

# KURISTWO

## GIFT COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



***“KURISUTIIIIINAAAA!”***

***“WHAT NOW!?”***

Had anyone outside of the duo wandered into the ‘secret lab’ that evening they would have been greeted by a scene that wasn’t very unfamiliar. Two scientists pouring their sweat and blood into a microwave time machine while yelling enthusiastically at one another. Well... one of them was yelling enthusiastically. The other? She was just getting fed up.

Yes, this temporary partnership between Rintarou Okabe and Kurisu Makise was one fraught with grievances, but the two of them were making it work *somehow*. From Kurisu’s perspective, Okabe always looked like he was fooling around. ‘*Do this*’, ‘*get me that*’; did he think she was some kind of mule!? After all, when it came to which of the two was better studied, it was *obviously* her, right? Then, from Okabe’s perspective, Kurisu was just some prim and proper upstart who had no sense of humor and was always trying to rain on his parade.

But a spark of *something* had begun to kindle between the two of them.

If not for that spark, then there was no way that this duo would have been able to work together as they were. Particularly not on this particularly important project. Actually, what was this project? Okabe had said they were upgrading the time machine, but he hadn’t told her with what. **“Just what are we adding to this, anyways? I accept that it works as a time machine at the most basic level, but can**

we really install something that would make it work more efficiently?”

“Hehehe... *AHAHAHA!*” And here came the theatrics. “Isn’t it obvious, Kurisutina!? We’re adding the most crucial of components! One that will change the laws of the known universe! We’re...!” The self-proclaimed ‘mad scientist’ then reached beneath the table and pulled up... “**Installing a mini-fridge on the same circuit! How else will we vanquish the limited number of outlets!?**”

**“ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?”**

“**W-Wait! KURISUTINA! DON’T! THAT CHAIR IS! OW!?**” Rintarou Okabe died that day. Well, not really. But he was hit with a fold up chair as Kurisu stormed out, but not before accidentally knocking over the time machine in the process. Thankfully, it appeared to be intact still – else she surely would have remained to fix it, but how mean! “**I knew I should’ve asked Daru to help with this...**”

His grumbling ended up on deaf ears now that Kurisu had left, so he lifted the microwave back onto the table with the intention of continuing alone where they had left off. “**She couldn’t even bother to take her screwdriver with her, I guess. How mad *was* she!?**” The tool was protruding out the back of the machine, distinguishable because it was surprisingly *cute* in color. It was wedged in there surprisingly good, and anyone with common sense would have unplugged the device before removing something embedded that deeply.

Common sense was something this ‘mad scientist’ was a little short on.

The moment he’d grabbed the screwdriver’s handle, a current of electricity rushed through his body. It ended up powering the microwave time machine and the phone connected to it, but it didn’t really seem to do anything. Or, rather, it *shouldn’t* have. But that screwdriver contained an energy that wasn’t quantifiable by science. It was more like an essence, a bundle of emotions... all of which belonging to its owner, *Kurisu*.

But Okabe? He was just stunned from being electrocuted so thoroughly. He couldn’t possibly assume that what was about to happen would actually come to fruition. It was more unfathomable than even a time machine at the end of the day. “**I can’t believe she’d throw a chair in the presence of the time machine!**” Well, okay. On second thought? He could totally believe it. Undoubtedly if he complained about the damages, she’d just blame him for riling up in the first place.

He really couldn't win with her sometimes.

Well, he would have to do the remaining wiring himself. He didn't fancy himself an electrician, but he understood things well enough. Still, having an extra set of eyes would have been helpful. **"I guess I'll drink a Dk Pepper quickly and then get back to..."** In the time it had taken Rintarou to reach the regular fridge from the time machine, an itchiness had suddenly plagued his chin. Razor burn? No, he hadn't shaved today. In fact, he hardly shaved to begin with.

But rubbing his chin to try and ease the uncomfortable sensation? It had seen some of his stubble loosen and fall onto his hand, making him pause just short of the fridge door. **"Huh?"** He was truly lucky that the electrocution period had been so short that there hadn't been any external damage, and yet was it possible for electricity to loosen one's hair?

As if conducting an experiment in pursuit of that question, he then reached up to the hair on his head and gave it a sharp tug. Nope, nothing came loose there. So, it was just his chin then? Giving it another rub saw all of the remaining stubble freed, fluttering to the ground while the man's face was left completely smooth. Well, shaving was a pain in the ass anyways, right? It wasn't the end of the world if his chin had ended up self-shaving.

But, once he finally elected to reach for the fridge, something new entirely had provoked him to freeze up. He was left staring downward, a single bead of sweat rolling dramatically down his cheek. Sure, he'd reached with the hand he hadn't used to rub his chin, but the hand he saw reaching out? *It didn't look like his own.* Not entirely anyways, though there *were* some similarities.

Okabe was shaking. He could see the nails upon his fingers gradually lengthening, and the fingers themselves? They were shrinking both in terms of length and width. A mole on the back of his hand disappeared in tandem with the impression that even the bulk of the hand itself was lessening, while an alternative beauty mark appeared to the side of his thumb. **"W-Wait, I've seen a hand like this before!"**

It was unmistakable, he knew it for a fact. The hand was one he'd found himself staring at more and more as they spent time together. A hand that worked tirelessly despite its owner being so young, a hand that was keen on throwing fold-up chairs. It was the very same hand he had seen on Kurisu's body time and time again. Even reaching out his opposite hand to steady the shake in the one he was observing added to his distress, for it was now the opposite hand of the woman he'd been

discreetly fawning over. **“How is this possible!? Is it an effect of the time machine? Did I shift timelines!?”**

No, did that make any sense? Sure, it was a miracle that Luka had changed sex over the course of one shift, but becoming someone else entirely? The line had to be drawn somewhere. Even as he contemplated the cause, he found himself distracted by his bangs. They were hanging lower than they should have – in fact, he kept them slicked up at essentially all times, so the fact that he could passively see them at all was a problem. Even more problematic? The color. Gone were his mundane browns, and in their place a fiery, yet familiar, red. **“Even my hair!?”**

This was bad. Like super, impossibly bad. Okabe wasn't even sure what he could do, and the feeling of that ginger hair tickling the back of his neck certainly wasn't helping him think. Should he fetch Kurisu? Would she be of any help? If anything, she might just mock him for it. *Could he blame her? When he acted so outlandishly over the most miniscule of things instead of being outright, she wouldn't have any reason to get so angry!*

...Huh? Where had *that* line of thought come from? But then again, he'd never really considered that before. Did she really feel that way? WAIT, why had he been thinking about himself as if he were some second party!? Was this affecting his mind now too!? He had to devise a solution, and fast. So, finding Kurisu was *definitely* off the table!

He had hardly noticed that she'd already re-entered the lab and was watching him around the doorway's corner, absolutely shocked by what she was witnessing. Because from her perspective she could only see Okabe's back, but he was growing her hair? And it looked like he was getting a little smaller, too.

Although, Rintarou himself was hard pressed to notice as much while he panicked about everything else. Kurisu's observations weren't incorrect though, and the inches were being shaved off of his height at a steady rate. This came with an accompanying inward collapse that saw the man's shoulders narrow and his hips, well, not so much. Instead, they almost looked a little wider. Had they grown, or was it just a side effect of everything else retreating?

It was only natural that a man's clothing would not find a solid fitting as his mass dwindled away, and before long the lab coat Okabe commonly wore over his shoulders was dragging on the ground. The loss of seventeen centimeters was enough to push it all into disarray, with his messy, white undershirt dipping over his pants and against his thighs, which was actually a blessing since... **“No!?”** *There went said pants.*

Effeminate fingers had reached down at the last possible moment to grab his waistband, but clearly even though his hips appeared more pronounced, his pants were still far too large to accommodate them. Even his boxers were hanging lopsided with their tighter waist, and as much as Rintarou wanted to mourn his apparent clothing malfunction, where his lab coat had swallowed up even his hand.

There *was* the matter of his voice. **“Testing. 1... 2... 3... Testing? I sound exactly like Kurisu. I suppose that isn’t a bad thing, her voice is quite pleasant to—BLAH!? WHY AM I TALKING LIKE THIS!? I’M A MAD SCIENTIST!”** He wasn’t some preppy university graduate like that girl! He wasn’t even a g— **“NGH!?”** Evidently, that had been a very cursed thought to have at that exact moment, for it truly felt like he’d just been kicked in the nuts.

Or, well, *she* had.

**“No way! It isn’t gone, is it!?”** The unkempt fingernails of the girl Okabe had begrudgingly developed a crush on navigated themselves beneath her own boxers, seeking a single piece of hope that might allow her to hold onto the belief that Okabe Jr. might still be alive and well. But, in the end? All she found was despair, even after grazing ginger pubic hairs that had been cut neat and short. **“It’s gone... Nothing is left for me here...”** In lieu of its absence, her ass and thighs at least grew a little plumper. Not substantially, but enough to truly present her with a feminine sway. She was on the verge of tears, really. At least, until she remembered something that might be worth checking out.

An itchiness upon her chest had signified their arrival – a pudginess that burgeoned forth from beneath erect nipples that widened in size themselves, the tender fruit that was a woman’s breasts! Of course, Okabe couldn’t help but give them a gentle fondle through the front of her shirt. He squeezed, and squeezed, and then a silence filled the air before... **“So small.”**

**“JUST DIE ALREADY, YOU IDIOT!”**

**“WAAAAH!?”**

The real Kurisu had finally seen (and heard) enough, and with a mighty swing of arm the very same fold-up chair from earlier flew from the doorway and collided directly with Okabe’s head, knocking her flat on her face. Well, on Kurisu’s face, technically, since all of her facial features had come to resemble her assailant’s own during the process – from the wide, purple eyes to her slender jaw and nose. **“What was**

**that for!?”** Eventually she managed to pull herself up, though she looked rather shameful wearing that girl’s face while dressed up in the clothes of the old Okabe. She was having a surprising level of difficulty maintaining her balance once even getting up, for an unseen change had swept her feet. The size of her toes were diminishing to match Kurisu’s, her heel’s arch softening while the callouses from all of Okabe’s pacing and walking around faded away (*since Kurisu treated her feet*). When all was said and done, she definitely couldn’t go home with the shoes she’d worn to the lab.

**“You’re not the one who should be asking questions here! Why do you look like me, Okabe!?”** Ah, she was truly angry. *It was, once again, understandable. Okabe was aware that she’d been extremely insensitive in the fondling of her chest and the subsequent commentary, any woman would be upset to hear a remark like that. In fact, now that she thought back to it, she was a little hurt by her own words! There was nothing wrong with a small chest!*

...Crap, it had happened again.

Okabe was realizing very quickly that it wasn’t just Kurisu’s body that was now her own. Whenever she let her guard down, she began to think like the original, and that bled into her mannerisms. The most prominent and passive side effect was a reluctance to act out in her ‘mad scientist’ persona. *Not once in the past few minutes had she felt compelled to act that way, and quite honestly? She was getting embarrassed just thinking about how she used to do it. She wasn’t a child; she was a fully grown woma—*

Dangerous, dangerous, this was *very* dangerous.

**“Do I look like I know!? I removed your screwdriver from the microwave time machine after you knocked it over, and then I started transforming! I don’t have an explanation more competent than that!”** Lord, she sounded like Kurisu even when she was arguing now. The end result of this dilemma was two short fuses going back and forth regarding who was to blame, while floating possibilities as to the reason. It ended up being an *extremely* long night.

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A week came and went without any real incident, but that didn’t mean that there weren’t any issues of note. Both Okabe and Kurisu had expected the others to be shocked to find two Makises, and yet? Mayuri had greeted Okabe with a **“Tutturu~! Good morning, Kirisu~!”** Daru had been calling her that as well. The only one who appeared skeptical at all had been Suzuha. Otherwise? Everyone was treating Kurisu and herself as if they were twin sisters.

So, then, was this really a different World Line? Rintarou had been shocked to find that not long after meeting the others, his ID had changed to reflect her new name, and all of her clothing had been replaced to feet. She was still dressing as her old self, much to Kurisu's chagrin. **"We're going to fix this, right? I mean, you can't stay like that. People keep calling us sisters, but everything down to your personality is exactly like mine. I mean..."**

***"...It's creepy."***

Kirisu had went ahead and finished Kurisu's sentence as if to drive the point home. **"Of course it is, and it isn't like I like being a copy of you either."** That was a half lie. She didn't really mind all that much now that she was used to it. She could remember having a life that was different from her old one, and it wasn't that bad by comparison. Plus, her current circumstances hadn't changed all that much... *genitalia aside*. **"I'm sure we'll figure it out eventually."**

*But she wouldn't be heartbroken if they didn't.*