

KONOSUBA: REVERSE ISEKAI

CH3: INDOOR DESTINY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Huh? Why’s it so dark in here?”

Mind you, Megumin didn’t even know where ‘in here’ *was*. She’d just *woken up* in a dark room, laying on what she assumed was a *bed*? A bed that had bedding that probably could have used a good wash, from the smell of things. The odor of the room was hard to place, but the best word the mage could think of to describe it was *stale*. Like there wasn’t very much airflow. **“Did someone throw me in jail?”**

The girl only had a vague sense of what had happened. Her memories just kind of *cut off* after she had done something that was probably *pretty* bad. So bad, in fact, that her assumption that she had been thrown in prison was actually one grounded in plausibility. In a moment of enthusiasm, she had cast a *brand new* explosion spell within Axel’s borders.

In all fairness, at the time she had thought that it would be a *contained* blast. That was what the text in the tome had said, anyways! But while it had *begun* that way, something had gone awry mid-cast, and she had drawn in *way* too much mana. Energy pooled and pooled and pooled some more into the explosion, until it finally detonated and... it had been *extremely* big!

Unfortunately, that was *all* she could remember. **“I must have passed out after and someone brought me here...”** This wasn’t true. It *couldn’t* have been true. After all, the caster had been eviscerated by the

explosion just like the rest of the town had been. But Megumin wasn't away of reincarnation systems or anything like that. Unlike Kazuma and Aqua, she hadn't experienced reincarnation or... overseen it. What happened to you when you died? She didn't know, and she definitely didn't care!



“Guess I should figure out where I am...”

The mage hadn't been under the covers of the bed. It was easy for her to slide off with her feet hitting the ground with a thump. She had only taken a single step in the darkness before she tripped over something, though. **“Wh—!?”** And then something else, and another thing! **“What is all over the floor!?”** It felt like cloth? Clothing? Was this a room? But who would leave their clothes all over the place? A slob, probably.

But why pick them up? It isn't like anyone is going to visit.

...Huh? But I'm literally visiting right now?

She shook her head. What was going on in her head? She felt a little groggy still, so maybe she just wasn't thinking straight? **“I should probably just get out of here if it isn't a prison cell...”** Huh? But when had she ruled that possibility out? Subconsciously she had begun to feel differently about this dark space. It felt vaguely *familiar* and *comforting*. She almost didn't *want* to leave despite it being the best thing to naturally do.

Even if she hadn't had the idea to give up on leaving already, she *definitely* would have seconds later when she tripped over *something else*. **“WAH!?”** She'd been so surprised that her voice had cracked, or at least that was the most obvious conclusion to come to in order to describe it. Her voice hadn't *exclusively* cracked because she'd been surprised, though. Just as her tripping in the first place hadn't *only* been because she'd tripped over something. She *had*. A pair of dirty, pink pajamas bottoms in fact.

But the fault of her stumble hadn't been from that alone. There had been a natural imbalance that made it worse. Her body wasn't quite reacting the way she had wanted it to, like her weight distribution was off somehow? It was so dark in the room that Megumin hadn't really noticed the cause. She might not have even noticed *if* she could see, to be honest. But the truth of the matter was that she was *growing taller*.

The mage was pretty short. She was 4'9", the shortest member of Kazuma's party with Aqua coming in second. But this height hierarchy would need to be rewritten based on what was happening to Megumin alone. She was *growing*. Her arms and legs stretched, while the hands and feet that were attached to them outgrew the fingerless gloves and boots that she was wearing until they were a little too tight on her body. But this feeling of tightness wasn't at *all* isolated to these areas.

Her body grew until she was 5'4", which naturally disturbed the fit of her adventuring tunic. A base that had once reached her thighs was now so high that you could see her crimson panties, while the legging and bandages around her legs were yanked down until they were closer to her knees. "**Wh-Why is everything so tiiiiight!?**" At least the girl had *noticed*, but her voice was oddly soft and... *skittish*. She was also coming across as very *whiny* when she'd normally act much more combative about any inconveniences she might face.

"**Urp!?**" Her (admittedly half-assed) investigation of why her clothes felt so tight was eventually disturbed by a bloated feeling that culminated in a loud burp escaping from lips that had thickened slightly and, oddly, seemed a little *dry*. Had she been drinking enough water? The taste of what might have been potato chip powder was stuck to them instead of any moisture.

But the bloated feeling that she'd felt hadn't been due to something she ate. In fact, the cause was evident enough if you looked at the base of her tunic. The cloth had tightened around what almost seemed like a belly pouch at first, that bulged widened *and* thickened as her stomach gurgled further. Megumin was gaining weight in her belly and gained enough so that her softened tummy lipped about three inches over her pelvis. "**Wh-What's up with what I'm wearing? It's so stifling...**"

Or so she *said*, but the girl hadn't said what was actually bothering her about her clothes. They were too *tight*, and she was feeling overly self-conscious about how chubby she'd gotten lately... She didn't see it as a sudden change evidently but instead recognized it as a change that had happened to her naturally over the course of a full year. She groaned about how annoying it was as she stripped the tunic and panties off, kicked off her boots, and pulled off the socks and bandages. Everything was discarded into a corner of the bedroom as what she would later view as her '*cosplay pile*'.

The lack of light in the bedroom really made it difficult to catch onto some of the more subtle changes that were in store for her body. Since she stood there naked now, if there had been light you would have noticed how her skin shone. It was *oily* as if she hadn't bathed in a while. In fact, her cleanliness really *was* a point of concern. There was the

scent of body odor wafting off of this skin, and her pubes were a thick, tangled mass of... light blue? Hair of a similar color had grown under her armpits.

“I should turn on the light... M-Maybe I should find something else to wear first...?” It definitely would have made more sense to make it so that she could see what she was putting on, but Megumin was so self conscious about her body that she didn’t want to have to look at her soft flesh when she illuminated the room. This *included* her tits, which were actually undergoing the fattening process themselves at that time.

Some of the weight they gained *was* because she was chubby, and that weight bled in first to make her A-cups appear closer to B-cups. But then the *rest* of the weight compiled. A weight that technically coincided with the fact that she had grown taller, because that growth had been the symptom of a greater change... to her *age*. She’d slowly been maturing as her transformation wore on, and she looked like she was in her *early twenties* already.

Her *bosom* certainly echoed that sentiment. The muscles in the woman’s back were straining because those B-cups were growing even *more*. Since they were naked with nothing to support them, they jiggled and sagged slightly, and her nipples stretched and became erect. A mole even eventually appeared beneath the leftmost tit of her *D-cup* rack. **“My body’s been getting weaker lately too, huh?”** Just walking around was winding her!

With more weight on Megumin’s bones now, that wasn’t really surprising. She hadn’t been very fit before, and that aspect of her lifestyle had only worsened. True to her word, in the meantime she was trying to find something to wear *in the dark*, leaning her torso forward while her dirty hands felt around on a dirties floor. **“Didn’t I trip over some shorts a second ago...? Aha!”** She felt and grabbed them, not caring even a little that she’d worn them several times without washing them yet.

While she’d been leaning forward, however, the part of her body that was lifted into her air had gained weight. Her ass and thighs both thickened, giving her a soft yet chubby caboose, and thighs that were as squishy as they were enticing. Their increased size went unnoticed as she slid the dirty shorts up her legs and shimmied them over her ass. Loose and comfortable, just like she liked them!

“But now I need a top...” She crossed her arms beneath her rack as Megumin tried to remember where in the dark room she might have thrown it. Her expression was a contemplative one, but it also shifted in

design *as* she thought. Swollen lips and a larger nose proved that she was older, and her cheeks probably would have thinned if not for the fact that she was now technically overweight. Rounder eyes came alight with a soft purple color, the eyelashes that fluttered around them longer. **“Aha!”**

She remembered! The woman jiggled over to where the bed was and pulled a piece of fabric off of the end of the bed. She didn't even *try* to make sure it wasn't inside out before lifting it up and over her head to slide her arms through. When it cross over her head and was tugged tightly over her big tits – in turn revealing that it was a little too small for her – it was almost like her short, brown hair had been run through a filter. By the time the neckline of the dirty top rested on her shoulders? Her hair had grown so long that it reached her ass, and it had lightened to the same light blue as her pubes and armpit hair.

“F-Finally! I can turn on the light!”

CLICK!

The young woman finally found the light switch beside *her* door, illuminating *her* bedroom and highlighting just how much her body had changed. Not that *Kimura Mizuki* believed anything had changed at all. She then carefully moved through her room, passing piles of dirty clothes and trash, before collapsing before a small table with a laptop on it – a television on the opposite wall. The soft, bare belly that peaked out from under her pink pajamas jiggled from the motion.

One unwashed hand accidentally slapped against that tummy when she hit the floor. **“Haha... D-Did I put on weight again? I-I guess it's to be expected...”** Mizuki *never* left her room. She was your stereotypical *NEET*, an unemployed Japanese person that refused to try to get a job, spending all her time holed up inside away from people. She had always been very shy and overly anxious, and her parents had never gotten her any help for these problems. As she'd grown older? They had worsened.

And now she was a twenty one year old shut-in that spent her day eating snacks, playing video games, being an internet troll, and neglecting her physical health. Her weight and absence of



cleanliness were both problems of that lattermost lifestyle decision. She lamented her tummy bulge for a moment, before eventually pushed it aside and turned on her laptop. **“I-It doesn’t matter!”** Mizuki just had to find a game or something to distract herself!

“Oh, I know! That new Konosuba VN came out! I’m sure some much needed Megumin exposue will lift my mood!”