

KONOSUBA: REVERSE ISEKAI

FINAL CH: EXPECTING

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Of all the people that lived in Axel, there was only *one* other denizen that was aware of Heaven and the reincarnation system that was put in place. And that person was Chris. Or, at least, she was known within the town *as* Chris. The reality this young woman's identity was that she was actually in disguise; her true identity was that of the Goddess of Luck, *Eris*; a goddess that had been Aqua's junior in Heaven.

That was the only reason she had a *vague* sense of what was going on when she found herself in a *hospital room* in her Chris disguise. It wasn't a hospital from the parallel world, it was *far* too modern. It could only be a hospital room in a world akin to the one Kazuma had come from, if not being the *exact* same world. **"So, I really hadn't been seeing things..."**

The (physically) fifteen year old girl had been on the other side of the town when she'd heard a loud *BOOM*. A bright light off in the distance had quickly approached soon after, and from where the girl had been standing? She could only assume the explosion's power had roughly been on par with that of a *nuclear bomb*. But did that mean she had *died*?

Even though Chris had a better understanding of what had happened to her than most people did, there were still some things that didn't quite add up. Putting aside that she was supposed to be *immortal* as a goddess, even if she *had* somehow died? She should have returned to Heaven, which this hospital room surely was *not*. There was an entire

process in place for when people died, after all. “**And why a hospital room in the first place?**”



It was late in the evening based on the orange glow that filtered through the nearby window, which provided a view that overlooked a quiet courtyard. Was this a new trick that Heaven was employing to make people feel more comfortable? Then again, what exactly was comforting about a *hospital room*? There wasn't much *to* the room, either. A bed, a table with what looked like a children's book on it...

“**Wait, can I leave?**” If she could, then it would probably be for the best. Or... would it? If someone in this world saw her dressed like a fantasy character, maybe they'd get the wrong idea? Believing that she couldn't waste any time standing around in the room though, she resolved to leave anyways. She got as far as the door, when she stopped suddenly.

Oh, no. I shouldn't leave the room without permission!

Chris hesitated *because* this thought had crossed her mind. It was a thought she probably *should* have questioned. She didn't know *why* she was in the hospital room, and she certainly didn't belong there. *Whose* permission would she even need? She hadn't *met* anyone yet! “**I... but I shouldn't leave?**” The compulsion to stay put was *strong*. And that was to say nothing of what was beginning to happen to the girl's *body*.

At first, the signs were relegated exclusively to her face. As had been the case with the others (Kazuma aside), the corners of Chris' eyes pinched in, and her eyelids took on monolid forms as early indicators that her race was changing, clearly making her appear *Japanese* in the process. This spread into the rest of her face, stripping the girl not only of her perceived identity, but also her *youth*. Fortunately for her, it wasn't as dire as it sounded. Though, the very first thing to happen was the scar on the right side of her face filling in.

Sure, as the teen's face shifted, she certainly began to appear much more *mature*. Her lips swelled, her gaze narrowed, and her cheekbones rose so that her face had a vaguely longer appearance to it, leading down into a subtly broader chin. By the time a light green mixed among her irises? She must have looked around the age of *twenty five* or so in the face. That was still an additional *ten years* compared to the age she was *supposed* to look. She even gained a new mole under her right eye!

“Right! Why would I leave? I *can’t* leave, after all! Because...?”

What had been the reason again? Was it related to her voice? Did her voice sound weird somehow? It did sound *deeper*. More mature? But Chris herself didn’t really comprehend this. She just ended up shrugging it off, believing that it was more or less ‘normal’. Evidently, she was *already* too far gone; too caught up by her changing perception of reality. The signs that this was the case continued to mount, too.

If she’d been in her right mind, for example, she probably would have taken notice of her own *height*. Because she basically only wore a bra-sized crop top around her chest, there wasn’t a shirt to lift once her limbs and torso began to lengthen, and her short shorts interacted similarly with her lower half. The only place it was *really* apparent as she shot up nearly *four* inches was with her *thigh highs*. They slipped down past her knees now that her legs were longer, and because her feet had grown a little her boots felt a little tight too.

The woman herself was still caught up on *why* she was supposed to be in a hospital room. **“Weird... Why *can’t* I remember? I feel like it was *extremely* important!”** She almost spoke like a homely wife now, even raising one of her hands to poke at her cheek like a ditz. Her fingers were a little longer and slightly bonier, likely because she was older now. She took a moment to use those fingers to tuck her hair behind her ears, but only because her hair had grown out to the center of her back... and darkened to a reddish hue in the process.

Her enhanced age soon showed itself in other ways. Ways that compromised her outfit *far* more than a simple jump in height had. The sides of her shorts soon grew *very* tight, digging into her hips because those hips themselves were *forcing* their way out to the sides. Her gait widened nearly *six* inches, buckling her knees while mass soon accumulated within the surrounding areas. The cheeks of her ass bloated, rapidly pooling up and over the waist of those shorts to show off a great deal of ass cleavage.

Chris’ ass almost *tripled* in girth, making ample use of her widened hips – though the integrity of her shorts had certainly been *endangered* in the process. They had no choice but to split at the sides, which was a process that was only helped along by her *thighs*. The weight that her ass couldn’t accommodate was fed into them, forcing them to bloat like soaked sponges until the bottoms of those shorts too. There was just something *odd* about all this weight. It felt a little *too* ample, like something was wrong.

“Oh! I remember! It’s almost *time*...” The woman herself seemed to know what she was talking about, but she stopped short of vocalizing

it. Regardless, her *breasts* grew in the interim. Eris had designed her Chris 'disguise' with a small cup size on purpose. A larger pair was burdensome, or at least she'd *thought* so at the time. But her opinions were changing just as quickly as her personality and memories were. She wouldn't consider a larger cup size to be too burdensome, namely because she was *accustomed* to having a larger cup size. And that certainly *became* the truth.

The thin and flimsy crop top that the woman was wearing across her chest didn't even stand a chance. The weight of her breasts *ballooned*, fat filling them with the vengeance as her nipples expanded wider and wider, areola becoming puffier in the process. They went from A-cups to *E-cups* in a matter of seconds, completely outgrowing and escaping the cloth that contained them, pushing the fabric beneath their heft. But just as it looked like they'd stop growing?

Chris' tits grew *more*. Just, in this case, it wasn't quite with fat. They felt *fuller*, pressure was mounting within them while the exposed nipples that rested upon them darkened and hardened. Gradually? The skin around her tits stretched, and the veins that ran from her nipples and across her breasts became more pronounced. Her hormones had caused all of this, like they were gearing up for... *childbirth*? **"Oh! My due date is coming up! Of course I would be in the hospital!"**

This confirmation of what had been obvious enough from the state of her tits alone quite *literally* brought a baby into existence. Her flat tummy *bloated* and *stretched* courtesy of the formation and growth of a fetus in her womb. Her bellybutton inverted as that womb was stretched. One inch, two inches, three – until it extended a full *twelve* inches larger than it had been before. It wasn't soft at all, either, instead incredibly firm because she had entered the late pregnancy stage.

The weight of this belly was *burdensome*. She immediately had to place her hands underneath it to support her weight as she stood. **"Perhaps I made a mistake getting up? But I was *really* craving eggs and peanut butter."** It certainly wasn't odd for a pregnant woman to have unusual cravings. At the same time? She definitely wasn't *dressed* for the occasion of 'oh shoot I might go into labor at any moment now'. A pair of flashes changed that. She was suddenly dressed in a pink gown with a *pinker* cardigan worn overtop of it. Loose and comfortable, there was no other way to dress yourself as a pregnant woman!

"I guess the doctor was right about me moving around too much at this stage,ahaha!" It had taken all of *Arakawa Yaeko's* energy just to walk back to *her* bed from the hospital door. Her body felt weak and tired, but that wasn't exactly surprising considering the heavy load that she couldn't help but caress beneath the full breasts that were

hard and poised to produce milk if needed. Sometimes they'd produce that milk even if she *didn't* need to! "**Oh! A kick!**"

Yaeko gently rubbed her distended, pregnant belly as she slowly lowered herself onto the bed, which creaked loudly under her weight. "**Shh, shh... The doctor said any day now!**" It didn't really *need* to be said, but the woman was *extremely* pregnant. Over nine months now, and it was hard to think that it had already been nine months since that passionate night she'd had with her husband when he'd impregnated her.



She was a woman that normally worked as a teacher at the same school Aqua now attended, and a woman that loved her husband with all of her heart. Yaeko would surely raise her soon-to-be daughter with the same amount of love, likely *more*. "**How about I read you a bedtime story?**" That must have been why the children's book was beside the bed. She weakly peaked it up and began to read in a hushed voice, knowing her unborn child would be comforted by it.

Of course, *everyone* from Axel had been reincarnated in modern day Japan. They all ended up living completely different lives, unaware of what had happened to them. Take Yaeko's unborn daughter, for example. While she'd end up with a name like Tae or Emiko, in her past life? She had been *Sena*, the prosecutor stationed in Axel.

Not that she'd ever have an opportunity to learn that.