

REBUILD of NIHUKUMONIHUKUMONIHUKUMONIHUKUMONI
WELCOME TO THE NHK!

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STORY: TATSUHIKO TAKIMOTO • ILLUSTRATION: KENZU 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!

The background features a light blue gradient with white line art. On the left, a girl with long hair is shown from the chest up, holding a guitar. On the right, a boy's face is visible, looking upwards. A large white cross is positioned on the right side of the page.

STORY
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WELCOME TO THE NHK!

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#5 The Clubroom and the Sexual Abyss

Part One

“Please, Satou-kun. Please help me out with my project.”

“S- Sure.....”

“Well, I’ll let you in on the details later!”

Ending the call with Senpai, my six tatami mat room was engulfed in silence.

“.....”

Helping Senpai with her project would mean helping her shoot her porn video.

I don’t understand.

Me?

Helping Senpai with shooting her porn?

I feel like I’d go mad.

The laws of the universe were broken and the impossible was happening. I was afraid.

“.....”

It was said during the trench warfare of World War I, young people would knit to distract themselves from the fear of being bombed.

Likewise, I too should do some work to get my mind off this.

“R- Right..... I need to write the hypnovoice scenario.”

I opened the laptop with my trembling hands, and turned my attention to the project I was working on with Yamazaki.

It's not like this whole month, I didn't do anything but focus on the masturbation ban.

Even though my sexual desires grew by the day, between all that, I did my best to push forward with the project.

I did my best writing an erotic scenario for the hypnovoice we'd sell on DL.site.

That was a huge amount of work. If you were going to write an erotic scenario, you'd have to think about erotic things.

I thought about it. My erotic little sister dragging the hands of the user to an erotic experience.

However, trying to imagine an “erotic experience” more vividly put my masturbation ban on the verge of collapse.

Even just a slightly erotic image in my head would get my overfilled libido to burst. That's why this “erotic experience” I typed on my keyboard was so abstract.

[Little Sister's Voice: Onii-chan. Today, let's discover the mysteries of life!]

On the porch of a Japanese styled home bathed in the summer sun, was my little sister wearing a white one piece.

The girl, tanned by the sun, put down the watermelon she was eating on the porch, jumped into the yard with her sandals on, and handed me a flower she plucked.

Surrounded by the SE of the cicadas crying, I accepted my little sister's gift, and watched a bee burrow into the pedals with a smile.

I sent that sort of scenario to Yamazaki, hearing a bang on my wall as I got a reply message.

“I thought you were finally sending me the scenario! What the hell is this!?”

“Isn't it obvious? It's our erotic scene.”

“What the hell is erotic about this!? Don't screw with me!”

Apparently, Yamazaki had poor reading comprehension. He didn't have the ability to grasp how deeply sexual the text I wrote was.

I was a bit disappointed, but explained to my uneducated neighbor what the flower pedals and the bees symbolized.

However..... an even louder bang hit my wall.

“Satou-san, you idiot! Just think for a second! Do you really think a dated metaphor like that could excite a guy in the Reiwa era!?”

“I- It can! Just trust me! We're breaking new ground in sexual expression here!”

Yamazaki was seemingly convinced by the persuasive strength I got from the masturbation ban.

“If you really think so, I'll leave it to you. Just make sure to complete it. You have to make the deadline!”

“Deadline?”

“Yeah. The longest we can wait it out is a month. This isn't just because of the conditions Nanako set for us. It's also the time limit set by my parents.”

“I- I see..... If we don’t make money off the hypnovoice, you’ll have to go back home to your parents, huh?”

“Your allowance is going to be stopping soon too, Satou-san. You need the money, right?”

“I- I got it. I’ll make sure to write a scenario good enough that it’ll sell. Just just wait one month for me.”

Saying to that to Yamazaki, I continued with my masturbation ban, writing the little sister erotic experience scenario.

That scenario was actually already complete. All I had to do was send it to Yamazaki, but..... just to be sure, I read it over one more time.

Putting away my dirty VR goggles and shoving aside the trash, I read the scenario on my apartment table. I hid my head under my arms.

“I- It’s no good. It’s not erotic at all.....”

During my masturbation ban, even just looking at the word “flower” was enough to make my overfilled libido burst.

But now that my multidimensional self-pleasure emptied my sexual desire, words like “Pistil” and “Stamen” didn’t do a thing for me.

Actually, I’d rather keep looking at the peaceful life of the protagonist and his little sister in their Japanese style house. Rather than exciting, it was more peaceful and calm.

“It’s over..... There’s no way this is usable as an erotic hypnovoice. I’ve got to delete it all. All of it.....”

Hitting Ctrl+A to select all the text, I tried hitting the delete key.

It was at that moment.

I felt the presence of someone behind me.

I turned around, and there was Misaki-chan, wearing her usual T-shirt.

She came into my room without permission again.....

“Satou-kun..... Thank goodness..... You haven’t come to see me in a while, have you?”

Misaki-chan had the expression of someone who hasn’t seen their friend in a decade.

“Ahh, come to think of it.....”

During the masturbation ban, I did somewhat go to Misaki-chan’s counseling sessions. But with my sexual desires increasing day by day, it became hard to look at Misaki-chan, who was full of vitality.

Illuminated by the street light of the park on a summer night..... from her limbs to her face to her voice, everything about Misaki-chan attracted me. If her eyes looked at me for a second, the probability of my masturbation ban failing would surely increase by 50%.

I remembered what I read the other day in “Kindness! The Teachings of Buddha.” In the story, during his training, Buddha was seduced by a fearsome demon known as Mara. Like him, when faced with the girl named Misaki, my ban violently wavered.

However, it was thanks to the Buddha’s teachings that my masturbation ban was saved. One day BC, Buddha gave a disciple of his suffering from sexual desires some simple advice.

“Don’t look at women.”

That teaching supported me during that time.

If you look at women, you’ll be scorched by the flames of lust. But if you do not look at women, you won’t get burned.

I tried to look at Misaki-chan as little as I could. If I had to make eye contact, I’d set my focus level to infinity. I would blur out Misaki-chan’s figure in my view, fading away her dangers to the ban.

In that state, I may have seemed a bit strange to her.

This past month, the blurred Misaki-chan would say nonsense like “Satou-kun, get a hold of yourself” or “Please turn back.”

Now, Misaki-chan, who came to my apartment unannounced, had a book titled “How to Deal with Symptoms of Depression” held to her chest.

“Like I said, it’s not like I’m depressed or anything.”

“Liar. The past while, your face looked like a Noh mask, and you were responding so slow, you were like a zombie. I knew no matter how much time passed tonight, you wouldn’t show up to counseling.”

“Sorry. I’ll go.”

I put on my outside jersey and left my room with Misaki-chan, explaining myself as we headed to the park.

“This past month..... I was continuing with my mastur..... training.”

“You really were doing that, huh? I looked into it because it was still on my phone’s search history, but for someone as weak-willed as you, I knew it’d be impossible.”

“I could do it if I had to.”

“I don’t care what you do, but why were you looking away from me? It’s rude, you know.”

“That’s, well..... If I looked at you too much, Misaki-chan, I’d get excited and the ban would fail. That’s why I was looking away. I’m sorry if I was worrying you.”

Saying this as I sat down on the park bench, Misaki-chan, who was across from me, blushed red.

It was a slip of the tongue.

Ending the masturbation ban relieved some tension, and I ended up being too frank.

“.....”

I could feel my face getting hotter.

At that, I could feel the cold sweat in my armpits.

I let it out that I was always looking at Misaki-chan with lecherous eyes. I revealed to her the fact that she herself stimulated my sexual desires.

It's over.

This small and pleasant relationship I had with this high school girl was going to disappear tonight because of the revelation of my dark and dirty desires.

“Haa.....”

I sighed and decided I should say what I needed to this high school girl who would probably never show up at this park again.

“I'm sorry. And thank you, Misaki-chan.”

“Hm?”

Misaki-chan's face was still red, but she raised her head buried under the table and looked at me.

“Well..... I just wanted to apologize for all the trouble I caused you.”

Misaki-chan stared at me.

“You should. You're always causing trouble for me, Satou-kun. You haven't seen me all month. You're the worst.”

“I told you, it's because you're too stimulating!”

“What's with that? Blaming me.”

“S- Sorry.....”

“Are you okay with looking at me right now?”

“W- Well, yeah. I realized that forcing myself to train is no good.”

“That’s fine then. Staying the failure you are right now is for the best.”

Misaki-chan piled up a stack of self help books on the table, and showed me she was ready to start tonight’s lecture.

“.....”

Apparently, our relationship has yet to collapse.

I thanked Misaki-chan once again in my head, and took in tonight’s counseling.

Part Two

Misaki-chan’s counseling with the same content looping every night gave me a sense of security.

My heart, broken from failing the masturbation ban, felt calmly flat hearing those self-help books I feel I heard before.

However.....

“Alright. That concludes tonight’s counseling. We’ll pick up again tomorrow.”

As she put away the self-help book in her bag, the word “tomorrow” made me freeze.

“Haa.....”

A loud sigh left my mouth.

“What’s wrong, Satou-kun? Are you worried about something?”

Misaki seemed interested as she leaned on the table.

Clutching at straws, I confessed to Misaki-chan my problems.

“If I don’t get the erotic hypnovoice scenario done by the deadline, Yamazaki has to go back home and I can’t pay my rent. The deadline’s tomorrow.”

“Oh no! What were you doing up until now?”

“It’s not like I was playing around. I have the text I wrote while not masturbating..... I mean training.”

“Why don’t you just submit that to Yamazaki-kun?”

“No, that’s..... Because of the negative effects of training, that text isn’t erotic at all.”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah. It’s clearly not to Yamazaki’s standards in erotica. I should have just written an erotic scenario seriously instead of focusing on not masturbating! Not masturbating only screwed my life up further!”

I scratched my head looking down at the table.

Various mistakes I made during my lifetime crossed my mind. That’s right. Nothing I do ever goes right. All I did this time too was write this garbage text. I have to delete it.

“Yeah, I’ll delete it. I’ll delete it all.....”

I opened my phone’s editor app and selected all the text to delete. With that, I could erase all this garbage text automatically synchronized to the cloud server from this world.

However.....

“You can’t!”

Misaki-chan jumped into my arm, stopping the deletion.

“Wh- Why not!?”

Trembling from the soft sensation on my upper arm, I struggled to erase the text on my phone. Misaki-chan argued.

“You can’t because I said so! I mean, you spent all month writing that script, Satou-kun! It’d be a waste.”

“It’d be better if I got rid of it.”

“No! Get a hold of yourself! I’m going to get mad!”

Misaki-chan puffed her cheeks out glaring at me.

“E- Even if you say so, I’m the author of this text, so I have the rights.”

“Then sell me the rights. For 15 M Coins.”

Misaki-chan presented to me the virtual currency she created.

My heart shook.

“Fifteen, you say? Fifteen would mean half an “Anything Ticket.”

An “Anything Ticket.” A ticket that could get this mysterious high school girl, Misaki-chan, to do whatever I say.

Up until now, my hikikomori nature has gotten in the way, and I wasted two of them, not being able to make the most of it.

Why didn’t I use the “Anything Tickets” to satisfy my desires?

Every time I looked back, I felt a deep sense of loss and regret ran through me, as if I just lost a life. That’s why I made up my mind. That if I somehow got my hands on another “Anything Ticket,” I would use it to fulfill my true desires.

“Misaki-chan..... Let go of my hand.”

Still holding on to it, Misaki-chan looked up at me with a slight blush on her face.

“You don’t want them?”

“I didn’t say that. Just, I want to make sure. If I get 30 ‘M Coins,’ they can be exchanged for an ‘Anything Ticket’?”

Misaki-chan nodded as she let go.

“That’s right.”

“And with that Anything Ticket, you’ll really do anything I say.”

“Mm.....”

“Well, if that’s the case..... I’ll hold off on deleting them. You can read however much you’d like.”

I handed my smartphone to Misaki-chan.

Misaki-chan took fifteen M Coins out of her bag, and slid the handmade current across the table, skimming my text.

After a bit, Misaki-chan looked up.

“You know what? I really like it.”

“Really? It’s not erotic at all.”

“I like how I can read your honesty, Satou-kun.”

“Thanks, but I’m erasing all of that once you’re done.”

“You can’t! I bought them, so they’re mine.”

“What would you even use them for? I mean...”

“I’ll read them in my spare time.”

“Are they interesting?”

“Not really.”

“So they’re really not!”

“They’re not interesting. But life needs more than just interesting things.”

Misaki-chan took out a book from her bag titled “How to Arrange Automatic Nerves.”

“In this book, it says what’s interesting is determined by emotional ups and downs. You need them in life, but with too many ups and downs, the autonomic nervous system is disturbed and damages your personality.”

“I guess so.....”

I thought about my automatic nerves being shattered into thousands of pieces by Senpai.

“That’s why in life, you have to read uninteresting text where nothing ever happens.”

“I get that, but objectively, it’s really not interesting, is it? My scenario.....”

I sighed.

Misaki-chan smiled.

“It’s fine if it’s not interesting.”

“Leave it.”

“You know, recently, I’ve been thinking. I want to become someone who doesn’t mind being interesting, uninteresting, or the center of attention. Someone always calm and indifferent.”

“Isn’t that..... kind of difficult?”

Misaki-chan always seemed calm when she was with me. However, if you took a hint and thought about the fact that she was a truant, she was just like me, or possibly even more unstable in society.

A person like her wanting to be "calm and indifferent" would be like a flower that'd sway by even the gentlest breeze wishing to be a great tree standing unshaken by the fiercest storm. That's too much to dream for, isn't it?

"I get it. How difficult it is to become a calm person like that. But, you know, I want to be someone that can relax others someday. That's why I'm reading texts that can be of help."

"Is my writing really that bland?"

"Nothing interesting ever happens, and the language is so flat, I'd fall asleep."

"....."

"But I do kind of like it. I'll fix up the details, make a clean copy, and send it off to some contest for you."

As she joked around, I couldn't tell whether or not she was praising or insulting me, but I gradually became less attached to my scenario.

It may not work for what I was going for, but if a single person like Misaki-chan would read it, it may have been worth it.

"But it's a little too short. I'd like to space out to this a bit longer. I know. If you write twice as much, I'll give you another 15 M coins."

"A- Are you serious? If I combine that with the 15 M Coins I just got, I'd get an 'Anything Ticket' in one go. When's the deadline?"

"How about two weeks? Write as much as you can with the same atmosphere as this. I have an order for the kind of content, so listen closely, alright?"

"....."

Misaki-chan gave me a detailed order. Jotting it down as we discussed the next chapter of "Life With My Little Sister," I felt a tranquility I never felt before.

I usually couldn't help but think about the uncertainty of my future and the value of my own existence. Twisting my head over discussing "Life With My Little

Sister” with this mysterious high school girl allowed me to forget my anxiety and desires as I innocently laughed with Misaki-chan.

*

That time of peace was brought to an end with a call from Senpai.

On my trembling smartphone displayed Senpai’s message.

“I’m finally through with work, so I’ve booked a hotel near the office. Satou-kun, could you come right away?”

I groaned without thinking.

“A- A hotel?”

“What’s wrong, Satou-kun? What’s wrong with a hotel?”

“N- Nothing’s wrong. I- I just remembered, I need to get back to my apartment. You be careful getting home too, Misaki-chan!”

“W- Wait up, Satou-kun!”

I walked out of the park as fast as I could as Misaki-chan called out to my back. Heading to the convenience store, I borrowed a rental bike, and headed to the hotel Senpai had booked.

I don’t know if it was lust, but this mysterious impulse and the bike’s electric assist got me over the huge bridge over Tama River.

Finally, I went through the path around the river mouth toward the airport and huge commercial buildings emerged from the darkness.

I stopped my pedaling and searched my smartphone regarding where I was.

“This place is..... Haneda Innovation City..... Looks like it’s connected from Haneda Airport Terminal 3 to Tenkubashi Station, site area being 5.9 hectares,

with a total floor area being 130,000 square meters. It was just recently finished, housing many innovative offices and restaurants.”

Riding around what felt like a giant concrete block, I finally found the bike parking lot.

“Now then, where is Senpai?”

As I parked my bike and stepped into the futuristic LED lit Innovation City, I received another message on my smartphone.

“Come to the top floor!”

“The top floor, I see.....”

Going up the stairs, I bypassed the restaurants, bars, and live venues of Innovation Corridor. Walking through the concrete gap lit by the restaurant lights, I found a staircase leading up even further.

Heading up, I arrived at the Sky Deck; an open air space with a bench and small pool.

No, looking closely, there was steam coming out of that small pool. There were men and women, young and old, laughing as they chatted with their feet in the water.

I guess it’s a footbath.

“Ah, there you are, Satou-kun. Over here.”

A woman in a suit with her feet in the water waved her hand. With the LED making the hot water shine, Senpai’s enchanting silhouette stood out in the dark under the night sky.

As I approached her, she moved her bag out of the way to make space.

“You’re out of breath. Why not rest with the footbath?”

“S- Sure.....”

Sitting next to Senpai, I took off my shoes and socks, and put my feet in the water.

With Senpai's faint scent of perfume and my lower body soaked in warm water, I was in bliss.

At that moment, the atmosphere shook. Looking up, there was a huge passenger plane starting to land at Haneda Airport.

The couples in the footbath cheered. Senpai muttered something too.

“It's beautiful..... I'm sure a ton of people are coming back from overseas in that plane. If I get rich, I'll take you somewhere, Satou-kun. Maybe we can have some authentic Vietnamese food.”

“Hahaha, quit dreaming.”

“I'm not dreaming. I'm serious about this.”

In the water, Senpai opened her toes wide, and pinched my achilles with them.

The touch of her skin shocked my autonomic nervous system.

“Ugh.....”

“Hey, Satou-kun. Let's start my project. We're going to make lots of money! And for that, you're going to help me shoot my video!”

“Ughhh.....”

“Hey, your nose is bleeding. Maybe it's too hot. I'll take you to my room now. Let's go.”

Senpai wiped my nose with a handkerchief, and took me to the Innovation City hotel.

Part Three

It seemed Senpai had already checked in earlier. She poured some coffee from the server at the front desk, and led me upstairs from the elevator in the back.

“It’s this room here. Come in.”

Being taken into a simple business hotel-like room, I was rested on a semi-double bed.

Innovation City itself was a newly built facility, so it was a given the hotel’s rooms and interior would be all new. The bedsheets seemed smoother than usual too.

“Has your nose stopped bleeding?”

Senpai asked while drinking her coffee.

“Not..... quite.”

“So I really came here with you. To this hotel.”

“.....”

Not responding, Senpai left me in bed and headed to the bathroom.

After hearing the sound of running water, she returned mumbling something.

“It’s fine..... It’s Satou-kun, so it’ll be fine.....”

Opening her bag while repeating that like an incantation, she readied herself to take some pills. While my nose had stopped bleeding, for some reason, Senpai’s mood got heavier. I jumped out of bed and stopped her.

“Hey, wait!”

“What?”

“What’s with that drug.....?”

“It’s a good luck charm for my heart in times of need.”

“You don’t have to take that! It’s not the right time.”

“It will be soon.”

“Come on, hold on a bit. Let’s just calm down.”

“I- I guess you’re right. Let me take a breath.”

Senpai sat down on the chair by the bed and moved her hands up and down as if doing radio exercises.

Taking off her jacket because her business suit was probably getting in the way, Senpai waved her hands again, taking a deep breath.

She highlighted the shape of her breasts wrapped in that white blouse doing so. I looked away. I wouldn’t want my nose to bleed again after it had just stopped.

“.....”

However, this was a hotel. While one built for the atmosphere of new age innovation over sexual activity, it was still a hotel.

I have no real experience so I can’t say for certain, but when an adult man and woman come to a hotel, wouldn’t that mean an adult situation could start in no less than five minutes? To begin with, I’m supposed to be helping Senpai with her project. Wouldn’t the probability of a parental control-needing adult situation starting be at over two hundred percent?

“Haa..... Haa..... Oh, man.”

My breathing became shallow. I’d hyperventilate at this rate, but I couldn’t afford to collapse. I imitated Senpai by taking a deep breath.

“Suu, haa.”

The sound of our breathing echoed through the hotel room. However, it was hard to calm down. Senpai was planning on taking some mental medication, so she seemed to be lost herself.

I should be the one taking it to relieve my tension, but I continued to endure it.

Reason being, my relationship with Senpai was undergoing a tremendous change.

Water in heat would eventually change phases to vapor and then plasma. Like that, my relationship with Senpai that has warmed up over the years was now on the brink of something unknown.

With a change this big, it was no time to intoxicate my mind with drugs.

“.....”

We had to keep our heads up.

With that strong resolve, I sat up from bed, while Senpai put her medication case back in her bag.

“That’s right..... My project is work. You have to be snappy at work. Snappy!”

Senpai straightened her back with a snap and stared straight at me.

“Satou-kun. I have a favor to ask.”

“Yeah, yeah. You wanted me to help with shooting your video, right?”

“Yeah. And, well..... I guess I have to explain what kind of movie we’re shooting first.....”

Senpai was fidgety sitting on the chair, rubbing her feet together. She seemed hesitant to tell me she was a Pornhubber.

Casually, I helped her out.

“Senpai..... What kind of work are we shooting?”

“Well..... How do I put this? The main subject is myself.”

“Let me have a look.”

“You can’t! There’s no way I can show you, Satou-kun.”

“Then there’s no way I can help.”

“W- Well, yeah. I guess I do have to show you first.”

As we talked it out, gradually, a feeling inside me I never felt before arose.

It was my sadism towards Senpai.

I guess it was because my feelings weren’t blurred by drugs. Right now, inside me, I was aware all I wanted to do was tease Senpai.

“.....”

Looking back from the time I joined the literature club to today, I was nothing more than Senpai’s dog.

To this woman, I was like a cute harmless dog who’d wag his tail just by being called over.

Thi- This bitch..... Acting this way just because she’s a little attractive.

She was taking advantage of my feelings!

“.....”

Driven by anger, I decided to take this opportunity to shame her.

“Hurry up and show me. Your video.”

“Hold on. I’ll show you on my phone.”

“Phones are too small and hard to see from, so let’s play it on that TV.”

I leaned back on the pillows I piled on bed, and opened a browser on TV with the remote control.

“N- No way! Playing my video on a TV that big is.....”

“What are you trying to say?”

“It’s embarrassing.....”

Saying that, Senpai’s cheeks turned bright red.

“Fuu.....”

My sadism being fulfilled, I sighed in satisfaction. It was also a sigh of relief.

If I humiliated Senpai one more time, we’d end our time at the hotel without incident.

No longer being able to withstand the embarrassment, Senpai would leave this room.

Then our relationship wouldn’t have to needlessly phase out, and our relationship could stay at just the right distance.

“Right, right..... That would be for the best. For our relationship.”

Muttering that to myself, Senpai piled up pillows in the bed space next to me, and laid her upper body on them, blushing up to her ears.

“Eh? Ehh?”

“P, O, R, N. Type it.”

Senpai said that with moist eyes facing me as if she had taken the drugs anyway.

Could it be that her embarrassment had hit its limits and switched her mentality mode?

“Are you serious.....? You’re okay with this?”

Operating the remote with my hands trembling, I couldn’t believe the letters of the alphabet I was typing into the browser.

This woman..... Was she really going to show me? That video?

“H, U, B. Search that.”

“Ha..... Hahaha..... Looks like some porn site page popped up.”

“Do you know about it, Satou-kun? Pornhub. This is a site where porn videos from all over the world gather.”

Senpai started explaining to me Pornhub’s system and monetization structure.

I frantically looked around the room.

I can definitely turn back now. I can put down the remote, shout I remembered I had somewhere I had to be, leave this room, and save my relationship with Senpai from ruin.

Right, let’s do that.

Senpai’s one of my only friends.

Friends.

That would certainly last longer than love or some other bound relationship.

Because it’s based on our friendship for one another.

It doesn’t have to evaporate or turn to plasma in vain. It may be indifferent and boring, but like a large tree in the mountains, it would always be there.

I wanted to be lovers with Senpai.

However, all this time, I was never able to become her lover. That also meant though, throughout all this time, Senpai and I have remained friends.

I couldn’t afford to lose my precious friend to a temporary sexual desire.

“Ah, I- I just remembered, I have somewhere to.....”

Getting up, Senpai clutched my hand.

“Satou-kun. I’m scared.”

“Of what?”

“Of our friendship ending here, Satou-kun.”

“Ha..... Haha..... Yeah. That’s why I’ll just go home for today.”

“Don’t leave!”

“No, but..... I got something to do..... We’re still friends anyway.....”

“There’s no way a hikikomori like you would have something to do! Look, listen. I’m going to explain this to you. Well..... How do I put this? I show up. On this site.”

“.....”

“What? You don’t seem surprised.”

“I- I’m surprised. Seriously? Are you for real?”

“I am. You know, actually, I’ve always liked reading adult novels.”

“Th- That’s the first time I’m hearing this.”

“That’s a given, because I hid it back in high school. I read them in secret so nobody would know. But while reading a ton of them in secret, I wanted to express myself in an adult way. I recorded a porn video and uploaded it to this site. I’ll play it, okay?”

Senpai took the remote control and searched for her video.

The thumbnail displayed on the TV.

Just one more press of a button, and that giant TV taking up the entire hotel wall would play Senpai’s erotic deeds.

As I pressed a tissue to stop my nose from bleeding, I stared at the screen as if devouring it.

However, no matter how long I waited, the video would not play.

“Sorry. Hold on a bit. If I show you this, I’m sure you’ll hate me.”

“I won’t hate you.”

“You’re lying. You won’t be able to respect me as your Senpai anymore and will start looking at me with disdain. That’s how adult this video is.”

“Well, it is erotic. But no matter how bad it is, I won’t stop respecting you.”

“Liar! How would you know?”

“How.....? Well, see, I already saw the video. My response isn’t going to change. So you can relax.”

“Eh? You’ve seen it? My video.....?”

“Ah. Never mind. I didn’t see anything. I’m going to go home now. I got something to do.”

“Explain!”

As I was about to get off the bed, Senpai pulled my hand back even harder.

Dragged back to the bed, I had no choice but to explain.

“It was just by chance. I just happened to find your videos.”

“When?”

“Right after you posted the first one.”

Senpai covered her bright red face.

“H- How much have you seen?”

“I’ve seen all of them.”

“Th- Then, you’ve even seen the video I posted yesterday?”

“Well, I guess so.”

Going from blushing to looking pale, Senpai took out a pill from her bag. I stopped her hand and put the pill on the round table by the other side of the bed.

“I get you’re embarrassed. I’m sorry for watching your video in secret. But to begin with, you were the one who uploaded that video, Senpai. You should take responsibility.”

“Wh- What the hell!? You’re just Satou-kun! Don’t act so righteous!”

“Even I can make a good argument now and then. I’ll say as much as I want, especially if it’s with an old friend. I’ll do it honestly!”

“Th- Then, you’re going to stay friends with me. Even after watching the video.”

“Of course. That’s why we should just end this for today and go home.”

“No way!”

“If you’re all embarrassed, there’s no reason to show me that video.”

“There is and that’s why I’m showing you! You just have to watch my video, Satou-kun!”

“Wh- What’s with you!? Why do I have to watch your porn videos with you, Senpai? You should think about my feelings too! I’d lose my mind!”

“Lose your..... mind?”

“I’m okay! I’m okay right now, but if I get anymore excited, I’d really lose it!”

“Excited..... You mean you get excited watching my videos?”

“W- Well, yeah.”

“That’s a relief..... I didn’t get any reactions at all, so I was worried. Really worried.....”

Senpai’s shoulders began to shake with tears in her eyes.

I felt like I should hug and comfort her, but I just patted her on the shoulder.

After a while, Senpai stopped crying on her own.

“Yes, well, I was worried, so I thought I’d get you to critique it first. You know a lot about porn videos, don’t you, Satou-kun? Since you’re a hikikomori, I bet you watch them from morning to night.”

“I do not! Not that much anyway.....”

“You don’t have to be modest. It’s embarrassing, but I’ll play them, okay? From the first video to the latest, I want you to tell me three good and bad things about it. I’ll use that to improve.”

Senpai took out a notebook and pen from her bag, ready to hear my critique.

Apparently, she really wanted my review. Come to think of it, back in high school, she was always concerned about the critiques she got on her own work.

Most of Senpai’s works were essays and short stories, which were tidy, but not particularly good or bad.

I would always say something like “Yeah, nice. As expected of you,” just to gloss over the situation.

Unsatisfied with that sort of review, Senpai would say “Explain it to me in detail,” as she pestered me for feedback.

Losing patience each time, I gave her a review that couldn’t possibly have stemmed from a work so short.

“How do I put this? You can feel the theme. You could almost say it’s religious.”

“Right!? I gave it a lot of thought writing it my own way.”

Senpai appeared satisfied with my review, but the next one was even shorter and more lifeless.

That was when I realized it.

Back in high school, I wonder if I've been spoiling Senpai by praising her thoughtlessly.

Come to think of it, it was written in that self help book Misaki-chan read to me.

That is..... people who look for positive reactions from others tend to make short and tidy work.

“Good little boys and girls” live a life hoping to be praised by their parents. Disciplined to have conditioned reflexes like Pavlov's dog, it's a freedomless inhumane way to live.

By carelessly praising Senpai's work, I encouraged her "good little girl" tendency to seek approval. Consequently, I was limiting her.

If that was the case, I would have to make amends.

Right now, I'd have to give my honest opinion to Senpai.

I said to myself I'd hold back my dog-like nature in flattering her for the time being.

“Alright. I'll give you some serious feedback.”

“Sure. Go on and tell me! My videos were pretty good, weren't they? It's just that the world hasn't noticed them at all! It's strange, isn't it?”

“No. I think the world reacted normally. There's a reason this place is a graveyard and not getting PV at all.”

“Reason? What's with that? Hey, tell me!”

“That's, well..... they're not very good. Your videos. They're not good at all!”

Realizing the meaning of the words I said after a state of shock, Senpai turned a hostile gaze at me.

Part Four

“Haa? Haa? What’s wrong with the videos I tried so hard to make? Depending on your answer, I won’t forgive even you, Satou-kun.”

With Senpai glaring at me, my inner slave dog came back to life.

I wanted to praise Senpai and put her in a good mood right away. I killed that impulse and told her the truth.

“Your videos get me aroused, Senpai. That’s for certain.”

“Right?”

Senpai had a proud look on her face.

“I was really excited when I saw your video. My level of excitement was at the top of the world.....”

“There, see? I have the talent for this.”

“No. Don’t misunderstand. The reason I was so excited by your video was because we’ve known each other for so long.”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“Think about it. The actual target for your videos are people around the world who have nothing to do with you. An ‘Acquaintance Boost’ won’t work. Without immorally thinking ‘Woah! My Senpai’s uploaded a porno of herself!’ it’s just another star in the sky amateur selfie video.”

“Th- That’s so mean! Why do I have to take this from you, Satou-kun!?”

“You can see for yourself. Let’s play the first video.”

I operated the remote, playing it.

“See? The problem is clear as day.”

“What’s wrong with it? We got a nice shot thanks to the equipment you chose. And you can feel the erotica. It was really embarrassing exposing myself like this to the whole world.”

“For me, it might be the most erotic video in the entire world. However, from the perspective of the average viewer overseas.....”

Getting into a different mindset, I watched Senpai’s porn video from the perspective of a Mestizo living in Latin America. I then watched Senpai’s porn video from the perspective of a Persian from the Middle East.

“As I thought, it’s hard to make it to the end. In less than five minutes, I’d switch to another video. Reason being.....”

I explained the problems with Senpai's video as logically and objectively as possible.

At first, my criticisms made her raise the corners of her eyes as she hysterically rebutted them.

However, she eventually calmed down, showing compliance, after facing my bold criticism for the first time.

Senpai and I had a different level of experience in watching porn videos. That weight of experience gave strength to my words.

“I- I see now..... My videos are no good to anyone but you. This is frustrating, but it is helpful.”

Senpai started to memo what was wrong with the video in her notebook.

“Now, let’s play the next one.”

As the videos continued to play, I pointed out each issue to Senpai one by one.

At first, Senpai showed me an expression like it was the end of the world, but slowly, a spark returned to her eyes.

After the last video, Senpai exclaimed to me holding up her notebook and pen.

“I- I see! If there’s this many faults, there’s a lot of room for improvement!”

“You see now, don’t you? That’s pretty much it. If we just have to fix up these points, your view count should improve. Well, I’m going home now.”

“Wait, Satou-kun!”

“What? What is it this time?”

“Next, you have to shoot me.”

“.....”

“I’d like you to be my cameraman.”

“.....N- No way. You can just do that yourself.”

“Don’t say that. You’ve come this far, so stay with me to the end.”

Senpai opened one, then two buttons on her blouse.

As my heart thumped loudly, I could feel the space between us warp with sexual desires.

“.....”

Why do people live?

To do erotic things.

Right now, I understood that clearly.

All the discussions we had up until now had no meaning.

Right now, I stood in front of a female as a mere member of the male sex.

“It can’t be helped. I’ll do it.”

“Eh.....? Really?”

Senpai stopped as she took her blouse off.

“Really. Hand over your video camera.”

I started setting up the shooting equipment from Senpai’s bag.

I set up a ring light by the bed to illuminate her.

After checking the camera's memory space and battery, I hit the record button, pointing the lens at her.

Are you already filming?” Senpai asked, brushing her hair.

“Yeah..... It’s started. I’m filming.”

“Alright. I’ll leave it to you, Satou-kun.”

I nodded to Senpai behind the lens, careful not to shake the video camera.

However..... having waited quite a bit, Senpai just wouldn’t start getting explicit.

“What’s wrong? We’re wasting batteries.”

“I’m..... just actually not the type to improvise. Actually, I wrote scripts before shooting these videos.”

“They’re pretty low quality if that’s the case. Those videos pretty much work from the same pattern. You’d have some small talk with the camera and then start getting off.....”

“Well, sorry for making something so low quality! I did my best. Even that ‘small talk’ was something I scripted beforehand!”

“It’s not a very efficient process. About your day job. Is that working out?”

“It’s not and that’s why I’m in trouble! I’m looking somewhere new! Somewhere I can use my real talents.”

In her search, one of those activities was adult video production, but I couldn’t see any potential in this at all.

It’s true Senpai looked good from the outside, but the world isn’t so easy you can get views by that alone.

In the first place, my opinion on her appearance may be skewed because of years crushing on her.

That would mean it’s up to the actress to express her eroticism, but on the other side of the lens, her expression was still stiff.

Though even if I gave her advice like “Immerse yourself in sexuality!” as a third party, it was still easier said than done.

That meant, it probably would have been a good idea to work out a script beforehand.

Someone who couldn’t improvise should do what they could, to improve the quality of their work, if only just a bit. I stopped the video camera and told her that.

“Alright..... In that case, write a script for tonight’s shooting first.”

“Alright.”

Senpai took her laptop out of her bag, laid face down on the bed, and started typing.

Lying down waiting for her to finish the script, I tried typing a scenario for my hypnovoice on my phone. However, I couldn’t come up with any ideas at all. Senpai started scratching her head as well.

“Ahh, geez, it’s no good! I’m stuck here. Let’s go to the convenience store. I need to get in the mood.”

“Yeah, sure.”

We left the hotel, took a night stroll through Innovation City, and made it to the convenience store.

“Hm, they have a ZEPP TOKYO here,” Senpai said, pointing out the famous live house.

“Oh. And there’s a Surugaya over here. Maybe I should buy Yamazaki some cute figures as a souvenir.”

Saying that, I entered the convenience store. I bought a drink and snacks. Senpai also bought a can of coffee at the self-checkout next to me.

“Well, let’s head back, Satou-kun!”

“Ohh!”

We put down our convenience store bags returning to the room, and laid back on the bed, returning to work. Getting stumped without even writing five lines of the scenario, I started playing a smartphone game. Soon, Senpai moaned as well.

“Ughhhh..... It’s no good. I can’t write at all.”

“Come on. You’ve managed to write them up to now, haven’t you? Those porn video scripts.”

“It’s different from what I’m used to. This time, we have two roles, after all.”

“By two, you mean.....”

“First me.”

“Right.”

“And then you, Satou-kun.”

“Me? Aren’t I just the cameraman?”

“Of course not. I’ll let you perform too.”

My autonomic nervous system started going haywire imagining what she meant, but alongside tonight's ongoing excitement, it seemed my brain was starting to get desensitized.

“W- Well, whatever. Just hurry up and write it so we can get this over with.”

“Right. I'm trying here, so just wait a bit longer, okay?”

Senpai stared at the display with a serious look and started typing at the keyboard. Hearing that sound, I got tired, and I fell asleep by Senpai's side.

I woke up with her shaking my back, holding the laptop display up to me.

“I wrote this much so far, so can you check it?”

“Let me see.”

I looked over Senpai's script.

“How is it?”

Senpai turned her hopeful eyes at me. Automatically going back to slave dog mode, I wanted to spoil her again with my feedback, but I held back and spoke truthfully.

“It's no good.”

“Haa?”

“Don't 'Haa' me. The actress only makes bland statements showing no sign of humanity, while the actor's no better than a robot. At this rate, you'll just be making the same video that satisfies no one but me.”

“Haa? Haa? What do you know, you unemployed hikikomori!? You know, I put a lot of thought and calculation into writing this! I'm a working adult!”

“Forget about social norms! You have to be ready if you want to make something good!”

“Hm, is that so? I can’t just throw everything away like a child! Adults have responsibilities! Someone like you wouldn’t be able to understand though! Haa..... Haa..... Geez..... What the hell.....”

Senpai glared at me, catching her breath, but headed back to the round table to resume writing.

“Alright. I’ll rewrite it. But Satou-kun, you quit complaining and help me out.”

“R- Right. What should I do?”

“For the time being, check what I’m writing. I’ll share the files with you.”

She sent me a link to the Google Document on LINE. When I opened it, Senpai’s scenario was displayed on my phone in real time.

“Senpai, you misspelled quite a few things.”

“Oh, shut up. If you noticed it, then fix them.”

It was a pain, but I made corrections to her scenario from my phone.

After a bit, Senpai looked up at me from her laptop with an uneasy look on her face.

“I wrote this much, but what do you think?”

“Hm. I think it’s better than before. It’s just a bit, but the characters are starting to come to life.”

“Who do you think you are, being so arrogant like that?”

“Just continue, Senpai.”

“Alright. You keep reading, okay?”

Senpai took a pair of glasses out of her bag, and leaned forward as she typed on the keyboard.

Her gears started moving, but soon slowed down as her hands wrapped her head. It happened several times.

“Ahh, geez, this is hopeless!”

Suddenly, Senpai pulled her laptop off the table and took out a deck of cards she got from the convenience store. Apparently, she bought them with her can of coffee.

“Let’s take a break. Okay?”

“Yeah, I won’t lose though.”

Tired, which ironically got my tension up, I energetically played cards with Senpai at the dead of night. Naturally, it was decided the loser would rub the winner’s shoulders.

“Why do I have to rub your shoulders when I’m the one doing the hard work? I doubt they’re even tense or anything.”

“It’s fine. Just hurry up and do it.”

While getting a surprisingly good massage from Senpai, I continued proofreading Senpai’s scenario on my phone. In the scenario were a high school boy and high school girl gazing at each other.

“Wouldn’t high school students be weird? You and I are both adults already.”

Senpai answered, having returned to her keyboard on the round table.

“It’s fine. People would get more excited if they saw me as a JK.”

“I see. Then let’s go with high school students.”

The high school boy and high school girl stared at each other in the clubroom at sunset.

They were still too young to realize their feelings and express them in words.

That's why they press their bodies onto one another, trying to deal with these unexplainable impulses within themselves.

“Isn't the phrasing here too literary here?”

“It's fine. We're in the literature club, after all.”

“I see. Then we should be fine, no matter how literary we get.”

No matter how much they press their bodies onto one another, the two youths could not be satisfied.

That is because what they were searching for was not physical, but something their eyes could not see.

However, not understanding, and motivated by the illusion of satisfaction from the secrets within their bodies, they continued their sexual exploration.

“What do you mean by sexual exploration?”

“I'll itemize it later.”

Senpai bullet pointed out ten concepts for sexual exploration.

“Ohh. With a list like this, we should come up with a lot of scenario ideas. Let's lay them out.”

The two young people explored their sexuality in the secret clubroom.

With the ten concepts, we managed to pull more ideas out of them.

That's why the two, in the room unknown to anyone, could continue to explore their unfulfilled feelings.

In that eternal dissatisfaction, the two are deeply lonely, but I can guarantee at least they share they're “unfulfilling each other together.”

That's why they are not lonely.

Myself and Senpai in this room.

*

I woke up to the morning sun shining through the hotel window.

I picked up Senpai, who was sleeping face down on the round table like I just was, and moved her to bed.

I laid down next to her and closed her eyes.

Dreaming a bit, I was suddenly awakened by the shrill alarm.

Senpai suddenly woke up as well. She looked left and right, looking for her phone before turning it off.

“Oh no! I have to get ready for work. Wait, where are we? Eh, Satou-kun? Why are you here?”

After explaining the situation, Senpai rushed to the bathroom, handed me the hotel keycard, and left the room running down the hallway. Before turning the corner, she turned back and shouted.

“I’ll be off! You should help me again with my project sometime!”

Seeing Senpai off to work more energetic than ever, I collapsed back in bed and sighed.

“Haa.....”

Before falling asleep, Senpai seemed to be having fun writing the scenario.

Perhaps it wasn’t porn videos Senpai wanted to make, but porn novels. Ever since high school.

Senpai must have been relieved bringing that hidden desire to life. However, of course, I was agonizing.

“I guess it’s fine if Senpai’s feeling better..... Nah, like hell it is. I’m not her pet dog. I’m not some understanding kouhai either.”

I can’t let her be relieved on her own. I want to return to my apartment feeling like I got something out of this too.

However, the only thing we produced last night was that erotic scenario.

“An erotic scenario..... Th- That’s it! I should just use the scenario Senpai wrote for the hypnovoice!”

I sent Yamazaki a link on LINE to the still shared Google document. After a bit, I received a reply.

“Satou-san..... You actually did it. You broke out of your shell. This is the kind of scenario I wanted to read from you! We can use this! I’m going to send this to Nanako right away so we can get started with recording.”



STORY OF HOMICIDAL YOUNG PERSON RETURNS

NEWWORLD

FIFTH MISSION : RECRECRECRECREC
RECRECRECRECREC

EXPRESSION **ERO** SLAVERY
EXPRESSION **SLAVERY**

THE CLUBROOM AND THE SEXUAL ABYSS

新・NHKによろこそ!

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

NHK-RE

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