



I was reborn  
in another  
world with  
my normal  
smartphone  
and non-  
incestuous  
sister, but I'm  
ugly so there  
is no harem

Story by  
**Dicky Dave**

Art by  
**Neural networks**  
because I can't afford to hire artists

Why am I like this?

That's the question I often ask myself. Even moreso now, as I'm taking vodka shots in my living room.

My name is Onii Chan. I am a perfectly normal 21-year-old college student... apart from the fact that I've never been in any relationships. I wonder why that is. My grandma always tells me that I am very handsome, so all the girls must be scared to talk to me. Nah, we all know what all grandmas are about. They bribe you with sweets until you feel like Sugarman just came in your mouth. And if you resist, they will tie you up to a chair and torture you. With more snacks. Thinking about it, it just seems like all grandmas are yanderes... with that said, let's see how many anime culture references I can shove into this monstrosity of a light novel. There's gonna be an illustration of a waifu on the next page, so keep reading. Both of our lives depend on it.

But back to my ordinary life. I also have a little sister, who is by all accounts a loli; she's a few years younger than me, dresses like Soonergram thots and has no boyfriend. But we are related by blood, so don't get any funny ideas. I also don't wanna end up in jail. But still, you just gotta add that loli siscon subtext, you know? You want your book to sell well. Anyhow, before I forget, her name is Onee Chan. And I don't really know where she is at the moment. Probably playing games on my computer, since I can hear the roaring clicks of my blue switch keyboard.

My parents don't work overseas, aren't dead, missing or divorced and aren't even a part of some multinational witch-being, demon-slaying, tiddy-bouncing organization. They're completely normal parents. My mom is sitting beside me, drinking with me and my dad is at the computer to the right of me. He's really into some online collaborative volunteer project, but I don't really care about that, so I don't even know what it's called.

What I do know, however, is that my mom is an absolute MILF. She looks much younger than she really is, has big boobs and... well, you don't really need to know much more. Sounds like I'm setting up the most cliché hentai known to man, but bear with me. The isekai is gonna be here soon.

"And that's why I think batgirls are much more viable under communism," I proclaim loudly as I'm taking the last sip out of my shot glass. Dad's not really reacting, his ears are plugged by earphones. He probably got tired of our shit and is now just listening to some old rock. Mom's looking at the TV, thinking hard.

"Yeah, I completely agree with that," mom responds. "But I'd really like to know why you aren't even considering foxgirls. I mean, they're just like



# Onee Chan

None of these waifus exist

I'm too poor to afford an artist, so I'm using waifus generated by neural networks. But don't worry, they actually represent the characters that appear in the book :)

catgirls, but not as popular, so they're gonna be much cheaper. Think about that."

"Hmm, that's a really good point. I'll have to think deep about it. Probably later tonight, if you know what I mean."

She knows, unfortunately.

All of a sudden, I hear my phone ring. Checking both of my pockets, I let out a disappointing sign. It's upstairs. Right next to my computer. And that means right next to my sister.

"Hey, you troglodyte! A girl's calling you! Since when are you not gay?!" Onee screams over the piercing ringing.

"Yeah, it's nothing compared to your giga gayness, you fucking broad," I wittingly respond. But seriously though, a girl? Why would a girl be interested in me? Maybe she's blind.

I quickly make my way up the slippery stairs. How the hell are they so slippery? It's not like I'm walking around, smearing coconut oil on everything.

Before I know it, I'm finding myself at the bottom again, head cracked against the metal framing. Aw shit, the inexplicably slippery stairs finally got me. Damn you, author. You needed me to die so you could kick off the whole "reborn in another world" plot. Fucking slippery stairs. Still better than a truck...

...

...

Onii Chan, wake up. Wake up. Come on, stop sleeping.

Huh? What's that? It sounds like my beloved sister... Hey, why is everything black? What kinda sick sexual joke is this?

"Yo. You better take that blindfold off. You still gotta wait a few more years, you ain't legal yet and I don't wanna end up in jail."

"Shut up you troglodyte. You died. Don't worry, I erased your browser history, destroyed your computer and uninstalled all the porn games from your phone."

Aaah, that's great. You know me all too well, Onee-chan.

"What are you doing here? If I died, and I'm gonna be forever stuck with you... I knew it! I ended up in hell, and you're the demon king! That explains it all! I always knew who you truly were!"

“Don’t get so ahead of yourself. Ah screw this, let’s just get this over with. They don’t pay me enough to give a shit anymore, and you’re not gonna remember anything anyway.”

Her voice suddenly changed into something much more grizzled, like she smoked a pack a day.

“So here goes: I’m not really your sister. I can read your mind and your sister is who you’re the most comfortable talking with, so I was supposed to imitate her so you wouldn’t get spooked. Well, anyway, when you died, I captured your soul. Normally people go straight to heaven, but not you. And you wanna know why?”

“Because you find me sexy?”

“Yeah, you wish. No, because you’re the 12 billionth person to die, so congrats. Have a confetti.”

A sound resembling one of those depressing party whistles fills the void around me, and disappears just as quickly.

“So let’s get down to business. I am obliged by my contract to fulfill your two wishes. Just two, because three is way too overplayed. So, what’s it gonna be?”

“I wanna be reborn in another world, as a human, of course. And I want to be able to thrive in that world.”

“That’s pretty cliché, man. You sure?”

“To be honest, not really. But when you asked me, it reminded me of those crappy light novel adaptations I used to watch. That’s why I added that ‘as a human’ part. I don’t want to get reincarnated as a slime, a vending machine, a sword, a spider, a tentacle monster, a mom, a god, a polar bear, a dragon, a bathhouse, a boxing penguin, a wall or a girl version of myself or a nuclear reactor (please read my other light novel 🤔)... And then I remembered that time I wanted to go to this anime convention with Onee, but we had no money, so I decided to write a light novel so we could get in for free the next year. But I never finished it, so...” she’s not listening, is she?

“Yeah, that’s pretty cool, man. Agree completely.”

She wasn’t. Fucking knew it.

“Alright then, man. You’ll get what you want. Just get outta here.”

And then I heard nothing.



## Kami Onoe

A bored grim reaper who just wants to get paid  
and sleep

Will probably be a romance option

Ah okay. I got a bit dizzy there. Time to come to.

As I open my eyes, I see a bright blue sky above me. A few white, silky clouds are cruising along like they own the place. Damn clouds.

Well well, I wonder who carried me outside. I turn around and see my reflection in a store front. White. Light brown, medium-length hair. Glasses. A navy button-down. Burgundy pants. Yep, that's the ugly ol' me. Huh.

Wait a fucking second. A store front? Am I high? Better open the map app and see where the fuck I am this time.

I reach into my right pocket and pull out a Jet Black Apple iPhone 7 Plus 32GB, featuring the 4-core Apple A10 Fusion chip, a 64-bit ARM-based SOC coupled with a PowerVR Series 7XT GT7600 Plus six-core GPU and 3GB of LPDDR4 RAM, insured with a 2-year extended warranty covering both accidental damages and loss. But there's something pretty weird happening. I am not getting any signal. Damn Czech carriers, I'm paying 500 crowns for this shit. Fuck them.

I put the phone back into the pocket and look around. Fuck me.

I am standing on a stone tile sidewalk, right next to a building that's quite literally piercing the heavens with its extremely pointy roof. The street is full of these and the opposite side is just as impressive. An endless stream of horse-drawn traffic flows on the road. This is pretty cool.

"Good morning, mister," says a soft voice to my right. As I look there, a gust of wind runs around me, revealing the face of the person talking to me.

"Ummm... I appear to be a bit lost. Can you help me?" continues the pink-haired, cat-eyed little girl with a shapely bust. Damn Daniel, this is how all the isekais start. And I forgot to get my hentai protagonist haircut done.

"Uh, well, you know, I would like to. But I'm a bit lost myself."

"So maybe we could..." she suddenly grabs my hand, burying my arm in her huge titties. "Help each other?"

I ain't falling for this shit. I wrestle free and start firmly walking in the opposite direction, not looking back and not stopping for a single second. As I pass mandatorily racially diverse crowds, I notice a huge castle built on top of a mountain, towering above the glistening cityscape. Great, that's where the king, queen or whatever unpronounceable word the author might come up with live. Great to know where I am not going.

As I come to a crossroads, someone runs into me full speed. I tumble to the ground, but not before grabbing my hand to prevent any boob grabbage. I land into something really soft.

I open my eyes for the second time in the last two pages. The bad news is, I didn't grab any boobs. The better news is, this is Onee!

"Onii Chan, thank god I managed to find you! I don't know what happened, I suddenly woke up here! Are you okay? I was so afraid I wouldn't find you!"

What the fuck is SHE doing in here? I thought that you always get reincarnated by yourself, maybe with an overpowered item. Don't fucking tell me this is an incest light novel...

"Great to see you here, Onee. What the fuck happened? Why were you running? Was someone chasing you?"

"How did you know? Some creepy giant guys in armor tried to molest me, saying something about some demon lord and how I was summoned to defeat it."

Ah, great. This is THAT type of a story. Just great. Running out of ideas there, author? I bet you didn't know how the story was gonna pan out. I'd bet around 5 crowns that the only idea you had before writing this was that whole thing about this being a light novel parody. And you have no clue how it's gonna go.

Shut the fuck up, you're a main character. I am the author. I can make your dick unbelievably small, bet you wouldn't like that. So shut up and keep doing what you're doing.

My eyes pan upwards. She was right. Five soldiers in medieval-looking armor are running towards us. There is no use in fleeing, they would just catch up.

What would the average protagonist do in this situation? Probably stand up and T-pose, saying something about how I will protect my sister at all costs, then the camera would pan to her in tears, saying how much she loves me and how she's gonna make it up to me later tonight... almost got you there, didn't I? This is no incest novel.

I stand up and T-pose to establish dominance. The soldiers come to a complete stop right in front of me. As they put their pikes to the ground, I think hard about what motivating thing I'm gonna say.

"What's happening guys?" fucking nailed it.



“Step aside, citizen. This does not concern you,” he shouts.

“Hey hey, my dude, I know all about this. That’s my sister, so apparently she’s gonna defeat the demon lord? Did I get that right? Why her?”

“This does not concern you. Step aside!”

“Alright, alright, Christ. Can you maybe just chill for a second?”

I feel myself being suddenly thrown against a nearby wall. Damn, thank god my back is suddenly as durable as titanium, otherwise this would just outright kill me.

“Alright, can you fucking chill? Please?” I try to bargain as the soldier keeps me pinned. What should I even say in this situation? School didn’t prepare me for being resurrected in another world. I know what I’m adding to the curriculum when I inevitably and unexplainably become a king at the end of this volume. “”

**To be continued...**

## **Acknowledgement**

The authors would like to thank Ms. Iva Burešová for isekaing us into this world, Grant no. 42069 for financial support, Mr. Genzō Kurogami for office security, Mr. Tomo Buddy for inspiration, Mr. David Bureš for proofreading, Ms. Lucie Burešová for borrowing my computer which lead to the boredom needed to write this, Mr. Ondřej Klbal for absolutely nothing and T■nga co. ltd. for supplying the equipment needed for this research.