

The illustration features a young woman with short, vibrant blue hair and large, expressive yellow eyes. She is wearing a dark purple, ruffled dress with a high collar and a large pink bow on her head. She is holding a small, ornate silver chess piece (a king) in her right hand, resting her chin on it. The background is a mix of soft, pastel colors with some abstract, geometric shapes. The title 'No Game No Life' is written in a stylized, blocky font, with a power button symbol replacing the 'o' in 'No'. The number '4' is prominently displayed in the bottom right corner. The author's name 'YUU KAMIYA' is at the bottom left.

No Game No Life

4

YUU KAMIYA



[Begin Reading](#)

[Insert](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[Yen Newsletter](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

In accordance with the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, the scanning, uploading, and electronic sharing of any part of this book without the permission of the publisher is unlawful piracy and theft of the author's intellectual property. If you would like to use material from the book (other than for review purposes), prior written permission must be obtained by contacting the publisher at permissions@hbgusa.com. Thank you for your support of the author's rights.



No Game No Life 4

YUU KAMIYA



ONE HALF
OF THE
GAMER
SIBLINGS HAS
DISAPPEARED!





"My name's Plum...
As you can see, I'm a Dhampir."

"Hiii, guyyys!
Tee-hee-hee! ★
I'm Amila,
the stand-in for the queen. Mm, eeverything's fiiine! ★"





Sora
muttered
to the
muscular
old man
who wore
nothing
but a
loincloth,
doing
his level
best to
keep the
geezer
out of his
line of
sight.

"Yeees, a
feast for
the eyes, is
it not, Your
Majesty?"

"Yeah, if we
just didn't
have you
here, it
woulda been
perfect."



Steph watched the clowning Sora from a short distance away. Jibril stood next to her.

“My apologies, Dora. Our teasing was a bit immoderate.”

“...What?”

“I was just so aching with curiosity as to how you would react, I couldn’t help myself... But *you are in fact right, little Dora.*”

—So said the curiosity addict with a countenance that seemed to want to say, “Tee-hee! =P.” But before Steph even had a chance to look sarcastic, Jibril got herself together, asserting: “There can be no doubt that my masters are to reform this world.” *But as for their methods*—Jibril continued, “No existing methods, indeed, could possibly serve the purpose.”

“.....”

So, now, as to how we’re gonna uncover the conditions to wake up the queen—As Sora reinitiated his scheming, Steph only half-listened.

...Before, what the Shrine Maiden and Jibril had said—it had felt wrong to her. Steph, having searched for the reason—now seeing the two before her eyes—finally realized what it was. Sora...Shiro...these two never once used the *appropriate method*.

After all, conventional wisdom was something to be derided. After all, common sense was to be cast off. These two...said they’d conquer all the races bloodlessly, without a single death. With such a dreamlike—such an unrealistic—argument, there could be no conventional wisdom.

But, in his form that had made her believe that they could really do it, that day—the day of the coronation—Steph felt she’d seen it. Perhaps it was the same thing Jibril standing beside her saw— —What she’d foreseen was this world’s future, and it made her heart race, she realized.

“Oh, by the way, Steph. A minute ago, you said something I can’t let slide.”

“Huh?” Sora’s words brought the dazedly ponderous Steph back to reality.

“About getting two races by sacrificing Ino—first of all, the part about sacrificing Ino is wrong. And also—”

—and here she got jammed right back into a daze.

“It’s not two races—it’s three!”

.....

..... Come again?

INTERRUPT END

The exchange audible from the beach, felt at her back in the dusk as she walked, looking up at the moon... The Shrine Maiden muttered.

“...Did he know I was testing him—I wonder...?”

No...the Shrine Maiden gave her head a contemptuous shake at her own whisper. Whether he'd known or not, his actions would have been the same. Sora, from the start, had no mind at all to abandon Ino. His heartbeat, from start to finish, resounded pleasantly, without a single note of discord.

—Yes, the Shrine Maiden had been testing Sora and Shiro. What would she have done in their place, faced with the same decision? Probably—no, certainly—she would have chosen to cast Ino off. Because it would have been an unnecessary risk. Because, by sacrificing one, she would obtain much more. Because to ask for more than that would be idealism. And because casting aside such idealism— —had been her limit.

“...Perhaps I can lay my hopes in them?”

Those two sneered at her limit and flew over it. Having sought confirmation of this—by testing whether they would save or abandon Ino—the Shrine Maiden closed her eyes. It was because—if Sora and Shiro had abandoned him as she would have, for seeking more than her own limits in Sora and Shiro and giving them such a reckless test— —she would have condemned herself till her last days. That was why she'd picked Ino, but— “...Truly, I may be able to lay my hopes in them.”

Having come this far, the Shrine Maiden finally understood. The noise at her back—Immanity, Werebeast, Flügel, and Dhampir.

—Those two had no concept of the barrier of race.

“...With those two—I may be able to leave it to them.”

Thus, pressing her hand to her chest, the Shrine Maiden felt the throbbing of her heart—emotion long since forgotten. She looked up at the bloodred moon and whispered.

“Jibril.”

“I am here.”

Jibril shifted instantly behind Sora at his call.

“You...knew the story of why the queen is sleeping and even the condition to wake her up, right?”

It had been Jibril who’d told him, back when they’d met Plum.

“I did—except that I was mistaken...”

Misinterpreting his query as a rebuke, Jibril humbled herself before him. However...

“That’s not my point. Where’d you get your info?”

“It was in my homeland—Avant Heim.”

Then, half in hope, half in disgust, Sora continued.

“...We’re talking about the Flügel here. You guys must have all kinds of books snatched up from all over the world, right?”

“Why, that goes without saying!”

Jibril nodded with irrepressible pride. Grinning a bit disgustedly at that face of hers, Sora thought, *Ah, whatever*, and moved on.

—To beat the queen’s game. There couldn’t be very many ways to root out an unknown, absent victory condition. But—there had to be a way. What they needed—for now—was information. And— “Steph. You go work with Izuna and pore over the old king’s library.”

“—Huh?”

“Elkia’s former continental territory was adjacent to the waters of Siren,” explained Sora. “Considering that old king uncovered the Eastern Union’s game,

I can't imagine he didn't do any digging into his neighbor."

The man who had played the proud fool king—it was hard to suppose that he had a definite answer. If he'd pinned it down, then he should have woken up the queen himself—but— "...Even if he doesn't have the answer, there's a high probability he left some thoughts on it."

Sora's eyes conveyed confidence in the king, Steph's grandfather.

"I'm counting on you, Steph."

"—Why, yes, Sir. You needn't worry."

"...Understood, please."

Together, Steph and Izuna each gave a big nod.

"...Uh, umm...S-soo, what are we supposed to dooo...?"

"Good point. Jibril. Take Shiro and me—and, Plum, we're taking you, too."

"Uh, a-all righhht... Huh, where are we goiing...?"

"Didn't I tell you? —We're getting not two races, but three."

And Sora continued, beaming.

"Now, here's the question. To blow the lid off this game of unknown victory conditions, the most efficient approach is to dig up all the records we can about the queen's game as it's been played in the past and compare them against one another to deduce the principles—so, then, among all the places we could go, where would have the most records?"

...

—A moment's pause. And then. *Kshhrrrk*, two wills—perfectly contrary to each other—roared out.

"At last—at last! The new lord to reign over the Flügel shall finally grace his throne above us—oh, that this blessed day should visit so soon!"

"NOoooOOOOoo, no, pleaaase! Anywhere but that den of monsterrrrs!"

The sounds of Jibril, kneeling so fast in prayer as to kick up sand, and Plum, first wailing and trying to flee only to be caught by Jibril while struggling. Yet

both were ignored by Sora as he took Shiro's hand. Nodding subtly, he spoke:
"Come, let us go—to Avant Heim."

TO BE CONTINUED

AFTERWORD

Wheww. I'm tired. ^__^ It's all done!

Actually, how this got started was I got asked to do the stuff I joked about in the preview in the last volume for real.

I didn't really have the story for this. ←

So I figured there was no sense in trampling over everyone's goodwill and gave a shot at giving 'em what they wanted...lol.

Now a word to you all from my editor—

Editor S for Sadist the Second: Mr. Kamiya, please desist from your thuggish disregard for professionalism. If you weren't doing both the text and illustrations, the original deadline would have already been a one-month extension. Also, I suggest you limit your Internet copypasta to about three lines at most.

—I'm sorry. I'll be serious. This is Yuu Kamiya. *No Game No Life* is back after five months—one month after it was originally supposed to be released. First of all, let me apologize deeply for the delay.

"Please feel regret. Deeper than the Mariana Trench."

Let me also mention that another reason the book was delayed was that my editor drastically misunderstood how it was going.

"I feel regret. Deeper than the lower mantle."

So, thus we have *No Game No Life, Volume 4*. Just as announced, it was my intention to make this volume fluffy and lighhht. After all, the threads going through Volumes 1 to 3 have all come together for now. So I planned this volume as, on one hand, a run-up to future developments, and, at the same

time, a fluffyyy, lighhht kick-back party volume—

...That was the plan, anyway. How did it get this way?

“If you ask what I think personally, I would like to mention that the first draft of this fluffyyy, lighhht volume was *over four hundred pages* and request an explanation of this *X-Files*-esque mystery.”

...Well, yes, there’s a reason for that deeper than the Gutenberg discontinuity. Would you like to hear about it?

“Deeper than the lower mantle? I’d be much obliged.”

To be frank. Do you remember that *a certain editor* had me make a manga of this with my wife? And then I ended up spending over a week every month working on it, so now, practically speaking—I’ve gone back to being a *manga-ka*.

“.....Um, well...you see...”

And then I ended up also writing on a different series the previous Editor S for Sadist approached me about. That one, well, it’s co-written, so it’s not actually that much work. But, with all this going on, the machine I use for work broke down. And I ran to buy a new one, and I got hit by a car and suffered a bone fracture. Since I was running short on money and it got me some damages, that’s fine, I guess.

“...It...is?”

The problem was afterward, when my editor drastically misunderstood how the book was going and caused me to try to split it up into three volumes. But it took a lot of work to split it up, and splitting it in two was the best I could do, you see? Thus it was four hundred pages. But, if I just split that straight in two, it would cause problems with the structure, and, most importantly, it would lose the momentum—etc. So, given this situation, I went through many iterations of working over the structure and revising the text. What do you think? Is it as deep as the Guten-whatever-it-is-ity?

“It’s the Gutenberg discontinuity. What shall I say? That’s—quite the story. ”

Yes, but I’d also like your comment on how a large proportion of this calamity

was human-generated.

“There certainly are some diabolical editors out there... It’s a scary industry...”

Yes, some editors are so diabolical as to say lines like that with a straight face... (*Voice trembling*) It certainly is scary.

—Well, human-generated calamity aside, there were a lot of other things that I haven’t even written about here. There was blood in my urine, and I got yelled at by my doctor, and I decided to eat some Korean barbecue for once and got food poisoning, for instance.

...I’m going to spell this out just in case, but this is nonfiction, okay?

“Mr. Kamiya, I suspect you should seriously visit a shrine for purification?”

I have.

“...What?”

The Meiji Shrine before I got cancer. Then the Fushimi Inari Shrine after. This year I went to Kawasaki Daishi, but look how that turned out. If I hadn’t gone, I suppose by now I’d be crossing the river into the next life. Oh, but, at the end of last year, I was updating my bank book and I saw that it said “0” in real life, so I guess I wouldn’t have had the fare to cross the Sanzu... What is it that happens if you didn’t have the fare? Do you still get to be reincarnated?

“Um, I don’t think there’s supposed to be that kind of system for salvation...”

With that—let’s call it a day. While this volume’s contents were lighhht and eaaasy (heh), it’s a run-up to the dash—while this series did have its first peak in the last volume! This is to be exceeded! As I work to push up the pace once more, with your kind—

“Oh, Mr. Kamiya, Mr. Kamiya.”

Uh, oh, yes, what is it? Just when I was wrapping things up.

“Your editor from *Alive* has inquired, *Is the storyboard done yeeet?*”

.....

“Then there are those extras, and the copy for the pamphlet for that project, and—wait. Mr. Kamiya? Are you there?”

WEREBEAST

"CONVENTIONAL WISDOM IS USELESS WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO BEAT AN IMPOSSIBLE GAME. WHAT YOU NEED IS, YEAH, THAT KIND OF NUTCASE WISDOM THAT GETS LAUGHED OFF—AS BULLSHIT."

IMMANITY

SIREN

DHAMPIR

"NYA-HA-HAA, JUST 'COS JIBS LIKES YOU, YOU GETTING CARRIED AWAY—IMMANITIES?"

"...THAT'S WHY NO ONE CAN BEAT...TET."

AND—

"COME ON, LET'S PLAY A GAME, WE'RE GONNA MAKE THIS WORLD MORE FUN, YOU THINK WE CAN DO IT?"

"—WHAT ARE YOU GONNA BET ON?"

THE PAIR OF ONE-WINGED BIRDS WHO TURN THE KNOWN INTO THE UNKNOWN: CAN THEIR HANDS REACH MULTIPLE RACES—EVEN THE WINGS OF HEAVEN?

NO GAME NO LIFE, VOL. 5
OUT PRETTY SOON... (VOICE TREMBLING) I THINK.

JUST ONE FOOLISH GAME—BUT THROUGH IT, CROSS THREE OR FOUR WILLS





Thank you for buying this ebook, published by Yen On.

To get news about the latest manga, graphic novels, and light novels from Yen Press, along with special offers and exclusive content, sign up for the Yen Press newsletter.

Sign Up

Or visit us at www.yenpress.com/booklink

Contents

[Cover](#)

[Welcome](#)

[Insert](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Easy Start](#)

[Ch. 1 Encounter](#)

[Ch. 2 Strategist](#)

[Ch. 3 Charmer](#)

[Ch. 4 Wild Card](#)

[Interrupt End](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Yen Newsletter](#)

[Copyright](#)

Copyright

NO GAME NO LIFE, Volume 4

YUU KAMIYA

Cover art by Yuu Kamiya Translation by Daniel Komen This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

NO GAME NO LIFE

©YUU KAMIYA 2013

Edited by MEDIA FACTORY

First published in 2013 by KADOKAWA CORPORATION, Tokyo.

English translation rights reserved by HACHETTE BOOK GROUP, INC. under the license from KADOKAWA CORPORATION, Tokyo, through Tuttle-Mori Agency, Inc., Tokyo.

English translation © 2016 Hachette Book Group, Inc.

All rights reserved. In accordance with the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, the scanning, uploading, and electronic sharing of any part of this book without the permission of the publisher is unlawful piracy and theft of the author's intellectual property. If you would like to use material from the book (other than for review purposes), prior written permission must be obtained by contacting the publisher at permissions@hbgusa.com. Thank you for your support of the author's rights.

Yen On

Hachette Book Group

1290 Avenue of the Americas New York, NY 10104

hachettebookgroup.com

yenpress.com

Yen On is an imprint of Hachette Book Group, Inc.

The Yen On name and logo are trademarks of Hachette Book Group, Inc.

The publisher is not responsible for websites (or their content) that are not owned by the publisher.

First ebook edition: March 2016

ISBN 978-0-316-38522-0

E3