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eromanga
sensei

あにめではじまるどうせいせいかつ

アニメで始まる
同棲生活

伏見つかさ
イラスト◆かんざきひろ

Ero Manga Sensei

vol.7

by Tsukasa Fushimi

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エ^{ero} manga sensei ロ マ ン ガ 先 生 ⑦

第一章



Chapter 1

Izumi Masamune. Sixteen years old, second year in high school.

I'm working as a novelist while going to school.

My penname is Izumi Masamune, basically my real name.

For many reasons, since two years I have been living together with my hikikomori little sister.

She is a problem child. She doesn't go out of her room.

We have been living under the same roof, but I couldn't see her. I could only cook her food and bring it to her room.

That life continued for a long time.

The change came in an incident about a year ago.

I became aware of my little sister's "hidden identify".

She was my illustrator, Eromanga-sensei.

My co-worker that I have never met before. She is my little sister, Izumi Sagiri.

Eromanga-sensei is someone who enjoys streaming live video and chatting with her fans.

She also enjoys erotic illustrations, so much that even a famous novelist wanted to get her on her side.

That's how Eromanga-sensei is. And she is the same little sister who kept hiding in her room without meeting anyone.

To say it was a surprise is a huge understatement.

But I think it was a good chance. A chance for me to improve my relationship with my hikikomori little sister.

Because she is not just a strange little sister who happened to live under the same roof with me. She is also my co-worker, who helped me making my story.

And then ... well, many things else happened.

Slowly, I was allowed to access to my little sister's room. *The locked room.*

She also made new friends. She was aware that I fell in love with her at first sight, and she also rejected me.

Then I wrote a new novel with Eromanga-sensei's help.

This novel – was going to be made into an anime.

That's right — *our dream* was right in front of me.

It was so close that I could almost touch it.

Alright, let's begin.

The bet of my life, which I planned to do after my dream became true.

After our dream came true, I —

Will propose to the one I like.

Time returned to the current moment.

July 2nd, 17:14. At the big meeting room of the publishing company.

“Pleased to meet you, Izumi-sensei —“

“Congratulations, your novel **“The cutest little sister in the world”** will be made into an anime”

A girl with round and swirling glasses smiled gently to me.

She had curly, soft brown hair. At first glance, she was about my age, but she seemed nice and didn't hesitate making her intention clear.

By the way, behind her glasses, she seemed sleepy to me.

It's like she just woke up...hey, don't tell me it's true. Both her appearance and her voice seemed to say "I just got out of my bed~~"

I'd say that she and the current tense atmosphere of this room didn't suit each other.

Still...

"...Anime?"

I was so confused that this was all I could say.

Just now...what...did she said?

"Sorry... can I ask why...was I called here?"

I still couldn't process this thought, so that was what I asked instead.

Aside from Kagurazaka-san, every other adults were looking at me. It was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

Kagurazaka-san answered:

"Of course, this is the first meeting regarding original draft of **The cutest little sister in the world anime.**"

Original draft....huh...

So we will talk about how the anime will be like...right?

"...Made into an anime...really? My novel....?"

I finally managed so say it out.

“That ~ is ~ what ~~ I have been saying ~~ huh..”

The same girl with glasses yawned and answered.

But I didn’t hear her. Or rather, I *heard* her, but I didn’t *listen*.

I stood there, a lot of things running through my mind.

“.....”

Anime? My – our novel?

I didn’t hear anything about this! Even Kagurazaka-san didn’t show any hints of this.

But I couldn’t image that she was teasing me by making this information up.

So...that’s real? This is....really real?

That...that ...that mean...

“Our dream” is about to come true!

“Izumi-sensei? Are you listening? Hey, young man, are you listening –?”

And then...I...Iwant!

“M....m.....marriageeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!”

“Yah!!”

Oh crap! It was such big news that I blurted out without thinking.

The shouting pulled me back to reality, allowed me to see what is going on around me.

I was raising my fist into the air like Raoh The King of Fist (TL Note: From the manga Fist of the North Star). The girl in front of me was clearly stunned, she couldn't even pick up her dropped glasses.

“....Just now....did you mean to tell me that?”

“No no, of course not!”

Crap! I lead to a huge misunderstanding!

The girl also blushed in embarrassment.

“Eh eh...eheheh....A proposal in the first meeting with a boy, Once-san is moved, you know ~~ is that...love at first sight?”

“No, it's not like that!”

I rejected it with all my might.

How could someone took my first proposal away from me in here!!

However, that didn't mean the misunderstanding was solved.

“Oh? So you like me before?”

“I mean it's not a proposal!”

“But you just said *marriage* ~~”

“I was planning to propose to the one I like after my novel is made into anime! I just blurted out without thinking! ...I'm very sorry about that.”

I bowed deeply to apologize. It's not easy to tell them about “our dream”, so I had to cut corner — but to think I messed up this badly....

What if they canceled my anime because of this!??

“Oh? Marriage after having an anime? Amazing, just like a manga!”

Seeing how pale I was, the girl with glasses exclaimed.

“Say, how old are you, young man?”

“Six...sixteen.”

“So young!? And you’re thinking of marriage at this age?”

“Yes.”

By the way, what kind of conversation is this? Who is she anyway?

She was sitting in the middle...could it be that she is the director?

She was very young, but I was the same too. But I think she might be even younger than me.

“Hey ~ did you hear, director? Looks like this boy’s fate depend on us ~~”

“...Yeah...er...try your best...”

Oh, so she isn’t the director.

The one who was called “director” is a tall, thin girl sitting on my left.

She gave me a gentle smile. Looked like she is easy to get along with.

“Wow ~ wow ~~ teenager’s love really made people jealous ~~ I suddenly want to cause trouble for their love ~~ don’t you agree, director?”

“...Uhm...this is...hard to say?”

“Ah ~~ I couldn’t sleep at night now ~~ damn ~~ now I want to make this anime a failure ~~”

“...What kind of anime will it be....I can’t wait...”

Are they...really talking with each other?

Is this anime-making team okay? I felt worried even before we start...

“You two, I’d hate to interrupt your talk, but Izumi-sensei is standing right here.”

“Ah, sorry.”

“...Sorry.”

The one who just spoke was the girl sitting on my right. She had short, black hair, with sharp eyes and low voice. Looks like she is maybe the one in charge here.

“Please sit down, sensei.”

“Okay.”

Just that conversation told me that she IS the one in charge. I sat down like she said.

“Then let’s begin our first meeting regarding original draft of **The cutest little sister in the world** anime.”

She raised a hand toward her chest and introduced herself:

“I’m Akasaka, anime producer. Pleased to meet you.”

She walked over and gave me her business card. It showed her full name is Akasaka Touko.

Next, the girl called “Director” also stood up and, for the first time, spoke something serious.

“...I’m the director. Amamiya ..Shizue...”

Director. Amamiya Shizue.

....Seemed like she is not a fan of talking. It’s probably going to be difficult to hold a conversation with her.

“Next is my turn ~”

The girl with glasses yawned again, raised a hand.

“I’m Aoi Makina ~ Scenario writer ~ in other wordspew....young man, I will be the one *you work with the most* when making this anime ~~”

“.....”

....*Are you kidding me?*

This unmotivated-looking girl ...is the scenario writer?



I could only stare at her in shock.

“The one...I work directly with....”

“Yes yes yes. Your job ~~ is talking with me over and over again ~~” She slowly smiled “Don’t be nervous, just call me Makina-chan.”

And so —

“Our dream” reached its climax and it filled me with nervousness and hope at the same time.

The first meeting is to allow all key members to meet each other – and have our own introduction.

The details will be available from the second meeting – it seemed so.

Well, since I had absolutely no preparation, I had no idea what should I do at a meeting like that, so it wasn’t too bad.

Besides, my head was still in chaos. I could barely see things straight.

Anyway —

I’m very excited.

— I have to hurry! I have to tell Eromanga-sensei this news!

“Kuh!!!”

I couldn’t even stand opening the door to my own house! Just seeing the key slowly turned in the keyhole made me impatient.

As soon as I’m inside, I hastily threw my shoes away and rushed to the stairs.

Bang bang bang bang bang!!!

“Eromanga-sensei! Big news, Eromanga-sensei!!”

“I don’t know anyone with that name!!”

Just when I reach the second floor, *the locked room* ‘s door swung open. Sagiri walked out, flushed.

She probably just finished streaming a live video, I could see the Eromanga-sensei mask on her head.

“Nii, Nii-san, how many times I have to tell you that!!”

“No no no no, there is no time for that! You have to calm down. Calm down and listen to what I have to say!”

I yelled and put both of my hands on my little sister’s shoulders.

But Sagiri narrowed her eyes in disgust and pushed my hands away.

“...You are the one who have to calm down first. Really....don’t push your face so close to mine, it’s gross.”

If she would said anymore, I think I would have a mental scar!

I tiredly kept my head low, breathing heavily.

“Phew...phew...hoh...”

“...Calm down yet?”

“Yeah. Somewhat.”

“So...what’s up?”

“Actually, you – you have to calm down and listen to me, Sagiri. You need to calm down —“

“Too long. Hurry up and say it.”

“...I’m afraid that your weak mindnever mind, I will say it.”

“Please do.”

With her permission, I took a deep breath —

“Our novel – **The cutest little sister in the world** is going to be made into anime!”

“Ah, yeah, I know.”

“Eh ~~?”

What the heck?

“Wh, what is going on?”

I’m almost as surprised as I was when they told me about my anime!

“Because today is when they announced the new anime, and that included an illustration drawn by me...of course I’d know.”

“.....”

Wait a sec, I couldn’t keep up with this conversation.

Now that she mentioned it, during the meeting they did told me that the news will be announced on the official website

“...Could it be...Nii-san...you don’t know?”

“...Nope.”

“I see.....”

I averted my eyes.

“...Why. I’m the original novel’s author, but I don’t know about it till the last minute.”

“I...I’m not sure...Kagurazaka-san only told me to keep it a secret, she said she will tell you when the time is right...”

Please spare me that drama. That woman only wanted to tease me by saying “making an anime”.

Such an important decision, why didn’t she tell me? What if I said “I won’t agree to make it into an anime”? What would she do in this case?

No. I wouldn’t say that. She knew it too.

A strange feeling appeared in my heart.

This was something worth celebrating, but my heart was filled with anger. But it immediately disappeared.

Sagiri blushed, looked down.

“...I thought Nii-san already knew...so...you...said that....”

— *After our dream comes true, I have something to tell you.*

“Well...that...is not...”

“Not it?”

“Yeah, I was totally in the dark when I said it. Frankly speaking, I thought it would take much longer.”

“Is that so?”

Sagiri nervously looked at me, her body slowly shrunk – probably due to embarrassment.

“Sagiri, while I didn’t expect...our dream would come so soon...But I – will tell you this.”

“Um...”

Sagiri nodded, then slowly looked up.

“I ...also.....will....properly...introduce...the one I like....the ...the...the most.”

With her expression, her action, her words...she showed me her thought.

My chest hurt, but I still said:

“Sure, I will properly face him.”

Not as her elder brother, but as a man who likes Sagiri.

Go ahead and laugh at me. Go ahead and yell at me. I don't care.

People will die.

We have no way to know if our happiness is going to stay the same tomorrow.

No one can predict the future. There is no way to make sure that a person's happiness will remain unchanged.

If I don't tell her how I feel, then I will regret it in the future.

If I have a chance to grab my happiness, then I have to take that chance.

This is a choice I made with my life. Consider that I'm still a kid when even adult couldn't fully prepare, unless I risked everything, I will never gain my happiness.

I have prepared myself to act tough, to become a poor loser.

I will — face this challenge head on.

“Yes. It's starting, Izumi-sensei.”

“Yes. It's starting, Eromanga-sensei.”

Sagiri raised her tablet and showed me the official website for **The cutest little sister in the world**.

There were several big letters which said “Anime incoming” on it.

I looked at the website, emotion running rampant in my heart.

The new fight of us siblings has just began.

That night, I was having a chat with Sagiri in her room.

We talked about the first meeting, about the female-only team for the anime – included the scenario writer Aoi Makina, the director Amamiya, the producer Akasaka and the others.

“Aoi Makina-san.....I think I have heard of her name before..”

“Is she famous?”

“Uhm....yes...I like her.”

“Oh ~~ a scenario writer that Sagiri like. It’s going to be good.”

“Um...I’m so happy.”

She agreed. Looked like this is good news for Sagiri.

“Still...to think that she is such a young girl.”

“Yeah...but while she looked younger than me, she is actually older.”

She did call herself Onee-san, after all.

“...How old is she?”

“I’m not really sure...I didn’t ask for their age.”

“...Is she cute?”

“Eh? Er...eto...maybe?”

“Huh ~~”

What is going on?

“How cute?”

“Eh?”

I couldn't exactly answer that question. If I tell her that she wore glasses and got big breast, she would get mad at me.

“Well...let me see if I can put it into word...how should I put it....she is like....a cat sleeping under the sun?”

“Huh? I don't get it, what about her character?”

“Eh....she is hard to understand? I don't really get it myself.”

“What is your first impression?”

“I felt fluffy.”

“...What the heck?”

Well, that was my impression. What's with Sagiri today?

“Anyway, I have to prepare something. I planned to watch all of the anime made by Makina-san, director Amamiya and producer Akasaka.”

At least that will give me a topic to talk with them to deepen our relationship, and it could give me an idea about what our anime would be.

— *Your job ~~ is talking with me over and over again ~~*

I don't have a clear idea what should I do during those meetings. But I have to know what kind of anime they made before.

“...In that case, I have some blu-ray discs, do you want to watch them together? Right here?”

“Re, really?”

“Um...producer Akasaka, director Amamiya and scenario Aoi Makina...I have all the famous anime made by them.”

As expected of Eromanga-sensei. The truth is, I’m not someone who buys anime blu-ray discs, nor do I know much about the anime industry. I’m so thankful to have someone so knowledgeable nearby.

Besides, watching anime together with my little sister —

It’s like a test run for “our dream”. This made me so happy. The only downside is that we are going to watch it here, in *the locked room*

“By the way, what is that famous anime that you spoke of?”

“Don’t you know? This is it!”

Sagiri took the Eromanga-sensei’s mask on her head and gave it to me.

“Stardust Witch ☆ Meruru.”

After the weekend break is over, I went to the school in the morning as usual.

Last night, I was so excited that I could barely sleep, but that didn’t tired me down at all.

I’m still very, very excited. I feel both afraid and hopeful. It was the same when I decided to debut as a novelist.

I don’t have any experience, but I think everyone would feel the same during their first date.

“Fufufufu....Fufufufufu!!!”

Yes. I am very, very excited.

I'm so excited that I wanted to bring a cardboard box to the Arakawa river bank and play sliding a hundred times. By the way, play sliding means using the cardboard box to slide from the top of the dam to the bottom near the river. This is a game that everyone in the Arakawa ward knows about!

When I was about to start jumping in joy, a familiar voice called for me

“Hey ~ ~ Mune-kun!”

“Oh, Tomoe! Morning! Ah~ you look so cute today! What an amazing pair of breasts!”

“What are you saying!!?”

Tomoe yelled in surprise, she immediately hugged her body to cover her breasts.

“...Sorry. I was so excited that I said something Izumi Masamune shouldn't.”

“Ah – you scared me. Suddenly saying something so strange...I thought that your soul was replaced by a creature from the outer world.”

“Am I that weird?”

To think she used such a light novel-like metaphor

“Yes you were ~ I thought that I was about to be brought into an abandoned alley, then Mune-kun will turn into a tentacle monster before spew his sticky dirty mucus all over me!”

“There should be a limit to your imagination!!”

To think she used a 2D Dream Novel (TL Note: 2D Dream novel is an eroge series) – as an example.

That girl is Takasago Tomoe, a daughter of a bookstore owner and one of

my rare friends.

“Sure, we can stop joking now.”

Right now, Tomoe was wearing her uniform and carried the school bag with her. She put a hand over her mouth and pretend to cough.

And then —

“Mune-kun, congrats!”

She hugged me tightly.

“Wow!”

“You made it! You finally got an anime! I always believed in you!”

“You...you...stop flattering me!!”

Since I was in contact with a girl’s soft body, my heart was racing —

Thus, I couldn’t do anything to Tomoe.

“You greedy bookstore mistress! I haven’t forgot how cold you treat my novel!”

“I treat all of those books equally! Besides, it’s thanks to me that your book managed to sell in this area! You should thank me instead!”

“Yeah yeah, thank you very much ~”

Normally, both I and Tomoe wouldn’t do this, but today is a special day. I was so happy that I did something stupid.

“Ahaha, looks like Mune-kun’s promise is about to come true.”

“Eh? What promise?”

“Hey, did you forget? I told you before ~~? If Mune-kun could have an

anime, and if you become rich —“

Tomoe brought her face closer to mine:

“I’m willing to be your bride – that one”

“So you are after my money — I remembered that was my reply back then!!”

Well...yeah...something like that did happen. But it was just a joke between friends.

However, no matter how “special” my life became, I still went to school as usual.

There was a time when a stupid girl called Yamada Elf came to my classroom. Because of that, now everyone knew that I’m the light novel author, Izumi Masamune.

Thanks to Tomoe and my kind classmates, nothing happened. No one actually treated me any different – at least until now.

However, when **The cutest little sister in the world** is made into anime – things changed.

Just as soon as I sat down on my seat, someone came to my classroom.

“Sorry...this class....Is Izumi-kun...inside?”

That was something a girl said before she confessed. But regrettably, this word came from a male.

I think he is Uchida-kun from next class, a member of an anime-lover group.

I followed Uchida-kun to the hallway, then he said:

“Sorry....Izumi-kun, are you ...Izumi Masamune-sensei?”

“Ah, yeah. That’s right.”

What should I do when a classmate using formal language with me?

Then, he bowed deeply...

“I’m a fan of **Sekaimo**! Congratulations of your anime!”

“Eh...thanks?”

“Please do your best! I will keep supporting you!” He then said, with sparkling eyes

That made me both happy and embarrassed.

The same thing happened a few more times that day.

And when school was finally over...

“Izumi-sensei is going home!”

“Make way for him!”

In one day, I became the king of this school.

“Sensei, please!”

“.....”

Some treated me like a boss.

“Sensei, please go with us to the High-Vision study 4th period tomorrow!”

Some treated me like an idol.

From a far, some girls saw us and said “Disgusting, what the heck is that?”

Please let go of my hand, I’m about to die of embarrassment.

“...Mune-kun, did you become a light novel author because you want to archive this?”

Of course not! And why....does no girl like my story?

Hey! The guy over there! Don't show my novel at school! Don't read something named "The cutest little sister in the world" openly here!

Whenever I heard someone was bashed because they read my novel or a teacher confiscated it, I was deeply hurt! Please read them in secret! You don't have to show it in the open!!

Anyway....

The anime news affected Izumi Masamune's life style way more than it should.

I finally managed to get away from some club and on my way home. Many things happened, so my head hurt a little.

I'm going to have my own anime, but I don't have the smallest idea about what should I do.

Even though I'm the original author...that didn't change the fact that Izumi Masamune is just a kid. A light novel author, sure, but still a kid.

It's uneasy to wait for something without knowing what to do.

“...Scary.”

I broke into cold sweat.

The image of Tomoe, of my classmate appeared again in my head.

When they congratulated me, they also placed a heavy pressure on my shoulder

I had the same problem when my novel got its manga...but now..."our dream" wasn't something belong to us alone.

This feeling made me happy, and.... a hint of fear.

I looked down, bit my lower lip —

“Too — slow!!”

A bright voice yelled at me. Looking up, I saw a beautiful blonde girl standing in front, hands on her hip.

“Elf.”

That was Yamada Elf. A famous light novel author lived next to me.

— *Masamune, I like you the most.*

She also confessed to me before. She told me how much she like me.

Normally, that would make our meeting very awkward. But she is anything but normal.

“Hey Masamune! I have been waiting for you, what took you so long?”

“Since my anime was announced, a lot of fans at school came to me.”

“Ah, I see. Congrats!”

“Thanks.”

I have heard it many times already, so I don’t mind.

“So you finally have your anime! To think that you even hide it from me, how arrogant, Masamune!”

No, I really don’t know...but I can’t tell you that.

Elf fearlessly put a hand on her chest, said:

“So, we are equal now. Masamune...you did well. Your adventure will end here. Good job enduring the hardship on the way.”

“...What are you talking about?”

Her cryptic words only made me annoyed.

“Ahaha... you don’t have to be modest. Because I, Yamada Elf, am a noble flower. The fact that your status as someone not equal to me caused you trouble, thus you rejected me confession, didn’t you? Come, Masamune! You have your own anime, you are my equal now! Go ahead and propose to me!”

“Nah, I never think of it that way.”

I think it’s someone else entirely.

“Aside from that, can you give me some advices about making an anime, senpai?”

“Aside from that? How could you say that about the love between you and me?”

Um, you see, my relationship with Elf isn’t normal either – it’s like that.

“Uuuu...Forget it, just say what do you want.”

I then explained my problem to the displeased famous novelist who has a scowl on her face

“...After that announcement, people congratulated me a lot...but that made me keep thinking about stuff...and then I felt fear.”

That’s why I need to ask a senior for advice.

“What the? So that’s all?”

Elf said in a nonchalant tone.

“How stupid ~~~ anime is not something too extraordinary, there is no need to be so nervous.”

“You could say that only because your anime is a huge success!”

“I can’t let that remark slide. On what basis did you see you are successful or a failure in that? I’m saying anime is not too extraordinary — because even if your anime is a failure, it’s not the end of the world.”

“_____“

“Betray your fan? Getting bashed by people? Getting your hope dashed? Afraid that it will affect your future work? Feeling super super super super ~~ frustrated? That’s all! No one will kill you because of that. Society wouldn’t be destroyed! Your career isn’t going to end!”

“That — maybe you are right....”

“If you lose in an super important moment in your life, then cry your heart out for three days and three nights, threw a fuss, get depressed, feel regret —“

With a *thud*, Elf knocked on my chest

“Then, smile and challenge your problem again.”

“...You made it sound so simple.”

The truth is, Elf would do exactly that, without a doubt.

She once said that any defeat made her very very frustrated, but that also made it interesting.

Even I noticed the pressure on my shoulder lightened.

“Thank you very much. This is clearly your way of encouragement, Elf-senpai.”

“Ahaha, you are welcome. Anyway, you can say that making an anime is a deadly game that you can challenge again and again. The deciding factors included 50% of luck, 30% of hard work, 30% of intelligent, 8% of keeping a clear head. 100% in total.”

Your words sounded cool, but the numbers are all wrong.

So amusing. And so cute

“Even if you don’t do anything, you will emerge victory if the moment is right. If the moment is wrong, no matter how hard you worked, everything will be for naught. Frankly speaking, this is a rare festival in life, you should enjoy it to the best of your ability.”

She drew her face closer.

“This is super interesting.”

Next, I learnt from Elf-senpai many interesting things about making an anime. How they gathered a hundred voice actors to pick one suitable. How exciting it was to listen to them all. And if one of them totally suited a character it caused her to make a drama CD on a whim.

She told me about how during scenario meetings, when she put a lot of thought into how to make an interesting anime – how heated their debate could become. They argued while forging their bond, making a long-lasting relationship.

How when the anime is aired and the fans went berserk.

How she forced herself to work and not to play, and was praised after that.

How every bookstore, anime shop, and even bus station will show her anime’s poster. How she receive fans mail nearly every day.

How she held a grand celebration at a big meeting room —

Yamada Elf-sensei’s experience was like an amazing tale to me.

— Our anime might not be as successful as hers.

I couldn’t say “Just watch me do it too!”. Izumi Masamune got this bad habit, instead of raising his will power, he keeps thinking about possible screw up. This is not how a light novel protagonist would think; this is a sub-

character way of thinking.

Still —

“....I don’t think....that I didn’t learn anything.”

From that senpai, I found a source of fire in my heart. I believe it will become a source of power to reach my dream.

“Alright, there is no use covering in fear now. Let’s do it.”

I temporary forget about my anime and think about my next novel.

After all, I’m a novelist. It’s my job to deliver a good novel to the hands of the reader.

Thanks to Elf, I finally managed to lighten my pressure. But someone else appeared and dropped a bucket of cold water on my motivation.

“I see ~~ you are going to have your anime ~~ I think it’s very hard for it to be success, so Izumi, don’t feel down too much, okay.”

“I don’t need your pity when my anime hasn’t even aired yet!”

The one who just came to my home is Kusanagi-senpai. He is my senior, who always wear Kirito-like black clothing.

He is also someone who fell to the dark side after he got his anime.

“But don’t you know, both light novel and anime based on light novel is facing a hard time. Do you think that only your anime will be successful? Are you that naïve?”

“Of course I knew things wouldn’t be that simple! That’s why I tried to motivate myself, tried to make my anime better!”

“Well, this is your important *dream* after all.”

“Yes.”

He put a hand on my shoulder.

“....It'd be great if everything goes well.”

“You don't have to be so negative! Senpai, are you trying to reduce my morale instead?”

“Well, you are not exactly wrong.”

If that's the case, why don't you go die already?

“.....”

“Izumi, stop making that face. Don't you have something to ask a novelist with his own experience in anime like me?”

“I already asked Elf-sensei for her advice, so no thanks.”

“Do you think a famous novelist's boast would be useful for you as a reference?”

You are the same kind of author as me, don't be mistaken. That's what senpai was trying to tell me.

Damn...

Still... just seeing him made me understand that I couldn't be prideful just because I got an anime. In the end, my novel is unlike Elf's “Dark Elf”, which is a famous novel even before it became an anime.

We were standing in front of my house and talking, but suddenly I squatted down.

“Ughh....”

I know, I know, you don't have to say it...Just let me enjoy this feeling for about a week more, please.

Kusanagi-senpai's expression said “Crap, I told him too much.”

“Well Izumi — what do you think about my anime then?”

“Eh?” I looked up at him “Well...”

What a hard topic...

I was still trying to think of something to say, but Kusanagi-senpai smiled brightly.

“No need to mind words, you must be thinking that it’s a failure.”

“Ah, um...”

“I know, I know, but I myself think it’s a success.”

That was something completely unexpected, enough to give me a pause.

He continued:

“While everyone bashed me, saying that my anime is a failure, I don’t agree. True, sales is barely acceptable, and some bad review caused the entire Internet to turn against me. I felt it’s my fault that I couldn’t satisfy my fans. In fact, even now sometimes I feel bad about it. However, I still can accept this outcome, I still feel thankful to the production team. I’m proud to say that I have done everything I could. Well, in other words...what am I trying to say”

Kusanagi-senpai kept scratching his head, hesitating.

“In any case, make sure that the end result is something you can accept. You shouldn’t think along the lines of *It’s good as long as the anime went without any trouble*. As the original author, you must be the happiest person when it succeeds, the most depressing person when it fails. Otherwise, you won’t get any result.”

“I don’t need you to tell me that.”

Hearing that, Kusanagi-senpai said in a mocking tone:

“Then, answer me Izumi – what is the success that you wanted?”

Let me see your winning condition – that was what he said.

Well, let’s begin from the beginning then.

“We will watch our anime together, and my little sister can laugh happily.”

While I told him my answer easily, that didn’t change the fact that he dropped a bucket of cold water on my motivation

Damn — he sounded like he was giving me a lecture, but i won’t be fooled! He just wanted to vent his anger.

Phew...still...

What’s the success that I was aiming for? Maybe I really should start from the beginning to check again.

However, right after when Kusanagi-senpai went home, I had new guests.

“Hey yo ~ Masamune! I’m here to play.”

“Masamune-kun, congratulations.”

That was Army and Muramasa-senpai.

Twin tails and a boyish clothing – Army-sensei, also known as Amelia Armeria. She is a manga artist and illustrator, also Sagiri’s sister. She is also one of the reasons that the “Dark Elf” anime got such amazing sales.

Next is a beautiful black haired girl in kimono, Senjyu Muramasa. She is my senior at the same publishing company.

Both of them came to congratulate on my anime, but —

“Thank you for coming. Nice timing.”

“Hm? What do you meant?”

“I have something to ask Army-sensei.”

“Eh? About your anime?”

What a sharp instinct. Army grinned.

“Yes yes yes. I want to ask – or rather, I want to know how I should mentally prepare myself.”

In any case, experienced person is hard to come by...Kusanagi-senpai is a rare exception.

“Fine ~ I also have something to talk with you.”

We sounded like a pair of same-sex friend. Seeing that, Muramasa-senpai knitted her brow.

“Masamune-kun, why don’t you ask me about that?”

“Eh?”

“Anime or something, I have done that too.” She said and lightly tapped her chest.

“Eh, I don’t plan to ask you, Muramasa-senpai.”

“Why!?”

Doesn’t seem like she understand.

“Er...may I blurt out?”

“Sure.”

“I don’t think there is any meaning in asking *what did you think when you made your anime.*”

“You don’t have to say it out! I’m hurt!” She said in anger.

Since her only memory about her own anime is “I think I did it...maybe?” while she did have experience in making anime, she probably didn’t take part in any meetings with the producer or director. She didn’t watch her own anime. She didn’t even know that she is the original author. What can I ask her then?

“Yes, I can’t give you any advice! But —!”

She yelled and tried to make herself clear:

“As a fan of Izumi Masamune-sensei, there are many things I want to say...ouch, it hurt!”

Army used her hand and chopped senpai on her head.

“What are you doing, manga artist?”

Seemed like Muramasa-senpai bit her tongue, she was crying. On the other hand, Army calmly said:

“Stop raising your voice, novelist. Be quiet.”

“What did you say?”

“Huh?”

Two beautiful girl glared at each other.

“...Eto...can you please don’t fight in my living room?”

“Fine. Outside then.”

“You want to take it outside? Fine!”

“Wait wait! Please don’t fight! I said don’t fight in my living room, but that didn’t mean goes outside and fight!”

“I know I know, I meant to say that we need to go outside to talk.”

“..Eh? Why?”

When I asked, Army glanced at *the locked room* and muttered:

“I don’t want Sagiri to hear.”

We followed Army’s idea and went outside. Well, just twenty meters, but still outside nevertheless. We went to an old bridge nearby

“...Here should be enough.”

Army squatted down, like a thug.

“Please don’t sit like that, too vulgar!”

It’s so horrible!

“Fine fine. Masamune, you sounded like Chris-aniki.”

“So? What do you want to avoid Sagiri from listening?”

I myself think that there is no need to go outside. She isn’t likely to hear anything from her room.

“Well...”

Army stood up, looked like she didn’t know where to start. She finally said in a serious tone:

“I have something to ask, Izumi Masamune.”

“Please protect Sagiri.”

“.....”

Both me and Muramasa-senpai’s eyes widened in shock. I think about it as hard as i could, then said:

“....What do you mean by that?”

“I know about your dream too. Sagiri is a very weak girl, who easily gets hurt — but she was trying her best for that dream. Because that is your dream — she is doing everything she could.”

“Yes.”

I understood what Army just said. I knew about it too.

She continued:

“She is just a girl who holds her dream close, just like Emily before she made her anime.”

Emily is Yamada Elf’s real name.

“Making an anime is much harder than both you and Sagiri had imagined. It’s outright horrible. Even if you try to keep dream true, sooner or later something will happen and try to ruin it. A leak on the Internet that lead to a series of trash talk can be considered small. Those things will make you want to give up, and it’s now right in front of you.”

You have to prepare yourself – she said.

Since this came from Army-sensei, who is very active in making her anime, so it sound true in my heart.

“Listen carefully, Izumi Masamune. In order to make your dream come true, you can’t just focus on making a good anime.”

“You have to protect the girl who holds her dream in her heart.”

“It’s good as long as only your dream is ruined. If your dream is corrupted, make absolutely sure that Sagiri don’t see, don’t know about it. Protect her with everything you got. Thankfully she is a hikikomori, so you could do it with some careful planning.”

“.....”

“- — Do you understand?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Really?”

Don’t worry, Army-sensei.

My dream is neither “making a great anime” nor “My anime will make a lasting memory”, “My anime will have great sales.”

“My dream is to watch the anime together with my little sister; we will laugh together so that I could see how happy she is. Making a great anime or novel is just the preparation, not the final result.”

Just like I told Kusanagi-senpai before, I only have one winning condition.

“It’s okay. Just leave it to me.”

“I will leave it to you then.”

Army sighed, just like a weight was lifted off her shoulder.

“What I just said was my feelings when I made my anime. Sorry if that wasn’t what you expected.”

“No, it’s the best I could ask for.”

At least it was the best for me.

“....By the way, Army. Could it be that when you made *Dark Elf* ...”

Before I could finished, Army put a finger to my lips.

“She said she was very happy, didn’t she?”

“Right.”

— *It was super interesting!*

“Her expression was what I wanted to see.”

She grinned....just like a kid who successes playing a prank.

She looked so happy.

The same day, evening.

I turned my laptop on and began to search for my previous work. Since I was afraid of the result, it was something I normally wouldn't do.

But after the announcement ...what would people think about my novel?

Would they discuss them again? Would my fans feel happy? Would they be worried? Just thinking about them made me nervous.

So I shouldn't search too long....I calmed myself down and began to search for my previous novel...

The result was something that I have never seen before.

It was an unexpectedly happy illustration. It had a sign of Eromanga-sensei, which said she drew it to celebrate the anime announcement.

It looked like she had celebrated that news in her own way too.

Under the words "Congratulations on the anime", I could see the smile of my little sister (the female protagonist)

"....So Sagiri was smiling happily when she drew it?"

There were so many comments followed her illustration.

— **So cool!!!**

— **I'm so happy! I'm looking forward to it!**

— **Congratulations on the anime!**

— **Please don't make anime or manga that invades my privacy.**

- What you are doing to me is totally illegal!
- I love little sister the most.
- Eromanga-sensei, do your best!
- Congratulations, Eromanga-sensei, Onii-chan ♥ I will send a message later ♪
- Oh yeah!!!!!! So cute
- I have been waiting for this! I have been waiting for this! I have been waiting for this!
- The cutest little sister in the world will be a world-changing anime!
- It will definitely not become a normal, forgettable anime.
- If you betray my expectations, then prepare to take my deadly curse.
- By a fan of Izumi Masamune.
- Izumi-sensei, Eromanga-sensei, I will support you two!
- I have been waiting! I like this story the most

It was like that —

There was still more coming, even when I'm reading.

There were pure congratulations message, private message, even some chuunibyou-style message, many style....they kept coming...I couldn't read them all.

“...Ha ha.”

This is a rare festival in life, you should enjoy it to the best of your ability
— That was what Elf-senpai said.

Let me see your winning condition – That was Kusanagi-senpai said.

Protect the girl who holds her dream in her heart. —That was what Army-sensei said.

I also received blessing from Tomoe and Muramasa-senpai.

I could almost see their face appear and disappearing in the air.

I could see the smile of my little sister (the female protagonist)

Okay, let me protect their dream. Let's begin our journey together, to reach our dream.

My victory is right in front of me.

The festival is about to begin!

エ^{ero} manga sensei ロ マ ン ガ 先 生 ⑦

第二章



Chapter 2

It has been a week since the announcement of my anime “The Cutest Little Sister in the World.”

How is an anime made? What about the voice actors? When will it be aired during the day?

What about other factors?

It’s my first time, so I have no idea. At best, all I have is advice from my next-door neighbor. I think that some hardcore fans might even know more about it than me.

And the person who asked me those questions is the producer, Akasaka-san

“Next month, we will personally select the four main voice actors. Izumi-sensei, please make sure to join us.”

“Okay!”

Picking a voice actor! Here I come!

“I will definitely go.” I replied, fully motivated.

To tell the truth, when I heard about picking a voice actor personally, I felt both happy and terrified. But since it’s something I have to do for my anime, it can’t be helped.

There is no way I can NOT go.

Sagiri wanted to come with me too, but since she couldn’t leave the house, she looked frustrated. Haha.

“For sub-character’s voice actors, I will select some candidates myself and send you recordings of their voices. Please take your pick from those.”

“I see....”

So it’s unlikely that I will personally pick all of the voice actors.

“About the main voice actor, do you have any request?”

“I have to ask beforehand: if I say *I do*, will my request be followed?”

“Maybe. Or maybe not.”

Producer Akasaka coldly answered.

“I can’t totally ignore the opinion of the original author, but if I can’t follow your request, I will tell you the reason.”

She wears the same clothes as Kagurazaka-san, but she is way more mature.

“I understand! Well, it’s not like I understand much about voice actors anyway, so I hope that you can follow Eromanga-sensei’s requests as much as possible.”

As the original author, I have only one request: They have to do sound better than how most readers would imagine the character sounds. As long as they can do that, anyone is fine.

“This character’s voice should be like this!” — It’s not like some amateur like me could pick a perfect voice actor on his first try.

Not only me; I think all of the readers hope for the best.

“In the next meeting, I will give you the list of voice actors that you will personally select from.”

“A list...huh?”

“Yes. Next to each of their names will be important factors that you have to rate — please select only from voice actors that have good results.”

.....I see.

So those important factors are probably things like “radio”, “stage” or “singing” experience. But do I have to select someone with all of those factors?

“Are all of those factors important?”

“Not absolutely, but most of the time, people select their voice actors from ones who possessed all of them.”

“Got it.”

.....I should bring that list to Sagiri and listen to her opinions too.

“We plan to start airing it in the spring, next year.”

“What exactly do I need to do?”

“I plan to hold a meeting once every week to hear your opinion about the current anime situation. After we begin making the anime, I will send a copy of every episode to you before we allow it to air every week. All of them need to be checked — sometimes based on the viewers’ reactions to previous episodes. It will be your problem.”

“So what will I do?”

“One of the most important factors is checking through the manuscript, the background settings and other details in the anime’s drawing. Izumi-sensei will focus on checking *character’s lines* to make sure it goes according to your plan.”

I see....well, I can’t do much about the anime’s drawing anyway.

Of course, I planned to learn about it — but I don’t think I could tell good or bad from reading an anime’s production plan.

On the other hand, checking character’s lines is my specialty. I have to give it my all.

“I understand” I nodded.

That conversation happened in the highest meeting room at the publishing company.

We are at the second meeting. The participants were the same as before, with me, Kagurazaka-san, director Amamiya-san, producer Akasaka-san and scenario writer Aoi Makina-san and some other members of the anime production team.

We have decided to hold a meeting like this at 18:00 every Friday.

“So, what will we discuss today?”

I asked everyone, since I have no idea what the purpose of this meeting is.

On my right, producer Akasaka answered:

“In this meeting, we planned to talk about other factors of *series composition*.”

“Izumi-sensei, do you know what *series composition* is?”

The one who just asked me in a tone suggesting “You definitely do not know” was the woman who sat next to me, Kagurazaka-san.

“I have prepared a bit.”

Series composition, in layman’s term, is about how much of the novel will be made into anime, how many episodes a certain climax will last, how much it will follow the original novel —

That was what we will discuss. Sometimes, the scenario writer will take care of this part too.

“It’s like that, right?”

Hearing me say that, Kagurazaka-san pouted.

My preparation paid off!

By the way, our Sekaimo anime's series composition will be taken care of by scenario writer Aoi Makina-san. You can say she is the second most important person in here. Also, Makina-san —

“Zzzzzzz”

She was sleeping soundly in front of me.

“Zzzzzzz”

She almost put her entire body on the chair, and her mouth was wide open. I could see a hint of saliva coming out of her lips.

Her glasses were turned aside, and looked like they could fall off at any moment.

She looked so careless...but her well-endowed breasts made the scene interesting.

“.....”

“.....”

Everyone's eyes focused on the “sleeping beauty”.

Of course, I myself noticed it right away, but I didn't say anything.

“.....”

Because producer Akasaka looked at Makina-san like she was trash, I didn't dare ask “why does she sleep here?”

A moment of silence. The producer Akasaka sighed, and then....

Whack! she chopped on Makina-san's head.

“Ouch ~~~~~ that hurt! What are you doing?”

Makina-san shook her head, her eyes watery. Producer Akasaka coldly said:

“Aoi-sensei, the meeting is about to begin. Please wake up.”

“You can just wake me up normally ~~! Wait, I’m not sleeping! So...what are we talking about?”

Seeing the scenario writer still acting without a care in the world, producer Akasaka glared fiercely.

Noticing that, Makina-san rubbed her eyes and put a hand on her bag.

“Alright alright, I know already ~~ series composition, right? It’s the plan.”

She grinned and put some A4 papers on the table.

The cover said “The Cutest Little Sister in the World” series composition (temporary)

And after that, there was a very big word —

UNDECIDED

Producer Akasaka’s eyes narrowed.

“....Aoi-sensei, what is this?”

“The plan for the series composition — everyone can understand it.”

Nope, I don’t.

Makina-san made something that anyone can write in ten seconds, yet she was laughing with confidence. Facing this, producer Akasaka —

“Are you making fun of me?”

She growled with a terrifying tone.

Scary.

I'm so scared that I can't move at all, but Makina-san still didn't get it.

"I'm not making fun of you, I'm serious ~~"

"I was busy every day, while you spent an entire week and came up with this? I see, very interesting."

"Ahaha, Producer-san ~ don't get mad ~ I had a reason."

Makina-san laughed and stopped producer Akasaka from exploding.

"Just listen to me for a sec.

Before the previous meeting, you told me to finish my plan for series composition, right? So I was thinking how to write it ~~"

"...And?"

Makina-san showed a serious expression:

"From the result, *it wasn't the right time* for me to write this plan."

"For the sake of argument, don't use that as an excuse for not writing! So — what happened next?"

"Ehehe"

I hope she didn't plan to laugh this matter off. I doubted it would work anyway.

She returned to the topic at hand:

"And so ~ the reason *it wasn't the right time* was because I hadn't talked with the original author before I wrote the series composition ~~"

"Eh, me?"

I couldn't keep up with how the story suddenly switched to me. Makina-san said:

“Yes, you! So in order to write the series composition — let's have a nice chat today! Alright, let's do it!”

“...So, about the part of this meeting regarding series composition, what are you going to do about it?”

Makina-san answered without a care in the world, but producer Akasaka didn't let her off the hook.

“Like I said ~ we can have a meeting next week ~~”

“It will cause us to be delayed by a week, so it wouldn't be good. Also... Aoi-sensei, after you have a chat with Izumi-sensei, will you be able to write a plan?”

“Of course! Not only a plan; I will make a perfect plan.”

Producer Akasaka said “I understand”, and nodded.

Then Makina-san turned to me.

“I'm very sorry, Izumi-sensei, can I trouble you?”

“Of course, I don't mind...but what do you want to talk about?”

“Well, there is something I wanted to ask.”

Makina-san grinned and pointed at my face:

“The female protagonist of Sekaimo — the little sister — she must have someone she likes, right?”

“Huh? Who told you that?”

It's something related to the real identity of Eromanga-sensei, so only a few people knew.

“I didn’t hear from anyone. I just got that feeling after reading your novel.”

...So sharp.

She is clearly not just a lazy woman.

I answered “Yes, the female protagonist has someone she likes.”

“I knew it! Can I ask something about that?”

“Well...”

I hesitated before I replied:

“Because of a few reasons, the person she likes can’t be made public right now. So I can...only answer in a way that could be made public.”

I was wondering if that was alright, but it seemed that she became interested instead.

Makina-san “huh” then grinned:

“Tell me the truth; did you use the girl you like as a reference?”

“How...”

How could she know that?

“Ara, I could easily see through it. I think the deciding factor of this anime is how much of the original author’s feelings will be shown on the screen.”

“.....”

In our first meeting, I created a misunderstanding and she thought I was proposing to her.

Now, she revealed my true feelings in my novel for everyone to see.

...Every time we meet, I am put in a difficult position.

I could feel my face getting hotter and hotter. I must be blushing right now.

“Ehehe, what nice reaction ≡. If you have a reason, then I won’t ask about *the real identity* anymore — but about the girl you like — or rather, about your love story, about the moment when your heart raced — tell me every detail of it.”

“Is it really necessary?”

“Of course! Cough, cough. Listen, Izumi-sensei, since this is your first time making an anime —”

Scenario writer Aoi Makina thrust a finger at my face:

“This is what an anime meeting is like!”

“—!”

I never knew that! To think an anime meeting will force me to do something so embarrassing!

“...Cough, could it be....all authors who have an anime have to experience this too?”

“Yes, that’s right. All novel authors whose book was made into anime have to do this.”

“How...could it be? Why does no one tell me that?”

“Hm hm...then I will ask you another question, let’s say you meet a junior who is about to have an anime, would you tell him that? Would you tell him you did something so embarrassing?”

“Of course not.”

“See?”

I....I see... so that’s why...

“Then let’s have a talk about Izumi-sensei’s love life~! Please begin!”

“Eh eh — ! Well, you can call it love at first sight...”

And so —

The second meeting turned in an unexpected way.

We talked about my embarrassing love life.

After the very tiring meeting, I dragged my body back home in the late evening. As soon as I came back, the ceiling shook again. Just like usual, I went to *the locked room* and knocked on the door. It immediately opened.

Sagiri looked at me in her pajamas; then she said with embarrassment.

“...Welcome back.”

“I’m home.”

Maybe I shouldn’t call this place *the locked room* anymore.

I, Sagiri and our relationship — are slowly changing.

I asked, feeling a warmth in my heart:

“What’s up, Sagiri?”

“Um...about...how, how did it go?” She asked, her voice full of excitement.

“Do you mean the meeting?”

“Yes! It’s the first meeting that you actually worked on something! Did you work with director Amamiya or Aoi-sensei — the ones who made Meruru?”

“Yup.”

“Amazing!” She said, her eyes beginning to shine.

I felt a bit of embarrassment about this, so I smiled wryly:

“Ahaha, is that so?”

Well, they are the amazing ones, not me. I just work together with some amazing people.

“Tell me everything.”

“Sure.”

My little sister pulled me inside her room.

I sat down in front of her and told Sagiri that we planned to talk about “series composition”.

“Oh ~~ an anime’s series composition — I have heard about it before.”

“But we had to postpone it till next week.”

“Why?”

“....A lot happened.”

The scenario writer hasn’t written anything, and I had to talk about my love life — I couldn’t say that now.

“I planned to use this time to practice writing scenarios or something.”

I took some heavy-looking books out of my bag. I had asked the bookstore mistress Tomoe to order them.

“Nii-san, what are those?”

“‘Guide to Writing a Scenario’...and ‘Anime Industry’s Technical Dictionary’....They arrived at the bookstore today, and I just bought them.”

“Eh? Izumi-sensei, are you going to write the scenario yourself?”

“Nah, of course not. But I think I should at least have a basic understanding of that work.”

“Well....adults will sometime use hard words in their conversations after all...”

That’s right.

It’s one thing if they used words like “dubbing”, “gross” or “rush”, which were already heavily used by everyone. It’s another matter if they used words like “IP”, “proper” or “fix” in a normal conversation. Especially when some words have more than one meaning.

Of course, I acknowledged that using them sounds cool. It made me feel like a pro.

“Well, I don’t mind if these books end up not helping much. As long as I can gain some insight, it is enough.”

“...Haha.”

“Heh, what’s with you?”

Why did you laugh?

“...Because Nii-san is trying his best.”

Hearing my little sister say that made me blush. I turned my head away.

“After the scenario is done, I will let you see it too, Eromanga-sensei.”

“I don’t know anyone with that name!”

Sagiri said that line again; then she added:

“Alright, I leave it to you, Izumi-sensei!”

” — Got it.”

What a heavy responsibility.

“Also...between you and Aoi-sensei...and the other anime making team members....how is it going? Did you get along?”

The scenario writer spent most of her time sleeping, the director rarely said anything and the scary producer —

I can’t tell her that! I made a promise with Army!

“Well ~ somewhat.”

“I see—”

Sagiri looked troubled. Looks like I caused her to be worried.

“....In that case, here...Nii-san.”

She took a Blu-ray disk from the bookshelves and gave it to me.

“Let’s watch it together now.”

“**Stardust ☆ Witch Meruru?** .. We made a promise, didn’t we?”

“Yes...let’s watch it together then try to get along with everyone!”

Is that how Sagiri tried to show her concern for me? I could feel my worry slowly melt away.

“Alright then — let’s do it!”

Next, we sat side by side, with our backs to the wall and our legs straightened, watching the anime together.

Seems like this is a kid-friendly magical girl anime.

A pink haired, quiet girl showed an unusually high amount of action. She

was flying in the sky, then shooting colourful magic blasts, and making new friends while fighting.

“...What an unreal anime.”

At first, I was worried that I might not understand the plot. But after watching it, that didn't become a problem.

Honestly, **Stardust ☆ Witch Meruru** is an interesting anime.

Of course there are many unclear details, and the plot was simple —

But the most important climax was sufficiently developed; I could also see the intention of the anime production team from other sub-plots.

The anime showed complex but interesting scenes when it was necessary. Then, it turned into something even a child can understand.

That's the scenario.

Also, the villain's costume is very eye-catching too. I can understand why this anime has so many fans, and why Eromanga-sensei likes this anime so much.

[TL Note: I do agree that Tanatos Eros is eye-catching...]

“By the way, Sagiri — this anime, does it have an original author?”

“...Un....if I remember correctly...the original author's name is **Kitsunega Sakinaru**, but it seemed like that person only owned the copyright. So this anime doesn't actually have an original author — the Internet said that Meruru was created by the scenario writer Aoi-sensei by herself...”

“Oh —”

Part of that explanation was “might be”, another was “rumor said”, so none of it can be counted on.

Still, outsiders hardly know anything about the internal workings of any industry, including anime. This can't be helped.

So...the famous anime **Meruru** was ...probably made by Aoi Makina.

Could it be that...Makina-san is a very good scenario writer?

She looked like a lazy bum to me, just like Elf...but what is the real Aoi like?

Although she hasn't shown any results for **Sekaimo** that I could think of

— *I just got that feeling after reading your novel.*

She should think that my novel is “good”, right? In her own words, that should be “I think it's good”

Producer Akasaka looked very talented, so she probably only picked talented people.

Also, even Kagurazaka-san, who is good at reading people, picked her.

And the most important thing is; Sagiri is her fan.

I have to trust Makina-san; I have to work together with her.

However...how should I put it...I got the feeling that she is “still not starting.”

In other words, that meant I couldn't feel her motivation.

“Nii-san, Nii-san.”

Hearing Sagiri call me, I turned my head aside. My excited little sister's face appeared in front of me.

“Look, look, just now the scene when they are fighting and flying in the air at the same time is super cute, right?”

“Of course.”

A girl who was excitedly watching anime is so cute.

I wanted to say that, but I managed to hold back.

This is such a happy time.

We kept watching until Sagiri wanted to go to sleep.



“Phew...”

“How about we leave the rest for tomorrow?”

“...Sure.”

Sagiri looked tired, but she was very happy. She raised her little finger

“...Promise.”

“It’s a promise.”

We made a pinky promise.

“Is it interesting?”

“Yep, a very interesting anime.”

“Director Amamiya and Aoi-sensei are amazing, right?”

“Yes they are.”

I answered, but the truth is I couldn’t tell just from watching an anime.

But there was something I knew for sure now.

The team that is making **The Cutest Little Sister in the World** anime — is a team can make my little sister laugh.

Next week, the third meeting.

It was 17:50 in the meeting room — I entered 10 minutes before the meeting began.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

I entered and saw that producer Akasaka, Kagurazaka-san and director Amamiya and most other members were present.

But I couldn't see Makina-san and another female member.

” — Excuse me.... Andou-san didn't come today?”

I asked in the most nonchalant voice I could.

About “I don't see Makina-san today” — I don't even have the balls to ask that question.

Today, we planned to talk about the previous topic, series composition.

None of us have read the series composition plan.

...If Makina-san didn't have a plan ready today, then the meeting can be adjourned immediately. This is not a good thing to me.

That's why I avoided this dangerous topic and asked something with less risk.

“Andou-san is sick.”

“Huh?”

My question was rebuked by producer Akasaka immediately.

Of course, that only made me worried.

“Oh...sick...is she okay?”

“We will have a replacement by the end of next week, don't worry.”

“No, that's not what I asked.”

I was asking...if Andou-san is okay...

“?”

Looked like producer Akasaka still did not understand me: she tilted her head in confusion. Director Amamiya noticed and came to the rescue

“...This is...something usual.”

“....Is that...so?”

Usual? Something like this can be called usual? It looked like a horrible thing to me.

Eh....

I slowly sat back down, my body seemed weak...

“So, Aoi-sensei...?”

“Well...”

Before producer Akasaka could answer, the door behind me opened.

“Thank you all ~~ for your hard work!!!”

Makina-san has arrived.

Her voice was calm and bright, allowing me to breathe a sigh of relieve

— Look like I don’t have to worry about “what if the series composition is still not done”.

Makina-san sat down in front of me. Producer Akasaka called to her in an emotionless tone.

“Aoi-sensei, please give us your series composition plan.”

“Producer-san, please wait a moment.”

“.....”

Producer Akasaka narrowed her eyes. Makina-san said in a serious tone:

“Today I have something very important to tell you all.”

...Eh? Something important? What is could be?

Is it related to the fact the she arrived late and possibly didn't bring the series composition plan with her?

I straightened myself up.

“On the way here, on the subway, I got a character pack in a mobile game ~ I never expected to get a 6 star character! The drop rate for such characters is only 0.007%! Ehehehe! I was so surprised that I got here late ♪”

“Aoi-sensei, your series composition plan, please!”

Producer Akasaka said in a murderous tone, like she was saying “Or I will kill you, bitch!”

Makina-san still didn't notice and continued to chat with the same carefree attitude from last week

“Recently, some people wanted to increase the drop rates, but I think that would be a wrong move! If drop rates were increased then that means people won't be able feel the same fulfillment when they get an ultra rare character anymore! After collecting a character, you have to show it to everyone! — Then you can quietly ask them *Anyone here without a 6 star Meruru?! It'd be awesome to boast and then no one could challenge you, that's what makes it worthwhile!*”

“Aoi-sensei, your series composition plan. PLEASE!”

“That feeling when you get a rare character, I could only describe the happiness as just like a love story in middle school. I think *everyone is joking around* is the best line to coax other people in Japanese. Maybe that's why this kind of game – which many people called *not a game* — could have such huge fan base, because mobile games touch our deepest instincts.”

Yeah, I think something is wrong here.

Makina-san had completely digressed from the original topic. She just kept chatting about nonsense.

When she was going to talk about the season's anime — Producer Akasaka raised a hand and cut her off. Then, she said with a sharp tone.

“Aoi-sensei. Please. Give us. Your plan. NOW!”

“Well actually, what I wanted to say happened yesterday. During lunch, I called a pizza —”

“Aoi-sensei. Your plan!”

“I haven't written it!”

Makina-san answered. And she seemed so embarrassed that she turned it into anger.

“.....”

“.....”

The world instantly became quiet.

Eh....?

I swallowed, and tried to ask:

“Then....what will we talk about today?”

Makina-san put a hand over her stomach.

“...Well....Yesterday I had my first pizza after a long time, so I think it gave me a stomach ache — and that made me unable to work. I barely managed to avoid making a mess of myself.”

Can you please write your plan before eating that damn pizza?

Is that normal for an adult?

“.....”

Everyone became quiet again.

During this time, producer Akasaka kept tapping on the table with her finger. It sounded very scary.

Then, she finally pointed at Makina-san:

“Do you have any way to finish the series composition plan right now?”

“Impossible ~ ehehe ♥”

“How much have you finished? Tell me?”

“I have ~~~~~ not written anything!”

Are you...for real?

I was so shocked that I simply stared at her. Makina-san was still raising her chest in pride. How shameless

Producer Akasaka continued:

“If you have a writer’s block, we can have a discussion right now about it.”

“No no no! It’s not that! There is no problem!”

“So, can you finish it before next week?”

“Yes yes, I will.”

Makina-san bowed and promised.

“.....”

“.....”

I don’t think she will, though. That was what everyone thought.

After the meeting finished (early), producer Akasaka called me.

“Izumi-sensei, can I trouble you for a moment?”

“Er...yes, what’s wrong?”

“First, allow me to apologize for the meeting.”

Producer Akasaka bowed. That was so sudden that I froze on the spot.

Makina-san, director Amamiya and the other team members had left, so there was only me, producer Akasaka and Kagurazaka-san.

“I have an emergency plan that I wanted to tell you just in case.” She looked up, and continued: “If next week, Aoi-sensei still hasn’t finished the series composition plan...then we will change the scenario writer.”

“Eh?”

“I have spoken with some other writers; your anime will not be delayed any longer. Please don’t worry.”

“Wait wait wait...wait a sec! What’s going on?”

What did she just say? It sounded simple, but I don’t think I get it.

“I meant that we will get another scenario writer.”

“...That I understood. But what I don’t get is how could you decide that so fast? Have you already selected another writer before hand?”

“— Well...”

She noticed what I meant and slowly nodded.

“Actually — Aoi-sensei— how should I put it...she is a unique scenario writer.”

“Huh...”

Well, I already knew that she is unique. Of course I don’t think that all of

the scenario writers in the world are like her.

“Other...anime that Aoi Makina-sensei worked on till the end all debuted as a bestselling anime. She is young, but she has talent and understands how to make a good show. Since she is good at making comedy anime, we thought that she would be a suitable choice for *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*. That’s why we picked her.”

“Okay.”

That I already knew. Sagiri told me that.

But there was something else I picked up earlier – she said “worked on till the end” just now.

Producer Akasaka calmly said:

“At the same time, Aoi-sensei is also known as *The scenario writer who doesn’t do her job* in this industry.”

“.....”

“She is not someone who *works very slowly* – she is someone *who doesn’t work* instead — sometimes after she took a job, she ended up not doing anything and was replaced.”

That’s why they got a replacement so fast.

I myself also had my suspicions before...but the truth still shocked me to the core.

Kagurazaka-san shamelessly said:

“Ah ~ now I think of it, I should have told Izumi-sensei this in the beginning ~~”

Yeah, that’s right.

“That’s why — ” Producer Akasaka concluded “Please prepare to work

with another scenario writer instead next week.”

“.....”

I thought about everything I just heard and answered:

“Eromanga-sensei is a diehard fan of Aoi-sensei...I also like anime of both Aoi-sensei and director Amamiya...not just one of them.”

I looked at producer Akasaka:

“If possible, I want *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* — to be made by Aoi-sensei.”

To make our dream come true, I will make sacrifices.

Hearing me say that, producer Akasaka nodded once, and then it looked like she was thinking about how to respond.

Finally, she said:

“Yes, I feel the same as Izumi-sensei. If Aoi-sensei can do her job, that’d be the best. Of course I will press her to do that too.”

“What exactly ...do you have in mind?”

“Tomorrow, I planned to bring some **convincing references** to Aoi-sensei, hoping to make her feel motivated.”

“Convincing references...?”

“Do you want to come with me, Izumi-sensei?”

“...Eh?”

“If that’s okay with you.”

Just now, what she said contained lots of hints.

What is she planning, asking me to come with her? So if her way of convincing doesn't work, just my appearance can change the outcome?

....No

It's useless to think too much about it.

In the end, my answer has already been decided.

"Please take me with you."

I bowed. My hand clenched into a fist.

To motivate Aoi Makina, so she could do her job properly. If I want our dream to come true, this is something I have to do.

The next day, producer Akasaka took me to Aoi Makina-sensei's house.

"Eromanga-sensei is Aoi-sensei's diehard fan, so it's okay if you want to bring her with us."

"Well...there are some reasons...."

Producer Akasaka didn't know about us siblings. She still thought that Eromanga-sensei is my aunt, Kyouka-san

"What do you mean; reasons?"

"...Well, for Eromanga-sensei, Aoi-sensei is....how should I put it....her dream, I guess...so I don't think it's a good idea to let them meet."

"Is that so? I understand."

Producer Akasaka nodded, her expression remaining unchanged. She was as scary as Kyouka-san, but in a different way.

Kyouka-san looked like she could release an ice storm around her at any moment.

Producer Akasaka — I couldn't tell what she was thinking at all. She...is so cold, just like a machine.

— Protect the girl who held her dream in her heart.

I made that promise with Army, but maybe not only should I not let my little sister meet Makina-san....but also producer Akasaka too. In the end, she is a part of this terrifying industry.

We took the route toward the mountain, to the high-class house area.

On the way, we held some small conversation:

“Izumi-sensei, I think you have already noticed...”

Still looking forward, producer Akasaka said:

“Aoi Makina-sensei — she is trash.”

“.....”

How should I reply

“What I hate most in the world is trash who does not meet the deadline.”

Still not changing her expression, she continued:

“Let me explain: It's fine as long as I say this to you....the one who said that it is trash that doesn't respect her coworker. It's true that many people fail to meet the deadline, but comparing yourself to them means that you acknowledge your own uselessness.”

She sounds....angry.

I don't know anyone like that. Even Elf still meets her deadline.

“Of course, no matter how good you are, not keeping your promises means that you are not trust worthy. I will never count on that person again, nor will I treat them as human. But when she can still be used as a pawn, I will

pretend to trust her.”

She looked at me — at the writer Izumi Masamune. She was looking at my eyes.

“Everything I just said is my own opinion, Izumi-sensei. Please don’t make the assumption that the anime industry can easily allow someone like her to exist. To think that she still dared to laugh it off after delaying our work that much!”

“...I understand.”

That was advice from the bottom of her heart – that I knew.

“That child...Aoi Makina...”

From her slip of the tongue, I understood how producer Akasaka saw Makina-san.

“Cough, cough, about Aoi Makina...”

“Yes.”

“She is useful.” Producer Akasaka bluntly said “As long as she works.”

“As long as she works...does that mean everything will turn out okay as long as she decides to work?”

“Yes. If I have to use a manga-like example, then that girl is *the legendary blacksmith*.”

She had the skill to make the best weapon, but she didn’t actually do it.

Producer Akasaka meant to say that’s how Aoi Makina is.

“Using that example with this girl might be a bit off, but that couldn’t be helped. I thought I’m good at handling a child, but the fact that she dropped a lot of works is the evidence.”

She slowly stopped caring about showing me what she truly thinks about Makina-san. But, still —

Despite everything she just said, producer Akasaka still considered her to be the best choice.

That meant Makina-san might be even better than I expected.

“Izumi-sensei, what can I do to make the legendary blacksmith do her job?”

“If this was a manga or light novel — it would be something along the lines of passing a test and receive her acknowledgement, or some major plot development....”

“You mean making her like the main character?”

“Well...yeah, something like that might work. Some readers do seem to like adding more and more harem members.”

“I see. Then it’s not something I could do — thankfully I have you.”

“Eh?”

Before I could ask, she lightly patted my shoulder:

“I’m counting on you, original author.”

I could hear her smirk in that line.

And then —

” — Alright.”

Producer Akasaka calmly turned around and looked at the apartment in front of us.

“We have arrived at the trash’s home.”

The apartment is a tall building. I couldn't see exactly how many floors it has from the ground.

How much would it take to rent a room here?

In the end, this is a center area.

Saying this might be rude...but I don't think that a normal salary is enough to rent a room here.

“...Is Aoi-sensei rich?”

“Frankly speaking, she is a director's daughter — a high class lady. She is used to being spoiled and had an easy life in her youth, that's why she turned out this way.”

Interesting! Producer Akasaka said something interesting!

“Those kinds of people exist...who use their parent's influence to further their career. Aoi Makina is one of them...but I don't know if it was luck or misfortune: her skills are real.”

We took the elevator to the 41st floor and walked to the eastern side.

Producer Akasaka took out a key, the same one she used earlier at the first floor.

“This...Andou-san gave her life to bring it back for us.”

“Andou-san is still alive!!!”

“It was a joke. Alright, I'm opening it.”

Producer Akasaka said in an emotionless tone and put the key in. She turned the handle and opened the door.

” — Oh”

There was something that totally blindsided us when we entered

That “something” was a lot of cardboard boxes arranged like a wall in the hallway. Since they were put together without a care, the ones at the bottom were already crushed.

“...What the heck...”

I could catch a glimpse of other things in the hallway too, which included paper bags, empty cans, food wrappings, manga, light novels, Blu-ray disks...all of them were scattered everywhere and covered in dust.

...In short, it was exactly like producer Akasaka said. This room; and this room’s owner are trash.

“Cough cough cough.”

This is not a room for human to live in, much less a room for a director’s daughter.

“Izumi-sensei, can you please step aside?”

“Huh?”

“*Thud*”

Producer Akasaka kicked everything in our way aside.

“Wait...that...that was too much....ugh...the books inside were scattered...”

“Pay it no mind — the floor is dirty, please put this on.”

She gave me a school’s shoes and put some on herself. Then she continued forward, kicking everything she met aside.

Among the things that she kicked out of the way, the most valuable one that I saw was a character figure. Of course, she didn’t show it any special treatment.

I hastily followed her:

“Is, is it okay for us to come in without asking?”

“She is still sleeping anyway. If we want to convince her, first we need to wake her up.”

“...Is this the same for all anime making personnel?”

She heard me and turned around:

“This originally was the team’s effort, but since Andou-san isn’t with us anymore...”

Making an anime sure is hard....

“This is a special case — hey ya!”

Producer Akasaka finally made it to the living room, and she kicked the door open.

It was a large loom, so it’s a bit cleaner than the hallway. Of course, a bit only meant that there are spots for us to walk around.

The furniture was placed very strangely: there was a television in the middle of the room, a low table nearby and a computer.

By the way, next to the television was a mat, and there was a blanket curled up on it.

“Wow.....”

It looked so familiar!

I myself don’t want to make the connection...but this situation...was almost the same as a hikikomori girl.

But of course, my Sagiri is super clean.

“So.....”

Producer Akasaka stopped and looked at Makina who was sleeping under her blanket.

“Please wait a moment!”

Sensing an abnormal aura from her, I immediately interrupted:

“I have lived for a long time with a hikikomori girl who made the same kind of defense. In my experience, forcing her up now is not the right choice.”

She would get mad and our conversation will become very difficult.

“Today we came to convince Aoi-sensei...and it’s our fault for coming in without asking...so we should calmly and peacefully wake her up...”

“...Hum...fine, let’s give it a try.”

Producer Akasaka nodded and slowly took her smartphone out.

“Izumi-sensei, please take Aoi-sensei’s smartphone over there and put in under the blanket.”

“Is that okay?”

“Yes. Then let’s peacefully wake her up. I remembered that as long as I send her a message....”

She did something on her phone —

Makina-san’s phone rang.

Spiral! ♪

“Wow!”

Suddenly the blanket moved a little. Just like a slime who was hit by a lighting magic attack

“Producer, what is this sound?”

“This is the sound that signals a legendary item drop. Anyone who played a lot of hack and slash will immediately wake up upon hearing it.”

“.....”

While I stood there dumbfound, producer Akasaka continued using her “alarm”.

Spiral! Biku ~ tsu! Spiral! Biku ~ tsu!

Spiral! Biku ~ tsu! Spiral! Biku ~ tsu!

The blanket was moving a lot now. I could hear a voice “Umm...guh....ughhh....” like she was having a nightmare.

Wow, looks like it worked.

But I don’t like this method at all....

“She is not waking up.”

“She isn’t. Then let’s try something else.”

Producer Akasaka did something else on her phone and put it under the blanket.

“What are you doing?”

“I made a copy of a voice clip in a mobile game that Aoi-sensei played a lot. Anyone who played this game will wake up as soon as they hear that sound.”

A sweet girl’s voice came from the blanket:

Stardust ☆ Witch Meruru Grand War ♪ Stamina fully restored ~~~☆

“Wow wah!!!”

Thum thum thum The blanket shook a lot.

This looks very effective!

“Wah...stamina...I have to spend my stamina....!”

A delicate hand came from the blanket, it moved around, trying to find the mobile phone.

This looked gross enough, but when that hand actually touched the phone

“Hey.”

Producer Akasaka kicked the phone away.

It was too much!

“Aww ~~ StaminaSpend...I have to spend....exceed....would be a waste....”

“Izumi-sensei, please take a good look, this is a diehard fan of mobile games.”

Is it a zombie? (TL Note: A shoutout for the anime Kore wa zombie no desuka – I think)

“If someone reaches this stage, there is no cure for them.”

“I think I told you to use a gentle and peaceful way to wake her up.”

All I saw just now was demon-like way.

“What I just did was the gentlest way I could...so, what now? She is still not up.”

“.....”

I glanced at the blanket. The hand was still moving, and the sleeping

beauty was muttering “Stamina ~ stamina ~”

“...It did work, though.”

I think all we need was another small push.

Producer Akasaka’s smartphone kept broadcasting a girl’s sweet tone.

Today is Makina-chan’s birthday ♪ You have a present of 5000 magic stones, and 100 days – special right to freely draw ♪

Besides, during these 100 days, it’s ~ guaranteed that you will at least get a 4 ☆ character!

This is a chance that only happens once a year! Let’s play!

To think that she made a fake announcement. Even someone who doesn’t play mobile games like me found it interesting. An offer specifically made for this girl.

I was waiting for a reaction, while producer Akasaka began to walk toward the front door.

“Producer? What are you going to do?”

“I think I’m going to wake her up normally.”

What does that mean —

Before I could ask, she had already gotten a distance away from Makina-san inside the blanket.

Then she took a running start — and kicked her away.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!”

It looked like the Neo Tiger shoot (TL Note: From the famous forward Kojiro Hyuga in the manga series Captain Tsubasa). No way it could be a normal way to wake someone up.

With a *phew*, both Makina-san and the blanket were sent flying.

“Wahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh”

Makina-san made a sound like a frog that was stepped on.

And for a specific reason, I immediately averted my eyes away from her body.

Producer Akasaka said:

“Aoi-sensei, are you up yet?”

“Wh...what do you mean, *are you up yet?*!! Why do you always wake me up this way!”

Two girls began to argue behind my back.

“I’m gonna tell Papa that you did something horrible to me!”

“Please do. It’s useless anyway.”

“Eh?”

“Your father told me that 『 *you have the right to do everything to my daughter* 』.”

“L..Liar! Producer, you used your parent’s connections, didn’t you!?”

“So what if I did? You are the one who used your father’s name first; of course I have the right to do the same.”

“Guhhhhhhh ~~~”

Makina-san made a groaning noise in frustration.

Suddenly, she seemed to have noticed me, and asked:

“Ah, Izumi-sensei, you are here too. Hey, say something to this horrible

producer ~~”

“Now is not the time, please put some clothes on!”

I yelled, still keeping my back turned to them.

Under the blanket, Makina-san had nothing but her panties.

“Ah ~ I went to bed right after taking a bath, looks like I fell asleep.”

I heard Makina-san say that before seeing her walking to my front.

Still half-naked, she said in a teasing tone:



“...Did you see?”

“I didn’t.”

“Really ~~?”

“I really didn’t see anything! Please put some clothes on! I will close my eyes!”

“...Crap, now seeing how embarrassed you are made me embarrassed too.”

Next, I heard the sound of clothes being put on...then Makina-san told me “You can open your eyes now.”

I opened my eyes and saw that she has changed into light sport clothes.

....The more I look, the less I’m sure that she is older than me. Just how old is she?

Makina-san put her glasses on, and said:

“So, what are you doing in my house?”

“Before that, I have something to ask you.”

“Hmm ~ what is it?”

I bowed my head down:

“Allow me to clean up this room!”

This is not a place for a human to live.

Before we talk about the scenario, I have to clean up this mess.

In my head, I am already thinking *what if this is Sagiri’s room*. It’s fine if she hid inside the room, but...

“A dirty room is unacceptable! What if you got sick?”

“E...eh?”

Makina-san made the same reaction at our meeting. She was shocked by my motivation.

“C...clean up? Sure....”

“Thank you very much! I’m going to buy some cleaning supplies.”

When I turned around and ran to the door...

“...You are really strange.”

Makina-san said with a hint of laughter.

Half an hour later —

“It ~ is clean!”

Long story short, I turned this messed up room into something that could allow human life.

Trash was gathered in a corner. The floor was cleaned up nicely; discarded clothes were put into the washing machine or in the laundry.

Books, games and character figures would take a long time to separate, so I put them all in another room. For now, just the living room is fine.

“I just cleaned it up a bit. Frankly speaking, it would take a full day to clean up this house.”

In any case, finishing cleaning up a messed up room in half an hour is impossible. What I did was just a temporary cleaning.

We sat down around a round table in the living room. I made tea and brought the snack I bought out.

“Izumi-sensei, you are really good at doing housework.”

Producer Akasaka said from behind her gauze mask. Since she didn’t want me to clean up everything by myself, she offered to help.

“I’m sorry for wasting your time.”

Maybe what I did cost us precious time which we could be using to convince Makina-san

“No no, it’s okay — Izumi-sensei, do you often help with housework at home?”

“Not help, but rather I do all the housework by myself.”

I don’t think that answer should be said so casually, but there is no other way to phrase it.

We have touched this topic, after all.

“What about your parents?”

“They are not with me anymore.”

I tried to say it as clear as I could since past experience told me this is the best way. As long as the speaker understood the atmosphere and said an apology, we could quickly move to another topic.

However ...

“I see. That’s how you are so mature despite your age. I understand.”

Producer Akasaka calmly continued the conversation. She didn’t show any reaction upon hearing that my parents weren’t among the living anymore.

....Could it be that she already knew, but asked anyway? What is she trying to do?

“So do you live alone?”

There is no way...wait...I see

Producer Akasaka was leading my answers.

“I’m living together with my little sister. There is a guardian, but she doesn’t live with us.”

“I see. Thank you for answering. Living together with your little sister — take care of her daily needs ... I see.”

She gave Makina-san a meaningful look.

“...Aoi-sensei, looks like this is how it is.”

“Yup, I heard. But why are you pointing it out to me?”

“It’s nothing; I just say what is on my mind. I have never thought it was so similar to a certain pair of sisters...well, what good tea.”

She took a sip of tea, trying to hide something. Makina-san clearly became displeased.

“Ah ~ it’s annoying. Don’t talk about it anymore...Tell me, why did you come here.”

” — Then let’s get to the point.” Producer Akasaka said with a sharp tone
“Aoi-sensei, what have you done since our meeting yesterday?”

“I played mobile games non-stop.”

Please write a scenario for me.

“I see. That means like usual, you don’t plan to work, right?”

“Ahahaha ~~ it’s alright it’s alright, I still have time ~~ six more days to go, right ~~”

“In the past, after you said that, is there a single time that you finished your work?”

“...N..none?There should be at least one....”

“Never.”

A terrifying conversation was happening right in front of me.

It was very similar to a conversation between Elf-sensei and Chris-aniki, but the truth is completely different.

How different? In the end, Makina-san will not do her job.

“.....”

I looked down and clenched my fist.

“This time I will do it! Absolutely!”

“...I already heard that the last time”

Producer Akasaka sighed. Looked like she was at the verge of giving up.

...Is it truly impossible?

Is it so hard to get Sagiri's favorite, Makina-san to write a scenario?

No —!

“Aoi-sensei!”

No! What did I come here for?

“Yes? What's wrong?”

“I...! I want to work with Aoi-sensei! I came here today to convince you!”

I showed her my conviction.

” _____”

Hearing my words, Makina-san kept blinking.

“Oh...this...such hot-blooded.”

“I and Eromanga-sensei have watched Meruru! It’s amazing! The one who made the scenario is you, Aoi-sensei; there is no doubt about it, right!? If that’s the case, we could leave our novel to you! If it’s the same team, then our dream can be reached —”

I don’t know if I said it clearly enough. I don’t even know what I was talking about.

But I told her what was in my heart.

Because unless I said it out, then she couldn’t know.

Makina-san bit her lips...

“What is your dream?”

That was what she asked. That wasn’t a joke.

And the most important thing is, I was asking her to help, so I couldn’t lie.

“My little sister is Eromanga-sensei.

After our parents passed away, she was hiding in her room, and refused to come out.

I want to make my little sister laugh! Bad memories, sadness, worries — I wanted to get rid of them for her! That’s why!

Eromanga-sensei and I made a very interesting light novel! It will be made into anime! I will bring my little sister out of her room! We will watch it in the living room together! We promised each other!

That is — our dream.”

“...With your little sister....a brother and sister...made a novel together.”

“Yes.”

“That’s your dream.”

“Correct.”

“....I see ~”

Makina-san kept her head low. I also bowed to her.

“In order to make our dream come true, we need your help! Please lend us a hand.”

“.....”

She kept silent without saying anything.

Then she looked up, scratching her cheek, seeming troubled.

” — Even if you say that...It’s not like I don’t want to give it my best....But...but....!”

Producer Akasaka chose this moment to raise a hand and stopped me from talking

“Okay okay, please calm down.”

Somehow — her voice sounded like she was in a good mood. She said quietly, allowing no one but me to hear:

“It’s thanks to you. Leave the rest to me.”

“...Sure.”

I hesitated a bit before following her words. Her voice was full of confidence.

Besides —

— *Tomorrow I plan to bring “a convincing reference” that could raise Aoi-sensei’s motivation.*

I remembered she said that.

“Aoi-sensei, actually, I have a present for you.”

“Eh? What is this? I’ve got a bad feeling.”

Makina-san’s expression became stiff. Producer Akasaka showed her the smartphone:

“This came from Aoi-sensei’s arch nemesis.”

“Arch nemesis? I have one?”

Due to the angle, I couldn’t see the screen. All I heard was a girl’s voice.

Ahaha, lazy scenario writer. Long time no see, are you well?

I’m in a very good mood!

Actually, in the spring next year, my manga series will be made into anime!

Hey hey ~ Clap clap clap clap!

I heard that you are working as a scenario writer for some light novel that’s gonna be made into anime ♪ ah ~ oh, it’s so nostalgic, don’t you think?

It made me remember the time when Meruru was airing. My anime was broadcasting during the same time slot! We tried to steal viewers from each other every week ♪

But my anime was cut off in the middle without a reason!

And then someone came and boasted with such a cute voice! Aghh ~ just thinking about it made me mad ~!! That person was totally laughing at me.

But well, that was all in the past. I’m very generous, so I will forgive

you.

This time, I will win! I have very high confidence! I have an amazing team!

Ah ~ well, this can't be helped.

I heard that recently, you have a nose-ache and were about to be kicked out of your position as scenario writer!

Looks like we can't have another fight again, what a ~ pity ☆

Ah ~ in the end, you are just someone who used the luck of Meruru. Without your big sis, you can't do anything. Your only merits are your big breasts and your parent's favor.

To think that I used to think of you as my nemesis, I'm so ashamed of my short-sightedness ~ that's all; make sure to watch for my new anime!

Love you ~≡

Beep beep

The screened turned black and no more sound came out of it.

I noticed several keywords, but...

“.....”

Makina-san was staring at the screen.

“That —”

Suddenly, she showed an honest expression

“That ~~~~~~”

....*Scary*

“That one didn’t change at all ~~~~~ ahahaha !!!”

Nope, her eyes weren’t smiling. Not one bit.

“Ara ara ~~ just a few ~~ advantages and she is starting to boast even before anything actually begins, how cute ~~ I really want to beat her up and watch her get frustrated so that I can laugh at her ~~ Ahaha.”

That was an evil smile. Totally something an antagonist would say.

Producer Akasaka said:

“How is that, Aoi-sensei? Did you find your motivation now?”

“Yeah, somewhat.”

Makina-san corrected her glasses. Her sleepy expression was completely gone.

“What a nice present. Anyway — at least I found my motivation now.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Producer Akasaka nodded in satisfaction, then whispered to me “See, she is such trash, right?”

“.....”

What is this feeling?

I...in order to reach “our dream”...

Did I become a partner with a very terrifying evil person?

Before I could said anything, Makina-san glared at me:

“I have to say it out now: this isn’t related to what you said one bit.”

“Eh?”

“Your dream, or a novel made by you siblings...yes, it’s heartwarming, but that didn’t give me any motivation. All I want to do is to show a stupid, oat girl know how outclassed she is — that’s all. 100% it is just that. Don’t be mistaken ~~”

“So...”

“Got it?”

“...I do.”

“Good.”

Makina-san nodded. Producer Akasaka told me:

“Izumi-sensei, I leave Aoi-sensei in your care.”

“Eh? What do you mean by that?”

Before I could hear her response, Makina-san told me, clenching her fist.

“Izumi-sensei, I will make a bang!

Alright — I will give it my all, starting from tomorrow!”

Please give it your all starting from now!

The next day.

With a face full of motivation, screaming “I’m giving it my all”, the scenario writer Aoi Makina began to work.

The first thing she did was —

“What? Ma, Makina-san? Why did you come to my home?”

“Until the anime is done, make sure to take care of me ≡ ”

Chapter 3

“Until the anime is finished, please take care of me ≡.”

The one who said that right in front of my house was none other than the glasses wearing scenario writer, Aoi Makina.

She only carried a small backpack with her, just like in an anime.

“You..wh...what are you...talking about...here...”

“I mean we are going to live together ≡.”

Just her moe tone and body language is enough to insta-kill any hot blooded male, not to mention the meaning of what she just said. Even I was taken aback for a moment.

“...Kuh.”

A cute girl came to my home and told me that she is going to live with me.

This is something like a dream, but in reality, all I felt was troubled.

Eh? What? What is she talking about? — that was what I thought.

However, this girl is someone I absolutely can't ignore for now. So I can't just shut the door and pretend like I didn't see her.

A lot of thoughts ran through my mind — but in the end, all I could do was stare at Makina-san.

“.....”

She tilted her head in confusion.

“Strange? You don't think that line is funny?”

“...Nah, not really. I don’t mean it wasn’t funny, but rather I still don’t have any idea what is going on...”

“Well...I will tell you later...hmmmmmmmmmm how should I put itttttttt...”

Makina-san put a hand to her chin and muttered to herself for a moment...

“Didn’t I say 『 I will give it my all 』 yesterday?”

“Yeah?”

“So here I am!”

“I still don’t get it.”

“That means as long as I live together with you siblings, I can give it my all!”

“Nope, still don’t get it.”

What the heck is she talking about?

“Er...really? You don’t understand me? But....”

She paused for a moment before continuing:

“After hearing what Producer Akasaka said, I understood.” She spit her tongue out “I will never get anything done if I try to do it by myself.”

“.....”

I already guessed that, but seeing her face, hearing her talk made me angry.

Since I didn’t know how to reply, I said nothing. She kept talking:

“You liked Meruru — didn’t you?”

“Yes...I, my little sister, Eromanga-sensei...we all watched it, and we are

your fans.”

“Thanks ♪, but you probably know already....That anime is 『 The only anime I worked on until the end 』. I have worked on more than that, but Meruru is the only one I could say『I helped make this anime 』.”

What she said sounded a bit strange.

— in the end, you are just someone who used the luck of Meruru

The one in the recording said that.

So it was true.

The famous anime Stardust ☆ Witch Meruru, and this job.

There must be something different for her in these two cases. Why she only managed to work on Meruru till the end. Why did she fail to properly do anything the rest of the time — why couldn't she do her damn job?

The answer to my unspoken question quickly came. She said in a bright tone:

“When I made Meruru, I didn't live alone. There was someone....who cared for my life every day. That person talked with me every day about everything from my anime to my scenario. Back then, everyday was so happy.”

Maybe that's why she could make the super famous anime Stardust ☆ Witch Meruru.

“So while everyone said Meruru was made by Aoi Makina — I myself don't think that way. The one who wrote the scenario was me — but I think both of us are the author.”

“....”

“Do you understand? This feeling?”

“I do.” I answered immediately “Because I am the same.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. My Sekaimo was written by me, true...But I myself don't think I alone could do it.”

This was the work of the novelist Izumi Masamune and illustrator Eromanga-sensei.

The work of Izumi Masamune and Izumi Sagiri.

And I had to ask for the help of my editor, Kagurazaka-san and Army, who made the manga.

If I went into details, then I have to thank Kyouka-san who took us in, my senpai, Elf-sensei, my classmates, Tomoe and Sagiri's friend Megumi.

And I have to thank my readers: their support also helped me to get this far.

All of them have had a very large effect. Without any of them, this novel would have never made it this far.

That is what I truly believe.

“The cutest little sister in the world.”

This novel does not belong to me alone.

This is also not something that belongs to us siblings.

This belongs to everyone: All of us that helped in making it.

“Is that so?” Makina grinned “Is that novel also created by your sibling?”

“Yes.”

When I came to convince her, I told her our dream and part of our sibling

situation.

I think it was a good choice, but it was still a sudden choice.

“That was our sibling’s — and everyone’s, readers included, effort.”

“And starting today, it is also my effort – the scenario writer’s effort – right?”

“That is what I hope.”

“Then I will have to live with you!”

“Why?”

Where the heck does that come from?

“I have to say this beforehand, everything I say is serious.”

Makina-san said with an honest expression.

“There are three conditions for me to give it my all.”

She raised a finger:

“First, I have to have a fully motivated coworker! This is you ≡”

“Hm...well, yeah, I’m pretty motivated!”

“Second, I need someone to take care of me! That means you, too ♪”

“Take care of you?”

Your choice of wording is horrible, don’t say something like a hikikomori. You made me imagine Sagiri!

“Third, I need something to fuel my will to work! That means you two siblings!”

“Hmmmm...”

To think she had such awful-sounding reasons...

“The first original character is the basis for the main heroine! The non-blood related little sister! The one living with you in the same house! So that means this girl’s real identity is Eromanga-sensei!”

“How could you know!?”

I made sure not to tell anyone that I like Sagiri nor that she is Eromanga-sensei!

“Well, in the second meeting you told me about that?”

“But I removed the most important detail!”

“I saw through it immediately!”

“Ugh.”

“Besides, after so many volumes, I don’t think I’m the only one who noticed.”

My eyes widened: I looked very surprised.

“...For real...How could this happen...”

I was so embarrassed that I covered my face with my hands. To think that my love story was completely revealed....

On the other hand, Makina-san....

“It has been a long time since I last encountered something so interesting...! This...This !!!”

She clenched her hand; her whole body trembled.

“I have to live together with you! That’s how I can let my soul experience

this feeling! It's wonderful!"

"_____"

I was so taken aback that I took two steps backwards. She immediately pushed up.

"Feed me! Masamune-Onii-chan! Please take good care of me!"

"One hikikomori little sister is more than enough for me!"

"Pet! Let me be your pet then!"

"Shut up! Don't say that! If my neighbor heard it, it would not be a laughing matter!"

Could it be that this woman said it on purpose!?

"I have to give it my all, so you haveeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee to help me!"

"~~~~~"

I slammed my eyes shut.

"Even so, no means no! My little sister would hate it! I will not do something Sagiri hates!"

Even if it was for our dream

"_____"

"_____"

Makina-san and I glared at each other.

The atmosphere is tense. Much tenser than before.

The one who broke it wasn't me or Makina-san.

“Nii-san!”

My little sister’s voice called to me. I immediately turned my head.

I saw Sagiri. She had already come half-way down the stairs.

“Sagiri!”

Recently, she can come out of her room, but that doesn’t meant her hikikomori status was cured.

Meeting someone she didn’t know — is a heavy burden.

“Are...are you okay?”

“I..I’m fine.”

No you are not. Your legs are deathly pale; they are trembling like you are a newborn deer.

“I have heard everything.”

Even so, Sagiri walked down the remaining steps and faced Makina-san.

“You said in order to write Sekaimo’s scenario, you have to live together with us.”

“Yup.”

“I already told her no —”

“Nii-san.”

Sagiri interrupted, looked directly at me, and asked:

“This is necessary to reach 『 our dream 』, right?”

Her hand was already clenched into a fist.

“Then let’s do it.”

“...Sagiri.”

“See? Even your little sister said so!” Makina-san raised her voice...

“Can you shut up for a minute?”

One glare from me was enough to make her be quiet.

“...Hm ~ what a boring place. It makes me mad ~~”

... Almost quiet.

I moved my eyes away from her and turned back to Sagiri:

“Are you forcing yourself?”

“I am.”

“I knew it. So —”

“But I heard everything.”

“.....”

“Because I heard everything, I have to force myself...to reach 『our dream』, I have to ask Aoi-sensei to write her best scenario.”

“.....”

“If I don’t do it...and the anime turned out bad, I’d hate it even more.”

If she said so then it’s decided. That’s how Eromanga-sensei is. As long as she made up her mind, she won’t budge.

I clicked my tongue in annoyance. I shouldn’t have held this conversation right here.

“Damn...Army would get mad at me..”

She especially told me to avoid this situation.

“Sorry...if I made you worry. But...I’m fine.”

“Sure....”

I scratched the back of my head, turned to Makina-san, and said in a low tone:

“Aoi Makina-sensei.”

“Yes?”

“Let’s have a talk.”

“About time!”

She yelled “Wonderful!”, but I dropped a bucket of cold water on her:

“This is not something we can decide alone.”

“What do you mean?”

“I need my guardian’s permission.”

About an hour later —

I sat in front of Kyouka-san in a café. It was a bit crowded inside: there were some school children who just came back from after-school activities talking nearby.

“Kyouka-san, thank you for coming.”

“Don’t mention it, I’m your guardian.”

Izumi Kyouka — there is no need for further introduction — she is the one who took care of us siblings.

She is my father's little sister. My only remaining blood-related family... but she is also a young, beautiful woman.

While she had the nickname "Ice Queen", and the first impression most people had of her is a cold woman... during the stage event before, she took the role of Eromanga-sensei and helped us.

"Masamune, I heard that your anime is being made right now...Are you doing okay?"

"I'm fine."

"That's good to hear. But I will investigate it myself...I heard that some scenario writer is making things troublesome for you."

"Well, everything is difficult at first."

"...Then I will help you relax."

"?"

"That's the 『test』 I'm going to give you." She said in a terrifying low tone.

"If your job takes too much time, then it's understandable if your studies don't go well. And then someday, you feel that you can't keep going to school anymoreI hope this situation will not happen. Don't be tied up by our promise, make sure to take care of yourself."

"...Yes."

"I told you to keep up both working and studying...But sometimes it can't be helped. At least when you are swarmed with work. Pay it no mind."

"....."

『I have totally given up on you, I don't expect anything from you anymore』 – some people might interpret what she said like this.

But we had had a proper conversation already, so I understood that wasn't

what she meant.

“You can take as many breaks as you want from school. No matter how much your grades are affected, I wouldn’t yell at you. Just — make sure to take good care of yourself. This is not something to make light of.”

Kyouka-san’s voice was terrifying, but she is my gentle aunt.

As soon as I gave up my old view, I could see her gentle side.

“Do you understand.”

“Yes I do.”

A heartwarming feeling filled me.

“It’s okay. It’s a condition made with both side’s agreement. I will remember it.”

“.....Just make sure to be careful.” Kyouka-san sighed

“So, Masamune...what do you want to talk with me about?”

To us siblings, she is the most trustworthy adult. My third family member...that’s what I thought.

Over the noise of the children talking, I told Kyouka-san..

“Kyouka-san, please live with me. Together!”

” —— Blewww ?”

Suddenly, Kyouka-san’s eyes widened. Then, somehow...she blushed.

“What...what...did you...just say?”

“Eh?”

I tilted my head in confusion, since I had no idea why she blushed.

At the same time, all those school children began to mutter to themselves. I heard a girl's voice:

“For real? He is proposing!!!!”

“Cool! A pair of lovers with a huge age gap.”

“We are not like that —!” *2

Both Kyouka-san and I stood up and immediately rejected those words.

Kyouka-san said rapidly:

“Ma, Masamune! Please tell me what you really meant by that! You, you said you want to live with me....to...together....”

“I meant I hope you can live with us siblings!”

“There, there is no hidden motive, is there?”

“Of course not! I'm not asking you to live together so I could seduce you! Please don't be mistaken!”

“I, I never misunderstood your intention!”

With an ice-cold glare, Kyouka-san swept through the café shop.

“That's how it is! Just a conversation between me and my nephew! Do you understand?”

The aura of the “Ice Queen” made those school girls nod immediately.

And so, everything became quiet again.

“...Phew...phew...”

Kyouka-san looked tired, she shot me a cold glance:

“..Really...Masamune, you said something so confusing....”

“I’m sorry.”

“So...you....two...need me to stay with you, right?”

“Yes.”

“Why do you ask for this?”

“Well, I’m not sure I can say it clearly enough.....”

I told Kyouka-san what happened. About the anime of Sekaimo, about Aoi-sensei the famous lazy scenario writer.

I told her how weird Aoi-sensei is; how she said unless she lived with us siblings, she wouldn’t be able to work.

“In other words....during the time when the anime is being made, she wants to live together with us.”

“...What an unreasonable request.”

I totally agree.

“Are all those people from your job like that?”

“Well....worst case...yes.”

Sorry, guys!

Anyway, among the people I knew at work, most couldn’t be called “normal”.

Someone who doesn’t goes to school. Someone who lives separated from society. Someone who lives a life of full total discipline. Someone who has a weird fetish or a drunkard. Yeah, almost all of them are weirdos.

“Does that mean I’m part of those weirdoes too?”

“You are over thinking things. Anyway, I don’t think you need to ask me

for my opinion. To live with a total stranger is not a good thing for Sagiri. Masamune, you will not agree, much less me.”

As expected of my aunt, she understood me well.

“Sagiri herself said yes.”

“I”

“Because it’s for 『our dream 』, so —”

“She was convinced.”

“Without difficulty.”

“That scenario writer, Aoi....”

“She’s got real skill. We need her for our dream.”

“...I see. How troublesome.”

Kyouka-san muttered without saying anything. I bowed to her

“In order to lessen Sagiri’s burden, please come live with us, Kyouka-san.”

“...But wouldn’t it make Sagiri’s burden larger?”

That’s why we live separately.

Kyouka-san replied. But I shook my head, and said:

“Sagiri is the one who suggested that I ask Kyouka-san to live together with us.”

“Eh?”

She looked surprised.

“After that stage event...I want to become family with Kyouka-san...I’d

be at ease if there is a trustworthy adult living together with us....That's what she said."

"Eh...."

"Even without Aoi-sensei's problem, we planned to ask you to live with us already."

"...Re..really? I...Can I...live together with you two?"

"Yes, of course! Sorry for wasting half a day, but please give it some thought."

Kyouka-san narrowed her eyes, her expression getting colder.

"There is no need to ask me like a stranger like that."

...Of course she didn't say that, that's what her expression said.

Seems like Kyouka-san noticed her hardened expression, so she looked perplexed. Then, she showed me a stiff smile —

"It's my line.... Although you are a very bad guy; I will be forever in your debt."

That sounds like a response for a proposal. (TL Note: Yes, it is — traditionally, in Japan newlywed bride said "I will be forever in your debt" during her first night at her husband family)

What just happened made even me embarrassed, so I looked down without saying anything.

When I raised my head, my eyes meet Kyouka-san's. She was doing the same thing

"That..."

"So...we need to make preparations."

“You, you are right.”

We held some broken conversation, but —

“I will begin to move my belongings tomorrow...and I will move to your house the day after that.”

“Okay, do you need me to —”

“...You are busy with work. If you want to live with me, make sure you don’t push yourselves too hard, okay.”

“But....okay, don’t give me that terrifying expression, I got it.”

“That’s good to hear.”

None of this matters. This is a conversation between blood-related family.

“Oh, right, Masamune. Before we go into details....”

Suddenly, Kyouka-san’s gazed moved from me to the side.

“Can you please introduce the suspicious person over there?”

“Huh —?”

That wasn’t within my expectations, so I turned around.

There was a very familiar-looking girl in glasses who was eavesdropping on Izumi family business. She had a notebook in her hand and was writing something.

“Really, Makina-san...what are you doing. Didn’t I tell you that I’m going to talk with my guardian, so you should wait —”

“Ehehehe.”

She didn’t seem to mind though.

“You asked what am I doing? Of course, I’m observing.”

“Observing?”

“Yes, observing ♪ Your life doesn’t simply contain nothing but you and your sibling’s daily activities: this is also a part of your life. This is a chance for me to observe — so of course I’d choose to do it.”

This is very valuable — that’s what she meant.

Makina-san licked her lips, like she just ate something very delicious. Her expression was satisfied, evil...and — unexpectedly, I saw some impatience.

“While this looked like a clumsy family sitcom ~ maybe it could help with my work — hopefully.”

She looked at me and Kyouka-san like a cat.

Just when I narrowed my eyes —

“Ouch! That hurt”

Kyouka-san gave her a karate chop.

...How come this woman always get hit in the head?

“Wh, what are you doing?”

Makina-san said with teary eyes, and covered her head. Kyouka-san’s response was a cold glare.

“This is discipline.”

“Wh, what?”

“Base on what Masamune said, you are the scenario writer Aoi, right? The one who is about to live in the same house with me and my family.”

“Yes.”

“Then please follow the Izumi family’s rules. Rule number one, you have to respect each other. In other words....”

“Do not look down on those children simply because they are younger than you.”

“.....”

Terrifying!

The way she lowered her tone, the way she looked...

Even I, who knew the real Kyouka-san, couldn’t help but tremble in fear.

See! Makina-san turned deadly pale...

“...Hey, Izumi-sensei...I didn’t know that there is someone so terrifying in your house.”

“Didn’t you hear? I just asked her to live with me today.”

“Interesting...could be a reference...but so terrifying..”

Seems like her scenario writer instinct is clashing with her human instinct.

Kyouka-san kept looking down on Makina-san, who was pale and trembling non-stop, and said:

“You are...Aoi Makina-san, right?”

“Yes...”



“As an adult living together with you, I’m ordering you: Take back what you said about 『a clumsy family sitcom 』.”

“I won’t!”

“I’m very bad at getting closer to other people, but I’m very good at scaring the scrap out of other people. Do you want to know what I’m like when I’m truly angry?”

“Izumi-sensei, your guardian is so terrifying! But, I don’t want to take it back. I really think like that, if I take it back that would mean I lied — Sorry, sorry, but I can’t do it!”

I can feel that her apology is genuine despite her refusal to take back her words.

What’s between her and “family”? What’s with her and my novel’s topic?

“I’m very angry, but I forgive you.”

I interrupted and accepted her apology.

“Kyouka-san, thank you for getting angry in my place.”

“It’s alright...Masamune....we will continue our talk later...tomorrow, okay?”

Kyouka-san raised a hand and grabbed Makina-san’s head.

She grabbed it so hard that — *greakkkkkkkk*

“Because today I have to talk with this guest about the 『Izumi family’s rules 』.”

“Ouch ouch! I give up! Give up! Give up! Damn ~~ No, it shouldn’t be like this....My perfect plan with the 『 independent 』visionary elder brother and the 『 perfect planner 』 little sister....”

“You finally spoke your true mind! How old are you? You look like a teenager to me! Where is your school? Where are your parents?”

“Answering that will break my 『 mysterious girl 』 image, so no, I’m not talkingggggggggggggggg”

“You have had no image like that from the beginning! I will have my answer, one way or another!”

Looks like...asking Kyouka-san to live with us was a totally correct choice.

From the looks of it, the burden on Sagiri will be reduced as much as possible.

And so —

This time, the Izumi household welcomed another new family member and another guest.

A very gentle and terrifying big sister and another hikikomori girl.

The next day, we gathered in the living room.

There was me, Kyouka-san, Makina-san ...and via the tablet, we have....

“Please take ...care of me, Aoi-sensei.”

Sagiri also took part in this meeting. This is the first time she has met Makina-san properly.

Before I go any further, allow me to tell you what Makina-san did when she arrived here.

“I’m Aoi Makina. Starting today, I’m the Izumi family’s pet. Please take care of me, Imouto-sama.”

She said something that totally caught us off guard.

“...Eh?”

The famous scenario writer suddenly became so meek: this confused Sagiri.

“...Kyouka-san, what’s going on?”

“I just had a little talk with her about her agenda — but it’s going to be hard to fix her attitude.”

“It’s not. I have a huge amount of respect towards Kyouka-sama.”

I think that she was joking with us. Still, I think that was probably her habit because she spent a long time with Producer Akasaka.

Looks like even a lecture from the “Ice Queen” couldn’t fix her attitude.

“Anyway, for now, don’t use that mechanical tone with me, Aoi-sensei.”

“Understood, master ≡”

“Don’t call me master either.”

Makina-san immediately switched to her usual tone:

“Then don’t use formal language with me. Just call me Makina-chan or Makina, both are fine. Actually, our age gap isn’t that great.”

Just how old is she? I wanted to know, but I don’t think she will tell me (or Kyouka-san for that matter).”

“Okay then, Makina-san.”

“Don’t 「san」 me ~~ Ah forget it.”

She coughed, and said:

“Please take care of meMasamune-san ♪”

She probably called me that on purpose, as payback for what I called her.

“..Mwu.”

On the other hand, Sagiri pouted. Maybe seeing that the real Makina wasn't what she imagined bothered her.

Even in front of Sagiri, Makina-san was still trying to act cute.

“Imouto-sama, please take care of me too ♪”

“Please take care of me...Makina-chan.”

Sagiri decided to call her that. Finally, Makina-san's attitude became serious:

“Sorry for suddenly making such an unreasonable request. I'll do my best to not burden you, in order to make 「 a good anime 」. Please allow me to get my references.”

“Sure...okay, got it.”

“In exchange, you can just treat me like a pet! Just tell me to do anything you want!”

“Why does a pet wear clothes?”

“Imouto-sama! Your first order is so cruel!”

“....It was a joke.”

“But you made it so naturally! Are you an evil high class lady!? Was it really a joke?”

“...About half of it was a joke.”

Of course, Sagiri laughed it off and made the atmosphere breathable.

But I saw it.

I saw that Makina-san trembled and tried to hug herself.

I saw that Eromanga-sensei's eyes flashed.

That's how they decided their "ranking" in the Izumi household.

"Well, that was a joke....but you must not go up to the second floor."

"Yes! Without Imouto-sama's order I will not set foot on the second floor!"

This pet — no, Makina-san immediately answered seriously.

"This is a good chance for us to set up some ground rules for everyone."

Hearing Kyouka-san's suggestion, I turned to Sagiri.

"First, Sagiri, do you have any other requests besides 'do not enter the second floor'? Does that include us too? Or are we allowed?"

"Kyouka-san is fine, but Makina-chan...I hope that she does not remain in the house when you go to school."

That was a big demand.

"What do you think, Makina-san?"

"Well, I only need to see the moments when you two are together. But where should I go during lunch?"

"There is a big dike nearby."

"Are you kidding me...?"

"Anything else, Sagiri?"

"Wait a sec, you two! Izumi siblings! Please tell me that you are joking!"

"Sometimes I go there too. Writing on my laptop at the dike is very

comfortable.”

“It’s hot, I don’t want to go there! Don’t overestimate a hikikomori’s resistance to the sunlight! I will be burned!”

Makina-san showed me her snow-colored hand. What a weak girl.

“Manga! I will go to a manga shop to work!”

Bet she just wants to read manga. I think it’s better if she goes to the dike and works...

“ — Any others requests?”

“Well...it is....”

Sagiri hesitated. Looks like it’s hard for her to say.

“I will only....say it to Makina-chan.”

“Ah”

Seemed like Makina-san noticed something: she grinned happily.

“Is that so ~~ ♪ Come and tell Onee-chan ~”

She put her ears to the tablet. Sagiri muttered something on it.

“...With Nii-san....do not....absolutely not....”

“Okay ♪ Ah ~~ that’s the experience I want to have! This is it! My motivation is burning ~~ it’s great coming here~”

“Do, do not say it out!”

“Understood, Imouto-sama ♪”

“If you reveal it, you’ll spend the rest of your life without panties.”

“What a heavy punishment!”

Damn....they were having such a nice conversation, but I felt that I was left out...

What is the condition that Sagiri spoke of which she didn't want me to know about?

After finishing discussing some related topics, Kyouka-san and Makina-san began to move into my house.

Allow me to explain the Izumi household's layout.

On the first floor, we have the living room; next to it is the kitchen. There is also my room, and a bathroom with a toilet and shower.

The second floor included Sagiri's lair – the locked room – and the room next to that, which we used to keep her clothes.

There is also another room which used to belong to my parent, and a bathroom.

When Kyouka-san and Makina-san moved in – after much needed discussion —

I moved to the room where we used to keep Sagiri's clothes. My old room will be Makina-san's room.

Kyouka-san moved into my parents' old room

I think my father would approve of his blood-related little sister using his room. His old belongings and my parent's altar is still inside, but I don't think Kyouka-san will mind.

About the fact that Kyouka-san will move to the second floor: She worried, “Would Sagiri be okay?”, but —

“— It is a bit difficult, but don't worry, I will do my best.”

That was what she said.

Both Kyouka-san and I agreed to pay attention whenever we could, so we could avoid running into Sagiri when she was out of her room.

“I can’t move all of my clothes to my room....so I will have to leave them here...is that okay?”

“Don’t worry, I don’t have much stuff.”

There is something else that I couldn’t say: The feeling when I opened the wardrobe and saw my little sister’s clothes made my heart race.

Kyouka-san and Makina-san barely had any luggage, so we finished in no time at all.

“I rented my old house fully furnished, so I can leave everything behind.” Kyouka-san said “We still don’t know if this life style is really okay, after all.”

Seems like she planned to return immediately if Sagiri couldn’t take it. How thoughtful of her.

On the other hand, Makina-san’s only luggage was a single backpack.

“I didn’t rent my house, but there was so much stuff, so I only brought what I need to work.”

“What about your clothes? Could it be...”

“I don’t plan to live here for long, so I will buy them via the Internet. Or rather, I don’t know where my clothes are in my old house – so I couldn’t bring them even if I wanted to.”

“Your coat is inside the Western style wardrobe, your clothes are in the second drawer from the bottom, and your panties are in the right drawer.”

“How could you know?”

“Cuz I cleaned your room.”

“Including my panties? Wait a sec!? Are you for real? Masamune, are you a pervert?”

“Your room was so messed up that I didn’t have time to think about those clothes! Besides, I asked Producer Akasaka for help touching them!”

A problem immediately appeared!

First problem – washing!

“Because Nii-san likes to wash girl’s underwear...”

“I do not!”

“Since there are two more girls, let me take care of washing clothes from now on.”

“Oh...sorry for troubling you.”

Thankfully Kyouka-san volunteered, so we solved this problem of washing girl’s clothes easily.

“How did you do that usually?”

“Every week, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday I will clean up the house. Sagiri will help me by cleaning up her room.”

There are two kinds of hikikomori:

Hikikomori who are clean and hikikomori who are lazy.

“So how about we split the job?”

“Eh? Does that include me?”

Makina-san pointed at her face with an “I can’t believe it” expression.

“That goes without saying. If you live here then you have to help with the housework.”

“Ah ~ that is ~ anyway ~~ not very suitable for me ~~”

A pure hikikomori’s reasoning. So I gave her a break:

“Makina-san doesn’t have the ability to do housework, so it’s fine if she doesn’t.”

“Wonderful! As expected of Masamune-san! You understand me well!”

Makina-san happily patted my shoulder.

“Masamune, that’s not...”

“She has to write the scenario for me, after all. Anyway, just please focus on your task.”

“Understood! Just leave it to me!”

That’s the only moment that I saw some motivation in her.

“Ah....”

Kyouka-san sighed, then she said forcefully.

“About meals, I will take care of that.”

“No, I will take care of that as usual. Even with more people, that wouldn’t take much more work — besides, I want to make Sagiri’s meal.”

In the end, my little sister is a very picky eater. It took me a year to make something that she likes to eat.

This is not something others could handle. Kyouka-san had no choice but to accept that.

“...If that’s the case then it can’t be helped. But you must not force

yourself.”

“Master! I’m looking forward to your delicious meals!”

Makina-san raised both of her hands, her eyes sparkling.

However, if she played the role of maid, then this situation isn’t normal in the slightest. In what kind of relationship does the master prepare meals? Oh — master and pet.

From the tablet, Sagiri laughed:

“...Makina-chan, do you prefer Ka * Ka or normal brand?” (TL Note: KalKan – Both are cat’s food)

“Eromanga-sensei, you are so mean to me!! Now I want to run away!”

“I don’t know anyone with that name!”

They began to argue again.

In order to calm them down, I raised my voice, saying:

“Kyouka-san, Makina-san, please tell me what you like to eat. I’ll make something to celebrate today!”

“Cool! I want hamburger!”

Makina-san purposely *meowed* and sat down on my lap.

Any boy would be glad to be in my position, but why is it that all I felt was disgust?

“...Makina-san...have you forgotten what I said?”

“I haven’t forgotten! But this doesn’t count.”

“I ~ said ~ no!!!”

Sagiri growled like a cat. Maybe because both of them are hikikomori, their relationship was better than I expected.

Of course, that didn't mean I understood what they were talking about.

And so, two days passed from that day.

There were two days left until the next meeting — the one that decided if Makina-san can keep her position as the scenario writer.

I was going to school and writing a novel.

Sagiri stayed at home and drew.

Kyouka-san went to work every day.

About Makina-san, well —

“Masamune-san, Masamune-san.”

She was sitting in the living room and writing the scenario next to me.

We both were sitting at a low table and working.

“What's up, Makina-san?”

“I...wrote...a lot...”

“.....”

I looked at her prideful expression

Then I honestly asked her:

“...So?”

“Praise me ≡ Praise me ≡”

“As expected of Makina-san!”

“I know, right! Right! Hehe, it’s still not my best ~~~~~♪”

So annoying.

30 minutes later:

In the quiet room, the only sounds were from the keyboard.

“Masamune-san, Masamune-san.”

“What’s up, Makina-san?”

“I...wrote...a lot....”

“... ..”

“Look, look!”

“...Fine, fine.”

She only wrote one more sentence! Now there were two sentences on her paper!

“Next is my first planning! Are you preparing yourself?”

“As expected of Makina-san! Please do your best!”

“Ah ~ of course ~~~~~♪ I will do my best ~~~~~≡ ”

After another 30 minutes.

“Masamune-san, Masamune-san.”

“What’s up, Makina-san?”

“My...work....”

“As expected of Makina! As expected of Makina!”

She was so easily distracted.

Now I understood why she couldn't work if she lived alone.

Every 30 minutes, she will get distracted at least once.

“Masamune-san, Masamune-san.”

“What's up, Makina-san?”

Makina-san slowly showed me her smartphone's screen.

“I drew a SSR!”

“Don't play mobile games! Focus on your work! There are only two days left!”

This conversation repeated a few more times.

“Masamune-san, Masamune-san.”

“As expected of Makina! As expected of Makina!”

“I haven't said anything —! Can I watch anime?”

“You want to watch anime while working?”

“Yes yes yes. I will have more motivation if I watch anime while working
~~”

You can only do one at a time — well, I don't believe her anyway, but the rumor said that some people like that really existed.

“Fine, what anime do you want to watch?”

“How about Stardust ☆ Witch Meruru?”

“Wow, you decided on that one?”

“Is there a problem?”

“Not really, but it’s embarrassing...”

So, we let the television play Aoi Makina’s anime while working.

Of course, sometimes...this conversation repeated again..

“Masamune-san, Masamune-san.”

“As expected of Makina! As expected of Makina!”

After a while, Makina stopped typing and stretched her back. This action showed off just how impressive her ‘assets’ were.

“Finally ~~ I finished a page ~~~”

Anyway, I should be happy. Because the next meeting — in two days — would be the deciding one. Without a finished plan, she will be fired.

That was the difference between her and Elf-sensei. Makina-san’s work proceeded very slowly, it made me very impatient.

“Thanks for the hard work. Want some tea?”

“So thoughtful ~~ Masamune-san is a pro when it comes to taking care of hikikomori!”

“Because I like my little sister.”

I raised my chest and replied. She suddenly averted her eyes.

“Hm, so you like your little sister huh.....”

“Something wrong?”

“Ah, it’s nothing. I want some snacks ~~♪”

“I foresaw that, so I bought some.”

“Good ♪”

We took a break to rest. By the way, I already asked her what kind of food she likes.

I brought the pudding and tea to the table. Makina-san took a spoon and showed me the handle.

“This is for you, Masamune-san.”

“?”

I tilted my head in confusion since I had no idea what that meant. She grinned.

“Feed me ♪”

“W, what?”

“Say 『 ah ~~ 』 and feed me.”

“I’m not doing that. It’s embarrassing!~”

“Oh ~ it’s not ~~ if you do that, I can finish my work immediately ~~ really, I will ~~ ≡”

“.....”

I don’t really get it, but if this truly can make her work faster then I should take this chance.

“Then”

I took the spoon and got a spoonful of pudding, slowly moved it toward her —

“Ahhh ~~”

“Ah ~~ um.”

— Suddenly

Bang bang bang bang The ceiling shook furiously.

“... ..”

“... ..”

We both looked up at the ceiling. Then I turned my head down:

“She said 『bring me some snacks too 』.”

“Phewwwwww!”

Makina-san couldn't help it and broke into laughter. She even held her stomach in pain.

“Phew.....Ahahaha....so you understood...”

“Of course, since I'm her brother. I'm off then.”

“Fine, be careful ~”

When I was on my way out of the living room, for some reason Makina-san took her notebook out and muttered to herself:

”Ah ~ so shy ~”

I brought the pudding and tea to the stairs. At the top of them was Sagiri with her arms crossed; an angry expression on her face.

I could only stare.

Unless Sagiri knew “that person is safe”, she will not go out of her room — but...

“Is it okay for you to be here? Makina-san is downstairs.”

“Second floor. No problem.”

“Okay...so, why are you angry?”

My little sister angrily shook her head

“I don’t know!”

That action was so cute that I almost fainted on the spot.

“Unless you tell me the reason, I can’t apologize — here is what you asked for.”

I gave the pudding, tea and the tray to Sagiri. But she turned her back on me.

“Follow me.”

I hastily followed her to her room.

“Put it down here.”

“Fine fine.”

I did as ordered and put the tray down on a table. Since I didn’t have any idea why she was mad, I could only do as she said.

“Sit down next to me.”

“Fine fine.”

“Feed me.”

“Fine fine — wait?”

This sudden request made me stare at my little sister. Sagiri’s face was right next to me.

“Just, just, just now..... what did you say?”

Sagiri squatted down; her hands rested on her thighs.

“....Like this.”

She looked down and muttered to herself. Normally I could barely manage to hear her, but today I was so confused that I couldn't.

A moment passed. Then Sagiri...looked up, blushing.

“I, I said....Feed me.”

“_____”

What's up with her today? Why did she say something so embarrassing?

Is she trying to make me faint? Hey, the same thing happened to me just down stairs!

What's going on? Is there an on-going trend that girls ask people to “feed” them?

“Didn't...didn't you hear me....Nii-san...you...ah ~~ feed me.”

“~~~~~”

...I think I'm going to have a nosebleed.

Seeing that I was about to be knocked out, maybe Sagiri thought that she was being ignored, so she shouted:

“You, you fed Makina-chan!”

“How could you know that!”

“I don't know! Idiot! Everything you have done with other girls, do with me too!”

“Eh?”

What insane breed of logic is that?

What should I do when the one I like asked me to do that?

If this was Tomoe, I would have kneeled down and asked her to let me touch her breasts!

I was so confused that I was beginning to get side-tracked. Next to me, Sagiri, she....

“Um!”

Raised her lips

Seeing this nearly gave me a heart attack. Because it looked like we were going to have a kiss.

“Unm...Hurry up.”

“I, I know...then....”

I took a spoon full of pudding.

“Ah ~~”

“Ah...umn”

And slowly put in inside my little sister’s mouth.

Just doing this made me very embarrassed. My hand was trembling.

“... ..”

“... ..”

While I was trying to suppress my heart, Sagiri was slowly eating her pudding.

“...Um...”

She licked her lips. That normally shouldn’t be strange, but during this atmosphere...

Damn...the way she ate...

In my current chaotic state, I wouldn't dare to get lost in my imagination. I felt my face was so hot.

Tears appeared on Sagiri's face, and she said:

“It's so embarrassing! Nii-san is a pervert!”



“Wasn’t it your request?”

You are so unreasonable!

After the paradise/torture time had passed.

“... ..”

“... ..”

A mysterious silence fell upon us.

Since we finished the pudding, I should go back...

“Well....I should go....”

“I still have something to say.”

Sagiri’s eyes focused on me.

“Eh....something else?”

“Yesterday....”

She narrowed her eyes and said a single word at a time.

“You and Kyouka-san.”

“I and Kyouka-san?”

“Flirted.”

“We did not!”

What the hell was she saying?

“You did.”

“No no no, I really didn’t.”

“Liar. You....let her clean your ears.”

“...!”

“You lied down on her thighs...while she was wearing tights...then she gently cleaned your ears, didn’t she?”

“Can you please not saying it in such impure way?”

You make it like we did something very erotic!

“Besides, how could that count as flirting!”

“Why not! You did it with her, didn’t you!”

Sagiri’s eyes when she was demanding an answer were so scary!

“No, I mean...that should be called....something normal.”

“Hm...so Nii-san will normally do it?”

“You are talking about cleaning ears, aren’t you?”

I thought you were talking about something very different.

“Phew....listen to me, Sagiri. This....this happened when I was having a chat with Kyouka-san, she got off work late at night. She suddenly told me 『Let me help you clean your ears 』, that’s all.”

Not to mention that she said in a very lonely tone that “....Long ago, I used to do that to my brother too.”

“There was no way that I could refuse.”

“Then do it with me.”

“Why?”

“Didn’t I tell you....everything you have done with other girls, do with me

too.”

“.....”

Let my little sister clean my ears...

“...Father let his little sister clean his ears, right. Then we can do it too.”

Sagiri patted her thighs

“Here.”

“.....”

Po po

“Here”

“.....”

Sagiri today had her usual coat on. Since it was a fairly big coat, it looked like she didn’t wear anything underneath. Her white thighs looked delicious.

“..Ug.”

Since she didn’t understand my thoughts, Sagiri pouted and patted her thighs again.

“Nii-san!!”

“Alright! I got it!”

I don’t care anymore! I closed my eyes and put my head on my little sister’s thighs.

It felt much better than I expected.

“...Is that okay?”

“.....”

“....About...is my head too heavy?”

“.....”

“... .. Sagiri?”

“It’s okay, it’s okay!!!” Sagiri yelled “Anyway, I’m going to start.”

“Okay...go ahead.”

My heart was racing non-stop.

“...Un...then...from here....”

I felt something touch my ear.

“...Are you okay? Does it hurt?”

“It feels ticklish.”

“Ah, don’t move...it’s dangerous...”

“Ah....”

“..Ah...so next...I will go deeper....”

Sagiri focused on moving the cleaning tool. I tried my best to ignore this smooth feeling on my face. Right now, this is the most dangerous place for me.

“....Ha....ha....ha.....heh.....”

“.....”

Time passed so slowly. I wouldn’t be surprised if I got a nosebleed right now.

Suddenly, Sagiri stopped.

“...About...”

“...Yes?”

“...Nii-san...recently....do you get enough sleep?”

“I”

I tried to answer as calmly as possible.

“I do.”

“Liar.”

“.....”

“.....”

It didn't look like I could get off easily...So I replied.

“Uhm ~~ maybe I was lacking some sleep...Making an anime...really added up a lot of work....And I still have to keep up with my normal workload...But it's okay, there is nothing to worry about —“

“School.”

Sagiri interrupted me and immediately pointed out the “reason”.

“Yeah, morning class is such a pain.”

Going to school and working as a novelist, and at the same time still having to work on the anime project – it was harder than I expected.

Even if the scenario writer didn't follow the plan, the other work related stuff just kept coming.

For example: there is supervising, meeting fans, radio shows....Anyway,

there are many things that I need to do and check on.

Unlike writing a novel, there is no way to do it all faster. And since these things made me nervous, I barely got any sleep.

Still, for now, everything is still manageable.

I have motivation. Lots of motivation. I think I can keep going.

Just...the image of more work coming...scared me a bit.

In the end, this is the first time I have had an anime.

“...Nii-san. Consider this my request...can you sleep for a while?”

“I’m okay.”

Could it be that ...my breathing? For some unknown reason...Sagiri immediately found out if I spent a night without sleep.

This isn’t good...I made my little sister worry.

“...You don’t understand.”

“You’re wrong. I do understand.”

I will not make you worry again.

“...You really don’t understand.”

Sagiri put her finger on my face.

“Nii-san...”

“Yes?”

“It’s okay...if you sleep now.”

“Of course I can’t. I still haven’t finished my work today.”

Besides, I don't think I can sleep on your thigh like this.

"Is that so....I think we are about to done here."

Sagiri seemed to have given up.

"However...your ear is so clean."

"Of course."

It was cleaned just yesterday.

"...Forget it. So...there is something else...."

What is she trying to do? I felt a bit terrified.

Sagiri took the cleaning tool out of my ear..

"I will scratch the back of your ear... a bit."

"~~~~~"

I felt a shiver down my spine. Seeing that, Sagiri laughed with satisfaction.

"Okay, done!"

"Phew...."

It's finally over. I sighed in relief, but there is a bit of nostalgia...How strange.

Sagiri poked my face.

"Ehehe...are you feeling comfortable now?"

"...I felt erotic from the beginning till the end."

"Erotic...Ugh..."

Sagiri immediately blushed madly. She slammed her eyes into a >< shape

and yelled:

“Nii...you...re...really ~~!!”

She was so embarrassed that she couldn't even make normal conversation. Instead, she...

“I”

Ouch She bit my neck!

“Ughhhhhhhhhh ughhhh ~~~~~”

“Ouch ouch, it hurt! Sa...stop!.. You are going to bite my carotid!”

“IDIOT —!”

My little sister turned into a silver haired True Ancestor Vampire and gave me a harsh punishment.

After I got back to the living room, Makina-san was lying face up on the sofa.

Her T-shirt was up high enough to reveal her bellybutton. How shameless.

“A ~~ a ~~ a ~~ a ~~ ”

I gave a sound of surprise.

“Makina-san. Ma — Ki —Na —San! Get up please! You will catch a cold!”

“Uhm ~~ I'm not sleeping ~~”

Huh? That's strange.

Makina-san was still lying face up, then she turned to me and broke into laughter.

“Phewwww ahahaha ♪ Welcome back, Masamune-san.”

“Is there something so funny?”

“There is not, I just listened to a funny conversation...so I laughed!”

Did she use her smartphone to watch a comedy show?

“Ah ~ my stomach hurts. I laughed too much.” She said, still coughing.

“Just focus on doing your job properly.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Still lying down, Makina threw a USB drive to me.

“Huh?”

I caught it.

“What is this?”

“Sekaimo’s series composition plan.”

“You finished?”

“Thanks to you.”

“But how? Before I left the room, you had only managed a single page!”

She finished it in about 30 minutes?

“Could it be that you only wrote 「Undecided 」 to trick....”

“How much do you distrust me? I finished it, right? Because thanks to your sibling’s reference, I got a deeper understanding of Sekaimo! That’s why I finished my undecided part in one stroke!”

Seemed like that was the case.

“Did you do something to get that reference?”

“Fufufufu, of course I did.”

“Uhm....”

I don’t really understand, but if she said “yes”, then who cares.

It probably had something to do with her secret conversation with Sagiri anyway.

“Can I take a look.”

“Go ahead ~~ it’s a rare chance to meet a genius scenario writer right after she finished her work earlier than expected.”

“Not earlier. You are two weeks behind schedule.”

“Hey, don’t pour cold water on me! That....well, like I said, in the next meeting please take care of me!”

“..Sure.”

So...it seems Makina-san has found her motivation.

After checking on her plan, suddenly a thought came to me.

“Makina-san, can I ask you something?”

“Huh? What is it?”

“About the girl on the video sent to you earlier, your 「nemesis」.”

“What’s about her?”

“What’s she like?”

“Do you want to know?”

Well, it's true that she wasn't related to me in the slightest.

“Well, that's one of the reasons Makina came to my house after all.”

Makina-san made a grumping noise, then stood up from the sofa. Then she folded her arms together, and said:

“Umm ~~~~ that girl ~~~~~~ is a very horrible girl!”

She said that with a complex expression, but her tone was happy —

“When I bought my current home, she said 「in case of disaster, you have no way to escape 」 and 「your taste is so horrible! 」 and made fun of me. But then she bought a similar apartment! I'm so mad! She was secretly jealous of me, wasn't she?!”

No no no, I wanted to ask about what anime she made.

“You have such a great relationship.”

“We do not!”

She became angry.

Not to mention who is the more horrible one – though I myself think there is about a 90% chance this is Makina-san – but I can sense that both of them were pushing each other forward.

“You have motivation toward Sekaimo — because that girl taunted you, don't you?”

If that was the case, then I should even thank that nemesis of hers.

— There are three condition needed for me to give it my all

Makina-san once said that. But now thinking back, unless she “wanted to give it everything” in the first place, she wouldn't even say that.

“...Well, that was part of the reason. I want to laugh at the girl. That was a

real reason for me to work hard...”

Makina-san closed her eyes and made an “Um ~” sound. Then she seemed to give up and sat down.

“I told you that...there was someone with me when I made Meruru right?”

“Yes.”

“That was my big sister.”

“.....I had a hunch.”

I had figured as much after hearing the conversation between Producer Akasaka and Makina-san.

“I see...well, you see how I am, right? I stay at home all day, barely go outside. I don’t like trouble either, so living alone meant that I could hardly get anything done.”

In the beginning, I already had my suspicions.

Why did she — take such a difficult job as a scenario writer?

“After I took this job, my sister was worried about me, so she butted in. Then...a lot of things happened. Many, many things...I’m not going to tell anyone about those things...but it was fun. Very, very fun...However, in the end, I turned back into this...It has been a long time since I last saw my sister.”

Makina-san’s words omitted a lot of details, so I couldn’t have a good grasp on the situation.

But...I noticed her feelings.

Very strong feelings, which included loneliness and regret.

“You are a bit like my sister.” She muttered with a small smile.

“Me?”

“Um. Taking care of a hikikomori little sister, making a work together... taking my hand and pulling me up...

.....Giving me a dream.”

At this moment, I felt like she was part of my family.

“Your little sister is very different from me...but your dream is similar to our dream in the past.”

She looked up, and continued:

“So, I have to work to make your dream come true...”

“The dream that your sister gave you...have you reached it?”

I felt like something made me ask this question

She smiled:

“I have.”

“Then —”

“However...well....”

She grinned.

“The most important part of our dream is after I reached it.”

“.....”

I felt a heavy responsibility. To her, and to myself, who was not thinking about “after reaching our dream”.

That’s why I kept silent without saying anything.

“You want to reach your dream and have your happiness. If I could help finish this clumsy sitcom family show — I think I would be happy.”

That’s why she would work hard.

Her normally unmotivated eyes were showing a bright spark.

エ ero manga sensei ロ マ ン ガ 先 生 ⑦

第四章



Chapter 4

Saturday, 18:00 —

The fourth meeting began. The topic was “The series composition plan – third meeting”.

Clang clang clang ~~

In front of me, Makina-san raised her finished plan above her head.

And then ~ she took a deep breath.

“Here! The series composition plan for the Sekaimo anime!”

“Good.” I said.

“.....” The director said.

“Good ~ clap clap clap”. The chief editor said.

“...Can you stop acting like you finished something very difficult?” The producer said.

“Wait a second! Your reactions were so cold!” Makina-san said, her eyes widening in shock.

Producer Akasaka coldly countered:

“If you want a warm reception, then give it to us two week earlier.”

“....Ugh!”

“Also, Aoi-sensei...I heard that you and the original author —“

“We are living together! Just living together!”

“Cough cough, yes, so you are living together. Did you gain anything

useful?”

“Yes I did!”

Makina-san gave the plan to her, likely trying to prove herself.

“Since I got some nice references, now I understand some parts that I couldn’t before. The effect is super cool!”

Eh? Is that so?

I don’t exactly understand what she meant by that, though.

“Let’s talk about the details then.”

Producer Akasaka said, making the atmosphere serious again.

By her order, the series composition plan was distributed to everyone in the room. The cover said “Sekaimo Anime’s series composition plan”.

On the next page, there was a simple table of contents (including things like: Imouto: The climax!). There were twelve lines in total. There were related details under each line: like what the part is about, where the part is in the original novel — and a short summary.

This plan came from Makina-san, who had such a half-hearted work attitude. I couldn’t believe she could make something like this.

After reading this, director Amamiya asked Makina-san in her usual low tone:

“Twelve episodes in three months...but it only reaches volume four?”

“That’s what I believe is best, based on the current situation ~~ in the end, we just need to find a way to spread the anime over three months.

Twelve episodes in three months.

She put her hands on the table; then said:

“What do you think ~~? Original author, Izumi Masamune-sensei?”

“Well...based on this schedule, each volume will be covered in three episodes. It will be the same from volume one till volume four.”

“That’s right. The original novel ~~ is a romantic comedy novel ~~ I think this pace is the right choice ~~ three episodes per volume is good enough ~~ If we cut it and spend two episodes per volume, we might be able to finish the climax ~~ but spending four episodes per volume is too much ~~”

Makina-san told us her reasoning.

“But it’s still hard to say if spending three episodes per every volume is the best choice ~~”

Yeah. Some volumes are longer than others. We can’t just treat them all the same.

“Next, I will present my opinions as the original author, would you please listen?”

“Please.” Producer Akasaka said in everyone’s place.

Makina-san took her laptop out of her bag, then said “Go ahead ~~”

“First, about volume one – the climax —“

I told everyone my opinions.

Since volume one is pretty long, I hope it can be made into four episodes.

Since images can describe things better than words, it would be boring if the anime showed everything that I wrote in my book, so I suggested we change it a bit. Secondly, about the first impression of the female protagonist, we need to add — etc etc —

Of course, I didn’t expect my suggestions to be used immediately. In the end, I’m not as shameless as Elf.

‘These are all just my personal opinions: what will others think?’ – that was what I thought.

I’m just an outsider in the anime-making industry. But I understood the most basic rule when dealing with professional workers.

Making-san listened to me while typing on her laptop.

“Okay, original author – are these all of your opinions?”

“Yes.”

“Next, shall we listen to the director and producer’s opinions too?”

“...I think that if we combine the series composition plan and the original author’s suggestions, it would be the best.” Producer Akasaka said.

“What do you think, director Amamiya?”

“.....”

Like a Brachiosaurus, director Amamiya slowly put her hand under her chin before answering:

“.....I have read.....volume five....I like it....I want to make it....”

Volume five, which is scheduled to be released next month, was also sent to the anime-making team.

She didn’t say much, but I knew that she read my novel carefully. I couldn’t help but feel happy when someone so amazing praised it.

“Twelve episodes will be spent to make volumes one through four, there is no way we can adapt volume five too.” Producer Akasaka cut her off.

In response, director Amamiya dropped her head like a poor big dog; then she looked at Makina-san with pleading eyes.

“..Can you...think of a way?”

“Well, we can: If we can afford to skip an entire volume.”

Hearing that, I had a vision of the world’s worst nightmare.

The original novel lover Muramasa-senpai yelled “Agggggggggggg”, leapt into the meeting, drew a knife and then killed everyone.

It was rude of me, and I apologize. But that was my impression of crazy fans.

I’m not sure how many crazy fans I have, but an anime adaption of a famous novel will attract some crazy fans.

So, in order to protect the lives of everyone present, I said:

“Please, avoid cutting parts of the original novel as much as possible.”

“Nice ~~ I agree too.”

Thankfully Makina-san understood my meaning. She looked at director Amamiya:

“However, I have heard the director’s opinions...Original author, director, producer...everyone’s opinions...my job as the scenario writer is trying to fulfill them all!”

Super cool! If that’s what she truly feels; then I think I could work with her for the rest of my life.

“...How strange.” Director Amamiya muttered. “It has been a long time since you listened to other’s thoughts.”

“Is that so?”

“...Yup.”

Director Amamiya tapped her finger on the table. While her expression was still hard to read... I think I saw her smile.

“This is a good development.”

That’s how the fourth meeting went.

I didn’t fully understand everything that producer Akasaka said, but hearing that Makina-san can keep working made me feel relieved.

However, she still has a lot to catch up on, considering that many things were behind schedule because of her.

For example, before the next meeting, she has to finish the second revision of the series composition plan based on what we discussed today.

As the original author, I am really looking forward to seeing her next plan.

Alright.

And so, the anime-making team finally began to work.

Of course, there were still some problems remaining, like this case...

On a certain day, chief editor Kagurazaka-san angrily gave me a call —

“Izumi-sensei! It’s the deadline for supervising the radio show’s script!”

“Oh! I’m very sorry!”

Crap! Are you kidding me! I don’t remember her asking me at all! Supervising the radio’s show??

I couldn’t believe that I haven’t begun writing it! This was the first time something like this happened to me.

I firmly told myself to not make that mistake again and asked her:

“Eh, it’s not like I’m making an excuse or anything, but when exactly did you tell me about this deadline?”

“Today!”

“Eh...? Today?”

“Yes! I sent you an email this morning!”

“Wait...you mean the email this morning.....er....so the deadline...when is it...?”

“Today too! Didn’t I tell you to finish it before noon!? Really – Izumi-sensei, what have you been doing this morning?”

“I went to school! Or rather, I’m still at school! I’m having my lunch break!”

“Oh, right, you are still a student.”

“I have to go to school every day no matter what, so I can never work during daytime. I do believe that I have told you that before. You have to give me a notice at least 24 hours prior. No matter how fast I can write, there is no way I can do what you just asked!”

“Even if you say that, making plans for an anime always happens without notice.”

“...I understand. I will confirm it during my break.”

“Please do. Since I will be blamed for this ~~ please do it carefully.”

...Thank god that summer break will arrive soon.

Another day: I was woken up by a phone call from Kagurazaka-san.

“Izumi-sensei! The deadline for the short story that I asked you to write is here!”

“Crap! Sorry!”

Wah ah ah ah!! Are you kidding me? I don’t remember her asking me at all!

I never thought that I would miss a deadline! This is the first time I missed something like this.

I asked in order to avoid repeating this situation again:

“Sorry, it’s not like I’m trying to make an excuse....But...when did you tell me about this short story?”

“Today!”

“Eh? Today!?”

“Yes! I sent you an email this morning!”

“What? But it’s still morning – It’s only 5 in the morning!”

“That’s right!”

“When...did you send that email?”

“Around 2:00 AM! Yesterday you cried and told me that you couldn’t work at school — that I should think about your situation – that I should give you a notice early in the morning! Really – what were you doing during that time, Izumi-sensei!?”

“I was sleeping!”

“Eh? Izumi-sensei needs to sleep every night?”

“Because I’m human!”

Yesterday was a rare chance for me to get a good night’s sleep!

“So, when will the story be ready?”

“I will finish it today!”

“How about six o’clock?”

“Do you want me to write it right now?”

So she gave me just an hour? Is she trying to kill me! I will write it, but don't push me too hard!

I clearly told her to give me 24 hours notice ~~!

...I was exaggerating a bit, but that was basically it: My life became much harder than expected:

Unlike “I can't finish my work in time”: this situation is more like “When I was completely unavailable, something super short and urgent came up.”

This is a problem for a student – no, a problem for an author who has to do anything other than writing!

I have a meeting with the anime-making team, have to write a short story or make some advertising.

At the same time, I have to take part in supervising some other work —

They are also making a game based on my story! And it is scheduled to be released on two platforms.

I was very happy, but that meant I was buried neck deep in work.

During the same summer break last year, I remember that Elf-senpai broke down and cried: Because two platforms meant double the workload.

I feel lucky that it is currently the middle of July. As soon as summer break begins, I can work all day!

Finally, summer break is here.

School, which was a hindrance for me until now, is gone, so I can focus on working as an author.

“Freedom! Summer break is the best!”

It's 3:00PM. I finished my current workload and stretched my back.

Right now, I'm in my room. It's a bit unusual, but today I'm not working with Makina-san in the living room. The reason? She went to take part in an event. I think you guys all know about the Summer Comiket.

It has been two weeks since production of my anime first started, so I can participate in other activities – that was what I thought.

“I can't let this plan be negatively affected by me.”

That's the basic politeness, so that day I said nothing.

“..Alright, let's make a meal for Sagiri.”

When I was making a meal —

“I'm home —!”

Makina-san came back. I heard her footsteps; then the living room door quickly opened.

“Masamune-san, Masamune-san! What good timing!”

“Yup? What do you need?”

Makina-san's eyes shone:

“I have something that I need Masamune-san and Eromanga-sensei's opinions on immediately!”

“...Mine and Sagiri's? Somehow I have a bad feeling....”

Makina-san kept attacking:

“No no no, this is something related to Sekaimo!”

“..Eh? Really?”

“Yes! Yes!”

Later, from the end result — yes, she was telling the truth.

Back then I didn’t know it yet... but, what she said actually was related to Sekaimo.

By the way, my bad feeling was spot on too.

“So, please allow me to meet Imouto-sama!”

“...If you say so.”

Since she made a promise with Sagiri, Makina-san isn’t allowed to go up to the second floor alone. If she wants to meet my sister, she needs permission.

I sent a message to Sagiri then took Makina-san to her room.

...We lived under the same roof, but this scene is so unreal.

I knocked on *the locked room’s* door. It opened...slightly.

“...What?”

I saw my little sister’s face.

“Makina-chan....said that...she has something to show me and Nii-san...”

“I don’t know what it is myself – Makina-san?” I answered and turned to her.

“Hi there! Allow me to say it again; there is something I want to show you guys.”

“Is that something related to Sekaimo?”

“Yes! — Oh, right! Masamune-san, do you remember where I went today?”

“You said something about a doujinshi trade shop?”

“Yes yes! It’s not a big event, but my favorite circle participated in it.”

“...So what, Makina-chan?”

Facing our question, Makina-san just said:

“Clang clang! I have bought Sekaimo’s doujinshi!”

“Eh???” * 2

Both of us widened our eyes.

“Did you say Sekaimo’s doujinshi?”

“Did you buy it today?”

“Yes!”

“I can’t believe it...the anime has not even aired yet...but people already made doujinshi.”

“I was so surprised myself. I didn’t expect to see it so soon – here, see?”

“Ohh ~”

I stared at the paper bag that Makina-san brought with her.

“Can I take a look?”

“Sure. That’s why I brought them.”

She gave me four thin books. I opened them and began to read.

My first impression...well...

“Isn’t this R18+??”

“Yes, 18+.”

She acknowledged it freely.

I felt a surge of embarrassment, seeing my child's erotic doujinshi.

"...I knew it, erotic doujinshi is the majority."

"Actually, only one of them is not...So, what do you think?"

"What do you mean?"

"I want to know what you – the original author – think when you see your novel's doujinshi!"

So that's why she brought those doujinshi!

"Well..." I think for a moment "I feel happy. That's the truth. While the topic they chose is a bit questionable.... just seeing other's interpretations of my characters made me proud."

"Even if those doujinshi are R18?"

"Even in that case."

"I see."

Makina-san happily noted it down.

...Even though I don't think those preferences would be helpful for Sekaimo's scenario...

Ah, forget it. It's none of my business.

She continued to ask me:

"Anything else? Aside from happiness?"

"Well, there is some frustration. And — um, my feelings are mixed, I can't really describe it."

I don't fully understand what I'm feeling at the moment.

If a manga artist told me "I will draw Izumi-sensei's novel's doujinshi!" then gave it to me, I think I would be very troubled. I don't know what I would tell them.

I think I would be confused; then feel sad...

"This character's breasts are not that big; please take a good look at the original novel!"

I might say something so impolite.

Please, everyone. Go ask other novelists (aside from me). Ask them what they would think if they were in my shoes.

"I see ~ so that's what you think."

"I think there is still room for improvement! There are many differences in the main character's voice and tone compared to my novel! For example, on this page, this is a wonderful chance to make the atmosphere better, but he missed it. If that was me, I would —"

"Hey, are you going to supervise doujinshi too? Tone it down!"

While we were having this stupid conversation, Eromanga-sensei's eyes flashed.

"Let me take a look!"

"Eh? No no! What are you talking about?"

I quickly moved the doujinshi away. But Sagiri happily came out and rushed toward me.

"This is what Makina-chan bought! Let me see!"

"No means no! This is too soon for you, Sagiri!"

I pulled the book away from my little sister's hands.

“But that's R18+ doujinshi of my characters!”

“So what of it?”

“I think I have the right to read them!”

“I can't believe you could actually say it with such a straight face!”

How much did she want to see R18 doujinshi of her characters?

But since I firmly refused, Sagiri's eyes began to water.

“Uh....ugh....oh....~~”

“Hey....”

She clenched her hands and blushed:

“Let me ~~~~~ see ~~~~~!!!!”

Then she threw a tantrum, jumping up and down on the floor.

“I want ~~~~ to see them too~~~!!! I want to see erotic doujinshi
~~~~~ too!!!!!!”

“Ahh, damn it!!!” I facepalmed.

“Wait a second! Makina-san, you should help me out! Why are you looking at my trouble and laughing?”

“No, no, I'm not laughing at you ~~” She broke into laughter “Actually, I brought those doujinshi because I wanted to see this conversation between you two.”

“You are so shameless that you even acknowledged it?”

“Every time I witness a conversation between you two, the anime's quality

is improved. Don't worry; I will repay your help in that way."

"Really?"

"Yup! When Masamune-san is angry, you don't bother with being polite. That makes me very happy."

"Hmmm...!"

And so —

When I was distracted by Makina-san...

"An opening!"

With a speed that surpassed a normal hikikomori, Eromanga-sensei quickly took the 18+ doujinshi from me,

"You...!"

"Ehehe...I got it."

Sagiri happily raised the doujinshi high in the end.

All things considered, this is a very dangerous scene. If this was a light novel, then no one would dare to draw an illustration of this.

"I"

She began to try to return to her room.

"Wait! No!"

I rushed forward to take back that doujinshi. But...

"Grr —!"

"Ouch! That hurt! You scratched me!? You, I dare you to do that again."

I raised my hand again.

“Grr—! Ya!”

“That hurt! Are you a cat?”

“Grr—“

She growled, like a mother cat trying to protect its kitten.

How much does she want to read that 18+ doujinshi....

She firmly held on to that doujinshi – My erotic daily life with my little sister – with all her might.

“About...Nii-san....I need to say this beforehand...this...this book...it’s not like I want to read those erotic parts or anything.”

“Liar!”

“You, you don’t have to say it so bluntly!”

*What about you then? You were holding onto it so tightly.*

“Then what is your other reason?”

“...I only want to see how other people draw my characters as the original illustrator.”

“Even if I could accept that ridiculous reason, I will not allow Eromanga-sensei to read this erotic book!”

“I don’t know someone with that name!”

“But I know this perverted, erotic illustrator!”

“Anyway, I’m not trying to read it to see those erotic drawings!”

“Fine fine, I got it already.”

“Idiot!”

With a loud \*bang\*, she slammed the door shut.

“...She was so embarrassed that it turned into anger.”

I had no choice but to turn away. In front of me was Makina-san, who was rolling on the floor laughing.

“...Phew...ahahaha....you...are you two always like that?”

“Yeah, always.”

Phew. I took a deep breath.

Okay, now what? Sagiri had already taken the 18+ doujinshi from me... While I was trying to think about how to act —

“Wah wah wah!!”

From her room came the yell of a pervert.

“Sagiri! Sagiri! Hey, are you okay?”

I banged on the door. On the other hand, Makina-san was laughing again.

It opened, revealing my sister.

“Ha...hah...”

She was blushing madly, breathing hard.

The girl I like was blushing because she read 18+ doujinshi. What should I do in this case?

“Sa, Sagiri?”

“Nii-san!” She said: her voice full of motivation “I want to draw an ero doujinshi too!”



“Where did that come from!?”

“If, if I did it, I could draw something much better than this!”

“No, don’t go compete with doujinshi!”

“But I want to!”

Oh my... Well, I do understand her feelings though. Even I, after reading the doujinshi, got a feeling that “I could do better than this.”

For the perverted, erotic-lover Eromanga-sensei, an 18+ doujinshi is the same as a declaration of war. That’s why she wants to draw doujinshi herself.

“Sagiri...aren’t you busy because of the anime’s work?”

“I am. But I still want to do this!” She said stubbornly. Her eyes began to get moist.

“Just you wait; I will draw something that will make people blush way more than this doujinshi.”

“....That was what happened yesterday.”

“Hm ~ you guys sure have interesting lives.”

The next day, at breakfast, I was drinking tea with Elf in the living room. Since my workload for today was done, I was taking a break.

“After that, Sagiri holed up in her room and is seemingly trying to draw a manga.”

“Eromanga-sensei will draw manga too?”

“Yes. You see, when we asked Army-sensei for the manga —“

“Ah, she practiced too huh?”

“Yup.”

She once said that whoever wanted to draw Sekaimo manga has to be able to draw something better than her – before Army-sensei beat her too effortlessly.

I don't know about their ability as illustrators, but as a manga artist, there is no way Eromanga-sensei can beat Army-sensei.

After she was beaten, Eromanga-sensei asked Army-sensei to train her in drawing manga. So it's not like she couldn't do it.

“But I have no idea how erotic the result will be.”

“Well, there is no choice but to wait – anyway, compared to that —“  
Suddenly, Elf pointed to the sofa in front of me and changed the subject  
“What is that, Masamune?”

“That? Well....”

On that sofa was a girl sleeping soundly. She was none other than Makina-san.

“My new hikikomori little sister.”

“How could you be so impure? Why is there a girl I don't know in this house?”

“Can you please stop saying that in such a misleading way?”

“How dare you bring a woman into the house without my – the wife's – permission!”

“Since when did I marry you?”

“Eh? We haven't?”

“Of course not!”

“Okay, enough joking around.”

Elf went to the sofa and glanced at me.

“What the heck is this — damn, these breasts piss me off so much.”

“Don’t poke her breasts!”

*Do you know how much I have to restrain myself from doing that – no, wait, that isn’t the point.*

*What are you doing to a sleeping girl?*

“Do you like these kinds of breasts, Masamune?”

“Actually yes, I do. But that is unrelated to the current situation!”

Because I answered truthfully, we shouldn’t continue this topic.

“Masamune? Listen carefully, I will tell you the truth of this world – big breasts are just lumps of fat.”

*I think every girl with D-cups or larger would get mad at you. Besides, that sounds like something all small breasted girls would say.*

Elf-sensei, there should be a limit to your lying.

“She is the scenario writer Aoi Makina-sensei, don’t be mistaken.”

“Aoi Makina...you mean the one that did Meruru?”

“Yup.”

“Why is someone like her inside your house?”

“Well, it’s a long story —“

I told her what happened a few days earlier, the same explanation I gave Kyouka-san.

How Makina-san came to my home.

How my aunt and Makina-san will live with me from now on.

And...I told her that I still take care of the house.

“...Hm...living together...huh ~”

After hearing me out, somehow Elf looked displeased. And then....an aura of anger slowly radiated from her.

She just sat there and listened to me...then suddenly, with a loud bang, she slammed her hand on the table

“What the hell is that, how sly! I want to live together with you too!”

“Hey, even if you say that...”

“Let me think...wait, now that I think about it, this might be good. Alright, it’s decided!”

Elf’s expression suddenly brightened.

She was about to explode moment ago. What a girl.

“Masamune! Until your anime is finished, I will take care of the meals for this house!”

“W.. what?”

This sudden development made me speechless.

“But....I’m the only one who can make Sagiri’s meals...”

“Don’t worry, I already know what that child likes to eat. But I understand how much you want to cook for her ~ however, don’t try to hide it...”

She drew closer to me:

“You don’t want to do nothing, do you?”

“.....Ugh.”

She saw through me.

It's not like I did nothing at home now...but my previous work was slowly taken away from me. I don't know how it will end up.

“Don't worry. Just leave it to your future wife Elf.”

“I really owe you big this time.”

Thus, I accepted her goodwill.

With a sigh, I dropped my shoulders.

“Thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

She smiled at me. Her face was so charming.

Really....this girl is so dependable.

We sat in silence for few minutes, suddenly, she said in a clear voice:

“So starting today, I will live here.”

“Eh?”

“Why are you so surprised? Didn't I already say so?”

“...But your house is next to mine. What's the difference?”

“There is a huge difference.” Elf said “A girl next door and a girl living together with you are two completely different things.”

“Um...”

She put a finger on my nose, and whispered:

“Living together with a beautiful girl – does that make you excited?”

“Face! Your face is so close!”

I hastily retreated away from her.

“Living together with me —“

But like a game of tag, she kept pushing forward.

“...If you are lucky, you might reach an ecchi event, you know?”

“If the female protagonist is actively trying to push forward, then there is no luck involved!”

“You are going to push yourself too hard anyway, so I will just help you relax a bit with this act!”

“I’m really thankful, but didn’t I tell you that I already have someone I like!”

“Ahaha, don’t worry, I know!”

What she said and the way she acted wasn’t suitable for others .... but, really, for her it’s totally suitable

Everything she did was based on careful planning and consideration for my feelings.

After what I did to her, to think Elf still cared for me that much. I deeply understood her determination.

“Let’s flirt a bit, Masamune!”

At first glance, she was acting childish, but her voice and her smile showed me that she cared about me.

I can tell that the wall surrounding my heart is slowly crumbling.

“\_\_\_\_\_”

I was taken aback, but suddenly -\*Bang bang bang\* the ceiling shook furiously.

“...Hah..”

That temporarily brought me back...So dangerous.

“Kuh...she keeps getting in my way.”

Elf clicked her tongue, laughed and left my side, like everything just now didn't happen.

“Just now, even I understood what it meant.”

“Yeah.”

We looked above us.

“Eromanga-sensei's ero manga is finished.”

At the second floor, waiting for us is...

“Ehehehe ....”

Eromanga-sensei, with a confident smile. She stood tall and proud; one hand held the tablet against her chest.

“...I finished.”

“That's...good.”

*My little sister told me that she finished an ero manga. What should I say as her brother?*

*And what does she intend to do with it anyway? Crap, could it be...*

“Nii-san.”

Sagiri said and gave me the tablet.

“Take a look ♪”

*I knew it —*

“.....!”

You guys understand my situation, right?

A girl – with an angelic pose – telling me to read her finished ero manga. What should I do? Should I read it? What if she asked me for my thoughts next? Eromanga-sensei, what kind of torture is this?

Elf muttered.

“...When Eromanga-sensei is in work mode, she doesn't think very far ahead.”

“..Yeah, after this, I bet she will be very embarrassed.”

Elf and I held a short conversation via our eyes. Seeing that, Sagiri pouted:

“Nii-san, hurry!”

“Okay! I'm reading it!

I mentally prepared myself and took the tablet; then I began to read Eromanga-sensei's ero manga of Sekaimo.

The setting is very simple.

Those two siblings sat in the same room, then the atmosphere is getting better — and then, and then —

“Agggggggrrrraaa!!”

I couldn't stand it anymore, my hand began to shake. Then I started to run back and forth in the corridor, slamming my head in the wall a few times in



the process.

“Ma, Masamune? Are you okay? Is your head okay?”

“Like hell I could be okay! There is no way I could be!”

Because Sekaimo’s siblings are based on me and Sagiri!

Sagiri used herself as a reference to draw those erotic illustrations!

“Nii-san..! Looks like this manga can make the reader have an intense reaction!”

“This reaction didn’t come from the manga! This came from you!”

“Eh?”

“You really are Eromanga-sensei! Today you truly are Eromanga-sensei! You are the world’s most perverted little sister!”

You guys probably don’t understand what I am saying, because even I didn’t.

“That...that...!”

Hearing me scream Eromanga-sensei so much, Sagiri finally got out of her Eromanga-sensei mode. Then...she immediately blushed.

“That...that’s not it! I only like ecchi illustrations and manga! I’m not a pervert! I told you before!”

“Don’t even think of using that useless reasoning today to drop the subject.”

“Of course I can! This subject ends here! Anyway, tell me what you think! What part of it do you think is the most...erotic!?”

“You still dare to forcefully change the subject!?? Listen, you...!” I showed her the tablet “Eromanga-sensei’s ero manga! Of course there are

many strange things!”

“What? What part of it is weird?”

“I told you there are many things! For example, the first, strangest —“

“The strangest?”

“.....”

Crap, what should I do now? There is no way I could tell her that the penis’s shape and position are wrong.

“Well ~~~ Actually.....”

I have a feeling that telling the truth would be suicide.

“...What? Hurry up and say it!”

Since I said her manga was strange, now Sagiri was looking at me with anger in her eyes.

Okay, let me recap —

The girl I like just told me to read her erotic manga and tell her what I think.

What should I do?

With a tone of a brother, of a man, should I tell her that —?

‘Sagiri...this penis...you drew it wrong.’

I can’t do it!!!

It’s impossible!!

“E..Elf...! Can I ask you to tell her in my stead?”

“Eh? Me?”

“Yes, please!”

I dropped all of my responsibility on Elf-sensei.

“Eh...well, if it’s just my opinions then....”

Elf took the tablet from me and began to operate it with her delicate fingers.

“...Oh...Wow...Ohhhhh!!”

Even though she was blushing madly, Elf still carefully read the ero manga of Eromanga-sensei.

...How should I put it...this somehow excited me even more.

“That hurt!”

Suddenly, Sagiri kicked me in the shin.

“...Nii-san is a pervert!”

“I, I’m not a pervert!”

I quickly denied the (rightful) guess; then changed the topic:

“A..anyway, Elf, what do you think? Can you please, tell her the strange part of this manga for me?”

“Well, I just finished it.”

Elf put the tablet down and blinked.

“What part of it is strange? I can’t find it anywhere.”

*So even you don’t know about a penis!!!*

*It should not be in that place....nor should its shape be that thin and long....*

“See!? Even Elf-chan said there is nothing strange!”

Yeah. Not only is Sagiri a weirdo, Elf is one too. With no other choice, I dropped my head and sighed.

“Oh ~~ It’s useless ~~”

“Hey, what’s with your attitude? How about you say it? Why don’t you tell me what’s strange with this ero manga?”

The situation is getting worse.

I was forced to point out to two beautiful girls that their impression of a penis is wrong.

“It can’t be helped then...okay, you are the ones who are asking —”

“You are the ones who are asking?” \*2

“No choice! Calling back up!”

Come on, girl who loves dick!

In front of *the locked room*, there was me, Elf, Sagiri and —

“That’s why you...called me?”

Jinno Megumi.

Sagiri’s classmate and classrep: A super bitch that has many male friends. A class higher than most students in her class.

(TL Note: The word *bitch*, in Japan, is used to describe a woman who is experienced with men in general. It does not imply any negative meaning)

“That’s right!”

I put my hands together and begged:

“Megumi! Please! Please tell Sagiri the strange parts of this ero manga!”

“This is the first time a boy called me for such a reason!?”

Megumi heard my request then blushed in anger.

“Really, I came so fast because you said you have something very important to ask ~”

“This is very important!”

To me at least! And since Sagiri is your friend, you should treat it that way too!

“W, w, w, why do I have to do something so embarrassing!?”

“Because I couldn’t ask anyone else! Among people I know, only you, the super bitch Megumi-san can talk to Sagiri normally and is used to ero manga!”

I already knew that she is just a ‘fashion bitch’ who pretends to be a bitch but hey, whatever. Close enough.

“Ohhhhhhhh ~~~”

Megumi’s eyes turned into a >< shape.

“If this continues, those girls will strip me! They will take off my trousers and my underwear! My life as a male student will take a heavy blow!”

Save me please, Megumi-sama!!!

“I, I got it! This is for Sagiri too! I will lend you a hand.”

Megumi gave me her hand. I set the tablet down on it.

“...This is...Sagiri-chan’s...Eromanga-sensei’s...Ero manga...”

Megumi began to take a look.

“...Oh...Oh...I see....”

She had the same expression that Elf had minutes ago. This reaction was unlike her usual image, she acted like a normal pure girl. Then after she finished reading, she looked up and said clearly:

“Just like Onii-san said, this ero manga has many strange parts.”

“See!?”

Finally someone agreed with me...!

“Me..Megumi-chan...is my manga...that strange?”

The one who reacted the most was none other than Eromanga-sensei, Sagiri.

Next to her, even Elf was surprised “Could it be....?”

Megumi said seriously:

“Sagiri-chan, Elf-chan...both of you have a very big misunderstanding regarding a boy’s body.”

“What did you say?”

“Ugh...what is that?”

Even though both of them were a little afraid of the words “boy’s body”, Elf and Sagiri still asked.

Like an elder teaching her children, Megumi raised a finger:

“Listen carefully....I think both of you probably don’t know....but when a boy is trying his best to suppress his manly urges...”

“When a boy is trying his best to suppress?” \*2

“His balls will not explode.”

“Will not?” \*2





(TL Note: Yeah, it goes without saying)

“They won’t!”

Nice, Megumi! As expected of a girl who is used to penises.

“Eh? But....”

“But other manga said so...?”

Both Elf and Sagiri couldn’t accept this truth.

“It’s just an expression; you can treat it like a metaphor. It’s their way of saying 『I couldn’t take it anymore ~ I’m at my limit 』; do you understand? But Sagiri-chan’s drawing made it into 『His balls exploded with such force that he has to do something 』 — this is a strange part.”

“....I...I was wrong from the beginning?”

Megumi was calmly answering, while Eromanga-sensei was deadly pale.

*...Does that mean she is not actually a fashion bitch?*

*I planned this meeting...but what the heck is going on? Three beautiful girls gathered around and are discussing “the truth about men’s balls”?*

*This is so unreal.*

Megumi said with conviction:

“There are still many strange places, so let’s go to somewhere without Onii-san to discuss it.”

“...Megumi-chan...no, Megumi-onee-chan...please supervise my work.”  
Sagiri said, her eyes full of admiration.

After that, under super bitch Megumi-onee-chan’s supervision, Eromanga-sensei remade her ero manga. And I also had to read it again.

“...You, you guys...what is this?”

“Hm hm! This should be perfect now! Totally realistic!”

Sagiri said while trying to puff out her pitiful chest. Next to her, Elf and Megumi looked the same.

Inside *the locked room*, they received their lesson from Megumi-sensei. After that, it looked like their knowledge was equalized.

“Yes...compared to the first manga, this one is less strange.”

“I know, I know, right!?” Elf said.

“Not only the strange part Megumi just said...another part...well...forgive me for not saying it aloud — its location was changed too. Its shape is finally human-like, that I acknowledge.”

“Yes yes, that’s right.” Megumi said.

“So, Megumi, may I ask something important?”

“? Go ahead?”

“Whose is it?”

“Sorry?”

“You know, it. If a girl who has never seen it...well.. she couldn’t possibly know, right?”

“Ah — yes yes, that’s correct.”

When I was beating around the bush, Megumi understood what I meant. She said happily:

“This is my ex-boyfriend’s.”

“Oh...ex-boyfriend huh...”

I finally understood everything and gave her a half-hearted reply. Thus, Megumi pouted.

“Hey, what’s with your reaction? I think you should say 『 hah, you had a boyfriend 』 or something?”

“Like hell I would! Then I ask, what the heck is this cute dick???”

Only after I said it out, I realized that I forgot to avoid that word. But I couldn’t help it!!

“Eh????”

Like a criminal who was cornered by a detective, Megumi shivered.

“He looks like a boy in middle school! It looks so weird that I almost mistook it for a comedy manga!”

The difference is the same as difference between chalk and cheese!

“But..! I saw it! My younger brother....my ex-boyfriend’s ...is that long!”

“Is your ex-boyfriend a kid in kindergarten?”

*I wondered what she said to that boy back then.*

“Kuh....”

“Me, Megumi-chan!”

“Megumi...did you...trick us?”

Like they were betrayed, Sagiri and Elf gave Megumi a questioning gaze. On the other hand, Megumi began to tremble and broke into cold sweat.

“It...it’s not like that! I’m not a fashion bitch ~~~~~”

Megumi slammed her eyes shut and screamed. But I don’t think anyone here would believe her anymore.

After Megumi went back home crying —

“Masamune-kun! What’s going on!?”

More trouble arrived at my home. It came in the form of a proud beauty in a kimono

“Why are you here Muramasa-senpai...and what’s with your expression?”

“Stop asking! Masamune-kun! Are you going to live together with Elf?”

She was so angry that she began to stomp on the floor.

I turned around toward the living room, yelled:

“Elf ~~~! Come and have a proper talk with senpai ~~~!”

“Sure.”

“Wow!”

Elf was probably waiting, since she was right behind me when I turned back.

“During summer break, Muramasa-chan is staying at my home. When I went back home just now, I put a paper that said 『 I am living together with Izumi Masamune 』 on her back while she was focused on writing.”

“When....”

Elf put her hands on her hip and laughed:

“Because tricking Muramasa-chan is not fair; I want to win against her fair and square, got a problem with that?”

“Ugh...”

Elf’s aura scared me a bit.

Muramasa-senpai pointed at me and said:

“Not only Elf! That paper said you were living together with a scenario writer! What’s the meaning of this? Are you going to create a harem at home?”

“This is a very big misunderstanding!”

I tried my best to deny that.

“Elf ~~ she left out some important details in her note! She said she wants to come here – that’s true. But Makina-san is the scenario writer for Sekaimo’s anime; she came here to get references!”

“Stop talking nonsense! Why does she have to come and live with the original author to get references?”

“I don’t know myself! But she said this is the only way for her to work, so I can’t do anything about it!”

“How could that be possible!? A young boy and girl live together....”

Senpai was blushing in anger.

“Eh, senpai, what are you trying to say?”

“First, let me meet that scenario writer! As the first fan of Izumi Masamune....also Masamune-kun’s...very close girl friend....I have a few words to tell her.”

She said girl friend....

I knew that she was trying to put up a front, but senpai, you were so obvious.

Seeing our conversation, Elf laughed and put a hand on my shoulder:

“Masamune, forget it. If she is like this, she won’t change her mind.”

“Whose fault do you think this is?”

“Well, I want to talk with that girl too. Hurry and wake that fat dragon up.”

They haven’t said a single word to each other, but Elf already seemed to dislike Makina-san.

“Well...sure.”

Elf is fine...but Makina-san and Muramasa-senpai...I think they won’t get along.

I brought them to the living room. Makina-san was still sleeping on the sofa with her coat as a blanket.

“This girl?”

Seeing Makina-san’s laziness, Muramasa-senpai knitted her brow.

*See? Already not getting along?*

“Masamune-kun, wake her up.”

“...She is not that easy to wake up.”

I couldn’t make a Neo Tiger shoot myself. (TL Note: Neo Tiger is a special skill shoot by Huyga Kojiro in the famous manga Captain Tsubasa in the early 90)

“Hmmm...”

Before I could do anything, Muramasa-senpai slowly pinched Makina-san’s nose shut, while covering her mouth at the same time.

“Muramasa-senpai! Are you trying to kill her?”

“But I think I can wake her up this way.”

*That’s not exactly wrong! But why did both producer Akasaka and*

*Muramasa-senpai pick such a scary way?*

But her opponent is not a simple one. Ten seconds....Twenty seconds... Makina-san was still not waking up. But...her face was reddening.

“...Ugh....”

Ph....ew....Ph....ew...The only sound came from her nose, where she could barely breathe.

“Still can endure it? Impossible....”

“Sen, senpai, you should stop! She won’t be able to breathe if you keep going! It’s scary!”

After hearing me say that, Muramasa-senpai finally let go.

“Phew....ah....ahhhhh.”

After released, Makina-san took a few seconds to regain her normal breathing.

“ZZZZZZ....”

She kept sleeping. Seeing that, Muramasa-senpai said:

“...Ohhhh, her face really pisses me off.”

“Agreed.” Elf narrowed her eyes and looked at Makina-san “In that case.....”

“How about we strip her naked?” She said after a moment of silence.

“Stop it right there!”

“I think as long as we strip her naked, she will wake up.”

“Listen to yourselves!”

*Besides, don't grope a sleeping girl's breasts! I don't know where I should look in this situation!*

“Ug...ohhh....”

Makina-san was sleeping soundly, but because of Elf's actions, her face was slowly getting redder again —

“Eh...ahahaha!!!”

Ah, she woke up.

“Wait! What's going on? Why is an unknown beautiful blonde girl groping me?”

Since she was being groped without knowing what is going on, Makina-san kept blinking. Elf calmly introduced herself:

“Pleased to meet you, I'm the genius light novel author Yamada Elf.”

“Ah, pleased to meet you too — No wait! Why are you still groping me?”

Still groping her, Elf turned to me, then said:

“Masamune, let me tell you something — a big breasted girl will wake up if you grope her.”

*What the hell are you talking about?*

“If I wake her up this way, my little sister will get angry, so no.”

“...And I will get angry too.”

Makina-san said in embarrassment, covering her breasts with her hands.

“Phew....”

She yawned and rubbed her eyes before saying:



“I’m scenario writer Aoi Makina. Right now I’m living together with Masamune-san ~~”

She said something that could be so easily misunderstood. Thank god that I have already told Muramasa-senpai and Elf beforehand.

“..So? Yamada Elf-chan and...you are..?”

“I’m Senjyu Muramasa, a fan of Izumi Masamune-sensei.”

Muramasa-senpai raised her well-endowed breasts and looked at her.

As usual, she didn’t introduce herself as a novelist. To her, being my fan is probably more important.

“Senjyu Muramasa? You mean that Senjyu Muramasa?”

“Yes, Senjyu Muramasa-sensei.”

I answered Makina-san in her place.

“Muramasa-senpai has something to talk with Makina-san about regarding the content of Sekaimo.”

“Oh ~~ Is that so? What is it?”

Makina-san whistled and returned to the sofa.

“As a fan of Izumi Masamune-sensei’s novel, a fan of Sekaimo...”

Muramasa-senpai said in a low tone before opening her eyes wide, raising her tone:

“Aoi Makina! I will test you, to see if you truly have the ability to be Sekaimo’s scenario writer!”

It was so hot-blooded, like a manga. In contrast, Makina-san only said.

“Eh ~ no need.”

“What? Why do you reject it?”

” ‘Cuz it’s troublesome.”

What a half-hearted reply.

That should be expected, coming from two people with total opposite personalities. Both were holding their view without any intention of backing down.

Seeing that, Elf immediately began to break the situation down.

“Makina, it looks interesting, so you should accept Muramasa’s test.”

“Oh, you called me by name in our first meeting?”

“Huh? Can’t I?”

“Sure you can. But the test is troublesome.”

“Well, compared with Muramasa, what Makina said made sense. But...”

“But?”

“Muramasa-chan, tell her what you said before.”

“Sure. If you don’t want to accept my test then it can’t be helped....”

Under Elf’s urging, senpai said with an honest expression:

“Use your death to apologize then.”

“Her eyes were serious!???”

Makina-san immediately turned as blue as a ghost and sent me a pleading gaze.

I understood her feelings. I had faced Muramasa-senpai when she was like this before.

“Makina-san, Muramasa-senpai is not joking. Please treat her as a very dangerous fan.”

“Ugh....but I don’t want to....” She said with a frown.

“Makina, what Masamune meant is that we should solve Muramasa’s problem once and for all. Otherwise, she will stick to you without end. If the anime aired, she might come to your house directly.”

Muramasa-senpai’s image in Elf’s imagination was so scary. But yes, that kind of scary fan does exist.

Hearing this, Makina-san had no choice but to sigh.

“Fine. Refusing is more trouble than it’s worth. I will do this test.”

“You should” Muramasa-senpai nodded.

“So...let me see your plan.”

Makina-san’s plan — the same series composition plan — was shown to Muramasa-senpai. She sat down in front of Makina-san and began to read. I and Elf sat nearby and waited for her reaction.

After some time.... Muramasa-senpai looked up and said:

“Good writing.”

“Oh...”

I couldn’t help but stare. Because ...

“Even the original novel lover Muramasa said that, this is not something simple.” Elf immediately said what was in my mind.

However, Muramasa-senpai continued: “But....”

“But that’s not enough. I can’t say for sure if you are the right scenario writer for Sekaimo.”

“So what are you intending to do?”

Makina-san asked. Muramasa-senpai replied:

“Sekaimo volume five will be published next month...you must have read it, right?”

“Yeah, it ends right after a big development.”

“Yes. A perfect development that made people long for the next volume! Even I want to read the next part!”

If you need further explanation, it’s because Muramasa-senpai stuck to me too much so I gave her my manuscript for the next volume. Since she loves my books so much, I could do this for her. She continued happily:

“So this is your next test. Next, please write the next part after Sekaimo volume five...in other words, write the first part of volume six.”

“What?”

“You have to guess the next part then write it down! This is your final test.”

“...Do you even know what you just said?”

“Of course. A scenario writer that the author depends on should be able to do this.”

“No way!”

“No? Then you should die.”

“Wait, are you kidding me?”

*Nope, she is not joking...!*

*As long as she meets something related to Izumi Masamune, Muramasa-senpai will turn into this.*

“By the way, I can do it. I can’t say for sure that I will get it right 100%, but no one understands Izumi Masamune’s novel more than me.”

Muramasa-senpai proudly raised her chest. Makina-san said in amazement:

“...Wow, Masamune-san. You’ve got yourself a very troublesome girl.”

“Yeah, pretty scary.”

“She is super scary. Everything she said was honest...but I think she will kill me if I refuse to write, so I will give it a try.”

“Eh? You can?”

“Who knows? I can’t know without trying.”

Now she was being arbitrary again.

Ugh....

Both Muramasa-senpai and Makina-san...as the original author, when someone said that they can easily predict my next move, I felt a bit annoyed.

If you can, give it a try. That was what I thought.

“If you say so, then do it. I will begin to write myself too. We will compare our results.”

“Then I will write. Could you make me a cup of tea?”

Ten minutes later.

“Finished?”

Makina-san guessed the opening of volume six and wrote it down.

She didn’t write a novel down; she wrote it as a scenario. Just some conversations and basic settings. All of it was stored in the tablet and was waiting for everyone to read.

Makina-san asked Muramasa-senpai:

“By the way Muramasa-senpai, what would happen if my guess is wrong?”

“For every part you get wrong, I will break one of your fingers. How about it?”

“I think you really did that to yourself! Scary!”

*I think she actually did it....*

Then — the result came.

“....It’s as expected.”

“Masamune, hurry up. How much of Makina’s guess is right?”

“.....”

I paused for a few seconds before answering:

“It is... about.... 70%... correct.”

*Damn it ~~~~ I can’t accept it!*

*It was the same when a reader sent me a letter that correctly guessed what would happen next!*

“So ~~ does that mean I passed?”

Makina-san sighed in relief. Muramasa-senpai told her:

“So three fingers, right?”

“Are you a demon!?”

“It’s a joke.”

With an honest expression, Muramasa-senpai looked at me with eyes full

of resentment.

“...Sometimes I joke too.”

“Don’t joke in such a way. It’s bad for my heart.”

*You are so similar to your father.*

“Anyway, forget it...”

She coughed once before turning to Makina-san.

“Test completed. I acknowledge — you are the right scenario writer for Sekaimo.”

“That...well, at least I can keep all of my fingers intact.”

Maybe because she dodged a bullet, Makina-san yawned. Elf said in excitement:

“Hah ~ so both Makina and Muramasa could guess about 70% correctly.”

“Of course. That’s my love. I always think about what I would write in the next part. And that’s how mine and Masamune-kun’s novels are so similar.”

“Hahaha, that’s the result of living together! Still, Masamune-san’s love comedy sometimes beats around the bush too much. You can directly write 『how it should be』: let the first girl win, with every volume ending with a short conversation to conclude everything. That would be much easier to write.”

“I will let you write the next volume then! Idiot, idiot!”

Looks like I can leave this to her.

I said that, stood up and began to head over to a corner.

That’s how the first meeting between Elf, Muramasa-senpai and Makina went.

But when I was trying to get a corner for myself, those girls began to talk about something dangerous:

“So, Muramasa, do you want to live here together?”

“.....I do.”

She said in a small voice.

“Oh, both of you want to live here?”

“Yes. We decided when you were sleeping.”

“Oh ~~~ ....By the way, what are your relationships with Masamune-san?”

“Future wife.”

*What are you talking about...!*

“I... I’m his girl friend.”

Senpai seemed to like this title.

Hearing them, Makina-san’s eyes began to shine.

“Wait a second! Really? Both of you are having such a romantic comedy in real life? Ohohoho, this is interesting ~~!”

Her mood was improved immediately.

“No no no, please don’t decide things by yourselves! I haven’t given my consent yet, nor do I have spare room! Besides, Sagiri —”

Before I could finished, Elf cut in:

“Don’t worry, I already took that into my calculations.”

She said, like everything was expected:



“First, even if we lived here, it wouldn’t affect Sagiri too much. This is a proven fact.”

“...Well.”

Elf began to lecture me.

“Second. Even if I said living together, The Crystal Palace and Izumi’s household are like the same building already, so we don’t need a spare room in your house.”

“....Yeah sure....”

“Lastly. If we stay here, we can help you reach 『 your dream 』.”

“.....What do you mean?” \*2

Both Muramasa-senpai and I were puzzled.

“Well, let’s say....for example: Izumi Masamune, since you have to supervise your anime, game and other activities...you must be close to your limit already.”

“....Ugh.”

So experienced. She figured it out.

“...Still, Kyouka-san moved in with me, so my workload at home has actually decreased...”

“But it’s still hard for you, right?”

“.....”

I didn’t answer. Instead, I asked back:

“What’s your point? How does that relate to living together?”

“Let me and Muramasa help you with your work.”

“Eh?” I blinked. “Re, really?”

“Yup.” Elf laughed and pointed at Muramasa-senpai “Having someone who understands the original author so well would be a godsend. She can help with supervising.”

Next, she pointed her herself:

“And I, who has taken part in all parts of an anime-making project and got wonderful, amazing results.”

Finally, she gave me her hand:

“Let us both become Izumi Masamune-sensei’s helpers! Right, Muramasa ♡?”

She glanced to the side.

“Of...of course! If I could help Masamune-kun...I could ask for nothing more!”

“\_\_\_\_\_”

It took me several seconds to recover.

I stood up and bowed deeply.

“..That....thank you, everyone...that...that...that’d be a huge help!”

I almost cried. To think I have such wonderful friends...

And so —

My busy life was joined by the two most trusted helpers.

— In exchange, I allowed the seed of chaos to grow.

Me and my two most trusted helpers returned to my room.

Since Makina-san was busy with her job, she stayed back in the living room to work. After her conversation with Elf and Muramasa-senpai, she looked full of motivation. I think that she could finish whatever she was doing by our meeting the day after tomorrow.

“First, Masamune, tell me your plans regarding your novel.”

“About that...you are right. Here, take a look.”

I pointed to the wall next to the table. On there, I had stuck my work schedule.

Elf took a look at it. I could see her mouth twitch a little.

“Wow — it’s even harder than my schedule before.”

*“You have to write a new manuscript nearly every single day. What’s with you? Are you a masochist?”*

Someone told me that before.

“I don’t think you can actually follow this schedule.”

“I can. I have to. At the very least I need to finish the work I listed here – to tell the truth, I planned to increase my workload during summer break. After school starts again, I will have even less time to work.”

“I think your work attitude is disgusting. I like you, but I don’t think I can accept this.”

Elf stuck her tongue out. Muramasa-senpai also knitted her brow.

“...Do all original authors face the same problem when making an anime? I only know about writing novels.”

“I can’t say for sure – but this is what I decided on my own.”

For my dream. For Sagiri.

“Ah...is that so. Then there is no need for me to say any more.”  
Muramasa-senpai forced a smile. “What do you need me to do, Masamune-kun?”

“We can help with anything you like.”

~ Ah...I was so moved that I almost cried.

“Then please help me! I won’t hold back!”

I brought out my phonebook and notes and put them down...

\*Thud thud thud thud thud\*

“Elf! Muramasa-senpai! Can I ask you to help me supervise the Sekaimo game?”

“Noooooooooooooooo!!!! I don’t want to supervise game content!!!!”

A year ago, Elf-senpai had the same problem. Thus, she screamed in fear.

“This is 「 the work that I don’t want to do again the most 」in the genius light novel author Yamada Elf’s book! You, you asked me to do that again....What a devilish light novel author! You are so shameless, kouhai!!!!!!!!!!”

Ah ~ thankfully I have someone with experience here to help.

While Elf-senpai didn’t understand my work as much as Muramasa-senpai, but she had a lot of experience with supervising game content. If I asked her to take a look at it before passing the results to me, I think it would greatly cut down the time I needed to spend on it

On the other hand, Muramasa-senpai didn’t look like she understood anything.

“Um...what do you mean supervise?”

“All of this is content for the upcoming game. Because many people write

it instead of me, it would be problematic if I used what they wrote directly. At best, there will be some differences from the original novel. Fixing those differences is called 「supervising」.”

“So you mean I need to read it all then rewrite any part that I don’t find satisfying?”

“Muramasa-senpai, you can do that too.”

As a novelist, Muramasa-senpai is even better than me. And since she knows my story very well, I don’t think there would be any problems with asking her to do this.

Of course, the one who has to make the final decision is still me.

“I see. In that case, leave it to me.”

Muramasa-senpai laughed and picked up the stack of papers.

“....But you don’t need to rewrite all of this one more time.”

“If I do that, be sure to write Senjyu Muramasa-sensei in the credits!”

I’d love to see such a game too! What a dependable helper!

And then —

Three light novel authors did their best to work.

I took care of writing the original novel. Muramasa-senpai and Elf helped with supervising. Of course, both of these things can’t be completed in a single day.

Elf-senpai said “I think it will take half a month.”

So when night came, both of them would return to Elf’s home — that was what I thought...

Elf and Muramasa-senpai ate dinner at my house. Took a bath at my house.

Changed into pajamas at my house...

It's 11 o'clock already, but they were still in my room.

"...Eh...you two...it's pretty late...aren't you going back?"

I had asked them this before: More than once.

In her pajamas, Elf jumped on my bed, pulled my blanket over her then grinned at me:

"Eh ~ but there aren't any more trains at this hour ~~"

"Your house is right next to mine!"

"Ahahaha, alright alright, I was joking. You should be more welcoming to your guests, my cute kouhai."

"That is not something someone already lying in my bed would say."

By the way, after dinner, Elf did nothing but play around. Sometimes she chatted with me; sometimes she read manga or played mobile games.

I was thankful for her delicious dinner, but she didn't help much with supervising the game...looks like she really doesn't want to do it.

Next to her, Muramasa-senpai in her blue pajamas was sitting at a low table and working.

She had quickly given up on supervising everything – given up on writing completely new content for the Sekaimo game.

What she said earlier wasn't a joke.

"Senpai, I'm really thankful for your help...but it's now 11 o'clock..."

"...Uh...so late...\*yawn\* no wonder I felt so sleepy."

"So, you should —"

“Yes....I should go to bed.”

Senpai slowly stood up, stretched her back.

Then she fell on my bed.

“Eh? Sen, senpai?”

She took after Elf and had already put my blanket over herself.

“Wait a second...! Why are you here too! I prepared a room for you at my house! Go back there!”

“...I, I want to sleep here tonight! Elf, you should go back to your home!”

“Hah? What stupid thing are you talking about? Hurry and go home!”

Two beautiful girls in pajamas began to argue on my bed.

I can't watch it anymore.

“Hey, you are the one who suggested it! You said in order to help Masamune-kun recover from his tiredness, we should sleep next to him together...!”

“I want me alone to sleep with him!”

“What are you two talking about!?”

I tried to interrupt, but both of them glared at me.

“If we live together, then we should sleep together.”

*What happened to “the two houses are next to each other so there is no need for an extra room”?*

But I don't think either of them will listen to reason now.

“If I allow a girl to sleep in here, Kyouka-san will kill me!”

“She didn’t return home today, so it’s not a problem.”

“My little sister will get angry!”

“Oh. Have you told her that we are going to help you with your work?”

“But I never said anything about sleeping together!”

*What the heck is happening?*

I don’t even think there are any recent light novels that have an event where the main character was forced to sleep together with two beautiful girls!

“Masamune!”

“Masamune-kun!”

“Who do you want to sleep with?” \* 2

Any choice I made would ended in disaster, so I —

“I’m not going to sleep!” I yelled, adding “Right now, I ———— don’t have time to sleep!”

I jumped on my chair and resumed working as fast as I could.

“Ah...Look, Muramasa. It’s great that we came, isn’t it?”

“Right...It’s rare to see something so heartwarming.”

I could faintly hear their conversation.

In the end —

Elf and Muramasa-senpai didn’t return home.

I didn’t go to bed.



Time passed in silence.

When I turned back, I saw that they were sleeping soundly side by side.



“.....”

*Thank you, senpai.*

I whispered in my heart and returned my eyes to the table.

My curtain was open. Through the windows, I saw the sky starting to get lighter.

Time flied ....

“Hahhhhhhh ~~~~~”

I stretched my tired back.

When I closed my eyes, I could feel my heartbeat in my veins.

I could tell that my concentration is getting worse, and I felt tired too.

“I should wash my face.”

With shaking legs, I stood up and left the room, trying to go to the bathroom.

Suddenly —

“!”

With a *\*creak\**, *the locked room opened.*

“Sa, Sa....”

She came out of the room and stopped in front of me.

“Sagiri!”

That’s right.

I saw it. The girl who came at me with terrifying eyes was my little sister

Sagiri.

Besides, her pajamas look cute.

“.....”

Then, she pulled my hand.

“Hey?”

“.....”

Pull. Pull.

Her action meant that I shouldn't try to resist. So I didn't.

“.....”

Sagiri took my hand, opened the door to her room and led me in.

Then —

\*Crank\*.

“.....Sa, Sagiri? Why did you lock the door?”

“.....”

She didn't reply to my terrified question. She just looked at the floor with an ice-cold gaze like Kyouka-san.

“.....So....should I...sit down?”

“.....”

She didn't move: Just kept looking at the floor.

Her gaze was so cold that I was terrified. So I meekly sat down in front of her, waiting for my lecture.

Finally, she said:

“...Nii-san....do you....understand why am I angry?”

*She really is angry!*

But I already prepared an answer. So I began to explain:

“...Because Elf...and Muramasa-senpai are sleeping in my room? But there is a reason for it!”

“No.”

“But I didn’t touch them – eh? Wait? No?”

“No.”

Sagiri shook her head.

“I was very very very very very very very frustrated to see Elf-chan stay here last night ~~~”

*Just how angry she was...Sagiri-sama is so scary...*

“...But what made me angry the most ...was...”

“?”

I didn’t understand. I couldn’t think of anything else.

Looked at me, Sagiri said:

“You really don’t get it, do you?”

“W, what?”

“Kyouka-san, Elf-chan too. I believe many people told you...but Nii-san... you really don’t get it!”

It has been a long time since my little sister got angry with me.

“Why didn’t you sleep last night?”

“I”

“Yesterday too! Even the day before that! When was the last time you had a good night’s sleep?”

“.....”

“I...have told you many times before! I begged you! Please get some sleep!”

“That —”

I did have a good night’s sleep — I wanted to say it, but I couldn’t.

That’d be a lie. And I don’t think she would be fooled for a second.

“...Sorry, but —”

“No buts!”

She turned her head away.

“....Summer. During summer break...”

“No.”

“I don’t want the work to be piled up so much that I can’t take part in making the anime. In the next meeting, we are finally going to talk about the scenario —”

“Stop talking.”

Her face was getting closer and closer. She was staring at me.

“If Nii-san turns into this...then I don’t need that dream anymore.”

“Wait Sagiri! This —”

*This is the only thing that you shouldn't say!*

When I was about to retort —

“...”

I couldn't.

Sagiri was crying.

“...Nii-san...you...are....doing what I hate the most.”

Sagiri cried; then slowly pointed at her bed.

“Go to bed.”

“What?”

“Right now, go to bed.”

“Wait?”

“Next...I will watch over you... to see if you sleep or not.”

“Watch over me... and I sleep here?”

The news was so sudden that I thought my head was going to explode. Just hearing that words 『watch over』 was enough for me to be confused.

Me? Sleep in Sagiri's — in the bed of the girl I like?

“Do you...know what you just said?”

“From now on, Nii-san is going to live with me.”

Sagiri concluded, without leaving room for argument.

“What are you talking about? You have been living with me since the

beginning!”

“No. Unless we live together, it is not enough.”

“But we already live under the same roof!”

Sagiri shook her head again.

“Here. Right here...

Starting today, I want you to live with me inside of this room.”