

CHRISTINA EX

MAY 2022 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Looking through all of the mess that had been set aside in the Future Gadget Laboratory, Makise Kurisu could only question one thing: why did Okabe insist on keeping all of his discarded ‘inventions’. And she *did* use the term ‘inventions’ very loosely, seeing as most of them were just two devices spliced together. Like a remote control car with a toy gun mounted on top, or a minifridge that could somehow heat food up like a microwave?

Usually she ignored all of these things, but she couldn’t today. Mayuri had begged her to help clean the lab up while Okabe was away for the day. Apparently the clutter had been wearing on the younger woman as well, but whenever the ‘mad scientist’ in question was pushed about it, he’d just yell some nonsense and storm off. So, you know, *typical Okarin behavior*.

“It’s a wonder that he hasn’t been evicted with the number of dangerous looking devices he keeps around here.” The young scientist sighed as she picked up yet another strange invention. She couldn’t even really *describe* it, but there were a number of plugs dangling off of it. Unless Rintarou had been designing a *guaranteed fire hazard*, she couldn’t fathom what that might have been.

Her comment ultimately fell on nonexistent ears, though. While she *had* been working with Mayuri, the younger of the two had stepped out briefly to pick them up some lunch from a burger place down the street. While Kurisu was Japanese, she had also spent so much time in America that sometimes she had a craving for their junk food. So she may or may not have vaguely suggested it when the topic of lunch had been brought up.

But that left the young prodigy alone for a brief period of time. Left to try and figure out what some of the devices that had been created *were*, and whether or not they should be put in the pile to be discarded or in the pile of things to keep. In a worst case she assumed Mayuri would move anything that was in the wrong pile when she got back, so for now Kurisu just tossed the fire hazard into the pile for throwing out.



“Alright, what’s next?” At the pace they were going, she felt like some good progress had been made. She had originally assumed that this was something they would be forced to do all day with how much junk had been accumulated in the Secret Gadget Laboratory, but about half of the lab had already been covered throughout the morning alone. Given a few more hours, she didn’t doubt they could be done by dinner! **“A remote? What is this even for? Probably some old television, I’d imagine...”**

Was it even an invention, or just something that had ended up mixed in with the shelves? From what she could tell, maybe it was a remote for a CRT? Maybe an old remote for the television he already had? Or maybe it belonged to the shop below the lab, an unfortunate victim of Okabe’s occupation of the space upstairs. She could ask Mayuri about it later, but at a glance? Well, it was most likely going to end up in the pile of things that needed to be thrown out.

That said, she stopped herself from being too hasty. **“Does it work? I suppose that’s the defining factor here.”** If it *did*, then maybe it would be okay to keep. So she pointed it at the TV across the room and clicked the power button. The television didn’t turn on. **“Guess not. That or the batteries are dead.”** Which probably wouldn’t have been *that* surprising if it had been sitting on that shelf for over a year. And yet, while Kurisu was confident that the remote *hadn’t* turned on, the sound of something in the background *had* caught her attention.

The sound of air moving, and something spinning... **“The microwave!?”** Dropping the remote, the scientist jumped back up onto her feet from a sitting position and rushed over into the kitchen area where the PhoneWave was. Even after using it as the basis for the Time Leap Machine, the PhoneWave had been kept around – although no one dare turn it on considering how unstable it was. But the remote...

Had that idiot designed it to turn the microwave on sometime in the past?

Fortunately there was no way of sending D-mails through it, but she was quick to stop its spinning cycle, nonetheless. It was too risky to let it run. Much to her surprise though, the moment Kurisu touched the button designed to stop the microwave? A jolt of electricity jumped from the device and into her body before its whirring ceased. “**Ow!?**” Static electricity? Or was the machine becoming hazardous? Either way it had stopped, so she felt like she could rest a little easier. Even though something had just been put into motion that certainly *shouldn't* have been. For what had jumped to Kurisu in that shock was something unexpected. Data. Recollections. Possibility. A truth from another World Line that would quickly take root in the woman's body and soul.

The issue is that it wouldn't immediately becoming apparent to Kurisu. It was, after all, a blending of two World Lines, and so regardless of how dramatic of a change was inflicted, she would of course view herself as *herself*. Even if it *was* a World Line where she was an honest to goodness American. One that had obviously walked a *very* different path than Kurisu had when all was said and done.

“**Like, what the heck was that?**” The electric shock had certainly surprised her nonetheless, so much so that she had begun to speak English for no reason. Japanese *was* her native tongue, but it was almost like a switch had been flipped so that in her mind it was English that was regarded in that position. There was also the matter of the strange ‘*like*’ that she had begun that question with. It almost sounded *vapid* and *clueless*. But the scientist herself didn't quite catch it.

She shook her head and stepped away from the microwave. Yet, while in her mind she thought ‘*At least I managed to get it to stop before something happened*’, what she blurted out was a different comment altogether. “**Was I cooking something?**” Like she had forgotten that the PhoneWave *wasn't* just a regular microwave. Again, it didn't really register. Nothing did.

The young woman's mind actually felt a little clouded, like everything was lighter. And the stronger that feeling became, there were more notable changes in her *appearance*. For example, her eyes? They didn't exactly change much color-wise short of their purples becoming notably more vibrant, but if you were to examine their shapes you would most definitely find that they were taking on a dramatic amount of difference.

Their corners appeared to widen and her eyelids parted farther, completely redefining their shapes so that they lost the charm that made them Japanese by design, if not Asian. Rather, the purple gaze that she

was left with was more reminiscent of those of a Caucasian woman. Or an *American*, specifically. This impression was helped along by a number of other factors. As Kurisu pursed her lips, for example? They looked *and* felt fuller, better defined. And they stood out all the more thanks to a face that was both longer and thinner overall.

There was just something *about* her face now that truly resonated with certain sensibilities. In the sense that her face was now naturally *gorgeous*. It had everything you wanted from a young woman. There were aspects of it that were cute, but it was also a little *sexy* as well. Regardless of the appeal, her fair features were extremely ‘perfect’ and desirable, with her complexion smoother than ever.

Her lashes, now lengthened by mascara (*just as her cheeks had been decorated with blush, and her lips a red lipstick*) danced as she blinked. “*Uhm... I was totally... Uhhh...?*” The fog that had possessed her mind had grown thicker still, and while the laboratory still appeared familiar to her, there were parts of it that didn’t. It almost felt like she had walked in for the first time and had been subjected to *déjà vu*, but she was more than certain she had spent plenty of time in this place.

Nonetheless, changes on the physical front carried on. The reddish brown of her hair was fading next, a dirty blonde settling into the bulk of it in terms of color. And yet every strand that was panted in this shade also became smoother, softer, and the not-so-subtle scent of strawberries began to waft from a mane that had shortened all of the way up to her shoulders. This shampoo scent almost appeared appropriate, for the tips of this recolored hair were recolored further – inheriting a pastel pink that had *obviously* been dyed in.

The nails upon Kurisu’s fingers appeared to lengthen as a rosier pink color was painted atop them, but that also wasn’t quite the case. Each of these nails was actually an extension, masterfully applied so that they resembled real nails. Never in a million years would the scientist have gotten such things, seeing as how they would get in the way when conducting experiments, but...

Since when did I care about science? Sounds like a snorefest!

Such was a thought she’d had no sooner than her mind had attempted to rationalize the PhoneWave once more. It left her to freeze up. Was that actually true? Had she never cared about science? Had she been a scientist? *But that sounds all serious and lame, totally not like me at all!* She just liked to dress up cute and party, right? *When you have a body as nice as mine, after all...*

It wasn't immediately clear what she had meant by that, because Kurisu had never championed herself as having a nice body or anything like that. She was a fairly plain woman by Japanese standards, with a figure that was more or less neutral. Yet she had begun to think of herself as something of a bombshell for *some* reason. But while it wasn't *immediately* clear how she had come to that conclusion, it became pretty damn clear not long after.

To begin with, the woman's height suddenly sprung up several inches. It wasn't so dramatic that she was struck with a wave of inertia, nor did it knock her off balance. In fact, the only reason it was even evident was because it could be seen in her clothing. The white top that was normally tucked into her pants had been forced into an untucked position, and the ankles of her pants had been raised farther up her legs. This helped lay the foundation for what was to come, but Kurisu's current outfit wasn't prepared for what was to follow at *all*.

“*Oh~!*” An airy gasp escaped her lips as her hips swung wider, forcing the waistband of her pants to clamp into them. From her perspective, her clothes just weren't fitting correctly for some reason? *Actually, when did I put on something so uggo?* That was her only *real* concern about it, even as her pants grew tighter and tighter.

There was less and less room in her pants because fatty tissue was seeing to it that her lower half become *thicker*. Parted thighs became plumper, promptly filling in the gap that had been left in the wake of her widened hips, and they ultimately became so thick that a number of tears formed in her pants for flesh to poke out of. Likewise, her rear end was bloating quickly – with cheeks swelling into a pronounced peach shape that poked up and over her waistband. Of course, this meant her panties got wedged hardcore in between her cheeks.

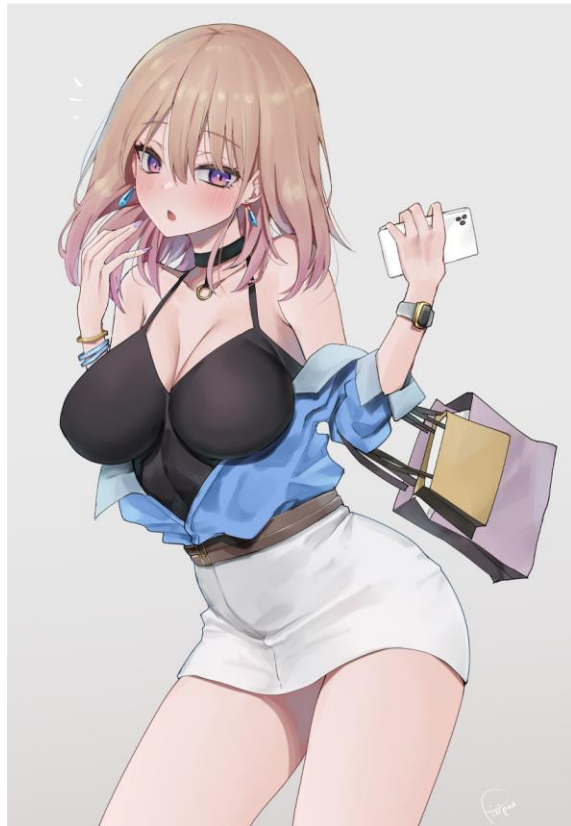
But no perfect figure could be completed with the lower half alone. It didn't take very long for Kurisu's dress shirt to push forward at the chest while the bottom was hoisted higher to show off more of a tummy that looked soft, but also a little toned with all that had happened. Her breasts were swelling, and that in turn forced her posture to slowly lean forward as the buttons of her top ultimately strained so much that the top few popped off.

It wasn't exactly *comfortable*, and the woman's groans could be heard before the sigh of relief that followed once the strap of her bra finally snapped, allowing new DDs to spill out and bounce rigorously. *Wait, isn't it totally bad that I'm exposed here? I barely know these people!?* And once again, her concerns seemed strange. But all of her history on this world line, all of those memories? They were *gone*.

Fortunately, she wasn't left exposed for long. Because with one final correction her disheveled outfit was completely repurposed into something that fit her. Something that suited her new understanding of fashion, as well. A white pencil skirt to show off her thighs, a black, low-cut tank top to show off her tits, a number of accessories to make her look cute, and a pair of heels to demonstrate her elegance. Well, it certainly wasn't something Kurisu would have ever been caught dead wearing.

But that wasn't exactly who she was anymore.

“Umm... Like, what was I doing?” Speaking in perfect English with a tone that could only be described as *vapid*, it was obvious based on the American woman's expression that there were no longer any lingering doubts within. Well, not when it came to her memories or identity, at least. She was **Christina Martin**, an American fashionista who had come to Japan to study the fashions of another country. She had become intrigued by their cosplay culture and the crazy outfits that it allowed them to wear.



And somewhere along the way she had met a man claiming to be a Mad Scientist. He was kind of cute, although he was also *totally* a weirdo. That man wasn't the reason she was in this dark and dingy apartment though. It had been the teen that had been with him. Mayuri or something? Apparently she was an expert cosplayer, and Christina had been awestruck by her knowledge.

Which wasn't all that difficult to accomplish, seeing as Christina wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed.

“Oh, I was totally waiting for that cute Mayuri chick, right? Totes!” She wasn't very good at speaking Japanese, but she knew enough for simple conversation. She'd asked the Japanese girl to get them some burgers, because she was *really* craving one for some reason. They were totally going to discuss cosplay tips and stuff! Or, at least,

whatever she could understand in that area! **“I also, like, need to figure out where my hotel is. Maybe she can help?”**

Seeing as she had just arrived in the city that day, she was admittedly still a little lost. But she wasn't worried, because she knew she was *hot*. Just by showing a little skin she could probably get anyone to help her out, language barrier or no. She *was* a model back in America, after all. But with that girl and that scientist guy, she probably wouldn't need to go that far. They seemed to be totally helpful!

“Um... Who are you...?”

That said, Mayuri seemed plenty confused when she ultimately returned.