

KONOSUBA: REVERSE ISEKAI

CH4: LAB IT OUT

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Darkness was in much the same situation the same situation as Aqua had been when she first came to, though there were some areas where her pool of knowledge would naturally differ like Megumin's, too. The knight didn't have the *foggiest* idea regarding what had happened with Megumin and the explosion. She'd been training within the walls of a small dojo in Axel at the time, and all she could remember was... **"There was a light, right?"** That was the full extent of it. Maybe there was a loud noise?

But it hadn't occurred to the blonde woman that she had *died*. How could it? Unlike Kazuma and Aqua, she had absolutely *no* knowledge about any of the reincarnation stuff. She had only lived her singular life with normal adherence to the laws of her world. She had no knowledge of, nor even considered the idea that, you could be reincarnated in another world. And the explosion had been so quick that there had been no pain. It really had been like everything had just gone dark.

And once light had returned? She wasn't in a familiar place. **"So why am I in a completely different room? I've never seen anything like this before..."** There were items that were familiar enough based on *shapes*. Like a comfortable looking, leather chair with wheels. But there was also a glowing rectangle on a desk that showed an image, along side a bunch of vials and other things on a nearby table. It was a modern laboratory within the same city that the others had ended up in.



Unsure about *what* to do, she wandered around the room idly at first. There was a door, and she tried to open it, but... **“Hm... It’s locked.”** No matter how she turned the knob, it just wouldn’t budge. It wasn’t at all surprising that she hadn’t noticed the existence of the *fingerprint reader* beside the door. She had never seen anything like it in her life before, after all.

Her purpose in that room, much less the means of which she arrived there, utterly escaped Darkness. She couldn’t fathom an answer to either of these questions because she was missing crucial context regarding the entire situation. **“If I could just get out through this door... Have I been imprisoned? Am I a *prisoner*!?”** That sounded like something that would have been *upsetting* to anyone else. But Darkness sounded *excited* by the prospect of being held prisoner.

Well, she was a *masochist* after all.

But for how much longer would *that* last? Darkness’ body was already taking to the new life that was being ‘gifted’ to her, confirming in shape and general appearance to what would surely become a completely different person altogether. It was plain enough in her *hair*. **“Hm...”** While the knight pondered what her next plan of action should be, an *actual* darkness was creeping through her vibrant blonde.

Some of her strands darkened to a *very* dark purple, and those that did simultaneously appeared to shorten somewhat, reaching only past her shoulders rather than down past her hips like they used to. This darkness *spread*, jumping from one hair to the next until, ultimately, her *entire* head of hair – and even the hair of her brows and pubes – were all the same shade. Her bangs even changed in style, now largely swept above her right eye.

“Is these a trick to the door? *Logically, that would make sense.*” Logically? Since when did Darkness think *logically*? Much less speak so matter-of-factly. As she did so, the blue of her eyes darkened to a lighter shade of purple than her hair, and the *shapes* of those eyes pinched in at the corners so that they looked more like *Kazuma*’s? Not his specifically, but akin to those of the same racial background. She was *Japanese*. Yet, her gaze was sharper – despite the Crow’s feet that etched into their corners.

Crow’s feet only really appeared on peoples’ faces when they grew older, and judging by the rest of the woman’s face? This appeared to be par for

the course. You could tell that her skin was becoming more worn overall, while weight surged into her lips until they seemed to be almost *triple* their original size, albeit a little dried and cracked. She licked at them with a thicker tongue. “**Hm? Why can’t I see?**” Her voice was deeper? But she was using it to communicate about a different change. Her vision had deteriorated to the point that it was *super* blurry. Another sign of aging. Even if she looked in a mirror at the time, she wouldn’t have seen the formation of a mole under her lips.

She looked like she was around *forty* now.

The rest of her body hadn’t *quite* gotten the memo, but it was starting to *work on it*. Her skin was becoming looser from head to toe – maybe even a little *too* loose in some places with how her chest and butt sagged, even gaining stretch marks prematurely. These were issues that were alleviated not long after, but on in part, and only because weight *filled* that loosened skin. The front of her stomach led the charge, bulging forward as weight tightened the looser skin around it *somewhat*. It was still loose, but that bulge was firmer than it had been without the added weight, and it pressed against her clothes like a balloon ready to pop.

“**Ugh.**” And it *did* pop, but not without a little help from *higher up*. Much like fat had found her belly, it found her *tits*. They ballooned *rapidly*, nipples swelling while darkened veins ran from them and into the creamier mass they were affixed to. Fabric eventually tore, allowing their shapes to squeeze through while compromising the integrity of the lower half so that her pudgier tummy escaped here and there in kind. Still, her breasts ended up becoming *much* more impressive. Each tit was bigger than her head, and without the clothes she was wearing? They probably would have sagged a fair bit as a result.

And yet, despite their weight and the torn clothes? Darkness only seemed to dismiss it as an inconvenience. Her mind was in a state that was akin to being ‘between lives’, so she wasn’t thinking straight while a new personality and new memories took root. Instead of focusing on the fact that she was so *old* and so *huge*, though? She was pawing at the desk with cracked, worn fingers in search of something. Those fingers were longer, and her nails nice and manicured. This was part of a subtle *height increase* that had lifted her about three inches.

Those fingers finally found what she was looking for. “**There you are you little buggers.**” The woman picked up a pair of glasses and rested them on the bridge of her larger nose. They restored her vision to a perfect 20/20, confirming that their prescription was meant for *her* eyes alone. If only she had been of the right mind to investigate what was happening to her body otherwise. “**Can’t exactly work when I can’t see.**”

Darkness' body continued to thicken, but in this case, it was her *lower* half. Beneath an unkempt mess of pubes, her thighs were *fattening*. It was partially due to *legitimate* fat, though her skirt concealed most of their growth. That alone *doubled* their girth and forced her hips to widen six inches. But then something else swelled down there as well. Strength. *Muscle*. It was only applied to her legs, but her memories explained just why that was. With her work, the only exercise she could fit in was on a stationary bike. Either way, her thighs were *ridiculously* thicc, and any excess was passed onto the cheeks of a shapelier ass that consumed her panties.

Fortunately for her, all of the clothing malfunction she had experienced was undone – though only because what she wore was mended into something else. Something *simpler* and more befitting of her present work environment. A dark mauve turtleneck of the sleeveless variety was worn beneath an open lab coat, while a black leather pencil skirt was nestled over black tights that *really* showed off her curves. A black thong and matching brassiere (of an *I-cup* size) made sure she was properly *supported*, just like the black high heels that suddenly hoisted her up and made her big tits bounce.

What brought the look together in the end was her hair, which was pulled into a tight bun behind her.

There wasn't a timeline out there where *Tanaka Daia* could be considered a *masochist*. Even as she collapsed into the set of *her* chair, she did so with such dominating swagger and purple – crossing one thick thigh over the other and lighting a cigarette inside (against lab policy) – that you would never get that impression from her. She took a drag of the cigarette and exhaled the smoke slowly. **"Fuck. I really needed that."** The day at the lab had been a long one, and she had a lot of pent up frustrations.



Frustrations she would likely take up in the bedroom later. Daia wasn't in a conventional relationship but was part of a polycule with a man *and* another woman. She fulfilled the position of *dom* in the bedroom and as a *sadist* she wielded the whip well. **"I'm almost done, right? Maybe I should just clock the fuck out early."** She uncrossed her legs, and her heels clacked as she approached

the door. *This time* she understood how the fingerprint scanner worked, and it responded to her prints.

She strutted out, cigarette in hand, with only one destination in mind.
She was going to pick up some booze at the store.

“I’m really putting those two through the ringer tonight.”