

Perpetual Ikigai

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32310577) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32310577>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Steins;Gate
Relationship:	Okabe Rintarou Hououin Kyouma/Makise Kurisu
Characters:	Okabe Rintarou Hououin Kyouma , Makise Kurisu , Hashida Itaru , Hiyajo Maho
Additional Tags:	Post-Movie , Canon Divergence , Character Study , Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Fluff , Smut , Explicit Consent , Vaginal Fingering , Light Bondage , Vaginal Sex , The Author Regrets Nothing , no beta reader we die like mayuri , Please Forgive me
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-01 Words: 5,938 Chapters: 1/1

Perpetual Ikigai

by [Sealaisx](#)

Summary

Set during the events of Robotics;Notes DaSH, Okabe reveals to Kurisu his worries about the wavering Steins Gate worldline.

Sometimes, all we need is someone willing to stay by our side even in the worst times.

Notes

AYE, I feel a lot like writing OkaKuri lately, since that amazing person aka ShiroKomori came into my life and inspired me to try and write something beyond my usual limits. This said, this fic contains minor spoilers for the Steins;Gate series, but no spoiler for the Steins;Gate 0 one, so you're better safe than sorry.

Also, it's my first time writing smut. Go easy on me plz.

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

The smell of alcohol filled his nostrils.

Actually, it wasn't just that. The hallways constantly smelled of bad air conditioning and printer ink, too, to the point that it became a signature odor. Every morning, it welcomed teachers and students alike, clinging to clothes and walls, like the whole building itself were a portal to another dimension, a silent reminder of how daily life there would soon become routine.

There, between tossed sheets of paper and unspoken words, brilliant scientists offered their minds to the research, while young ones braced themselves to keep their pace and, in a few years, maybe even outsmart their seniors.

It all cycled through.

And he had grown tired of loops, in those past years.

Almost a decade had gone by since the events that led Okabe to disconnect himself from causality and come very close to become a god of time. Having finally reached the Steins Gate timeline, his life had been focused on more common matters since. After resuming his studies and getting a degree in engineering, he held true to his inner promise and became a mad scientist. Almost. Truth was, he became a researcher, so his ambition of plaguing the world into chaos would have to wait a little.

The utter silence and the dim lighting inside made it look like the whole Victor Chondria University had been frozen in time: it was one of many reasons why Okabe enjoyed pulling an all-nighter in the university's lab, free from the day's turmoil and listening to the faint ticking of a clock that held no hurry to him. After all, he stopped worrying about time passing long ago.

Another reason was, well...

He lightly knocked on the door frame: the door itself was already opened, but a familiar silhouette was working on a nearby PC and it would have been rude to intrude.

No matter how many times he saw her...

"Ah, Okabe!", Kurisu turned her head at the dull sound and grinned, hurrying to welcome him, "Have you changed your mind?"

She would always bring a smile to his face and a warmth to his heart.

"Sort of", he pulled Kurisu closer and hugged her by her hips, watching her avert her gaze, cheeks turning of a darker shade of pink, amused, "I needed a quiet place to think. I hope I didn't interrupt that genius brain of yours, my dear assistant".

Kurisu rolled her eyes and chuckled internally: after nine years, he was still Okabe Rintaro.

Her Okabe Rintaro.

"Hey, cut it, now. I'm not your assistant anymore, I'm a colleague of yours and *this*", she motioned to his arms and untangled herself from the weak hug, "Isn't how we're supposed to behave in a professional environment". She trailed her words and Okabe swore he saw a devilish grin on Kurisu's face, just for an instant, before she stepped back and turned back to sit in front on her PC.

"Kurisu, my dear, I'm sure you're, like, the only researcher in this whole department that pulled an all-nighter. The schedule right now isn't tight, the whole building almost looks surreal by how this lab is the only one not engulfed in darkness", Okabe stepped closer to her again, putting his hands on her shoulders from behind the chair she was sitting on.

"This doesn't change it! Why are you here anyway? Isn't your department on the other side of this complex?", she insisted, turning towards him with her arms crossed on her chest.

His expression darkened a bit: "As I told you, I needed a place to think. A lot has happened recently. No, actually, this isn't it: it's more like I feel a lot is going to happen".

And the truth was only acknowledged by the depths of his heart, held tightly in there, not letting it escape. Because a truth spoken out loud is far more dangerous than a lie kept hidden.

He needed a place to not think about anything.

His eyes darted to the only other source of light in the room other than the genius girl's PC: sitting on a shelf and painfully glitching every ten minutes or so, was his divergence meter.

The greatest product of time travel technology and the main reason he was approved into Victor Chondria. It was a bit dusty now, but his menacing and merciless display kept staring at him, deep into his soul, and he had to turn his head away.

"Okabe...", Kurisu hesitated, but ultimately said nothing.

"It changed. This morning, when I passed by to collect papers from professor Leskinen. Likely, nobody knows exactly what those numbers mean, since the multiverse theory has not been scientifically proven yet. But I do. I've been knowing it, looking at it, praying it would display what I wanted to see, for nine years now. Two digit had changed, today: it couldn't have lasted more than a few minutes or so, but it's gotten much worse. I contacted Daru...", he stopped briefly to catch his breath and collecting his thoughts. Half-lidded eyes told Kurisu that he was still fighting his nightmares, and that even after so much time, he wouldn't get rid of them. Probably never will.

"And yes, before you ask: he scolded me for seldom talking to him. Besides, it's not that I don't want to, I'm just busy with work here. He told me... that the worldline is wavering. Steins Gate, like the whole beta worldline, is not meant to be stable. If nothing is done anytime soon, we might... we-", his voice was now hoarse and he coughed to hide his emotions.

"I need a while to think about my future actions. Whether I have to go back to Akihabara and-"

"You won't"

Okabe was startled by the way Kurisu abruptly stood up from her chair, a stern expression on her face.

"Kurisu..."

"You know you're not meant to. We're both disconnected from causality and have a firm grasp on the concept of worldlines and attractor fields. The best you could do now is keep working on our research and bring forward the time travel theories you know hold true in this world", she tried to argue, but Okabe knew her too well. He had got used to sense the different tone of her voice whenever she was anxious, behaving in a tsundere way or avoiding a certain topic.

He was willing to open his heart right there and then, but something held him from doing exactly that. Tears started pooling in his eyes and Kurisu was quick to notice it, his eyes widening. She bit her lip, lowering her gaze to the ground.

"Why... are you lying to me at a time like this?", the raven haired voice had dropped an octave, and he didn't dare to make eye contact with his woman. "You among us all have studied the functioning of the divergence meter the most. Even though you don't retain all those memories in this worldline, your travelling through time has granted you a greater access to the Reading Steiner. Plus, I explained the whole process to you back when I first came to the States", he turned to face her, a betrayed expression on his gaze and teary eyes, and damn, Kurisu damned this world for the absence of a Time Leap Machine. She wished to answer him honestly.

"You're the one who knows exactly how the Steins Gate worldline works. You know how attractor fields and common convergence don't apply here. So tell me, Kurisu!", he raised his voice, "Are you feigning ignorance or has something in this worldline really gone bad? Tell me, Kurisu. Am I late or are you trying to deceive me?"

No, ignorance would be bliss. But she had made a promise to him, years ago, that she wouldn't try and mess with divergence anymore. Even if she had already broken that promise in 2011, when she went against logic and reality to bring him back from the R worldline. Not a day passed where she wasn't grateful for the recklessness of her own actions, and she hoped this time it would be the same, too.

"I'm not, Okabe. I would never"

"Then be honest with me"

Kurisu resumed biting on her lip, anxious. She figure out that telling him the truth would be better than leaving him with a bitterness in his gut and probably losing his trust.

"I contacted Hashida in these last months. Periodically. Mainly, I was just interested in how things were going in the lab there, but I got to know a bit of his personal life, too. Apparently, he's now a known 'super hacker' online, but that's not all. He told me about the worldline's minor changes in advance and how a group of teenagers has gained control over those so called 'delusions'. They seem to influence reality and have somewhat a correlation with how time leaps work. He's supervising them, but that's all we can do. It's Steins Gate's choice, remember? The observer of time is doomed to a life of loneliness"

That was a lot for Okabe to elaborate. Why was Kurisu keeping in touch anyway? That set a pit of jealousy in his stomach. It's not like he didn't hold interest towards his fellow lab members, but why did Kurisu have to contact Daru? Wouldn't it have been better if it was, like, Mayuri?

And what was she talking about with those "delusions"? Were they something physical?

Above all, though, a word resonated in the depths of his heart when he heard that last sentence.

"You're wrong"

"Huh?", Kurisu answered, her voice betraying her, showing both fear and anticipation.

"The observer of time is only really alone when nobody understands him. And you know, Kurisu..."

Keep the past, for all intents and purposes, where it is.

"... I think that happened to me once, long ago. First, I was repeating the same day over and over again, growing deaf to what people were saying, knowing that no matter what I did, things wouldn't change, and that drove me to almost craziness. Then, I was in a world that looked stable and felt safe, and yet I was the only one believing that and convincing myself that nothing would happen; at some point, I even tried living a normal student life. But what saved me in the end wasn't dictated by my own willpower"; Okabe's gaze finally met Kurisu's and, although the faintest trace of tears still lingered in his eyes, his face now showed an hint of a soft smile.

"That was you. You were my reason to keep going, my halo when I needed it the most. I was never alone, Kurisu", those last words were no more than a whisper.

Kurisu swallowed hard before replying: "The reason I don't want you to go back is purely selfish. Okabe, I..."

She couldn't say it. Not even after all this time.

Damnit, why was it so hard?

"I don't want to lose you", she opted for instead, "Not again, like I risked to with the R worldline. If Steins Gate is really wavering, then we're in it together. Don't go saying how you wish to keep me away from everything like I haven't experienced part of it, too! We're in this together, Okabe"

"Then what should we-"

"I'll keep in touch with Hashida, and I suggest you do the same, too. It pains me to say this, but he's a smart guy, and if he trusts those kids, then so should we. The moment he tells us something goes wrong, we'll be there in no time. It's a promise": it was her turn now to lay her hands on top of Okabe's shoulders, massaging them and trying to put a reassuring smile on her own face.

"Did you plan this far? Why?"

"Because you're not the only one willing to reach the Steins Gate once and for all. You never were. I'll trust you and believe you until the very end of all of this, Okabe, but I need you to start doing the same. Don't keep it all to yourself, you know since long that I'm an observer of time as well. Don't deem me incapable of being of any help"

"I never meant this. Kurisu, I... I didn't want you to hate me. Everything began by my fault and sometimes I think...", he paused, but he couldn't stop his words from forming, "I think it would have been better without me. Maybe other worldlines exist and we're not able to reach them because of me being in the way. Being responsible for the lives of my best friend and the person I love, combined with the threat of billions of people dying by the hands of SERN's dystopia, and now other people are about to get involved... it's too much. I really don't know if I-"

Kurisu's lips met his.

For the first time since he entered the room, silence fell again in the whole building, their even breaths as Okabe kissed back the only audible noise.

For as much as Kurisu knew, they could have been kissing for years. When they parted, Okabe's cheeks were painted a delightful shade of red, one that Kurisu found particularly appealing.

"Thank you, Okabe", she spoke after a few moments, their foreheads still touching and their eyes closed, breathing in each other's scent, "For staying by my side the whole time"

And he spoke the words he should have said many years ago.

"I should be the one thanking you for always supporting me. I never really knew what fear was until I risked losing you, Kurisu"

"You never will. Not anymore", Kurisu whispered against his lips before kissing him again, tangling her fingers through his hair, never wanting to let go.

A kiss that brought the two star crossed lovers together under the promise of never parting again. A blissfully romantic seal, like one of wax on paper, that wouldn't be easy to keep. Nothing was to be taken for granted from then on, but the two time travellers learned right then and there that fighting with their own will was maybe even more powerful than Steins Gate's.

Almost painfully holding onto the mad scientist, it was Kurisu who dared to make a bold move and inched forward to deepen the kiss, feeling Okabe sharply drawing in breath at the odd contact of their tongues.

This didn't stop him from pushing back with an equal force, the third law of motion being proven true as it was Kurisu's turn to softly gasp and take a step back, instinctively, while Okabe took one forward, not letting her break their kiss.

It went on for a while, until Kurisu's calves hit the desk's legs and she put the flats of her hands on Okabe's chest, lightly pushing him away from her.

He hastily broke the kiss: "What's up?", he said, worried he might have done something wrong.

His fears were quickly tossed aside when he grasped a hold of Kurisu's look in her eyes and the way her breath had become heavier and uneven, almost like a mirror to her heartbeat. Okabe felt his heart leap in his throat at the implication of that; Kurisu wasn't usually known for openly showing her feelings through her body language, unless she had partially lost control over them. This happened when she was particularly angry, scared, or...

His train of thoughts was interrupted but a soft feeling on his neck: Kurisu gently caressed it and scratched its back, making Okabe smile and turn his head, catching Kurisu's hand in his own to lightly brush his lips over her palm.

He let then go of her hand and watched her trail it down until it reached the first button of his shirt. He had chosen to wear a black one that day and it made a wonderful contrast with the bright white lights inside the lab. Kurisu fiddled a bit with the button and suddenly seemed to become very self conscious about what she was doing, judging by the way her cheeks flushed red and she hesitated.

Okabe, on the other hand, smirked: "What happened to 'we have to keep a professional role here in the lab', my assistant?", he watched Kurisu avert her gaze, "Did you maybe fall victim to the ineluctable charm of Hououin Kyouma? I wouldn't blame you, thousands have tried to resist, but to no avail-"

"Would you please shut up? Damn, Okabe, at a time like this I surely didn't expect you to be such a chuunibyou!", Kurisu snapped, and in fact, his persona did dull a bit in the past years. He had become much more mature, but this didn't mean that his constant rambling about being the bringer of chaos stopped, so Kurisu had to endure them.

"N-No, it's just that...", Okabe was at a loss for words and he took a few moments before swallowing hard, the look on his face showing a certain...

Fear? Normally, one would expect a grown man like him to dive into the situation right then and there, but Kurisu knew he was different. No matter how many times they had done something like that as a couple, the act always worried Okabe. His touches were always feather-like, almost scared she would break if he was too rough. Each and every time, he would put her in the spotlight, closing his eyes and focusing on her moans of pleasure as if his life depended on it.

He was a natural talent at it, and now even a bit more experienced than the first time, but he was ever so selfless.

"Hey", Kurisu's voice became much softer, "You don't need to worry. I'm here, right next to you. And I won't go anywhere, Rintaro"

Rintaro . The raven haired could count on one hand the number of times Kurisu had used his actual first name to refer to him. Even though he insisted that it was more intimate as a couple, she always stuttered back a general excuse for how "Okabe" was more of a nickname for him. Being intimate with someone was actually one of Kurisu's worst fear, one that she had learned to overcome in her years of relationship with Okabe. What does it take to be so vulnerable in front of someone?

That's why, to her, their first time had been the apex of their bond. Sex strips you naked of more than your clothes: it exposes your desires, your deepest carnal cravings and your true nature. It's an act of ultimate trust in your partner, of utmost acceptance of their flaws, and it binds two people forever. At least, that's how Kurisu saw it: a very romantic point of view that could have easily found little to no sympathy in the modern society, where many saw it as a mere act of pleasure.

A spark ignited in Okabe's eyes, the same one that lit them since their very first kiss: love, pure and selfless love by his part, but since then, it lost his urgency. Now both living content in the Steins Gate timeline, they had learned the luxury of taking their daily meetings for granted and not worry too much about time passing by.

He almost straight *leaped* forward, kissing her with unrelenting force and pushing her by the shoulders to make her sit on the desk just behind her. This time, it took much less for Okabe to deepen their kiss and beckon Kurisu to spread her legs a bit so he could stand between them and bring her impossibly close, feeling her chest pressed against his and her hands beginning their descent once again, this time quickly finding the buttons of his shirt and undoing them in no time.

She had worked out the first three buttons when a thought struck Okabe, who immediately parted from the kiss: "Wait, Kurisu... wait a second. Just to be sure".

He stepped back, a beautiful, sexy mess of half-undone shirt, pinkish cheeks and sweaty forehead, and Kurisu swore nothing turned her on more than seeing a few locks of his hair falling back on his forehead.

He hurried to the lab's door and locked it, then turned the light inside off, leaving Kurisu's laptop and the divergence meter to be the only sources of light in the room.

"To... what avail?", she tried to sound composed, as she hadn't been spreading her legs for him just seconds ago.

"Safety, darling. I wouldn't want people to be suspicious. This way, it'll look like no one is in this room, just like the rest of this building is empty".

Smart move, Kurisu thought to herself. And she was about to say it out loud weren't it for Okabe bolting back towards her and claiming her lips for the fourth time that evening.

Resuming her work from before, it wasn't long before his shirt was tossed to the ground next to them, Okabe flinching ever so slightly at Kurisu's contact with his bare skin. Silky hands traced the outline of his shoulders and his abs, before resting on his back, nails lightly tracing the outline of his spine in a way she knew made him shudder.

A low moan slipped from his mouth, but he was quick to retaliate: he pulled Kurisu so that she was sitting on the very edge of the desk, almost losing her balance weren't for Okabe holding her steady.

He then moved his hips forward so that they brushed Kurisu's thighs, making her feel his hard-on directly.

Kurisu's grip on his shoulder tightened at that contact, she whimpered in his mouth and, when he slowly began grinding on her thighs, she rocked her hips the best she could to assist him, moaning into his mouth every once in a while.

It was only when they were both out of breath that they parted, ragged breaths and crumpled clothes. Kurisu looked up to see Okabe in only his trousers, still hovering over her while catching his breath, the look in his eyes absolutely *feral*.

It didn't take long for him to recover: his lips then assaulted her neck, kissing her almost fiercely, Kurisu's eyes falling shut, and he took his time to leave a trail of kisses up until her jawline, where he stopped to bite just underneath.

"Okabe... ah! That'll leave a mark-", Kurisu tried to say, halfway interrupted by Okabe biting again on the side of her neck.

She wouldn't have normally worried that much, but in the following days it was mandatory that she attended conferences at Victor Chondria, so she couldn't let those marks be seen.

"I'll be careful", he mumbled, cutting the argument short while he began to trail downward, kissing against the exposed skin of her collarbone.

Okabe then pulled away and began to hastily fiddle with Kurisu's jacket and shirt. She was wearing her signature red necktie, one he found adorable, especially when he used it to bind her hands to the bed's headboard and fuck her senseless.

He thought about it for a second, then decided against it and simply discarded the tie along the rest of her clothes, moving down to remove her shorts as well, then took a step backwards to admire his work

And a work of art it was. Kurisu was mildly upset by his sudden lack of contact on her, crossing her arms on her chest and pouting.

"Are you going to stand there forever? Geez", this time she was genuinely pissed.

Okabe chuckled and licked his lips before shaking his head.

"What a crime it would be", he said, more seductively than he intended, and got closer to her again, now reaching behind her back.

Kurisu inhaled sharply at the feeling of his hands on the lace of her bra, him taking little to no time to unhook it, a skill he mastered with each time and that he was very proud of.

Taking it off, it revealed a view he would never grow tired of. With one final kiss, he motioned Kurisu to lay a bit more flat on the desk, so that he could use both his hands and mouth on her chest.

Her moans grew louder with each passing stroke of his tongue on her nipples, her legs' grip on his hips tightening, and she tried to pull him close, but he used one hand to pin both hers on the cold surface. Kurisu felt him smiling with mocking pride against her chest and oh, she swore she'd make that useless smirk of him disapp-

She jolted upwards when she felt him bite on her left breast, hard. That damn chuunibyou had probably thought that he could have his way with leaving marks as long as they were only for him to admire. Kurisu would never admit it, but that thought turned her on even more.

He pulled away after a bit, his hands tracing the outline of Kurisu's panties, but not inching any further. Okabe locked his eyes with hers, a silent question in his gaze: *"May I?"*

Yes, a thousand times yes, she'd answer. Every time it came to this, Okabe would always worry about her consent. She found it very sweet and caring, somewhat romantic.

Kurisu knew that, if her answer were to be a no, Okabe would immediately stop, no complaints from him, help her get dressed and probably offer to bring her coffee to break the awkwardness. It was so natural for him to treat her with the utmost respect that she often thought about how lucky she had been to find him, a man who had everything: the looks, the brains and gentleman-like manners.

More than all, though, it was him. It had always been him, Okabe Rintaro, the one whose red string of fate was undeniably tied to hers.

No matter what worldline they ended into, they would always find a way to each other.

Her answer consisted of a simply nod, hands hurriedly pushing his where she needed him the most. Reassured, Okabe brought a hand to the underside of her panties, rubbing a finger through the fabric, teasing her. Kurisu had grown starved of that touch: those days were the first in a while where they got to relax a bit. Schedules and deadlines had been almost overwhelming and they rarely had time for themselves.

Okabe swore to himself to make up for the lost time.

"D-Don't tease, Okabe...", Kurisu tried to hold back her moans by biting her lower lip, Okabe holding her so close it was hard for her to reach for his hand and urge him to get rid of that layer of cotton.

He wasn't just done with her yet.

"Really?", he marked his words by circling his middle and point fingers on the skin just next to her sensitive area. He then moved to whisper in her ear: "How about you do something for me, then?"

Kurisu's hand instinctively moved to reach for the bulge in his pants, but he was quick to stop her.

"No, not that, darling. Don't worry about it now", he smiled, softly kissing her neck, "My name... I want to hear your voice".

"Huh?", Kurisu, despite the fogginess in her mind, was startled by his words, "Your... name?"

It was something he had never requested before, not at times like that. It made Kurisu's cheeks flush and she wasn't really sure she could do it.

He saw the hesitation in her eyes: "I won't force you. Just know I'd appreciate it, alright?"

Kurisu nodded and soon after she was back to trying to suppress her moans, with Okabe now tugging her panties to the side and brushing his fingers on her folds. Their hotness and slickness made a certain primitive part of his brain consider the idea of skipping preliminaries completely and just get a bit of relief to his member, which was straining in his pants. He quickly tossed the idea on the back of his mind and focused on the task at hand.

He pulled Kurisu closer so that he could have a better angle: trying to finger her on a desk wasn't very comfortable, but he'd figure something out.

His coated the tip of his pointer finger in juices before trailing it near the entrance: Kurisu let a mildly loud moan escape her mouth and Okabe wasn't expecting her to suddenly rock her hips forward to try and get his finger inside her, she was almost painfully wet and the anticipation was gnawing at her patience.

So he complied.

He pushed two fingers inside her, hoping she would remember her promise and let him hear her moans. It wasn't necessarily on purpose, but she was so far gone in her bliss by then that she didn't care to hold them back, her noises chanting a beautiful symphony Okabe would listen to for hours.

She held onto his shoulders, her nails pressing maybe a bit too much on the skin, but he didn't care. He actually enjoyed a bit of pain, which maybe made him some sort of masochist.

The more he fingered her, the harder she was panting, a knot forming in her gut anticipating her release.

"Okabe, don't- don't stop...", she managed to say, her lack of breath and lust filled mind making it difficult for her to speak.

He didn't, indeed. If only, he accelerated his rhythm until she had her come undone on the palm of his hand, coating his fingers and a bit of the desk with her release, whimpering pleads in his ear that spurred him further.

After she came back from her high, she motioned him to remove his hand, and only then did he stop his ministrations. He held her tightly in his arms to help her catch her breath.

"How was I?", he smirked, the answer to his question already obvious, but he loved to dare Kurisu to reply back.

"Decent, I guess", her eyes purposefully avoiding his, but the blissful smile on her face betrayed her and made the raven haired scientist grin in return.

"Oh, wouldn't you say, miss 'don't stop'-"

"SHUT UP!"

Okabe jumped at the opportunity: "How about you make me do so, in the old fashioned style?"

Kurusu's cheeks became even redder, if that was even possible. Still, she thanked the hormones in her body for making her more daring.

Pulling him close by the belt of his trousers, she kissed him, this time not with the haste of sex, but rather with a sweetness they were both fond of. Okabe kissed back, savouring the taste of her lips now that he had the chance, the warmth in his body now pooling to his heart.

That's right.

He pitied the American's night sky there for being so clouded by the endless city lights. There were few stars he could clearly see, even though he knew that, from his lab in Akihabara, there were so many more.

And the truth was that no bright constellation in that dark blue blanket of a sky could remotely rival his Vega standing right there in front of him, flushed and beautiful in so many ways he lost count of how many times his heart leaped when he saw her.

His train of thoughts would have been pretty deep and loving, if it wasn't for Kurisu's hand travelling lower on his trousers and getting a firm hold on his erection.

He gasped audibly at the contact, lacking the strength to fight back as that velvety hand began softly stroking the bulge.

He pressed his lips to the crook of Kurisu's neck, softly panting and moving his hips to meet her movements. It wasn't enough and they both knew it, but still it was Okabe who decided that the fun was over.

Or maybe, it had just begun.

He blindly unbuckled the belt of his trousers and pulled Kurisu's panties all the way down her legs, letting them fall on the floor and making her slightly cringe at the coldness of the desk. Okabe let her pull his underwear down, freeing his member.

Although it was average in length, the same couldn't be said for his notable girth, which made it look bigger than it really was.

Kurisu took a moment to trace a finger from the base up to the tip, following the pattern a vein made on it and stopping at its top, a bit of precum staining it.

"Kurisu... please...", she had him begging already, but she couldn't blame him either, after all the foreplay that had been done.

She quickly nodded and guided him to her entrance, to which he gladly complied, both hissing when his tip entered her, meeting almost no resistance, but he was still making sure that she made herself comfortable before pushing in further.

They simultaneously let out a loud moan when the tip of his member hit her cervix, and he almost came on the spot by how tightly Kurisu's walls engulfed it, and oh god, the warmth was something beyond imagination.

He pulled back almost completely and then set up a pace: slowly, at first, listening to Kurisu whimper and letting out sighs himself; then gradually faster, almost pinning her to the desk and slamming his hips into hers, feeling her nails painfully trace his back and whispering obscenities in his ear. Okabe had a soft spot for dirty talk during sex and Kurisu knew it too well.

Kurisu was still a bit sensitive from her previous orgasm and was quickly reaching her peak again: this only made her clench more around Okabe's member, and it quickly became too much for the latter.

"Kurisu I'm... I'm not going to last much longer", he said between soft moans, to which Kurisu nodded and found the strength to guide his hand to her clitoris. He quickly got the hint and began to quickly rub the bundle of nerves in tandem with the rocking of his hips, feeling himself closer to his release.

"Kurisu...!", he choked, trying to warn her, but never in a million years would he have expected her reply.

"Rintaro!"

That did it.

His vision whited out as he came hard, spilling his seed deep inside her as its warmth triggered Kurisu's release as well.

The held onto each other like perfect puzzle pieces, like they were made for each other.

And, Okabe thought, maybe after all they really were.

It was almost like routine, by then.

That lab had become her second home and she wasn't ashamed to admit that she spent way more time in it as it was needed.

Was she to blame? Being surrounded by science books, technology and her recent papers was more than enough to get her to concentrate and focus on her tasks, so working at the university was always her first choice.

The green haired woman searched his pockets for the key to the lab before turning it in and breathing a sigh of relief at the familiar sight.

She lazily dropped her bag on her desk and sat down to go through her emails. First things first, after all.

She grabbed her ceramic cup with "Hiyajo Maho" written on it - it was her own idea, to prevent other from accidentally drinking from it - and poured herself some coffee from the nearby machine.

Eyes lazily fixed on her laptop, she almost missed a curious detail, something bright clashed with the otherwise perfectly smooth white wall.

She stood up to investigate.

Between the printer and the back desk, laid tossed a familiar red necktie.

End Notes

Yo, if you liked my poor attempt at writing angst, fluff and smut all in a oneshot, then kudos are appreciated! I reply to every comment, too, so feel free to ask questions about this fic!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!