

KONOSUBA: REVERSE ISEKAI

CH1: THE MILF RETURNS

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It had all happened so fast.

There was a saying that everything with a beginning could end in an instant, and for the small adventuring town of Axel this had been the case. It had been wiped off the entire map of the world in a singular moment. Because the demon lord's army had attacked? That would have been the most plausible explanation, sure, but that wasn't actually what had happened at all. It had been an accident. An accident that came courtesy of—

“MEGUMIN, NO!?” Kazuma awoke with a start as he screamed those very words. He was sitting on one side of a *very* soft bed in a room painted pink. Wait, painted? **“...Eh?”** He looked to the side of the bed. There was a modern alarm clock beside a cell phone. **“Eh? Eh? EHHHHH?”** His reaction, while dramatic, was totally understandable. These were all things that only existed in the world he had *come* from before he had died. Was he back home!?

“...Wait. Does this mean I died again? Was that *not* a dream?” The ‘that’ was the ‘nightmare’ that had woken him up in the first place. Megumin had found a book for a ‘super cool new explosion spell’ and had so desperately wanted to test it that she’d done so in the backyard of the estate the town had given his party to use. She’d said it’d be fine, but early on in the casting process the young man had noticed the mana flow had been too excessive. He’d cried out to stop her, but it had already been too late. **“...Did Megumin *kill* me?”**

With an explosion of *that* size, she might have killed *herself* and endless others, too.



“Did I get reincarnated again? But that’s not right...” The fact that he wasn’t *dead* dead meant that he had been reincarnated, didn’t it? But when it had happened the last time, there had been a whole process for him to go through. Aqua had overseen it and it had determined the world he’d be sent to and the life he’d be given. *None* of that had happened. **“...Did the higher ups get mad after last time?”** Maybe they hadn’t given him due process because he’d taken Aqua with him?

He threw off the pink covers and slid off the bed. **“Where *am* I, anyways? This isn’t my old place.”** He was in a bedroom, but from a quick glance it was clearly not meant for a single guy. The king sized bed had enough space for two, and the furniture was fancy enough. It had *clearly* all been designed with a woman’s touch in mind. And Kazuma? Well, he couldn’t really imagine a world where he *had* a woman.

Fortunately, that wasn’t really an issue. And hey, he’d still get a woman in the end!

**“I should probably figure out if I’m still in Ja-
PAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!?”** Thing had been going well for Kazuma if he’d somehow been sent back home. But on the other hand? His luck wasn’t typically that *great*. Before he could savor the moment even in the slightest? A fatal blow was delivered to his *crotch*, and he fell forward onto his knees. It felt like someone had kicked a soccer ball into his nuts from a point blank range. **“WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?”** And apparently it had hit him so hard that his voice was stuck in a higher pitch.

The young man shakily got back onto his feet, his legs wobbling as he did so. **“Did something *hit* me? Right in the n—?”** Right in the *nuts*? The gesture might have been an indecent one, but he’d ended up reaching a hand down his pants to make sure there wasn’t any lasting damage. What he found was actually *worse*. **“WHERE DID IT GO!? IT’S LIKE— MMN!?”** There wasn’t *anything* between his legs? His fingers hectically searched without guidance, and one of them eventually slipped *up* into something. A gap between his legs.

Well, it was more like *her* legs. “**I-I’m a chick!?**” As perverted as Kazuma was, she didn’t dare probe any deeper. She was put off by that moan that had escaped her lips, unaware that her face was smaller and softer than it had been before. She looked a little more androgynous facially for the time being, but only because her new *pussy* was patient zero. It had set the stage for the fate that awaited her, and from there it would work throughout her body.

“Why am I a chick!? Did Aqua do something? I bet this is Aqua’s fault! B-But my sweet little Aqua would never do anything like that! ...EH!?” What had she just said!? What was she saying!? Why was she talking like Aqua was her precious little *daughter* or something like that? She was *way* too young to be a mom? “**...W-Wait, my clothes feel off. Was this room always this small?**”

The young woman blinked as she looked down at herself. Her shirt was raised, showing the bottom of her tummy, and her pants had been pulled out of her boots? It was almost like— “**I-I’m taller now? Oh my!**” Kazuma was *supposed* to be 5’5”. Now? She stood at 5’8”, which was a pretty significant jump in the grand scheme of things. She’d *noticed* it and she’d *pointed it out*, but... “**Or have I always been the height? How strange...**”

Her memory lapse might have been as strange as the overly calm and polite manner she was speaking in all of a sudden...

With the groundwork now laid down, the reincarnation system’s effects – because she was very much being affected by a reincarnation process (just one much different from what she had experienced before) – finally began to ramp up into high gear. The girl’s hips, for example, widened with abundance. They must have been pulled a full *six inches* apart, tearing through the sides of her pants. “**Ara?**” Wait, what was that noise? Why had she made *that* noise? *What am I? A big sister? A mother? As if! But... my dear—*

She was snapped out of what might have been a bothersome conclusion by the sound of her hips tearing even more. This time it wasn’t due to her hips, however, but because of the mass *beneath* them. Whether it was the woman’s ass or her thighs, weight bled into these areas to thicken and pad them. “**Ara ara?**” The legs of her pants split even more, allowing glossy, pale flesh to burgeon through the crack and overflow until her thighs met between her legs. Each thigh was as thick as her waist *at that exact moment*, and there was a heftiness to her rump that was a mix of natural girth and a weight forged by food *and*, perhaps, *age*.

Through tatters of her pants and boxers, you could also see thick, brown hairs peeking out above her pussy. Her pubes had become a *very* thick bush.

“I feel so out of sorts... So very unlike myself? ...I think?”

Kazuma had slipped mentally to the point that she could hardly recognize reality. New memories, instincts, and preferences were manipulating her actions and realizations, simultaneously acting as a distraction as more of her body began to *swell*. Her shirt was beginning to feel strangely tight for a number of reasons, with her tummy leading that proverbial charge.

The sides of the woman’s shirt lifted higher and higher thanks to her waistline, which was widening to better match the gait between her hips as it now stood. Before long, her belly was basically completely bare, which made it much easier to see that the mass of her belly was *jiggling*. What had once been vaguely muscular was now *soft*, and seconds later that softness *bulged* until it lipped slightly over her pelvis. It was the type of plushness you might expect to find on an *older woman*. A chubbiness that was only *partially* affected by overeating and idling about one’s house.

What happened to Kazuma’s tummy didn’t even hold one hundred candles to what happened to her *chest*, though. **“Oh my! I need to find something else to wear, don’t I?”** Torn pants were one thing, but her shirt didn’t cover much of her body now that she’d put on weight – and *continued* to put on weight. It was just that all of this added weight was applied to the new *breasts* that were stretching the fabric farther up. They grew, and grew, and grew some more – inflating like water balloons and jiggling just as wildly.

Within moments? Each tit was bigger than her head, with her erect nipples clearly rounder than one of her eyeballs. The issue was that they continued to grow even *past* this point, which led to the sides of the shirt eventually *tearing* so that *M-cup* tits could spill out with a heavy bounce. **“Whee!?”** Had Kazuma always been this *scatterbrained*? She certainly *sounded* like it as her freed tits bounced during their escape, almost pulling her forward if not for tightening back muscles come to the rescue to support their mass.

The woman’s mind still felt pretty groggy, but things were becoming clearer. Her spiked hair took on a more vivid shade of brown as the locks flattened into a maintained, chin length bob, and her eyes shown with blue instead of green. The reign of androgyny that had seized her face early on finally ended in the meantime. Her lips swelled so that they were *immensely* full and enticing, while her nose shrunk, and her cheeks rounded with the softness you’d associate with an older woman.

It came at the cost of her skin's *quality*, however. Crow's feet were etched into the corners of her eyes and dimpled were etched into her cheeks. It affected her skin as a whole, such as how her fingers, now longer, were drier and bonier. Her impressively large tits and ass even sagged ever so slightly, because she was no teenager. She was a *forty five* year old woman. A forty five year old *housewife* and *mother*.

And just like that, she was dressed for the part. Kazuma's tattered adventuring outfit was *out*, and she was instead swaddled with black, lace lingerie underneath a loose, white skirt, and tight black top that showed off a significant portion of her impossibly deep cleavage. Of course, since she was inside? She was also wearing *very* cute slippers and socks. It was still early in the morning after all!

“Ara ara? Am I forgetting something? Oh! The bed!” The tall and unimaginable *buxom* woman that Kazuma had become leaned over the unmade bed and began to pull the sheets to the pillow. Her tits were so *gigantic* that they pressed into the mattress even though she was only leaning slightly forward, with her delicate hands masterfully working the creases of the cloth. When she finished? *Watanabe Kazuko* slipped over to the full length mirror to make sure that her outfit was up to her own standards.



Kazuko was a *wife*, *mother*, but also a *kindergarten teacher*. She'd already sent her daughter on her way to school, and her spouse? Well, her *wife* had to leave for work earlier than she did. The family had been the talk of town when they had moved to this prefecture. Not only were they a lesbian couple, but they were *extremely* hot and relatively well off. Who *wouldn't* be jealous?

“Looks good! I should remember to see if I can find a store around here that sells clothing in my size, though... Oh well! I'm sure something will turn up!” The woman clapped enthusiastically. So few stores designed outfits with women who were tall *and* had tits huger than her head, but aside from some back problems and the clothing issue, Kazuko could hardly complain about her rack.

My sweetpea loves playing with them after all, and I love it when she does!