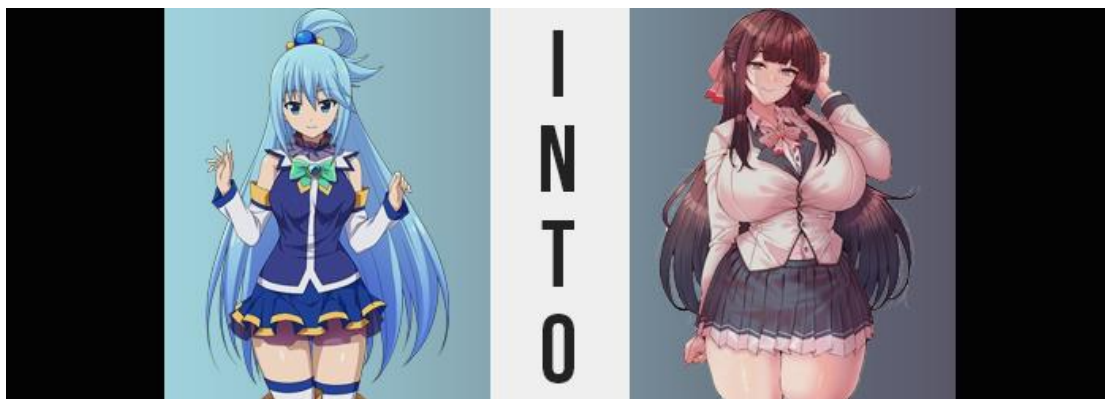


KONOSUBA: REVERSE ISEKAI

CH2: DAUGHTER DEAREST

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“H-Huh? Wha? Where am I!”

When Aqua came to, she was far more confused than Kazuma had been. This wasn't at all surprising when you understood what she had been up to when Megumin had cast her *super huge* explosion spell, though. She wasn't aware of *any* of the events that had led to that because she had been *fast* asleep beside their manor fireplace. In a typical Aqua fashion, she had *totally* been slacking off and had taken a midmorning nap! Now she was all the more disoriented for it.

She'd *woken up* in a chair, at least, but her face had been resting (and drooling) on what seemed to be a desk. A *modern* desk unlike the sort you would find in Axel or the rest of that world, but more like a world like the one Kazuma had come from? **“Wait a sec, am I not even in that fantasy world anymore!?”** That was kind of *exciting* in a sense, but *how* had she ended up there? Had her power been restored? Had she been brought back 'home'? But if that had been the case, they wouldn't have tossed her into another world without talking to her, right?

The fact that she had *died* wasn't a possibility that had even crossed her mind. If that *had* been the case, as she understood it, she would have been filed through the same system that Kazuma had and would have been granted context regarding her reincarnation. Since that *hadn't* happened, well... She really didn't know what to make of this situation at *all*.



“I’m in a classroom? High school, probably? Definitely in Japan considering the Japanese text on the blackboard...” But the same questions re-emerged in the back of her head. *Why? How?* **“I really hope nothing bad happened. Are any of the others nearby, do you think?”** That *was* possible, she supposed. That maybe she wasn’t *alone* at this school. **“I could also be dreaming, but this definitely feels pretty real...”**

Based on the light filtering in through the big, open windows nearby, it was early morning on a spring day. So early that no other students had arrived on campus, which probably worked in her favor. If they saw a weirdly dressed foreigner in their classroom then they *probably* would have been distressed. **“I should probably get out of here before its too late, huh?”** She finally pushed back her chair and stood up at the desk with the intention of leaving, but... **“Mm. I’ll need to make sure I’m back before the morning bell if I leave, though.”**

...Eh?

She wasn’t a student at that school and had only just arrived in this world. Why did she need to worry about her *attendance* when her priority should have just simply been *leaving* so that she didn’t get in trouble for trespassing. **“Something’s... weird. Whatever it is, it’s affecting my parameters too!”** Moreso out of curiosity than anything, she had attempted to use one of her abilities. Nothing that involved magic or her divinity could be mustered, almost as if— **“Was I stripped of my powers?”** She paused.

“Powers? What a silly thing to say! I’m not one of those immature chuunibyous, I’m— Wh-What am I saying!?” Okay, *yup*. Something *very* weird was happening to her, but she couldn’t put a theory together about *what* it was. Somehow, she felt like she had been aware of some sort of process that involved moving between worlds and starting a new life, but she couldn’t really recall what that process entailed anymore? More than that— *How could I be from another world?*

While her mental state had been touched upon plenty already, her assimilation into this new reality hadn’t been limited to Aqua’s mind alone. Her physical form was beginning to visibly differentiate itself from what it had once been, and at *first*, she was able to at least notice it

in passing. “E-Eh!?” It was difficult to reasonably ignore that her stature magically *sprung up*. Aqua had never been exceptionally tall, with her height being roughly 5’2”. But in that moment? Her limbs and torso stretched, longer legs pulling her thigh highs down past her knees and lifting her shirt so that her bellybutton was bare, and her arms pushed out of her sleeves.

Not only had she grown up until she was 5’7”, but her body had *widened* to retain some consistency too. Her hips had flared several inches out to the sides to lift her skirt further, as had her shoulders. Even her tummy had broadened slightly. “I’m so... tall. **Well, of course I am! I do take after my mother!**” ...Mother? As a goddess, she didn’t have something like a *birth mother*. But then why could she remember a *name*? Watanabe Kazuko.

Otherwise known as the older woman that Kazuma had been transformed into.

She was a tall and auspiciously buxom woman. If Aqua’s genetics were being twisted so that she became one of that woman’s offspring then, well... Actually, there were additional signs that this was the truth of the matter. The blue of the young woman’s hair showed signs of darkening in the tips, not towards a darker blue but instead inheriting a dark *brown* that slowly worked its way up and into her roots. This hair shortened a few inches, but the ornament that held the loop in the back up remained for the time being.

Aqua could vividly picture this ‘mother’ now. “**I have so many memories of us together, from as far back as when I was a small child. How could I doubt her existence?**” That was easy to say when she clearly couldn’t remember that she was supposed to have lived a different life in the first place. Her blue eyes not only dulled to brown in the interim, but they narrowed to look much more *Japanese*. Her lips seemed fuller, her cheeks rounder... And in the end? She wasn’t Kazuko’s spitting image, but it was difficult to ignore the similarities. Even her *voice*, now a little deeper, was reminiscent of who she believed to be her ‘mother’ at this point.

But if Kazuko’s genes really *did* run through her DNA, then she had yet to *develop* what was considered the woman’s most potent traits. Fortunately (or unfortunately depending on your opinion) for the ex-goddess, they had just been relegated to becoming the icing on the proverbial cake. Well, there was a *literal* cake to be had too. If you considered the definition that referred to ‘ass’, that is.

“**Oh dear!?**” The young woman reacted fairly similarly to how her own mother had when she’d started gaining weight. But this wasn’t an

identical occurrence. Aqua was still young, so she didn't get chubbier. All of her weight pooled into the areas you'd expect a woman to be softer, it was just that she gained it in far more excess than a normal young woman would. Like into her *cake*, as her ass jiggled to that point that her panties were chewed up within the crack of her bubbled ass. The excess weight was pushed into her thighs at the same time, leading to the sight of her widened hips widening further to make room for this mass. Even then? Her thighs were individually as thick as her waistline and still rubbed up against each other between her hips.

Not long after her lower body had fattened, the powers that were changing her affected her clothing there too. Her skirt lengthened and darkened into a pleated grey that reached the tops of her thighs, while her boots shrunk down into brown loafers worn over white leggings. Even her panties were adjusted to fit her, though they became a pastel pink *thong* instead.

“I could have sworn I dressed myself properly this morning...”

Aqua seemed to be put off by her top. That wasn't her school uniform! In the meantime, the ornament in her hair turned into a pink bow that now tied some of her brown hair behind her. But her top had yet to change because— **“Oof!?”** The woman herself couldn't figure out *why*, but she'd stumbled forward into one of the classroom desks. She'd been knocked off balance, and while she *did* adjust?

She hadn't made the connection that it was due to her own chest. Once of a slightly above average size, her tits had *ballooned*, lifting her top up until they *barely* covered her nipples. They inflated until they were each bigger than her *head*, but with Kazuko as her mother could that even be considered surprising? They weren't *quite* as big as her mom's, but they were also much perkier since she was still in her late teens. And, before long, they were neatly tucked into white, button-up blouse beneath a white uniform jacket. A pink bow was wrapped around her neck, matching the one in her hair.

And then? A strong feeling of *accomplishment* washed over her. Even though she had just been standing there?

“Phew! I'm glad I was able to finish cleaning up before everyone else arrived. I have just enough time to check over the student council ledger before the first bell.”



Watanabe Aya clapped her hands together and turned towards the classroom door after smoothing out her uniform – a feat that was always rather tedious, or at least it had become that way as she'd grown old. Her mother was Watanabe Kazuko, a woman who was taller and bustier than her already excessively buxom daughter. When her body had started developing, she shot up in height and *girth* quickly.

Now she was eighteen, and the most popular girl in her school even though the Watanabe family had only *recently* moved to the area. Not only was Aya popular, but she'd won the race for student council president handily. Her peers loved and respected her because she was incredibly kind. Well, and she was pretty *nice* to look at. Even just walking down the hall towards the student council room normally, her huge tits jiggled, and her thick thighs rippled.

“I wonder if Naomi-chan is in the clubroom?” Aya hummed to herself and licked her lips. For how popular she was, she also harbored a secret. She was a lesbian like her mother, and some of the girls in her class had taken a *physical* interest in her that she didn't mind indulging in. Naomi was the treasurer of the council, and the girl Aya had become closest to. Naomi liked to come in early, so if she had...? Then maybe they could fit in a little *fun* before that bell.

Well, it was certainly *one* way to get in your early morning exercise!