

Stein's;Weight - Stein's Gate WG Story



“All things in order strive towards a state of disorder.”

“This is the universal chaos theory.”

“Regardless of this, however, all things are rapidly expanding along with our universe.”

“This is the universal expansion theory.”

Hououin Kyouma’s mind whirled with grand plans, never once thinking of what might happen if he were ever to succeed. There was something fundamental he was missing here, a cornerstone to the scientific realm which he had dedicated the short 18 years of his existence to solving.

“The universe has no beginning, but no end and is therefore infinite.”

He could feel it; the itch within a mind so very close to that final breakthrough. It was the sole purpose he had assembled his team of devout researchers. It was where he would take down the organization who sought to stop him. Within the four walls of his grand laboratory he would ascend the stage to even further greatness if only he could solve but a single unifying factor.

“How could this possibly be incorporated into the finite events which occur within a certain span of time?”

Time had a beginning and an end. Even at a base concept as a unit of measure invented by mankind, it held within it tremendous power. To capture that power for himself would surely give him the advantage he had been looking for and develop something without compare in the known scientific world. He would show those who looked down upon him, those who said that his future gadget inventions were without merit and he would do it in the only way he knew how.

He would invent a time machine.

“Hey Okabe-“

The maniacal cackle he had been building in his throat stopped short. It was precisely these sorts of interruptions which had been stalling his progress so far and derailing his train of thought. The would-be-mad-scientist sighed heavily, adjusted his lab coat and turned with a flourish so dramatic he might have been mistaken for a magician on a stage. This would have been far more impressive had he not also resembled the kind of magician you’d find at children’s birthday parties; unsuccessful, unshaven and looking quite disheveled overall.

“Christina, how many times must I remind you that it’s ‘Hououin Kyouma’! Okabe Rintaro is just my cover name! We can’t have the scientific community trembling before such genius without a suitable declaration.”

Unlike the founding member of ‘Future Gadget Labs,’ Makise ‘Christina’ Kurisu was the real deal. A prodigy beyond compare at the tender age of 18, she had already tendered countless landmark papers and had made notable contributions to the advancement of the scientific community. Her sheer brain power seemed to extend its way onto her teenage form as her slim, youthful body found itself more at home in an office shirt and tie with black shorts and tights as opposed to any of the short skirts and crop tops more accustomed to girls her age.

“Again, with the weird delusions. Your lab is a tiny little run-down apartment in the backstreets of Akihabara, situated above a shop run by a guy who gets no business for his CRT TV repairs and seems to hate you. it’s no wonder you’re such a slacker...It’s 2010 and time waits for no man, have you ever considered applying for a real job? Perhaps returning to do some study at the university? I have an opening for a junior research assistant at my lab over in-”

Her helpful suggestion was met only with an upturned palm stopping mere inches from her nose; Okabe’s palm. He tapped his forehead with his freehand as though it would make his point any more valid.

“And abandon my wonderful set-up with all of my loyal and willing lab members?! Sure, there’s just a handful of us, and we lack the appropriate funding, and Mr Braun downstairs charges us a killing for the rent of our office space, but this is where we truly belong! Why serve in heaven, when you can rule it!”

“I believe the correct phrase is ‘Tis better to rule in Hell than to serve in Heaven’ – a quote from Paradise Lost,” corrected Kurisu. *“If you’re going to try and rule the world with your inventions, you should at least try to make your mad scientist speeches more profound by getting the references accurate at least.”*

“Ah but you see, if my calculations are correct, then what has been said in the past will have very little meaning once I am able to take full control of it! That is to say...after I manage to try and solve how these two concepts are so interlinked...”

Kurisu wandered over to Okabe’s side with her hands in her jacket pockets, her long red hair flowing behind her like smouldering embers as they caught the last rays of the afternoon light. She adjusted her tie and peered down at the messy scrawl which Okabe had been attempting to make sense of and followed it all the way down to the final, heavily underlined words.

“You...want to make a time machine?”

“Not just any sort either!” Okabe huffed mightily. *“My theory stretches beyond simple manipulation of information. No, what I intend to do is travel back into the past so that my achievements are those found within the annals of history! Think of it more as a time ‘replacer’ rather than a teleporter which is what a more traditional time machine is capable of.”*

The female scientist looked less than impressed. She folded up her arms and began to pace methodically.

“This has bad news written all over it. First of all, such a concept is absolutely ludicrous. Secondly, you stand to disrupt the fabric of space time itself. If so much as one foot is set out of place, or an event should fail to happen or be superseded by another, there’s no telling what sort of damage you would do. Thirdly, did I mention it was absolutely ludicrous?”

“As long as the original content is more or less the same and the events still flow as ordered, and as long as I get the credit, nothing should be terribly disrupted,” Okabe countered. “It is our duty as Future Gadget Laboratory Members to fight the evil organization and prevent them from consolidating their powers!”

“Right...I forgot that ‘The Organization’ was in on this as usual...and here you are the lone mad scientist trying to stop them and get the world to bend to your will while you’re at it.”

No matter how many times she heard it, she could never quite understand what was going through Okabe’s mind. While certainly far from any sort of genius, he had at least the heart of a scientist even if he did lack the mind of one. He intrigued her and that was the only reason why she had decided to stay on with his team, that and his admittedly ALMOST plausible theories.

“Anyway, when you’re feeling like discussing some REAL science, I’ll tell you exactly why this is an absurd idea,” Kirusu shrugged as she made her way over to the small bar fridge they kept at the back of the room. “It’s boiling hot outside today and I could use a drink before starting another lecture.”

For as much junk as the laboratory tended to accumulate, this was one piece of equipment which they had managed to salvage and repair to the point of improving it beyond its original specifications. It could chill any drinks placed within it at room temperature down to a cool and frosty treat in less than 3 minutes and had a working ice-maker installed into the back via a USB cable. More importantly, it also housed both Okabe’s and her own favorite beverage in the entire world, the intellectual experience which was ‘Dr Pepper.’

At least it would have, if it weren’t already empty.

*“There’s nothing but those gross gel bananas in here again!” Kirusu exclaimed.
“Alright, Mr ‘Hoouuinnn Kyouuumaa,’ where the hell is it!?”*

“Where’s what?”

“You know damn well what. I was saving that Dr Pepper for a day like today!”

Okabe scratched his chin as his eyes drifted across the room and away from her gaze. Losing himself in thought was doing nothing to deter her fixed, laser-like stare.

“Oh right, that...well, I was out of them on my part of the fridge and you still had one left on your side and I had this really brilliant idea but I couldn’t get it quite right, so I thought if I drank some I could ease my troubled mind and come up with the solution to the time machine problem as I contemplated the inevitable heat death of the universe! It’s all quite simple actually—”

“I believe an apology is in order,” Kirusu interrupted, the fridge door shutting with a slam.

“You can thank me later for saving you from those empty calories. I know that Dr Pepper is the drink of intellectuals but you cannot deny that I am an integral part of keeping your lovely, slender figure the way it is!”

He felt himself being forcefully yanked down by a good six inches to Kirusu’s height. Her crimson eyes narrowed as she spoke slowly and carefully in her completely normal tone. The lack of change of delivery only made her more frightening.

“It’s hot outside. I’m tired and I’m thirsty. If you want me to help you on this, you’re going to have to make it up to me.”

“B-but It’s like a million degrees outside...” Okabe began.

“Better use some sunscreen.”

“And I left my wallet at home so I don’t have any money...”

“Check Daru’s pants. That fat pervert is always leaving some loose change in there.”

“B-but he dumped all the clothing underneath his underwear and he hasn’t washed them in weeks!”

He could feel the anger radiating off her as she pulled him even closer. For a woman so small and slim, she had quite a grip. The twisting of his collar around his throat only strengthened her argument.

“I would suggest you should wear some gloves and hold your breath.”



“Damn that girl...who the hell does she think she is...kicking me out of my own lab...”

Sweat poured down Okabe’s brow in a cascade as he plodded through the summertime streets of Akihabara with several plastic bags full of soda in one hand. The closest vending machine to the laboratory was beyond the train-station several blocks away and the heat only made it seem so much worse. He fumbled for his phone.

“Yeah...it’s me...I believe that I now truly understand what was meant by the ‘heat death of the universe’ theory...I might be about to experience it first-hand. Though the organization has tried its best to stop me...I continue to persevere. Christina might just be a spy after all...If I don’t make it...do what you must to protect the future as a part of the will of Stein’s;Gate...El Psy Congaroo...”

Talking into a cell phone which had been switched off was something Okabe found incredibly therapeutic. It allowed him to voice his discontent in a way he felt ‘normalized’ his rants but also fed into them at the same time. It was how the world made the most sense to him and gave meaning to his otherwise ordinary existence. Of course, he would never admit that to anyone, not even under penalty of torture.

The lab itself only seemed that much warmer as he dragged himself up the wooden stairway back inside. Heat gripped him through his lab coat, the fabric of his clothing sticking to nearly every inch of his. His drew deep, ragged breaths of warm air which seemed to burn his very lungs, something far different than the comfortable confines of the sanctum he had retreated into only an hour before.

“She even turned off the air-conditioning...and hid the remote...well played Christina...”

Knowing that no human could have easily sustained such stuffy conditions, Okabe could already deduce that Kurisu must have gone out. The lab was empty, with the only motion coming from the gel bananas which had been extracted from the mini-fridge that were slowly congealing into a single green puddle on the coffee table. She must have anticipated how much soda he was bringing and made room.

“Well, better get this over with...I could use a drink myself...”

Had the heat not already have baked his brain, a more observant Okabe Rintaro might have noticed that the minifridge had moved from its usual location at the corner of the room and was now sitting atop the laboratory work bench where Kurisu did most of her tinkering. All her tools were spread out around it and it was plugged into the computer array. Her mobile phone was even plugged into its USB drive where the icemaker should have been.

“Going to need more ice for this...I wish Daru would refill the machine after he finishes them all...Mayuri seems to be the only one who does...”

He picked one of the soda bottles out of the bag and placed it freezer compartment which Kurisu had claimed for herself. He just wanted to put this whole nasty business behind him. Maybe if she saw how tired and haggard he was, he could appeal to what little humanity still remained within her past her cold, scientific exterior. An 18 year old girl was still an 18 year old girl after all.

“Now set it to flash freeze and—”

There was a ripple.

The room suddenly felt instantly colder. Even after he had closed the door, it still felt like he had was facing down an industrial sized air conditioner at full strength. If the temperature threatened to drop any further he would have found himself staring down a blizzard. All his actions seemed to slow down, his movements became sluggish despite being completely aware of everything he intended to do. It was like the lag common to most internet pages as his body seemed to be unable to keep up with the rapid processing of his mind.

And then it was gone.

There was the sound of heavy footfall leading up the stairs. Okabe checked himself for signs of frostbite, expecting his sweaty clothes to have formed icicles and sent him into a state of hypothermia. Instead he found himself completely dry and comfortable and the air conditioner was still running. Something had changed.

“Hey, I’m back.”

Kurisu had barely a moment to wrench a finger to pry off her shoes before she found herself being charged at by a distraught and confused looking Okabe.

“Christina! I think something has happened to the air conditioner! It was boiling hot a second ago and now it’s ice cold!”

“Well yeah...the summer heatwave was coming so Daru and I decided to try and enhance the air conditioner a little to make it easier to work. We used the same technology for the icemaker in the mini fridge.”

“The Flash Freeze (name subject to change)? Future Gadget Number 014! I never authorized such a use of lab technology! That’s only supposed to be used under the strictest of scientific parameters!”

“I could always just take it out and let you bake again.”

“T-t-thank you for your foresight...,” Okabe quickly back peddled.

“No problem.”

Her attention was drawn to the plastic bag still clutched around Okabe's fingers.

"Ah! I was just stepping out to restock the fridge! You should have told me you were going out ahead of me so I wouldn't have had to walk all that way!"

She hoisted a similar looking bag, also packed to the brim with sodas, from behind her back.

"What are you talking about? You told me to go out and get them if I wanted your help on my time travel project."

"Oh, you mean your scribblings on the whiteboard? Yeah, that's totally absurd. However, it did give me some new ideas about how to apply your flash freeze technology-"

"Future Gadget Number 014!" interrupted Okabe.

"Right...applying 'Future Gadget 014'...to other objects. Normally conventional cooling elements use a specialized cooling loop in order to-"

Kurusu's explanation was cut short by a gasp. Normally she was used to them coming after she had finished.

"Huh?! It's gone!"

"What's gone?"

Okabe turned to her sharply and pointed at one of the bottles of Dr Pepper still warm in his bag.

"The Dr Pepper I put in the fridge!"

"Oh right, about that...I accidentally drank the last one in there thinking it was mine. I do apologize for that, which is why I went out to buy some new ones."

"T-this isn't possible...I just put one in there..."

"Maybe you thought you put one in there. You could be suffering from heat stroke or something."

"But one is missing from the bag..."

"Maybe you drank it on the way home. I wouldn't blame you, I had a couple myself getting back here."

"I was so sure that I did...it was hot and I was so sweaty and..."

"Oh, come on, you big baby. Just put in one of mine and flash freeze it and it'll be as good as new. I'll have paid off my soda debt and you'll get the tasty frosted beverage you wanted. We both win."

She strode past him and put a couple of cans in the fridge. Then she turned the knob.

There wasn't any cold blast of air this time. Okabe relaxed his arms which he had instinctively raised to shield himself. As the light of the room filled his eyes once more, all that stood before him was the same usual room, the same usual mini fridge and the same usual Kurisu.

And yet, something was different.

"There we go, fresh and extra cold for such a warm day. I'll go get us some glasses."

Okabe rubbed his eyes a moment. Yes, this Kurisu was carrying on the same conversation as they were having just a moment before, and she was wearing the same outfit, but there was something odd about the way she moved. It only became more apparent to him when she ascended the little step ladder they kept in their kitchenette as she reached for the top cupboard.

"You've gotten kind of fat, haven't you?"

The bluntness of the comment struck her like a club and nearly caused her to fall backwards.

"W-what?! How rude! And here I was trying to do something nice for you!"

Okabe was sure of it. There was a certain, undeniable roundness to her which had not been there before. Her curves were more pronounced which gave her body a far more womanly shape. The changes were made even more obvious as she stood on one leg, attempting to balance herself atop the shaky stool.

Plump calves emerged where her legs were previously without definition. Her thighs were rounder and stretched her black leggings. The barest hint of a belly roll hung over her belt which bit deeply into her side. What had to be the most obvious change however was how her dress shirt had loosened itself by one button to reveal a good inch of cleavage where she had previously always buttoned herself up. Having felt the heat of his gaze scanning her, she instinctively covered herself up, still holding two drinking glasses in either hand.

"Seriously, that's not something you say to a girl! In fact, as a guy, you should completely ignore it!"

Okabe drew closer despite her objections, pinching the new softness at her upper arms and along her belly.

"But you weren't always like this! I remember when we first met, you were always as skinny as a rake!"

"P-people change as they get a bit older! I might have graduated university, but I still haven't experienced that 'freshman fifteen' that all developing girls are prone to. I am already at the age for hormonal changes like that to occur you know."

"But this is impossible! When I last saw you this morning, you were this tiny thing and then BAM! It's like you instantaneously put on like twenty pounds!"

"H-how dare you! It was fifteen at the most and I've been like this ever since I started working with you and your 'Future Gadget Laboratory'. I thought I was hiding it well with my baggy coat and larger sized clothing but there's just no fooling your perverted eyes. You might be the 'mad-scientist/director' but if you keep this up, I'll have to file an office based sexual harassment suit."

The mad scientist slumped to his knees. This was all too much. First his drink goes missing, now this. It was turning out to be a very strange day.

“We had this discussion before already, don’t you remember?” Kurisu began again. “You said that I could work here with you as long as I liked and because you’re so flat broke you’d pay me in Dr Pepper. I guess I might have put on a bit more weight since starting with you guys, but if there’s anyone to blame, it’s you.”

Ice clinked into glasses as Kurisu poured them both their drinks. Okabe dragged himself over to the lab’s single couch as they sipped together in silence.

“Was my assistant always this curvy? I might not be the most observant person at times, but surely, I would have noticed if she put on that much weight so quickly. Perhaps this is SERN’s grand world domination scheme to take the best and brightest of humanity under their wing and keep them complacent through food and forced obesity!”

“You’re thinking something weird again, aren’t you?” Kurisu suddenly interrupted. She heard the ice in his glass clink as he recoiled.

“N-not at all! I was just thinking how I never noticed. I’ve been drinking this stuff for years and I’ve never gained a pound. Mayuri always gives me hers and then again, when I tried introducing it to Daru, well...let’s just say he was a slimmer man when we first met as well...”

“If you’re going to act so childish every time you notice some womanly curves, you’re going to end up bitter and alone you know. Or maybe, that skinny shrine maiden that hangs out at the temple around the corner is more your body type?”

“Ruka is a guy!” Okabe exclaimed.

“REALLY?! You’re kidding me! But he’s so pretty and wears hair accessories!”

“I’m certain Mayuri is to blame for those. Besides, he’s been asking me to train him to build a manlier physique lately. Maybe you two could practice sword swinging together to try and shed a few pounds?”

Kurisu stood and gave him a withered look. When she bent over him like that, Okabe could notice that her face was rounder too.

“In this heat? You really must have suffered some brain damage from being out there too long. Speaking of which, I’m going to get another refill. Do you want some more?”

“No, I’m good thanks...”

“Alright, more for me I suppose.”

He had to admit the look did suit her. It was like watching a butterfly emerge from its chrysalis, as Kurisu’s teenage form exploded onto the cusp of womanhood. Mayuri still had a way to go so it would be nice to have someone with a more developed figure around the lab to keep up morale. It was depressing to acknowledge Daru as having the largest cup-size amongst its members.

“One for now and two for later,” Kurisu spoke out loud as she loaded the fridge up again. *“Just in case you change your mind?”*

She activated the flash freeze.



"I never thought I would see this day."

Now Okabe was sure that he wasn't dreaming. He had watched his assistant put in three cans and pull out two large bottles. She wasted no time undoing the cap on the first one and immediately began chugging it down. Where the smaller Kurisu of his memories would gently sip at her drink out of fear of triggering a brain-freeze, this much larger Kurisu seemed far more confident in her ability to chug such vast quantities like an old pro.

Curvy did not even begin to describe her body which had reached well into the definitive realm of chubby. Her chest heaved as she gulped mouthful after mouthful of liquid sugar, causing an undeniable jiggle to her already remarkable bust. Her shirt tails were starting to creep out from her leggings to make room for the second roll which now appeared over the softness of her belly's swollen pudge. There was no hiding the roundness of her rear either as it swelled out to accommodate her new figure and caused her leggings to stretch along with them.

The couch sank noticeably lower as she lowered herself down next to him.

"About how many pounds did you say you put on?" Okabe asked as innocently as he could. "It's a part of lab protocol to know the measurements of its members."

"I didn't read or sign the 'pervert' clause," the chubbier Kurisu responded flatly as she prepared to open up the second bottle she had stuffed under her arm. *"The number you need to know is 'not zero' and that should be enough."*

Okabe sighed heavily before immediately leaping to his feet and raised his hands up high. The speed at which he moved caught her completely off guard.

"I think I finally understand what's going on!"

"W-what is it?!"

The way the light caught his lab coat almost seem to make it flutter through the long shadows of early evening. The streetlights outside were starting to come to life, further painting the menacing gleam in his eye and the twinkle of his smile. He slammed a palm against the wall behind her, causing her to recoil in unprovoked terror.

"Fu-fu-fu! Oh my, I've managed to put things together before the genius girl did! I guess that makes me the true mad scientist among all of you!"

"What are you even going on about?! What is this?!" she cried, confused and just a little bit frightened.

“Why it’s so simple, my dear Christina! Your outrageously curvy body has shown me something which even you have clearly overlooked! It is the key to this whole mystery!”

Instinctively, she began to run her hands across herself, checking for any rips or tears which might have made themselves more obvious. All she found were her usual inches and rolls, safely bulging out of her shirt and dress pants as they always did. A yelp escaped her lips as she reached over her shoulder to inspect herself from behind. Okabe had seized her by her wrist.

“Unhand me this instant! What do you think you’re doing?!”

She gasped as he grabbed her upper arm and gave it an experimental squeeze. It jiggled within the confines of her shirt.

“As I thought! You have indeed gotten significantly fatter!”

“S-so what if I have!” Kurisu whispered, her face almost as crimson as her hair as she radiated embarrassment. She turned her head and continued under her breath. *“It’s not like I’m that much heavier than when I joined!”*

Okabe snapped his fingers decisively, causing her to look back in his direction.

“And that line of thinking is precisely what I’m talking about!”

He wheeled over the whiteboard where he had been pondering his calculations that afternoon. Kurisu uncapped her next bottle of soda as she attempted to recompose herself.

“Don’t you see! It’s got to do with the mini fridge! Hooking your phone into the USB slot must have done something to the flow of space time. We had tried something like this with a microwave before but all I did was make gel bananas. The trick is not in heating something up, but rather cooling something down so much that all particles stop moving.”

“You’re talking about ‘absolute zero’ right? But Okabe-“

“HOOUIN KYOUMA!”

“Fine, Houuin Kyouma, such a temperature is only theoretical. How on earth could a run of the mill mini-fridge cause...unless...”

Now it was Kurisu’s turn for her eyes to widen in realization. She began to pace, growing more restless as she ran calculations through her head while still suckling down the remains of her soda.

“But then...however...only if...of course...”

She slammed the empty bottle down on the table.

“Precisely,” Okabe finished with a sage nod.

“But changing space time is theoretically impossible. So, if you remember me being much thinner than I am now, how is it that I don’t remember me being ever in such a state?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, studying a lot when I was younger meant I didn’t have time to do much else. I started gaining weight from a young age and I guess my baby fat never really left as you can see.”

She gestured a hand across her round, plump body, her initial reservations lost in the excitement of a new discovery. A lifetime of eating and sodas had an exponential effect on her figure, helping to ease along the natural weight gain of adolescence and then some. She was starting to resemble Daru a little more, as her belly showed signs of catching up to her breasts which valiantly strained at her top. Her necktie hung even lower as another button had undone itself from around her collar and allowed her double chin to come in full force. He squatted down by her side and gave her belly a close examination.

“Without sounding like a complete pervert, I’m going to have to ask you to tell me your measurements.”

“Okabe!” Kurisu yelled as she thrust him backwards. Her other empty soda bottle rolled off the table as his back collided with it noisily.

“Please! It’s for the sake of the experiment!” Okabe pleaded, one arm still slung over the side of the coffee table. *“Project Verdandi cannot proceed without accurate data collection!”*

“Why Norse mythology?!” Kurisu said, horrified. *“Why did you even name my weight gain?!”*

“Oh, come on! You can’t say you’re not even the slightest bit curious as to how this all happened?”

“Of course, I know how it happened! I happen to like soda a little more than you do and during my years in America, it was all over the place so it really couldn’t be helped!”

“Think hard then,” Okabe chided as he picked himself up and brushed himself down. *“What is the single unifying factor which may have possibly changed!”*

“I don’t know that! If your theory is correct, then it would appear that I’ve established some kind of closed loop on myself. I won’t know if I’m any different but you as an outside observer will!”

“Then you’ve got to give me something! Anything tangible which we can agree on!”

“Two-hundred…”

“What was that?”

“I said TWO-HUNDRED! Two-hundred and four, tops!”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“That’s my weight, you airhead! And if you tell anyone that, I’ll erase you faster than that organization you dread so much!”

“Kilos?”

“POUNDS! I’ve spent so long in the States that I forgot you Japanese guys work in kilos over here…so that’s roughly ninety-two kilograms…”

“My calculator says its closer to ninety-three.”

“Fine, fine, ninety-three kilos it is...Just don’t tell anyone, okay...”

Okabe scribbled a very large “9” and “3” on the whiteboard with a crudely drawn stick figure of his assistant next to it. In place of the belly he drew a large circle, almost the same size as her head.

“Hey! What the hell is that! I don’t look like that!”

“Please, assistant. We are going to need a visual aid for this to work. Since neither of us have a cell phone with a working camera, this will have to do.”

Kurisu eyed the poorly drawn caricature of herself, complete with the blur of long red hair cascading down what appeared to be its shoulders. Her hands subconsciously moved towards her doughy belly, feeling it and comparing it to the size of her own head in her mind’s eye.

“You can’t be serious about this...That’s your control diagram? Any scientific journal would bring your methods into harsh scrutiny if you submitted something like this.”

“Early science stemmed from crude drawings once upon a time. We’ll just have to make do.”

Okabe trundled over to the bags which Kurisu had set down by the fridge. As he had expected, they had all changed from cans into bottles. Each one carried nearly twice as much sugar content and was sure to feed into his theory. He opened the mini fridge up again and placed them inside.

“Now then, you might not remember, but the first time I asked you, you said that you had put on maybe fifteen to twenty pounds. Now you’re over two hundred, that would mean you’ve put on at least another fifty. I believe that your gain is somewhat exponential every time the fridge is activated. We must recreate these parameters to see if the outcome is the same.”

His hand hovered over the flash-freeze button.

“Wait, you want me to get even fatter?!” Kurisu exclaimed, only now reaching an understanding of what would theoretically happen to her.

“It’s for the sake of science. We need to know how this is occurring. It could be the breakthrough of a lifetime!”

“How to make girls fat against their will? Is this like your secret fetish or something?”

“No, I’m talking about string theory! The concept of exchanging particles in one time-line for particles in another! Displacement of an object changing the outcome of events! Seriously, I expected such perverted thinking from Daru, but not from the likes of you. I guess you can surprise me every time.”

“I’m not....”

Kurisu’s words were momentarily lost in the moment spanning a length of a dream and the depth of an inspiration. The blinding flash which followed was unceremoniously heralded by the remnants of her objection as Okabe frantically flung the fridge open to observe the outcome of his experiment.

“...a pervert!”



The mini-fridge had advanced again, nearly doubling in size and weight and was now practically full sized. It had an ice machine built into the front and several multi-compartment freezer sections. Okabe peered into them, expecting their contents to be empty once again.

“True,” he began solemnly as he sunk his hands into the icy box. *“But you still might be a glutton.”*

As he had anticipated, Kurisu had indeed grown again, this time by at least another hundred pounds. The red head’s form had practically exploded mid-argument, making her round face grow even rounder as her double chin flourished into being. Her crimson hair became more unkempt and donned a slightly greasy sheen to it in reflection of her new diet of sugar and saturated fats. A bag of Cheetos and a box of raspberry filled doughnuts appeared under either arm which grew and plumped out into a pair of inflated wings. Every part of her had been buried under newly acquired fat.

*“What makes you... *munch*... say that?”*

The changes continued downwards as Kurisu continued to absentmindedly stuff her face. Her neck thickened and filled with fat as the food passed down her throat and fill into her breasts. Her healthy C cups began to bloat and expand outwards and downwards under the force of gravity itself. Her bra disappeared as they grew past the D stage, instead held only in place by the strain of her shirt where the outline of her nipples could clearly be seen. Kurisu arched her back almost instinctively as they filled into a couple of F cups which had been the bane of her existence ever since she was a teen.

*“Honestly... *munch* ...I feel the same.”*

Okabe watched as every time her arms moved they would violently jiggle, almost as much as the belly which surged out and over her belt to help give her enormous breasts a bit of support. Her shirt quickly undid itself as more changes swept through her lower half at a rate which he could visually appreciate.

*“This is how I’ve always been... *munch* ...”*

That plumping belly soon snowballed into an avalanche of flab which was quickly looking to spill out and onto her thighs. Her belly button, once a cute and shallow indentation rapidly transformed into a deep cavern, flanked either side by a deep set of rolls more befitting a woman of size and science. It was a double belly if there ever was one.

*“By the way... *munch* ...”*

Okabe looked back at the crude diagram he had drawn up and had found that a single circle for her belly alone no longer cut it. Even the simplest caricature could not fully capture her appearance as Kurisu collapsed back down on a nearby couch, simply tired out from the act of standing. The drawing had morphed alongside of her body to capture the thickness of her folds as her hips and thighs were replaced by a bulging mass of blubber which befitted a girl who spent more time on her ass.

*“Are you... *munch* ...going to eat that?”*

Her shorts stretched to fit but could only barely contain her twitching thighs which flooded with fat and forced her knees further and further apart. Everything about her jiggled from even the slightest movement as her calves and ankles completely disappeared. All that was left was a pair of rolls overflowing the sides of her favorite boots.

The changes were incredible and his theory had been confirmed. Kurisu looked none the wiser as Okabe’s face twisted into euphoric grin. He had theorised about sending messages into the past but he had somehow managed to go even beyond that and do so with food. He had done the impossible and created a time machine.

It was a joyous occasion.

At least, it would have been if it were not for the new scientific conundrum which they now faced.

Okabe’s eyes adjusted into the fridge’s dark depths as the smoky remains of dry ice dissipated to reveal their transposed treasure. He reached inside and withdrew a small red and white box.

“All of the sodas we bought are gone...and there’s nothing in here but chicken tenders...”



It was rude not to introduce yourself to someone you just met.

“Tuturu~! I’m Shiina Mayuri! What’s your name?”

There was only one statue of Colonel Sanders in all of Akihabara and it had stood watch outside of the fried chicken shop for decades. It was built in the 1980s and had the same make and model as all the other guardian deities of fattening fast food strewn throughout Japan. The stony visage of a friendly grandpa only persisted in beaming silently at her question as the young girl tilted her head and slipped around to inspect him at different angles.

“My friends call me Mayushii too! You can call me that if you like! Thank you for always giving me and my friends such yummy chicken tenders!”

In her heart of hearts, Mayuri knew that each statue depicted the same person. However, she could not help but conclude that with so many statues at so many different locations they must have seen and experienced so many different things in their long years. This mean that, unless they existed as some sort of hivemind, they could not all be the same ‘Colonel Sanders’ but rather different, time shifted versions of him all existing in different places at the same time.

That being the case, it was only logical that the statue might not have remembered her and would prefer to have been called something else.

“Ohaaaa~! Don’t you remember me?”

Finally, she had made contact! After so many years of trying, Mayuri was sure they would respond one day! Even if no one believes you, even if everyone says you’re just wasting your time, if you keep trying you’ll get there; it really was just as Okabe had always said!

Those childlike hopes were dashed as a familiar face, sporting its auburn locks popped out from behind the weathered features of KFC’s mascot. The part-timer who worked underneath Okabe’s lab building stepped out of the shadows of the statue and emerged into the afternoon sunlight.

“I’m Suzuha, Suzuha Amane, remember! It’s not very nice to forget one of your dear lab members.”

Rather than feel or act disappointed, Mayuri’s eyes lit up almost immediately. It was only up until recently that she had been the only female lab member in Okabe’s group but after Makise showed up at their front door, Suzuha had been soon to follow. Lonely memories of simply sitting on the couch and making costumes for her part-time job while Okabe and Daru argued about whatever new theory popped into their minds was finally a thing of the past. In the last week alone, the number of girls in the lab now totally outnumbered the guys and was most certainly a welcome change.

“Suzuha-chan! Tuturu~! Of course, Mayushii remembers! Mayushii always remembers her friends!”

The two girls were among the youngest lab members and that suited them just fine. Mayuri’s petite frame, short black hair and blue sundress complimented her childish nature. Suzuha’s more athletic and slender build, braided brown hair, cyclist jacket and bloomers gave her the appearance of someone more suited to marathon training than hanging out in front of a fast food store. The bag of chicken at Suzuha’s side further betrayed this appearance.

“Ahah~!” Mayuri gleefully exclaimed. *“You like chicken tenders too?”*

“Of course! The ones at the convenience store are good too but there’s just no going past those 11 herbs and spices.”

Mayuri pulled Suzuha’s hand towards hers and clasped her fingers around the palm which was still looped through the handle of the plastic bag as she began to joyfully jump on the spot. It was silly to watch a young lady of her age act in such a way but there was something so infectious about how carefree she was that Suzuha could not help but instinctively oblige her.

“Yay! That means we’re now officially tendie buddies! Mayushii will now share her ‘good girl points’ with Suzuha any time she wants! Okarin gives them to me whenever I do something good and I tend to spend them on food and Upa themed things! It’s a good system.”

Where such an odd statement would have probably seemed strange to anyone else, Suzuha seemed to be genuinely impressed. Her casual statement about KFC seemed to only run further in contrast with how much her mouth-watered as the prospect of fried chicken on a whim hung at the forefront of her mind.

“Y-you mean you get to eat this amazing stuff whenever you want just by asking Okabe? T-that’s amazing!”

“They don’t have KFC where you’re from, Suzuha-chan?”

“Ah,” Suzuha paused as she wiped the droplet of drool which threatened to creep over the edge of her mouth. *“Well, we did once before, but they’re really a thing of the past. I’m really glad that I came to hang out with you guys and get to taste all this amazing stuff once again.”*

“Mhmm! Mayushii was just about to head back to the lab with lunch for everyone. Were you going back to work too?”

“Yeah, the old man is probably waiting for me to get back to work too. He says I take too many lunch breaks.”

“Then that’s perfect timing! You should eat with Mayushii and Okarin and everyone! We’ll make it a chicken tenders party! There’s lots to go around!”

By the time the two of them had finally set off, the sun had already started to set. This did little to stifle the balmy summer evenings as they walked back through the back streets of Akihabara, unaware of the unseasonably cold weather which awaited them just around the corner...

[TO BE CONTINUED]