

The Komachi Inquisition

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The Komachi Inquisition

by [Viridian5](#)

Summary

Though Hachiman *was* expecting *this*.

Notes

Thanks to Akira 17 for the beta.

“I’m home!” Hachiman shouted as he took off his shoes and coat.

“It’s just the two of us tonight again. I made dinner!” Komachi replied.

Truly she was a paragon of little sisters, but since she was a nosy paragon who knew him, Hachiman had to avoid sitting in front of her to eat. With everything going on, he didn’t feel all that hungry anyway. “Thanks, but I’m tired and not hungry. I’ll go to bed then enjoy the food tomorrow.” Speed mode on now--

Komachi suddenly stood in front of him. “Turning down my cooking? Something is wrong.” After she gave him a thorough looking-over, she asked, “Did someone do this to you or did you do it to yourself?”

He’d mostly managed to fool Yukinoshita, Yuigahama, and Isshiki at the Service Club, though occasionally they’d cast some concerned or confused looks his way, but not Komachi. Since she knew him so well, at this point denying it would just prolong his agony, but that didn’t mean he had to go into detail. If he gave a little freely, sometimes she didn’t realize he hadn’t told her everything. “Mostly the first, but I’m not going to burden my little sister with it. That should win me a ton of Hachiman points.”

“That’s not how it works.”

He actually wished he did have someone he could confide to and ask for advice on this, although it would never be Komachi. He didn’t know what he was doing! Usually people wouldn’t touch him with a ten-foot pole, so someone pursuing him romantically/sexually, sincerely or maliciously, threw him off balance. So did having his own body turn on him by wanting Hayama so badly. He didn’t have the stats or XP for this situation. How long would he have to grind in the dungeon of lust to build himself up for the battle?

That sounded *so much worse* than he intended.

“Cough. Now.” But she said it with a kind look. She cared. Not many did.

“...fine.” He sat, and every time he moved to avoid eye contact she moved with him. Usually he treasured his sister’s fierce intelligence, but not now.

“So spill.”

“It’s not that bad. I didn’t sleep well at all last night, and Hayama was being a massive pain in the ass to me today.” Though not as much as Hayama wanted to be. Ow. Ow! Would even bleach wipe out that mental image?

As if he hadn’t already had too many flashbacks featuring the kisses. Just thinking about them made him feel hot and kind of tingly....

“Why are you facepalming?” she asked.

“I hate my own brain sometimes.”

“That’s understandable. But I thought Hayama was a nice guy.”

“Ahahahaha, *no*. He puts on a front for other people but sometimes he’s honest with me.”

Komachi had a wry smile as she asked, “So my brother is making friends and influencing people?”

“That’s just victim-blaming.”

“Okay, but looking at you, I thought this would be about something else. Because of....” She pointed to his face, mostly his mouth and eyes and maybe his cheeks.

“I have something on my face?”

“No more than usual. But you know--!”

“No, I don’t. If you want to get into Sobu High, you’ll have to learn to use words.”

“Did anything happen with your club members today! Or with the student council president who uses you as a mule. Or with any of the other girls who drift in and out of your path.”

Anything *happen* with? *Oh*. “No, of course not, and it’s not like I’m the protagonist of a harem comedy.”

“That’s not what it looks like from here,” Komachi muttered.

“You *know* me.”

“I do, and that’s why I’m afraid you won’t live to be an adult or you’ll die alone.”

He had an easy answer. “If I don’t live to be an adult I won’t die alone, because I’ll have my adorable little sister.”

“Gross! Why do I have such a defective brother?”

Oi! “You have exactly the brother you deserve.”

“Take that back!”

What would the girls in his life do if they didn’t have him to kick around? “Thanks. I feel so much better about everything now.” At least he’d successfully misdirected her.

“Whatever’s going on, you’ll figure it out. You usually do. So come eat something and take care of yourself.” She grinned. “That must have won me so many Komachi points.”

He might as well eat. He’d need the strength to deal with whatever tomorrow and Hayama might bring. “Sure.” He hoped he could figure it all out but so far kept failing to logic his way through because none of it made *sense*.

It’d be so nice if things made sense.

End

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