

GYARU OF STEINER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I can respect the pursuit of science, but isn’t this all just *junk?*”

Kurisu Makise was all alone in the Future Gadget Laboratory, at least for a brief half hour period, because of a cleaning session of her own instigation. After her most recent outburst, after tripping over some randomly named ‘*future gadget*’ and bruising her knee, well... She’d lashed out at Okabe and Daru perhaps a little too strongly. Not Mayuri though. Kurisu could never lash out at Mayuri.

The lab had been cluttered the day she had first found the lab, it had been cluttered the moment she had officially become Lab Member 004, and even after creating the time leap machine? That clutter had only grown more overwhelming. Garbage littered across the floor, half-made inventions crowding the tables. *Good grief!* How was anyone ever supposed to live like this? It reminded her of the room of her senpai back in America!

Although that was a horror show all its own, really.

Thankfully, they had managed to pull everything up and off of the floor, and Okabe and Daru alike had gone off with the garbage bags to the local incinerator (*begrudgingly*). This left Kurisu with the matter of the half-finished science projects, and a lot of them? Based on their labels, they sounded *incredibly* useless. “***Instantaneous Toast Butter-er?***” Holding up a knife slotted in what looked to be a phone charger, she could only imagine the charger was meant to heat the knife to melt any better it came in contact with. What was the point though? *Into the garbage!*

“Anti-Organization Persuasion Device? Isn’t this just a…” A hammer. It was a hammer. One painted in black and gold, but a hammer nonetheless. Was Okabe allowing his delusions to run so rampant that he might smack someone he was suspicious of with a weapon like this? It seemed she had another one for the garbage bag!

Looking at the next item, Kurisu merely sighed. Another item designed like a ray gun. Wasn’t the television remote enough? No, knowing those two, it was lucky she hadn’t found any more gun-shaped inventions than she had in the end. They really appreciated aesthetic over functionality. But this one? Its name was even weirder than she had expected. **“Gyaru Reversal Ray? I know he doesn’t like them, but…”** What was he expecting this to do, exactly?

Okabe had developed a strange obsession recently, or perhaps it was one more systemically buried in his ego, but... *he didn’t like gyaru girls very much*. From what she’d heard from Daru, the fact that they dressed the way they did, and were both raunchy and forward? It was an awful match for the cherry boy Okabe, who would quickly run away from anyone that made him even the slightest bit uncomfortable.

Adding to his apparent woes, a group of them had been frequenting the convenience store Okabe typically went to, it seemed. They were always hanging around both inside and outside, and the next closest store was always short on snack options, so he didn’t really have a choice but to continue to go there despite his presumed anxiety. Was he making this to calm his nerves? Because it wasn’t like a toy like this could really *do* anything.

Kurisu picked it up and held it in her hand like one might hold a regular gun. It had a hot pink trigger, and the gun itself was pretty much made of multicolored plastic. Was it empty? It felt too light for her to assume any technology had even been installed inside. **“Hm.”** She was so confident that it would do anything that she held out her other hand and pointed the gun at it. At the very least, this would give her the justification for throwing it out if he complained. *And he would.*

CLICK!

Without any further hesitation, she pulled the trigger. And... *nothing happened*. Of course it didn’t. The young scientist raised her brow and removed her finger from the trigger, before pointing the barrel up at her eyes. **“So there really isn’t anything inside after ALL!? UWAAH!?”** Evidently, she had spoken too soon. A beam of bright pink light suddenly burst forth from the ray gun’s front, hitting her right in

the face. From there it rippled across her entire body, giving her an aura of matching color that lingered around her body and clothes for a few moments before the light faded away entirely.

“Uh... That was weird. How did Okabe design this thing to produce light that lingered like that?” She really didn't have the foggiest idea. It certainly wasn't what the girl had expected to happen, but looking at herself? She supposed a funky light show was really all it had managed to do in the end. Ready to dismiss it as little more than that in the end, her body suddenly shuddered. And she felt... she felt...

DIRTY.

She wasn't sure if that was the right word, but it was kind of like... the same way she felt after she masturbated? A mix of shame, depravity, and satisfaction that couldn't be explained properly in any other way. But it wasn't as if she'd just done that, and with things the way they had been as of late, Kurisu hadn't exactly been overcome with opportunities to pleasure herself either.

As the scientist had yet to note, however? It wasn't a feeling isolated to her mind alone. Already were warning signs seeping into both her body and clothing, with the most prominent being a leopard print design sweeping across her pair of panties, which had once been as white as freshly fallen snow. Physically? That erasure of white had seemingly become a trend, for splotches of abhorrently faux amber had begun to decorate her flesh, seeing it darken as they grew and bled together.

“What the!?” All it had taken was a glance down at the hand holding the gun for her to see this color. There was no way that shade was natural, it wasn't a tan born from a heightened level of melatonin. To begin with? Its color was far too copper-y, and at points it wasn't even consistent. **“A spray tan?”** That was a possibility. Well, that or a tanning booth. The issue? She had gone to no such facility. At best? She had merely been struck by that beam. **“From a ray gun labeled... No way!”**

Yes, she had seen this color before. This was the kind of shoddy tan job those *gyaru* girls had, right? This wasn't a common fashion type back in America, but she had seen a few of them since coming back to Japan. **“Does this gun work then? I can't imagine that's likely, but...”** But it was difficult to deny that her skin had darkened, or that, well... Her fingernails were growing. Not naturally, however. They were quite *obviously* extensions that pointed forth from her fingertips, jutting out several inches and painted a soft pink that clashed with how dark her fingers had become.

Should she try and reverse what was happening? Even as she pondered that question, her auburn hair was lightening – once again, not through natural means in the least. It lightened to a bright pink at first, and while the tips remained that color? The main body dipped all of the way towards a bleach blonde, more or less indicative of the product that had likely been used to turn the hair that color.

Her hair's length didn't end up affected, not largely enough to note at any rate, but the quality? It was soft, as if it were far more meticulously maintained than anything Kurisu would have done to it normally. A new style was even bestowed upon it to celebrate its changed color, with two pigtails curling off to the sides of her head into drills, held up by newly apparated purple and pink beads.

“If it’s just a matter of changing my appearance, I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to see things through. I don’t think there’s a reverse setting on this *fucking* thing anyways...” What had begun as a measured statement was quickly painted with a cruder brush as the young woman swore as if it was second nature to her. Yet? She’d hardly registered it as odd. The filth was bleeding into her personality, but her intellect? It remained untouched, unusually enough. **“I could have the whole *damn* package. Brains, beauty...”** Without thinking, she reached down to grab her tiny chest. **“...*tits!*”**

Her mannerisms fell victim as well, as while Kurisu began to think of the pair of great, big breasts she might grow, she teased her lips with her tongue playfully. Lips that had swelled several times in size and were now decorated with a cherry-flavored gloss, and her tongue? It was unchanged, but *the things she could do with it?* Well, *those* had multiplied in number exponentially.

The red necktie Kurisu technically adorned herself with lowered and re-tied itself, color brightening to a pink and white diagonal striped pattern as it was tied into a neat, little bow. It didn't hang lower for naught, though, and the upper buttons of her white dress shirt slowly came undone one by one, revealing the top of her cleavage, small as it was in the end. Though... this seemed to be intentional, for the front of her dress shirt was growing more spacious. Making room for something, or *some things*.

And those *some things*? They just came popping out. The tiny breasts her fingers had grasped onto? As if motivated for her newly found desire for *‘the whole damn package’*, they grew, and grew; fatty tissue bolstering their mass and seeing them blow up in size and shape, becoming impeccably round and ending up cupped by... nothing. Her bra? It had mysteriously disappeared, allowing dark, erect nipples to prop

up against the inside of her shirt while the cleavage on display became immense. At worst, her tits were E cups now. At worst? They were on the lower end of the G spectrum. Despite their size they were surprisingly perky, and Kurisu continued to lick her lips as she fondled them. “**Mm... Oh, fuck yeah!**”

Down below, her clothing appeared to be preparing for the final stages. Her panties had already changed into a bold, leopard print, but there was still the matter of her shorts and tights, which decorated a lean waist and legs that stood contrary to the massive sizing of her mammaries in the end.

The texture of Kurisu’s shorts changed, thinning as its blacks were overcome by a bright purple and white plaid. The legs of the shorts? They fluttered outward, merging together in a schoolgirl skirt that matched the design of her shirt and bow as they did now – even if Kurisu wasn’t a high school student. Her mind now rationalized her fashion sense thusly: ‘*Well, high school girls are, like, the hottest, right? It’s totes in with gyaru fashion!*’ Truly a travesty.

As for her leggings? They slid down the young woman’s legs, turning white and opaque before eventually becoming a pair of typical ankle socks contained within a pair of maryjanes. With her feet covered it was certainly difficult to see, but even her toenails had undergone a proper manicure and had been painted as pink as her faux fingernails.

Now, the skirt was unusually loose against her hips and for good reason. For the scientist to grow properly into her new, gyaru body in its entirety she required a little breathing room, and so... it was time to begin. It started with a widening of her hips. “**Whoa!**” Something that wasn’t without its complications, for it required her hips popping out of, and back into, place. Her gait was extended several inches though, which allowed the space for her buns to swell.

Had those hips not grown on their own beforehand? They absolutely would have been forcibly parted by the swelling of her rear end. Burgeoning ass cheeks pulled the leopard print panties tightly across her crotch, and it was additionally uncomfortable thanks to how much her bush of dyed, blonde pubic hairs had become in the process. But this wasn’t some slight butt expansion – what it blossomed into was up to three times its original size, so massive in scale that her thighs were forced to grow as well to accommodate their rounded arch. Beads of sweat fell down her tanned legs from the cheeks of Kurisu’s rear.

Was it getting hot in here?

“Of course it fuckin’ is, ‘cause I’m here!” A pinching on her belly button implied the arrival of a studded piercing, and she could feel a second dig into her tongue. It was only a momentary pain, and one she was willing to push through for the sake of the aesthetic. Because she was already loving being a *filthy, slutty gyaru chick*. Even then? Her vast intellect had remained intact, making her a threat for all of the wrong reasons.

“K-Kurisu! Is that really you!? What did you do!?” So caught up in her own transformation, Kurisu had hardly noticed that Okabe had returned to the lab and had caught the tail end of her transformation. In a panic, he looked at both the sexy gyaru in his lab and the gun beside her. Had she used *that thing*? He hadn’t even tested it, but if it had done that, then sure he could use it to—

The gyarufied lab member picked the gun back up again and pointed it squarely at Okabe Rintarou, an impish smile spread across her fae-like face of abundant makeup and sensual design. “It’s me, *Okkichi!* But you like, wanna change me back, right? I’m totes not lettin’ that happen, so No worries! You’ll totes love how you look!” She didn’t hesitate at all to pull the trigger, and this time the light shot out at the moment it was pulled. It zapped the young, Japanese man, who cried out Kurisu’s name in agony as he felt the beams effects pierce his body, mind, and soul. Until he felt it. He felt...

FILTHY.

“K-Kurisu! What did you... *Kurichii*, you... *Huh!*?” His brain felt like scrambled eggs. Critical thinking had become difficult, and he’d blurted out Kurisu’s name in a cutesy way not unlike how those gyaru swine often referred to one another. He lost the will to resist almost immediately, and his intellect? Unlike Kurisu, who had managed to retain her intelligence, his just... *bled out*. Complicated scientific formulas, the workings of the Time Leap Machine, even proper memories of his past. They were just all *gone*. “I... *who am I?*”

Kurisu, on the other hand, chose not to answer. She continued to smile mischievously from afar, interested in how the beam’s effects would look when applied to another, much less a man. She could tell from Okabe’s expression that something in his mind had broken, but otherwise? It appeared his ‘man’ card was the first thing to get revoked.

“*Guh!*” Okabe lurched in response to his cock and balls pulling inside of him. It was something paired with a sharp decline in the man’s height, as he fell a number of inches until he was smaller than even Kurisu herself. The result was his clothing hanging from his body as if a

tent, evidently not yet treated by the beam's effects with more energy required to change him into *her*. Breasts grew to those ends as well, of course, but in their earlier of stages they did not grow very large. Ripe B-cups at most, concealed by her baggy, white undershirt. Her waistline soon narrowed, and stubble fell from her face as it rounded and softened, creating the illusion of Okabe Rintarou: *but a girl*.

Or maybe it was more fitting to say:

She looked like a girl. *But she'd been a dude.*

As Okabe's hair began to grow out, a mysteriously bright pink began to paint each, individual strand with the initial signs that her nature was being switched from *MAD SCIENTIST* to *generic, gyaru teen*. It fell as low as her shoulders, a bunch of it on the right side of her head pulled into a side-ponytail bound by a bright green scrunchie that matched the color her own, rounded eyes had taken on.

“This can't be happening! I'm, like, a guy! I'm not a girl... I'm... Huh? That's totally a weird thing to say? Why would I think I'm some kinda gross, ugly guy? Haha! That's totes sooooo funny!” Her voice had feminized and taken on a far more vapid tone, as it became clear to Kurisu that the mental effects were far more drastic when the beam was applied to a subject that had *once* been a man. *Okichii* totally believed she'd been born a girl now, huh? And she was sounding super dumb! Well, she'd always been dumber than Kurisu anyways!

Now that she was completely, one hundred percent a woman, the gyarufication process had taken hold at a much faster rate. A dark purple polish spread itself across lengthened, acrylic nails much like the pink had decorated Kurisu's, as her fingers themselves grew longer but thinner by design. The makeup that ultimately decorated her face was much thicker as well, or perhaps it seemed that way because her tan had yet to settle into place? Either way, the strawberry lip gloss and excessive mascara certainly played into a much sluttier appeal.

The neckline of her undershirt dipped downward, showing off her small breasts while the once oversized lab coat shrunk and clung to her as it thickened and a beige coloring came to the surface, seeing it turned into a cardigan with a neckline that showed off her bosom just as her undershirt did – lacking as it was. But, not to let this new cleavage window go to waste, those tits came a-knocking with renewed vigor.

For the second time in the past couple of minutes they began to grow, swelling like balloons and making it apparent just how much free space had been made in her clothes to accommodate what would eventually

become a pair of perky, rounded G-cups to overcome even Kurisu's own in size. The dark purple, laced trim of her bra could be seen poking up from underneath her shirt, and the new weight forced Okichii's posture to lean slightly forward without notice.

Her beige pants, which had grown so baggy when she'd shrunk that they'd basically eaten her shoes, began to shorten promptly in the legs, and in doing so revealed her shoes themselves to have become a matching pair to Kurisu's own while the legs grew higher and higher. The more of her legs that were left bare, the more obvious it was that her legs had been completely waxed. Not a single strand of hair dangled from her skin where it shouldn't have, and Okichii could remember shaving it all the night before. Painful!

As the legs pulled up to her thighs, however, a sudden plumpness could be seen bleeding into her legs. It was the kind of taut fattiness that made a pair of rounded, sexy thighs – the kind best exemplified by an extremely short skirts, which as the beige of the pants turned to a pleated, green pattern, as the kind of lower wear she had been awarded. **“Kurichii? Why are we like, in the lab? Y’know I think it’s suuuuper boring here, right?”**

Her words seemed to fall on deaf ears though, because Kurisu began to beeline towards Okichii without a word. She couldn't see the girl's rear from here, so the best way to collect data would be...

Wrapping one arm around Okichii's back, she reached down and gave the girl's butt a squeeze. **“Oh!”** It was very sensual from the pink-haired gyaru's point of view, with a hand on her ass, their breasts docked, and their lips only inches away from one another. And while Kurisu had only done it to feel her partner's ass swelling in size as it had? She ended up planting a rather ravenous kiss upon the other in the process.

Almost as if spurred forth by the stimulation of an arousing encounter, Okichii's gyaru tan finally bled in consistently from head to toe, while Kurichii's second hand slid into the front of the other's own, leopard print panties. **“Isn't it, like, obvious? I invited you 'cuz no one else is here today! We can fool around when I'm not workin' on our Gyaru Gun!”** After breaking the kiss, she whispered these words with hot breath in Okichii's ear, and the other party gulped needily.

Okichii knew she was too dumb to understand how that gun worked, but apparently they could turn the other members of the lab into gyaru as well? Then they could have an orgy, maybe! Or that was what Okichii wanted, anyways. A high school dropout, she wasted her days away with alcohol, cigarettes, and sex. At least Kurichii had things together. She

was super smart and sexy, everything Okichii wanted to be! **“So... You wanna like, fuck now?”**

“You fucking dumb, Okichii~? My hand is already up your skirt, what do *you* think?”