

# REVERSE ISEKAI

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



*Isekai.*

It was a genre that had become all of the rage across Teyvat as of late. Light novels coming from Inazuma these days more often than not contained it in some capacity. The concept of someone being sent to another world, either via reincarnation or through some other means, and becoming the hero of that story was something that evidently appealed to a widespread audience. To the people of Teyvat, who had Visions and gods as part of their everyday lives, it was fascinating to see characters play out these roles in unfamiliar conditions.

With all of these novels originating from the Yae Publishing House in Inazuma City and with plenty of new writers inspired, there had been an influx of interested individuals applying for positions within the publishing house. Kiara was one such individual. She wasn't a Vision holder or anything like that, merely a writing enthusiast that had been incredibly inspired by the recent works that the publishing house had put out.

And she had landed a job with them! She'd been thinking about the genre outside of the box. Isekai stories were always about unremarkable people being given remarkable powers, but what about the opposite? What if the isekai genre was deconstructed and a story involved remarkable people being sent to another world to become *unremarkable*? It was this line of thinking that had won Kiara her position. And for her first work? She could think of no better character ideas than those inspired by the almighty Raiden Shogun and Guuji Yae themselves!

**“I can’t wait to try out this new pen! The clerk said that it was magic, but that was probably a joke, right? Maybe it’s lucky or something!”**

But it hadn’t been a joke at all.

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**“Mm?”** Raiden Ei rose up from atop a bed she couldn’t recall laying down upon. In fact, she was fairly certain that in the seconds leading up to that realization she had been in a meeting with someone from the Tenryou Commission. It had been a very jarring sensation to suddenly find her body lying horizontally in a completely different location. The room was dark, but was lit vaguely by a glowing panel on the opposite side of the room from where she had appeared. **“Where... am I?”**

This wasn’t her palace. She didn’t have a room like this one in the building at *all*. Even the servants that helped with the upkeep were given bigger rooms to live in than this. So then how did Ei end up there and *why*? **“Not only my location has changed. I cannot hear the Shogun.”** The second personality contained within her body was absent. She *shouldn’t* have been. At all. The Raiden Shogun personality was a baked in feature and no power should have been able to remove it. **“Curious.”**

And equal parts *concerning*. While the room was only lit by that flat light (which was actually a computer monitor), her enhanced vision allowed her to see things much more clearly. There was no doubt in Ei’s mind that they were someone’s bedchambers – and they certainly didn’t do much to clean up considering all of the clothing and food bags laying around. But in terms of furniture designs, technology, anything like that... None of it looked familiar to her. Like she was in a *completely different world*.

If she’d had the sense to slide the nearby window curtain she absolutely would have realized that this was the case.

Ei blinked several times without making a sound, and ultimately reached up a hand to rub at her eyes. What had prompted these actions? Well, the room felt very *out of focus*. It was blurry and she couldn't figure out *why*. Were her puppet eyes malfunctioning? That was the only thing she could think of at first, and yet... *Obviously I need my glasses?* Her glasses? Since when did she...? But she also couldn't deny that this answer was objectively the *correct* one.

Physically speaking though? The ruler's eyes looked notably *different*. Her purple irises were burning a reddish brown. The eyes bore a different shape in a subtle sense, but what was almost most notable about them was what was *underneath* them. Dark circles that were indicative of a lack of sleep. Which was *odd*, because her puppet body didn't *need* sleep. It was a testament to something she hadn't taken note of.

By the time she had awoken in this bedroom her body had already been reduced to flesh and blood. She had woken up a *mere mortal*.

**“I... Hm. Why do I feel so flushed?”** Not *merely* flushed, though her skin gave proper suggestion as to why. Her complexion looked a little sickly, like she hadn't seen much sunlight. Which wasn't really all that different from how Ei *usually* looked at a glance. But it was the quality of the skin. It was oily and worn down, speckled with freckles and blemishes. Much more *human* than the flawless texture of her puppet body. Her beating heart also brought her body temperature to rise, and the woman couldn't help but think that she felt surprisingly *weak* all of a sudden. **“Is something happening to my body?”**

Of course, her vision was still blurred. It was difficult to make sense of anything visually, and even if she could see clearly? There was some tinkering going on with her mind. She would be quick to accept any change like the one that had already stolen her vision, or like how there was an encroaching youthfulness to her fatigued face. She didn't even bat an eye as a great weight was literally lifted from her shoulders. Because her long braid had been chopped off at her shoulders. What was cut fell to the ground in the form of a blanket, while what remained on her head was messily dyed black with bangs obscuring her right eye.

She wanted to dismiss the idea that anything could possibly be happening to her body. After all, she was always inside... *playing video games and watching anime*, right? How could anything happen to her body living such a *glorious shut-in life*? She wasn't even fit like *at all!* A fact that became truer the more she thought about it. Ei's body was becoming lighter and lighter!

...Because there was *less and less* of it. The top of her kimono was emptying, cloth slipping because the breasts that it wrapped around were *halving* in size until they were a set of mere perky B-cups. On the lower end of her body? Her ass and thighs were thinning similarly, becoming scrawny without any excess fat or muscle alike. Her thighs and ass were a *touch* plump, but it was still minimal compared to the peaks she had reached before.

*I-I'm a short girl! I'm obviously not gonna be thick or anything!*

“***EH!?***”, she blurted out; an oddity all on its own because Ei *never* overshadowed her own emotions. Yet she *clearly* looked and sounded panicked for a second there. She was wondering why she had been thinking so much about her body. She was self-conscious! She didn't like to think about it!

Mind you, there was absolutely *no* reaction to what was transpiring in the meantime. The sight of her taller figure gradually creeping closer to the ground. Weakened limbs were shortening in a way that left her thighs looking a little fuller and hands and feet both received the same treatment so that they didn't look out of place. Ultimately she shrunk down to a mere 5'0”, but looking at her face and body? She looked a lot *younger* too. Rather than an adult she looked much more like a *teenager*.

Her kimono's fit was doomed from this process though, but just as it was about to unravel...

**“Huh? Did I have my glasses on this whole time?”**

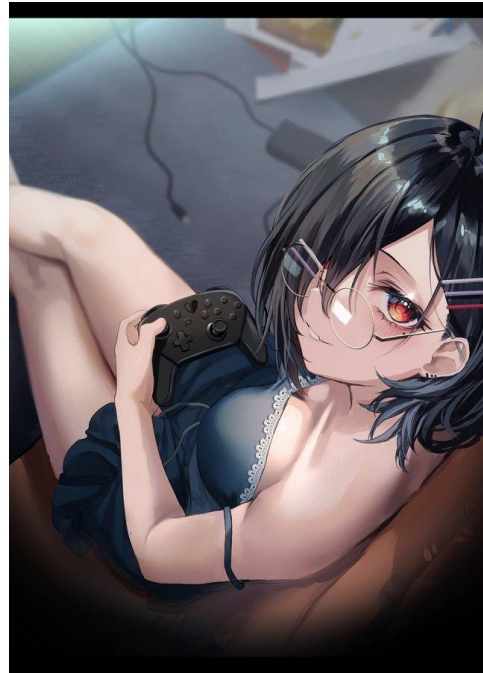
She blinked. Her vision hadn't been corrected, but the lenses of her rounded glasses were making it a lot easier to see. She was also dress in a navy nightgown with a short, frilled skirt, and had no less than *six* white and red clips in her hair along with a series of piercings in her ears. Paired with her oily skin and the dark bags under her eyes, she very much looked like she hadn't *showered* in a while, much less gone outside.

But wasn't she supposed to be the might *Raiden Shogun!*?

**“Hahaha... An all-powerful and mighty Shogun? I thought my chuunibyou days were behind me...”** While the tiny teen ripped her comforter off her bed and dragged it over to her computer desk, she thought about how *strange* it was that she had just been thinking of herself as something called the 'Raiden Shogun'. She'd had a chuuni phase back when she was in her early teens, but *Rion Sugiura* was well past that!



These days she was just your run of the mill *otaku shut-in*! Well, part-time. Rion couldn't get away with it as much as she wanted to because of *that annoying girl* who kept coming by. Not to mention her twin sister, who was an honors student, always nagging her! A twin sister that was, incidentally, this world's form for the Raiden Shogun personality that Ei had noticed was missing when she had first arrived.



Rion plopped her little butt down onto her chair and wrapped herself up in the comforter from her bed. “***I hate winter!***” She wasn't barking at anyone in particular, but eventually got comfy and curled up into a ball on her desk.

“**Now I wonder what game I should play today... I should probably steal something from the kitchen too...**” While she was putting on her biggest otaku shut-in look though?

She was actually hoping deep down that a certain visitor would stop by.



“**Oh dear. Now *this* isn't Inazuma, is it?**” It probably should have been expected that Yae Miko would have a much more nonchalant reaction to suddenly finding herself in a completely different location. Seeing as she was a kitsune youkai, she was more than familiar with magic and its effects. And seemingly she had been targeted by one such power. “**Now why in the world would I be brought here?**”

Where *was* here? She was standing in a room with a couch and a flat panel. To anyone from a modern setting it was very clearly a normal, Japanese living room. But coming from a realm of fantasy as she did, Miko didn't have

the knowledge to piece that together. **“I can only assume someone has a *plan* for me. But as the right hand of the Raiden Shogun, I can’t linger here for too long.”** Little did the kitsune know that the Raiden Shogun in question was actually in a room above her.

Nor that they would retain their very close relationship regardless of what was about to happen to her.

Holding out a hand all of a sudden, Miko blinked. **“Hm? My skin, was it always so...?”** She’d been drawn to look at her hand because of a subtle tingling sensation that had run down her entire body. Now? Her skin somehow looked a little pinker to her eyes. It also seemed *smoother*? No, her fingertips were the opposite? She rubbed them together. **“Callouses? Odd...”** Odd because her skin as a youkai was *flawless*. She wasn’t supposed to have any cuts, scars, nor beauty marks anywhere on her person. But an explanation did flicker to mind.

*Umm... I got those from basketball club, right?*

Basketball? Was that some sort of sport? The kitsune had *never* heard of it before and yet she could somehow *envision* it. Dribbling a bouncy, orange ball, jumping into the air, her *huge tits getting in the way*. **“Erm...”** Her breasts were quite large but they weren’t *huge*, and such a thought prompted her to look down and note that they were the same size they had always been *for now*. Yet a change *had* slipped past her radar. When her skin had smoothed it was part of a broader change that could be seen in her face. Miko looked a lot *younger*. Like a teenager no older than Rion in the room upstairs.

But Miko’s height didn’t change. She’d remain around 5’7” even despite aging backwards physically quite substantially. The girl she was coming must have been very tall for her age, but she was also very... a lot of other things. In fact it didn’t take long at all for her memory of having a large pair of breasts to manifest in a very physical sense.

The sideboob window of her shrine maiden attire was showing off *more sideboob*, their fullness pushing skin both forward *and* to the sides. The prison of her clothing would eventually grow too great to be contained as they continued to balloon, but rather than tear through the front? Her nipples, larger themselves, inevitably slipped out from the side windows, pushing the rest of the clothing *into* the canyon between tits that not only reached her head in size but eventually *dwarfed* it. They were big and *heavy*, yet not only did the girl not find them burdensome...

**“Hm? How did those slip out? *D-Did I forget to wear a bra again!?*”** The kitsune was acting like that size was completely normal.

And what was that about forgetting a bra *again*? *I've always been so scatterbrained...* But that was like the polar opposite of the Yae Miko that Inazuma knew. Then again, Yae Miko also didn't have huge breasts nor a body that was gradually becoming more muscular. At least for a teenaged girl anyways. Those weren't the only changes to her figure, either. Miko's hips narrowed in slight, but to compensate her ass cheeks pushed out more behind her and her thighs bloated several inches so that they rubbed up passively against each other even while merely standing there.

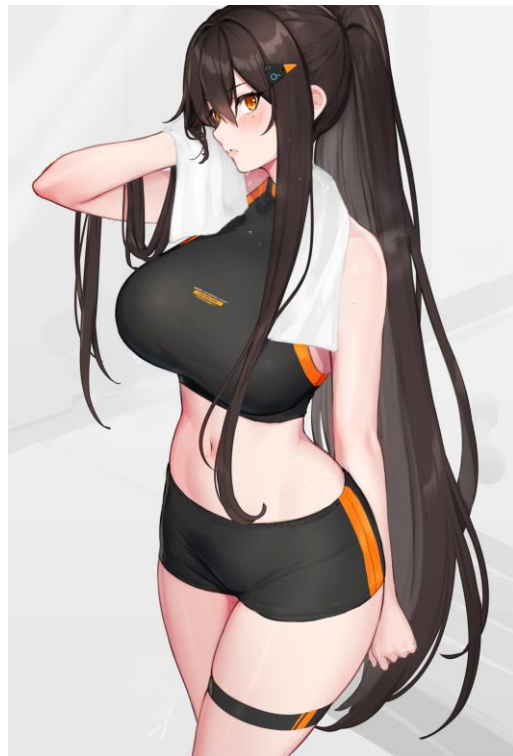
Miko blinked. Something was wrong here, and it *should* have been obvious. The magic that was changing her blocked her from realizing, and yet even if she had been able to realize she might not have been able to coherently piece it together. **“Um... Hm! I must be like, seeing things or something? But why am I... barely dressed?”** With her voice high and peppy, she wasn't thinking very *critically*. Complicated ideas were beyond her reach. Is it that surprising? My grades aren't all that good...

She didn't sound like Miko, she wasn't acting like Miko, and she was looking *less and less* like Miko. Her pink hair was darkening now towards a rich chestnut. It was browner than Rion's, but it also grew to be a little longer than the length of her hair already was. It reached past her ass and curled in to tickle the backs of her thighs. As for her kitsune ears, well... Gradually, they traveled down the sides of her head. Their shapes lost their points *and* their fur, ultimately leaving rounded, fleshy ears on the sides where normal human ears belonged.

**“Huh? Oh! Right, I ran over in my club stuff...”** The girl looked down at herself with now-red eyes, her facial structure shifting subtle so that any remaining traits from her past life had left her. Her nose was longer, lips thicker, eyes wider; but those eyes had been drawn down to her outfit. Why did she think her tits had been bare a moment ago? That clearly wasn't the case! Even though it was snowing, she'd run over in latex exercise shorts and a matching, sleeveless top. They were black with orange accents, matching her running shoes. The track club was just one of the sports clubs she was in, but she had been running off early to come back *here*.

*Yukimi Murakami* blinked once, twice, and three times. She had just been thinking about something *important* a second ago, hadn't she? And now that thought was gone. **“Oh well! I gotta hurry up and go see Rion-chan!”** It wasn't all that unusual for Yukimi to forget what she was thinking about. She wasn't exactly what you'd call *book smart*, but what she lacked in intelligence she easily made up for with her fit, tall, jock's body. Putting Yukimi and Rion side by side it was almost hard to believe that they were both eighteen!

Rather than what she *had* been thinking about, the teen ran upstairs to do what she remembered she had come to Rion's place to do in the first place. Yukimi's relationship with Rion felt new and exciting. Being popular with her peers for being both cool and sexy, she'd of course dated around – plenty of boys and girls alike. But when she was with Rion it was *different*. The shut-in was inexperienced and awkward, but she really felt like they understood each other. “**Rion-chan~!**”



“**WAAAAAAAAH!?**”

Based on Rion's cry when Yukimi crashed through the door? You wouldn't have assumed they were all that close though. But this solved the mystery of who the 'annoying girl' and 'certain visitor' Rion had been thinking about was. “**Y-Yukimi! I told you to knock, right?**” Was school over already? It was already that late in the day? Well she *had* slept in until three. But why was the athlete still in her sportswear!? Had she run here? She smelled all sweaty! ...Even though it was kind of nice. “**I-I haven't even showered or anything— EEP!**”

That didn't dissuade the jock at all. She picked Rion right off the chair and buried her face into her chest. She could hear Yukimi take a *big* inhalation; it was almost *perverse*. Then again she *had* seemingly run over barely dressed in the dead of winter. There was snow outside! “**So what? I like the way you smell when you first wake up, Rion-chan! It kind of puts me in the mood, and since your parents are away and your sister has clubs until later...**”

“**Y-You don't mean...?**”

“**You wanna try?**”

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Kiara put down her magic pen. “**I think that's good for today! I wonder if I should show this to Lady Yae or flesh it out more? Maybe I need more characters?**” Thinking about it, she slid a series of notes to the side of her growing novel. “**Maybe I can think of**



**some more characters? Base them off of more Inazuman residents? Or I could even expand the net to all of Teyvat?”**

She had no idea just what she had done.