added to make them unique, however, the more Yamazaki’s drawings looked like variations of other 2D characters already out there.

“I- It’s no good! Even an AI can draw something like this!” Yamazaki would often moan, deleting his art before the character was complete.

“Hey, we don’t need perfection. To begin with, it’s not like your main thing’s illustration.”

“Then what is my main thing?”

“Well. Farming, I guess?”

“Don’t screw with me!”

Yamazaki's parents ran a ranch and his dad's in pretty bad shape. That's why Yamazaki's destined to return home to take over the family business any day now.

I assumed he would return to the countryside after coming all the way to Tokyo, sadly not having accomplished anything.

However, this time, Yamazaki showed me a different sort of character design than the usual. He subtracted rather than added and removed rather than piling.

The little sister he drew on CSP was nothing out of the ordinary, with everyday clothes, a T-shirt and shorts, and short black hair. Her eyes weren't even red.

However, unlike any other character Yamazaki has drawn, I felt realism..... It had soul.

“Hey, man. This character's not bad.....”

“Y- You see it too, don't you, Satou-san? I've..... exceeded AI! For the first time, I think I've really captured something!”

We have no idea if that “something” actually existed. However, at the very least, Yamazaki felt like he was getting somewhere. I was happy for him.

In the end, we had made a fantastic video using my prototype, a voice actress's voice, character illustrations, and subtitles.

With the encoding finished, we were all set to upload to our Youtube channel. Yamazaki shouted, handing me the laptop.

“Now, Satou-san, the button! Go ahead and click!”

“Right.....”

As I relaxed my breath, I tapped the trackpad of the MacBook Yamazaki secured from his part-time job.

“H- How's that!?”

“Perfect! The file's been successfully uploaded!”

“Uwohhh!”

Throwing my fist in the air, I then stood up and turned my back to Yamazaki.

“Well, I guess that’s that.”

“Wh- What are you saying, Satou-san?”

“And what are you saying? With this, we’re done with this project.”

“We haven’t even started! Look, our channel's follower count hasn’t increased a bit.”

“We’re still at one digit, huh..... You can’t monetize without a thousand subscribers, so in the end, there's no point, no matter how many of these videos we upload.”

“That’s not true at all! Our channel already has three subscribers! We just have to keep releasing videos like this!”

My heart felt nothing from those words.

“You know..... I went through hell even just getting that one video finished. You should get it too, working part-time without sleep and all.”

“And our hard work will be rewarded someday! Look at this.”

Yamazaki pulled out some rugged equipment from under his bed..... VR goggles, it looked like..... And he put it on his head. That moment, that room with walls covered by retro bishoujo game packaging was refreshed with a sci-fi aura.

“These days, the VR market isn’t just filled with games, but high conscious fitness and mindfulness content.”

Yamazaki, with those rugged VR goggles on his head, skillfully opened Chrome on his MacBook, mirroring his goggles to the screen.

Tiles of modern apps titled in English displayed on what appeared to be the app launcher.

“You know, as of late, my mental health has been pretty bad. Not as bad as you, of course, Satou-san. Hahaha..... While looking for help, I tried this VR meditation app.”

“Ha. You, meditating? That’s a laugh.”

“That’s just how in it is. And because it’s trendy, we should ride this wave. You get me?”

“Not at all.”

“Basically, what I’m saying is meditation and mindfulness apps are trending overseas. Eventually, they’ll spread here too. And if we’re in the right position when that happens, we can rise to the top of the industry with ease!”

“Let me just say something. Mindfulness is pretty far from our lifestyle.”

“I know that. What we’re aiming for isn’t meditation but adult orientated hypnovoices! I don’t intend on forgetting our ‘strengths’!”

I had no idea when that became our "strength." However, the adult game packaging covering his walls, from not just the last decade but the last century, gave his words some weight, despite his age.

"I get it, Yazamaki-kun. What's important is staying adult orientated."

“That’s right! They’d forgive us for low quality if it was adult orientated!”

“I see!”

“However, there's a lot we can learn from these meditation apps. In particular, the companion character in the MALOKA app should be a great reference.”

“Well..... How about we make a companion little sister hypnosis app with customizable graphics?”

Yamazaki’s VR goggles shook as he nodded.

“As expected, Satou-san! You’re following me after all!”

“O- Of course..... With a customized little sister suiting the user’s taste, it’d get even more immersive and exciting.”

“Excellent! That’s the right track, Satou-san!”

“But we're targeting the global market here. Just 'Little Sisters' or 'Cute Girls' might not be a good move. Diversity is important.”

“Whoo, that was a close one. You’re absolutely right. We must update our dated way of thinking; that cute girls are the most important thing in the world!”

“Ohh! We’ve become woke!”

“Let’s allow our users to freely edit their little sister’s skin color and age! We’ll prepare 256 different genders!”

“That way, anyone could make their ideal companion! Letting that ideal companion into the player's brain would be the ultimate VR innovation! Ohh, this is just too good!”

At that moment, a great vision of the future blossomed in my mind. All around the world, men and women of all ages were wearing VR goggles, shut in their rooms with their companions creating nirvana.

"Th- These are our SDGs! They’ll save the world!”

“You’re right! They’re just VR goggles so the electric bill won't be too bad, and it’ll wipe out humanity, so it’ll be eco-friendly!”

"Wh- What are you talking about, Satou-san? We shouldn't wipe out humanity! We're just guiding them in the right direction!"

“Y- Yeah? What direction is that?”

“Well..... I don’t know.”

Yamazaki took off his VR goggles.

“I really don’t know..... what’s what.”

“.....”



"But if you don't think of something, Satou-san, you'll just go back to being a hikikomori all day and sleep..... We can't just let it end with you saying 'That's that' after taking the first step....."

"Ha, hahaha..... I was just kidding, Yamazaki-kun. I'm thinking about things."

"Really!?"

"Just leave it to me."

I gave a strong nod.

"Yeah..... Our adult orientated hypnovoice..... That vision we're going with..... I can see it all so clearly."

"Then let's proceed with development!"

"No. Not yet. We have to think this through. Stay shut in this room and really consider this. Because you know..... VR and AR..... Rather than expanding reality, we should aim for the opposite."

"The..... opposite?"

"What dimension do we live in? What dimension is this? Do you know, Yamazaki-kun?"

I hit the wall of Yamazaki's room.

"It's..... the third, right?"

"Yes, that's right. We live in the third dimension. Now, what dimension do the games you like exist in?"

I pointed to the dozens of game packages cluttering Yamazaki's room. Yamazaki replied.

"The second, right?"

"Yes. In other words..... our interests and sexual orientations have moved from 3D to 2D. But 2D is now considered retro! Look, that box art has already been

aged to sepia by the sunlight!! These games are considered old now! 2D's already become commonplace!"

"Then what do we do.....?"

"We must think. If 3D goes to 2D..... what dimension comes next?"

"C- Could it be..... 1D?"

"Ahh, that's right. From 3D to 2D, next comes 1D!"

"Sa- Satou-san! But I don't get it! Just what is 1D!?"

"I figured out a way to explore the first dimension. Just leave it to me."

I left the bewildered Yamazaki, returned to my room, got in the futon, and went to bed.

## Part Two

I woke up in the middle of the night.

The dirtiness of my room made me feel sick.

Somehow, Yamazaki's room was filled with the feeling of things he liked.

However, my room was only filled with bento boxes and energy drink cans from the convenience store, making an inhumane mess.

I still didn't feel like cleaning it.

A third dimensional activity like that only leads to employment, romance, and other unpleasant things to look away from.

That is why I want to turn my back from 3D.

However, doing so only made the situation worse.

I had no idea when Yamazaki would disappear with that timebomb called his parents' house.

The funds I get from my parents will soon stop too.

But I had no intention to work outside.

In my futon, I imagined the second dimension. In order to escape from it all.

“.....”

2D was now just an ordinary part of life though.

Now that society is used to 2D, it's no longer a place to escape, but just one aspect of reality.

I must escape from reality to somewhere deeper than 2D.

I must aim for 1D.

For that reason, I needed a tool to reduce reality instead of increase it, just like those VR goggles.

“If I remember right, they're somewhere around here.....”

I searched through my mess, looking for an eye mask and ear plugs.

I found it.

I immediately put them on to block my sight and hearing, laid in the futon, and relaxed my body to disperse my body pressure as much as I could.

However, I just couldn't imagine 1D right off the bat.

I had to start from 2D.

I screened the image of that “little sister” I created through our hypnovoice in my brain.

“Ah, Onii-chan. It's been a while.”

“Yeah. How’ve you been?”

“What are you doing here today?”

“Well, actually.....”

I started to speak with my imaginary 2D little sister.

“I want to explore the first dimension. Because.....”

"You don't have to say."

“As expected of you. This will speed things up.”

“But I think it’s impossible for you, Onii-chan.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because the first dimension is more vague than the second.”

“There has to be some way.”

“You’d have to train to get the first dimension.”

“Train? And how?”

"Well, first try imagining a 2D image like me. If you do that, you can start grasping more abstract images.”

“I see. I’ll be using 2D as a bridge to 1D.”

“Right. And the other way is..... I wouldn’t recommend it.”

“What, tell me.”

From there, my imaginary little sister mumbled. It seemed she was worried about my mental health deteriorating. However, this imaginary little sister was a product of my mind. I forcibly twisted my imagination to make her speak.

It was at that moment. The smartphone by my bedside vibrated. It was a LINE message from Misaki-chan.

“What are you doing, Satou-kun?”

“Exploring the first dimension.”

“Geez. It’s time for counseling. You’re late.”

“Sorry. I’ll be there in a sec.”

I had completely forgotten.

I took off my ear plugs and eye mask and ran to the local park.

\*

Underneath the streetlight on the usual bench was Misaki-chan in casual clothes.

She was pouting visibly.

“You’re late, Satou-kun. And here I was thinking I’d give you an ‘M Coin.’ I’m reducing one as punishment.”

Misaki-chan placed three coins on the bench and returned the first one to her pocket.

“There, you lost one. But I’ll give you two M Coins as your first time bonus.”

“Th- Thanks..... M Coin?”

“It’s a virtual currency. M’s written here, right? That’s this currency’s name.”

Picking one up, there was an M written by oil based pen on a coin they’d use at an arcade.

“If you get 30, they’d have the same worth as an Anything Ticket.”

In other words, like the Anything Ticket, this was something Misaki-chan made up, like a gift card that would only work on her.

“Alright. I’ll take you up on that then.”

I put the M Coin in my pocket.

“By the way, what happened to the Anything Ticket I used before? I did order you to go to school, didn’t I?”

Misaki-chan looked down.

“You’re still talking about that? The effects of the ticket expire after a month, you know.”

“So..... You haven’t gone to school? Like, recently.”

“Is that so bad? Well, the M Coins have one thirtieth of the power of an Anything Ticket. If you want, you could order me to go for a day with one. If that’s what you’d like, Satou-kun.”

Misaki-chan glanced her face up at me.

“F- Fine. I’ll order you again with this coin then. Go to school.”

I placed the two M Coins I got earlier on the table.

Misaki-chan’s face brightened up for a moment.

“Geez, it can’t be helped. If it’s an order with the M Coin, I’d have to listen to you, Satou-kun. And since there’s two, I’ll have to go the day after tomorrow too.”

However, her expression immediately darkened.

“But..... it’s hard going to school, and it’ll be difficult for you to get more coins.”

“I’m wondering, to get coins, will I need to go on some sort of mission again?”

“Yeah. That’s right. Your mission will be ‘Walking Out in the Morning Sun for Five Minutes a Day.’ You’ll have to send me a picture for proof too.”

“So..... I’ll be walking out for 5 minutes and sending you a picture through LINE then?”

“Send the picture in the morning so I can see it at school. And make sure to message me too!”

“Got it. I can manage that much.”

“Fufuun. I wonder, Satou-kun.”

Muttering “I’d be worried,” Misaki-chan took out a self-help book from her bag.

Continuing, she preached to me about how good a 5 minute morning walk would be good for my physical and mental health.

\*

I succeeded in my morning walks for two days in a row.

However, waking up on the third day, the sunset already dyed the city red. I overslept.

“Make sure you wake up early tomorrow,” Misaki-chan said at counseling that night.

However, I overslept yet again the next day.

That night, Misaki-chan appeared in a jersey at the park.

Not like I’m one to talk, but she gave off a sloppy sort of look with that bedhead.

Perhaps during the day, she was just bumbling around in her house.

Misaki-chan sat down on the bench and turned to me with sluggish eyes unique to those who slept too much.

“You know, the morning sun is good for the brain.”

“I see..... I’ll make sure to bathe in it.”

“Making a habit of exercising is good too. They say it’s fine to start with 5 minutes.”

“I see.....”

Nodding, I already knew. That tomorrow and the day after, I wouldn't be able to bathe in the sun or walk 5 minutes.

“Haa..... This is bad. I’ve entered a bad cycle.”

Muttering as I sighed, Misaki-chan also seemed down, holding her hands to her knees. She seemed smaller to me than usual.

My social anxiety may have spread to her.

“H- Hey, I’ll get serious about it tomorrow.”

“Do your best, Satou-kun.....”

However, I could feel my anxiety spread to Misaki-chan as the feeling howled back at me.

This park I thought I'd gotten used to had an unfriendly atmosphere tonight.

The howls of a dog from far off and the shaking of the trees in the gust of the wind.

“.....”

Between all that, I opened my mouth to liven up the atmosphere, but couldn't find the right words.

I couldn't stand the awkwardness and finally got up from the bench.

“I- I think I’ll head back home. It's getting pretty late.”



“Yeah.”

The two of us exited the park.

“Anyway..... Just do your best, Satou-kun.”

Just saying that, Misaki-chan turned around and jogged off. I shouted to her back.

“Yeah. You can leave it to me!”

However, as expected, I slept until the evening the next day and the day after.

Because of that, I couldn't collect any M coins. Because of that, I couldn't order Misaki-chan to go to school. And because of that, Misaki-chan became a truant.

“.....”

But maybe that's okay.

What good would really come out of her going to school?

What good would really come out of me taking a morning walk and getting my mind and body in better shape?

I thought there had to be something more important in life than this.

I thought of that place further than the second dimension we call the first.

“Alright, now that it's come to this, let's continue the search for 1D.”

I put on my eye mask and ear plugs yet again to start my journey to the first dimension.

However, the first dimension is a region far into the unknown. We should enter the familiar second dimension first.

I recalled the 2D little sister in my heart.

“Yo.”

“Good evening, Onii-chan.”

“Come to think of it, last time, you were going to tell me a way to the first dimension, weren’t you?”

“Was I.....?”

“Yeah. The first method was imagining the second dimension like I am now. But no matter how much I talk to you here, there’s no sign of ever reaching the first. You have to tell me how to enter the next dimension.”

“I can’t.”

My little sister refused. However, my little sister was a product of my imagination, so she had to listen to me.

“Just tell me.”

“Mm. If you want to know that bad, it can’t be helped. I’ll tell you an easy way to get a glimpse of the first dimension. So, well. You’ll have to use the power of drugs. Your neighbor's rapper friend's plants can raise your ability to think abstractly temporarily. If you smoke that, it'll help you find what you're looking for, Onii-chan.”

I immediately took my eye mask and ear plugs off and headed to Yamazaki's room asking for cannabis.

“Y- Yeah..... I got some from my rapper friend today too, but..... Satou-san, are you feeling alright?”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re looking pale.”

“Just stressed from our creative activities. The direction for our project..... Our vision..... I’m sharpening my consciousness in order to find it.”

“Ah, I forgot to mention this but the deadline for our second episode’s prototype is due this week.”

“Haa? I didn’t hear anything about this.”

“Nanako ordered it. That woman, just what is she trying to do?”

“Seriously. Our adult orientated hypnovoice isn’t just some ordinary project. It’s a world-class game changer on the level of the iPhone.”

“Exactly! To hell with it, let’s show that stuck-up woman the true innovation of our project!”

“Ohh! In that case, you should get more cannabis from that rapper. It’s absolutely necessary to get my mind to the innovation horizon.”

“Alright then! For the time being, take this.”

Yamazaki gave me two pieces of cannabis wrapped in paper.

Returning to my room, I immediately lit it, inhaled the smoke, closed my senses with the ear plugs and eye mask, and reduced the reality levels in my futon.

“How is it, Onii-chan?”

“The cannabis did seem to bring my consciousness further away from 3D, but it’s still at 2D level, and far from the 1D we’re looking for.”

“Then let’s get closer to the 1D one step at a time. You should take a good look at a two dimensional girl like me.”

I stared at my little sister.

“Just like that, try to abstract my essence.”

I tried, staring at my little sister.

The first thing that came to mind were the kanji for “bishoujo.”

“Hm. Not bad. Kanji are more abstract than the 2D figure, so you could say it's closer to 1D.”

Feeling good I got praised, I stared further into the kanji for “bishoujo.”

Behind those characters were heart-throbs, excitement, and beauty. I felt their abstract fluffy nature.

“That’s it, isn’t it!? The infinitely abstract nature of 1D.”

“I see. I’m finally starting to grasp what it is I’ve been looking for. But..... how can I crystallize this as content for our adult orientated hypnovoices? It’s easy to get people excited for a 2D girl. But getting excited about an abstract 1D concept is something else.”

“There’s a saying that goes ‘Start with the first step.’ To get other people excited, you have to start from yourself.”

“In other words, I should take the initiative and get excited about these abstract feelings first?”

“That’s right. If you're making adult orientated hypnovoices, you should face 1D with how you're going to use it.”

“In other words, I have to masturbate to 1D?”

“Yes, that seems to be it.”

“Alright, if that’s the case, I’ll rub one out.”

I took off my eye mask, lit the second piece of cannabis, let the tetrahydrocannabinol flow into my brain, and returned to facing second and first dimensions.

First, I aroused myself with sexual images of 2D. Up to this point, it was no different from my usual masturbation process.

However, it's from here my advanced level 1D masturbation begins. I start from abstracting 2D to 1D in my heart.

A 2D girl is an abstraction of a 3D one. Just like that, a 1D girl is an abstraction of a 2D one.

It was an infinitely transparent feeling that could no longer be touched or represented by pictures or letters.

With this form, a 1D entity would slip away as soon as you stop thinking about it, but with my concentration enhanced by cannabis, it was like a laser beam guiding me through the darkness.

“Alright, now! Now’s your chance to masturbate, Onii-chan!”

“I got this! Like this, huh!?”

“That’s right, like that! That’s the way of a first dimensional masturbation, Onii-chan! This masturbation is at a new stage for humanity! In ancient times, people used to masturbate to 3D. That’s just so old fashioned. That’s why people started masturbating to 2D. Psychiatrist Saitou Tamaki-sensei, an expert on hikikomori, defined otaku as ‘Those who have the ability to masturbate to 2D.’ The number of newtypes with that ability has increased worldwide. Now half of humanity is lusting for 2D. But that’s old fashioned! Humanity must go further. They must evolve masturbation! The evolved masturbation of the future is what you’re doing, Onii-chan! This is the end of your childhood and your first step to becoming an adult! You’re speeding through evolutions in the same way microorganisms changed to weird fish, or to humans changed to super humans. First dimension masturbation is what you are here for, Onii-chan! Spreading this to everyone is the reason you were born in this world.”

But it was at that moment.

While being cheered on by a 2D character in my head, almost climaxing to this 1D concept I don’t really get..... that I was sure I heard something, even with my ear plugs reducing sound by 30 decibels.

The sound of someone parking in the parking lot in front of my apartment, then opening my front door.

The sound of someone taking off their high heels at the entrance, then stepping into my room.

The sound of something calling my name which I heard through my ear plugs.

“Satou-kuun. I came to thank you. Hurry up and get in my car, and we can..... Kya!”

“Uwohh! Se- Senpai!”

I ducked into my futon, hiding away the front of my naked body.

## Part Three

Driving through the night road in her kei car, Senpai, with her long glossy black hair, apologized to me in the passenger seat.

“I’m really sorry. I should have contacted you beforehand rather than surprising you.”

Senpai was dressed in a clerk uniform, perhaps just returning from work. The check vest and skirt made it look like retro cosplay.

In front of a woman like that was me.....

“I- I’m not bothered by you seeing me at all! Hahaha, I just happened to be naked and wanted to bask in the cool breeze of the air conditioner!”

“.....”

As if trying to change the subject, Senpai messed with the car audio.

“.....”

A song played through the fashionable FM radio as we approached the station, exiting the residential area. The downtown lights glimmered through the car window and onto Senpai's upper body.

After a bit of silence, Senpai opened her mouth.

“I wanted to thank you..... for the hypnovoice you sent the other day, Satou-kun.”

“I- It's not like I was bothered by you seeing me-

“Enough about that! Anyway. I'm here to thank you. Thank you, okay? That's why I'm taking you somewhere.”

“M- My clothes might look shabby now, but I just happened to throw everything else in the wash today.”

“I told you, it's fine! There's a place I want to stop by first. Let's go there.”

10 minutes later, Senpai parked in the shopping center in front of the station.

“What's wrong? Let's go.”

“Uh, um.”

It was the first time I rode in a car in a while, so I had no idea how to open the door from the inside.

Seeing me confused, Senpai opened the door from the outside for me.

“This way.”

Senpai pulled me out to the parking lot and into the huge electronics store downstairs.

She went through the floor full of shoppers coming in and out and got on the elevator going up. I followed.

“That’s right. Are you hungry? It seems there’s a restaurant area upstairs.”

“Nah, I just ate with Yamazaki a bit earlier.”

“Guess we can forget it.”

Senpai got off the escalator on the first floor and headed for the camera corner.

There, she repeatedly checked out tripods and ring lights, tilting her head before shelving them.

I started feeling sick in the electronics store crowd, suddenly remembering something from the past.

“Let’s go, Satou-kun.”

“Eh? In this crowd?”

It was back before Yamazaki joined the club..... When it was just the two of us, Senpai and I, in the high school literature club.

Senpai was the club president, but didn’t have the know-how on how to run a club. Right before the school festival, she wanted to publish a doujinshi, but didn’t know how to go at it.

She decided to visit the literature doujinshi convention in the neighboring town. I was forced to be her servant, even though it was our day off.

To begin with, I was bad with crowds, and to be honest, I had no interest in doujinshi.

All I was interested in was Senpai. I joined the literature club because I was interested in Senpai.

I lost sight of her weaving her way through the crowds by the long desks piled in books.

“.....”

Remembering that day, I was suddenly called out from behind.



“Hey, Satou-kun, what are you doing spacing out? Which ring light, this one and this one, do you think is better? The right one’s bigger and the left one’s more compact.”

Looking back was Senpai all grown-up, standing there with camera lighting equipment in her hands.

“In the first place, what are you using them for?”

“Isn’t it obvious? Photography. I’m taking one for my passport, since I already applied anyway, and all I need to do is buy equipment.”

It seems she was going on a trip overseas.

A trip overseas..... Understanding what that meant, I answered her, killing the pain in my chest.

“Compact would probably be better.”

“I see. Usage is important. How about the camera?”

“Isn’t your smartphone fine?”

“No way. This has to be good quality.”

“Let me take a test shot then.”

I picked up a professional-looking single-lens digital camera from a nearby shelf and took a photo of Senpai.

We looked at it on the display together.

“Looks like a good camera takes good shots. Should we get this?”

“Hey, hang on. Let’s see what else they got.”

I tried cameras one after another, taking pictures of Senpai. In the end, she chose a digital camera that was popular with Youtubers.

It seems that the deciding factor was it could shoot raw and beautiful videos, with moderate skin correction.

Weighing less than 300 grams, it was bound to be useful when she's parading around Europe or the southern islands for her honeymoon.

".....Should we get going?"

I called out to Senpai who had just bought the tripod, camera, and ring light.

"Sure....."

I walked Senpai up to the parking lot.

Then, I waved to Senpai as she opened the car door.

I wanted to be with her longer.

However, longer would just mean pain.

The fiancé I heard about a while back..... And Senpai, who is traveling overseas with him and happily preparing for it..... She must be very happy right now.

"Well, I'll just walk back home. I need the exercise anyway."

Saying that, I turned my back and left.

Senpai was probably just worried about my unemployed hikikomori lifestyle and came to the apartment to check up on me.

However, I shouldn't take her up on that kindness.

Senpai's no longer the club president. Our school days are a thing of the past.

At that moment.....

"What are you saying? I haven't thanked you yet. I'm just about to get to it."

Senpai tossed the shopping bags to the back seat and dragged me to the parking lot ground level exit.

"H- Hey, where are we going?"

“Somewhere you’ve never been, Satou-kun. Let me tell you. Soon, you’ll be feeling great.”

\*

Senpai walked me through the downtown night.

There were hotels for men and women to sleep, but I didn’t expect anything.

Within the numerous memories of my other lives, Senpai and I did reach hotels before, but in the end, every case ended in our relationship never deepening.

Of course, those “numerous memories” may just be a no-basis illusion created by my drug-corrupted mind.

Even so, because my brain's tied up, the range of events I would experience would be strictly regulated.

Even if my heart rate was jumping in front of the hotel, I wasn’t expecting much.

“Hey, Satou-kun! Your nose is bleeding! Tissue, tissue!”

“W- Woah. Sorry. My blood circulation accelerated because I was exercising so suddenly, so it’s not like I was thinking about anything weird-

“It’s in that building. Let’s go.”

Senpai dragged my hand like I was a little kid and set foot in the brand new commercial building.

Ascending to the third floor, she showed her membership card to the receptionist in a place that had the atmosphere of a sports gym.

“I’m Hitomi, a subscription member. I have one guest with me today.”

“Yes. A guest would be 3000 yen.”

Senpai paid the 3000 yen, received two bags with towels and swimsuits from the receptionist, and shoved one to me.

"The changing room is at the back of this corridor. Once you change, meet me in Room 05."

Saying that, Senpai quickly walked off.

“.....”

Being left behind with the receptionist, I pulled together and headed to the back too.

At the end, there was a changing room for men. With nobody there, I nervously stripped off my clothes and changed into the swimsuit. I opened the changing room door and searched for Room 05.

There it was.

In the middle of the dark corridor that smelled of a flower garden, I found a door labeled 05.

Opening the door, it was a sauna.

“.....”

In the small sauna was Senpai sitting cross legged wearing something like a tulip hat.

She beckoned at me.

“Hurry up, Satou-kun. Let’s get ready!”

\*

Illuminated by warm orange indirect light, in a private room so small our arms were likely to touch, Senpai praised the sauna.

“I found this ‘private sauna’ on my way home from work. I was impressed when I got in! For the first time, I really got what it meant to be ‘revitalized.’”

“It’s hot..... What do you mean revitalized in a hot place like this? Actually, I feel like it’s messing up my pulse.”

“Geez, you’re so inexperienced. I guess it can’t be helped since you’re a hikikomori.”

Feeling a bit disgruntled, I looked around the room.

It was barely wide enough for two people to sit side by side, but the walls and floor being made of fine wood made it feel luxurious.

Stones were piled up in the fence near the wall, and the heat seemed to come from there.

Senpai used the ladle to scoop water from the tub onto the stone..... The sauna stone is what I think they’re called.

Steam rose with a sizzling sound, and the scent of a flower garden spread through the sauna. The water in the tub seemed to contain essential oils.

“It’s lavender today. Let’s use this.”

Senpai poured water from the tub, and enveloped the sauna with steam so thick, I couldn’t see an inch.

Beyond that steam, Senpai sweated out sauna facts.

“By ‘revitalize,’ I mean repeatedly switching from saunas to cold water to outdoor air improves the autonomic nervous system. Insomnia too. Satou-kun, I’m sure you’ll sleep well tonight. But for that, you’ll need 5 minutes. Patience, Satou-kun.”

Senpai adjusted the tulip hat deep enough to cover her eyes, then folded her arms and fell silent.

“Um..... That hat.”

“It’s a sauna hat..... It’s a common item in Finland where people go to saunas on a daily basis. It protects your head from heat, prevents scalding, and protects the hair from dryness damage.”

She seemed to be a real fan of saunas to have an item like that.

As for me, I had no armor, so the heat penetrated directly into my head and scalded me immediately.

I didn’t think I could take any more of this.

I covered my face with my hands to protect myself even a little bit from the heat on my head.

“.....”

Because of that position, my consciousness started entering the dark side.

I intended to coolly part ways with Senpai at the electronics store, but putting it bluntly, there's not a bit of coolness in my heart right now.

The image of Senpai traveling abroad with her fiancé with the latest camera spun in my head, creating a whirlpool of bitterness like a scorching hell.

“Uuugh.....Uugh.”

“Hm? I guess it’s too much if you’re not used to it. Here, I’ll lend you this.”

Senpai took off her sauna hat and put it on my head. Now that my head was protected from that hell, I was freed from the need to cover my face with my hands.

However, beyond the steam, I saw Senpai in her swimsuit with her slightly pink skin exposed.

Senpai's third dimensional body had a strong charm and left me distressed.

I covered my face yet again, retreating my consciousness from the outer world, but Senpai was also inside me.

That day, at the con, I wanted to keep happily following Senpai around.

I wanted to carry Senpai's heavy load of books that she could no longer hold.

“.....”

However, right now, Senpai has a fiancé who had his act together while I'm an unemployed hikikomori. It's a given I had no right to be within this close range to her.

There were three moles standing out on the senior's sweating thighs within touchable distance, sweat dripping there, but now wasn't the time to be looking at such things.

Right..... I have to look away.

Because the third dimension is full of painful things I didn't want to see.

Right?

That's why, I..... we had to look at the second dimension.

2D is a highly abstract version of 3D where third dimensional suffering does not exist.

Knowing that, I shut my eyes away from this scorching hell and remembered my 2D sister in my heart.

However, my 2D little sister..... She is still too human, and in fact, there is no such convenient existence anywhere, paradoxically confirming I am forever alone in this space.

2D..... If you searched every corner looking for something that had infinite value, your heart would only keep thirsting.

That is why I had to find the first dimension.

“Over here, Onii-chan.”

Guided by the sister of my heart, I tried diving into the first dimension's gate.

But it was at that moment.

“Thanks a lot..... Satou-kun.”

Senpai muttered that to me dripping wet.

“It’s because of you..... I found the courage.”

“Courage? Why? What did I do to encourage you?”

“I mean..... Satou-kun, you live how you want.”

“I- It’s not like I wanted to be a hikikomori..... Right! Soon, I’ll get a job and work seriously! I’ll be a cog in society and lubricate.”

“Fufu. It’s fine. Remaining the way you are. I mean, Satou-kun..... You sleeping soundly in your room..... The realism in your hypnovoice lets me sleep soundly too.”

“.....”

“You know, saunas. They are good for your body. But for my heart, it’s the hypnovoice you made, Satou-kun.”

“N- No way..... There’s no way something I made could have such a big effect on you.....”

“Look. Don’t you think I look a little better?”

Senpai posed, bending her arms to show her muscles.

“Even if you do that, I wouldn't know..... We talk on the phone sometimes, but I haven't seen you face-to-face in ages.”

“Hahaha. You’re right..... It has been a while, Satou-kun.”

I looked up and our eyes met.

Of course, it's not really the case, but I finally felt like I've seen her for the first time in decades.



\*

I followed the Senpai's instructions of repeatedly soaking in the cold water bath, basking in the air outside on the verandah, and returning to the heat of the sauna.

Going through that loop, I certainly did feel something in me improving.

In my last open air bath, Senpai muttered to me in her reclining chair.

“I’ll do my best.”

“Do what?”

“It’s a secret. But I did what I wanted to.”

“You mean your trip overseas?”

“No! Not that..... There was something I always wanted to do. Satou-kun, will you cheer me on?”

Apparently, Senpai's going on a honeymoon with her new camera was only in my head.

Freed from those worries, I turned to Senpai with a natural smile.

“O- Of course!”

“Then..... I have a favor I’d like to ask. I want you to make another hypnovoice. As for what kind of hypnosis, a ‘Helping You Take Action in Achieving Your Goals’ one. I need it right away.”

“.....”

“I know, Satou-kun. I don’t have the drive to put effort into things. Someone like me who was so arrogant in club but never wrote a single novel has to have

one! Please, Satou-kun! I want to reach my dream for sure this time. Make it, Satou-kun! If you do, I'll reward you again!"

## Part Four

Even though I accepted Senpai's request, I was full of doubts when I got home.

"....."

After being dropped off from Senpai's car, I was full of agony in the darkness of my dirty one room apartment, even if I did feel pretty good after the sauna.

Hypnovoices. Do things like that actually work?

Well, at the very least, the best selling adult orientated ones on DLsite.com did turn people on. I knew that much.

The ones there are so effective they can cause clear physical changes to the 3D form known as the human body.

Also, Yamazaki's recent addiction to VR goggle meditation is designed to bring positive changes in the psyche through a voice guide.

If that's true, it's not scientifically beyond reason the hypnovoice had positive effects on Senpai.

"But you know....."

The hypnovoice I sent to Senpai last time was for her to relax and get a good night's sleep.

If this deadbeat unemployed hikikomori has a talent for anything, it's "sleep."

Bumming around my room and sleeping 16 hours a day..... Still sleeping even if I couldn't sleep and my body was begging me to stop..... I was a little confident about my ability to sleep.

In the morning, when the kids and students walked with fresh hope in their hearts, and the business people headed to the office ready to work, I had the nerve to close the curtains and sleep away.

If I could, I'd like to rest here 100 million years ... I've been sleeping for one, two, three, then four years hoping for that.

Perhaps the spirit of my real-life experience was in that hypnvoice I sent to Senpai last time.

The "power" of real-life experience put Senpai to sleep, and with that, soothed her fatigue and restored her natural vitality and motivation.

“.....”

However, Senpai's request this time was something that'd 'Help You Take Action in Achieving Your Goals.'

Me, who couldn't even take on the simple mission of "Walking Out in the Morning Sun for Five Minutes a Day" three days in a row, couldn't possibly create such a hypnvoice.

“Come to think of it, Misaki-chan..... She's pretty screwed too.”

These past few days, because I haven't ordered her to go to school, she's returned to becoming a truant.

It's just a feeling, but a few more days of this, and it might just become her default form; being a shady pathetic person, never being able to integrate into society.

“I'm so sorry..... Because I'm so useless.....”

I put on my ear plugs and eye mask, turning my back on my feelings of guilt.

I escaped to the second dimension and then the first.

I've been getting good at this.

“Haa..... 1D really is the best. There are no social pains here.”

The first dimension is as close to nothingness as possible, and I was able to gain spiritual freedom, spreading my heart's wings with no fear.

Relationships..... Society and obligation..... Material and time..... The urgency of having to get a part-time job as soon as possible..... There's a comfort in the first dimension free from the hassles bound to society.

I was free to relax in this comfort. It was at that moment.

Suddenly, I got a flash of inspiration within the first dimension.

The revelation stated “The first dimension can change a person’s destiny.”

This is because humans are like robots driven by emotions, thoughts, and their surroundings. Here in the first dimension though, emotions, thoughts, or surroundings don't exist. That's why a person who dives here can step outside the destiny regulating their actions.

Either way, I'll fall asleep in the evening..... There had to be a secret key to liberate the chains of that awful fate somewhere here.

Clinging to that faint hope, I prayed in a one-dimensional void.

That I would be walking.

Deeper and deeper, in this 1D void of emptiness in my heart, I prayed to nothing.

And at that..... my prayer went through!

A miracle occurred!

As the morning sun shined through the gaps of the curtain, I had successfully removed my eye mask and ear plugs, washed my face, and brushed my teeth.

At that, since I was already at it, I had the drive to put on my socks and shoes at the front door.

At this rate, I could get out the door, walk 5 minutes, take a picture for Misaki-chan, and the mission would be cleared. Then, with my M coin, I can order Misaki-chan to school.

“Will..... I make it?”

But it was then the sounds of the car engines outside, the dogs walking, and the atmosphere of the city morning I usually slept through struck me with fear.

Is it okay for a rotten hikikomori man like me to burst out into a fresh place like that?

If I walked around the streets with my dirty loser aura, wouldn't it circulate and cause a widespread debuff? Wouldn't my nature as a failure spread everywhere, lowering the GDP of this country?

That irrational horror struck me with fear.

“I can't.....”

I succumbed to the pressure outside of the door, taking my shoes off while returning to my futon.

But it was then.

“Onii-chan. I'll cheer you on. Do your best, do your best, Onii-chan.”

My 2D little sister was encouraging me.

Using her words as a drive, I opened the door and stepped into the dazzling morning sun.

By using the full force of 1D, 2D, and 3D, I overcame my fate of reversing day and night.

\*

Misaki-chan returned to school.

I used the power of the M coin.

Every morning, alongside the photos of the morning glories I would take, I would send her a message reading “Good morning, Misaki-chan. Do your best at school today,” hoping it’d have a positive effect on her.

I don’t really know, but anyway, at least she’s going again.

I created a prototype of the new adult orientated hypnvoice and sent it to Yamazaki and Senpai based on what I learned from my success.

Introducing the concept of 1D to Yamazaki, he responded like he was struck by lightning.

Nanako listened to the prototype and complained about the parts she was dissatisfied with, but she agreed to voice on the project this time too.

As for Senpai.....

“I heard the new hypnvoice! I think I can put my plan into action today thanks to that. To tell you the truth, I got the camera, light, and tripod all ready, but I ended up losing the drive. But after hearing your new hypnvoice, Satou-kun, I figured it out! That I was free. No matter what, I’m free to do what I want! That’s why I’ll do it. I’ll do it!”

That night, I thought I'd be listening to one of Senpai's one sided conversations, but she hung up almost immediately.

“Senpai..... Was she planning on starting her own Youtube channel? I guess I'll subscribe later.”

Muttering that, I stuffed the smartphone back into my pocket and returned to my everyday life.

At night, was my creator meeting with Yamazaki and my counseling with Misaki-chan.

Even so, when alone in my dark room, I was struck with anxiety about the future, repeating negative soliloquies hands on head.

However, this new me had a different degree of freedom in mind than before.

It was the freedom I found in the second and first dimensions.

With that freedom, I had the courage to face the third dimension, even just a little.

That's why..... That night, in my futon, I made up my mind.

That I'll be a little more bold, and..... face the third dimension.

“.....”

I'm going to look at the 3D things I've been looking away and running away from.

“That's right..... Not just 2D and 1D! Tonight, I'll be looking straight at 3D!”

Saying that, first, I locked the door to my room.

Then, I laid in my futon, searching for a 3D sexual object on my smartphone.

Why, if you're asking, is because I'm trying to reconcile with 3D. That's why I would dare stare at the nude body of a 3D human woman.

However, I didn't intend to watch an adult video made by a company. I wanted to see something with a more realistic third dimensional feel.

There's where the real 3D would be.....

Spending two hours searching for realistic videos on the internet..... I arrived at a site known as Pornhub.

This site is known as the world's largest adult video site, and has a system like Youtube where uploaders could make money by view count.

“I see, it’s an era of monetization, where users can make and upload their own adult videos. What a time to be alive.”

It seems videos can be posted on this site from Japan as well, and there were amateur uploads by the Japanese.

The site seemed to have a system to protect copyrights and portrait rights too.

In order to upload your own video to the site, you must apply and register as a model with your passport.

“Hm. It’s a site that protects the rights of the modelers. That’s amazing.”

I left casual comments while searching for videos to my liking.

It's an era of diversity, after all, so first, I watched porn of various races.

“Hm. Asia, Africa, Oceania, and Scandinavia aren’t bad. I guess the world is one after all.”

As every race had their own unique beauty, my brain melted into pleasure, being excited by 3D for the first time in ages.

However, now was time to get serious.

I've lifted the filter I put on "Japanese," a category I've so far dared not to watch so far.

That moment, women that were unmistakably Japanese displayed over my screen, and intracerebral narcotics flooded my brain.

In the end, porn of the same ethnic group had the most powerful effect on my libido.

“S- Seriously? A cute girl like this doing something like that is crazy.”

That girl was happily turning the lens of the camera to herself, performing naughty acts beyond my imagination for the world to see.



As I watched, my heart raced, with my entire body feeling like it was about to burst with excitement.

Many Japanese wore masks covering half of their faces with mosaics covering parts elsewhere to avoid violating the laws of Japan.

However, that reserve excited me. This is bad. I was approaching the limits of my excitement. In the moment, I typed more specific keywords into my browser matching my tastes, searching for the ultimate piece of pornography.

“Company Employee”

“Tidy”

“Black Hair”

At that, a selfie video of what appeared to be a neat dark-haired OL in a clerk's uniform played on my phone. This was just too much to my taste.

“I can't believe it..... She looks just like Senpai.”

I watched the beautiful woman who looked like the Senpai take her clothes off behind the camera as if a spell was casted on me.

“Uwohh..... Even though she wears a mask, she's beautiful. But she really does look just like Senpai. I can't believe there are doppelgangers like this in the world.....”

Seeing Senpai's look-a-like in her underwear got my brain so excited that it triggered an emergency alert. At this rate, a blood vessel somewhere in my brain would break. To save my life, I looked away from my phone to cool down. However, my stronger instinct, that is, my lust, glued my eyes back.

“Seriously..... What a video. Her skin is so moist and beautiful. And there's not much correction to highlight her natural beauty..... This was definitely taken with one of those newer cameras. The lighting's great. She has to be using a good ring light. Uwohh, I can't stop watching.....”

However, the moment her thighs appeared on my phone, my heart ached with a different kind of pain than what I got being turned on.

“.....!”

There were three moles standing out on her thighs.

A woman with three moles on her thighs..... Using the the camera I picked for her, Senpai started doing something crazy erotic.

Feeling a mix of excitement and pain I never felt, I clutched helplessly onto my phone in the damp futon of my room.



STORY OF HOMICIDAL YOUNG PERSON RETURNS

# NEWWORLD

THIRD MISSION: RECRECRECRECREC  
RECRECRECRECREC

++MCOIN IMOUTO

SEEKING FOR DREAMS IN THE UNSEEN FIRST DIMENSION

新・NHKによろこそ!

NEW EPISODE IS THE END. THANK YOU AND GOOD-BYE...REALLY?

NHK-RE

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