

REBUILD of NIKIKUMONINIKIKUMONINIKIKUMONINIKIKUMONI
WELCOME TO THE NHK!

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WELCOME TO THE **NHK** 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!

The background features a light gray illustration of a girl with long hair playing a guitar, with a boy's face in the foreground. A white crosshair is visible on the right side.

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#4 Flight to the Multiverse

Part One

I put on my VR headset in my room.

Desperately wanting one myself after seeing Yamazaki ecstatically play VR games, I finally caved in the other day with my allowance.

I had doubts about being able to pay this month's rent, but I had no regrets.

It was thanks to VR that my meeting with Yamazaki went smoothly.

Yamazaki's glasses-wearing avatar..... while he himself was actually next door..... said this.

“The time is ripe! Hurry up and make that erotic hypnovoice. Videos, PCs, the internet..... It's thanks to the power of sex these technologies are widely available to the masses. For our hypnovoice, it is no different.”

Yamazaki, who wore glasses both on his avatar and physical body, had a certain persuasiveness to his words. However, something inside me gradually started to resist making full-blown adult content.

“I- It's still too early, isn't it?”

“True enough, we don’t know if Nanako would put up with recording something so explicit. I don’t even know how I’m supposed to ask. Even so, we have no choice but to proceed! Forward, I say! Forward!”

Yamazaki’s avatar made a gesture as if banging on a desk, and at the same time, the floor of my apartment vibrated. At that, Yamazaki’s voice echoed through both my VR goggle speakers and the room next door.

“We’re going forward with this..... In other words, we’re making an erotic hypnovoice to sell on DL.site..... After that, everything will be saved. Anything and everything!”

“What do you mean everything?”

“Well, after hearing the sounds of our hypnovoice, armies would put down their guns. The world will be at peace.”

“I see. That does sound possible.”

“It’ll also save me from my fate of going back to my parent’s house.”

“Hahaha, no way. No matter how well it sells on DL.site, you’d still have to follow your dad’s footsteps and take over the ranch, right?”

“No. Once he realizes I got a job over here, he’s sure to hire someone else..... I’m sure of it.”

I found that hard to believe. Even if our erotic hypnovoice sold well, was that really something Yamazaki could explain confidently to his parents?

However, Yamazaki lit up my motivation with what he said next.

“Your allowances are going to stop soon too, aren’t they, Satou-san? You need a steady income for food and rent. That’s why our long tail and blue ocean produced erotic hypnovoice has to sell!”

“I got it, Yamazaki-kun. It’s time to get serious about erotic hypnovoice production.”

“We absolutely have to. I’m counting on you!”

Yamazaki disappeared from the VR space.

I took off my goggles and jotted down some ideas on my phone.

“YS Studio presents Erotic Hypnovoice Scenario vol. 1 ~Sexual Feast With My Little Sister (Tentative)~”

Playing the “Onii-chan Japanese Female Voice Sample” collection I picked up the other day on my headphones at max volume, I imagined a sexual feast with my little sister.

However, the moment I tried to write a lewd scenario, I clutched at my aching chest, groaning in the dark room.

“Guh.....”

I knew the reason why. It’s because of that video of Senpai I saw uploaded on Pornhub.

To write an erotic scenario, one must think about erotic things. However, doing so springs Senpai’s erotic video to mind, wrecking my head.

“.....”

Well, if Senpai was just uploading porn by herself, that would be fine. But Pornhub has a “Couple Porn Videos” genre.

In this genre, many couples film their intimate sex, happily uploading it to Pornhub.

It’s usually harmless and more friendly than traditional porn which is poisoned by commercialism.

In fact, if you take in couple videos brimming with love, it might even be good for your brain.

However, if the person in the video is someone you had a crush on, it’s a completely different story.

“Ughh.....”

I grabbed my chest groaning with things I didn't want to think about on my mind.

Right..... Someday, wouldn't Senpai start taking couple porn videos with her fiancé?

No, at this very moment, couldn't they be in the process of making one right now?

With that terrible vision in my head, I could feel my brain cells deciding to commit suicide.

“This is no good. With this state of mind, I'll never be able to get work done.”

For the time being, I should forget about Senpai.

I'll seal away Pornhub.

If Senpai asked me to make another hypnovoice, I'd definitely refuse.

For the sake of YS Studio's future.....

It was at that moment.

“Satou-kuun, are you awake?”

I got a LINE call from Senpai.

“I- I'm awake.”

“You weren't doing anything weird, were you?”

“What are you saying!? Of course not! Nothing at all!!”

“Then I'm coming in.”

“Woah!”

Suddenly, the front door opened, and Senpai stepped into my room. I quickly pulled my headphones off. “Onii-chan Japanese Female Voice Sample” leaked through at max volume.

“Onii-chan, I love you! Onii-chan, I love you!”

“Hm, so this is what you’re into these days..... Well, whatever. I’m here to thank you again. That hypnovoice you made for me the other day worked wonders. Let’s go.”

Without giving me the chance to refuse, I was dragged out of my room and into the car, beginning yet another late night drive.

*

The car passed the station and headed to the center of the capital city. There was the giant stadium that represented our country.

“Have you been here before, Satou-kun? The Tokyo Dome.”

“No, baseball is.....”

“Thought so. You’re not good at sports at all, so you’d hate baseball, wouldn’t you?”

“Why do you think that?”

“The support our school showed back in high school. Even though our school’s team was going to compete in Koshien, you had this bored look on your face.”

“Ah, that.....”

Back then, Senpai was dating the pitcher of the baseball team.

A memory crossed my mind. In the sunset, along a row of poplar trees, was Senpai in a sailor uniform, walking home from school in the arms of a built guy.

“You have that bored look on your face now too.”

“Th- That’s not true at all!”

“Maybe you don’t know this, Satou-kun, but in life, after experiencing something in person, you might be able to open a path to happiness.”

“.....”

“Well, don’t worry. I didn’t bring you out here for a nighter.”

Senpai got out of the car in the parking lot, taking me to “Tokyo Dome City,” comprised of a hotel, museum, amusement park, and commercial facilities.

“How is it? The atmosphere’s nice, isn’t it?”

The sidewalks of Dome City illuminated by sparkling LED and lovers walking arm-in-arm created a romantic festival-like atmosphere that only batted hard at my depressed mood.

“Sorry, but I’m not in the mood for a nighttime amusement park.”

“You must be scared because you’re a hikikomori. But don’t be, because you have an experienced member of society with you. We’re not going to the amusement park, so don’t worry about it. More than anything, it’s all about the experience. Experience!”

Senpai passed through the Attraction Area, the Shop/Restaurant Area, and pulled me into the elevator in the back.

Her arms had strength to them. Her whole behavior was high tension. It was strange seeing Senpai, who always seemed so weak, act so energetic. She must be under the influence of some drug right now.

“This is bad.....”

I knew from my time with Senpai and from observing myself that “What goes up must come down.” That’s why I knew Senpai’s needlessly energetic tension wouldn’t last long, and when the effects wear off, depression would hit her hard.

If that happened, I would have to take care of her. But did I have the power to do that?

“.....”

I felt the weight of my responsibility.

Unaware of my concerns, Senpai took us to the upper floors of the building through the elevator, checked in at the reception desk reminding me of the hotel front, and received a bag with a kannaigi and a towel, handing one to me.

“Could this be..... another sauna?”

“Fufufu. There is a sauna, but I’m taking you somewhere even better. This is Spa LaQua.”

I quickly looked up the word LaQua on my phone and found the following summary on the official site.

“Spa LaQua is located at Tokyo Dome City, hosting a rich natural hot spring and sauna, various treatment salons, a healthy restaurant and cafe with a large relaxation space, and a hot bath facility where total beauty can be achieved.”

Reading “healthy” and “beauty” got me thinking it might purify my unholy existence into nothingness, but basically, it looked like this was a spa facility.

“I’ve been to a hot spring before. On a school trip.”

“Today’s main event isn’t the hot spring or spa. Let’s make it quick and regroup at that rendezvous deck 30 minutes from now.”

Senpai headed for the women’s spa zone. Before entering the locker room, she turned around and yelled out to me.

“Satou-kun, are you okay by yourself? You won’t be scared?”

Embarrassed like a boy being doted on by his mother, I quickly faced the men's spa zone, turning my back on Senpai, stripped naked, and entered the steaming hot springs.

The other day, Senpai taught me about the sauna routine..... Basically, a rotation of sauna, water bath, and open air bath. I did it three sets at a high pace.

After getting out of the hot spring and changing into the kannaigi, I headed to the rendezvous deck, where Senpai just happened to be entering too.

“You're pretty punctual for a hikikomori. Let's get dinner next.”

Wrapped in warm air, Senpai pulled my hand down to the restaurant floor, and we entered a Vietnamese place.

Senpai explained to me what this mysterious translucent noodle dish was.

“This is pho, which are noodles made from rice. Since you've never left Japan or even your room, I imagined you'd never get to try it, but here you are.”

“I at least know about pho. Don't treat me like an idiot!”

“Yeah, yeah, but it was good, wasn't it? Let's go to the smoking area next.”

Paying the restaurant bill, Senpai took me to the smoking area nearby.

“Ah, I..... Tobacco prices have gone up, so I haven't smoked much lately.”

“I don't smoke tobacco either. It's bad for you. That's why I smoke this.”

Senpai took a mysterious pipe device out of her kannaigi pocket.

“This is a CBD cartridge and battery. You smoke it like this.”

Senpai inhaled from the mysterious pipe device and exhaled a thick white smoke.

“When I was on a business trip to Utsunomiya, I found a store specializing in CBD. I'm glad I picked it up. The concentration is high for this price. This Utsunomiya original blend smells great, doesn't it?”

Indeed, Senpai was surrounded by the tropical scent of delicious mangoes.

“Want a smoke?”

“Eh? Can I?”

“This is how you smoke it.”

Once again, Senpai held the mysterious device to her mouth, pressed a button on the side, and inhaled the smoke.

My heart was beating fast, but I tried to remain calm as I put the CBD inhaler to my mouth, inhaling the smoke.

“Ugh, cough, cough!”

“It’s really dense, so be careful.”

“Cough, cough..... Hey, what effect does smoking this have?”

“CBD is short for cannabidiol, and it’s a relaxant derived from cannabis.”

“I- Is it okay to smoke that in public?”

“Don’t be an idiot. The illegal ingredient, THC, has been removed, and they sell it normally at department stores, so it’s fine.”

I see. Unlike the stuff from Yamazaki’s friend, you can smoke as much as you want without worrying about the authorities.

Having been relieved and smoking a bit more, as if the tripping effect of the cannabis had been removed, I felt a sense of relaxation as my body felt heavier.

Senpai inhaled a bit more of that white smoke herself before putting the device back in her pocket.

“Now then, I think it’s about time we left. The main act starts from here.”

Leaving the smoking area, Senpai led me to a staircase to the higher levels of LaQua.

It was a ridiculously long staircase.

I almost wanted to give up and sit down halfway.

However, Senpai grabbed my hand and pulled me higher and higher. I imagined it was about time for Senpai to fall into depression, but it seemed to be just the opposite.

It could be the relaxation effect of CBD was negating her depression.

Or perhaps, I didn't want to admit this, but perhaps Senpai's secret video project was giving her some sort of mental stability.

It was written in that self help book Misaki-chan read to me a while back.

“A purpose in life. A life work. People can find peace through that.”

“.....”

“Hey, quit spacing out and look in front of you. This is where I wanted to take you, Satou-kun.”

After climbing the stairs, Senpai took me behind the huge automatic doors.

Behind that was an area dimly lit by several exotic lamps.

“Th- This is.....”

I took out my smartphone from my kannaigi pocket to look up where this was.

“Let's see..... This is the Healing Verde. A 'paradise for adults to enjoy a one rank higher luxury'?”

Peering at my phone from the side, Senpai read out loud the summary on the official website.

“That's right. This is a healing space for adults reminiscent of a tropical resort. They use loess and germanium to create bedrock effects for low temperature saunas..... Let's go!”

Senpai headed for the deckchair lined up by the window, rested her body there, and turned to me, beckoning me over.

I sat next to Senpai, my breath being taken away by what was in front of me.

“Wh- What’s with this view? It’s incredible.....”

Outside the window of the upper floors were the blue and purple illuminations from the amusement park shining in the dark, alongside Tokyo’s endless lights spread behind it.

“Hey. It looks like a sci-fi movie, doesn’t it? This is the cockpit of the spaceship. And beyond this cockpit are the endless galaxies and eternity of the universe.”

Each one of the lights shining through the dark night glittered like a star.

“.....”

My brain cells that'd usually be stimulated when I'd smoke cannabis may have been firing up from the CBD from earlier.

Within the numerous sparkles, I saw memories of another life I never experienced.

The numerous Senpais I have met were always frail in mind and body.

However, right now, the Senpai lying in the deck chair beside me looked healthier than ever.

Perhaps it was the effects of the hot spring and sauna, but her thighs with those three moles shined pink.

Senpai opened her mouth before the city lights spread before her.

“You know what? I got a request.”

“Another hypnovoice?”

“That’s right. Right now, I’m doing something I want to do for the first time in my life. Though. I’m worried about whether or not I should continue.”

“.....”

“That’s why, I’m begging you. I want you to make me a hypnovoice that’ll help me accept myself.”

But honestly, should I really approve of Senpai publishing lewd videos of herself on Pornhub?

On the contrary, with any common sense, shouldn’t I be trying to stop her at all costs?

In the first place..... I was supposed to be denying making her another hypnovoice. If I was going to refuse, now was the time.

“.....”

However, in Senpai’s eyes staring at me was a light I had never seen before.

If the entire world was denying Senpai’s activities, shouldn’t I at least accept what she’s doing?

Because I was her kouhai.

“Please, Satou-kun.”

I nodded.”

Part Two

“I’ll do it. I’ll make one. A hypnovoice to help Senpai accept herself!”

Though that said, it was as difficult as ever.

To create a hypnvoice that would help Senpai accept herself, first I would need to accept..... she was shooting porn videos.

But that's not easy at all.

Even now, around the world, not only was it considered taboo for women to take pornographic videos of themselves, in some countries, it was even against the law, and came with hard punishments like imprisonment or flogging.

It's also no secret that in our country, it's considered a crime to record certain parts of our body and publish them.

Because of how sexual expression is connected with sin even in the 21st century, I too have been influenced by these ideas accepted by society.

“.....”

Every time I watched Senpai's video to bring myself to accept this, I couldn't help but feel my inner morals police activate.

(What a slut..... There's no way I can support her. This kind sinful act must be stopped as soon as possible.....)

But on the other hand, these sinful acts she committed behind the camera also stimulated my brain, getting me greatly excited by how immoral it was.

In other words, perhaps it was because they were suppressed by morals that this kind of sexual expression excited my brain.

“.....”

Trying to analyze Senpai's porn video with reason shook my brain violently.

My brain and autonomic nerves were continually going mad.

Of course, I couldn't proceed with hypnvoice production either, because that'd require a high degree of concentration.

All I could do was sit in my room watching her video agonizing. While doing that, it soon became time for counseling.

*

Seeing me sit on the usual bench at the park, Misaki-chan rolled her eyes up.

“Sa- Satou-kun..... What’s with that face?”

“Is there something wrong with my face?”

“You look like you suddenly aged a hundred years!”

“Hahaha, you’re exaggerating, Misaki-chan.”

Though I got curious and mirrored my face on my phone.

“Th- This is.....”

As we were at the park at night, it was pretty dimly lit, but I could still tell how worn out I looked.

The dark circles under my eyes and my pale skin showed the lifelessness of my spirit.

Misaki-chan, who was sitting on the bench across from me, leaned forward with her hands on the table.

“Something must be wrong with one of your organs. Let’s go to the hospital!”

However, having seen too many of those videos, I lost my humanity. I stared at Misaki-chan’s chest, even as she was so kindly worrying about me.

It was a summer so hot, you’d sweat even staying still. Since Misaki-chan was so lightly dressed, the bulge of her chest was more visible than usual.

Regardless of the heated zombie state I was, she put her hand over my forehead.

“Hold still. I’m..... not sure if you have a fever. It’s hot during the summer, after all. But this sweat..... It’s kind of sticky and gross.”

Misaki-chan wiped that greasy sweat coming from watching endless Pornhub on her T-shirt. For a brief moment, the hem of that T-shirt revealed Misaki-chan’s bare skin.

“That’s too high-res.....!”

Shouting that without thinking, I ogled through the visual information of Misaki-chan’s four limbs.

Misaki-chan, who was on her phone, was wearing the summery outfit of a T-shirt and shorts.

“I’ll look up some first aid on my phone. What to do if your friend looks like a zombie.....”

Of course, the three dimensional female in front of me was less extreme than the many videos uploaded to Pornhub. That being said, you could see the difference in the resolution and stereoscopic effect. It would be rude to the producer if we did not consume content so good.

And so, I ogled..... I ogled at her body.

Ogling.

Ogling.

However.....

“I got it! When problems occur in the blood vessels in the brain, they become like zombies..... Wait, that’s not something I can handle! Hang on, I’ll call an ambulance.”

Dialing her phone, Misaki-chan’s seriousness snapped some humanity back in me.

“H- Hang on, wait. I’m fine. I mean, my brain is actually breaking down, but that’s not because I’m sick or anything!”

“So what’s wrong? I’m worried about you.”

“Th- That’s, well..... Well, in a way, you’re the problem, Misaki-chan.”

“Me? I see. Recently, I’ve been giving you a lot of difficult missions. That changed your mentality a lot, didn't it? Am I right?”

“No, that’s wrong. It’s just..... I just couldn’t help looking.”

“Looking at what?”

“Well..... Women.....”

“Why?”

Struggling to speak, Misaki-chan clapped.

“Ahh, I see. You’ve been making a game with Yamazaki-kun again, haven't you? And then you needed videos for research. You’re into little girls, right, Satou-kun? You were peeking from the elementary school gate that one time.”

“I- Idiot. I don’t remember doing anything like that.”

“Is that so?”

“Anyway, what I’m interested in isn’t elementary school girls!”

“Then..... It can’t be..... Middle school girls?”

I shook my head. Misaki-chan stared at me.

“Could it be, Satou-kun..... you’re interested in adult women like me?”

“.....”

“Hahaha. That’s a good thing, Satou-kun. Having interest in adult women? That’s perfectly healthy.”

“I- Is that so?”

“You know what? I was just thinking it’s about time you needed it, Satou-kun. Studies on healthy sexuality..... It’s necessary for the lost young men of today. Having the right sexual knowledge.”

Saying that, Misaki-chan took out a large number of books from her bag and laid them out on the bench.

“Ah, I used the word ‘healthy,’ but of course, I know there are all kinds of healthy. If you aren’t normal, Satou-kun, I won’t discriminate! In this modern society, normal is just an illusion that doesn’t exist!”

Saying that, Misaki-chan spread open “A Picture Book to Read With Mom ~What is LGBTQ+?~”

The conversation was about to take a complicated turn, so I corrected course.

“I’m normal. Futsuu!”

“Hold on, Satou-kun. I’m not sure what you mean. In this world, there is no such thing as normal. Instead, you should tell me specifically your sexual orientation. First off, do you like men or women?”

“Well, women..... of course.”

“I’m not so sure. Well, for now, going with women, about their age? How old do you prefer? I’ll show you my pictures, so pick from there.”

Misaki-chan pulled out her smartphone and swiped through photos of herself by age.

“Oh. This is you in kindergarten. You’re pretty cute.”

“Well? Are you excited?”

“Like hell I am! What do you think I am!?Oh. This is you in elementary school, huh? You’re pretty cute.”

“Well? Are you excited?”

“Like hell I am. Oh. This is you in middle school, huh?”

“Well? Are you excited?”

“.....This is you in high school, huh?”

“On the way home from the entrance ceremony. Are you excited?”

“.....”

“I see. You’re sexually attracted to women older than high schoolers, aren’t you, Satou-kun? You’re more normal than I thought. Anyway, what I wanted to say was that sexuality is a really big deal.”

Misaki-chan opened a book titled “International Sexuality Education Handbook” and nodded to herself.

After a bit of a delay, she blushed.

I was rapidly becoming embarrassed too.

“.....”

An uncomfortable silence flowed.

Perhaps to break the ice, Misaki-chan flipped through the pages.

“An..... Anyway, you’re worried about sex, right, Satou-kun!?”

I guess she was forcing herself back into counseling mode. I nodded with a serious face.

“Y- Yeah. That’s pretty much it.”

“You’re being serious today. That’s good! Stay like that and tell me about your concerns.”

To cover up the awkwardness of a sensitive topic I started unintentionally, I faced my counselor in Miserable Lamb Seeking Salvation Mode and responded seriously.

“To be honest, I don’t know what I’m supposed to do. My head’s a mess because it’s filled with sex.”

“Funfun. That’s perfectly normal for boys.”

“I can’t get work done or anything.”

“Hahaha. It’s not like you work or anything.”

“I- I do! I have something I need to do.....”

“Mmhm. Well, I won’t deny a made-up work would be good for developing social skills. About your sexual problems, I’ll give you some advice. I have ‘two directions’ we can go with.”

“Two directions?”

Misaki-chan answered flipping through the book vigorously.

“What to do to get over your sex problems..... First off, there’s the method of gradually deepening your sexual experiences with the trust of someone close to you.”

“I see. If we’re relaxed by trusting one another, we can explore a delicate subject like sex more easily.”

“Right. And the second method was written in an old health and physical education textbook. The method of sublimating sexual feelings.”

“Sublimate?”

“Using the power of your sexual urges for creative activities and self-actualization.”

“You can do that?”

Misaki-chan crossed her arms and thought about it.

“Mm. It was written in the old textbooks, so it’s possible. If you have strong enough willpower.”

“.....”

“And well. I’m here to help. To get you out of your sex problems. I’m like an angel that helps hikikomori.”

“A- Are you sure? It sounds like a hassle.”

I really don’t like it, but it’s for you, Satou-kun. It can’t be helped.”

“Then please. Please help me sublimate my sexual urges.”

“Eh? Sublimate?”

“Yeah. You said that just now, didn’t you, Misaki-chan? That there are two solutions to overcoming my sexual issues.”

“Yeah, well.....”

“Don’t tell me that you want to deepen your sexual experiences with me, Misaki-chan. If you want to help, it’s got to be the second method..... Sublimate my sexual feelings.”

“.....”

“Hahaha. Just because I watch Pornhub all day doesn’t mean I can’t tell reality from fantasy. There’s no way you’d want to do something dirty like that with a porn addict hikikomori like me.”

“O- Of course not! I don’t even want to be this close with you, Satou-kun! At this rate, you’re never going to get close to anyone ever!”

“Ahh..... Actually, that’s just how I’d like it. Really, recently, I’ve hated it; watching porn videos. Watching men and women having sex is terrifying.”

“Then just stop watching it!”

“Yeah. I shouldn’t watch sexual content..... I should stop from today. But I don’t think I can sublimate my sexuality by just passively not looking at lewds. What else should I do?”

“You can look that up on your own. Jeez.”

With a bit of anger in her voice, Misaki-chan slid her phone over the park table to me.

I unlocked it with Misaki-chan's face and searched in the browser.

“Sexual Desire Sublimation Method”

After a while, I found a site titled “Living Everyday with Care by Self Improvement.”

With a rainbow gradient logo and visitor counter installed, the design was extremely dated, page seemingly opened in 2005.

Even so, reading the content, this page had all the information I was looking for right now.

Perhaps intrigued by my non-stop page scrolling, Misaki-chan got up to my side, giving her iPhone a look.

“What's this? Mastur..... bation..... ban?”

“Yeah..... According to this site, banning yourself from masturbating for a month has huge positive effects.”

“.....”

According to one user's experience, after not masturbating for 30 days, there was this sudden intense change.

“I felt like there was nothing in the world to be afraid of anymore. And unbelievably, with my spirits set high, my imagination hit me with so many ideas. I was in a strange state where I could get by with just three hours of sleep.”

This amazing effect was called the “Super Saiyan Effect.”

I imagined myself with my body glowing and surrounded by ki, and decided to bet my youth on it. This masturbation ban.

However, at the same time, I felt like I had already taken this path before. And that taking this path was certain to lead to failure.

But how sure I was I'd fail had to be an illusion created by my weak spirit. I must think nothing but positive thoughts. I read off the list of pluses from the masturbation ban to make my heart race.

“I- I can't believe it. To think such wonderful effects could come from not masturbating! This won't just solve my sex addict issues but save me from being a hikikomori altogether!”

Misaki-chan took her smartphone back from me and speedwalked back home up the hill.

Part Three

That night, I ran back to my apartment to prepare for my masturbation ban.

Misaki-chan read me those self help books at counseling so many times, I was sick of them, but thanks to that, I knew the importance of preparing in advance.

First, I picked up a notebook from the floor and wrote down the goal and means of the ban.

“Let's see..... The reason I'm not masturbating is.....”

First off, it's to overcome my sexual urges. That way, I can finish the hypnovoice Senpai asked of me.

I jotted that down in my notebook.

“.....”

However, dangling in front of me was an even more appealing goal. That was the “Super Saiyan Effect” this ban would give me.

According to that legendary masturbation ban website “Living Everyday With Care By Self Improvement,” there were many pluses to be had from the Super Saiyan Effect.

Right..... According to my detailed research during counseling, a masturbation ban movement was once sparked on the Japanese side of the internet. This site turned thousands, no, tens of thousands, of men into Super Saiyans.

“And now, I too.....”

I copied down the Super Saiyan Effect details from the site onto my notebook with my hands trembling in excitement.

~What Can Be Obtained From The Super Saiyan Effect~

- A sense of invincibility like there’s nothing to be afraid of in this world.
- A spirit that is unusually aggressive.
- An unbelievable amount of imaginative ideas.
- A daily lifestyle sufficient with three hours of sleep.
- Being full of energy and always motivated.
- Happiness even when not doing anything.
- Women will sit next to you on trains and buses. (This is known as the “Train Effect.”)
- Quality will go up in work efficiency by doubling your concentration.
- Your luck will go up.
- A change in your facial features.

- Increased physical ability.

“Incredible. Right now, I’m lacking the ability to do any of these..... And to get them all just by not masturbating.....”

In excitement, I gulped without thinking. It was at that moment. An intuitive realization hit my mind.

If you thought about what was written on that site the other way around, wasn’t it possible my true power was robbed away from masturbating?

“That’s right. If you think about it that way, it all makes sense.”

Before learning to masturbate, my face was that of a lovely and pure angel.

Before learning to masturbate, every day, I’d wake up at the crack of dawn, run to school, and play in the gym until first period started.

Before then, I had many friends of the opposite sex.

It was because I learned to masturbate that I lost all these heavenly pluses. My life was ruined by masturbation.

At that, wouldn’t it be a given that everything I lost would come back to me if I stopped masturbating?

“No..... It’s too early to tell. I shouldn’t get too detached from reality with just theories. I have to confirm the truth through experience. In this world full of fake hoaxes.”

At that, I started my masturbation ban, checking the authenticity with myself as the test subject.

“.....”

However, there was not much to do. Right now, the only thing required was to not masturbate.

“That means..... Well, for now, I guess I’ll clean up my room.”

Being reminded of a book Misaki-chan once read to me, “Fortune Up with Feng Shui! The Mess in Your Room Stagnating Your Mind,” I tossed my trash into the trash bag.

“Phew..... I did a lot today. I guess I should go to bed.....”

Being a hikikomori for years, my energy and stamina were diminished. If I spent even five minutes doing something as concretely positive as cleaning, my day was over.

However, once I get the Super Saiyan Effect thirty days from now, I’d be able to do positive things one after one all day. I could collect and throw out the garbage however many times I want!

I tucked myself under the covers and shut my eyes, dreaming magnificent visions of my future self, endlessly cleaning my room while covered in golden ki.

*

The first ten days of my masturbation ban were extremely difficult.

Every five minutes, a sexual fantasy swirled into my brain, driving me to masturbate.

Come to think of it, the only pleasure to my life was masturbating. Being deprived of that was being deprived of my reason to live. Why was I alive? Wouldn’t it be better to just die?

I asked Google.

“What’s the meaning of life?”

Various nice words were displayed before me. Nodding to them, for just a brief while, they distracted me from my crave to masturbate.

*

The tenth to twentieth days of my masturbation ban were extremely difficult. Every ten seconds, a sexual fantasy swirled into my brain, driving me to masturbate.

The human mind is made up of action and reaction. The more strongly you forbid something, the stronger your consciousness focuses on it, amplifying the presence in your mind.

That's why, if you really want to stop doing something, you shouldn't forbid it, but just forget about it or let it go.

However, I already started working on transcending my sexual urges through the act of "forbidding." I have to finish what I started.

"....."

I don't know what I mean by "finish." Probably not anything good anyway.. Even so, at any rate, I had to move forward.

I searched for a useful book on banning on Amazon.

I downloaded and read "Kindness! The Teachings of Buddha," feeling slightly empowered.

However, it was still unknown if these 2000 year old teachings would be able to overcome the draw of Pornhub.

*

On the twentieth to thirtieth days of my masturbation ban, something unprecedented happened.

I felt power slowly rising in my heart thanks to “The Teachings of Buddha.”

Walking back home at night from my trip to the convenience store, I noticed a difference in the way I saw the world.

The usual plants I saw every night by the sidewalk had a faint outline shining.

Have my eyes gone bad from using the VR goggles too much? No, it's more like my eyesight has gotten better. Both near and far, things were more clear and vivid than ever.

I felt my lower abdomen filled with a vitality like never before.

I felt like my head was somehow spinning faster than ever.

One plus one is two, two plus two is four..... I could see my calculation speed had improved.

At that, my ability to come up with ideas has improved. Numerous hidden truths came to mind.

“I see..... What's happening to me right now..... This is all about gathering up ‘Ki’ from the masturbation ban.”

That unfathomable theory hit me immediately. Intuitively, I knew this to be the truth.

“‘Ki’..... I see..... I've been so poisoned by Western civilization, I've forgotten about the wonders of my human nature. This mysterious power hidden dormant that has yet to be understood by man has revived thanks to the masturbation ban.”

Looking it up online, I've seen numerous opinions agreeing with me. In the human body is what's known as chakra; seven of them to be filled with ki to give human superpowers.

Especially the sixth chakra..... When this vishuddha chakra is full of ki, your third eye on your forehead opens, giving you ether sight.

“I see..... That sparking I saw on the streets was thanks to my third eye opening up from the masturbation ban.....”

At that, I arrived at an even more startling hypothesis.

“In other words, the masturbation ban’s Super Saiyan Effect will fill my chakra with the ‘Ki’ I lost masturbating and awaken my superpowers!”

Understanding that, the truth was so simple. However, understanding this truth was too difficult for modern day society.

Reason being, we become addicted to sexual content and conditioned like this from an early age.

Some terrifying “Great Power” has been manipulating mankind, addicting me to masturbating while stripping away my true power.

However, a man among men, such as myself, has the power to quit. When a person awakens a power from within, that is when they awaken the “Super Saiyan Effect.”

Right now..... a strong power was slowly awakening within me.

Perhaps “Simple! An Introduction to Chakra Anyone Could Understand”, which I just downloaded off Kindle Unlimited, could theoretically explain it.

I could be feeling the awakening of the mysterious serpent Kundalini, the root of my dormant life force within the Muladhara Chakra at the base of my spine, as it's starting to head towards the Sahasrara Chakra at the top of my head.

Evidently, as I’m just sitting here drinking an energy drink I bought at the convenience store, a tingling sensation was running up my spine, like a beast inside has awakened.

“Here it comes..... Here it comes..... The Super Saiyan Effect!”

I couldn't tell if the sunlight streaming through the curtains was that of the sunrise or sunset. It was proof of how much I transcended time through the masturbation ban.

That's right. A human's sense of time was an illusion created by the brain. It's a social illusion created artificially by the contrast before, during, and after masturbation. That's why, it's only logical that when you stop masturbating, the passage of time would stop. This would be a mindful "Here and Now" way of living.

Using this heightened sense of consciousness, I got up from my futon, and started leisurely cleaning my room. Surprisingly, I kept cleaning for more than five minutes.

"Wh- What incredible power..... To think someone like me could do something so energetically, and this isn't even the start of improving my life."

It was all thanks to the masturbation ban. I was freed from the invisible chains eating up my power, and could now shape my life anew by my own volition.

From now on, I shall wield this power as I see fit, and leave my room, get a job, and become a proper human being. That's right. I'll go from being a hikikomori to a fellow citizen!

"....."

Deciding this, I made a calculation at the corner of my brain. "What goes up must come down."

In other words, the masturbation ban may have gotten my tension up for now, but it would also fall. Right now, my spirits were elevated to a new record high because of the masturbation ban.

This positive energy I got after a month of restriction would soon have me violently tumbling down to the Earth.

It wouldn't be long before the "Falling Trigger" would be pulled.

"....."

And with that said, the “Falling Trigger” was more intense than I expected.

On the thirtieth day of my masturbation ban, I got a call from Senpai.

“Satou-kun.”

“Senpai. What’s wrong?”

“You know, I’ve been..... going on with it all month. Not just work at my company, but the thing I really wanted to do.”

“Hm, pretty great. I’ve been going on all month too. With my own..... Well, more like I prohibited myself..... It’s something that’ll give me great power.....”

“You know, I’m really tired.”

“.....”

“I tried everything I could. But it’s impossible. The number of accesses hasn’t increased at all, and I can’t go on on my own. That’s why..... I was thinking I’d recruit a partner.”

“W- What do you mean by partner?”

“You see, right now, I’m making ‘video content,’ and I wanted someone close to me to assist me with that.”

At that moment, a vision of Senpai and her fiancé’s completed couple porn video screened in my mind.

There, in my dark apartment room, with my VR goggles strapped on, I watched their lovey-dovey hardcore video with tears streaming down my face..... It was a vivid picture of Hell.

Part Four

Feeling like I had a knife stabbed into my chest, I said whatever felt right, immediately hung up, and hid under the sheets covering my eyes.

However, the image of Senpai and her fiancé's couple porn video became more realistic by the minute, destroying my brain, and wrecking both my nervous system and heart rate.

I attempted controlling my brain with the power I developed from my one month masturbation ban.

“Use your mindfulness. Concentrate on the peace of ‘the moment now’!”

I tried denying the delusions causing my suffering with the profound Buddhist teachings that got me through the masturbation ban.

“That’s right. All this suffering is just a delusion created in my head! If I calm my heart and cut off these ungrounded ideas, there’ll be nothing left but the peace of the present!”

However, thinking about it, it was a fact Senpai had a fiancé, and that she dated many good guys in the past. Die. All of you just die.

“I- It’s no good..... I need to keep up my positive thinking! Let’s think of the positive aspects of Senpai making couple porn videos with her fiancé!”

Right! There’s a merit to everything. Of course, there are plenty of advantages to couple porn videos too.

For example, within the mutual trust of a couple, they could create a carefree open atmosphere.

A video shot like that would charge a truly realistic eroticism. By focusing on that “realistic eroticism,” I was able to forget some of the pain in my chest.

“Alright..... Nice! Thanks to the masturbation ban, I’ve become able to control my heart! None of it was in vain!”

However, as soon as I let my guard down, the pain reappeared, and a black coal tar of jealousy engulfed me.

To fight the darkness in my heart and focus on more positive things, I put on my VR goggles.

It was possible Senpai was making a couple porn video at this very moment.

However, in a world as big as this, countless other couples exist, generating couple porn videos of their own.

Through these VR goggles, I can get a taste of it myself. The realism of the VR experience is like that of reality.

Hence, I am one with the couples of the world, a comrade of this universe sharing their oneness, and there was not a single reason for me to be jealous of Senpai's fiancé.

With Quest 2 on, I launched my browser. I opened three windows playing couple porn videos off Pornhub, and focused my attention on the heartfelt atmosphere in HD. They would heal my mind, broken out of jealousy, with the secret ingredient of love..

However, watching the couple porn videos did not heal my mind at all.

On the contrary, the more couple porn videos I watched, the more my sorrow and lust blazed, drilling an irreparable hole to hell in my heart.

“I- I can't go on..... I'm going to go mad..... I've got to do something about this.....”

Gathering what little sanity I had left in me, I searched for a way to fix this.

According to Buddhism and the Indian wisdom of yoga, by disciplining one's mind with righteous deeds and walking the correct path, one can achieve true peace. Therefore, it's time for me to do the right thing to get back on the right path.

For now, what should I do?

“I- I see. I got it..... To fill my emptiness, three couple videos isn't enough. There's a huge lack in quantity. I should increase the number of videos I have playing simultaneously!”

Once I realized that, it was all so simple. However, in Quest2's browser, the maximum number of screens was three.

What should I do.....? How do I play more couple videos.....?

Faced with an unsolvable problem, a revelation came to me.

“I see..... Rather than a normal browser, I should use Immersed. If it's the highly efficient VR office app, Immersed, I can project 5 virtual screens into my VR goggles.”

I closed my normal browser and opened Immersed. On Quest2, connected to the Macbook I got from Yamazaki, it displayed.

However, the free version only allowed three virtual screens. I quickly paid for an account through Paypal. With that, I quickly unlocked five virtual screens.

“If I use this.....!”

To fill my vision, I set all five virtual screens to play videos one after another. To heal the pain in my heart. To fill this emptiness.

However, the pain in my heart just wouldn't go away.

Were five porn videos not enough?

“But five virtual screens is the limit for Immersed. How else can I increase the amount of simultaneous porn?”

Faced with an unsolvable problem, a revelation came to me.

“I know..... I should use four browsers per virtual display. If I do that, I can multiply four by five, playing twenty porn videos at once!”

I quickly arranged my browser. However, it was difficult to use the Macbook trackpad precisely with my VR goggles on. At that, I downloaded and installed the high performance utility app Magnet off the Appstore.

“Nice, with Magnet, I have four shortcuts arranged on the top right, bottom right, top left, and bottom left. With this, I can easily set up a dream arrangement of twenty couple porn videos!”

Just as I declared, my view was completely covered by quadrant browser displays. There, 20 couples engaged in loving sexual intercourse.

However, the dryness in my heart could not be quenched. On the contrary, every time the couples of the world made sounds of pleasure, like the burning gates of hell, the hole in my heart became deeper and harder to fill.

“Wh- What should I do? I can’t play any more videos than this. And the Macbook hooked up to Quest2 is at its limits in processing power.”

Like the choppiness of the videos from the processing failure, my brain also began to fail. My consciousness fell into small pieces.

Ignoring the abnormalities in my brain, I searched for ways to play more videos. It was then when I had a revelation.

“I know! If I can only play twenty videos with one of me, I just have to increase myself!”

Of course, it’s not physically possible to duplicate my being. However, recently, in my dreams and altered state from smoking cannabis, I often saw images of “my other selves from other universes.”

My other selves from those universes also lived a life just watching porn. Therefore, with their help, it’d be easy to increase the number of views.

“Alright..... If we’re going with that, first we need some cannabis.”

I quickly double tapped the side of Quest2 to passthrough mode, pushed around the monochrome displayed trash in my room, and looked for a cannabis joint. Finding it immediately, I lit it, exited passthrough mode, inhaled deeply, and

returned my complete view to porn. Within the gaps of the frame drops, the gaps between existences, I turned my attention to nothingness.

In that void was my little sister.

In the emptiness of my mind, in the center, was my little sister on the sofa snacking on potato chips.

“What’s wrong, Onii-chan?”

My little sister, eating snacks in front of the TV, noticed me and turned around.

I put my hand on my chest and pleaded.

“My heart hurts. To stop this pain, I need intense pleasure. That’s why I need to access it. The possibilities of my other selves.”

“Hm, so you want to voluntarily access your parallel selves, huh. I think it’s too early for you, Onii-chan, but I guess it’s okay since it’s an emergency. I’ll help you.”

“What should I do?”

“First, you should focus on my two dimensional existence..... Then open your heart to the nothingness of the first dimension..... Good, you did it. Now, in this sea of emptiness, this pool of unlimited possibilities, you’re in touch with a hub of three thousand worlds. From here, you can access all your parallel selves with ease.”

Recalling the contents of “Mahayana Buddhism: Understanding Emptiness and Infinity in Two Hours,” which I read the other day, I made up that sort of conversation in my head.

At that, I remembered a magazine I read the other night at the convenience store.

It was an occult magazine with techniques on how to improve your luck using quantum mechanics that had no scientific backing.

According to those quantum mechanics, the universe existed infinitely. In those parallel universes existed variations of myself. At that, if they wanted to, people could access their other selves in other universes, and draw knowledge and energy at will.

Speaking of that, I was also reminded of an article I read recently on a science matome news site.

In that article, it was noted there was recently a new discovery with Roger Penrose's quantum theory of consciousness.

Basically, in studies conducted at the University of Alberta in Canada and Princeton University in America, they found quantum effects in brain cell microtubules. That meant the quantum theory of consciousness had gained credibility.

If that was the case, our brains are always making quantum calculations, possibly giving our brains the quantum mechanical ability to access parallel universes..

For that, however, I would need to adjust my consciousness to a specific altered state by confirming my personal experiences up until now.

“Are you ready? Let's go, Onii-chan.”

“Yeah, I'll leave it to you.....”

To fill this helpless hole in my heart, I now needed all the power I had to connect to the parallel worlds.

With my Macbook and VR goggles, my virtual displays arranged like the Mandala of Vajradhatu, my cannabis, my second dimensional little sister, and my first dimensional powers, I connected to my parallel dimensional selves, and used their strength to multiply the couple porn videos.

In this sea of emptiness in my heart, I felt the signals of some consciousnesses. Those signals were no doubt my other parallel universe selves.

Softly closing my eyes, I felt the flickering lights of the couple porn videos in my head. As my imagination level boosted, I tried connecting with my infinite other selves on the other side of that empty sea. I succeeded, and now, I could feel their lives.

They all continued to hikikomori up masturbating in their dirty rooms. Billions of me in a small dimly lit room on Pornhub desperately masturbated. In the infinite parallel universes, I too locked myself up in my room masturbating. For all eternity. Eternally.

Could you understand this pleasure? This ultimate excitement?

Right now, my infinite selves, mind to mind and heart to heart, were overwhelmed watching couple porn videos expanding beyond infinity, rubbing our genitals to escape the pains in our chests. The pleasure we obtained from this, known as the “multiversal self-pleasure,” engulfed my infinite selves in a raging tsunami.

At this moment, Senpai could be making a couple porn video with some stranger. The suffering from that fact brought sexual arousal, and sacrificing my brain, generated the ultimate pleasure.

There are pleasures you can only know by not having. Because you can't get a hold of it, there are inhuman pleasures born from despair. This Hell-like blaze spread on my infinite self network node like wildfire, burning our brains with overstimulation.

And now, it was finally my turn. One after another in this network, I felt my other selves cutting off, and I too had hit my limit.

*

I took off Quest2.

“I- I can't go on.....”

Having fallen from the heights I got from the ban, I crashed back to the depths of despair. I was surrounded by my cold desolate dirty room.

I had no job, money, or motivation to do anything.

I can't see any future.

I don't have the confidence to live.

"I want to die..... I want to die right now....."

However, I won't die.

I once made a promise. On a cliff by the winter night sea.

It could have been a dream from my delusions I once had. Caring for someone, saying I'd live for someone. I don't think such a world could exist.

But I did know it.

I made that promise.

That's why I'd have to keep it.

I definitely won't die.

Because I don't want you to die.

That's why I won't die.

I'll protect that promise.

Because I don't want to make you sad. Because I don't want to make you a disappointment to this world.

So watch me. I'll live here forever.

No matter what, I won't die.

Even if I look like this, I'm confident in how stubborn I am.

*

However, living.

To live, what should I be doing? In this state I'm laying here too unmotivated to even lift a finger.

“.....”

For now, I should put up the dirty Quest2 lying right in front of me.

After that, I should get to work.

The most pressing task now was to make Senpai's hypnovoice.

Senpai wanted a hypnovoice to accept herself.

However, having failed the masturbation ban, my creative power was at minus five hundred million points.

There was no way I could do something as concentration intensive as making a hypnovoice right now.

That's why I decided to tactlessly record a message. A message where I accepted Senpai.

However, to do that, first I had to accept myself. I had to accept myself before accepting someone else.

“.....”

I accepted who I was now.

That guy who collapsed after masturbating was me.

I recognize I am me.

I then recorded a message accepting who Senpai was and sent it.

A message reading whatever you do, I would accept you.

*

Immediately after sending the message, Senpai called me on LINE denying it.

“Hey, Satou-kun. What’s with this message? Even if you say you accept me, that doesn’t help at all.”

“.....”

“I’m fighting against the world here. Yet you’re probably just rolling around in your room. Even if you say you’re supporting me, I can’t appreciate that.”

That’s too cruel.

Even though I’ve been desperately trying to help you for a month now.....

No, looking back at this month, I really was just rolling around in my room, masturbating in the end and getting depressed over it.

That message of encouragement written by someone like that was really just a curse from the debuff effect. That’s what it probably was.

“You really are no good, Satou-kun. You’ll never make it in society if you can’t even do what I ask.”

“S- Sorry.....”

“Well, it’s fine. More importantly, I called you about something I wanted to ask you for.”

“What did you ask.....?”

“I mentioned it before, but right now, I’m working on a project. But I don’t think I can do it on my own.”

Hearing that, the couple porn video of Senpai and her fiancé screened in my brain yet again. I felt pain in my chest as my brain cells died.

Ugh.....”

In that message I sent Senpai, I said I’d accept anything she’d do, but that was just in theory.

Emotionally, I rejected the idea such a porn video should ever be born in this universe.

Stop! I beg of you, please stop.

Though as if ignoring the pleading in my heart, Senpai said this.

“So I decided. From today on, I need a partner.”

At that moment, I felt a larger cluster of brain cells all decide to commit suicide. Reason being “needing a partner” meant after this call disconnected, Senpai and her fiancé would get started on their video.

That couple porn video will then be uploaded to Pornhub. Then, I’ll be watching that heartfelt and hardcore porn video with Quest2 with tears in my eyes. That future has now been confirmed.

“Ughh.....”

I made up my mind a few moments ago that I wouldn't die, but that was just in theory.

If I saw that couple porn video of Senpai and her fiancé, there was a good chance I’d die.

My heart beated faster as I knew my life was in danger.

And then, my heart beated faster than ever, as Senpai said this.

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



STORY OF HOMICIDAL YOUNG PERSON RETURNS

NEWWORLD

FOURTH MISSION : PORNPOORNPOORN
BANBANBANBAN

MASTURBATION **BAN** SUPER
MASTURBATION SAIYAN
EFFECT

FLIGHT TO THE MULTIVERSE

新・NHKによろこそ!

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

NHK-RE

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