

## Dopamine of Devilish Contaction

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# Dopamine of Devilish Contaction

by [ShiroKomori](#)

## Summary

Rintarō and Kurisu hiring each other as a personal host/hostess.  
Lots of making out and lovely banter.

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"Since they had begun that intimate and vaguely erotic contact they had dropped the rigid facade of butler and customer and were again simply the two clumsy lovers they always were - also because the owner of MayQueen had been clear about what could have been done or not that room, and to be honest kissing was not an option.

"Okabe," the young woman whispered with a hoarse voice and a languid gaze, ignoring that same rule, "kiss me."

## Notes

Hi! Thanks for choosing Dopamine of Devilish Contaction, it's my first fan fiction in English so I'm quite nervous.

Since English it's not my first language and I don't know anyone who could help me with proofreading, there might be some grammar/orthography/whatever mistakes, so feel 100% free to tell me.

Hope you'll enjoy this! <3

Edit: Thank you Carlos O. H. for helping me with proofreading!

The day in which Rintarō Okabe had served as a private butler for a lucky MayQueen customer to fund the Future Gadget Laboratory was over.

While her pockets were quickly emptied in a last-yen auction against the other girls in the laboratory - and Ruka -, four hours of Kurisu Makise's time had been filled with treats, torture at her butler, scientific theories and shoulders massages in a definitely unique environment.

For the occasion, Faris had set up a room with furniture on the upper floor of the café that would have been an understatement to call it tacky.

Gold, red and velvet were the masters in that kitschy-looking studio apartment which, according to her, should have symbolized a lush environment for her patrons.

On one side you could find an Ottoman-style sofa, on the other a microscopic room that was supposed to serve as a bathroom and dressing room and last, a huge circular four-poster bed, draped in red tulle curtains.

In theory, a host - given the privacy and intimacy of the place, it would have been incorrect to continue to call him a butler - would not need a bed to work with customers and this alarmed Kurisu.

Her main contender for the day with the scientist was Faris, the same one who had decorated the interior of that room. What would she have wanted to do with him if she had won the auction?

A shiver ran down Kurisu's back. At the same time, she gave herself a virtual pat on the shoulder for preventing... anything that could have happened.

"God, what's wrong with this place?" Kurisu and Rintarō commented with one voice in relation to where they would spend the next four hours.

Time, luckily for the boy and unluckily for the girl, passed rather quickly; especially the last hour when, after a shoulder massage, the two had kissed each other's neck and cheeks, intertwining fingers, bodies, and moans of pleasure, careful not to let their lips touch.

They had kissed several times before, but the atmosphere was already getting too dangerous, and the idea of losing his virginity in such a seedy place didn't really appeal to Rintarō.

Since they had begun that intimate and vaguely erotic contact they had dropped the rigid facade of butler and customer and were again simply the two clumsy lovers they always were - also because the owner of MayQueen had been clear about what could be done or not in that room, and to be honest kissing was not an option.

"Okabe," the young woman whispered with a hoarse voice and a languid gaze, ignoring that same rule, "kiss me."

Simultaneously with that request came Faris's knock on their door, which sanctioned the end of the time. In short, Rintarō, surprised by the request, slipped away without explaining his legitimate motivations, mortally wounding the scientist's pride.

Kurisu, with these premises, was one hundred percent sure that the next day, with roles reversed, Rintarō would not have chosen her as his personal maid - or rather, hostess - and perhaps it would have been better this way.

While everyone had stayed at MayQueen that evening to celebrate the very copious revenues of the day - mostly provided by the brunette herself - she had returned furiously to her hotel in Ochanomizu; she was absolutely not in the mood to party after such a refusal, after the young man had left her with that trail of sweet and voluptuous kisses, refusing to give her the kiss that should have been the most natural and spontaneous of all.

Instead, full of surprise, her eyes widened when she discovered she had been chosen by the young man. Clearly the economic availability of the self-dubbed mad scientist was very limited, so they would have had only an hour of time together, an hour in which Kurisu had every intention of behaving coldly after the insult suffered the previous day.

They arrived in the same room as the day before, barely exchanging a couple of words; Rintarō was perfectly aware of the reason, but still decided not to give up and to dampen the funeral atmosphere a little.

"And here we are, Christina!" He began, spreading his arms and showing a definitely fake enthusiasm for the place.

"Drop the -tina, Okabe!" She blurted out.

"First," the scientist announced, ignoring her and showing a triumphant smile on his face, "I would like you to call me Kyōma Hōōin for this hour."

Kurisu looked up and let out an exasperated sigh.

"Second thing:" he went on, "don't do the tsundra thing with me. It's true that I've booked Chris NyanNyan, but I'd like to spend this time with..." he hesitated for a second; Was it possible that he too felt embarrassed to call her by full name?

What nonsense, and to think that at that moment he was in control of the situation. The answer to the previous question came lightning-fast with the red tinge of his cheeks and his avoidance of the girl's gaze for a moment; he cleared his throat before continuing: "... my assistant." Kurisu sighed, but with relief this time, grateful to have to abandon her maid facade after a whole week of work.

"Thank you. So what do you want...?" She asked him a little mechanically, being interrupted.

"I'm not done yet, Christina."

No, it would have been too easy that way.

Did she really believe that her attempt to cover up what had happened the night before would go unnoticed?

In reality Rintarō had spent the night and all day maniacally craving that moment. He had reformulated that sentence hundreds of times in his head, taking care of its tone, pronunciation, length, everything.

"The last thing is that I would like you to kiss me."

The young woman's heart skipped a couple of beats in a second that seemed to last ten.

Rintarō had chained his brown irises to Kurisu's with such intensity she felt almost violated, as if he could read in her soul.

He was asking her for a kiss, the same kiss he had evaded the previous evening. This thing, instead of flattering her, made her rage.

*What is it, a mockery?*, She thought.

«Don't talk nonsense,» she blurted out angrily, crossing her arms on her chest «I don't have to please you, I'm not a prostitute. You know I could call Tennōji and get you kicked out of here for something like that. "

"Exactly, you could. But you won't," he imitated her, folding his arms over his chest "because you're smart enough to understand why I asked you."

*But you won't? Smart enough to understand why I asked you? Seriously?*

"Oh, no? I will not do that?" Kurisu cleared her throat and returned his gaze, mischievous - in a way more threatening than seductive - and fatal. Rintarō was right, she wanted to kiss him; after all, she had explicitly asked him. However, he seemed too sure of himself from after the request he received the day before. This had to be fixed.

"Tennō ...!" She could not finish her call that a hand of his vigorously covered her mouth. The self-styled mad scientist had jumped to his feet.

“Okay, you can do that. I get it.”

After a second, feeling no resistance from Kurisu, he softened; he gently encircled her neck with both arms and let his forehead go against her hair, rubbing it a little. He deeply inhaled the sweet scent of exotic fruits that her hair emanated and closed his eyes, descending on her neck, which instead released the fresh aroma of bergamot and ginger; he would have liked to kiss it, but with the current mood of the neuroscientist perhaps that was not the case.

"Your hands are sweaty," she said, apparently stoic.

"If you scare me to death like that, it's pretty obvious, genius," he snapped, showing his intemperance.

Kurisu didn't answer. A part of her wanted to get away from him. The other one was inebriated by his sweet and rhythmic breath.

"It's because I ran away yesterday, isn't it?" Rintarō's voice had become a tickling breath in her ear that caused a shiver of pleasure throughout her body.

"Yes," she moaned in response, making herself vulnerable again. She took pride because he could not see his red cheeks, unaware that their hot temperature was still perceived at such close distance as theirs.

Rintarō sighed, halfway between exasperation and relief.

"Virgin." He teased her, letting out a laugh.

He pronounced it lightly, not explaining the actual reason behind his escape in the previous day; it seemed almost self-evident that he had not granted her request because of the timing, the context, and the fear of not knowing how to control himself with her.

Kurisu instead gasped, again playing defensive.

"What did you call me!?" She hated that nickname, especially from Rintarō, also notoriously lacking experience in the sentimental field. She knew she was going to indulge in his twisted game. At the same time she didn't want to look intimidated in his eyes. She would have done nothing too serious, she would have just enjoyed scaring him a little to make him get off his high horse. She turned around, angry.

"Now I'll show you who is the virgin here!" Despite her lack of physical prowess, Kurisu pushed him onto the sofa, not before having taken off his beloved lab coat for spite.

She slightly lifted one edge of her maid uniform and straddled Rintarō, throwing her arms around his neck. "Christina ... !?" he yelled, "What are you doing!?" He winced, his voice was broken with fright. A little peck on his lips would have been enough for him, he did not imagine she would have jumped on him with no hesitation.

Not that he minded, on the contrary, but that sudden change destabilized him for a moment.

Kurisu's breathing was uneven, and it smelled like fresh mint, while on the contrary her face was still hot - in color and temperature.

And now? What would she do?

She was on Rintarō but she did not know how to behave. After all, she had never been in a similar situation with a boy.

She was silent for a moment and, not without delay, timidly rubbed the tip of her nose against his.

It was the confirmation that Rintarō was right, she was too shy to go really further, and to be honest it was actually fine. He didn't particularly like the idea of being dominated like this, unlike Itaru.

"Okabe."

The girl called his name in a low voice, as if it were a secret. She moved her arm to stroke gently his face.

"Yup?" He swallowed, heart pounding, even forgetting she hadn't called him by his "real name". He wouldn't have lasted a second longer in that position, with Kurisu's languid eyes that looked like two purple oceans and looked at him with so much embarrassment, complicity and love; with the intoxicating scent of her that forcefully made its way into the nostrils and the hearing that carefully followed the shy breath of the girl, in contrast with her gritty and preponderant personality.

Time seemed to have stopped painfully; Rintarō knew that his request would be granted, he knew Kurisu was giving in and that she would have kissed him. But was it right that she did it? She had asked for it first and he, like a coward, left with his tail between his legs, as if they hadn't kissed other times.

It wasn't fair that Kurisu started that contact - and it wasn't fair to wait that long either. At any moment he would burst and he would be the one to jump on her. And unlike her, he wouldn't have been as soft.

This impatience could be perceived from his frowning expression, from how his hands had moved voluptuously on her hips, as if he had wanted to tear off that bulky Victorian dress. She kept beating around the bush, looking down and looking up, muttering his name as she awkwardly stroked his neck and cheeks.

Regardless of the moment, Kurisu Makise knew how to torture him - even unwittingly - with some effectiveness.

"Close your e..." she pronounced the propitiatory formula of each kiss, but the boy had waited too long.

Not letting go of her hips, he dragged her towards him, pouncing on her lips almost desperately.

He needed her, that contact, to kiss her, knowing that it would not be a goodbye like all the other times.

Rintarō Okabe was safe, Kurisu Makise as well.

No PhoneWave, no Time Leap Machine.

Their lips were colliding with an unprecedented lightness of mind, despite the enthusiasm.

They were clumsy kisses, sketches that didn't need the same perfection as the other times because the two could have done it forever; and this thing, instead of appeasing the scientist's excitement, accentuated it exponentially.

They broke away for a few seconds to catch their breath.

He beckoned her with her gaze, pointing to her legs. "Can I?".

Although it was a request, Rintarō was more than sure he wanted to go further with Kurisu; he had never loved so much and had the mathematical certainty that he would be by her side forever.

He didn't need confirmation. That was it.

She did not have the courage to talk. She just nodded, accompanying the gesture with a smile and taking her beloved by the hand.

She carried it on her thigh, letting him proceed.

He did not have to repeat it twice: he decidedly reached out one hand under the girl's uniform, looking for the elastic of the tights while with the other hand he impatiently took care of the long row of buttons on her chest and never stopped looking for her lips.

"Okabe ..." She murmured his name again, her voice broken with emotion. It would have been the first time for both of them.

"Even now you don't intend to call me Rintarō? If you have to get the name wrong, at least do it right" he replied, letting go of a laugh.

"Rin ... Rintarō." She pronounced to impress it well in her mind. Not that she did not remember the name of the beloved, God forbid.

«Now you do it. Call me by name. "

Unlike Kurisu, Rintarō didn't hesitate at all.

"Kurusu."

He spelled it softly, syllable by syllable, to savor that delicate-sounding name.

Kurusu was ecstatic. She had the impression that her heart could explode at any moment. It was all so beautiful that she feared it might just be a dream. She needed to feel that this scene was real and not just a fantasy of hers.

She decided she wanted to tell him, to tell him those two words so feared that she still could not say looking into his eyes.

"Rintarō, I..." she stopped.

*It's just two words, Kurisu, what the hell!*

She scolded herself repeatedly, almost hating herself for the inability to make those damn sounds.

She had never said it out loud, it's true, but it sure couldn't be said that such a statement would be her greatest verbal challenge of all times.

She clenched her fists angrily, tears pooling in her eyes.

She did dozens and dozens of interviews and university lectures on topics ranging from neuroscience to physics, yet she couldn't say "I love you".

*Ah, fuck!*

"Rintarō," her voice, now high and sure, filled the room, confusing the young man for a second "Rintarō, I..."

"Time's up, nya!"

Faris burst into the room with her lively and ringing voice, it took her a few seconds to process what was happening.

Her expression changed within two seconds. She put her hands to her mouth and, affectedly, apologized.

"Oh... Did I interrupt *something*, nya?"

The scene in front of her, in reality, was certainly eloquent: Kurisu was astride Rintarō, who had one hand under her uniform - which had four buttons undone - while the other was holding the young woman's.

"Not at all!" The brunette jumped to her feet, reluctantly freeing herself from Rintarō's sweet grip and hastily buttoning her uniform "I was just doing an experiment on ..."

*Think, Kurisu, think!*

"... on dopamine."

She was perfectly aware of the fact that not even Nae would believe something so stupid, yet she still tried to establish this unspoken agreement with Faris.

The scientist also got up from the sofa, not before having conveniently covered the flap of his trousers with a baroque velvet cushion.

"Of course, we were doing an experiment, the idea was mine, the great Kyōma Hōōin!" And he exploded into a thunderous - almost desperate - laugh.

Faris didn't fall for it, but she played along.

"Don't tell me that this experiment aims to bring my brother back to life and allow him to break the seal that holds him prisoner of the guardian of the Guya-nya Shield!?" She shrieked, theatrically bringing one hand to her chest and one to her forehead and hinting at a faint.

Kurisu's eyes, meanwhile, moved incredulously from the scientist to the maid.

Rintarō took the red phone out of his pocket and held it to his ear, mumbling: "Yes, it's me. The cat-woman has discovered our plans. I will make sure that she does not report them to the Organization. El Psy Kongroo ... "

The neuroscientist sighed clearly.

"Can we go, please? I don't want to stay here for a second longer! " She mumbled, walking over to Faris towards the door and removing the frilly wristband.

The maid looked at her, amused.

"It actually seemed to me you were quite enjoying yourself."

No nya, no frills.

She said it so softly that Rintarō could not hear.

A thrill of pure terror swept through Kurisu's spine.

*What a bitch.*

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