

KONOSUBA: REVERSE ISEKAI

CH6: DESK JOB

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Wiz had *very* little to do with Megumin's *big bang*, and yet she had been caught up in the kerfuffle, nonetheless.

It had been kind of hard *not* to get caught up in it when it had enveloped the entire town. “**The last thing I can remember is seeing that explosion...**” But just because she had gotten caught up in it didn't mean that she could properly understand *what* she had gotten caught up in. She was right. Her memories stopped the second the explosion had crashed through the front window of her shop after catching sight of it from afar just seconds before. “**D-Did I die!? Is that what happens when you die!?**”

You ended up trapped in a small, square box with a desk!? Actually, upon a second examination she wasn't *trapped*. There was a gap right behind her that lead out into a hall *lined* with those boxes. Was she wrong? Was it actually a prison!? No, it definitely seemed too *clean*. And well lit, but by *what*? A white light filtered down through rectangular tiles above, and considering the color and positioning they couldn't be torches. Some kind of magic, maybe?

She was in an *office*. One filled with what must have been *thirty* cubicles, but at the time she was the only one there. The position of the sun seen through the eastern window indicated that it was *very* early morning, so it was likely that all of the employees just hadn't shown up quite yet. The lich, on the other hand, didn't have the foggiest idea what a cubicle or an office *was*. These things weren't anything like running a magic shop.



While she had stuck her head out of the cubicle to look at the rest of the building first, she was met with resistance when she tried to step out entirely. “**Eh!? Is there some kind of barrier in place? Maybe this really is a prison after all...?**” It was more a matter of the reincarnation process binding her to that cubicle. After all, her new life was going to be intrinsically bound to it. She just hadn’t realized this yet.

Then again, she’d probably *never* realize it. The others (barring Yunyun) simply accepted their new realities without even questioning it. In the meantime, though? Wiz had *other* questions, namely about what was *on* the desk. Stacks of papers – those made sense, though how had they been written upon in such a consistent way? The lettering was so *even*. But there was also the matter of the *glowy box*.

Or the *computer monitor*. Naturally it was there so that the assigned worker could *work*, but the lich had never seen anything like it in her life. “**What kind of magic would make a picture glow like this? Hm... What even is this a painting of?**” A field with a blue sky, with a bunch of tinier, square pictures on the lefthand side. *Could* paintings glow? Maybe if they were enchanted? Wiz wasn’t really sure, but that was realistically the only hunch that she *had*.

Things were still dire, though. She had been confined for *some reason*. She didn’t have enough context to work with. There was a feeling deep down, though. Like an inkling of a concept that she was *supposed* to be in this place that she had never seen before? There stronger this feeling became, the more it affected her body. And it appeared to start with her *eyes*, for their irises not only lightened to a soft shade of amber, but the corners of the woman’s eyelids pinched in as monolids developed.

Her eyes were *very* similar to someone that hailed from wherever Kazuma came from, oddly enough.

Odder still? While the woman moved within the small cubicle, her movements gradually became less laborious. She was used to things always feeling *heavy*. Wiz’s large tits were obvious, but she had a thick ass and thighs to boot. It wasn’t really surprising that it could be hard for her to move at times. So, perhaps it was almost *fortunate* that she was able to move more freely. But why?

“*Hmm...*” She hummed while examining the papers on the desk, scanning them for potential clues. The issue was that she couldn’t *read*

the language... clearly. She probably shouldn't have been able to read them *at all*, but they gradually became clearer to her. It was a fairly plausible explanation for how the woman didn't really notice what was happening to her *body* in that moment. How all of that ample weight had begun to *dry up*.

As her huge tits were the most obviously 'big' part of her body, it was those tits that were the most obviously affected visually considering the robes she was adorned with. The ample balloon shapes that pushed forward from her chest were slowly deflating little by little, because the fat within those tits was drying up. The skin that surrounded them, fortunately, did not loosen in the process, but instead tightened around their increasingly smaller sizes while the width of her areola narrowed in kind. Before long? Her breasts were *half* their original sizes, and they *continued* to shrink until all she had was a pair of practically nonexistent, albeit perky, *A-cups*.

If you thought that this meant she would at least be spared across the lower half of her body, however, you would have been *wrong*. Her thighs and cheeks alike all deflated in a very similar manner, tautly pulled skin having its slack returned as the natural rosy color to her skin down there paled alongside the rest of her body. Her ass was left as only the slightest bubble, while her thighs weren't even as wide as her waistline anymore. And without anything to support? Her hips were pressed in against one another until her body's shape was left extremely narrow.

"These are design documents for a game...?" Wiz's voice had become *very* high all of a sudden. She sounded younger, and looking at her face? She definitely *looked* it too. Her swollen lips had thinned into a miniaturized pout, her nose was button-shaped, and her cheeks? They were *rounder* without any signs of aging. She looked like she must have been *younger*, but that was actually all a ruse. Despite it all, she was actually a year *older*. She was physically *twenty one* now.

It didn't strike the woman that she shouldn't have known what those documents said, much less *understood* them the amount that she did. It was a sign that her mind had succumbed more than 50% to its reconditioning already, and now that it was past this point? The strands of brown hair atop her head lightened to a sandy blonde *and* withdrew in length until they were only past her shoulders. *If I grow my hair any longer then I won't be complying with the office dress code!*

"Hey!?" Wiz wasn't sure *how* it was possible, but *her* very tiny cubicle somehow felt substantially larger all of a sudden. The reasoning wouldn't have occurred to *her*; she was incapable of placing a finger on the cause, after all. But it would have been blatantly obvious to any

onlookers. Her above average height was all the woman had really left from her previous life, yet that was what had actually changed in size.

Whether it was the woman's limbs, torso, or even her head – bones diminished in size, shaving inches off her overall stature as she dipped close to the five foot mark. In the process? Her hands and feet likewise grew daintier, with slenderer fingers and manicured nails. In a way this made her lighter curves stand out a little better, but only because she'd dropped all the way down to 4'10" by the time all was said and done! And she was practically swimming in her robes!

But not for long! As had been the case with the others, she soon found herself dressed in something a little more fitting for this new life that she believed she lived. Black tights underneath a black pencil skirt and matching heels, designed to go along with a button up, light blue shirt under an open, black jacket. Her skirt was held up by a belt, and her hair was braided on the left side with a hair clip pinning some of it back.

And thus: an office lady was born!

“Huh... Maybe I came a little *too* early... Oh well! This is the perfect chance to earn brownie points!” *Kurosaki Mizu* collapsed into the spinning office chair that was set up in front of *her* computer within *her* cubicle. The small, young woman could have left that space at any time if she wanted to, but she wasn't in the mood for a coffee just yet. Maybe once her senpais started getting in for their shifts!

Mizu was an office lady at a gaming company, but she was also a new hire. She was already twenty years of age, but it had been a persistent problem throughout her life that she was often mistaken to be *much* younger than she actually was. She had a cute face and slender build, and there was nothing she could do about it! ...Aside from stuffing her bra here and there in her teens.



But she'd put that embarrassing and cringe era of her life behind her! She was among the working class now, and she had to do her best! To those ends, she lined up papers at the side of her desk and brought up Microsoft Excel. **“Just data entry tasks today, huh? Not *too* exciting, but I'll get these done in a jiffy!”** If there was one skill that Mizu had pride in, it was her typing speed!

And once the higher ups noticed just how *good* she was, she could start hoping for a raise!