

KONOSUBA: REVERSE ISEKAI

CH7: GYARU BREAK

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The receptionist of the Axel Adventurer Guild was possibly the farthest person removed from Kazuma's group on a personal level.

Luna wasn't a close friend with anyone involved in that party, and honestly? Even though their relationship had improved recently, there was still plenty of reason for others not to get involved with them – *especially* Kazuma, considering his whole panty stealing stint. To her, that group was just a collection of customers that she had to deal with considering her position in the guild. She'd give them quests and handle their paperwork... and sometimes there was a *lot* of paperwork!

“This... must be a dream. Did I fall asleep at the desk again!?”

It wouldn't be the *first* time that happened. She *had* been drastically overworked as of late. But this dream, if it even was one, felt a little *too* vivid? Like everything just seemed so *real*. Because it was. She'd ultimately been caught up in the exact same explosion as everyone else and had *died*. But because she'd been in the adventurer guild building and it had happened so suddenly, she hadn't exactly been able to process it.

What mattered to Luna was where she was *now*. And honestly? She wasn't really *sure*. Was it a washroom? There were a number of sinks lined up in a row in front of mirrors, but behind her were tiny boxes? Booths? She slipped into one to check, finding only a toilet and a device that white toilet paper was hanging out from. **“I guess this is a bathroom, but where— Ah!?”**



Just as the receptionist had gone to leave the stall, the door shut in front of her and the lock clicked into the closed position all on its own. **“I-Is this place haunted!?”** There hadn’t been anyone else in the bathroom, and she’d watched it all happen without anyone else touching it! Maybe it really *wasn’t* a dream? Was it a *nightmare* instead!?

Luna rattled the lock, desperate to escape, but it just wasn’t coming undone! ...Although it might have if she was moving it properly. Her world didn’t *have* stalls like these, so she didn’t actually have the foggiest idea regarding unlocking it. **“Come on! Let me out!”** Try as she might, she just couldn’t do it despite burning so much energy. She eventually took a second to collect herself. **“Maybe I’m doing it incorrectly...?”**

She definitely was!

But that worked out just fine. It kept the woman hidden from the possibility that someone else would enter this public bathroom in a *Japanese high school*. Despite how alluring and mature seeming the woman was, she wasn’t really *that* old. She was twenty. Too old to be a student, but too young to be a teacher. So, either way, she didn’t really *belong* in a school setting. Or she *shouldn’t* have belonged in one, but like the others she was due for a little bit of reincarnation.

And since she was sectioned off from the rest of the world, that moment was the perfect opportunity for it to begin. Luna was looking around the walls of the bathroom stall to try and figure out if she could get out another way. **“Maybe I could go over the top of the stall if I stand on the toilet?”** At her current height of 5’4”, it would have been a bit tricky, but she *probably* could have accomplished it. She was wearing shorts, not a skirt, so there wasn’t any risk of her flashing anyone, either.

Yet, it began to feel a little *less* possible. **“Ara?”** Were the walls of the stall higher up than they had been a second ago? It really *felt* that way to the woman, but only because she seemingly couldn’t comprehend what the *true* issue was. That issue being that the opposite had actually occurred. The stall walls hadn’t grown taller. *Luna* had become *shorter*. Four inches had slowly peeled off of her body as she’d spent time looking around...

Which was still only *part* of what had happened. It was subtle, but the woman actually looked a little *younger*? Her face had become softer in its designs. By the time she dropped down to a mere 5’0”, she also

looked like a *teenager* that was probably *eighteen years* of age. “**I guess I can’t reach? LOL! Why did I think I could in the first place?**” Had that ‘LOL’ not stood out to her? It wasn’t even a term that she *should* have known, seeing as it wasn’t one available in worlds that didn’t have *cellphones*.

Mentally? A lot was taking place already. Her *language* had slowly been changing. She began to know words like internet jargon that she’d had no business knowing, but more than that? Her *base* language transitioned towards *Japanese* – it was merely translated for the sake of understanding this retelling. Even her body language gradually loosened up. All while the amber colors of her eyes lightened to an icy blue that *almost* looked like contacts.

But that color was *natural*. Something that was a little odd since her body was clearly becoming more and more Japanese in appearance. This was really more visible in her *face* than anywhere else as the eyelids surrounding her now blue eyes now pinched in amidst the corners. They definitely seemed more Asian, but they also weren’t *fully* Asian. Her face’s shape rounded, and her lips flattened slightly just in time for a sparkly gloss to spread across them. Blush emerged on her cheeks and mascara around her eyes, too. All in all, there was definitely Japanese in her DNA, but one of her parents *must* have been Caucasian.

“**Huh? Why would I even wanna leave the stall yet?**” Was it related to why her voice suddenly sounded so *high* and why she was speaking so vapidly? Probably! But she didn’t exactly notice *any* of that! The walls of the stall almost felt *comforting*? Like she had spent plenty of time there in the past. It also felt like, if she left, she’d be resolving herself to a fate that she just couldn’t seem to remember *yet*. All she knew was that it was probably bad!

All the while, the girl’s body continued to change. Her curves were gradually adjusting to her shorter height, with her breasts not really getting smaller, but also not really getting bigger *either*. What befell them was a fate that saw them *perk up*. They firmed, and her nipples stretched ever so slightly. The overpowering scent of floral perfume began to waft from her cleavage. If anything, what was *more* bizarre was the girl reaching a hand up to *grope* one of her tits.

Why? It was very out of character for her, and her grip became kind of... *pointy*? Her nails hadn’t grown, but... Well, they *had*. Ever so slightly. But the length that was digging into the mass of her perky tit came courtesy of a set of hot pink nail extensions that had been stuck onto them. “**Mmn... E-Eh!? I totes should not be doing this here!**” Her touch had prompted her nipples to harden, and they were poking

up against the underside of her shirt. Her... *shirt*? “**What the hell am I even wearing? LOL!**”

Had an old lady dressed her? Nah! This is too ugly even for a modern old lady to wear! Is it cosplay? While Luna was distracted by her clothes – clothes *she* wore to work every day – her figure’s adjustments continued. This time it affected her ass and thighs, stealing away *some* of their mass but in favor of jutting her hips out until they were childbearing in girth. This wasn’t *really* a big deal. Because she was younger, she still had a little room to *fill out* again down there. And, vaguely related...

Her blonde bush was trimmed into an intentional heart shape.

The blonde not *only* from her pubes, but as well as the hair atop her head, changed in hue at her transformation’s end. She remained fully blonde, but that blonde bore a golden sheen that once again served as a reminder that one of her parents must have been Caucasian. In fact, she could remember that her dad was *American*! This hair grew, spilling out down past her ass, while her bangs were swept to the sides to show off her wide forehead.

“**Oh! Way better!**” *But was I really wearing something so ugly a sec ago?* Her clothes changed in a flash, leaving her questioning if what she’d encountered before had even *been* real. Now she was wearing what she *expected* to wear *to school*. A leopard print bra and thong underneath a cream colored uniform top and a pleated, navy blue skirt. She had a pair of dress shoes on underneath some short, white socks, and a brown scrunchie appeared around her left wrist to tie her hair into a ponytail when things got... *sloppy*.

Fujibayashi Leina definitely knew where she was *now*. She effortlessly opened the stall door – because she hid away inside of way almost every day for about an hour – and practically skipped out into the main area of the bathroom. “**Ah~! There we go! Third period’s basically over! LOL! I did *not* want to study Japanese!**” Joyous and playful, her acrylic nails clacked against the sink counter as she leaned in close to check her makeup.

The eighteen year old *gyaru* had *really* gotten into playing hooky lately. She just found class *so* boring. Dressing up and



looking cute was great and all, but she really just wanted to ditch the stuffy uniform and fuck around. Sometimes by *actually* fucking! Now that it was just about lunch break, she could slip out the main gate without being asked too many questions. She'd meet up with some of the other gyarus and go to their *usual spot* for their afternoon.

Sometimes some stinky old dudes showed up, sometimes it was guys their own age, and when there were no men at all? They had no problems fooling around with *each other*. **"I don't wanna like, sit around and do stuffy work all day! I'd rather get stuffed instead!"** Leina really *was* just considering dropping out. It would have made things *way* easier for her! She knew what she wanted to do, but society didn't approve.

Still, it was better than growing up to be some boring ass receptionist!