

## Sincere Confrontation

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# Sincere Confrontation

by [Scalpa](#)

## Summary

During the entire year Kurisu spent in America, Okabe didn't send her a single text message... and she didn't send him one either. But why?

Why did she never reach out to him?

Well, that was a hypothetical question. As much as Kurisu hated to admit it, she was well aware why. It was for the same reason she struggled to tell him of her feelings in other world lines, for the same reason why her past self ran away from her feelings and refused to just confront them head-on like she knew the rational choice of action would have been.

It was because of her god-damned stubbornness and anxiety.

Playing a few days after the events of the movie. Kurisu and Okabe take some time to talk about their feelings.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

A gentle light shined upon a small park in Akihabara, one that was unsurprisingly empty considering the late time. The cicadas were buzzing loudly, signifying the fact that it was summer even further, in case the heat that persisted even through the evening wasn't enough. The birds had long since stopped chirping, as the sun had already set, but that didn't phase the lone figure gazing upon the sky.

This park had always been a sort of... refuge for the Mad Scientist. A place of sweet memories spread across many world lines. Be it the time he spent here playing with Mayuri when they were kids, him practicing his Kyouma-persona, or his many conversations with his faithful Assistant; they were all memories that were dear to him, and made this a place of comfort for him. A haven that he sought out in search of relief from the stress and pain he felt.

Okabe Rintarou still did not feel as though he belonged in this world. Up until yesterday, he was convinced that his disappearance was the price of a world line as perfect as Steins;Gate, and it was a price that he was more than willing to pay. It guaranteed the safety of those most important to him; neither Shina Mayuri nor Makise Kurisu was going to die. If they were safe, then he was more than willing to give up everything- even his life.

Somewhere, within the depths of his heart though, he felt a sickening sense of relief when he was informed of his disappearance. Finally, he was about to receive his punishment. His punishment for playing God, for ruining what his friends, his *comrades*, had been dreaming of, and for ripping it from their hands as soon as they'd grasped it. Perhaps this punishment would finally free him of the ever-consuming guilt that gnawed away at his soul.

Thus, in his last moments, he wasn't frightened. He was prepared, willing to finally pay the price of his mistakes... but then, when he was at his lowest low, stranded in an empty world line that left him with naught but himself and his thoughts- *she* came to his aid. Kurisu was the reason why he was able to return; it was her determination to save him that brought him back, that imbued him with a long-lost will to fight, a will to live. It was her that made him realize that maybe, just maybe... His own life was a tad more valuable than he'd initially thought.

Now, he was sitting in the same deserted park where he once promised her that he'd accompany her to Aomori to meet her father- a promise he most likely would *not* be able to keep, now that he was jailed- enjoying the temperature, the air, the feeling of just... being. Facing towards the moon, his eyes shut, he began to reminisce of the time after he confessed to her in California.

How, once he returned to the safe confines of his trusty home base, the Future Gadget Laboratory, the Mad Scientist was exhilarated to text his most faithful subject. His one and only Christina.

How he slammed his hands onto the keyboard to tell her that the Organization failed to capture him and his comrades, that Hououin Kyouma succeeded in living another day. That the Future Gadget Laboratory would begrudgingly await her return post haste, despite her incessant whinings over who exactly it was that supposedly ate the last pudding cup.

How his thoughts began drifting off, and how he quietly muttered excuses to himself, excuses that he knew were stupid and wrong that he *knew* he should stop making. *'Maybe I shouldn't text her. She's probably busy. It's late over there.'*

How those excuses morphed into intrusive thoughts that practically yelled at him, piercing his ears with unrelenting screeches. How his head began to ache as they assaulted his heart. *'She doesn't love you. You forced your feelings onto her. Why would she love you? She barely even remembers you. You're just a chuunibyou with average grades. She's a genius. You pale in comparison to her.'*

...And how that repeated every time he attempted to text her.

Their love was truly one of a kind, one that would even cross the boundaries set by whatever deities governed this world. They would leap across countless world lines for each other, would always keep the other safe, and no matter how much they may bicker, they would never intend to hurt one another. Yet, when it came to something as simple as writing the other- that's where his feelings drew the line?

Not anymore.

Clenching his phone in his hand, he furrowed his brows, channeling all the determination he could muster. Finally, the Mad Scientist decided to do what he knew was right, what Mayuri had told him so many times; he ignored those goddamned intrusive thoughts for this one, single time, to do what he knew he should've done a year ago.

Thus, with a shaky thumb, he prepared to type out an email...

Until he realized that he had no idea what to write.

Palming his face with his free hand, he began laughing into it; a quiet chuckle that slowly grew into the boisterous laugh he'd practiced ever since he was a child. The laugh that he always used to motivate himself and to escape from embarrassing moments such as this. He could always turn to the one and only Ultimate Mad Scientist.

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Summer nights were one of life's greatest pleasures to Makise Kurisu. She enjoyed nighttime a lot; it allowed her to enjoy some time on her own, without anyone interrupting her or asking her if she could help out with an experiment. It was a time of voluntary solitude, a time where she could just think as much as she wanted to, with nothing to distract her. And during summer, those nights were still pleasantly warm.

Therefore, it seemed only natural for her to go on a stroll around Akihabara. She had quite a lot to process, and now was as good a time as any, she figured.

Yesterday, she crossed the bounds of time itself to save someone close to her, someone who was dear to her for reasons she couldn't hope to comprehend. Breaking the barriers of time seemed like a common occurrence between the two of them; something not many people could say about one another. Something that clarified that yes, despite their frequent bickering, it was undeniable they were important to one another... much to her dismay.

But how come that, despite their devotion to keeping the other safe... they kept pushing each other away? Like a pair of parallel lines, the two were so incredibly close, yet destined to never touch each other. But why?

Why did she never reach out to him?

Well, that was a hypothetical question. As much as Kurisu hated to admit it, she was well aware why. It was for the same reason she struggled to tell him of her feelings in other world lines, for the same reason why her past self ran away from her feelings and refused to just *confront* them head-on like she knew the rational choice of action would have been.

It was because of her god-damned stubbornness and anxiety.

Back in the States, her thoughts drifted towards him many times- against her will, mind you. The dreams of other world lines began to feel more and more *real*, mayhaps due to the... *incident* on the California highway, yet for some inexplicable reason, whenever she reminisced of the stupid chuunibyou... She couldn't find it within herself to message him.

She kept telling herself that it was because 'she was busy,' or because 'he was just an extra,' or because '*he was supposed to text first, damn it,*' but frankly, that was all a lie. A cover-up to help her deny the real reason; the fact that she was scared. Scared that this wouldn't work out, scared that the distance would cause his love for her to wilt, scared of him leaving her or avoiding her, scared of him pushing her every attempt to reconcile away...

It was an irrational fear, considering the fact that they very clearly stated their feelings for each other and that *he* was the one who crossed countless world lines to save her. Yet that paranoia persisted and paralyzed her every time she attempted to write out an email for him.

But now that she was confronted with the brevity of life, now that she had looked death in the eye and defied it for the sake of the man most important to her, she finally realized that those fears should no longer hold her back. Time was fragile, and every second mattered. Thus, she mentally kicked herself, slapped her cheeks, and made a promise to herself.

"I'll talk to him. Properly! I can totally do this, no problem-!"

Her self-directed pledge was interrupted by a loud noise, one that was *very* familiar to the young genius. A boisterous laugh that caused her cheeks to redden the moment she realized whose it was- Okabe's, no doubt. No one else would be stupid enough to laugh like that in public. Turning to the direction where it came from, she explored her surroundings in search of the self-proclaimed 'scientist'.

Usually, finding him was an easy task, considering his height and crazy attire, but at the moment, he was nowhere to be found, despite the street lights illuminating her vicinity.

Deducing that he must have been a bit further away, Kurisu found it almost impressive that he was able to laugh loud enough for her to hear it from such a distance- at least it would be impressive, if it wasn't so disconcerting.

She sighed and tried to regain her composure, now having begun to stride towards the direction of his loud hoot. As a scientist, she wasn't one to believe in things such as destiny; but cheesy as it may have been, it seemed like an appropriate word considering the situation. The very moment she promised herself she would discuss their future... no, 'future' seemed like a bit much.

Their relationship, maybe? No, that was even worse!

...The very moment she promised herself that she would talk about her feelings with Okabe, he suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Destiny seemed like the only appropriate word, and this time, she decided to grab onto the opportunity bestowed onto her by fate itself.

Now would be as good a time as any to confront him and talk about... them...

"Damn it," she began, her voice almost a whine as she massaged her temples, "even though I want to get this over with, just *thinking* about it is embarrassing as all hell!"

Thankfully, she was torn out of her abashment as she heard a loud noise coming from a nearby park... A park that seemed surprisingly familiar to her, even though she could have sworn that she'd never seen it until now. A park in which a tall man wearing a long, ragged lab coat was standing, loudly monologuing and posing. Ah.

"How foolish! As if I, Hououin Kyouma, would possibly let myself feel chagrined by something as wretched and plain as infatuation! Indeed, I must confront these vexing emotions right this instant, or else I may-"

His external monologue was unfortunately interrupted by some rude personage loudly coughing behind him. "Ahem..."

Turning his head so swiftly it felt as though he may well break a few of his vertebrae, Okabe spotted the one person he sincerely wished he *wouldn't* at that moment; the five-foot-tall incarnation of sassiness, the girl genius, whose cheeks seemed a tad pinker than usual. "C-Christina?!" No, wait, that was an octave too high. Straightening his posture, he coughed and switched back to his lower voice register. "What are you doing here, Assistant o' mine?!"

"I was taking a walk when I heard you laugh- which was from, like, a mile away by the way- and needed to make sure you weren't harassing any pedestrians. But, uh..." She brushed a loose strand of hair behind her ear as she averted her gaze from his face to some of the trees, trying to form a proper sentence. "You know, I... heard what you said, and..."

Oh. Oops. "Y-yes, of course! That is, ah... You see, I, um..." Yeah, no. Now that she was standing in front of him, all that confidence he'd attempted to channel a few moments back melted like a snowflake in hellfire. Sending her an email explaining everything was nerve-racking already... But explaining while looking her directly in the eyes? That was a completely different beast, one he wasn't sure he was ready to face just yet.

A silence that felt like it lasted an eternity took over, only amplifying their nerves. Neither of them knew how to deal with such a situation, and both had a habit of denying their feelings—even though, at this point, they were both well aware that they should confront them head-on.

Kurisu shyly shuffled the leaves under her boots. “I...” Again, the temptation to change the topic and make fun of his childish antics was strong. Their relationship had been fine until now after all; once they saw one another again, it felt like they were never apart... but was that really enough for her? Was she fine with a bond as ambiguous as it had been until now?

No. She was not. “Can- can I sit down with you?” Cheeks now a deep red, she maintained eye contact, if only for a few moments before she broke it again. Finally, the first big hurdle was out of the way.

Okabe gulped in an attempt to rid himself of the massive lump in his throat, his heart jumping when he noticed her determined stare. It was clear that she wanted to talk about something rather... heavy, so he nodded in compliance and awkwardly sat back down on the bench. “Of course, my dear Assistant. Tell me what’s on your mind. As the head of the Future Gadget Laboratory, it is my duty to make sure my aide’s mental health is in peak condition.”

As she seated herself next to him, those words seemed incredibly familiar... No, not just the words. The summer air, the setting, this park- It all seemed to remind her of a faint memory, buried in the depths of her hippocampus. Gently massaging her temples, she dug through her brain, willing herself to remember.

“You... You told me something similar to that before.”

Mentally kicking himself, he couldn’t help but mouth a curse. He’d promised himself that he would avoid triggering any memories from other world lines, but here he was. It was quiet again for a few moments, until he spoke up. “What do you remember?”

“Not much.” She raised her legs onto the bench and hugged them close. “I just remember that we were here, in this park, and I was telling you... about my dad.”

For a moment, Okabe forgot how to breathe. That was the last memory that he wanted her to recall, and now he was the cause of her *déjà vu*? What was he even supposed to say?

“Kurisu... I...” His voice was low, filled with sadness and regret.

She gently shook her head. “No, it’s fine... I’m okay. I remember that you told me the same thing you said just now. About... About making sure my mental health is in ‘*peak condition*’ and whatnot.” Attempting to hide the blush on her face, she buried her face between her arms.

Having realized that there was no way to remove her memories, Okabe decided that attempting to lighten the mood would be the best course of action. He chuckled and dramatically brushed his hair back, trying his best to channel his inner Mad Scientist. “What can I say? My Lab Mems’ health is vital for our conquest against the Organization! I cannot afford to unleash all of my supreme might just yet, else I may be unable to fully control it. As such, I need all of *you* by my side. What is a king without his loyal subjects?”

An exasperated sigh left the girl's mouth, and she began to wonder if having a serious conversation with him was even possible. '*God, I almost forgot how self-important he can be*,' she mused as she shot him an annoyed glare.

Skilfully ignoring his delusional ramblings, she went back to the matter at hand. "Back when we talked about my dad- you said something. I can't quite remember what it was, but... I remember that it made me really happy."

Raising an eyebrow, Okabe felt rather faint as she said that. It was rare for Kurisu to speak in such a manner, and he felt his heart overflow with an indescribable... *something* whenever it was the case. He couldn't help his surprise. "W-what do you mean?"

Shaking her head so hard it seemed like she might get brain damage from it, she made sure to clarify her totally- *not* -romantic intentions. "N-not in a weird way, don't get any dumb ideas!" Her behavior turned from that of a lion to a frightened turtle, attempting to hide in its shell. She buried her face in her arms again. "I just... I never told this to anyone- or maybe I told you in another world line, I don't know, but..."

Inhaling deeply and analyzing every single pebble on the gravelly ground beneath them, she tried to find a way to put her feelings into words. Writing a thesis seemed so easy in comparison to this.

"I've never really had any... friends until I met all of you. Sure, I got along decently with some of my co-workers, but that was just, well, work. It's thanks to-" *Thanks to you*, she thought, but hurriedly corrected herself, "...Thanks to everyone in the Lab, that I found friends. I've never had friends I could talk to like this, that would offer to help me with my problems. So I was... just incredibly happy when you tried to help."

After a few moments of silence, Okabe smiled and sighed quietly. "I'm glad to hear that. You're important to everyone in the lab. Mayuri, Daru, Faris, Rukako..." *Me*, he silently wished he had the courage to say.

Kurisu's arm-lock around her legs tightened. "But there's-" She paused for a moment, exhaling heavily in an attempt to calm her racing heartbeat. "But there's something else I remember you telling me here. It was about my dad. I think it applies right now, too? It's, uh... You said that I... need to speak from the heart. Give it to him straight, or else I won't get my- my message across..."

"I've... always struggled with that. I've always had this- this *shell* up, that I couldn't bring myself to break- even around those I *knew* wouldn't hurt me..." *Even around you*, she thought. "But this shell, it- it doesn't just keep others away from me, it also keeps *me* away from others. I struggle to say how I feel, but... but what I'm, uh, trying to say here is... I'm..."

The grip around her legs was so tight by now that it almost hurt her, but she had to push it out, even if she couldn't hold her tears back any longer. "I'm sorry... for not texting you the whole time. I was- I was *scared*, and I know it's stupid, but I just- I... I didn't want to lose you, and I thought maybe- maybe you were annoyed by me, or-"



Kurisu flinched as she felt his arms wrapped around her curled-up body. “O-Okabe?!” Face stained a dark shade of red, trails of tears rolling down her cheeks, she couldn’t help but be surprised by the sudden embrace.

Hearing her voice shake made Okabe feel like his heart was being crushed. He was so busy drowning in self-pity that he completely ignored *her* feelings and the pain that *she* must have gone through. Back in California, the kiss told him that she felt the same, yet he still worried that she didn’t... In a way, it felt as though he’d been disrespecting her feelings.

“I should be the one apologizing, Kurisu.” As he said her name, Kurisu felt her heart skip a beat- like it (unfortunately) always did when he didn’t give her a stupid nickname. “This whole time, I was too scared to text you, too... I thought that I was forcing my feelings onto you, that I was dragging you into something you shouldn’t have to be a part of. But because of those stupid thoughts, I completely neglected *your* feelings.”

Only the cicadas and the wind could be heard as Okabe tightly clung onto the woman that he was so in love with. Time had stopped, or at least it felt that way to the two of them. Basking in each other’s presence, they clung to one another... Until Kurisu broke the loving act, a violent shade of crimson on her face.

She was rather relieved that Okabe’s face was a similar shade of red to hers; it was reassuring. “Okabe. What... What do you want to do? With, uh... with *us*, I mean... After all, I live in the US and won’t get to come to Japan that often, so I... understand if you’re not really... if you don’t wanna go through that. It’s not like I *need* you or anything, after all, that’d just be silly, I mean- God, this is so hard...!”

“Kurisu,” In an attempt to steady her, Okabe gently put his hands on her shoulders and looked deep into her beautiful violet eyes. He so badly wanted to avert his eyes, to run away from this embarrassment, but he knew that he had to say it at some point.

“I don’t care how far apart we may be. I’ve crossed time to find you, to save you, and I am more than willing to cross space as well. No matter how far the distance between us may be. Makise Kurisu... I love you. I love your passion, I love your determination. I love your sassy remarks, I love your persistence. I love your intellect, I love your silly habits... So forgive me if I seem impudent, but... do you wanna go out with me?” Realizing that he’d dropped the ball at the end there, Okabe suddenly wished that the Time Leap Machine still existed.

As the words left his mouth, Kurisu felt her heart beat insanely fast, feeling as though it was about to pop out. The sheer amount of passion and love in his declaration, despite that lame ending- she could hardly fathom that this was the same person who kept yelling childish nothings about his career as a “Mad Scientist”. Why was he always so smooth in situations like this?!

So, in response, she didn’t even ask him to shut his eyes anymore; she approached his lips with her own, wrapping him into a passionate, loving kiss as the waterfall of tears continued to pour down her cheeks. She could feel his surprise, but it quickly turned into a passion equal to hers. His arms were on the small of her back, pulling her closer and closer as they were finally united again.

And this time, without a goodbye being only moments away.

Time froze at that very moment, and Okabe thought to himself that if *this* was what awaited him in the Steins;Gate world line, then fighting for it was more than worth it.

Even as time resumed- curse the human body and its need for oxygen- the moments were still just as sweet, a kind of sweetness no pudding could possibly hope to replicate. Kurisu smiled at him, a trail of now dried tears on her cheeks and a loving, tender smile on her face. “Yes... of course I will. I...”

She took a deep breath in... and out. How many times had she avoided saying those three words? Those three words that seemed like they held so much importance, those three words she was too scared to say for so long. Those three words she knew she meant, and that she was finally ready to say. “I... love you too, Okabe.”

Jaw agape, Okabe couldn't possibly hide the surprise on his face. Through all the worlds he'd been an Observer in, not once has he heard her say those words. In an attempt to cover up his embarrassment, he rapidly pulled out his phone and put it next to his ear.

“Yes, hello, it's me. Something unbelievable just happened- I believe that my beloved Assistant may have been replaced with an android sent by the organization!”

Kurisu glared at him, a murderous intent visible yet betrayed by her blush. “Stop.”

Of course, the Mad Scientist was more than used to her threats and intimidation. Indeed, it was not that easy for her to faze him anymore- especially when he had to continue his conversation. “I shall have to keep my eyes on her. Yes, of course. I'll make sure that she never leaves my sight.” His lips curled into a smug grin as he saw his Assistant getting more and more embarrassed. “El Psy Kongroo.”

Pushing his phone back into his pocket, he once again wrapped his arm around Kurisu's waist, a squeal leaving her mouth as she felt his touch. “O-Okabe!”

“You know, my dear Christina... I truly feel as though this is the choice of Steins;Gate.”

## End Notes

thank you so much for reading this fic!! i know its been a while, but ive been going through some severe writer's block lately :'T i hope you enjoy this fic either way!

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