ノーゲーム・ノーライフ 榎宮祐 Art Works

榎宮祐 Art Works

ノーゲーム・ノーライフ

I ♥
人類

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MEDIA FACTORY

TV アニメ「ノーゲーム・ノーライフ」NEET Blu-ray BOX

映画「ノーゲーム・ノーライフ ゼロ」限定版【Blu-ray】 収納 BOX

ノーゲーム・ノーライフ

榎宮祐

Art Works

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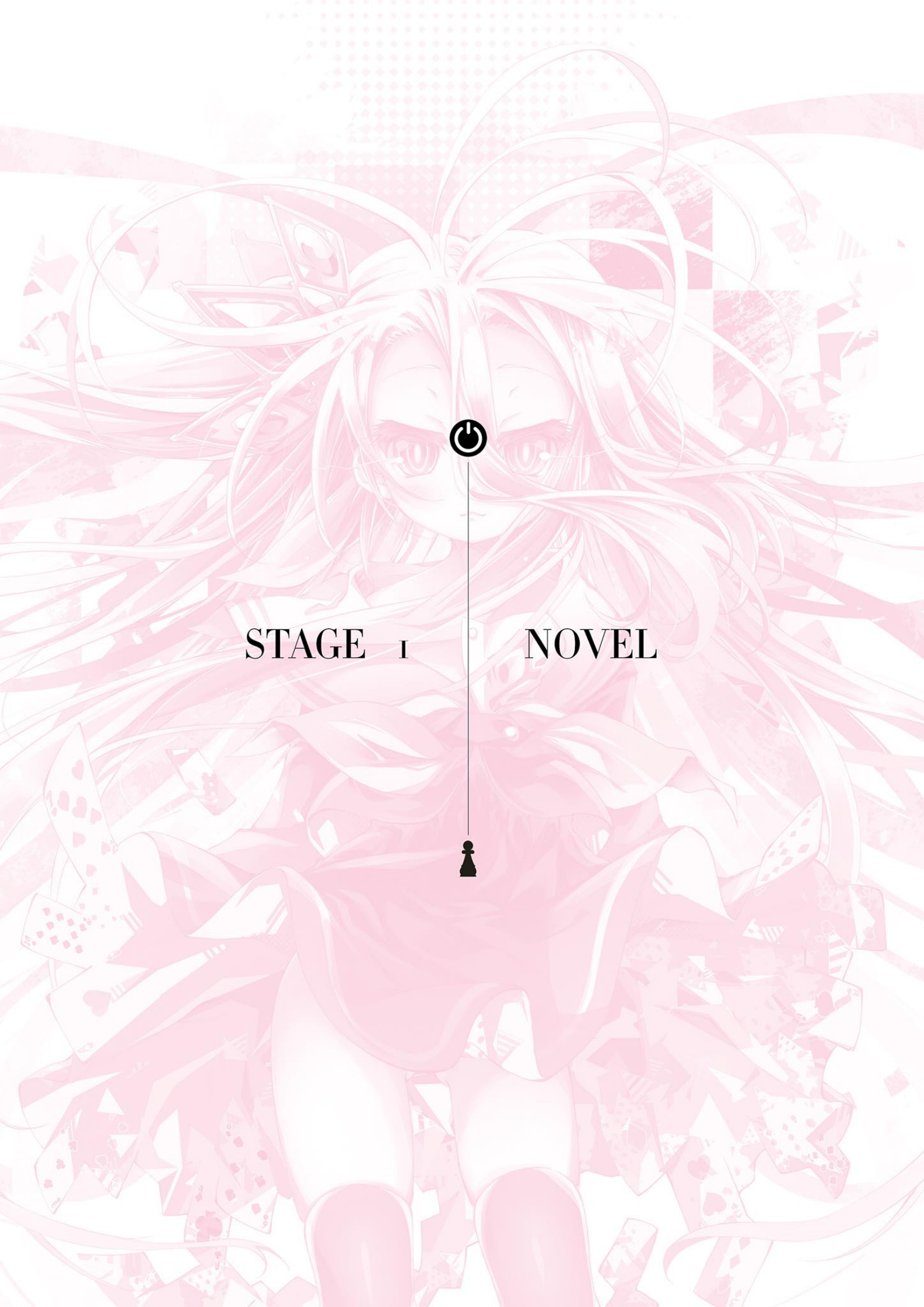

STAGE 1 NOVEL

Meet Sora and Shiro, a brother and sister who are loser shut-ins by normal standards. But these siblings don't play by the rules of the "crappy game" that is average society. In the world of gaming, this genius pair reigns supreme, their invincible avatar so famous that it's the stuff of urban legend. So when a young boy calling himself God summons the siblings to a fantastic alternate world where war is forbidden and all conflicts--even those involving national borders--are decided by the outcome of games, Sora and Shiro have pretty much hit the jackpot. But they soon learn that in this world, humanity, cornered and outnumbered by other species, survives within the confines of one city. Will Sora and Shiro, two failures at life, turn out to be the saviors of mankind? Let the games begin...!

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Cover

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Front Piece 1

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Front Piece 2

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No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Illustration 02

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Illustration 01

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Illustration 04

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NO GAME NO LIFE

01

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Afterword

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Next Volume Teaser

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Melon Books Pre-order Bonus Original Illustration

No Game, No Life Vol. 1 Gamers Pre-order Bonus Original Illustration

It's gamer siblings vs. the animal girls, but first there's some angel trouble to deal with! After having been summoned to the world of Disboard, where a boyish god has declared that all conflicts must be resolved via games, the genius gamer siblings Sora and Shiro have ascended to rule over the strange world's embattled humans. Now brother and sister must challenge the other races directly, and the games are afoot! Will Sora and Shiro be able to stand against the might of the angelic Flügel race? The next chapter in the hit fantasy series begins here!

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Cover

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Front Piece 1

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Front Piece 2

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Front Piece 3

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Illustration 02

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Illustration 01

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Illustration 04

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Illustration 03

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Illustration 06

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Illustration 05

No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Illustration 08

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No Game, No Life Vol. 2 Next Volume Teaser

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NO GAME NO LIFE 02

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In the world of Disboard, everything is decided by games. And after rising to reign as the monarchs of the remnants of Disboard's humans, gamer siblings Sora and Shiro have now wagered the fate of every human being alive on the outcome of a game against the Eastern Union! But immediately after making this wager, Sora disappears, leaving only a cryptic message behind. “Blank”, the legendary two-in-one gamer. has been torn asunder! What is Sora thinking? What will Shiro do? What will become of humanity? And what about the paradise of animal girls?

In the this volume of the bestselling alternate-world fantasy series, it's a risky showdown against the Werebeasts!

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Cover

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Front Piece 1

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Front Piece 2

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Front Piece 3

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Illustration 02

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Illustration 01

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Illustration 03

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Illustration 05

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No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Illustration 09

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Illustration 10

NO GAME NO LIFE 03

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Next Volume Teaser

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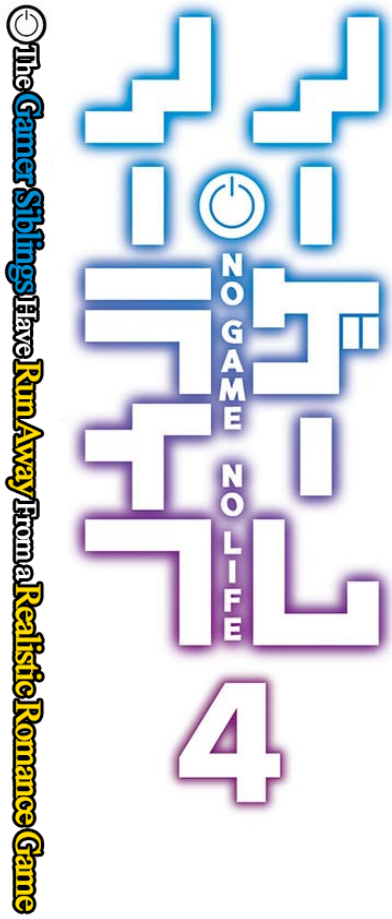

Having been transported to the world of Disboard, where everything is decided by games, Sora and Shiro (who together form the unstoppable gamer team “Blank”) are still winning. They've racked up an unbroken string of victories against opponents armed with all manner of magic and treachery. As the pair enjoy a well-deserved vacation in the Eastern Union, they're approached by a Dhampir named Plum. Sora and Shiro prepare for battle, but this game is one of the very few they haven't beaten and mastered—the game of love!

No Game, No Life Vol. 4 Cover

No Game, No Life Vol. 4 Front Piece 1

No Game, No Life Vol. 4 Front Piece 2

No Game, No Life Vol. 4 Front Piece 3

No Game, No Life Vol. 4 Illustration 02

No Game, No Life Vol. 4 Illustration 01

No Game, No Life Vol. 4 Illustration 03

No Game, No Life Vol. 3 Illustration 05

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No Game, No Life Vol. 4 Next Volume Teaser

NO GAME NO LIFE 04

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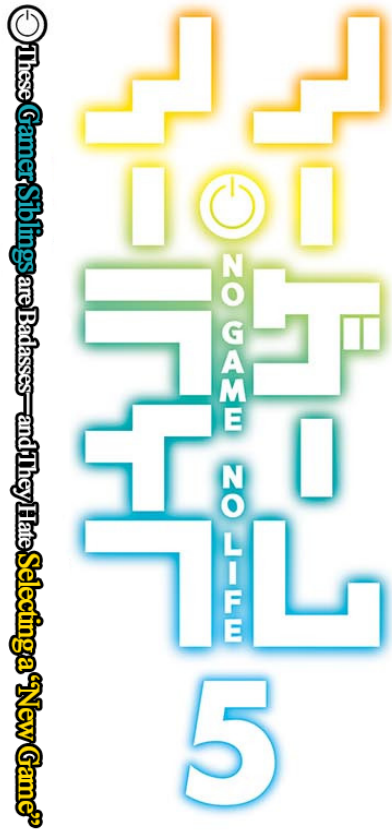

In the world of Disboard, everything is decided by games. Since arriving in this strange place, genius gamer siblings Sora and Shiro have risen to become king and queen of what's left of Disboard's humans. Their latest challenge is winning an unwinnable romance game against the races of Dhampir and Siren. To uncover the true strategy to beat this sadistic game of love, they head for the home of the angelic Flügel: the midair city of Avant Heim. But the Flügel are a hideously powerful race, created specifically to kill gods. Will things really go as planned?

No Game, No Life Vol. 5 Cover

No Game, No Life Vol. 5 Front Piece 1

No Game, No Life Vol. 5 Front Piece 2

No Game, No Life Vol. 5 Front Piece 3

No Game, No Life Vol. 5 Illustration 02

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NO GAME NO LIFE 05

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No Game, No Life Vol. 5 Gamers Pre-order Bonus Original Illustration

No Game, No Life Vol. 5 MF Bunko Pre-order Bonus Original Illustration

Tet, the One True God, takes a break to amuse himself among the mortals only to collapse on the streets of Elkia. When a familiar face finds him and lends a helping hand, the God of Play regales her with a tale from the Great War about a human man who challenged the world and a strange girl who sought to comprehend the human heart...

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Cover

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Front Piece 1

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Front Piece 2

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Front Piece 3

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Illustration 01

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Illustration 02

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Illustration 03

NO GAME NO LIFE

06

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Illustration 05

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Illustration 04

No Game, No Life Vol. 6 Illustration 07

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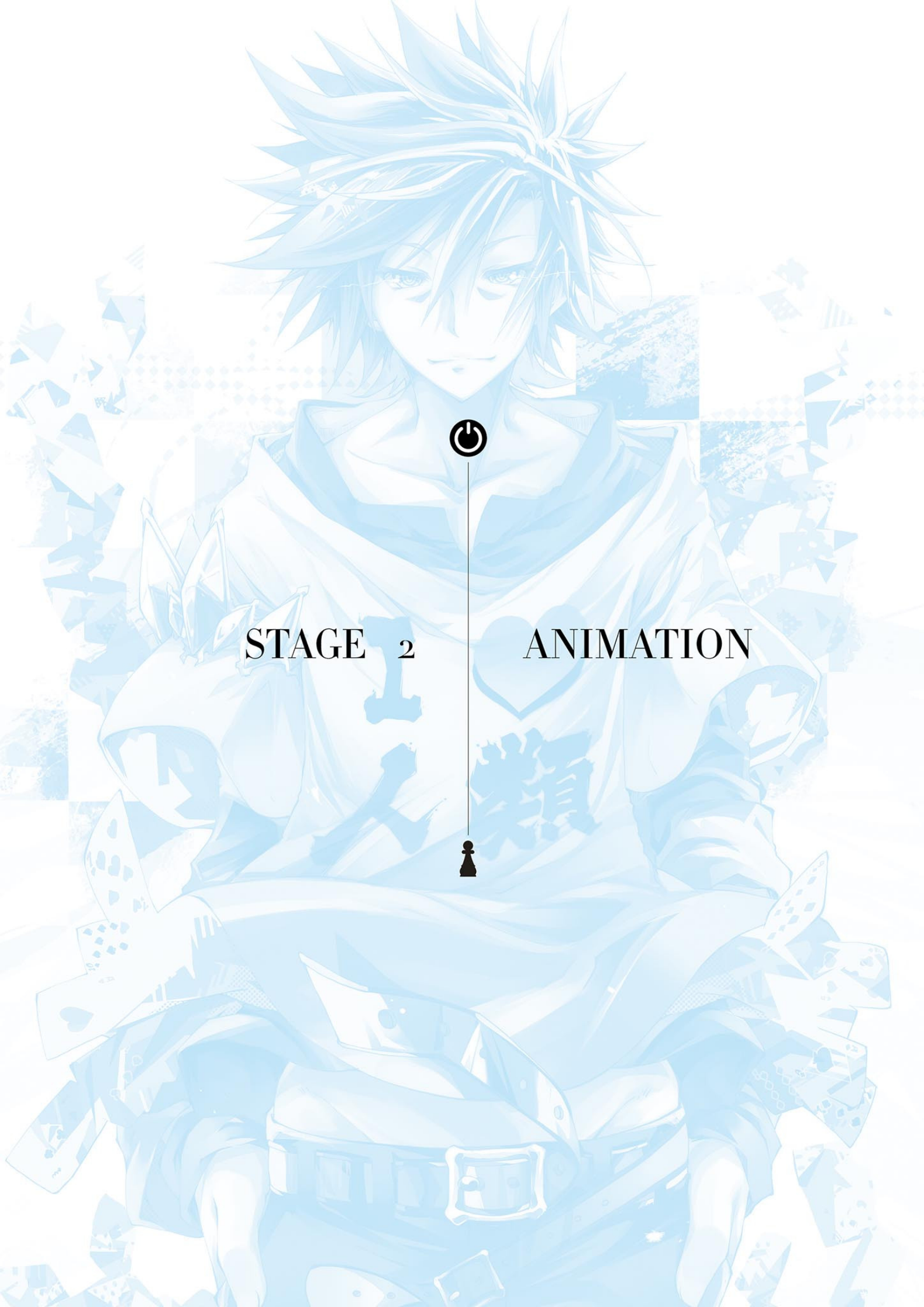


STAGE 2 ANIMATION

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD 1　Pre-order Campaign Clear Poster

01

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD 1　Graded Sketch Jacket

02

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD 2　Graded Sketch Jacket

03

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD 3　Graded Sketch Jacket

04

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD 4　Graded Sketch Jacket

05

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD 5　Graded Sketch Jacket

06

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD 6　Graded Sketch Jacket

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD　Gamers Pre-order

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD　Animate Pre-order

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD　Sofmap Pre-order

TV Anime “No Game No Life” Blu-ray & DVD　Toranoana Pre-order

MF Bunko J "Summer School Festival 2013" Five Major Titles Key Visual

MF Bunko J "Summer School Festival 2016" Theatrical Production Announcement

Movie “No Game No Life: Zero” Key Visual

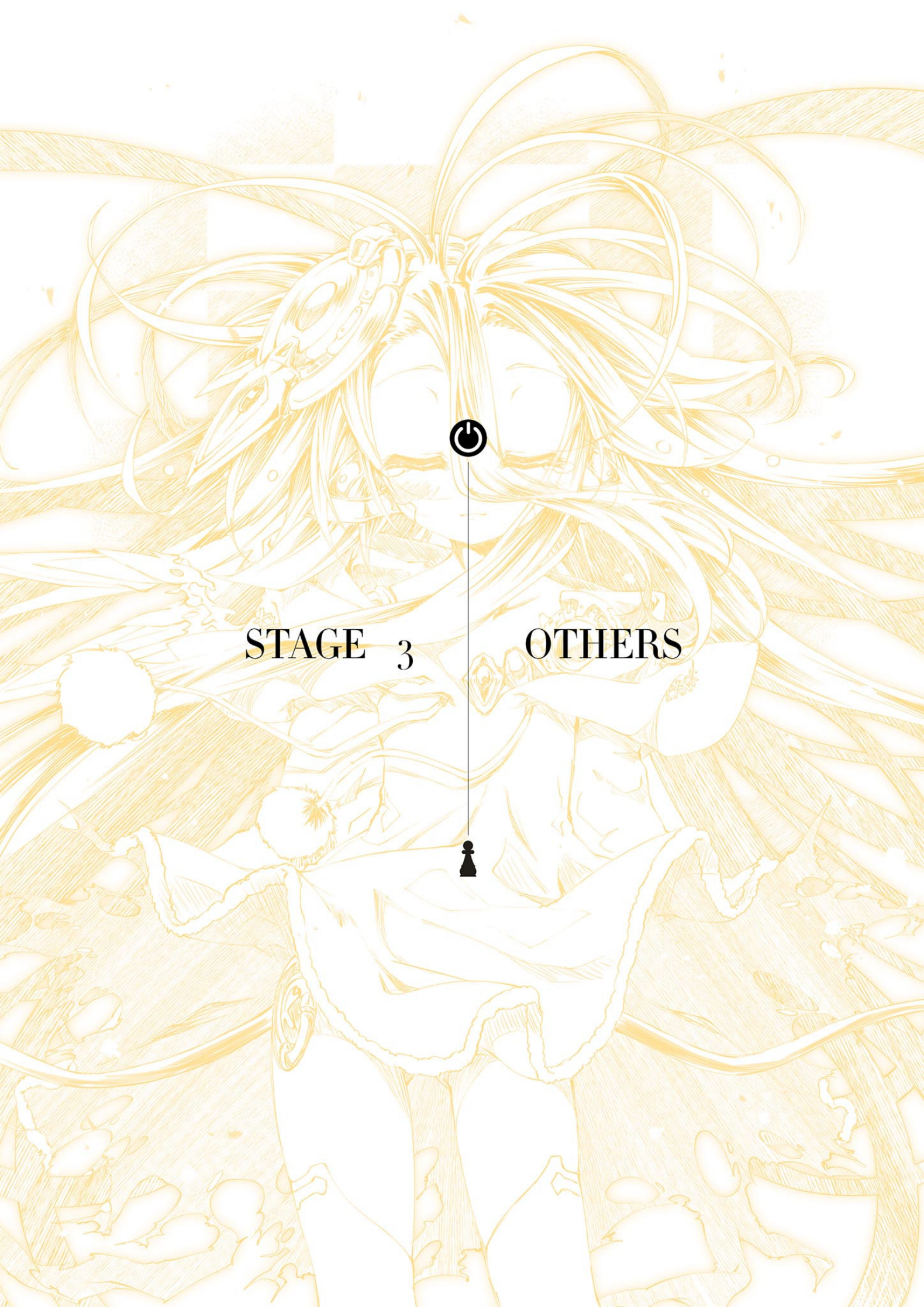
Movie “No Game No Life: Zero” Official Pamphlet

Movie “No Game No Life: Zero” Visitor Special Booklet

NO GAME
NO LIFE
ZERO

映画「ノーゲーム・ノーライフ ゼロ」入場者プレゼント　描き下ろし色紙パネル

Movie “No Game No Life: Zero” 3D Poster for Early-term Campaign



STAGE 3 OTHERS

"No Game No Life" Official Twitter Website Icons

NOという勇気を
学園祭
断固阻止
空気は
読まぬ
何だ
KEEP OUT
リア充立入禁止

超健全
空間発動

No Game, No Life Vol. 5 On Sale　Volume 1~4 Reprint Special Edition

Illustration for ANIMAG Thai Edition

Monthly Comic Alive March 2013 Issue Back Cover

Monthly Comic Alive May 2014 Issue Front Cover

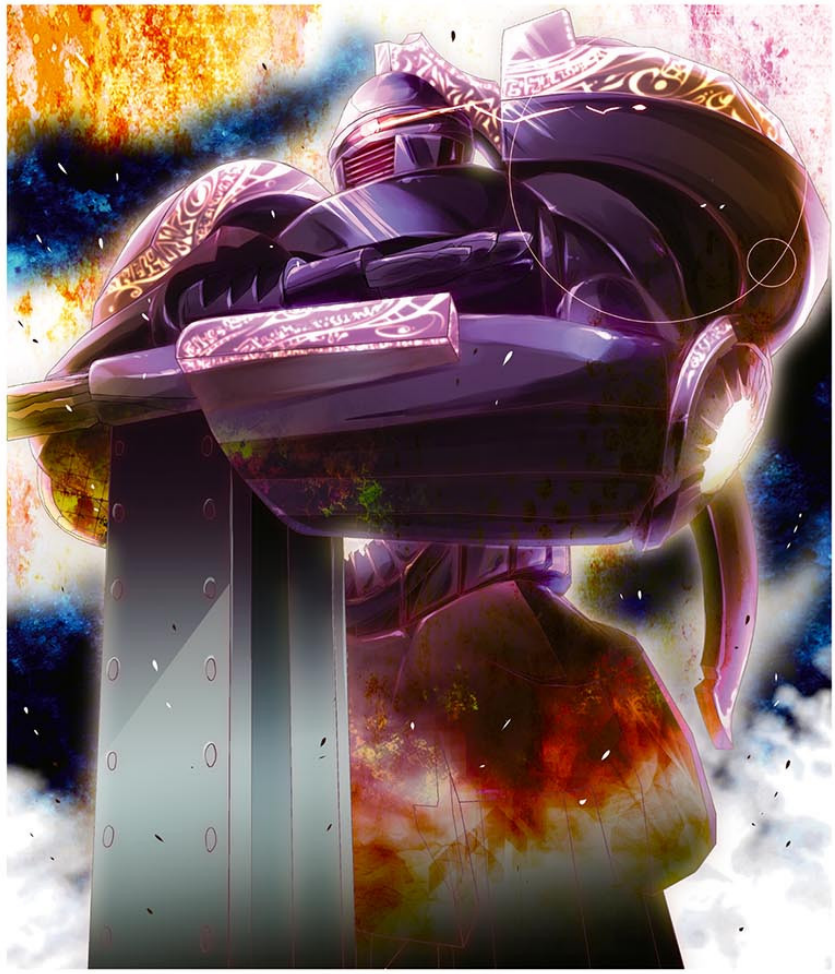
Monthly Comic Alive September 2017 Issue Back Cover

GUEST/COLLABORATION

Boku wa Tomodachi ga Sukunai (Hagani: I Don't Have Many Friends) Sena Kashiwazaki

Boku wa Tomodachi ga Sukunai (Hagani: I Don't Have Many Friends) Kobato Hasegawa Illustration

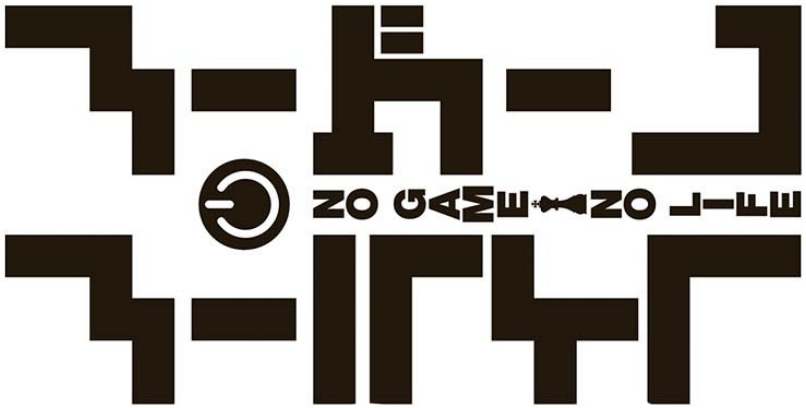
TV Anime "Boku wa Tomodachi ga Sukunai NEXT" Episode 10 Endcard



"Chain Chronicle 3" (SEGA) Fukunori Knight Field

“Chain Chronicle 3” (SEGA) Tenmu's Evil Genius Fund

STAGE 4 SPECIAL


Augmented Earth Game

...AH?
...NII EMAIL...
.....
Have you siblings ever felt like you were born in the wrong world?
https://www.unknowntheworld
WHAT'S THIS...
LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST SPAM
WAS IT PERHAPS ONE OF THOSE GAME PROMOS?
EMAIL DELETED
TAP

GOOD MORNING!!
COME ON!! SORA AND SHIRO!!
WE'RE GOING TO SCHOOL TODAY!!
Stephanie Dola
Age 19
Born in Germany, raised in Japan, high school student, president of the game company she inherited from her grandfather
UP 'TILL FIVE
"AGAIN"? NO, NO
IT WAS MORE OF AN "ACCIDENT" REALLY
...WHAT?! DID YOU TWO STAY UP ALL NIGHT AGAIN?!
ガチャ...
FINE...
I'VE REALIZED YOU'RE DETERMINED TO DO THIS
I SWORE TO MY GRANDFATHER THAT I WOULD TURN YOU TWO INTO DECENT HUMAN BEINGS!!
I WON'T STOP UNTIL THAT PROMISE IS MADE!!
ずるっずるっ...
NO MORE OF YOUR EXCUSES!!
WHY DO YOU REFUSE TO GO TO SCHOOL!?
STEPH... DON'T YOU GET TIRED OF DOING THIS EVERY DAY?

*TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: CHLAMMY IS BASICALLY TRYING TO SAY THAT WHETHER OR NOT THEY GO TO SCHOOL, IT'L BE A "FIGHT" REGARDLESS

HM...?
INSULTING MY MASTER IN FRONT OF ME
AND NOW... I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU
ピポピ
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF
BUT... OF COURSE
YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE IT OUT ALIVE, DO YOU?
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, HUMAN

...
HOW DID YOU BREAK IN THIS TIME?
AS USUAL, SPATIAL TRANS-FERENCE..
DID THE WINDOW BREAK DUE TO IT?
IT'S BEC-AUSE I HAVE A KEY
うっ…マスター…
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU DONE THIS?
THIS MAKES 41 TIMES …
THE THING IS, WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
IT'S JIBRIL …
WHY DOES YOUR LICENSE SAY "HANAKO YAMADA" THEN?
IT'S A FALSE NAME
FORGERY OF PUBLIC RECORDS, I'M TAKING YOU IN!!
YOU AREN'T WHAT YOUR BRAIN THINKS YOU ARE. YOU NEED TO ACCEPT THAT AS A FACT
POLICE
Jibril
Age 6408 [self-proclaimed]
Self-proclaimed celestial species, stalker, trespassing, property damage, etc.
OH WELL THIS IS JUST GREAT! NOW SHE'S GOING TO KILL ME FOR REAL, SHE HAD HER EYES ON ME!
WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOUR SECURITY!?
WE NEED MORE GUARDS
WE EVEN HAVE INFRARED SENSORS!
I SAID THAT IF SHE COMES BACK, I'M DROPPING OUT OF THE TEAM!
ブロロロ…
マ～スター～!
HI THERE ♡ MY HAND-SOME PLAY-ERS~! ♪
GAMER KITSUNE VTUBER MIKO-CHAN THE SHRINE PREISTESS HERE, BRINGING YOU GAMING NEWS,
THE MARKET OF E-SPORTS HAS EXPLODED IN RECENT YEARS, AND THE SIZE OF THE MARKET IS APPROACHING THAT OF THE MAJOR SPORTS!
IT'S SUCH A HOT TOPIC RIGHT NOW!
I'M A BIT TOO LATE TO BE TELLING YOU ALL THAT THOUGH, RIGHT?

*TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: STEPH IS TALKING ON HER PHONE, LIKELY TO SOMEONE AT HER BUSINESS

I'LL MAKE THE BEST OF IT
LET'S GO FOR WORLD DOMINAT-ION, SHIRO
Sora
Age 19
Shiro
Age 12
Refuse to go to school, Shut-in NEETS, Communication Disability, Form the ultimate gamer 『 』
... MM
NOW, LET THE GAMES BEGIN
そらとしろの家
SORA AND SHIRO'S HOUSE
ノーゲーム ノーライフ
NO GAME NO LIFE
Augmented Earth Game

It all started a year ago when I, Sora—Virgin, 18 years old at the time—was playing was playing a game at home with my little sister, Shiro, in a humble manner. Then, suddenly, the police rushed in and arrested me red-handed. I was falsely accused of indecent assault on a child.

"~~~~~I'm sorry, sir, I'm so sorry!!"

The person who had turned me in was now on her knees, begging for forgiveness when they let me go, neither Shiro or I knew her. She explained that was the student council president of the school Shiro and I attend.

As the student council president, she had access to private information regarding all the students in the district. She learned that us siblings were sort of...delinquents, and didn't attend school that often, so she decided to come and visit our house to put us in line, which was enough for us to be angry at her at this point. She was suspicious of our lives, and decided to chime in. She had also borrowed a key from the landlord, and raided our house without permission,

"But you see, you were both in the same room wearing blindfolds, sticking your buttocks out, and then said 'Alright, Shiro! Put it in my ass!' And if you see a kid walking up to someone with a vibrator in their hand, shaking and jumping, you call the police, that's completely natural!?" She barked in her own defense.

—I see. That would definitely be questionable enough to call the police. The problem is that what I was wearing was not a blindfold, but a VR Headset. In other words, my sister and I were just playing a VR game. I wasn't sticking my ass out, I was just getting down and telling the enemy to attack me. My sister was holding a controller that had a vibration function, but it was also one with an obscene light source. We should probably contact the manufacturer to complain about the specifications, along with its misleading pink color.

And most importantly, do you really think we would've considered those possibilities? I feel like the one at fault is her for assuming such an innocent thing would really be a lewd affair, and then falsely reporting it. And, I also apologized to her for the confusion, and encouraged her to go to the hospital as soon as possible, and then took my sister's hand and went home.

—This was my first encounter with 'Steph'. During the interrogation, both Shiro and I, who were pulled away from one another, were shaking and crying. We went back to escaping reality to forget those damning events, and that was it. Back to our usual routine—back to our small, 16 tatami mat, dark and narrow room, with no place to go, just us, brother and sister.

.....or so I thought.

—The next day. Steph came to visit again, and more importantly, bringing more trouble with her.

■■■

"Zell-chan!? You're late for practice!?"

".....You're a pro gamer, you...idiot!"

We're a week away from the tournament, and yet we didn't show up to practice with Chlammy. At the door of her room, just like a year ago. I barked, kicking though it like I was told to. ...A man steps into the room of a nineteen-year-old college student without permission.

Normally, this action would be pretty questionable and a huge invasion of privacy, but here, it is justice. Because, first of all, I am accompanied by my twelve-year-old sister. Secondly, this mansion where Chlammy's room is located in, is also located within Shiro and I's house, and I've been wasting my time and money on a room that's within this so-called "gaming house" where you live with your teammates. There's no privacy in this sanctuary, where the ultimate goal is to play games both in public and in private!!

.....I mean, our room is being raided day and night without any regard for what happens to us, so that's something we have in common.

"All right, all right. Tell me what to say, and I'll say it!"

I stepped into the room, where Chlammy was yelling at the screen. No, she was yelling at the person on the other end of the screen.

"I want a reward for winning, sis!"

...Hmm.....

"Chlammy-san, I'm sorry to disturb you, I didn't realize you were…busy?"

".....Good, luck...? I…wish you good luck…?"

Shiro and I stared into the room with slight discomfort, preparing to make a run for it.

"Hey?! You can't just run away! Help me out, okay?!"

Chlammy rushes over to Shiro and I as we walk away. Gah...

"What do you mean by 'help'? ...Chlammy...are you sure you don't just want me to join~?"

"Why would that be? Also, why are you recording this on your phone?!" she exclaimed, pointing to Shiro who was holding her cell phone up at her.

"Okay, I get it, I'm sorry... With a sponsor, you can't deny them, right? If they ask you to sleep with them, you can't say no to them, so you'll have to sell your soul for money and power to keep them. Let me do it for you."

"....I see, you're...right."

.....Chlammy Zell. Also known as "crmy"—

She's the one who was arrested a year ago. The day after she was arrested, Steph took her in and kicked down her door and raided her house, no questions asked—she was a "Pro Gamer".

She was a classmate of Steph's, and when she found out that the account number on the screen was 『　　』 when Steph and I raided the house—in other words, when she found out that I was a professional gamer—she stormed in.

And then, "So you guys were 『　　』? ....This will be the first and last time I say this," she continued, "I'm such a big fan of yours! Please shake my hand and give me your autograph! Oh, those 4 vs 1,200 rule-less field battles are now a myth in my book by the way. I'm so excited! I'm in love with you guys." She said with a triumphant look on her face, she was like a maiden who had fallen in love.

And then, she switched to a vicious expression that suggested she was emotionally unstable, and continued:

"Will you be a guest on my video stream? I don't mind if you don't want to. But I don't have the confidence to keep your identity and address a secret." So she's...threatening me...

—The rise of e-Sports has been a hot topic these days. But even for professional gamers, only a handful of them can make a living off of tournament winnings. The prize money is the same as in other competitions.

The prize money itself is not too high for the 6 major titles, but in its entirety it's not too high for Japan or Asia. It would be a small drop in the bucket if they shared it with their teammates. The reality is that our main source of income comes from video distribution and sponsorship. —So, the UK-based Nilvalen is sponsoring Chlammy, and is therefore not an official teammate of ours.

"I don't make any money except for the videos where I have 『　　』 as a guest! The flames aren't even under control, and if you cut off our support, we won't be able to survive! They're asking for more money, and it's just an excuse to demand for more and more."

"The sponsors keep pressing me, 'Well, I hope you're ready for my next request. You're going to give me a hundred and twenty different kinds of flirtatious lines and poses that will loosen my wallet~❤'"

—Ah yes. This is the video that blackmailed Shiro and I into making a guest appearance in Chlammy's video. As a result of us agreeing to appear on the video under the condition that we would only appear in person and on the play screen, the number of views was astounding. It was a stretch, but in hindsight—it was no surprise.

There is no evidence in large team discussions of DARPA or other organizations that the government was not sending out any messages of its own. The theory of artificial intelligence developed by CERN had become an urban legend, and Shiro and I had heard about it. The number of video views of 『　　』 grew to over a billion. And then—Chlammy's social networking site went up in flames.

First of all, the fact that she didn't reveal the identity of 『　　』 is in itself a promise that she kept—and then, rapidly their increased popularity led to a publicity stunt using 『　　』. Furthermore, rumors started to spread that she didn't pay a portion of the profit from the video to 『　　』, and even the fake breasts she wore were exposed, which started more drama online.

—The sales held by President Nilvalen had been overtaken, and if there was no enthusiastic support from some, they would have been beaten in real life.

And so, the team was disbanded and now it's only me. The girl got what she deserved. "That too~? The money I lent to Chlammy is now going to be returned to you all at once~?"

—The woman on the screen was smiling in an inappropriate manner. It's a good idea to make sure that she's able to get a good look at her own ears...as she's molded her ears into elf ears somehow. Looking at it from President Nilvalen's perspective, I pity her for the fact that Chlammy's life is in her hands, I genuinely feel bad.

Honestly, I don't even know how it came to be that the president of a British company, Nilvalen, and a Japanese high school girl, Chlammy, were able to come together. I don't even know if they had an affair. I mean, she's never talked about it, but she's always so stubborn when the topic is brought up.

"Hey Sora, Shiro! You promised me all the winnings if I win the next tournament, right? You're for real?! I'll pay off my debt to Fiel, so please let me hide here?"

—I'm not just a full member of the team, I'm hidden. I'm a first-person shooter! I'm not all old enough to join a team with all the genre bullshit! If it's just an FPS, I can help you out, just like I did with this one!

"Everywhere I go, Fiel grabs me, and I can't get away from her!"

"Chlammy...she can't even keep her confidentiality agreement. So..."

"Nevermind about that!! We'll just get our winnings. It's all yours. I mean it, or I don't go to England. I'll be there for the joint training, it'll be in a minute!" .....Oh, oh. We turned our backs on that exchange and left.

—『　　』's unpaid video revenue, ...That's one of the reasons why Chlammy got burned so badly. The truth of the matter is that neither I or Shiro had ever asked for a paycheck. We were blackmailed into appearing on the show in the first place. The fee didn't even cross our minds, and all we asked for was to not "reveal our identity" and "stay out of our business at all costs," rather than have Chlammy show up to pay a portion of the proceeds. We are the ones who chase them away, telling them that they are breaching their promise. Isn't it obvious?

I've been a guest on Chlammy's feed, but we did what we've always done, what we do every day... In other words, I just played the game. There's a lot of money to be made just from distributing games, and I didn't want to expose my hand for pennies like that. First of all, I don't like playing games for money, and that's why I refused to accept the earnings from Chlammy...

Later on, Shiro and I set up an official channel for『　　』. If you think about it, it's great to get money from playing games, isn't it? Even if it's just a fraction of a penny, it will still help pay for the game, right? If only I could get a new PC... I'll be able to play a few randomly selected games with the faintest of hopes. I uploaded a let's-play video that I can be proud of myself for doing well with.

.....As you may have noticed, I wasn't aware of the aforementioned at this point in time. Therefore, at the end of the month, the numbers that lined up on the video earning report screen. The income reached nine figures, and I and Shiro had a premonition of death.....

■■■

When we left Chlammy's room, Shiro and I went to visit Steph's room, who had also not been at the joint training. It was unusual for Steph to be late for practice, but as soon as we opened the door—"Good luck to all the『　　』fans around the world~!❤"

I assumed all of this by the way her cheerful voice echoed hollowly around the room.

"It's me, Steph, the stand-in for『　　』, who will be giving you a live commentary on the video today! However, as usual, I'm relying on the plays in『　　』, so the lack of a complete explanation is not my fault! I'll be doing the commentary, as usual~"

And silently she seems to be editing the video of『　　』whilst watching it at the same time. .....Yeah, as usual.

The official channel we set up, "『　　』Official Channel" is currently being managed by Steph—or rather, from housekeeping to meals and everything else, she's taking care of pretty much everything for me and my life.

—That day. I was in fear for my life with my nine-figure earnings, and Shiro and I wanted to apologize for getting Steph turned in to the police every day. The officer grabbed Steph as she walked by the gate and questioned her about the account number, hoping to press her for the full amount.

It couldn't be helped. This is not a sum of money that ordinary people should have. It's the price of one's life practically. Neither Shiro or I wanted to die, and for that reason I was truly sorry for Steph getting turned in to the police. If you're in pain because you don't think you can do it, you can do it. Pay for it by dying for us. And who could blame Shiro and I for being so frenzied and forcing death upon her? Steph refused with her eyes peeled back. But...that's when I learned that Steph was the president of "Dolado," a company that gave too many specific reasons for refusing gift tax and miscellaneous income.

—Dolado...

It's a minor game producer that is well known to all. They are a company that makes core non-powered games that are too quirky to sell, but they have great support from a few. And me and Shiro were supporters of that.

Steph's grandfather passed away and she had inherited it from him, but it was in trouble and on the verge of bankruptcy. It was really convenient. Yes—she asked me to use the money to rebuild Dolado. I've been waiting for a reprint of ELKA for a long time, so why not? I had an excuse to push the money, even if it meant dying, and Steph's eyes watered as she kept pestering me for more. She had to make sure I was okay with it.

"Oh, here you go..." Thus, instead of Shiro and I, she's managed everything from income management to video editing. And to top it all off, she's the team's agent, or rather, the team's mascot. Steph, the woman who took care of everything, had already noticed our visit. She looked back at me, exhausted, as if she had just finished editing the video.

...Hmmm.....

"Umm...I-It's just that...I-It's just~ ....Good job, Steph."

"...Steph, you, always...do a good job."

Frankly, what she's doing is hard to manage. I'm sure Shiro feels the same way.

Once again, the work she had done reminded me that without Steph, I would not be where I am today. She reminded me that she had saved me from what was probably a minimally civilized life, and I was really upset about that.

But Steph doesn't see it that way—"It's nothing. It's only natural that you should make up for your inability to play the game by doing what you can to help." Well, I nodded, no doubt about it.

Honestly, Steph is a zapper of a gamer. I mean, maybe it's her grandfather's insistence on non-powered games, a real lady who had never touched an electronic game until she met us, is a typical amateur who leans in with the controller.

Steph's role in the team is, frankly, to match the numbers. The rest of the time she's just dragging her feet and getting the audience to laugh at her unusual plays—"Besides, I'm paid five times as much as you both are anyway ♪" said Steph, sticking out her tongue and smiling playfully.

By the way, Shiro and I make a monthly salary of 100,000 yen. The games and equipment are all expenses, and Steph is the only one who can feed us, and she has no use for it! But...

We don't know—and I don't want to know—but it seems that the income of 『　　』 is over 500 million. It's highly questionable how much Steph would be paid to run the company—but it's not about the money in the first place.

Steph was fidgety and repeated the words over and over again.

".....Thanks to the two of you, we were able to rebuild my grandfather's company, and buy back this mansion filled with memories of him. It's a favor I couldn't possibly repay—even if I had to spend the rest of my life trying to repay you."

Yes, this house is owned by Shiro and I. Originally, it was the mansion that Steph's grandfather had owned before he had passed away. I don't know if it's okay to use my money and Shiro's for personal motives, but Steph was always hesitant about it, no matter how many times I said it was okay to do so. Then I bought it back on the condition that it would be under my name, but...

In front of Steph, whose eyes are still moist with tears from remembering, a silence somehow falls.

.....

Hmmm...~ It's hard to be Steph, after all. It's all in the end, and frankly, we don't deserve her gratitude.

I've simply given them too much money and left them in charge of managing it, and what's more, she's been too busy with all this and she's in the middle of her second year of high school, along with being the student council president. Chlammy, her classmate at the time, had already gone off to college—and I don't care about our influence. It would be a bad thing if I failed. She didn't see how uncomfortable I was—

"Oh, um... Sora? I—"

Before I knew it, Steph's face was much closer than before. Her eyes trembled and her cheeks were flushed, and Steph unexpectedly puckered her lips and—

"Aaaaah!? What are you doing!"

I scream with my eyes peeled open at the sight of the PC that had suddenly lost power—or rather, at the figure of Shiro who randomly planted her foot on the outlet and unplugged the power cable.

".....Oh.....Unfortunate accident....Forgive me, Steph....."

"Ahhhhh, the data! We haven't saved it yet, have we?"

Shiro speaks in a straightforward manner, and Steph glares at her in sorrow. I'm not sure what the meaning of their gaze is.

I knew that Shiro had deliberately unplugged the power, and that Steph seemed to be unaware of it. As a result, they're unable to understand each other's intentions.

"....Uh, well. Anyway, it looks like Steph's got some extra work to do, that's a no-brainer. It's fine if you want to come to our joint practice when you can." Either way, I was unconditionally siding with Shiro.

As I was leaving Steph's room, she sniffed and glared at Shiro.

"Shiro? You didn't have a bath again."

"...Yes...I have, right...?"

"You're lying. I can tell by the smell!"

"...You...Hey...! You thieving cat, you mean Shiro? You said she stinks, huh?" I shouted, "What the hell happened to your tone of voice!? Why are you two such bad friends!? Shiro is a beautiful woman, even if she gets sweaty..."

"You too, Sora! I did mention that I would make sure to turn you both into acceptable human beings. I swore on my grandfather's grave that it was my way of repaying him! Really! And I see now that you're both top-notch gamers! You asked in the video, 'is 『　　』 a bottler?' Isn't that right? If so, I'm so done with you two."

"I could just go to the bathroom like any other person, you rude bastard!?" The sermon seemed to go on and on.

I ran out of Steph's room with Shiro in my arms to escape.

■■■

—Not long after the channel was launched.

There was Steph, Chlammy and then us siblings—but this time there was one more guest, one who had been breaking into my home illegally via a picking tool.

She called herself Jibril. In a nutshell, it was "radio waves"—

"....Ah, bathtub~ ....Ooh! Jibril, go...away!"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Shiro.... Mr. Sora's orders are to do so."

That's who's washing Shiro behind me in the bath.

It's not just because Steph said we smell bad, or even suspected us of being bottlers. It's a good idea to take a bath anyhow, since no one else is coming to the joint practice. I decided to take a bath with her.

I usually take a bath back to back with Shiro, but Shiro, who dislikes baths, has a tendency to pour the hot water in the bathtub onto the floor, lying about it by telling me "I'm washing up~", so recently Steph has been forced to wash her. I was taking a bath, but when I tried to call her to do it, I remembered that she had no free time, so I left it to Jibril, who had illegally broke in once again today.

Going off of her introduction when we first met—

First of all, she's a "Flügel" and not a human. Her age is an astonishing six thousand years old, and she's 14 hundred years older than that heroic king.

Moreover, "Uehe, uehehe~ The opportunity to see Master's smooth, slippery body, and the size of his pecks~ I didn't expect to receive it at Master's command—!"

As the name implies, she's a slave to Shiro and I. According to her, we beat her in her own game.

Of course, every opponent『　　』has played against has been defeated without exception. I don't know every opponent we've played against, so I'm not going to question the argument in that this girl lost to us in some game.

However, the fact that she tracked down our home, and eventually after a couple of faulty starts, all of sudden in the middle of the night uses a picking tool to break in and declaring "I invaded by spatial transference," there's no credibility to be found in anything other than you're crazy!

"Wait wait wait wait! I can wash myself!!"

I scream in response to the limpid sensation of Jibril pressing up against my back, but—

"I'm sorry. My masters are Mr. Sora and Ms. Shiro. I gave priority to Ms. Shiro's command and let her go. I have an obligation to obey♥"

"....Jibril....Nii....thoroughly, wash...But! ...Mainly the chest....focus on it..."

"Don't worry, Master. Master Shiro's orders are to stop once I reach the lower half of your body. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but we've settled for that already."

I'm going to be the first to take shelter in the changing room, dashing out and grabbing a bath towel to get away from Shiro's piercing gaze and the naked body of Jibril, who had been laying down on me.

"Where did you even put those things that make you a Flügel? Specifically, where did you even attach that halo and those 'wings' on your head?

"Of course, I have them stored. The body of the Flügel Species is made up of elementals, so it can restructure itself according to my convenience."

"Huh!? What's that thing in the basket in the locker room then?"

"........As I said, it's removable, removable and ready to be rebuilt."

"Bullshit, those wings that move in a weirdly realistic way, the motor has a subtle 'win-win' sound all the time! You just don't like to get wet, do you?"

"....Sorry, sir. We'll be working on quietness and waterproofing for you in the near future—"

"If you can break something like that, you might as well admit you're a human being...or better yet, stop playing with your nipples!"

.....Although.

Normally, I would think that I'm crazy to be joking around with such a suspicious person, and even to add them to my team.

I don't know why I'm adding this radio stalker to my team, rather than filing a full-blown report to the police, which reminds me of Chlammy's protests that she frequently voiced. I do plan to turn her in to the police eventually though. Suddenly, Jibril was kneeling down on her knees, and slowly opened her mouth.

"Master, it is true that you may not readily believe that I am from a celestial-winged species called the Flügel. It is true that it is not easy to believe that I am not human, and that I am from another world."

—Yeah. Actually, she's just a girl, right? I mean, I even saw you cut your finger on a piece of paper the other day and you were writhing in agony.

But—

"I admire and serve my masters with all my heart. I love and serve my masters from the bottom of my heart, and that's all I want to do....That is all I ask you to believe, Master."

She looks up at me with folded hands as if she were praying. The light in her sincere eyes are truly genuine. There are no people in this world who have neither the malice nor harm in their hearts. If there is such a person, he or she is nothing more than a villain who thinks he or she is a good person.

But she has both malice and harm in her, and yet, no matter what, she will never let me or Shiro see it. She has eyes that are not aimed at me. I've lived more sensitively to malice more than anyone else in my life—and I can say that with confidence. Then, no matter what else she's lied about, this girl is on our side, and that is enough to convince me and Shiro.

"....Hm. Well, show me some magic that a Flügel can do."

As usual, I will only poke fun at the fundamentals of what she thinks.

"I'm sorry. Elementals are extremely rare in this world..." Ah, I've heard that excuse many times.

Anything? It seems that this world doesn't have elementals, or something like that, so the power to travel around the stars has been scattered throughout the universe—this is why elementals are extremely scarce and magic is impossible to use—that's the excuse in her mind. But it's been almost a year since she first invaded our home. I've been aware of it, but I've kept it to myself, and I've finally pointed out that this setting is out of whack.

"If you can't use magic because you don't have any elementals, what's the point of spatial transference?"

"....."

"....."

"Ah. It uses the elementals in my body, Master! You see, even in FGO (Fate/Grand Order) Chapter 7, the atmosphere was filled with mana in the gods' time, but in the modern era, that's not the case, so they use the magic in their body. The only thing that can be used is a setting that can be used. That's it."

"You can do other kinds of magic with the elementals inside. Can you show me a fancy one?"

When I pointed out the legitimacy in her logic, Jibril blinked, followed by kneeling down once again and hanging her head in prayer.

"—As expected, Master has a very keen eye. I'll get right to it immediately—"

And at the same time Jibril muttered that.

There's no way she can be human—

I felt the crosses waver in those amber eyes. I could feel the illusion of ice water being poured down my spine.

—I have a family history of reading right through people, I assure you.

Jibril doesn't really think of herself as a celestial species.

She's creating a character—and it's not the same, but the setting she's talking about is at least not her own story. But her confidence in her reading of people is what she now declares to be true

—"This girl's serious" .....Huh!?

I stand up somewhat and can't really tell from Jibril, who spreads her arms out——but I can certainly feel the writhing stirring, and my premonition turns to conviction.

"Let's see how spectacular it is. Let's go—"

—No, no...that's not the case.

Even if this girl was an Academy Award-worthy actor, or even fooled herself, there's no magical involved, even if you're a delusional radio operator. It's just not possible. So, it's not a problem.

But still. The airy and frighteningly murderous atmosphere swirling around this place, this feeling of actual heat, is absolutely uncommon, and the only thing is there is no—

"Wait—"

"'Heaven's Strike'—!"

My words, which I tried to stop as soon as possible, were slightly too late. Jibril's voice reverberated mercilessly in the bathroom—.....

————,

————————And,

"It appears that the elemental within my body does not have enough MP!?"

"Shut the fuck up, man!"

The small tub I threw at her made a small, direct plastic sound bouncing off of Jibril's head. Following that, a small amber colored contact lens with a cross on it and fell to the floor.....

■■■

Refreshed from the bath, I take Shiro, who is playing with her hair with a bitter look in her eyes, and walk over to Jibril, who is rubbing a tumbleweed on her head and teary eyed, to check on her.

"Jibril, what's the plan?"

"Yes, Master. This time, we have already applied to the tournament sponsor under the name of 『　』 and have completed registration with your real name and other addresses hidden."

"Everything else is the same as it always is, right?"

"Absolutely, Master. You can wear masks and headgear, and the organizers will have to confirm your identity, but that too is strictly confidential. A written contract of obligation has been signed. Transportation is by smoked glass pickup truck directly to the airport runway. The aircraft has been chartered. We will have a private waiting room for the entire convention. We have reserved a whole floor of the hotel."

Jibril concludes with a reverent bow.

"I will eliminate all the chores that would cause you trouble, so you may leave it to me, Master, to use your skills in this world at ease."

—Yeah....a year ago.

It was Jibril who pulled me and Shiro out of reclusive video distributors and into the world of professional gamers.

Soon after we met, she signed us up for a gaming competition without our permission, and upon our reluctance, she enumerated the terms of our agreement, which were as crazy as they are now, and said, "My Master will conquer this world, not just the virtual reality."

And so, we, "Team『　　』", participated in e-Sports. We are proud to be one of the six gamers with the largest audience in the world, and therefore the largest playing population. And we ended up winning by five.

.....It's not that I really took Jibril's advice. I was already frightened of the money, and I wasn't interested in the prize money.

It's just that—

"—Hey, wait, you guys?"

I declare war on the remaining titles and open the door to the joint training room.

A room with five tables, five computers, and five chairs.

In two of them, Steph looks up at the ceiling as if she has run out of steam, and Chlammy has a look of condemnation for arriving late. And thirdly, I watched Jibril arrive, and me and Shiro, in the middle of the room, opened our mouths.

—As the professional gamer『　　』.

—And as the captain of Team『　　』.

"Well. In a week's time we'll be in Helsinki for the finals. We're going to win the six major world titles, and if no one stops us, we'll automatically win the title of world's greatest gamer. Needless to say, professional gamers from all over the world are going to try and bring us down to our deaths."

I show everyone a fierce smile and raise my voice.

"Team 'Eastern Union' has been selected for this event by teams from all over Asia. It's ace, 'Izna', is a professional elementary school gamer, and you'll lose if you underestimate her. Why does that sound so cute!?"

I laugh at Shiro, who pinches my side, and continue.

"And then there's 'Plum', a representative of Eastern Europe, whose gender and age are unknown, but whose insidiousness is confirmed by Yin. They're also unpleasantly good at the game, so you have to be careful not to get poisoned. 'Exmacina' and 'Av-cun' are other strong teams that are both candidates for the championship."

Well, as long as we're not involved, right?

"But I'll tell you again. I don't care who we're dealing with."

I say a few words to them as they prepare to enter the big game.

"Let's have fun. That's all"

And that concludes the speech from me and Shiro, who have now taken the remaining seats.

Chlammy frowns and grumbles in frustration.

"You're kidding me, right? I bet my chastity and life and everything else on the prize money. Tell me you're going to win."

"That's why you're a third-rate, poorly built woman, Zell"

"What did you just say!? What the fuck is wrong with you, man!?"

Chlammy raises her voice, and I tell her with a straight face.

"—As long as we stand as『　　』, victory is just a precondition. Isn't it only a fool's errand to make sure he doesn't say anything?"

—I'm not kidding. We're not proud or careless.

To us, it's just a fact, a determination, a resolve.

That's what it felt like, and Chlammy reluctantly sat back in her seat.

We are about to start practicing for the tournament, with our eyes on the game screen and the premise of victory in mind, when suddenly, Chlammy says.

".....You guys. If we win this tournament—"

But the rest of the story was drowned out by the explosion of the game that had begun.

And then—...

■■■

"Come on, you guys!! Whether you're crying or laughing, there's only one game left in this tournament!! It's time to decide the best in the world!!"

The cracking cheers, the enthusiasm, and the high-tension live action.

I suddenly felt far away from them as I head for the final stage.

One year ago—me and Shiro were forcibly pried open.

We were isolated from the rest of the world in a small, 16-mat room. It was just us, brother and sister. I got arrested for some stupid reason, got blackmailed into a video streaming service, and made a fortune that I was afraid to even think about. You get in, and before you know it, you're in the same boat as the rest of us and you're a professional gamer...

Now I'm on my way to the pinnacle of gamerhood.

But in front of that stage, the question from Chlammy that had never been mentioned to me since the day of our joint practice had been repeating in my mind.

—"......If we win this tournament....."

Then what do we do? Well...

Until a year ago, the world was a shitty place for me and Shiro.

.....A crappy game with obscure rules and objectives.

In such a corner of the world, the others and Shiro had to retreat to a corner of the world.

But the world had expanded slightly when Steph jumped in that day. With Chlammy, we learned of the transmission, and with Jibril, our world had expanded beyond the virtual to the real.

But me and Shiro are still the same.

We're still the same old sociopaths, with only games as our specialty.

It's just that the world around us is expanding.

So—

"We'll start with these guys! Let's go...『　』!! Everything is a mystery to me except that those two guys with the paper bag and pumpkin head are the core of the team! By the way, I heard a rumor that the tournament's prize money is going to be all taken by the damn tits. Burn 'em down!!"

"Wait, what, why?!"

The play-by-play continues, despite the fact that Chlammy has now become a global firebrand.

"The other team, Eastern Union! To prevent the Eastern Union from winning this year's tournament, the teams from the Asian block have been selected to compete against each other, regardless of borders or team boundaries. It's the ultimate weapon for 'The Last Stand'! If these guys can't win, who will stop them from taking over the world? I don't want to see either of those things, am I the only one who thinks that's stupid!?"

The crowd erupted in cheers as the commentator had spoken.

At the sight of him standing across the stage. I quickly joined hands with Shiro and shook my body and soul.

"Hey♪ You didn't show up, so I came to visit☆"

There was a boy with diamonds and spades in his eyes, along with a red hat on his head.

I wondered if they were contact lenses for cosplay.

It's the first time I've seen this boy, but the smile on his face convinced me and Shiro.

—This guy is really strong, and...

Arguably the strongest enemy I've ever faced.

As if he could see the expression on both Shiro and I's faces as he throttled fiercely behind his cover, the boy's smile deepened even further.

"But this time, I'm just here to see how things are going, but in short, I'm just a helper. I'm not the star of the show☆"

A young girl appeared from behind the boy, sticking out her tongue—he was wearing Japanese clothing with animal-eared headphones on her head.

Of course, I knew who it was, and so did Shiro.

The little pro gamer who is the talk of the town—'Izna'.

She was one of the players we were looking forward to fighting.

"....."

This 'Izna' is something—.....

Then the curtain went up and we took our seats, five against five.

"Whoa! Are you ready for this?!"

As the live commentary continued to build, the game screens were projected onto the countless screens in the hall.

—This is the moment where the top of the gamers' world is about to be decided.

This is where the fierce gamers and spectators from all over the world are watching.

I'm not sure if it's because of my office's expectations or because I'm an ace gamer.

Is it because of the expectations of her officer or her sense of responsibility as an ace?

I don't really care about that, but I'm not sure if it's because I'm worried or not, but I couldn't help but notice that Izna doesn't even look at me.

I glanced at the boy in the hat, then to the little girl.

Why?

I felt like I had to say it.

"...Hey, Izna."

"...What, desu..."

I asked—in a soft voice:

"When was the last time you thought a game was fun?"

"—Eh!?"

The boy gives a small smile next to the girl with her round eyes peeled back. The boy's smile, as if to say thank you, made me and Shiro laugh at each other as well, I think.

Aha....Apparently, this world.

—It seems that it's not over yet.

On the contrary, they say it's just the beginning.

I'm sure. No, definitely sure. I'm going to meet a lot of gamers, and my little world is going to expand every time. Endlessly. Forever.

Or—maybe it's like Jibril said.

It used to be just me and Shiro and it used to be small and narrow until we finally took in this world.

And this is just the beginning.

And I was filled with confidence and anticipation of a stronger enemy than ever before.

Me, Shiro, Steph, Jibril, and Chlammy.

They began to announce the finals!

"Now, let the games begin!!"

ノーゲーム・ノーライフ
榎宮祐
Art Works

ノーゲーム・ノーライフ　榎宮祐 Art Works

著者　榎宮祐

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デザイン　柊涼（I.S.W DESIGNING）

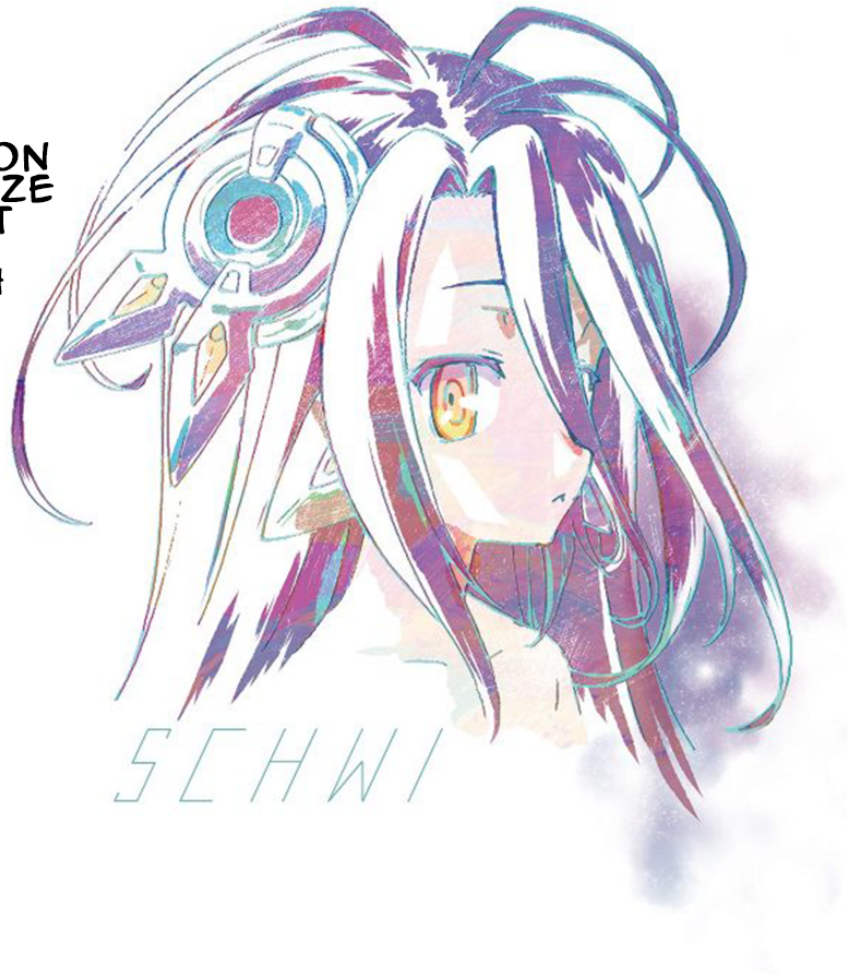
THANK YOU FOR READING!!

-NEKOPRISM

THIS WAS A VERY TIME INDUCING PROJECT, AND I WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THOSE ON THE NGNL DISCORD WHO HELPED MAKE THIS BECOME A REALITY! =^^=

ALL CREDIT GOES TO FAESUR FOR PURCHASING THE DIGITAL VERSION OF THE ARTBOOK AND TAKING THE TIME TO ORGANIZE IT FOR ME.

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY NEKOPRISM

THIS WAS MY FIRST TRANSLATION PROJECT EVER, SO I APOLOGIZE FOR ANY ERRORS OR DIFFICULT WORDING. THIS ONLY TOOK ABOUT 1-2 WEEKS TO DO, WITH A FEW DRAWBACKS HERE AND THERE.
TO ALL THE READERS, I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOYED THIS!
HERE'S SOMETHING NEW TO OBSESS OVER WHILE WE WAIT FOR ANY NEW NEWS SURROUNDING
THE SERIES.
WITH THAT SAID, ENJOY THESE SHIRO AND SCHWI ARTWORKS I FOUND! :3

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