

Adrenaline of Abiding Chant

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Adrenaline of Abiding Chant

by [ShiroKomori](#)

Summary

Kurisu would leave Tokyo the next day due to a stupid misunderstanding, it's up to Rintarō to figure out how to get her to stay.

A story of fluff, smut, little angst, and D-Mail ended well.

"You know this party is more for you than Makise-shi, don't you?"

Those words lashed Rintarō's face far more than the autumn wind did.

After all, it was obvious Kurisu found joy both in her stay in Japan and in her research center in America; she was able to draw serenity and inspiration from both environments, so much so that there was not even a particular reason behind her return to the continent — the conference was a consequence, not the cause itself.

On the other hand, the presence or absence of his assistant changed his mood from this to that, accustomed to waking up with the knowledge that every morning the neuroscientist would cross that door, filling the room with her composure, with her unparalleled intellect and yes, her breathtaking beauty too.

He almost wanted to ask her with what courage she danced, so happy, so shameless, while he fatally waited for the next dawn.

Notes

So, this story was inspired by basically two things:

- My dearest soulmate Sealaisx who's my muse (can't wait to hang out with you later honey <3). I want to wholeheartedly thank her for all the support in life and writing she gives me, she's really my main motivation and I feel really lucky to have you in my life. This one's for you. <3
- Literally "Teenage Dream" by Katy Perry. Don't ask, I wouldn't know what to answer tbh.

3.406288δ

You make me feel like I'm living a teenage dream.

The notes of a popular American song echoed within the four walls of the Futuristic Gadget Laboratory, received with extreme enthusiasm by the girls.

A bulky banner had been affixed to the curtain separating the living room from the development room, reading "Come back soon, Kurisu!" written with a black permanent marker.

Rintarō Okabe sat hunched over on the sofa with a grim expression and his elbows planted firmly in his thighs; his assistant would leave the following morning, going back to America for a last-minute conference and seemed to have every intention of staying there.

Generally, he would have pretended serenity and would have been the soul of the party with his mad scientist facade, but he did not feel like it at all.

The way you turn me on, I can't sleep.

Kurisu on the other hand seemed to be having fun, thanks to the not exactly non-alcoholic beer she was holding in one hand; she timidly hummed the piece, causing Mayuri to spin under the encouragement of Suzuha, Faris, and Daru.

The latter, sitting next to the scientist, noticed his bad mood.

"Okarin, what's with this funeral face?", He pursued him with a grin on his face, "Don't tell me you're jealous of the yuri development between Makise-shi and Mayu-shi?"

Rintarō gave him the coldest stare.

"I have more important things to think about, super hacka," he hissed.

To be honest, the origin of the engineer's pout did not stray too far from Daru's provocation, which the latter had guessed right from the start.

"Let's go out and talk," he said, before getting up and walking towards the door and meeting Ruka's eyes.

The charming young man was about to curl his delicious lips in a question, but Daru preceded him.

"Okarin and I are going out for a bit, all these 3D girls are freaking us out!", And he nodded his head to his friend to invite him to move on.

Let's run away and don't ever look back, don't ever look back.

"You know this party is more for you than Makise-shi, don't you?"

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He almost wanted to ask her with what courage she danced, so happy, so *shameless*, while he fatally waited for the next dawn.

Dawn that would have been as ferocious as a sunset, ironically.

Rintarō leaned his back on the bricks of the building and hid his hands in the pockets of his coat.

You know this party is more for you than Makise-shi, don't you?

Those words echoed in his head, sharp as blades.

His feelings for Kurisu were exposed to everyone's attention like a puppy just born into the world. Vulnerable.

It was also clear to everyone that they had barely spoken to each other in those days, with him clouded by sorrow and unable to pretend during that long, inexorable swan song before the departure of his beloved woman.

"I am the mad scientist Kyōma Hōōin, I don't need ..."

"Okarin, stop it."

Daru thundered, silencing the hustle and bustle upstairs for a moment.

He quickly cleared his throat, folding his arms.

"I brought you here to get you to throw it all out, so when you come back up you put a big smile on your face and stop ..." he stopped for a moment "... I don't know, doing whatever you're doing, smh."

He took another pause to let himself go too with his back against the bricks, on the opposite jamb of the entrance.

"If there is one thing I have learned in these three months with Makise-shi, it is that she too is now afraid of never seeing you again. But she goes on and...".

Rintarō laughed bitterly. "The eroge games have matured you quite a lot, my favorite right arm."

Daru ignored him and, on the other hand, decided to strike out: "... and she doesn't behave as selfish as you".

Selfish.

What an unfortunate lexical choice.

Rintarō Okabe. The same man who had given up his sanity for the woman he loved and for his best friend.

Selfish.

Perhaps for this reason, at least apparently, it did not affect him that much. He looked up at the sky: it was clouded, there wasn't much to see; he closed his eyes and pricked up his ears, the party in the lab was going on as if it never stopped.

"Is it really that cruel, wanting to be selfish for once?"

He returned the thrust, yet he wasn't absolutely mad at Daru.

It was perfectly understandable that the programmer cared about his friends and on the other hand, the scientist appreciated him above all for this.

"That's not it, Okarin. It's just that it's your last night with her and you're spending it getting sick."

The big boy sighed, instinctively looking towards the large window on the first floor, as if to make sure that no one was eavesdropping, "It's not like you can go back, the time machine doesn't exist."

Rintarō had a stroke of genius. He turned towards the door of Yūgo Tennōji's shop: he had asked Suzuha to leave the forty-two inches TV on, this could mean ...

"But D-Mails do."

Daru's blood froze on hearing those words.

Rintarō had dropped a real bomb, that topic represented the spearhead and at the same time the Achilles heel of the laboratory.

The programmer turned abruptly to him, his eyes wide open.

"Don't you dare.", Daru's voice had taken on a gloomy tone, far from its funny and characteristic timbre, "It's the worst idea ever, it was you yourself who said that conscious use of the telephone microwave should be made. Are you no longer worried about the butterfly effect now? “.

The thin man already had the answer ready, as always: "Do you know what contrasts with the butterfly effect?", He urged, taking a moment to pause, "Determinism. The fact that nothing happens by chance. And then it is not certain that every D-Mail must lead to total disarray “.

Daru clawed his arm in anger; another moment and he would have slapped him.

To the reckless impudence the friend was showing, he probably would have preferred to continue to see him sad; he almost cursed himself for having removed him from the party, but by now he was on the ring and it was right to fight.

“From what you told me, logically your past experiments with D-Mail have been the demonstration of Murphy's Law. And according to the law of large numbers, the trend shouldn't change.”

Rintarō stifled a laugh.

“Murphy's law is pseudoscience,” he countered, “and besides, there's still Borel's paradox. Do you think I can't get the right D-Mail sooner or later? I do not intend to abuse it and I would never put you in danger, “ he said, while he gave himself the strength to move away from the wall with one leg.

“I would cancel everything if I started to see something dangerous. You can be sure of it “. The other seemed to reflect for a moment, unable to connect the name of the physicist, then hit a fist on the palm of his hand.

"By 'Borel's paradox' do you mean the tireless monkey theorem? Because that's how you're acting now, like a damn monkey! "

He realized that his friend was dangerously approaching the laboratory and ran after him, struggling.

"Stop, Okarin! Do you at least know what you want to write in the email? "

He didn't answer. He had a vague idea of what he wanted to write, but he still hadn't formulated the actual message. He dashed into the lab with a toothy grin and theatrically swung the door open.

"Make way, labmem! The super hacka and I have an experiment to do! "

Kurusu's heart seemed to stop for a moment.

What had happened to him? Was he up to something? What experiment was he going to do?

After a second of stasis, the lab members exchanged puzzled looks.

"It's 'hacker', not 'hacka'!", Daru echoed, almost lifeless, reaching the door after about ten seconds.

Another American hit was playing on the radio, covered by the shouting of the lab members.
Who knows what Kyōma is up to, nya!

Okabe Rintarō, what are you ...?

Oka... I mean, Kyōma...

Mayushii is getting worried...

"Hashida, Okabe!", Kurisu barked, "Why do you think you should use the telephone microwave now!?"

She jumped up, instinctively clutching her shirt over her heart.

She was not understanding anything, she only knew that Rintarō had left the laboratory feeling bad and had returned strangely, almost disturbingly, determined and positive.

And this did not look good.

Daru was the first to turn to her as he fumbled with the microwave.

"Makise-shi, you are probably the last person on the planet I would like to talk to now." Kurisu shifted her violet gaze to her beloved.

"Okabe!" She called his name, her face was in utter despair.

He smiled at her tenderly, hastily composing the message on his phone.

"Cancel the party and kiss her."

Twenty-nine characters, he would have received three fragmented emails but it should have been fine.

He did not notice that in the meantime Kurisu was approaching him to steal his phone.

"I won't let you ruin the party, Okabe! It's my last night here!" She yelled, involuntarily sliding into his arms in an attempt to stop him. She landed with her head on his chest; she could hear his heart, those regular and very fast beats.

Was he... excited?

She tried to look up at his face to look for an answer in the color of his cheeks, but it was not made possible because Rintarō squeezed her head further on his heart. The scientist lowered his lips at her right ear.

"It won't be your last night here if you let me send the D-Mail."

The girl jumped and he took the opportunity to leave a quick caress on her head and dash out of the laboratory again, locking the door behind with his back.

"Daru, hurry up! 170 seconds, quick! "

He screamed, clutching the scarlet phone in his hands. Daru did, not without delay. Although the discharges had started, he did not have the courage to give the green light to his friend verbally.

"Okabe, don't screw up!"

Kurusu's voice, distorted, reached him. He felt his hand get heavy, but in the end he pressed on the Enter key.

Forgive me, Kurisu. See you soon.

3.403952δ

A familiar dizziness made Rintarō stagger, he planted his palms on the wall for support. He gasped for about ten seconds, his eyes wide open and pierced by a lonely beam of lateral light that made his irises seem almost amber rather than brown. Irrationally, he grabbed the cotton of the t-shirt at the heart, rubbing it. He tried to look at his hand anchored to the wall, but it was a blurry light spot on a dark gray background.

He rubbed his eyes; even though he had sent some D-Mails, he would never get used to that excruciating feeling.

In regaining consciousness he heard a tune already known in a language he did not understand.

Could it be that it was the same song obsessively sung by the girls in the laboratory in the last period?

Let's run away and don't ever look back, don't ever look back.

Yes, it was unquestionably that one, but why?

There should have been no party, but the music and the amused female giggles were gradually clearer and clearer.

Did the D-Mail not work? Yet the world line had changed.

The young man raised his knees to get up, swallowed nervously, gathered all the courage he could have in his body and opened the door.

The scene before him caught him off guard: Faris and Mayuri were persuading - or perhaps forcing - Ruka to wear cosplay hair accessories, Suzuha was taking an industrial quantity of instant noodles from the cupboard and Moeka was sitting on the sofa, intent on tinkering with the cell phone. The seat next to her was occupied by Kurisu.

They were all in pajamas or lingerie. The brunette, in particular, wore a well-known-looking babydoll: carmine, particularly short and wore a nice voluminous bow between the two cups.

Rintarō found himself enraptured by that vision like a sailor with a siren.

Her hair was slightly tousled and she had a sweet and relaxed expression on her face, on which an almost melancholy smile was painted.

At least until they became aware of him.

"Okarin!", Mayuri squeaked, frowning, "What are you doing here? This is a girls' night to say goodbye to Chris-chan!".

Kurisu's gaze finally met Rintarō's.

She widened her violet eyes and, in a panic, grabbed the Upa cushion to cover herself.

"You really are a pervert, Okabe!" She barked, hurling a large eight-hundred-page tome at him.

The girl's poor aim and the boy's decent reflexes allowed him to dodge.

All the other girls - and Ruka - remained silent with embarrassment.

"Kuris, you ..." he stammered "... are you going away tomorrow anyway?".

The girl jumped.

It didn't happen often that he called her by her name, let alone with an expression so genuinely distorted on his face.

She connected the dots, but before she could answer Suzuha intervened.

"Okabe Rintarō, you knew we were going to be here today. You didn't want to celebrate and we got organized anyway. And then ..." Finding herself with her arms full of packages of instant noodles, she nodded her chin in the direction of a stove in the corner of the room " ... Shiina Mayuri brought the stove to keep us warm last week ".

“That's right, nya! We've been planning this sleepover for Christinya for days, nya!” Faris confirmed, with her shrill voice "Don't tell me they've brainwashed you and that's why you don't remember it, nya!?”.

Kurisu put the Upa cushion aside and got up from the sofa.

"No brainwashing, but maybe ..."

It was not an answer to the owner of the MayQueen, but a request for a sign of agreement from the beloved, who nodded decisively.

"Can you come out with me for a moment, Christina?" She, who had taken the hint from the first moment, had already put on her lab coat to cover herself; Rintarō, once again, had to refrain from confessing how beautiful he thought she was.

They closed the door behind them and stopped in front of the door of Yūgo Tennōji's shop. "You sent a D-Mail and that seems obvious to me." she began, crossing her arms on her chest "Why?"; she had an expression halfway between grim and disappointment, the expression of someone who knew all too well the dangers and pitfalls of that powerful and uncontrollable medium.

Although he had expected such a direct question, he hadn't figured out what to answer. There was little to plan, however: he had changed the past to be honest with her and persuade her to stay and so it would have been.

"I'll tell you, but then I have to ask you a few questions." he blushed and looked away, putting her hands in the pockets of his coat.

"I wanted to make sure you'd stay here, but apparently the D-Mail didn't work as it should. Nothing bad happened though, so don't worry. "

The girl jumped and imitated him, moving a few strands of hair forward so that he couldn't notice her embarrassment.

Rintarō cleared his throat and went on.

“Now it's my turn to ask. I need to know what happened between us in the last few days.”

At that exact moment a gust of wind scattered the young woman's brown hair, making her shiver.

"We have been fine. You told me you wanted me to stay, but by now I had already gotten the tickets and agreed to give lectures in America. Then we... ”

She gradually lowered her voice until it died away. She let out an incomprehensible moan. "... kissed."

He did not experience that moment, but since it is the fulcrum of the D-Mail he pronounced it with decision and also a hint of tenderness.

"What can I do to get you to stay here?"

"Now it's too late, you know." She snorted, with the tone of someone who had already given up.

Rintarō Okabe, unlike her, would not give up.

"I'll send another D-Mail."

Kurisu seemed to tremble for a moment, she finally turned to look at him. "Okabe, what ...?" The scientist did not give her time to conclude her question: "You have understood correctly. I will send it back even further so as to make you understand how important you are to me and prevent you from going away".

He took a moment to pause; he was almost afraid that his voice could break at any moment.

"I love you, Kurisu. The idea of knowing you are far away kills me. For you, going away from here may not mean anything special, for me it means losing the person I love most in the world. I want to stay with you."

The girl just muttered his name, incredulous and wide-eyed.

"So ...", he went on, "Please tell me what can I do to make you stay."

"I... I don't know..."

Kurisu was caught off guard. Although she was literally a genius, her lover always managed to make her gasp. Maybe that was what had won her too.

"Send the D-Mail back two or three weeks."

"And...? What am I writing ...? "

"Write to tell me ... what you are telling me now."

"Ok. But I expected you to tell me something too ...", Rintarō blushed, "What do you feel for me? "

Kurisu's eyes widened. "I... you..." she stammered nervously, blushing herself, "Ah, what the hell, Okabe! Why do you want to know, if you will talk about it again with me in the next world line anyway? ' She protested, stamping her foot on the asphalt.

"I will not remember this conversation with Kurisu from another line. So even if I were to successfully send the D-Mail, a moment like this would be missing. And I want to live it with you now, and with yourself in any other world line."

Rintarō's eyes shone with a new light, a mature one.

Kurisu decided she couldn't be outdone.

"I love you too. And I feel stupid for believing you didn't care."

You didn't care? Did the girl really think that about him?

"What...?"

"You know it too, I had no reason to want to leave." ... ". Her voice seemed to shatter into a thousand pieces, she was choking up and her eyes were starting to fill with tears. "Kurisu ...", the young scientist murmured her name softly, "I was too proud, I knew the idea of going home flashed in your head and instead of talking to you directly I moved away from you. Sometimes even the mad scientist Kyōma Hōōin can get caught up in these trivial problems ", he played down.

"The mad scientist's thing even at a time like this!? You are hopeless...", Kurisu muttered, touching her forehead, "So ... what do you want to write in the email? ".

"I would like to write about this confession and be as sincere as possible."

"Well, then." Kurisu nodded, hinting at a sweet but not exactly serene smile.

"Shall we go?"

"Just a moment." Rintarō smiled again, visibly more relaxed, and grabbed her wrist before she could go back to the lab.

"Won't you even kiss me?"

They returned to the laboratory after a couple of minutes under the inquisitive gaze of the other members, whose questions they ignored.

"Okarin, what's going on?" Mayuri asked worriedly, her hands clasped to her chest.

"Don't worry, Mayuri, it's just a little experiment with the PhoneWave.", He replied, smiling to reassure her.

"I've set the timer." Kurisu followed, giving him a sign of understanding; the microwave screen showed 500 seconds.

Rintarō composed: "Say ur feelings and don't let her go" Thirty-six letters, three messages. He paused for a moment to study Kurisu's body as it emerged timidly from her lab coat, revealing the red fabric of her lingerie; he was not used to the girl's "sexy and professional" combination, at least not in such an accentuated way.

"What are you staring at?" She muttered, feigning annoyance.

"Nothing, I just didn't know this babydoll model was that popular."

"What!? Where else do you ...?" She squeaked in terror, "Okabe, you're such a pervert!"

3.401608δ

Once again.

To the already known feeling of discomfort caused by D-Mail was also added a strong sense of nausea, perhaps related to dizziness.

It took him a dozen seconds to recover, not before he almost collapsed to the ground; his legs seemed so worn they couldn't even bear the usual weight.

He closed his eyes until it seemed enough time had passed and when he opened them he was pleased to see that the party in the laboratory had been canceled: he was alone and all was silent, no more American songs, at most the distant lonely meow of a stray cat. Instinctively he checked up the phone messages, one of them drew his attention. It was from Faris and read: "I told Christinya we would go to her hotel at 10pm. We haven't told her yet that there really won't be any sleepover, nya! Good luck! ".

He checked the clock on the wall; it was 9:28pm, Kurisu's hotel was in Ochanomizu, about twenty minutes' walk from the laboratory.

He darted out of the building and ran at breakneck speed, first skirting the electronics and otaku shops, then the Kanda River and finally the alleys of the university district.

He seemed almost possessed, he had never run so fast and desperately in his life, moved by the only desire to understand if the woman he loved would stay in Tokyo or not.

He could have called her or at least contacted Faris, but he wanted to see her, he wanted to verify that Kurisu was there and that she wasn't going anywhere.

He arrived out of breath in front of the majestic five-star hotel and rested for a minute with his palms planted on his knees and then made his way to the reception.

"I need to see Kurisu Makise, Rintarō Okabe is looking for her," he panted, banging his fist on the counter. The receptionist gave him a cold stare, almost disturbed by the vision of the young man who was so out of tune with the luxurious environment and had already attracted a couple of glances from some distinguished businessmen.

The man managed a rather forced smile and picked up the receiver.

"Makise Kurisu-san? Okabe Rintarō-san is looking for you."

From the other end of the phone an unmistakable voice was heard.

"Okabe?" Kurisu looked delightfully surprised, "Sure, bring him up."

The self-styled mad scientist wasted no time and in less than a blink of an eye he found himself at the door. The same piece always came from inside; it was starting to sound like a joke, he started humming too.

My heart stops when you look at me, just one touch, now baby I believe.

"I didn't know you became fluent in English, Okabe." Kurisu welcomed him with folded arms and with an annoyed, hardly believable grimace on her face.

She wore the same babydoll from the previous world line, but she seemed much more serene in showing herself like that to him.

"Sankyu, my assisutant."

"... Yeah, whatever.", she sighed, "Anyway, what are you doing here?"

Rintarō took off his lab coat, placing it delicately on the desk, and unceremoniously went to the bathroom to wash his face.

"Two things: first, shut up that radio, second ...", he approached her, holding her tenderly in his arms - unusually exposed -, "... I need to know if you'll stay in Akiba." Receiving no response, he insisted, "You're not going back to America, right?"

"Why are you asking me if ...", she had begun the question with a slightly polemical tone, before she understood why.

"You..." she moved away a few centimeters "... did you send a D-mail?"

"Kurisu, please," the student was starting to get impatient, "are you staying in Tokyo? Just say yes or no".

The girl gasped in hearing that question so direct, so desperate.

She hated not fully understanding what was going on, but she decided to answer him anyway.

Yes.

It was crazy how a tiny, ephemeral syllable could lift a person so much.

He sighed heavily, embracing the girl with renewed vigor. "I was so afraid of losing you..." Kurisu hid her head on his chest so as not to show him how much she was blushing.

"I am here, I am not leaving. We decided it together a couple of weeks ago."

Rintarō gently stroked her hair. "I love you, Kurisu."

She returned the hug. "We've been telling each other pretty much every day since we've been together, Okabe. Don't soften, you're still a mad scientist, aren't you?"

"Since we've been together!?"

The scientist swallowed nervously and at the same time Kurisu uncovered her face.

"Ah, you ... You don't ...", she blushed and turned away from him, "Nothing. Do as if I didn't tell you anything, Okabe." She exclaimed in panic, blushing.

"That's fine, I want to be with you, Assistant. I just didn't expect ..."

That cursed nickname annoyed the girl. "At least now that we're together you should stop..."

She turned to him, finally finding the courage to look him in the eye, and fell silent: without the large lab coat on, Rintarō's body was thin, almost delicate. The combination of his body and his red, blushing cheeks, startled her.

The hint of a spasm slipped a strap of her underwear over her arm.

He was dazed by such a celestial vision too.

Kurisu was the most intelligent, smart and beautiful girl he had ever known, he couldn't believe he was her boyfriend.

To confirm this last thing, he awkwardly took her face in his hands and slightly tilted his head to the side in order to kiss her. He just exerted a slight pressure on her lips, but the girl returned the contact with enthusiasm, throwing her arms around his neck as if she hadn't expected anything else.

She was intoxicated with love, passion, and to be honest even a little bit of the desire to feel that Rintarō belonged to her and none other of her, in spite of her rivals.

She could feel the boy's hands moving up her neck and then onto her back. He broke away, only to be able to reach her earlobe and nibble it gently, just enough to make her mouth escape more than a few moans.

The young woman pushed his head a little more, to encourage him to continue. This soon made him realize that his pants were starting to feel too tight, so he unbuckled his belt before returning to pounce ferociously on her lips, inserting his tongue.

He thought Kurisu had a too soft mouth, too beautiful to be ignored.

In the same way, within both of them a complicit and unprecedented desire was emerging, something they had joked about over the months without ever thinking about it too seriously.

The self-dubbed mad scientist broke away from her for a moment. "Would you like to ...?" His voice had grown hoarse to whisper those words that it was right to keep secret, even though there were only the two of them.

The other shoulder strap of the babydoll also fell, anticipating the girl's response.

"Yes, but in less than half an hour ..."

"Before I came here I heard from Faris, they won't come tonight. I think it was a pretext for us to be alone, " he said softly, pleased, while his hands searched for the zipper of the garment.

The girl's long, tapered fingers clasped her beloved's hands to block them, a slight worry was painted on her face.

"Why do I have to be the one to undress first?", She protested, looking him straight in the eye, "A gentleman would precede the partner to put her at ease. I really have to teach you everything ".

Proud and tsundere during her first time as well. Unbelievable.

He stifled a laugh and lifted a corner of his mouth.

"Then please, Christina, this mad scientist is all yours."

"If you do the *chuuni* thing again I'll throw you out of here." She grumbled, kissing him fleetingly on the lips and sitting on the edge of the bed in front of him.

When she looked down at his pants, however, all of her confidence crumbled.

She knew how the male body worked, but she had never seen an erection before that moment.

Rintarō cleared his throat, slightly embarrassed.

"Don't look at it too much." He moaned as he helped the girl unbutton his pants.

Kurisu also pulled down his boxers, halfway between fear and curiosity, revealing the scientist's genitalia.

The genius took it in her hands, moving and squeezing it just enough to cause pleasure, with a sort of scientific accuracy.

Not that he was hard to please, on the other hand, it seemed he could finish at any moment, so much was the joy of being there with the woman he loved.

He bit his lower lip to resist, but when Kurisu brought her lips close to his manhood, he

clearly felt some transparent liquid coming out of the tip, which was cleaned with a quick flick of the tongue.

"W-wait. I would like to do something for you." he stammered a half truth; Rintarō had every intention of making the first time of both memorable, but at the same time he did not want to "look bad" to her.

"O-ok ..." the girl murmured, moving further back on the bed. Having control of the body of her beloved made her feel safe if not downright powerful, the idea of having to give up her power so soon destabilized her for a second.

She was sitting rigidly against the headboard of the bed, with her legs tightened and a strongly embarrassed expression on her face.

Rintarō approached her and began to play with the elastic of her panties, as red as her piece of lingerie: he would have longed to tear them off, but he delayed to give her time to get used to the situation.

When he felt like Kurisu had relaxed, showing a serene smile, he moved her linen fabric. Just like for her, for him too that moment represented the first contact with feminine genitalia.

He swallowed nervously and inserted a phalanx, noting that her body was warm and just moist enough not to create friction, at which Kurisu moaned with pleasure.

"Are you ok? Do you want me to..."

"Go on." She stroked his hand and guided his finger deeper, continuing to intoxicate him with delicious moans, at which he inserted another finger as well.

Kurisu panted, she didn't expect it, but she was silenced by a sweet kiss on her neck, then dragged on her lips.

Rintarō became familiar with the brunette's body and began to move his fingers faster, listening carefully to her celestial whimpers without ever stopping kissing her.

He thought that pleasing his girlfriend would quell his arousal, but those delicate vibrations crashing into his mouth didn't help him.

He could feel more liquid leaking from his tip, soiling her crotch.

"Please, can we do it?"

Rintarō broke the kiss with an almost suffering expression on his face.

The fact that he was literally praying her further excited Kurisu, who straddled him, and pulled the elastic of her panties.

"Tear them off."

He could see the exact moment in which his eyes took on a perverse, almost maniacal spark.

She didn't have to repeat it twice: with both hands he tore the lace of the garment, the only barrier between them and the loss of their virginity.

Most likely it was precisely for this reason that no problems arose on the use of precautions. Rintarō positioned the slender body of the girl in correspondence with his erect member. Kurisu was so small, so fragile that he swallowed nervously at the idea that he could almost break her.

She began her descent, directing the young man's manhood towards her own opening; she was so wet it entered effortless, although she felt something break inside of her.

Kurisu's body was warm and very tight, it almost seemed to have been made on purpose to welcome him.

He instinctively gripped her hips with his hands, clawing them.

He wanted to make her happy by allowing her to move on him, but he had waited too long. He immobilized the girl so that she did not incorporate all of her penis inside her for a moment and began to violently push her up and down on his pelvis.

What were initially moans became cries of pleasure, and the fact that the genius Kurisu Makise, always so composed and stoic, was losing control because of him, made him lose his mind too.

Perhaps she was not entirely wrong in calling him a perverted gentleman.

He was able to continue for a few minutes, intoxicated by the sight of his penis disappearing so perfectly inside her and by the sweet sound of her voice calling him.

"I want to kiss you again, Kurisu."

He slipped out of her body and threw her onto the sheets, panting again, and then got on top of her and penetrated her again.

He lowered himself to her body and resumed kissing her lips fiercely, pushing his hips as deep as possible to totally possess her.

Kurisu clung to the boy's t-shirt and immediately afterwards began to explore his chest and back with her hands, sometimes leaving scratches; they had forgotten to undress completely, she noticed, but it wasn't a problem and indeed, paradoxically she still felt too shy to show herself entirely naked.

They could not continue for long.

Rintarō, who had begun intercourse ready to come, had resisted long enough. He wanted to

ask her if it was okay with her, but he surrendered to his body and released all of his semen deep inside her.

"I'm sorry." He gasped, mortified.

A trickle of sweat started from his forehead until it reached his chin and fell on the belly of the girl.

He was also beautiful when disheveled, sweaty and with that expression of a puppy dog. So beautiful that Kurisu wondered what she had done to deserve such a boyfriend, she who had received so little love from her life.

Rintarō thought the same: she had scattered brown hair, hot cheeks, shortness of breath and purple eyes as shiny as oceans, but she was so genuinely beautiful ...

She replied by holding him tighter to her, not allowing him to leave her body.

"That's okay."

The dawn of October 14, 2010 reached Tokyo, bathing with light the large window of the hotel room, messier than ever.

The serene bodies of Rintarō and Kurisu laid tight as if they were one, tangled in the sheets. Kurisu Makise wouldn't have gone back to America for much longer.

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